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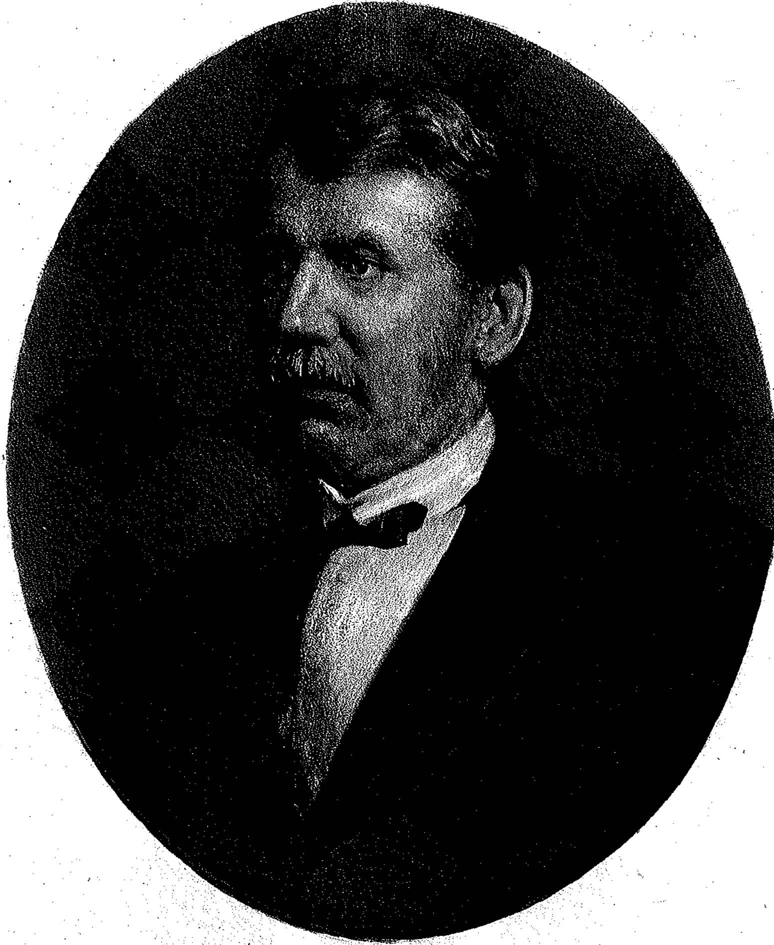

DAVID LIVINGSTONE

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. V.

CASSELL & COMPANY, LIMITED:

LONDON, PARIS & MELBOURNE.

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CONQUESTS OF THE CROSS.

XXXIII.—CENTRAL AFRICA.

CHAPTER LXIV.

DAVID LIVINGSTONE AND THE ZAMBESI.

Livingstone's Long Journey across Africa—Arrives at Linyante—The Chief Sekeletu—Preliminary Tour—Unpleasant Companions—Preparations for the Expedition to Loanda—Canoeing—A Foray Prevented—Native Liberality—Crocodiles—A Female Ruler—Popular Superstitions—Livingstone Under Petticoat Government—Interviews with Shinte—A Magic-Lantern Exhibition, and Terror of the Women—Lake Dilolo—Difficulties of the Way—Loanda—Illness of Livingstone—Rest and Recovery—His Companions' Industry—Starts on his Return Journey—A Useful Revolver—Reaches Linyante—Letters from Home—African Honesty—Decides to make for the East Coast—Helpfulness of Sekeletu—The Victoria Falls and the Gorge of the Zambesi—A Geographical Problem Solved—The Batoka Country—Armed Opposition—Crossing the River—Approach to Portuguese Territory—Reaches Tete—Arrangements for his Men—Delay at Quilimane—A Tragedy—Livingstone Arrives in England.

IN June, 1852, David Livingstone, whose earlier history and adventures in South Africa have been already described, left Cape Town to begin his famous journey "from the southern extremity of the continent to St. Paul de Loanda, the capital of Angola, on the west coast, and thence across South Central Africa, in an oblique direction, to Quilimane in Eastern Africa." This long and perilous enterprise, undertaken with the cordial approval of the London Missionary Society, had for its object the exploration of an unknown country, in search of a healthy district that might prove a centre of civilisation, and open up the interior by a path from the east or west coast. We need not detail the earlier stages by Kuruman, the home of the Moffats, along the border of the great Kalahari desert, and past Kolobeng (where Livingstone had for many years laboured amongst the Bakwains, until the hostility of the Boers had compelled him to withdraw), to the pleasant town of Linyante, on the Chobe river, the capital of the Makololo, whose former chief, Sebituane, had now been succeeded by his son, Sekeletu, though not without a contest with Mpepe, another member of the family. Livingstone and his party were received on their arrival at Linyante by the whole population. A man, who acted as herald, stood forward, and, after leaping into the air and performing other antics, shouted a loud welcome, while Sekeletu himself ordered a great number of pots of native beer to be brought, that he and his guest might drink together in native fashion.

The chief, a young man only about eighteen years of age, readily entered into Livingstone's plans, and promised to help him forward on his journey. But when it was explained that the missionary wished to make him and his people Christians, he

urged the common objection of the polygamist to the morality of the New Testament. "I have no wish," he said, "to read the Bible. It might change my heart, and make me content with one wife, like my neighbour Sechéle." Livingstone was, however, permitted to preach, and the herald was directed to summon the people to the kotla, or hut, of the chief, to hear the message of salvation, and to take part in the service, which consisted of prayer, reading, and a brief address. Many were interested, and Motibe, Sekeletu's father-in-law, became a regular attendant, and expressed a wish to learn to read, so that he might be able to find out for himself what was contained in the preacher's book. Livingstone was only too glad to teach the old man, who soon mastered the alphabet, and then reported to the chief that, so far as he had gone, there was nothing harmful in the lessons. Thus assured of the absence of danger or charms, Sekeletu himself, with some other young men, also became learners, and made fair progress, so long as their teacher remained with them.

At Linyante Livingstone was for the first time attacked by African fever, but as soon as he was well enough to travel he made a preliminary tour of nine weeks among the Makololo and Barotse, accompanied by Sekeletu and a hundred and sixty attendants for the greater part of the time. They struck across the country to Sesheke, and as the party, in single file, tramped along the winding footpath, they presented a picturesque appearance—some wearing caps ornamented with white ox-tails, or great bunches of ostrich feathers luxuriantly flowing behind them, others with head-gear made of lion's mane; while many wore red tunics or coloured prints, that had been bought by the chief from Fleming, a trader who had accompanied the missionary. The luggage belonging to the party was carried by the common men, and the "gentlemen" walked with clubs of rhinoceros horn, their shields being borne by servants. A number of swift runners, armed with battle-axes, completed the escort.

As they arrived at the villages on their route, the women turned out to receive them, and greeted the chief with shrill cries of "Great lion!" "Great chief!" "Sleep, my lord!" The head-man then produced pots of native beer and bowls of thick milk, the latter being scooped up from the bowls and drunk from the hand. At the end of each day's march an ox was killed, cut up, half broiled on the fire, and eaten with all possible despatch, nobody taking time to masticate the food, and each man trying to eat as much as he could in the shortest possible time. Livingstone had brought some coffee, and every night made a sufficient quantity for himself, the chief, and one or two of the principal men. Sekeletu greatly relished the warm beverage, saying, as he drank it, he knew the missionary's heart loved him, because he found his own heart warmed by the food. He had formerly tasted coffee made by Griquas, who had come to trade with him, but their coffee, he said, was not so nice, for they loved his ivory and not his heart.

The travellers struck the river Leeambye, "the large river," at Katonga, some miles above Sesheke, and there found canoes waiting to carry them across the stream, which is more than six hundred yards wide. The older men, in accordance with native etiquette, were first ferried over, even the chief being obliged to wait for his

seniors; and as the party was large, the crossing took some time to accomplish. Some days were spent at Katonga in collecting a sufficient number of canoes, and when all were ready the fleet began to ascend the river. This was Sekeletu's first visit to this part of his territory, and as he passed up the stream the people of the villages came out to present him tribute of food and skins. At one village two of the party who had formerly opposed his succession were ordered out for execution, and thrown into the river, in spite of Livingstone's protest against life being taken in such an off-hand manner. "You see," said the chief, "we are still Boers; we are not yet taught."

As opportunity offered, Livingstone explored the neighbouring country to find, if possible, a healthy station in which he might be able to arrange for a home for some of the Makololo, and for the furtherance of missionary enterprise. But the door was shut, and had he wanted an excuse for returning home, he could easily have pleaded the difficulty of settling in a district where he was brought into more immediate contact with heathenism than ever before, and where, in spite of the kindness and attention of Sekeletu, he had much to endure in the dancing, roaring, singing, jesting, quarrelling, and murdering of children by the natives into whose company he had been thrown for a time. But it was not in a downcast spirit that he returned to Linyante. He was more than ever determined to carry out his idea of penetrating further into the unknown interior of Africa, and he busied himself for two months in making preparations for carrying his idea into practice, Sekeletu assisting him in every possible way.

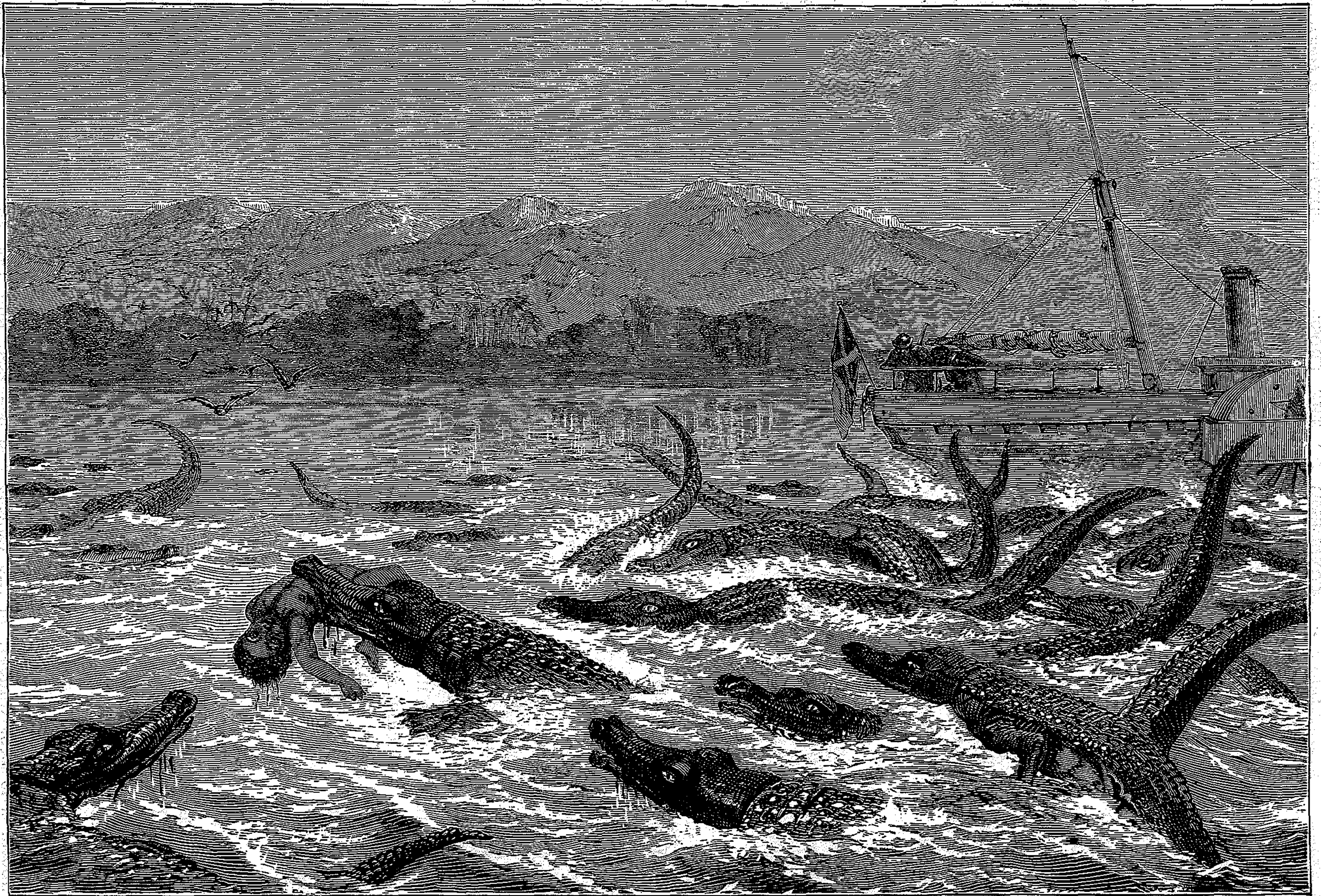
In November, 1853, Livingstone was at length able to begin his long journey. A picho, or native assembly, had previously been summoned to consider the undertaking, and some of the older men—one especially, who was a regular croaker—raised all kinds of objections, declaring "The white man is throwing you away; your garments already smell of blood." The chief, however, was favourably inclined, the objectors were silenced, and twenty-seven natives, eager to obtain free and lucrative trade with the white men, volunteered to go; the Bechuanas from Kuruman, who had suffered frequent relapse from fever, being instructed to return with Fleming, as soon as he had finished his trading. Two only of the twenty-seven were genuine Makololo, the rest being of the Barotse, Batoko, and other neighbouring tribes. The baggage was reduced to the minimum, and included a small tent, a sheep-skin, a horse-rug, and some square tins, one filled with sheeting, trousers, and shoes for Livingstone's personal needs; another containing medicine; a third, a small library, consisting of a Bible, a nautical almanac, and a book of logarithms; and a fourth a magic lantern, a sextant, a thermometer, compasses, a few biscuits, and a little tea and sugar. About twenty pounds of beads for presents completed the equipment. The firearms were three muskets, a rifle, and a double-barrelled gun, and the ammunition was distributed as widely as possible to prevent accidents.

Sekeletu and many of his principal men escorted the travellers as far as the river Chobe, to see the expedition fairly on its way. Rapidly were the canoes paddled down the winding stream to Sesheke, near the confluence of the Leeambye and the

Chobe, where a halt was made for some days, and Livingstone gave many addresses under an outspreading camel-thorn tree on the high bank of the river; men, women, and children coming, under the guidance of their head-men, from different quarters of the town, to listen to the missionary. These congregations, which often numbered five or six hundred, were very attentive, and order was kept by the chief, who on one occasion threw his staff at some young men he saw working at a skin instead of listening. Many of the people asked sensible questions upon what they heard, and soon began to pray to Jesus, as the white man's God, without, perhaps, understanding very clearly what they were doing. Others were very frivolous, and talked the wildest nonsense immediately after listening to the most solemn truths; but some, on waking in the night and thinking over what had been said by the preacher about the future world, were so frightened that they resolved to listen no more to his teaching. The time spent at Sesheke was not entirely wasted, but Livingstone could only stay a few days, and was soon on the wide bosom of the Leeambye, paddling up against the stream.

On the last day of November they reached Gonye Falls, below which the river rushes for miles through a narrow gorge, with such rapidity as to make canoeing out of the question. The natives, who carry the canoes round the falls by slinging them on poles, worked rapidly and good-humouredly, being rewarded by a small present and the exhibition of the magic lantern, which was always a most popular entertainment, and proved a good means of conveying instruction. After passing the falls, Livingstone heard that some of the Makololo had been on a foray up the Leiba, under the direction of Lerimo, and with the sanction of Sekeletu's uncle, Mpololo, the head-man of the district. Another foray was in contemplation, but Livingstone prevented it, and in a picho called expressly for the purpose, pointed out that the marauding expedition was opposed to Sekeletu's orders, and insisted that the captives should be given up to him to be returned to the place whence they had been taken. To this Mpololo and the people agreed, after some hesitation; and as Livingstone pursued his way farther up the stream he was able to set the men at liberty, and thus gained the confidence of their fellow-tribesmen, who had but recently been disturbed by Lerimo's expedition. The rains had fallen in this part of the valley, and the fresh pasturage caused the cows to yield so much milk that the men and women gave Livingstone butter in sufficient quantities for the whole of his followers, and added to the value of these gifts by always making them gracefully. This conduct the missionary could not help contrasting with the manner in which his old Bechuana friends made presents. They always exaggerated the value of what they were giving, and in offering a goat would exclaim, "Behold an ox!" whereas the Barotse, in giving an ox, say "Here is a little bit of bread for you!"

At Naliele Sekeletu's canoes were sent back to him, and others were borrowed from Mpololo, who gave Livingstone eight riding oxen and seven for slaughter, some for his own use, and others as a present for the chief of the Balonda, living further up the river. The valley through which they were now travelling abounded in wild ducks and geese, which are consumed by the people in great



CROCODILES ON THE SHIRÉ RIVER, AS SEEN FROM THE *PIONEER* STEAMER.

numbers. These birds often lie very close together on the water, and once Livingstone was able to kill eighteen in two shots, greatly to the delight of his companions, who thoroughly enjoyed the prospect of the good supper thus obtained for them.

Wild fowl were not the only inhabitants of the river, for it also contains a prodigious number of crocodiles, alleged to be more savage here than in other places. The natives say that many children are devoured every year, and cows and calves which go down to the water to drink are frequently carried off. One of Livingstone's men was seized as he was swimming across the stream, but, fortunately having a javelin in his hand at the time, was able to stab the crocodile, which let him go; but he came out of the water with deep marks of the brute's teeth in his thigh. On another occasion two of Livingstone's men rescued a young woman whose leg had been bitten off by one of these monsters, though she died afterwards; and at a later period, when on the Shiré river in the *Pioneer*, sixty or seventy could be seen from the deck at once, and one of the corpses frequently seen floating as the result of the horrible slaving raids so prevalent in the district, would be the cause of such a swarm as depicted in the illustration. At the confluence of the Leiba and Leeambye rivers (where the captives who had been rescued by Livingstone from Mpololo were sent off to Masiko, the Barotse chief, in charge of one of the Batoka men) the navigation of the Leiba was begun, and on the banks of this stream the travellers came upon the nests of some crocodiles, only recently deserted by the young. The eggs, about the size of a goose's egg, are of the same diameter at both ends, and the white shell contains so little lime as to be quite elastic. After laying them, the dam covers them with earth to the depth of four inches, and then leaves them until they are ready to be hatched, when she returns to help the young out of the shell, and leads them to the edge of the water, where they are soon able to earn their own living by catching fish, the staple food of old and young, though, as we have seen, they do not despise other animal food when they can get it.

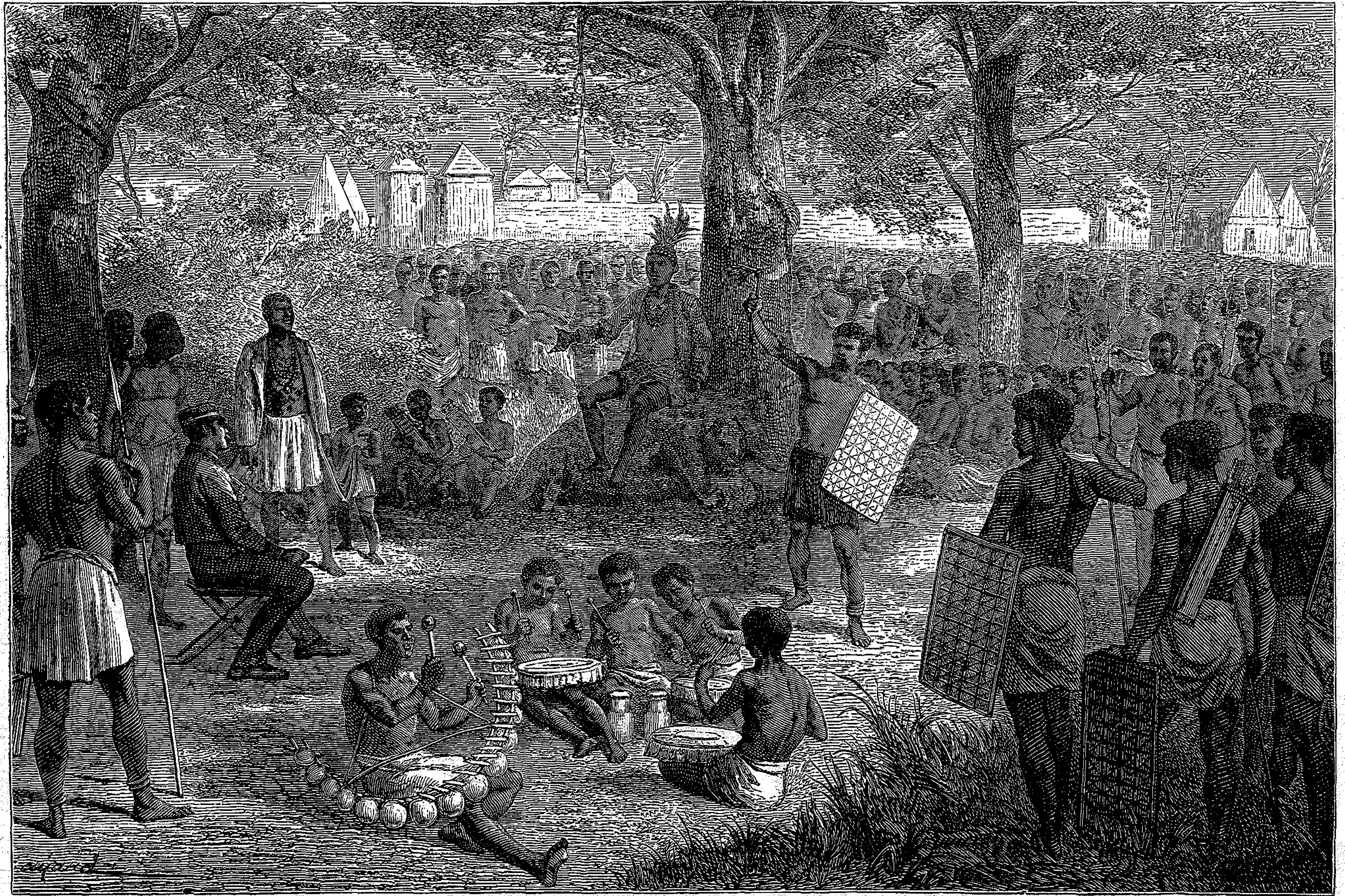
The ruler of the Balonda tribe inhabiting the district through which the Leiba flows in this part of its course, was a woman named Maneuko, who regarded the travellers with some suspicion, as one of the party was believed to have been Lerimo's guide in the recent foray. To some extent Livingstone was able to remove this feeling by producing and giving up the captives he had brought with him, and he was very desirous of an interview with Maneuko to explain the object of his visit; but though she sent him a present of manioc roots with a message that he was to remain where he was until she came, and afterwards wanted him to visit her at her village, he was unable to comply with her invitation. Further on, in the course of this journey, he was more fortunate in securing an interview with her mother, Nyamoana, the ruler of another Balonda district, an old woman with an ugly squint in her left eye. She received her visitor sitting with her husband on skins placed on a raised piece of ground, and all around her were men and women, the former armed with bows, arrows, spears, and swords. After salutations by clapping hands in the customary manner, the talker was called forward, and Livingstone was asked who was to be his spokesman. Kalimbotu, who best understood the dialect, was selected, and the palaver began, in the

course of which it was explained to Nyamoana why her visitor had come into her territory; but as everything Livingstone said was repeated by his interpreter to the talker, by the talker to the chieftainess's husband, and lastly to the lady herself, and the replies were returned in the same roundabout way, the missionary's message of peace and friendship got terribly mixed up with Makololo affairs.

These people were very superstitious, and had built two sheds for the pots in which they kept their charms. Livingstone asked what the pots contained, and was told, "Medicine for the Barimo," but when he looked into them they said the medicine was for the game. In a deserted village, an old idol, in the shape of a human head cut out of a wooden block, and dotted over with red ochre and white pipe-clay—the first evidence of the existence of idolatry he had found in the country—was occasionally worshipped, and even a crooked stick, when nothing else was forthcoming, was honoured in some places as a deity.

Whilst Livingstone was discussing with Nyamoana the best way of reaching the next stage of his journey to where her brother Shinte was the ruler, Maneuko arrived—a tall woman about twenty, profusely ornamented with charms, and smeared all over with a mixture of red ochre and fat, though otherwise almost nude; not that the Balonda women do not wear clothes, but because she seemed to be of opinion that the chief should appear differently from her subjects. She was an arrant scold, and insisted upon arranging in her own fashion for the transport of the travellers to her uncle Shinte; but as some delay occurred in getting together her men, Livingstone ordered the luggage to be put on the canoes and a start to be made. Maneuko was not the woman to allow herself to be circumvented, and came down to the canoes to explain that her uncle would be annoyed if she did not carry forward the party. Livingstone's men at once desisted from further attempts to proceed independently of her, and when he was unwilling to follow their example, she patted him on the shoulder and said, "Now, my little man, just do as the rest have done." There was no alternative but submission, and in a day or two she led the party forward to Shinte's village.

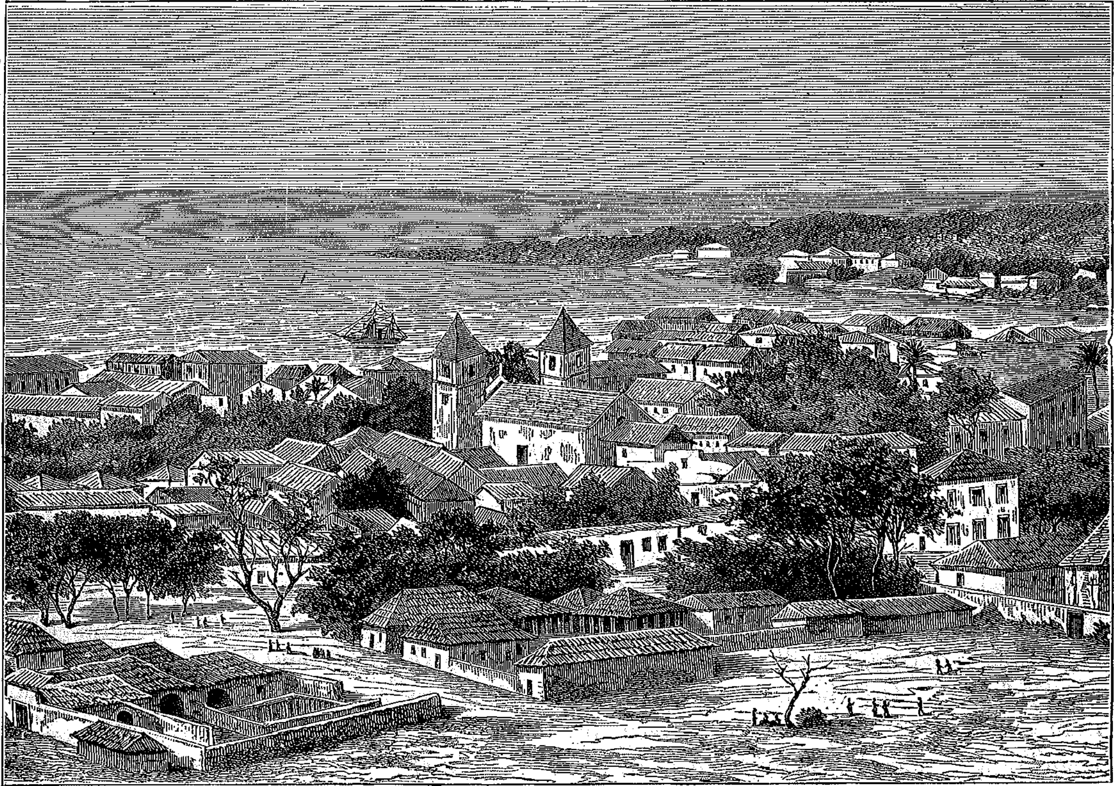
Since he had left Sekeletu, Livingstone had generally been able to do very much as he chose, but while travelling under Maneuko's guidance, he found he must submit to her orders, and move forward or halt as she dictated. She arranged the resting-places, sent forward messengers to announce the approach of the white man, and would not permit him to enter the village until she thought the proper time had come. The travellers were received in state, and, Maneuko being ill, were presented by her husband to the chief, who was surrounded by his warriors and wives. A party of native musicians beating drums, and playing the marisuba, an instrument made of two bars of wood to which are attached a number of calabashes, each with a wooden bar across the mouth, marched round the kotla or assembly; and, after hearing several speeches, Shinte, with all his people, stood up, and the meeting was at an end. Subsequently, Livingstone gave him the presents Sekeletu had sent, and added an ox on his own account; but when Maneuko heard of these gifts, she came forward and told her uncle that as the white man was hers, and she had brought him there, the



RECEPTION BY THE KING OF SHINTE.

ox was hers too, and she ordered her men to fetch it and slaughter it. Her orders were obeyed, and she kept all but one leg, which she gave to Shinte, who bore his disappointment with philosophical indifference.

Many and long were the interviews between the missionary and his host. The Balonda had no oxen, and Livingstone strongly advised Shinte to trade with the Makololo in cows, and the idea was so promptly acted upon, that in the following year, when he again passed through the country, he found the best conditioned cows he had ever seen in Africa. Less satisfactory was the response to Livingstone's



ST. PAUL DE LOANDA.

remonstrance about slavery and the selling of children. Shinte offered his guest a girl of ten as a present, and was much surprised when the gift was refused; at first he supposed Livingstone would not take the child because she was so young, so he sent for an older girl and offered her, with the same result; nor did he seem able to understand the objections of his guest to such presents.

As soon as Shinte heard of the magic lantern and its wonderful pictures, he was most anxious for an exhibition, and grew somewhat impatient because an attack of fever prevented Livingstone from immediately complying with his request. When in a few days the missionary was able to come, he found a large gathering of the chief men and women all eager to see the wonderful sight of which they had

been told. The first slide, Abraham about to sacrifice Isaac, with the figures shown on the screen about life-size, was duly explained and much admired. The men thought the picture more like a god than their own clay or wooden idols, and the women sat in silent awe until in moving the slide the dagger seemed to be approaching them, when they all rose, shrieked "Mother, mother!", rushed tumultuously away, and could not be induced to return. Shinte, who sat through the whole exhibition, and, when it was over, examined the lantern with much interest, was not satisfied with one entertainment, but asked for its repetition; and whenever the lantern was shown, crowds of men and women came from long distances, and were greatly pleased at what they saw.

It was not easy to get away from Shinte; indeed, throughout the journey the chiefs were unwilling to allow their guest to depart, and when every arrangement had been made, would at the very last moment make some excuse, such as the difficulty of getting guides, or the heavy rains, for keeping him a little longer. Still following the course of the river Leiba, and halting for a time at Katem's town, from whom they received an even more hospitable welcome than from Shinte, they arrived at Lake Dilolo—one of the principal feeders of the Leiba, lying at a height of about 4,700 feet above the sea-level, and at no great distance from the watershed between the Atlantic and Indian oceans. From this point onwards to Loanda, Livingstone's difficulties increased: he suffered from frequent attacks of fever; the chiefs through whose territory he passed were always exacting, and sometimes hostile to his progress; and his own men were discouraged because of the way.

At last, having crossed the somewhat barren plains above Loanda, Livingstone beheld the welcome sight of the blue waters of the Atlantic, and for the first time in their lives his companions looked upon the sea. Hitherto they had supposed the world to be one continuous stretch of land, but now, to use their own quaint expression in subsequently describing their astonishment, they found that what the ancients told them was not true, for all at once the world said to them, "I am finished, there is no more of me." On the 31st of May, 1854, nearly seven months after his departure from Linyante, Livingstone, depressed by disease and worn out by anxiety, entered Loanda, and was hospitably received by Mr. Gabriel, the only English resident in the town.

Welcome indeed to the weak and weary missionary, after sleeping six months on the ground under a small tent, was the comfortable bed in Mr. Gabriel's house, and even more welcome was the kind attention of his host and the medical attendance of the surgeon of Her Majesty's good ship *Polyphemus*, which came into Loanda in the course of a few days after Livingstone arrived there. The English officers, seeing his emaciated state, urged him for the sake of his health to go on a cruise to St. Helena, or to return with them to England, and the temptation to accept their offer was strong. But he steadily refused to avail himself of their kind invitation. He had indeed reached the coast, and so far had accomplished an object of his journey, but the nature of the country through which he had passed, and the unfriendliness of the native tribes near the Portuguese settlement, dissipated his hope of making

a highway for waggons along his recent route. Moreover, he had to consider his men and their faithful service; and feeling it would be quite impossible for them to return to their homes without him, he resolved, as soon as his health and the season permitted, to retrace his steps to Linyante, and to endeavour to find an outlet to the east coast of the continent by means of the great river Zambesi. He remained at Loanda nearly four months, and this interval was employed by his men in gaining new experiences which made them the objects of curiosity and admiration to their fellow-tribesmen ever afterwards.

But the men did not spend their whole time in sight-seeing, or in mere idle astonishment at the wonders of Loanda. Without any prompting, they set up a trade in firewood, and when a coal ship came into port they were employed at sixpence a day in unloading her, thus earning what was to them quite a little fortune. Livingstone took care they spent their money to the best advantage, and they bought beads, clothing, and other articles to carry home. He thought he ought to show them a place of worship, and therefore took them to High Mass at the Cathedral, where the elaborate ritual of the Roman Catholic Church, the genuflections and the burning of incense, produced the comment that they had seen the white men charming their demons. A simpler form of worship was to their untutored minds more impressive than the most gorgeous ecclesiastical ceremonies. Before leaving the city, Livingstone was asked by the merchants and other traders to convey a handsome present, consisting of a horse, a colonel's full uniform, and two donkeys for Sekeletu. The authorities also provided suits of clothing for the men, and gave Livingstone letters of introduction to the Portuguese commandants in Eastern Africa.

The return journey to Linyante, along almost the same route as that traversed in going to Loanda, was full of interesting incidents, and not without danger, especially in the districts adjacent to Portuguese territory, where, as they had previously experienced, the native chiefs demanded and sometimes obtained heavy tribute for the passage of the travellers. In one place an attack was about to begin, and blood would have been shed, had not Livingstone rushed forward with a loaded revolver, a present from one of the English officers, and encountered the leader; who was so much alarmed at the sight of the six barrels that he at once declared he had only come to speak peaceably, and did not wish to prevent the passage of the travellers. At another place a chief demanded nearly all their goods, and on this being refused, ordered his men to arm; but the sight of the revolver was again sufficient to ensure an unmolested passage.

Much of this hostility was no doubt due to the existence of slavery, too often connived at, if not actually encouraged, by the half-caste Portuguese living near the coast. One day the travellers met eight women chained together on their way to the Matiameo country to be sold for ivory, and soon afterwards they found a poor little slave-girl who had turned aside from the path and had been lost. Livingstone's men described the slave-traders as having no hearts, and asked why the poor blacks did not rebel against the harsh treatment they received, a question more easily asked than answered. The existence of this abominable institution must

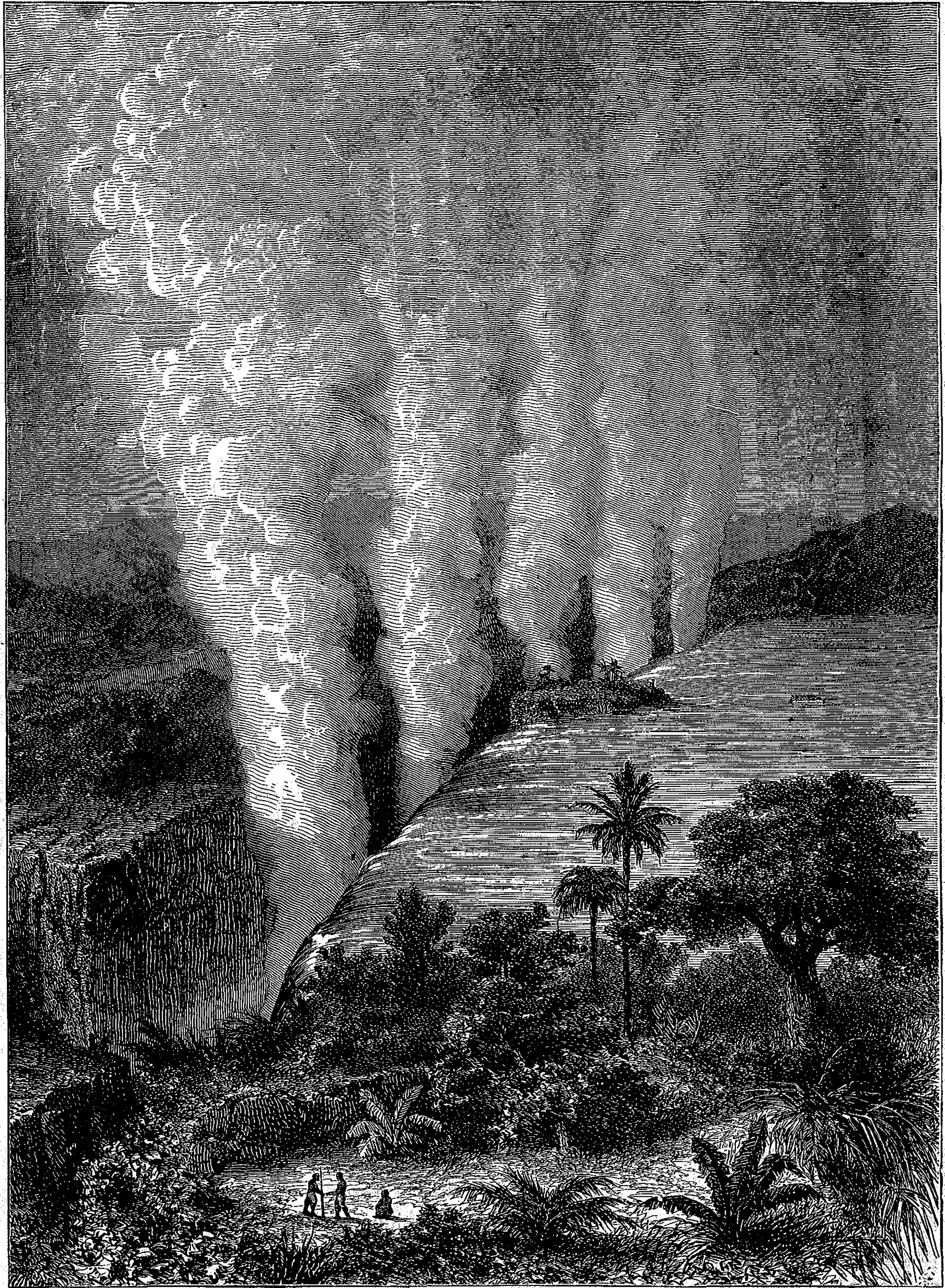
always prove a barrier to the progress of Christianity, but in this inaccessible region it is easier to denounce the evil than to apply a remedy.

The difficulties with the natives did not continue after the travellers had quitted the neighbourhood of the coast, and as they passed through the villages where they had halted on their outward journey they were welcomed with great heartiness and treated as old friends. As he found opportunity, Livingstone held services, and on these occasions his men attended in all their finery and carrying muskets he had given them at Loanda. The heavy demands to which he had been obliged to submit in the earlier portion of this return journey had so exhausted his stores that he was unable to make many presents, but his men explained the reason, and the people were quite content. "It does not matter," they replied; "you have opened a path for us;" and, by way of expressing their gratitude, they seldom failed to make some acceptable gift—such as an ox, or butter, or meal—to their benefactors.

These journeyings were so full of strange and sometimes dangerous incidents, that it is quite impossible to give anything like a full account of all that Livingstone underwent in his self-denying efforts to help the uncared-for tribes of Africa, and to prepare the way for the advent of civilisation and Christianity.

At last, in September, 1854, the travellers reached Linyante, and Livingstone not only found his waggon and other property perfectly safe, but also received the letters and goods which his father-in-law, Moffat, had brought with such care from Kuruman, and had entrusted to the Matabele to send on to their destination. The safe arrival of these things affords a strong testimony to the respect in which the two missionaries were held by the rival tribes of the Matabele and Makololo, who ordinarily held no intercourse with each other, and proves the honesty of the natives. The news contained in the letters was not very recent, but they were the only communications that had come to the missionary from his friends for nearly three years, and though ancient were by no means unwelcome.

When Livingstone explained his project of making for the east coast, many of the people offered to go with him, eager no doubt to see some of the wonderful sights which, as they learnt from himself and his companions, existed beyond their own land. Sekeletu was as anxious to assist in starting the new expedition as he had been to help in the former, and many consultations were held as to the equipment of the travellers, and the route to be followed. Some Arab traders had recently come from Zanzibar, and described the people of the intervening country as friendly to travellers, but it was finally decided to attempt the descent of the Zambesi, for Livingstone desired to discover the easiest outlet from the interior; and, although he had reason to fear the hostility of some tribes living on the banks, he hoped the stream itself would afford a practicable means of getting to the coast. In this conclusion the chief concurred, and appointed one of his men, Sekwelu, who had previously travelled along the Zambesi, to be a member of the proposed party. He also assisted in the choice of others, and generously gave twelve oxen, hoes for presents, beads to purchase a canoe, and provisions of various kinds for the support of the travellers. And thus, for the second time, Livingstone was indebted to



THE FALLS OF THE ZAMBESI.

Sekeletu for the means of making those discoveries which have already added so much to our geographical knowledge, and which may, in a possibly not remote future, lead to the further development of missions, and to the advance of progress among the inhabitants of the vast regions of Central Africa.

"You are now going among people who cannot be trusted, because we have used them badly, but you go with a different message from any they have ever heard before, and Jesus will be with you and help you through among enemies." Thus spoke Mamiro to Livingstone as the latter was about to make a second attempt to find a way out of the Makololo country. Experience proved how true these words were, but the difficulties were not encountered in the beginning of the journey, and for a time all went smoothly. Sekeletu and two hundred followers escorted the explorer for some days, and attended him to the Victoria Falls, where for the first time the eyes of a white man beheld the broad Zambesi—here more than half a mile wide—precipitate itself a hundred feet, and then boil and rush along through a narrow fissure of unknown and unfathomable depth, but not more than thirty yards wide. Columns of vapour ascended from this strange abyss, and condensing in the air fell again to the earth in constant showers, which soon wet to the skin those who approach the Falls. Here, in sight of one of the most sublime and awe-inspiring spectacles on earth, the Batoka chiefs used to offer prayer and sacrifice to their gods, and surely no spot could be more suitable for worship, though we must regret it was not directed to Him "who sendeth the springs into the valleys which run among the hills." The natives proudly enquired of Livingstone if he had in his country "smoke that sounds," the equivalent of the name by which they call the stupendous cataract, and he willingly confessed that nowhere in all Europe was there such a wonderful sight. The discovery of the Falls at once established the fact that the Zambesi is but a continuation of the Leiba and Leeambye, and that one mighty stream flows right across Africa from near the confines of Angola on the west, to Quilimane on the east coast, thus disposing of the old opinion of geographers that the whole interior of Africa was a barren desert as we see it marked in the old maps.

Sekeletu, having accompanied the expedition for some distance beyond the Falls, returned home, and the travellers, leaving the river, struck across the country in a north-easterly direction, and in a few days reached Moyara, the first Batoka village. Everywhere Livingstone insisted upon the peaceful nature of his errand, explaining that he was the servant of Him whose words were "Peace on earth and goodwill to men." No wonder that these people, who had suffered so much at the hands of many enemies, answered, "We are tired of flight; give us rest," and eagerly welcomed the idea of having a white man to live amongst them. They would protect him and his property, and would willingly learn what he had to teach them, though they had no idea of Christian instruction. They were impressed by the presence of a man so different in race and colour from themselves; for though many of these Batoka had heard of white men, they had never seen one before, and curiosity had much to do with their profession of willingness to receive a teacher.

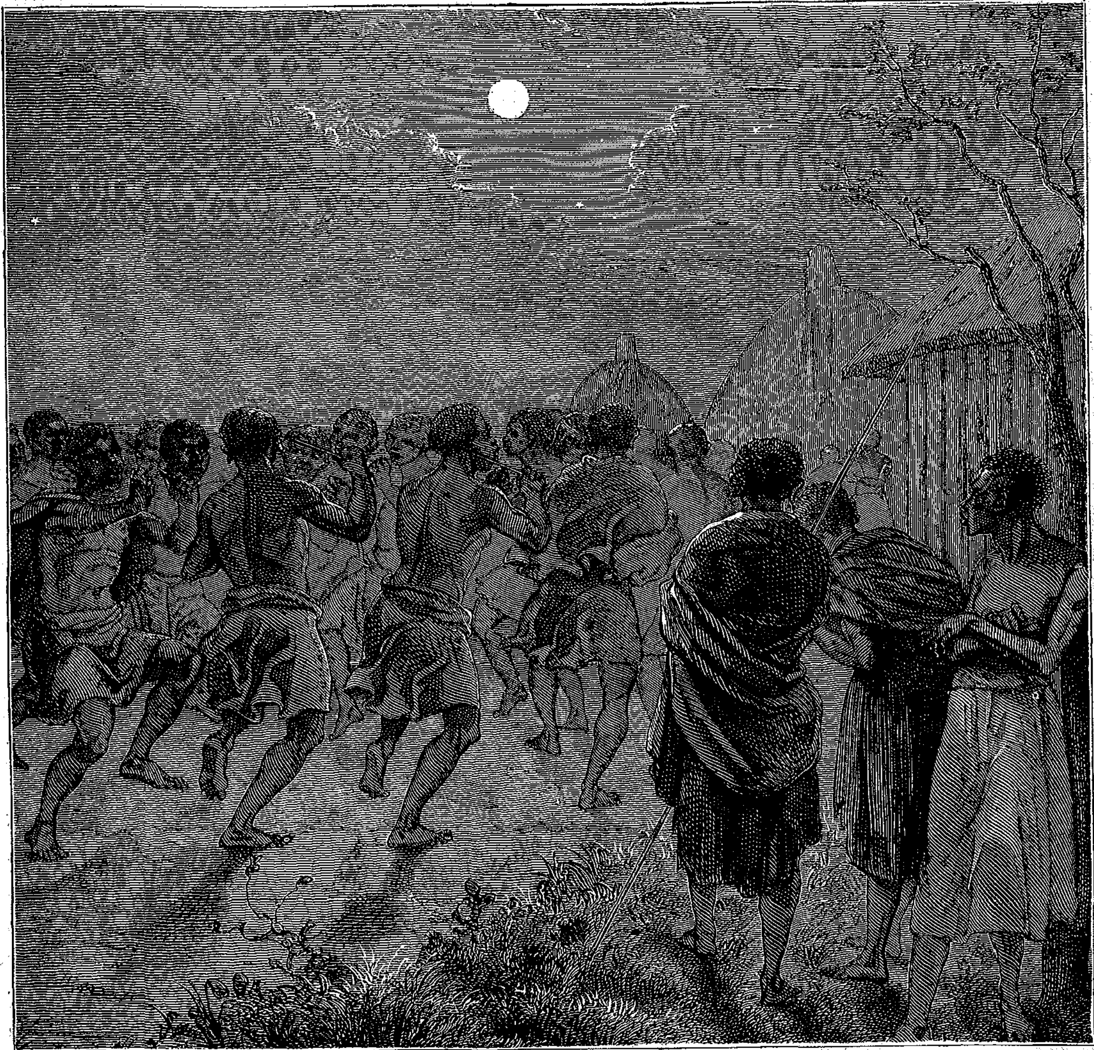
After traversing the Batoka country, the party descended the valley of the Kafue, a tributary of the Zambesi, and finally regained the banks of the latter river about eight miles east of the confluence of the two streams. In the neighbourhood they found traces of the slave trade, and once more encountered the hostility of the natives, after having for a time been among friendly people. At Seloli all the women had fled on hearing of their approach, and the head-man of the village sent forward a message to his chief, Mburmna, to ask for the assistance of an armed force to resist the travellers. No hostilities occurred, as Livingstone was able to partially allay the fears excited by his coming; he afterwards learned that a few years previously an Italian had come up the river with an armed party in canoes, and had taken many prisoners, besides carrying off a quantity of ivory, and the people, hearing of the advent of another white man, had supposed he was bent on a similar errand. The travellers passed on to Mburmna's village, where Livingstone again attempted to convince the people that he was no friend of slavery, by pointing to his own company of free men, but he was still regarded with suspicion, and the people never came near him except in large bodies fully armed with bows, arrows, and spears.

At the confluence of the Loangwa and Zambesi the same hostility was exhibited; it seemed for a time doubtful if the travellers would be allowed to cross the former river, and Livingstone spent an anxious night in the prospect of being prevented from making further progress in his journey. In the morning the natives appeared fully armed, and would only allow the use of one canoe, which made several voyages across the stream, the missionary remaining to the last, and trying to amuse the people who stood round him by showing his watch, pocket lens, and other articles. When all had preceded him, he entered the canoe, and, as soon as he got across, gave the men some beads for themselves, and a handkerchief and some red baize for their chief. These presents put them in good humour, and they went back to their own side of the river highly pleased with the liberality that had been shown them.

The head-men of the next village were more friendly, and gave supplies of food, which were supplemented by some of Livingstone's party going round to dance in the neighbourhood—greatly to the delight of the younger women, who ground corn for the dancers in return for lessons in the new steps they had to show. But this friendliness was quite the exception, for the next chief, Mpende, sent forward a body of armed men to Livingstone's encampment, where, after screaming and waving their hands, they lighted a fire to burn some charms, and then departed making more hideous noises. The natives were observed to be coming in from all sides, evidently preparing to resist any attempt on the part of the travellers to move forward, or perhaps intending to begin the attack. To inspire the courage of his companions, who were a little nervous about the effect of the burnt charms, Livingstone ordered an ox to be killed and roasted. This had the desired result; and finally it was decided to allow the missionary and his followers to proceed, the chief doing all he could to help them by furnishing canoes for their transit across the river.

The Zambesi is here about 1,200 yards wide, the current running down at the rate

or three or four miles an hour, and ferrying the party over was not accomplished in one day. Livingstone was sincerely thankful to find himself once more on the southern bank, as the people on the other side were at enmity with the Portuguese, and would probably have endeavoured to turn back the caravan, as Mpende had been at first inclined to do. The travellers were now in a district where slave-dealing prevailed,



MOONLIGHT DANCE OF THE BALONDAS.

but also where the reputation of the English as enemies of the slave trade seemed well established. English and American goods are brought by native traders into this part of the country, and Livingstone purchased some American cotton-cloth at Mozinkwa's village to clothe some of his men who had worn out their own garments, and were reduced to a state closely bordering on nudity.

The natives in this district make an offering to their gods whenever they are

successful in the chase, and Livingstone could not but admire the devout belief of these people in the existence of unseen beings, and looked forward to the day when they would learn to worship the one true and living God.

Difficulties seemed to increase as the travellers approached Portuguese territory. The natives were unwilling to allow a free passage, and their endeavours to obtain a toll were unsuccessful, for Livingstone's stores were nearly exhausted and he had scarcely anything to give. One night at a Banyai village the people got up a demonstration, in the form of a war-dance, close to the encampment, beating drums and occasionally firing a gun, as if to intimate their hostile intention, and Livingstone's men were in expectation of an immediate attack. To avoid similar risks, they now kept as far as possible from the villages, by going roundabout ways through the forests; but even this did not secure immunity from the hostile natives, for so large a party could not move through a country, by no means sparsely inhabited, without exciting attention, and rumours of their approach travelled faster than they.

The longest journey, however, must come to an end, and on March 2nd, 1856, Livingstone found himself, at the close of a trying day, during which a number of natives had pursued his party and exacted two tusks of ivory, within eight miles of Tete. The men were anxious to go on, but their leader was too fatigued, and contented himself with sending forward to the commandant the letters of introduction he had brought from Loanda. In the middle of the night he was aroused by cries that the camp was surrounded by armed men, and, on turning out to see what had really happened, was delighted to find that a company of soldiers, under the command of two officers, had marched out from Tete to welcome his arrival, and had brought with them the materials for the first civilised breakfast he had enjoyed for many months.

The news of the arrival in Tete the next morning soon spread through the place, and the principal inhabitants lost no time in visiting the English missionary who had actually travelled right across Africa, a journey which seemed to them, with their knowledge of the difficulties of the country, an impossibility. Rumours of an attempt to get out of the interior of Africa by way of the east or west coast had, indeed, reached them through Portugal, but were described as idle tales; and now, to their astonishment, these rumours were well founded, and the "impossible" had been accomplished. Many questions were asked as to the country he had traversed and the people he had seen; and while the Portuguese officers and traders were eager to learn all that Livingstone had to tell, he was anxious to gain from them as much information as they could give him about the district in the immediate neighbourhood of Tete, about the lakes to the north, of which he had been told in several places, and, above all, of the means of getting down to the mouth of the Zambesi, and thence to the Cape or to England direct. For the weary man was anxious to see his wife and children, of whom he had heard nothing for years, and to carry home the wonderful story of his adventures, and of the openings he had discovered for missionary enterprise.

He had to arrange for the safety of his men, and for their living until they could find an opportunity of returning to their distant homes. He thought it would be

best to leave them at Tete; the commandant, Major Sicard, whose name deserves to be remembered, undertaking to allow them land to cultivate, feeding them at his own expense until they could keep themselves, and giving them permission to hunt with his own servants, and to purchase goods with the ivory and dried meat they secured, in order that they might not return empty-handed to their own country. With this arrangement both Livingstone and his companions were fully satisfied, more especially as Major Sicard refused to accept any payment for what he promised to do.

The commandant also provided liberally for the voyage to Quilimane; and Livingstone, with some of his men, set out in three canoes for the voyage down the Zambesi, in the course of which exposure to the great heat brought on an attack of tertian fever. At Interra a Portuguese gentleman offered his launch to enable the travellers to proceed in greater comfort, and the last days of this memorable journey were accomplished in comparative luxury; Quilimane having been reached on the 20th of May, 1856, only a few days before the expiration of a period of four years from the date of Livingstone's departure from Cape Town.

Six weary weeks were passed at Quilimane waiting for a vessel. At last H.M. brig *Frolic* appeared off the bar at the mouth of the Zambesi, and the captain offered to convey Livingstone to the Mauritius. Sekwelu asked to go to England. It was pointed out to him that the cold climate might kill him; but he persisted so earnestly in his entreaty that he was told he might go, and was highly elated at the prospect. The passage across the bar, though rough and dangerous, was accomplished in safety, and when, after considerable difficulty in getting on board, Livingstone found himself once more on the deck of an English vessel, he received a right hearty welcome from his fellow-countrymen, and had the satisfaction of hearing his mother tongue, though he had so long been accustomed to the language of Africa that English seemed a strange speech, and for some days he was scarcely able to use it. The arrival at Mauritius was marked by a sad fatality. Poor Sekwelu was so bewildered by the strangeness of all he saw, that he lost his reason, and finally jumped overboard. His body was never recovered, and this faithful servant, without whose invaluable help Livingstone could scarcely have travelled from Linyante to Quilimane, passed thus tragically to his everlasting rest.

Livingstone remained at Mauritius for rest and recovery from the effects of fever until November, and arrived in England on the 12th of December to receive a hearty welcome from his wife and children, and to find himself honoured by all classes of society as a philanthropist and a discoverer.

CHAPTER LXV.

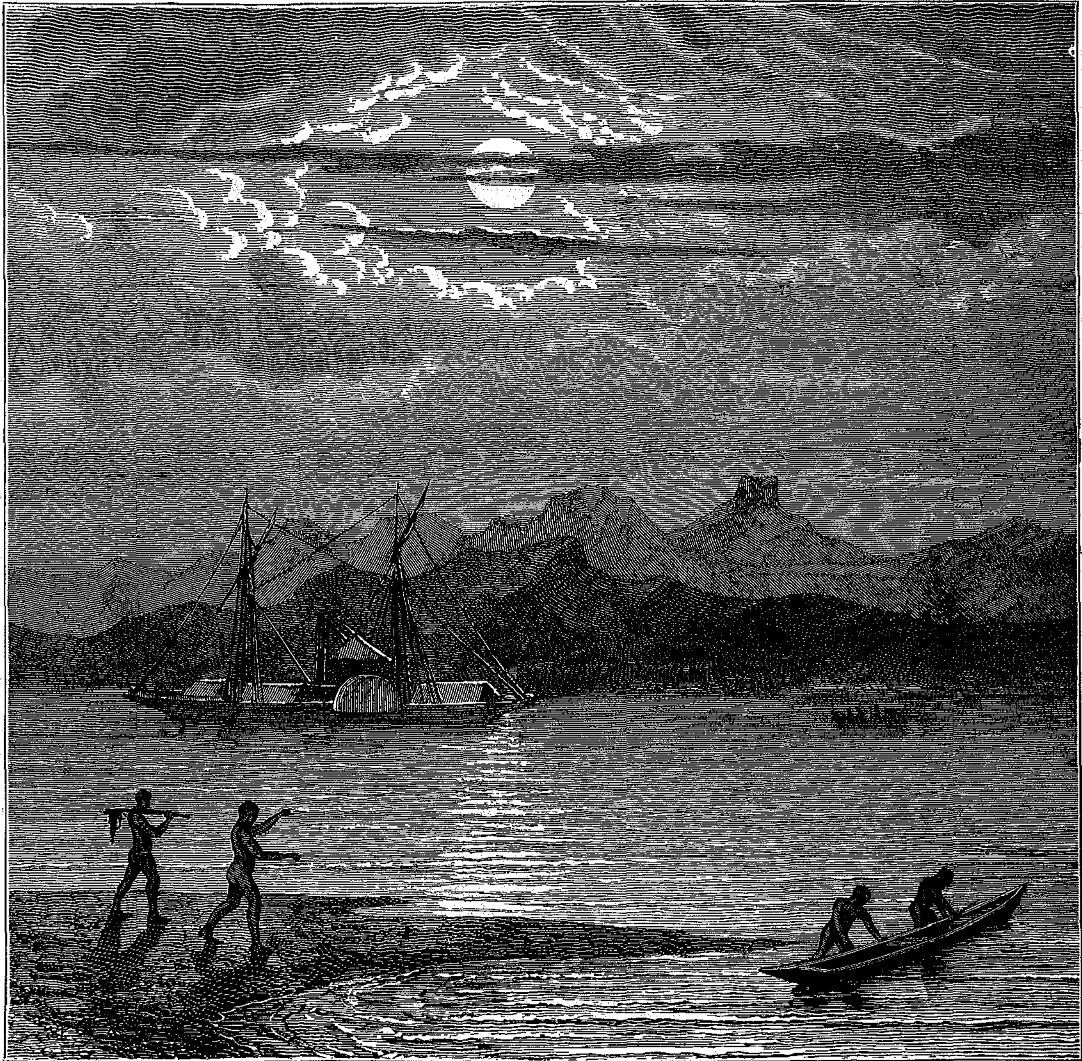
DAVID LIVINGSTONE'S LAST JOURNEYS.

Honours Bestowed upon Livingstone—He Decides to Resume his Explorations—Arrives off the Mouths of the Zambesi—Its Channels—Up the River in a Steamer—A Monster—War Between Portuguese and Natives—Exploration of Zambesi and Shiré Rivers—The Murchison Cataracts—The *Ma Robert*—Lake Shirwa—An Upset—The Manganja—Lake Nyassa—Return to Sesheke—Illness of Sekeletu—A Farewell Service—Sinking of the *Ma Robert*—Bishop Mackenzie—The Rovuma—Further Exploration of Lake Nyassa—Native Graves—Death of Mrs. Livingstone—A New Steamer—The Expedition Recalled—Voyage to Bombay, and Return to England—Livingstone once more in Africa—Starts for the Interior—Desertions—The Kirk Mountains—Loss of Stores—Serious Illness—Rumours of Livingstone's Death—A Search Expedition under Mr. Young—Stanley finds Livingstone—The Last Year—Dies at Ilala—Funeral in Westminster Abbey.

THE natural modesty and innate humility of David Livingstone were put to a severe test during his fifteen months' residence in England after the termination of his first great African journey. Honours fell thick upon him; the Royal Geographical Society of London presented him with its gold medal, and the French Geographical Society recognised his services to science by a similar presentation; the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge gave him the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws; publishers competed for the production of the story of his discoveries; and whenever it was announced that he was to speak, crowds flocked to hear and see the man who had undergone such perils, encountered such marvellous adventures, and had brought to England the knowledge of countries and peoples hitherto unknown even by name. As men looked upon that slight figure, and beheld that pale face still bearing traces of suffering and disease, they instinctively felt they were in the presence of no ordinary person; and when he rose to speak, and told in simple language what he had done in Africa, and how he longed to labour again for her swarthy children, the conviction grew in the minds of those who heard him that here indeed was a born hero and king of men. Many a traveller who had not accomplished a tithe of his discoveries, would have contentedly settled down upon his reputation, and have desired to end his days in peace at home. But Livingstone felt that a great work had been committed to his hands, that it was his duty to make further endeavours to open up the interior of Africa, to spend his life in trying to carry to her people the blessings of Christianity and civilisation; to expose the horrors of slavery; and above all, to do what he could to put a stop to this terrible traffic in men, women, and children.

In March, 1858, accompanied by his brother Charles, Dr. Kirk as naturalist, and Mr. Thornton, he started for the Cape; in the following May they were off the mouths of the Zambesi, and found that its waters are discharged into the ocean through four separate channels, the Quilimane river, shown on some maps as the principal mouth, being, in fact, a distinct stream communicating by a natural canal with the Zambesi itself. Thus the expedition began with an interesting geographical discovery—the importance of which is modified by the circumstance that these mouths are full of sand-banks, thrown up by the waves of the Indian ocean, which render

navigation very difficult. The Kongone channel was, however, practicable, and the *Pearl,* in which the travellers had come out from England, was able to steam up the river for about forty miles until the water became too shallow to allow of further progress. The appearance of the vessel caused great alarm to the natives living



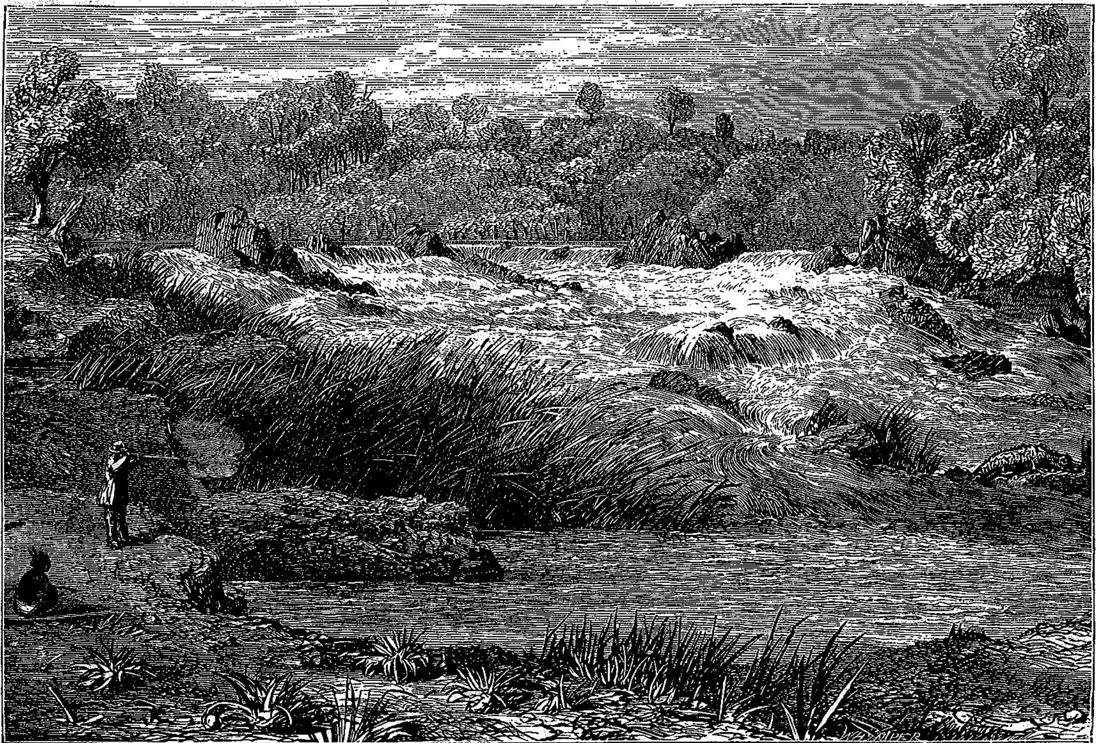
THE "MA ROBERT" ON THE ZAMBESI.

near the banks, who, thinking she must be engaged in the slave trade, left their canoes on shore and hurried away as fast as their legs would carry them. Higher up, the half-caste Portuguese were less timid, and paddled after the *Pearl* or ran along the banks offering fowls, rice, and meal for sale.

When, in consequence of the want of water in the river, the *Pearl* was brought to a standstill, the goods she had brought, including a small steam-launch in sections named the *Ma Robert* in honour of Mrs. Livingstone, were landed on an island called

by the travellers "Expedition Island," and the vessel returned to the sea. Some of the party were detained here for two months, while others were employed in superintending the conveyance of the stores by boat and canoe up the river to Shupanga and Senna, a hazardous enterprise, as the country was in a state of war. Those engaged in this service were, however, more fortunate than their friends on the island, who found time hang somewhat heavily on their hands, and, being exposed to the malaria of the delta, suffered from attacks of African fever.

The hostilities carried on at this time originated in the brutal conduct of a



MURCHISON CATARACT.

half-caste named Mariano, who, not content with harrying the natives in his own neighbourhood, had boldly captured and sold into slavery some of the Portuguese subjects. He seems to have been a monster of iniquity, and it was his practice to terrorise his neighbours by putting his captives to death with his own hands, as many as forty miserable wretches having been placed in a row and killed by him in one day. Finding himself likely to get the worst of it in his encounters with the Portuguese, he suddenly fled to Quilimane, hoping to arrange matters with the governor there; but that official imprisoned him, and then shipped him off to be tried for his crimes at Mozambique. His flight did not, however, end the war, which was continued by his brother Bonga, and all trade on the river was stopped; although when Livingstone came into actual contact with the rebels and explained that he

was an Englishman, friendly relations ensued, and shortly after there was a temporary cessation of hostilities, the Portuguese being unable to continue their attack owing to having expended all their ammunition, a circumstance which happily for themselves they were able to conceal from the enemy. Two months later they received further supplies, and destroyed Bonga's stockade, thus ending the war.

After many delays, the *Ma Robert*, with Livingstone on board, reached Tete, where nearly three years before he had left his Makololo friends, who had come with him all the way from Linyante. They quickly recognised their old leader, and no sooner was he ashore than they crowded round him and were about to embrace him, when somebody cried out, "Don't touch him—you will spoil his new clothes." They had much to tell, and much to hear.

One object he had in view was to find out how far the Zambesi was navigable, in the hope that a waterway might be opened into the interior. The Portuguese at Tete told him that the navigation for canoes ended at the Kibrabasa Rapids, though they thought that when the river was in flood and the rocks were well covered with water a steamer could get through; but on investigation, and after three separate visits, it was deemed quite impracticable to make the attempt with so small a boat as the *Ma Robert.* In a subsequent voyage in canoes down the Zambesi, Livingstone and Kirk were upset and nearly drowned in these rapids.

Livingstone then determined to explore the river Shiré, an important tributary of the Zambesi, into which it falls about a hundred miles from the sea. No European, so far as could be ascertained, had ever been up it, and the Portuguese could give no certain information about the river itself or the dwellers on its banks, except that they had always understood the latter to be brave but bloodthirsty savages. This was not very cheering; but, of course, it did not affect Livingstone's decision, and the bows of the *Ma Robert* were directed down to the mouth of the Shiré, and then up its stream. The people looked threatening, and came out armed with bows and arrows. At one place a large body of men ordered the vessel to stop, and Livingstone went on shore to explain that he had come on a peaceful errand to open a path for his countrymen, who would follow, as he hoped, to buy cotton, ivory, and everything the people might have to sell, except slaves.

For two hundred miles the *Ma Robert*—already beginning to show signs of her inefficiency—threaded her way along the winding channel, until her further progress was effectually barred by a series of magnificent cataracts, which were named in honour of Sir Roderick Murchison. Owing to the state of the weather, and the dubious attitude of the people, it was thought undesirable to make any attempt to proceed further, at least for the present; so, after sending messages and gifts to the chiefs, the explorers steamed down the river at a rapid rate, disturbing many hippopotami and crocodiles in their course. The former always gave the steamer a wide berth, but the latter often rushed at her as if she were a huge animal swimming, and on discovering their mistake dived quickly to the bottom.

A few months later Livingstone returned to the Shiré, when he found the natives inclined to be friendly, and willing to sell rice, fowls, and corn. Leaving the

vessel at the village of a chief named Chibisa, who lived about ten miles below the Falls, and accompanied by Dr. Kirk and some of the Makololo, Livingstone took a northerly direction across a mountainous country, sometimes with guides and sometimes without them, to Lake Shirwa, a considerable body of bitter water full of leeches, fish, crocodiles, and hippopotami, and surrounded by high hills. They did not reach the northern end, and though the lake appeared large, the natives reported that it was nothing as compared with another lake farther to the north. Following their previous policy of endeavouring to establish friendly relations with the people, they decided upon withdrawing for the present, and, returning to the *Ma Robert*, took her once more down the Shiré, and thence down the Zambesi to Kongone, where she was beached for repairs.

These two voyages up the Shiré were but the first-fruits of the present expedition, but they resulted in the important discovery of the Murchison Falls and Lake Shirwa, besides confirming the rumours of the existence of another and larger body of water farther to the north, which it was decided to explore as soon as possible.

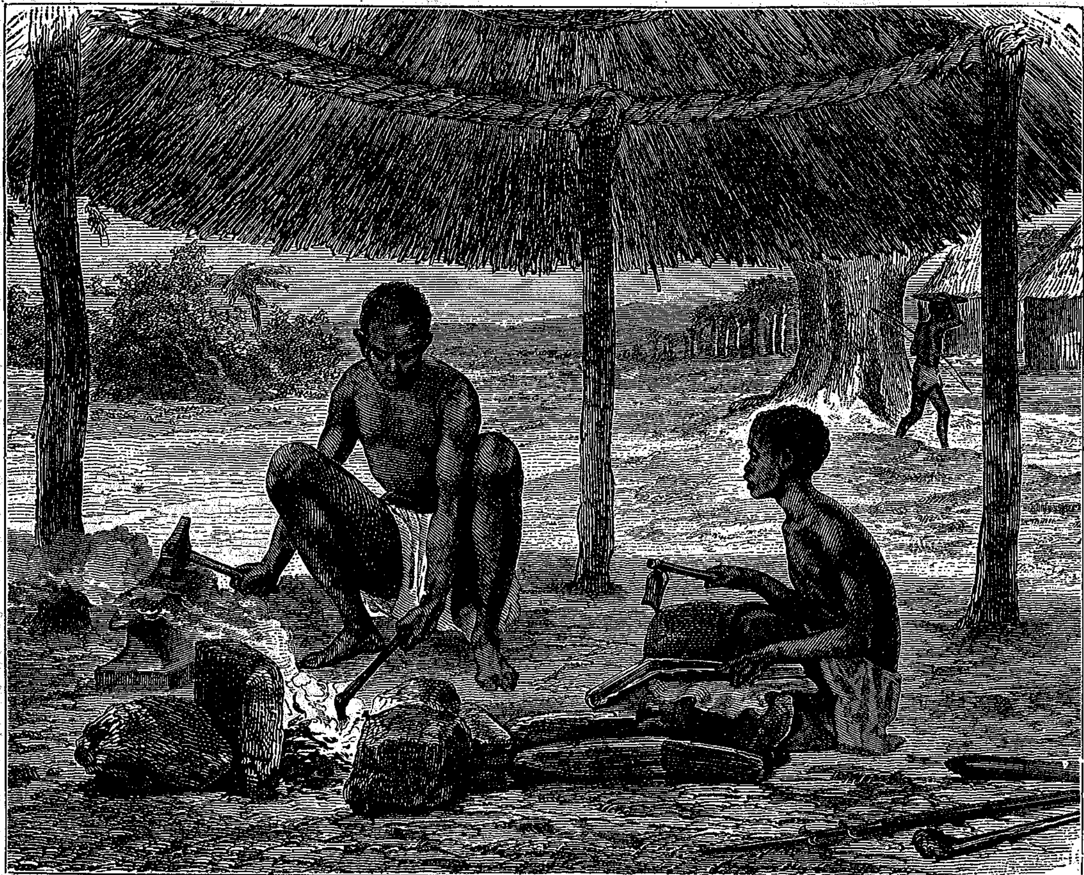
Once more the wretched little boat the *Ma Robert*, now generally spoken of as the *Asthmatic*, started up the river, towing some of the party in boats, for she was not large enough to carry all. One dark night one of the boats capsized. All on board, save one man who could not swim, were rescued, but his loss threw a gloom over his fellow-travellers, and added to the ill repute of the steamer.

The *Ma Robert* was again left below the Murchison Falls, in charge of her native crew, and Livingstone and his three white companions, with thirty-eight natives as carriers or guides, set off on their overland journey to discover the great lake, travelling over a high plateau, in some places 3,000 feet above the sea-level, well watered with numerous clear cool streams. The inhabitants are the Manganja tribe, an industrious race who work in iron, make baskets, and cultivate the soil, raising large crops of maize, millet, beans, rice, sweet potatoes, tobacco, and hemp, besides large quantities of cotton, which they clean and weave into cloth. They brew beer in large quantities, and, having no hops or other appliances for checking fermentation, drink the whole brew in a few days, amidst drummings, dancings, and general disorder. Scenes of this kind were witnessed in many of the villages through which the travellers passed, and Livingstone in all his African experience had never seen so much drunkenness; but the people did not appear to suffer from their excesses, and many of them lived to a great age. They are not too clean; one old fellow said he remembered to have washed once in his life, and some of the women asked the Makololo why they washed, saying at the same time that their men never did.

The Manganja treated the travellers with consideration, though they regarded them with some suspicion, and did not quite approve of their design to explore the country. They professed ignorance of the existence of the great lake even when it was only distant one day's march; the river Shiré, they said, continued for two months, and then came out between two towering perpendicular rocks, an announcement which so alarmed the Makololo that they wished to return. "Never mind," said Livingstone, "we will go on and see these wonderful rocks;" and on they

went accordingly, and next day at noon discovered Lake Nyassa. Two months later a German explorer, Dr. Röscher, also visited it, and lived some time on its banks, but he never returned to tell the tale, having been murdered on his return journey to the Rovuma river. The credit of the first discovery, however, is undoubtedly due to Livingstone.

The travellers could not remain many days on the shores of Lake Nyassa, but

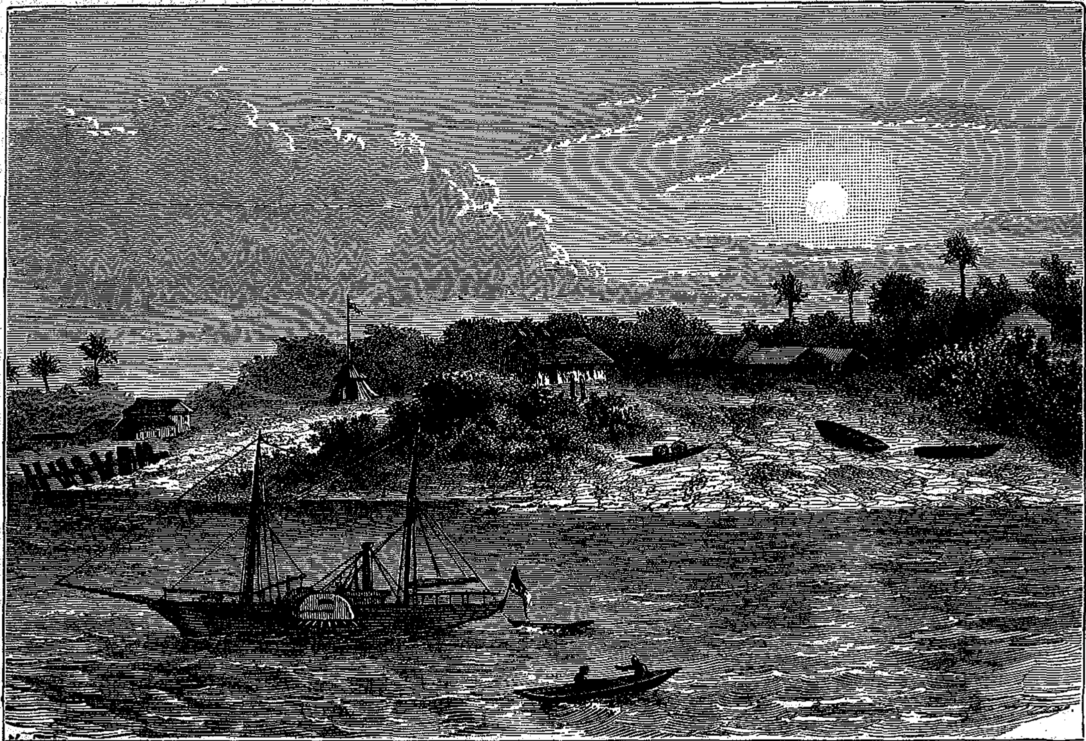


MANGANJA SMITHS.

Livingstone's fertile brain had already formulated a plan for opening up the district to traders, and preventing the traffic in men, women, and children. By means of the rivers Zambesi and Shiré there is a waterway between the sea and the Nyassa, with the exception of about thirty-five miles of interruption caused by the rapids and the Murchison Falls, but it would be easy to make a good road past this obstruction, and to employ the natives as porters. Thus steamers, made up in compartments of suitable sizes, could be carried to the upper waters of the Shiré, and when put together these would command the navigation of the lake.

Livingstone now redeemed his promise to take back to their own country the

Makololo who had served him so well, and the journey was accomplished without serious difficulty, though the travellers experienced many minor annoyances insepar-able from such an undertaking, Livingstone and Kirk both suffering from attacks of African fever. In the middle of August, the travellers reached Sesheke, where Sekeletu was now living, having left Linyante some time before. He was suffering from leprosy, and no native doctor had been able to do anything for him; believing himself to have been bewitched, he shut himself up and allowed nobody but his uncle Mamire to see him, but he gladly received Livingstone and Kirk, who were able to apply remedies to



THE "PIONEER" ON THE ZAMBESI.

alleviate his sufferings, though they could not cure him. He was much pleased with the presents they had brought him, made many inquiries about Livingstone's journeys, asking amongst other things whether a ship could not bring up goods from Tete; and, on being told that the Victoria Falls made that impossible, he suggested whether a cannon could not blow them away and open a free passage up the river to the sea.

Sekeletu told Livingstone that some papers and goods from Kuruman were lying at Linyante, and sent a messenger for them, who performed the journey there and back, a distance of 240 miles, in seven days, but left one of the packages behind, as it was too heavy for him to bring. Livingstone himself went to fetch it, and to

examine his old waggon, which was found, as on a former occasion, quite safe, with its contents untouched. Seven long years it had remained at Linyante, and was in no way injured except by time, and nothing had been removed from it! Would such a thing have been possible in any other country?

Before quitting Sesheke, on the last occasion of holding divine service, Livingstone invited the Makololo to a conversation on his address, in which he had spoken of the many deaths that had taken place since his last visit, of the improbability of their all meeting again in this life, and of the certainty of a future state.

Much of the return journey to Tete was effected in canoes hired or borrowed from the chiefs, and without serious accident, but not without many adventures. Tete was reached on the 23rd of November, after an absence of little more than six months, and the sailors left in charge of the *Ma Robert* were in excellent health and spirits. But that unfortunate steamer was going from bad to worse, and as she was taking the party down to Kongone she grounded on a sandbank, filled, and finally sank, nothing except about six feet of her two masts being visible next morning. No lives were lost, and there was time to save most of the property on board.

A new ship, the *Pioneer,* arrived off the Zambesi at the end of January, 1861, though owing to the stormy weather she could not cross the bar for some days; and about the same time two of H.M. cruisers brought Bishop Mackenzie, five other Englishmen, and five coloured men, from the Cape, who formed the Universities Mission to the tribes of the Shiré and Lake Nyassa. The Bishop wanted to proceed at once to the proposed scene of his labours; but as the *Pioneer* was under orders to explore the Rovuma river some hundreds of miles to the north of the Zambesi, and as the rainy season, during which alone such an exploration could be made, was half over, it was necessary to postpone for the present the beginning of his work, and the *Pioneer* steamed away northwards, arriving at the mouth of the Rovuma on the 25th of February. Unlike most African rivers, there is no bar at the mouth of the Rovuma, and the scenery on the lower part of its course is far superior to the flat delta of the Zambesi. The highlands are visible from the sea, and the mangroves do not extend more than eight miles from the mouth, where a range of beautiful hills crowned by magnificent woods begins on each bank. An unfortunate delay of some days in the arrival of the Bishop detained the steamer until the river began to fall, and as she drew five feet of water it was found impossible to proceed more than thirty miles, except at the risk of her detention for nearly a year. She proved an admirable vessel, in every respect suited for the service except her too great draught, a deviation from her original design, that she should draw three feet only, caused by the necessity of making her seaworthy. This additional depth not only prevented her remaining in the Rovuma after the floods, but also rendered it difficult for her to navigate the Shiré, into which she was taken as quickly as possible on her return from the north, and it was only practicable to get her up as far as Chibisa's village by hauling her over the shallows, a work in which the Bishop and his companions readily joined. When at length she reached her destination, she had

to remain there for many months, until the waters rose after the summer rains in the following December. Meantime, with the help of carriers readily obtained at the villages, Livingstone started to show the Bishop the scene of his intended labours on the high ground between the river and Lake Nyassa, where it was thought a healthy and in every respect suitable site could be obtained for the Mission.

Bishop Mackenzie having decided to settle on the banks of the Mageromo, Livingstone took leave of him, and proceeded to make another voyage of discovery on the waters of Lake Nyassa, accompanied by his brother Charles, Dr. Kirk, and a score of attendants, including an English sailor. A light four-oared gig brought up in the *Pioneer* was carried past the forty miles of the Murchison cataracts by native porters, who received a cubit of cloth a day for their services, and was successfully launched on the upper Shiré, whence it entered the lake on the 2nd of September, for a more prolonged examination of the waters than had hitherto been possible. The boat was not, of course, large enough to carry the whole party, so most of the men remained on the shore, and followed the movements of their leaders as closely as they could. The boating party were on several occasions in imminent peril of being swamped by the great waves caused by the sudden storms to which Lake Nyassa, like all lakes surrounded by mountains, is liable.

The shores of the lake were found to be densely populated, especially at the southern end, where the villages formed an almost unbroken chain, and, except in places where the slave trade was carried on, the people appeared generous and hospitable. Many were fishermen, and if the boat happened to be near when a net was drawn, fish were offered to the travellers; one chief wanted them to stay with him to spend a day in drinking his beer, and when they replied that they must take advantage of a fair wind, loaded them with provisions before they had given him any present. The arrangements of the burying grounds, and the care bestowed upon them by the natives, struck Livingstone as remarkable; the graves of men and women were marked by the implements they had used in life, broken as if to show they were to be used no more; a broken paddle or a piece of net showed the last resting-place of a fisherman, and a wooden mortar for pounding meal, or a basket for sifting it, denoted the long home of a woman.

At the northern end of the lake the travellers found that the Mazitu, a tribe of Zulu descent, were continually swooping down from the highlands, where they dwelt, upon the villages of the low country, burning the houses and carrying off everything they could; and this so alarmed Livingstone's native servants that they refused to travel by land unless accompanied by a white man. He therefore left the boat and joined the land party, who by a series of accidents became separated from their companions afloat for four days, and had great difficulty in procuring food from the natives. The boating party were much alarmed at his absence, especially as they knew the Mazitu were out marauding, but in the end all met again in safety, though they were obliged to desist from attempting to reach the northern extremity of the Nyassa, and turning southwards returned to the Shiré, and thence once more made for the delta of the Zambesi.

On their arrival they learned that Mrs. Livingstone, and some ladies who had come out to join Bishop Mackenzie's mission, were in a brig off the Luabo mouth of the Zambesi. The *Pioneer* towed the brig into Kongone harbour, and joyous was the meeting between Livingstone and his wife, who had not seen each other for nearly four years, and were, alas! too soon to be again separated, by the hand of death. Only three months passed before Mrs. Livingstone succumbed to an attack of fever, on Sunday evening, April 27th, 1862, and on the morrow her body was committed to the grave under the great baobab tree behind Shupanga House. The burial service was read by Mr. Stewart, of the Free Church of Scotland, who had come

GRAVE OF MARY (MOFFAT) LIVINGSTONE.

out to find a suitable site for a mission; and for some nights the English seamen volunteered to watch the grave. But no attempt was made to disturb the last resting-place of Mary Livingstone, and a plain white cross still marks the spot where her sorrowing husband laid her in an African grave. The daughter of Robert Moffat, the wife of David Livingstone, the *Ma Robert* of her loving and loved Makololo, could have found no fitter burial-place than on the banks of that great river her husband was the first to explore. In far off England and Scotland, at Kuruman where she had spent her childhood, at Kolobeng the home of her early wedded life, and in many another African village, the news of her death caused many tears to flow from sorrowful yet not desponding hearts. Her work was done and well done, and she had now entered upon her reward.

To her bereaved husband the loss was irreparable; but the path of duty, upon

which he had entered with her full approval, lay before him, and he did not delay to follow it. The *Lady Nyassa*—a new steamer which had come out in sections—was put together on a platform of palm-trees to facilitate launching, and was speedily afloat; but by the time she was ready to start, the waters had fallen too low to allow of her going up the Shiré, and it was therefore decided to take her down to the sea and to make another attempt to explore the Rovuma river. After ascending the stream for about 150 miles, a narrow rocky passage prevented further progress, and it was reported by the natives that higher up the obstructions were more formidable; the statement that the river was navigable for a month's journey proved to be incorrect, and the hope of finding a better approach to the Nyassa was dissipated.

Returning from the Rovuma, the two steamers started for the Shiré, and Livingstone hoped to be able to take the *Lady Nyassa* to pieces at the foot of the Murchison Falls, whence she would be carried to the upper river, put together again, and navigated to the lake. These hopes were doomed to be disappointed, for whilst working at their task of taking the *Nyassa* to pieces, Dr. Kirk and Charles Livingstone were taken so seriously ill that it was found necessary to send them home as quickly as possible, and then Livingstone himself was laid low by an attack of dysentery. Almost simultaneously with these calamities, a despatch was received from home ordering the *Pioneer* to return to England and recalling the expedition. It was difficult indeed for Livingstone to realise that he must give up so many plans, but he was bound to acquiesce in the decision of the authorities; and the conduct of the Portuguese in connection with the slave trade had recently added to the difficulties of travelling in the country, and had not improved his relations with them. It was not practicable to return for some months, owing to the insufficiency of water in the rivers, and this interval was utilised in making another journey to the banks of the Nyassa, and in a fuller survey of much of the adjacent country. More than ever he was impressed during this journey with the devastating effects of slavery, and it was with a sad heart that he turned southwards, and for the last time steamed down the Shiré and Zambesi to the sea.

For a time he must leave unsolved many questions arising out of his discoveries of lakes, rivers, and mountains unknown to Europeans until he had visited them, and he must quit Africa with all its memories and associations, sad or joyous, bright or depressing. The *Pioneer* must be handed over to the naval authorities, and the *Lady Nyassa* disposed of to the best advantage. Fortunately, two cruisers belonging to the English navy were off the mouth of the Zambesi when Livingstone arrived, and they took the two steamers in tow, and hauled them first to Mozambique and then to Zanzibar, not without some difficulty in a heavy gale, from which, however, they escaped without serious loss. At Zanzibar Livingstone decided to navigate the *Lady Nyassa* to Bombay, and having coaled her and taken a crew of four Englishmen and nine natives, proceeded on his adventurous voyage across the Indian Ocean, now running before the wind under sail, and at other times making way under steam. Livingstone was his own captain, but he was so used to taking observations on land, that he had

no difficulty in making out his position at sea, and after a passage of more than five weeks, safely entered Bombay harbour in the beginning of June, 1864.

In the following year Livingstone left England for the last time. The Home Government gave him a commission as British Consul, hoping thereby to assist him in his undertaking; while Sir Bartle Frere, the Governor of Bombay, where the expedition was organised, devoted some time to the selection of his travelling companions and to the other necessary preparations. Early in January, 1866, Livingstone left Bombay with a letter of commendation from Sir Bartle Frere to the Sultan of Zanzibar, and with instructions to present to that potentate in the name of the Queen of England the steamship *Thule* in which the expedition had sailed. The Sultan was much gratified at receiving this token of the goodwill of the English Government, who had directed the ship to be fitted out in the gorgeous style dear to the Oriental taste, and he wrote a letter of thanks in which he promised to show Livingstone respect, to give him honour, and help him in all his affairs. To his credit it must be recorded that he was as good as his word, and helped forward the expedition by every means in his power.

Livingstone's party, which included several men who had been with him on the Zambesi or Shiré in former years, embarked on board the *Penguin* and a dhow for Rovuma Bay, at the mouth of the river of that name, but owing to the recent changes in the sandbanks it was found inadvisable to attempt to land, and the vessel therefore made for Mikindany Bay, a little to the north, where the expedition was safely put ashore. Livingstone, once more on the tramp, has recorded in his journal the feelings of exhilaration with which he looked forward to another "trip" in Africa, as if he were merely off on a holiday jaunt, instead of beginning a journey of thousands of miles through partially unknown and ofttimes through hostile countries. Travelling as he was with the specific object of improving the condition of the natives, every act seemed ennobled, and whether exchanging the customary civilities of travel, arranging for a night's lodging, buying food, or answering inquiries as to the reasons for his journey, he felt he was spreading the knowledge of his own countrymen, and he looked forward hopefully to a future when, following in his footsteps, other Englishmen would visit Central Africa, resolved to enlighten the people, and to put down for ever the slave trade and all its atrocities.

Well it was that he could start in such high spirits, for his difficulties soon began. The people near the coast were generally friendly, but there was at first some trouble in obtaining the services of carriers, owing, as was afterwards discovered, to the false representations made by some of the sepoys from Bombay who formed part of the escort. The track sometimes lay through a jungle, where it was impossible for the camels to move until the overhanging trees and creepers had been cut down, and sometimes through more open country, where the grass was so high as to tower above the men's heads, yet not high enough to afford any protection against the heat of the sun. The sepoys persistently overloaded the camels, and even after Livingstone had re-adjusted the burdens, the men would increase the loads in order to relieve themselves immediately his back was turned. At last their conduct became so

unbearable that he decided to send them back; and, supplied with provisions, they returned to the coast.

Meantime, progress had been very slow; the tsetse-fly had bitten the camels and buffaloes, and the poor creatures quickly died one after another. These losses deprived Livingstone of part of his means of transport, and of his supplies of meat, and he was obliged to rely entirely on the natives for food. These people were generally kindly disposed, and had great reverence for the Deity, to whom they offered meal when they prayed; but they seemed unwilling to speak of Him, and when questioned as to their beliefs, replied "We do not know Him," in order to prevent further inquiries. One of the chiefs advised Livingstone not to ask the people if they prayed, because they would suppose he wished them to be killed. So strange and perverse are these poor Africans in their ideas on this solemn subject.

Lake Nyassa was reached at the beginning of August, and some weeks were spent in skirting its south-eastern and south-western shores, the difficulties of the way being greatly increased by numerous bogs, or "sponges," in the narrow openings between the hills. Livingstone on this last journey was obliged to cross many of them as best he could, generally getting soaked to the skin, and often being compelled to remain in his wet clothes for hours.

At many places on the shores of Nyassa the people collected in large numbers to see the white man, to ask questions, and sometimes to tell fearful stories about their neighbours, and the natives of the more remote districts. Their tales did not affect Livingstone himself, but their frequent repetition, and the difficulties and dangers already experienced, so frightened the Johanna men, who remained after the defection of the sepoys, that they now refused to go further, and made their way homewards as best they could. This second desertion added much to his difficulties, but Livingstone as usual made the best of it, and regretted it the less as the men were inveterate thieves, carrying off everything they could lay hands upon, not so much from want as for the mere love of appropriating what did not belong to them. The party—which originally numbered thirty-eight—was now reduced to three or four, and with this little band the traveller was obliged for some time to content himself. His camels and buffaloes had perished, many of his stores had already been wasted or stolen, and now these Johanna men took away most of his clothes, and left him in a very deplorable condition.

Still he was not without hope, and the kindness of the natives gave him encouragement to proceed in spite of their dismal prognostications. They listened attentively to him as he told them about the Bible and the future state, putting intelligent questions, and answering his inquiries as to their religious beliefs. They had little idea of the immortality of the soul, saying their fathers had never taught them anything, and that they supposed the whole man rotted and came to nothing, but they were interested to hear of their Father in Heaven, of His love towards men, and of His willingness to listen to the prayers of His children no matter how ignorant and weak they may be, and making no difference between black men and white men.

At Kimsusa's, at the foot of the range of mountains known as Kirk's Mountains, from having been discovered when Dr. Kirk was with him in his former journey, Livingstone met with a warm welcome from his old friends, and was supplied with abundance of food by the chief's wife in the absence of her husband. Kimsusa, indeed, on hearing of his arrival, had sent an invitation to a drinking bout, but as this was not accepted he hastened home to entertain his guest, and to supply his wants. A large fat ram, maize porridge, cooked meats, and a quantity of "pombe," or native beer, was speedily produced, the chief assisting in the consumption of the pombe, and recommending it to the traveller as sure to put fat on his bones. Kimsusa was now following the advice Livingstone had given him on his former visit, not to sell his people, with the result that his village had increased in size, and that he had another not far off. But his subjects did not pay much attention to his authority, and refused at first to carry forward Livingstone's baggage: the chief then directed his wives to take it up, and this shamed the younger men, who turned out and bore off the loads.

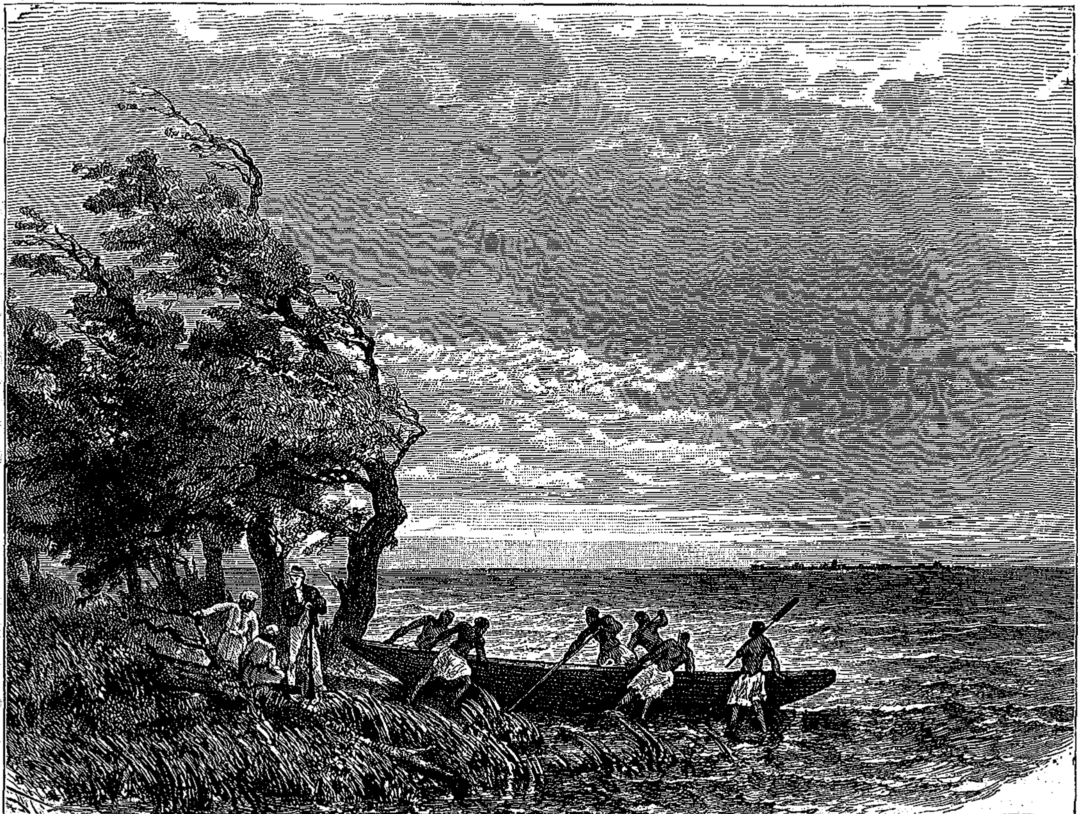
Livingstone's route now lay in a north-westerly direction, across the Kirk Mountains, through a succession of villages, some of which had recently been burnt by the Mazitu, at that time the terror of the inhabitants of this district, and across the Loangwa, an important affluent of the Zambesi, into which it falls at Zumbo.

The year 1866 ended in very distressing circumstances, whilst Livingstone was still in the valley of the Loangwa, wandering slowly through a difficult country inhabited by inhospitable people, who refused to supply food except at exorbitant prices. At times the party were entirely dependent upon their leader's rifle for provisions, and were often for considerable periods without meal or vegetables. Christmas Day came, but it was unaccompanied by Christmas fare, and the heavy rains were a sad hindrance to locomotion, besides spoiling the goods and often wetting the gunpowder. The beginning of the new year was marked by further misfortunes, the most serious being the loss of the medicine-chest, which was carried off with other property by a deserter. Livingstone was now entirely without the means of counteracting the repeated attacks of fever, for which quinine is a sovereign remedy; and there can be no doubt that his subsequent sufferings were greatly enhanced by the absence of proper medicines. He felt, on discovering the loss, as if he had received sentence of death, and, now that it was too late, regretted that he had not taken the precaution of dividing his drugs between the carriers, so as to render their total loss improbable.

The course of the little party was now directed towards Lake Tanganyika, which they reached in April, 1867, but, unfortunately, Livingstone was unable to enjoy the pleasant scenery more than a few days. An attack of fever reduced his strength; and for some time he was quite insensible. Being without medicine, he could only wait patiently to see what nature would do for him; but at length his naturally strong constitution and the careful nursing of his men got the better of the disease, and he was able to travel once more.

But it was impossible to proceed with the exploration of the lake, owing to the

opposition of the people and the danger of encountering the Mazitu, so turning off to the west an effort was made to reach another lake—the Moero. The route lay through a country full of marauding parties, and, strange to say, it was only the kindness and forethought of some Arabs, no doubt slave traders, that prevented Livingstone falling into their hands. His new friends advised him to take the east side of the lake and proceed to Ujiji; but he was unwilling to give up his design of visiting Moero. After much privation, he succeeded in reaching it, and made a very thorough exploration of



DISCOVERY OF LAKE BANGWEOLO.

its waters, his object being to ascertain whether they were tributary to the Nile or the Congo, and to define the watershed between the sources of those mighty rivers. South of Moero another great lake—Bangweolo—was discovered, and its connection with Lake Moero satisfactorily proved. So important did Livingstone consider these facts, that he took the earliest opportunity of writing a despatch to Lord Clarendon, announcing his discoveries, and forwarded it by Arab traders from Ujiji, who promised to send it thence to Zanzibar for transmission to England.

An entry in Livingstone's journal at this period has a singular and mournful interest, when it is remembered that five years later he passed to his rest on the banks of

the Bangweolo. In travelling through the forest he came upon a grave strewn with flour and beads, with a little path showing that it was often visited. "This," he writes, "is the sort of grave I should prefer; to lie in the still, still forest, and no hand ever disturb my bones." And then his thoughts wander off to another grave, at Shupanga, where his dear wife lay at rest.

All this time rumours of Livingstone's death, originated in the excuses made by the men who had deserted him at the beginning of his journey, reached England, and caused great alarm to his many friends. Dr. Kirk and Mr. Seward, the British consul at Zanzibar, believed these rumours, and the vessels at Zanzibar had their flags half-mast high on the arrival of the news at that port; on the other hand, Mr. Moffat, Livingstone's brother-in-law, at the Cape, and Sir R. Murchison, with many others in England, did not credit the deserters. The statements were very circumstantial, and the details given by the Johanna men were exceedingly precise, but Mr. Moffat pointed out many discrepancies, and expressed a very decided opinion that the stories were pure inventions intended to cover their own criminal conduct in deserting their leader. Still, no letters came from the traveller, and much anxiety respecting his fate was felt by all his friends. A search expedition was, therefore, organised, and placed under the command of Mr. E. D. Young, an old companion of Livingstone in his earlier journeys to Lake Nyassa, and a small steamer was sent up the Zambesi and Shiré. Here, in what seemed a most unlikely place, intelligence was obtained of the traveller, and higher up the lake further and unmistakable evidence of his recent presence was forthcoming, though it was not possible to communicate with him or to find out where he was. A friendly chief, Marenga, whose jovial behaviour reminded Mr. Young of Old King Cole, assured him that no harm could have befallen Livingstone within three months' journey of the lake, and the production of some leaves of a "Nautical Almanac" for 1866 was further evidence of the traveller's safety up to a recent date. Mr. Young, therefore, returned to England, and almost simultaneously with his arrival letters were received from the traveller himself entirely discrediting the stories told by the deserters, and confirming the hopes expressed by those who had all along believed that he was alive and pursuing his undertaking.

Alive indeed he was; sometimes little more than alive, yet always struggling bravely on, observing natural phenomena, noting the rainfall and the temperature, examining rivers, lakes, and mountains, and comparing his own discoveries with the accounts given by geographers from the days of Ptolemy down to his own contemporaries. After many delays and difficulties he at length arrived, in March, 1869, at the great Arab settlement at Ujiji, on the eastern shore of Tanganyika, where he hoped to find the stores he had ordered to be sent up from Zanzibar. Some of his goods were safe, but much had been stolen, and the medicine he so sorely needed had been left at a place thirteen days' journey off. He now gradually recovered strength, and resolved as soon as he could to plunge once more into an unknown land and explore the countries to the west of the lake.

He crossed the lake in canoes, and soon found himself among the Manyuema,

LIVINGSTONE'S LAST JOURNEY.

(See page 35.)

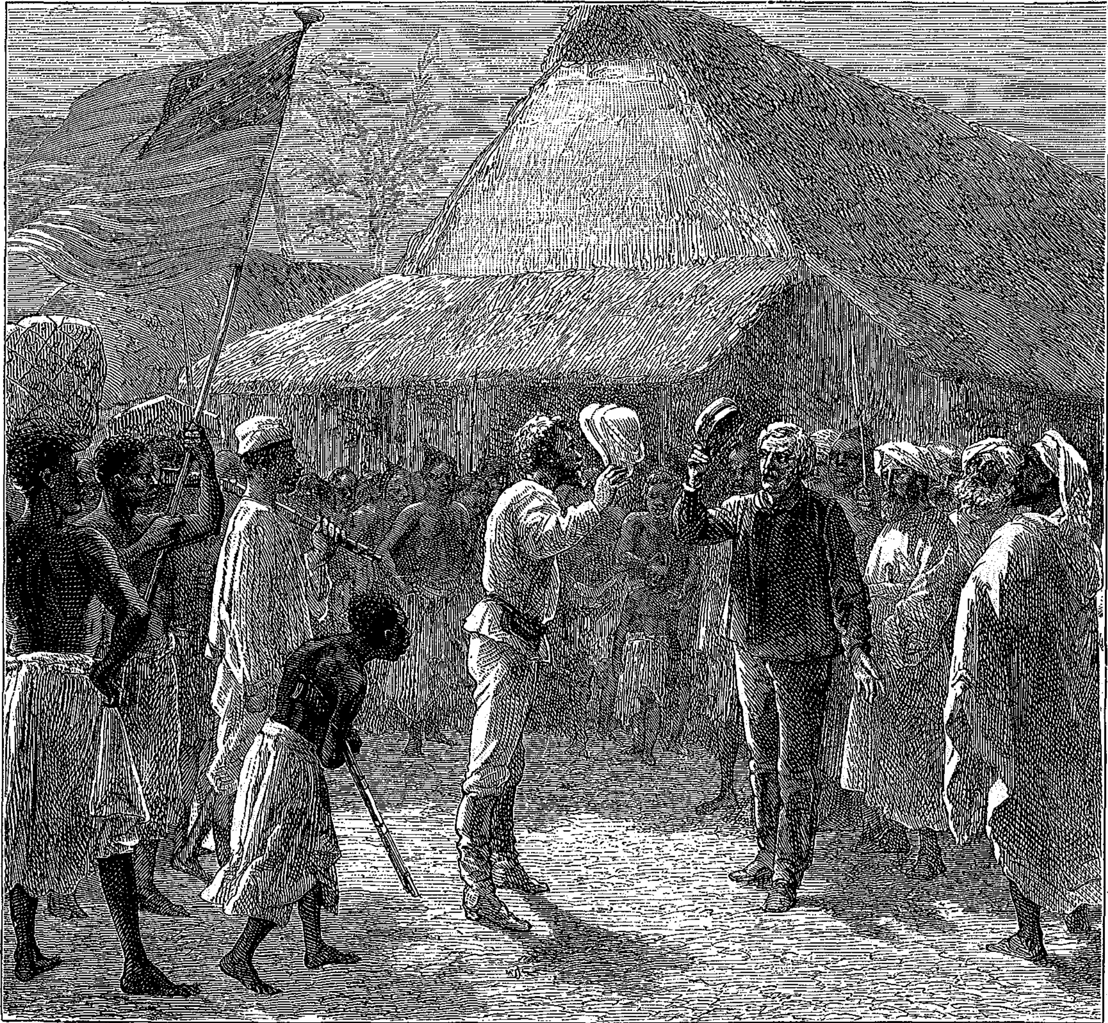
in a beautiful district clothed with forests containing gigantic trees, climbing plants of rare beauty, graceful palms, and many unknown wild fruits. More than two years of hardship, desertion by his followers, sickness and exhaustion, were spent in these lands and eastward of the lake, and all that long time Livingstone was without communication from the civilised world, while his friends at home could gather no tidings of him. Mr. Bennett, the energetic proprietor of the *New York Herald*, had long watched Livingstone's movements with interest, so far at least as it was possible to follow him, and now determined to send Henry M. Stanley, at that time his Madrid correspondent, to search for the traveller. The conception of this enterprise reflects no little credit on Mr. Bennett, and its satisfactory execution placed Stanley in the first rank of African travellers.

Both men were overjoyed at their strange meeting in the very heart of Africa, and each had much to tell the other. Both sorely needed rest, and the welcome relief put new life into the veteran traveller, who soon found his appetite returning and began to renew his strength. In a few days he was once more on the move and with his new friend made a further exploration of Tanganyika, to discover, if possible, the outlet of its waters, a matter of much interest to geographers, about which the dwellers on its shores told conflicting stories, some asserting that the current set northwards, and others maintaining it flowed in the opposite direction. No outlet could be found, though Livingstone seems to have formed an opinion on the subject, and the travellers returned to Ujiji without arriving at any satisfactory conclusion. From Ujiji they started eastwards to Unyanyembe, where they found some of Stanley's stores, as well as a few articles intended for Livingstone. And now Livingstone had to decide whether, as his friend strongly urged, he should return to England to recruit his strength and see the children and dear friends from whom he had been so long separated, or resume his explorations and complete his work by a more thorough examination of the lakes he had discovered, and the countries he had passed through. He decided to remain, and Stanley returned to Zanzibar. A few days later, on his birthday, he records in his journal the touching prayer, "Grant, O gracious Father, that ere this year is gone I may finish my task."

Little more than a year of life remained for the weary, worn-out man, and we must hasten to the last scene at Ilala, Chitambo's village, to the south of the great Lake Bangweolo, where he arrived, after a terrible journey in a kind of litter (*see* Frontispiece) through a flooded country, at the end of April, 1873. On the last day of the month the chief called to pay him a visit of courtesy, and was shown into the little hut where he lay, but his weakness was such that the visitor was asked to come again. Three faithful servants, Susi and Chumah, who had been with him for years, and Jacob Wainwright, formerly an attendant of Stanley, were the more important members of the little band that had for some days carried their master, now utterly prostrate and unable to walk, in an improvised palanquin. Of these, Susi was the last who saw him alive, having been called about eleven o'clock at night to give him some medicine. Early next morning, another servant, who had slept in the hut, begged his comrades to come at once to their master, who was

found kneeling at the bedside, his body stretched forward and his head buried in his hands. His spirit had passed away while he was in the attitude of prayer.

His followers were not a little alarmed. Their master had been taken away from their head in a land strange to most of them, and in the midst of a people who had



MEETING OF LIVINGSTONE AND STANLEY.

a superstitious horror of death. But they had not travelled with him without learning to be patient in difficulties, and no small portion of his enterprising spirit seemed at this crisis to have possessed their souls. They decided to make an effort to carry his body to Zanzibar, and, contrary to their fears, Chitambo seconded their attempt. The body was prepared with such appliances as they had at hand, and the heart and other parts were removed and reverently buried, Jacob Wainwright reading the burial service in the presence of the chief and his people, while all the servants stood round.

Then, after the body had been thoroughly dried, the men began their sad march across Africa, encountering many obstacles, delayed by sickness, and having to make long detours to avoid observation, or to escape from the neighbourhood of hostile tribes. But their purpose was fixed, and after a march of six weary months, they brought their precious burden in safety to Zanzibar!

A few months later, nearly a year after Livingstone's death, his body was committed to the earth in the presence of a great crowd of mourners. We need not linger over the closing scene in that temple of silence and reconciliation, the last home of so many illustrious Englishmen, nor tell how he was laid to rest—

> "Amidst the noblest of the land,
> In the great minster transept
> Where lights like glories fall,
> And the sweet choir sings and the organ rings
> Along the emblazoned wall."

It was right and fitting that David Livingstone should be thus honoured, and never did the great Abbey receive a worthier guest. A plain granite slab marks his grave; but his true monument is in every modern map of Africa, which shows the result of his discoveries, and in the example he has set for us, and for succeeding times, of patient continuance in well-doing, and of his manful fight under the banner of the Cross against the powers of darkness and sin.

DEATH OF LIVINGSTONE.

CHAPTER LXVI.

THE UNIVERSITIES MISSION.

Livingstone Lectures at Cambridge, and Appeals for Help—Response of the Universities—Public Meetings in England—Mr. Gladstone and Lord Brougham—C. F. Mackenzie goes to the Cape as First Missionary Bishop—Journey up the Zambesi with Livingstone—Release of Captive Slaves—Its Consequences—Settlement of the Mission at Magomero—Training Native Boys—An African War—Messrs. Burrup and Dickinson—Attack on an Exploring Party—Deaths of Bishop Mackenzie and Mr. Burrup—Removal of the Mission—A Famine—Further Deaths—Bishop Tozer—The Slave Trade—Schools—The Magila Mission—Cholera at Zanzibar—Deaths of Missionaries—Dr. Steere—Christchurch, Zanzibar—Printing Press—Journeys on the Mainland—A Colony of Fresh Men—Death of Bishop Steere.

"I GO back to Africa to try to make an open path for commerce and Christianity. Do you carry out the work which I have begun. I leave it with you." With these pregnant words Livingstone concluded a lecture on his African travels, delivered in the Senate House of the University of Cambridge in December, 1857. They were not uttered in vain, for when in the following year Bishop Grey, of Cape Town, came to Cambridge to ask for help towards an intended extension of his own work among the native population of South Africa, he found men discussing Livingstone's appeal, and considering how they could respond to it. Abandoning his own scheme with a readiness which greatly redounds to his honour, he at once threw his energies into carrying out a design for sending to Central Africa a mission, having for its objects the planting of Christianity and the checking of the slave trade by the introduction of honourable commerce. Committees were formed at Oxford as well as at Cambridge, and in the course of a few months the project took a definite shape.

It was not until November, 1859, that a report on the proposal was presented to a public meeting, held in the building that had witnessed Livingstone's appeal nearly two years before. The Vice-Chancellor of the University, in opening the proceedings, quoted the words of the great traveller, and added, "Such was the text, and this meeting is the commentary." Speeches from Mr. Gladstone and Bishop Wilberforce evoked no ordinary enthusiasm, while the crowded room, and the interest felt in the proceedings, obtained for the assembly the name of "The Great Zambesi Meeting."

Among the audience was a tall, muscular Scotchman, whose gentle face, bright eyes, and mouth expressive of courage and determination, marked him as no ordinary person. Charles Frederick Mackenzie, the son of an intimate friend and colleague of Sir Walter Scott, had graduated in 1848 as Second Wrangler, had subsequently been elected a Fellow of Caius College, and had filled several important positions in the University with great distinction. In 1859 he gave up all idea of further preferment at home to go out to Natal as Bishop Colenso's archdeacon, and he worked hard in the colony at several stations, endearing himself to Europeans and natives alike. He was now at home upon diocesan business, and the Universities Committee decided to ask him to head the proposed mission; Bishop Wilberforce undertaking to convey

the invitation. Mackenzie only hesitated until he knew that his sister, who had gone out to Natal with him, could accompany him to the Zambesi, and then at once accepted the honourable but dangerous position. A friend pointed out the risk he was incurring, by asking him how an insurance company would estimate his chances of life, but he turned the question aside as already well considered, and one upon which his mind was fully made up.

He quickly set to work by assisting the committee to raise the necessary funds, and at Manchester, Leeds, and Liverpool was one of a deputation, the other members of which were Bishop Wilberforce and the venerable Lord Brougham. The presence of the ex-Chancellor upon a missionary platform was not the least striking feature of these crowded meetings, and those who recalled his earlier efforts in the campaign against slavery, rejoiced to hear the "old man eloquent" denounce the accursed traffic in human beings, and listened with no common pleasure to the expression of his belief that the new mission would succeed in freeing the natives of Central Africa from the horrible yoke under which they had suffered so long and so painfully.

These meetings resulted in awakening an interest in the mission itself, and in raising the required funds for its maintenance. They culminated in an impressive farewell service in Canterbury Cathedral, and a few days later Mackenzie, accompanied by two clergymen—Messrs. Procter and Scudamore—and by Mr. Horace Waller, who went out as a lay helper, left Plymouth for the Cape of Good Hope.

It had been decided, after much consideration, that the head of the mission should be a bishop; but as there were serious legal difficulties, which have since been overcome, in the way of consecrating a missionary bishop in this country, it was arranged that Mackenzie should be admitted to the episcopate at the Cape of Good Hope. On the 1st of January, 1861, he was consecrated by the Bishops of Cape Town, Natal, and St. Helena. Missionary bishops in communion with the Church of England are now to be found in almost every quarter of the world, but thirty years ago they were unknown; and it is worth notice that the first missionary bishop of the English Church in modern times was set apart to his high office in a distant South African colony.

The romance of the mission the Bishop was undertaking, the hopes excited by Livingstone's journeys, and the fact that the two men were for some time to be companions in travel, added to the interest felt in the first attempt to evangelise Central Africa. Whatever the expectations entertained by his friends, Mackenzie himself was under no delusion as to the dangers and difficulties of the enterprise. In speaking one day of happiness, he said, "I have given up looking for that altogether. Now till death my post is one of unrest and care. To be the sharer of everyone's sorrows, the comforter of everyone's griefs, the strengthener of everyone's weakness: to do this as much as in me lies is now my aim and object; for you know, when the members suffer, the pain must always fly to the head."

Mackenzie and his party, now reinforced by the arrival of the Rev. Henry Rowley, the historian of the Universities Mission to Central Africa, arrived off Kongone, one of the mouths of the Zambesi, on February 7th, and on the 9th met Livingstone, who was

to conduct them to the scene of their labours. An unlooked-for, yet unavoidable, delay of more than four months hindered their arrival at Chibisa's village below the cataracts of the Shiré. It was disappointing to all, and the tedious voyage up the river seems for a time to have damped the ardour of some who had not fully appreciated the inevitable difficulties of African travel. They were eager to begin their work, and instead of preaching to the heathen found themselves left high and dry for many days in succession on the shifting banks of the Shiré, and learning to read a new meaning in Heber's lines:—

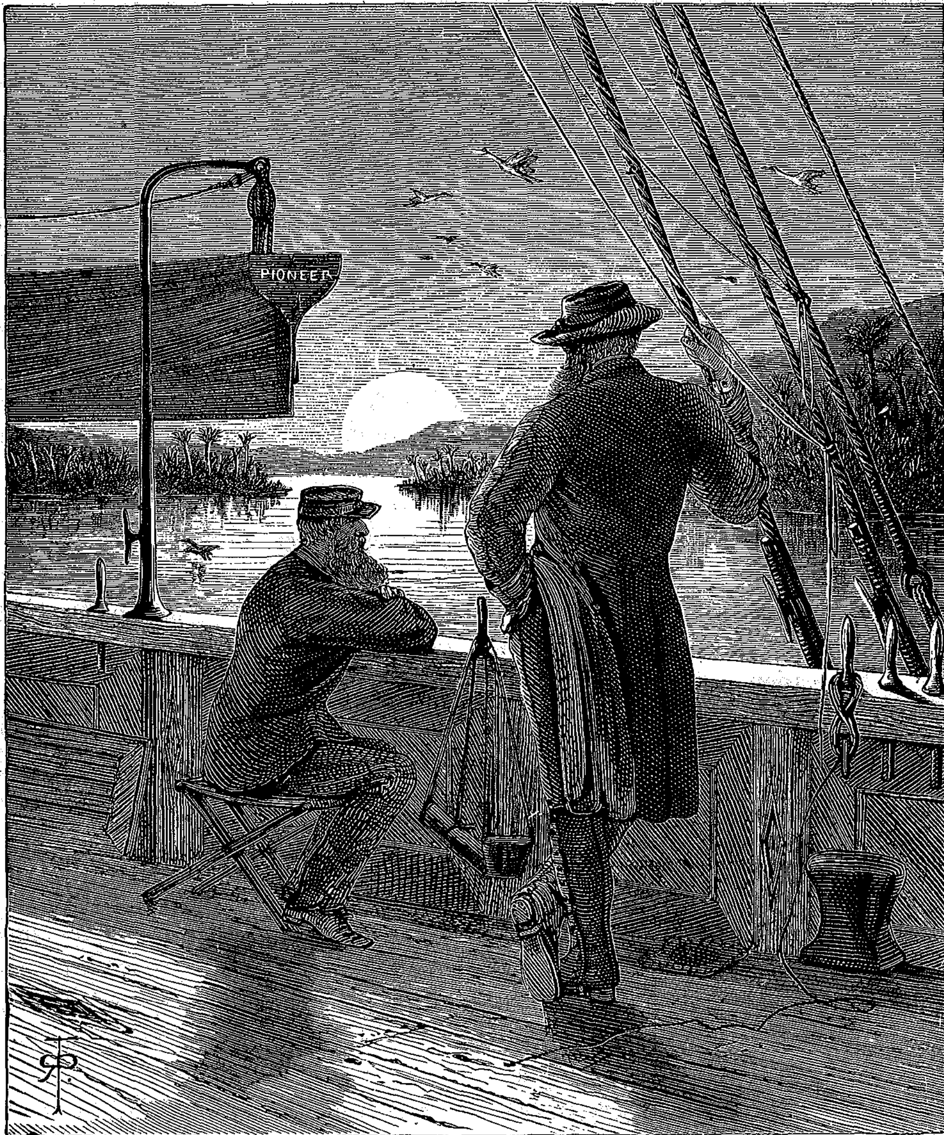
"Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand."

In time the practical energy of Livingstone, and the Bishop's sanguine temperament—"I always believe things will go well," wrote the latter, when the *Pioneer* had only made seven miles in three weeks—overcame the difficulties of the navigation. And by way of making things go well, he cheerfully helped to haul the vessel until his hands were cramped and sore from pulling at chains and cables. Slowly indeed, but surely, the vessel ascended the river, and in the middle of July they were at Chibisa's village, ready to begin their march to the highlands, where they hoped to find a healthy residence from which, as a centre, they would be able to extend their labours among the neighbouring tribes.

In the course of their march they came upon a party of Ajawa, the most powerful tribe of that part of Central Africa, driving nearly ninety recently captured slaves. Livingstone set the captives at liberty, and told them they might return to their homes or go where they liked. Homes they had none, for the Ajawa had destroyed them; so, after consulting with Mackenzie, Livingstone explained to them the object of the mission, adding that they were at liberty to join the missionaries if they chose. This offer was gladly accepted, and the Bishop unexpectedly found himself in the position of an African chief, with a large number of persons dependent upon him. To some extent this arrangement would alter the character of the mission, as it would for a time necessarily fix the Bishop and his companions to one spot, and prevent their moving from place to place, until they had made a home for their new friends. Yet it was not without advantages, for the rescued slaves would be bound to them by the strongest ties, would be useful as servants, and might form the nucleus of a Christian congregation.

Livingstone was not at this time fully aware of the disturbed state of the country owing to the incursions of the Ajawa, and probably underrated their power and influence. The Manganja chiefs, through whose country they passed, were very friendly and well-disposed, and more than one wished the missionaries to settle with him. At last Magomero, a village about half-way between Chibisa's and Lake Shiré, was selected as the most suitable home for the mission, and the chief Chigunda offered Mackenzie a piece of land, promising at the same time to give more if it should be required, and to help the missionaries by every means in his power. Everything seemed to augur prosperity and success; and Livingstone, having settled his friends in their new home, left them to continue the exploration of Central Africa.

The missionaries lost no time in putting up round straw huts for themselves and for their dependents, and as soon as these were built they enclosed the settlement, which on three sides was naturally protected by a river, by building a stockade. With so large a number to be provided for, it was necessary to make arrangements



BISHOP MACKENZIE ON THE SHIRÉ.

for a regular supply of food, and to be careful, in distributing it, that every man, woman, and child got enough, yet did not waste. Work, too, had to be found for all who were capable of employment, and order maintained in the little community, and, as the missionaries could not for some time make themselves understood, all

directions and instructions had to be conveyed through interpreters. The names of the men and boys were called over every morning before breakfast, each answering "Kuno" (Here) in his turn; and, breakfast over, the men were set to work, while Mr. Scudamore drilled the boys, the exercise concluding by all undressing—which did not occupy much time—and plunging into the river at the word of command. The afternoon was spent by the members of the mission in study and in visiting the huts, and in the evening the plans and arrangements for the next day were discussed.

So far as the men and boys were concerned, matters went smoothly from the very beginning, but it was more difficult to deal with the women, many of whom were rough and rude, though they took kindly to the children, nursing and tending them with much care.

The missionaries had not been long at Magomero when they ascertained that a large body of Ajawa were in the neighbourhood threatening to reduce the Manganja to slavery. This discovery was followed by an application from Chigunda and other chiefs for help against their enemies. To entertain such a request seemed like stepping outside the proper duties of a missionary, but to refuse it might involve themselves, their dependents, and their neighbours, in all the horrors of war. It was therefore prayerfully considered; and as the result of much serious thought and deliberation, Mackenzie promised to assist the Manganja, provided they would agree not to sell their fellow-creatures into slavery, to set at liberty any captives that fell into their hands, and to punish any chief or other person who broke this understanding. On these conditions being accepted Mackenzie proposed to go with the Manganja to the camp of the Ajawa, in order if possible to come to terms, and to dissuade them from hostilities. Next day, the Bishop and his party set out at the head of a procession, which was joined by large numbers of the natives until it consisted of nearly a thousand men. On arriving within sight of the camp, the procession halted, and the Bishop, calling his friends around him, knelt down to pray that God would induce the Ajawa to go away peaceably, and if not that He would give the Manganja the victory, and forgive the sins of all who might fall that day. He then advanced unarmed, and, accompanied by Mr. Waller and an interpreter, soon reached an outpost where he was met by four men, two armed with guns and two carrying spears. He told them he wished to speak peaceably with their chiefs, but this was refused, and the men inquired what kind of white man he was. Upon hearing he was English, they replied that the English were their enemies, and had already helped the Manganja against them. They rushed forward as if to attack, but halted as the Bishop held up his hand and repeated that his errand was peaceable and that he desired to see their chiefs. A cry, however, came from the main body, "Shoot them; don't listen to them!" so the Bishop, with Mr. Waller and the interpreter, turned back, closely followed by the men with whom they had been talking, and expecting every moment to be fired upon.

A battle could not be prevented. The Manganja moved forward upon the advancing foe, and in an hour the Ajawa were in full flight, leaving behind them several captives, who were subsequently restored to their friends, and about forty of

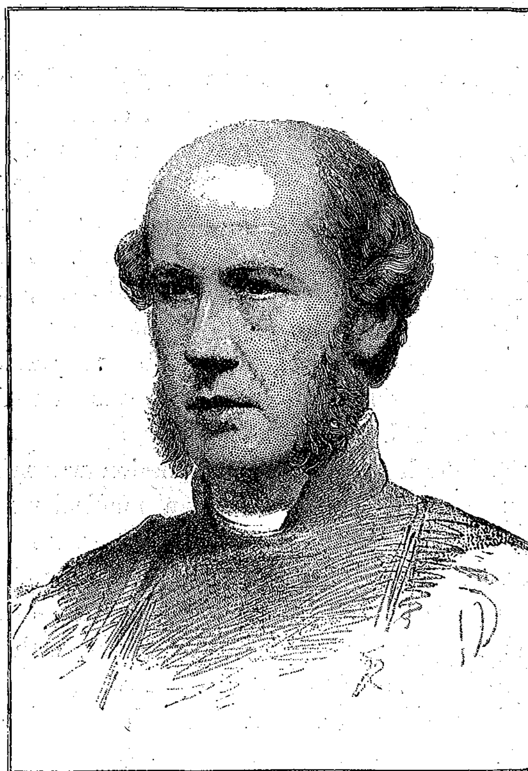
their own women and children. Although the Manganja had agreed not to enslave the prisoners, the Bishop thought it best to take charge of the Ajawa women and children, and next day they were conducted to Magomero.

Not long after these events, several more Ajawa were brought in. The Bishop's family was now so numerous that it was impossible to find room for them all within the original enclosure, and additional huts were built outside the stockade. The people were told that as they lived under the Bishop's protection they must submit to his laws and government.

Religious services were now held regularly, and the people, who at first supposed the morning and evening meetings had some connection with magic or incantations, soon began to take an interest in them. It was very difficult to convey to the minds of these Manganja any idea that wrong-doing was an offence against God. They had a notion, though a very dim one, of a Supreme Being, but why He should concern Himself with what they said or did they could not understand, and so long as the missionaries were obliged to communicate with them through interpreters it seemed hopeless to attempt to reason with them on this subject. Preparations were made for putting up a church for the natives, and Mr. Scudamore, who was an excellent woodman, felled a tree for a corner post, and it was solemnly set up by the Bishop on October 1st, 1861, in the hope that by the time the building was complete he and his brethren would be able to conduct services for the natives in their own language. But this hope, alas! was never fulfilled.

A few weeks after the church was begun, the mission was reinforced by the arrival of Mr. Burrup, a clergyman, and Mr. Dickinson, a medical man. They were to be followed by Mrs. Burrup and Miss Mackenzie, and huts were at once begun for the reception of these ladies. Meantime, stores were getting low, and food was not so easily obtained in the neighbourhood as had been the case at first. The Bishop therefore decided to send Messrs. Scudamore and Proctor, with an interpreter and a few natives, to try and find a line of communication with the Shiré at a point lower down than Chibisa's, by way of the Ruo valley, in the expectation that if the route were practicable it would be better than that hitherto followed, besides opening up the country for the extension of mission work. The party started on the 2nd of December; five days later Charles, the interpreter, returned alone, ragged and footsore, with the fearful story that the party had been attacked, and that he was the only survivor. Happily this was not actually the case, for in a few hours loud shouts announced the arrival of the missionaries and four of their servants, worn and wearied by sickness. Their tale was soon told. All had gone well for three days; the people were well disposed, and were delighted to hear of the proposed opening of a new route, which they hoped would bring profit to themselves. On the fourth day the travellers came to the village of a chief named Manasomba, where they were asked if they wished to buy slaves. They said "No," and as the chief could not be found and they were anxious to push on, they prepared to start, though the people wished them to remain, and were annoyed that they refused to do so. After they had gone on a little way, they reflected on what had occurred, and

thinking it would be well to make a friend of the chief, they decided upon returning, and were received with every appearance of sincerity, and were pressed to remain all night. They gave Manasomba a scarf, but unfortunately showed some other things which they were carrying to pay their way, and this so excited the cupidity of the people that, on their return from a bathe in the river, Charles, the interpreter, told them that their bearers had overheard plans for killing them in the night in order to get possession of their goods. In confirmation of this statement, the women were

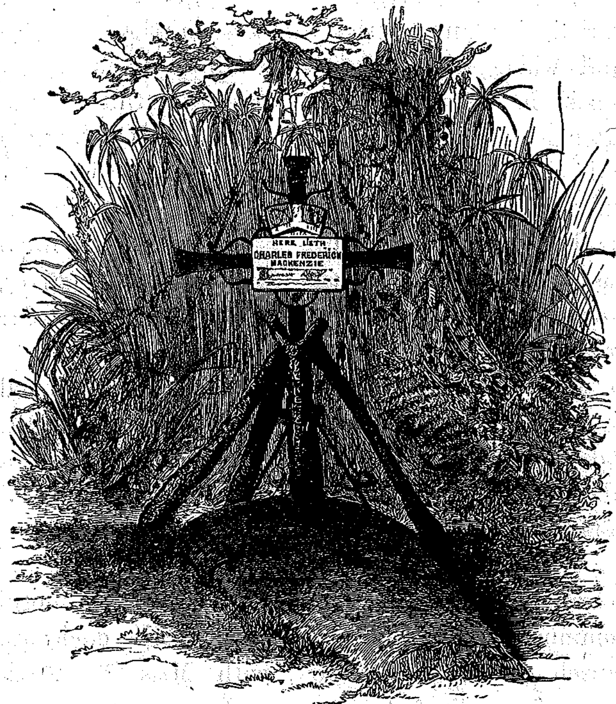


BISHOP MACKENZIE.

observed to be preparing to leave the village, as their custom is when a fight is imminent. This settled the matter; Proctor and Scudamore determined to move forward, instructed their bearers to make ready, and announced their departure to the chief. The sight of the bearers preparing to go showed the men of the place that they had been forestalled. They raised a cry, "They are running away," and tried to block up the gate, but were prevented by Charles rushing forward and compelling them to fall back for a moment. A general fight ensued, and Charles managed to reach the bush, followed by several men, from whom he got away, and as darkness was now setting in, he finally escaped. But he saw nothing of his friends, and hearing several shots fired, concluded they had been killed. They had passed through the gate immediately after him, pursued by men armed with poisoned arrows. Proctor fell,

but an arrow aimed at him was providentially warded off by the stock of his gun, in which the point remained fixed. Scudamore then discharged his rifle, and Proctor, getting up, fired both his barrels. These three shots frightened the natives, and in the confusion which ensued the missionaries got off into the bush. Their bearers also escaped, but two were separated from the rest, and did not reach Magomero for some days.

All the Englishmen at this time were suffering from the effects of the climate and the unhealthiness of the station; but the Bishop could not give himself a much-needed rest, as he made an appointment to meet Livingstone at the mouth of the Ruo, and he was also anxious to meet his sister and Mrs. Burrup, who were on their way up the Zambesi to join the mission. Taking Mr. Burrup with him, he started for Chibisa's, and found the intervening country flooded in many places from the overflow of brooks and rivers. It rained almost incessantly, and the journey occupied much more time than had been anticipated, but Chibisa's village was reached at last, and the travellers proceeded in a boat down the Shiré, halting for the first night at Chikwaba, where they received a cordial welcome, and on the second night at a village in the Elephant Marsh, belonging to a chief named Magala. In this place the flies and mosquitoes were so numerous that they were obliged to seek better accommodation. Darkness came on before they could find another village, and in the dark they mistook a creek for the main river, and upset the boat on a bank. The water was not deep, but all their goods were thrown into the river, the gunpowder was rendered useless, the tea and coffee spoiled, all the clothing they wore or carried was wet, and, worse than every other misfortune, their supply of quinine and other medicine was totally lost. For more than an hour they groped about in the creek to recover what they could, and then, having baled out the boat, lay down in it and wrapped themselves in their damp rugs. Next day they proceeded to Malo, at the confluence of the Ruo and Shiré rivers, and learned that Livingstone had passed down in the *Pioneer* a few days before. Anticipating his early return and the arrival of the ladies, the Bishop and Mr. Burrup decided to remain where they were, as the chief was hospitably inclined, giving up one of his huts to them, and food was plentiful.



THE GRAVE OF BISHOP MACKENZIE.

At Malo, therefore, they remained, but the Bishop never left the place alive, and his companion only left it to die. Burrup was never quite well after the upsetting of the boat, and the Bishop soon began to feel the effects of the accident, gradually getting weaker and weaker until he became quite insensible, and, after remaining in a comatose condition for a week, fell asleep on the last day of January, 1862. A few hours later his body was buried under a large tree, Mr. Burrup reading the burial service in the dim evening light.

Thus died the first missionary Bishop of Central Africa, the first of the glorious band of missionaries who have given up their lives in the attempt to propagate Christianity among the dwellers on the lakes, rivers, plains, and mountains of the land which has been opened up to them by Livingstone and his successors. Mackenzie had only been a bishop for thirteen months, and his actual work had not extended over more than six of those thirteen. He had put his hand to the plough, and had only turned a few furrows when the call came to him to go up higher. Only by a strong effort did Burrup succeed in getting back to Magomero. The current in the Shiré was so turbulent that it was impossible to row against it. The boat was therefore left in the care of some natives, the party proceeding on foot, and occupying three days in reaching Chibisa's. Mr. Burrup repeatedly fell down from weariness and exhaustion, and when, after a rest of two days, he was utterly unable to walk, the natives made a palanquin of wood and bamboo, in which they carried him up to the station. The Bishop's friends there had already heard of his death and now learned from his travelling companion all the sad details. The Lord had taken away their master from their head, but a double portion of his spirit rested upon them, and they resolved to continue the work he had begun.

A few days elapsed, during which Burrup got weaker, until on the 22nd of February he too passed away. The next morning, after a celebration of the Holy Communion, they buried him within the enclosure that had been marked out for the church. His young widow, with Miss Mackenzie, was probably close at hand, and three of the Englishmen went down to Chibisa's to meet them. They had come up with Captain Wilson, of H.M.S. *Gorgon*, in one of the ship's boats, but had heard nothing of the Bishop's death. Mr. Burrup had left a letter for them in the hands of the chief at Malo, and he, fearing probably he might be held responsible for what had happened, neglected to deliver it. At Chibisa's Miss Mackenzie first heard of her brother's sad end, but Mrs. Burrup knew nothing of her own trouble until Mr. Scudamore arrived from Magomero. These noble women had come out to work at the mission station, and both bore up bravely under the terrible blow that had fallen upon them. They were, however, too ill to remain in the country, and in the unsettled state of affairs it would not have been right for them to do so, deprived as they were of their natural protectors. They were neither of them in a condition to judge for themselves and Captain Wilson decided any doubt they might have had by announcing his determination to take them back with him to the *Gorgon*.

By Mackenzie's death Proctor, as the senior missionary, found himself at the head

of the settlement at Magomero. The place was unhealthy; and the continued presence of the Ajawa in the immediate neighbourhood, and the probability of war between them and the Manganja, convinced the missionaries that their present station could not in existing circumstances become a centre for their operations. They therefore decided to remove to Chibisa's, and to take with them the orphan children and as many of the adults as were willing to go.

Their work at Magomero had not been entirely thrown away, and before quitting the place they received many proofs of native gratitude. A chief from a neighbouring village visited them with a long train of men carrying corn, which he offered as a token of his gratitude and friendship. "The English," he said, "had given him peace so that he had been able to plant and grow corn." Another chief brought a similar offering, while Chigunda, who hitherto had been mean and untruthful, came one day dressed in his smartest clothes to thank them for all they had done for him and his people, and to give expression to his thankfulness by a liberal present of provisions.

The removal to Chibisa's was a work of time. The men behaved excellently, and showed much care in looking after the comfort and safety of their wives and little ones.

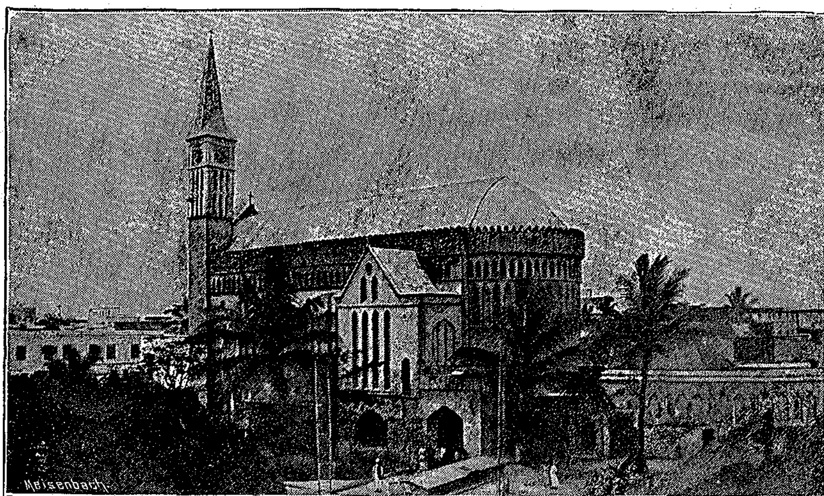
At length the travellers arrived at their destination in safety, and found excellent quarters on a high bank overlooking the river, and commanding a glorious view of the surrounding country. Only a year had elapsed since the missionaries had ascended the Zambesi, and that year had been a trying and anxious time. They had lost their leader and Mr. Burrup; nor did they know until they could hear from England whether another bishop would be appointed. But Mackenzie's spirit seemed with them encouraging them to go on, and commanding them to devote themselves to this work with redoubled energy and zeal.

A few weeks' residence at Chibisa's, during which some of them were attacked by African fever, showed them that the place was no more suitable for Europeans than Magomero, and that if they were to continue their mission a healthier spot must be found. To discover a better site for a permanent station, they set out in small parties of two or three to scour the neighbourhood, and at last succeeded in finding at Mount Choro a position apparently eligible in every particular. The chief, Mankoburo, who lived near the mountain, raised no objection; but when Waller returned to make arrangements for a permanent settlement, he found the people had taken alarm, and were objecting to the proposed occupation. Vainly did the missionaries try to overcome their scruples.

As no other place could be found, they remained at Chibisa's, to encounter fresh difficulties and to experience all the horrors of famine. No rain had fallen for some months, and though on the banks of the river there was a narrow belt of living vegetation, everywhere else the soil was dried up and nothing would grow. It was only too evident that a great dearth of food was coming upon the people, and unless rain fell it would be difficult to maintain life. The missionaries scoured the neighbourhood to obtain supplies, with little success. In every place there was the same sad story, "We

have not enough for ourselves, and we cannot sell to others." Wherever corn was growing close to the river, it was watched day and night by the owners, and any attempt to steal it was punished by death.

The famine grew worse every day. Too weak to undergo the fatigue of hunting, the missionaries tried to shoot crocodiles or hippopotami from the banks of the river; but these creatures became very shy, and Chibisa's men were always on the look-out for them. Waller went down to Quilimane to bring up supplies, which had arrived there from the Cape, but he could not return for weeks, perhaps months, and in the meantime the missionaries knew not how to feed their large family. At this crisis a report reached them that corn was to be had at Mikaronko, a place about fifty miles to the north-west on the road to Tete, and Mr. Rowley at once started, with an

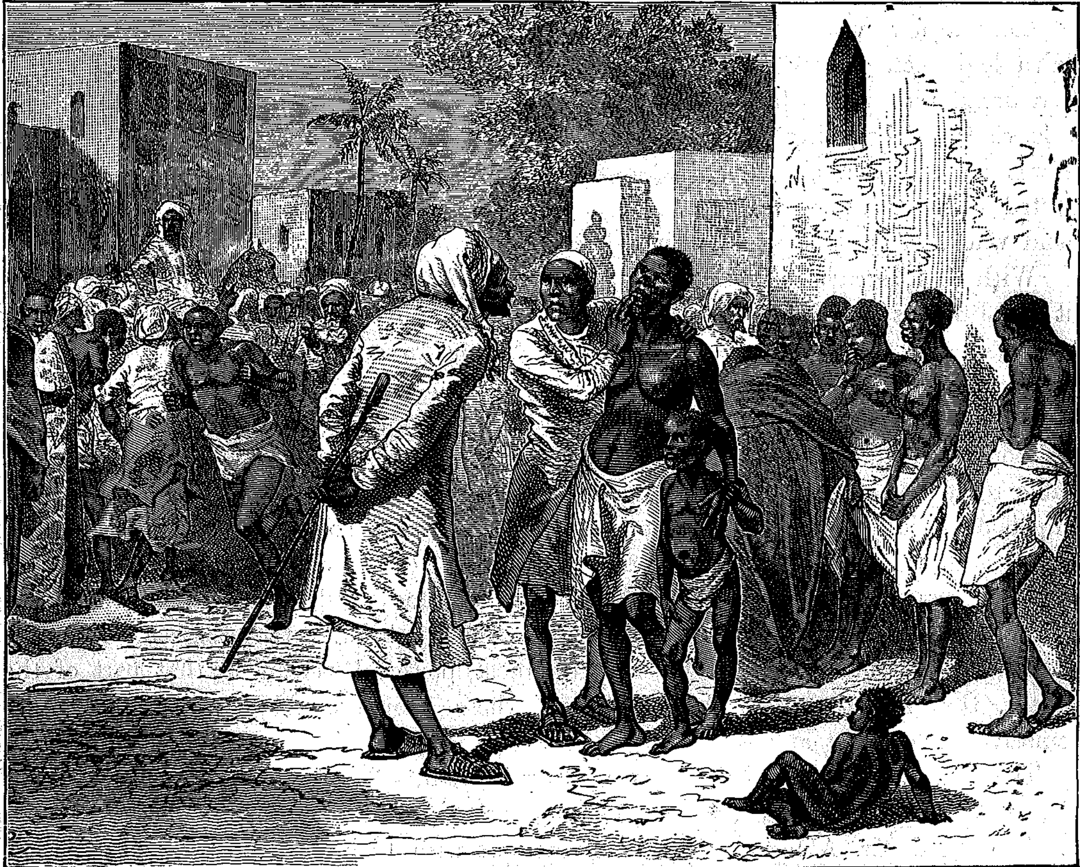


CHRIST CHURCH, ZANZIBAR.

interpreter and twelve men, in the hope of getting a supply. On the third day they reached Mikaronko, a large village surrounded by trees and bush, and consisting of several circles of huts, each circle enclosed within a high grass fence. The people were well fed and well clothed, and seemed rather curious than friendly. Having learnt that corn could be obtained in the neighbouring villages, Mr. Rowley was able to buy it, and returned to Chibisa's well laden with stores. A few days later, a supply of rice came up from Shupanga, and the missionaries were relieved from anxiety so far as concerned themselves and their immediate dependents.

They could not, however, for the present, do more than provide for their own families, though later on, when they received a more abundant stock of provisions, they distributed food to all comers, and saved not a few lives. For months the Shiré was literally a river of death. Hungry men who tried to steal corn were ruthlessly murdered and thrown into the stream. Mothers, unable to feed their babes, tossed them into the water and then jumped in themselves. Husbands and wives committed suicide together, and the crocodiles were gorged with human food. Wild-

looking men almost worn to skeletons grubbed in the fields on the chance of finding roots, and dropped down to die of hunger and exhaustion. November came, and the natives said the November moon always brought rain; but the clouds gathered only to roll away again, and the drought continued. Next month there was a change, and the thirsty earth was at length refreshed by abundant showers. Seed-time had come, but there was no corn to sow, and for a



THE OLD SLAVE MARKET, ZANZIBAR, SITE OF THE PRESENT CHRIST CHURCH.

while the damp weather only aggravated the miseries of the people. Death still stalked over the fatal valley, and more than half the inhabitants perished of famine.

During this sad time there was no cannibalism, and very little dishonesty. The English lost nothing in the shape of food, and their other property, though often exposed, was never injured or taken away by the natives. The famine did not, however, pass away without exacting a European victim. The trials he had to undergo, and the pressing anxieties of the time, told severely upon Scudamore, while the great change caused by the rain brought on an illness which terminated fatally.

He was ill for some weeks, and on Christmas Day his friends thought him dying, but on the morrow he rallied, though only to relapse once more into a hopeless state. For three days he was almost insensible, though occasionally his mind cleared for a few minutes, and he murmured, "There remaineth a rest." His companions watched him in turns, and did all they could to stimulate his fast fading powers, until early on the morning of New Year's Day, 1863, he gently passed away. Dickinson selected a site for the grave close to the station, and in full view of the valley and the ascent to the highlands.

Only a few weeks elapsed and Dickinson, too, fell in the path of duty. His health had been greatly tried at Magomero, as well as at Chibisa's, and his brethren often urged him to go home as the only means of saving his life. But he refused to leave them, believing he ought as a medical man to stay at his post. In March he was seized by a severe illness, and died in eight days. Once more his broken-hearted companions stood beside an open grave, and laid him at rest beside their friend who had gone so short a time before.

With this terrible experience of the valley of the Shiré, Bishop Tozer, who came out in June as Mackenzie's successor, decided to remove the mission to higher ground. A return to the neighbourhood of Magomero seemed impracticable, for the Ajawa were still in the land, and everything was unsettled and insecure. Dr. Livingstone thought the mission might be maintained, if not at Chibisa's, at least in the neighbourhood, but he was on the point of leaving the Zambesi, and thus would be unable to render any further help to the missionaries. They were therefore reluctantly compelled to leave the scene of so much trouble and so many anxieties, and to leave behind them all their dependents, except some of the orphan children, who were ultimately sent to homes at Cape Town. But they made an arrangement with Kepana, an Ajawa chief, who professed to be friendly towards the English, to protect the men and women; and as he was the most powerful person in that part of the country, they felt that if he kept his word these people would be able to maintain themselves in comfort and safety.

The new site of the mission was on a mountain, 4,000 feet high, named Morumbala, not far from the Shiré and Zambesi rivers; and the missionaries, including Dr. Steere and Mr. Alington, who had come out with Bishop Tozer, resided there for a few months. But the Bishop soon arrived at the conclusion that Central Africa could be more easily approached from Zanzibar than from the Zambesi, and he decided to remove his headquarters as soon as he could make the necessary arrangements. For this purpose he and Dr. Steere started for Zanzibar, and as there was no present need for the services of the other members of the mission, they returned to England for a time.

Zanzibar, at the time of Bishop Tozer's first visit, was the seat of a large trade in human beings, unblushingly carried on in spite of a treaty between the Sultan and the British Government forbidding the export of slaves to foreign countries. A great space in the centre of the town, where the lofty spire and long high roof of Christ Church now stand out conspicuously above every other building, was then the slave

market, where miserable-looking men, women, and children were exposed for sale by their owners who had brought them from the mainland. The transport of these slaves across the straits which separate the island of Zanzibar from the continent, was not without risk, for an English man-of-war was generally on the station, and if a dhow was captured at sea, the slaves were liberated, the dhow itself was destroyed, and the owners were punished. A duty was levied upon all slaves landed in Zanzibar, but the traders often attempted to evade it, and if they were unsuccessful their vessel was burnt and the slaves were forfeited to the Sultan, who generally gave them away as presents to his friends. Not long after Bishop Tozer's settlement, several slaves thus came into the Sultan's possession, and the English Consul suggested to him that it would be a compliment to present some of them to the Bishop. The suggestion was acted upon, and with the five boys who came into his hands in this singular manner, the second missionary attempt to win the people of Central Africa was begun.

The Bishop himself undertook the education of the boys, whilst his coadjutor, Dr. Steere, a man of great ability and linguistic attainments, devoted himself, for a time, almost exclusively to the study of the Swahili and other languages of Eastern Africa.

The Bishop wisely decided not to undertake more than could be efficiently performed. He believed that if Central Africa was to be evangelised the work must chiefly be done by her own children, and it was his desire to train natives who, under the guidance of European missionaries, would be able to teach and preach to their brethren. The five boys he regarded as the beginning of this native ministry; and as other helpers came out from England he added to the original number of boys. He also took charge of some girls, and handed them over to his sister and another lady who had recently joined the mission.

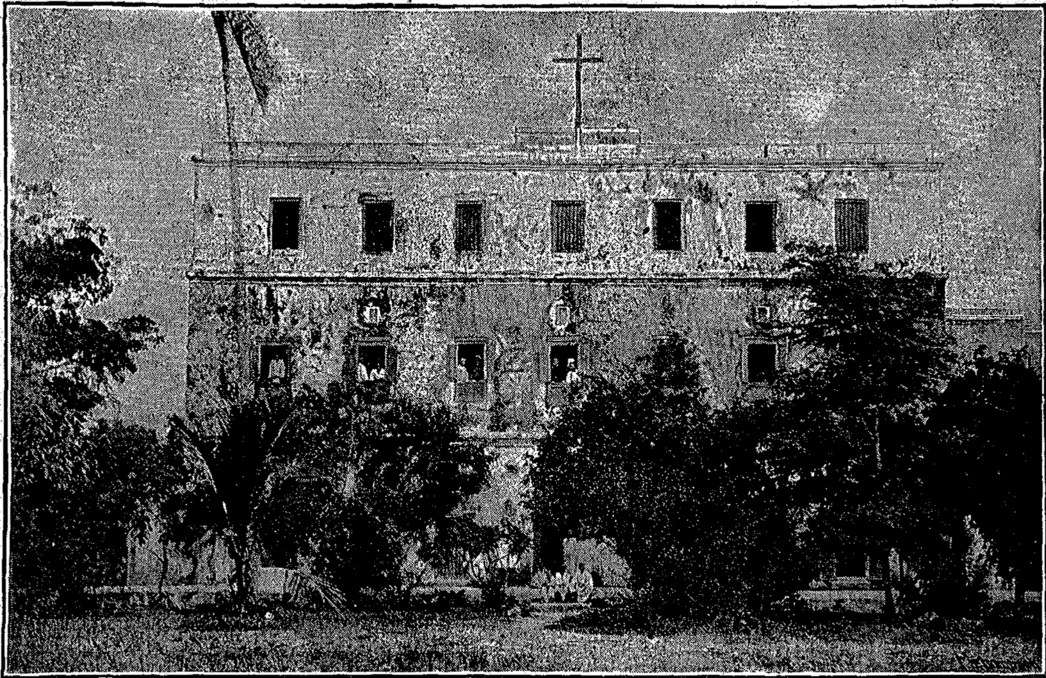
These additions to his household were, like the original five, rescued slaves. In May, 1865, a slave dhow was captured, and five boys and nine girls were selected, and taken to Zanzibar to be trained and educated. Their arrival gave much delight to the boys previously connected with the mission, who by this time had developed into well-behaved and intelligent little fellows.

The Bishop had already bought a large house facing the sea, and this sufficed for the present, but in view of the probable growth of the mission he now purchased an adjoining plot of ground and a small estate at Kiungani, two miles out of the town, upon which he proposed to build an industrial school for boys. In a few years this plan was carried into effect, and the school contained nearly a hundred boys, who learnt reading, writing, and arithmetic in Swahili, while the more promising were taught English, and trained to become teachers, catechists, readers, and subdeacons.

The girls, too, as they grew up to be well-behaved and useful young women, formed a nucleus to which such frequent additions were made that the school had to be removed to Mbwein, a beautiful spot planted with cocoa-nut, clove, and other useful trees, and at a considerable distance to the south of Zanzibar town. Here, in a flat-roofed stone house, divided into long narrow rooms (for as the native timber was

very short, wide chambers could not be built), nearly forty girls were boarded and taught, and in addition about twenty attended as day-scholars. They were of all ages, from infants just able to toddle, up to young women old enough to be married, and the majority were rescued slaves.

Bishop Tozer regarded the settlement at Zanzibar as a stepping-stone from which the tribes of Central Africa could be reached, and as soon as his arrangements permitted he sent Mr. Alington, one of the missionaries, to explore the Usambara country, a part of the mainland lying opposite the island of Pemba, and to the north-west of Zanzibar. Mr. Alington's object was to reach Vuga, the capital of the country,



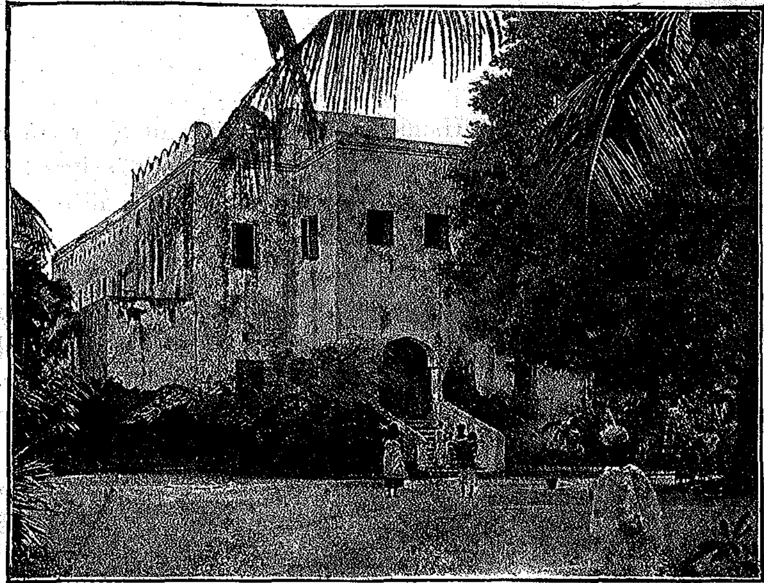
THEOLOGICAL COLLEGE AND BOYS' SCHOOL, KIUNGANI.

and to obtain the permission of the king to settle there. On arrival at his destination, he was hospitably received by the king's eldest son, Sekalavu, and presented with a fat cow, in return for which he gave his host a dress and cloth of various kinds. A long interview then took place. Mr. Alington explained why he had left his own country and come to Usambara, and asked permission to remain in Vuga to build a house, and to teach the people about the one true and living God. Sekalavu, after considering a little, said he was quite willing to allow his visitor to teach, but before any buildings were begun he would like to know if the Sultan of Zanzibar approved, and he would send men to find out.

After long and wearisome negotiations he at last gave permission for the settlement of a mission at Magila, a town between Vuga and the sea.

Mr. Alington was the first to begin the work, for which he had prepared the way by his visit to Vuga. On the eve of Trinity Sunday, 1866, he began to build a hut, and was hoping to complete it when all the men of the district were called upon to fight against a chief named Simboja, who was endeavouring to obtain supreme power.

As Mr. Alington's helpers had to go with the rest, the further progress of the building was arrested; and an attack of fever compelled him to return to Zanzibar for a time. In a few months he was again at Magila, and found the hut just as he had left it; but when he inquired for three oxen that belonged to him, he was shown their skins, and was told that they had died, though he suspected they were killed for the sake of the meat. A few days' hard work enabled him to complete the walls of the hut, and to roof it in with rushes, and he then made several journeys to and from the coast, and one all the way to Zanzibar, to bring up furniture and other necessaries. Before, however, he could begin to teach or preach, he was obliged to return to England, and the Magila mission was taken up by Mr. Fraser, who had recently come out. He devoted himself with much zeal to the welfare of the people, and soon succeeded in winning their confidence. Many of them began to come to a service he conducted in Swahili, which they understood though it differed considerably from their own vernacular, and they showed an intelligent interest in what they heard. But Mr. Fraser was not spared to labour more than a few months at Magila. Having occasion to go to Zanzibar, he arrived one morning tired from his journey though apparently well, and spent the afternoon in talking over the affairs of the mission, and in relating his experiences and adventures to the Bishop. Before the two friends separated for the night, it was arranged that Fraser should take one of the services on the morrow. But they little knew what the morrow would bring forth. In the night Fraser was taken ill, and the doctor who was speedily summoned pronounced the dreaded word, cholera. Remedies were applied in vain; and in a few days another English missionary was added to the roll of those who had laid down their lives in the endeavour to plant the standard of the Cross in Central Africa.



MBWEIN GIRLS' SCHOOL.

Cholera broke out with terrible virulence, and claimed two more victims from the mission. The people in the island were panic-stricken, and ships avoided the port, so that for some weeks no mail arrived at Zanzibar. Bishop Tozer was left during this terrible time with only one other Englishman, and the two remained bravely at their post, doing everything in their power to relieve the suffering and sickness that surrounded them on all sides.

Presently the weather cooled, and the cholera disappeared. As soon as he could get away, the Bishop paid a flying visit to Magila, where he found the mission-house untouched, and such furniture as it contained quite safe. He could not himself remain there, and on his journey back to Zanzibar he had a sunstroke, which for a time laid him aside. When he recovered, Mr. Pennell and Mr. Handcock, who had recently arrived from England, once more resumed the Magila mission, and were received by the people with eagerness. Mr. Pennell did not intend to stay permanently at Magila, his companion having arranged to undertake the charge of the mission as soon as he was able to preach in Swahili. There seemed, however, to be a fatality about the place, for Mr. Handcock, after being in the country for three weeks, had a sunstroke. As soon as he could travel, the two Englishmen returned to Zanzibar, and on the fourth day after their arrival, Mr. Handcock died suddenly.

Thus for the third time in the short space of three years was the endeavour to carry Christianity to the mainland of Central Africa frustrated. Two years elapsed, during which no attempt to resume the work seemed possible; but in October, 1872, a chief from the mainland came to Zanzibar to ask when Magila was to be reoccupied. The people, he said, were anxious to have a missionary in their midst, the house was still standing, and the place was more populous. Dr. Steere, who was then in sole charge at Zanzibar, felt he ought not to ignore such a request, and he therefore despatched Mr. Spears and Francis Mabruki, a native, both of whom had been admitted to the sub-diaconate by Bishop Tozer, to revive the mission, which was subsequently reinforced by Mr. Hartley, a schoolmaster, and later still, by Mr. Midgley. With the exception of Mabruki, none of them remained long at their post. Spears and Midgley were driven away by ill-health. The former went to England, and died as he was on the point of returning to Zanzibar, while the latter was permanently invalided. An even more tragical fate overtook Hartley, who, in coming down from Magila to spend Christmas at Zanzibar, was attacked by some Arab slave-dealers and severely wounded. The people at Morongo put him on board a dhow and sent him across to Zanzibar, where he lingered for several weeks, and then succumbed to lockjaw, the result of his wounds.

Mabruki continued steadily at his post, and when in 1875 Mr. (afterwards Archdeacon) Farler, with several native assistants, arrived at Magila to take charge, the mission made a fresh start. The old house was put in order, and a chapel was built. Mr. Farler developed considerable medical skill. His fame as a doctor as well as a preacher spread far and wide, and the chapel was often crowded.

Not long after this, the King of Usambara sent for Mr. Farler to come and make peace between himself and his half-brother, the King of Ukalindi, who had been at

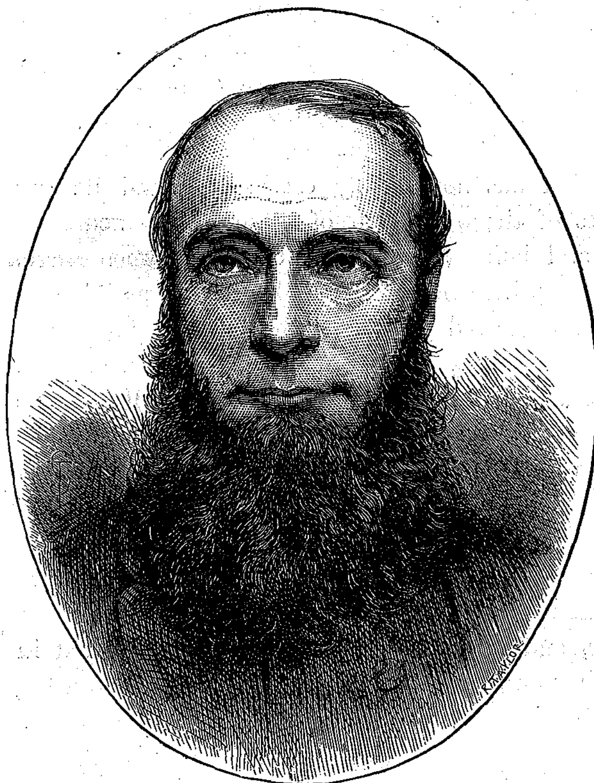
war with one another for ten years. They could not trust one another, but they both trusted the missionary, who suggested they should meet him at Masasa, a frontier town of Usambara, and that his presence would be a guarantee against treachery. This was agreed to by both parties, and Mr. Farler proceeded to the place of meeting. On his arrival a great assembly was held, and he made a speech to the chiefs on the sinfulness of war, and of God's anger against brother fighting with brother. Shouts of approval rose on all sides as he concluded. Terms of peace were agreed upon, and after the chiefs had shaken hands, all sat down to a feast. Later on Mr. Farler preached to the people about the love of God and the life to come, with such effect that the King of Usambara asked that a missionary might be sent to him, and invited Mr. Farler to select a site for a mission station. Unfortunately, he was not in a position to comply with the request, having neither a man to send nor funds to sustain a missionary if one could be spared.

The Magila mission was now firmly established, and its good influence extended far and wide, in spite of the opposition of some Mohammedans, who busied themselves to make proselytes, and built a mosque at Umba, between Magila and the coast. The chief and some of the principal men of Umba having asked for instruction, Mr. Yorke, an English layman, volunteered to go to them. The result was most gratifying, for within two years the mosque was deserted, while the Christian church was filled every Sunday with a devout congregation of worshippers. Mr. Yorke continued his good work for some years as a layman, and was then ordained a deacon, but not long after, he too fell a victim to the climate, and another precious life was lost in the endeavour to evangelise Central Africa.

To return to the story of the Zanzibar mission itself. In 1872 ill-health drove Bishop Tozer to England, and as soon as he found it would be impossible for him ever to return to Africa, he resigned the bishopric. Dr. Steere was evidently marked out for his successor, and in August, 1874, he was consecrated in Westminster Abbey. In the following March he was once more at Zanzibar in the midst of the work to which he had already devoted some of the best years of his life, and, with the exception of occasional visits to England, chiefly on mission business, he remained at his post until his sudden death in 1882. Dr. Steere was no ordinary man. He had been trained as a lawyer, and called to the Bar with every prospect of a successful career. He felt, however, that his proper sphere of usefulness was in quite a different direction, and after working some years as layman, was ordained, and ultimately presented to a living in Lincolnshire. There he had for a near neighbour Mr. Tozer, and when that clergyman was appointed Bishop Mackenzie's successor, Steere volunteered to accompany him to Africa, and became his most active and energetic helper.

It is to Bishop Steere that the Universities Mission owes the erection of Christ Church, Zanzibar, on the site of the old slave market. In 1872 a treaty was agreed upon by Sir Bartle Frere, representing Great Britain, and the Sultan of Zanzibar, by which the carriage of slaves by sea, and open slave markets in the coast towns, were forbidden. It is unfortunately the case that this treaty has not produced all the results anticipated at the time; but it shut up the Zanzibar slave market, which was at once

bought by Bishop Tozer. One of the first acts of his successor was to erect on the site a mud house as a preaching station, and he next commenced to build a great church, which took four years to finish. Bishop Steere was his own architect, builder, and clerk of the works, and his church, both externally and internally, is certainly the most striking architectural feature in Zanzibar. The concrete roof, with a span of twenty-eight feet, its centre sixty feet above the floor, is an abiding monument of the Bishop's skill. Many persons viewed its erection with alarm, and prophesied that as

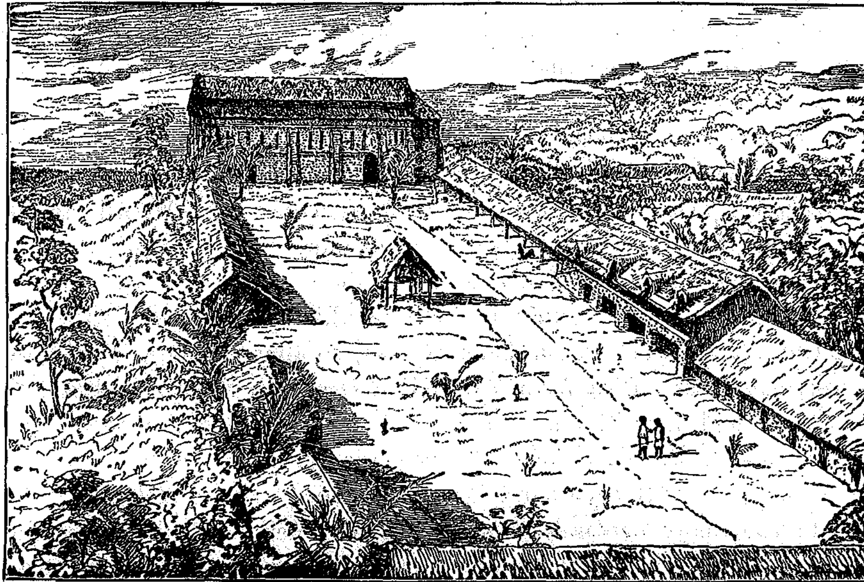


BISHOP STEERE.

soon as the support was removed it would collapse; but the Bishop was undaunted by these dismal announcements, and the result has shown that he was wiser than his critics.

In other handicrafts he was equally successful. While a young man he possessed a printing press, and as a missionary he made good use of his early experience, setting up type himself and teaching others how to print. The mission press in Zanzibar was continually at work, not only for the Universities Mission, but also for the Church Missionary Society at Mombas, the London Missionary Society at Ujiji, the Methodists at Ribe, and the French Roman Catholic Mission at Bagamoyo. When he found himself at the head of the mission, he determined to make another effort for the evangelisation of the tribes of Nyassaland, and to combine with the attempt the planting

in that district of a village of freed slaves. With these objects in view he left Zanzibar in September, 1875, for a march into the interior, accompanied by three Englishmen and about twenty natives as porters. From Lindi, a port to the north of the Rovuma river, he proposed to push across the country; and while waiting there to make the needful arrangements, one of his English companions was seized with illness, and had to be sent back in the care of another. This incident very seriously reduced the effective force of the little expedition· but the Bishop decided to go on, and after a long journey through the Mwera and Yao forests, and across the Rovuma, he reached Mwembe, where the chief Mataka gave him a hearty welcome, and agreed to receive a missionary. In returning, as in going, the horrors of slavery were vividly brought to



MAGILA—VIEW OF QUADRANGLE, WITH CHURCH.

the travellers' notice, and in following the track of one caravan they observed that each day's stage was marked by the corpses of slaves who had either been murdered, or had died from hunger and exhaustion. "Surely," said the Bishop, "if there can be a holy war, it would be one against a traffic that bears such fruits as these."

An almost immediate result of this journey was the issue of proclamations by the Sultan of Zanzibar, at the desire of Bishop Steere and Dr. Kirk, the English Consul, forbidding the slave traffic from Kilwa and the Nyassa district. These documents were printed at the mission in Arabic, English, and Swahili, and were circulated as widely as possible. In Kilwa itself the people rose in rebellion against the decree, but a visit from H.M.S. *Thetis* restored order, and the chief instigators were taken to Zanzibar and punished. Unfortunately, the Sultan's authority counted for little on the mainland, and the slave trade was only turned into other channels, where it was carried on as vigorously as ever.

In the following year Bishop Steere was able to carry out his design of planting

a colony of freed men in Central Africa. Taking with him a large party, including seventy porters and fifty-five liberated slaves, he crossed from Zanzibar to Lindi in a dhow towed by one of the Queen's ships, and then conducted his followers to Masasi, whence he intended to push on to Mwembe. The freed men, however, were so pleased with Masasi itself that they begged permission to settle there, as they were among their own people, in a healthy spot, and out of the trade of slave caravans. For a day or two the Bishop hesitated, hardly knowing how to decide for the best. In the end, after permission had been obtained from the chief, he decided as the men wished, and set them to work to put up huts and a mission house and a chapel, which were completed before he left. During his stay at Masasi he was visited by two men living in the place who had been delivered from slavery by the English; one by Dr. Livingstone and Bishop Mackenzie on their way to Magomero, and the other by the Consul at Zanzibar. The presence of these men seemed to promise well for the future of the station, and experience has amply demonstrated the wisdom of Bishop Steere's proceedings. Masasi is very healthy, fever is rare, the rate of mortality low, and the fertility of the soil is such that the crops are superior to those of any other place in the neighbourhood. Two years after the freed men occupied Masasi, another station was established at Newala, about sixty miles distant, and later still a mission was begun at Mwembe, Mataka's town, where the Bishop originally proposed to plant his colony. Here the missionaries were not far from Livingstonia, the settlement founded by the Free Church of Scotland on Lake Nyassa, so that a chain of mission stations has been extended across Africa from the Indian Ocean to the Great Lake.

Bishop Steere had thus the satisfaction of knowing that the work suggested by Livingstone and begun by Mackenzie, had been so far successfully carried out under the direction of his predecessor and himself. In 1882 he felt that he was no longer equal to the many demands made upon his energies, and this feeling became so strong that he commenced a letter to the Universities Mission Committee tendering his resignation of the bishopric, and expressing a desire to remain at Zanzibar for a time, that he might welcome his successor, and complete the translation of the Bible into Swahili. That letter was never finished. One Saturday evening, in August, 1882, he retired to rest as usual, and on the following morning, as he did not appear, the door of his room, being locked, was forced open by his friends. He was in bed insensible, and in a few hours passed away, leaving to others the duty of carrying forward into the Dark Continent the Lamp of Truth he had borne aloft so bravely and so well. Thus suddenly death struck down a second time the head of the mission, and the name of Edward Steere, third missionary bishop in Central Africa, was added to the long roll of Christian heroes who have died at the post of duty. He rests behind the altar of the church his own energy and skill had built in the old slave market at Zanzibar, and his grave occupies the site of the whipping-post, at which many an unhappy African had, in years gone by, writhed under the cruel lash of the slave-owner. For such a man no grander end, no more suitable tomb, could have been. Faithful unto death, his life and example are yet teaching the lesson of patient continuance in well-doing.

CHAPTER LXVII.

RECENT MISSIONS IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

Scotland's Tribute to Livingstone—Presbyterian Missions—An Exploring Party in Charge of Mr. E. D. Young—The *Ilala* Steamer—English Graves—Mponda—Livingstonia Founded—Voyage up Lake Nyassa—Blantyre—Native Converts—An African Sermon—White Ants—William Black—Livingstonia Deserted—A Row of Graves—London Missionary Society and Tanganyika Mission—Captain Hore—A Lady's Travels in a Bath Chair—A Big Snake—Ujiji—Kavala Island—The *Good News*—Little Jack—The Tanganyika Martyrs—Mr. Thomson—Dr. Mullens—Dr. Southon—Other Missions to Central Africa—Conclusion.

NOWHERE was the interest in African missions, re-awakened by Livingstone's death, felt more keenly than in Scotland. The fellow-countrymen of the famous explorer who had been laid to rest in Westminster Abbey, soon decided that the best monument they could raise to his memory would be the establishment of missions in the land he had made known to the world; and within a very few months of his funeral large sums of money had been collected by the Church of Scotland and the Free Church for the furtherance of this purpose. The United Presbyterians and the Reformed Presbyterians also entered heartily upon the enterprise, and in May, 1875, an expedition was despatched, having for its object the discovery of a suitable site on Lake Nyassa for the foundation of an industrial mission.

Mr. E. D. Young, of the Royal Navy, who had previously served in Africa under Livingstone himself, was invited to assume the charge of the exploring party, which included Dr. Robert Laws (a medical missionary), Mr. Henderson (who represented the Established Church), a carpenter, two engineers, a seaman, and an agriculturist. Their instructions were to find a suitable settlement on Lake Nyassa, and for the purpose of making a thorough exploration of its waters they took out with them a handy little steamer, named the *Ilala*, after the place where Livingstone had died, and so constructed that she could be taken to pieces, and transported overland between the waters of the upper and lower Shiré, where the Murchison Cataracts prevent through-navigation. The *Ilala* was thoroughly tested on the Thames, and the trials were in every way satisfactory, so that when, at the end of July, 1875, she was put together on the Zambesi, no difficulty was experienced in navigating her upon that river.

Old associations prompted Mr. Young to make a brief halt at Shupanga, where eleven years before he had helped to lay Mary Livingstone in her grave under the wide-spreading baobab tree; and he was not a little pleased to find the white stone that marks her resting-place carefully kept clean of grass and undergrowth by the natives. Similar care had been taken of the grave of Bishop Mackenzie, at the junction of the Ruo and Shiré rivers, and Mr. Young was able to erect there an iron cross, sent out by Miss Mackenzie, with the knowledge that it would be protected by men who had not forgotten the good Bishop's services. Further up the river, at Chibisa's, the graves of Dickinson and Scudamore had been scrupulously preserved, though at a later period it has been found that some of these interesting memorials have been neglected. The little colony of captives liberated by Livingstone and

Mackenzie, and planted on the Shiré, had spread in all directions and multiplied exceedingly, while the Makololo, who had preferred to settle on the Shiré rather than return to their own land, formed a flourishing population, and have to this day continued to increase in power and influence, in spite of the hostility of the Portuguese. It will doubtless be remembered that quite recently Lord Salisbury has compelled the authorities at Lisbon to withdraw their claims to the banks of the upper Shiré and the adjacent territory.

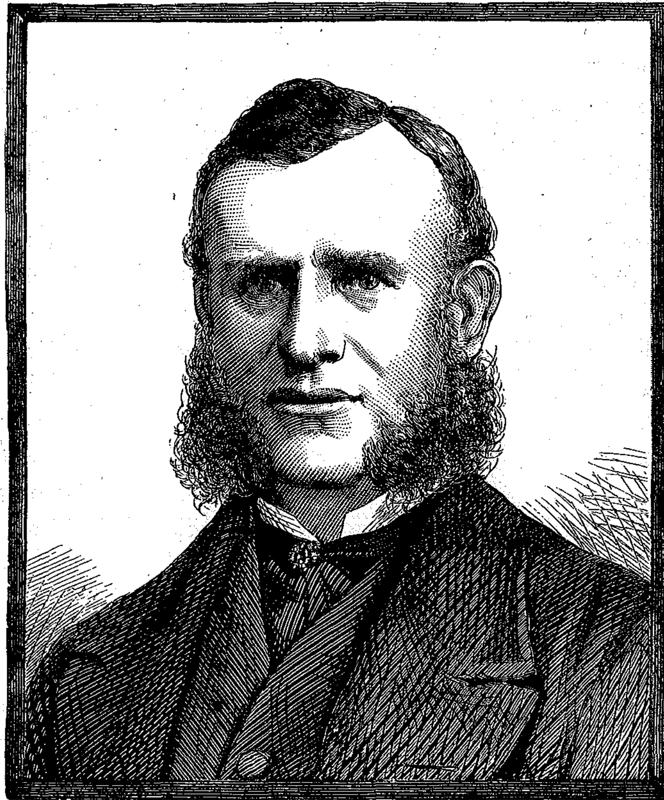
At Matitis, just below the Falls, the *Ilala* was taken to pieces, and arrangements were made for carriers to convey her and her cargo for sixty miles to the upper waters.

It is not a little to the credit of the natives of this region, that the work of transporting the *Ilala* piecemeal was successfully accomplished, and every one of the eight hundred men employed proved thoroughly honest and careful of his burden. They knew, indeed, they were working for kind friends, and were not a little pleased at being able to help in an enterprise which they trusted would place serious obstacles in the way of the slave trade that had been carried on for so long on the waters of Lake Nyassa.

Mponda, one of the native chiefs, who had known Livingstone in former years, asked many questions about his old friend, and expressed a great desire to go to England. He was very hospitable, and wanted his guest to join him in drinking mowa, the native beer, of which he consumed an enormous quantity at a sitting. To enable him to do this with greater facility, one of his wives put her arm round his body and shampooed him from his chest downwards, while another held a calabash to his lips. Mponda was very anxious that Mr. Young should submit to similar treatment, but he declined the compliment, much to his host's disgust. Notwithstanding this apparent slight, Mponda was very willing to promise his help in the foundation of the new settlement, and on the following day, when the *Ilala* resumed her voyage, the Englishman and the African parted on the best of terms.

The first business of the exploring party was to find a suitable location for the mission, with a harbour in which the steamer could be safely moored during the storms that are so frequent on the lake. A glance at a map will show that the southern end of Nyassa resembles the human foot, and at the head of the promontory known as Cape Maclear, which divides the heel from the fore-part of the foot, and just opposite a small island, to which Mr. Young gave the name of Elephant Island, a little land-locked bay seemed to be in every respect adapted as a harbour, while the breezy promontory itself offered a healthy site for the intended settlement. Here, on the 18th of October, 1875, the first tent of Livingstonia was put up; and whilst some of the party were left to begin work on the new buildings, Mr. Young returned in the steamer to the head of the Falls, to bring up some of the goods that had been left there. On the way down he called to tell Mponda that Cape Maclear had been selected for the mission station, an announcement which gave the chief much satisfaction, as he was anxious to trade in ivory and other goods, and believed he would do so more profitably with the new-comers than with the Arabs from Zanzibar, or the Portuguese on the Zambesi.

As soon as a good start had been made in clearing and draining the site of Livingstonia, Mr. Young, accompanied by Dr. Laws and Mr. Henderson, started in the *Ilala* on a voyage of exploration to the head of the lake. The appearance of the little steamer created great excitement among the people of the villages, and there were many inquiries why the white men had come, and not a little wonderment at the sight of a vessel moving swiftly through the water without sail or oar. One or



MR. E. D. YOUNG.

two of the chiefs accepted an invitation to go for a short trip, but others were unwilling to trust themselves in a boat so different from anything they had ever seen before, and contented themselves with asking questions about her and watching her movements from the land. Most of them expressed themselves as friendly to the new enterprise, some were eager to trade, and all appeared to think that the placing of a steamer on the lake would be a deadly blow to the slave trade carried on by the Arabs. In the course of a conversation with one of these traders, Mr. Young elicited a statement that about ten thousand human beings—men, women, and children—were taken across the lake every year in the slave dhows and driven in gangs to the east coast. This number seems incredible, but the accuracy of the statement was confirmed by Bishop Steere, of the Universities Mission, who at about this time

ascertained that five thousand slaves passed annually by one of the two routes from the lake to Kilwa, opposite Zanzibar, and that an almost equal number were taken by the other road. Unhappily the slave-traders soon discovered that the *Ilala* was powerless to prevent their horrible business, and the traffic in men, women, and children went on as vigorously as ever. Sad indeed it is to think that many districts near the Nyassa have been thinned, and some entirely depopulated, by the slave-trader, and that the open sore of Africa is not yet healed, in spite of many attempts to do away with it.

In the course of their voyage Mr. Young and his companions made as careful a survey as circumstances permitted of the coast and of the waters of the lake, taking frequent soundings, and measuring distances for the guidance of future travellers. Some of the scenery was exceedingly beautiful, and in places the richness of the vegetation surpassed anything Mr. Young had previously seen in Africa.

After an absence of more than three weeks, during which the *Ilala* had given excellent proof of her seaworthiness, the voyagers returned to Cape Maclear, having satisfactorily cleared up several important geographical problems, and having also established amicable relationships with several of the chiefs. Meantime, progress had been made with the new settlement, and some of the houses were nearly finished. Mr. Young, as soon as he had recovered from the effects of the voyage, during a great portion of which he had been unable to get regular rest, set to work to clear the jungle grass and brushwood from the immediate neighbourhood of the houses, in order to destroy the harbour for snakes and other pests. He also superintended a large body of native navvies engaged in digging a deep cutting for draining, and in throwing up an earthwork as a protection to the settlement. His men worked with a surprising vigour and cheerfulness. They had been living in deadly fear of being sold by Mponda and shipped off in dhows, and as they saw the massive earthworks growing under their hands, they hoped to find future protection and shelter within the space they were enclosing for the missionaries.

Mr. Henderson, of the Established Church of Scotland, who had come out with his brethren belonging to the Free Church, was unable to find a suitable place for a mission settlement on the shores of Nyassa, and therefore decided to occupy a position in the Shiré highlands, not far from Magomero, formerly the site of the Universities Mission under Bishop Mackenzie. Whilst Livingstonia was being built, he had made a house for himself and his colleagues, and named it Blantyre in honour of the birthplace of the great traveller. Mr. Young had now practically completed his work for the Free Church Mission, and he determined, before finally quitting Africa, to visit his friends belonging to the other mission. On reaching Blantyre, Mr. Young found them fairly settled, and very busy about their houses; but they had been suffering a good deal from attacks of African fever, from which up to that time the missionaries at Livingstonia had been tolerably free. The rainy season was at hand, and Mr. Young was anxious to get down to Quilimane as quickly as possible, so that his visit was necessarily short. He had, however, the satisfaction of knowing that the good work had been fairly started in the Shiré highlands, and that

in order to lessen the difficulties of transport between the upper and lower river, a road was about to be made, which was intended to pass through Blantyre itself, and thus secure easier communication with the outer world. In carrying out this most useful undertaking, Mr. James Stewart, a civil engineer from India, subsequently gave up a year of his furlough; and the International African Exploration Society, inaugurated by the King of the Belgians, defrayed the greater part of the cost.

When Mr. Young reached Quilimane, he hoped to catch a steamer for the Cape, but owing to some failure in the signals she started earlier than had been announced, and he was compelled to spend many weary days of waiting in the midst of the unhealthy mangrove swamps at the mouth of the river. An attack of fever supervened, his strength was much reduced, and the irritating uncertainty about getting away did not tend to quicken his recovery. In a few days a Norwegian trader fortunately appeared in the offing, and Mr. Young secured a passage to the Cape, where he arrived, after a rough passage, early in January, 1877, having satisfactorily performed the task he had undertaken, of establishing the Scotch Mission on Lake Nyassa and in the Shiré highlands.

The missionaries he had left at these stations took up their work with vigour; opening schools and conducting religious services, which were well attended. In the course of a year or two, many of the natives gave up their former superstitions, and became at least nominally Christians. Some of them were able to preach, and to teach their fellow-countrymen the truth they had embraced; and these converts have proved a real source of strength, and an encouragement to the founders of the mission. Many of the Livingstonia native Christians have won for themselves a good name, and their services as guides and bearers are eagerly sought by the occasional travellers who have visited Nyassa. A recent explorer of the plateau between Nyassa and Tanganyika found them eminently trustworthy, and has left it upon record that their behaviour was always excellent. Of one of them, named Moolu, he says that after a close acquaintance of several weeks, he never discovered any inconsistency in his conduct. Moolu used to assemble his fellows every evening during the journey for religious services, which he conducted with much earnestness. On Sundays he always preached, and though the subjects he selected for his sermons were occasionally a little incongruous—as, for instance, when he discoursed about the Tower of Babel—he had a homely way of enforcing the truth he desired to communicate to his hearers. Once, when preaching on the rich man and Lazarus, in order to illustrate the wealth of the former, he described him as possessing "plenty of calico, and plenty of beads," and probably succeeded in giving a clearer illustration of his text than many a learned divine, who would have hesitated to treat it so familiarly.

The industrial side of the missions was not overlooked. An improved system of husbandry was introduced, and the natives were amazed at the large crops raised by the missionaries, far exceeding, indeed, both in quantity and quality, any ever seen before in the district. The Scotch mechanics taught carpentry and blacksmiths' work; and though labouring at a forge has its drawbacks in the tropics, the people took very

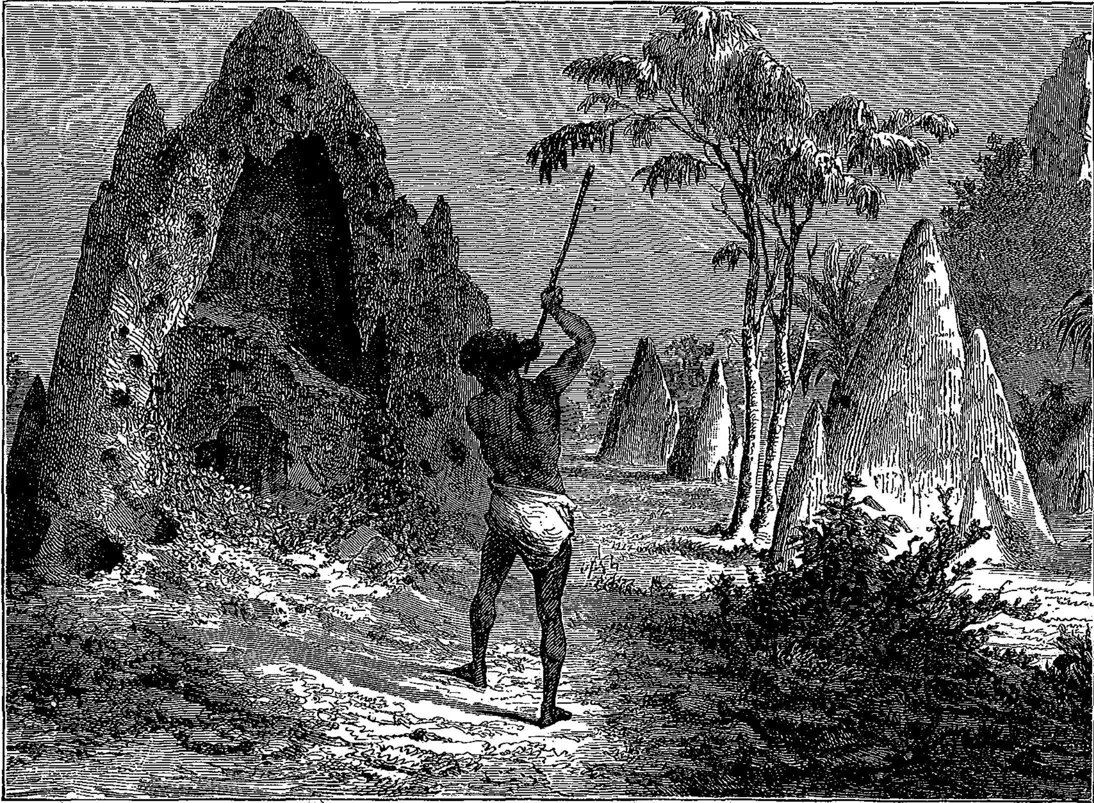
kindly to the bellows from the first, and presently, when allowed to hammer red-hot iron, manifested a childish glee at making the sparks fly, and learnt after a few lessons to weld the metal with much dexterity.

The art of wood-cutting and carpentry on Lake Nyassa and in many parts of Africa is carried on at a great disadvantage, in consequence of the ravages of the white ants. These terribly destructive little creatures are not, properly speaking, ants, but belong to a much humbler race, living chiefly on wood. They work entirely in the dark, and the first evidence of their ravages is frequently discovered too late to save a whole house from ruin. A site has perhaps been selected, apparently free from their presence, until some fine morning the door-post collapses; and then on examining the rest of the structure it is found that the entire woodwork of the building has been eaten away from the inside, and the house has to be abandoned, and is ere long a ruin. They are equally dangerous to furniture, and so sudden and thorough in their attack, that it is said a man with a wooden leg, who incautiously went to sleep in their neighbourhood, found on waking that his artificial support had been reduced to sawdust. They raise great heaps of earth, in which they live and breed, and their nests are often several feet high and of considerable extent. A recent traveller has suggested that their special function in nature is the renewal of the soil, just as, according to Mr. Darwin, the earthworm performs this useful office in other countries. The soil of Africa is, during many months of the year, so sun-baked that no worm can penetrate it. But the white ants go steadily on building their nests in the driest weather, and when in course of time the nests are deserted, the soil of which they are constructed is loosened by the action of wind, heat, or rain, and is blown in all directions, covering the land with fine powder, renewing the face of the earth and rendering it capable of bearing grain and other crops. In South Africa the Zulus and Kaffirs pave their huts with earth from the heaps of the white ant, and at Livingstonia one such heap was sufficiently large to supply enough earth to make all the bricks the missionaries needed for their houses!

Although Livingstonia and Blantyre were founded under such happy auspices, they have not been free from those inevitable trials that accompany and surround missions in heathen lands. Sickness has struck down, and death has carried off, many victims. William Black, the first of those brave men who have given up their lives in connection with the Scotch Mission, died within a few months of his arrival on the shores of Nyassa, after an illness which his constitution, weakened by eight or nine attacks of fever, was unable to throw off. He had graduated at Glasgow in medicine, and, by special authorisation of the Assembly of the Free Church, his theological course was shortened, and he was formally ordained to the Christian ministry, and went out in charge of a second party, which followed Mr. Young and the other pioneers in May, 1876. He arrived at Livingstonia in October, 1876, prostrate indeed from fever, but just able to join his voice with those of his companions in raising a psalm of triumph as they rounded Cape Maclear on board the *Ilala*, and gained a view of their new home. The fever was speedily thrown off, and Black devoted to his new work the zeal he had formerly shown in the slums of Glasgow and the streets of St. Andrews, winning the

love and respect of the swarthy Africans, and endearing himself to his colleagues, who found him a true yoke-fellow and a brave leader. But his useful life ended all too soon. In the May following his arrival in Nyassa, the first grave was dug for him at Livingstonia.

Only a few years later a traveller approached Livingstonia one fine summer morning, and was greatly struck at the beauty of its situation. Landing from the steamer, he made his way up to the settlement and entered the largest of the houses. It was clean: the furniture was in its place, but there were no inhabitants. Passing on to the



NESTS OF WHITE ANTS.

school-house, the benches were empty; no teacher, and no children, were visible. The blacksmith's shop was deserted, and every other building was in the same condition. Presently a native appeared, and led the visitor a few yards into the forest. There, under the trees, was a row of graves! Disease had carried off the missionaries, and the colleagues and successors of William Black sleep beside him in their last earthly home.

Livingstonia has been given up, but the work has been transferred to Bandawe, on the western shore of the lake, and about one hundred and fifty miles to the north of the original settlement. Here the Free Church Mission has found a second home, from which its influence is already spreading far and wide over the villages that surround the deep waters of Nyassa.

In the amicable division of territory which took place at the time enthusiasm for African missions was rekindled by Livingstone's death, Lake Tanganyika fell to the share of the London Missionary Society. Placed as this lake is, in a much more inaccessible situation than Nyassa, or even than the Victoria Nyanza, the difficulties of establishing a settlement upon its shores have been tremendous, and large sums of money have been spent, and many valuable lives lost, in carrying out and maintaining the arduous enterprise.

The lake has long been known by report to the earliest missionaries to East Africa, but it was really discovered in 1857 by Captains Burton and Speke. It was afterwards, as we have seen, visited by Dr. Livingstone, and at Ujiji, on its western shore, he met Mr. Stanley, who had been sent out to look for him. Separated from Nyassa by a lofty plateau, across which a road has been recently made, and from the Indian Ocean by eight hundred miles of forest, marsh, and mountain, it had long been a question whether the best approach to it was by way of Zanzibar, and then across the Continent, or by the Zambesi and Shiré rivers to Nyassa, and thence by the intervening plateau. Either way the difficulties of transport and carriage are very great, and opinions appear pretty equally divided as to the advantages or disadvantages of the river route.

In 1877, Captain Hore, an English sailor who had for years desired to connect himself with missionary work, took charge of the expedition fitted out by the London Missionary Society, and surveyed a considerable portion of the lake. As his experience in establishing a settlement did not materially differ from that of Mr. Young, which has already been described, it is unnecessary to enter into details. Greater interest attaches to his subsequent journey to Tanganyika, accompanied by Mrs. Hore and their infant child, Jack, who were conveyed, the former in a bath-chair, and the latter in a perambulator, from Sandani, opposite Zanzibar, to Ujiji, on the shores of the lake. Neither bath-chair nor perambulator was wheeled, for a preliminary attempt to push or drag them along the forest tracks was a miserable failure; so the wheels were taken off, and the two vehicles were carried on men's shoulders for ninety days, and over eight hundred miles of difficult country.

In the long journey to Ujiji, the travellers, in spite of the careful preparations made by Captain Hore for the comfort and safety of his wife and son, were exposed to considerable peril. Water ran short on several occasions, and one night a sudden flood nearly washed Mrs. Hore and Jack out of their beds. In one part of the route Mrs. Hore observed lying by the wayside some strange objects, that on examination proved to be corpses of slaves, who from fatigue or sickness had been unable to keep up with the caravan to which they belonged, and had been left by their cruel owners to their fate. The heat and drought had been so great that these bodies were thoroughly dried, but they presented a most gruesome appearance, and told a terrible tale of the waste of human life and the suffering caused by the slave trade. In Central Africa traces of this terrible scourge are evident on every side, and the road followed by Mr. and Mrs. Hore being one of the regular slave routes from the interior, naturally brought to their notice much that appealed to their feelings. The

coast of Tanganyika is one of the favourite hunting grounds of the Arabs, and a large tract of country on its western shore has been entirely depopulated by them, most of the inhabitants having been carried off as slaves, and the more fortunate minority escaping by migration from the clutches of their enemies.

At Urambo, a station of the London Missionary Society in the Unyamwezi country, our travellers made a brief halt with Mr. Shaw, the missionary in charge. Amidst many discouragements, and entirely unaided, this excellent man had been patiently labouring for two years, and had won the sympathy and respect of the chief Mirambo, who regarded himself as the friend of the Englishman. Mirambo had died quite recently, and his death, as so often happens in Africa, had been followed by a period of confusion and uncertainty, adding very considerably to Mr. Shaw's anxieties, so that even a very short visit from his friends was most welcome. Time, however, was precious, and our travellers were compelled to press forward to Ujiji; but to get there they had to cross a dismal swamp, in which the men sank to their knees, and Mrs. Hore's chair was carried by the bearers at arm's length. In the middle of this swamp, the guide Uledi, who had travelled from Zanzibar with the party, standing up to his waist in the mud, called out to Captain Hore to pick his steps carefully, and to beware of a big snake. "How big?" was the inquiry. "Oh, about as big as my thigh. I fell over him, but he is quite harmless."

Ujiji was reached at last, but the place has such a bad name for unhealthiness, that the Hores were anxious to get out of it as quickly as they could. They were, however, detained for nearly a fortnight in expectation of the arrival of one of the mission boats to transport them across the lake to the island of Kavala, which had been fixed upon as their home, and as the headquarters of the mission. But no boat came, so Captain Hore struck a bargain with an Arab named Mohammed, who offered for sale a large dhow just built, and admirably fitted for the navigation of the lake. The transaction took some days to complete, for the price originally asked was preposterously high, and Captain Hore's offer was gradually raised as Mohammed's terms were as gradually reduced, until the two approached within a hundred dollars of each other; and then the Arab gave way with much politeness, in order, as he said, that Mrs. Hore and her son might be speedily transported to a more healthy place than Ujiji. So the porters who had come up from the coast were paid off, each man receiving his due in cloth or beads. The goods they had brought up were securely packed in the new boat, which was now named the *Alfajiri*, or *Dawn of Day*, and the passengers having embarked, a voyage of a few hours, now under sail and then with oars, brought them in safety to their island home.

Kavala is nearly five miles long by about one and a half miles wide, and is one of a numerous group of islands lying off Kahangwa, a promontory opposite Ujiji, and on the western shore of Tanganyika. Lying well out in the lake, and consisting chiefly of granite, quartz, and slate, which form a lofty range of hills, it is exposed to every breath of wind that blows, and is therefore free from the malaria so fatal to the health and life of the European settler. It is nearly covered with dense masses of trees, creepers, and bushes, and is free from beasts of prey, though

snakes and insects abound. Three or four groups of huts, forming small villages, have been built by the native Waguha, and at one of these villages was the residence of the chief of the island, with whom arrangements had previously been made for the settlement of the new-comers.

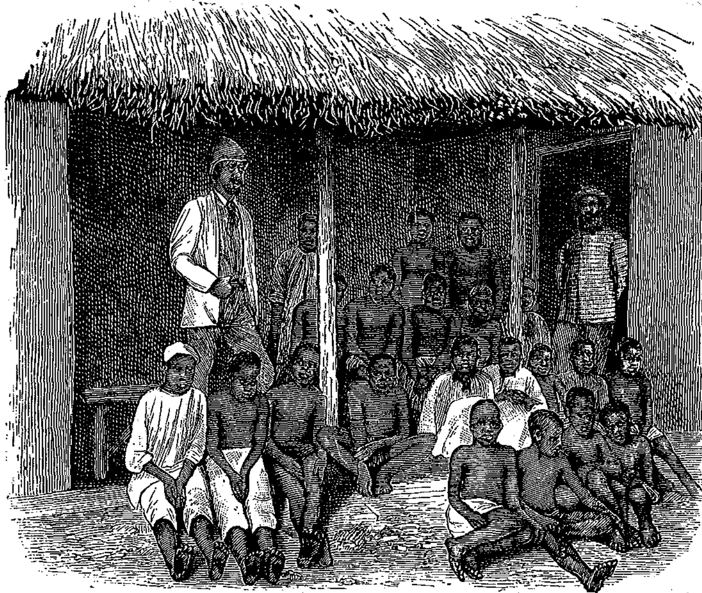
The arrival in the island of an English woman and an English child was a great event to the natives, whose small acquaintance with white folks had hitherto been restricted to grown-up men. Mrs. Hore and little Jack were the objects of much curiosity, and as both were unwell from the effects of the journey, this was at

CAPTAIN HORE.
(From a photograph by Russell & Sons.)

first the cause of some inconvenience. The little boy, indeed, was in so precarious a state that he was only kept alive for some time on small quantities of milk and by rubbing his body with oil, a treatment that in the end proved successful, though he was dreadfully thin for some months; in fact, he was "all bones and no meat," as one of the women told his mother.

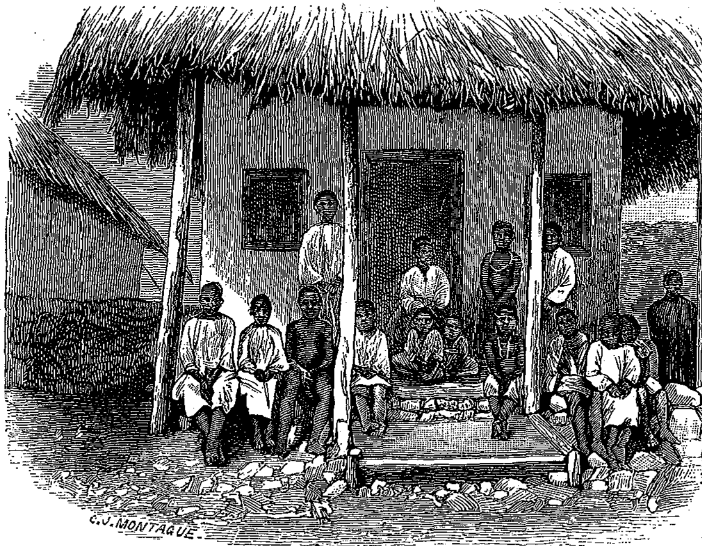
The health of the two invalids was but partially re-established when Captain Hore was compelled to leave them and go to the southern end of the lake to fetch a steam-vessel that was being built for the use of the missionaries. During her husband's absence Mrs. Hore was entirely without European companions save her little son, but the servants who had travelled with her from Zanzibar would

have been a most efficient body-guard had their services been needed in that capacity. It was nevertheless a great relief when one evening, about sunset, her servant Ulaya rushed up to her exclaiming very excitedly, "Mistress, the big ship is coming!" A few



BOYS' SCHOOL ON KAVALA ISLAND.

minutes later the white hull of the *Good News* entered the harbour, and husband and wife met again. The ship was not yet finished, and had made the voyage



GIRLS' SCHOOL ON KAVALA ISLAND.

from the southern end of the lake under jury-masts. The same evening the *Morning Star*, a smaller boat belonging to the mission, arrived, and in the two vessels Captain

Hore had brought away from the southern end much of the material collected for the marine department of the mission. The success of this undertaking was unhappily hampered by the serious illness of the engineer who had built the *Good News*, and sailed in her to Kavala. It was hoped that the change to a healthier station would bring him round, but the poor man's disease had advanced too far, and, in spite of every attention, he died ten days after his arrival.

The *Good News* had again to be taken to the southern end of the lake, to bring up further material for her completion. It was hoped that this would now have arrived by way of Nyassa, but the difficulty and uncertainty of African transport had not, it appeared, been overcome as soon as was expected, and the ship returned without her intended cargo. Yet this was a slight matter as compared with the sad intelligence she brought back of another death—that of the missionary in charge of the southern station of the mission, which was, by his removal, left for many long months entirely unoccupied. The two missionaries at Ujiji were almost at the same time compelled to return to England, and the little band at Kavala were now the only representatives of English missions in the Tanganyika district.

Captain Hore, assisted by his excellent colleague, Mr. Swann, who had lived for some time at the southern end of the lake, and had come to Kavala in the *Good News*, now applied themselves energetically to the building of workshops for the completion of the vessel. The long-expected stores had at last been received, though in a very damaged condition, and many months were occupied in repairing them and putting them in the ship. All this hard and continuous exertion did not affect the health of either of the Englishmen, and at last they had their reward in seeing the end of their labours, the boilers of the *Good News* put in, her machinery adjusted, proper masts and sails in their places, and a vessel of thirty-six tons, fifty-four feet long, with a beam of twelve feet, ready for her work on the longest and most remote lake of Central Africa.

This was indeed no small achievement, and the *Good News* has proved a most valuable and efficient auxiliary to the brave men who, amidst heavy trials and disappointments, have been endeavouring to plant the banner of the Cross on the shores of Lake Tanganyika. Captain Hore had on his previous visit made a preliminary survey of the lake, and he was now able to verify his former discoveries, to clear up some doubtful points, and to lay down an accurate chart of its waters. The presence of one vessel has not, of course, been sufficient to put a stop to the traffic in human beings, though it has probably not been without some effect. Far superior in build and in speed to the ordinary dhows, the fact that it might appear at any moment in the remotest part of the lake, and that any transport of slaves would be observed and inevitably reported to the English authorities at Zanzibar, has made the Arabs more careful in their business; and the recent proclamation of the Sultan professing to abolish altogether the African slave traffic is in no small degree due to the reports of the missionaries in Nyassa and Tanganyika, supported as they have been by the Foreign Office authorities at home and by the English Consul at Zanzibar.

As soon as Mrs. Hore was well enough, she began a girls' class, the chief's

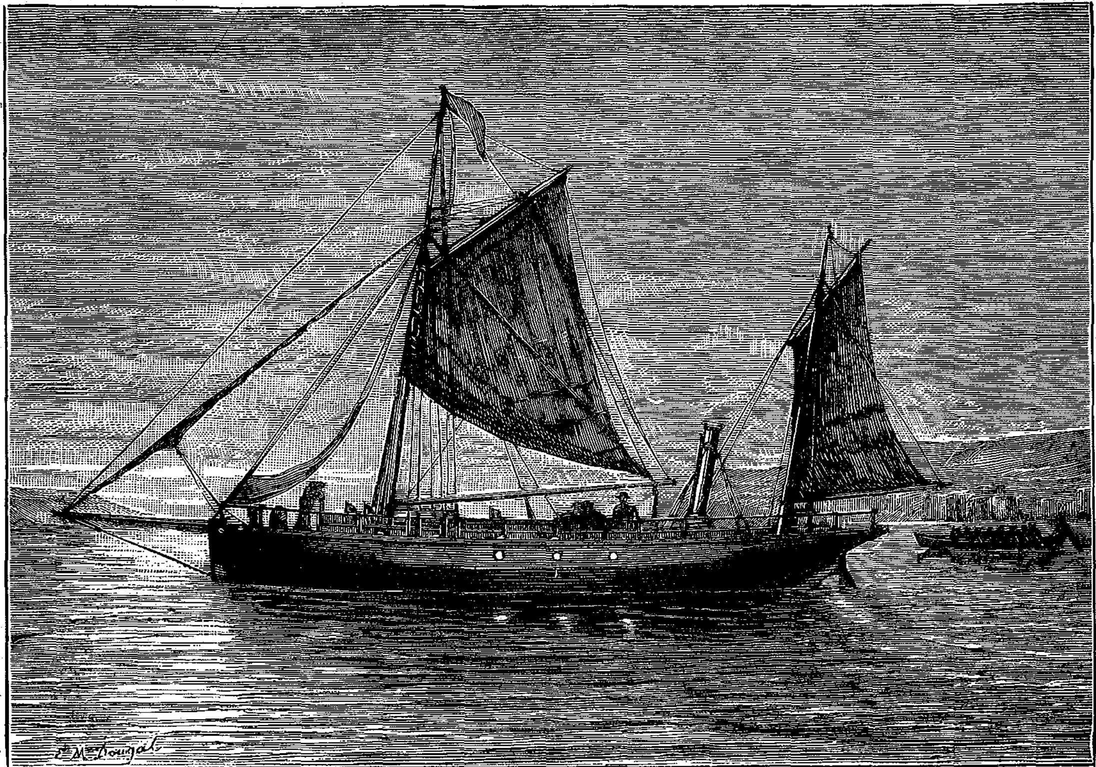
children being among her first pupils. The girls were taught reading, writing, and needlework, an art in which several quickly became proficient. Captain Hore gave a short time daily to teaching the boys, and found much encouragement in the aptness of his pupils. A Sunday morning service was also started for adults, and in the afternoon an instruction class was held. In the absence of a regular missionary, these efforts were the utmost that could be managed, and Mr. and Mrs. Hore could not help regretting that circumstances had deprived them of coadjutors who could devote themselves to the work of teaching and preaching. In the course of time this want was supplied, but owing to its remoteness and to other causes, Lake Tanganyika has been frequently deprived of its English Christian teachers, and the progress of the mission has been greatly retarded.

After a short residence in Kavala, the anxiety of his parents about Jack's health was alleviated by his complete recovery from the effects of his long journey across Africa, and the little fellow became strong enough to run about by himself and find playmates in the native children. On their part, they were delighted to have a little white boy to join in their games, and he quickly became a great favourite. With them he learnt to sing hymns in their own language, and his voice blended with theirs in Swahili versions of the Morning Hymn, of "Safe in the arms of Jesus," of "We plough the fields and scatter," and in many others familiar to English children, and apparently as attractive in the tropics as here at home. Jack received many gifts from his juvenile friends, and from older persons who were attracted by his bright smiles and winning ways; and, young though he was, his influence was felt by his parents to be indeed a help in their work at Kavala.

After residing three years in the island, and having fairly completed the establishment of the mission, Captain and Mrs. Hore were enabled to return home with the conscious satisfaction that they had laid a good foundation for others to build upon. They reached home safe and well; but poor little Jack, who had survived the dangers of African fever and the climatic influences of Central Africa, was carried off after a very short illness, within a few months of his arrival in his native land.

The entire history of the Tanganyika mission has been a chequered one, and of the missionaries who have gone out few have long been able to remain at their post. Two or three of these brave men claim at least a passing record. Mr. Thomson, one of the earliest labourers in the field, died soon after reaching the post of duty. His sudden removal threw the whole mission into confusion, and threatened so seriously to injure its usefulness, that the Directors of the London Missionary Society were at their wits' end to know what to do. In this emergency Dr. Joseph Mullens, their foreign secretary, volunteered to go out to Central Africa, and prepared to start almost as quickly as Sir Colin Campbell, who when called upon to go to India at the time of the Mutiny, offered to leave London in twenty-four hours. Dr. Mullens, after working successfully in the East for twenty-three years, had been recalled from India in 1865 to the secretary's chair at the Mission House. In the course of a few years he reorganised the whole of the operations of the London Missionary Society, infusing new life into every branch of its work, and communicating no small portion of his

own activity to his colleagues at home and to the missionaries abroad. The Mission House was too small and its work too restricted for his energies. In 1870 he visited the United States of America as a delegate from the London Missionary Society, and in 1873 he went for a year to Madagascar, to assist in the re-establishment of the missions in that island, and to devise further extension of the work there. In April, 1879, he again left England for Africa, and after spending little more than a fortnight at Zanzibar making ready for his journey across the continent, he arrived on the mainland in the middle of June, his mind well stored with plans for the revival



STEAM LAUNCH "GOOD NEWS," LAKE TANGANYIKA.

of the Tanganyika mission, and full of hope for its future development. But the hand of death was upon him, and on reaching Mwappé he too died, after a very short illness, leaving the task he had so cheerfully undertaken for other hands to accomplish.

The last of this band of martyrs who have fallen fighting the good fight of faith in Central Africa, Dr. Ebenezer Southon, had gone to Urambo as a medical missionary, and soon won the heart of the chief Mirambo, a man of many good qualities, who became an excellent friend to the missionaries. Dr. Southon's career was cut short by the accidental discharge of a gun, the bullet passing through his arm; and though under more favourable circumstances he would probably have recovered, the want of early and efficient surgical aid produced a fatal result.

During his illness he contrived to write some letters and instructions for his burial. His letters contained no trace of impatience, but showed much anxiety about the mission. "If my work here is over as a human being," he wrote to his brother at home in England, "I shall be glad to get to the higher seat, and with Mullens, Thomson, and others, carry on in perfectness the Central African Mission. Remember there are spiritual foes in high places to fight, and only spirits can fight with them. May it not be the work of the redeemed to do this? I firmly believe it is, and that after we have done with earth we enter on a new kind of work for the same objects as we worked on earth. But we shall be untrammelled in it, and I believe everyone who dies in Christ immediately takes it up and continues to help to bring on the perfect day of Christ."

Other attempts to evangelise Central Africa must at least be mentioned. The Société des Missions Évangéliques, of Paris, have established themselves in the Basotu Valley, above the Victoria Falls, and 1,200 miles from the mouth of the Zambesi. The Church of Rome has occupied Bagamoyo, on the coast, and has founded missions at Uganda and Ujiji; while as long ago as 1862 the United Methodist Free Church of England took possession of Ribe, not far from Mombasa, and have successfully carried on a good work among the native population. Another society, the International Association for the Suppression of the Slave Trade, and the opening up of Central Africa to honourable commerce, inaugurated in 1876 under the presidency of the King of the Belgians, is holding its ground in spite of many obstacles, and bids fair in time to enlist the sympathies of the native chiefs in more legitimate and more profitable business than the sale of their fellow-creatures. Livingstone's appeal to civilised humanity to help forward the great work of healing the open sore of Africa, is bearing fruit, and Englishmen, Scotchmen, Frenchmen, Belgians, and Germans, are fighting side by side in the glorious enterprise.

And if progress has been slow, and the result as yet hardly commensurate with the efforts put forth, there are many causes for encouragement. Europe was not converted in a day, nor even in a century, and we cannot reasonably look for rapid changes in the habits and superstitions of the swarthy African. Harried as he has been by the slave-traders, despised and down-trodden by more civilised peoples, the wonder is, not that so little progress has been made, but that any harvest should have been gathered in. Too frequently, instead of trying to find the better side of his nature, and to draw out his good points, harshness and superciliousness have been exhibited, when gentleness and conciliation were eminently necessary. We are slowly learning wisdom in this respect, and those who have carefully studied the religions of Africa have found in what was once considered the densest superstition, much that ought to encourage the missionary in his attempt to lead the peoples of that continent to a higher nobler, and truer faith.

XXXIV.—NEW ZEALAND.

CHAPTER LXVIII.

LEIGH AND THE METHODISTS.

The Rev. Samuel Leigh lands in New Zealand—Returns to England—Sails again with Reinforcements—Harmony between Church and Wesleyan Societies—Settles at Wangaroa—A Perilous Position—Trials and Dangers—Arrival of a War Party—*Utu*—Promising Work Suspended—Hongi's Desolating Legions—Martyrdom—Colonisation—Rev. J. Bumby—Thirsting for Knowledge—Harvest-time.

MUCH of what has been narrated in connection with the Church Missionary Society is true of other Christian efforts for the reclamation of New Zealand. In 1818, when Mr. Marsden's plan of making civilisation the precursor of Christianity had been tried for three or four years, he prevailed on the Rev. Samuel Leigh, of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, to inspect the new field for himself. When spending some few weeks in the heathen land, Mr. Leigh was impressed with a sickening sense of its cruelty and degradation, and of the need of direct evangelisation rather than of civilisation. He found it to be the region of the shadow of death, where men bartered human heads as ordinary articles of trade. The villages which he visited on his short tour were formed forthwith into a circuit, and lay agents from among the whites were engaged to teach them every Lord's Day.

Mr. Leigh visited London, and laid before his Society the opening for a Mission to the New Zealand cannibals. But the Society was in debt, and could not help. The good man therefore formed the project of obtaining contributions of useful articles which, in New Zealand, would be more valuable than money itself. Meetings were held in manufacturing districts, where his powerful and pathetic appeals were liberally responded to. The store-room of the Mission-house in London became too small for the consignment of goods sent in, consisting of ploughs, spades, saws, axes, grates, pots, kettles, fish-hooks from Sheffield, mingled with prints, calicoes, and stuffs in great variety from Manchester. The mission to New Zealand was started, Mr. Leigh having offered his personal service in its commencement.

At this juncture Hongi came to London, and, exciting much interest, the new mission acquired a strange impetus. Hongi insisted on being Mr. Leigh's guest in town, and the missionary, knowing that his life might be soon in this wild chieftain's hands, accepted the offer as a mark of respect, and shared his mattress with the Maori, who, objecting to lie on a bed, obliged him to sleep beside him on the floor.

In 1821, Mr. and Mrs. Leigh, Mr. and Mrs. Horton, and Mr. Walker sailed as Wesleyan missionaries to the Antipodes; the Hortons remained at Tasmania, and the others were concerned to hear, at Sydney, that a native war had desolated the district in New Zealand whither they were bound. Mr. Leigh preached his farewell sermon at Sydney on the last day of the year, and after a good voyage the longed-for coast was reached. "When I stepped upon deck," said Mr. Leigh, many years afterwards, "and looked towards the shore, and then at my dear wife, and reflected upon the probable consequences of our landing, I felt as if divested of all spiritual strength.

We were running in upon a nation of ferocious, bloodthirsty heathens, where there was no power to protect, and while the country was convulsed with war. Never shall I forget the agony of mind I endured, until reflection brought me to feel that I was surrounded by the Divine perfections, and that a hair could not fall from our heads without the concurrence of God." They were welcomed by the agents of the Church Missionary Society, for in those early days there was no jealousy between them and their Wesleyan brethren, arrangements having been made between the two Societies to prevent rivalry and waste of effort. Between Marsden and Leigh there had been ever a most cordial Christian brotherhood, and the Church Missionary Society had sought the Wesleyan's counsel, and acknowledged its indebtedness to him during his visit to London. Mr. Leigh had also expressed to the Church Society his view of the evangelical principles on which the work ought to be carried on, when they appointed the Rev. J. Butler. The field was wide enough for both, and the Wesleyan entered it with full knowledge and approval of the friends of the Church of England. The spot chosen for a commencement among the tribes of the interior on the Thames and Mercury Bay, was sufficiently far from the Church mission at the Bay of Islands to prevent interference with activities already begun there. But the prospect of good was blighted by Hongi's desolating war; the Thames tribes, which had been selected as the special object of the Wesleyan mission, being those which this ambitious chief sought to annihilate, and, during five years of intermittent war, had slain and scattered. Beaten and baffled in this direction, Mr. Leigh sought a more eligible site for a mission elsewhere. He pitched upon Wangaroa, the scene of the *Boyd* massacre, and this ultimately became the central headquarters of New Zealand Methodism.

The missionary's first visit was a unique adventure. He set out in a boat with five natives for the Wangaroa harbour, and, being driven out to sea in a storm, the natives lay despondent in the boat's bottom, leaving the missionary to manage the navigation himself. Land was seen in the moonlight at midnight. It was Wangaroa harbour, and they were compelled by stress of weather to risk a landing on its inhospitable shore. Mr. Leigh was the first European who had put his foot on that beach since the massacre of the crew and passengers of the *Boyd* by the cannibal inhabitants. The native boatmen fired their muskets to notify the sleeping town of their arrival, and were immediately greeted by armed hordes of wild men. Mr. Leigh sought the chief, and begged from him the loan of a hut for the night. This was granted, but they could not sleep for the clamour, which kept increasing around them till, at daybreak, the cannibals had reached a tumult of excitement which only too well expressed their designs. Mr. Leigh diverted them by admiring their lovely country, and inviting the chief to show him more of it. And thus they sailed together in the missionary's boat, through the spacious harbour, passing at one point the remnant hulk of the ill-fated *Boyd* embedded in the sand. The chief, who spoke English fairly, having learned it on his visits to Sydney, entered into full particulars of the massacre without emotion of any kind. After a long sail, they walked towards the village, when, the boatmen refusing to land, Mr. Leigh ordered them to keep well in shore, and pull quickly to him if he should wish it. A ferocious multitude now came down to meet them, and, surrounding the

missionary, flourished their spears and clubs about him in fierce thirst for his blood. The chief who had been friendly exhibited the most stolid indifference to the plight of his white companion. Mr. Leigh, slowly moving to the beach, suddenly cried, "Stand back, I have fish-hooks!" and, drawing from his pocket the coveted articles, he threw them over their heads, and the crisis was thus averted by the surprise of the people. The missionary ran to the boat, succeeded in getting into it, stood out to sea, and, with a grateful heart, reached the Bay of Islands in safety.

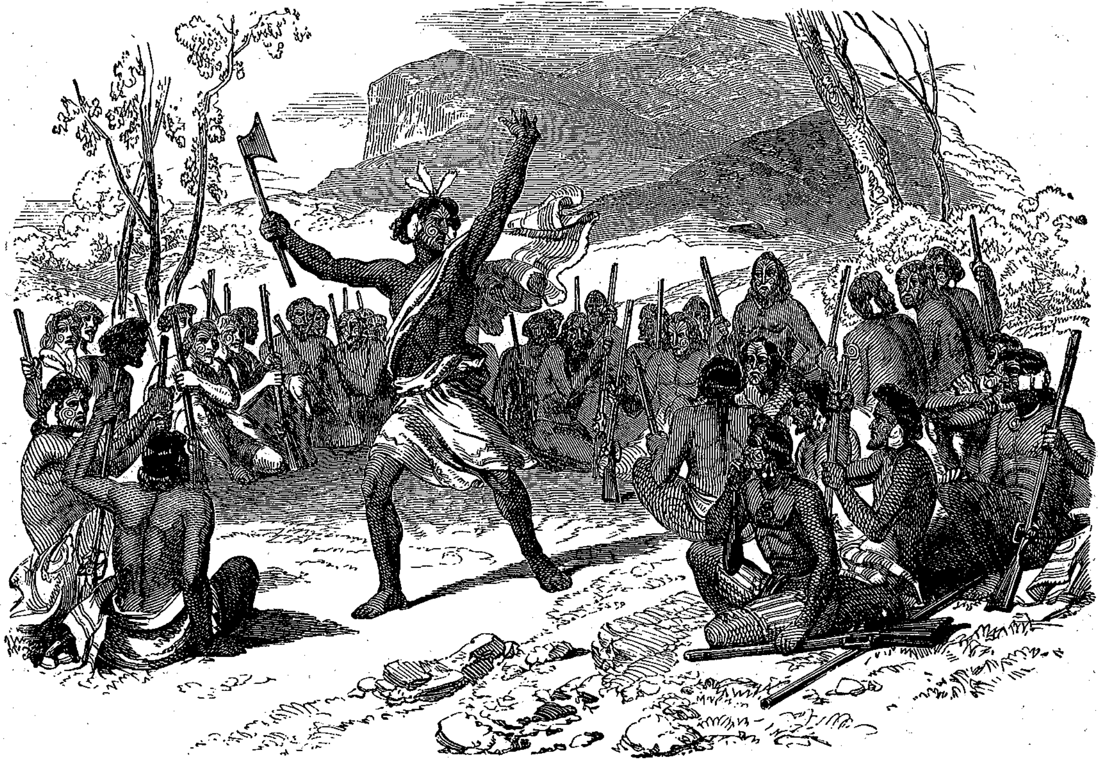
Wangaroa, notwithstanding its ferocity, seemed more suitable than any other place for a mission enterprise, and accordingly a second visit was paid to it in the ship *St. Michael*, which had just returned from conveying the first Wesleyan missionary to the Friendly Islands. Mr. Leigh was accompanied by his wife and by three members of the Church Missionary Society, who were struck with the exceedingly romantic grandeur of the scenery, especially admiring the site of the *pah*, a perpendicular rock three hundred feet high, rendering the fortress impregnable. When they landed and called on the chief, several recognised the "white man who had given them the fish-hooks." On the Sunday, Mr. Leigh conducted the first religious service ever held in this region, and on the Monday selected a beautiful valley as a suitable place for a settlement, seven miles from the mouth of the river, thirty-five from the Bay of Islands, and twenty from the Keri-Keri mission station, to which location they gave the name of Wesleydale.

Lonely enough in their isolated home in that strange land of wild people, they gave themselves up vigorously to their work; while plunder was carried on with a high hand. Even their meat was stolen from off the fire on which it was cooking, and the thieves, never having seen water boiling before, ran away screaming that it had bitten their hands when they had eagerly plunged them into it for the purpose of self-help; the missionary would then dress and anoint the scalds, during which doctoring he would seek to enforce in the minds of the injured thieves the lesson that honesty is the best policy; but forks of stick would be substituted for fingers, and with equal dexterity the pot would be robbed of its seething contents, and the missionary deprived of his dinner. Three daily services were held, at which the natives gave symptoms of a disposition to listen, and children were taught to read. But for Hongi and his ceaseless warrings the mission might have succeeded; but scarcely a day passed without alarms; and wars or rumours of wars kept the place in a violent excitement.

One day a war party from the Bay of Islands arrived unexpectedly. The Wangaroans mustered in front of the mission-house, and danced like frenzied creatures in their hideous war-dance. The missionary held a prolonged conversation with the invaders, and succeeded in dissuading them from accepting a challenge. Nevertheless a tumult arose among the Wangaroans baffling all description. Mr. Leigh was thrown down, but got into his house and barricaded the door. Here, considering that they had but a few moments more to live, he commended his wife and his native servant, Luke, to God in prayer. Violent battering at the door was repeated, but the outsiders being unable to break it open, the servants of God were mercifully delivered from harm. In the evening the hostile chiefs became friends; yet, after the nose-rubbing, the clamour

through the night was great. Next day the sleepless missionary distributed a peace-offering of hatchets, and the people dispersed to their homes.

Though thus unceasingly interrupted by storms of human passions, the mission was nobly persevered in. The language was acquired, children were taught, the ground was cultivated, the Gospel was preached. The introduction of civil arts had its own surprises on the part of teachers and taught. The white lady's needle, in all its parts, astonished beyond measure the dark girls, who were eager to be taught to sew with it;



HONGI AND A COUNCIL OF WAR.

and the use of the British needle and scissors worked wonders in a few months among the native women, who speedily learned to cut out clothing and deftly to put it together.

In 1823 Mr. Leigh's return to Sydney was necessitated by his failure in health, and the work was carried on by others, who ingratiated themselves in the favour of the natives, and made considerable progress in removing their paganism and gaining at least a foothold for Christianity. But the character of the savages seems to have been unchanged; for a deputation from the London Missionary Society, returning from a visit to the station, were severely handled on board their vessel by an infuriated mob who had got possession of the ship.

In 1826, the work, just when most promising, was suspended. The mission had made progress, buildings had been erected, land cultivated, two school-chapels built in

distant villages, and a hopeful impression produced in many native minds. The prospect of success was, however, dashed to the ground. *Utu*, the New Zealanders' ideal vengeful righteousness, was expected to be sought by Europeans for some depredations committed on them by the savages; and the Wangaroan chief, who had been friendly to the mission, dying at the same time, had also commanded that *utu* should be sought by his people from the missionaries for the death of his father, who had blown himself up by igniting the gunpowder-magazine of the *Boyd* at the time of the massacre of her crew. As soon as the chief was no more, an attack was planned on the mission. Its fence was broken, its property plundered, and an assault with spears made on the missionaries, whose death was only averted by an invisible Arm in answer to prayer. The wife and children of one of the missionaries were removed to the Church Society station at Keri-Keri, although nothing would induce the missionaries themselves to leave. An attack was made upon them; but the natives were induced to accept the blood of a duck as sufficient *utu* for their supposed or real grievance against the Europeans, and the storm blew over for a time.

Then suddenly Hongi marched his devastating legions into the smiling valley of Wangaroa. The mission family were at prayers when they received tidings of his approach. Aid was sent for from the brethren at Keri-Keri, but it did not arrive in time. Early one morning an armed band of twenty savages approached the station, and the missionaries had scarcely time to dress before the work of spoliation began. The affrighted household left at six in the morning, saving hardly anything from the merciless fury of the people, who wrecked the premises. Apart from some native youths who clung to them, there were Mr. and Mrs. Turner and their three children (the youngest an infant of five weeks), Luke Wade, the assistant, and his wife, Mr. Hobbs, and Miss Davis, a young lady who was on a visit from the Church settlement. They set out for the Church Missionary station at Keri-Keri, twenty miles distant; and on the way met a Bay-of-Islands chief, who afforded them his patronage. They crossed the river repeatedly, and at a bend in the stream were descried by a band of warriors; when the chiefs rubbed noses and agreed to protect them. When they turned into the woods, they met their emissary, Mr. Stack, returning from Keri-Keri, accompanied by others from the mission there, and they had to send for chairs in which to carry the exhausted females the rest of the distance. They met also a friendly party from Paihia, and from them and the Keri-Keri station they received every assistance. After recruiting at Keri-Keri, they came to Paihia, where a captain sailing for Sydney gave them a passage; and thus the Wesleyan work in New Zealand was for a time abandoned.

Not until after Hongi's death was the work renewed. The chief, Patnone, who had shielded the flying missionaries, had been ever since uneasily concerned about their disastrous flight, and had earnestly invited them to return. In 1828, therefore, the mission was resumed at Mangungu, on the western coast, about thirty miles from Wangaroa and fifty from the Bay of Islands. The secular branch of the mission work succeeded well, but in seeking the eternal welfare of the people the encouragements were few; the apathy and impertinence of the natives, not to mention their superstitious and sanguinary character, militated against any permanent spiritual good being achieved.

After ten years of toil the fruit appeared, in 1831, to gladden the hearts of the toilers. There was a general awakening of a desire to acquire the knowledge of the truth, and a spirit of inquiry was spread abroad even in most out-of-the-way villages. The progress made in all the elementary stages of learning was rapid, and a great demand reached England for school-books, slates and pencils; the religious services were well attended, and the Gospel became the power of God to salvation in the case of not a few who believed. Soon the cry came for more labourers, as those on the field, itinerate as they would, were unable to meet the increasing demands made upon them. In 1834, the Rev. J. Whiteley went out, a devoted man, who, after thirty-six years of exemplary labour, received the martyr's crown. In time of war he left his home to keep a preaching appointment, and was near his journey's end, when he met a party of hostile natives, who ordered him to return. He declined, thinking he might prevent bloodshed, instead of which they first shot his horse and then himself. A family of Europeans was murdered in the neighbourhood on the same day.

New stations were formed in the Waikato and in many other parts, the converted natives assisting the missionaries in their building of chapels and schools with great readiness; and young men were also soon employed as mission assistants in teaching and preaching. In 1836, Mr. Turner, who had fled from Wangaroa, was reappointed to New Zealand, and was greatly cheered at the marvellous change which had taken place since the day when he was obliged to flee for dear life with wife and family. Other trials were now in store for him. His mission-house at Wangunga was destroyed by fire, and the family made a narrow escape. Mrs. Turner, who was an invalid, especially sustained a severe shock. The loss in furniture, books, and stores was estimated at £600. Temporary accommodation was provided by his missionary brethren until the gutted premises could be rebuilt.

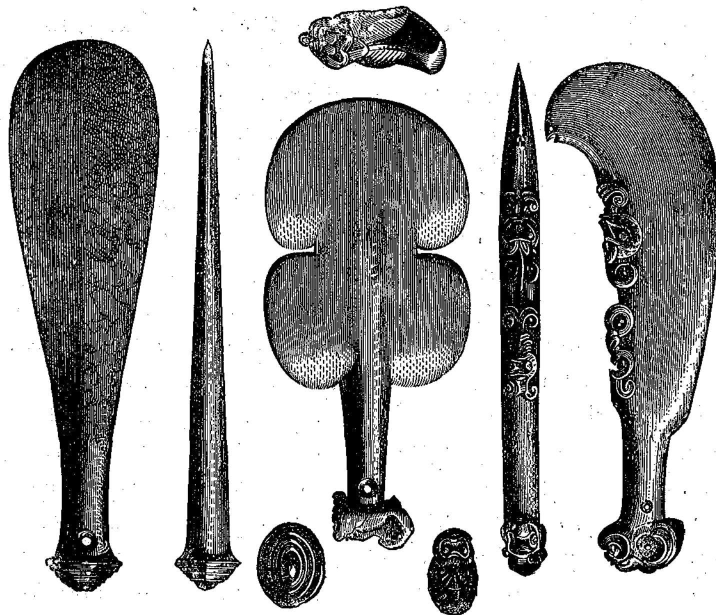
Upon the proclamation of New Zealand as a Crown colony, six missionaries were sent out to increase the South Sea staff of Christian workers. One of the newly arrived missionaries, the Rev. J. Bumby, was called suddenly away after labouring in the colony only fifteen months. He was crossing the Bay of Thames in a large canoe with eighteen natives; the weather was bright, and a gentle breeze springing up, one man jumped up to set the sail, and at the same moment several others rising to assist, the canoe was upset, and the natives, who were all expert swimmers, made strenuous efforts to save the beloved missionary. They got the canoe righted and Mr. Bumby into it, when it was upset again by the number still in the water clambering into it at one time. They raised the good man once again on the canoe, but again he was washed off by the waves, and sank, with twelve natives, to rise no more. Six escaped to tell the sad news, when a scene of lamentation, woful beyond description, was caused at the mission station.

The missionaries had not now to contend with the grosser forms of heathenism which had frequently appalled them in the beginning. Cannibalism and superstition had ceased almost entirely, and a large proportion of the people were brought under Christian influence. They could, at any rate, read and write. But the pale-face brought his ardent spirits with him, and wherever he went abominations

followed—avarice, ambition, contention, and in short, the worship in general of the god of this world in forms unknown to the Maoris before. The incessant quarrels about the sale and purchase of the land, culminating in the great war, impeded the progress of all true religion. With this trial came another to the Wesleyan Church, in a spirit of intolerance and exclusiveness manifested towards them by the Episcopalians in the colony. So far from being regarded by Marsden as antagonistic to his work, that catholic-hearted man gave the Wesleyans every assistance and sanction in their well-known ardent zeal; and they in turn respected him so much that at Paramatta, when he died, the Wesleyan church was closed in order that all might attend his funeral sermon in the Church of England, as a mark of respect to his memory. The good-feeling with which the two Christian bodies had inaugurated the evangelisation of New Zealand was unhappily disturbed on the arrival of Bishop Selwyn in 1842, although gradually the Bishop acquired a juster view of the Methodist cause.

The mission press became a power in the land, and the Maori Bibles and Testaments were received with joyful acclamations at the several stations. Books became the travelling-companions of the Maoris wherever they went. Their thirst for knowledge was remarkable. They taught one another at home, at school, in the fields, by the wayside, in the canoe. In 1853, three-fourths of the adults could read, and two-thirds could write—a proportion not exceeded by any civilised people in the world of that day. Instances of mental superiority occurred, and some Maoris of intelligence elevated themselves, in business, style, and dwellings, to a high social rank. The spiritual harvest was great, also, when the Wesleyans could number 3,259 converted natives at their thirteen stations, and four thousand children in their schools. The testimony of the regenerating and sanctifying power of Divine grace was, in some cases of conversion, most cheering.

Christian work in New Zealand is now very different in character from what it was in the early days, for the Maoris are few and the white-faces many, and commodious chapels, schools, and seminaries have been erected. Methodism is the popular religion of the colony; and while the aboriginal tribes are scattered and peeled by war and disease, even the spiritual interests of the dusky sons of the soil are not left unattended amid the more engrossing work of ministering to the Pakeha who dominates the land.



MAORI WEAPONS.

CHAPTER LXIX.

WAR AND HAU-HAUISM.—"THE WILLIAMS."

Spread of the Gospel—A Curious Scene—A Narrow Escape—Changes Effected by the Gospel—Deaths of Maori Christians—Christian Rites and Heathen Ceremonies—"Prayer Houses"—The Old Heart and the New—Visit of Bishop Broughton—A Grievous Relapse—The Maori War—Its Religious Features—The Pai Mariri—The Cry of the Hau-hau—Israel and Maoridom—Inauguration of the New Religion—Carl Volkner—His Martyrdom—How the Apostasy Revealed Itself—Death of Henry Williams—His Monument.

FROM the first establishing of the mission to its eventual popularity, the transition was astonishing, the indifference in 1827 being merged, in some cases as early as 1832, in excessive devotion; in the former year, they would demand payment for listening to a missionary, and return to their interrupted employments laughing to scorn his good intentions; in the latter, chapels became crowded with worshippers, too mechanically, perhaps, repeating the beautiful liturgy, but still, on the whole, from that day till 1860, giving visible expression to the feelings of Israel's sweet singer when he said, "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord." For the mission agents they had the greatest regard, sending for them in all hours of need; nor was the bread which these cast on the waters of Maori life thoughtlessly disregarded, the tourist missionary never failing to find himself surrounded in out-of-the-way spots by such as wished to know the way of the Lord more perfectly. On one such occasion a venerable chief concluded an evening's conversation with the man of God seated at his tent door, in this speech to the earnest crowd: "Come, friends," he cried; "let us all believe; it will do us no harm. Believing, what will it do? It will not kill us; for the white people do not die: it will not make

us ill; for the white people are not ill: it will not make us ashamed; for the white people are not ashamed: therefore let us all, all, all believe; and perhaps it will make the white people's God gracious to us; and our souls will not be any longer devilified, but will be Christified; and we shall all, all, all go to heaven."

Sometimes episodes occurred like that recorded in the Acts of the Apostles, when "the whole city came together to hear the word that was spoken." Perched on housetops, stretched full length at the speaker's feet, squatting on the ground with a child on each knee and another on the shoulders, would be an indiscriminate, grotesque crowd of savages, old and young, rich and poor, bond and free, listening with smiling faces to the liturgy and the address, the old tricked off in the best their fantastic wardrobe could furnish; the young, for the most part, naked, oiled, and ochred, with blue over the eyes and tattooed ferocity in the lines of many a countenance, reminding the preacher of Bunyan's Apollyon. Said an old man on one such occasion, "We shall never forget to sit still on the seventh day. I will count the nights and remind the tribe when the sacred day comes round." Then an eager number asked to be taught to sing a hymn, and were succeeded by six Hohungas, versed in superstition, who said, "At last the words that are straight about God, the creation, sin, salvation, man, the devil, heaven and hell, are come to us, and you must either come yourselves, or send us some that we may never forget your sayings."

A signal instance of the salutary leavening of Christianity occurred to Mr. Davis, a student at the Waimate College, who, on visiting the *pah* of two Christian chiefs, who were brothers, found they were just expecting an attack from a heathen chief, Ripa by name, whose unjust demands they had refused. Mr. Davis found them surrounded by a hundred warriors, engaged in solemn prayer, especially desiring pardon for their enemies, with a white flag hoisted above their heads as a token of their desire for peace. The enemy, about twenty in number, came on with frightful yell and war-dance. One of the Christian chiefs walked out to them quietly, and told them they were acting contrary to God's Word. He was accidentally cut on the head by one of the hostile party striking the fence with his hatchet, and although he tried to conceal the wound, his friends saw the blood trickling down his face. In an instant they rushed forth, every man levelled his musket, and in another moment the foolhardy man would have been laid low; but the wounded man sprang forward, threw his body as a shield over his foe, and cried, "If you kill Ripa I will die with him!" Peace was then made amid great rejoicing; whereas, a few years before, the sight of that blood would have been the signal for dreadful carnage.

Of course the Great Enemy had his emissaries too. The celebration of Christian rites was frequently interrupted by the rude usages of the savages, and especially was this the case with the marriage ordinance. A youth, Pahau, was to be married to a maiden, Rea, from the *pah* of a neighbouring tribe, when upwards of three hundred guests were present in the chapel, and three or four times that number unable to gain admission. The wedding over in Christian form, the olden rite of opposing it was regarded by all as a necessary accessory.

The bride's mother came to the minister on the day preceding, and assured him that, although she was well satisfied with the match, she must, as a matter of custom, be angry with her mouth the next day. On his coming out of the chapel, therefore, she put on a most terrific aspect, threw her garments about, tore her hair like a fury, and screamed:—

"Ah, you white missionary, you are worse than the devil: first you make a slave-lad your son by redeeming him from his master, and then marry him to my daughter, who is a lady! I will tear your eyes out! I will tear your eyes out!"

Suiting the action to the word, the old lady feigned a scratch at the clergyman's face, saying in an undertone that it was "all mouth;" and his promise to stop it with a blanket elicited a laugh, to which she retorted:—

"Ha! ha! ha! That was all I wanted. I only wanted to get a blanket, and therefore I made all this noise."

The mission encouraged intermarriages between different tribes, and broke down, in this respect, a custom of ages, the only ill attending such a levelling of older tribal distinctions being that these novel unions became matter of endless and engrossing conversations, without which, indeed, nothing either good or bad was ever done in New Zealand.

The Romish ceremonial did not affect the pure evangelism of the heathen, although it appealed powerfully to the native mind. When the French bishop landed in 1838, Protestantism was progressing with gigantic strides, and, as a most seasonable antidote to Romanism, the Maori translation of the New Testament was completed, and a first impression of five thousand copies being exhausted, the Bible Society issued a further edition of twenty thousand copies; and even this not meeting the demand, two other editions of twenty thousand each were shortly sent out. The natives gladly purchased their own books, and in a few years the whole country seemed almost self-educated in the arts of reading and writing, and all classes were eagerly devouring the Word of God. In many parts unvisited by missionaries, "prayer-houses" were constructed, and the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel endowing a theological college, a widespread knowledge of truth was imparted by native teachers trained in that seminary. Of course the progression from savagery was by easy stages, and the Maoris retained many of their ways unchanged. Their thirst for knowledge was greater than their desire for ablution from their filthiness or abandonment of their idleness. Their innate inquisitiveness led hundreds to study, and that being their natural turn of mind, knowledge was quickly communicated. And when remote regions became acquainted with the visible advantages accruing to their fellow-countrymen from such acquirements as carpentering and brickmaking, they more readily received the holy teaching of the religion of Jesus as the spring whence had flowed such signal benefits; and in many instances the truth was received into the head by instruction, if it did not enter the heart by faith.

The following conversation between a chief and a missionary may serve to illustrate this. The chief announced that his old heart was gone. "Gone! Whither?"—"It is buried: I cast it away from me."—"How long has it been gone?"—"Four days."

"What was your old heart like?"—"Like a dog: like a deaf man: it would not listen to the missionaries nor understand."—"How long have you had your old heart?" "Always till now; but it is now gone."—"What is your new heart like?"—"Like yours —it is very good."—"Where is its goodness?"—"It is altogether good: it tells me to lie down and sleep all day on Sundays, and not to go out and fight."—"Is that all the good of your new heart?"—"Yes."—"Does it not tell you to pray to Jesus Christ?"—"Yes; it tells me I must pray to Him when the sun rises, when the sun stands in the middle of the heavens, and when the sun sets."—"When did you last

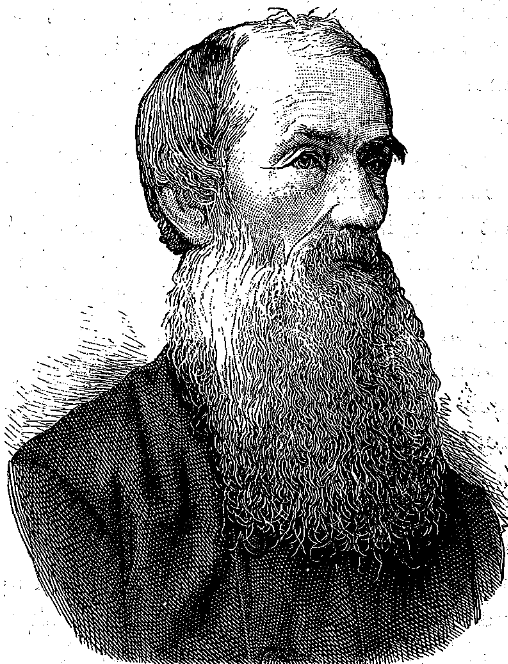
NATIVE HOUSE AND PAH.

pray?"—"This morning."—"What did you pray for?"—"I said, O Jesus Christ, give me a blanket in order that I may believe."—"I fear your old heart still remains, does it not?"—"No, the new one is quite fixed: it is here"—pointing to his throat; whereupon the nature and objects of prayer were explained.

When Bishop Broughton, of Australia, visited the mission in 1839—then part of his diocese—he wrote his views of the interesting work to the Society in England, dwelling with especial pleasure on the large and earnest assemblies of Christian Maoris, many of them taught by their own native teachers. "The grey-haired man and the aged woman took their places to read and to undergo examination among their

descendants of the second and third generations. The chief and the slave stood side by side with the same holy volume in their hands." On this interesting occasion, the Rev. O. Hadfield, afterwards consecrated Bishop of Wellington, was ordained to the priesthood.

About the time when New Zealand was proclaimed a colony of the British crown, a marvellous movement began, which brought the whole Maori nation under Christian influence; but disputes then arising regarding the land, prolonged in most bitter wars, were destined to shake the native Church to its foundations. Hadfield on the West Coast reported that on the field of Matahau's labour, if he had five thousand Maori Testaments he could not keep one of them a fortnight. Henry Williams stated in his Society's Report for 1841, "The natives assembling every Lord's Day under our missionaries and native teachers are not fewer than thirty-five or forty thousand:" and his brother William, writing from Turanga, could say that idols were cast away, swords converted into ploughshares, animosities between distant tribes abandoned, and local quarrels settled by arbitration.


BISHOP HADFIELD.

Very grievous was the relapse of this whole "converted" nation into Hau-hauism, a fanatical heathenism, after it had given so many bright indications of its professed Christianity. The strange phenomenon thus created by a blundering British policy has no parallel. After years of labour without an apparent impression being produced, and the people being, as Archdeacon Williams said, "as insensible as brutes," a sort of religious awakening had taken place, churches at several stations being crowded, and schools filled, so that the conversion of a nation appeared at hand. Then in ten years of further toil, the whole country had seemed religiously impressed, the numbers known to be in actual attendance upon public worship rising from 2,300 to 35,000 during that period, and thousands being baptised. Was it for the supposed advantages of the contiguity of the white man that the chiefs had led and the multitude had followed? To christen a cannibal nation in a day was quickly proved to be a shallow ritual: the most eager for instruction became careless: some who had "run well" brought disgrace on their Christian profession: numbers lapsed into heathen superstition, and others were infected by the spirit-drinking, the theatre, and the gambling-table of whites, who brought them to profane the Sabbath, and to neglect the means of grace. Terms of Christian doctrine or experience

were at length used by many who would talk glibly of the hardness of the stony heart, the necessity of the new birth, and the war between the old man and the new, but who were themselves utter strangers to Christ; and it is greatly to be feared that in New Zealand more attention was given to renunciation of heathen customs, attendance at Divine services, adoption of Western ecclesiastical forms and European modes of life, than to a thorough work of spiritual regeneration. Still, not a few were persons of sincere piety, who grew in grace, and whose spirits, with those of others who died before them, are now in the presence of God. But to those mission supporters who clamour to see results for their money, there is a warning in this strange enamelling of a heathen people with Christianity, without a lasting spiritual change being effected. For, when untouched by the grace of Christ, the Maori threw off the name by which he had been called at baptism, and the bloodthirsty cannibal was seen remaining what he had ever been. Some of the ardent toilers in the mission so revolted at the sight, that they gave up the work in despair, and left the colony in search of more promising fields: one of the best of them, preaching his farewell sermon, confessed that the bitterness of his defeat consisted in "the knowledge that after labouring twenty-five years in New Zealand, he left it with the Maori no more Christianised than he was when he first landed."

The religious feature of the "Maori" war was the extraordinary exchange of the pure religion of Jesus Christ for a medley fanaticism—almost Mohammedan—of their own, known as *Pai Marire*, a name apparently signifying "Bide-your-time," and referring as much to political aims as to religious faith. The Old Testament had always held a stronger fascination over the Maori mind than the New, so that the new creed exhibited a strange mixture of heathenism and Judaism, witchcraft and incantations, with the gods of the land as well as the God of the Christian foreigner included in its articles. The superstition arose from the delusion of a half-witted man, who declared that the Angel Gabriel and the Virgin Mary had appeared to him, and had promised that Maoris, uttering a dog-like bark, "*Hau-hau*," should drive the Pakeha (white man) into the sea. The king faction took up the term *Hau-hau* as their battle-cry, and the war party thus acquired the name for themselves. The votaries of the *Hau-hau* god excited themselves to a pitch of temporary insanity, as they danced round a pole. The priests, whose influence had waned during the missionaries' supremacy, were only too eager to revive their power over the people, and thus they became the inspirers of the new phase of superstition. They taught that Maoris had taken the place of the ancient Jews in the favouritism of Heaven: Maoris were the true Israel, and for their co-religionists, the Jews, they manifested unbounded respect; while on the other hand intelligent Hebrews spoke of the *Hau-hau* ceremonial as essentially Jewish. Of course the Pakeha personated the Pharaoh, and the rebel chief Topare became the Maori Moses, sent to rescue the New Zealand race by drowning the foreign yoke in the sea.

Revenge is the deep spring within the savage heart, from which its priesthood has always drawn its water of life; and so there came to pass even a reviving of cannibalism as a religious rite, although it had become abhorrent to the Maori in his Christian attire. The favourite bark-like cry "*Hau-hau*" was often heard at night from

their *pahs:* the grossest immorality was re-introduced into worship; and this melancholy delusion, the offspring of lust and cruelty, had in a few months completely altered the character of the people whose rapid Christianisation was one of the greatest triumphs of missionary enterprise in the nineteenth century. Missionaries who had spent their life in labours for them, were denounced by the priests, accused as being the originators of the plan for defrauding them of their land by the English. Mission stations were abandoned, and churches, where the blessedness of the pure in heart had been taught, were polluted by the worst orgies of heathenism. Politically, the watchword of a fanatical faith was used to inspire its followers with a fervour as striking as that of Mohammedanism when preached by the false apostle. The race was given over to believe a lie, and its extinction was threatened.

The new religion was inaugurated by an ill-omened commission of crime. On the altar of its *atua*, or spirit, the life of a good man was sacrificed in Carl Volkner, the proto-martyr of New Zealand Christianity, who, originally a soldier in the Prussian army, had been sent out in 1844 by the North German Missionary Society from the Fatherland, and after labouring in many parts, had attracted the eye of Bishop Selwyn, who ordained him as a Church missionary. He was stationed at Opotiki, in Poverty Bay, on the breaking out of the war, and being persuaded to fly, had removed his wife to Auckland; but his heart was with his flock, and he spent most of his time with them, nursing several cases of virulent fever when the sufferers' own relatives had abandoned them, and thus incurring a double danger to his own life. In the close stifling atmosphere of his hospital hut, he laid down his life for the spiritual good of the sick, just as he was imperiling it in visiting Opotiki at all. He was accompanied on one of his approaches in a coasting schooner by a brother missionary, when large numbers of natives were seen lining the river banks as they sailed up unapprehensive of danger; and on casting anchor they were warned to escape, as the Maoris had vowed to kill them. Two days before, a rebel chief had been there recruiting for his army by preaching the new fanatical faith; the *Hau-hau* standard had been reared near the church, with the device of a letter of the Hebrew alphabet emblazoned upon it; the missionaries had been spoken of bitterly, and the fanatics in their mad joy had promised themselves to cut off Mr. Volkner's head and send it as a trophy to Zerubbabel, the great prophet of the new faith. An ex-Maori policeman greatly excited the people by an address and the exhibition of a soldier's head which was said to speak at sunset. He denounced Christianity, and spoke with asperity of the missionaries as having robbed them of their lands by a system of lying.

On the Sunday a dance round the worship post was kept up, and a gibberish was muttered, said to be the speech of the *Hau-hau* god. Mr. Volkner's house was entered, and his goods spoiled, while the people were in a delirium of excitement, and the impostor swept clean the fruits of many years of missionary toil in his visit of a few days; Bibles and prayer-books were torn up, and the Christian catechist left in charge was the first to adhere to the new doctrine of devils. The missionaries were warned too late; natives crowded the beach, as they landed in a whirl of savage joy, and women danced with hideous gestures. The crew of the schooner, together with

the missionaries, were imprisoned in a *whare* with a guard of twenty armed men over them, although two Jews were set at liberty, and were reassured by the *Hau-haus* that, being of the same religion, they had nothing to fear.

Mr. Volkner prepared to meet his fate with Christian fortitude. "We must put our trust in God," he said, in the great extremity. In the morning he was summoned to a meeting; on the way he was informed that he was about to die, and without a murmur he went to his fate, only asking permission to kneel down and pray. They stripped him and bandaged his eyes, and hoisted him up to a high branch of a tall willow tree by a block and tackle brought from the schooner for the purpose, while he warned his murderers of the great crime they were committing, expressed his own forgiveness, shook hands frankly with them, and then bravely and calmly resigned himself into their hands. Noble, simple, guileless, and inoffensive, this true servant of the Lord died with his Lord's prayer on his lips—"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." The savages were surprised to see tears in his eyes. For an hour and a half his body was left dangling in mid-air amidst the derisive shouts of the fanatics, and life was not extinct when it was then conveyed into the church. Harrowing details were reported of its being maimed so that the natives, formed in line, might all taste the flowing blood, the women fighting like tigers over it, the *Hau-hau* priest, instigator of the crime, scooping out and swallowing the eyes, and the mutilated corpse being finally thrown to the snarling dogs to finish the work of their inhuman masters. The other prisoners were set at liberty, with the exception of Mr. Grace, the missionary.

THE REV. C. S. VOLKNER.

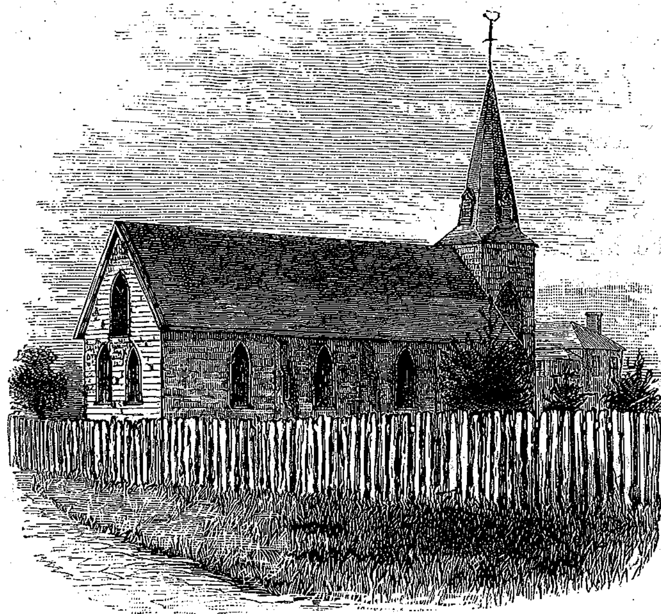
The great *Hau-hau* chief returned next day and summoned all Europeans to meet him in the church. He censured his followers for their deed, and agreed to release Mr. Grace, on condition that a brother rebel chief, taken captive by the English, should be restored. The remains of Mr. Volkner's body were decently interred.

In a fortnight, Bishop Selwyn arrived in H.M.S. *Eclipse.* Having heard of the missionary's death, and being anxious to release Mr. Grace, he sent a Jew in search of two natives known to be friendly; but, when these could not be found, "Jump in," cried the Jew to Mr. Grace, as his men pushed off the boat; and the sailors pulling for their lives with the tide in their favour, he was soon on board the *Eclipse.* Women had shouted the alarm, and armed men were quickly on the beach, but too late. A ringing cheer greeted Mr. Grace from the British ship of war as he stepped on board, thus rescued perhaps from sharing, after all, the fate of his missionary brother Carl Volkner.

Not only in the return to gross superstitions and reckless crimes did the apostasy reveal itself, but also in the general disregard of religion on the part of those who were too enlightened to be the victims of the *Hau-hau* delusion. Many a missionary's

counsels were spurned by those who, before this, received them. But the dark cloud had its silver lining, and those who maintained their steadfastness proved the reality of their faith under the most trying circumstances. It is recorded that no *ordained* native clergyman fell in his allegiance, either to the Queen or to the great Head of the Church. The new religion spread rapidly, however, throughout every part of the Islands, as the adopted creed of the rebellion. Partisans went everywhere working miracles, speaking in unknown tongues, practising cannibal and other barbarous rites, and predicting boastfully the driving of the foreigner into the sea.

Thus the apostasy of the Maori race from the Christian faith was as rapid as its conversion. Like the gourd of the prophet, growing up one day and perishing the next, so the falling away of quickly converted believers was a result which might have been anticipated. Moral, as well as material progress, to be durable must be slow. The unstable character of the people may in part account for its declension. The want of a thorough spiritual regeneration in the vine which the mission planted, may have been another cause. And had not the iron heel of war crushed all good feeling in the show of its injustice, the noxious weeds of ancient superstition might have been more effectually choked by the Maori assimilation of the better religion and civilisation of their neighbours.



CHURCH BUILT BY VOLKNER AT OPOTIKI.

Henry Williams died in 1867, during the progress of the war. He had been a leading instrument in gaining New Zealand for England and for Christ, but his life had been far from tranquil. The lamentable disputes which arose as to the purchases of land by missionaries—a perplexing contest fifty years ago, and rendered still more intricate by the lapse of time—circled for the most part round the Archdeacon. The Church Mission Society resolved that he was in the wrong after Wakefield's abuse of his land purchases, and the Bishop requested him to give way; but his character being at stake, he preferred to disregard his superior rather than acknowledge himself in the wrong; he was deemed recalcitrant, and dismissed from the Society in 1850. Not as a wrongdoer, but as a wronged man, he had the sympathy of all who knew him and the facts of the case, and when he left his mission work which he had cradled at Paihia, and took his congregation to a barn, he had the tearful sympathy of both whites and blacks.

Bishop Selwyn desired his re-instatement, and the violent measure of his dismissal was cancelled.

Williams, the victor-victim of the early land-struggles, lived to see war breaking out continually to settle the grievances. He saw Maori atrocities, such as have been just described, revived in the grim spectre of *Hau-hauism*, stalking through the land. He saw his brother made Bishop of Waiapu at Selwyn's expense, and he could write of that brother, "I cannot pretend to equal his piety or maturity of wisdom." Thereafter the *Hau-haus* drove forth the Bishop-brother to take refuge with him, and at the age of seventy-five he saw him return to his diocese. The old man grieved that he could not rush between contending combatants as of old, but he sent his sons, and one of these risked his life, after his father's example, and rode between the lines of dusky warriors.

Suddenly it was reported, "The Williams is dead!" The general on one side exclaimed, "I have killed the Williams." A truce, not formal, but felt, was made; Maoris left the battlefield to act as mourners. Their chief, filled with remorse, vowed he would fight no more; peace was proclaimed; a chief, issuing from the hostile *pah* bearing a white flag, read from the New Testament to his foes, "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God." The chiefs of one party spent the night in the *pah* of their adversaries. Altogether the funeral sermon thus preached was one of the most telling testimonies to the life of influence for good, treasured to the last in the hearts of all Maoris alike, of that noble missionary "the Williams."

They determined to build a memorial to their deceased friend (at seven places he had himself originated church endowments), so a church at Paka-raka was opened to his memory in 1873 by the Bishop of Auckland. In 1876 a stone cross was unveiled at Paihia by a Maori clergyman, and the inscription ran:—"A monument to the Williams. A token of love to him from the Maori Church. He was a father indeed to all the tribes; a man brave to make peace in the Maori wars. For fifty-four years he sowed the glad tidings in this island. He came to us in the year 1823. He was taken from us in the year 1867."

CHAPTER LXX.

NEW ZEALAND CHRISTIANITY OF TO-DAY.

The Good and Bad of a Colony—A New Zealand Poem—Religious Fraternity—Sects and Parties—Requisites for Clerical Work in the Colony—Things to put up with—Native Martyrs—Opening of the Cathedral at Christchurch—The Temperance Movement—The Salvation Army—Gum-diggers—The Bible and Gunpowder—Whisky and the Blue Ribbon—Fanaticism—Anniversary of Marsden's Death—Decline of the Maori—The Fatal Foot of the White Man.

AS in the earliest days of the settlement, so now, the best and worst elements of English life wend their way out to the colonies. Ne'er-do-weel youths are sent there to be better off, on the principle that they will be farther off; and they generally go from bad to worse in idleness and drink, so that the "rather fast" sons of good families, who have received a liberal education, drift into disreputable courses and disappear in rags, no one knows where and no one cares to know. Not unfrequently such "cadets" as are sent out to New Zealand farmers are most unfit for the life and work of the emigrant, and as often they are sent to the most unfit persons in a social, moral and religious point of view, so that the sums paid by their parents and guardians for their training, or, as in most cases, for their being got rid of, become a premium for the further demoralisation and complete ruin of their wards. And what they are at home they remain beyond the seas; only the tendency is that, loosened from moral restraints, they soon spend their all in riotous living. Hence the missionary character of the New Zealand Church requires to be maintained, in view of the constantly increasing white population, as much as ever it did. On the other hand, there is a high standard of education and proficiency in technical studies, and the spread of knowledge is general. The first university that granted the degree of B.A. to a woman was that of New Zealand, the first recipient being Miss K. M. Edger, daughter of a colonist minister, who took her diploma at Auckland in 1877. In such a land of romantic wonders poetry is indigenous, and the new race is just catching its genius from the lingering *atua* of the sons of the soil, in strains rich in promise, like the following profoundly religious sonnet, which, indeed, is worthy a master-hand:—

> "A simple lark—this is a fable new—
> That perched each morn upon a golden ray,
> Up where the lashes of the eye of day
> Sweep all night's lesser jewels out of view,
> Beheld a lovely idol's shrine, and flew
> Down earthwards, to that form of painted clay,
> And warbled there his sweetest, purest lay,
> Thinking his song might it with life imbue.
> He sang to it God's royal anthem—Love.
> At Eden's windows he had caught the strain—
> His lay the soulless image could not move.
> His melodies were warbled all in vain;
> He turned away and tried to soar above,
> But never reached his morning perch again." *

The Christianity of to-day in New Zealand is represented by as many denominational

* Thomas Bracken: "Lays of the Land of the Maori and the Moa."

sections of the Church as in the mother-country, and the places of worship which adorn the large centres would do no discredit to cities at home. A spirit of more cheerful fraternity characterises the members of the divers sects: the pulpits of their churches and chapels being more freely and more frequently than at home occupied by other ministers than their own. Especially is this the case with Episcopalianism, which rejoices in its ignorance of the skeleton in the cupboard—disestablishment. "They will be having you up before the Primate for irregular ministrations," remarks the jocose Presbyterian to the Episcopalian brother who has officiated in his kirk, with a shortened order of evening prayer to suit worshippers unaccustomed to its forms. Even Selwyn was catholic enough to defer, in one instance, the consecration of a building until it had been hallowed by the exercises of a Wesleyan preacher: and Orangeism seems to have had its bitterness toned down by its removal to the Antipodes; while an Irish Presbyterian loses none of his staunchness by becoming the host, where there is no other, of a bishop, during his lordship's visitation of a benighted region. No heartburning has been occasioned by the exclusive rights of Churchmen in their own cemeteries, permission being freely given to Nonconformists to bury their dead in these in districts where they have no burial-ground of their own. The fraternal spirit thus encouraged is of paramount importance, as a blessed exhibition of "how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity;" and it is a regrettable circumstance that addresses on religious subjects, which it is now the fashion for public men visiting the colonies from England frequently to give, should unfortunately tend to proselytising, and so to the disintegration of the common brotherhood of all who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and truth, by fomenting the divisions of Christians.

"Church" development in New Zealand has progressed apace, so that the Episcopalians are numerically the strongest body: Selwyn's one Episcopal chair of 1841 having multiplied into seven sees, with their separate synodical organisations, constituting a colonial hybrid between Episcopacy and Presbytery, the whole forming the Province Ecclesiastical of New Zealand. Otago had been colonised from Glasgow by the New Zealand Company, who declared that they "intimately co-operated with the General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland:" and as a sort of opposition, Canterbury was "run" as a purely Church settlement, Bishop Selwyn resigning so much of his great see as would give validity to the erection of a new diocese. Waiapu was the first district sliced off in the Northern Island, Christchurch having been previously reared into a diocese for the Southern. Canterbury was then colonised, with the idea of keeping a distinctive and intact "little bit of hallowed ground" for the "Church" in the Middle Island, where, by an endowment of land in perpetuity, clergy were to be supported, buildings erected, and children educated; but the pious idea of a Church paradise, with none of the thistles of the curse of dissent, was too quixotic: the true ideal Churchman is not formed, any more than the true Christian, by being taken out of the world of noxious things, such as other sects, but by being left in it.

To be fit for clerical work in New Zealand, a man must be able to say: "These

hands have ministered unto my necessities," whether as an oarsman guiding his skiff through perils of waters down river rapids, through billows of surf and in stiffish gales of wind, or as his own trustee signing the contract for a new church, trusting to Providence to pay back the debt of honour. "My Lord" the Bishop, according to Mr. A. Trollope, must be as ready to knock a man down as to preach him a sermon—one

HALF-CASTE MAORI GIRLS.

who can defend the faith, like St. George, either with word or fist against all comers; the recognised colonial difference between an Englishman and a Maori being that the one is industrious with his hands, and the other with his mouth. No clergyman, it is said, need fail to find employment who comes out thus prepared; but woe betide the novice who, instead of such qualifications, packs his portmanteau with the

divine's debatable dress-coat! The minister who finds his English sphere too arduous need not have his head turned by "an eye to the colonies." To the oversight of a large parish, he may add the exceeding exertion required to work it; the long rides between services, and then in bad weather the casualty of finding no one in the church when he has reached it, dripping wet or bathed in perspiration; or as in the case of a certain bishop, after ringing the bell himself without avail, having to mount his horse and try his luck elsewhere. The congregation, when it meets, is a motley gathering, at which the olfactory nerves must not take offence. Fleets of well-filled canoes bring the people together, not, as formerly, to kill and devour one another, but to hear of peace and goodwill, and they converge from all tributary parts to the mission ground, bringing, along with their provisions, their pet dogs and pigs. Sometimes, after toiling through the tangled bush, tired and weary, the missionary comes upon a cluster of huts sequestered from the rest of the world, where may be heard the delightful sounds of worship, no Christian but their own kindred having been the means of constraining the people to bow before the living God.

For the scene has been entirely changed in Maoridom from the time of the first visit of white missionaries, when every place on which they put their foot was in danger of being *tapu'd.* Selwyn had full faith in the system of evangelisation by means of native converts visiting their heathen friends. At a great meeting of two thousand at Wanganui in 1846, two resolved to preach to a tribe then at war with their own: they were both shot by an ambushed foe, of whom they had been warned, one living just long enough to bequeath to a friend his New Testament as his most valued possession. Those two martyrs sowed, in their blood, the seed of the Native Church, of which the Rev. Rota ("Lot") Waitoa was ordained the first deacon in 1853, being the forerunner of a native ministry, who, in all the disastrous apostasy which afterwards befell the Zealandic Church, proved, to a man, singularly faithful and true. Thus the Maoris enjoy the ministrations of clergy from among themselves: and although their faith never truly recovered after the convulsion in which it was shipwrecked, the labours of the missionaries remain in many thousands of peaceful native Christians. A few more or less disaffected tribes were, until recently (1885), still led by the Maori king, Tawhiao, but they were but a small minority of the race.

Among the circumstances connected with the rebellion, it may be mentioned that the day of the opening of the Cathedral at Christchurch was one of extreme anxiety, because of the collision of the Maoris and the Government, although the Maoris acknowledged there was no collusion between the Government and the mission. The congregation were deeply affected in their response to the bishop's appeal that they—the largest congregation ever assembled in New Zealand—should "pray in silence for our Maori brethren now in great trouble and perplexity." Since then the "king" has visited England, with benefit to himself, and a more friendly feeling towards Christian missions. On his return the mission flag, with the *Rongo Pai,* "glad tidings," device emblazoned on it—the well-known emblem that floated over the early mission stations—has been again formally hoisted, with the full consent of five

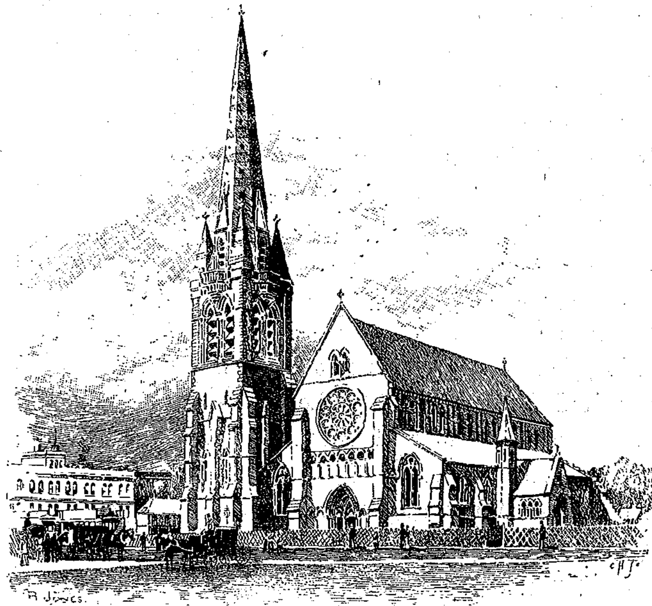
hundred natives, whose king, among other good results of his English visit, had resolved to maintain not only the Gospel, but total abstinence. Thus has the temperance movement become general all over New Zealand, and the publicans are loud in their complaints of the dulness of trade, and that the business does not pay.

Thus the once "gregarious conversion" of the people, in which tribes flocked over to a nominal Christianity, has been in latter years raised to a higher level of reality; and while in its incipient era New Zealand Christianity might be compared to a bush fire which, when once it "took," carried all before it in its burning impetuosity, it may now be compared to the cultivation of flower and fruit, beheld standing on the soil once left thus blackened and scorched. That first glorious change was blotted with tears and stained with blood in those devastating wars, wherein England gained no honour, but found only what a noble and generous foe she was bent on overwhelming. The remnant of religious faith found in the land after that, made it a case of the missionary "holding on," as Bishop Stuart said, "to a desperate cause;" but now a wonderful transformation scene has again been effected—a Maori Church supporting its native clergy out of its own contributions and voluntary endowments, and showing great zeal in planting churches. When the English were making war upon them, they subscribed £546 for the endowment of the see of Waiapu, and £500 more for its native pastorate. *No English settlement did so much.*

The Salvation Army has lately given out that New Zealand is now ready to embrace Christianity. The shiftless and demoralised population living on tourist routes, mostly described in English books, must not be confounded with the Maoris at home in districts rarely visited by travellers. The former, as on touring routes in other countries, contain degraded specimens of humanity, who prey on tourists by lying and begging; but fully three-fourths of the native race is professedly Christian, many having joined also the Blue Ribbon Army, although not a few break through, it must be confessed, at a fair or a horse-race, to attend which they go almost any distance for the sake of its gambling accompaniments, pleading the example of prominent Europeans as their guide and excuse. The roving life they lead is a main obstacle against the Christianising of such as these. Diggers for the Kauri gum, too, go far into the bush, and are absent in its unknown recesses three or four months at a time, when those properly belonging to one district are to be found in another, perhaps a hundred miles off, where they spend the major portion of the year. But however far afield they go from their own house of prayer, most of these industrious diggers rest and have service on the Lord's Day, besides holding daily morning and evening prayer. The preparation of the natives for Sunday is most scrupulous, and when a Christian pastor appears among them, such is their eagerness to hear more of the Word of Life, that these earnest hearers have been known to hide his canoe to detain him. The tourist pauperises and demoralises wherever he goes on the face of the earth, and New Zealand is no exception to that rule. Thus does England continue to supply the Maori, as she has ever done since she made his acquaintance, with the poison and the antidote, first gunpowder and the Bible, and now whiskey and the Blue Ribbon.

The Maori churches are always opened free of debt, and some have cost as much as

seven hundred pounds, a much larger sum to a Maori than to an Englishman. They have again and again shown a most Christian spirit in regard to the only *utu* (revenge) demanded for spoliation suffered in war, which was that missionaries should again come and live with them, and that churches should be built. The 12th of May, 1888, the fiftieth anniversary of Marsden's death, was held as a sacred day by the forty-seven Maori clergy then in holy orders; and marvellous as were the changes which the Apostle of New Zealand lived to see, the great work was going on under the guidance of this native ministry in quickened intensity fifty years after he was dead. In an obituary notice, the *Auckland Church Gazette* thus comments on the life of one of these Maori clergymen:—



CHRISTCHURCH CATHEDRAL.

"His influence with his own people was great, and was also exercised for good. His presence was as familiar in the home and in the native assembly as in the church, and while the progress of his ministry was marked by the number of communicants and by the number of candidates for confirmation he used to bring forward on every visit of the Bishop, it was still more so in the improvement of the lives of his people."

As in other parts of the world, the native race cannot stand in presence of its civilised brother-man. It is a revolting theory, because it ought to be disproved practically by an enlightened Christianity, but, nevertheless, the fact almost amounts to an axiomatic truth, that it must be so. Aim at a Christian civil polity as we may, the customs no less than the vices of civilised men assert an immense power towards the decay of a barbarous people as well as of their barbarism; and thus while with one hand

his English brother has ennobled the Maori, with the other he has destroyed him; Christianity has striven to say to him, Arise and go unto thy Father: Civilisation has actually said, Succumb and go to the devil. Missionaries now seeking the regeneration of the race speak altogether despairingly of its future. One of them, in language said to be none too strong, ascribes their decay to "uncleanness—inwardly and outwardly—in diet, dress, and habitation, in body and mind, in all their thoughts, words, and actions." For four centuries they multiplied, until the Pakeha set his fatal foot on their shores, and introduced alongside of his heavenly message, loathsome vices entailing disease and death. Since then they have been steadily diminishing, and soon the New Zealander, predicted by the prophet Macaulay as surveying the ruins of our modern Babylon from London Bridge, will be as impossible a personage as the extinct species of his own Moa; while the Anglo-Saxon, by a strange supernatural law, fills instead of him the gap thus created in the habitable parts of the earth.

THE MOA (DINORNIS).

XXXV.—SOUTH AMERICA.

CHAPTER LXXI.

BRAZIL AND GUIANA.

Villegagnon—Early Exploits—The Colony in Brazil—First Protestant Mission—Failure and Disaster—Henry Martyn at Bahia—The South American Mission—Clough in Amazonia—Dr. Lee and Others—Close of the Mission—Moravians in Guiana—Dähne in the Wilderness—The Church Missionary Society and the Indians.

NICHOLAS DURAND DE VILLEGAGNON, Knight of Malta, was one of the remarkable men of the sixteenth century. In his historical works and in his controversies with Calvin he displayed considerable ability, but it was as a man of action that he attained most celebrity. After serving for a time under the banner of the Order, he joined the expedition of Charles V. in Africa, and distinguished himself by single-handed deeds of prowess against the Moors. In 1548 the Queen of Scotland, a beautiful child of six, was dwelling with her playmates—the four Maries—in Dumbarton Castle. It was a moment of peril, for her kingdom was torn by faction and menaced by foreign arms. She was already promised in marriage to the Dauphin Francis, and many a French knight was eager to rescue the child-queen from the dangers that threatened her. The honour was reserved for Villegagnon. In spite of the hostile cruisers that hovered between the two countries, he brought Mary and her companions from that picturesque castle on the rock of Dumbarton in safety to Brittany.

Villegagnon was engaged for a time in fighting Turks at Tripoli and Malta, then he began to dream of founding for France a great colony in that new Western World, which was attracting to its mysterious shores so many of the more adventurous spirits of the age. Affecting a zeal for the Reformed religion, Villegagnon managed to secure the aid and support of the good Admiral Coligny, who was very anxious to secure a haven of rest for the persecuted Huguenots.

In 1555 Villegagnon, with three small vessels containing a number of soldiers, artificers, and adventurers, accomplished his long and perilous voyage to the beautiful bay now overlooked by the capital of Brazil. The island upon which he built Fort Coligny still bears Villegagnon's name. "It was upon this island," writes a traveller, "that they erected their rude place of worship, and here these French Puritans offered their prayers and sang their hymns of praise nearly three-score years and ten before a pilgrim placed his foot on Plymouth Rock, and more than half a century before the Book of Common Prayer was borne to the banks of the James River."

Villegagnon wrote to Coligny, and also to Calvin, encouraging the sending out of more colonists, and especially of a supply of godly ministers from Geneva, to spread the doctrines of the Reformed Church in the New World. This was the first call to the Protestant Churches to send labourers into the vast foreign mission-field. Rome, from the first, had sought to extend the frontiers of her spiritual empire to the utmost bounds of the new territories which were being added by intrepid voyagers

SOUTH AMERICA.

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

*S. A.	The South American Missionary Society.
*S. P. G.	The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel.
L. M. S.	The London Missionary Society.
Bapt.	The Baptist Missionary Society.
W. I. Wes.	West Indies Wesleyan Methodist Conference.
Un. Presb.	United Presbyterian Church Mission (Scotland).
Morav.	Moravian Missionary Society.
Can. Presb.	Canadian Presbyterian Church Missions.
Am. Meth. Epis.	American Methodist Episcopal Church Missionary Society.
Am. Meth. Epis. (South).	American Methodist Episcopal Church (South) Missions.
Am. Presb.	Missions of American Presbyterian Churches.
Am. Bible	American Bible Society.
Am. S. Bapt.	American Southern Baptist Convention Foreign Mission.

Stations of Missionary Societies only are marked on the Map, the work of local Churches and Societies of all denominations not being indicated.

* There are two Dioceses of the Anglican Church in South America, that of GUIANA, which takes in the whole of British Guiana, with some eighty-two places of worship and forty clergy, exclusive of lay helpers; and the Diocese of THE FALKLAND ISLES, which has episcopal jurisdiction over the rest of South America, with a staff of twenty clergy and thirty lay workers. The position of these Stations is only indicated where they are occupied by Missionaries of, or Missionaries assisted by, either of these two Societies.

ALEXANDRA COLONY.	Argentine Rep.	S. A.
ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.	—	S. A., Am. Meth. Epis., Am. Presb., Am. Bible.
ASUNCION	Paraguay	Am. Meth. Epis.
BAHIA. *See* San Salvador.		
BARACA	British Guiana	S. P. G.
BEERSHEBA	Dutch Guiana	Morav.
BERGENDAL	,, ,,	Morav.
BOGOTA	Colombia	Am. Presb.
BOTUCATU	Brazil	,, ,,
BRAZIL	—	Am. Presb., Am. S. Bapt., S. A., Am. Meth. Epis., Am. Bible.
BUENOS AYRES	Argentine Rep.	Am. Meth. Epis., Am. Presb., Am. Bible.
CABACABURI	British Guiana	S. P. G.
CACHOEIRA	Brazil	Am. Presb.
CALDAS	,,	,, ,,
CALLAO	Peru	,, ,,
CAMPANHA	Brazil	,, ,,
CAMPOS	,,	,, ,,
CANA VERDE	,,	,, ,,
CARACAS	Venezuela	,, ,,
CATHERINE SOPHIA.	Dutch Guiana	Morav.
CASTRO	Brazil	Am. Presb.
CEARA	,,	,, ,,
CHANARAL	Chili	S. A.
CHARLOTTENBURG	Dutch Guiana	Morav.
CHILI	—	Am. Presb., S A.
CHUPAT	Patagonia	S. A.
COLOMBIA	—	Am. Presb, W. I. Wes., S. P. G.
COLON	Panama	S. P. G.
CONCEPCION	Chili	Am. Presb.
CONCEPCION	Paraguay	S. A.
CONCORDIA	Argentine Rep.	S. A.
COPIAPO	Chili	Am. Presb.
CORDOVA	Argentine Rep.	S. A.
CORONEL	Chili	S. A.
CURITIBA	Brazil	Am. Presb.
DEMERARA. *See* Georgetown.		
EPIRA	British Guiana	S. P. G.
FALKLAND ISLANDS.	—	S. A.
FRAY BENTOS	Uruguay	,,
GANSEE	Dutch Guiana	Morav.
GEORGETOWN (*Demerara*)	British Guiana.	W. I. Wes., L. M. S., Can. Presb., S. P. G.
GEORGETOWN, *Neighbourhood of.*	—	Morav.
GOEJABA	Dutch Guiana	Morav.

GRENADA, *Island of*	—	S. P. G., W. I. Wes.
GUIANA, BRITISH	—	L. M. S., S. P. G., Can. Presb., W. I. Wes., Morav.
„ DUTCH. (*Surinam*)	—	Morav.
HACKNEY	British Guiana	S. P. G.
ITAPETINGA	Brazil	Am. Presb.
ITURIBISI	British Guiana	S. P. G.
KEPPEL ISLAND	Falklands	S. A.
KIBLERI	British Guiana	S. P. G.
KOFFYCAMP	Dutch Guiana	Morav.
LARANGEIAS	Brazil	Am. Presb.
LENCOES	„	„ „
LIMA	Peru	Am. Bible.
LORENA	Brazil	Am. Presb.
LOTA	Chili	S. A.
MACEIO	Brazil	Am. S. Bapt.
MAHAICA	British Guiana	W. I. Wes.
MAHAICONY	„ „	S. P. G.
MALALTY	„ „	S. P. G.
MARANHAO, S. LUIS DE	Brazil	Am. Presb.
MARIPASTOON	Dutch Guiana	Morav.
MENDOSA	Argentine Rep.	Am. Meth. Epis.
MONTE VIDEO	Uruguay	„ „ „
MURITAVO	British Guiana	S. P. G.
NEW AMSTERDAM	„ „	S. P. G.
OOSHOOIA	Tierra del Fuego	S. A.
OREALA	British Guiana	S. P. G.
PANAMA	Colombia	W. I. Wes.
PARAGUAY	—	S. A., Am. Presb.
PARAMARIBO	Dutch Guiana	Morav.
„ *Neighbourhood of* (*Six Stations*).	—	„
PARANA	Argentine Rep.	Am. Meth. Epis.
PATAGONES	„ „	S. A.
PATAGONIA	—	„
PAYSANDU	Uruguay	„
PERNAMBUCO	Brazil	S. A., Am. S. Bapt., Am. Presb.
PERU	—	Am. Presb., Am. Bible.
PETROPOLIS	Brazil	Am. Presb.
PIRACICABA	„	Am. Meth. Epis. (South).
PIRASSUNUNGA	Brazil	Am. Presb.
PORONGAS	Uruguay	Am. Meth. Epis.
PORTO ALEGRE	Brazil	„ „ „
PORT OF SPAIN	Trinidad	W. I. Wes., Bapt., Un. Presb.
QUINO	Chili	S. A.
RIACHO FERNANDEZ	Argentine Rep.	„
RIO CLARO	Brazil	Am. Presb.
RIO DE JANEIRO	„	S. A., Am. Meth. Epis. (South), Am. S. Bapt., Am. Presb., Am. Bible.
RIO NOVO	„	Am. Presb.
ROSARIO	Argentine Rep.	S. A., Am. Meth. Epis.
RUSTENWERK	Dutch Guiana	Morav.
SALEM	„ „	„
SALTO	Uruguay	S. A.
SAN FERNANDO	Trinidad	Bapt., W. I. Wes., Un. Presb., Can. Presb.
SAN FRUCTUOSO	Uruguay	Am. Meth. Epis.
SAN PAULO	Brazil	S. A., Am. Meth. Epis. (South), Am. Presb.
SAN SALVADOR (*Bahia*).	„	Am. Presb., Am. S. Bapt.
SANTIAGO	Chili	Am. Presb.
SANTOS	Brazil	Am. Presb., S. A.
SHENANBAWI	British Guiana	S. P. G.
SOROCABA	Brazil	Am. Presb.
SURINAM. *See* Dutch Guiana.		
TIERRA DEL FUEGO	—	S. A.
TOBAGO, *Island of*	—	S. P. G., W. I. Wes., Morav.
TRINIDAD, *Island of*	—	Bapt., W. I. Wes., Un. Presb., Can. Presb.
TUCUMAN	Argentine Rep.	S. A.
UBATUBA	Brazil	Am. Presb.
URUGUAY	—	Am. Presb., Am. Meth. Epis., S. A.
VALPARAISO	Chili	Am. Presb.
VENEZUELA	—	Am. Bible.
WARAMURI	British Guiana	S. P. G.
WATERLOO	Dutch Guiana	Morav.
WOLLASTON ISLAND	Tierra del Fuego	S. A.

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

W. & A.K. Johnston, Edinburgh & London.

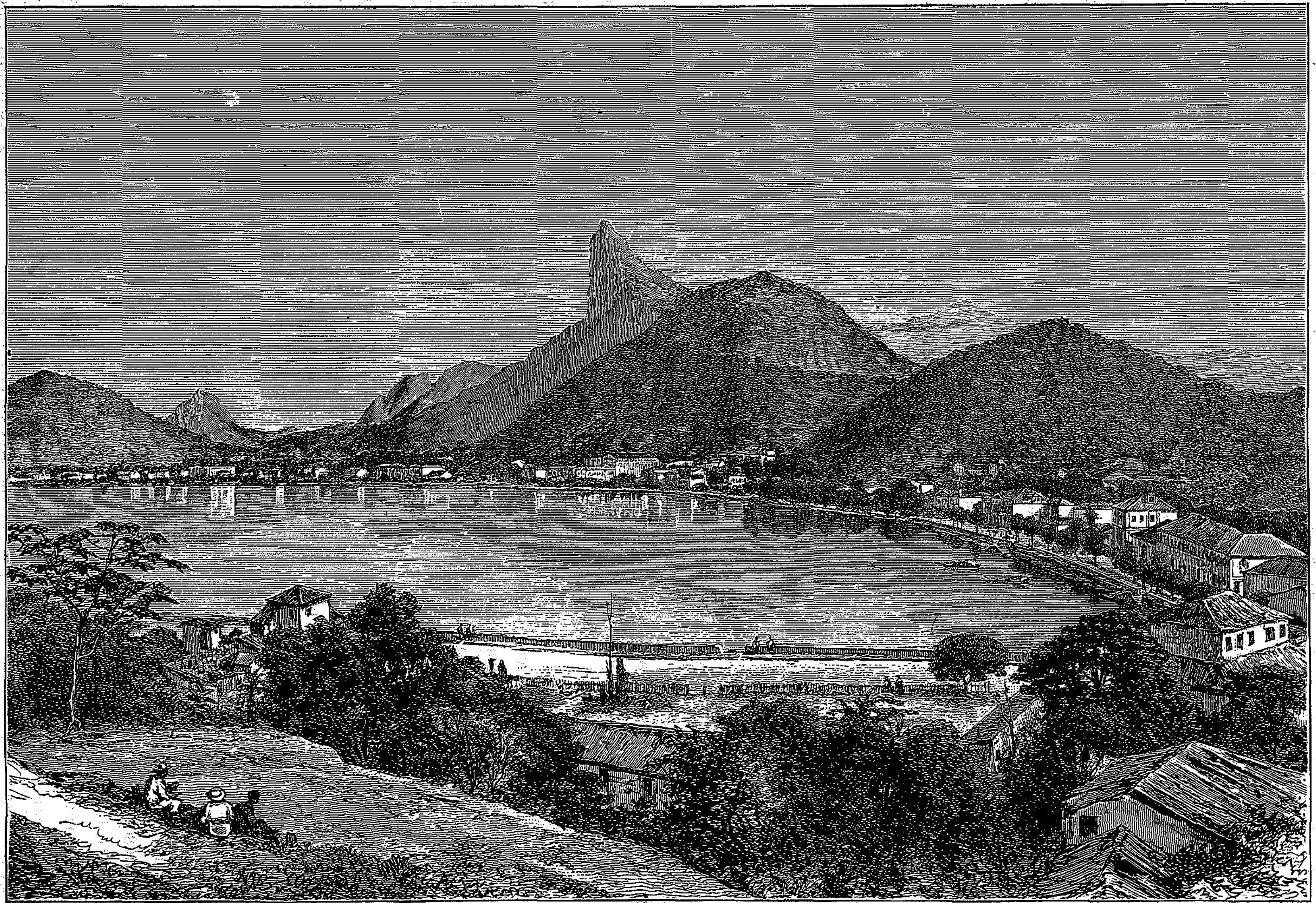
to the dominions of earthly monarchs. In every fleet her missionaries had accompanied the bold explorers, and as new regions upon the African coast, in Southern India, or in the Western hemisphere, were taken possession of in the name of European kings, priests and friars planted there the standard of the Cross, and set to work to transform the pagan savages into obedient children of the Church. The story of their trials and triumphs, their bitter intolerance and tortuous policy, their arduous toil, their privations and cruel sufferings, their martyrdoms by sword and fire and cross, is a history of great interest and importance, but cannot, of course, be more than alluded to in our present work, which deals with *Protestant* Missions. But in chronicling the first attempt of the Protestant minister to carry the Gospel message beyond the seas, this word of recognition is due to the devoted emissaries of the ancient Church of Rome.

The invitation received from Villegagnon to make his new colony a centre for Protestant missionary effort in South America, was cordially responded to in the city where Calvin and Farel and Theodore de Beza were still watching over the spreading of the Reformed doctrines in Europe. Two divines of experience, Philip Corguilleray and Peter Richer, with twelve students, were deputed to set out forthwith. They journeyed by way of France, where their Protestant brethren were still a persecuted and proscribed people, many of whom, encouraged by Coligny, resolved to accompany the ministers to the promised asylum in the New World. They got on board their three ships at Harfleur, after an encounter with the Papist population of the town. A long and stormy voyage succeeded, and on landing they had a contest with Portuguese Papists before they could reach the headquarters of their countrymen. Villegagnon cordially welcomed the newcomers, and set them to work at completing his fort, but it was not long before the hard work and the hard fare caused many of the colonists to regret that they had ever left the shores of France.

Meanwhile the missionaries from Geneva, besides attending to the spiritual needs of the settlement, endeavoured to preach the Gospel to the natives, but, being utterly ignorant of the language, could only communicate with them through interpreters. The savages are reported to have expressed great astonishment at the religious principles sought to be inculcated. Some promised to become worshippers of the true God, but the means of communication were so imperfect that it is very doubtful how much they understood of what they heard, or to what degree it really impressed them.

Villegagnon soon showed himself a mere time-serving adventurer, who had probably only affected a conformity with the Reformed religion for the sake of Coligny's aid and influence. He began persecuting the Protestants, and finally drove them out of the fort, ministers and all, into the open country. Ultimately he allowed them to return to France; but he also sent a sealed packet of letters by the captain. One of these was a formal process against the returned colonists, with orders to the magistrates of the port they should land at to burn them all as heretics.

Storm and disaster attended their homeward passage. The ship leaked so much that constant labour was required to keep it from sinking. They were not many leagues from the shore when provisions ran short, and several of the company had



RIO DE JANEIRO, THE CAPITAL OF BRAZIL.

to be landed at the nearest point. Amongst these were three of the Geneva missionaries, Bourdon, Bordel, and Verneuil, two of whom, by Villegagnon's orders, were subsequently thrown into the sea and drowned.

Meanwhile, the leaky vessel, only kept from going to the bottom by incessant pumping, was driven about by storms for weeks together. It was the carpenter who, by his constant skilful repairs, really saved the vessel, once having to stem the water by treading his coat into a hole whilst he prepared a board to cover the aperture. Another time some powder caught fire, and four men (as well as sails and cordage) were burnt; one of the sufferers died a few days afterwards. As month after month of the long voyage passed by, it became evident that they were all in real danger of death by famine. The monkeys and parrots they were taking home as curiosities were soon disposed of. They were glad to eat a black bitter pottage made of the very sweepings of the store-room, and containing more dirt than food. The rats and mice, themselves enfeebled by famine, were easily caught and devoured. The coverings of their trunks, the leather of their shoes, and even the horn of the ship's lanthorns, were eaten. At last there was nothing left but Brazil-wood, one of the driest of all woods. By gnawing this they strove to stay the pangs of hunger. "Alas! my friend," said Peter Corguilleray to his friend Levy, as they were struggling with the hard Brazil-wood, "I have 4,000 livres due to me in France; yet I would gladly give a discharge for the whole for a glass of wine and a pennyworth of bread." Near them lay Peter Richer in his little berth, so prostrate with weakness that he could not raise his head, and constantly engaged in prayer.

Five or six died of starvation before the five months' voyage ended, and they sighted the coast of Brittany just as the captain had decided to kill a passenger for food on the following day. They landed near Hennebont, and were tenderly cared for by the inhabitants, who commiserated their sad sufferings. The magistrates of the place were favourable to the Reformed faith; they treated Villegagnon's process with contempt, and kindly helped the refugees to return to their homes.

So ended the first Protestant attempt to carry the Gospel message to the American shores. Villegagnon's colony was in all respects a failure, and a few years afterwards the Portuguese seized the settlement, and reared beside the beautiful bay the city of St. Sebastian, afterwards known as Rio de Janeiro. Its foundations were stained with the innocent blood of the learned John Boles, who had fled from Villegagnon's persecution only to languish for eight years in a Jesuit dungeon, and then to wear the crown of martyrdom, whilst Anchieta, so renowned for his holiness and zeal, stood by and prompted the bungling executioner. Villegagnon returned to France and engaged in fierce controversy with Calvin. But the Catholics suspected him of heresy, and the Protestants regarded him as an apostate and a traitor; and his career practically closed some years before his death in 1571. By the Huguenots he was long spoken of as "*Le Caïn d'Amérique.*"

For three hundred years Brazil, and indeed most of South America, saw no missionary efforts, except on the part of the Roman Catholic priests. In 1805 the vessel that was carrying Henry Martyn to India touched at Bahia. The ardent young

soldier of the Cross landed, and ascended to the battery tnat overlooks the beautiful Bay of All Saints. Amidst that charming scenery his heart was burdened, and he sought relief in prayer. There riding at anchor was the ship that was to carry him to his distant field of service; there, close beside him, lay outspread the city of Bahia or San Salvador—teeming with churches, swarming with priests, but with tokens of unbelief or blind superstition on every side. As he gazed upon the scene, he repeated the hymn—

> "O'er the gloomy hills of darkness
> Look, my soul! be still, and gaze."

Before resuming his voyage he found opportunities to enter the monasteries, Vulgate in hand, and reason with the priests out of the Scriptures. Were he to look upon that prospect from the battery now, he would see a Protestant place of worship amongst the rest. The agents of the Bible Society, and some others, have, in a quiet way, during the present century done what they could in Bahia and some other South American cities.

The Patagonian Mission, of which the touching story is narrated in another chapter of the present work, developed, after the lamented death of the sainted Allen Gardiner, into the South American Mission Society. The agents of this society have in various cities or towns of Peru, Chili, Brazil, and other South American countries, carried on their threefold work—missionary to the heathen, ministerial to our fellow-countrymen, and evangelistic amongst the Spanish and Portuguese, and the seamen of various nations.

About the year 1872 the attention of the Society was forcibly attracted to the vast regions watered by the mighty Amazon and its two hundred tributaries. In September, 1866, there had been a grand ceremony at Para to celebrate the opening of the river to the merchant shipping of all nations. For two thousand eight hundred miles, steamers of various draught successively carry passengers into regions where native tribes still dwell on their ancestral lands. Many of these tribes have long had Romish missionaries settled amongst them, teaching them agriculture and civilisation. Other tribes still remain in their original paganism, and it was felt that here was an opportunity for Gospel labour without interfering with the vested interests of the priests.

An interesting volume published by the Society, and entitled, "The Amazons," contains the diary of a twelvemonth's pioneer journey by Mr. R. S. Clough in these regions. From Para up to Santarem, and thence onward amongst wild tropical scenery, and encountering all sorts of tropical experiences, Mr. Clough journeyed, till he came to the region where the Indians form the great bulk of the population. Upon the banks of the Purus River alone there are thirty-two tribes whose barbarous names are known, but there are rumours of many more of whom even the adventurous half-breed trader knows nothing except by hearsay. Finding it impossible to get a true idea of Indian life and character by rapid transit through the country, Mr. Clough for six months made Pebas his head-quarters. The missionary lodged at the best house in the town. It was mud-built, and thatched with palm, with a

three-feet space left for ventilating purposes between walls and roof. The floor was of earth. Domestic duties were performed by an ugly woman, who leered with ghastly delight at the remembrance of cannibal repasts in her youth, and a girl of ten, whose head was ridged from forehead to neck through having been flattened with boards in infancy to get it into shape. Though timid and gentle, she was exceedingly monkey-like, and picked up a coin with her toes as easily as other people with their fingers.

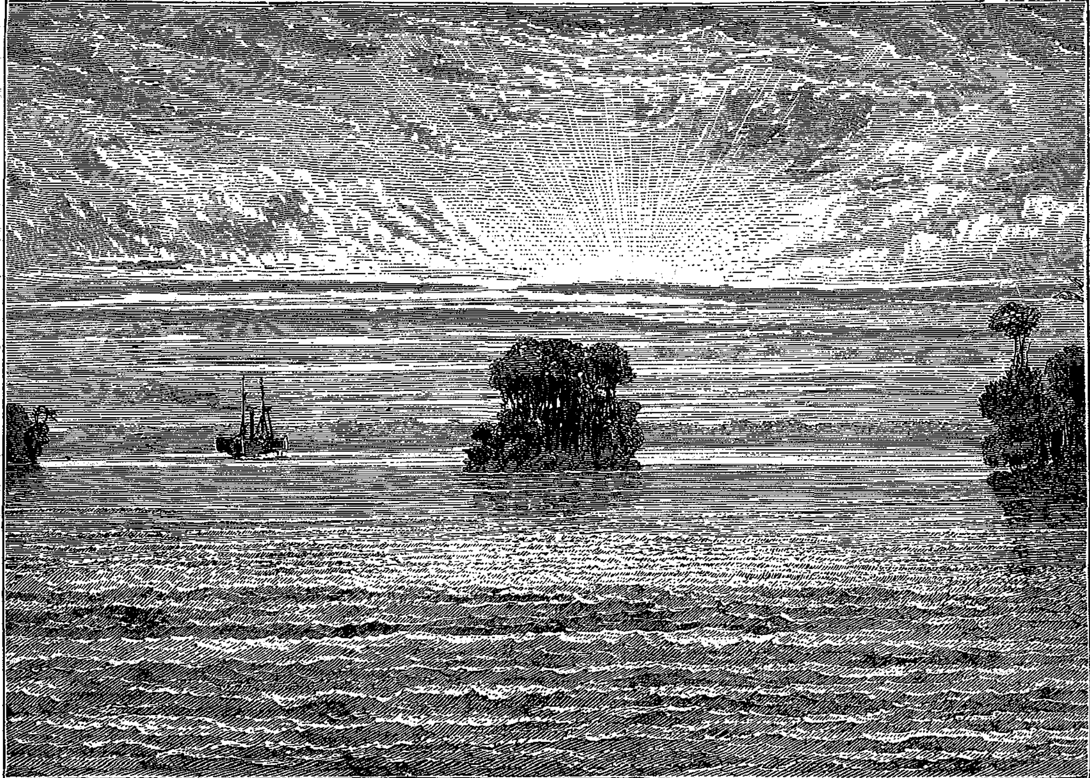
Friendly relations with the Indians were soon established, and many curious incidents occurred. There was a scene of amazement when some young men were induced to look through a field-glass. They evidently thought it a piece of witch-craft. One day, when a party of Yáquas were about to have a smoke, Clough ignited the tobacco in a pipe-bowl with a magnifying-glass. The Indians looked at each other in blank astonishment; all had a puff at that pipe—even the baby was made to put his little lips to it. This experiment was always a success; one old chief lay on the ground, with his face upward, to watch carefully how the fire was pulled out of the sun, but he declared that Mr. Clough was too quick for him.

Clough often threaded the forest paths till they brought him to Indian villages. The small houses were like bee-hives, the larger of an oval shape; the walls, consisting of tough sticks tied with vegetable twine, supported a high-pitched palm-leaf roof. One oval hut was seventy-four feet long by twenty-six broad, and was the abode of several families. No furniture was visible but the hammocks stretched from centre poles to the sides, and some fibre mats spread on the muddy floor round three distinct fires, which were filling the place with smoke. On the faces of the women and girls sitting on the mats a settled gloom rested. Ever and anon one of them slapped a mosquito on her leg or arm, or on her neighbour's back. All looked far more haggard and weary than when they would come freshly painted to the town. Home-life was evidently a very melancholy affair in this establishment, though there was no lack of food, for plaintains, fish, and flour were to be seen in plenty, and a good stock of bows and arrows, harpoons and spears. Outside were pots and pans, and numerous shells of the turtles which provide the staple article of diet in these regions.

No priest ever visits these huts, but once a year a *padre* comes to Pebas, and for several days religious ceremonies, attended with a considerable amount of dancing, eating and drinking, are kept up. There is an open barn in the town, with an altar at one end of it, and here some zealously disposed persons place an image of the Virgin with a light burning before it from Saturday evening till Monday, so that, though there is no public service, the faithful can pass any portion of Sunday in adoration.

Mr. Clough found Indians living to a great age; their tranquil life in these regions does not wear them out rapidly. When young, they are handsome, but want of exercise spoils their outlines as they grow older. Extreme old age is not, however, encouraged; one couple living in the woods had been turned out by their family at

seventy, as too old to live. But they set to work, cleared a bit of land, built a hut and canoe, cultivated corn, cane, and tobacco, and jogged on comfortably together for another twenty years. "They *loved* each other, there could be no mistake about it, and they were inseparable, the husband never stirring from the door without his wife or the wife without her husband." The man told Clough he trusted in the Mother of our Lord for salvation; he knew nothing of Christ, except that He was the Son of Maria Santissima.

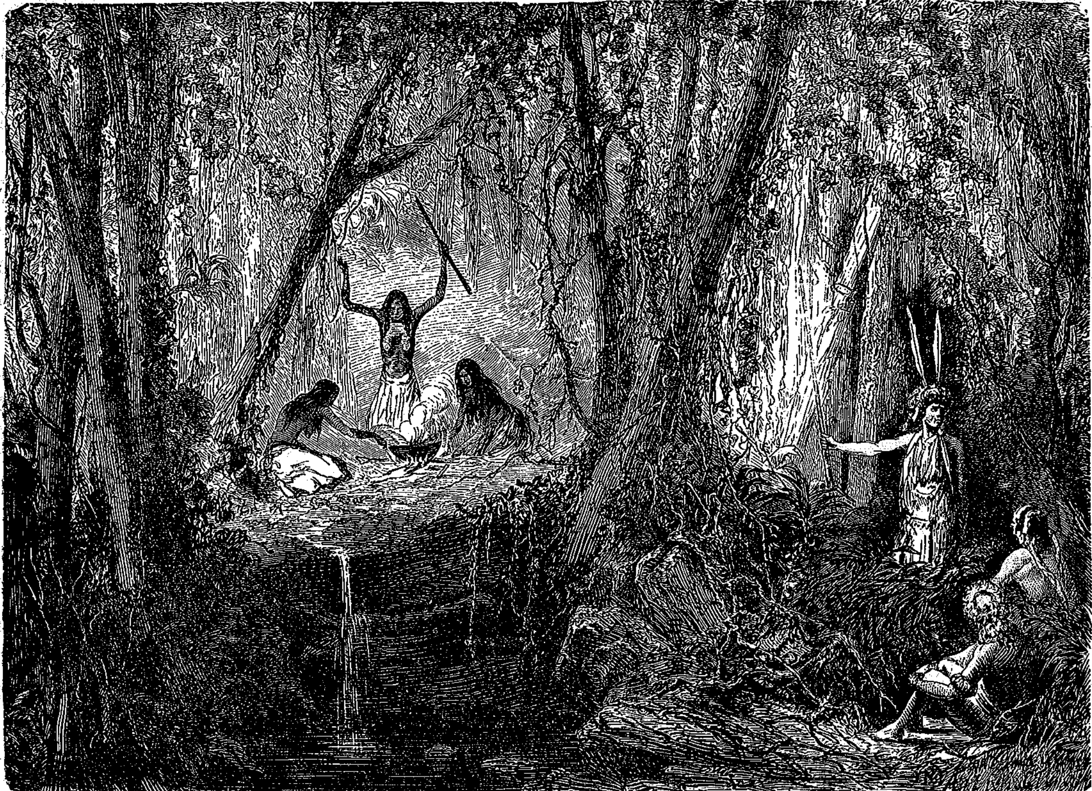


ON THE AMAZON.

As amongst Indians of other regions, an appointed ordeal has to be passed through before a youth can claim the rights of manhood. "When the day arrives, amid the crash of drums, the young man steps boldly into a circle, and thrusts his arm beyond his elbow into a gourd filled with hornets, wasps, and tucandera ants (one sting or the last-named insect being enough to make a strong man almost faint). How eagerly his face is scanned by the assembly! No cry of pain escapes between his clenched teeth, and blood might spurt from his pores before the gallant youth would show the white feather. The spectators do not delight in inflicting agony: they rejoice in seeing it bravely endured, and another worthy addition made to their band of warriors. When the arm is withdrawn at the medicine-man's signal, a huge bowl of intoxicating liquor is handed to him to drink, and partly to pour upon the ground

as a libation, after which he is welcomed. Sometimes he falls and swoons with excruciating pain; the women then nurse him, bring him round, and his mother unites her voice with theirs in chanting over his senseless form: 'His heart is brave, he knows not fear,' and so forth."

Mr. Clough tells us much more about the Amazonian Indians than we can possibly refer to here. He describes the mothers' intense love for their offspring, and yet of their readiness, out of genuine pity, to bury alive a deformed or sickly infant. Baby lies in a hammock which mother swings while she chants a soft lullaby, or



MUNDRUCU (AMAZON) INDIANS.

smokes her long red pipe. Out of doors it is carried in a net at the mother's back, till it is old enough to cling with legs and arms. Young and old leave their hammocks at sunrise, and pour water over their bodies with cucas at the brink of the nearest stream. To procure and prepare food, and be constantly on the alert against mosquitoes, venomous reptiles, scorpions, centipedes, poisonous ants, and so forth, make up the duties of an ordinary day, and at sunset the hammocks are once more tenanted, and the village is hushed in slumber.

From Pebas Mr. Clough made explorations much further west, and met numerous other tribes of Indians, amongst them the fierce Angutéros, said to be in the habit of attacking and murdering traders when they get the chance. In this region (as

among the Mundrucus and some other Amazonian tribes) smoked human heads are often seen. "I saw one," says Mr. Clough, "in admirable preservation, though it had been reduced to the size of my two fists. The hair was very long and thick; colour of skin resembled tanned leather, and splints had been thrust through the upper and nether lip and tied, 'to prevent the head from telling tales.'" These horrors used to find a market as Indian curios, till the Government wisely prohibited their sale.

Many of the Indian tribes, as we have said, are nominally Roman Catholics; and a civilising influence has, to a certain extent, become apparent, but the grossest ignorance of religion is also shown by the nominal converts. In one western forest our author came upon a hut with a cross twenty feet high in front. The owner had dyed his hands and feet black, and the rest of his body was dyed with ochote. He and his squaw knew nothing of Christianity, but had been baptised, and when from home wore clothes. "We would have dressed had we known you were coming, but you have taken us by surprise. We do not wear clothes when alone; they are uncomfortable." Presently the man appeared in a pair of trousers, and his wife was dressed for company in a narrow blue skirt. They were nice people, with well-behaved children and were glad to feast Mr. Clough on roasted yuca and broiled fish. Amongst the tribes bearing a bad name are the Cashébos, Péros and Stébos, and also the Campas who are undoubted cannibals.

A curious peep at Indian life is afforded by the story told by a small Cashébo boy to Mr. Clough. This boy had been baptised and taught Spanish. He said in reply to questions:—"We did not wear clothes; never saw clothes till I was captured. My father and uncle used to hunt and fish, my mother and aunts grew corn and manioc. I never was badly treated. We never killed anybody, but my father would kill Conibo men, women, and children, if he had a chance. He used to show us how to shoot men with the arrow. He used to shoot at a target, and call it a Conibo. We believed in a good and a bad spirit. We thought we should go to a beautiful country after death, where there would be no enemies, and we should be able to catch turtles whenever we wanted them, and shoot monkeys without trouble. Sometimes my mother would cry, and say she wanted to go to the spirit-world to be at rest; she lived in fear of enemies; we always were listening. One day we saw a canoe enter our lake, but as it departed without approaching us we thought no one had seen us. Mother, however, was very anxious, and every now and then would jump and start. Three nights afterwards, when we were all asleep, the house was suddenly entered, and my father, mother, uncles and aunts, all run through with spears. Yes, I was very sorry, and wanted to be killed, but my cousins and self were enslaved by the Conibos, and from them I was purchased for some goods. I am happy now. Sometimes I see in my dreams all that happened on that dreadful night. No, I do not want to go back again; I am happy here. I can croak like a frog!" and then a variety of croaks were emitted. Mr. Clough says, "He was a wonderful child for his age; he could say the first two lines of the Lord's Prayer, count twenty, and stand on his head alone."

After traversing three thousand miles of riverage, and closely observing the

inhabitants of these interminable forest regions, Mr. Clough returned to report that there was a vast field ripe for missionary enterprise. "I had seen the wild Red man in his native solitudes, and found him oftentimes so low in point of knowledge, though not lacking latent intelligence, that he was nothing more nor less than a giant baby. I had found him a stolid though earnest listener, and believed the Gospel would be to him what it is to all who believe it—the power of God unto salvation."

The Rev. Dr. Lee was sent out to organise and conduct the mission, with Messrs. Clough and Resyek-Polack as lay evangelists. Dr. Lee went a thousand miles up the Purus River to search for a suitable place, but found the Indians of the Upper Purus scattered so far apart as to make any settled work amongst them impracticable. After their protracted inquiries in these regions, Dr. Lee and Mr. Resyek-Polack were returning to Santarem on the Amazon, where Mr. Clough was at work, when a lamentable accident occurred. The little steamer *Colibri* was deeply laden with india-rubber, besides the crew and passengers with their luggage, so that the gunwales were only ten inches above water. On Sunday evening, October 11th, the boat was fastened as usual by a rope to the shore for the night; most of the crew and passengers, as on other occasions, took their hammocks and mosquito-nets ashore. Unfortunately (reports Mr. Polack), Dr. Lee on this night remained on board to sleep; he never used a mosquito-net, but simply covered his face with a thin white gauze, and his whole body with his blanket. He turned into the captain's hammock, which was fastened at the prow under the *toldo*, or fine awning; and near the little cabin lay aft the fireman, an able-bodied negro, the property of the captain; on the toldo were three boys; altogether there were five persons on board. There were no wind, and no rain, and no current where the boat was. About one a.m., while Mr. Polack was in his hammock ashore sleeping, the dead silence of the night was suddenly interrupted by a faint voice calling out to the captain, "Commandante, a lancha està no fundo!" ("the boat has gone down!") All started from their hammocks and hurried to the shore. Mr. Polack called vigorously, "Dr. Lee!" but received no reply. The three boys on the toldo escaped and swam to shore; Dr. Lee and the fireman were lost. Afterwards, when the boat was recovered, it was found that the fireman had neglected to close the lower cock. The water thus gradually filled the vessel, and when it had reached a certain height the little iron-built *Colibri* sank like a stone. The body was recovered a day or two afterwards; a grave was dug for it by some of the people, who quietly listened, though they understood not, whilst Mr. Polack read the burial service over his dead comrade, so lately full of hope and energy.

Messrs. Clough and Polack dwelt for a considerable time amongst the Hypurina Indians, near Terruhan on the Purus. They were a fine handsome race, and the men painted their bodies with tasteful designs in black on a scarlet ground. They were very friendly, and often came in parties of a dozen or more at a time in a bark canoe to stay a few hours with the missionaries. "One evening," says Clough "a couple of young men exhibited their method of warfare. Selecting the stump of a tree for their supposed enemy, they retired some distance, halted, turned round, and

pretended to apprehend the proximity of danger. The Indian nearest me dropped upon the ground, to which he placed his ear, listened a few moments, and then fitting an arrow to a bow, stealthily crawled upon his hands and knees. So thoroughly did he enter into the spirit of his occupation, that the most consummate actor could not have given truer facial expression of hatred, cunning, and thirst for blood. His savage nature seemed stirred to its lowest depths; his eyes glared green with fury; his unkempt jetty locks crested like a lion's mane; and every attitude betokened the warrior bent on slaughter. Springing to his feet, he discovered himself by yelling at the pitch of his voice, 'Hy-pu-ri-na! Hy-pu-ri-na!' meanwhile brandishing his bow and arrows, and apparently cursing his enemy as sincerely as the giant

SANTAREM, ON THE AMAZON.

Philistine 'cursed David by his gods.' As arrows were supposed to be shot at him, he leaped from side to side under cover, uttering cries of derision, now stooping and contracting his body into the smallest compass, and again exposing his splendid frame as if courting danger. At the proper time he delivered three arrows as rapidly as a Snider can be discharged, and with such tremendous force that they sank deeply into the wood; had they struck a man, they would have completely traversed his body. His antagonist now mortally wounded, he rushed upon him, and placing his foot upon his body, gave him the *coup de grâce* with a long knife of hard wood, immediately afterwards making the forest re-echo with triumphant shouts of victory."

One of the most interesting results of the first Hypurina mission was the obtaining by Mr. Polack of two boys and two girls from their parents to reside with him

and be educated. He hoped largely to expand this work as means and opportunity permitted. His most promising pupil was the lad Irimá; he soon mastered the alphabet and became able to count up to two hundred—achievements which rendered him the most learned individual of the whole Hypurina tribe. His aid in provisioning the household was invaluable, for when Mr. Polack shot a monkey, it mostly died amongst the branches, but Irimá would quickly ascend the highest tree and bring down the prize. Education could only be carried forward when there was enough food in the house to make it unnecessary to go hunting for a day or two. "Some-

HYPURINA INDIANS.

times," says Mr. Polack, "I leave the hut early in the morning, and may not return before late in the afternoon, with only two or three birds, and sometimes nothing at all." Then followed another day or two of effort till the larder was replenished, and school business would go forward. By noticing the free conversation of the children, Polack improved his knowledge of the Hypurina language, which he reduced to a grammatical form, and he compiled a vocabulary of some four thousand words.

In August, 1876, the Rev. W. T. Duke was sent out to superintend the mission, of which he fixed the head-quarters at Sao Paulo, on the Purus River. To this place also came Mr. and Mrs. Woods, to whom, as Polack was leaving for England, his young pupils were transferred. The Woods soon retired, broken down by ill-health, but Mr. Duke got some aid from a friendly adventurer, his nearest neighbour,

and set to work building a mission-house. It was tedious work, owing to the scarcity of labour, and what men could be got took their time over everything, and thought nothing of being absent a week when it suited them. Nobody seems to take work seriously in these regions. The thirteen main posts, dragged from the forest and brought by canoe to the steep river-bank, lay on the ground a fortnight before they could be raised. At last Mr. Duke, aided by his friendly neighbour and another man, got them into position. The joists were of hard andiroba wood, hewn and squared in the forest; a very durable and strong-scented wood, which even the insatiable white ants find impregnable. The walls were of cedar planks, the root of Parà red tiles, and the whole structure stood on piles which raised it five or six feet from the ground. Its erection involved a great expenditure of time and labour, but at last Mr. Duke had the pleasure of seeing this advanced post of Christianity standing complete in the midst of the tropical forest.

Mr. Polack came back on the last day of 1878, in company with Irimá, much improved and developed by a visit to England. Soon afterwards came Mr. Hugh McCaul, the catechist and engineer to the mission, bringing with him the steam-launch *Pioneer*, provided by the liberality of friends in England. By means of this launch the missionaries were able to open up communication with many tribes of Indians, endeavouring to plant the seed of the Kingdom wherever practicable. It should be borne in mind, moreover, that they did not limit their religious labours to the Indians, but wherever they found Brazilians or others willing to discourse on serious subjects, the opportunity was taken to put before their hearers the claims of Christ as the only Mediator between God and man.

Lieutenant Jones and his wife joined the mission in 1880, the latter as matron to the orphanage, in which the number of children under instruction had increased.

The care of the children, and the necessary work of house-building, land-clearing, and so forth, occupied at first all the time and energy of the brave little band located at Sao Pedro, a thousand miles from the nearest town, Manaos. In the course of 1880, however, Messrs. Polack and McCaul, and two Indian boys, set out with the *Pioneer* for a missionary journey to some of the higher tributaries of the Purus River. During this journey they saw and talked with many Indians, and Mr. Polack renewed numerous acquaintances formed when exploring with Mr. Clough a few years before. As may be supposed, he found his friends still living from hand to mouth, as poor and uncultivated as ever, and with the same aspect of calm sadness. The Pamarys of Lake Ajarahan were revisited—people who live on rafts or jangadas. A jangada is a collection of tree-trunks lashed together, sometimes moored, sometimes used for conveyance from place to place. A permanent hut on shore is never built by the Pamarys, and they say it has been so with them from time immemorial. They have a tradition that there was once a direful and universal deluge, that their ancestors escaped drowning by means of jangadas, and therefore the Pamarys always live now in readiness for any such great flood in the future. Upon the tree-trunks, floored with rough laths made from a certain straight-grained tree which splits easily, they raise one or two wigwams with pliable boughs and roofs of palm-leaf mats. A few

long poles sunk deep into the bed of the lake secure firm anchorage, and here, surrounded by his few worldly goods, the Pamary dwells, living chiefly on fish, and less annoyed than dwellers on land by the mosquitoes and other insects, which do not seem to care to come far from the thickly wooded shore.

When the steam-launch came puffing and blowing up the narrow channel that led from the river to the lake, the poor Indians took to their canoes, and hurrying to the further shore, hid themselves in the thick forest. But they soon learned better. In many places Indians who were shy at first became perfectly satisfied when Irimá told them his experience of the kindness of the missionaries, and the wonders he had seen during his visit to England. His old friends by the Chiwané River could hardly believe him when he told them he had seen water become as solid as a rock, and with people walking about on it.

The next exploratory trip in conjunction with Mr. McCaul was made by Mr. Duke. Great numbers of Indians were found to be living in the region watered by the Mamuriá and Içumiá. Up the latter river they pushed forward amongst overhanging boughs and sunken trees, till the narrowing river presented obstacles so formidable that there seemed a prospect of the *Pioneer* being left high and dry in the forest during the forthcoming dry season. The river was falling rapidly, and the return was very difficult.

The school at Sao Pedro slightly increased in numbers, but from some cause or other very little seems to have been done among the adult Indians. Before long Lieutenant and Mrs. Jones and Mr. McCaul were compelled to return to England through ill-health and other causes. In 1882 the South American Missionary Society had to come to the conclusion as regards the Amazon Mission that "the lack of men fitted for the peculiar work, the trying climate, the great distance from the sea, and from any civilised centre, and above all, the difficulty of supervision by the bishop, appear to render the working of the mission impracticable." It was accordingly given up, and in all probability the neat mission-house stands out there in the forest, a mournful memento of an abandoned mission-field.

Side by side, between the mouths of the Orinoco and the Amazon, lie the three territories known as British, Dutch, and French Guiana. They are colonies with a motley population near the coast, and with aboriginal Indians in the interior. As regards British Guiana, all about Georgetown, the handsome capital at the mouth of the Demerara River, and along the coast on either hand and for some miles up the principal rivers, the sugar plantations are continuous. These are mainly cultivated by the negroes, who form the bulk of the population, and by immigrant labourers from India and China. Churches and chapels and schools abound in Demerara, but the story of the mission work in this district has been told in another chapter. We have now to refer to the work of faithful evangelists to the scattered tribes dwelling amongst the vast tropical forests that stretch inland beyond the narrow belt of cultivated territory.

Thousands of European adventurers perished amid these interminable forests, here

and there varied by broad savannahs or unwholesome swamps, and intersected by noble rivers and mountain ranges. For more than two centuries Christendom believed that, somewhere in these mysterious solitudes, the legendary Prince El Dorado, "the gilded," reigned in his golden city of Manoa. But, needless to say, no city of opulence and luxury has been found. The natives of Guiana are copper-coloured, long-haired barbarians, speaking various languages—remnants of the gentle Arawaks, the fierce Caribs, the Waraus, and many other tribes.

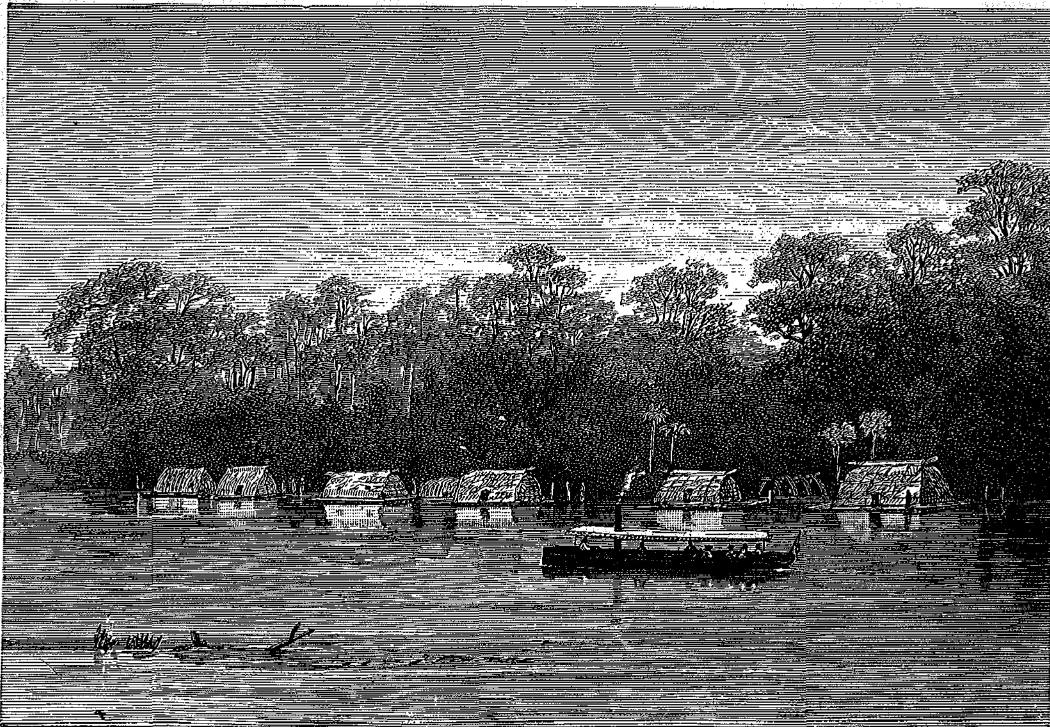
The Dutch, who till 1803 were the possessors of what is now British Guiana, made no attempt to teach Christianity to the Indians. But in 1738 two good Moravians

THE MISSION-HOUSE AT SAO PAULO, ON THE PURUS RIVER.

from Hernnhut, Dähne and Guettner, came upon the scene. The planters of Berbice would not let them teach the negroes, so they turned to the Indians. It was a toilsome enterprise, for the congregation at Hernnhut was at that time too poor to send help, and the two pioneers, with the Brothers and Sisters who soon followed them, had to work hard at their little forest settlement of Pilgerhut to get the means of subsistence. To reach the scattered Indians they had to carry on their backs five or six days' supply of cassava-bread, and their hammocks. By day they toiled on through the forests often for immense distances without seeing a sign of human life, and at night hung their hammocks to the trees. If they came upon Indian huts whilst the men were away, the women and children would vanish with fearful shrieks into the neighbouring thicket. When they could get any of the people together, the missionaries read to them an Arawak Life of Christ which they

had compiled by the help of a mulatto youth. The Indians were interested in the narrative, but it took some years of patient labour to bring even a few of them to the state of fitness for baptism.

The new converts and some inquirers settled at Pilgerhut, and received regular teaching. The missionaries redoubled their efforts. They joyfully made their way through the most frightful wilderness, and to the remotest distance, wherever there was a prospect of winning a soul for Christ. Their success, though so limited, roused the jealousy of the planters, who however, failed in their efforts to bring the



JANGADAS (RAFT-HOUSES) OF THE PAMARYS ON LAKE AJARAHAN, WITH MISSION LAUNCH.

missionaries under restrictions by the Government, and also in their attempts to persuade the Indians that their meek Moravian teachers wanted to make slaves of them.

In 1753, two hundred and sixty Indians resided at Pilgerhut, and the numbers were constantly increasing. Then came several years of terrible scarcity, followed by an epidemic which carried off many of the people at the settlement, both Europeans and Indians. Several of the missionaries died, and the Indians began to disperse through the adjacent forest. But the settlement was kept up by the remnant of the Moravians and a number of the converts, who remained with them hoping for better times. Then came the terrible year of 1763, when the negroes, goaded to madness by cruelty, rose in revolt, laid waste the country, and murdered all the whites who came into their power. The insurgents drew near Pilgerhut with designs of

massacre, and the missionaries had to flee for their lives. The direct route was cut off, and the fugitives were four weeks in reaching Demerara by circuitous forest paths, undergoing in the course of their journey great dangers and privations. Most of the party sailed at once for Europe, leaving two to await instructions. But both of these died before letters could reach them, and so ended the Moravian mission to Berbice.

Meanwhile, in the neighbouring province of Surinam, a Moravian mission had been developing. A first effort in 1739 was a failure, but in 1754 Dähne and Ralfs were sent from Pilgerhut into Surinam, and obtained a grant of Government land, upon which they founded the station of Sharon, by the Sarameca River. Here an Indian congregation was gathered, and the settlement was fairly flourishing, when the fierce enmity of the bush-negroes gradually brought about its ruin. The bush-negroes were escaped slaves living in the woods. Their numbers were large and constantly increasing, and in spite of all that Government could do they often swarmed down upon the cultivated estates, and committed great depredations. The authorities used to give the Indians a reward of fifty florins for every slave whom they captured and brought back. This policy naturally led to a great hatred of the Indians on the part of the negroes, who thought that the Sharon settlement would give them an opportunity of wreaking their revenge.

One Sunday morning in January, 1761, a large band of negroes approached the mission, and attacked the congregation as they were dispersing after divine service. A number of the Indians took refuge in the mission-house. The negroes, knowing that many of those in the house were armed with guns, dared not approach, but continued firing from the adjacent wood. Brother Odenwald, one of the missionaries, fell wounded by a ball in the arm, and at length the mission-house took fire. Missionaries and Indians fled into the forest, and after the negroes had withdrawn, returned to find Odenwald bleeding from his wound, but still living. They dressed his wound, and placed him in the only hammock they had saved. House, and church, and all their little property, were destroyed, and they lay that night upon the damp ground, afraid to kindle a fire for fear it should bring back their enemies. Three of their comrades had been killed, and several taken away captives.

Hoping that the negroes would now be satisfied, Schirmer and Cleve soon afterwards re-established the settlement. Government gave them a guard of fifteen soldiers, but the missionaries found the presence of a military garrison a great hindrance to them in many ways. Schirmer and Cleve both fell ill, and for a long time were both in their hammocks with no medical aid and no suitable nourishment. They were thankful when one or other of them had a day's remission of fever, and strength to come to the aid of his comrade. Several new missionaries came out to help them, but one after another they sickened and died soon after their arrival.

In 1779 the Sharon settlement was given up. The congregation kept dwindling, and the negro feud was never properly healed; while the land was so infested by ants that cultivation was a failure. For these and other reasons the missionaries went to join their brethren who had been for some time working at Hope Station, on the Corentyn River.

The indefatigable pioneer, Dähne, who, after founding Pilgerhut, had left it to settle Sharon in 1754, had also left the latter place to found a station on the Corentyn in 1757. This also was on a Government grant of land. Some of the Sharon Indians accompanied him and helped him to build a hut, but subsequently they all left him except one. Ultimately he, too, was scared away by Indian medicine-men who came to see him when he was ill, and told him that so long as he lived with a white man he would never recover, and that his white friend was under the power of the devil, and would soon be grievously sick himself. As soon as the poor frightened Indian felt strong enough to travel, he slipped away from his teacher, and went back to his people.

Dähne was now alone in his forest home, but records that he spent his time in happiness and peace. Meanwhile the Caribbee Indians of this region were very suspicious of his motives, and formed a design of putting him to death. The soldiers at the nearest fort heard of the plot, and advised him to come and live nearer to them. He was grateful for their kind offer, but resolved to remain at his post, hoping that whatever happened might be overruled for the good of the cause he had at heart.

He was seated one day at his solitary meal, when about fifty Caribbees landed from their canoes and surrounded the hut. Swords and tomahawks gleamed in their hands. He went out and cordially bade them welcome, and the following conversation ensued. They asked him, through the medium of an interpreter, who gave him liberty to build on their land. To this he replied, "The Governor." They next inquired, what design he had in coming thither. To which he answered, "I have brethren on the other side of the great ocean, who, having heard that many of the Indians on this river were ignorant of God, have, from the great affection they felt towards you, sent me to tell you of the love of God, and what He has done to save you." The chief then said, "Have you never heard that the Indians intend to kill you?"—"Yes," answered Dähne, "but I cannot believe it. You have among you some who have lived with me, and they can tell you that I am the friend of the Indians." To this the chief replied, "Yes, I have heard so: they say you are another sort of Christian to the white people in general." The missionary then said, "I am your friend; how is it that you come to kill me?"—"We have done wrong," answered the chief. Every countenance now altered, and the Indians quickly dispersed. The chief, however, remained behind, and behaved in a very friendly manner. As Dähne was then in want of provisions, he gave him a supply of cassava and other articles, and on taking his leave promised that he would often come and see him. Thus our missionary, by his magnanimous, temperate conduct, warded off the blow that threatened his life, and even converted his enemies into friends.

Dähne was often on short commons in his retreat, and many a time a handful of cassava from some passing Indian came just when hunger seemed no longer supportable. They helped him when they saw him ready to drop with fatigue in clearing his ground, but they would not come near him when he was ill, for they could not get rid of their idea that the devil lived with him. The beasts and

serpents tried him greatly. One fierce jaguar fairly stalked him for a long period, watching him by day and, in spite of the huge fire that Dähne kindled near by, roaring hideously round the hut at night.

One evening a paroxysm of fever came over him, and he resolved to go and lie down in his hammock. He had just entered his hut when a serpent descended upon him from the roof. There was a struggle, and the missionary was three times bitten, and then he felt the twining creature tightening its folds round his head and neck. Thinking escape was impossible, and fearing that the Indians might be suspected of murdering him, he wrote with chalk on the table, "A serpent has killed me." Then there flashed into his mind the words, "They shall take up serpents and shall not be hurt." He seized the creature with all his force, tore it loose from his body, and flung it out of the hut, and then lay down and peacefully slept. It was, of course, one of that class of serpents which destroy their prey by constriction. Their bite, though painful, is not venomous.

YOUTH OF SURINAM.

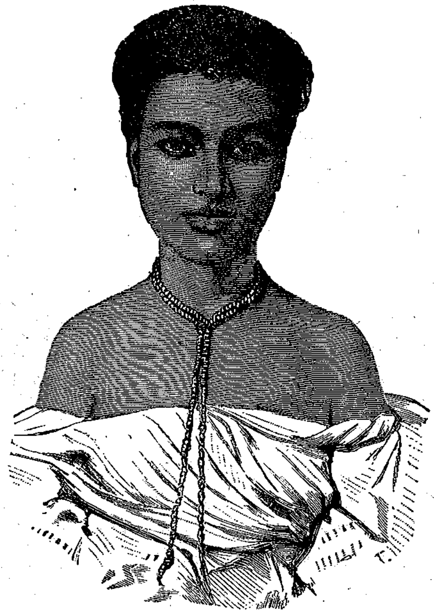
Two years Dähne dwelt alone, and then other brethren came to help him. They erected a little settlement, which they called Ephraim, in which, however, they were able to do little more than almost starve in company. In 1765 they moved further up the Corentyn, and founded Hope. Here, too, they carried on a struggling work, but after some years had some success in getting many Indians to live by industry, and come more or less under Gospel influences.

In the year 1800 there were a hundred and sixty-nine baptised persons among the two hundred and eight dwellers in Hope settlement. This was after the members had been considerably diminished by small-pox and the flight of many to escape that scourge. In 1806 the whole settlement—church, mission-house, and Indian dwellings, with all the tools and stores—were destroyed by fire. From this disaster the settlement never recovered, and in 1808 it was relinquished.

We find the Church Missionary Society taking an interest in the Indians of Guiana in the year 1829. Mr. J. Armstrong was sent up the Essequibo River, and subsequently Mr. Youd and other missionaries. The Rev. J. H. Bernau went and settled amongst the Indians, and after a time won their confidence. At first his very touch was thought to bring death, and everybody ran away at his approach. He used to fill his pocket with biscuits, and throw a handful among a group of children when he saw them about to scamper away. They soon learned to come to him for biscuits, and when it was seen that no harm came to them, the mothers, and after a time the fathers, would stay in Bernau's company. He made the best use of his opportunities, and in about a year five Indian families had become Christians,

and came and settled near them. To these, he says, he had to act as the "minister, schoolmaster, carpenter, mason, doctor, and dentist." His labours were blessed with considerable success. Mr. Youd, his predecessor at this post, began a mission at Pinara, on the shores of Lake Amucu. The Indians of the place had been visited, and had asked for a missionary to reside amongst them. They had even built a house and chapel in readiness, and Mr. Youd thus describes his first service:—

"The appearance of the congregation was most extraordinary. All except the chief were well painted on the forehead, face, arms, and legs. Some had cutlasses, others bows and arrows. One had a monkey on his back, others wreaths and crowns of feathers; some with belts of wild hogs' teeth from the top of their shoulders, crossing the breast and back, and falling on the hip on the opposite side; others with knives, sticks, and other things. Some were engaged in cutting their nails, or some small sticks, others in detecting the vermin which abounded; some stood or sat with their backs to the preacher, and others leaned against the posts."

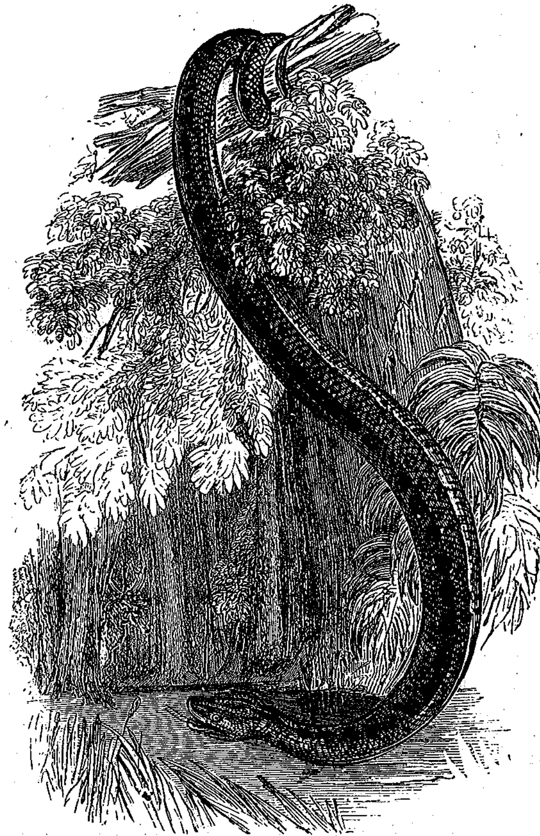


GIRL OF SURINAM.

In spite of interruption, through a disputed boundary question with Brazil obliging the mission to be removed to Waraputa Rapids, some miles away, Mr. Youd's work prospered; but in returning from his first position, he had to leave his dead wife in her lonely forest grave. He passed safely through many dangers. "One fine morning," as Mr. Youd reported to Mr. Bernau, "when they were quietly paddling along, the Indians observed a snake swimming across the river. They at first halted to obtain a nearer sight of the creature, but on perceiving that he was making his way for the canoe, Mr. Youd directed them to proceed with all speed. Soon, however, the snake had overtaken them; a scuffle ensued; the Indians striking him with their paddles, he became greatly enraged, and raising himself over their heads, he dropped himself into the canoe in the midst of them. In a moment every Indian was in the river, diving and swimming from the canoe. Mr. Youd grasped a cutlass, and just when the monster was raising himself a second time to make an attack, he fortunately struck a blow a few inches below his head and cut through the vertebræ. It dropped into the canoe struggling, and Mr. Youd soon despatched him by a few more blows. He measured thirty-one feet, and his body was the size of a stout man's leg. It was a fortunate circumstance that the blow fell just below the head, where the body was no thicker than a man's arm, and the skin not so tough as in other places."

Mr. Youd was two or three times ill from the effects of poison administered to him by unfriendly Indians, jealous of the influence he was exerting. After again and

again saving his life by emetics, he at last died from the effects of a fatal dose. Many Indians mourned his loss, and showed by their lives that his instructions had not been in vain. About the time of Mr. Youd's death, and whilst Mr. Bernau was still labouring at Baruca, Dr. Coleridge, the first Bishop of Barbados, resolved to establish a mission on the "Wild Coast," a swampy, savage district, between the Essequibo plantations and the Orinoco Delta. At his request, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel sent the Rev. W. H. Brett to the banks of the Pomeroon River. The labours of this devoted evangelist are fully detailed in the section on the West Indies.



CHAPTER LXXII.

TIERRA DEL FUEGO.

Charles Darwin and the *Beagle*—Captain Fitzroy—Jemmy Button—Homes of the Aborigines—Matthews the Missionary—Early Life of Allen Gardiner—The Patagonian Mission—Sails for Tierra del Fuego—Banner Cove—The Third Voyage—The *Pioneer* and the *Speedwell*—Wreck of the *Pioneer*—Waiting for Relief—Hope Deferred—Spaniard Harbour—Starvation Imminent—Joy in Anguish—Death follows Death—Rescue, but too late—The Rev. G. Packenham Despard—Jemmy Button Again—A Terrible Tragedy—Bishop Stirling—Native Agencies—Training Fuegian Boys in England—A Grammar of the Language constructed—Ooshooia Settlement—Italian Recognition of Protestant Missions—Tierra del Fuego as it is—Darwin reverses his Opinion.

IT was during the Christmas week of 1831, on the eve of the Reform Bill, that H.M.S. *Beagle* set sail from Devonport under the command of Captain Fitzroy. Young Charles Darwin was on board: and in the captain's care were three natives of Tierra del Fuego. The little barque was bound upon an expedition to survey the coasts of South America, completing the work which had been begun several years before by the *Adventure* and the *Beagle*. For science and modern thought the voyage was to have stupendous issues. In the forests of Brazil, among the storm-beaten islands near Cape Horn, and beside the torrents and up the Andes of Chili and Peru, Darwin was to find the first crude hints of his evolution theory, and to gather materials to be afterwards used in his "Origin of Species."

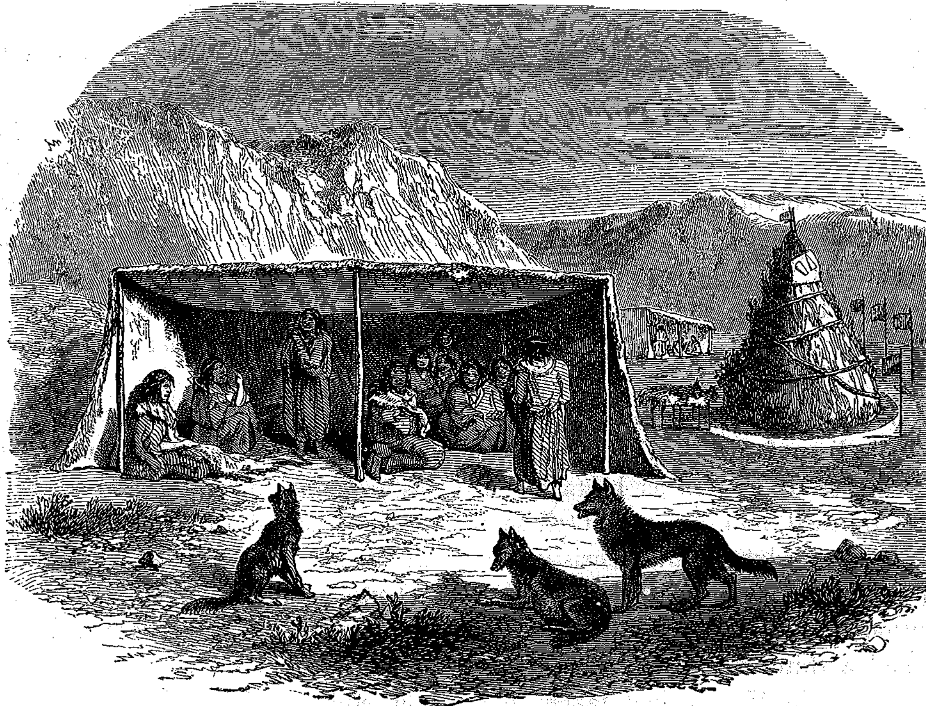
On the previous expedition a party of the Government surveyors had been in peril of their lives from the theft of a boat by the Fuegians, and Captain Fitzroy had seized a number of natives as hostages. He was a Christian, and the new missionary spirit had touched him. Some of these natives he resolved to take home with him to England, and educate and Christianise them at his own expense, and afterwards settle them among their own people. One of them, a child, had been bought for a pearl button—hence called Jemmy Button. Another was a girl, known as Fuegia Basket; and a third, a full-grown Fuegian called York Minster.

These, Captain Fitzroy had taken to England, and now he had resolved to bring his three wards—a fourth had died in England—to their native home, and at his own expense had chartered a vessel for the purpose, when the Government determined to send out another survey expedition, with Captain Fitzroy in command. A missionary, Matthews by name, was on board, who was to be left in company with the three Fuegians in their wild home. Jemmy Button had become the ship's favourite on the voyage, merry and amusing, though vain and passionate. He had shown wonderful aptitude for learning: but, in acquiring a sort of "pidgin" English, had forgotten his native tongue.

Fires were lighted along the shores, and sent up their columns of curling smoke as signals to the other islanders that a ship had arrived: hence the name Tierra del Fuego, the Land of Fire. Groups of Fuegians darted out of the tangled forest and followed the barque along the coast, waving their tattered cloaks of guanaco skin, shouting with wild gestures and beckoning the ship to an anchorage. Darwin, with the captain and others, rowed ashore, and was greeted by "the most interesting spectacle I ever

beheld. I could not have believed how wide was the difference between savage and civilised man: it is greater than between a wild and domesticated animal."

The old man who met them had white feathers bound round his head, but in spite of them his black tangled hair half covered his heavy face. Two broad transverse painted bars crossed his face: one, bright red, ran from ear to ear across his upper lip; the other, in white, stretched across his eyes. The men were tall and stalwart, unlike the stunted islanders of the Western Archipelago. But they looked abject creatures, and their language seemed like the hoarse, guttural clearing of a throat.



FUEGIAN CAMP.

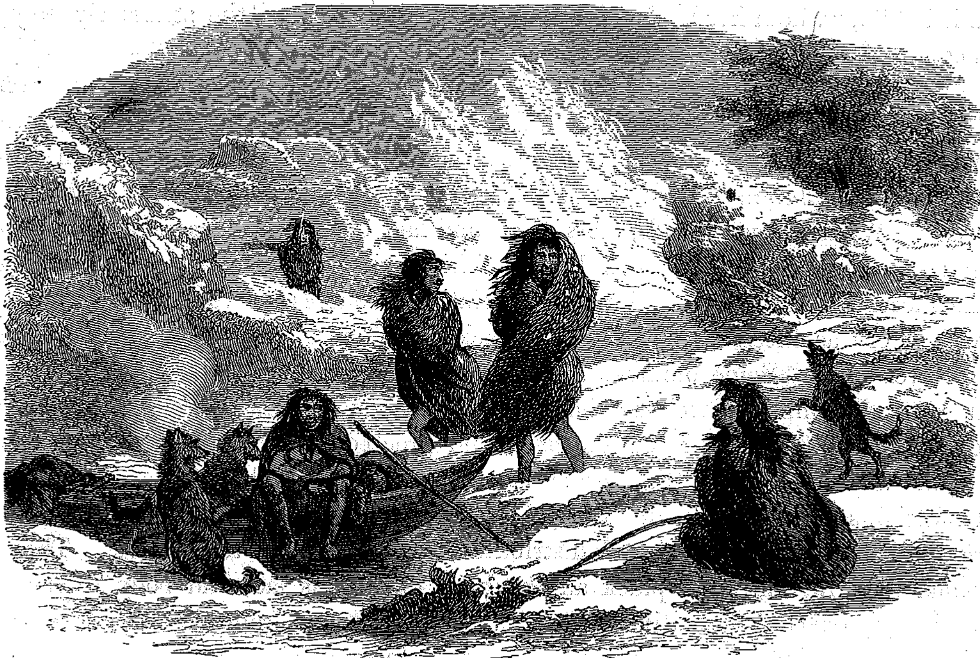
Some scarlet cloth was presented to the natives, who at once became friendly, patting and slapping the breasts of the captain and the naturalist, and exposing their bosoms to be patted and slapped in return.

Darwin resolved to penetrate these tangled woods and climb one of the jagged mountains that rose to the south. The forest was impassable. Along the bed of a torrent, over dead trunks of trees and rocky banks, and round waterfalls, he clambered in the gloom of the forest shade. He emerged at the summit at last, and looked down and round upon these God-forsaken islands. To the north and east the land stretched in undulating plains and swampy moorland, like the Pampas of Patagonia, from which the Straits of Magellan divided it. Southwards and westwards, mountains rose in savage magnificence and mysterious grandeur into the region of perpetual snow, and in some parts they rose in one continuous sweep from the water's edge. Up to the

height of fifteen hundred feet nothing could be seen but evergreen beech forest that ended in one level, horizontal line along the mountain side.

Not a sign of civilised life! Here were the celery and fungi and berries which formed the vegetable food of the natives. On the beach, when the tide was out, day or night, the women were to be seen gathering shell-fish, or diving for sea-eggs, or fishing with a hair-line without a hook. Occasionally an otter or a seal was captured, or a whale was found dead on the shore, and it was a feast.

Houses they had none. Their wigwams were constructed of a few broken branches fixed sloping in the ground, with a thin thatch of rushes—the work of an hour.



FUEGIANS IN WINTER.

Wandering from place to place in search of food, they use their wigwams for only a few days at a time. Often the natives sleep with scarcely a covering from the stern climate, lying on the wet ground coiled together like snakes. Large numbers live in canoes. They construct a rude hearthstone by means of sod and gravel, where they cook their food. Here they sleep, hunt for fish with a spear for a hook, eat, and rear families. The Fuegian needs two paddlers for his canoe, one on either side, and this requirement determines the number of his wives. "His usual bill of fare ranges between mussels and limpets." From the stern snow-storms he has no covering except a skin, fur outwards, thrown over his shoulders, while his two wives are even worse off.

As the *Beagle* rounded the interlacing coasts and arms of the sea, and especially as it threaded its way amongst the wild western islands, the home of the aborigines, the Zahgans, the explorers saw strange sights. In a certain harbour "a woman, who was

suckling a recently born child, came one day alongside the vessel and remained there out of mere curiosity, whilst the sleet fell and thawed on her naked bosom, and on the skin of her naked baby." With faces hideous with paint, skins filthy, hair entangled, and habits degraded, they seemed scarcely human. They were without even the rudest form of government, even the tribes having no chief. In time of war they were cannibals. Jemmy Button affirmed—and other evidence lent support to the belief— that, when long without food, especially in winter snows and storms, rather than destroy their dogs, they ate the aged women, killing them by holding them over smoke and choking them. The reason was naïvely expressed by a native lad in broken sentences, "Doggies catch otters; women no." A traveller saw a mother pick up her half-killed child, "whom her husband had mercilessly dashed on the stones for dropping a basket of sea-eggs."

Under Jemmy Button's guidance, the ship's boats, with the captain and twenty-eight of the crew, threaded their way through the scattered islets to the haunts of Jemmy's own tribe. Here, at the pretty and secluded cove of Woollya, Captain Fitzroy resolved to settle Jemmy, York Minster, and Fuegia Basket, along with Matthews the missionary. Wigwams were built, plots of ground laid out for gardens, and goods landed. Jemmy's mother and brothers soon heard of his arrival, and appeared on the scene: but the meeting was prosaic and undemonstrative. Natives crowded round the party, and, with a cry as incessant as that for "backsheesh" in Egypt, begged for everything they set eyes upon. Some ominous signs, too, began to show themselves.

It was with mingled feelings that Captain Fitzroy left Matthews and his party to the tender mercies of the untried Fuegians, and proceeded in the boats to survey some other arms and reaches of the Beagle Channel. Ten days later they returned, and found Matthews in a sad plight. Everything he possessed, except what he had hidden underground, had been pilfered and distributed in parts among the natives. They had threatened to strip him and "pluck all the hairs out of his face and body." The boats had probably arrived just in time to rescue the missionary from the murderous hands of the savages. It was impossible to allow him to remain, and he was taken on in the *Beagle* and left in New Zealand.

A year later, anchoring again in this same cove of Woollya, they observed a canoe approaching the ship with a diminutive flag flying, and carrying one man, almost naked, with streaming, tangled hair, and washing paint off his face. It was Jemmy Button! He had so quickly returned to a savage life, that he was scarcely recognisable. He was conscious of his fall, and looked ashamed. He was taken on board once more, tidied and clad and dined, and was regretfully left next day among his people. As the ship sailed out of sight, the curling smoke of Jemmy Button's fire rose up to bid his generous friends a last farewell.

Darwin's sober conclusion was that amongst the Fuegians "man exists in a lower state of improvement than in any other part of the world." The same word served for "hand" and "finger." They had no numeral higher than five. Captain Fitzroy could find nothing to indicate that they had any term to express a deity.

On the ships that rounded Cape Horn on the highway to and from California, the

Fuegians bore a name of evil omen. Many a shipwrecked crew they had massacred. One crew, rescued by the *Beagle*, had been thrown on the coasts of the "Firelanders," and so much did the sailors dread death at the hands of the natives that they had stockaded themselves, and laid a charge of powder so as to blow themselves up in the last extremity. "Mr. Darwin often expressed to me," wrote Admiral Sir James Sullivan, "his conviction that it was utterly useless to send missionaries to such a set of savages as the Fuegians, probably the very lowest of the human race."

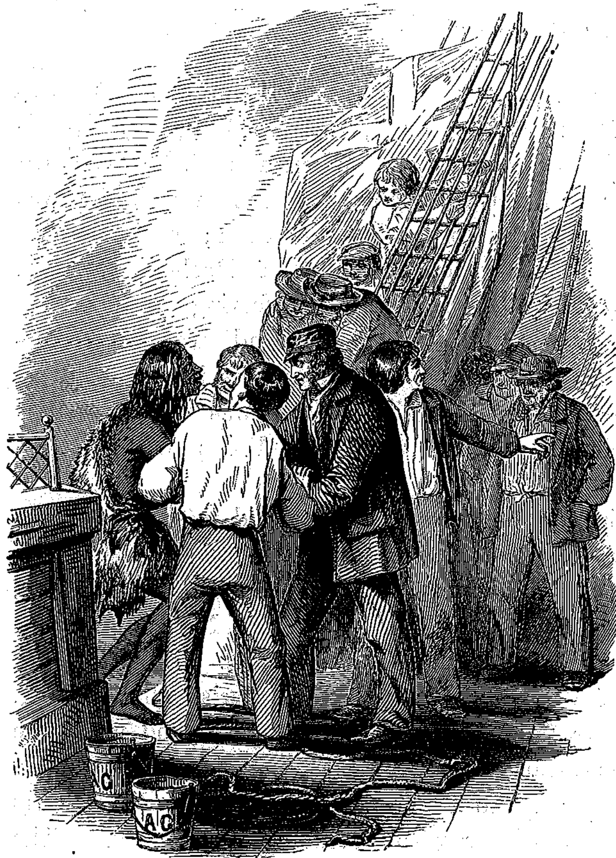
The century had scarcely begun when a boy of some six years might have been seen lying asleep on the floor of his father's house, Coombe Lodge, in Oxfordshire, at an hour when he ought to have been in bed. When roused, he explained that as he intended to be an explorer and traveller all over the world, he was preparing himself for hardships. The navy was to be his profession; and one day he was found drawing plans for cutting the French fleet out of Rochelle Harbour. He was commended to his life-work by the prayers of his God-fearing parents. As midshipman, lieutenant, and finally as captain, he saw service and won some distinction in many parts of the world. In his rambles and adventures in the lands he visited, his pen was as skilful in sketching as in description. He was in his twenties when he passed through the vital spiritual change that turned his natural gifts and force into a new channel.

After receiving his command, Captain Gardiner was never engaged in active service. In Brighton he devoted himself to work among the poor and neglected; but the heathen world had a fascination that was for him irresistible. He went to South Africa, explored Zululand, and founded the earliest mission station at Port Natal. In New Guinea and the East Indies he strove to open a door for the Gospel. But it was to the Indians of Chili and the Pampas of Patagonia that his mind was steadily turning. He traversed the valleys of the Cordillera from Valdivia to Concepcion, and made the acquaintance of the chiefs, but his missionary proposal was received with suspicion. Foreigners were associated in the minds of the Chilian Indians with military forts and Romish priests, and "they hated the soldier without loving the priest." The jealousy of the *Padres* poisoned the minds of the chiefs against this interloper; and the Captain-Pioneer retired, beaten for the time being at least.

Further south, amongst the nomadic tribes of Patagonia and Tierra del Fuego, he would be beyond the range of the priests' influence. He would make the Falkland Islands, a British possession, his head-quarters, would cross over to the Patagonians, and bring back native lads to teach them English, and in turn learn from them their own rude tongue.

Unable to get a passage by any trading vessel, Captain Gardiner chartered a schooner, and, in March, 1842, entered the Straits of Magellan, and anchored in Gregory Bay. It was known to be the resort of numerous Indians, but none were to be seen. No doubt they had gone northwards on one of their expeditions across the Pampas to barter with the traders at El Carmen. He moved further westwards, and found a camp of the Indians under Wissale, their chief. Wissale received him

in a friendly spirit, gave the missionary permission to settle among his tribe, and bound himself and his men not to rob or injure him. The beginning was so hopeful that he resolved to invoke the assistance of the Church Missionary Society, and himself lead its new mission. He hastened to England with his wife, the companion of his travels, but found the Church Missionary Society with more work on its hands than it could well manage.



"IT WAS JEMMY BUTTON!" (*See p.* 122.)

A special mission must be organised for this work, and, in 1844, at Brighton, the South American (then called the Patagonian) Missionary Society was formed. But the Christian public was slow to move, and four years had elapsed ere Captain Gardiner and Mr. Robert Hunt, catechist, set sail for their pioneer work. They had huts and stores on board, and provisions for some months.

Soon after landing, Wissale, the friendly chief, arrived, attended by eight stalwart men, each between six and seven feet high. But Wissale was sullen, overbearing, a different man. Gardiner humoured him, ate with him, gave him presents, and succeeded in moderating the chief's opposition. The *Commodore* happening, in passing, to anchor in the Bay, Captain Gardiner took the opportunity of the presence of some of its passengers to enforce his requirements upon Wissale. The chief replied that "they were brothers," and that he would give the missionary complete protection. But the *Commodore* was scarcely out of sight when the same sullen, threatening hostility began to show itself.

The truth was that the tribe was a mere wreck of what it had been four years before. The Chilians had formed a military settlement at Port Famine, not far off; the tribe had broken into two; foreign rum had hastened the demoralising work; Wissale was a victim of intrigue and strong drink; and thus Patagonia on its southern shores seemed closed against the missionary for the present. Captain Gardiner and Mr. Hunt took advantage of the call of the English barque *Ganges*, and, in March, 1845, embarked for England.

The supporters of the mission were discouraged; the early hopes held out had

been defeated. It seemed useless to spend money upon another experiment. The Committee advocated withdrawal. "Whatever course you may determine upon," replied Captain Gardiner, with the decision of a hero, "I have made up my mind to go back again to South America, and leave no stone unturned, no effort untried, to establish a mission among the aboriginal tribes." He would explore the islands of the Fuegians. He begged them to at least fund the Society's money, and wait, before dissolving, to see the results of his expedition. To this proposal the Committee consented, and Gardiner, accompanied by a young Protestant Spaniard Frederic Gonzales, returned southward in the autumn of the same year.

Once more he made trial of the Indians along the slopes of the Cordillera. He penetrated to the capital of Bolivia, and won the favour of the liberal-minded Bolivian Governor, who promised to shield the Protestant missionary from the sinister influence of the *padres.* But a revolution broke out, the friendly President was deposed, and Gardiner's hopes were suddenly quenched.

CAPTAIN ALLEN GARDINER.

Again his mind turned southwards, to the Fuegian Islands and their savage inhabitants that lay beyond the evil spell of the priests. He made another journey to his native land, visited town after town in England and Scotland, urged his Committee with great pressure, but found the Christian public deaf to his appeals. Under these circumstances he moderated his demands. He would take four sailors, a carpenter, several boats, and provisions for six months. It was early in 1848 when Gardiner and his party were landed by the *Clymene* on the shores of Picton Island, and Banner Cove was chosen as the spot for the future mission station. The hut which they had brought out was put up, the supplies were landed; but soon the natives began to rob and plunder, and it became evident that, if the missionary's stores and goods were to be safe, they must be sheltered in a large vessel from which the agents could work. "A Fuegian Mission must be afloat—in other words, a mission vessel, moored in the stream, must be substituted for a mission house erected on the shore. I should recommend a ketch or brigantine of about 120 tons, with a master and seven hands. Provisions for twelve months should be taken out, but three-quarters should be deposited on the Falkland Islands."

Another—alas! that it was to be his final—effort was to be made. Money to procure a schooner must be obtained, from which to carry on operations along the

coasts and in the harbours of "Fireland." His plan found few supporters in his Committee. He applied to the Moravians at Hernnhut, to the Church Missionary Society, to the Church of Scotland, but without success. Each found its own undertakings enough for its means. Either the mission must be abandoned, or else the brave and persistent captain must be allowed to have his own way. They therefore commissioned him out to find the required money among the churches. The response was paltry and disheartening. One bit of good-fortune, however, cheered his heart. The Rev. G. Packenham Despard, of Bristol, afterwards to give life and labour to the mission, became a warm friend to the cause and its intrepid captain, and joined the Committee as secretary.

But, alas for the poverty of the response to the appeal for funds! It necessitated the abandonment of the proposal to send out a schooner or brigantine; and two launches, each twenty-six feet long, had to satisfy the eager missionary. In his enthusiasm, however, he was confident that these would be able to traverse the channels and inlets of the Fuegian Islands in safety, and serve as the storehouse and refuge of the mission band. Again he travelled the country to collect the necessary funds; and happily an encouraging response came, in the shape of a donation of £1,000 from a Cheltenham lady.

The mission launches were ready, the *Pioneer* and the *Speedwell*. The mission agents were appointed. One of these, Richard Williams, had once been a sceptic, although always a kind-hearted man; had, during a critical illness, been changed into a devoted follower of Christ; had practised as a surgeon, and now, hearing of the efforts which Captain Gardiner had made for the poor Fuegians, had sacrificed all his professional hopes in order to serve his Master among the heathen. Another was John Maidment, a young man of apostolic ardour and faith. The rest were Erwin, the ship-carpenter, who had been one of Gardiner's former crew, and who, although still in spiritual uncertainty, declared that "being with Captain Gardiner was like a heaven on earth;" and three Cornish fishermen, Pearce, Badcock, and Bryant. It was a harmonious, apostolic band. It was in September, 1850, that they embarked on the *Ocean Queen*, and three months later they reached Picton Island.

They landed at Banner Cove, erected their tents, and surrounded themselves by a strong fence of trunks of trees. The news of their arrival quickly spread over the island, and drew numerous parties of natives, who, true to their character, and in spite of the fortifying fence, forced their way into the mission tent and thieved at every turn. Only by force of arms would it be possible to protect the stores, and the messengers of peace must not commence operations with the use of powder and shot. They must return to their "floating mission." Gardiner resolved to go to Button Island in search of Jemmy Button, in the hope of inducing him to come to Banner Cove and secure a peaceable footing for the missionaries. But the *Pioneer* was leaking, and must be beached for repairs. In seeking for a quiet harbour, the fitful storms that make Cape Horn their home carried away the dingeys, anchor, and timber, and almost wrecked one of the launches. At the eastern entrance of the Beagle Channel they entered Spaniard Harbour, and found shelter in what seemed safe waters, Earnest

Cove and Cook's River. No nook, however, in these storm-beaten islands is secure. A fierce gale blew direct into the harbour, drove the *Pioneer* on to a rock, and dashed her against an ugly tree-root, where she split. One section of the vessel was drawn ashore and covered with a tent, making a sleeping-room. The *Speedwell* was still left intact to them; but it was doubtful whether it could weather these rough seas and reach either Woollya or the Falkland Islands. "Our plan of action is to 'rough it,'" wrote Williams in his diary, "through all the circumstances which it shall please God to permit to happen to us, until the arrival of a vessel, and then to take with us some Fuegians, and go to the Falkland Islands, there to learn their language; and, when we have acquired it, and have got the necessary vessel, to come out again, and go amongst them."

But they waited for the expected vessel in vain. Captain Gardiner had made arrangements that a vessel should bring provisions from the Falkland Islands. The Admiralty also had ordered H.M.S. *Dido* (Captain Morshead) to call at Picton Island on the way to the Pacific. Meanwhile they had provisions for several months on board.

But soon ominous signs of disease began to show themselves. Fish, it had been believed, would be plentiful, but none had been found except what the natives had given in barter. Ducks and geese were seen in flocks, but the mission party's guns were useless. They had unluckily lost their store of powder, and had no means of procuring animal food. Scurvy was the consequence. Williams, the surgeon, was the first to suffer: then Badcock, one of the Cornish sailors.

The *Speedwell* made a hurried run to Banner Cove to bring away some supplies which had been hidden there. It would be foolhardy for the party to return and settle, putting themselves in the hands of such hostile tribes. They landed only long enough to leave directions such as would inform any search-party whither they had gone. Three bottles with notes enclosed they buried underground. On a rock above they painted in rude letters: "Dig below: go to Spaniard Harbour. March, 1851." The notes in the bottles read as follows: "We are gone to Spaniard Harbour, which is on the main island, not far from Cape Kinnaird. We have sickness on board; our supplies are nearly out; and, if not soon relieved, we shall be starved. March 26, 1851."

For the last time they returned to their lonely quarters in Earnest Cove. Day followed day, week succeeded week—each seeming a year to the waiting seven—and no sign of a sail appeared. What followed we know only from the journals of Gardiner and Williams.

In April they had still two months' supplies. They rigged up a net, after the manner of the Indians of the Pampas, to catch the sea-fowl on their roosts on the rocks. Again, we find them planting a gun-trap and catching a fox, which they eked out as food for days. A remnant of a stag was found on the beach, and served for another day. The furious storms compelled the *Speedwell* to take refuge in Cook's River, with Williams, Erwin, and Badcock on board, leaving Maidment and Captain Gardiner at Pioneer Cavern with their boat-tent, a mile and a half from their comrades. Captain Gardiner passed from one group to the other, keeping up their

courage and suggesting possible ways of finding food. Nets were spread across the mouth of the river to catch the fish, but blocks of ice floated down the stream and carried them away. Maidment gathered mussels and limpets and wild celery, so long as his strength enabled him to search the shores and woods. Their faith in God never failed: even in their famished state, they seem to have known nothing but mutual affection and jubilant trust in the Father for life or for death. "Asleep or

CAPTAIN ALLEN GARDINER'S DIRECTIONS PAINTED ON A ROCK AT BANNER COVE.

awake," says Williams, "I am happy beyond the poor compass of language to tell." On his birthday, when the winter (June) snow lay around, Captain Gardiner wrote: "Should we languish and die here, I beseech Thee, O Lord, to raise up others, and to send forth labourers unto this harvest.' His diary is radiant with the sunshine of peace and joy in God. He painted a hand upon an adjoining rock, pointing towards Pioneer Cavern, followed by Psalm lxii. 3—8: "My soul, wait thou only upon God." He and Maidment had taken refuge in this cavern, and had constructed a rude dyke as a protection against the sea. But one day the tide rose and drove them out, and they took with them their lives only. When they sought shelter on Hermitage Rock, the sea again threatened to surround them, and they fled to the woods, where the cold drippings from the trees made them prefer the open ground and the bitter driving rain. For seven weeks they had been on short allowance, when the news came to the

"BRAVE ALLEN GARDINER'S BODY LYING BESIDE HIS BOAT." (*See p.* 130.)

captain of the death of Badcock, the Cornishman. As his last act he had asked Williams to join him in a hymn, and had repeated the lines:—

"Arise, my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears."

The failing strength of his comrades was devoted to digging his grave close beside the boat where he had expired. Six weeks more of hunger, and patient waiting for rescue or death, and Erwin expired. Then followed Bryant, both buried by the heroic Maidment. A white tablecloth had been hoisted to the top of a prominent tree as a signal to any passing ship, but no sail appeared. On the 28th and 29th of August, 1851—the year of England's great Exhibition—Gardiner wrote farewell letters to his wife and daughter: "He has kept me in perfect peace. . . . I trust poor Fuegia will not be abandoned. If I have a wish for the good of my fellow-men, it is that the Tierra del Fuego Mission might be prosecuted with vigour." He drafted an "Outline of a Plan for Conducting the Mission," and an "Appeal to British Christians." He wrote in pencil a letter to Williams, destined never to reach him, in which he said how he had resolved to visit the remnant of the party at Cook's River; how Maidment had cut two forked sticks to serve as crutches; how they set out together, but a few steps had spent all their strength. "Mr. Maidment was so exhausted yesterday that I have not seen him since, consequently I tasted nothing yesterday. Blessed be my Heavenly Father for the many mercies which I enjoy: a comfortable bed, no pain, nor even cravings of hunger, though scarcely able to turn on my bed." Two days later he wrote what proved to be the last entry in his diary: "Great and marvellous are the loving-kindnesses of my gracious God unto me. He has preserved me hitherto, although without bodily food, yet without any feeling of hunger or thirst." One more letter, September 6, 1851, meant for Mr. Williams, ending, "Marvellous loving-kindness to me a sinner:" and then the story is done.

Twenty days after, the *John Davison,* under Captain Smyley, sent on a special voyage of relief, ran into Banner Cove, and on the rocks was read:—"Gone to Spaniard Harbour." They dug up the bottles and read their enclosed directions. Next day Captain Smyley was at Cook's River; and there, within the boat, lay one dead, no doubt Williams; another on the beach, and another buried. "The sight was awful in the extreme. The two captains who went with me in the boats cried like children. Books, papers, medicine, clothing, and tools were strewed along the beach, and on the boat's deck and cuddy." But the gale blew so hard that it gave them barely time to bury the dead and get on board.

Three months later, H.M.S. *Dido* touched at the same point, and Captain Morshead found John Maidment in the cavern, and brave Allen Gardiner's body lying beside his boat, where, apparently failing to climb into it, he had fallen and expired. On one of the papers found were written these words, undated:—"If you will walk along the beach for a mile and a half, you will find us in the other boat hauled up in the mouth of a river at the head of the harbour on the south side. Delay not: we are starving." Rescue had come; but too late!

The letters and papers which had been so strangely preserved on the beach where Gardiner died, were brought back to England, and stirred the hearts of all who knew the story. Mr. Despard, the Bristol vicar, who had saved the Society before, came to the rescue again, and roused its supporters to a fresh effort. A schooner, such as Captain Gardiner had from the first desired, was built and launched at Dartmouth, and set sail for "Fireland" with Garland Phillips and a surgeon, Mr. Ellis, on board. Gardiner's recommended plan was to be followed. Keppel, an island near the Falklands, eight miles by four, was entrusted to the mission by the British Government, and here a site for a station was selected. Rough wooden sheds soon rose upon the shore of that lonely, treeless spot, and in these the pioneers sheltered themselves. A brief visit was paid to the scenes of the martyrs' efforts, and who should meet the visitors but Jemmy Button himself, greeting them in broken English and in high glee.

A year later, Mr. Despard relinquished his prosperous school at Bristol, the mainstay of his family, and headed a new band of mission-agents. The new staff included the only son of Captain Gardiner, a Fellow of his college at Oxford; Tom Bridges, a boy of fourteen whom Mr. Despard had rescued from the life of a waif; a carpenter, a farmer, and others. It was a welcome addition to the two lonely workers at Keppel. A new era in the mission had opened. They reared houses, laid out gardens, constructed fences, made roads, digged peat, and hunted for seal and birds and fish for food. Mr. Despard, now the head of the mission, visited Patagonia, Monte Video, and Banner Cove, and the cavern at Spaniard Harbour, where the painted directions on the rock, and pieces of the *Pioneer*, were still to be seen. He was preparing a settlement to which he could bring Fuegian natives, especially boys, to be trained and educated, and, in time, to open the door of Fuegia for the missionaries.

One mid-winter day, in June, 1858, the *Allen Gardiner* sailed into Woollya Bay, amidst drifting snow and boisterous winds. It was the spot where Captain Fitzroy landed Matthews and his party. In one of the canoes that came alongside was a daughter of Jemmy Button; and soon she was off in search of her father, pulling all night to find him. Early next morning his broken English was heard in the distance; and he mounted the ladder, shook hands with the visitors, ate with them, and talked as well as if he had lost nothing of what he had learned in England. Mr. Gardiner proposed to him to take him to the mission settlement, and in ten days he, his wife, and three children, were safely housed with the mission staff at Keppel. For five months the Buttons remained, behaving well and acquiring cleanly, industrious, and Christian habits. When they were taken back to their home, and left in a house of English construction, three other men, with their wives and families, were easily induced to trust themselves to the care of Mr. Despard. The number included two lads, Lucca and Okokko, who learned to write and read, to saw wood, and practise tidy habits, till the period for their return approached.

It seemed to the missionaries that it was time for them to seek a footing among the Fuegians in their own islands. In October, 1859, the *Allen Gardiner* sailed for

Woollya, with nine Englishmen and nine Fuegians on board, amongst them being Captain Fell, in command, and Garland Phillips, the missionary; with two brothers of Jemmy Button, and Okokko and Lucca.

Weeks passed, and Mr. Despard in vain scanned the sea for some sign of the returning vessel. At last, unable to bear the suspense any longer, he despatched Captain Smyley in the schooner *Nancy* to Woollya. Arriving on the scene, he found the *Allen Gardiner* riding in the bay, but deserted and plundered. Hastening ashore, the facts were soon ascertained.

For six days Mr. Phillips had found the natives friendly, and all suspicion was disarmed. But canoes had been gathering from other quarters; and, on the Sunday, when all the party except the cook went ashore to hold service in their rude hut, a rush was made upon the place. Two natives stole down to the beach and snatched off the boat's oars and hid them in a wigwam. Then a crowd of natives closed round the house just as the company of worshippers were singing "From Greenland's icy mountains." From on board the *Allen Gardiner* the cook watched the scene; saw Okokko, who was devoted to Mr. Phillips, dashing about the beach wringing his hands in distress and helplessness; saw the natives with clubs and stones hit Captain Fell and the others: he saw all fall except Mr. Phillips and one of the sailors, who scrambled to the boat and pushed out into deep water, when "Macalwense," one of the nine just brought back from Keppel, threw a stone and stunned Mr. Phillips, and he was dragged ashore and speedily killed.

The only survivor of the party was the cook, who escaped from the schooner to the woods, where he concealed himself till forced by the pangs of hunger and cold to cast himself on the tender mercies of the natives. They robbed him of everything he possessed, but spared his life, and allowed him to find shelter with the Button family, who behaved generously to him, till Captain Smyley arrived and rescued him.

Eight more victims exacted before the conquest of Fireland for the Cross! It was a terrible price to pay.

Okokko begged hard to be taken back to Keppel, and for some years thereafter he and his wife and family were the only Fuegians at the mission settlement. But their improvement delighted Mr. Despard's heart. In the garden and the field, the work-room and the house, they learnt and laboured well. Nothing was left to Mr. Despard and Mr. Bridges but to strengthen their settlement, teach Okokko, and, in turn, to learn the Fuegian language from him.

This second massacre appalled the heart of England. But where so much blood had been spilt the work must not be relinquished. Three years later, the Rev. W. H. Stirling, now Bishop Stirling, joined the mission as its superintendent, and a new impetus was given to the work and the workers. When the *Allen Gardiner* next sailed into the Woollya seas, the natives were terrified, thinking it had come to take revenge for the massacre four years before. Okokko, now known as George, who accompanied Mr. Stirling, calmed them by assuring them that they were messengers of peace, and had come to raise and help them. It was the

first time that the Gospel had been told, however feebly, in the Fuegian tongue by a native of Fuegia. They were alarmed, however, at the idea of a Resurrection, for would not the massacred missionaries take revenge upon them? Mr. Bridges, too, who had mastered their language, won a respectful hearing, and they were invited to come to Keppel, and learn habits of industry and the Gospel of Christ. So many offered themselves, that numbers had to be refused. Eleven, however, were soon under training in the garden, schoolroom, and farm at Keppel. The day was

A SIGNIFICANT CONTRAST.
FUEGIAN CONVERTS. ALACULOOF SAVAGES.

filled full with varied duties: worship in the morning, with instruction followed by school-work; at eleven o'clock, all in the fields at manual labour till evening; then once more books and blackboard, with a hymn to close the day.

Okokko, earnest, steady, and devoted, must now be settled somewhere among his countrymen, to influence them by personal daily contact. When the schooner touched at his old haunts, the natives were in despair, and the majority of them were observed to have had the hair on the crown of their heads cut short in token of grief. An epidemic had been ravaging the islands. Jemmy Button and two of his sons had been swept away by it. All the Christians returning home from Keppel found friends dead. But the dead were not named. Fuegians, like some other races, bury

their dead in silence, and never allude to them by name: strange hint of the universal awe at the spirit's release.

Lucca took them ashore and pointed out the spot where the bodies of the murdered missionaries lay. He and Okokko had at the time covered the bodies with stones to shield them from the foxes. "We scramble over the broken rocks, and presently traces of the deceased come to light. The remains of Mr. Phillips and Captain Fell are unmistakable. I read the Burial Service, partly in the ship, and partly at the grave. The flag hung half-mast high, and every token of reverent feeling was unaffectedly offered. The hymn beginning:—

'When our heads are bowed with woe,'

concluded the service, and the booming of the ship's two signal-guns announced that it was over."

Okokko was settled in a well-built hut, supplied with partial provisions for six months, and left with his wife and family to dig, and fence, and breed goats, and show his countrymen an example of industry and cleanliness, of a Christian home and character.

Numbers volunteered for Keppel; fathers brought their boys and offered them to Mr. Stirling; but a select number only could be taken. The work of training fresh recruits went on, and the *Allen Gardiner* plied busily, conveying them from and to their homes. Some forty or fifty visited Keppel in groups in successive years, most of them young and open to the influence of Mr. Bridges and his helpers.

Mr. Stirling resolved to try the experiment of taking four young "Firelanders" to England with him. These were "Threeboys," so called by his father, Jemmy Button, Uroopa, Sisoy, and a loving little fellow, Jack. All of them had spent one or more winters at Keppel. First at Bristol, and then at Redford and elsewhere, they proved themselves capable of acquiring the ways, and suiting themselves to the habits, of civilised society. They learned to read and write, to manage cattle, to garden and farm, to travel by rail, and thread their way through the city streets. It was after a stay in England of sixteen months that, on their return voyage, the eldest and most mature, Uroopa, fell into a decline and died. At baptism he had chosen the name John Allen Gardiner,—"John, whom Jesus loved," and Allen Gardiner in memory of the proto-martyr of the mission. His end was radiant with Christian peace and hope. When Uroopa's father was told of his boy's death, he grew sullen and suspicious, but, as Threeboys told of the happiness of his end, he calmed down. Poor Threeboys was soon to follow his comrade. A fatal illness seized him: Mr. Stirling sailed off with him to the Falklands to get medical help. During the course of the sickness, it became evident that the Christian death of his companion had deeply impressed him, and so marked was the deepening of personal religion that he was baptised on the voyage. In his delirium, he often repeated the Lord's Prayer, a hymn, or text. The end came soon, and he was buried at sea. Only two of the four visitors to England were left. The hope of the mission lay in these and other young Fuegians who had been under Christian training. Mr. Stirling resolved to

make another attempt to plant English missionaries on the islands, and, in company with these youths, to brave the risks himself.

On the southern shores of the Beagle Channel at Liwya, not far from Woollya, he landed in 1868, settled his four young Fuegians, built a log house, supplied them with seeds and implements, and goats and sheep. A year later he crossed to the opposite shores on the main island, and chose a well-wooded, well-watered ground for his new mission station. The schooner left him there, the only Englishman on these islands. "As I pace up and down at evening before my hut, I fancy myself a sentinel—God's sentinel, I trust—stationed at the southernmost outpost of his great army. A dim touch of heaven surprises the heart with joy, and I forget my loneliness in realising the privilege of being permitted to stand here in Christ's name."

Ooshooia had an excellent harbour, and good lands for tillage and pasture; and behind rose lofty, snow-clad mountains, to shut them in. The stores were put in charge of the more trustworthy natives. At first the others were excited to jealousy and hostility towards Mr. Stirling's favourites, and made attacks on them. But as soon as the missionary appeared, the quarrels subsided. The Fuegians had now become accustomed to the sight of the mission schooner, and had learnt that the missionaries were their friends.

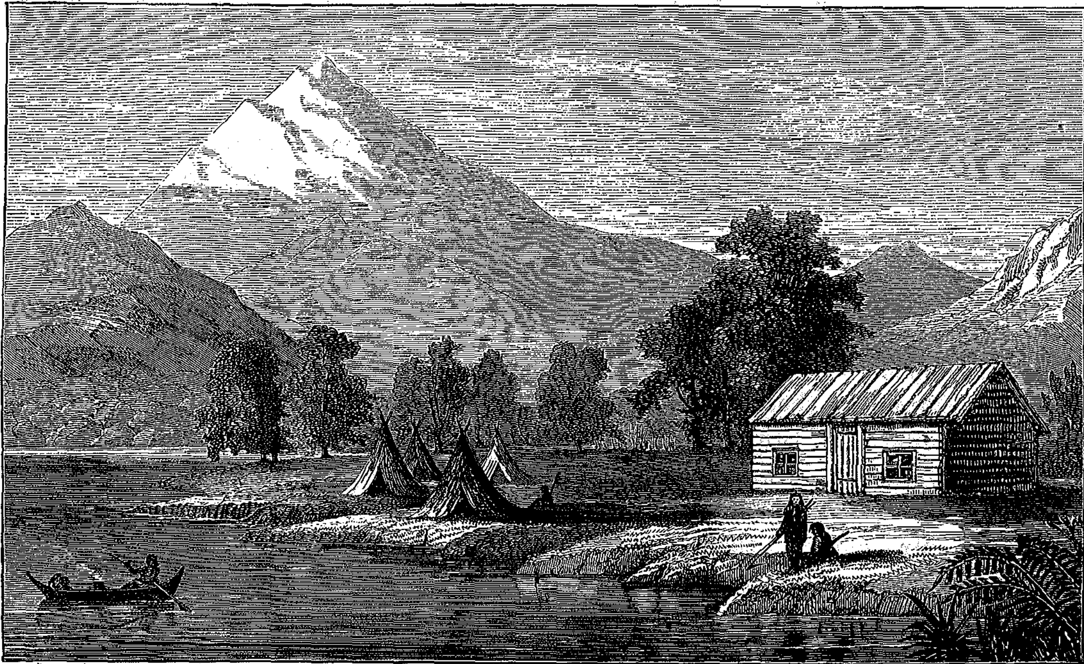
It was difficult to teach them settled habits of manual labour. Most of them preferred to hunt in their canoes, to spear the fish, and catch the seal, and live their savage life. Mr. Stirling drew out a plan of the future Christian settlement, laid out the ground, paid with food all natives who laboured at digging or wood-cutting. A rude system of government was established, and habits of honesty and industry were inculcated. Mr. Bartlett, the farm-bailiff at Keppel, was brought over to extend these agricultural and industrial beginnings, and to teach them the use of implements. The family was an institution sacred to Fuegians; so the idea of the Father in Heaven was seized readily, and the Father's family (of Christians) was easily understood. At early morning, and again at dusk, a little service was held in the log hut, and the listening natives were pleased and awed at the sound of Christian hymn and Scripture story.

Mr. Bridges, who had mastered the language, and had begun to construct a grammar and to translate some portions of Scripture, returned to England after an absence of eleven years, to be ordained as a missionary. An iron house was built at East London for the mission, and at a farewell meeting held there he and two new agents, a carpenter and a farmer, bade farewell to their English friends. He reached the new Fuegian settlement at Ooshooia in 1870, and found the natives adapting themselves to the habits of Christian civilisation. Canoes were gathering to the settlement from many quarters, theft and revenge were disappearing, and distant tribes were hearing of the new state of things. Mr. Bridges settled down for the rest of his active lifetime to extend and consolidate this centre of Christian influence.

Mr. Stirling had been called home to England to be consecrated first Bishop of the Falklands. His Society had planted chaplains among the English residents in

Chili, Brazil, Paraguay, and Uruguay, and these as well as the Fuegian stations needed superintendence. His diocese stretched from the Equator to Cape Horn, and a single visitation would take him ten thousand miles.

When the Bishop next paid a visit to the Ooshooia settlement in 1872, he found that since the day when he landed on the spot the scene had been transformed. Five acres of land had been fenced in, and six Fuegian families settled thereon; behind rose the iron house (named Stirling House), Isle House, and the rude little chapel, surrounded by well-built wigwams and neat outhouses. "I joined with Mr. Bridges in baptising



RESIDENCE OF BISHOP STIRLING AT OOSHOOIA, TIERRA DEL FUEGO, DURING THE FIRST SEVEN MONTHS OF 1869.

thirty-six of the Indians, adults and children, and in joining in Christian marriage seven couples. The service took place in the open air, in the presence of, I suppose, a total of one hundred and fifty persons. The baptised had organised evening worship spontaneously, and were meeting in the houses of one another for prayer and praise." Amongst the number then baptised was Okokko, witness of the slaughter at Woollya, who chose the name of George Despard.

Of the four Fuegians who had visited England, what had become of the two who still survived? Sisoi had vanished for years, and it was feared that he had relapsed into a pagan life. But Bishop Stirling found, upon setting foot on Ooshooia, that Sisoi's father had forbidden him to join the mission, and out of filial respect, he had dutifully remained at home until his father died, when he at once took his canoe and made for Ooshooia. After years of isolation from Christian society, he

could still lead the singing at worship and repeat the Lord's Prayer. He was of great service to Mr. Bridges in the work of Bible translation.

A new era had opened in Fireland; and every year since 1870 has seen some advance in the work under missionary and catechist, translator and teacher, farm-bailiff and artisan. Cattle and goats were introduced, trees were felled and sawn, and wooden cottages were built. Roads were constructed, and sanitation taught. The

ORPHANAGE CHILDREN AT OOSHOOIA, WITH MRS. HEMMINGS, MATRON.
(From a Photograph by Dr. Canton, H.M.S. "Ruby.")

missionaries became the virtual kings, the law-givers and peacemakers. It was only a small corner of Fuegia that was occupied, but the civilising influence was felt round the whole coastland and amongst the numerous islands.

It was significant that the Admiralty issued a "Notice to Mariners" informing them where, in case of being shipwrecked near Cape Horn, they might find refuge, and where the natives could be trusted.

The *Dreadnought*, an American ship, was lost off Cape Penas, and the crew, consisting of twenty-four hands, expected to be massacred by the bloodthirsty natives, as crews had been before. To their extreme amazement, they were treated well by the Indians, who offered them not the slightest violence; and ere long they were rescued by a passing Norwegian barque. In their nomadic migrations the natives had paid

visits to the Christian settlement at Ooshooia, and there had learnt friendliness to the white man.

The schooner *San José* had been sent out by the Argentine Government to settle the boundary line which gives the western half of Tierra to Chili, and the eastern to the Argentine Republic, and, in the course of its expedition, visited Ooshooia. Mr. Bridges and his two sons resolved to accompany the *San José* in its voyage, in the hope of making the acquaintance of the Onas, the race occupying the eastern shores of Tierra, and akin to the Southern Patagonians. A gale sprang up and drove the *San José* ashore, where they were left at the mercy of the biting snow and the Ona natives. A whale-boat was despatched under Mr. Bridges' eldest son to bring the *Allen Gardiner* to the rescue. The intervening eleven days gave Mr. Bridges his opportunity of approaching and studying the Onas, their customs and language. Knowing the Zahgan language, he was able to make himself understood, and, according to the master of the wrecked ship, Captain Pritchards, it was his presence and influence alone that prevented the outbreak of hostilities. "I encouraged the Onas to pay us a visit at Ooshooia, and promised them a warm welcome and assistance to come and go. They are resolved to come. We visited their camp, and their whole company visited ours, and we had no trouble with them." One or two of them Mr. Bridges took with him to be educated and trained at the mission. After nearly a fortnight's waiting, the shipwrecked party were rescued by Captain Willis and the *Allen Gardiner*. Mr. Willis took them to the settlement, where they were treated with the utmost kindness. They had started on their expedition suspicious of all English mission work: they returned to bless.

The rescue was reported to the King of Italy, and, at the Society's annual meeting in 1883, Captain Bové, of the Italian Royal Navy, in the stead of the Italian Ambassador, presented to the Society, on behalf of the King of Italy, a royal letter, together with a gold medal specially struck to commemorate the event. A letter was read from the Italian Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. Mancini, which bears indirect testimony to the Conquests of the Cross in Tierra:—

"*Office of Foreign Affairs, The Ministry,*
"*Rome, March,* 1883.

"DEAR SIR,—Lieutenant Bové, of the Royal Italian Navy, and several able naturalists, also belonging to Italy, during the last summer season of the Southern Hemisphere, whilst engaged in exploration and research in the dangerous channels of Tierra del Fuego, underwent complete shipwreck, and would undoubtedly have perished but for the succour which (through the greatest good fortune) reached them from the missionaries of Ooshooia, succour which was rendered in the most generous and noble way. Having learned the particulars from the statements of the shipwrecked persons, who are now arrived at home, and who are unanimous in their expressions of gratitude towards those estimable missionaries of your Society, I have brought the circumstances to the notice of the King. His Majesty has been made aware how thoroughly these apostles of universal civilisation have maintained the character of their holy calling when coming, in circumstances so critical, to the aid of H.M.'s subjects. His Majesty has also learned how it is due to their indefatigable Christian labours that the very savages of Tierra del Fuego, who were formerly such an object of dread, have shown, at their very first meeting of our shipwrecked crew, to how great an extent their old ferocity has been laid aside. This had been beyond the hopes of that great man Darwin, when he wrote his first work, the harbinger of such advances in science; yet in a short lapse of years the work of the missionaries had sufficed to transfer the natives of that island from the depths of

savagery to such a level of improvement as drew forth the praises of Darwin himself, and led him to enter his name among the subscribers to the South American Missions. To this commencement of civilisation, and therefore to the missionaries and to your Society, we owe the rescue of our countrymen. His Majesty the King has given orders that thanks should be tendered to the President of the Committee of South American Missions, and that the expression of these thanks should be accompanied by the presentation of a gold medal bearing his Majesty's effigy and the inscription :—'*Demersis æquore nautis attulit Religio salutem.*' 'Religion has brought safety to the mariners rescued from a watery grave.' With sentiments of genuine satisfaction I now carry out the Royal orders, and beg you, Sir, to convey thanks to the worthy Society, and to accept, on the part of the missionaries in Ooshooia Station, the medal which will reach you with this document. Be pleased, dear Sir, to accept the expression of my particular respect.

"Alfred Robert Pite, Esq., (Signed) "Mancini.
Chairman of Committee of South American Missionary
Society, London."

For twenty years this work has been widening and deepening, without the occurrence of any tragic event, and is the result of steady missionary and industrial operations. Allen Gardiner's dying prayer is being quietly answered. Not in vain did he and Phillips and Captain Fell give their lives for "poor Fuegia." New stations have been opened: an island of the Wollaston group has been ceded to the Society's agents by the Chilian Government for a term of years. Three hundred natives had, in 1888, been baptised, many of whom have, moreover, been trained at Keppel. At Keppel natives have been boarded, and instructed in Christian truth, and trained in the workshop and in the industrial farm, on which there are already large flocks of sheep and herds of cattle.

At Ooshooia there is now a Christian village, with cottage-wigwams, a church, a school, and an orphanage, where twenty-five children are under the care of an English matron, Mrs. Hemmings. The children sew and read, write on slates and copy-books, and recite from black-boards, learning all their lessons with wonderful rapidity. The *Allen Gardiner* plies between the various settlements, conveys missionaries and natives to and from the base of operations at Keppel, carries supplies to the mission-agents, and opens up new stations as required. Several of the Gospels and the Acts have been translated, under the linguist of the mission, into the Zahgan tongue; and the same indefatigable worker has collected a vocabulary of thirty thousand words. To no one, except Captain Gardiner himself, does Fuegia owe so much as to Mr. Bridges. In the course of his thirty years' service he saw the transformation of that desperate country from savagery to opening civilisation. Right well did he deserve a period of rest after a lifetime of such heroic and patient labour.

Well might Darwin write: "The success of the Tierra del Fuego mission is most wonderful, and shames me, as I always prophesied utter failure." He did honour to himself, not only in making this frank avowal, but in sending a yearly subscription to the mission. The success of the Fuegian Mission may stand as an unimpeachable evidence of the power of the Cross to conquer and elevate the lowest forms of humanity.

XXXVI.—CHINA.

CHAPTER LXXIII.

PREACHING THE GOSPEL TO THE PEOPLE

Early Traditions—Was St. Thomas ever in China?—The Nestorians—Roman Catholic Missions—Mahometanism—The Chinese a Religious People—William Charles Burns—In Canada—Goes to China—Translates the "Pilgrim's Progress"—Canton—Chang-Chew—Burns Wears the Chinese Garb—Character of Burns and his Work—Books and Tracts—Dr. Edkins—Chalmers and Muirhead—A Curious Proclamation—The Story of Tan Khe—Returning Good for Evil—Petty Persecutions.

THEY that had taken the sword had perished by the sword, and, by the Treaty of Pekin, China was thrown widely open to the peaceful preaching of the Gospel. It would be quite wrong, however, to suppose that the true God had never been heard of in that vast country till the treaty of 1860 secured to modern missionaries the right to travel and evangelise in the interior.

There has long been a vague tradition that St. Thomas the Apostle travelled from India (across the Himalayas?) to China to proclaim the doctrines of Jesus; but the belief, however ancient, does not seem to rest on a very secure foundation. Mr. E. Colborne Baber, Chinese Secretary of the English Legation at Pekin, made recent extensive journeys of exploration in Western Ssŭ-Ch'uan, a graphic account of which is contained in the "Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society" of 1886. Mr. Baber relates that his party was received one night at a temple called "The White Buddha Shrine," which is about twenty miles, or less, distant from Tsŭ-Chou, and that this turned out to be a place of unusual interest.

"Vague accounts," he says, "have from time to time been published of a Chinese sect who worship a deity called Tamo, and regard the cross as a religious symbol; a story which has led the Roman Catholic missionaries to identify Tamo with St. Thomas, and to accept as proved the tradition that the Apostle made a voyage to China. On the other hand, the Tamo of Buddhism is, if I am not mistaken, a well-authenticated patriarch, who came to China in the sixth century. It was therefore very curious to discover in this temple a graven image of the Apostle, whether of Christianity or of Buddhism, depicting him with very marked Hindu features, a black complexion, and with a Latin cross on his breast.

"Images of Tamo are numerous in Ssŭ-Ch'uan temples, and he is nearly always—I think I may venture to say always—represented with black or very dark features. I have never heard of any other case of a cross being attached to his effigy."

The presence of the cross is not in itself decisive, but this special form of cross is quite unknown to Buddhism. In one case, in Japan, its presence in a Buddhist shrine was believed to be conclusive as to Christianity, and in due time there was elicited a chain of historical links connecting the edifice with a Christian family who had hid their belief during the great persecutions. If the cross has not been recently added to the image, its presence on the whole tends to favour the Catholic tradition. As to the dark complexion and Hindu features, it must be remembered that St. Thomas is believed to have lived in India, and his followers

might adopt the style of art of their country. Mr. Baber's facts, all most valuable and interesting, give the legend *shape*, while they throw doubt on its accuracy. There can be no question that at the early periods of Christian history, Buddhism, or rather the general Indian cult from which it sprang, and Christianity, were often intertwined, and this mysterious Tamo may be one of the evidences of such an early blending of the two great religious systems.

IN A MISSION SCHOOL.

In 1625, at one of the principal cities of the province of Shense, in which province was for many centuries the ancient metropolis of China, an inscription in Syriac letters was discovered, which records the first well-authenticated introduction of Christianity into the Empire. In A.D. 635, certain Nestorian bishops were driven eastward by persecution in the Roman provinces, and reached China. That their descendants or converts were still to be found in the same province, in the time of Marco Polo, is clearly attested by that famous traveller, and from that very province arose a great Mahometan rebellion in recent times. Strange is the military influence of belief in One God. It makes conquerors out of very poor material sometimes, and it was so in this instance, as Mr. J. Thomson in "The Land and the People of China" has stated:—"Fired with the zeal of the faithful, these Mahometans, though greatly inferior in numbers, gained easy victories over their less warlike foes. To pagans they gave no quarter, slaughtering cities full of men, women, and children, but sparing the native converts to Christianity, who were all Roman Catholics."

A time of retribution came, however, and the revolt was suppressed with great carnage; but Mahometanism can no longer be ignored in Chinese politics. It is not absurd to suppose that Nestorian teaching left some faint impress on the people of that district, preparing the way for the monotheistic creed of Mahomet. It has been supposed by some that the Pentateuch was brought to China six centuries before the Christian era, but this may now be considered as very uncertain. Jews certainly came thither during the reign of the Han dynasty (B.C. 200—A.D. 200), and they founded a colony. A synagogue was built in A.D. 1164, and in the year 1850 some Hebrew rolls were found in the possession of the descendants

CHINESE GIRL AND BABY.

of these early Jewish immigrants; but none of them could read Hebrew, and they had ceased even to retain the old belief of their Israelitish forefathers.

The early efforts of the Portuguese, Jesuits, and other Roman Catholic missionaries, are well known, and need hardly be entered upon here. They did excellent service to China, and furthered education and science nobly, receiving appreciative attention from the great emperor, Kang-hi. Mr. Giles, in his admirable sketches of "Historic China," gives a brief and impartial summary of the Catholic missions, thus:—"Under the third Manchu emperor, Yung Chêng, began that violent persecution of the Catholics which has continued almost to the present day. The various sects—Jesuits, Dominicans, and Franciscans—had been unable to agree about the Chinese equivalent for God, and the matter had been finally referred to the Pope. Another difficulty had arisen as to the toleration of ancestral worship by Chinese converts professing the Catholic faith. There was a time when, but for this particular hitch, it seems probable that the Chinese people might have been gained over to Rome. They clung fondly, however, to their traditional worship of departed ancestors; and as the Pope refused to permit the embodiment of this ancient custom with the ceremonies of the Catholic Church, the new religion ceased to advance, and by-and-bye fell into disrepute."

Mahomet's doctrine, as we have seen, came into China, and remains there still; but how and when it first appeared is not precisely known. Those Mahometans who dwell in the northern provinces are supposed to have descended from a horde of Tartars whom the dynasty of the T'angs (A.D. 600—900) called in to suppress a revolution. They seem to have made converts in various parts of China, but keep themselves quite separate from the idolatrous people of the country, and do not intermarry with them. Indeed, they are almost looked upon as belonging to a separate nationality. The Chinese say, "The people of that nation worship Heaven alone, nor is there any other being or thing to which they pay divine honours." It will be seen from these few paragraphs that the religious mind of China has not been a mere stagnant pool, as so many seem to suppose.

A German missionary of much learning and experience (the Rev. Ernest Faber), in an introduction to "The Science of Chinese Religion," says:—"I, from my own observations, feel inclined to maintain that the Chinese belong, perhaps, to the most religious people of the world. Only we must not look for any symptoms of religion similar to those to which we are accustomed in Christian lands. There are, however, comparatively more temples and altars, more idols and more religious practices in China than in almost all other countries. The whole public and private life is impregnated by religious observations; we see every important action of the Government, as well as almost every movement in private life, inaugurated by different religious rites."

The man who figures most largely in popular estimation as a preacher to the Chinese is William Charles Burns. This devoted servant of the Cross was born on the 1st of April, 1815, in the parish manse of Dun in Angus.

William seems to have been a strong-limbed, healthy boy of the average Tom

Brown sort, with a strong tendency to cultivate and develop more of the muscular than of the devotional side in his Christianity. He was passionately fond of all kinds of strenuous out-of-door activity; delighted in the hewing down of trees; would spend days with a fishing-rod on the banks of the Carron, and sometimes he would vary the performance by going after crows and sparrows with an old carbine lent to him by the village blacksmith.

After the usual preliminary drill of the parish school, narrow in its range but usually thorough enough, William came under the intellectually vivifying influence of the Rev. Dr. James Melvin, an ardent Latinist, and head-master of the Grammar School in the Granite City of Aberdeen. He began thereafter to manifest some devotion to study, and entered Marischal College; but, without completing his studies there, he went up to Edinburgh to acquire a knowledge of law. Burns had not been long resident in Modern Athens before his soul passed through a great and transforming change. He felt that he was now another man, and abruptly hastened to his home, walking thirty-six miles, in order to announce to his mother and the family that he now meant seriously to become a minister of the Gospel.

Resuming his studies in Aberdeen, which now pointed definitely to the service of the Presbyterian Church, he gained a first place in mathematics, and other honours. A fellow-student of his at this time, who also became a very distinguished missionary of the Free Kirk, Dr. Murray Mitchell, thus writes of Burns:—"When he returned to Aberdeen he was an altered man. He came back full of holy earnestness, having in the meantime sustained the greatest revolution of which the spirit of man is susceptible, and seeking now every opportunity to converse with his old companions regarding Christ and his salvation."

He took his degree with distinction in 1834, and went to pursue further studies in Glasgow, along with certain budding divines, who were afterwards to blossom into ornaments of the Church—Norman MacLeod, William Arnot, James Halley, and James Hamilton, being amongst the number.

When the Rev. Robert Murray McCheyne, of Dundee, left his congregation to pay a visit to the Holy Land in 1839, he requested the young preacher to occupy his pulpit. A great religious movement followed Burns's ministrations there and elsewhere, but he had a strong repugnance—doubtlessly based on some knowledge of his own imperfect aptitude—towards the duties of the regular pastorate. He made a series of evangelistic journeys in this country and in Canada, frequently preaching in the streets, depending with apostolic simplicity on the offerings of the faithful, and often meeting with more rudeness and cruelty from nominal Christians than he was ever to encounter in the pagan villages of China.*

In 1844—6 he was in Canada, stirring up much needless strife, but reaching souls in the process. That famous Highland Regiment, the 93rd, was at Montreal when Burns was there, and he laboured diligently amongst the men. A non-commissioned officer describes the impression made upon these Balaclava heroes. "I have known

* See Vol. I., page 14.

EMPEROR OF THE DYNASTY OF T'ANG ACCORDING AN AUDIENCE AND MAKING A PRESENT.

CHINA.

IN TWO MAPS, SHOWING NORTHERN AND SOUTHERN PORTIONS.

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

C. I. M.	China Inland Mission.
S. P. G.	Society for the Propagation of the Gospel.
C. M. S.	Church Missionary Society.
L. M. S.	London " "
Wes.	Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society.
Bapt.	Baptist Missionary Society.
Ch. Scot.	Church of Scotland Foreign Mission.
Eng. Presb.	Presbyterian Church of England Foreign Mission.
Irish Presb.	Irish Presbyterian Church Foreign Mission.
Un. Presb.	United Presbyterian Church Mission (Scotland).
Meth. N. C.	Methodist New Connexion Missionary Society.
Un. Meth.	United Methodist Free Churches Foreign Missionary Society.
Bible Chris.	Bible Christian Missionary Society.
Friends' For. Miss. ...	Friends' Foreign Mission Association.
Blind	Mission to Chinese Blind.
*Soc. Fem. Ed.	Society for Promoting Female Education in East.
Berlin	Berlin Evangelical Missionary Society.
Basel	Basel Evangelical Missionary Society.
Rhenish	Rhenish Missionary Society.
Can. Presb.	Foreign Mission Committee of the Presbyterian Church in Canada.
Am. B. F. M.	American Board of Foreign Missions.
Am. Bapt.	American Baptist Missionary Union.
Am. S. Bapt.	Foreign Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention (U.S.).
Am. S. D. Bapt.	American Seventh Day Baptist Missionary Society.
Am. Meth. Epis.	American Methodist Episcopal Church Missionary Society.
Am. Meth. Epis. (South).	American Methodist Episcopal Church (South) Missions Board.
Am. Prot. Epis.	American Protestant Episcopal Church Missionary Society.
Am. Presb.	Missions of American Presbyterian Churches.
Am. Ref.	American Reformed (Dutch) Church Missionary Society.
Am. For. Chris.	American Foreign Christian Missionary Society.
Am. Bible	American Bible Society.
*Am. Wom. Un.	American Women's Union Missionary Society.

* In all other cases, stations worked by Women's Societies are included under the heading of the associations to which they are auxiliary.

Station.	*Province.*	*Society.*
AMOY	Fo-kien .	L. M. S., Eng. Presb., Am. Ref.
BHAMO . . .	BURMAH .	C. I. M.
BING-YA . . .	Che-kiang .	"
CANTON . . .	Quang-tung .	L. M. S., C. M. S., Wes., Am. S. Bapt., Am. Presb., Berlin.
CHANG-CHAN (*Chan-shan*) .	Shan-tung	Bapt.
CHANG-CHOW (*Cheang-chin*) .	Fo-kien .	L. M. S., Am. Ref.
CHANG-HUA .	Formosa .	Eng. Presb.
CHANG-POO .	Fo-kien .	" "
CH'ANG-SHAN .	Che-kiang .	C. I. M.
CHAN-HWA .	Shan-tung .	Meth. N. C.
CHAO-CHING .	Shan-se .	C. I. M.
CHA-OO (*Shao-wu*) .	Fo-kien .	Am. B. F. M.
CHAO-YANG .	Shing-King .	L. M. S.
CHAU-KIA-K'EO .	Ho-nan .	C. I. M.
CHAU-TUNG-FOO. *See* Chow-Toong.		
CHEE-CHOW .	Ngan-whi .	"
CHEE-FOO . .	Shan-tung .	C. I. M., S. P. G., Am. Prot. Epis., Am. Presb., Can. Presb.
CHENG-TU (*Ching-too*) . .	Sze-chuen .	C. I. M.
CHENG-YANG-KWAN	Ngan-whi .	"
CHI-CHOW (*Sih-chau*) . .	Shan-se .	C. I. M.
CHINAN-FOO. *See* Tsi-nan.		
CHIN-CHEW .	Fo-kien .	Eng. Presb.
CHIN-KIANG .	Kiang-su .	C. I. M., Am. S. Bapt., Am. Meth. Epis., Am. Presb.
CHIN-KIANG-POO (*Ts'ing-kiang-p'u*) .	" .	C. I. M., Am. Presb.
CHIN-KOO (*Cheng-ku*) . .	Shen-se .	"
CHI-SHUI . .	Hoo-pe .	Wes.
CHOO-CHOW .	Che-Kiang .	C. I. M.
CHOO-KIA . .	Shan-tung .	Meth. N. C.
CHOONG-CHING.	Sze-chuen .	C. I. M.
CHOW-CHOW (*Chi-chow*) .	Pe-chili .	L. M. S.
CHOW-HING (*Shao-shing*) .	Che-kiang .	C. I. M., C. M. S., Am. Bapt.
CHOW-KI (*Chu-ki*) . .	Che-kiang .	C. M. S.
CHOW-KING (*Shiu-hing*) .	Quang-tung .	C. M. S.
CHOW-PING .	Shan-tung .	Bapt.
CHOW-TOONG .	Yun-nan .	C. I. M., Bible Chris.
FAN-CH'ING .	Hoo-pe .	"
FAT-SHAN . .	Quang-tung .	Wes.
FEN-CHOW . .	Shan-se .	Am. B. F. M.
FENG-SIANG .	Shen-se .	C. I. M.
FOO-CHOW (*Fuh-shau*) .	Fo-kien .	C. M. S., Am. B. F. M., Am. Meth. Epis., Soc. Fem. Ed.
FOO-SHAN . .	Shan-tung .	C. I. M.
FORMOSA, *Island of* . . .		Eng. Presb., Can. Presb.
FUNG-HOA . .	Che-kiang .	C. I. M.
GAN-K'ING. *See* Ngan-k'ing.		
GAN-SHUN. *See* Ngan-shun.		
HAI-CHING . .	Shin-king .	Un. Presb.
HAI-NAN, *Island of* . . .		Am. Presb.
HAN-CHONG .	Shen-se .	C. I. M.
HAN-CHWAN .	Hoo-pe .	Wes.
HANG-CHOW .	Che-kiang .	C. I. M., C. M. S., Am. Bapt., Am. Prot. Epis., Am. Presb.
HAN-KOW . .	Hoo-pe .	L. M. S., Wes., Am. Prot. Epis.
HAN-YANG . .	" .	Wes.
HIANG-SHAN .	Quang-tung .	C. M. S.
HIAO-KAN . .	Hoo-pe .	Wes.
HIAO-Y . .	Shan-se .	C. I. M.
HIN-CHOW . .	" .	Bapt.
HING-WHA . .	Fo-kien .	C. M. S., Am. Meth. Epis.
HOH-CHOW . .	Shan-se .	C. I. M.
HOK-CHIANG .	Fo-kien .	C. M. S., Am. Meth. Epis.
HOK-NING . .	Fo-kien .	C. M. S.
HO-KOU . .	Kiang-si .	C. I. M.
HOK-SHAN . .	Quang-tung .	"
HONG-KONG . .	"	L. M. S., C. M. S., Wes., Basel, Am. B. F. M., Soc. Fem. Ed.
HOO-CHOW . .	Che-kiang .	Am. Bapt.
HUNG-T'UNG .	Shan-se .	C. I. M.

Station.	Province.	Society.
Hwai-luh	Pe-chili	C. I. M.
Hwang (*Hwang-hien*)	Shan-tung	Am. S. Bapt.
Hwuy-chaw. *See* Whei-choo.		
Ichang	Hoo-pe	Ch. Scot.
Iong-ping. *See* Yen-ping.		
Kai-ping	Hoo-pe	Meth. N. C.
Kai-yuen	Shing-king	Un. Pres.
Kal-gan (*Kai-gan*)	Pe-chili	Am. B. F. M.
Kao-yoo	Kiang-su	C. I. M.
Kia-ting	Sze-chuen	C. I. M.
Kia-yi (*Kagi*)	Formosa	Eng. Presb.
Kien-ning (*Kiang-ning*)	Fo-kien	C. M. S.
Kin-hoa	Che-kiang	C. I. M., Am. Bapt.
Kioo-chow (*Kiu-chau*)	,,	C. I. M.
Kirin	Manchuria	Irish Presb.
Kiu-kiang	Kiang-si	C. I. M., Am. Meth. Epis., Am. Prot. Epis.
Kiung-chow (*Kien-chow*)	Hainan	Am. Presb.
Ku-cheng	Fo-kien	Am. Meth. Epis.
Kuh-wu	Shan-se	C. I. M.
Kwang-chi. *See* Quang-si.		
Kwei-hwa-c'hweng	Shan-se	,,
Kwei-k'i	Kiang-si	,,
Kwei-yang. *See* Quei-yang.		
Lai-ngan	Ngan-whi	,,
Lambay	Formosa	Eng. Presb.
Lan-chow	Kan-su	C. I. M.
Lao-ho-keo	Hoo-pe	,,
Liang-chow	Kan-su	,,
Liao-yang	Shing-king	Un. Presb.
Ling-chin	Shan-tung	Am. B. F. M.
Lo-ngwong	Fo-kien	C. M. S.
Lo-ting	Quang-tung	C. M. S.
Lu-an (*Loon-gan* or *Lu-gan*)	Shan-se	C. I. M.
Macao	Quang-tung	Am. Presb.
Mookden	Shing-king	Irish Presb., Un. Presb.
Nang-chang	Kiang-si	Am. Meth. Epis.
Nan-k'ang	,,	C. I. M.
Nan-king	Kiang-su	C. I. M., Am. Meth. Epis., Am. Presb., Am. For. Chris.
Neu-chwang	Shing-king	Irish Presb., Un. Presb.
Ngan-k'ing	Ngan-whi	C. I. M.
Ngan-shun	Quei-chow	,,
Ning-hai	Shan-tung	,,
,, ,,	Che-kiang	,,
Ning-hia	Kan-su	,,
Ning-kuo (*Ning-kwoh*)	Ngan-whi	,,
Ning-po	Che-kiang	C. I. M., C. M. S., Un. Meth., Am. Bapt., Am. Presb.
Ning-taik	Fo-kien	C. M. S.
Nyen-hangli	Quang-tung	Basel.
Paa-teo	Mongolia	C. I. M.
Pa-chow	Sze-chuen	,,
Pak-hoi	Quang-tung	C. M. S.
Pang-chuang	Shan-tung	Am. B. F. M.
Peh-shih-kiai	Kiang-si	C. I. M.
Pe-king	Pe-chili	S. P. G., L. M. S., Am. B. F. M., Am. Meth. Epis., Am. Prot. Epis., Am. Presb., Blind.
Pin	Shan-tung	Meth. N. C.
Pin-yang	Shan-se	C. I. M.
Pin-yao	,,	,,
Pi-tao	Formosa	Eng. Presb.
Poh-lo (*Pok-lo*)	Quang-tung	L. M. S.
Pow-ning (*Pao-ning*)	Sze-chuen	C. I. M.
Pow-ting (*Pao-ting*)	Pe-chili	Am. B. F. M.
Quang-si (*Kwang-chi*)	Hoo-pe	Wes.
Quei-yang	Quei-chow	C. I. M.
San-yan-chwang	Kan-su	,,
Shia-ki-tien	Ho-nan	,,
Shang-hai	Kiang-su	C. I. M., L. M. S., Un. Presb., C. M. S., Am. S. Bapt., Am. Meth. Epis. (South), Am. Prot. Epis., Am. Presb., Am. Bible, Am. Wom. Un., Am. S. D. Bapt.
Shao-shing. *See* Chow-hing.		
Shao-wu. *See* Cha-oo.		
Sha-shi	Hoo-pe	C. I. M.
She-shu (*Shih-sheo*)	,,	,,
Shing-hien (*Sin-chang*)	Che-kiang	,,
Shiu-hing. *See* Chow-king.		
Shiu-kwan	Quang-tung	Wes.
Shue-chang	Kiang-si	Am. Meth. Epis.
Sih-chau. *See* Chi-chow.		
Si-ngan	Shen-se	C. I. M.
Si-ning	Kan-su	,,
Soo-chow	Kiang-su	Am. S. Bapt., Am. Meth. Epis. (South), Am. Presb.
Sui-choo (*Sui-fu*)	Sze-chuen	C. I. M., Am. Bapt.
Sui-kou (*Sin-kioo*)	Shan-se	,,
Swatow	Quang-tung	Eng. Presb., Am. Bapt.
Tai-chow	Che-kiang	C. I. M.
Tai-ku	Shan-se	Am. B. F. M.
Tai-ping	Ngan-whi	C. I. M., Am. Meth. Epis.
Tai-tung	Shan-se	C. I. M.
Tai-wan	Formosa	Eng. Presb.
Tai-yuen	Shan-se	C. I. M., Bapt.
Takau	Formosa	Eng. Presb.
Ta-ku	Pe-chili	Meth. N. C.
Ta-ku-t'ang	Kiang-si	C. I. M.
Ta-li-fu	Yun-nan	,,
Tam-sui	Formosa	Can. Presb.
Ta-ning	Shan-se	C. I. M.
Tan-lin	Sze-chuen	,,
Ta-toong	Ngan-whi	,,
Teh-an (*Te-ngan*)	Hoo-pe	Bapt.
Teng-chow	Shan-tung	Am. S. Bapt., Am. Presb.
Tie-ling	Manchuria	Unit. Presb.
Tien-t'sin	Pe-chili	C. I. M., L. M. S., Meth. N. C., Am. B. F. M., Am. Meth. Epis.
Tong-kang	Formosa	Eng. Presb.
Tong-ngan (*Tong-an*)	Fo-kien	Am. Ref.
Tong-ngan (*Tung*)	Quang-tung	C. M. S.
Toong-chuen (*Tung-chwan-fu*)	Sze-chuen	Friends' For. Miss.
Tschong-tshun	Quang-tung	Basel.
Tsi-nan	Shan-tung	Bapt., Am. Presb.
Ts'in	Kan-su	C. I. M.
Tsing-chow (*Tsing-chu-foo*)	Shan-tung	Bapt.
Ts'ing-kiang-pu. *See* Ching-kiang-poo.		
Tsun-hua	Pe-chili	Am. Meth. Epis.
Tung-chow	,,	Am. B. F. M., Am. S. Bapt.
Tung-kuan	Quang-tung	Rhenish.
Wan-hien	Sze-chuen	C. I. M.
Wei (*Wei-hien*)	Shan-tung	Am. Presb.
Wei-nan	Shen-se	C. I. M.
Wen-chow	Che-kiang	C. I. M., Un. Meth.
Whei-choo	Ngan-whi	,,
Woo-chang	Hoo-pe	C. I. M., L. M. S., Wes., Am. Prot. Epis.
Woo-hoo	Ngan-whi	C. I. M., Am. Meth. Epis., Am. Prot. Epis.
Woo-sueh (*Wu-sueh*)	Hoo-pe	Wes.
Yang-ching	Shan-se	C. I. M.
Yang-chow	Kiang-su	,,
Yang-sin	Shan-tung	Meth. N. C.
Yan-ping	Quang-tung	C. M. S.
Yen-chow	Che-kiang	C. I. M.
Yen-ping (*Iong-ping*)	Fo-kien	C. M. S., Am. Meth. Epis.
Yoon-k'ang (*Yung-k'ang*)	Che-kiang	C. I. M.
Yung-ning	Shan-se	C. I. M.
Yun-nan	Yun-nan	C. I. M., Bible Chris.
Yu-shan	Kiang-si	,,
Yu-tien	Pe-chili	Am. Meth. Epis.

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

Mr. Burns," he writes, "send them home to their barracks, after hearing him preach, every man of them more or less affected; not a high word, or breath, or whisper heard among them; each man looking more serious than his comrade."

In the year 1847, just after his return from Canada, the Foreign Mission Committee of the English Presbyterian Church, of which his old friend and fellow-student, Dr. James Hamilton, was convener, invited Mr. Burns to enter China as their first missionary. He consented at once to go "to-morrow," but on the condition that he should be considered a free evangelist, and not a fixed pastor—a contract which he seems persistently to have upheld till the last. The ordination took place during a meeting of the Synod at Sunderland in April, 1847, and Burns arrived in China in the month of November of the same year. He took up his abode for a time in the Island of Hong Kong, which had not then the social attractions it now puts forth. There he ministered to a small English-speaking congregation, chiefly composed of his own Presbyterian countrymen, and busied himself earnestly in acquiring the language.

Very soon after he came to Hong Kong he was asked to visit in prison three Chinese criminals under sentence of death for murder, who were said to be "in deep distress and anxious to be visited by the ministers of Christ." He at once went to the prison, accompanied by a native evangelist, tried to converse with the unhappy men, read some passages from Christian books and prayed with them. After the ice had thus been broken he acquired the colloquial language very rapidly and thoroughly, and he might often be heard far into the night reciting words of Scripture or praying to God in Chinese.

Great was his joy when he discovered some new expression unknown to European scholars; and, dressed in Chinese clothes, he often overheard conversations which would naturally have been suppressed in the presence of foreigners. He began the translation of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," a labour of love from which he never desisted till the work was ready for the press.

After an unsuccessful attempt to settle a mission station in the great city of Canton, Burns went to Amoy to join Dr. James Young, a former member of the congregation at Hong Kong, who offered his services and was gladly accepted by the English Presbyterian Church as their medical missionary.

In 1842 the American Presbyterians began work in Amoy, one of the five ports opened by the Treaty of Nankin, which followed the first so-called Opium War. There they still, in harmonious co-operation with their English brethren, carry on vigorous operations, the results of their joint labours being now gathered up into a native Presbyterian Church, which has perhaps a healthy little tinge of Congregationalism about it. Mr. Talmage, a brother of the eloquent New York preacher of the same name, and Mr. Doty, both American Presbyterians, had been labouring there for some years with fair success, and Messrs. Stronach and Young, of the London Missionary Society, had also begun work before the arrival of Burns. It may, therefore, naturally be concluded that Amoy was a place of some considerable importance.

Amoy was in the seventeenth century the head-quarters of the notable Chinese king of pirates, Koxinga, who expelled the Dutch from the Island of Formosa, which lies almost directly opposite. The great city of Chang-chew, of which Amoy is the port, contains a population of not much less than half a million of souls. The province of Fukien, in which it lies, is famous for its black tea, and scenery of surpassing grandeur is to be found amongst the spurs of the Nanling mountains and the Bohea hills. Around Chang-chew and Amoy there is a great plain, broken up by creeks. Amoy is an island—lying close to shore—the soil of which is not very productive, and as the people suffered greatly during the rebellion, emigration to America and our West Indian colonies has been gladly welcomed as a source of relief to the pressure of an excessive population. The provincial capital, Chang-chew, is reached by boat from Amoy, and the distance is about forty miles. In 1853, just after his translation of the first part of Bunyan's "Pilgrim" had been finished, Burns visited that populous city, spending some time there preaching, but secretly, from fear of the mandarins. However, a neighbour, who happened to be a magistrate, overheard a Chinese evangelist with Burns singing a Christian hymn—probably one of those translated by the Scottish missionary—and they were compelled to leave the city. Travellers speak of the place with much admiration; its fine shops, well-paved and tidily kept streets—which are spacious, and quaintly adorned with many a monumental arch to citizens of credit and renown—presenting a contrast to the squalor, sordidness, and extreme filth of most Celestial towns. In 1865 the rebellion swept like a blast over this fair city, and what little the rebels left intact the unruly Imperialists destroyed, finally leaving Chang-chew an utter ruin. It is still the scene of many an evangelistic effort, and the population is now perhaps greater than ever.

In 1854, Dr. Young, unhinged in body and mind, was ordered to return to Scotland, under the care of Mr. Burns. He safely reached home, but died a few months afterwards. Burns returned to China in the following year, after stirring up much interest in Chinese missions, assisted by the novelty of a minister appearing in Scottish pulpits dressed like a Chinaman. Burns's eccentricity did not end there, for he inflicted Chinese words and phrases on everyone, and, probably from forgetfulness, once said grace in Chinese at an English table. His Chinese dress, and aping of Chinese manners, was not much more necessary nor serviceable even in China, but it gave much satisfaction to himself and many friends, and in that way perhaps may have been useful in increasing the sum of human happiness. Burns, in fact, was strikingly lacking in knowledge of and feeling for the subtler and more essential elements which belong to the Chinaman and his ways of thinking.

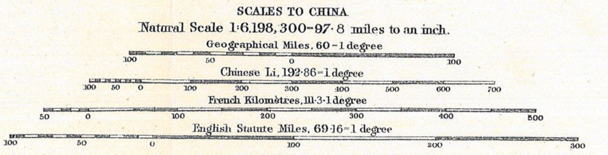
In China he hoped that in such disguise he might travel about without much observation; and indeed, it has been said that he became so like an ordinary respectable Chinaman in his very look and manner—many of them have features like our own—that he was not readily suspected; but this is doubtful. He frequently records that he could not do so-and-so because it would be a subterfuge; and one incident in his career led to a good deal of critical comment. His own account of this secret

CHINA

NORTHERN PORTION

BY KEITH JOHNSTON F.R.S.E.

In 1854 the Yellow River near Kai-Fong, was diverted from its Easterly course, and made to flow in a bed which it occupied 550 years before, North-Eastward into the S.W. portion of the Gulf of Pe-Chi-Li.



Note.—*The affixes to names of towns foo, meaning 1st chow 2d and 'hien' 3d class, are generally omitted.*
Capitals of Provinces in Roman as FOO-CHOW. *1st class towns as* Nan-Yong. *2d as Ho-ping. 3d as Yang-chang.*
Pe north. Nan south. Se west. Tung east. Hai sea. Ho river. Hoo lake. Quan fort. King court. Ching small town.

Heights in English Feet.—Sites of Battles ✕ 1856-8.

Cassell & Company Limited.

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

and somewhat absurd expedition to reach the camp of the insurgent Taipings at Nankin is the most interesting portion of his writings, but the journey was really otherwise quite fruitless in its results.

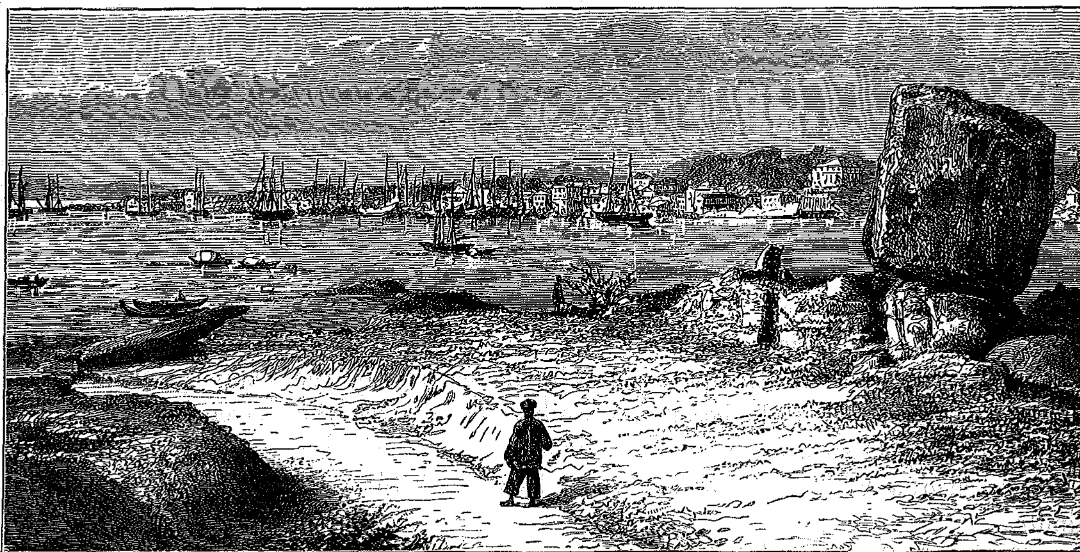
We have not space to chronicle the further efforts of this fervidly devoted but sometimes unwise missionary, whose plans were certainly not always so futile. He died in Nieu-chwang, in the far north of China, on the 4th of April, 1868, in his fifty-third year. Fleming Stevenson visited the place where he lies, "a sad-looking cemetery, reclaimed from mud," and in the town itself he found a "few that preserve the pleasant traditions of the man, his earnestness and holiness, his genial ways and bright smile." Reared in one of the narrowest and intensest schools of theology recent times have seen, Burns was naturally somewhat unfitted to understand the very peculiar problems of China as a mission-field. The impression that he was a mere pioneer, which his own resolution has led to, is unfounded, for he co-operated heartily with those engaged in fixed and methodical work; but the results of his wide journeys are not now very readily to be discerned. As an ideal missionary of the Cross, he will long figure largely in the story of Chinese evangelisation; but his fame does not seem to rest on a very solid foundation of learning or actual work accomplished, or of originality of methods in evangelising. He was a good and earnest man, but can hardly now be deemed a very great one.

It would be utterly impossible to compress into a few pages anything like a history of the various missions that now spread their organisations over the land. We cannot even attempt to sketch the careers of the many great and good men who, since the people became accessible, have given their strength to preaching the everlasting Gospel, often with spiritual results of a most remarkable kind. Let us take such a bird's-eye view as it may be possible to accomplish within our narrow limits.

Tens of thousands of Bibles, and hundreds of thousands of tracts and other publications bearing on the religion of Christ, have been circulated in almost every province by the agents of the British and Foreign Bible Society, the American Bible Society, the National Bible Society of Scotland, and the Religious Tract Society. These books have, for the most part, been esteemed and reverently treated, have been read and even carefully studied, by men of education, have sometimes been passed on from neighbour to neighbour, and in many cases have led to serious inquiries, to conversion, and to baptism.

It was not to be expected that the opponents of Christian missions would long refrain from using similar weapons, and hostile tracts have been issued in great numbers, some of them utterly vile and loathsome in the language used against the Christians. In 1870 such a work was translated, and its influence on the minds of those who were guilty of the massacre of Christians in Tien-tsin has been believed to have been direct and powerful. Protestants and Roman Catholics are declared to be identical, the distinction being deceptive and intended to be injurious. The grossest public immorality is laid at the door of the Christians; but the phraseology is too coarse for reproduction.

The London Mission Society, which was first in the field, continues to maintain its high position. The Rev. Joseph Edkins (born at Nailsworth, Gloucestershire, in 1823) has attained a most eminent position among European scholars as an authority on Chinese Buddhism in all its picturesque intricacy, and he is the author of a "Refutation of the Principal Errors of Buddhism," which has done good mission service among the people of China. In 1885 he issued a "General View of Western Knowledge," and has at various times published useful scientific and historical primers, some sixteen in number, which have attained much popularity among the rising generation, who are acquiring tastes that threaten us with a new and entirely different edition of the Indian Babu, who has become so interesting an ornament of his own race.



VIEW OF AMOY.

Dr. Edkins began his career as missionary in 1843, having previously studied at Coward College, and University College, London, graduating as B.A. at London University just before his departure to China. He has been a great traveller through the interior of China, and is intimate with many a quaint temple and populous monastery, and no one who visits Pekin could desire a better guide to the city itself or to the country around.

The scholarly Chalmers, who has enriched Anglo-Chinese literature with numerous contributions of a most valuable character, showing much patient research and accurate knowledge, still preaches to large and growing congregations of respectable-looking, hard-headed Chinese in Hong Kong and Canton. The venerable Muirhead, genial friend and untiring guide and helper of every new missionary who passes through Shanghai on his way to the interior or to other ports, may still be seen, his thin, keen, intellectual face crowned with silver, shining out through the dense crowd of sallow-toned Chinamen who surround him in the preaching quarter in the "native town" of the busy port, as he pours out with nervously vigorous gesticulation his fluent and

telling torrents of shrill Chinese. Younger men, not of mere promise, are rising to enter new fields, or to hold those firmly that the veterans have won in former days.

Protestant missions entered upon a new and happier era in their history when the Government of China opened up to the efforts of the missionary, as well as to the studies of the scientific explorer, the towns and great cities of their populous Empire.

NATIVES OF AMOY.

Popular prejudices might still have to be met by tact and prudence, but legal freedom at all events was henceforth to exist. It was not expected by those well informed as to the people of the interior, that much progress would be made by merely legalising the propagation of Christianity. Time had to soften the popular animosity towards the new creed and its teachers. Recently the chief mandarin of the city of Lu-ngan made the following proclamation to the citizens of that large town, and it shows the growth of opinion:—"Be it known that whereas the English teacher, Mr. Stanley P. Smith, and others, have come to Lu-ngan to propagate religion, they do so in accordance with treaty right; and, further, these teachers come after it has been signified to us by official documents, and the teachers all carry passports permitting

them to enter every city and town. Those are at liberty to hear who will. There are some who, having heard the doctrine, give me to understand that certain senseless scoundrels had the impudence to stick up a placard on the main street crossing, meaning by their unfounded stories to mislead all, and to stir up others to hurt virtuous men. Over and above apprehending the scoundrels in question, I issue this proclamation to inform others. Constables should take all the more care, lest this senseless people should again stir up matters; should this occur, the constables must at once arrest them and put them in prison. Thereupon I shall punish them with the utmost rigour of the law. The treaties state that Chinese traders going abroad are specially protected in the countries they visit. I, the magistrate, am now resigning, and fear lest you should set matters agoing and break the laws; therefore you people clearly uuderstand, as you love your own lives, that you are on no account to fabricate or listen to trumped-up stories, lest I shall have to punish you heavily. All should heed this with profound care, and not disobey. A SPECIAL NOTIFICATION."

After this very sensible proclamation, the mandarin dropped, like Silas Wegg, into poetry, and wrote in red ink, with his own pen, some verses which run as follows:—

"Each religion exhorts people to be good;
The words of some are easy, of others difficult to be understood;
Willing to follow or not
Is a matter for each man's heart.
Why fabricate false reports,
Showing envy and hatred to others?
Of old there is this saying,
'Love the benevolent, be good to your neighbour;'
If you break the law and stir up strife,
You only bring calamity on yourselves.
Those who sedulously remember this proclamation
Will for ever reckon us law-abiding people."

The history of Christian missionary effort in China may have to record "journeyings often, in perils of rivers, in perils of robbers," sometimes even in perils of our own Christian countrymen, but comparatively little of perils arising from the Chinese people—although cases of some rudeness and even violence have occurred. But amid the breathless calm and beneath the seemingly unruffled surface of Celestial society, surges of wild and cruel persecution have swept along, taking social forms which have not always arrested the attention of the outer world. For social and family persecution there would seem to be no legal remedy. A new life must leaven the people amid whom prejudices grow up or survive. The following sketch of the life of a native Presbyterian pastor, Tan Khe, which was written by himself, gives an interesting picture of a Chinese home into which the light of the Gospel has come with disturbing and searching beam. The good man was recently voted Moderator of the Amoy Presbytery, which incident led to the republication of the brief autobiography.

Tan Khe relates that he went to school at the age of eleven, but at eighteen he

had not learned much. When he used to go to the barber to get his pigtail dressed and his head shaved, that important functionary, who had become a Christian, was wont to read the Scriptures, and as young Tan Khe had some knowledge of literature, the barber asked him to explain a word now and again. To continue the story in his own words:—"Though I did my best to tell him what he asked, I did not then know that all men under heaven should believe and obey the doctrine taught in that book. When I was nineteen, I went to learn the drug business in Pechuia. At that time the long-haired rebels [the Taipings] were at Chang-Chew, and all the country was panic-stricken. Every night, watch was kept by the shopkeepers in Pechuia; and one night when I took my turn there was amongst us a worshipper of the true God called Jit-som. This man, to pass the time and keep us awake, sang Christian hymns. At the end of the year a literary graduate, who esteemed virtue and ability, came to my master and said, 'You should let this young man return next year to his books. His parents have already given their consent, and a school is to be opened in an adjoining village.' This was agreed to, and I proceeded with my studies in great hopes of becoming a famous scholar."

In this place the young ex-apothecary found a kinsman who had become a Christian, and who brought him to the feet of Jesus. He goes on to tell:—"The preacher taught me also a short prayer, and when alone, I often bent my head and prayed, and often in a secluded place I prayed earnestly, but did not let my voice be heard. . . . As my parents continually ordered me to present offerings to the idols, I at first compelled myself to obey them. Afterwards, in evasive words, I excused myself, for I knew that the idols are vain and dead things, and that if I worshipped them I could not escape the punishment of Heaven. At that time I gradually reformed myself, but soon found that if I continued to conceal myself, I could not be a true worshipper of God. At the winter feast, therefore, I openly renounced the idols, declaring that they were false, and at the same time stating that God was the only Spirit that should be served.

"On hearing this, the whole household scolded and reviled me. Of our neighbours, some ridiculed, some slandered. One said, the money spent all these years in school-feasts is thrown away; the teacher's labour is in vain. Another said, 'It is because his grandfather's grave is in an unlucky situation.' Others said, 'He has eaten foreigners' pills and is bewitched, and if he doesn't quickly change his course, when he dies these barbarians will tear out his heart and liver, and also his eyes, and then how will he do?'

"When my father and mother heard all this, they were beside themselves with rage, and often beat me, especially when I went to worship God at Pechuia. They also threatened to bind me and cast me into the river, or break my legs. I remembered that the Holy Book said: 'Do not fear those that can kill the body, but cannot kill the soul,' and so my heart was not in the least discouraged. I prayed the more earnestly, and did not bear any grudge against my parents. At that time they were full of grief and vexation, and continued to hope that I would return and walk in the old paths. When neither threats nor entreaties availed, they asked help of the idols and fortune-tellers; and when that failed, got village elders and

others to exhort me. But all was in vain. My heart was fixed, and; though they tried to change it, it could not be moved. . . . Afterwards two heathen acquaintances of my parents, who, in Amoy, had heard a little about the Christian religion, stated that the design of this new teaching was to lead men to do good, and that my parents might safely allow me to take my own way, and have no fear that evil would befall me."

CHINESE BARBER.

By-and-bye Dr. Carstairs Douglas, who came to China along with Burns on his return from Scotland, comforted him, and he was in due course baptised, his aged mother and two brothers following in the same path soon afterwards. What became of his father is not mentioned, but he says that his "parents relented." The Rev. Tan Khe is looked upon by the Christians, native and foreign, as a man of weight and learning, whose character is full of great amiability and modesty.

Mr. Meadows, of the China Inland Mission, with which the name of Hudson Taylor is so very closely associated, reports some cases from the maritime province of Cheh-kiang. From these we select one instance that illustrates the softening power of that Gospel which does *not* counsel revenge as the proper attitude to assume when real injury has been received. "I wrote you of a poor woman," says Mr. Meadows, "at one of our out-stations, whose husband has beaten her times without number for attending the services. The preacher dared not visit her, and no disciple, male or female, was permitted to enter the house while her husband was at home. A short time ago, he beat his poor wife so severely as to make even himself fear that he had gone too far; and he began to regret his violence. Whilst in this state of mind, he was seized with a serious illness, and was unable to rise from his bed or help himself. 'Now,' thought he, 'my wife will pay me back for my ill-treatment. She will not attend tc me, so I must do the best I can for myself.' . . . Our sister, who was slowly recovering from his cruel treatment, did all she could to make him comfortable, and even used up her little savings to buy him some delicacies. This was all done with such Christian grace and patience, without one unkind word, that the

husband was astonished, and began to think, 'There cannot be anything very bad in the religion of Jesus, or my wife would not have acted in this manner towards me.' From that time he has given her full liberty to attend the service." Mr. Meadows mentions that she and her fellow-believers hold a meeting-house rent-free, through the liberality of a female member; they pay a preacher twenty-four dollars a year towards his support, and give other sums to the Church out of their very slender means.

Very frequently the missionaries have had to report a long period of discouragement, with perhaps one inquirer, who turns out to be of doubtful character; then

WOMEN OF AMOY.

a sudden increase of interest, several converts, great persecution, and the final establishment of a little working centre of earnest and faithful Christians. Here is a typical history, in the words of the Rev. J. A. Leyenberger, at Wei Hein, in Northern China:—

"In former years no opposition was aroused, because the number of converts was so few. At the beginning of 1887, however, the number of inquirers largely increased, and immediately the lawless classes began to organise repressive measures. They seemed to fear that if nothing was done, the whole region would embrace Christianity. They resorted to the usual tactics to arouse the passions of the multitude; they endeavoured to collect money from the Christians for the repair of heathen temples, and to assist in paying for theatrical entertainments for the delectation of their gods; they refused the Christians the right of drawing water from the public wells; they endeavoured to cut them off from all intercourse with the rest of the people, and to boycott them in the most effectual manner: they

reviled them with the most shocking language when they appeared upon the street; they stole their animals, ruined their crops, and finally burned the house of one of the Christians." This led to such a crisis that Mr. Leyenberger invoked the interference of the mandarin in authority, who refused to see him, but received a statement of the case, and issued a notification that led to the re-establishment of harmony.

CHAPTER LXXIV.

FEMALE WORK, MANCHURIA, COREA, FORMOSA, ETC.

Dr. Nevius—The Lot of Women in China—No Zenanas in China—The Girl-Baby's Welcome—The Separation of the Sexes—A Round Tower Village—A Chinese Empress Claims Rights for Women—Literary Women—Little Feet—"Only a Girl"—A Chinese Suttee—Mission Work in Manchuria—Inundations—Corea, the Land of Morning Calm—The Hermit Nation—Hospitality in a Corean Settlement—Formosa—A Pathetic Tale—Opium Smokers—China, and its Difficulties as a Mission Field—George Piercy.

AN experienced missionary in China, Dr. Nevius, has recorded his impression as to the relative effective value of the different modes of evangelising the people of that country. The order adopted shows progressively, in numerical sequence, the modes which have yielded the best visible results:—1, Bible distribution; 2, Tract distribution; 3, Preaching in chapels; 4, Translation and literary work; 5, Schools; 6, Preaching on missionary tours; 7, Private social intercourse.

The last method is undoubtedly that which is now being most successful; but it must be remembered that previous labours have broken up the soil and disseminated many religious conceptions, thus preparing the way for heart-searchings in individual lives. It is to be noticed that neither medical missions nor women's work for women are mentioned in this category. The first of these two agencies has already received as full treatment as the compass of this work will admit, and the latter is of comparatively recent development in China.

Before taking a final glance at the outlying dependencies of China as regards their mission prospects, let us try to gather up what we can of an interesting nature as to the lot of women in China, and see what it is that those noble ladies who are now carrying the Gospel to their almond-eyed sisters have to meet with and to do. Their task is quite different from that which is set for the lady missionary in Oriental lands nearer to Europe.

The term "Zenana" has frequently been applied to mission effort by women for Chinese women, but really nothing could be more misleading than the use of such an expression. There is nothing to correspond with the idea which the term suggests, in the social conditions under which the evangelisation of Chinese women has been carried on with so much genuine success. It is true that there is a certain separation of men and women, which we Europeans have indeed ourselves often found to be proper and necessary; but it does not exist to an extreme degree except among the higher classes, and female children and elderly women are not at all restricted in their social intercourse with the other sex. Young women do not

usually go out alone, but there is nothing to hinder them except *fashion*—often tyrannical enough outside of China—from even engaging in such occupation as they may find to be most pleasant and lucrative. As in the East generally, and as in Europe up till recent times, the position of women, of the wife even, is on the whole very humbling and subordinate. "A Chinese woman," says a lady missionary, "does not walk in the street with her husband; she does not eat with him, but takes what is left after the men of the family have finished their meal; she has no legal right to anything whatever, apart from her male relatives." On the other hand, she has certain advantages denied to her sisters in other Oriental countries, such as the entire absence of caste, freedom from confinement in a harem, acknowledgment of the possession of a human soul, with its capacity for religious and intellectual development, and a code of morality which guards her virtue and secures respect.

According to strict Confucian teaching, however, woman is only entitled to the same status as a slave, and so sons are always welcomed into the world much more warmly than daughters. Indeed, it has been said that a baby-girl is sometimes left in rags for three days on the floor, to indicate the esteem in which she is held.

As a Chinese poet has said—

> "When a son is born,
> He sleeps on a bed;
> He is clothed with robes;
> He plays with gems.
> * * * * *
> But when a daughter is born,
> She sleeps on the ground;
> She plays with a tile;
> She is incapable of either good or ill."

Nothing can better illustrate the *legal* inequality of the sexes than the fact, vouched for by one of Her Majesty's Consuls in China, that if a wife lifts her hands on her husband she receives one hundred blows, while the latter is entitled to a divorce. On the other hand, if the husband chastises his wife without causing an actual open wound, he is not liable to any penalty whatever. Should the wife die from the injury, however, the husband is put to death by the merciful form of strangulation, which allows the victim to enter Hades entire; but if the wife, in a similar way, should cause the death of her husband, she must die by the punishment—horrible to the Chinese mind—of decapitation, and become a headless ghost.

The separation of the sexes is rigid enough to make it impracticable for any real Chinese gentleman to think of introducing his female relations to a male friend, however intimate he might happen to be. To do that would be considered a very gross breach, not only of good manners, but of moral propriety.

The men and women do not sit together in church, but the superior sex occupy the best seats in the centre of the edifice, while the women are squeezed into a side room, and they slip in or out with little chance of being seen or spoken to by the presiding missionary.

In Chinese houses of the better sort, there is for the ladies pretty complete seclusion from the public gaze. Mr. Giles says that in Pekin "care is taken that no one builds his house higher than his neighbours', lest he should be spying into the adjoining courtyards or small gardens in which the ladies of each family are wont to sit on summer afternoons, sometimes very lightly clad."

M. Jules Simon, in one of his recent articles in the *Matin*, amusingly argues that the British "Club," now becoming fashionable on the Continent, is practically a return to Oriental manners, where the separation of the sexes has been the destruction of true domesticity. There is wit and cleverness in such a mode of helping us "to see oursels as ithers see us," but let us piously hope that European society will never be willing, or able, to reduce woman to the merely servile position which, as a rule, she now occupies in China, and which the devoted lady missionaries there are doing so much to revolutionise for good.

Amongst the humbler classes in southern parts of China, and in many northerly districts, the social partition of the sexes is anything but rigorously carried out, and we are too apt to expect the "West-End" manners, described in books, to meet us everywhere. The Rev. G. J. MacLagan paid a recent visit to one or two "Round-tower" and other villages, and his sketches give a vivid conception of the people as he saw them in their homes. Let us take a peep at those quaint communities.

Describing Liong-khe, Mr. MacLagan says:—"This is such a strange little place. The village is really one huge round tower. Its outside is a blank wall, with tiny slits, like prison windows, and a small entrance-gate. . . . Just round the inside of the thick stone wall, and lining its lower portion, is a row of wooden stalls, where many of the inhabitants live. Another strong stone tower, just like the outer one, rises within the stalls, and towers above them. We step inside, and find ourselves in a large stone-paved court, open to the sky. It is, of course, circular, and a raised pavement runs round it, off which are doors opening into rooms the depth of the walls' thickness—dark, gloomy-looking places—but here *the people live like one large family* [our italics]. We sat and watched the women sitting at the doors, one picking a goose, another smoking, a third nursing her baby, and so on. In one place was a loom, in another the stone mill for husking rice; piles of brushwood for firing were collected in a third, and in a fourth the rubbish of ages seemed to be stored away. One of the girls took us up-stairs to the second floor, also a ring of dwelling-houses; another broader flight of steps led to a third landing, where old chairs, bins of rice, etc., were kept; and a final climb led us to the attic, round which were stored nothing more nor less than the ancestral tablets and idols of the population, nicely out of the way! It was so strange to look down over the railings on the one hand, into the round court, with its busy groups of people, pigs, and hens, and on the other side to peer through the narrow windows in the thick masonry of the wall, at the natural rampart of mountains and rivers beyond."

In the same article, published in "Our Sisters in Other Lands," the writer narrates how, in visiting another town, he came upon a number of women sitting with their work on a doorstep; and, making some remarks on their occupation,

was invited to sit down. "Of course," he continues, "I accepted their invitation, and asked them if I should read something to them. In a few minutes quite a

CHINESE AND TARTAR LADIES.

crowd had collected. I sat in the doorway; in the room behind me were two men lying in bed smoking opium, and a number of young girls, half-hidden behind the open door; on the table at the end of the room stood three gilded idols and a number of ancestral tablets. In front of me, sitting on the steps, were six or seven women, most of them making clothes or embroidering shoes, lots of half-naked

children crowded round me, full of curiosity, and a number of men formed an outer circle. These men were of all classes, some well dressed in their long robes almost down to the ground, and pig-tails quite as long, some coolies with their burdens, some vendors with their wares, some diseased, ragged, dirty beggars, holding out their little trays for a few cash. Both men and women listened very attentively. The men are much more intelligent than the women, understand what one says more readily, and ask more intelligent questions."

Women are not always so unintelligent as those Mr. MacLagan met with seem to have been. About the close of the sixth century of our era the so-called Empress Wu, who was a lady of strong character and determined purpose, assumed the reins of Celestial government, and after settling herself comfortably on the Dragon Throne, took it into her imperial head to establish literary examinations for women who desired to enter the Civil Service, previously confined to the male sex. An article appeared about a year ago in the *Figaro* which was contributed by a Chinaman of distinguished rank, General Tcheng-Ki Tong. The gallant General—gallant in a double sense—takes up the cudgels for the blue-stockings of China in good style, pointing out that the ladies of his country are not described at all by the Europeans who scurry through China, or they are described as if they were illiterate slaves, like other Asiatic women. The reason of such reticence, or blundering, is, that "Europeans are not admitted to see our women."

The Chinese woman, living enclosed, does not get much talked about; her sphere is one of quiet action. "She performs in silence her duties as wife and mother, assists her husband with her counsels, which are frequently wiser and more prudent than those of the men. Our Government has quite appreciated the part she plays; it often rewards her with titles and honours, some of which even carry with them the right to wear uniform. Furthermore, in the absence of her husband on any urgent business, the wife of a Chinese *fonctionnaire* may undertake the performance of his official duties. Placed in such an advantageous position by the public and private customs of her country, the Chinese woman has no need to fight for equal rights with man, and in China the political woman is absolutely unknown. In the world of art and letters, however, China has celebrated her heroines from the most remote antiquity to the present day. Thus, when Confucius compiled the *Chi-King*, or 'Book of Ballads,' he placed in the front of his collection of 300 odes, certain verses due to the inspiration of a young maiden. Later on, in the first century, a lady named Tsao-Tchao wrote a continuation to an historical work left unfinished through the death of the author, her brother, Pang-Kou. She was appointed to give instructions in literature to the Empress, and to the great ladies of the court."

Much of this is quite true, and a great deal more could be added in a similar strain. It is well to hear both sides of a question clearly stated, but we shall not find it difficult to obtain trustworthy evidence that women in China, high or low, have not yet attained the position which is frankly conceded to them as a right in all Christian countries. It is true that any peasant girl who has filially nursed her parents through a tedious illness may awake one morning to find her name inserted

in the oldest newspaper in the world, with the information that imperial honours have been bestowed upon her, and that her humble name will go down to posterity as an example of filial devotion and piety.

In China, more perhaps than in any other land, the family is the type and pattern of the national life—for the Emperor himself is looked upon as the father of the nation. If, therefore, we ever hope to be able to understand the people aright, it must clearly be by a study of the domestic units which go to make up the great composite nation. The family has extraordinary legal, or at least customary, authority over each of its individual members, judging offences and punishing them, often with the greatest severity, even by lingering and painful modes of death, although in certain cases there is a carefully guarded appeal to higher tribunals. When a Chinawoman marries, she almost passes out of the view and memory of her own relations, and is subject to the domination of her husband's family. In a Chinese work called the "Memoirs of Ladies of Ancient Times," her position in life is thus defined. "Confucius said, 'Let the woman be in subjection to the man.' Therefore, she has no part in the direction of affairs; but there are three whom she must obey; while under her paternal roof, she must obey her father; after marriage, her husband; and when he is dead, her eldest son; in no case may she presume to follow her own will."

Most foreigners visiting China have written about the little feet or "Golden Lilies" of the women, but probably no better description of them has been given than that of the genial old Jesuit traveller, Le Comte. We quote from the English translation, 1697. He says of this custom, "So soon as ever the Girls are born, the Nurses take care to tye their Feet extream hard for fear of growing; Nature, that seems to be disposed for this Torment, does more easily buckle to it than one could imagine; nay, one does not perceive that their Health is impaired thereby. Their Shoes of Sattin, embroidered with Gold, Silver, and Silk, are extraordinary neat; and tho' they be very little, yet do they study to let them be seen as they walk; for walk they do (which one would not be apt to believe), and would walk all day long by their good will, if they had liberty to go abroad. Some have been persuaded that it was an Invention of the ancient *Chineses*, who to bring Women under a necessity of keeping within Doors, brought little Feet in fashion. I have more than once inquired about it of the Chinese themselves, that never heard nothing of it. 'These are idle Tales,' says one of them smiling; 'our Fore-fathers knew Women but too well, as we do, to believe that in retrenching half of their Feet, they could be deprived of the power of walking, and of longing to see the World.'"

The people of the land are the first to see and recognise the oddity of this strange Chinese *fashion*, for it is really nothing else, and is not adopted by working women as a rule; while the Manchu or Tartar women, including even the Empress, do not follow it. In a native story of the latter part of the seventh century of our era, the resident in an imaginary foreign land is made to say to a Chinese Sindbad:—"We can see no beauty in such monstrosities as the feet of your ladies. Small noses are considered handsomer than large ones; but what would be said of a person who sliced a piece off his own nose in order to reduce it within proper limits?" The custom is

said to have been begun about nine hundred or a thousand years ago. That great and liberal-minded patron of literature, the Emperor Kang-hi, made efforts to stop the practice, but what could a mere Chinese emperor do against fashion and the ladies? Christian societies have been recently formed to discourage the custom, of which various illustrations are given on this and the next page. Sometimes the binding of feet begins at a comparatively mature age, when the process must be extremely painful.

Professor Legge says that woman has no occasion to bless the religion of China. Confucius and Mencius were devoted to their mothers, and did not add concubines

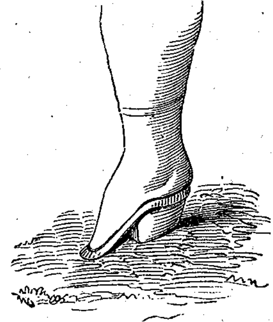
CHINESE FEET.

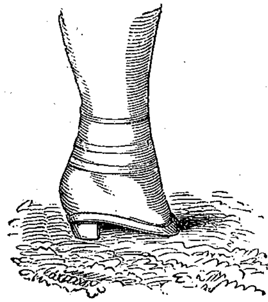
to their homes, but, says the Professor, "their married life does not appear to have been very happy, and no generous sentiment tending to the amelioration of the social position of women ever came from either." For a woman's wrongs there is hardly any redress.

One of the Church Mission Society's missionaries mentions (in the report of 1887) a case in which a loyal Christian wife was subjected to brutal persecution by a heathen husband. "She was locked up in a loft by her husband, and kept a prisoner for three or four months, but was able to persuade somebody to buy a hymn-book for her. About this time, her husband and a few friends of his met the catechist in the street, and struck him, and before the case was settled the woman was released. For two Sundays she walked through the rain to the chapel, and her husband, making some other reason an excuse for his anger, struck her, and not long after she died from the effects of the blow." Apparently the husband suffered no inconvenience from the effects of his cruelty in this case.

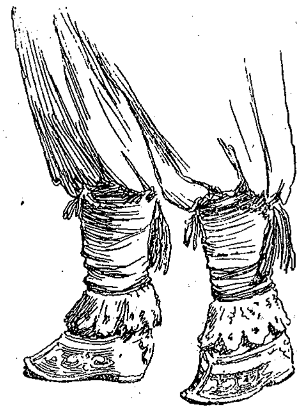
When children are unwelcome or become inconvenient, from the poverty of

the parents, they may be sold into domestic slavery; or they may be made over to the Buddhists when quite young in order to be brought up as priests or nuns—a practice which evoked a notable protest against Buddhism from an eminent judge within the times of the present dynasty; or—especially in the case of girls, they may simply be put to death by strangling or drowning. Miss MacLeish writes:—"Another child we heard of just too late, a child of three years; she had turned ill, and as she was 'only a girl' her mother could not be troubled attending to her, so just laid her in the blazing sun and left her to die. There she lay for two days, and not a soul gave her so much as a drop of water. Girls are looked on as useless lumber; just the other day I heard of three baby girls drowned by their grandmother in the same jar." It is often said that these accounts have been exaggerated, and that the frequency of infant corpses may be accounted for by the parents not considering it necessary to bury young infants. This may be true and important, but infanticide is a reality in China, very terrible, and not at all uncommon.





Many are the terrors that lie in the path of the Chinese woman, too, through after-life. The leading native paper of China, the *Shên-Pao*, is at present agitating for the suppression of a form of widow-murder which may be described as the Indian *sati* (suttee) in Chinese form. A feast is provided three days before the tragedy is to be enacted, at which relatives and friends ply the unhappy woman with every kind of argument to induce her to comply with the barbarous custom. Having been at last compelled to consent, she is placed in a palanquin and carried, to the sound of gongs and other instruments, in the midst of a grand procession to a lofty platform. When she reaches this elevation, the assembled relatives and friends perform their solemn salutations to the wretched victim, and officials are even known to appear and recognise the proceedings by saluting the doomed widow in public. When this part of the ceremonial is accomplished, a stout rope is hung from a cross-beam, the widow places her neck within the noose, and one of her brothers (if she has one) pulls the end with all his might till she is strangled. Of course, such a pure instance of wifely loyalty and subordination, which so beautifully illustrates classical ethics, demands Imperial recognition and reward, and frequently enough the name of the victim figures among the good women whom the Emperor loves to honour.



The *Shên-Pao* asserts that there is scarcely a family in Lieu-Kiang which does not pride itself on having had a virtuous widow of this self-sacrificing type. Some

thirty years ago, the story is told, a new prefect was much horrified when he heard that this widow-strangulation was general in Lieu-Kiang, and having received an invitation, soon after his arrival, to be present at such a doleful ceremony, and to make his salutation in full official dress, he declined. However, as the "elders" of the town and the county gentry were pressing in their desire for his presence, he made up his mind to appear, and to keep a vigilant eye on the proceedings. As soon as the prefect had made his obeisance, the poor widow on the lofty platform began to cry out and stamp with her feet in such a way as to make it plain that, however great was the grief she might feel for the dear departed one, she did not offer herself a very willing victim on his tomb. The worthy prefect, roused to righteous indignation at the visible evidence of the widow's unwillingness to become a sacrifice, promptly arrested her elder relations, neighbours, and others participating in the affair, and "administered several hundred blows with the bamboo to each; the husband's father being *cangued* in addition, and the mother being beaten on the mouth. The prefect issued a proclamation stringently forbidding such enforced suttees for the future, but this was only obeyed in the immediate neighbourhood of the city, and produced no reformation in the country a little removed. . . Since then the practice has virtually gone on without a protest, thousands of widows being thus sacrificed every year." What is proposed is, that the young Emperor who now reigns should decree the abolition of the suttee throughout the Empire of China, the penalty for infringement of his command to be banishment to the frontier—the Siberia of the Chinaman, practically being equivalent to a sentence of death. It is hoped and almost believed that Imperial action in this direction will be promptly and effectively taken.

In our first chapter on China we expressed the intention of glancing at mission work in Manchuria. The products of this province are so rich and varied that an excess of physical comfort has tended to produce a sensuous, heavy animalism not favourable to the evangel of Christ. The people on the whole are well-to-do. There are many populous towns, and even large cities, in Manchuria, with seventy or eighty thousand inhabitants, and one city has even 250,000. It does not seem that any higher standard is found in these. Buddhism prevails, and what is called Shamanism, with "Confucianism."

Dr. Hunter, of the Irish Presbyterian Mission, once travelled as far as the Amur, where he shook hands with Russian soldiers, amongst whom Greek religious books had been circulated. He wrote that he had carried one end of the Gospel chain until he put it into the hands of those who met him from the other side, and thus "put a blessed girdle round the globe."

The recent inundations caused by the overflows of the river Liao laid a heavy but pleasing duty on Messrs. Fulton and Carson, the Irish Presbyterian missionaries in Manchuria. An area of about 250 square miles was assigned to them for relief. There they found that houses had subsided, crops had been carried, and junks were sailing where the peasants had been toiling in the fields a short time before. The

Chinese officials and native merchants and gentry contributed lavishly, and plentiful funds from other sources were placed in the hands of the missionaries to aid the distressed.

"Regarding the calamitous condition of the people," writes Mr. Carson, "from a missionary point of view, the effect produced upon them by such a Divine visitation, and our attitude towards them—it cannot but turn out to the furtherance of the Gospel. We were everywhere received with gratitude, and hailed as the saviours of the people." He also states that the Tartar general in authority there had made official inquiry into what they had been doing for the suffering people, in order that he might gratefully lay the matter before the august occupant of the Dragon Throne.

The Scotch United Presbyterian Mission took up ground in this northern region soon after their Irish brethren, and have since occupied it in considerable strength, pushing their way up to, and now at last over, the borders of the Hermit Country, Corea, to which we now turn.

On All Saints' Day, in the year 1889, His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, assisted by the Bishop of London, and several other prelates, consecrated the Rev. Charles John Corfe, D.D., as Bishop of Corea.

A good many people have since asked, "Where is Corea?" and have puzzled over their forgotten school atlases to try and find the place. It has a population of probably about eight or ten millions, of fair-skinned, almond-eyed people, who owe semi-allegiance to the Emperor of China. A revolution took place in 1882, and since that time, through much blood and turmoil, the country has been opened up to the influx of foreign peoples and modern ideas. Corea, or as the Japanese call it, the Land of Morning Calm, is a mountainous neck of land, cutting off the Yellow Sea from the Sea of Japan. King-ki-tao, its *Seoul* or capital (for Seoul is not strictly a proper name) is supposed to have a population of about a quarter of a million. All trade had been hitherto carried on by barter, in which a root called *ginsen*—of fanciful virtues, like the mandrake of Holy Scripture — played an important *rôle*, being sometimes estimated at nearly its weight in gold. The advanced Government now in power are making arrangements, however, to establish a mint. The people are tall, and often graceful and well formed, with kindly manners, though the women are obliged to hide themselves from the eyes of foreigners. Blue eyes and moderately light-coloured hair are not unfrequent among them, while the features are often like those of our own race. Their garments are white, and they wear a Puritan style of tall black hat with broad brim, curiously and delicately wrought in horse-hair, and fastened on the head by a strap.

Their language is peculiar to themselves, and they have an alphabet greatly superior in its simplicity to that of any of their neighbours. Indeed, it is wonderful to find existing side by side with the vastly complex picture-words of the Chinese, a phonetic system on which even Mr. Pitman could not greatly improve.

The Coreans are for the most part adherents of the Chinese systems of thought, but Buddhism has been for long the popular creed, and the hills and valleys of

Corea are dotted over with its shrines. Fetishism, as it has been called, is said to be prevalent, and offerings are constantly being presented to certain trees, or more probably to the spirits believed to make their abode within their shade.

The missionaries of the United Presbyterian Church (Scotland) were among the

MANCHURIANS.

first to become acquainted with the language of the Hermit Nation, whose traders often came to the borders of Manchuria. A considerable portion of the Bible was translated, and a fount of type having been provided, copies of the Sacred Book were soon in circulation. Coreans not a few came even to Moukden in Manchuria to inquire and to be baptised. None were so sanguine, then, as to suppose that the barriers to evangelisation in the country itself were speedily to be removed. One little portion came to be under Chinese magistrates, "who of course," writes Mr. MacIntyre, "will grant toleration of religion, and allow the Coreans perfect freedom in the matter of building churches. Here is *Corea opened,* and giving us a cordial welcome."

Mr. Webster, along with Mr. Ross, visited in 1884 some Corean settlements where

an awakening had taken place. After a most picturesque but toilsome journey, they arrived at the first settlement in the Corean valleys just at dusk. Mr. Webster thus describes the very warm and hospitable reception given to them by those poor peasants just emerging from the gloom of heathenism.

"About thirty men dressed in light blue or white robes had convened to welcome us, and we were ushered into the principal house in the settlement. It was but a hovel, as all their houses are, divided into three rooms, one the kitchen, another the family apartment, and a third the guest-chamber. There is no *k'ang* here as in Chinese houses, but the whole floor is a *k'ang*, heated from beneath by flues from the kitchen fire. There is no door; we enter by the window, two and a half feet high and eighteen inches wide. Our room is not by any means large, about nine feet wide and seven feet high; and crowded with Coreans, as it was continually, the atmosphere was something horrible. They use no seats of any description, but squat upon the floor, tailor fashion. They brought round toy tables to us, one for each, about a foot in diameter and six inches high, and reclining on the floor with these at our elbow, while our host and his friends looked on, we enjoyed our evening repast. Their hospitality knew no limits. It seems to be a point of honour with them to entertain strangers. . . . The colonists were highly spoken of by their Chinese neighbours as a quiet and respectable class of people, very much disposed to live and let live. The Chinese as a rule, however, treat them with utter contempt as an inferior race; in fact, the Corean is to the Chinaman what the Publican is to the Pharisee. . . . We saw nothing of the women-folk; according to etiquette, they were in hiding all the time; but the children came about us quite freely. We were struck with their bright, intelligent appearance, and pleasing manners, reminding us much more of home young folks than those we meet in China. The dress, too, especially of the girls, was not at all unlike that of their Western sisters—a low-bodied gown, a very short jacket with long sleeves."

하나님이세샹을사랑ᄒᆞ여그외아
ᄃᆞᆯ을주어무론밋ᄂᆞᆫ쟈난죄를면ᄒᆞ
고길이살믈엇게ᄒᆞ미니라

SPECIMEN OF COREAN PRINT (John iii. 16).

Some of these simple farmers were afraid of the Chinese, who had threatened them for daring to harbour foreigners; but, on the whole, the missionaries were made welcome to their houses. Sometimes the little rooms would be packed for hours with eager hearers. At one pretty little spot hard by a mountain stream, it was decided by the new believers that a log house should be erected for the worship of God in the following spring.

Webster and Ross rode on the frozen Yalu for several miles, Ross's beard white with hoar-frost, and Webster's furs silvered in the same way. Six of the poor people had come through darkness and snow-fields to meet the messengers of the Cross at one of the resting-places. Before baptism the converts were questioned as to their life and faith, and their answers were frank and ready: one lad of twelve among

them, fair complexion, bright eyes, intelligent as any English boy. In all, seventy-five souls were added at that time to the mission by baptism, and the foundations of a Christian Church for the Coreans were laid in prayerful hope.

We now turn to take a parting glance at Formosa—an island dependency of China to which the attention of our readers was directed in an earlier chapter of this section of our work. Early in the seventeenth century the Dutch became masters of this fair territory, but in 1662 the great Chinese pirate Koxinga, after protracted warfare and a final siege of the Dutch settlement—situated where the present capital, Taiwan, now is—expelled them from the island.

A pathetic tale comes down from those dark times, in which the heroism of a Dutch minister named Hambrocock shines out with a lustre that age cannot dim. The Chinese robber-chief had captured a number of the Dutch settlers, amongst whom were this brave-hearted pastor, his wife, and certain of his children. Two of his daughters, however, still remained with the Dutch in their castle at Taiwan, when Hambrocock, leaving his wife and young ones as hostages in the hands of the Chinese, was sent to negotiate a surrender of the Dutch forces. The worthy pastor, too true a patriot to sacrifice his country's good, even to save his own dear ones, urged the Dutch authorities still to hold the fort, as the Chinese chieftain must needs soon raise the siege. His countrymen entreated him to stay, and his two weeping daughters clung to him in agony, knowing the fate in which his unsuccessful mission would surely involve him. His only answer was that his wife and little ones would perish if he did not faithfully return. With words of encouragement to his besieged fellow-citizens, he went back to the camp of the piratical Chinese, and was soon led out with many others to be beheaded.

Chinese imperial authority was finally established in Formosa, but it has ever proved a hard realm to govern, and the savages of the interior have not been reduced to order. Wreckings and cruel murders are often recorded in the newspapers at the present day, and an outrage of this kind recently led Japan, after much patient diplomacy, to take prompt and summary vengeance on the miscreants, to the intense surprise and disgust of the stately but sluggish Court at Pekin, which now looks with some degree of nervous distrust on her lithe and agile neighbour of Tokio.

A hybrid Buddhism, here as in other parts of China, is the religious system which prevails amongst the ruling race; and of the aboriginal savages little has yet been made known of a reliable nature.

We have already alluded to the formation of the English Presbyterian Mission in Formosa, the medical mission of which has had a very prosperous history. Dr. Maxwell, now a well-known presence at Mildmay meetings, is still gratefully remembered by many a sufferer who has been relieved by his skill. By his kindly ways and genial wisdom he gained access for the Gospel message to the heart of many a callous, sordid Chinaman. He began work at Taiwan in 1865. The Roman Catholics have also had an active mission in Formosa since 1859, while the northern section of the island is well occupied by the Canadian Presbyterian Mission—begun in 1872—

the apostolic labours of whose missionary, Mr. MacKay, would merit many a page of mission history.

Formosa had, a few years ago, a population of about three millions of Chinese, who lived chiefly along the northern and western shores; while, living in the uncultivated forest tracts of the interior, in a more or less savage condition, are supposed to be some sixty to a hundred thousand dark-skinned aborigines. Some of these savages have begun to intermarry with the Chinese. Mr. Corner of Amoy thus tersely describes the aboriginal race: "of middle height, broad-chested and muscular, with remarkably large hands and feet, the eyes large, the forehead round, and not narrow or receding in many instances, the nose broad, the mouth large and disfigured with betel." Tattooing is an almost universal custom. In some parts of the island the dead are buried under the bed on which they lay when in life, and in a sitting posture—a custom of primitive type observed in many countries. Some efforts are now being made to reach those poor darkened representatives of an earlier and infantile stage of civilisation, and it is hoped that many of them may soon be found clothed, in their right minds, and sitting peacefully at the feet of Jesus.

Opium seems to have an unusual attractiveness to Chinamen in Formosa, and the power of the drug is very frequently referred to in desponding terms by the missionaries at work there. Dr. Anderson, in his report on hospital work at Taiwanfoo during 1888, mentions that of 615 in-patients, 109 were opium-smokers, who came hoping that medical treatment would eradicate the craving for the noxious drug. He goes on to add that:—"As we found in our experience, certain other in-patients were also opium-smokers, though secretly, and we are probably not far aside of the mark if we put the total number resident in the hospital during the year at 150—that is, almost one in four. They form the most unsatisfactory class of patients we have to deal with. Till lately, our plan was simply to look after them as closely as possible while under treatment, and prevent their going outside the hospital till we had reason to believe they had got the better of the habit. About the middle of the year, however, a somewhat more rigid plan appeared to be called for, and so we made a rule that every applicant for treatment must deposit one dollar as evidence of good faith, and also remain within the hospital for a minimum period of twenty-one days on penalty of forfeiting the money. Of the sixty-three submitted to this *régime* forty-four fulfilled the conditions, the remaining nineteen either absconded (leaving the deposit money in our hands) or otherwise broke the contract. The proportion of failures, even under the new system, seems large, and we can only attribute it to the fact that as yet we have no opium refuge into which the patients can voluntarily enter, but be compulsorily detained till the expiry of the specified period; in this way there would be no temptation to escape. To attempt to treat opium-smokers on the open system, as at present, is scarcely worth the pains, and, indeed, it seems wonderful that the proportion of failures is not larger."

The doctor goes on to describe the hopeful looks of those who come trusting that they will be cured, and the abject misery betrayed in the countenances of those

who begin to suffer from the deprivation. "Most of them," he says, "smoke up to the moment of entering, trusting to the magical influence of the foreign medicine to rid them at once and for ever of all craving for the drug."

Perhaps we cannot do better, in closing our account of China and its dependencies

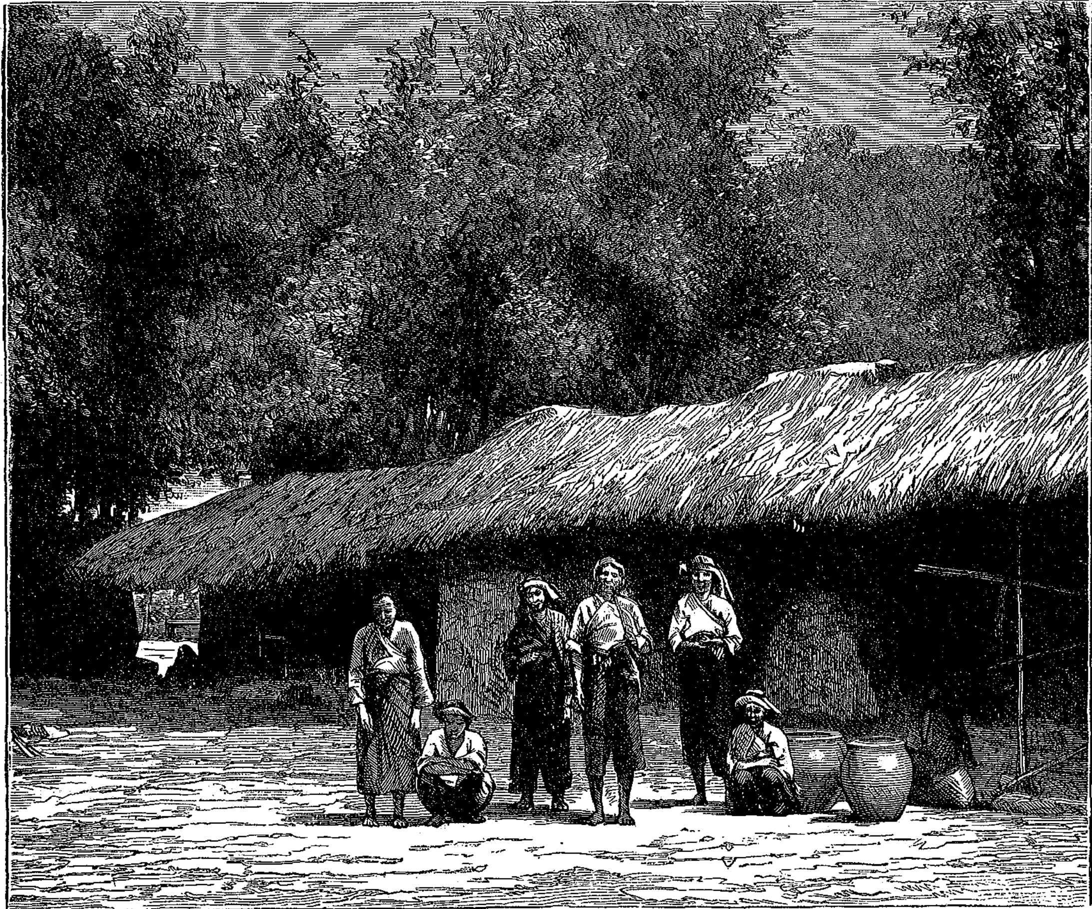
COREANS IN WET WEATHER.

as a mission-field, than quote the verdict of a most distinguished missionary, who knows better than most the character of the difficulties which have been encountered and, in the strength of Christ, largely overcome. The following extracts are from a paper read by Dr. Williamson before the Chefoo Missionary Association in 1888. He says:—

"1. The Chinese are, beyond all question, the ablest of all non-Christian nations. They are extremely quick in perception, wide in the sweep of their mental vision, fertile in resources, and remarkably accurate in their estimate of men and circumstances. And their ability is wonderfully diffused, so that you often meet an able man among the coolies.

"2. They are also the most unscrupulous of all people. Truth is nowhere when it does not suit their interest. Weapons of all sorts are used with equal equanimity.

Lying, cheating, bamboozling, cajoling, and bribing are all wielded as legitimate with perfect nonchalance. They are masters in deception; and are also the most close-minded and difficult of all people to fathom. One hundred generations of buying and selling and conspiring for office has begotten in them a proclivity and astuteness in



HUTS AND NATIVES OF FORMOSA.

scheming and over-reaching which it would be difficult to parallel. The paramount thought in the mind of every Chinaman you meet is: 'How much can I make of this foreigner?' This terrible phase of accumulated heredity we have to face.

"3. Again, their minds are better trained than any other non-Christian nation. Their school education and their examinations have accomplished this, and they are especially well drilled in moral truth. Emphatically, they know the truth, but do it not. They meet you at every point with the highest sentiments, set often in the most elegant forms, perfect literary gems. And the consequence is twofold—first, they are hardened beyond measure against Divine truth; their hearts are not only stones, but stones polished and impervious to all ordinary impressions; and, secondly, they

are full of high moral maxims which they will rattle off by the mile when you accuse them of deception. There is no hypocrite in the world who can robe himself in such glittering garments of an angel of light, and sustain the deceit for such a length of time, as a Chinaman, until a crisis comes, and you grasp him firmly, and sometimes find him as black as the devil. . . . Examine carefully the physiognomies of the crowds you meet, in any city you please, and you will hardly find one ingenuous face among a thousand.

"4. They are also the proudest nation in the world. But they have reason to be proud, for no nation can show such a roll of illustrious men and noble deeds as they can. Still, this accumulated heredity of pride, though in a sense justifiable, is nevertheless no small barrier in our way."

Such are the people that now spread themselves with yearly accelerating rapidity over every land that the waters of the Pacific reach. Borneo, Java, and the Philippines; Japan, America, and our Australian colonies; even the West Indies rely upon the patient toil of John Chinaman. His moral and social future is of the most solemn and far-reaching importance to the whole human race. Every traveller to the far West now knows the dirty and evil-smelling, but altogether picturesque, slums which John Chinaman has created for his own delectation in the fair city of San Francisco; and in a striking chapter of the never-to-be-solved "Mystery of Edwin Drood," Charles Dickens has painted, *more suo*, an almost too realistic picture of one of the opium dens of East London, with which Oriental civilisation has repaid us for our rough services. There, within sight of the golden cross that gleams from above the fog-smothered dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, the patient toiler from Cathay is found in considerable numbers.

This section may perhaps fitly close with a notice—alas! too brief—of the career and work of a scholarly veteran, who carries our minds back to the time when the fermenting process of the new life of China was exerting its pressure on the teeming crowds of its great cities. We find Wells Williams in 1850 lamenting that "the poverty induced by the opium trade is pressing harder and harder upon them, and the lower classes are devoting themselves to robbing, piracy, and emigration, in order to procure food and work," and a little later he writes:—"Our attention is turning just now to supplying the emigrants, leaving here for California in great numbers, with tracts, etc. The total emigration of Chinese in this direction is estimated at already about 10,000, of whom most are from this region; fully 2,000 have gone to Peru. A plan is now started to supply labourers to complete the railroad across the Isthmus, as it is found that Irishmen cannot stand the climate. Ships are loading with Chinese labourers for Panama and Callao, while emigrants flock to San Francisco at the rate of sixty dollars for passage money, which they pay themselves."

At this crisis in Chinese social history the Rev. George Piercy landed in Hong Kong. Born in 1829 in a Yorkshire village, he began under religious impulse to utter the Gospel as a Methodist lay preacher, at the age of nineteen. This he did for some years; but meanwhile the claims of the great world lying in heathen gloom

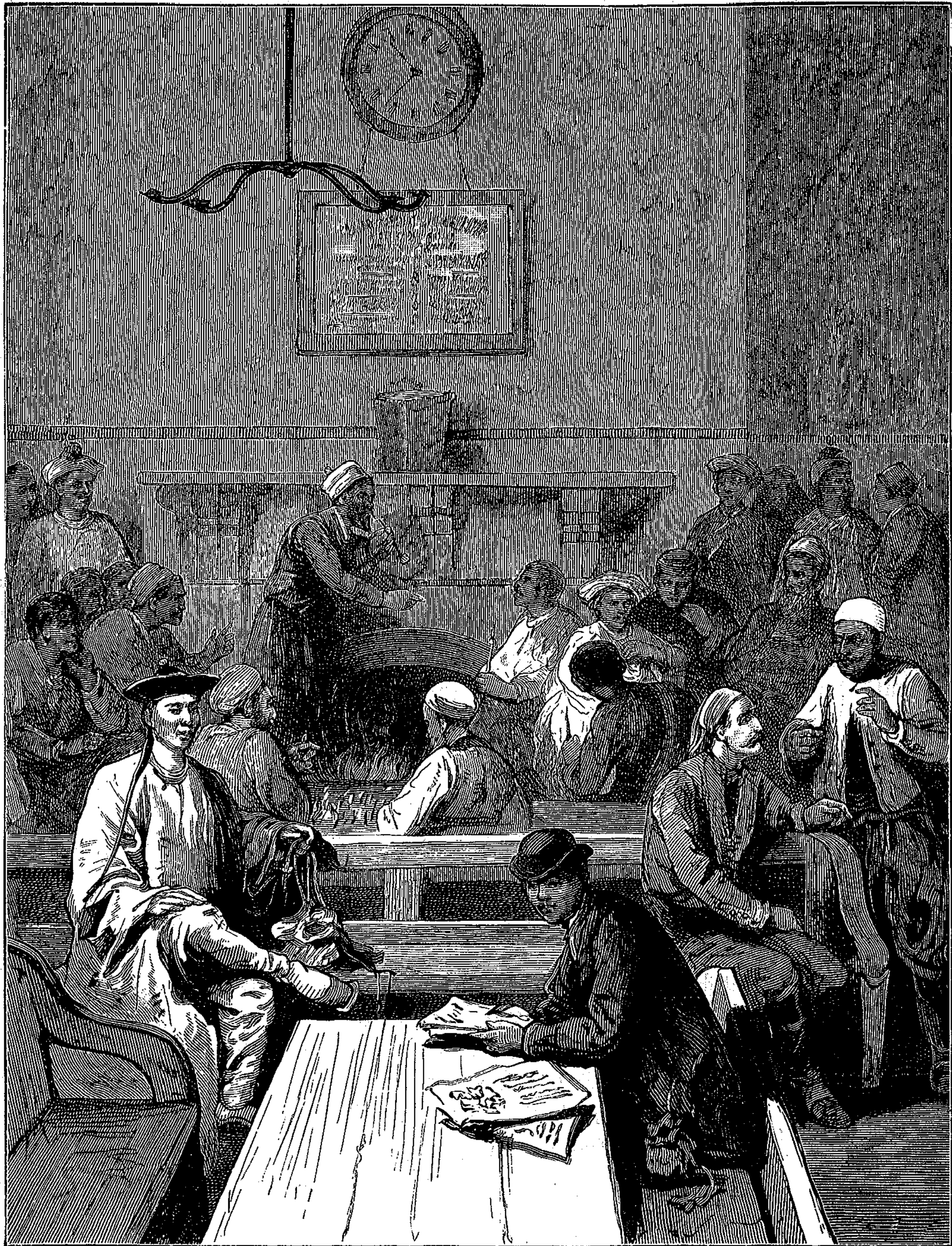
pressed upon his heart, and he thought he should like to carry the Divine message to far-off Pagan lands. There was a good deal being said at that time about China and its vast population, then perhaps somewhat exaggerated. Business was opening up with foreign nations there, and England was getting the lion's share of it. Young Piercy thought that perhaps a niche might be found for him in some merchant's *hong* by which, with other means, he might maintain himself as a champion of the Cross at his own charges. At that time reliable information about the Celestials and their ways was most difficult to obtain, but the would-be missionary to China found valuable facts of the kind he wanted in a work by the older Medhurst, which set forth in stirring terms its claims as a mission field. At last Mr. Piercy left London, in September, 1850, and duly arrived at Hong Kong, where he was very kindly received by Dr. Legge. Forthwith "throwing off his coat" to the language, but not, like Burns and some others, donning a Chinese one, he supported himself for two years at Hong Kong, and subsequently at Canton, in an independent position as a missionary. In August, 1852, however, he was received by the Methodist Conference, on which the Chinese Mission became officially recognised and established. Soon two brethren, the Rev. W. R. Beech and the Rev. Josiah Cox (both are still living) joined Mr. Piercy, and the mission work was thenceforth carried on on the ordinary lines.

The study of the language was pursued amidst many difficulties, and while the ordinary work was carried on in the usual Canton dialect, Mr. Piercy gave himself strenuously to the literary language as well. Dr. Hobson had charge of the London Mission at Canton during the early years of Mr. Piercy's labours there, and the latter recalls with interest that Dr. Morrison's convert, Leang-Afah, then an ordained missionary of venerable appearance, used to aid him in conducting services before the language came easily to his tongue.

The work done in those years was necessarily somewhat of a pioneer character. Only five ports were open, and the missionary could venture out of the limits for but twelve hours at a time. Still, much was done to lay a solid foundation, and various elementary school books were got ready for missionary operations when brighter days should dawn.

On the 8th of October, 1856, Commissioner Yeh sent a small force to haul down the "meteor flag" from the *Arrow,* a little ship, with an English master on its deck. The flag was successfully hauled down—but some history followed. Among other events of a graver kind, Mr. Piercy lost his furniture and many of his beloved books, and the ladies of the mission, including his wife, had to be suddenly sent off to Macao. The others waited at Canton in somewhat anxious suspense, although they found the common people, who had come to understand and respect them better than before, very civil and accommodating. There was some real danger, however, to be feared from the military and official class, but Rear-Admiral Sir Michael Seymour was close at hand, and made the brave old flag to be respected once more.

Mr. Piercy soon became well qualified to take an active part in translating, and he was now to be associated with Dr. Happer and Mr. Preston, of the Presbyterian,



ASIATIC MISSION IN THE EAST END, LONDON.

and Dr. Graves, of the Baptist missions, in preparing the "Union Version" (in the Canton dialect) of the Holy Scriptures to the end of the Acts. By himself he further went on to translate Romans to Revelation, completing also Genesis and the Psalms, which latter book has been republished by the American Bible Society.

Perhaps George Piercy is likely to be remembered best of all by his valuable translation, into the same widely prevalent dialect, of the "Pilgrim's Progress." This work has been well illustrated by native artists, who have rendered, under Chinese art conditions, very clever adaptations of the incidents of the pilgrimage to the life and thought of China. The pictures are quaint and interesting, and have earned the commendation of so expert a student of the literature of Bunyan's great story as Dr. Brown of Bedford. Prior to this sensible innovation, the illustrations in missionary literature were drawn from the stores of English societies, and did not very readily or directly appeal to Chinese taste and feeling, and the "new departure" has been diligently followed up.

In 1865 Piercy wrote a little work called "Love for China"—a genial sketch of the life of gentle Mary Gunson, the first lady teacher connected with the Wesleyan Methodist Mission in Canton. This young and ardent pioneer was early cut off, a pathetic tribute to England's Christian love for the down-trodden women of China.

After thirty years of laborious service in the trying climate of China, Mr. Piercy returned to England, and in the East End of its great metropolis now brings consolation and guidance to many a poor Chinaman whom fortune, or the lack of it, has cast adrift on these shores. It is a thing for all the Churches to be grateful for, that there is at least one wise and experienced Englishman here who can tell the story of the Cross in their own tongue to these wanderers from far Cathay.

XXXVII.—AUSTRALIA.

CHAPTER LXXV.

PIONEERING FOR CHRIST IN DARK PLACES.

Outline of Attempts to Evangelise the Natives—The New Holland Mission—Messrs. Watson and Handt—Early Victorian Settlers—Strange Career of William Buckley—A Roman Catholic Episode—Moravian Missions—Spieseke and Hagenauer—Nathanael and Philip—"Ramah-our-Home"—In the Heart of the Continent—German Missionaries—Western Australia—Rev. J. B. Gribble—Archdeacon Hale of Adelaide—Poonindie—Brisbane—Bush Clergymen—Poor Peter!—In Queensland—Hagenauer's Travels—In Tasmania—The Rev. B. Carvosso—Many-coloured Immigrants—The Kanakas—Chinese Communities—Success and Failure—Public Houses and Mission Chapels—Renan and the Papoos—A Dying Race.

AN enumeration of the various attempts which have successively been made by all denominations to evangelise their sunken brethren the aborigines of Australia, and nearly all of which have successively failed, would form a long catalogue of dry and somewhat uninteresting facts. Suffice, it to say that great sums of money have been spent by English, German, and Australian Christians, whose agents, representing Episcopacy, Congregationalism, Methodism, Presbyterianism, Quakerism, and Lutheranism, have been welcomed by the blacks to whom they were sent, and by the settlers who had possessed themselves of their land; and yet the truth must be told that the lowest type of black humanity in the world has, as a rule, baffled the most arduous labours of these very varied workers in their endeavour to teach and baptise them. Happily there have been some striking exceptions to this rule, especially in later years, when the general mode of conducting a mission has been to plant a station as remote as possible from European influence. The missionaries having explored a region and selected an eligible site in some populous corner of it, the Government grant as many hundreds of acres as are required; and here in several instances the wild children of the soil have succeeded in building townships of their own, with only the missionary to oversee them, fencing in and clearing by their own hands the area which has been reserved to their use, after prolonged negotiations and weary red-tapeism, not to mention perilous journeyings to and fro for hundreds of miles on the part of their Christian friends. The character of all the "reserves" wears the same general features: they have rescued the natives from a wild, roving life, wherein they were exposed to the worst temptations, and have sought to bring them within the more benign influence of home; they have taught the necessity of labour, for the natives in them have built their own houses, burned their own lime, sunk their own wells and tanks, made their own furniture and clothing, tended their own gardens, and poultry and other live-stock; the women learning to make and mend, and to clean and cook for the community.

We can only take a rapid glance at some of the principal agencies employed, and what has been effected by them.

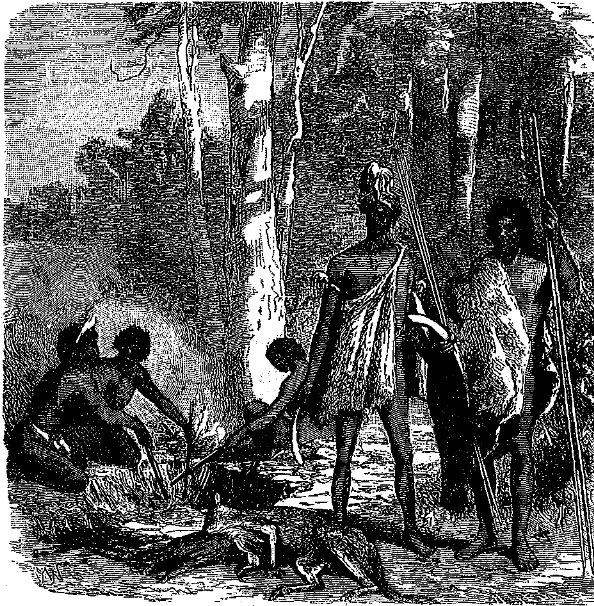
In 1832 the New Holland Mission was undertaken at the instance of Her Majesty's Government, who decided to appropriate £500 from the colonial funds of New South Wales towards its inauguration by the Church Missionary Society; and this early enterprise may serve to illustrate the character of a multitude of similar undertakings which

followed. Two missionaries, the Rev. Messrs. Watson and Handt, proceeded to Wellington Valley, two hundred and fifty miles north-east of Sydney, where the inhabitants of a tract of country two hundred by a hundred and fifty miles in extent, spoke the same dialect. The difficulties were found to be exceedingly great, "arising not more out of the deeply degraded condition of the aborigines by nature, than out of the demoralising influence upon them of the convict population on the outskirts of the colony." The first intention of the mission was the establishment of a school; and an attendance of from twenty to thirty children was for some time maintained. The young people, though most degraded and wild, proved not inferior in intelligence and ability to the children in European schools of the same age, the girls being more tractable and intelligent than the boys; and after the tedious mastery of the alphabet and spelling-book, which in itself was a discipline equally tiresome to teachers and scholars, the learning of lessons, hymns, and prayers became a task as easily accomplished as by the young folks in England. This preliminary grounding once over, they grew much attached to book-learning; their application became unwearied, and, with their attention once excited, they deemed it a punishment to be deprived of their lessons. A general want of steadiness, however, together with the difficulty of bringing natives to settle near the mission, rendered the work exceedingly discouraging.

In 1837 the clerical staff was augmented by the Rev. Mr. Grünther, who afterwards died as Archdeacon of Mudgee. Handt was then appointed by the New South Wales Government to a chaplaincy of the penal settlement at Moreton Bay, four hundred miles north of Sydney, where he divided his attention between convicts and aborigines, which last form a not very numerous class, but speak a dialect differing from the Wellingtonians, with an affinity sufficient only to point to a common origin. Here again the promise of success was small, because of the wandering and savage character of the people, so that Handt gave up his work and returned to Wellington, where a certain religious advance was marked in course of time by an improvement in attendance and behaviour; and after five years' toil expended upon them, the rising generation exhibited a pleasing spectacle in contrast to the wild heathen habits of their early life. But even then a congregation of worshippers was scarcely to be gathered, the young men, though they might be married, showing a rooted reluctance to worship with females, males having a traditional objection to be seen in company with the opposite sex. Civilised life made some considerable changes for the better, although many savage customs were still retained: the blacks employed by the missionaries in various labours became more steady, and less wandering and filthy: a vocabulary and grammar of the dialect were compiled, and the Gospels of Matthew, Luke, and John, with catechisms and prayers, were translated. The cutting off of their natural resources for food by the encroachments of the new occupiers of the land, and the baneful influence of these Europeans everywhere upon them, were two circumstances which were deplored; and then, as the results did not seem to justify the outlay or fulfil the expectations of the Society, this undertaking was relinquished, a fate in which many other aboriginal mission stations were doomed to share in their turn.

In Victoria the first comers met some scattered tribes similar in most respects

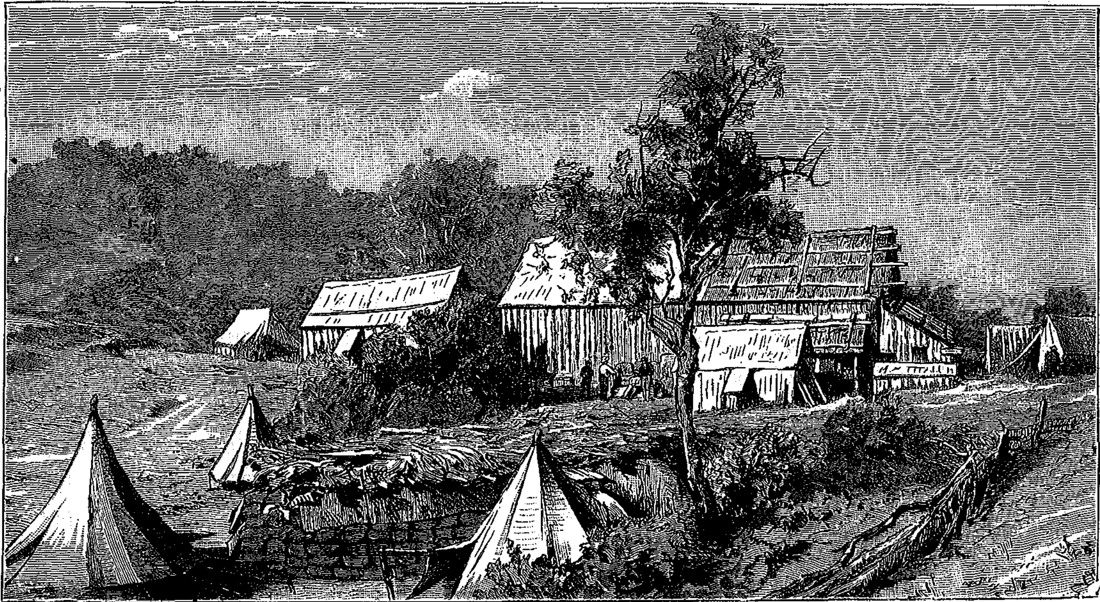
to the aborigines found in other parts. One day their new settlement was visited by a party of these wandering blacks, among whom was a very fine man, six feet and six inches in height, as naked and as savage-looking as any of the rest, but of lighter complexion and sharper features; and this individual's history proved stranger than fiction. He was an Englishman named William Buckley, who had served as a soldier, and for some offence having been transported, had been sent with other convicts to Port Phillip; but that place being considered unsuitable for a penal establishment, the authorities had decided to remove to Hobart Town, Van Diemen's Land. When the vessel was about to sail from Port Phillip, some of the prisoners were missing, and all search for them had failed; among these was Buckley, who was found and befriended by the natives far in the Bush. They gave "the giant pale-face" food to eat and skins to wear. At length he married a native woman, and when the new colonists came upon him he had lived as an aboriginal for thirty-two years, until he had forgotten his own language; but on meeting the settlers he gladly joined them, soon regained the manners and tongue of an Englishman, and subsequently became a medium of communication between the Wesleyan missionaries and his friends the aborigines, so that when the Rev. Joseph Orton paid Port Phillip a visit from Tasmania in 1836, with a view to ascertain the number and condition of the Victorian natives, Buckley was one of the first persons to whom he was introduced.



AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINES.

From him Orton learned that about a thousand natives were to be found in the district sixty miles on either side of Port Phillip, that they had no certain dwelling-place or dwellings, that they lived on kangaroos, opossums, and roots, and that their morals were extremely degraded. After several interviews with the natives, Buckley acting as interpreter, Mr. Orton prevailed on his Society to open a mission to them, and in the following year the Rev. Messrs. Hurst and Tuckfield were appointed to commence it on a reserve of land obtained from the Governor of Sydney at an eligible spot on the river Barwaun, thirty miles from Geelong, into possession of which the missionaries entered after some delay caused by Government formalities. A strange home they found awaiting them in the wild haunts of the savages. Wooden houses for their families, with necessary out-buildings, had first to be erected; trees required clearing from the land ere it could be brought under cultivation for the support of the

station; flocks and herds could only be gradually reared; but in the end the outward prosperity of the establishment was very gratifying. Nor, in the midst of such engrossing and laborious secularities, were the spiritual interests of the aborigines lost sight of by the missionaries, and there were some results in a higher sphere than that of mere industry apparent among their black sheep. A school was opened, and services were regularly conducted, to which not a few of the wild dusky flock were induced to come. They showed, in spite of their low-lying level, considerable capacity for learning at least the arts of reading and writing; but the notions of a spiritual realm, a Supreme Being, or a future state, never having crossed their minds, religious impressions were quite



AN OUTLYING SETTLEMENT IN NORTH AUSTRALIA.

evanescent, and never fulfilled the patient and sanguine hopefulness of the Christian toilers, so that those devoted men of God were doomed to the pain of seeing them drift back into savagery, and decrease in numbers year by year.

Mr. Tuckfield, after thus fruitlessly labouring for several years, took a journey of two hundred miles into the interior, in hope of securing a station away from the neighbourhood of white men. He suffered much privation, and at length pitched on what he considered might prove a more hopeful basis of effort to reclaim these lost tribes, but his committee resolved that their ten years of futile struggle were enough: Providence pointed to more promising fields elsewhere, and the scheme was abandoned.

In the pioneer work of Christianising these savages, a Roman Catholic episode must not be omitted from our review. In 1849 mission operations were begun in Western Australia by ten priests, fourteen monks, and seven nuns, under Dr. Brady, who divided the whole of that immense district into three spheres, with a small force

for each. The southern section relinquished the work after untold hardship and suffering: the leader, with the largest company under him, embarked for the north, and was never heard of more, but Father Salvado, now Bishop of New Norica, settling a central detachment among the natives north-east of Perth, has told a tale of his own highly successful enterprise which reads like a romance. One Captain Scully, a Romanist settler, invited the party to the country north of his own station, and thither they went on foot, a journey of sixty-eight miles, requiring five days to accomplish. In a Swan River summer, and wading through long tracts of sand, the first day gave them so travel-stained an exterior, that the Father said they might be mistaken for the savages whom they hoped to save. After remaining two days at Captain Scully's house, they went on, for some days, wandering in a vain search for water, and losing heart; but a native accompanying them found the needful element in a pool, and revived their despondent spirits by uttering, a mile off, loud and joyous cries of "*Coo-ee!*" That reviving water decided their mission site, and by it they encamped, in the very heart of the Bush, celebrating their first Mass on the following morning, being that of the fourth Sunday in Lent.

They erected a large hut to serve for residence and worship, and then the natives, who had looked on suspiciously, took possession of the pool and lighted their fires at night. "We also," says Father Salvado, "lighted our fire when we could no longer see to work, and chanted Compline with as much solemnity as on our days of festival at home; but the remembrance that we had such wild neighbours close around us made sleep an impossibility." Large numbers of natives surrounded them, each armed with several spears; signs were made inviting them to "afternoon tea;" but without accepting the proffered hospitality, they sat down beside the pond talking eagerly. The missionaries made some large "dampers" and carried them boldly, with plates of sugar, as a peace-offering, filling their own mouths and chewing the food in a vigorously demonstrative way to show that no treachery was intended. The women and children ran away howling, and the men snatched up their spears; but very soon the sugar had its influence on such of the children as clung to their sires' limbs, and in a few seconds sugar and dampers had all disappeared, and there was a scramble for the crumbs. Friendly relations thus established brought to light the aboriginal wit, for in a very short time the blacks had eaten clean the whole supplies of the mission, and Father Salvado had to undertake a solitary journey to Perth for more.

There the Bishop, to whom he appealed, had unhappily no means of help at hand; but he suggested the novelty of the Father giving a *pianoforte rèhearsal* in aid of himself and his starving compeers! The loan of many an instrument was offered; a Protestant printer issued the programme gratis; the Anglican clergyman lent his church candlesticks; a Jew distributed the admission tickets; in short, all was provided by the catholic-hearted Christianity of Perth, except a suit of new clothes for the ragged and tanned performer; and it required as great courage on his part, he tells us, to face the well-dressed audience in such plight as he was, as it had done to take the long and lonely journey through the Bush! The

appearance of the ecclesiastic excited both laughter and compassion, but the applause could not banish from his mind's eye the picture of his four poor brothers who were dying of hunger in the Bush.

The mission of New Norica, begun in such hardships, soon assumed the character of one of the most prosperous in Western Australia, and its success is respected even by those opposed to its religious tenets. The village of native Catholics which thus sprang into being, had in 1870 a population of eighteen male and sixteen female adults, some of whom, being married, were leading domestic and useful lives; and no wool sent to the English market was better cleaned or packed than that which had been received from their hands.

Among the earlier as well as the more notable reserves were those established by the Moravians. The first of these was planted in 1850 at Mount Franklin, some eighty miles from Melbourne, where the missionaries studied the people's language and habits, and generally reconnoitred the godless and abject savagery with which they had come to measure their strength. Subsequently Lake Boga became a popular resort of the natives, who were not blind to the object of these settlers being different from that of other whites who had invaded their country seats; and they made the long shore of the lake their habitat, attracted not more by the fish in its waters and the game on its banks than by the commodities, such as sugar, flour, tea, and medicine, which the station could supply. Here the dialectic difference in the speech from that already acquired, made the work of teaching and preaching out of the question, and except in clearing the Bush and dragging logs for a dwelling-house across eleven miles of rough country, the progress made was slow; nor did they once hear the eager cry for which they worked and prayed in their exile, "What must I do to be saved?" Gold discovered on Mount Alexander caused the existence of the mission to be threatened, as it stood on the river highway to the mines, traversed by reckless multitudes who stole its property, broke down its fences, and insulted its agents. The Melbourne authorities, as well as the local magistrates, were appealed to in vain; and in 1854 the desperate cause was abandoned, and the disheartened missionaries returned home—an ill-advised step for which their Directing Board censured them, as having brought discredit on the fair name of Moravian Missions through their not having sufficiently observed the possible jealousy of Britons at what they might consider a stoppage of their own right of way.

In 1858, the Governor lending it his countenance, the mission was resumed under Spieseke and Hagenauer, who transferred its operations from Lake Boga to a district upon which the whites were less likely to encroach, selecting, after long inspection of sites, a spot which they named Ebenezer, belonging to a warm-hearted Christian friend of the aborigines. While the Government formalities were being negotiated, his wool-shed was called into requisition as a church. Here other settlers sought to frustrate the opening of a mission, on the ground of its presumably depriving them of black labour. For long there was no response to the Gospel message by any of the heathen, whose only desire was to better their temporal condition, and whose attainments in reading, with altered appearance and manner, were the only signs of the

missionaries' toil having been not altogether in vain. In January, 1860, came the first anxious inquirer after the way of salvation; and in August of that year a little church was opened, and was consecrated by the baptism of this first convert, who assumed the name Nathanael, being thus appropriately recognised as "the gift of God," and as an example of the secret yearning deep in the heart of black humanity for the truth of life. It was a day of general rejoicing, in which several Christian supporters of the mission came from Melbourne to share.

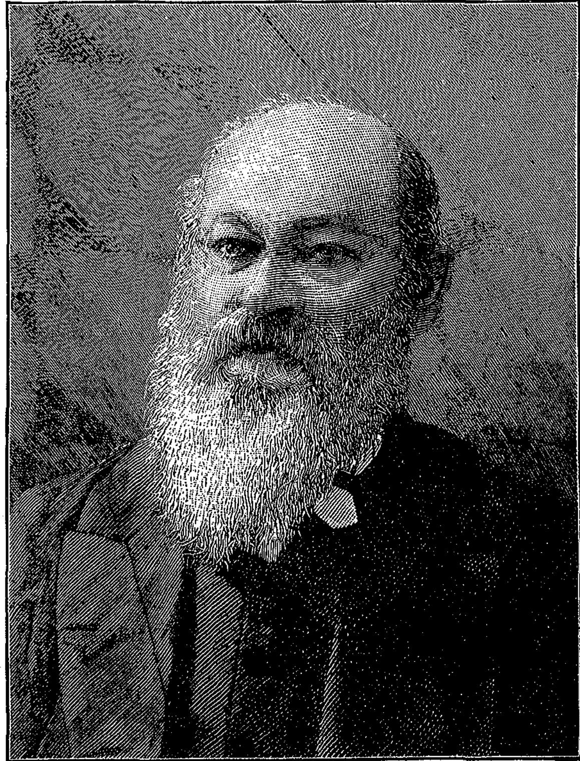
AN ABORIGINAL OF THE EARLY TYPE.

This revived the hopes of the labourers, for the first convert had his conversation in heavenly things, and did not fail to impress his fellows with the power of a living Saviour to fill the human heart with peace and joy. Nathanael and "his own brother Philip," with others, turned out successful evangelists, active and zealous in preaching the Gospel to their countrymen, with great power and signs following, while Philip and his wife for many years managed the orphan home with admirable devotion. Progress was now sure, if it was slow; a prejudiced indifference marked the attitude of the elder people, whose callous women were especially addicted to former and frequently terrible customs, apparently unable to shake them off; but the more impressible young people abandoned their heathenism by degrees. The station assumed the aspect of a neat village; houses enclosed by pleasant gardens gradually superseded the wretched squalor of their residents' former manner of life; attendance at church and school became fairly regular, and no year passed without additions of believers to the native church. Some pairs of converts were united in holy wedlock, and the strange spectacle of domestic happiness was for the first time exhibited by the once roving denizens of the Bush.

Industrial habits supervened among the once incorrigibly indolent people; scenes of lawless strife and obscene debauchery became happily rare. Those baptised into a profession of Christianity set an example of quiet, consistent piety; and when in 1864 Hartman joined the staff of workers, as an eminently practical missionary, he was amazed to find what five years of faithful effort had achieved. "I counted twenty dwellings of native Christians," is the testimony of a stranger visiting Ebenezer, "some of stone, some of square timber. A black who was busy

carpentering told me he was making a bedstead for his little child, who was praying at his side." The chapel stood in the midst. "At nightfall the bell called the villagers to church, where, besides the mission party, there were about sixty natives. A single visit would convince the least credulous what a great work has been silently done, and what a debt of gratitude our colony owes to the missionaries." Thus wrote one of the newspapers concerning the enterprise.

The manifest success of the Moravian Brethren at Ebenezer encouraged other denominations of Christians in Melbourne to enlarge for them the circle of their operations; and Hagenauer, supported by the Presbyterians, opened a new field at Gippsland in 1862, where the natives exhibited a marked thirst for knowledge. A reserve was secured on the Avon, near Lake Wellington, and the station, called Ramah, with a terminal of the people's own adding, making it Ramahyuck, significantly meaning Ramah-our-Home, became a centre to which the native population flocked round the energetic missionary and his wife. Here, though the same indolence and fickleness were apparent as at Ebenezer, a deep impression was made in time upon the character of individuals; in 1866 a church was opened, wherein were baptised the first converts, though before any great changes were witnessed, years of heroic labours were passed. At one time the "hot wind blew across the land with a blast so terrible and fiery that they were afraid even to venture forth to snatch a little water from the almost exhausted river-beds;" but they never lost their trust in God, though at another time they knew their death had been determined upon by the savages. They were unshaken, though frequently they were compelled to seek the errant black sheep on the mountains, and separate them from their fellows in order to bring them back to their "home."



HERR HAGENAUER.
(From a photograph by Grouzelle, Melbourne.)

The Inspector-General of Aborigines reported on Ramahyuck to the Colonial Parliament in 1875 in these terms:—"There are many satisfactory features in the management of this station: among them the fact that the natives, besides doing the work of the place, make use of their spare time to cultivate patches of arrowroot in their own gardens for sale; that many of them have money in the savings bank; that each subscribes at least a trifle to the local hospital; and that there is a free library

of between three and four hundred volumes, ranging from pictorial books for the young up to geography, history, astronomy, etc., for the more advanced; and many even of the latter books show signs of constant use." It was at least a marvellous advance upon the day when the missionary had to track the savage like a wild beast to his lair in the Bush; a bright change from the period when he haunted the low drinking saloon, or when at personal risk and by main force the Christian philanthropist had to interfere in the dangerous fights and heathen dances, in order to drag the wild objects of his solicitude from mutual destruction. Some of the spiritual transformations were equally striking, for the Gospel had proved itself in several of the poor blacks the power of God unto salvation.

In 1877, when Spieseke ended his labours as the spiritual father of the flock, and entered his eternal rest, the blacks were sorrow-stricken, for he had loved them with self-denying zeal, warning, entreating, encouraging, and rebuking them as a brother, and watching for their souls as one who must give account. That year died also Nathanael, full of a joyous assurance of his own glorious inheritance among the saints in light, having been preceded shortly before by his brother Philip. Twenty-five years had elapsed since their baptism as the first-fruits of the Victorian aborigines.

At Ramahyuck the Lord's Day is strictly observed, and the services are attended by all able to come, whites mingling in considerable numbers with the natives in listening to the preaching; and it has had a beneficial effect on the mission that all have thus worshipped the same Lord and enjoyed the same blessings of His salvation, without distinction of race or colour. The sacrament of the Holy Communion is celebrated with much solemnity and comfort; the Sunday-school is well-attended by the youth of the station, who make good progress; daily morning and evening service are held as part of the habitual life of the people, when prayers are offered freely on behalf of Christians and of the unconverted, and absentees are regularly inquired for; preparatory classes of candidates for baptism and the Holy Supper are frequently attended with manifest blessing; marriage is duly celebrated; and children, born of Christian parentage, as well as adults, are admitted to church-membership. On sick-beds and death-beds the Lord's own comforting presence has again and again been clearly displayed, and both young and old have died looking with joy from the new-found "home" on earth to the upper mansions in the Father's House.

The day-school, which is under the Educational Department, is said to be the pleasure-ground of teachers and taught. Half an hour's religious instruction precedes each day's lessons; tuition in singing is occasionally given; the schoolmistress encourages her black young sisters in the arts of the needle. Not the least creditable part of the institution is an orphanage efficiently managed by a native woman; out of school the deft fingers of the black boys and girls are trained with a view to future usefulness and domestic life. Secular work is of the utmost importance, and the people's labour is paid for in cash derived from the produce of their industry, an account of which is rendered to the Aboriginal Board

while an annual report is laid before Parliament by the Inspector-General. The houses, furnished by the Board, are kept in excellent repair, and their numbers would accommodate many more blacks than are disposed to yield their nomadic life at the missionary's invitation.

Friends of the aborigines in Victoria, anxious to start a mission in the very heart of the continent, sent out exploring parties as far as Cooper's Creek, eight hundred miles north-west of Ebenezer, the Moravian station, which was itself some two hundred miles inland from Melbourne. Here four or five tribes, numbering about twelve hundred souls, were found by four brethren sent out to Melbourne from Germany in 1864, viz., the Rev. Messrs. Walder, Meissel, Kramer, and Kühn. A severe drought shut up the whole district to their entrance, and forbade their project by rendering travel impossible for fifteen months after their arrival. At length the adventurous journey was begun by the first three of the men just named, Kühn, as we shall see, finding himself engrossed in work near at hand, and one of the Christian natives who was to have accompanied them having died in the meantime in the Adelaide hospital. They started from Adelaide, and danger and difficulty increased with every advance. The whole country was a scene of barren desolation; hills of loose sand alternated with long plains of rough, stony ground, and the physical endurance of the explorers was severely strained. A burning sun was accompanied by blinding sandstorms; thirst became intolerable, and the only water in many parts was that afforded by shallow stagnant pools, which were surrounded by carcases of drought-slain animals in every stage of decay. Four months were spent on this painful journey, and when Lake Hope was reached, men and horses were so completely worn out, that a halt was called for necessary recruiting in a neighbourhood infested with savages.

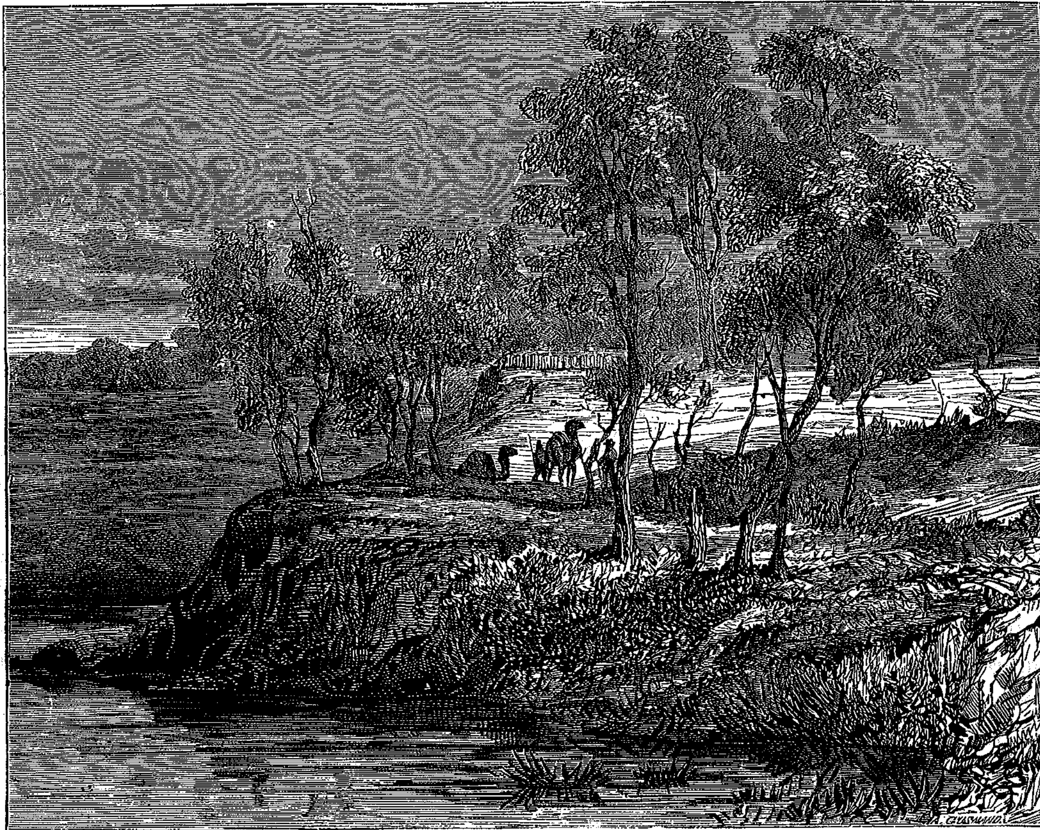
Then a first station was established about forty miles west of Lake Hope, at Lake Kopperamanna, where subsistence could be had in the vegetables and fish with which the land and the lake abounded. The tribes, although strong, active, and very savage, were evidently dying out; young people were scarce, and there was a paucity of children. No opposition was offered to the white strangers settling among them, so a school was opened, numbering at the outset nine pupils. But the work had hardly begun when it was stopped, for a strange tribe made its sudden appearance, and the missionaries were warned that on a certain day an attack would be made upon them. The ever-increasing blacks kept up a series of savage dances, as if in joyful anticipation of tasting white men's flesh. Three days and nights were spent by the Germans in anxious watch, and horses were kept saddled ready for flight; but providentially, on the day named for the assault, a patrol of mounted police arrived with most timely succour, and the savages were frightened and dispersed. The mission party, warned by the police, withdrew to Lake Kilalpanina for six months, where they assisted four other brethren of the Hermannsburg Society of Germany in founding a station, after which they returned to their own abandoned work at Kopperamanna. But so difficult and precarious was the forwarding of supplies, in consequence of the drought having annihilated many of the sheep-runs on the long route, that the Melbourne Missionary Association, which was responsible for the support

of the undertaking, found it impracticable, and the missionaries were recalled, the Hermannsburg brethren occupying their place.

When in 1865 the drought prevented the exploration of Cooper's Creek by the four German missionaries, one of them, Mr. Kühn, began a station near Wallaroo, on Yorke's Peninsula, in connection with the Presbyterian Church, and he was so successful that, when the interior could be traversed, he found it advisable to maintain the work, although its subsequent career was as characteristically short-lived as that of nearly all these Aboriginal Mission reserves. A lady, a genuine friend of the children

of the woods, has described the work, complaining that "of all the millions of broad acres constituting this fertile and prosperous colony, the Government has restored to the aboriginal proprietors of the soil in this peninsula one square mile of all but uncultivable land." Two hundred pounds was secured for building, and Mr. Kühn built, with his own hands and with the help of the natives, strong, rough dormitories, and a school-room wherein services were conducted, lessons given, meals eaten, and the girls slept. Progress was rapid, and in a few months many could read and write, knew a little geography and arithmetic, a few hymns and many portions of Scripture, while the children loved their teacher with extraordinary devotedness. One lad, enticed away by some natives, made his way back to the mission alone, through nearly forty miles of scrub. The Government afterwards granted eight square miles of land, and the mission became possessed of a thousand sheep; the boys built a wool-shed of stone, and the first sale of their wool realised £163.

Among typical instances of first essays at Christian enterprise may be mentioned the exploring of the River Gascoigne, by the Rev. J. B. Gribble, for the site of a mission in the heart of Western Australia. Encamping near a good pool a mile from his landing, he erected his tent; and over thirty persons presented themselves at his first service, which was held on the shortest notice. A large number of blacks were living just like brutes on the sandhills in the neighbourhood, entirely nude, and without



COOPER'S CREEK.

huts of any kind, but burrowing holes for themselves in tne sand as though they were rabbits.

But certain irreligious whites held a meeting, and a resolution was passed disapproving of a mission to their heathen neighbours, and appealing to the Government to put down any species of Christian effort, their main objection being that they feared the amelioration of the savages would render native labour less available than hitherto. A later and more successful attempt of the devoted Mr. Gribble was the establishment, in the diocese of Bathurst, of an Aboriginal Mission under episcopal auspices. It has had connected with it over one hundred natives at one time, and the missionary and his wife have laboured in great privation, hardship, and discouragement, but have been refreshed by the real and childlike faith of the

blacks, and by marked alteration in many of their lives. The aid of the Government is scanty, and the burden of supporting the mission and feeding daily its hundred mouths falls mainly upon the bishop, who keeps it alive only by desperate and self-denying effort; but in the Christian example which some of their *protégés* set to their fellow-blacks, he and his co-labourers find their reward.

One of the most carefully worked and successful of the attempts that have been made to Christianise the aborigines was that begun in 1850 by the venerable Archdeacon Hale, of Adelaide, afterwards raised to the See of Perth, who opened a native institution at Poonindie in Port Lincoln, under the superintendence of Mr. J. Shaw, formerly of Condah station. The project was formed with the idea of the separation of the young persons whom the Archdeacon had formerly rescued and befriended, from their old associations, and the introduction of a patriarchal system of life for them differing from any that had yet been tried; and for this purpose he selected an isolated spot where they would not be affected by parental or tribal influences. Government and society came to the promoter's aid with grants of land and money, and very great hopes of final success were formed from the first, when a little band of aboriginal pilgrims, consisting of five married couples and a single man, who had received their education at Adelaide, were landed on Boston Island, opposite Port Lincoln, under the care of the Archdeacon. They took up their quarters on the River Tod, and built a village of neat whitewashed buildings, with chapel, school, and other offices; and here again the nomad Australian was for twenty-five years brought under the rule and into the habits of social Christian life. At the end of that period the station showed a community of eighty, married and single, boys, girls, and infants, dwelling in as much quiet and godly order as might be found in an English hamlet, supplying themselves with clothes out of their earnings, living in domestic comfort, sending their children regularly to school, and attending the church services twice a day.

An industrial farm had formed part of the founder's project, the aim being to render the mission self-sustaining, and reliant on neither Government aid nor private subscription. From his own resources the worthy Archdeacon had purchased five thousand sheep, and being aided for three years by a Government grant of £1,000 per annum, the property in six years had been improved by £2,960, which was entirely the produce of the labour of the resident aborigines, one hundred and ten of whom had been in regular employment at the station during that period: and in 1870, after paying all expenses, including salaries of clergyman, overseer, and schoolmaster, a net profit was realised of £366. The blacks worked willingly under the overseer's guidance; the station became the favourite rendezvous of the tribe, although some left to find employment on sheep-runs elsewhere; and several died trusting in the Eternal Hope. Indeed, pulmonary disease seems to have baffled every effort to combat its ravages, and the tribe rapidly decreased.

The Day-school had an evening class attached to it, and lessons in carpentering, masonry, brick-making, bullock-driving, horse-breaking, and the tending of sheep, were put in practice. Sent into Port Lincoln on business, these Poonindie natives

were always reliable: and one of them could read prayers at home, with such decorum, when the clergyman was called away to officiate elsewhere, that settlers attended the chapel services regularly. Everything at Poonindie was done by the aborigines, except the instruction which was necessary, and their wages varied according to the character of the work done. A weekly sewing-class had its work paid for according to skill, and the proceeds were devoted to some charitable object at the end of the year: £10 was subscribed annually by these well-trained natives to maintain a Melanesian scholar in a distant island school. Mechanical punctuality regulated the day. At six the station bell rang, and horses were fed and watered; at seven the chapel bell called to morning prayer, which all were expected to attend; at half-past seven, men and women in two separate rooms broke their fast, except the married, who ate their meal in their own cottages; at eight the work-bell rang, and all went to their different employments; at twelve rang the welcome summons to dinner; at one work was resumed till six in summer or five in winter; at half-past seven evening prayer was read and hymns were sung; at nine the young people retired to bed, and their seniors soon followed.

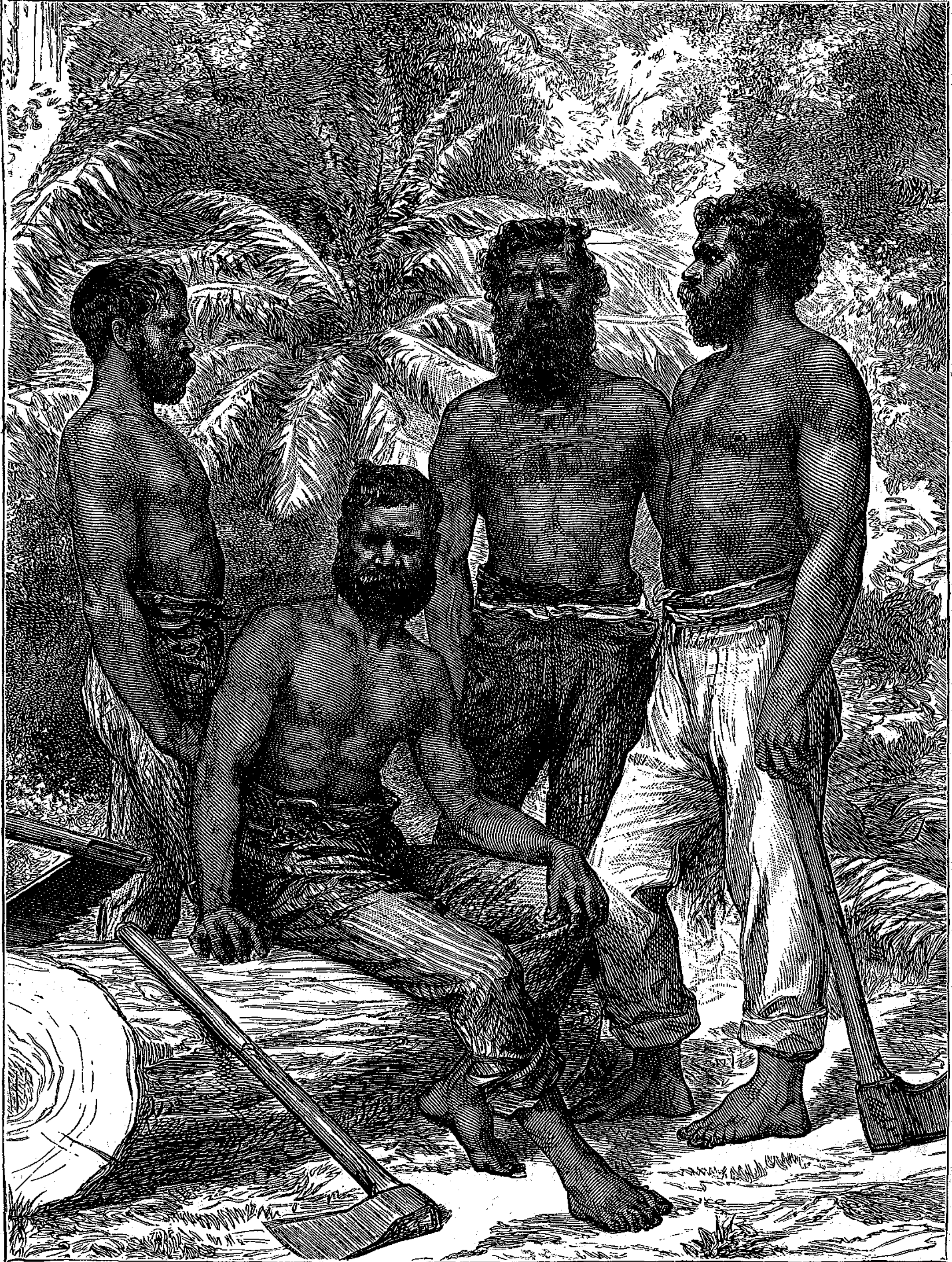
Lest the native spirits should flag under the constraint of these labours, games were introduced; bagatelle, draughts, and the like, were indulged in every evening in the school-room; music was always a favourite pastime. Occasionally some couples danced, two men learning to dance the hornpipe with great precision; and, above all, cricket became a passion of their hearts, the black eleven of Poonindie being successful in most matches with their white rivals of Port Lincoln. In 1856 the Archdeacon's call to the new See of Perth was a sorrowful and well-nigh disastrous event for Poonindie, for with the loss of its founder and friend a cloud fell upon the institution; severe sickness visited it, and, twenty-one deaths occurring in as many months among its inmates, rumours of the mortality reached their friends in the Bush as well as the ear of the Government. The latter refused to vote supplies, and the natives lost heart.

Soon, however, outward prosperity was restored; good clothes were purchased, domestic comforts increased, and passages were taken to Adelaide for the sake of enjoying a holiday. But the higher spiritual tone was lacking: the station prospered, but the mission failed when its ardent Christian guide was gone. After some changes in the management, however, its missionary character was restored; so that after an absence of sixteen years, the Bishop of Perth, revisiting the institution, observed improvement everywhere, and manifest advances in domestic and social habits. The looks of all betokened their joy at greeting once again their old friend. The school-room had been tastefully decorated, and the aborigines presented their benefactor with a tea-service, for which they had subscribed £13 15s., as a mark of their gratitude. The shipping of the wool was ever kept as a red-letter day, all Poonindie turning out to see its hundred bales taken on board in Louth Bay, four miles distant: and on this occasion a cricket match was also held in honour of the visit. The Sunday services were deeply impressive, and twenty-one aborigines received the Sacrament at the episcopal hands. It was altogether a season of refreshing, and the Bishop of Adelaide, writing of the visit of his right reverend

brother to this corner of his own diocese, made these trenchant remarks: "To those who have any doubts as to the identity of the manhood in the white and black-skinned races, it may be satisfactory to learn that the same hopes and fears, the same zeal for the honour of the institution, the same pride in the cricketing uniform and colours, the same self-complacent vanity in looking 'the thing,' the same, it may be, affectionate pride on the part of the dark-skinned 'loving wife' in the appearance at Adelaide of her 'well-got-up' husband, animated on this occasion the quondam denizens of the wilderness, as the like feelings annually manifest themselves on the part of mothers and sisters of old Etonians and Harrovians at the cricket matches at Lord's, proving incontestably that the aristocracy of England and the 'noble savage' who ran wild in the Australian woods are linked together in one brotherhood of blood, moved by the same passions, desires, and affections; differing only because, in His wisdom, God has ordained that His revealed truth, made known first to a Syrian ready to perish from 'Ur of the Chaldees,' should travel westward from the hills and valleys of Canaan, until at the appointed time the stream of Divine knowledge should turn eastward, and cover the whole earth 'as the waters cover the sea.'"

Many smaller Christian communities have here and there exerted a godly influence on these sunken races, though in more minute degree. A little band of pious Germans, settling themselves about eight miles from Brisbane, laboured hard to turn the hearts of the aborigines to the Lord, but the blacks would not attend to them, and, being in distress, they began stock-keeping and pineapple growing as a means of livelihood. A clergyman from England visited their little settlement, and started a Bible Association in their wooden chapel, when the whole community of some thirty souls were present, all work being laid aside for the meeting. The deepest interest was manifested, and when the collection was made it burst into enthusiasm, the one requested to hand round the plate saying: "It is of no use; we have got only silver with us, and nobody will give that for shame; we must have paper and put our names down for what we will give." The others said they might as well empty their pockets into the plate; so when it was passed round it produced £3 15s. 6d., and on a bit of paper was further written a medley of promises, one giving a cow and her calf, another a bullock and four rows of pines, and the others being equally generous!

In the Bush much direct and indirect good has been done by individual clergymen, who have acquired a sufficient knowledge of the language to converse with the black nomads whom they have met on their lonely rides. One such clergyman gives an instance of his preaching thus to a company of natives, and as it affords a picture of aboriginal life in other ways, we transcribe the passage:—"One afternoon in 1849, as I was on my monthly journey to Merriwa, I overtook a party of about fifteen returning to their camp, which was then at the township; some women and children were among them. One *gin* had her infant, where they usually carry them, at her back, sitting in a fold of her opossum rug, and looking over his mother's shoulder. Two or three fat little fellows, clothed only in their own black skins, ran beside them, throwing toy boomerangs. We were more than a mile from the township; so I dismounted, determined to teach what I could. I had made up my mind that my first teaching must be the



NATIVES OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

existence of God, His omnipresence and His moral government. The sun was towards the west; so, pointing to it, I said, 'See big sun! You know who made him?' The only answer was a laugh and a look of inquiry. I took off my hat and bowed my head as I said, pointing to the sky, 'Great God made sun.' The same question was asked in reference to many different objects—the ground on which we were walking, the trees around us, the river, the hills, the beasts and birds; and pausing for a few seconds after each question, I gave the same answer as before, with the same gestures of reverence; and then said, 'Great God make me white fellow, Great God make you black fellow,' and then, spreading out my hands, 'Great God make 'em all.' By this time we were on a ridge, and twenty miles to the north rose clear and distinct the bold Liverpool range. Pointing to it, I asked, 'You see black fellow up on big range? Black fellow on big range see you, me? You see Muswell Brook?' (Forty-five miles east.) 'You see Cassilis?' (Twenty-five miles west.) And then as the half-inquiring laugh followed each question, I said, uncovering my head, 'Great God see black fellow on big range—see you, me—see Muswell Brook—see Cassilis—see all place. Dark night—no star, no moon, no camp-fire—all dark; you no see, Great God see; see in dark, see in light—see you, me, now—see you, me, all time.' . . . We now reached Merriwa, and each went his way. Several months later, some blacks came to me at Muswell Brook, and I spoke to them on the verandah. When I began to say much that I had said on the last occasion, one who appeared to be listening attentively said, 'That what you tell me up at Merriwa.' 'Have I seen you before?' 'Oh! you not know me? I Peter!' 'I not know you now. I know you after. Glad you think what I told you.' He said he had thought of it much, and had talked of it to other natives."

Poor Peter was but a unit in a decaying race. He was found by the writer from whom we have quoted, lying very ill one morning under the partial shelter of a sheet of bark, in a steady downpour of rain, and was persuaded to have a bed in the parsonage kitchen; but before mid-day two men of his tribe, jealous of his white friendship, took him back to their camp, and he himself said the house made him feel giddy. Not long after, a native came to the gate weeping bitterly, and his pitiful tale was soon told: "Poor Peter dead! poor Peter, your black fellow, dead! he my brother!" He had been far in the interior when he felt his end approaching, and had said: "I no go further; I die. You bury me. Go to Misser Boodle; say to him, 'I going to Almighty God.'"

Peter's was perhaps a representative case of the working of the grace of God in individual hearts among the degraded aborigines. On one occasion the struggle with himself was clearly witnessed. He had been with other natives employed by a publican on a certain job, the payment being tobacco: the blacks crowding the tap-room for their hire, Peter received his tobacco in the crush, and afterwards re-entered, holding out his hand as if he had not received his share. The tobacco was twice given, but Peter's conscience smote him, and would not allow the deceit to sleep, so that in a few minutes he came back ashamed, confessed his falsehood, restored the tobacco, and said, "Massa say mustn't tell lies!" If this instance of a conscience rightly directed by the light that was in it, be taken as an indication of good produced by the most

desultory scattering of the precious seed of life on the hordes of Australian wanderers, we may hopefully believe that many an individual will be gathered from this lowest of heathen humanity to take his stand in the great white-robed multitude whom no man can number.

A notable tour of exploration into Queensland undertaken in 1885 by Brother Hagenauer, of the Moravian Mission at Ramahyuck, brought to light much fresh information regarding the long despised Northern tribes. The adventure was inaugurated by a Mission Committee, and aided by Government and ecclesiastical officials giving such credentials of State and Church to the esteemed envoy as would ensure a successful issue to his long journey from Victoria to Cape York. No better expert could have been employed, than the self-sacrificing missionary who had spent a lifetime in studying the aborigines and attaching them to himself. His leave-taking of his beloved black congregation at Ramahyuck was most affecting. He preached a farewell sermon, exhorting them to pray that as the result of his tour the same Gospel might rejoice the hearts of the Queenslanders, that had brought the peace that passeth understanding to their own. Many silent tears trickled down the swarthy cheeks of his auditors, and the preacher recorded that this parting from Rama-our-Home (so the native name signified) for twelve months, affected him more than had done his bidding farewell for ever to his own native home in the Fatherland, years before, in order that he might seek and save the Australian savages.

On such an errand the Moravians follow their Lord in sending forth their emissaries two by two; and by a singular providence a young German accompanied the missionary as a volunteer and at his own expense; so that when he returned to Europe from his Australian visit, he was able to supplement written reports by the narrative of an eye-witness. The Governor of Queensland entered fully into the plan, anxious to ameliorate the really miserable condition of the imbruted aborigines. Previous to the explorers' setting sail from Brisbane, a great missionary festival was held in a German church, when the speakers (many of whom had come from Berlin in 1838) spoke hopefully of that which lay nearest to their hearts, the evangelising of Australian heathendom, and inspired the courage of the two who, with many prayers, were being sent forth, like the Apostles from Antioch, to the dark recesses of the Gentile world. From Cooktown the missionaries sailed in "a vessel tight and snug, bound for the Northern seas," being a ship chartered to convey a scientific expedition of the Royal Society to New Guinea. On board of this bark, amid a magnificence of scenery unsurpassed on the face of the globe, Sankey's hymns blended with conversations on botany, geology, and zoology, and the exquisite delights of the daytime were closed by the representatives of the two expeditions, with mutual interest in each other's welfare, singing in the moonlight the "Old Hundredth," when the force of the words must have been felt in all their grandeur—

> "His truth at all times firmly stood,
> And shall from age to age endure."

Hagenauer, wherever he went, found the Northern congeners of the Victorian natives

possessed of the same irreclaimable savage nature, given up to the same untameable wandering, adopting the same vices and contracting the same deadly diseases along the whole line of their contact with civilisation; and they were if anything more degraded in their physical and intellectual nature, and more cruel in their savagery. Judging from the number of wild roving blacks to be seen to this day in North Queensland, it can be readily believed that when Captain Cook first cast anchor in the bays off the shore, the wild hordes running from rock to rock on island and mainland must have appeared to represent an infinite population of demon-like beings; and within quite recent times the survey of the coast has been accomplished amid the constant danger of meeting hundreds of savages armed with spears and ready to drive off the

ABORIGINAL LABOURERS.

intruder; so that Hagenauer required to observe the greatest caution in landing. Stories of the blacks of the far North give them an unpromising character: the dusky inhabitants of Cape Yorke Peninsula are a wild, murderous people, and not to be approached but with an armed escort. A railway contractor was speared on the line he was constructing, and was walking on crutches from the effects of his wounds when the missionary visited him: a police official had his life attempted close to his office in Cooktown, yet, as a Christian gentleman and a humane Government officer, he had worked for their good, and deeply sympathised with the project of a mission amongst them.

Government, dealing with these natives in a kind, firm manner, holds out to them the prospect of various industries, so that their thieving, wandering, useless tribes may turn into wholesome labouring classes. It induces them to serve for specified terms in the plantations or public works; and where the Barrier Reef impinges near the shore they are engaged in *bêche-de-mer* and turtle fisheries, watching the great testacea swim in from that repository of aquatic wonders, and delighting to turn upon their backs those that land, so that, kick the air as they may, they cannot run away. In Weary Bay—name indicative of the

"weariness," from Apostolic days downwards, of such missionary rambles as those which brought these facts to light—the shores swarm with savages. When signs were made to them by Hagenauer to come and meet him at the landing-place, they launched their canoes and followed close in shore, naturally timid of meeting the white stranger, notwithstanding the kind intention of his heart. When he wished to shake hands, they trembled for fear; but photographs of the Gippsland natives being exhibited, they were astonished and perplexed at pictures of black men dressed as whites, for in the heat of their own wild mountain solitudes they had no need of clothes, and were innocent of them in any shape or form. Confidence was created after a time by the captain giving them some biscuit, which pleased them greatly; and they retired with smirking smiles to their home of nature—the only home they knew or cared for—in the shelter of the scrub's dark mangrove foliage, and within the dense entanglement of its creepers and giant ferns.

Those to whom the police and the press agreed in giving a character of evil, which in the main was only too true, were thus visited for the first time in the ages of their degradation by a Christian explorer, followed by many Christians' prayers for their redemption, that they might be raised to become a useful part of the colony. Government was led to establish two aboriginal stations in consequence of Mr. Hagenauer's report, and although the whole visit was treated in a jocular and frivolous spirit by some of the leading papers, the report of the tour was read in Australia with great interest, and was to the effect that there really exist three classes of Queensland aborigines. The highest and most frequently met is that of the "civilised blacks," who have lived in plantations or worked among settlers, and have consequently become amenable to firm and kind treatment. The "half-civilised" natives, met with about townships, roadside public-houses, and stations where they labour intermittently, seem to have for the object of their existence to beg, to drink, to smoke, or to eat opium when that can be obtained. Their appearance is repulsive, clad as they are in dirty clothes, or rags, which diffuse a certain aroma that warns anyone with European nostrils to keep at a respectful distance from them. Their knowledge of English is almost confined to bad expletives, and they can express little that is good; they become a social nuisance, adopting the vices of the whites in addition to their own, without cultivating any mitigating virtues. As occasion may arise, they will tear off their dirty clothing, and, affecting the glory of their pristine wildness, give way to inordinate wickedness, being cruel to each other and especially to their unfortunate wives. The "wild blacks," forming the third class, are such as continue to represent the remnant of the savagery which was the original human condition of Australia. Still resident in the seclusion of the great dense thicket, they point to the fact that, at the close of this nineteenth century of enlightenment, there are many regions of the vast island-continent wherein our commerce and our intellectual activities have spread, which are infested with barbarous tribes whom no regenerative agency has touched.

The Christian missionary exploring the interior of Queensland found that "the noble savage" may exist as a romantic ideal within the covers of a book, but that secluded within the covers of the tropical scrub, and roaming wild his native forests,

unfettered by the form and fashion of civilisation, he is a being very different in reality from the fallacious painting of his picture by a poet's imagination.

In Tasmania, which we may not lose sight of as a part of the great Australian mission field, the first preaching of the Gospel was carried on under much the same conditions, and its Christianisation presents, therefore, similar characteristics to that of the continent itself. Van Diemen's Land, as it is sometimes called from its discoverer, was established as a further outlet for the criminality of Christian England in 1804, when it put forth at once strong claims on English Christianity. For, besides the convict population now cast upon the prison island, it was already peopled by a dark race differing but slightly from the aborigines living across the two hundred miles of sea known as Bass's Straits: the chief difference being their more negro-like cast of features, their darker skin, and their more woolly hair. Contests, severe and frequent, are said to have taken place between this negrine race and the earliest settlers at Hobart Town, until gradually the natives were hemmed into one corner of their insular domain, and finally removed by Government to Flinders Island, in the adjoining straits, having been immensely reduced in numbers by famine, by small-pox, and by the cruel retaliation of the whites for the foul murders they were constantly perpetrating.

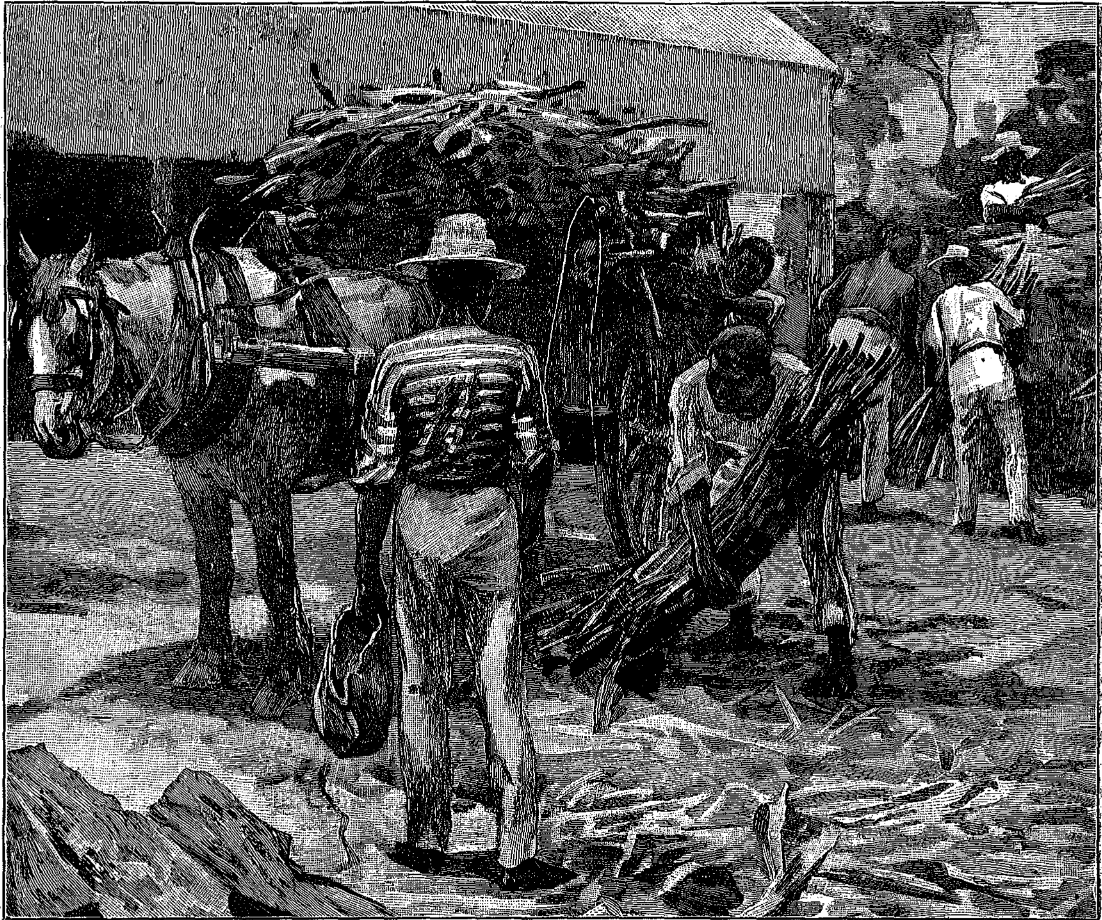
Some good soldiers of Jesus Christ, wearing the uniform of H.M. service, were the pioneers of the Cross in this island, having themselves been converted under the Methodism of New South Wales, whence they had come. When the Rev. B. Carvosso was on his way from England to assist Mr. Leigh as missionary in that colony, the ship put into the Derwent to land cargo and passengers at Hobart Town. Finding the people destitute of religion and living in utter violation of the laws of God, he preached in the open air the first Methodist sermon in the island, and so continued to preach daily to increasing crowds until he reluctantly sailed, when he described the condition of Hobart Town to his London Committee as a place of spiritual destitution, and urged the appointment of a missionary. Before the committee could respond by sending a suitable man, the pious soldiers referred to arrived, and being greatly exercised by the wickedness of their new quarters, they hired a room for prayer. That little sanctuary soon attracted attention: many townspeople found it out, and were there convinced of their sin and led to Christ. A diabolical persecution then threatened the infant cause with extinction: the rabble of "lewd fellows of the baser sort" besieged the house, and while prayer and praise ascended within, they shouted without, throwing stones at the door, smashing the windows, and doing their best to stop the worship. But the faithful soldiers held the fort, while in face of the enemy's fire "the more mightily grew the Word of God and prevailed;" and the Governor, hearing of the disturbance, put a stop to it. In 1821 the Rev. W. Horton was received as the first missionary from England with joy and gratitude; crowds flocked to hear the Word of Life from his lips. The first erected chapel became too small, and was enlarged, but in five years it had to be supplanted by a new and commodious building, wherein officiated Mr. Carvosso, preaching for the next five years to earnest and ever-increasing congregations.

The work extended over the rest of the island as the mission-staff was re-inforced by other labourers: commodious chapels were built in outlying townships, which ultimately became the centres of New Methodist circuits, until the whole community was permeated with the doctrines of Christianity; schools were established, at Ross a superior seminary called Horton College being erected, with a view to higher education and to supersede the necessity of Wesleyan parents sending their sons to England. The convicts were the especial care of the minister, whose services the Government were ready to recognise by grants in aid: and not a few of these, unhappily transported in increasing numbers, were led to repentance and newness of life. Macquarie Harbour was the penal settlement chosen for the banishment of the most abandoned, and here specimens of the vilest humanity on earth, found incorrigible under the treatment of the New South Wales and other "establishments," were met by the servants of God, sometimes at the risk of their lives; some of these malefactors were subdued and renewed by Divine grace: and remarkable instances of conversion occurred in this awful place, so that the den of thieves, as was said, became in some signal instances the house of prayer.

The wide field presented to Christian missions in Australia possesses, beyond the element of its native population, a many-coloured humanity, not only emigrated from Europe, but also from all lands that fringe the seas of which it is the centre—China, Ceylon, India, and the multitude of archipelagoes in the Pacific. Consequently any seed of eternal truth sown here among the sons of every nation under heaven, may be supposed to be carried by individuals to many a tribe of earth's inhabitants. Especially on the shores of North Australia and Queensland is the labouring population a strange amalgam, coolies from India blending with pigtailed Chinamen; the gentlefolks of the working class being the Cingalese, ornate in dress and hair; and its lowest representatives the Malays, who engage in *bêche-de-mer* and pearl fisheries, and are deceitful and treacherous to the last degree. The Kanakas, or, as they are familiarly termed, "the boys," form the major portion of this medley community, and are next after the aborigines in importance, being the natives of the Pacific Islands who are imported under contract with the planters, and are to be met in considerable numbers at all the centres of the sugar industry. The climate of torrid Australia, with its winter temperature equal to that of the warmest summer in the south, renders black labour an absolute necessity for the cultivation of the sugar-cane in the steamy atmosphere it loves, as well as for the laborious efforts required to crush it in the mills.

The labour-traffic, or, as it might have been called, the slave-trade in these imported Kanakas, has been, until recently, a sorely vexed question; and the Colonial Governments are to be congratulated on the success of regulations which have suppressed the kidnapping of these distressed inmates of distant insular homes by piratical rovers; for the abomination which was practised on a wholesale scale under the name of "Blackbirding" has been put down by a firm hand, as, for instance, when a labour-ship, with four hundred poor Kanakas on board, was sent back round the thirty-four islands whence they had been stolen, to return them to their

homes and sorrow-stricken friends. "The boys" and their employers now sign contracts for a term of years, by which both parties are bound, and Government inspectors sail on all transit vessels; so that the philanthropist, considering these noble ordinances, can exclaim with gratitude: "Behold the feet of the grave-diggers of slavery in other parts of the world are come hither to bury this also." "The boys"

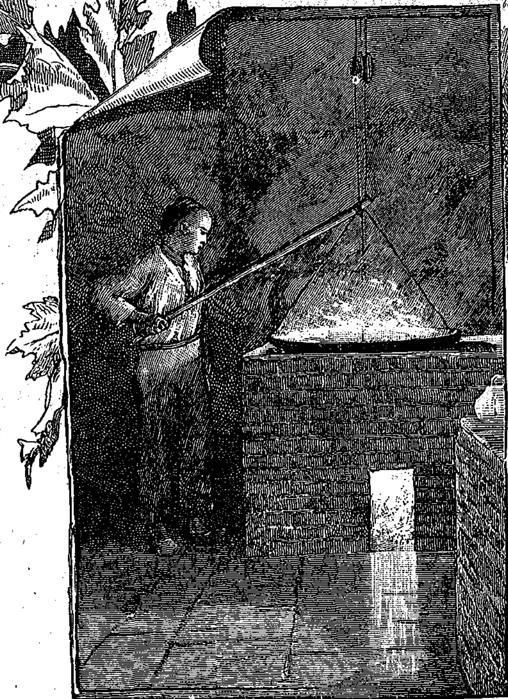


SUGAR-CANE CULTIVATION IN QUEENSLAND.

from the South Seas grow in respectability; for having gained their freedom, they are reliable and tractable, and by far the best workers; they are of such saving habits, moreover, that not a few have purchased their own land and become settlers.

Here, then, is a *multum in parvo* of the field which is the world; and it is ripe for the harvest, but, alas! "the labourers are few!" All these varied peoples seem equally neglected, as a poor and despised class, living solely for the gainful ends of their so-called Christian employers, while the Church apparently ignores her "marching orders," which were never more distinctly emphasised than in the command, "Preach the Gospel to every creature." In few instances, sad to tell, is there

GAMBLERS.



A CHINESE KITCHEN.

THE CHINESE IN AUSTRALIA.

any care for the evangelisation or education of the many nationalities here represented, so that, for the most part, they remain in heathen ignorance and superstition; the excuse being everywhere the linguistic difficulty, viz., to find preachers and teachers able, supposing they were willing, to speak in so many different tongues, so that every man should hear the truth in the language in which he was born. But missionary societies do not well to pass over this wonderful opening because the miracle of Pentecost will not repeat itself at their pleasure. Schools might be founded broadcast for the teaching of English, and then every pastor and evangelist visiting the land would become an occasional missionary ready to hand.

It speaks highly for Hagenauer's wisdom that, being a German, he taught the people in his charge the English language; for thus not only can they converse with Europeans and Americans, but they may also hold fellowship with the ennobling authors of our literature.

As it is, Christian planters can now attend only to the spiritual needs of their Kanaka workpeople; and they do this in some instances with a marked degree of earnestness, attended by consequent success. In the Vilele plantation is a good specimen of their care for the souls of their "boys," the managers alternating in holding regular Sunday services, according to the Episcopalian formularies, with the overseers, who conduct worship after the simple Presbyterian style; while a Sunday-school is superintended by a worthy planter's daughter. But in regard to the Asiatics, Christian planters, on being asked what is done for their spiritual necessities, are fain to reply, "Nothing at all!" The social outlook, from the introduction of such large masses of races of inferior caste, is not bright for the coming generation of white men, for not only will the blood become tinged with the inferiority, but the general tone of morality in the country will be lowered; and a weightier counterpoise needs to be adjusted in the other scale. Our grand ideas regarding the elevation of the heathen, and our high standard of a common brotherhood of mankind, can only be promulgated by our preaching the Gospel to every one among them; and then the many thousands of aboriginals, as well as of imported blacks, whose savage hearts Nature, with all her beauties, has not lifted Godwards, will be brought to newness of life through the love and death of Jesus Christ.

That it is so has been shown by the good work of one of "the boys" themselves. This was a South Sea Islander who had been converted in his island home, was well acquainted with Patteson, the martyr-bishop, and was named Sam Crowther after the African coloured bishop; and he has turned out a bright specimen of the steady, industrious, thriving Christianity of the Kanakas who settle down in farms of their own. Besides attending to his bananas and pineapples, Sam finds time for keeping school for aboriginal children, and has had at one time from twenty to thirty wild youngsters in hand; and a great deal of good he does them, being sincerely devoted to them, and they in turn being equally fond of their black teacher from another land, for Sam's kindness has completely won their hearts. This humble Kanaka, deeply interested in the Aboriginal Mission Station near Townsville, was the only man doing Christian mission work in North Queensland met by the missionary Hagenauer during his visit in 1886; and as a stranger in a strange land, he could tell how his fellow-countrymen, having parted with all near and dear to them, are in need of the sympathetic hand of Christian friendship in the country of their exile.

The Chinese in the great world of Australia form of themselves almost a separate community, which flows into the country in a continuous stream in spite of most stringent Government measures to prevent it, and chiefly impinges on its northern shores. They do not come under the labour contracts, but, having emigrated at their own and not their employers' cost, they work as "free labourers." So great was their increase at one time, that the colony in its alarm created a poll-tax of £30 for

every Chinaman entering the country, for the Celestials threatened to have both it and its trade in their own hands. Their gambling, opium-smoking, and other evils, contributing to the lowering of the standard of morals, call loudly for some counteracting influence, John Chinaman being regarded as a factor among the inferior immigrant races, although he may become merchant or storekeeper, cabinet-maker, cook, or general labourer. In such places as Cooktown, where they are plentiful, their quarters are marked by fan-tan shops, joss-houses, and their own very particular eating and drinking; and here they were so numerically and financially strong in the year of the fearful floods in their native land, that in a few hours they collected £262 for their suffering fellow-countrymen, an exemplary instance of the humane in non-Christian breasts. In the new town of Palmerston, a district little known, a clergyman beginning singlehanded mission work among them, had an agitation created against him by the floating population of miners, on the ground that he was endeavouring to replace European labour by that of the cheap "heathen Chinee."

Usually the language proves an insuperable bar to all such good work; but a Chinaman of the name of Leong-on-Tong, having been brought to a saving knowledge of Christ, laboured under the direction of a missionary with unwearied efforts for the conversion of his fellows, and he was greatly blessed of God in having many added to the Church. The Victorian Chinese Mission held an interesting service in 1888, when six were publicly baptised, and sixteen joined their brethren from the West in celebrating the Lord's Supper: and in consequence of the increasing importance of the work, a missionary was appointed to the Celestials at the gold-diggings; but, proceeding to China to learn the language, he was unfortunately drowned at Canton, and the mission received a check. In Victoria, where the Church Mission works mainly among the Celestials, there are five Chinese catechists working under the clergy of various districts, and in 1887 eighteen baptisms took place. The Chinese Mission in Sydney also steadily advances, and quite recently reported that eight or ten catechumens would be shortly baptised.

While rejoicing in such instances of missionary success as have been given in these pages, it must be confessed that the results, as a whole, have been painfully disappointing. After the toil and expenditure of years, it is distressing to find roving wildly in the Bush many a black who is able to speak and write the English language; to meet an educated savage in the smoke of a *wurley*, or to behold a semi-nude black belle finishing some fancy needlework in the wilds which she began in some mission station; to see fresh gashes in the flesh of those who have been trained and accustomed to join in Christian worship, and have lapsed back into heathen superstition and its debasing rites. The comparative failure of missionary philanthropy gave rise to the question, What natural influence had the generality of that white race to whom the missionaries belonged, on the practical sympathies of the coloured tribes? It could only be one of blank despair. For these people, we must remember, were, in the first instance, cruelly ousted from their ancient rights, driven heartlessly from their hunting-grounds and fishing-lakes, mercilessly poisoned or ruthlessly shot for outrages of their own, or for

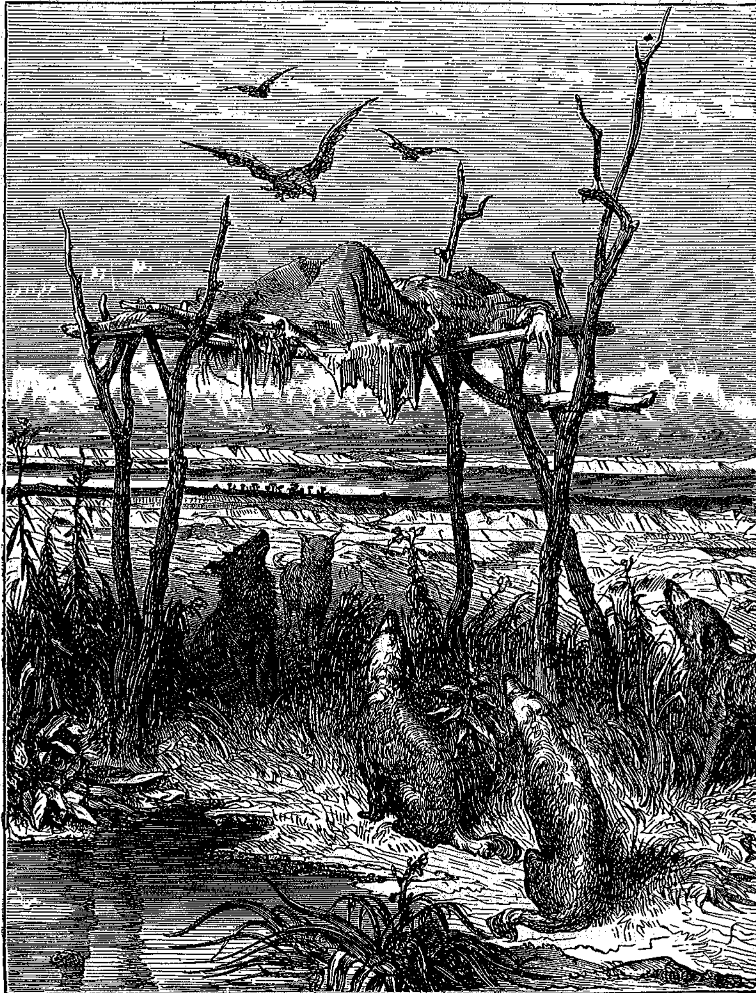
retaliating on injuries done by others. Even if they had shown any decided inclination towards better things, they had no correct civilisation laid before their aspirations by that imbruted criminal community which had encroached upon them, and in the sweeping tide of whose demoralisation they were being visibly wiped clean off the face of the earth. It is a sad but a true confession to have to record that the arrival of Englishmen, bearing the name of Christian, and having the habits and appliances of civilisation, brought a positive curse upon the wild children of the forest; that fresh sins debased the already sunken tribes by their contact with those of higher race, whose knowledge and influence ought to have raised them towards the God who made them. What could missions effect when the licensing of public-houses on every

CHINESE OPIUM-SMOKING IN MELBOURNE.

side tempted the low, passionate nature of the savage to sell body and soul to ruin for the sake of quenching that new-born thirst for ardent spirits, which to him was one chief feature of the civilised men around him? A Government granting its subsidies for the protection of aborigines presents but a sorry picture, when with one hand it is seen methodically salving its conscience for having possessed the goodly land of the savages, while with the other it is beheld frustrating by its liquor licences the very object which its reserves, and stations, and protectors seem to embody. "The law," as it is complacently called, of the rapid diminution of the Australian blacks is too evidently one of evil human agency; the savage fading before the white until he is threatened with complete extinction, is a fact due not even to the white's rifle so much as to the white's drunkenness and lust, and the Australian is being destroyed by the importation, not of deadly weapons, but of even deadlier drink and disease; the decrease in population being in proportion to the amount of intercourse between the two races.

Thus, in one district of about three thousand square miles in area, only about sixty of its black inhabitants were known to remain, the fragments of

several tribes who would assemble at certain times to hold a *corroboree* in the Bush, a pitiful reminiscence of their ancient festival of that name, whereat a multitude of them would gather. In a report from a missionary at Port Phillip to the Government in 1842, it is stated that the population of four tribes in the vicinity of his station had, since the beginning of the mission, a period of four years, decreased one-half; and



AN AUSTRALIAN GRAVE.

in later years the appearance of natives was a very rare occurrence, the only sign of them being such as would hang about public-houses for drink. Several tribes who lived in the neighbourhood of Sydney have become totally extinct, one wretched drunken native being for a time pointed at as all that remained of the race that used to fish in those waters, and hunt on those shores; and now, not a single individual remaining to represent them, they are "simply wiped out, and, except in God's book of remembrance, and in the future resurrection, are as though they had never existed."

In Van Diemen's Land comparatively few aborigines survived its colonisation. Their scattered remains were placed in a reserve under the care of a medical man, who paid them all the attention that they could be persuaded to receive. The account of their dying out in presence of the whites is brief and gloomy; the last man of the Tasmanian race was present at Government House in 1865, and he has since gone the way of all flesh.

It is beyond doubt that one of earth's multitudinous tribes is rapidly passing out of sight, the weaker succumbing to the stronger, which sends it into eternity with its civilised "fusel," its firearms and its firewater: and it is also without doubt that Christianity, if it did not come too late, manifested an impotence to snatch the brand from the burning which has no parallel in the annals of its conquests. A few who yet remain of the doomed people survive in conditions of extreme wretchedness, slowly dwindling, in the region of mission stations, but very rapidly becoming extinct elsewhere; and the mission, which has been called "the visit of Christianity to the death-bed of a nation," has the appropriate office of ministering the last consolations of religion to the fast dying people, thankful that in not a few instances the sufferer's passage through the dark valley has been shorn of its gloom and heathen horrors by Him who brought life and immortality to light by the Gospel. "That a remnant may be saved," Government is still putting forth most strenuous efforts in conjunction with the mission to preserve the Australian race from complete extinction, candidly confessing that "without comparison the stations under the missionaries are the most effective."

When the illustrious French philosopher Renan thought to tear up by the roots the Christian doctrine of the universality of the brotherhood of man, he exclaimed, "I do not see any reason why a Papoo should be credited with an immortal soul!" But the specific difference between man and the lower animal world never came out more strikingly than in reports, published in the same French language, which proved that the poor slandered Papoo, sunken as he is, is just as capable as Renan of that of which the brute is not capable at all: for the Société des Missions Évangéliques has conclusively shown in its "Transactions" that in the very lowest of what is human, there abides a faculty only waiting the development of Christianity to become a sublime capacity for holding communion with God. "Sixty miles from Melbourne," says the record, "in the bosom of an immense solitude, two missionaries struck their hatchets into the trunk of a tree exclaiming, 'The sparrow hath found an house and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, even Thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my King and my God.' One day in the following year a large assembly was gathered in the same spot for the dedication of a house of prayer called Ebenezer, and the baptism of Nathanael, the first-fruits of the Papoos."

These Bohemians of Australia, hideous in aspect and savage in manner of life, staying in one place only long enough to bury a corpse, roast a kangaroo, or celebrate their wild orgies, were exhibited, by that voluntary act and deed of one of them, as linkable with the higher branches of the human family and capable of taking their place as having been made "a little lower than the angels." And because

they are dying out there is all the more reason for Christianity to faithfully hold out to them the Hope of the life to come. With the sick and dying amongst ourselves we express our tenderest sympathy; those lying unrecoverable in our hospital wards are tended to the last with every solicitude. So reason missionaries, as they meet the daily decreasing aborigines in their remote homes in the dense scrub, while they note that in the black man's heart, as in the white's, lie buried feelings and impulses which only the Gospel of Jesus can touch with humane yet divine influence, so that the black passes from death to life in the same simple way of faith, and lives the same blessed life of the justified, and dies in the same great and blessed assurances. Still living at Poonindie and Ramahyuck are some few natives and half-castes, who enjoy much happiness, and are found walking in the fear of God all the day long; and their testimony, were there no other, is that even to the death-bed of a dying nation this visit of Christianity has not been in vain, but that the Cross has had its conquests among the lost Papoos, and that in the day of the Lord this most sunken of all earth's human tribes will witness, "He is able to save *to the uttermost* all that come unto God by Him."

XXXVIII.—MISSIONS TO BIBLE LANDS.

CHAPTER LXXVI.

PALESTINE, SYRIA, ASIA MINOR, AND EGYPT.

Jerusalem—The Mediterranean Mission—American Board of Foreign Missions—Fines and Imprisonments—Messrs. Fisk, Bird, and King—The Maronites—The Beyrout Mission—Mrs. Bowen Thompson—Massacre at Damascus—"Rob Roy's" Visit to Beyrout—The Jerusalem Bishopric—Bishop Gobat—Miss Arnott, of Jaffa—Van Lennep—A Baby Missionary—The Moravian Brethren—Mr. Antes—The Bastinado—Among the Copts—Miss Whately—Life in Egypt—Mr. Keith-Falconer, the Proto-Martyr of Arabia.

"BEGINNING at Jerusalem!" Such was the command of the Divine Founder of the Universal Church in sending forth His followers to bring "all nations" under the dominion of the Cross. The centuries rolled away, and nation after nation became professedly Christian, but in the meantime the very land in which "God manifest in the flesh" lived and taught, passed under the sway of the infidel. The crescent of the False Prophet gleamed above the sacred shrines of the Holy Land; a few handfuls of degenerate Christians guarded what was left of their ancient faith with fear and trembling, and the down-trodden Jews were grateful for the liberty to meet and wail beside the crumbling memorial of their ancient greatness.

It would be beyond our province to say more than a passing word of those efforts to realise outward and visible conquests of the Cross, in which the chivalry of Christendom was engaged for two hundred years. At a comparatively recent date a new crusade was begun, more in harmony with the precepts of the Kingdom which it seeks to establish. The long wars with Napoleon came to a close in 1815, and the era of peace witnessed the extension of missionary effort in many directions. Amongst others, the "Mediterranean Mission" was set on foot by the Church Missionary Society. Malta was at first its head-quarters, and from the printing press there set up the Levantine shores were for thirty years flooded with religious literature in various languages. From this station also the Rev. W. Jowett and others made extensive missionary tours. The Rev. J. Hartley in 1828 went to Smyrna and various parts of Asia Minor, and a few schools were subsequently established. The Bible was largely circulated by the Church Missionary Society, but for a long time very little permanent mission work could be carried on. To Greek and Armenian Christianity, mere systems of lifeless formality, the Turk had in some degree become reconciled, but the advent of a purer and more aggressive Gospel was in nowise to be tolerated. Neither did the Oriental Churches themselves show any desire to be roused from the lethargy of ages. The ultimate result was that the Church Missionary Society withdrew all its workers from Asia Minor, and concentrated its strength on the Palestine field. To its operations in this land we shall refer presently.

Meanwhile, as early as 1819, the American Board of Foreign Missions was also turning its attention to Palestine. The Revs. Pliny Fisk and Levi Parsons sailed for Smyrna, where Mr. Fisk remained for a time, whilst Mr. Parsons made a pioneer journey to Jerusalem. Soon after his return he went in broken health to Alexandria, where he died, and his place was taken by the Rev. Jonas King, who travelled with Fisk through Egypt, the Desert, Palestine, and Syria. They circulated two thousand

TURKISH EMPIRE AND PERSIA.

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

Abbreviation	Society
C. M. S.	Church Missionary Society.
S. P. G.	Society for the Propagation of the Gospel.
Archbishop's	Archbishop of Canterbury's Mission to Assyrian Christians.
Bapt.	Baptist Missionary Society.
Leb. Schools	Lebanon Schools Committee.
Jaffa Med. Miss.	Jaffa Medical Mission.
*Soc. Fem. Ed.	Society for Promoting Female Education in the East.
Brit. Syr.	British Syrian Schools and Bible Mission.
Brit. Soc. Jews	British Society for the Propagation of the Gospel among the Jews.
L. S. P. C. Jews	London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews.
Ch. Scot. Jews	Church of Scotland Mission to the Jews.
Free Ch. Scot. Jews	Free Church of Scotland Mission to the Jews.
Free Ch. Scot.	Free Church of Scotland Mission.
North Africa	North Africa Mission (Branch Station).
Friends' Syr. Miss.	Friends' Syrian Mission.
Friends' Armenian Miss.	Friends' Medical Mission among the Armenians.
Am. B. F. M.	American Board of Foreign Missions.
Am. Presb.	American Presbyterian Church Missions.
Am. Ref. Presb.	American Reformed Presbyterian Church Missions.
Am. For. Chris.	American Foreign Christian Missionary Society.
Am. Bible	American Bible Society.
Am. Meth. Epis.	American Methodist Episcopal Church Missionary Society.
Am. Friends'	American Friends' Mission.
Morav.	Moravian Missions.

* In other cases Stations worked by Women's Societies, and Auxiliary Societies such as "The Turkish Missions Aid Society," are included under the heading of the Associations with which they act in concert.

Station	Societies
ABEIH	Am. Presb.
ADANA	Am. B. F. M.
ADRIANOPLE	Brit. Soc. Jews.
AINTAB	Am. B. F. M.
BAALBEK	Brit. Syr.
BAGHDAD	C. M. S.
BEIROUT (*Beyrout*)	Brit. Syr., Ch. Scot. Jews, Am. Presb.
BETHLEHEM	Soc. Fem. Ed.
BITLIS	Am. B. F. M.
BRUMMANA	Friends' Syr. Miss.
BRUSA	Am. B. F. M.
CONSTANTINOPLE	S. P. G., Free Ch. Scot. Jews, Friends' Armenian Miss., L. S. P. C. Jews, Ch. Scot. Jews, Am. B. F. M., Am. For. Chris., Am. Bible.
CÆSAREA. *See* Kaisariyeh.	
DAMASCUS	C. M. S., Brit. Syr., L. S. P. C. Jews.
ERZERUM	Am. B. F. M.
GAZA	C. M. S.
HAMADAN	Am. Presb.
HARPOOT. *See* Karput.	
HASBEIA	Brit. Syr.
HEMS (*Homs*)	North Africa.
ISMID (*Nicomedia*)	Am. B. F. M.
ISPAHAN	L. S. P. C. Jews.
JAFFA	C. M. S., Jaffa Med. Miss., L. S. P. C. Jews, Brit. Soc. Jews.
JERUSALEM	C. M. S., L. S. P. C. Jews, Morav.
JULFA	C. M. S.
KAISARIEH (*Cæsarea*)	Am. B. F. M.
KARPUT (*Harpoot*)	„ „
KOCHANES	Archbishop's.
LARNAKA	Am. Ref. Presb.
LATAKIA	„ „
LOFTCHA (*Lovitz*)	Am. Meth. Epis.
MARASH	Am. B. F. M., Am. For. Chris.
MARDIN	Am. B. F. M.
MERSINA	Am. Ref. Presb.
MERSIVAN (*Merzivan*)	Am. B. F. M., Am. For. Chris.
MONASTIR	Am. B. F. M.
MOSUL	„ „
NABULUS (*Shechem*)	Bapt., C. M. S.
NAZARETH	C. M. S., Soc. Fem. Ed.
NICOMEDIA. *See* Ismid.	
OROOMIAH. *See* Urumiah.	
PHILIPPOPOLIS	Am. B. F. M.
RAM ALLAH	Am. Friends'.
RUSTCHUK	Am. Meth. Epis.
SAFED	L. S. P. C. Jews.
SALONIKA	Ch. Scot. Jews, Am. Presb.
SALT	C. M. S.
SAMARIA	Bapt.
SAMAKOV	Am. B. F. M.
SHECHEM. *See* Nabulus.	
SHUMLA	Am. Meth. Epis.
SHWEIR (*Shuweir*)	Free Ch. Scot., Leb. Schools.
SISTOVA	Am. Meth. Epis.
SIVAS	Am. B. F. M.
SMYRNA	S. P. G., L. S. P. C. Jews, Ch. Scot. Jews, Am. B. F. M.
SUEDIAH	Am. Ref. Presb.
SUK	Am. Presb.
TABARIA (*Tiberias*)	Free Ch. Scot. Jews.
TABRIZ	Am. Presb., Am. Bible.
TARSUS (*Tersoos*)	Am. Ref. Presb.
TEHERAN	Am. Presb.
TIBERIAS. *See* Tabaria.	
TIRNOVA	Am. Meth. Epis.
TREBIZOND	Am. B. F. M.
TRIPOLI	Am. Presb.
TYRE	Brit. Syr.
URUMIAH {*Urmi* / *Oroomiah*}	Am. Presb., Archbishop's.
VAN	Am. B. F. M.
VARNA	Am. Meth. Epis.
ZAHLEH (*Zachleh*)	Brit. Syr., Am. Presb.

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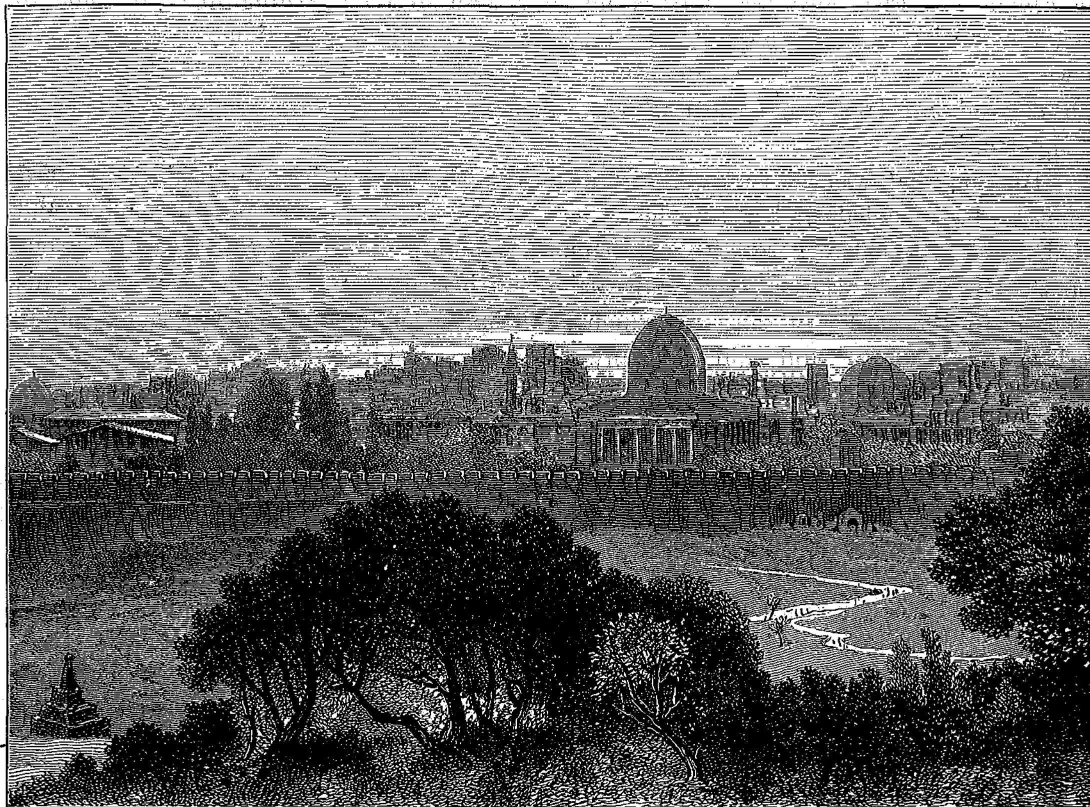
For names of Missionary Societies working at places underlined on the Map, see separate List.

W. & A.K. Johnston. Edinburgh & London.

copies of the Bible, in twelve different languages, and vast numbers of tracts, and also discussed religious subjects with all who would converse with them. But Mr. Fisk tells us: "In whatever way I come into contact with the minds of men in this country, it seems like walking among the scattered walls and fallen columns of its ancient cities. All is confusion, desolation, and ruin."

The proceedings of the missionaries awakened great interest. At Jaffa the



JERUSALEM.

common report was that they induced people to embrace their religion, and gave each convert ten piastres, which would always remain in their pockets, however much they might spend. It was also said that a picture was taken of each convert, and if he was unfaithful the missionaries had only to shoot at his picture, and wherever the man was he would die immediately. One day a man in whose house they were lodging came, and said he had been informed that they would pay people to come and worship the devil. If it was true, he would gladly come, and bring a hundred more with him. "What, would you worship the devil?" he was asked. "Yes, for the sake of money," said the Moslem.

On one occasion at Jerusalem Mr. Fisk and Mr. Bird, who had lately joined him, were brought up before the Mullah, and then before the Governor, charged with circulating books that were neither Christian (*i.e.*, Roman Catholic or Greek Church),

Jewish, nor Mussulman. A crier was sent into the market and to the doors of the convents, prohibiting all persons from purchasing these books, and ordering all who had them to give them up. The property of the missionaries was examined, and several letters and private papers were taken.

The Governor, after asking them what books they had brought? why so many? why in Arabic? and so forth, demanded of Fisk: "Why do you give them to the Mussulmans?" Fisk answered, "It is not our wish to do anything in secret, nor to distribute books in this country, which we are not willing you should all read; nor do we consider it unlawful for Mussulmans to read Christian books. If Mussulmans wish to read our books and learn what we believe, we are always ready to give them an opportunity."

"He said that was all very well" (writes Fisk, whose narrative we abridge), "begged us not to be offended, and threw the whole blame of the arrest on the judge, and added, 'You will lodge here with my nephew to-night, and to-morrow return to your rooms.' His nephew Hasein Bey conducted us to his room, insisted on my taking his own seat in the corner of the sofa, which is the place of honour, ordered coffee, pipes, sherbet, and a supper, and said, as many as twenty or thirty times, 'Excuse us.' 'Be not offended with us.'

"After supper we entered into a free conversation about the Arabic language, and then about the Bible and the Koran, and Christ and Mahomet. I was struck with the remark as coming from him at that time and place, 'This house is the place where our Lord Jesus was condemned.' It was even so, and we had the unmerited honour of being arraigned for the Word of God and the testimony of Jesus in the palace of the Governor, which now occupies the ground where the palace of Pilate stood."

After some further detention, the missionaries were liberated, and all the officials concerned were indignant at the absolute refusal of Fisk and Bird to make them presents. "They probably thought it hard that they must insult us, search our rooms, trunks, and secretaries, seal up and open once and again all our doors, conduct us to the judge and the Governor, and keep us twenty-four hours in custody, and not be paid for all this trouble. It is probably the first time that they have done all this for nothing, for the poor Greeks and Jews always have to pay dearly for being insulted and abused." Two hundred copies of the Bible were sold in the next four days, and the authorities were evidently at this time in great fear of giving offence to persons under English protection.

The Rev. Jonas King, the companion of Fisk during much of this pioneer service, was a man of marked individuality and power. Amongst the hills of Massachusetts he received a rough New England training, then by diligent study became proficient in Oriental languages, as well as in the usual branches of a college education. He was an ordained minister, and Professor of Oriental Languages in Amherst College, when a letter from Fisk determined him to take up, for a time at least, the work from which the lamented Parsons had been called away. At Alexandria in January, 1823, he knelt with Fisk and Wolff by Parsons' grave, and after they had prayed together Fisk

exclaimed, "Brother King, I welcome you with all my heart to the place rendered vacant by my brother Parsons' death."

From Alexandria to Cairo, and on to Siout, the three travellers journeyed. All along the Nile River they delivered their message, and gave away hundreds of tracts and Bibles. Once or twice they were excommunicated by the superiors of Coptic convents, and they were often threatened by Moslems; but they passed through the land, unarmed, in safety, and forty-three years afterwards Dr. Robertson came across more than one old man in Egypt, to whom words spoken by Dr. King had been a life-long blessing.

From the Nile valley they went by caravan across the desert to the land of the Philistines, and on by Joppa to Jerusalem. Here they found an eagerness to receive their books; in three days they exhausted their first stock of Armenian and Arabic Bibles and tracts.

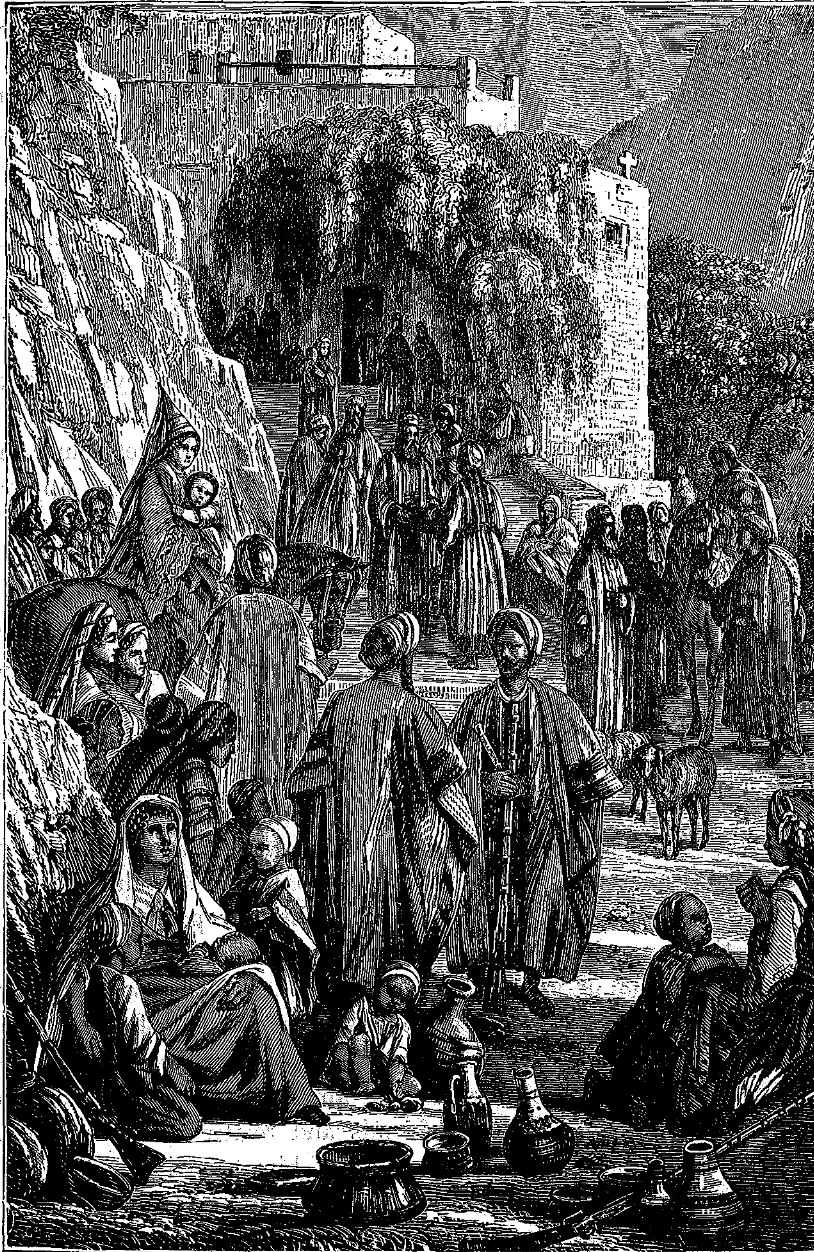
Dr. King continued his Oriental studies and missionary journeys in Palestine and Syria till September, 1825. On his way home, news reached him at Smyrna that Pliny Fisk, from whom he had so lately parted, was no more. Fisk's piety and devotedness, and "rare combination of missionary qualifications," were highly appreciated by Christians of that generation, though to-day little remembered. He died at Beyrout in October, 1825.

Meanwhile to Beyrout had come Messrs. Bird and Goodell, and that town has since remained the head-quarters of the American Mission. A hard battle for toleration had to be fought with the zealots of the various Christian sects of the Lebanon and adjacent districts. The Patriarch of the Maronites launched an excommunication at Sheikh Laloof and his family for their "infernal hardihood" in letting a house to "that deceived man and deceiver of men, Bird the Bible-man." For this the whole family were cut off from Christian communion. "Let the curse envelope them as a robe, and spread through all their members like oil, and break them in pieces like a potter's vessel, and wither them like a fig tree cursed by the mouth of the Lord Himself. And let the evil angels rule over them, to torment them day and night, asleep or awake, and in whatever circumstances they may be found. We permit no one to visit them, or employ them, or do them a favour, or give them a salutation, or converse with them in any form; but let them be avoided as a putrid member, and as hellish dragons."

The Maronite zealots did not confine themselves to ecclesiastical fulminations. Assad Shidiak was in the service of the missionaries, and became a Christian in spite of alternate threats and allurements from his friends and relatives. His mother, brothers, and other near relations, at length came and induced him to visit his home with them. Here he was seized and delivered to the Patriarch, who had him shut up in a convent at Kanobin. He was frequently beaten, and after attempting to escape was fastened to the wall by a heavy chain round his neck. Subsequently he was treated more mercifully, but was never liberated, and the missionaries could not ascertain when or how his reported death took place.

We cannot trace in detail the history of the Beyrout Mission, and its varied troubles with Greeks, Armenians, Romanists, Mohammedans, and pseudo-Mohammedan Druses.

Twice the missionaries had to retire to Cyprus or Jerusalem, whilst Beyrout was bombarded by the allies fighting for the Turks against Ibrahim Pacha. Every now



MARONITES AT A CONVENT.

and again the Lebanon districts were devastated by social wars between the Druses and Maronites.

But in spite of such interruptions and constant opposition, the Beyrout Mission

has endured and prospered. It has established branch stations at Tripoli, Abeih, Tableh, and Sidras, and from its Bible House and printing press has flooded Syria, Palestine, and Egypt with Christian Arabic literature. By means of the Syrian Protestant College and the numerous schools, a large number of Syrian youths have received "an education saturated with Bible truth."

The Free Church in Scotland since 1839, and the American Presbyterians since 1856, have been carrying forward important work in Syria. The Reformed Presbyterian Church have been labouring amongst the Ansayrieh, a Pagan race in Northern Syria. The Baptists and other denominations have also their missions: in fact, the land is dotted over with orphanages, medical missions, schools, and so forth, supported by European or American Christians, who, holding the Bible as their dearest earthly treasure, are earnestly longing to see all the Bible lands brought into the Kingdom of Christ.

In the year 1860 there were fearful massacres in the ancient city of Damascus and in all the towns and villages of the Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon district. The Druses and their Mohammedan allies killed eleven thousand Christian men and boys belonging to the Greek and Maronite Churches; their homes were destroyed, and their wives and daughters, to the number of twenty thousand, were driven away. To supply the needs of these homeless and starving women and girls, much relief was sent from various Christian countries. But one Englishwoman was stirred up to devote her life to the service of these poor creatures, in higher ways than in merely supplying their temporal needs.

Mrs. Bowen Thompson was a woman who, to large-hearted benevolence and fervent religious enthusiasm, joined executive capacities of a thoroughly prompt and practical character. It was this trait in her character that drew from a leisurely Oriental dignitary the remark, intended as a high compliment, "Madame, you are as quick at seizing opportunities as a Frenchman is at catching fleas!" Daoud Pasha, of the Lebanon, was equally astonished when he saw how Mrs. Thompson, after three days' work with broom and whitewash-brush at the head of her teachers, had changed a filthy schoolhouse into a model establishment. "This is administration; this is work!" he exclaimed, and was thenceforth one of her warmest supporters.

From earliest years this lamented lady and her sisters had dreamed of life-work in the East. Their father's cousin discovered the Rosetta Stone, and the girls loved to gaze at this wonderful relic of antiquity, and form plans for Egyptian travel and research. In the family circle Elizabeth was looked upon as the *beau idéal* of Israel's warrior prophetess, and "Awake, awake, Deborah!" was the usual invitation of her sisters to take the lead in some girlish project. The incident coincides with the remark of the Quaker preacher who saw her long afterwards in the midst of her Syrian school work, "Thy sister is a great general."

Miss Elizabeth B. Lloyd (as her name then was) married Dr. Bowen Thompson, of the Syrian Mission, and with him resided some time at Antioch. Here she taught little circles of Bible-readers in the neighbourhood. When the Crimean War was in progress, Dr. Thompson went with his wife to the aid of the sick and wounded. He died of fever at Balaclava, and the sorrow-stricken widow came back alone to England.

She busied herself in Christian work; the sufferers by the Indian Mutiny, the soldiers' wives at Woolwich, and others needing help, found in her a willing friend and supporter. Then came, in 1860, the terrible cry of anguish from the valleys of Lebanon and the streets of Damascus, where Christian blood was poured forth like water. Mrs. Bowen Thompson helped at first in the work of procuring temporal relief; but there came to her soul the conviction that she must give her life to these afflicted ones, and strive not only to alleviate their sorrows, but also to win them for Christ. The massacres took place in June, and October saw Mrs. Thompson fitting up a house at Beyrout for an industrial refuge, in which, before the close of the year, she had two hundred outcast widows under her care.

Thus were founded the British Syrian Schools and Bible Mission—a work which, through steady perseverance and quiet, patient labour, has realised a considerable success, and has won the kindly appreciation of a very wide, though scarcely adequate, circle of Christian supporters. Intensely ignorant, filthy in their persons, repulsive in their manners and habits, and foul in their language, were the neglected women of Syria, among whom this sainted woman came to labour. But they felt their misery, and were eager to be led to higher things, and they were taught to sew and cut out, and also to read, and more as they were able. Soon, instead of cursing and impure jesting, there was heard the voice of Christian melody and joyful utterance that came from grateful hearts, touched by the power of Christian precept and Christian life. Several schools were opened in Beyrout—one a boarding-school, in which Syrian girls were trained as teachers. At Hasheryah, Damascus, and other places, branch schools and mission stations were established. Mrs. Thompson's sisters, Miss Lloyd and Mrs. Mentor Mott, with the husband of the latter, came to the aid of "Deborah;" so the girlish dream of working together in the East was realised, though not in the manner anticipated. With their aid and that of a small staff of English, and a considerable number of native assistants, the work was well organised, and Christian instruction regularly imparted to increasing numbers of scholars and of those who attended at the mission services.

Mr. Macgregor ("Rob Roy") saw the schools in 1870, the last year of their founder's life. After speaking of the pleasant schoolroom, he says, "See that first class of girls with their bright-hued dresses, the natural and therefore graceful colours of their land toned down a little by the neat, plain pinafores sent as presents from England. How many lovely faces there are among those maids from the mountains! Druse girls with gay kerchiefs and black hair; Arabs and Mohammedans—some who will not show their faces, and others who smile at every look from a visitor. One coming in state with nine servants, another sent to school in a carriage; the next one a mere pauper from the street; and beside them both an Abyssinian with her frizzled locks."

Of the St. Paul's School, Damascus, the same graphic writer says: "After you have struggled up and down dirty lanes, ankle-deep in mud, you enter a lively, substantial pile of buildings, and under these gilded roofs and carved portals the girls of Damascus stand with Bibles in their hands. How difficult to realise this, when one recollects that not long ago a Christian dared scarcely ride through the streets on his

journey. In the forty-four young people who had assembled, there were Jewesses, Greeks, Moslems, and Christians. I never saw so many pretty faces among a like number of girls. . . . Mrs. Thompson was received with a gush of welcome and sweet smiles. She went round and kissed every child in turn. This was indeed a pretty sight for a rough-bearded traveller to see! I do not enlarge upon the importance of sustaining this school. One thought of Saul and Paul stamps Damascus upon a Christian's heart, and fixes it as a post of duty for the brave and the generous who have gone out there to labour for Christ's sake."

In October, 1870, Mrs. Bowen Thompson was seriously ill, and went home to England to die. As the last moments approached, death opened before her as "a gate of glory." She passed away at midnight on Sunday, November 14th. At Beyrout and Damascus, when the news came, all classes mourned for her. The memorial service was attended by a dense crowd, besides four hundred girls from the various schools, and also the large boys' school. Many Moslems wore deep mourning as for a personal friend. "Poor Syria has lost her mother!" wrote a native, and such, indeed, seemed to be the universal sentiment; or, as the Rev. Gerard Smith wrote:—

> "Damascus mourns her—Hermon's daughters weep—
> Their 'mother in the Lord' has fall'n asleep;
> Her native land hath claimed her mortal part,
> Jesus her soul, but Syria hath her heart."

Since Mrs. Thompson's death her sisters have carried on the mission, which has been extended to Tyre, Baalbec, and Beckfaya. There are about twenty English workers, and nearly a hundred natives—teachers, Scripture-readers, and Bible-women.

In the years 1867-8-9 two ministers of the Society of Friends, Eli and Sybil Jones, were engaged in a missionary tour through Palestine and Syria. One of the outcomes of that visit was the Brumana Mission; it comprises religious teaching, schools, training homes, medical mission, and hospital, and is under the general superintendence of Mr. T. Waldmeier, one of the captives delivered by British arms from the cruelty of King Theodore of Abyssinia. He is aided by a staff of English and native helpers. When the "Friends" began their work here, they were bitterly opposed by the priests of the district. The people were told, "Cursed be you if you look at this English missionary, because he is not sent from God, but from the devil." When a plot of land was chosen on Mount Lebanon for a Training Home, the priests hurled their anathemas at it, saying, "Cursed be this place! Let no grass grow upon it, nor flower blossom upon it; let no tree grow upon this cursed place—cursed to eternity because it belongs to the English people." The Home was, however, opened, and has flourished. In spite of priestly anathemas, the people welcome the Bible-women to their homes, and multitudes of sick folk flock from far and near to the dispensary, some on mules or donkeys, some carried on mattresses by four of their friends. When waiting to be attended to, they hear patiently the story of Him who went about doing good. The "Friends" have a similar mission at Ramallah, near Jerusalem.

The London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews had sent its agents

to Jerusalem as early as 1820, but did not begin building till 1838. It had a building site on Mount Zion, and here arose the Anglican Cathedral Church of "Christ Church." In 1841 England and Prussia jointly established the Bishopric of Jerusalem, with jurisdiction over Palestine, Syria, Chaldea, Egypt and Abyssinia. The first Bishop of Jerusalem was a converted Jew, the Rev. Michael Solomon Alexander. He died in 1845, and was succeeded by the Rev. Samuel Gobat, who for thirty-four years was the life and soul of missionary enterprise in the Holy Land. Under Bishop Gobat's superintendence buildings were erected or procured in Nablous, Nazareth, Bethlehem, and many other places wherein schools and missions were established. His admirers declare that no man ever did so much for Palestine as Bishop Gobat, and that the more recent workers in that field have in many cases entered into the fruits of his labours.

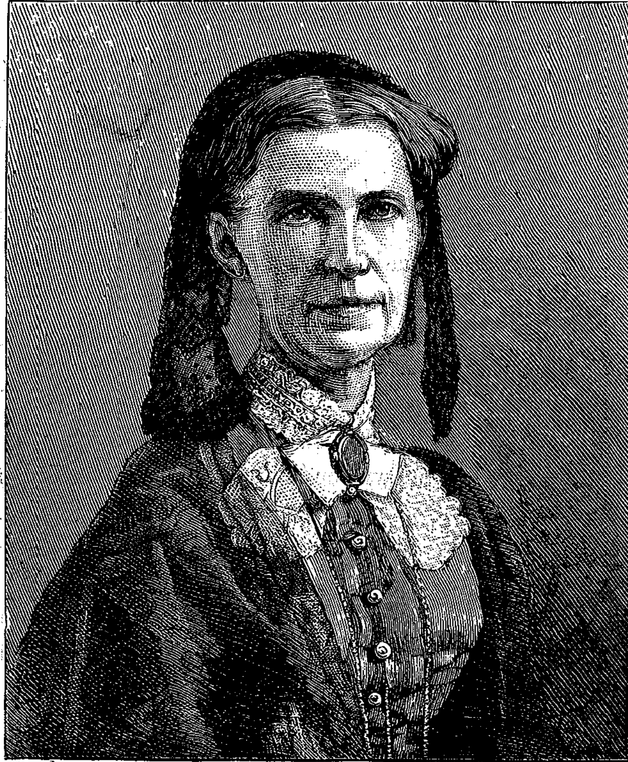
In 1851, at Bishop Gobat's invitation, the Church Missionary Society sent agents to Palestine, and ultimately concentrated all its Oriental efforts on that mission field. To this Society Bishop Gobat transferred his numerous orphanages, schools, and other agencies. The Church Missionary Society has accordingly carried on Christian work in its various departments at Jerusalem, Ramallah, Nazareth, Nablous (the ancient Shechem), Jaffa (of which we must say a few words presently), Gaza, where both converts and teachers have been beaten and stoned, and also beyond Jordan at Salt (Ramoth-Gilead), and lastly in the Hauran; the latter an extensive district near Damascus.

Jaffa, or Joppa, has been the scene of the labours of two or three sainted women, of whom something must be said. Mary Baldwin, from her home in the Shenandoah Valley, Virginia, went to teach Christianity round about Mars' Hill, where Paul had preached of the Unknown God. Amongst the Athenians and amongst the Cretan refugees who swarmed into Athens as a refuge from Moslem cruelty in 1869, Miss Baldwin laboured for three-and-thirty years, and then went to Jaffa to engage in fresh service. Here she found that Miss Arnott, a devoted Scotch lady, had been conducting a boarding-school for girls. In this work Miss Baldwin helped for a time, and then threw all her energies into the setting up of a school for boys, which was the great effort of her life.

For seven years Miss Baldwin did good service for the cause she loved. Boys become men at a very early age in Syria, so that a large number passed from her care to leaven the outer world with the Gospel truth she had implanted in their souls. Her life was one of constant self-denial. Only once did she go up with joy to Jerusalem, and hear Bishop Gobat preach in Christ Church. In the autumn months, when English and American residents flee to the mountains from the malaria that infests the plains, Miss Baldwin would remain at home, spending the school holidays in visiting the homes of the poor. They were homes that sadly needed the influence of Christian womanhood, homes where woman was a mere slave, and where it was considered the proper thing to give a bride a good beating on the morning after her wedding, in order that she might acquire a wholesome fear of her husband. In the midst of all her zealous labours, Miss Baldwin had been for years a constant sufferer

in consequence of a fracture of the hip-bone. She gradually grew weaker, until in June, 1877, she passed from works to rewards. The schools were continued on the same lines by her widowed sister, Mrs. Hay. Another American lady, Miss Jacqueline Davison, also came out and devoted herself to the work with fervent zeal and energy. Bishop Gobat had failed in an attempt to establish a school at Jaffa, and he rejoiced to see the efforts of Miss Baldwin so successful.

Before we pass away from Palestine a little more must be said concerning this



MISS MARY BALDWIN.

faithful servant of the Church and his devoted wife. At a little village in the Jura Mountains Samuel Gobat was born, just before the close of the eighteenth century. Pious parents devoted him to the service of God, and his own personal conversion, when he was about eighteen years of age, was followed by strong desires to become a missionary. At one time he thought of joining the Moravian Brethren, but circumstances led him to study at the Missionary College at Basle, in Paris, and afterwards in London, whence he was sent out in 1826 to the Mediterranean Mission. His first missionary journey was to Palestine and Egypt, and then came three years of successful activity in Abyssinia. He returned to Europe, and in 1834 married Marie Zeller, henceforth his devoted helpmeet. With her he went into Abyssinia, but was driven back by serious illness. There was a year of waiting, some translating work in Malta, a visit to the Druses of Lebanon, followed by various

services in Europe, and then came his appointment to his great life-work at Jerusalem. In accordance with treaty arrangements, Queen Victoria had nominated the first Bishop of Jerusalem, and the King of Prussia, now exercising his right to appoint a successor, called upon Mr. Gobat to occupy the See. Never was there uttered a more sincere "Nolo episcopari" than that of Gobat when the official message reached him. Lord Shaftesbury and the Committee of the Church Missionary Society counselled him to accept, and after a week of doubts and scruples, although still feeling his unfitness, he saw that Jerusalem was the post of duty. He was duly consecrated at Lambeth, and on Christmas Eve, 1846, he landed with his beloved wife at Jaffa. They were soon hard at work in Jerusalem, and a new physical constitution seemed to be granted to the good Bishop to enable him to fulfil his mission. For twenty-three years he had hardly known what it was to be well, but from this time forward he had thirty years of almost uninterrupted health.

The missionary institutions founded or developed under Bishop Gobat's care have been already referred to, and of his troubles with high and low Churchmen we need say nothing here. Other trials he had also, brought about by designing politicians in Europe, who only valued the Bishop of Jerusalem as one of the pieces in their game.

Of his pleasant family life at Jerusalem one of his daughters has given a delightful sketch. We see him winning the confidence as well as the love of his children, joining in nursery games at the twilight hour, drawing out their powers of observation in their walks, or in the winter evenings telling them stories of his early days in Germany, and of his wonderful deliverances in Abyssinia. Every year the family dwelt in tents for a month or two at Lifta, an hour and a half's journey from Jerusalem, the father riding to and fro to his duties.

"In the year 1857" (says Miss Gobat), "we took up our summer residence in tents for the last time. One reason for this might have been that in the autumn, just before our projected return to the city, we were molested by robbers. Two watchmen were posted; but whether they betrayed their trust, or how it happened, we know not. Thieves broke in one night, and entering the very tent in which a night-light was burning, stole money, clothes, etc., without, however, personally attacking any one of the party. This was due to the manifest protecting love of God, which hindered any one from awaking and calling for help. A proof that murder was contemplated by the robbers lay in the circumstance that they had heaped sharp stones in the front of each tent, wherewith anyone might easily have been killed." The Turkish Pasha, when informed of the event, imprisoned all the men of a village near at hand, only releasing them one by one as each paid him a considerable sum. The Pasha made a good thing out of the affair, but this was all the redress the Bishop and his family could obtain!

In his eightieth year Bishop Gobat, feeling that the end was near, paid a farewell visit to friends in Europe. He came back to Jerusalem very weak and ill, and on Easter Day, 1879, appeared in Christ Church for the last time. His last moments were full of happiness and peace. When his son spoke of his having no need to

fear any evil in the dark valley of the shadow of death, he replied, "*It is not dark.*"

Three months afterwards, she who for forty-five years had shared his earnest and faithful labour, was also called home; and they were laid side by side under an olive-tree upon Mount Zion. For Maria Regina Christina Gobat a place may rightly be claimed amongst the heroines of the mission field. She was brought up in an atmosphere of self-denying work for the good of others; for her father, Christian Heinrich Zeller, was superintendent of a well-known home for destitute children at Benggen near Basle, and of an institution for training poor schoolmasters. She was barely twenty when the missionary Gobat won her heart. They were married in May, 1834, and set out at once for Abyssinia. It was a rough journey, and was succeeded by a time of hardship and suffering, and the first baby came when its father was lying helpless with severe illness. For two years the young mother had to nurse her invalid husband, until it became evident that he must go home or die. The journey to the coast and the voyage up the Red Sea in a small Arab boat for thirty-eight days were very trying experiences, but more fearful still was the journey across the desert in the burning sunshine. They reached the Nile and went on by boat to Cairo; but the privations of the journey had been too much for their little one, and for the last few hours of the voyage the sorrowing mother was weeping over the dead infant in her arms. They buried little Sophie in the Coptic cemetery, and about a month afterwards, whilst still residing at Cairo, their second child, aptly named Benoni, was born.

In his subsequent missionary labours Mr. Gobat had the able help of his wife, and when he became Bishop of Jerusalem she took a warm interest in all the schools and missions; and to the poor, the widows, and the afflicted from any cause she was as a ministering angel. When, after the lapse of a few weeks, she followed her revered husband to the tomb, all felt that a true "mother in Israel" had been taken away.

From Syria and Palestine we turn to Asia Minor, where the American missionaries have for half a century been doing good service amongst the Armenian Churches. As our readers are aware, these ancient Christian communities form a separate organisation distinct from either the Latin or Greek Churches, although in doctrine and practice very similar. But of late years, through the labours of the missionaries, there has been a remarkable revival of evangelical Christianity going on amongst these people. Eleven thousand Armenians are now members of Protestant Mission Churches, and sixteen thousand pupils are attending the four hundred schools.

The Rev. H. J. Van Lennep, after spending fourteen years in missionary labours in other parts of Turkey, was sent in 1854 to Tocat. Here a native teacher had his head beaten with a club, and his few followers had been turned out of their shops and houses. They were therefore placed for safety in a ruinous old palace which had been bought by Mr. Metz of the Christian colony of Amasia.

As Mr. Van Lennep neared Tocat, the little band of converts came out three miles to meet their new teacher and escort him to the town. They were on horseback, some of them with children sitting behind them; Mr. Van Lennep was also riding, whilst

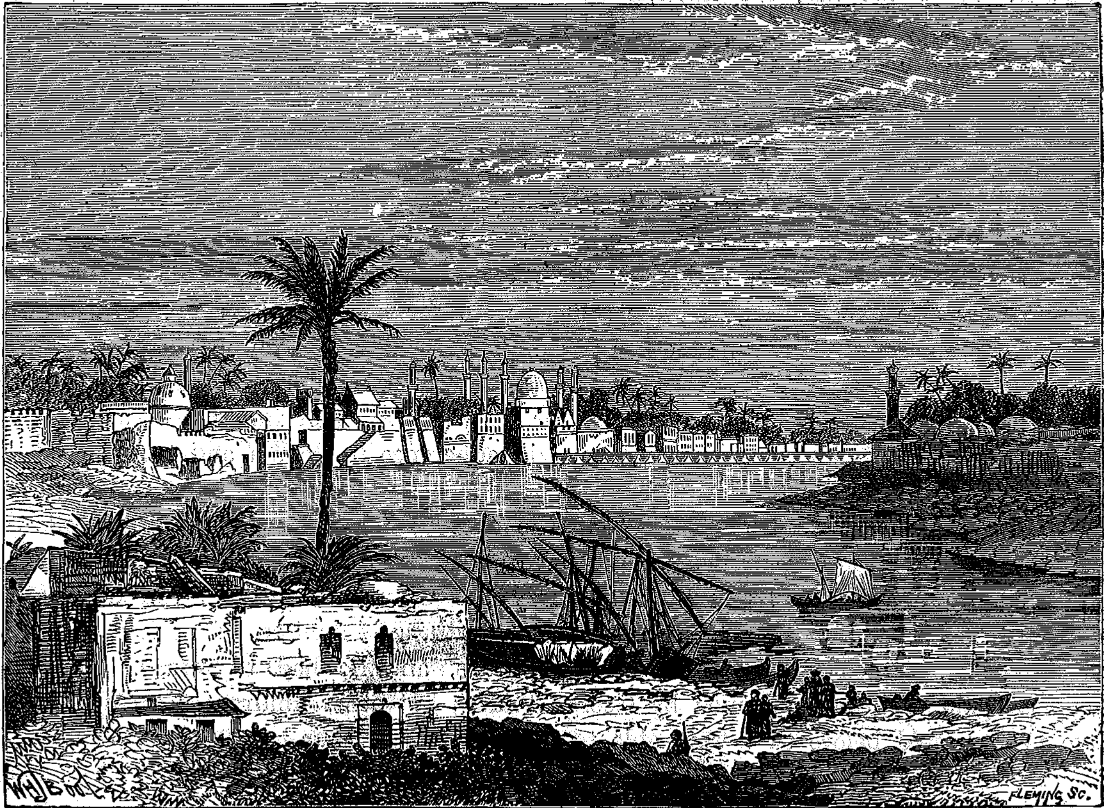
Mrs. Van Lennep and the baby were carried in a *tahtaravan.* As the procession came on in single file, the men singing hymns, the townspeople, who lined the route, frowned and scowled, but when the baby appeared, crowing and laughing at the *tahtaravan* window as if the whole affair had been got up for its delectation, there was a cry of "See, they have a baby! God bless him!" Many of them afterwards declared that it was the baby who first won their hearts. Thus the importation of a missionary baby into Tocat was a decided success.

SCHOLARS AT THE MISSION SCHOOL, JOPPA.

The old house they occupied had been built by the humpbacked tyrant Dere Bey. He made the people build his house, and paid them no wages, and if anybody was dissatisfied he was either beheaded forthwith or shut up in the narrow stone prison which was still to be seen in the cellars. He went on from one atrocity to another till the Sultan thought it best to suppress the scandal, and sent officials who enticed Dere Bey from his stronghold, despatched him with the bowstring, and sent his head to Constantinople.

And now the "habitation of cruelty" became a centre of Christian beneficence. It stood on the hillside with the town outspread like a panorama below, and there was an extensive garden which proved a useful adjunct to the mission. Potatoes were introduced and throve well, but it was some years before the people could be educated up to liking them. The house contained a large hall which made a capital chapel, and there were plenty of rooms for sleeping, living, teaching, and so forth. To the services many came at first out of curiosity, but did not seem to understand that quiet behaviour was of any consequence.

The difficulty was got over after a time, and Mrs. Van Lennep rendered effectual service by her little meetings of women in different houses in the town. Soon there was a small band of steady church members, and a school for theological instruction was also set up, and some young men who had been studying under missionary care at Marsovan were transferred to it. Very earnest were these young students, spending their leisure time in going from house to house and discussing religious questions with



BAGDAD.

any who would listen to them—Armenians, Jews, or Moslems. In vain the people were forbidden to communicate with or even salute any of the occupants of the Mission House. Whenever a fresh anathema was hurled at the missionaries from Armenian, Greek, or Latin altar early on Sunday morning, there was an increased attendance at the mission services that day. So, as the priests saw that their curses were only effective advertisements of the cause they hated, they resolved to let the thing alone.

The Theological School was making good progress, and seventeen young men were preparing for the ministry, when, through want of funds, the Society sent word to suspend this effort for a time. The seventeen finished their studies at home, and most of them became pastors of churches. After a time the school was reopened, and a few fresh students were collected, when the work was again interrupted by a serious calamity. The whole of the mission premises were destroyed by fire, and a library of

2,000 volumes, MS. lectures, translations, notes of travel, and so forth, all perished in the flames. Mr. and Mrs. Van Lennep saved nothing but the clothes they wore; their colleagues, who occupied a distinct wing, were more fortunate in rescuing their property.

Two years afterwards, a rich Catholic Armenian, being about to die, confessed that he hired a man to fire the mission premises, in order to be revenged on Van Lennep for espousing the cause of a European doctor whom this Armenian's son had tried to murder. After the fire, the mission work was carried on for a time in temporary premises, but ultimately the post was abandoned.

An interesting effort to establish a Christian Mission in Bagdad, the ancient city that was so famous "in the golden prime of the good Haroun Alraschid," began in 1826. Mr. A. N. Groves and his family, and a deaf young man afterwards known to literary fame as Dr. John Kitto, settled here for a time. The plague broke out in the city, and thousands died daily; the roads being strewn with their dead bodies. Then the Tigris overflowed all the country, and swept down numbers of dwellings. Mrs. Groves died of the plague, and their little child also sickened and died. War and famine were also experienced, and the schools were for a time given up. Mr. Groves afterwards laboured in India and other parts. The Bagdad Mission was kept up for a time by J. Parnell and F. W. Newman. The latter afterwards became Latin Professor at University College, and was as famous for his vindication of rationalism, as his distinguished brother, Cardinal Newman, for rigid adherence to dogma and tradition.

Of modern Protestant denominations, the first to take into account the needs of Egypt were the Moravian Brethren. We have already told how Dr. Hocker came back in 1750 from a disastrous attempt to carry the Gospel message to the Gaures or Guebres of Persia. In 1752 he was in Egypt, with an intention of pushing forward to Abyssinia, but circumstances were unpropitious, and he had to return. In 1756 he was again there, accompanied by George Pilder; but other hindrances occurred, and two years passed before they were able to set out for Abyssinia.

Hocker and Pilder left Cairo in September, 1758; they reached Suez, and embarked in a small Turkish vessel on the Red Sea. But a violent storm came on, the Brethren were shipwrecked, and compelled to spend nineteen days on an uninhabited island, and at length, after enduring many perils and privations, got back to Cairo, and returned to Europe.

Hocker came out again in 1768 to practise as a Christian physician in Cairo, and wait for the door to open for further service. He was accompanied by J. H. Danke. In the following year Mr. John Antes came out to help in the work. From the traveller Bruce, on his return journey, the Brethren learned that there was no opening for them in Abyssinia, so they earnestly devoted themselves to doing what good they could in Egypt. They visited the Copts in the villages of Upper Egypt, and, without directly attacking their superstitions, tried to bring them to faith in the sufferings and death of Christ as the only ground of hope. Mr. Antes used to take exercise in the flat country near Cairo, and, by looking out for any one journeying with a numerous retinue, he managed for a long time to elude observation. But in

November, 1779, he was noticed by the Mamelukes attending Osman Bey, and as he was not able to satisfy their rapacity with what he had about him, they dragged him before their master as a European from whom some money might be obtained.

Mr. Antes, on approaching the Bey, gave the usual salutation, "I am under your protection." Instead of giving the usual reply, "You are welcome," the Bey glared furiously, asking, "Who are you? What are you doing here in the night? You must be a thief, and most likely the one we were looking for the other day." Mr. Antes replied, "I was entering the city half an hour before sunset, when I was seized by your Mamelukes, and detained till now, and, though dark, it is not yet an hour after sunset, the time for shutting the gates." Paying no attention to this defence, the Bey sent Antes under guard to the castle, situated on a broad, sandy plain at some distance from the town.

Mr. Antes was spat upon and kicked by the men in the Bey's retinue, and then he was dragged along by a rough rope round his neck to the castle. Here he was thrown into a dungeon, half under ground, and secured to a piece of timber by a large iron chain padlocked round his neck. Soon the Bey came home, surrounded by his retinue bearing lighted torches. Mr. Antes was sent for, and unchained and taken upstairs to a room where the Bey sat waiting to receive him. A few questions were asked, and then the Bey exclaimed, "Throw him down." Mr. Antes begged to know what he had done. "How, you dog," cried the Bey, "dare you ask what you have done? Throw him down."

The servants then threw the missionary flat on his face, and confined his feet above the ankles by means of a strong staff about six feet long, with a piece of an iron chain fixed to both ends. Two of them, one on each side, twisted the staff and chain together, so as to turn up the soles of his feet. Duly provided with the thick strap of hippopotamus skin, a yard long, and thicker than a man's finger, the servants now waited their lord's command.

"When they had placed him in this position" (says the Rev. W. Brown), "an officer came and whispered in his ear, 'Do not suffer yourself to be beaten; give him a thousand dollars, and he will let you go.' Mr. Antes, however, reflected that should he now offer anything, the Bey would probably send one of his men with him to receive it, and that he would be obliged to open, in the presence of this officer, his strong chest, in which he kept not only his own money, but considerable sums belonging to others, which he had received in payment for goods belonging to different merchants, and the whole of this would, in all probability, be taken from him. Being determined, therefore, not to involve others in his misfortunes, he said, 'Mafish'—that is, 'No money'—upon which the Bey immediately ordered the servants to strike. They laid on at first pretty moderately; but yet Mr. Antes gave himself up for lost, considering that his life was in the hands of a capricious tyrant, to whose unrelenting cruelty many others had fallen a sacrifice. Having, therefore, no other refuge, he commended his soul into the hands of his Heavenly Father, and he experienced His gracious support on this trying occasion in so remarkable a manner that the fear of death was entirely taken away.

"After they had beaten him for some time, the officer, supposing that he might now have become more tractable, again whispered in his ear the word, 'Money;' but now the sum was doubled. Mr. Antes again answered, 'I have none here.' They then laid on more roughly than before; every stroke was like the application of a red-hot poker. At last the officer, thinking that though he had no money he might have some valuable goods, once more whispered in his ear something to that effect. As Mr. Antes knew that English firearms often attract their fancy even more than money, he offered them an elegant blunderbuss, richly mounted with silver, which he could get without opening his strong chest. The Bey, having inquired what he said, the officer answered, with a sneer, 'Only a blunderbuss.' To this the tyrant replied, 'Beat the dog!' They now began to lay on with all their might. The pain was at first excruciating beyond conception, but after some time all sensation ceased; it seemed only like beating a bag of wool. When the Bey at length perceived that no money could be extorted from him, he probably thought that the prisoner might after all be a poor man, and therefore ordered them to take him away. Upon this they loosed his feet, but yet he was obliged to walk down to the dungeon with the chain about his neck. In about half an hour a messenger came with orders to bring him up again. The servants now took off the chain, and, after carrying him till he was near the door, told him to walk in, or the Bey would beat him again. Mr. Antes was afraid some one had told him that with a little more beating money might be obtained from him. There are instances, indeed, of the bastinado being applied three days successively, to the number of one or two thousand strokes. Persons of very vigorous constitutions may still, perhaps, survive; but, in general, after five or six hundred strokes, the blood gushes from the mouth and nose, and the unhappy wretch dies either under the torture or immediately after."

When Mr. Antes re-entered the chamber, one of the Bey's officers pretended that he knew Mr. Antes. "By Allah!" he exclaimed, "this is the best man in all Cairo, and my particular friend. I am sorry I was not here before to tell you so." The Bey answered, "Then take him. I give him to you, and if he has lost anything, see to get it restored." Mr. Antes had never seen the man before, and soon found that this was only a trick to get rid of him, and extort a little money. The servants of his "particular friend" carried him to his house, where he was fed and put to bed. The officer anointed the missionary's feet with balsam, and tied them up in rags, and tried to reason down the missionary's complaint of hard usage, by telling him, "It is from God! It is so written in the book of fate, which cannot be altered." Next morning this officer took Mr. Antes to the house of the Master of the Customs, whom the missionary requested to settle everything for him with his pretended deliverer. On summing up the fees, it was found that he had about £20 to pay for this piece of service. Being then carried home, Mr. Antes was put to bed, and was confined to it for about six weeks before he could even walk out by the aid of crutches. But his feet and ankles had been very much hurt by the twisting of the chain, and he suffered much from swellings in these parts for three years afterwards.

The Moravian Mission to Egypt, though kept up for thirty years with great

patience and perseverance, was attended by so much danger, and was productive of so little result, that in May, 1783, it was finally given up.

The Revs. Leider, Krüse, Mueller, Gobat, and Kugler were in 1825 sent to Cairo by the Church Missionary Society. Voyages and journeys were made in Upper and Lower Egypt, and even into Nubia, and the Coptic Christians were found very willing to purchase Bibles and religious books in their own language, but they would not come and listen to preaching. As a medical missionary, Mr. Leider found abundant opening for good service in and about Cairo, in the way of religious conversation with the families he visited.

MISS WHATELY.

Little lasting result, however, flowed from the persistent efforts of the missionaries, either with Copts or Mohammedans. The latter, indeed, would point at the evil lives of so-called Christians and ask, "Would you make me as bad a man as one of these?" The most successful efforts were in connection with education. Schools for boys and girls were opened, and after a time well attended. Not only were the children of the poor sent to these schools, but some of the first Coptic families, and even a few Mohammedans, availed themselves of the opportunity to get their children educated. In the girls' school a great disadvantage was experienced on account of the betrothal of the girls, which generally takes place between nine and eleven; after which event they live in strict seclusion till marriage. Many of the Coptic clergy and one bishop received their training in the Society's establishment at Cairo. About seven years ago the Church Missionary Society sent the Rev. F. A. Klein there from Jerusalem to begin a new mission amongst the Mohammedans.

The United States Board of Foreign Missions of the United Presbyterian Church, with its seventeen pastors and over two hundred native helpers, has been doing for nearly forty years the chief evangelical work in Egypt. It has established a College at Assiout, theological classes at Cairo, and has churches and schools in the Delta and up the valley of the Nile as far as the first cataract.

But there is also another good work going on in Egypt of a very important character, originated by a lady whose praise is in all the churches, though her successful organisation of schools and mission work rests upon an independent basis. About thirty years ago she went to Cairo in poor health, meaning to spend five or six months there, but became interested in the people, and started a school for poor girls.

Thus began the transient effort which developed into a life-work, and now includes schools, hospital, Bible Mission, and itinerant preaching in the villages. Miss Whately found good helpers, some from abroad and some native, who ably seconded her efforts, and the mission as a whole has been characterised by marked success. The works published by Miss Whately, such as "Letters from Egypt," "Ragged Life in Egypt," "Among the Huts in Egypt," and others, contain a large amount of deeply interesting information on the subject of the people and their modes of life, and the means that have been found effective in the endeavour to raise and enlighten them.

Taking for her headquarters the ground floor of a house in one of the poorest localities of Cairo, Miss Whately went personally among the Moslem mothers of the neighbourhood, and tried to get them to send their children to school. A few promised, and on the appointed day nine little Moslem girls were sitting in a semicircle on the floor. Teaching was a hard task with scholars that did not want to learn and saw no good in trying. But the sewing lesson (for the sake of which most had come) was a time of enjoyment, and great was the admiration shown for the English needles, scissors, and thimbles. Business was a good deal interrupted by the frequent incoming of anxious parents, bringing raw carrots or other dainties to their children, evidently under the impression that the little ones were passing through a trying ordeal, and would want a good deal of keeping up. There were fourteen at school next day, and so by degrees the work grew, till in three months' time there were forty-six scholars, nearly all Moslems.

On the second day one little thing was led in by an elder sister named Shoh, a fine girl of fifteen, who lingered about the place and pored over the alphabet cards, and showed an evident desire for instruction. It turned out that she was a married woman who could only leave her household duties at intervals. Sometimes her husband beat her for coming, but when he was in a good humour she ran in and sat down on the mat with an alphabet card, but was too full of questions to learn much. But the matron, Um-Usuf, a Syrian Christian, would read Gospel narratives to Shoh and the elder girls, and by degrees some new ideas of the love of God reached their souls. Shoh was often away several days, but when again able to come "she bounced in with such a look of joyous triumph" (says Miss Whately), "seized my hand to kiss as usual, and then skipped round the room nodding to the scholars, till at length she flung herself down in a corner, pulled the yellow kerchief off her head in order to show that her plaited locks were clean and neat, then sprang up again and ran to the window-seat, where soap and water stood, to wash her hands, holding them up significantly, as if to say, 'I know you are fanciful about cleanliness,' and finally snatched up a card from her shelf and commenced repeating her alphabet aloud."

Shoh had a sister, Fatmeh, who lost all her three children by croup, and came in great sorrow to the school. Miss Whately was able to open her eyes also to some idea of the love of God in Christ Jesus, and there was reason to believe that in these two hearts the seed of the Kingdom was not sown in vain.

The girls' school long remained the nucleus of Miss Whately's mission work, but

she was "instant in season and out of season" to grasp at opportunities for Christian service. She pleaded with Bedouins in the adjacent desert; she induced a professional story-teller to read the Gospel narrative in a coffee-house, instead of his oft-told legends of "Antar" and "Abou Zeid," and the theme was so novel and striking that the changing crowd listened to it night after night for months. She worked like any Biblewoman in the slums of London, amongst the poorest inhabitants of Cairo, winning the grateful love of countless women as she sympathised with them in their trials and cares, and, as opportunity offered, spoke of a loving Saviour.

In 1864, a larger house having been obtained, the school for boys was opened, and Miss Whately procured the efficient Christian services of Mr. Mansoor Shakoor from the Beyrout College. Subsequently his two brothers also came into the work. The schools increased till there were between three and four hundred scholars, all of the ragged class, but now scrupulously clean. To attain this end was a matter of great difficulty, for the system of Moslem ablutions only seems to apply to male adults! Many a pupil had been lost by insistence on cleanliness; Arab mothers have an idea that plenty of dirt keeps a child from coming under the dreaded influence of the evil eye.

In connection with Miss Whately's institutions, evangelistic work was carried on at intervals in the Moslem villages on the Lower Nile. "Sometimes," she writes, "one of the principal inhabitants would invite the missionaries to his house; or a carpet was spread under a tree, and a group assembled to listen; or some peasants would come to the boat or sit on the shore with their teachers. Meanwhile I visited the women, and frequently found interested listeners. In one village which had been visited by my party the previous winter, I was cordially welcomed, and urged to come to the house of my former acquaintance, where between thirty and forty women assembled, and would not let me leave off reading until fatigue actually obliged me to stop."

In 1887, while on a missionary visit to the fellaheen of the Nile villages, Miss Whately was suffering from a severe cold, and returned to her Cairo "home" to die. She passed away on the 9th of March—a sad day for Egypt and for many English Christians—after nearly thirty years' self-denying and laborious work in the land of the Pharaohs.

Arabia appears to have been totally neglected by Protestant missionaries until five or six years ago. Under the care of the Foreign Missions Committee of the Free Church of Scotland, a mission was founded in 1885 at Shaikh Othman, near Aden, by the Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Keith-Falconer, at their own expense. The mission is going on, but the gifted and devoted young soldier of the Cross who planned the work, and who threw himself into the service with characteristic ardour, is no more. A recent visitor to his far-off grave tells us how "behind it and around it stand the black mountain rocks—the gloomy hills of darkness to which the departed labourer came with the message of the Gospel's glorious light; in front of it lies the white sandy Arabian shore, with the ocean stretching away into limitless distance."

The Hon. Ion Grant Neville Keith-Falconer, third son of the late Earl of Kintore, was born at Edinburgh in July, 1856. A pious mother brought him up in

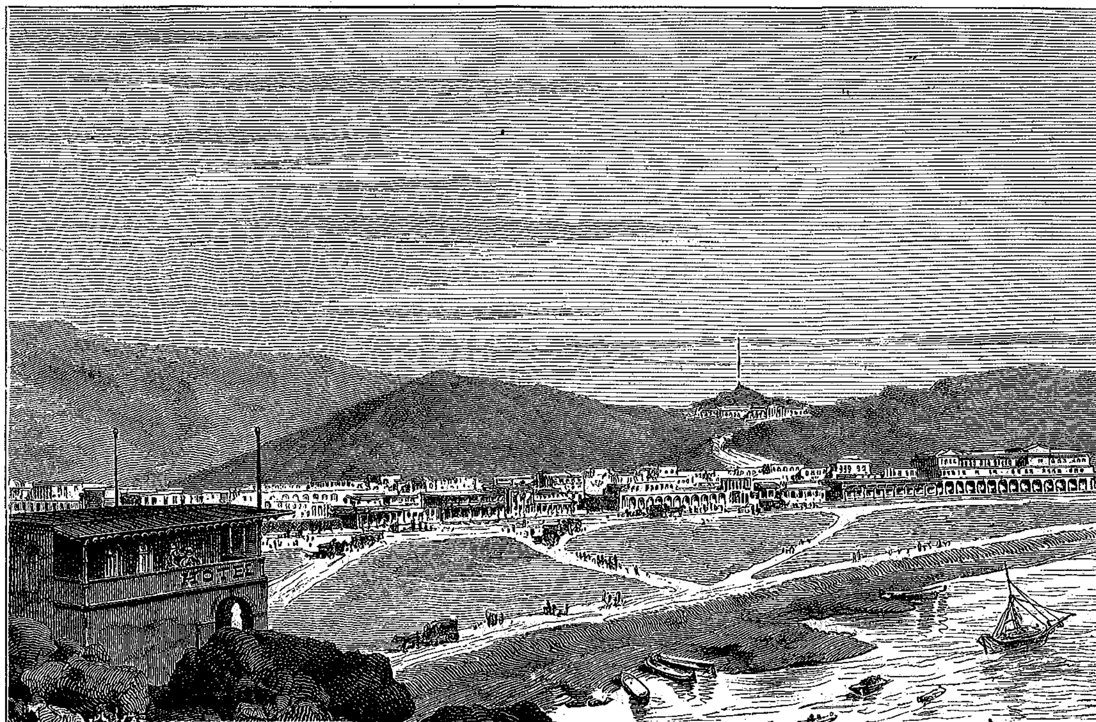
that simple faith in Christ which never left him, and from his very childhood he seems to have given evidence of the self-denying consecration of his life to the service of God and man. At Harrow School in 1869 he was, by the testimony of the masters, "energetic, manly, and vigorous," and although neither "a prig nor a Pharisee," was fearless in the avowal of his religious belief.

On leaving Harrow, Keith-Falconer studied for a year with a private tutor at Hitchin, and in 1874 began his brilliant career at Cambridge. We need not recount the details of his academic triumphs—Theology, Hebrew, Semitic languages, and other recondite studies, were successfully mastered. Nor did he confine his studies to the prescribed curriculum—he learnt the Tonic Sol-fa system, and used his knowledge to good purpose in temperance and mission work. He excelled as a shorthand writer, and found the acquisition very serviceable. Amongst the athletes his fame stood high, and for a year or two he was the best amateur cyclist in England, beating the champion, John Keen, in the five-mile race, which was done in 15 minutes $11\frac{2}{5}$ seconds —at that time the fastest on record. In 1882 he rode on his bicycle from Land's End to John o' Groat's in thirteen days. The feat has since been done in much shorter time, but by shorter routes and with machines specially constructed for feats of this kind.

But there were other matters in which Keith-Falconer was interested besides his studies, his music and shorthand, and his athletic triumphs. He was one of a band of Christian students who carried on ragged-school and mission work in the old theatre at Barnwell, near Cambridge. From amongst themselves and their friends the workers raised £1,650 to buy the building. A great work for good has been done in this place. Keith-Falconer was an earnest helper here, and occasionally gave an address; but though a clear, common-sense speaker, it is not claimed for him that he excelled as an orator. Some years previously, when a lad of fifteen, Keith-Falconer was introduced to a young man six years his senior, who, whilst engaged in a walking tour through Aberdeenshire, paid a visit to Lord Kintore's house. The young man was Mr. F. N. Charrington, and between him and Keith-Falconer began a warm and close friendship, and a fellowship in good works. Mr. Charrington had two years previously given himself to the service of God amongst the East End poor. When he saw, late at night, the wretched women waiting for their husbands outside the beershops above which the name of "Charrington, Head and Co." gleamed in gold and azure, he resolved to free himself from the drink traffic. Instead of his birthright share in the business as eldest son, he accepted a younger son's portion, and devoted it to the cause he had at heart. Mr. Charrington began his work in a hay-loft; then in a larger room or hall, followed by huge tents, till in 1877 an Assembly Hall to hold 2,000 persons was built, and for nine years a glorious work was done in it. Keith-Falconer was a warm sympathiser and frequent helper in all this. Covered with flour that had been thrown at him by the mob, and towering head and shoulders above everybody else, he was at the police office when Mr. Charrington was taken off by the police falsely charged with disturbance in front of a music-hall.

Numbers had been raised to a higher life, gangs of thieves had been broken up,

and public-houses in the neighbourhood were selling for half their previous value, when Charrington and Keith-Falconer developed a new scheme. The wholesale feeding of the hungry by means of public subscriptions during the fearful winter of 1879 entailed a vast amount of work on the East End Mission. It was seen to be needful to build a new hall, the outcome of the special effort made being the present buildings, which have cost £40,000. Keith-Falconer, as honorary secretary, wrote the necessary appeals, worked strenuously to collect funds, and himself gave donations amounting to £2,000. He used to run down from Cambridge a week or more at a



ADEN.

time, help in administrative details, in Gospel teaching, in personal visitation of the poor, or anything he could put his hand to, and then go back to his studies. Not till 1886 was the grand Assembly Hall completed, capable of accommodating 5,000 persons. "In the summer of that year" (says his biographer, the Rev. R. Sinker, B.D., Librarian of Trinity College, Cambridge, from whose deeply interesting "Memorials" our information is mainly taken), "I accompanied Keith-Falconer to see the building, and we were taken by Mr. Charrington to the central point of the upper gallery of the great hall, to gain the best general view of the room. As we sat there, I could not but be struck with the similar expression on the faces of the two men. It was one in which joy and keen resolve and humble thankfulness were strangely blended. One great work for God which Keith-Falconer had striven hard to further, he was allowed to see in its full completeness, carried on by men working there with

heartiest and purest zeal. Not while any of the present generation of workers survive, will the name of Keith-Falconer fade out of loving remembrance in the great building in Mile End Road."

After passing his last examination at Cambridge, in 1880, in the Semitic languages, Keith-Falconer devoted himself exclusively to Arabic. With classical Arabic he became fairly acquainted from books, and then went to reside for a few months with Dr. Hogg, a Scotch missionary, at Assiout, on the Nile. Thence he returned to Cambridge for three years longer, still pursuing his studies, and also translating from the Syriac the *Kalilah* and *Dimuah*, otherwise known as the "Fables of Bidpai." He also wrote the long article on Shorthand in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," and ably performed his duty as Hebrew Lecturer at Clare College, and as an Examiner for the Theological Tripos. Of his continued interest in the East London poor during all this period we have already spoken. In the meantime he had married Miss Gwendolin Bevan, daughter of Mr. R. C. L. Bevan, of Trent Park, Hertfordshire. Their home at Cambridge was the house previously occupied by Professor Fawcett.

Such was Keith-Falconer's position at the age of twenty-nine—a happy home with his young bride, in the midst of the culture and refinement of an ancient university—the paths of academic and literary fame lying open before him. He left it to preach the Gospel in distant Aden. His thoughts had been directed towards the foreign mission field by the perusal of the Life of Dr. John Wilson, and about this time General Haig had been appealing to the Christian world on behalf of Arabia, and pointing out the advantages of Aden as a starting-point. Thousands from all parts of Arabia entered the territory every year, and were accustomed to compare its peace, and order, and liberty with the wretched misgovernment everywhere else. Keith-Falconer had an interview with General Haig, and in the autumn of 1885 was on his way to Aden to prospect. On the way he began teaching his wife Arabic, and wrote, "G. is struggling with Arabic. Arabic grammars should be strongly bound, because learners are so often found to dash them frantically on the ground."

Keith-Falconer determined to settle at Shaikh-Othman, leaving Aden itself to the Church Missionary Society, who were about to begin work in this district. He explored the neighbourhood, and talked to the people, of whom "many imagine that Europeans are clever people who get drunk, and have no religion to speak of." He found camel-riding not pleasant, especially when he saw a fierce, powerful brute seize a man by the waist, and lift him off the ground and shake him. He adds, "Sometimes a camel will bite off a man's head."

Mr. and Mrs. Keith-Falconer were back in England in the spring of 1886. On Easter Day, Keith-Falconer preached on "Temptation" in the Grand Hall, at Mile End—the most striking address his friends ever heard him deliver. In May, he was at the General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland, sitting in the seat formerly occupied by his lamented father. He addressed the Assembly very impressively on the subject of Mohammedan Missions, and gave many encouraging facts from his own experience. He had been again and again urged to come and set up a school. One day a Mohammedan asked him for a piece of paper, and then wrote in a mysterious

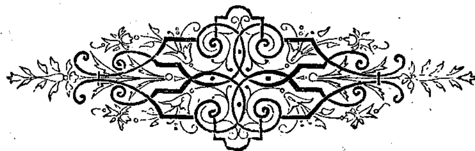
way, "If you want the people to walk in your way, then set up schools." This was a Hadjee who had gone the pilgrimage to Mecca, where probably he had been fleeced of all the money he had, as they generally were. Keith-Falconer offered the Hadjee a copy of St. John; but he said he would not have it. Asked why, his reply was that he liked the historical part, but that there were parts that made him tremble. He pointed to the conversation between Christ and the woman at the well: "If thou knewest the gift of God," etc. "That verse," he said, "makes my heart tremble lest I be made to follow in the way of the Messiah."

Keith-Falconer proposed to have a school, to distribute the Scriptures discriminatingly, and to establish a medical mission. The Assembly cordially recognised him as an accredited missionary of the Free Church. In November, in company with his devoted wife and his gifted medical colleague, Dr. Stewart Cowen, he was again on his way to the field of service. Alas! there is little more to tell. Work at Shaikh-Othman began vigorously, and a rough hospital was built, for this department of service gave abundant promise of being a very busy one. Christian work was engaged in as a way opened for it; but in February both Keith-Falconer and his wife had attacks of Aden fever, and there were fresh attacks subsequently, and much weakness. Early in May he was sinking fast, and on the morning of the 11th he quietly breathed his last.

"It was indeed the end," says Mr. Sinker; "quietly he had passed away. 'God's finger touched him, and he slept.' Slept! Nay, rather awakened. Not in the close-heated room, where he had so long lain half helpless—the weary nurse, overcome with heat and watching, slumbering near—the young wife, widowed ere yet she knew her loss, lying in the adjoining room, herself broken down with illness as well as anxiety—the loyal doctor, resting after his two nights' vigil—not on these do Ion Keith-Falconer's eyes open. He is in the presence of his Lord; the Life which is the Life Indeed has begun."

In the wild and dreary cemetery at Aden his body was lovingly and reverently laid to rest by the officers and soldiers of Her Majesty's 98th (then at Aden), the first offering of Christian Great Britain towards the evangelisation of Arabia. But the work he founded has been warmly taken up by the Free Church, and ample arrangements have been made for the successful development of all its departments.

The Church Missionary Society has also started a Medical Mission at Aden, and further extensions are likely to result, in ports on both sides of the Red Sea.



XXXIX.—WEST AFRICA.

CHAPTER LXXVII.

THE WHITE MAN'S GRAVE—SIERRA LEONE.

Granville Sharp—The Clapham Sect—Zachary Macaulay and the Sierra Leone Company—The African Seminary—Augustine Johnson—The Regent's Town Settlement—An African Convert—German Missionaries—Adventures by the Way—Slave Arrivals—Kissey Cemetery—Dr. John Bowen—His Early Career—Bishop of Sierra Leone—Death—Mrs. Hannah Kilham—Slave Stories—Mrs. Kilham in Siberia—Death at Sea—John Newton.

GRANVILLE SHARP saw, in the streets of London, a wounded slave who had been ill-treated by his master. Roused to indignation at the sight, the brave philanthropist succeeded in rescuing the poor negro from his cruel bondage. Seven

years afterwards he took up the cause of another negro slave in London. This case was brought before Lord Mansfield, who delivered the famous judgment which prompted the stirring words of Cowper:—

> "Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs
> Receive our air, that moment they are free—
> They touch our country, and their shackles fall."

The friends of freedom and humanity rejoiced over the glorious principle that had been established; but, as one result of its enforcement, there were, in the course of a few years, about four hundred black men getting their living by begging in London streets. Whereupon Sharp, Wilberforce, Thornton, and other philanthropists, formed at Sierra Leone a free colony as a home for liberated Africans, and united themselves into a Company to promote commerce and civilisation along the West Coast of Africa. For fifteen years the Sierra Leone Company had to struggle against almost overwhelming difficulties. Mutinies and contentions were frequent amongst its own people, and the predatory attacks by hostile tribes were incessant. The whole scheme would undoubtedly have been shipwrecked but for the wise policy of the distinguished man who became Governor of the colony.

Zachary Macaulay (father of the celebrated historian) had been for ten years the overseer of a West Indian estate. In this position he had been distinguished by his high character, and by his unceasing efforts to promote the temporal and spiritual welfare of the three hundred negroes under his charge. In 1792 he was compelled (on account of his health) to return to England, and soon became acquainted with the friends of Africa who were promoting the Sierra Leone project. They saw in Mr. Macaulay a man who knew a good deal about the negro race—a man of sound principles and benevolent impulses, associated with great mental power. They induced him to go out to Sierra Leone, and in a short time he became Governor of the colony.

Many were the trials and troubles of the infant settlement; but, thanks to Macaulay's wisdom, firmness, and high Christian principle, the colony, although (through the fatal influence of the slave trade) a commercial failure, became a well-ordered community. In 1794 the French invaded the colony, and destroyed its capital, Freetown. The French Republican sailors, with their motto of "Liberty, Equality, and

Fraternity," showed scant regard for this asylum for liberated slaves. "The volumes of the town library," writes Zachary Macaulay, "were tossed about and defaced with the utmost wantonness, and if they happened to bear any resemblance to Bibles they were torn in pieces and trampled upon. . . . Every house was full of Frenchmen, who were hacking and destroying and tearing up everything which they could not convert to their own use. The destruction of live stock on this and the following day was immense. In my yard alone they killed fourteen dozen of fowls, and there were not less than twelve hundred hogs shot in the town."

In 1799 the Sierra Leone Company made Macaulay their English secretary, and he resided at Clapham, in close communion with the founders of the "Church Missionary Society for Africa and the East." Amongst those founders were Charles Simeon and William Wilberforce, and the venerable John Newton, pastor of St. Mary Woolnoth, and formerly himself working for a slaver on the very coast upon which the banner of the Cross was now about to be set up.

Macaulay had persuaded several leading chiefs in the neighbourhood of Sierra Leone to let their sons return with him to be educated in England, in the hope that on their return to Africa they might effectually aid in the regeneration of their fellow-

countrymen. "I expect," wrote Henry Thornton to Hannah More, "that when Macaulay arrives, he will make his triumphal entry into this island with twenty or thirty little black boys at his heels, the trophies that he brings with him from Africa. They have been living chiefly at his house, and have been somewhat instructed already."

In an establishment at Clapham these young Africans were educated, being also taught carpentry, printing, and other arts, and carefully instructed in the principles of the Christian religion. The names of eight of them, "Yarrah, son of Naminamodoo, a chief of Port Logo, in the Timmany Country;" "Samuel Peter, son of Tamro, a near relation of Pa Jack (now King George Bann), of Yongroo, near the Bullom Shore," and so forth, may be found in the baptism-registers of Clapham Church for the year 1805. A writer in the *Christian Observer* tells us how, one Sunday afternoon, he went with Zachary Macaulay to the African Seminary, and heard the boys examined in the Bible. They stood in a semicircle round Mr. Macaulay, who questioned them; whilst outside the group was good William Wilberforce, going from boy to boy, "patting them on the shoulder as they gave good answers to questions, and giving them each a few words of encouragement, and an admonition to teach the same truths to their countrymen."

Still, it must be confessed the African Seminary was not a success. Student life at Clapham proved fatal to several of the young Africans from the torrid zone, and only a few returned to Africa. A similar institution was opened at Sierra Leone in its place.

The new Missionary Society, in spite of the fervour of its venerated founders, did not get really to work for five years, when it sent German missionaries to Sierra Leone, and to some of the West African tribes. Of what was done and suffered by these devoted pioneers we shall speak in our next chapter, confining ourselves at present to Sierra Leone proper. This colony was transferred to the Crown in 1808, in which year, also, England abolished the iniquitous traffic in slaves —after having, in the course of two hundred and fifty years, carried away in all from these western shores of the Dark Continent a greater number of human beings than the entire population of the British Isles; while the lives of at least as many more were sacrificed through the chronic state of war and anarchy into which unhappy Africa was plunged in order to keep up the supply of victims.

From this time forward Sierra Leone received large numbers of liberated slaves, recaptured by British cruisers from the slave-ships that, under the Spanish or Portuguese flag, still haunted the adjacent seas. Year by year swarms of pagans of the most degraded type were let loose in the colony, supplying ample materials for the labours of missionaries. In the year 1816, its efforts amongst the Susoos of the adjoining territory having been frustrated by the slave-traders, the Church Missionary Society concentrated its efforts upon the mixed multitudes of Sierra Leone, where, indeed, its agents had been twelve years at work, but on a very limited scale.

The negroes disembarked here had been settled in villages in different parts of the

colony, and were supplied with food and clothing till they could keep themselves. The Church Missionary Society now vigorously took up the work of educating the children in these villages, and, as ways opened, extended its care to the adults also. Many self-denying men and women were found willing to come and give themselves up to this service. One of the most successful of them was Augustine Johnson.

The year 1812 had seen Augustine Johnson working as a day-labourer at a sugar-refiner's in Whitechapel. Wages were scanty, and provisions were at their highest price. "One evening," says Johnson, "having nothing to eat, and being almost naked, and my dear wife lying in bed weeping for hunger, which drove me into great distress, I threw myself also on the bed, turning from one side to the other, thinking what I should do. No friend to go to!" Suddenly, there flashed upon his mind a text learned in his school-days, "Call upon Me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me!" But there also came a sense of deep sinfulness, a feeling that it was not for such as him to call upon God. All night long he lay awake in doubt and terror, and went to work in the early morning feeling like a madman. The breakfast time came, and Johnson went home like the rest, though not expecting to find any breakfast to go home to. But the meal was all ready for him, and his wife, smiling through tears, told him how a lady had taken a house close by and had engaged her to work, and given her some money.

This unexpected mercy was the means of Johnson's conversion; but he was still staggering under the burden of sin. At the German Church in the Savoy he heard a sermon by Mr. Lehman, a Moravian, on the text, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour," etc. The awakened labourer saw the truth, and grasped it, and was thenceforth free. It was more than a year before his wife found joy and peace in believing, and from his fellow-workmen—to whom he felt compelled to speak of the goodness of God—he received only ridicule and scorn. At length he heard a missionary sermon, and his heart burned within him with fervent desire to devote himself to the heathen for Christ's sake. His wife flatly refused to accompany him, but after a few days of prayer he found her as fervently longing to go out as he was himself. He mentioned the matter to his pastor, and he was soon standing before the Committee of the Church Mission Society. One of its members then present was Daniel Wilson, whose subsequent labours as Bishop of Calcutta have been detailed in another chapter. The result of this meeting was that it was decided that Augustine Johnson and his wife should have a year's training, and then go out as schoolmaster and schoolmistress to Sierra Leone. They reached their destination in April, 1816, dismissed with blessings from English shores by the veteran Josiah Pratt, and welcomed to their field of service by Edward Bickersteth, who was visiting Sierra Leone to arrange the mission work of the Church Missionary Society. Bickersteth wrote warmly of Johnson's "deadness to the world and devotion of heart to the cause."

In a lovely valley, girt about by eight lofty mountains, stands Regent's Town, a settlement in which 1,500 negroes dwelt, feeding their cattle and tilling their fields, beside the rivulet formed by streams leaping down from the cliffs around. The Governor and Mr. Bickersteth placed the village temporally and spiritually in Mr.

Johnson's charge. He accepted the task gladly, and wrote to Mr. Pratt, "I will go in the strength of the Lord; I will teach them to read and tell them of Jesus."

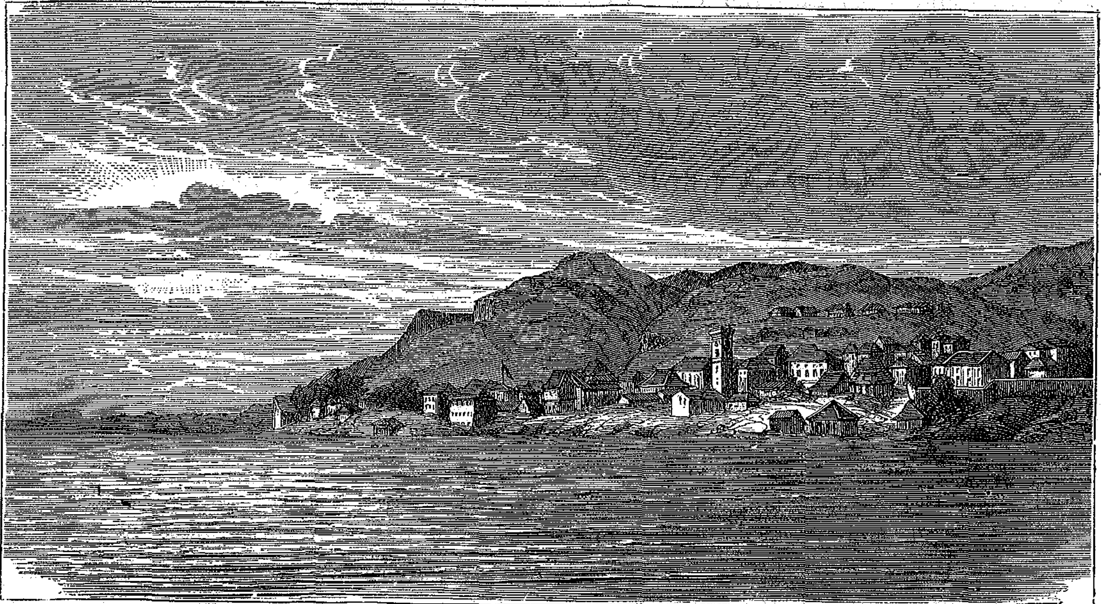
Before they went to their station the new convert had to feel the effects of the climate. Mrs. Johnson was for a time seriously ill, and Mr. Jost, a missionary who came out with them, died two months after landing. Still Mr. Johnson went undauntedly to his mountain valley, where there were six or seven deaths daily, but was rather discouraged when he came to look at his flock. "Natives of twenty-two different nations were here collected together, and a considerable number had been but recently liberated from the holds of slave-vessels; they were greatly prejudiced against one another, and in a state of continual hostility, with no common medium of intercourse but a little broken English. When clothing was given them they would sell it or throw it away, and it was not found possible to induce them to wear it, till led to do so by the example of Mr. Johnson's servant-girl. In some huts ten of them were crowded together, and in others even fifteen or twenty. Many of them were ghastly as skeletons, and six or eight of them sometimes died in one day. Superstition, in many forms, tyrannised over their minds; many devil-houses sprung up, and all placed their security in wearing greegrees or charms." Improvement was very slow; for a long time only five or six acres were cultivated. Some who wished to till their ground would not, for fear of being robbed of the produce. Some of them lived by thieving (the missionary himself lost thirty fowls in his first week's residence), whilst others went away to live a wild life in the woods.

Augustine Johnson (as he himself declared) had under his charge the very "offscouring of Africa," still further brutalised by the cruelties of the slave-trade. He had to regulate their building and road-making, mark out the land for new-comers, distribute food and clothing and settle disputes, care for them in sickness, educate them, and preach to them. To his first Sabbath service only nine people came, and these with scarcely a garment amongst them. But the attendance soon increased, and on week-days the schools for boys and girls, and the adult schools in the evening, attracted considerable numbers. A thousand more negroes captured from a slaver were sent up to him, and the good missionary was so overworked that he says: "Sometimes I was on the point of giving up all; but the prospect of bringing them to a crucified Saviour enabled me to endure." Very soon a stone church was raised and covered in—a church capable of holding five hundred persons—and when the sound of its bell echoed along the valley, the people flocked to the services; and they began to take a pleasure in making a neat appearance.

Often after the services one or another would stop to speak to Mr. Johnson, but it was always about the supply of temporal needs, and the missionary began to feel disheartened at meeting with no anxious inquirers, when all of a sudden the hoped-for blessing came. "One evening" (he writes in his journal) "a shinglemaker, Joe Thompson, followed me out of church and desired to speak to me. I was in some measure cast down, thinking he wished to speak to me for clothing. However, with astonishment, I found he was in deep distress about the state of his soul. He said that one evening he had heard me ask the congregation if any one had spent five

minutes that day in prayer to Jesus, or the past day, week, month, or ever? He was so struck with it, and could not answer the question for himself. He had heard the present and future state of the wicked explained—he could answer nothing, but that he was wicked; after that, all the sins which he had ever done before had entered into his mind. He had tried to pray, but he could not; he would therefore ask me what he should do to save his soul.

"What I felt at that moment is inexpressible. I pointed him to a crucified Jesus, and tears ran down his cheeks. I was obliged to leave him, for I could scarce contain myself. I went home and thanked God for having heard my prayers.



FREETOWN.

"The following week several more came in like manner to me, which removed all doubts and fears at once; and I had such an assurance that God had sent me to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ to the Gentiles, that there was no more room left me to doubt." There was now a flow of converts into the church, as well as an increased attendance, so that a gallery had to be added to the building. The doctor to the settlement was a black man who had been educated in England. His name was Macaulay Wilson, but his father was King George, who reigned at Yongroo over the Bullom nation, and to whose dignities Wilson expected in due course to succeed. He had been converted by Johnson, and now acted as clerk in the little church, and even took the service when the teacher was detained at a neighbouring station.

In March, 1817, by desire of the Church Missionary Society, three German Brethren, Renner, Butscher, and Wenzel, came to Regent's Town and ordained Augustine Johnson as a minister of the Lutheran Church. The next Sunday was a

memorable one. The people could not be restrained from interrupting the services by weeping and praying aloud. The fervour of the people was such that the church was always crowded for an hour before service began.

The people were readily induced to help in spreading the truth which had given them life. At their first anniversary meeting there were seventeen addresses in broken English, and more than a hundred of the people so recently rescued from the holds of slave-ships put down their names as regular subscribers of from twopence to half a crown a month for the missionary cause. The convert Tamba besought his countrymen to pray that some of them might be sent, as well as their money.

It was not long before William Davis, one of the church members, took his Testament and went into the Cockle country, where some of his relations resided, to tell them about Jesus. He persuaded some of them to promise to attend the mission services at Wilberforce, and returned home. Christmas came, and whilst Freetown, the capital, and some other places, were full of revelry and drunkenness, Regent's Town was quiet and peaceful. Not one person was intoxicated, there was no drum-beating or gun-firing, but the people flocked to church in the forenoon, and in the afternoon walked several miles over the mountains with their pastor to the monthly prayer-meeting at Leicester. And so the year came to a close with Johnson rejoicing over his converts and his 409 scholars, but bitterly lamenting that his attention to "brickmakers, masons, carpenters, storekeeping, cultivation, land-surveying, etc., besides our schools," prevented him from properly performing his pastoral work. Several times he was down with fever, and he had frequently the melancholy duty of soothing the last moments of dying missionaries at other stations in the colony.

Mr. Johnson had spent two years in Regent's Town, and longed to go further afield with the Gospel tidings. Accordingly, in January, 1819, in company with Mr. Cates and the faithful Tamba, our missionary made in seven days a complete circuit of the colony, 120 miles, preaching everywhere as they went. The Cosso people on the edge of the settled portion of the colony were astonished when they heard Tamba preach in their own language from the words, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." Everywhere the heathen listened, though often with careless indifference. The journey was a very arduous one. Often the three missionaries had to wade along the edge of a river through mile after mile of mud. Once, after walking thirty miles with nothing to eat, they came to a town where every one was absent except an old woman and some children. The woman would have nothing to do with them; and as they were trying to reach another town their guide deserted them. Darkness came on, and they were lost in the woods, till they came upon a shed where were a fire and an iron pot, and here they spread their blankets on the earth and lay down. The animals in the wood howled them to sleep. They woke up cold at early dawn, and were glad to heat some water and mix with it the last of some port wine they had brought with them, and drink it out of an old broken wooden bowl. Elephants and leopards were abundant in the woods around the open field where they slept, and they were wet with the heavy dews, but still remained uninjured.

It was Sunday morning when they woke (still of course without food), but they found a beaten path, which led them to a town where their wants were supplied. Passing on by way of other towns, in which they had good services, they at length reached home in safety. One result of this journey was that Tamba, who had so well proved his qualifications, and also William Davies, already alluded to, were appointed native evangelists.

Augustine Johnson suffered in 1821 from severe illness, which left serious after-results. It was the solemn warning of "the sentence of death," which West African missionaries had now learned to expect almost as a matter of course. He was only thirty-four years of age, but was already looked upon as a veteran in the ranks, from which so many had been struck down. He was raised up, however, to work unceasingly and earnestly for two years longer.

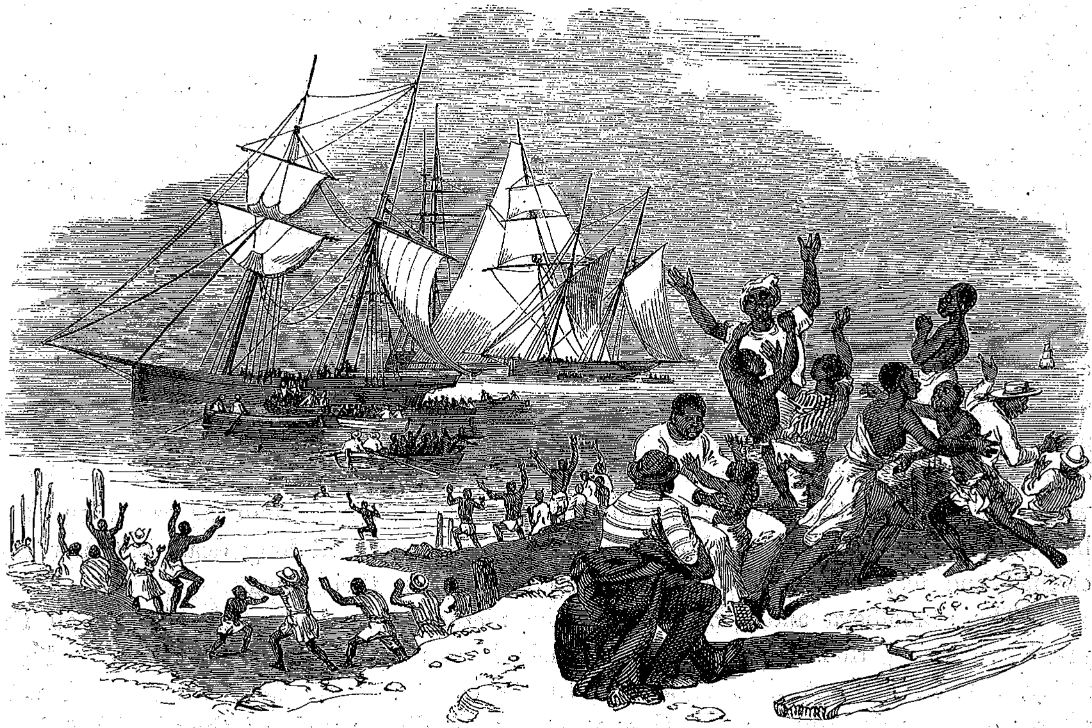
Not the least striking of the scenes witnessed in connection with missionary labours in Sierra Leone were the arrivals of cargoes of rescued slaves. In May, 1821, Johnson had to go to Freetown and receive 217 new-comers of this character. With some of his people, he brought the liberated negroes up to his mountain-girt station. "I cannot describe," he says, "the scene which occurred when we arrived at Regent's Town. I have seen many negroes landed, but never beheld such an affecting sight. As soon as we came in sight, all the people came out of their houses to meet us with loud acclamations. When they beheld the new people, weak and faint, they carried and led them up towards my house. After they had lain on the ground, being quite exhausted, many of our people recognised their friends and relations, and there was a general cry, "Oh, massa, my sister!" "My brother!" "My countryman!" etc. The poor creatures being faint, just taken out of the hold of a slave-vessel, and unconscious of what had befallen them, did not know whether they should laugh or cry when they beheld the countenances of those whom they had supposed long dead, but now saw clothed and fed, and perhaps with healthy children in their arms.

"The schoolboys and girls brought the victuals they had prepared, and all the people, following their example, ran to their houses and brought what they had got ready, and in a short time their unfortunate country-people were overpowered with messes of every description; and they made a good dinner such as they had not been accustomed to for a long while."

In May, 1822, the missionary's devoted wife was so ill that the doctors in the colony declared her case hopeless, especially if she remained in Sierra Leone. It was decided that she should seek mitigation of her sufferings by returning to England, and the sorrowing husband watched the vessel disappear that bore her from his sight on earth for ever. The negroes sorrowed with him. "Oh, massa," said one poor woman to him, "I am sorry that mammy go so quick; I no say good-bye to her, which make me so troubled. Two words mammy talked to me I never forget." After awhile the news came that Mrs. Johnson was recovering under English care, and her husband indulged in hopes that were, however, never to be realised.

Seven years had Augustine Johnson laboured incessantly for the good of his people when the end came. He was now sadly troubled with ophthalmia, and to

cure this complaint, and for various other reasons, a visit to England seemed desirable. Arrangements were made for the proper care of the flock by Mr. Durer and native teachers. "He left the mountain valley in its loveliness," says Miss Cartwright; "the beauties of nature, the beauties of holiness! Within it rose the house of prayer, and the dwellings of the righteous round it; the hymn of praise, the tones of supplication, the hum of busy learners, young and old; and through the mountains stretched the roads for peaceful traffic and friendly intercourse, which the missionary's eye had planned, his hand directed, his untiring feet had traversed. He left his children walking in the truth, adorning the doctrine of God their Saviour."

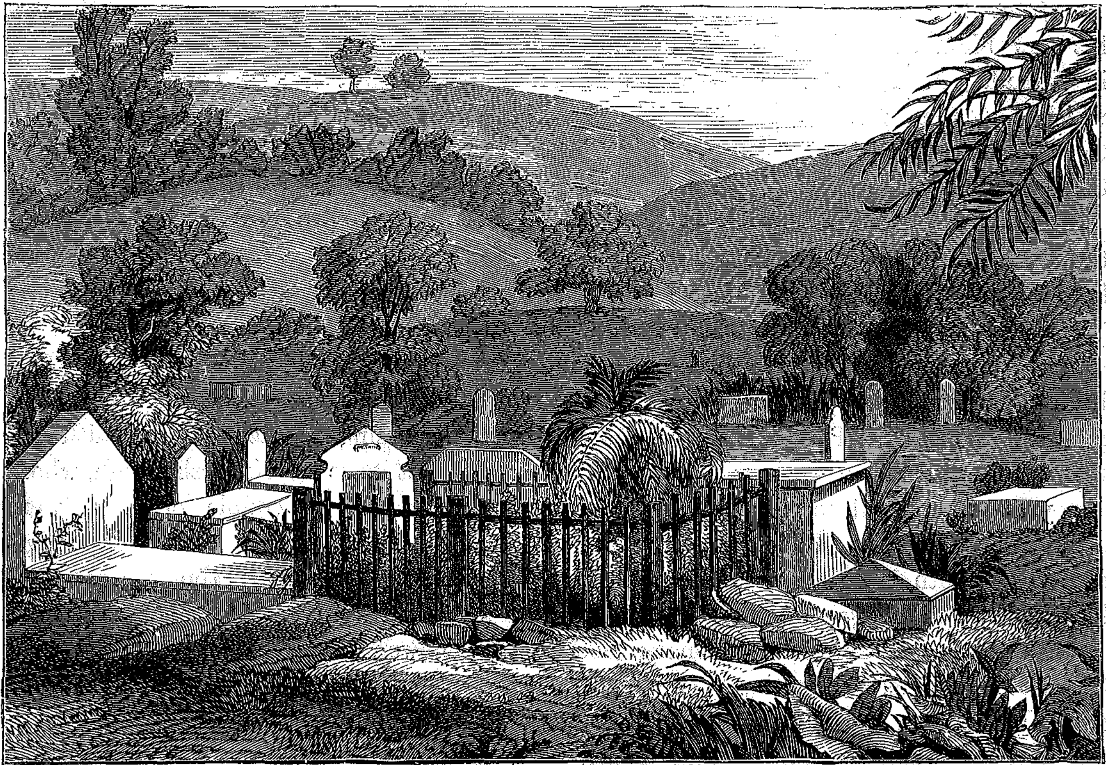


ARRIVALS OF RESCUED CARGOES OF SLAVES.

Hoping to meet once more his beloved wife, and bring her back in restored health to the field of service, Augustine Johnson left Sierra Leone for his native country. His companions were, a little daughter of Mr. Durer, and her negro attendant, Sarah Bickersteth, who on Sunday, May 4th, a week after sailing, heard his last words: "I cannot live, for God calls me, and this night I shall be with Him."

But Augustine Johnson was only one out of many servants of God who built up the native churches of Sierra Leone. At Kissey there is a cemetery, one of the sacred spots of modern Protestant Christianity, where are the graves of many godly and heroic men and women, who freely gave their lives for the good of the African race. "The African Mission," wrote Bishop Vidal, "has been conducted in the midst

of danger and death; trials have been the portion of the African missionaries above all others. The churchyard of Kissey, with its multiplied memorials of those not lost but gone before, is a silent but eloquent witness to the kind of schooling which the missionary for Africa requires." Bishop Vidal himself lay among the dead at Kissey within two years of writing these words. In the first twenty years of the mission, no less than fifty-three missionaries or missionaries' wives died at their posts! But there was never any want of a succession of willing labourers to occupy the vacant places. Thus, in 1823, of five missionaries who went out, four died within



THE CEMETERY AT KISSEY.

six months, yet in 1825 six more candidates came forward. Two of these died within four months of landing in Africa; yet in the following year three more went forth, and before six months had passed two of these also were at rest in the quiet churchyard at Kissey. So the work has gone on, though under somewhat improved sanitary conditions since the cultivation of the jungle lands; the result being that there are now 32,000 professing Christians out of the 37,000 inhabitants of the colony, the remainder being pagans and Mohammedans. A considerable body of native clergy have been trained, not only for the pastorates of Sierra Leone, but also for missionary work throughout West Africa.

The bishopric of Sierra Leone was established in 1852, at the instance of the

Church Missionary Society. Each of the first three occupants of the episcopal chair died within three years of his succession. The third bishop was John Bowen, LL.D., a man whose character may be gathered from his reply to his friends when they urged him to refuse the appointment: "If I served in the Queen's army, and on being appointed to a post of danger were on that account to refuse to go, it would be an act of cowardice, and I should be disgraced in the eyes of men. Being a soldier of the Cross, I cannot refuse what is now offered to me because it exposes me to danger. I know it does, and therefore I must go. Were I offered a bishopric in England I might feel at liberty to decline it; one in Sierra Leone I must accept."

John Bowen was born on November 21st, 1815, but he used to give the date of his new birth unto righteousness as March 6th, 1842. He was at that time a settler in Canada; he resolved to leave his farm and take orders in the Church, a career which had been put before him previous to his emigration. He accordingly returned to his home, where he was gladly welcomed; "but" (he says) "treated coldly by those around me—esteemed perhaps as a visionary or even as a fool."

He now studied at Trinity College, Dublin—a great change from the free life of the Canadian woods. In 1845 arrangements were being made for his going out to help Captain Gardiner and Mr. Owen amongst "the poor savages of Magellan," but the temporary suspension of the mission put an end to that project. Meanwhile he sought opportunities for service. We find him visiting and preaching to Catlin's Indians when they visited Dublin; speaking at a missionary meeting near his mother's house in Pembrokeshire; praying and discussing religious topics with his fellow-students. Then came his ordination and his first cure at Knaresborough, where two years of faithful service endeared him to many hearts. A couple of years were next spent in the Bible lands, seeing for himself the actual state of things, conferring with missionaries, and wherever practicable preaching the Gospel and helping forward all good work. After a summer spent in giving sermons and addresses on behalf of the Church Missionary Society, Mr. Bowen settled down as Rector of Orton Longueville, in Huntingdonshire. Two years were spent in this quiet retirement, and all the poor and afflicted of the country-side came to know that rectory as a fountain of unfailing charity and beneficence. But he was always longing to be among wild races, and in 1854 there came an appeal from the Holy Land which he could not resist, and October saw him taking temporary charge of the mission at Nablus (the ancient Shechem).

In July, 1856, he was again at parish work at Orton Longueville, but ready to go anywhere to speak for the mission cause. As he always paid his own expenses, the Church Missionary Society naturally did not forget to keep him well employed. When the "Bedouin Arabs" were being exhibited in Birmingham, he astonished them by talking in their own language. He also took them for a day under his care, and showed them over the principal buildings and factories of Birmingham. It was in June, 1857, that there came to this man of talent and culture, wealthy enough to choose his own path in life, the offer of the bishopric of Sierra Leone. He could preach in Arabic with ease, he had a passion for work in Eastern

lands, and there were those who, with Mr. Layard, "looked forward to the time when, as Bishop of Jerusalem, Dr. Bowen, by his moderation, his experience of Eastern character, and his Christian forbearance, by his wise and prudent administration, would have rendered inestimable services to Christianity in the East."

He was consecrated in September, 1857, and began his preparations at once. One evening, at a missionary meeting, he was introduced to Miss Catherine Butler, daughter of a former Dean of Peterborough. What followed may be gathered from one of his letters. "Just as I had given up all hope and submitted to God's will in what seemed to me the greatest sacrifice in going to Sierra Leone, a light has shone upon my path, and an excellent Christian woman has been given to me. The circumstances of our coming together are very providential; I can clearly trace the hand of God. I had only heard of her this summer, and seen her but three times, yet I know much of her character and sentiments, and was led to seek her; and she, with a devoted missionary spirit, is ready, and has been in fact already anxious to go to Sierra Leone. I was miserable at leaving Orton, and at my Mungo-Park-like state, but I now bless and thank God for His good gift. I am afraid I am not quite episcopal without 'one wife.'"

The bishop was married to Catherine Butler on November 24th, and on the 26th they embarked from Plymouth. They reached their African home in safety, and at once pronounced Sierra Leone to be on the whole a success. "They have not made Englishmen of a whole heterogeneous population of African savages, but they have transformed them into orderly and peaceable subjects, who are rapidly advancing in civilisation, and are not so deficient in industry as many would persuade us." The new bishop threw himself with characteristic energy into his various duties, and his gentle wife aided and encouraged him in all his efforts. Both their diaries show how complete was their happiness in each other; but the first year of married life had not passed away, when Dr. Bowen had to lay his beloved helpmeet beside her stillborn child in the "wild, neglected cemetery."

Sorrowing, yet resigned, the bereaved bishop applied himself vigorously to the care of the churches. He packed up the unused bassinet and little clothes, and sent them to Orton to be of use to some poor family. He worked on steadily till April, 1859, and then he too, after being only sixteen months in the colony, was laid in the silent grave. During his brief episcopate he had won the hearts of all, and men of all denominations, races, and colours in the colony mourned his loss.

The Wesleyan Methodists took a considerable part in the efforts made to Christianise the negroes of Sierra Leone. George Warren came out in 1811, and after that there were always two or three Methodist missionaries in the colony. As, in accordance with the regulations of their society, they were changed every three years, the death-roll, though a long one, was not so formidable as in the case of the Church missionaries. The Methodists of Sierra Leone are now about 20,000 in number, mostly Wesleyans.

Hannah Kilham, a devoted lady who gave her life to Africa, claims some notice in these pages. When Alexander Kilham, the strenuous opponent of the priestcraft

that was fast developing in the Methodist churches, and the founder of the "New Connexion," died in 1798, he left a young widow twenty-four years of age, who fully shared all his reforming tendencies and convictions. A few years afterwards she joined the Society of Friends, and became very much interested in schools and in efforts for bettering the condition of the poor. Those who worked with her bear witness to her "sterling good sense, clear discernment, decided firmness of purpose, unusual business-like habits and plans, untiring industry, united with winning yet unobtrusive manners." She spent some months in Ireland, whither she was sent on a philanthropic mission after a famine in that land. Subsequently she became interested in

BISHOP BOWEN OF SIERRA LEONE.

Africa, and devoted much time and labour to the reduction of the West African languages to a written form. Then she became conscious that it was her duty to go herself to Africa. Her first voyage was to the Gambia in 1823, with John and Ann Thompson and Richard Smith; the two men never returned. Mrs. Kilham held very strong views as to the barbarous broken-English used in the intercourse of the whites and negroes, and was very anxious that pure English should be taught. As she pointed out, great benefits would result to the African from such teaching, even though the anecdotes told of him might become less amusing. She had made most proficiency in the Jaloof tongue, and began her school work amongst the people who spoke it. She also visited Sierra Leone, and greatly increased her lists of words, and after having thoroughly reconnoitred the field of labour, the two women returned alone to England. Thompson died on board ship just after starting for home, and Smith

died very soon afterwards in the village where he had settled and where he had opened a school.

Whilst waiting till she could again visit Africa, Mrs. Kilham devoted herself to the poor and wretched in St. Giles's. In November, 1827, she was again voyaging to Sierra Leone, having in view "first, the obtaining of an outline of the principal languages spoken by the liberated Africans and others in the colony, . . . and eventually to prepare such an outline of elementary instruction in each language as might introduce the pupils in the liberated African schools to a better knowledge of English than they at present possess."

In less than three months this indefatigable woman had taken copious notes and lists of twenty-five languages spoken by recaptured negroes, when illness drove her back to England. She was firmly convinced that educated Africans would have to be the chief "travellers, and instructors, and improvers of Africa." She strongly advocated the establishment in England of schools for Africans, where they could be well instructed, and also taught surgery, carpenter's work, gardening, printing, and other arts. These could then be sent back to instruct native communities. In December, 1830, she was again in Sierra Leone. A number of children from slave-ships were given into her charge, and she settled down with them in the village of Charlotte, shut out from all Christian society but that of her helpful matron. As she came to know the girls she was instructing, she heard from them many sad details of their sufferings. They came from regions where wars for the purpose of procuring slaves were perpetual, so that they had hardly ever known what it was to go to bed at night and feel secure from alarm. For a time the household was frequently disturbed at night by all the twenty girls crying out together, some noise outside having induced them to believe that the slavers were coming.

One little girl of seven, with cruelly scarred limbs, told how her father and mother were fleeing from the slave-dealer, and how her mother, who was carrying her, was hindered from moving quickly. The father snatched the child away, and threw it on a fire, saying it was better for the child to die than for all of them to be made slaves. But the mother again took up the little girl, and hurried away with it till she reached a place where she thought she could stop and dress the little creature's wounds. Whilst doing this she was captured, and the child was soon separated from her, and so little Towah never again saw her father or mother.

The heart of Mrs. Kilham was cheered by finding her girls ready to receive instruction, and by seeing their minds and dispositions improve under her watchful care. She bade her friends in England regard her sojourn in Africa as no "mournful exile," but as "delightfully relieved from any extreme care, and crowned with the sense of infinite kindness and tender mercy."

"Thus stayed upon God" (says her biographer), "she passed through the rainy season (so dangerous to Europeans) of 1831 with tolerable comfort and safety, continuing her labours, in translating, teaching, superintending, or arranging plans for native teachers being trained. She corresponded with missionaries and with persons in authority, investigated the evils that had crept into the apprentice system, and

mitigated by her just and wise representations the condition of apprentices; and in all ways, by personal observation and exertion, and by the labours of her pen, she promoted the work for which she left country and kindred, and the usages of civilised life, and dared the dangers of a deadly climate, and the scarcely less exhaustive anxieties of devising plans and establishing schools with but little adequate aid or sympathy."

In 1832, Hannah Kilham visited the new colony of Liberia. She warmly protested against the policy of the American Colonisation Society, who seemed disposed to ship off their freed black population as fast as possible, and leave them upon the African shore without previously preparing them for independence. She reached Monrovia (the capital of Liberia) in safety, inspected the schools, arranged for the sending of some native children to England for education, used her influence in various ways for the furtherance of things that were "lovely and of good report," and then set sail for Sierra Leone to resume her service there. But the girls, whose young hearts she had won by her loving care, were never to see her again. For some days the ship was almost becalmed, and then came a storm, during which the vessel was struck by lightning, and had to put back to Liberia. Mrs. Kilham was taken ill, and rapidly became worse, till on March 31st, 1832, she died, and her body was committed to the deep. Nothing more is known of her last moments, for only strangers were present round the death-bed of one so dearly loved by her friends and associates.

The poet, James Montgomery, says of Hannah Kilham: "Having known her for many years, and having often had occasion to glorify God in her, I can honestly testify that during all that period, at home or abroad, she was one of the most actively, influentially benevolent persons with whom it was ever my privilege to be acquainted." Her last entry in her journal shows how distrustful she felt of the merely formal religion in which many of the professedly converted heathen were allowed to rest. She saw that "the utterance of vocal prayer, the hearing of religious instruction, and outward abstinence from worldly amusements and occupations on the Sabbath Day," could not alone suffice in the place of real dedication of heart and soul shown in "daily walk, temper, and deportment."

Lying off the southern promontory of Sierra Leone are the Banana Islands, now the seat of a flourishing Christian Church. Upon one of these islands there landed, in 1746, a wretched youth, clothed in rags, who entered the service of a white slave-trader, living near by. Many bitter hardships did he suffer from the severity of the climate, and the cruelty of his master's negro mistress. He had lost all faith in God or man, but was brought out of his troubles by a series of remarkable deliverances. His future career is briefly, but forcibly, sketched in his epitaph, written by himself, and now to be seen on the walls of St. Mary Woolnoth Church, of which he was for many years the rector:—"John Newton, once an infidel and libertine, a servant of slaves in Africa, was, by the rich mercy of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, preserved, restored, pardoned, and appointed to preach the faith he had long

laboured to destroy." He was one of the founders of the Church Missionary Society, and before his death, in 1807, he saw the West African Mission at work upon those very shores that had seen his youthful degradation and misery.

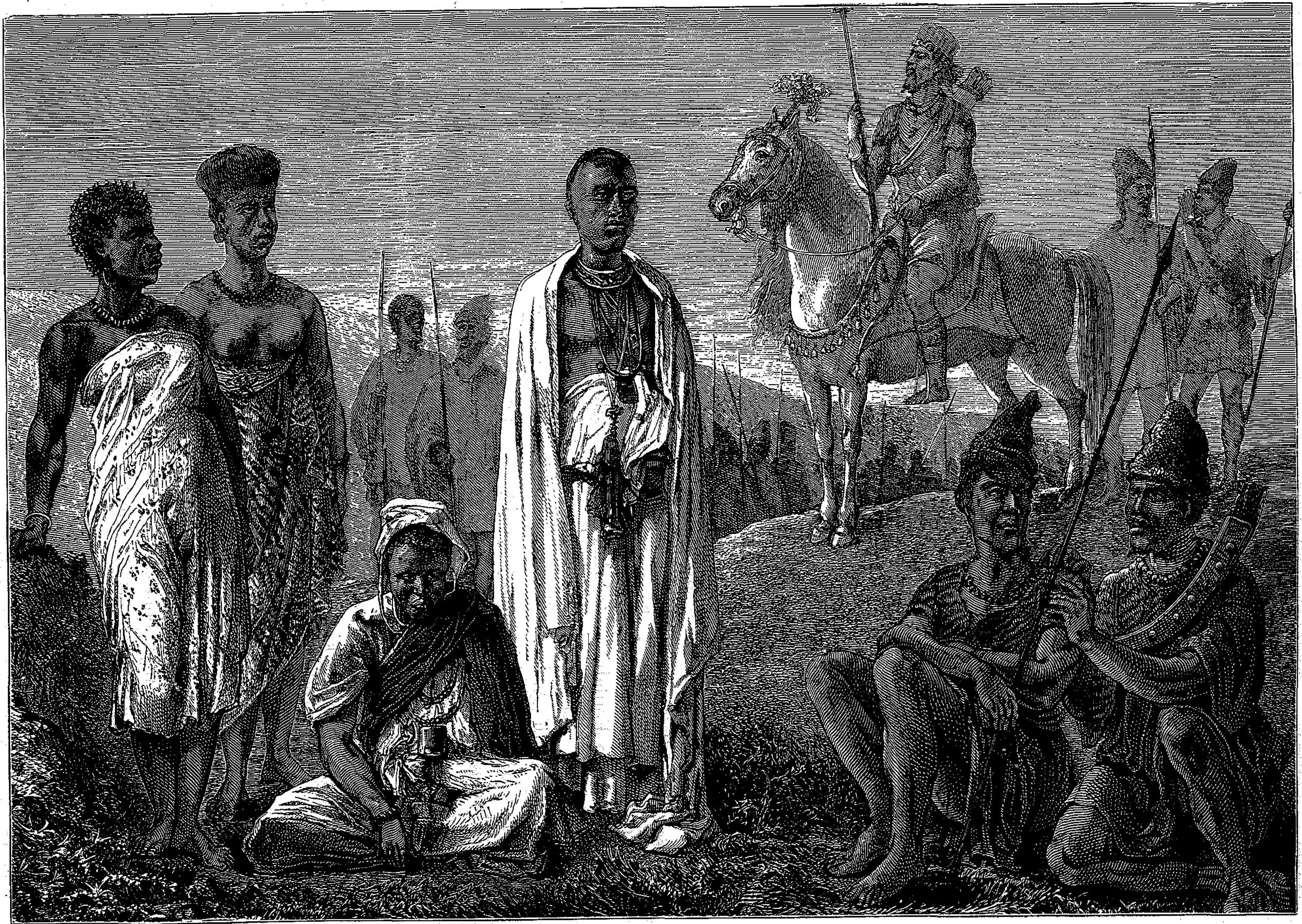
CHAPTER LXXVIII.

FROM THE GAMBIA TO THE NIGER.

The Foulahs—Mumbo-Jumbo—Charms and Amulets—Sacred Mountains—A Devil-house—Campbell and Henderson—Brunton and Greig—In the Susoo Country—The Yomba Land—The Wonderful Life-story of Bishop Crowther—The Abeokuta Mission—Lagos—The Ibadan Mission—Mr. and Mrs. Hinderer—Native Curiosity—Trials and Persecutions—A Great Annual Festival—War and Starvation—Forced Marches—The Methodists in West Africa—The Old Calabar Mission—The Rev. H. M. Waddell—Religious Beliefs of the People—A Reign of Terror—Purgation of Devils and Ghosts—On the Gold Coast—Coomassie—The King of Ashanti—Streams of Blood—Hoffman and the Republic of Liberia—Mr. Morriss and the *Liberia Advocate*—Fernando Po—Peter Bull—King Ripuchu puts on Clothes.

IN the region bounded by the vast Sahara, the majestic Niger, and the Atlantic shores, dwell many distinct tribes. There are the tall Jaloofs of Senegambia, whose nearest neighbours are the Mandingoes, the finest types of the negro race, and of whom every schoolboy has read so much in Mungo Park's famous narrative. Over the territory of these two tribes roam by sufferance the meek and peace-loving pastoral Foulahs, almost devoid of negro characteristics, and claiming traditional descent from a white man. There are Foulahs of another type, though speaking the same language, forming powerful States. The stunted and haggard Loubies (also speaking the Foulah tongue) are the gipsies of Africa. The cruel and treacherous Moors, keen traders and strict Mohammedans, swarm in many parts, and go to and fro in the land with their merchandise and flocks of slaves. Along the Niger dwell the powerful Fellatahs, who have spread over a large district, reducing the inhabitants to slavery. On their western frontiers dwell the Yoruban tribes, under many names, also forming a powerful nation, whose capital, Eyeo, is described by Clapperton as being fifteen miles in circumference, and as having seven markets. Its monarch boasted that his wives, linked hand in hand, would stretch across his kingdom. But most renowned of all the West African peoples, not only in war and commerce, but also in agriculture and the arts, are the Ashantis, by whom, but for British protection, the feebler Fantis would have been extirpated. The Ashanti capital, Coomassie, has become a byword for sanguinary cruelty. The same may be said of Abomi, the capital of the neighbouring kingdom of Dahomey, where, in a palace guarded by Amazons, the walls of the royal bedchamber were seen by Dalzell to be ornamented with human jawbones, and the path approaching it was paved with human skulls.

These are the principal peoples of Western Africa, although there are many other tribes whom it would be tedious to enumerate. Their manners and customs are very similar; their government is pure despotism—the will of the ruler the supreme law. Death is inflicted for trifling offences, except when the ruler sees that it will be more profitable to sell the offender into slavery.



MANDINGOES.

For one class of offences, men are allowed to take the law into their own hands. For correcting the rebellion or other misbehaviour of wives, the well-known African institution known as Mumbo-Jumbo has been developed. As the evening closes in, whilst the people of a town are at their usual amusements in the public place, a monstrous figure is seen to enter, strangely attired in the bark of trees and with a hideous mask over his face. Many a swarthy lady feels bad as she remembers her frailty, and anxiously waits to see if the visit of the avenger is for her. But Mumbo-Jumbo looks through the crowd, and suddenly pounces on his predestined victim. Heedless of her cries, he strips off her scanty raiment, ties her to a post, and severely beats her till she promises never to be naughty any more. Meanwhile the crowd of men and women laugh and shout with joyous excitement. When his work is done, Mumbo-Jumbo retires into the dark forest and hangs up his dress in a tree near the town. There it remains, a warning symbol to the women-folk, till it is again required. The husbands have their own methods of arranging who shall personate the mysterious chastiser of unruly wives.

Some of the tribes we have named are Pagan, some Mohammedan; but the difference is more nominal than real. In neither case is their moral conduct affected by their religion. All appear to acknowledge a Supreme Being when asked questions upon the subject, but all in times of danger or trouble place their chief dependence on amulets worn on the person. The Mohammedan calls his amulet a *greegree* or *saplice*. If properly made, it contains an extract from the Koran, and has been purchased from one of the marabouts, who do a thriving business in the manufacture of these commodities, supplying specialities to suit all requirements. One greegree is warranted to prevent boats from upsetting, another turns aside bullets, whilst a third secures prosperity in business. The greegree is enclosed in coloured cloth or leather, and hung about the person or the dwelling. Many people spend a great deal in these things, and go about completely festooned with greegrees from head to foot.

The greegree is no doubt a Mohammedan development of the fetish used by all the pagan negroes as a safeguard from every human ill. The fetish may be almost anything, but it must be consecrated by the priest and enclosed in horn or leather, and worn as already described. Bones or claws are often used, and since the power of the white race has been so strongly felt in West Africa, anything appertaining to the white man—a lock of his hair or the parings of his nails—is considered to make first-rate fetish. Some of the greegrees are combination articles, constructed to secure the advantages of fetish in addition to their own inherent virtues; thus, in one that was cut open, there was found a square of white man's soap, marked "Genuine Brown Windsor."

There are sacred mountains, rivers, and lakes in West Africa, where certain mysterious deities are adored, and the priests or fetish-men in several places keep in a sort of rough temple a large serpent, which is worshipped at intervals. Mr. Minter tells us that at Dix Cove a large crocodile, kept in a pond near the fort, constantly received divine honours a few years ago. Any person going on shore at that place

might have a sight of the hideous monster at the expense of a white fowl and a bottle of rum. The fetish-man took the fowl and the spirit, and proceeding to the pond, made a peculiar whistling noise with his mouth, when the crocodile came forth and received the white fowl as his share of the offering, whilst the priest appropriated the liquor to himself. On one occasion Mr. Hutchinson and Captain Leven were exposed to considerable peril on paying a visit to this place to witness the novel scene, for the fowl having escaped from the fetish-man into the bush just as it was being presented, the crocodile made towards them, and pressed them so closely that, had not a hapless dog crossed their path, of which the monster made his repast, one of them would most probably have fallen a victim to his rapacity.

Another dark picture of African superstition is afforded us in the following description, by the Rev. A. Bushnell, of a *Ju-ju* or Devil-house—"a rude thatched edifice, upon opening the door of which I saw grinning at me four or five hundred human skulls, with which the pillars and walls were lined, and as I crossed the room I walked upon a pavement of human skulls. The sight was the most ghastly and horrid I have ever seen. As with trepidation I retreated from this habitation of devils, my attention was called to a scaffold, eight or ten feet high, in the yard near the door, on which were a large quantity of human bones, some of which seemed fresh and new. Upon inquiry I learned that these were the bones of enemies taken or killed in war, or for witchcraft; and some of the flesh had been eaten, and the blood drunk, in horrid fetish orgies. To this temple the sick are brought to sleep, and to have incantations performed over them. From this temple I went to call upon Ju-ju Jack, the 'arch-priest' or 'chief devil-man.' I found him sitting in the porch of his dwelling, with emblems of his craft on either side. He conducted me through a room in which were skulls and fetishes, and through a dark passage into a back apartment, where I was furnished with a chair and offered palm wine. He is a fiendish-looking elderly man, and seems capable of any work of cruelty and blood."

As early as 1796 a number of Wesleyan Methodist mechanics came out, with the encouragement of Dr. Coke, to establish a colony in the Foulah country. But at Freetown the emigrants quarrelled and broke up—some went back to England, and the rest settled in Sierra Leone. In March, 1797, under the auspices of the Glasgow Missionary Society, Duncan Campbell, a weaver, and Robert Henderson, a tailor (not yet twenty years of age), went out as missionaries and settled at Racon, in the Timni country. Henderson was on the brink of the grave for months after landing, but when he got to work was very enthusiastic. Campbell taught at Racon, but had no gift of tongues himself, and so his few scholars made slow progress. Henderson went daily four miles under a burning sun to teach some chiefs and others. His youth and amiable manners made him a great favourite. The little children loved him, the old women declared that if he had only been black he would have been a good man, and the young women put forth all their wiles to try and get him for a husband. His scholars got on well, and he saw in imagination his little flock developing into a school of the prophets and evangelising all Africa by their ministrations.

Campbell devoted himself mainly to secular concerns. He and Henderson quarrelled, and though Governor Macaulay intervened and made peace, there was no real reconciliation. Henderson was again prostrated by fever, and was sent home to Scotland. On his recovery he studied medicine, and relinquished the missionary career. He afterwards threw off all profession of religion, avowed himself an infidel, and died while still young. Meanwhile Campbell was working more for himself than for the mission cause. His schools were not successful; he was unfaithful to the Society who sent him out, and to the merchants with whom he had business connections, until, sinking lower and lower, he associated himself with slave-traders, and died in poverty and degradation. So ended the first Scottish mission to the heathen in modern times.

A few months after the departure for Africa of Campbell and Henderson, the Glasgow, Edinburgh, and London Missionary Societies sent out two men each on a mission to the Foulah country. But religious toleration was less understood in those days even than it is in the present, and these six good men quarrelled so desperately and so incessantly, that when they got to Sierra Leone it was found best to separate them. Accordingly the two London men went to the Bullom shore; one of them died very soon, the other returned to England. The two Glasgow men, Ferguson and Graham, went to the Banana Islands, associated with the youthful experiences of the venerable John Newton. Here the chief, educated in England, had gone back to pagan superstitions. A fierce war was in progress, and there was no opening for Gospel teaching. The two teachers retired to the adjacent Sherboro shore, where they were kindly entertained; but there were great banks of mud left by the ebbing tide in front of their dwelling-place, and low swamps behind, and in less than two months they both died of fever.

The remaining two missionaries, Brunton and Greig, of Edinburgh, went to Kondia, on the Rio Pongas, under the protection of the friendly Susoo chief, Fantimanee. Here they studied the language, and taught and preached, till the rainy season set in and prostrated them both with fever. Mr. Brunton was first attacked, and through the fatigue of attending him day and night Mr. Greig's health failed, and he was found one night, by the people of a neighbouring trader, lying helplessly exhausted on the river-bank. For three weeks he was delirious, and at times speechless. Brunton's fever had now become intermittent, and between the paroxysms he could crawl to his companion's bed, though unable to sit up with him. No negro woman could be prevailed on, for any money, to attend to him, through a superstitious dread of his dying under her care. Their house was almost roofless, and let in the rain abundantly. Once Brunton found his fellow-sufferer lying apparently lifeless on the floor in a large pool of water, and it was with the utmost difficulty that he could lift him into bed. Greig was perpetually flinging himself out of bed, and wandering out of doors, when the natives, by arrangement with Brunton, used to convey him back. During all this season of anguish the weather was terrible; rain fell in torrents; trees were torn up by the roots; lightnings flashed through the air, and the earth shook with

the fearful peals of thunder. At one time Brunton thought Greig was really dead, and was planning how he should get his lost companion buried. "Few circumstances in my life," says he, in telling this sad story, "have left a stronger impression on my mind than those now related. A bird which ushered in the day with its melodious notes is fresh in my memory. Indeed, it fixed itself in such a happy situation every morning that I was sometimes led to think it was a kind of messenger from heaven sent to cheer me in my dreary residence."

GROUP OF FOULAHS.

But Greig recovered, and worked on for some time by himself, as Brunton was appointed chaplain to the Sierra Leone colony. Greig spoke Susoo like a native, and his schools and services were fairly attended. After service he used to offer a pipe and tobacco to those who chose to stay for further conversation. He always took tobacco in his pocket when he went preaching in the neighbouring villages, and found it very useful in securing attention.

In January, 1800, seven Foulah men called on Greig, and after talking to them of Christianity and civilisation, he showed them what European articles he possessed, and spent a cheerful evening in their company. He then invited them to stay the night in his house. This hospitable offer they gladly accepted, but in the night, the savages, eager to possess themselves of the articles that had been shown them, rose silently, and one of them began to cut the missionary's throat with a razor

of which he himself had made them a present. Poor Greig struggled violently, when he was stunned by a blow on the head with an axe, stabbed with a cutlass, and left with his throat cut from ear to ear. One of the boys living under his care saw the whole scene, but did not dare to stir. Fantimanee, considering Greig to be under his protection, was much affected by the tragedy. He and other Susoo

A YORUBA WITH HIS CHARMS OR FETISHES.

chiefs tried to track the criminals, and two of them were taken in irons to Freetown, the Susoo people being with great difficulty restrained from tearing them to pieces.

But the Susoo people had not been brought beyond friendly interest in the mission and personal attachment to the missionaries. There was not one convert to Christianity, though it is difficult to believe that so much heroic fortitude and devotedness can have been expended in vain. Mr. Brunton's constitution was now failing, and he was obliged to return to Scotland. Here he compiled, in the Susoo language, grammars, vocabularies, spelling-books, catechisms, and manuals of Christian instruction, for the use of the missionaries whom the Church Missionary Society sent

out to the banks of the Rio Pongas. The Susoo language is said to be very simple and easy, and is understood by Foulahs, Mandingoes, Bulloms, and Timnis, and indeed, more or less by the inhabitants of nearly a million square miles of West Africa; a fact which largely determined the decision of the Church Missionary Society in sending its first missionaries to the Susoo country.

A slave-trader named Curtis was living in 1808 at Bashia, in the Susoo country, when Messrs. Renner, Butscher, and Prasse were sent by the Church Missionary Society into that region. On condition that they would teach his children, Curtis gave the missionaries a two-storeyed brick factory with extensive gardens, as their head-quarters. Here and at Canoffee, further up the country, Renner and his colleagues began educating the children. They expected to carry on their work in the Susoo language, but this did not suit the parents' views, who knew the commercial value of English in the coast trade. Accordingly, it was needful to teach English, or they would have had no scholars. Mr. Butscher went to England in 1812, and came back with six helpers and a quantity of stores. They were wrecked, on a reef near Goree, and managed with great difficulty to reach their destination beside the Rio Pongas. Of the six new helpers only one lived over eighteen months.

The missionaries persevered with their teaching, but their presence in the district was resented by many of the people, who still made a good deal of money by carrying on a smuggling trade in slaves in spite of the British cruisers. The slavers would sail into the Rio Pongas with a cargo of goods, and within twenty-four hours sail away with a cargo of slaves instead. The Governor of Sierra Leone in 1814 sent three armed vessels up the river, which destroyed about a dozen factories, and brought away three hundred slaves. No injury was done to the Susoos, but they chose to make common cause with the slavers, and vehemently accused the missionaries of having given information which led to the armed vessels visiting the river. This was not true; but the whole slave-trade interest of the country was roused against the missionaries, and their establishments at Bashia and Canoffee were repeatedly set on fire. Their property was thus destroyed, and the schools were dispersed. For four years longer these devoted pioneers of the Gospel continued their preaching and teaching. Many of those who were sent out to help in the work died soon after landing, and the obstacles to success were so great in consequence of the determined opposition of the slave-traders, that in 1818 the missionaries and many of the children under their care retired into the colony of Sierra Leone.

Of the Church Missionary Society's work in this colony we have treated in the preceding chapter. From Sierra Leone as a basis, and greatly aided by the native teachers trained up in its schools and institutions, the Society has planted its stations amongst the surrounding tribes. Missions (now under the sole charge of the Sierra Leone native church) were established amongst the Bulloms and Timnis. Large numbers of the liberated slaves in Sierra Leone were from the Yoruba nation, and when, about the year 1840, many returned as Christian traders to their Fatherland, the way seemed to open for the establishment of missions in this district. At Badagry, Abeokuta, Lagos, Ibadan, and other stations, many faithful men and women have

laboured diligently. Much of the work has been done by native teachers and pastors. The career of one of these we must briefly sketch.

In the year 1821, as on many other occasions, the Yoruba land was being ravaged by an army of Mohammedan Foulahs, plundering the towns, and driving the wretched inhabitants into slavery. They came to Oshogun one morning, and bursting open its six gates, were soon rushing through the streets, slaying the men who resisted, and lassoing the women and children as they tried to flee into the bush. In one family thus captured there was a boy of twelve, named Adjai, afterwards known as Samuel Adjai Crowther, Bishop of the Niger.

Fast bound with ropes, young Adjai, with the other children and their mother, were led past the burning town and the corpses of its defenders, away on a long, weary march to Iseh-n. There was a great procession of prisoners, and those who could not keep up were killed or left to die on the roadside. After being two or three times sold, and losing sight of all his relations, Adjai was taken towards the coast by a Mohammedan woman who had bought him. As he travelled with his mistress, he saw everywhere the smoking ruins of devastated towns and villages, and upon the large trees in the market-places there were heads nailed up to warn the poor Yorubans against resisting their conquerors.

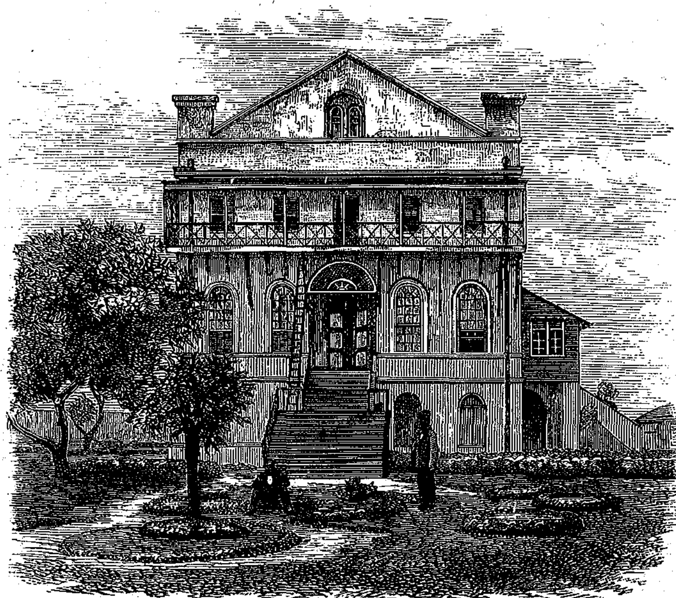
Adjai was sold to a Portuguese merchant at Lagos, and padlocked by the neck to the long chain which secured many other wretched captives. They were stowed for a time in a suffocating barracoon or slave-hut, and then one morning, to the number of one hundred and eighty-seven, they were packed close together in the hold of a slaver. Many of them were ill, some dying, and all cruelly treated by the hardened wretches in charge of them, when an English cruiser swooped down upon the slave-ship, and the poor negroes were delivered. Adjai was soon at school at Bathurst, in Sierra Leone, where he made rapid progress in his studies, and also became a Christian. He was baptised as Samuel Adjai Crowther in December, 1825. A year was spent in England (chiefly at the parochial schools, Islington), and he was subsequently trained in the college at Fourah Bay. He became a teacher in the college, and married Susanna (formerly Asano), a schoolfellow at Bathurst, who like himself had been rescued from a slave-ship.

In 1841 Adjai Crowther was appointed to accompany the Niger expedition. The *Soudan*, *Wilberforce*, and *Albert* sailed up that mysterious river, and some information was obtained respecting the people dwelling upon its banks. The Ibo people were found to be addicted to human sacrifices of the most barbarous character. The victims had their legs tied together, and were dragged about till they expired, and the bodies were then cast to the alligators in the river. They also had a custom of killing any infant whose top teeth appeared before the lower ones, as they held that this was a sign that the child would grow up to be a very bad man.

But the first Niger expedition was on the whole a complete failure. As the explorers went higher up the stream, the deadly climate prostrated one after another, till the ships were obliged to come back to the coast, "moving hospitals," in which

forty-two white men out of the hundred and fifty who started had died in sixty-two days.

During 1842—3, Mr. Crowther was in England pursuing his studies at the Highbury Missionary College. He was ordained by the Bishop of London, and was soon back in Sierra Leone. Meanwhile the Yoruba people had risen against their Foulah oppressors. They had gathered together and built a city four miles in diameter, and containing a population of 100,000. Close by towers a huge rock, from which the city derives its name of Abeokuta—"under the stone." It was peopled by refugees from no less than a hundred and thirty towns devastated by the Foulahs. By way of its port,



FOURAH BAY COLLEGE, WHERE BISHOP CROWTHER WAS TRAINED.

Badagry, seventy miles distant, trade with Sierra Leone was established, and from the latter colony Christian traders of Yoruban origin came and settled at Abeokuta.

Under these circumstances the Yoruban Mission was set on foot by the Church Missionary Society, and Messrs. Crowther, Townsend, and Göllmer taught and preached, first at Badagry, and then at the new capital. At Abeokuta, Crowther's mother, from whom he had been twenty-five years separated, found him. He writes of this incident:—"When she saw me she trembled. She could not believe her own eyes. We grasped one another, looking at each other with silence and great astonishment, big tears rolling down her emaciated cheeks." She was the first to be gathered into the new mission church, of which Crowther writes in August, 1849:—"This mission is to-day three years old. What hath God wrought during the short interval of conflict between light and darkness! We have five hundred constant attendants on the means of grace; about eighty communicants, and nearly two

hundred candidates for baptism. A great number of heathen have ceased worshipping their country's gods; others have cast them away altogether, and are not far from enlisting under the banner of Christ."

BISHOP CROWTHER.

The history of the Abeokuta Mission is a story of mingled triumph and trial. The frequent wars with neighbouring States were often productive of great disaster. In 1851 it seemed as if the city were doomed to destruction. Gezo, the "Leopard" of Dahomey, came against it with a vast army. The low mud walls of the town were surrounded by thousands of well-trained soldiers of both sexes, who fought desperately,

but the Yorubans proved themselves equally valiant, and the foe was routed with immense loss. But through imminent perils the missionaries were preserved, till in 1867 a ferocious mob plundered and destroyed the various stations about the city, and for seven years no European teacher dwelt in Abeokuta. In 1874 the veteran Townsend was permitted to return to the city, and found that, except as regards education, good progress had been made by the native teachers during the seven years they had been left to themselves.

But Crowther had left Abeokuta in 1857, when, with a few native helpers, he went to found the Niger Mission, which has ever since remained entirely in the charge of African clergy and teachers. In 1864 the Rev. S. A. Crowther was made first Bishop of the Niger. He still occupies that position, and encouraging accounts are received of progress in these frontier outposts of Christianity.

Lagos, once the very head-quarters of the slave-trade, the home of degrading superstitions and the frequent scene of human sacrifice, is now a flourishing British colony, in which the Church and Wesleyan Missionary Societies have laboured with good results. It is Bishop Crowther's head-quarters, from which, in his little steamer, the *Henry Venn*, he pays his episcopal visits to the various stations up the Niger and other rivers of his diocese.

A very interesting mission was carried on at Ibadan from 1852 till 1869 by its founders, Mr. and Mrs. Hinderer. It is now under native African care. Anna Hinderer (*née* Martin) was one of those devoted women who seem specially created to be the nursing-mothers of pioneer missions. In her Norfolk home as a girl of twelve she was panting for missionary service. At Lowestoft Vicarage, coming under the guiding and inspiring influence of Mrs. Cunningham, the sister of Elizabeth Fry, she threw herself with ardour into parish work. She had charge as visitor of one of the largest and poorest districts in the town, taught a ragged class which grew into a school of two hundred, and also gave some portion of her Sunday leisure to the boys at the workhouse. Thus the happy years of ripening womanhood were spent in preparatory work fitting her for her future career. In 1852 she was married to the Rev. David Hinderer, who had already spent four years in the Yoruba mission-field. Whilst at Abeokuta he had explored the country round, and had become interested in Ibadan, where it was decided that he and his wife should settle.

At the end of April, 1853, Mrs. Hinderer was carried through the dense African bush in a hammock to Ibadan. Here for some months their home was a primitive mud dwelling, with a grass-covered roof, from which spiders and various strange insects dropped at intervals. Many thousands of such houses, with luxuriant tropical gardens interspersed, make up Ibadan. The older portion covers a tremendous hill, but it has grown over the surrounding plain, and the whole is girt about with mud walls eighteen miles in circumference, and further by a belt of cultivated land about six miles in width. Along the streets there are sheds, used as shops, and frequent idol houses, and, here and there, broad market-places shaded with trees, where the hum of busy life is incessant. The missionaries began work at once, and Mrs. Hinderer won the hearts of the little black boys as readily as she did the hearts of the "Arabs"

of Lowestoft. "At afternoon school" (she writes) "I sat on my chair. One little black fellow had clasped my arm with both his hands, another every now and then nearly resting his chin on my shoulder, the other two sitting close at my feet; and then such a burst of voices repeated the Lord's Prayer after me in Yoruba, and then two of the Commandments. The affection of these people is very great, and in these four boys it is remarkable; if a fly comes near me they push it away."

The natives were astonished at the mission house and church which in the course of a few months rose before their eyes, put together by native labourers under the direction of Hinderer and his associate Kefer, who had themselves often to toil like labourers to get the work done. The large, cool mission house had an upper storey with an outside staircase; the roof was of iron, the walls were whitewashed, and there were comfortable piazzas. When it was finished, Bale, the head chief of the town, paid the missionaries a visit. "He came in great state," says Mrs. Hinderer, "with drums and various strange instruments of music, with his host of attendants, singing-men and singing-women. He marvelled greatly at our house, and could not imagine how it was made. He was quite alarmed to think of mounting the steps, but with my husband pulling and others pushing, we got him up. I stood at the top to receive him in his mass of silks and velvets; he very graciously took my hand, and we walked into the room, at the sight of which he gave a great shout and wondered; he then took a fancy to the sofa, and sat there. We admitted up-stairs his wives, his eldest son, and a few of his great people, and then we were obliged to move away the steps, or the house, strong as it is, must have broken down with the mass of people. We gave him and those in the room with him a little refreshment—English bread, biscuits, and a few raisins. They looked at the bedroom and all the things in both rooms; Bale was extremely amused to see himself in the looking-glass. I took the women by themselves; the washing-stand attracted their attention, so I washed my hands to show them the use of it. My soap was wonderful, and that I wiped my hands after I had washed them was a thing unheard of. But they took it into their heads to follow my example, and all hands must touch the soap and go into the water, and there was a fine splashing and a pretty towel, for the indigo dye comes off their clothes so very much that I believe the towel will be blue and white for ever. At last we got into a state of composure again, and all being quiet, Mr. Hinderer made a little speech, telling Bale how glad we were to see him, why we built the house, and what brought us to this country."

Of the quiet and steady progress made by the three missionaries in their work there is no need to recount the details. They were esteemed by the people generally; and when the King of Ibeju (hitherto inaccessible to Europeans) sent for Mr. Hinderer to come and talk to him, Mrs. Hinderer was left for three weeks a solitary white woman in an African town of a hundred thousand inhabitants.

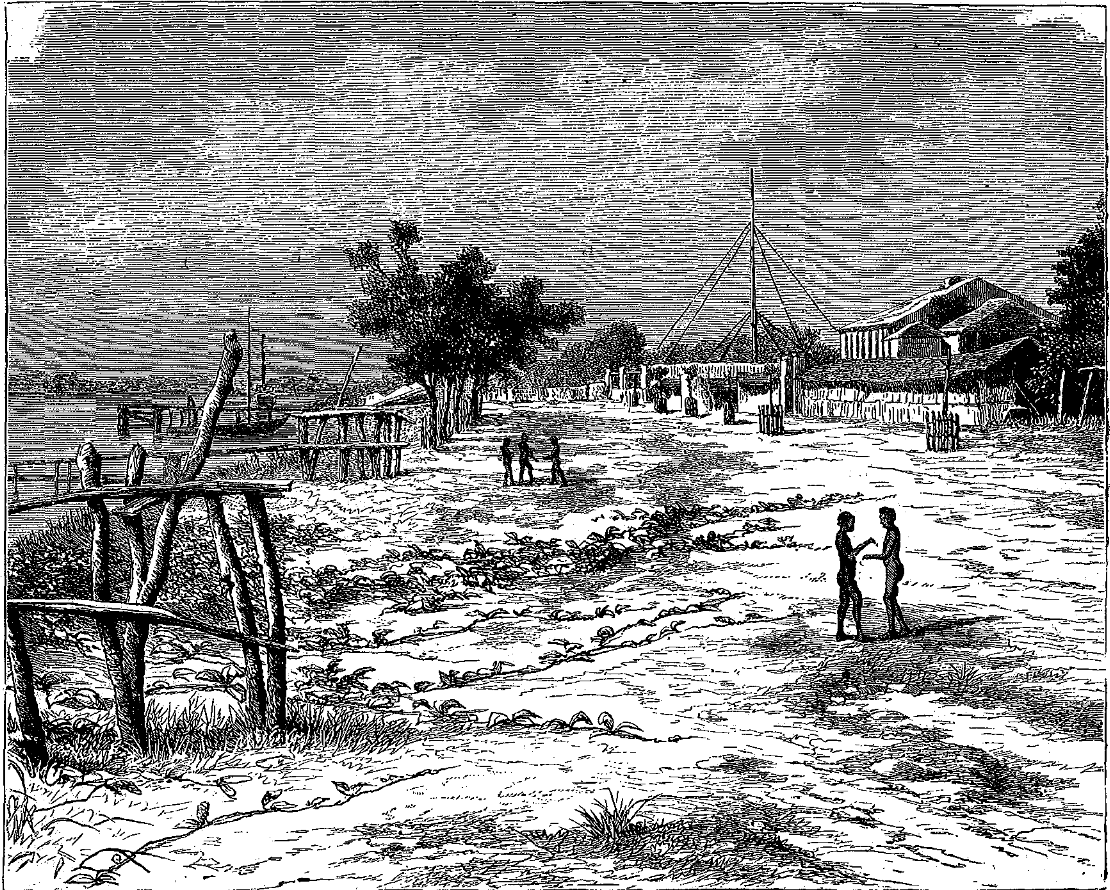
On Mr. Hinderer's return, he was brought to the brink of the grave by severe illness. Just as he recovered, they heard of the death of Bishop Vidal, who had recently been to Ibadan to confirm their converts, and Mrs. Hinderer remembered with sadness that this was the tenth death out of fourteen fellow-voyagers to West Africa

two years before. The eleventh soon followed when Mr. Kefer was struck down whilst itinerating in the neighbouring villages, and was laid in the first white man's grave in Ibadan.

In December, 1855, Mr. Buhler and Mr. Hoch came out to the help of the Ibadan Mission. By this time several more converts had been baptised, and the priests had stirred up persecution to prevent the growth of the white man's religion. The parents of one young Christian woman were very harsh to her, and at length married her to a husband who they thought would control her. He was very rough and cruel, and told her, "You shall never enter white man's house again." "Very well," she replied; "as you wish it, it shall be." "Neither shall you go to his church." To this she answered, "I cannot and will not submit; it is God's House; I will go." She was then cruelly beaten and stoned till her body was swollen from head to foot, and then she was dragged by a rope round her neck to her father's house. When Mr. Hinderer heard what was going on, he hurried to the spot to beg of her tormentors to let her go. He found a mob of furious people holding her on the ground before some idols which had been brought out for her to worship. "Now she bows down! Now she bows down!" they shouted. "No, I do not! it is you who have put me here," she exclaimed. "I can never bow down to gods of wood and stone which cannot hear me. Only in Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the Saviour of poor sinners, can I trust!" Then they dragged her away, threatening to kill her. For months she endured all sorts of ill-treatment, till she could bear it no longer, and ran away alone through the bush to Abeokuta. Many other instances of steadfast endurance of cruel sufferings and hardships are recorded in Mr. Hinderer's journal.

For several months in 1856 Mr. Hinderer was prostrated at frequent intervals by fever, and a visit to England was deemed advisable. Before they left Ibadan there was a wedding in their flock. Their valued helper, Olubi, who for many years had charge of the first mission school in the town, had fallen in love with a servant at the mission house, Susannah, the child of an Abeokuta convert, who had committed her to Mrs. Hinderer's care. Olubi's history was a remarkable one. His mother was a priestess of the god Igun, and had dedicated her child from its birth to the service of the idol Atbatala. Young Olubi inherited his mother's fervent enthusiasm for the gods of her nation, and was very indignant when he first heard the Gospel preached in the streets of Abeokuta. "This white man preaches that we must give up our idols," said Olubi. "If I were a war-chief like my uncle Ogbonna, I would kill him; and if ever he comes into my street, I will do so myself." Not long after, Mr. Müller preached under a tree close by the house in which Olubi dwelt. But poor Olubi had injured himself in the service of his idol, and was now lying a helpless sufferer, where he could both see and hear what was going on outside, but could not interfere. For several days he was thus compelled to hear the preaching, and at last he thought, "After all, it is nothing so very bad that he is saying." As soon as he got better, he somehow felt inclined to go and see more of the white people's worship. He went to the mission school, and was so delighted with what he heard, that he told his mother he meant to go there again. She threatened and beat him, but he persisted in attending, and began learning the Lord's Prayer.

A short time afterwards the great annual festival took place, and, in accordance with their custom, as specially dedicated persons, Olubi and his mother spent seventeen days in performing acts of worship and offering sacrifices in the idol temple. But before it was all over, young Olubi was disgusted with the whole affair, and declared to his mother, "I am sure that I shall not be with you next New Year at Atbatala's house, for I shall follow white man's fashion." His mother was very angry,



FACTORY AT LAGOS.

and for days would give him neither bread nor cowries, but his father-in-law was kind to him, and was even induced to go with the lad to the mission church. The boy attended school regularly, and became a true Christian, in spite of his mother's constant and strenuous opposition. But the zeal and conscientiousness which in his early years Olubi had devoted so fervently to the service of Atbatala, were now sanctified to the service of Christ. Very earnest were his prayers that his mother might be brought into the fold, and those prayers were answered. She came to the mission church; the Gospel message found its way to her heart with convicting power; and casting away all

the symbols of superstition, she forsook Igun and Atbatala, and became a worshipper of the true God. Both she and her husband became regular communicants, and her son Olubi, with his Christian helpmeet, Susannah, did good service for the Ibadan Mission.

The visit of the Hinderers to England was, of course, a time of joyful intercourse with their Christian friends, and during their return journey they had a passing glance at the work going on in the Sierra Leone churches, and talked at Regent's Town with white-haired Africans who revered the memory of Augustine Johnson. They got safely to Ibadan, which they entered amidst a galloping escort, and the firing of guns, and other signs of joy. There was an increased attendance at church, and many people brought their idols to the mission house and declared what lies the priests had circulated to stir up persecution. Even chiefs stated that a short time back they were persuaded that they would be poisoned if they touched a white man, but now they sat down on the mat and shook hands and chatted freely. "We have now a large basketful of idols," writes Mr. Hinderer, "and last evening a man who had been a large dealer in slaves brought the irons with which he used to chain the poor creatures, saying "that having been made free by the blood of Jesus, he never should want such cruel things again."

In April, 1859, Mrs. Hinderer records the death of their old friend, the King of Oyo; forty-two wives took poison, so as to accompany him to the other world. In the following year there was fierce civil war amongst the Yoruba people. The towns of Ijaye and Ibadan were demanding the heads of each other's chiefs, and each town was kidnapping stragglers from the other. At Ibadan, to ensure success, a human sacrifice was offered—a man of twenty-five or thirty, who was first paraded through the streets to show what a fine fellow he was, and who appeared to be as proud as possible of his honours. He had been a poor slave, but on that day he was all but worshipped, and had the privilege of saying or doing anything he chose, except escaping his certain death in the evening. At the moment he breathed his last, all the people bowed in prayer, and then there was feasting and revelry, followed by the immediate departure of the warriors for the scene of expected conflict.

During the war the missionaries were again and again for many months at a time completely shut off from communication with the outer world, so that remittances from England could not reach them; and through the dearness of provisions and other causes, the mission family were occasionally reduced to great straits. Christmas, 1860, had to be kept very sparingly. The missionary helpers, native teachers, and resident scholars numbered in all seventy persons—no inconsiderable community to provide for. Yams were cooked in all sorts of ways, but beans were their chief resource. In January, 1861, Mrs. Hinderer wrote: "Our store of cowries is now nearly exhausted, though we have been as careful as possible, only allowing our two selves a pennyworth of meat in our soup, and glad to eat beans with a little onion and pepper to flavour them, pinching in the salt as if it were gold-dust." As time went on, difficulties increased. In March, 1861, they felt compelled to send home all the children who had homes to go to. Before the end of that month, they had to limit themselves to a handful of beans daily, and "could smile afterwards at the remembrance of having

sometimes cried themselves to sleep with hunger, 'like children,' but the suffering was terribly real at the time." At last they began to sell what they could find about the place that could be spared to procure food. At first old tin match-boxes, biscuit-boxes, and linings of deal chests and other disused articles, were polished up and traded away in Ibadan market, and then household utensils and articles of clothing had to be parted with. At times they were most opportunely helped by kind presents from their native friends. One morning, when the children who still remained with them sat down after the usual prayer for "daily bread" to a coarse meal which Mrs. Hinderer, though faint and hungry, was too weak and ill to touch, a woman passed by with a bunch of Indian corn on her head. She gave a handful of the corn to Mrs. Hinderer, who soon cooked and ate it, very grateful for the "daily bread" so unexpectedly supplied. The milk-woman who supplied them with milk would not accept the order to decrease the quantity, but sent in milk for nothing for a whole year, and would not take any payment for it when the Hinderers afterwards had the means.

In March, 1861, Mr. Hinderer ventured, with two boys, on a three days' journey through the bush, to Lagos on the coast. They got there safely, but were detained a considerable time. On the 23rd Mr. Hinderer sent to his wife by some traders a quantity of flour and other provisions. But the caravan was attacked and pillaged, and only about one load of flour reached Ibadan to represent an expenditure of about £80. Towards the end of April Mr. Hinderer set out on his homeward journey, though in very weak health, and with grave doubts as to his safety, for the King of Ibeju (through whose territory he had to pass) had put a price on his head, and had set men to watch the roads. Hinderer, however, travelled in great confidence, but the two boys with him were alarmed at the bones and skulls and skeletons that strewed the paths. When they reached Ibadan, the missionary was too weak to get off his horse without help. For eight weeks Mrs. Hinderer had lived in anxious suspense as to his safety.

The war continued, and it was a marvel how the difficulties of the position were overcome. The little presents of yams and corn were wonderfully helpful. Mrs. Hinderer sold her large cloak to an Ibadan warrior for 20,000 cowries (about £1), much less than it was worth, but still the cowries were just then invaluable, "so we laugh, and say we have all been living on Iya's cloak. This week we are living on the proceeds of my onion beds: onions are much used here, and I determined by a little care to try and improve on my beds, and I have had fine ones. One of our church-people sells them for us."

The year 1862 brought but little relief. The overdue mails for six months were got through to them in February, and Mrs. Hinderer was delighted with her batch of fifty letters. In May the town of Igaye, with its sixty thousand inhabitants, was destroyed, and Mr. Roper, of the Church Missionary Society, came and stayed with the Hinderers. The war was now being carried on in the Ibeju country, shutting them off from communication with Lagos. By small gifts and loans at intervals from friendly Africans, and by selling what they could spare, the mission

family got through the year. In December Mrs. Hinderer writes: "We sold a counterpane and a few yards of damask that had been overlooked by us, so that we indulge every now and then in one hundred cowries' worth of meat (about a pennyworth), and such a morsel seems like a little feast to us in these days." She managed to buy ten baskets of corn. "Those baskets of corn are such a delightful sight to me this evening, that I can scarcely help running to take a look at them and be thankful."

During 1863 and 1864 the civil war was still raging, and little or no success attended the frequent efforts of the missionaries at Abeokuta and Lagos to send relief to the isolated family at Ibadan. There could be little public Gospel teaching in those days; street preaching was impracticable, and, in visiting, it was found that people would talk of nothing but the war news.

In April, 1865, Captain Maxwell led an expedition by a new path which they cut for themselves through the bush, and arrived at the mission house at ten o'clock one night with supplies of food, and a hammock to bring Mrs. Hinderer away. It was needful to begin the return in seven hours' time, unobserved if possible. Mr. Hinderer decided not to leave his post without arranging with the native helpers for the continuance of the work, but that his wife should depart forthwith. It was a sore parting, full of anxiety and doubt as to the future. Mrs. Hinderer's faithful African servant, Konigbagbe, suspected what was being planned in that busy night's work, and was in dire distress till she got leave to go with her mistress to Lagos. At early dawn there were tearful partings, and the cavalcade set out, and by forced marches accomplished a circuitous six days' route to Lagos in less than four days.

In May Mrs. Hinderer was in England, where two months later she was joined by her husband, who had managed to arrange matters and get away safely. But by the end of 1866 they were able to return to their Ibadan Mission. The native Christians rejoiced, and the whole community seemed to share in the welcome. The schools and services prospered, but towards the end of 1867 the Yoruba tribes were again in a state of wild unsettlement. The Abeokuta churches were pillaged, and the missionaries banished to Lagos. The hostile tribes tried to get the chiefs at Ibadan to banish the white people, but these chiefs met to consider the matter, and then told the missionaries, "We have let you do your work, and we have done ours, but you little know how closely we have watched you, and your ways please us. We have not only looked at your mouths, but at your hands, and we have no complaint to lay against you. Just go on with your work with a quiet mind; you are our friends and we are yours."

But the Egbas and Ibejus, failing to get the white people everywhere expelled as they wished, closed the coast roads, and the painful anxieties of isolation were again felt. Both husband and wife were feeling much worn with their frequent severe illnesses. To each of them life in Africa had been a long martyrdom. Early in 1868 their object was to set things in order for transference, if possible, to younger and stronger hands. As the year advanced, it became evident that for each of them life depended upon an early departure from Africa. Again an expedition from Lagos was sent, and reached Ibadan on New Year's Eve, 1869. Mrs.

Hinderer was safely conveyed through the Ibeju country, where they were plotting to take her life as the most dangerous enemy of their gods and customs. Mr. Hinderer stayed to confer with the chiefs for the safety of the native teachers, and it was nine months before he was able to join his beloved wife in England. Both needed prolonged medical treatment, and the hope of a return to Africa had to be given up. Mr. Hinderer was appointed curate of Martham in Norfolk, and his wife threw herself with joyful energy into the parish work. For a few weeks the lamp of life seemed once more burning brightly; but the end was now very near. In May, 1870, Anna Hinderer, in her forty-fourth year, peacefully passed away to her eternal Home.

We need only add, with reference to the Ibadan Mission, that on revisiting the town in 1874 Mr. Hinderer found matters in a satisfactory state. There are three centres in the town, and three out-stations—at Oyo, Agbomeso, and Ilesa—all now under the charge of the Rev. James Johnson, an energetic African clergyman from Sierra Leone.

The Wesleyan Methodists have done a great work in West Africa. In Sierra Leone, and at various stations on the Gold Coast, their adherents are now numbered by thousands. In Africa, as in other lands, a certain class of minds appear to exist to whom the Methodist presentation of Divine Truth seems specially to commend itself, whilst others require to be attracted by a more elaborate ritual. It is cause for rejoicing, that the Church Missionary Society agents and the Wesleyan Methodists of West Africa, where brought into association, have worked very harmoniously.

The Wesleyan Methodists began to work on the Gold Coast in 1834, where the English had had forts for two centuries. For a hundred years there appears to have been no attempt at any recognition of Christianity. In 1751 the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel sent out a chaplain, who after four years of ill-health returned to England with two African youths. One of these, Philip Quaque, came back and officiated as chaplain at Cape Coast Castle for fifty years, but took to his fetishes on his death-bed! Several English chaplains afterwards died here successively, but their work appears to have been very restricted.

There was a Government school here, however, in which in the year 1834 there were a few native youths who had learnt to read the Bible. They were so interested in its contents, that they formed themselves into a little society for the study of the Scriptures. But they found it very difficult to get copies, and agreed to send to England for some Testaments. They mentioned the matter to Captain Potter, master of a merchant vessel in port, who took up the subject warmly, and not only got them the Testaments, but also called at the Wesleyan Mission House and offered to take out a missionary free of cost if the Society would send one.

The result was that the Rev. Joseph Dunwell went back with Captain Potter, much to the joy of the young Africans, whose hearts were already prepared to receive him. He preached with great success at Cape Coast Castle, and at other places in the settlement, but in less than six months he was laid in his grave, the first victim out of a noble band of devoted Wesleyan missionaries, who have since

then sacrificed their lives on these pestilential shores. All along the coast and far into the interior, the churches they have planted and the schools they have organised flourish as living monuments to their memory. It is very gratifying to hear that of late years the average term of service has been gradually lengthening.

Brief allusion must also be made to a mission sent in 1854 to the Susoos, and other tribes on the Rio Pongas, by a Church of England West Indian Association at Barbadoes. The first missionary was the Rev. J. H. Leacock, who was attacked by fever almost immediately on his arrival at the Rio Pongas. The natives, on whose behalf he was risking his life in that deadly climate, took advantage of his helpless state to steal almost all of the scanty possessions he had with him. As he lay alone in his hut in sore discouragement, he was unexpectedly cheered by a visit from Lewis Wilkinson, son of the native chief of Tallanjia. The man brought a message from his father, earnestly requesting a visit, and as soon as he was able Leacock went to see him. This old chief, on seeing the missionary, greeted him warmly, and then, with much agitation, repeated the "Te Deum." He told Leacock that his name was Richard Wilkinson, and that when a youth he had been taken to England, and had lived three months in the house of the celebrated commentator, the Rev. Thomas Scott. When he left England, in 1812 (as shown by the Church Missionary Society's "Proceedings"), great hopes were entertained of his usefulness, and he was sent forth specially commended in prayer. But it seemed for a long time as if these fervent hopes and prayers were doomed to disappointment, for Richard Wilkinson went back to his idols and his heathen customs. But in the year 1835 he had been brought almost to the brink of the grave by severe illness, and in that low state he had come to his right mind, and now for twenty years he had been praying that a missionary might be sent to him. He considered Leacock's arrival as an answer to his prayers, and did all he could to help forward the evangelisation of the people. He at once gave land for the mission premises, and until his death in 1861 proved himself a warm and zealous friend of the cause.

The Old Calabar Mission was another offspring of West Indian zeal. It was undertaken by the United Presbyterian Church of Jamaica, under the sanction of the mother church in Scotland. The Rev. H. M. Waddell and his companions, who went out in 1846, were well received by King Eyamba of Duke Town, and King Eyo of Creek Town. There were about ten thousand people in these two towns, and there were several other smaller towns close by. The inhabitants were already to some extent civilised, and the chiefs lived in very good furnished houses; but there were all sorts of incongruities.

At Creek Town, Duke Town, and Old Town, mission stations were established; but the principal work for some time was done in the mission schools, where the young people received the rudiments of a good education. At the same time preaching was not neglected, and a galvanised iron church and a printing press sent out from London were made good use of. The missionaries reduced the Efik or Calabar language to a written form, prepared a dictionary and a grammar, and translated the Bible. In spite of ignorance, superstition, and cruelty, a good work has been steadily carried on, the

whole tone of the community has been raised, and a numerous band of ordained pastors, lady helpers, and native evangelists and teachers, are now carrying on Christian work in connection with the six congregations of Old Calabar and its vicinity.

In investigating the religious belief of the people, Mr. Waddell found that there were local deities honoured for special purposes. Sometimes, to hasten the arrival of ships, a human being was sacrificed to some river or sea god. The fishing villages used annually to fasten a man to a stake at low water, and leave him there to be drowned or devoured by alligators. A headman declared that he never knew that God disliked the custom; their fathers had always done it, and he supposed it must be good for business. In various parts there were sacred trees and groves, said to be haunted by spirits, and in most households there was an *ekpenyong*, a stick surmounted by a human skull, adorned with feathers and daubed with yellow paint—an ugly thing, but considered to procure great benefits for its possessor. All sorts of charms were sold to the people by the *abia-ebok*, or doctor of medicine. Their ideas of a future state were very shadowy, but they agreed in the belief that it was a very mean thing for a chief to go to the other world without a considerable escort. "If you have no one with you when you die," said one old man, "Ekpu country will say, 'What poor slave is that coming now? he has not one boy to carry his snuff-box!'"

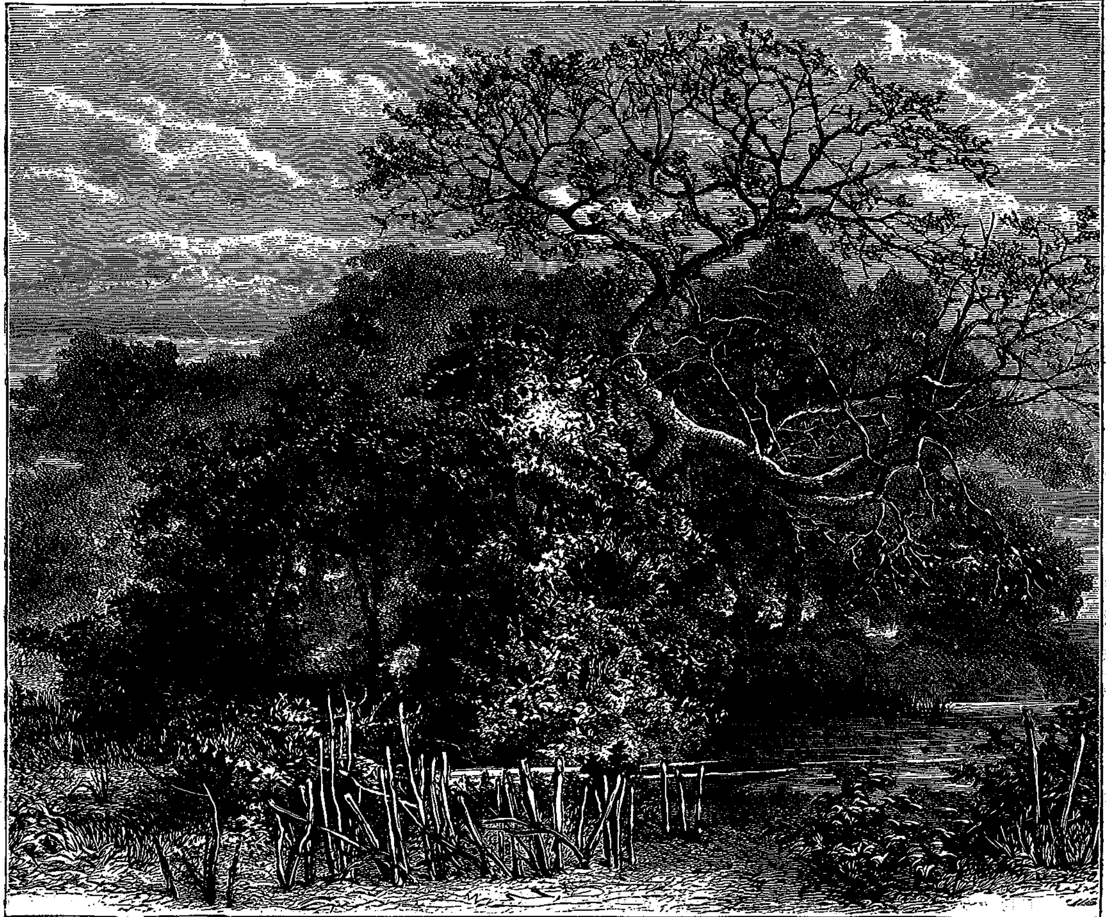
When King Eyamba of Duke Town died, a reign of terror at once set in. His brothers and nephews went into a large number of houses and strangled the inmates, and armed men were placed by the paths leading from the town to kill passers-by promiscuously. Meanwhile for the king's burial a great pit was dug inside a house, with a chamber excavated at one side. Here the body, crowned and adorned, was laid on a sofa. The king's umbrella, sword, and snuff-box bearers, and other personal attendants, were slain and thrown into the pit, also a number of virgins *alive*. A supply of food and a quantity of goods and coppers were then added, and lastly the earth was filled in, beaten hard, and, as far as possible, every trace of the grave removed.

Thirty of the late king's wives died the next day. "King calls you," was the simple message brought to each successively; and the doomed one adorned herself and drank off a mug of rum and went to the executioner, who quickly strangled her with a silk handkerchief. For many days and nights an epidemic of murder seemed raging. Numbers were drowned in the river, and their corpses floated to and fro with the tides; the outlying farms of the country round were visited by armed ruffians, who slaughtered young and old, male and female, promiscuously. Night after night the missionaries had to hear the screams of victims whom they were powerless to help; for when they pleaded with the native authorities, who were polite and plausible, the force of ancient customs was urged. Eyamba's daughter, Ofiong, whom Mr. Waddell declared to have been, for massive fleshiness, the "greatest gentlewoman" he ever saw, was indignant because her father had been insufficiently honoured, and upbraided the rulers for having slain so few. The killing of people for the dead was, through the persistent action of the missionaries, abolished by Calabar law in 1856.

Embonpoint of an exaggerated type is in Calabar the climax of female loveliness. When a girls' school had been got together, it was attended by the daughters of

the king and chiefs—"above a score of fine girls, clever and well-behaved young gentlewomen," but all already promised in marriage, and soon taken from school to undergo the fattening process, and prepare to become wives.

Once in two years came the ceremony called Ndok, the annual purgation of the Calabar towns from devils and ghosts. For some days previous there had been rude figures of cows, alligators, and so forth, in front of the houses, when a message came



SACRED TREES AND GROVES.

from the king to Mr. Waddell, telling him not to be frightened if he heard noises in the town next morning, "because every man and woman would begin at three o'clock to knock door." Mr. Waddell was startled, nevertheless, at the sudden hurricane of noise and uproar that broke forth. It was a wild mingling of musketry and cannonading, of howling voices and bell-ringing, and the belabouring of doors with great sticks. "All this wild uproar," says Mr. Waddell, "was designed to frighten the devil out of town, and was enough to frighten everything but the devil. In the morning every house was carefully swept, and the sweepings, as well as the effigies of animals,

above referred to, were thrown into the river, and it was supposed that all ghosts and devils had now been got rid of. There was grief in many homes, for this was the final parting with the spirits of those who had died in the last two years, and who until Ndok are supposed to hover about their old dwelling-places."

The Rev. Mr. Jameson laboured at Creek Town, and when this devoted missionary died, King Eyo was in sad trouble to understand "how God take him away so soon, after He send him here long way, for teach we good." He had his flag placed half-

GOING TO A "LADIES' SCHOOL" AT CAPE COAST.

mast high above his palace, and came through the streets with his huge umbrella furled. The body of the faithful missionary was laid in his African grave, but his name was long held in reverence by both king and people.

On the Gold Coast, which lies to the east of the Bight of Benin, German missionaries have been at work for more than sixty years. Their earliest efforts only realised failure and disaster. In 1827 three men were sent out by the Basle Missionary Society. One of them, Hegele, was wounded in the head by a block that fell from the rigging of the ship in which they were about to proceed to Africa. He had to be left behind at Plymouth, but went forward with two other missionaries, Wulf and Kissling, soon afterwards. Three more joined them in the same year. Of these eight

men, four died within a few weeks, two others were sent home invalided, and the remaining two, Kissling and Sessing, laboured for a short time, but had to retire exhausted from the struggle.

In the following year four more missionaries went out from the Basle Society, but only to sicken and die in a few months. Of the three who followed them in 1831, two were speedily in their graves, and Andreas Riis was left alone. He worked on the coast and in the adjacent country for twenty-three years. Several of those who from time to time came out to join him in the work were struck down at his side.

Riis, who died in 1854, had found it advisable to carry forward his work amongst the negroes some way inland, and had even visited Coomassie, the capital of Ashanti. To this State and the neighbouring kingdom of Dahomey a horrible interest has long attached, as abodes of cruelty and organised murder. The ferocious "customs" prevalent on the death of the king, or of any man of note, include the wholesale slaughter of human beings, in combination with immoderate eating and drinking and the wildest licence. Between Ashanti and the British settlements on the coast lies the Fanti territory, under British protection. With the Ashantis the English have been frequently at war, the last occasion being in 1874, when Sir Garnet Wolseley advanced through the bush and delivered the two missionaries who had spent four years in captivity.

When the war broke out, Mr. and Mrs. Ramseyer and Mr. Kühne were taken prisoners at the mission station of Anum, near the frontier, and hurried away by forced marches, from which they suffered greatly. They were eleven months with the army, often half-starved and ill-treated, and frequently in fear of instant death. Want of proper nourishment caused the death of their little baby, ten months old.

In May, 1870, they were brought to Coomassie and introduced to the king, in the midst of a picturesque assemblage of the chiefs and warriors of Ashanti. Each chief had a numerous retinue, and was shaded by a gorgeous umbrella. Conducted by the royal sword-bearer, who was a walking museum of the king's arms and ornaments, so thickly were they slung about his person, the missionary party were marshalled into the king's presence, and saluted by wild music of horns and drums. Then, in order duly to impress their minds with the power and splendour of Ashanti, a grand procession passed before them. Messrs. Ramseyer and Kühne, in the interesting work which Mrs. Weitbrecht has translated, have given the following vivid description of the scene:—

"All rose, the horns blew, the jubilant cry resounded louder than the drum, as the grandees approached us with measured steps. The inferiors preceded, then the great men, shaded by their umbrellas and surrounded by their pages, saluted us as they passed by, each raising the hand. In front of the principal chiefs marched boys, adorned with elephants' or horses' tails, and carrying drums made of the trunks of trees, and horns adorned by human jaws. A few of them had elephants' tusks hollowed out, and emitting a sound surpassing all others in strength and clearness, each musician trying to honour us by producing their loudest and shrillest tones as they passed us. The chiefs were arrayed in silk or the brilliantly embroidered cloth of the country;

every individual wore his handsomest jewels, especially his massive gold plate on his breast; his carved seat being carried on the head of an attendant, who was followed by soldiers bearing his arms.

"After a number of such personages had passed, the great monarch himself approached. He was heralded by some eighty individuals, each wearing a cap of monkey's skin adorned by a golden plate, and each holding his seat on his hand. Then came the dwarfs and buffoons in red flannel shirts, with the officials of the harem; there were also sixty boys, every one of whom wore a charm sewn up in leopard's skin, with written scraps from the Koran. This train was followed by five tastefully carved royal chairs, hung round with gold and silver balls, and richly ornamented with bells, but all black, being stained with the blood of human sacrifices.

"Next, under an enormous silk sunshade, appeared the actual royal chair, encased with gold, and with long golden pipes carried behind it, as well as many wonderful vessels and articles of *vertu.* A peculiar music was heard rising above the sound of the horns and the beating of the drums. This was produced by some thirty wild-looking boys, each of whom swung, as he marched, a calabash half filled with stones. This din was anything but agreeable to a European ear, though the performers kept marvellously good time.

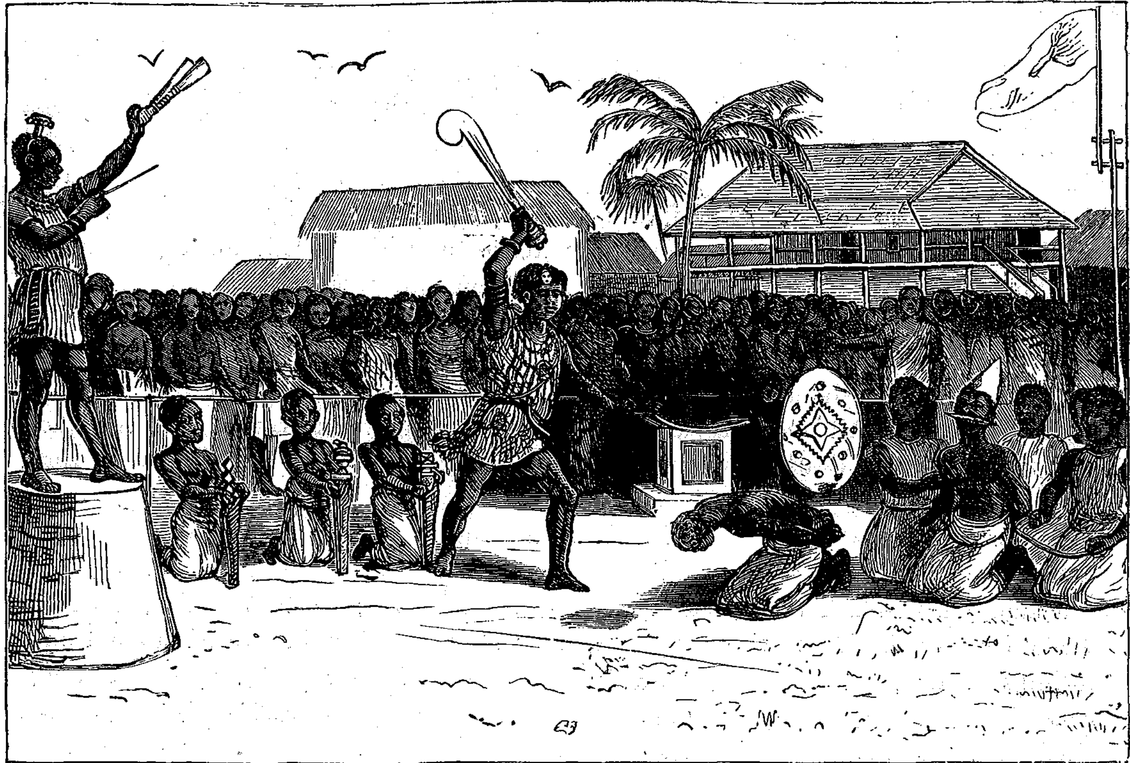
"Still larger umbrellas and fans now approached, preceded by a corps of a hundred executioners dancing, whose ages varied from boys of only ten years to grey-headed old men. All wore leopard-skin caps, and had two knives slung from their necks. The dismal death-drum, whose three beats were heard from time to time, closed the procession.

"Now the music became wilder and louder, the ivory horns sounded shriller, the screaming and howling surpassed all description. Led by an attendant under a magnificent sunshade of black velvet, edged with gold and kept in constant motion, the royal potentate appeared. Boys with sabres, fans, and elephants' tails, danced around him like imps of darkness, screaming with all the power of their lungs, 'He is coming! He is coming! His Majesty the Lord of all the Earth approaches!' The boys then retired, that the king might be able to look well at us and enjoy the intensity of his happiness. Golden sandals adorned his feet, a richly ornamented turban was on his head, his dress was of yellow silk damask, his hands and feet glittered with gold bracelets and bangles. Half a dozen pages held him by the arms, back, and legs, like a little child, crying continually, 'Look before thee, O Leon! take care, the ground is not even here.'"

The king gazed with astonishment at his captives—the first white people he had ever seen—as they stood before him in torn garments, with their toes peeping through their shoes. Mr. Ramseyer describes the appearance of King Coffee Calcalli as powerful yet beneficent, and "with no look of cruelty." Like many other monarchs, he was powerless to change old customs, and it was necessary for him to go to war with the English or cease to reign. But to the missionaries personally he seems to have been not unkindly disposed, though for four years he kept them at Coomassie. Their wants appear to have been on the whole tolerably well provided for, and a large portion of

the supplies sent to them from the coast were permitted to reach them. They had a faithful friend in John Owusa Ansa, a converted Ashanti prince who had been educated in England. He was an ordained minister of the Wesleyan Mission on the coast, but having been sent to Coomassie on business for the Colonial Government, he had been detained in the city.

But the captive missionaries had to suffer much through constantly seeing or hearing of cruelties and murders, without being able to intervene on behalf of mercy.

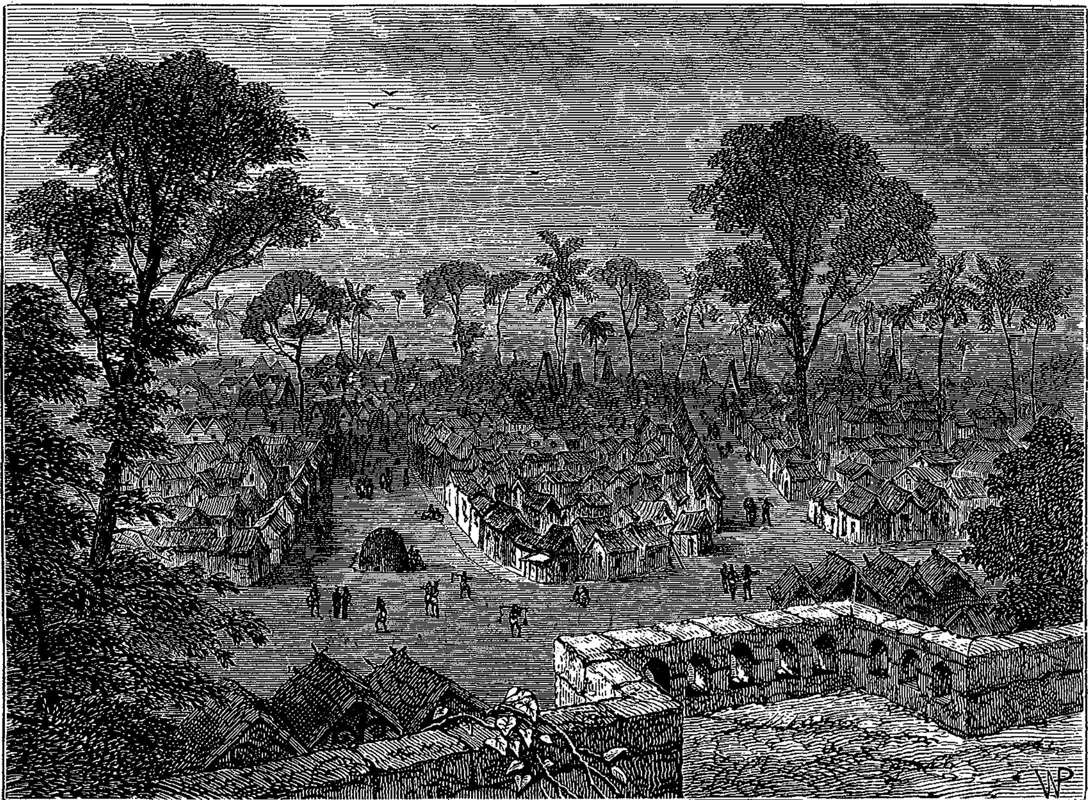


EXECUTION IN COOMASSIE.

Killing people is an everyday occurrence at the capital of Ashanti, and is even an organised part of the system of government. The king has about a thousand *kra* (literally "king's souls"), individuals who are destined to be put to death when the king dies, and who therefore watch carefully over his safety. Death is dealt out by the code of Coomassie for the most trifling offences, *e.g.*, for whistling in the city, for letting an egg fall and break in the street, or for spilling palm oil in a public thoroughfare, and so forth. Murderers were put to death with horrible tortures. Mr. Ramseyer's account of his experiences positively reeks with gore. The king goes to repair the royal burial-place, and at every stage of the proceedings human blood is shed. After a campaign in which several Ashanti chiefs of note have fallen, there is a three days' death wake, during which all the people are madly drunk, and a vast

number of persons are slain as a retinue to the fallen warriors. Prince Mensa Kuma, aged sixteen, dies, and the event is followed by ten days of slaughter. The New Year is ushered in with the sacrifice of many lives, but at some of the great national festivals even Coomassie outdoes itself, and becomes more than ever a place of blood.

For instance, at the festival of Baulama, the king goes to the long building parted off into cells, in which repose the skeletons of the Kings of Ashanti, fastened together with gold wire and placed in richly ornamented coffins. "On this occasion



COOMASSIE.

every skeleton was placed on a chair in his cell to receive the royal visitor, who on entering offered it food; after which a band played the favourite melodies of the departed. The poor victim selected as a sacrifice, with a knife thrust through his cheeks, was then dragged forward and slain, the king washing the skeleton with his blood. Thus was each cell visited in turn, sacrifice after sacrifice being offered, till evening closed ere the dreadful round was completed.

"We had heard the blowing of horns and beating of drums all the day, and were told that nearly thirty men had been slain. These, alas, were not all! for at six o'clock, after the king had returned, the horn and the drum again sounded,

betokening that more victims were yet to fall, and far into the night the melancholy sound continued. Two blasts of the horn signified 'Death! death!' three beats of the drum, 'Cut it off!' and a single beat from another drum announced "The head has dropped!' Powerless as we were, amid the fearful darkness around, to hinder such atrocities, we could only sigh and pray that our captivity might bring about a better state of things."

It seems strange that in the midst of all these horrible practices the king seemed tolerant of Christian teaching. When Mr. Ramseyer asked Bosommuru, the king's chamberlain, if he might proclaim the Gospel in the streets, that functionary replied that the king had often wondered why he did not do so. Henceforward open-air services, as well as the services in the old Methodist Mission House which had been given to them, were frequent, and Prince Ansa showed himself an out-door preacher of great power and fluency.

The approach of Sir Garnet Wolseley's expedition in 1874 effected the deliverance of the captives. The power of Ashanti was broken, and the king signed a treaty, in which he promised to use his best endeavours to check the practice of human sacrifice, with a view to hereafter putting an end to it altogether. Another indirect result of this war was the abolition of domestic slavery amongst the Gold Coast tribes. Some subsequent efforts to renew the missionary campaign in Ashanti do not appear to have been successful. The Bible and other books have, however, been translated by the Basle missionaries into the Otshi or Tschi language, which is spoken amongst all the Ashanti tribes.

Seventy years ago the people of the United States woke up to the fact that there were about 200,000 freed negroes in the country. Philanthropists wanted to do them good, and people of another class wanted to get rid of them, and so with general consent and encouragement the American Colonisation Society was formed, and several thousand negro emigrants were deported to the African coast. This was the origin of the black Republic of Liberia, now inhabited by about 700,000 persons—emigrants, rescued slaves, and natives of the district.

Regarded as an evangelising force, which it was hoped would bring the barbarous tribes of the coast and the adjacent districts to Christianity, Liberia has, in comparison with Sierra Leone, been almost a failure. It has done very little for West Africa. Still, so far as the colony itself is concerned, it is in an infinitely superior condition to any other independent West African State. Amongst the emigrants have been many sincere Christians, and the different religious denominations of America have sent out many missionaries to the colony. The Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, and Protestant Episcopal Churches of America all have their organisations in Liberia—not only missionaries, but settled pastors and teachers. In almost every town and village of the settlement, places of worship and educational buildings are conspicuous.

As early as May, 1822, the Domestic and Foreign Mission Society of the Protestant Episcopal Church—a Society only established in the previous October—

appointed missionaries for Liberia, but, partly through the strange opposition of the Colonisation Society, and partly through other hindrances, thirteen years passed before Mr. J. M. Thompson and wife were sent to the colony. Other missionaries followed and passed away, until in 1847 the Rev. J. Payne found himself the only ordained labourer in the field. More help soon arrived, and when, in 1851, Mr. Payne was appointed Bishop of Cape Palmas and the parts adjacent, he was able to take an encouraging view. He declared the popular faith in idolatry to be widely shaken. He himself had buried idols and greegrees by the wheel-barrow-load.

Of one devoted man, who lived and died in this field of service, a few particulars may be noted. Cadwallader Colden Hoffman, of New York, was twenty-nine years old when he offered himself for the Liberian Mission field, on hearing that four men were urgently required to fill vacant places. He was then studying at the Theological Seminary, Alexandria, with a view to the ministry, and his anxious mother forcibly set before him the hundreds perishing for want of the Bread of Life in his own land. But after careful and deliberate consideration, he still felt that his call was to Africa, and his mother and sisters gave cordial consent and bade him God-speed.

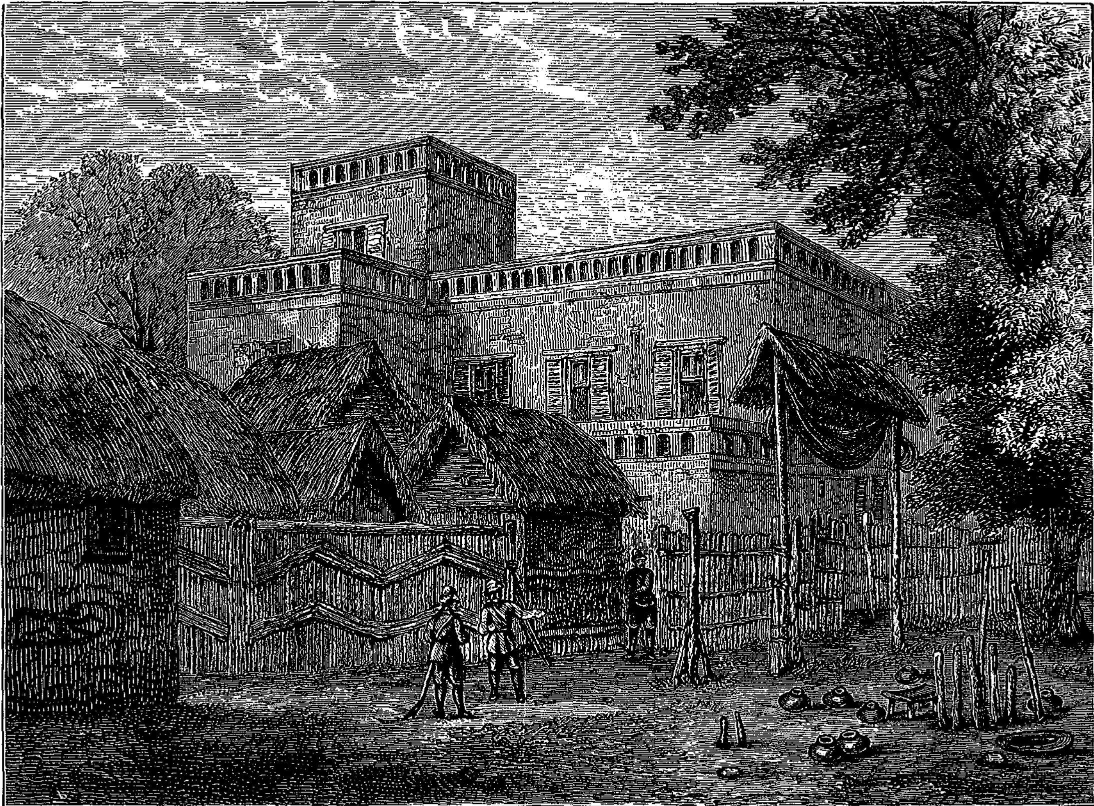
Hoffman was in Liberia early in 1849, alone. He had been engaged in marriage to Miss Virginia Hale, an attractive young lady whom he had hoped would have accompanied him to his African home. She was an orphan, and her guardian, who would have permitted the marriage had Hoffman settled as a clergyman at home, positively refused to allow her to go to Africa. It was a severe trial to both, but Hoffman was prepared to count nothing dearer than his Master's service, and what was looked upon at the time as a final parting took place. But after a year's preliminary work amongst the mission stations—during which time he got through the acclimatising fever, began the study of the Grebo language, preached to the natives without an interpreter, and made various preparations for future work—he paid a short visit to America. He rejoiced to find the previous obstacle to his marriage removed, and in February, 1851, he landed at Cape Palmas with his chosen bride.

They settled at Cavalla. Hoffman had to preach and teach and make pastoral visits, superintend a printing office and the building of the church, and attend to all the secular interests of the mission, such as the care and distribution of stores. His wife proved herself an able helpmeet, and they lived together a life of calm happiness, training their little flock in the midst of about three thousand, mostly heathen, natives. But their married life was of brief duration, for in five years after her first landing Virginia Hoffman was laid in the grave to which her little daughter, her only child, had been taken a month before.

The bereaved husband and father, again left alone, threw himself into his work with a more determined and self-sacrificing spirit than ever. At the close of 1856 there was war between the natives and colonists, and much property was destroyed. When peace was restored, Hoffman assembled the leaders of both parties on the plain near the Hoffman station, which Bishop Payne had named after him, and thus addressed them:—

"Colonists! lately 1,500 natives were in their houses on yonder hill, which you have burned to the ground. Through your influence they are here: is it not your duty to provide them a house of worship? And now, that you may remember the spirit in which this work should proceed, I will remind you of it from God's own Word."

"Then placing a little native child of ten years on the table" (says his



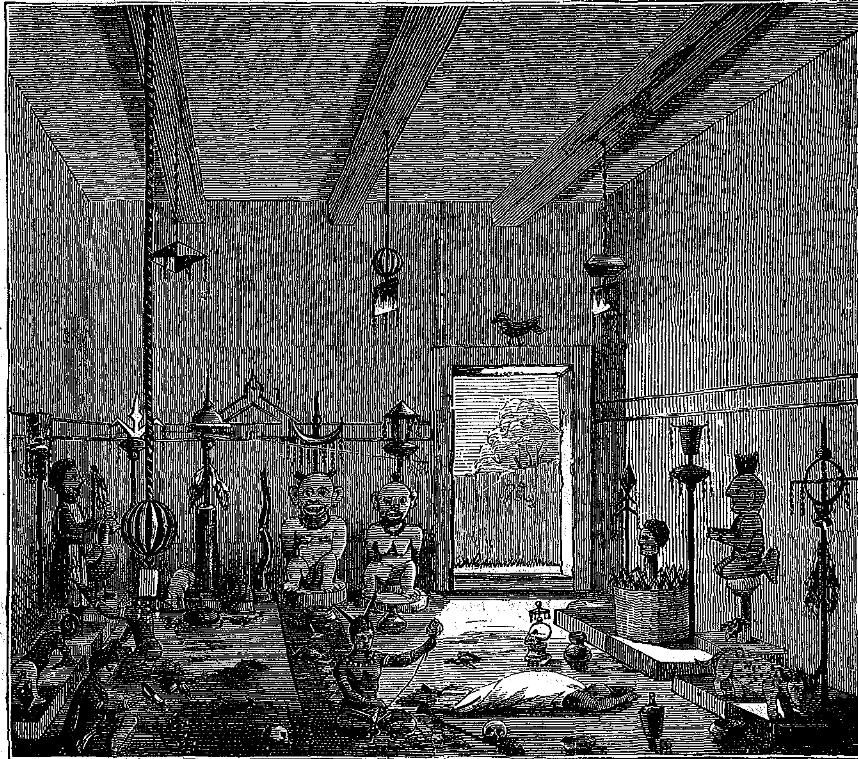
KING COFFEE'S PALACE, COOMASSIE.

biographer, the Rev. G. T. Fox), "he made him repeat the thirteenth chapter of the First of Corinthians: 'Though I speak with the tongues of men and angels, and have not charity,' etc. The effect was electric. The general who commanded the colonist militia was the first to seize the hoe; from that moment hearty goodwill was displayed, the foundations of the church were speedily dug, and in due time a convenient structure for the worship of God was completed. Schoolhouse and dwellings of Christian villagers followed in quick succession, whilst a native minister and teachers were appointed to carry on the work of evangelisation so propitiously commenced."

In February, 1858, Mr. Hoffman married Carolina M. Hogan, a lady who had

come out to Africa to aid in the mission; for the orphan asylum, since his wife's death, had been in great need of female assistance.

In constant labours round about Cape Palmas, as well as in occasional inland journeys, Mr. Hoffman was fully occupied, till in 1864 he felt that he could be spared for arduous pioneer work at the new station at Bohlen, in the interior. He went with his wife on a preliminary visit, making their way through the bush by almost trackless paths. Eight times he visited the station, preaching at villages *en route* but



FETISH HOUSE, COOMASSIE.

for want of a successor could not get permanently relieved from Cape Palmas. Here it should be mentioned there was (amongst other Christian institutions) a hospital which had come into being through Mr. Hoffman's exertion. An asylum for the blind was one of his latest achievements. In one of his visits to England he had met Mr. Moon, who was anxious to introduce his system of printing for the blind into Africa. The two zealous men spent three days together, and the result was that Hoffman took out a number of the books printed on Mr. Moon's system, and eventually a neat asylum was built for blind persons, connected with the mission.

The end was now drawing nigh, but to the very close he was zealous in good works. He had only recently returned from his last missionary tour to the interior, when the illness set in which ended fatally on November 25th, 1865. "Don't grow

weary; remember who has promised, 'Lo, I am with you alway.' Let not the Church go back, but rather increase her efforts the more." These were his last words, uttered with his expiring breath.

So, after seventeen years of faithful labour, died this devoted missionary, of whose many works of benevolence and constant Gospel service our brief sketch gives only a faint idea. "No wonder," writes Bishop Payne, "that when such a good man died five hundred missionaries, Liberian and native ministers, catechists and Christians, should follow him in tears to his grave, as their best benefactor, devoted pastor, most earnest and successful missionary—a very Barnabas to Africa and the Africans."

After thirty-four years of service in the African field, Bishop Payne resigned in 1871, and died three years afterwards. He has had three successors in the episcopal chair since that date. The present bishop is the Rev. Dr. Ferguson, a coloured man. Of the thirty-seven workers now conducting the sixty-five stations of the Episcopal Church Mission, only one clergyman, one physician, and one female teacher, are white.

The American Board of Foreign Missions sent Mr. Wilson and other missionaries to Cape Palmas in 1833, and did much good work in teaching and printing. They were astonished to find that the Vey people near Cape Palmas had recently invented an alphabet, and reduced their language to writing. Their characters were fanciful in form, some resembling Arabic letters, others Greek, others Hebrew. Their language contains only about two hundred syllables, recurring over and over again in various combinations, and for each syllable they had invented a character. An old man told Mr. Whincop that he dreamed that he must immediately begin to make characters for his language, that his people might write letters as they did at Monrovia. He communicated his dream and plan to others, and they were delighted at the idea, and at once set to work and accomplished the task.

Mr. Wilson began in 1842 a new station in the Gaboon country, and hither the other missionaries of the Board removed from Cape Palmas. Here they found a remarkable people, with much of the appearance of civilisation, doing a large amount of business with European traders, and dwelling in houses containing useful and even costly articles of European furniture. They had curious traditions of a great man, Ragombe, whose wonderful sayings had been handed down from generation to generation, to whom they assigned the making of their language, and whom, indeed, they credited with superhuman wisdom and power. The Gaboon people possessed a good deal of property, and were uniformly civil and polite in their intercourse with white men. Their women were chiefly employed in domestic pursuits, such as sewing, washing, and cooking, rather than in the unceasing laborious toil which is the usual lot of African women. Still the missionaries found it to be a heathen land—slavery, polygamy, belief in witchcraft, intemperance, licentiousness, were universally prevalent. The Liberian and Gaboon Missions were ultimately transferred to the Presbyterian Board, by which a considerable number of missionaries have been sent out to these regions within the last fifty years.

Before leaving the subject of Liberia, some brief reference should be made to the work and mission of Edward S. Morriss, of Philadelphia. He looked at Liberia, with

its million of aboriginal inhabitants and its twenty thousand Americo-Liberians, its churches, chapels, and schools scattered over the land, and its picturesque capital, and believed the time was come for the colony to enter on a new phase of its existence as the "open door to heathen Africa." To stimulate the prosperity of the colony he urged the colonists to "Plant coffee! Plant coffee!" and he himself acquired eight hundred acres of land on the St. Paul's River for this purpose. It seems that the best coffee in the world can be raised in Liberia to any extent, and the coffee plant is gradually superseding the sugar-cane, which led so largely to the manufacture and consumption of the curse of the colony—Rum.

In 1874 Mr. Morriss started the *Liberia Advocate*, and in its first number there was an Arabic editorial inviting Mohammedan chiefs of the interior to trade with Liberia, and to receive Christian teachers if any were sent to them. A striking answer came from a chief in the Niger valley, who wrote, "I love the Toura and the Ingil [Old and New Testament], and would like them to be taught to our boys. Our religion is widespread, our laws are just; but we have not the Bible. Some of us have only heard of it in the Koran. I have seen it, and read it and understood it, and would like it to be sent to our country." Fifty Arabic Bibles were at once sent to this chief for distribution.

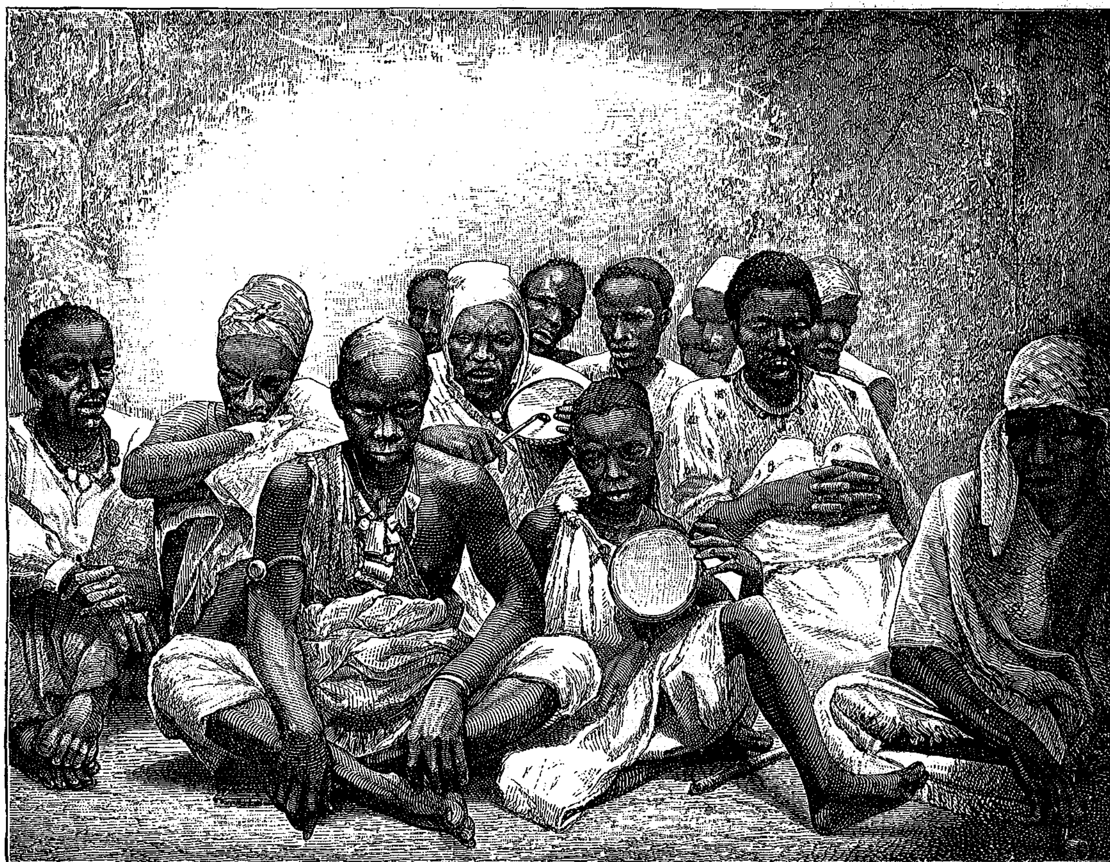
The Rev. C. C. Hoffman, already referred to, rejoiced over the efforts of Mr. Morriss, and warmly encouraged the coffee-planting movement. The *Liberia Advocate* became very popular amongst the colonists and educated natives; the annual subscription, we may state, was a bushel of coffee-berries. It appealed to negro patriotism, and treated of "The Ancient Glory of the Negro Race," and similar topics, as well as of Liberian products, and other practical matters. For instance, an article on Soap began, "Soap is the difference between civilisation and barbarism. It is the distinguishing feature of enlightenment. The savage does not use soap!" Then followed practical directions for making the article.

At the American Centennial Exhibition, Mr. Morriss took care that Liberia should be well represented. The Americans were astonished at the display of products, and one freedman came to Mr. Morriss, crying, in his excitement, "Can you send me to Liberia? If not, I'll strip and swim across!"

Mr. Morriss was a sworn foe to the intoxicating liquors that have wrought such havoc amongst the native tribes. Once, in direct opposition to his positive orders, twelve hundred bottles of gin found their way to his agent at Monrovia. Mr. Morriss at once sent orders for their "execution." "No doubt much to the astonishment of the inhabitants of Monrovia," says Mr. A. S. Dyer, "and much to the gratification of not a few, a handbill, surmounted by a picture of a bottle of rum suspended from a gallows, was freely circulated in the town and neighbourhood, announcing the 'Hanging of those well-known murderers, Old Rye, Old Tom, Crooked Whisky, and homes' worst enemy—Rum.'" A large crowd assembled to see the hanging of the criminals, and also the breaking of the twelve hundred bottles, and the pouring of their contents into the sea.

There has been during the last few years a stream of coloured emigrants from

the United States to Liberia; but of this movement comparatively little has been heard in England. "Exodus Associations" have been formed by the most enterprising and enlightened of the freedmen in many places. Many of these are Christians, and thus the United States is sending to Liberia "farmers, mechanics, and merchants allied in blood and race to the indigenous inhabitants, who can furnish not only the song and the prayer and the sermon, but the singers, teachers and preachers who can



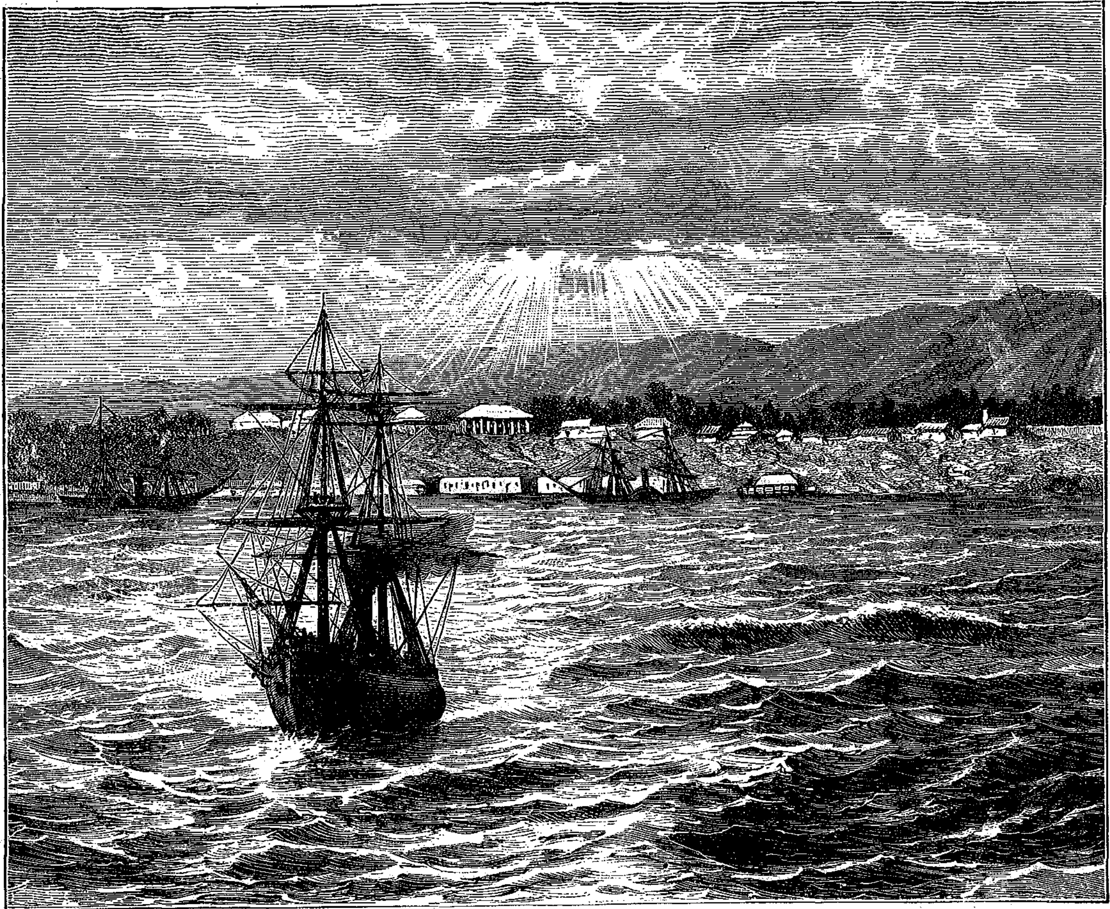
NATIVES OF THE GABOON.

live in that country." "Africans," said Dr. Moffat, "must go to teach and to save Africans," and there is hope that Liberia, increasingly educated and Christian, will yet rise to her true position amongst the nations of the Dark Continent.

Mr. Morriss was more recently engaged, with the warm encouragement of the late Earl of Shaftesbury and several distinguished British philanthropists, in the establishment of an industrial boarding school for the sons of African chiefs, and other industrial schools for the people generally.

The beautiful island of Fernando Po, in the Gulf of Guinea, being a Spanish

colony, has naturally received its chief religious teaching from Roman Catholic priests. But in 1869 the ship *Elgiva*, trading between Liverpool and West Africa, had occasion to touch at the island. The captain was a Primitive Methodist, so also was Hands the carpenter, who, having to attend to some work on shore for a few days, got a number of the people to meet him to worship God. Some of these were pious people who had been members of the short-lived Baptist Mission suppressed by the Spaniards eleven



SANTA ISABEL, FERNANDO PO.

years before. They wanted Hands to stay and be their minister. He could not accede to their request, but represented their needs to the Missionary Committee of the Primitive Methodist Connexion, who obtained leave of the authorities to establish a mission at Santa Isabel, the chief town.

In January, 1870, the Revs. H. Roe and W. J. Turney and their wives came to the island, and of this mission Mr. Roe has published many interesting particulars in one or two works. The aborigines of Fernando Po—the Bubis—have a shockingly bad character. They were filthy and wicked in their habits, and at least once a year were addicted to cannibalism. Polygamy, murder, sorcery, were everyday

matters, and some of their ceremonies were horribly disgusting. Lander tells us that the principal chief in his time was a most determined savage, who bore the name of "Cut-throat."

But the people the missionaries first saw were chiefly African settlers and liberated slaves, dressed more or less in European style. Mrs. Job (once an African princess), "a tall, nobly built woman, whose sable face shines brightly beneath its crown of silvery curly hair," greeted the new-comers. Her house was a common-looking building with plain wood sides, roof of shrivelled leaves, and uneven earth floor, but yet one of the hallowed spots of Africa. Near the back of the house, shadowed by rich tropical foliage, is the grave of Lander, the discoverer of the Niger, and within that house, after the expulsion of the Baptists, a few faithful Christians met to pray together *in silence*, for the spies of the Jesuits were peering and listening at the eaves to pounce on any one breaking the law.

Mrs. Job's house, sufficiently commodious and easy of access without ladders, was fixed upon as the place at present for religious services. To the meetings came representatives of nearly all tribes between the Gambia and the Niger; for Fernando Po had long been a refuge for escaped or liberated slaves, runaway prisoners, and all sorts of refugees. With these motley groups services of the usual character were held, and Mr. Roe and his colleagues were delighted to find several Africans at once taking an effective part in the prayer meetings. It was a very curious thing, after an evening service, to see the crowd that had filled the house and the doorways going off with their seats on their heads, and with oil-lamps in their hands, to track their way home along the various paths.

Not far from the lodgings of the missionaries dwelt Peter Bull, an interesting specimen of the Bubi race. He had been brought up in the usual savage way—living in a hut of rough posts and palm leaves, and for dress wearing little else but yellow oil, tufts of grass, and a rush hat. But when he grew up he travelled to Clarence (now called Santa Isabel), and became acquainted with a trader named Bull, with whom he entered into business relations, and whose name he took instead of his original name, Lobesor. He put on European garments, and learned to speak broken English, and trade in palm oil and yams, but the tattoo marks of heathenism on his face were not to be got rid of. He was working a little farm of his own when Mr. Roe first met him, and found that he was a believer in the white man's God, but still in great need of enlightenment. He ultimately became an earnest Christian, and an efficient helper in the mission cause.

One Sunday morning Mr. Roe was standing on his verandah after the morning service, enjoying the cool breeze, when he saw a small boat approach the shore, and from it there stepped out on to the beach a man in clerical dress, with a delicate pale infant on his left arm, and in his right hand a feeding bottle with the india-rubber tube. No wife and mother was visible, but some bundles and boxes were brought on shore by the boatmen. "Is this a mission house?" said the stranger, as he earnestly grasped Mr. Roe's hand; and the wants of the suffering child were soon being attended to by Mrs. Roe and Mrs. Burnett.

"While refreshments are being served," says Mr. Roe, "the stranger informs us that his name is J. Menant, and that he is an American Presbyterian missionary, stationed at Corisco, an island near the Equator. That there, less than three months ago, his wife gave birth to this dear child, and within a fortnight afterwards she died. The natives helped him to bury her, but the sorrow and climate soon prostrated him with fever. Having no white friend to nurse his child, and being very anxious to save it for its mother's sake, and while the fever still burned in his own veins, he got these natives to start with him in an open boat, and be tossed by winds and waves a hundred and fifty miles by sea, in hopes of meeting a ship to help him home. Thus he arrives here so faint, so sad and lone, with a heart ready to break, but clinging to Bessie for its dear mother's sake." They stayed a fortnight at Fernando Po, and then shipped for England.

To Mr. and Mrs. Roe, in March, 1870, a child who received the name of Lizziannie was born. Two months afterwards, whilst Mr. Roe was absent on the mainlands, a fearful tornado swept over Fernando Po. It swept off part of the mission-house roof, and the bed on which lay Mrs. Roe and the infant was deluged with rain, the result being that they both took fever. The father returned, walking sixty miles on his last day's journey in his anxiety again to be with his dear ones; but within twenty-four hours of his arrival he watched his little Lizziannie's last breath as its spirit gently passed away. Next morning, the broken-hearted father and two native youths dug the little grave in the forest burial-place, and the Christian community gathered to witness the simple funeral. One of the members had made a neat coffin, which was carried to the grave by four native females. After the parents had left the island, that little grave was still kept clear of long grass and weeds by the loving hands of those to whom the revered parents of the child had brought the message of peace and salvation.

Missionary journeys to the interior of the island were occasionally undertaken, with Peter Bull as interpreter. At Bassupu they saw the palace of King Busapo. It was a single rough-built room, about six yards square, with a high palm-leaf roof. The entrances were three low holes, and, within, the aged king reclined on a coarse mat on the earthen floor, with his back against the wall of posts. Several youthful wives sat near, one of them smoking. The missionary party, ten in number, were made welcome, and presently two more kings, and about fifty people, came in, and there were a considerable number outside. The Gospel was preached, hymns were sung, and a short prayer in Bubi was taught to this curious congregation, who all held up their hands by way of promise that henceforth they would pray to God daily.

Mr. Roe preached on this journey to many similar assemblages. On another occasion he preached to King Ripuchu and his people. The children here ran away in terror from the white man and his clothes. The clothes puzzled even the adults, and they stared with amazement when they saw him put his hand in his pocket. King Ripuchu was much impressed, and said aloud to the congregation, "We go to the caves of the mountain—we cry much; but we no hear, we no see. But now our eyes see, and ears hear."

An amusing incident which occurred at another visit to King Ripuchu is thus told by Mr. Roe:—"Some calico was worked by Mrs. Roe and her sewing-class of native girls into plain long garments of no special name, but which might pass for either shirts or nightgowns. When three of these were made, I rolled them under my arm, and hastened with them to Kings Ripuchu, Busapo, and Bubaka. As the garments were presented, the kings shook my hands, patted their naked breasts, clapped their hands, and gave me many a "Poto, poto." After Ripuchu had examined his most critically, he let the sleeves fall near the ground, held the bottom wide open, and raised his leg to put it in, at which I interposed, and took the liberty to dress him properly. This was done amid roars of laughter from his people, in which I heartily joined. This event marked a new era, for though we had before given large loin-cloths, we never before saw any living in these native towns wearing made-up garments."

The Fernando Po Mission has been reinforced from time to time from England, and several native helpers have been raised up. There are now three stations, and considerable success is reported both as regards mission work and education.