

LADY MISSIONARIES

IN MANY LANDS



Lady Missionaries

BRIEF but very pithy sketches are herewith presented to us of the noble lives of five devoted and outstanding lady missionaries who spent their lives "doing good" in Burmah, West Indies, Abyssinia, Zululand, and the Fiji Islands, respectively. Missionary literature is often in danger of only telling of the exploits of men, and of overlooking the valuable help which they have received from their wives. But the beautiful lives which these women led, their overcoming of pioneering difficulties, their sacrificial devotion, and the good which they did to suffering humanity, all deserve a permanent record in the history of Christian Missions. We cannot read a book like this without realising that all human life, the most mean as well as the most remote, is of the utmost importance, for is not our Lord's command that we leave home, friends, and comfort, and go into *all* the world to preach the Gospel to "*every creature*."



MRS. JUDSON
Burma

MRS. GOBAT
Jerusalem

MRS. WILKINSON, Zululand

Lady Missionaries In Many Lands

BY

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P R E F A C E

THE Mission Field demands various classes of workers — each using different instrumentalities. Preachers, translators, teachers, native pastors, printers, catechists, and handicraftsmen — all are needed. But beside these come another class, not one whit less important, namely, *Female Missionaries*. Each section finds its own peculiar mission ; and very rarely can it succeed in doing the work of another. Devoted men have laboured in heathen countries for nearly a century, among heathen peoples, without making much impression upon the women. Why ? Because, almost invariably, male missionaries are denied access to native women. It is true that many devoted ladies—wives of missionaries, such as Mrs. Mullens, Mrs. Mault, and Mrs. Wilson of India ; Mrs. Edkins of China ; Mrs. Moffat of Africa ; Mrs. Judson of Burmah ; and

Mrs. Hinderer of West Africa, have laboured among the females, and conveyed to them some crumbs of the "bread of life"; but, as a rule, male missionaries must not, in the majority of instances, so much as *allude* to the female members of a heathen family, such an allusion being resented as a studied insult. Especially does this rule obtain in India and all Eastern countries. Dwellers in zenanas and harems are cut off from the sound of the Gospel, unless it be taken to them by Christian ladies. But when these lady teachers go, bearing the Gospel message, they are eagerly welcomed, and besought to come again. Therefore it seems that this work of teaching *Heathen Women* to come to Jesus belongs emphatically to *Christian Women*. It is a high and holy part of woman's ministry for Christ.

It is only in Christian lands that women occupy their proper place. In all other countries they are drudges, slaves, or victims; but equals or companions, *never!* Christianity in a large measure revokes the curse which the Fall imposed on women; and Christ made the sexes more equal by coming as a man, and being born of a woman. He

not only raised the standard of our common humanity by wearing our human nature, but He took the bitterness out of the woman's lot by honouring and adopting motherhood. From that time all motherhood became brighter and holier, and all womanhood grander yet tenderer.

The knowledge of Christ as a Saviour comes to the female heathen with new beauty, because of their saddened and depressed condition, and this knowledge is eagerly welcomed by them as "*good news*." But they were debarred from these glad tidings until Christian ladies made them known, and by so doing caused such joy to enter Syrian hut, Mohammedan harem, and Indian zenana, as never beamed there before. The spreading of these tidings, in one way or another, forms woman's peculiar mission to the heathen.

All over the world—certainly throughout Christendom—Christian women are waking up to the sense of their power and responsibility with reference to the Lord's work. And women are not alone in recognising the important place which female missions ought to occupy. One example may suffice

out of many. Speaking of India, Professor Monier Williams says : “ The missionary band must carry their ark persistently around their Indian home, till its walls are made to fall, and its inner life exposed to the fresh air of God’s day, and all its surroundings moulded after the pattern of a pure, healthy, well-ordered Christian household, whose influences leaven the life of the family and the nation, from the cradle to the grave. My belief is that until a way is opened for the free intercourse of the educated mothers and women of Europe, who understand the Indian vernaculars, with the mothers and women of India, in their own homes, Christianity in its purer forms will make little progress, either among Hindoos or Mussulmans.”

According to Smith’s *History of Christian Missions*, in the year 1880 there were in the field 25 British Missionary Societies, with 695 lady missionaries ; 28 American Missionary Societies, with 1007 lady missionaries ; and 22 Continental Missionary Societies, with 314 lady missionaries. According to this the total number of women labouring in the foreign mission field amounted to 2016. Later statistics gave the number as 2500.

Of recent years, however, women in ever-increasing numbers have entered the strongholds of heathenism, to carry the Gospel to their less fortunate sisters who sit in darkness and in the shadow of death. All the Missionary Societies now fully recognise the value of the work which godly women can accomplish, and gladly accept the offer of their services. A striking tendency of the last few years, indeed, is for the women candidates for service abroad to outnumber that of the men; but this surely is only a passing phase.

This increase of the female part of the great missionary staff of the world signifies a new and important departure. If we look into the history of the Primitive Church we shall find that women laboured very abundantly in the Gospel. From the very beginning of Christ's ministry He was faithfully attended by women. They were loyal to Him through all the varying phases of His earthly life; and disaster could not daunt, nor persecution affright, for they were last at the cross and first at the sepulchre. Then, after the disciples were engaged in preaching the Gospel to all nations, we find from the

annals of Christianity that they were among the most constant and devoted fellow-labourers of the Apostle Paul and his compeers.

There is no service in the modern Church upon which woman has not conferred lustre. Catherine of Sienna and Elizabeth of Hungary are samples of pre-Reformation saintly workers ; and since the Reformation the list may be increased a thousandfold. We need only name Elizabeth Fry, Florence Nightingale, Mary Moffat, and Sarah Martin, as samples of a whole host of devoted women who have counted not their lives dear unto them, so that they could benefit humanity.

Missionary women are really treading in the same path. And regarding their special fitness for this form of Christian ministry and consecrated service the *Missionary Review of the World* said : “ God fitted woman constitutionally for a high service in the Gospel. Woman is pre-eminent above man in her sentimental, emotional, and religious nature ; so it is that she holds the very keys of the domestic sanctuary in the opportunity to form the youthful character. She has marvellous capacity for teaching and

endurance. She is especially fitted to care for, sympathise with, and reach her own sex. Hitherto she has been quite too much neglected, and her work almost ignored. But now the time has come when her sagacity and capacity, her intelligence and consecration, bid fair to constitute her the leader of the modern missionary host. . . . From the beginning of Christ's ministry until now women have often been in the majority in the numbers of the followers of Jesus, and distinguished alike for their service and their sufferings in His cause."

In the following pages brief sketches of the lives of some devoted Lady Missionaries are given—women who have counted their lives not dear unto them, that they may seek to win their heathen sisters to Christ.

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ANN HASSELTINE JUDSON, OF BURMAH

CHAPTER I

EARLY YEARS

‘ True-hearted ! Saviour, Thou knowest our story,
Weak are the hearts that we lay at Thy feet ;
Sinful and treacherous ! yet for Thy glory,
Heal them, and cleanse them from sin and deceit.
Whole-hearted ! Saviour, beloved and glorious,
Take Thy great power and reign Thou alone,
Over our wills and affections victorious,—
Freely surrendered, and wholly Thine own.”
F. R. HAVERGAL

THE life and memory of Mrs. Ann Judson are surrounded by an imperishable halo, on account of her being the pioneer of female mission effort. Indeed, she and her companion, Mrs. Harriet Newell, were, we believe, the *very first* ladies who ventured on going to heathen lands as heralds of the Gospel to their dark-skinned sisters. An early grave—in fact, before mission work could be commenced—was allotted to Mrs. Newell ; but the subject of this memoir lived, laboured, and suffered for the Gospel in no common degree for many years. No compendium of missionary female bio-

graphy would be complete without a notice of Mrs. Ann Judson, and no chronicle of self-denying efforts can excel that furnished by the plain, unvarnished record of her life.

Mrs. Judson was an American by birth, having been born at Bradford, Massachusetts, on 22nd December, 1789. We are told that from her earliest years she was distinguished for activity of mind, extreme gaiety, a strong relish for social amusements, unusually ardent feelings, a spirit of enterprise, and restless, indefatigable perseverance. This restless spirit, in girlhood, was often the cause of uneasiness to her mother, Mrs. Hasseltine, so that on one occasion this lady said to Ann, "I hope, my daughter, you will one day be satisfied with rambling." Her eager thirst for knowledge was probably, however, the cause of her restless, enterprising disposition. She was fond of study, and attained distinction in the Academy at Bradford, where she received her education. It was accepted as an indisputable conclusion by her preceptors and associates in this Academy, that Miss Hasseltine's talents and temperament foreshadowed some destiny of an uncommon character; and her after-career abundantly verified this expectation.

Miss Hasseltine first became subject to serious impressions in her seventeenth year. By a variety of experiences and influences she was then led to feel the necessity for a change of heart, and to resolve to live a new

life. At first, while seeing these things but dimly—as it were “men, like trees, walking”—she dreamt of procuring salvation by her own good works, and endeavoured to live what she called “a religious life,” so as to fit herself for heaven. She records, however, with much clearness, the difficulties which surrounded her, and how she was finally led to come to Christ, the only way of salvation. After many conflicts, and much prayerful seeking of the Lord Jesus, she found peace to her soul, and was able to rejoice in a sense of pardon.

From the time of Mrs. Judson's conversion, she strove to live according to the principles and promptings of the new life, doing whatever Christian service lay to her hand, as far as opportunity and fitness suggested. The entries in her diary show that she “kept her heart with all diligence,” and from her correspondence with intimate friends it appears that her growth in grace and self-knowledge was very marked. Some scattered observations will amply prove this. Such as, for instance :

“A person who grows in grace will see more and more of the dreadful wickedness of his own heart.”

“The more grace Christians have, the more clearly they can see the contrast between holiness and sin. This will necessarily lead them to pray more often, earnestly and fervently, give them a disrelish for the

vanities of the world, and a sincere and hearty desire to devote all they have to Christ and to serve Him entirely."

"Growth in grace will lead Christians to know more about Jesus Christ, and the great need they have of Him for a whole Saviour."

About the age of eighteen she commenced teaching in a school, and filled engagements in this department of work at Salem, Haverhill, and Newbury, following the occupation with much success for some years. When twenty, she obtained a copy of the *Life of David Brainerd*, and was stirred by it to consider the condition of the heathen world. She records in her diary that she "felt a willingness to give herself away to Christ, to be disposed of as He pleases." But the event which finally determined the nature of her future career was her marriage with Mr. Judson. He was a theological student at Andover, Massachusetts, and having in his turn perused Dr. Buchanan's *Star in the East*, felt drawn toward the consideration of Eastern missions, and their practicability. Three other students in the same Institution were like-minded with him, and resolved to leave their native land, to engage in missionary work as soon as providential openings should appear. There being then no Missionary Society in the United States, these young men determined to seek English help and

direction in the matter, unless a Society could be formed.

An appeal was made by Mr. Judson and his fellow-students—four of them in all—to the Congregational body of America for direction and support. None being immediately forthcoming, Mr. Judson sailed for England, to confer with the Directors of the London Missionary Society, with the result that this Society agreed to maintain him and his colleagues, provided the American Board of Foreign Missions could not, or would not, do so. Having obtained this promise, he returned home.

In September, 1811, the American Board of Missions decided to establish a mission in Burmah, and appointed Messrs. Judson, Nott, Newell, and Hall as their first missionary agents. Immediately his life course was thus determined, Mr. Judson made an offer of marriage to Miss Hasseltine, whom he had first met some little time previously. A proposition, which in itself was sufficiently momentous and important, was made doubly so when linked with the idea of spending herself for Christ in heathen lands.

Yet she was distracted and puzzled by conflicting opinions among her friends.

One lady said, " I hear that Miss Hasseltine is going to India ! Why does she go ? "

" Why, she thinks it to be her duty. Would not you go if you thought it your duty ? "

“ But,” replied the lady, “ *I would not think it my duty !* ”

And more than all conflicting opinions was the remembrance and consideration of the fact that *no woman* had, as yet, ever left American shores to engage in mission work. It always takes strong faith to be a pioneer. One cannot appeal to precedents, or examples, and so is forced to stand firmly upon convictions of duty and Divine command. These, with providential indications of guidance and leading, constituted all that Miss Hasseltine could fall back upon wherewith to meet the objections of enemies, or the well-intentioned dissuasions of friends. Her path, in common with all those godly women who obeyed the Lord’s summons into the mission field at that day, was infinitely harder and darker than that of any of her own sex who now depart in such numbers for Zenana mission work. The novelty is worn off, it is true, in great measure ; but with this, the risk is gone, and the wide gulf which formerly existed between those who went to heathen lands and those who remained at home has been bridged over, so that unmarried ladies now dare to go where their married sisters at first trod with feeble and hesitating footsteps.

That spirit of enterprise and adventure which had always distinguished Miss Hasseltine now came out, and stood her in good stead. She decided to go ; and thus earned the

honourable distinction of being *the first American lady* to engage in foreign-mission work. Indeed, it seems not incorrect to say that Mrs. Judson was the *first lady missionary*, whether America or Europe be considered, for Mrs. Moffat, Mrs. Williams, Mrs. Krapf, Mrs. Gobat, and other eminent lady toilers in the mission field, were all later in point of time.

Writing of her decision, Miss Hasseltine says: "Might I but be the means of converting a single soul, it would be worth spending all my days to accomplish. Yes, I feel willing to be placed in that situation in which I can do most good, though it were to carry the Gospel to the distant benighted heathen. A consideration of this subject has occasioned much self-examination to know on what my hopes were founded, and whether my love to Jesus was sufficiently strong to induce me to forsake all for His cause. At other times I feel ready to sink, and appalled at the prospect of pain and suffering, to which my nature is so averse and apprehensive. But I have at all times felt a disposition to leave it with God, and trust in Him to direct me. I have at length come to the conclusion that if nothing in providence appears to prevent, I must spend my days in a heathen land. I am a creature of God, and He has an undoubted right to do with me as seemeth good in His sight. He has my heart in His hands, and when I am called

to face danger, to pass through scenes of terror and distrust, He can inspire me with fortitude, and enable me to trust in Him. Jesus is faithful, His promises are precious. Were it not for these considerations, I should with my present prospects sink down in despair, especially as no female has, to my knowledge, ever left the shores of America to spend her life among the heathen. But God is my witness that I have not dared to decline the offer that has been made to me, though so many are ready to call it 'a wild romantic undertaking.' . . . I am not only willing to spend my days among the heathen, in attempting to enlighten and save them, but I find much pleasure in the prospect. Yes, I am quite willing to give up temporal comforts, and live a life of hardship and trial, if it be the will of God."

"I can be safe and free from care
On any shore since God is there."

CHAPTER II

DEPARTURE FOR BURMAH

M^R. AND M^RS. JUDSON were married on the 5th of February, 1812, and on the next day Messrs. Newell, Nott, Hall, Rice, and Judson were bid God-speed by friends, in the Tabernacle Church, Salem, Massachusetts. Messrs. Judson and Newell, with their newly married wives, sailed from Salem, on the 19th of February, in the *Caravan* for Calcutta, amid the tearful "God-speeds" of their friends and relatives, the fears and forebodings of some, doubtless, mingling with the benisons of others upon their unwonted and perilous enterprise. The voyage presented the usual incidents only, and although suffering much from sea-sickness, Mrs. Judson sustained a buoyant faith and a Christian deportment, improving the time in reading and studying works calculated to fit her for the arduous duties awaiting her. They ended their long voyage on the 17th of June, having been afloat on the billows for four long weary months.

They landed at Calcutta on the 18th of

June, and were welcomed by the venerable Dr. Carey, who immediately invited them to his mission quarters at Serampore, there to reside until their companions should reach India, and their future movements should be settled. After staying one night in Calcutta, therefore, they took a boat, and proceeded up the river some fifteen miles to Serampore, where, it will be remembered, were the headquarters of the English Baptist Mission. Messrs. Carey, Marshman, and Ward were then residing there, with their families, under Danish protection, for the British Government was strongly opposed to missionaries and mission operations. Dr. Carey was busily at work upon his translation of the Scriptures. Dr. Marshman and his family were engaged in educational work, and Mr. Ward was superintending the printing operations of the mission.

From a letter to her sister the following remarks are extracted. They will serve to show Mrs. Judson's first impressions on entering Eastern lands. Speaking of Dr. Carey's house, she says: "His house is curiously constructed, as the other European houses are here. There are no chimneys or fireplaces in them. The roofs are flat, the rooms are twenty feet in height, and proportionally large. Large windows without glass open from one room to another, that the air may freely circulate through the house. They are very convenient for this

climate, and bear every mark of antiquity. In the evening we attended service in the English Episcopal Church. It was our first attendance at Divine service for above four months, and as we entered the church our ears were delighted with hearing the organ play our favourite tune 'Bangor.' The church was very handsome, and a number of punkahs, something like fans several yards in length, hung around with ropes fastened to the outside, which were pulled by some of the natives, to keep the church cool. Very near the house is a school, supported by this mission, in which are instructed two hundred boys, and nearly as many girls. They are chiefly children of Portuguese parents, and natives of no caste. We could see them all kneel at prayer-time, and hear them sing at the opening of the school."

The mission life of the settlement was pleasant and bracing, but it was not to last. They had only been there about ten days, when a Government order arrived summoning Messrs. Judson and Newell to Calcutta. They went, and on their arrival at the seat of Government, an order was read to them, requiring them immediately to leave India and return to America. All students of missionary annals well know that the old East Indian Company was vehemently opposed to missions. But in 1813, the Charter of the Company required to be renewed, and the friends of missions in the British Parlia-

ment, such as Wilberforce, Thornton, and Smith, mustered all their influence to secure toleration for missionaries and their work. Having succeeded in their noble effort, the English possessions were constituted into a bishopric, Dr. Middleton being the first bishop. He was succeeded by good Reginald Heber, author of the hymn commencing, "From Greenland's icy mountains"; and ever since this new departure taken by the Government, missionary operations have been safe and welcome. Indeed, to some of the Governors-General of India the Christian churches owe much gratitude for the noble manner in which the strong arm of the law has been exerted on behalf of humanity and religion.

But this order to depart out of the country did not constitute the Judsons' only difficulty. The American Board of Missions had ordered them to start a mission in Burmah, unless circumstances should render it *impossible* to attempt it. The Serampore missionaries were united in thinking that it *was* impossible, both considering the despotic nature of the Burmese Government, and the failure of all preceding attempts to introduce the Gospel there. Under such united discouragements, it was decided to desist from the attempt, and Mr. Newell and his wife very soon set sail for the Isle of France, where Mrs. Newell soon after passed away, before really entering at all upon mission work.

But Mr. and Mrs. Judson remained in Calcutta, quietly awaiting the issue of events.

While in the company of the Serampore missionaries, and also during the voyage out, Mr. Judson and his wife were led to change their sentiments in relation to the mode in which Christian baptism should be administered. They did not make this change without much and serious consideration ; but having come to a decision they took the painful step of leaving the communion of American Congregational Churches, and joining the Baptists without question or delay. Indeed, had they considered the question of self-interest, profit, or ease of mind, they would not have added to their other difficulties at this eventful period, by changing their baptismal views, or their religious denomination. They were not alone in this change of opinion, seeing that some of their missionary companions also adopted Baptist views.

Their connection with the American Board of Missions for the Congregational Churches was thereafter considered dissolved. But as yet they were not connected with any Baptist Society, and while the Serampore missionaries were all that could be desired, it was obviously impossible for them to remain there. All that seemed certain was the fact that they must quickly leave India, or be shipped thence by force. Yet they were ready to go anywhere could any position or any promise of support be forthcoming. At

one time, Mr. Judson thought of going to South America, and commenced learning Portuguese in order to this move. Japan, Persia, Madagascar, and Burmah were all considered, seriously and prayerfully, while waiting for providential direction.

The following extract from a letter written to a friend by Mrs. Judson proves to what great straits they were brought at this juncture. She says : " We had almost concluded to go to the Burmese Empire, when we heard there were fresh difficulties existing between the British and the Burmese Government. If these difficulties are settled, I think it probable we shall go there. It presents a very extensive field for usefulness, containing seventeen millions of inhabitants, and the Scriptures have never been translated into their language. This circumstance is a very strong inducement to Mr. Judson to go there, as there is no other place where he could be equally useful in translating. But our privations and dangers would be great. There are no bread, potatoes, or butter, and very little of any animal food. The natives live principally on rice and fish. I should have no society at all except my husband, for there is not an English female in all Rangoon. But I could easily give up these comforts, if the Government were such as to secure safety to its subjects. But where our lives would depend on the caprice of a monarch, or on those who have the power

of life and death, we could never feel safe unless we always had strong faith in God. Notwithstanding these difficulties, we are perfectly willing to go, if Providence opens the way."

Meanwhile, the Bengal Government were extremely incensed by the sojourn of the Mission Party in the country, supposing, very likely, that they intended to remain there. They, therefore, issued a most peremptory order to the effect that the little band were to be at once sent on board one of the East India Company's vessels, and shipped to England. Here was a dilemma ! However, Messrs. Judson and Rice were equal to the occasion, and having ascertained that a vessel would sail for the Mauritius in two days they bent every effort to make their way thither. The chief magistrate of Calcutta refused to give them a pass, but the captain of the ship offered still to take them, if they felt disposed to run the risk. They went on board and the vessel proceeded down the Hooghly, but she had not been two days on her voyage when a Government dispatch arrived forbidding the pilot to go farther, because he had passengers on board who had been ordered to England.

They had to disembark ; and some other vexatious delays and denials, from the action of the authorities who had to grant passes, were experienced. They next went sixteen miles down the river in little boats, when the

long-desired "pass" arrived, and finally, after sailing seventy miles in pursuit, they came up with the vessel when all hope had vanished. In this way their patience was tried, but their faith never failed.

After about a six weeks' voyage, they arrived at the Mauritius, to find that Mrs. Newell was dead, while Mr. Newell was mourning the untimely death of the "desire of his eyes" in desolation and loneliness. It was not a promising or cheerful beginning for this new work, but, gathering up their energies, they proceeded to study French, so as to be better fitted for mission work on the island. While the Judsons remained here, Mr. Rice returned to America in order to awaken the interest of the Baptist churches in that country in the work of missions. As one result, the Baptist General Convention was formed in Philadelphia, and one of the first acts of this Convention was to appoint Mr. and Mrs. Judson as their missionaries, leaving it to themselves to select a field of labour. Thus one great difficulty was cleared away.

After much consideration, Mr. and Mrs. Judson resolved to go to Madras, in the hope of obtaining a passage from thence to Penang, a town on the coast of Malacca, and inhabited by Malays. They took this step, reaching Madras in June, 1813. But here they were to experience fresh disappointments, for no vessel could be heard of bound

to Penang. There was one, however, bound for Rangoon in Burmah; and fearing a second expulsion from the country at the hands of the British Government, they made a virtue of necessity, and took passage for Rangoon. So, by a series of peculiar providences, they after all went to Burmah. It was a remarkable illustration of the passage, "A man's heart deviseth his way, but the Lord directeth his steps" (Prov. xvi. 9).

But trials still dogged their course. A friendly European woman whom Mrs. Judson had engaged to go to Burmah as her personal attendant fell suddenly dead on the deck just before the vessel sailed. The vessel was old, and they experienced imminent peril of shipwreck in the storms which overtook them. Mrs. Judson herself was very ill, and as yet they had not entered on the special work they were sent from America to do, because of hindrances over which they had no control.

However, at last they arrived at Rangoon, and in this city of 40,000 inhabitants, "wholly given to idolatry," they took breath, preparatory to beginning work for Christ. The Serampore missionaries had attempted a mission there once, but had failed to make much impression upon the natives. One of the missionaries had translated the Gospel of Matthew into the Burman tongue, but it was not yet printed. The only two of the band who still remained were Mr. and Mrs.

Felix Carey, and they welcomed Mr. and Mrs. Judson to the quaint little mission house which stood just on the outskirts of Rangoon.

Writing home at this time, Mrs. Judson said: "We felt very gloomy and dejected the first night we arrived in view of our prospects, but we were enabled to lean on God, and to feel that He was able to support us under the most discouraging circumstances. The next morning I prepared to go ashore, but hardly knew how I should get to Mr. Carey's house, there being no method of conveyance except a horse, and I was unable to ride. It was, however, concluded that I should be carried in an arm-chair; consequently, when I landed, one was provided, through which were put two bamboos, and four of the natives took me on their shoulders. When they had carried me a little way into the town, they set me down under a shade, when great numbers of the natives gathered round, as they had seldom seen an English-woman. Being sick and weak, I held my head down, which induced many of the native females to come very near, and look under my bonnet. At this I looked up and smiled, at which they set up a loud laugh. They next carried me to a place they call the Custom House. After searching Mr. Judson very closely, they asked permission for a native female to search me, to which I readily consented. I was then brought to the

mission house, where I have entirely recovered my health."

Anxious to spare no time, Mrs. Judson began to study the language, and to mingle with the natives. Her former ideas of the ignorance and delusions of the Burmese people were in consequence deepened and intensified by what she saw and heard. Lying appeared to be universal, and it was common for them to say, "We cannot live without telling lies."

In regard to religion, they held the most absurd notions imaginable. As a case in point, Mrs. Judson's own teacher told her that whenever he died he should go to her country—and this teacher was an able and intelligent man, far superior to the generality of his countrymen.

Among other things, the Burmese believed that there were four superior heavens ; then, below these, twelve other heavens, followed by six inferior heavens ; after which followed the earth, the world of snakes, and then thirty-two chief hells ; to which were to be added one hundred and twenty hells of milder torments. They were also taught that the lowest state of existence was hell ; and the next was the form of brute-animals—both these being states of punishment. The next ascent was to that of man, which was probationary, and so on, up to demi-gods and full-blown deities. Happiness, or eternal absorption in Buddha, was to be obtained

by works of merit ; and among works of the highest merit was the feeding of a hungry infirm tiger with a person's own flesh !

The study of the language proved a difficult task. It was exceedingly hard to master, and to add to the difficulty, there were no grammars or dictionaries, or other helps, such as are mostly enjoyed by modern students. The language itself was called the " Round O Language," and contained some syllables

လှိုင်စာရပ်စာရပ် နှိုင်းသော ကလတြာ သည်ရှိုးသ်
 ဗျာဘာသာ ဗုဒ္ဓဘာသာသာ ဟိဘာသာ ရော ဗာသာသာ
 ဘရိုသော မှားသောသာသာ ဟု သန့်သို့ သည်ကွယ်ငြော
 ရှိယိယူခရပ်ဘာ သာသနာတကဏ္ဍလုံး ခုံပြားစွဲခိုက်ပြား

SPECIMEN FROM A TRACT IN BURMESE CHARACTERS.

coinciding with the colloquial dialect of the Chinese. At that date the books were composed of the common palmyra leaf ; but certain important documents were written on plates of gilded iron. The above sample of the language, taken from a tract written by Mr. Judson some years later, will serve to show how difficult the task of acquiring it must have been.

Writing of her occupations at this time, Mrs. Judson says : " As it respects ourselves,

we are busily employed all day long. I can assure you that we find much pleasure in our employment. Could you look into a large open room, which we call a verandah, you would see Mr. Judson bent over his table covered with Burman books, with his teacher at his side, a venerable-looking man in his sixtieth year, with a cloth wrapped round his middle, and a handkerchief round his head. They talk and chatter all day long, with hardly any cessation. My mornings are busily occupied in giving directions to the servants, providing food for the family, etc. At ten my teacher comes, when, were you present, you might see me in an inner room at one side of my study table, and my teacher at the other, reading Burman, writing, talking, etc. I have many more interruptions than Mr. Judson, as I have the entire management of the family. This I took upon myself, for the sake of Mr. Judson's attending more closely to the study of the language; yet I have found, by a year's experience, that it was the most direct way I could have taken to acquire the language, as I am frequently obliged to speak Burman all day. I can talk to and understand others better than Mr. Judson, though he knows more about the nature and construction of the language."

Speaking of privations, she writes thus to a friend: "As it respects our temporal privations, use has made them familiar and

easy to be borne. They are of short duration, and when brought into competition with the worth of immortal souls, sink into nothing. We have no society, no dear Christian friends, and, with the exception of two or three sea-captains who now and then call upon us, we never see a European face."

CHAPTER III

SOWING THE SEED

AFTER six months of residence and study in Burmah, Mrs. Judson's health gave way to such an extent that she was obliged to sail for Madras, in order to procure medical treatment. After remaining in that city some three months, and gaining much benefit, she returned again to Burmah. Some things occurred during this time which served to encourage her. The Viceroy was so favourably impressed with the missionary couple that he granted Mrs. Judson an order to take a native female with her to Madras, free of expense—and this in spite of the Burmese law which forbade any female to leave the country. The captain of the vessel refused to take any fare for Mrs. Judson's passage; and the physician at Madras refused to receive anything for his services, so that on every hand she experienced unexpected kindness. At the same time, cheering signs appeared in connection with their work among the people, which hitherto was mostly conversational. The

Burmese recognised the facts that the Judsons did not tell falsehoods, that they were to be depended upon, and that they always gave them kind treatment. Consequently they observed and listened attentively to the two pale-faced foreigners, who had come from across the water to tell them of another and a better religion; and although they said again and again, "Your religion is good for you, ours for us; you will be rewarded for your good deeds in your way, and we in our way," they yet began to realise that in many essential points the religion of Jesus Christ was different from the religion of Buddha. There were also some very encouraging instances of inquirers seeking to know something more about this strange faith.

In May, 1816, their eldest born, a boy, aged eight months, was laid in the grave. This trial drew forth much sympathy from the wife of the Viceroy, who seems to have taken quite a liking to Mrs. Judson. She sometimes had opportunities of talking to this lady in the Government House, and did not fail to sow the seed of the Gospel in simple language.

About this time the American Baptist Society sent out two additional missionaries to the assistance of the Judsons—Mr. and Mrs. Hough. This circumstance was very encouraging, for they had been labouring in loneliness and sorrow for three years,

without seeing much spiritual fruit of their labours. True, they had been laying foundations, and preparing themselves for future usefulness; but foundation-work is mostly work requiring faith, perseverance, and constancy. Mr. Judson had written two tracts in the language, which were waiting to be printed and published. These tracts were soon after given to the Burmese world by Mr. Hough, who was a practical printer, and had brought with him a printing-press, types, and other apparatus, as a present from the missionaries at Serampore. Experience had taught them that although this mode of procedure was slow it would prove to be the most effectual way ultimately of reaching the Burmese, for whenever anything was said to them on the subject of religion, they would inquire for the missionaries' holy books. They also found that most of the natives could *read*, and entertained an almost superstitious reverence for "the *written* doctrine." For these reasons Mr. Judson concluded that it was now time to teach by means of the printed page. The two small tracts contained, one a Catechism of Simple Truths, and the other a summary of Christian Doctrine. Next, the missionaries determined to give the people some portion of the Scriptures.

One of the most memorable days in their lives was a certain day in March, 1817, when Mr. Judson was visited by the *first* inquirer

after the Christian religion. And he was only the first of many who made the same inquiries, though sometimes with subdued and timid manner, as if afraid to let any one suspect their new interest. They gladly received copies of the two little tracts already printed, and asked for "more of this sort of writing." Some of these inquirers passed out into the great world and were heard of no more, but others made, afterwards, a good confession of faith. At the same time Mrs. Judson formed a Sunday class for women, for instruction in the Scriptures, for it had been long her ardent desire to lead some of her own sex in Burmah to Christ. Her own account of this little society is graphic and interesting :

"How interested you would be, could you meet with my little society of females on the Sabbath. Interested, do I say? Yes, you would be interested, if it was only from this circumstance—that these poor idolaters enjoy the means of grace, and sit under the sound of the Gospel. I have generally fifteen or twenty. They are attentive while I read the Scriptures, and endeavour to teach them about God. One of them told me the other day that she could not think of giving up a religion which her parents and grandparents held and accepting a new one, of which they had never heard. I asked her if she wished to go to hell because her progenitors had gone there. She replied, if with

all her offerings and good works on her head, she must go to hell, then let her go. I told her if she went to hell after having heard of her Saviour, her very relations would contribute to torment her, and upbraid her for her rejection of that Saviour of whom they had never heard, and that even she herself would regret her folly when it was too late. 'If I do,' said she, 'I will then cry out to you to be my intercessor with your God, who will certainly not refuse you.' Another told me that she *did* believe in Christ, and prayed to Him every day. I asked her if she also believed in Gautama, and prayed to him. She replied that she worshipped them both. I have several times had my hopes and expectations raised by the apparent seriousness of several females, as Mr. Judson has had in regard to several men; but their goodness was like the morning cloud and early dew, which soon passeth away. Four or five children have committed the catechism to memory, and often repeat it to each other."

In November, 1817, the missionaries were joined by Messrs. Wheelock and Coleman, two additional missionaries from Boston, America. In December of the same year, Mr. Judson was forced by a breakdown in his health, on account of over-study of the language, to leave Rangoon for a sea voyage. The vessel was bound for Chittagong, in Arracan, but being caught by contrary winds, she became unmanageable, in the difficult naviga-

tion along that coast. Her direction was therefore changed for Madras, but the vessel was borne to a spot three hundred miles distant from that city, so that Mr. Judson was compelled to travel to Madras by land. Once in Madras, he was detained until the 20th of July of the next year before he could return to his wife and work in Rangoon. Worse even than this, on account of the impossibility of communicating with his wife, Mr. Judson could send no tidings of his whereabouts, so that she had to endure all the agonies of uncertainty for over six months. And, as if to add to her trouble, persecution broke out in Rangoon, and all foreign priests were ordered to quit the country. It had long been the law of the land that any Burman embracing a foreign faith should pay for his apostasy from Buddhism with his life, and as the friendly Viceroy who had favoured the Judsons had been removed, to make way for another and more tyrannical official, this law was imperatively announced to the trembling natives and equally helpless missionaries.

Indeed, under Divine providence, Mrs. Judson's firmness and faith alone saved the mission from abandonment at this stage. It seems that almost immediately after the arrival of the news from Chittagong, that Mr. Judson had not been heard of at that port, a peremptory and menacing order arrived at the mission house, requiring Mr.

Hough, the missionary printer, to appear before the Court, and to give an account of himself. He was informed that "if he did not tell all the truth relative to his situation in the country, they would write with his heart's blood." The examination was conducted with such roughness and studied insult. that it was very evident mischief was intended ; and to complicate the matter still further, Mr. Hough could not speak the language fluently enough to carry on any conversation. Mr. Hough and Mrs. Judson resolved to appeal to the Viceroy, and Mrs. Judson's teacher drew up a petition which she tremblingly presented, somewhat like Esther of old, when she pleaded for the lives of her people. This petition was successful beyond expectation, for the Viceroy—in spite of the fact that no women were allowed to appear at his court, except by special favour of his wife—commanded that Mr. Hough should receive no further molestation.

This trouble was over ; but the darker one yet remained. No tidings of her husband had yet arrived, and Mr. Hough, believing that the little attack they had experienced was only the first monition of a dark time of persecution, was anxiously eager that Mrs. Judson should accompany him and his family to Bengal. She partly complied with his wish, and even went on board ; but returned again to the post of duty, determined to trust herself and her affairs to God's love

and keeping. The story is best told by herself in a letter to home friends :

“ On the 5th of this month I embarked with Mr. Hough and family for Bengal, having previously disposed of what I could not take with me. I had engaged Mr. Judson's teacher to accompany me, that in case of meeting him at Bengal, he could go on with his Burmese studies. But the teacher, fearing the difficulties arising from his being a Burman, broke his engagement and refused to go. My disinclination to proceed in the course commenced had increased to such a degree that I was on the point of giving up the voyage myself ; but my passage was paid, my baggage on board, and I knew not how to separate myself from the mission family. The vessel, however, was several days in going down the river, and when on the point of putting out to sea, the captain and officers ascertained that she was in a very dangerous state, in consequence of having been improperly loaded, and that she must be detained for a day or two at the place where she then lay, I immediately resolved on giving up the voyage, and returning to town. Accordingly, the captain sent up a boat with me, and engaged to forward my baggage the next day. I reached town in the evening, and to-day have come out to the mission house, to the great joy of all the Burmese left on the premises. Mr. Hough and his family will proceed, and they kindly

and affectionately urge my going with them. I know I am surrounded by dangers on every hand, and expect to see much anxiety and distress; but at present I am tranquil, and intend to make an effort to pursue my studies as formerly, and leave the result to God."

The result proved that Mrs. Judson was right. In a few days Mr. Judson arrived home unexpectedly, to the rejoicing of his brave wife, and soon after the two new missionaries arrived from America, to reinforce the mission. Then she realised again, with a new thankfulness, the truth of the lines which she had so often sung in her fatherland :

"The Lord can clear the darkest skies.
Can give us day for night,
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
To rivers of delight."

Soon after this a preaching-place was opened, and public worship in the Burmese language commenced for all who would attend. In one part of the building, divided off, Mrs. Judson held her class of native women, while in the other Mr. Judson preached, and talked, and argued, attracting congregations, more or less in number, on every day in the week. Inquirers came forward too, asking secretly to be taught all about the new religion, and one—Moung Nau by name—requested baptism, as an earnest believer in the Lord Jesus. It may be of help to the reader to know that the

prefix *Moung* signifies a young man. The Burmese use a number of titles, to designate individuals, like ourselves. Thus, *Moung* denotes a young man; *Do*, an old man; *Mee*, a girl; *Mah*, a young woman; *May*, an old woman. Moung Nau was a young man of about thirty-five years of age, belonging to the middle ranks of life, and evidently much in earnest. It was after about two months of constant instruction that Moung Nau requested baptism—a most thorough proof of his sincerity, when it is considered that he thereby exposed himself to the risk of execution, through forsaking the old religion of the country.

Moung Nau wrote a manly and intelligent letter to Mr. Judson, respecting the rite of baptism sought by him; and because of its straightforward simplicity, as well as its somewhat peculiar phraseology to English readers, we make no apology for reproducing it. The letter runs thus:

“I, Moung Nau, the constant recipient of your excellent favour, now approach your feet. Whereas my lords three (the three missionaries) have come to the country of Burmah not for the purposes of trade, but to preach the religion of Jesus Christ, the Son of the eternal God, I, having heard and understood, am with a joyful mind filled with love. I believe that the Divine Son, Jesus Christ, suffered death in the place of men, to atone for their sins. Like a heavy-laden

man, I feel my sins are very many. The punishment of my sins I deserve to suffer. Since it is so, do you, sirs, consider that I, taking refuge in the merits of the Lord Jesus Christ, and receiving baptism in order to become His disciple, shall dwell one with yourselves, a band of brothers, in the happiness of heaven, and therefore grant me the ordinance of baptism. It is through the grace of Jesus Christ that you, sirs, have come by ship from one country and continent to another, and that we have met together. I pray my lords three that a suitable day be appointed, and that I may receive the ordinance of baptism. Moreover, as it is only since I have met with you, sirs, that I have known about the eternal God, I venture to pray that you will still unfold to me the religion of God, that my old disposition may be destroyed, and my new disposition improved."

This man was baptized on the 27th of June, 1819. It was the first profession of the Christian faith made by any of the subjects of the Burmese Empire, and it was an occasion of unutterable joy to the missionaries. They had long laboured in depression and gloom, while yet sowing precious seed in faith; now Moungh Nau was the first sheaf of the harvest. Soon after this, two others were baptized, but at sunset, as they were timid believers, and did not desire to proclaim their faith to a numerous concourse of

onlookers. After the ceremony, the converts and inquirers repaired to the *Zayat*, and held prayer meetings *of their own accord*. This was a most encouraging sign.

But the unfriendliness and opposition of those in authority increased, so that the natives ceased to come to Mr. Judson or his wife for religious conversation. It seemed certain that it would be useless to persevere in their missionary labours unless they secured the favour of the King; they resolved therefore to visit the capital, endeavour to propitiate his Majesty, and, if possible, to win his influence over to their side. Messrs. Judson and Colman were admitted to an audience of the King, but their petition was received with disfavour, and their offerings of books rejected with disdain. They returned to Rangoon, dispirited and downcast. They found that the policy of the Burmese Government, in regard to the toleration of any foreign religion, was precisely the same as that of the Chinese; that no subject of the King who embraced a religion different from his own would be exempt from punishment; and that the missionaries in presenting a petition to the Sovereign, relating to religious toleration, had been guilty of a most egregious blunder. As a proof, Mr. Judson was informed that some fifteen years previously a native who had been converted to Roman Catholicism had been nearly beaten to death, because of his apostasy

from the national faith. The ruling powers entertained still the same spirit of hatred to Protestantism ; therefore it seemed hopeless to endeavour to sow Gospel seed in or near the capital.

On returning to Rangoon, the saddened mission workers told the three converts of their ill-success, but to their great surprise, they found that these men were firm and unmoved in prospect of persecuting days. The only thing which seemed to disquiet them was the probability that the missionaries would leave their country; so that they, being left alone, would be unable to propagate the Christian faith. More especially was this the argument of the married convert ; for the two unmarried ones would have followed Mr. Judson to India, whereas the married one could not, because no native female was permitted to leave the country. It was finally determined that Mr. and Mrs. Colman should remove to Chittagong, and that Mr. and Mrs. Judson should remain with their beloved Burmese hearers, and dare all risks. In March, 1820, the Colmans removed as arranged, and, for some time, the Judsons laboured on bravely alone.

Within a month from the date of the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Colman, another convert was baptized, and several native women professed to have received the faith of Christ. The harvest was now beginning to appear, after a dreary waiting-time, but

had the devoted servants of the Master given way to their very natural feelings of alarm, and fled the country, these converts would probably never have been heard of. In June, however, Mrs. Judson experienced such a breakdown in health that it was deemed absolutely necessary for her to go to Bengal for proper medical treatment. This event, which caused Mr. and Mrs. Judson to leave Burmah, became the means of leading other natives to come forward and make a profession of faith, and among them was Mah-Men-la, one of Mrs. Judson's female scholars. She was baptized upon her confession of faith, saying, "Now I have taken the oath of allegiance to Jesus Christ, and I have nothing to do but to commit myself, soul and body, into the hands of my Lord, assured that He will never suffer me to fall away."

The voyage and treatment benefited Mrs. Judson so much, that in January, 1821, she and her husband returned from Serampore to Rangoon, and were welcomed by all classes. Even the wife of the Viceroy received the missionaries with unwonted friendliness, but the most cheering fact of all was this, that, though destitute of the means of grace for above six months, not one of the converts had dishonoured the Christian profession. Owing to the great caution observed, the little church had dwelt amidst many and powerful enemies at Rangoon quite unmolested. Mr. Judson records that

it was not then generally known that any of the natives had professed Christianity. It was the day of small things, and whether the religion of the Cross should ever spread over the benighted land of Burmah was at that time an unsolved problem.

CHAPTER IV

DARK DAYS

IN May, 1821, the American Baptist Missionary Society set apart, and sent out to assist Mr. and Mrs. Judson, Dr. Price. The Doctor was married, and having received a medical education was prepared to act both as missionary and medical man. But cholera and fever were their constant foes ; and what with translation, teaching, preaching, and disputing, the days passed very quickly to both Mr. and Mrs. Judson, until it became too evident that the health of the latter was being surely undermined by constant suffering from fever and liver complaint. It being painfully recognised that there existed no chance of her recovery in those Eastern climes, it was at last decided that she should pay a visit to America. In August, therefore, she embarked for Bengal, and after arriving in Calcutta, in the following month, made further arrangements for visiting England *en route* for the United States. On writing to a friend she thus referred to her departure from Burmah :

“Rangoon, from having been the theatre in which so much of the faithfulness, power, and mercy of God had been exhibited, from having been considered for ten years past my home for life, and from a thousand interesting associations, had become the dearest spot on earth. Hence you will readily imagine that no ordinary considerations could have induced my departure. . . .

“I left Rangoon in August, and arrived in Calcutta on the 22nd of September. My disorder gained ground so rapidly, that nothing but a voyage to sea, and the benefit of a cold climate, presented the least hope of life. You will readily imagine that nothing but the prospect of a final separation would have induced us to decide on this measure, under circumstances so trying as those in which we were placed. But duty to God, to ourselves, to the Board of Missions, and to the perishing Burmese, compelled us to adopt this course of procedure, though agonising to all the natural feelings of our hearts.”

Mrs. Judson made arrangements to go to England first, solely because of the difficulty of engaging a passage in any American vessel; and, as it turned out, she was able to do this, free of expense to the Board. She continued: “If the pain in my side is entirely removed while on my passage to Europe, I shall return to India in the same ship, and proceed immediately to Rangoon. But if not, I shall go over to America, and

spend one winter in my dear native country. As ardently as I long to see my beloved friends in America, I cannot prevail on myself to be any longer from Rangoon than is absolutely necessary for the preservation of my life. I have had a severe struggle relative to my *immediate* return to Rangoon, instead of going to England. But I did not venture to go contrary to the convictions of reason, to the opinion of an eminent and skilful physician, and the repeated injunctions of Mr. Judson."

She reached England with somewhat improved health, and at once found a welcome among Christians of all denominations. After spending some weeks among English and Scottish friends, she proceeded in August, 1822, on her way to New York, arriving there on the 25th of September. She intended to have spent the winter in the New England States, but the coldness of the climate and her own exhaustion of strength forbade this plan being carried out. She therefore removed to Baltimore in December, this place being more suitable to her constitution after the tropical heats of Burmah. It is somewhat saddening to know, however, that the malignancy of poor human nature found vent in unworthy misrepresentations of Mrs. Judson's character and conduct during this winter. It was asserted by some envious and detracting persons that her health was not seriously impaired, and that

she only visited the Southern States with a view to excite attention and applause. But such detraction was not at all wonderful, seeing that the disciples of Christ must ever expect the same baptism of ill-will, defamation, and slander through which He passed. No Christian, indeed, who has been worth the name, has ever incurred the "woe," denounced on those of whom all the world shall "speak well"; and in passing through this experience, Mrs. Judson merely suffered like all the rest of Christ's disciples.

During that winter at Baltimore frequent consultations of medical men took place, and they all concurred in thinking that she *could* not expect to live if she returned to Burmah, or indeed to the East at all. But she still anticipated the time of her departure for the scene of missionary toils and triumphs, and expressed herself determined to labour for Burmah as long as life should last. Yet her illness increased, and alarming complications ensued. Bleeding from the lungs came on, in addition to liver symptoms, and for some time it even grew doubtful whether she would recover sufficiently ever to take the long voyage back. Meanwhile, encouraging reports arrived from Rangoon. The little band of native women whom she had been instructing there had nearly all given in their adhesion to Christianity, or had been baptized, and had actually started *a female prayer meeting, of their own accord*. Dr. Price had

received the Burmese monarch's command to repair to Ava, on account of his medical skill, and Mr. Judson had resolved to accompany him, in order to make one more effort for toleration for the native Christians. All these things made her anxious to return to Rangoon early in April, should a vessel be sailing from either Boston or Salem.

During this waiting-time she published the *History of the Burman Mission*, a small work, but a valuable compilation of facts, which drew much attention to the condition of the country, both from American and English Christians. As one result, doubtless, of the increased interest excited, the American Board of Missions appointed Mr. and Mrs. Wade to proceed to Burmah with Mrs. Judson, to assist in the mission there. The little party sailed from Boston on the 22nd of June, and after a prosperous voyage, arrived at Rangoon, *via* Calcutta, on the 5th of December, 1823. But Mrs. Judson found that serious complications, endangering the safety of the mission, had arisen in her absence. Indeed, there can be little doubt that the cloud was now appearing, "small as a man's hand," which was destined to end only with her life. The difficulties and hardships she had hitherto experienced were few and small compared with those which now awaited her.

The new Viceroy of Rangoon was opposed to Christianity, and manifested his spirit

by imposing illegal and burdensome taxes upon every Burmese suspected of favouring the principles taught by Mr. Judson. The houses of some of the disciples were demolished, and they themselves had gone, no one knew whither, for they had fled for dear life. The prospect of war between England and Burmah was daily increasing; therefore the missionaries who had been occupying the land during her absence had a tale to tell of gloomy anticipation and lowering evil. Dr. Price was resident at Ava, the "Golden City," commanded to remain there, because of his medical skill; and Mr. Judson had also been ordered to take up his residence there, during some passing mood of indulgence or of toleration in the Imperial mind. Mrs. Judson's next home was therefore to be at Ava, several hundred miles farther up the Irrawaddy.

Immediately on her arrival therefore at Rangoon, Mr. Judson prepared to take her up the Irrawaddy to Ava, for the Emperor's behests could not be disregarded without fear of trouble. This state of matters, however, divided the mission party, one-half being driven to reside in Ava, in the very teeth of danger, and the other half being left behind at Rangoon. The party at the capital consisted of Messrs. Judson and Price, with their families; that at Rangoon of Messrs. Hough and Wade, and their families. These two gentlemen suffered much perse-

cution and ill-treatment during the progress of the war, but still their sufferings were very little indeed compared with those of the Judsons and Dr. Price. Mrs. Price, before this climax arrived, found an early grave among those whom she sought to benefit.

The voyage up the Irrawaddy took about six weeks, and was performed in Mr. Judson's small open boat, but as the season was cool and healthy, the voyagers performed the journey pleasantly and easily. The river banks were peopled by swarms of human beings, all anxious to get a peep at "the white woman from over the water"; and all wondering, when they did get a peep at her, how she could ever muster up sufficient courage to visit their land. Whenever the boat came to a halt for the night, Mr. and Mrs. Judson would get out, and sit in the shade of the trees; when a crowd would soon gather, to whom Mr. Judson would talk simply of the great and loving Saviour, Christ. He also seized these opportunities to distribute tracts, printed in Burmese, containing short and simple statements of Christian doctrine, which tracts were eagerly received and willingly read, for most of the Burmese could read their own language, and were fairly fond of discussing religious questions with the missionaries.

On arriving at Ava, they had to wait about a fortnight, while a little wooden house was run up for them. It contained three small

rooms and a verandah, and was raised on supports four feet from the ground. But as the house was not built of bricks, its inhabitants soon began to suffer from the intense heat. Mrs. Judson writes: "I hardly know how we shall bear the hot season which is just commencing, as our house is built of boards, and before night is heated like an oven. Nothing but brick is a shelter from the heat of Ava, when the thermometer, even in the shade, frequently rises to 108 degrees. We have worship every evening in Burmese, when a number of the natives assemble; and every Sabbath, Mr. Judson preaches on the other side of the river, in Dr. Price's house. We feel it an inestimable privilege that, amid all our discouragements, we have the language, and are able constantly to communicate truths which can save the soul."

But the war-clouds loomed dark in the distance, and threatened, at no distant date, to overwhelm them and the whole mission in ruin. Indeed, although unknown to them, "the dogs of war" had been already let loose. For some time past rumours of approaching war with the Bengal Government had disturbed the public security. It had been known for a long period that the Emperor of Burmah had cherished the ambitious design of invading Bengal. He had collected, in a neighbouring province, an army of 30,000 men, under the command of

one of his most successful generals. It is also said that this army was furnished with a pair of golden fetters, wherewith to bind the Governor-General of India, when he should be led away into captivity in Burmah.

But these preparations for triumph over a fallen foe were destined to premature failure, as in many another case. The British rulers of India, as represented by the Bengal Government, decided to invade Burmah, and to at once administer exemplary punishment in return for the encroachments and insults of the Burmese Government. All peaceable measures had been tried and failed; now it only remained to appeal to force of arms.

In May, 1824—or about five months after Mrs. Judson's return—an army of ten thousand British and East Indian troops, under the command of Sir Archibald Campbell, arrived at Rangoon. This was about three months after Mr. and Mrs. Judson had arrived at their new home at Ava. The army struck terror into the hearts of the people at Rangoon, and the Viceroy revenged himself upon Messrs. Hough and Wade, by inflicting cruel treatment, and threatening them with death. He pretended to believe that the Americans were in league with the English, and treated them accordingly. These two gentlemen were thrust into prison, loaded with fetters, and more than once brought out for instant execution. The landing of

the British troops finally saved them from death ; and after a while, both Messrs. Hough and Wade, with their wives, returned to Bengal, where they still carried on the work of translating and printing, as far as manuscript had been prepared. Mr. Wade chiefly employed himself in printing a Burmese Dictionary, which had been prepared by Mr. Judson, and which proved to be a work of much value to future missionaries.

But the tide of war rolled on to Ava, and the situation of the missionaries there became a matter of intense solicitude, not only to their fellow-workers, but also to the friends of the mission in America. Nothing had been heard of the Judsons or of Dr. Price for nearly *two years*, and at last even their nearest and dearest friends gave them up for dead. It was certain that, if alive, they were suffering bitter pains and persecutions for their supposed connection with the British, while it was almost equally certain that as the British troops proceeded from victory to victory, the Burmese authorities would wreak their vengeance upon the defenceless missionaries, who were, all this time, in their power.

At last, however, the British advanced so near the capital that Sir Archibald Campbell was able to dictate terms of peace, and the Burmese monarch was glad to comply. He agreed to cede a large portion of his territory, to pay about one million sterling, in

four instalments, and to liberate unconditionally all the British and American prisoners. Mr. and Mrs. Judson, as well as Dr. Price, were thus rescued from the hands of their enemies, and on the 24th of February, 1826, they were received with the most courteous kindness at the British camp. Sir Archibald Campbell provided the missionaries with a tent, and also placed one of his gun-boats at their disposal, to convey them down the river Irrawaddy to Rangoon, whenever they decided to go. At this date Mrs. Judson was so weak with fever, hardship, and Burmese brutality that she could not stand or walk without support, yet she looked forward to being of some use to the benighted Burmese, provided she could settle down in some other part of Burmah, under British protection.

Mrs. Judson wrote a complete account of their sufferings during this terrible time. Of this account it has been well said, "Fiction itself has seldom invented a tale more replete with terror." From it we learn that their sorrows began immediately on their arrival at Ava, for Dr. Price was out of favour at the Burmese court, while all foreigners were looked upon with suspicion, as being naturally favourable to the British. As soon as the tidings of the capture of Rangoon reached Ava, an order was issued that all foreigners should be cast into prison. The storm burst upon the household of the

Judsons on the 8th of June, 1824, just as they were preparing for dinner. Mrs. Judson thus describes the scene :

"In rushed an officer, holding a black book, with a dozen Burmese, accompanied by *one* whom from his spotted face we knew to be the executioner, and a 'son of the prison.' 'Where is the teacher?' was the first inquiry. Mr. Judson presented himself. 'You are called by the Emperor,' said the officer, a form of speech always used when about to arrest a criminal. The spotted man instantly seized Mr. Judson, threw him on the floor, and produced the small cord, the instrument of torture. I caught hold of his arm. 'Stay,' said I, 'I will give you money.' '*Take her too,*' said the officer, '*she also is a foreigner.*' Mr. Judson, with an imploring look, begged that they would let me remain till further orders. The scene was now shocking beyond description. The whole neighbourhood had collected: the masons at work on the brick house threw down their tools, and ran; the little Burmese children were screaming and crying, the servants stood in amazement at the indignities offered their master, and the hardened executioner, with a kind of hellish joy, drew tight the cords, bound Mr. Judson fast, and dragged him off, I knew not whither. In vain I begged and entreated the spotted-face to take the silver, and loosen the ropes, but he spurned my offers, and immediately

departed. I gave the money, however, to Moun Ing to follow after, and make some attempt to mitigate the torture of Mr. Judson, but instead of succeeding, when a few rods from the house, the unfeeling wretches again threw their prisoner on the ground, and drew the cords still tighter, so as almost to prevent respiration."

A guard of ten ruffians was set over the house, and Mrs. Judson was closely watched, together with the little Burmese girls whom she had taken to teach and train up in her own family. Very soon, however, she was summoned forth to the verandah, to be examined by the magistrate for supposed complicity with the British foreigners. Previous to obeying this summons, however, she took the precaution of destroying all her letters, journals, and writings of every kind, lest they should disclose the fact that they had correspondents in England. After the examination, she was allowed to retire to an inner room, with the children; but the carousings and vile language of the guard, her own suffering, unprotected, desolate state, as well as the uncertainty of her husband's fate, combined to render it a most memorable night of terror and dismay, sleep being altogether out of the question.

She sent Moun Ing, however, early next morning to ascertain Mr. Judson's situation, and if possible, to give him and his fellow-prisoner food. He soon returned with the

tidings that both the missionaries, with all the white foreigners, were confined in the death-prison, with three pairs of iron fetters each, and fastened to a long pole to prevent their moving. The fact of being a prisoner herself rendered it impossible to take any effectual steps for their release. She did try, however, what could be done, by sending letters, messages, and promises of rewards to various high officials and members of the royal family, but all her endeavours were unsuccessful. She obtained permission at last, upon paying about one hundred dollars to the head officer, to have one short interview with her husband; but when Mr. Judson crawled to the door of the prison, and commenced to give her directions as to her efforts for his release, the jailers roughly compelled her to depart, with threats of personal violence.

Next, the officers of the Burmese Government visited Mr. Judson's house, and coolly proceeded to take possession of all they had. But, very fortunately, Mrs. Judson had received warning of this visit of confiscation, and had on the previous day secreted as much silver as she possibly could, knowing that if the war lasted long, she and the other missionaries would be reduced to utter starvation. Although the Burmese Government held them all as prisoners, it was considered a superfluous duty to feed them. No trouble whatever was taken either to provide mats or food for Mr. Judson or Dr. Price; conse-

quently Mrs. Judson had to regularly send them food, together with mats to sleep upon. Only books, medicines, and wearing apparel were left in her possession now, so that had she not taken the precaution to hide their money, she and the prisoners would have perished of starvation. Her almost daily journeys to the prison, however, which was two miles away, and her exhausting interviews with officials, greatly reduced her own strength. This went on for seven months, until her resources and her courage were both alike nearly exhausted. The extortions and oppressions they had to bear are quite indescribable, and the awful uncertainty of their fate was overpowering. Mrs. Judson says, in her account of this terrible time, "My prevailing opinion was that my husband would suffer a violent death, and that I should of course become a slave, and languish out a miserable, though short, existence, in the hands of some unfeeling monster."

To add to the difficulties of the lonely woman's situation, she gave birth to a little daughter after Mr. Judson had been some time in prison. This babe comforted her heart a little, but it also added to her cares and duties. As often as possible, she would take it to the death-prison, in order that its father might look upon it, and we can well believe that the little unconscious infant, although by her tiny baby wiles serving to bring some ray of pleasure to the poor

prisoner's heart, would cause a pang to pierce through that heart, as it contemplated the dark and unknown future.

Sometimes, however, Mr. Judson suffered with fever, and was in great danger; but once, as a special favour, his wife was permitted to erect a small bamboo house in the governor's enclosure, opposite the prison gate, and to remove her husband into it. She was also allowed to go in and out at all times of the day, to administer medicines to him, and she adds, "I now feel happy indeed—although the little bamboo hovel was so low that neither of us could stand upright."

But worse experiences were to come. One morning, when Mr. Judson was still ill with fever, he and the other white prisoners were taken out of the prison, and driven on foot some eight or ten miles, under the burning sun, both bareheaded and barefooted, to Amarapura. This cross-country march was so dreadful, that one of the white prisoners—a Greek—dropped dead.

At first nobody could tell Mrs. Judson where the poor captives were taken, but a servant who had witnessed the forced march brought her information. Nothing daunted, this devoted woman followed her husband, carrying her infant in her arms, accompanied by her two little Burmese girls and a faithful Bengalee cook. Part of the journey was accomplished in a boat, and part in a rough country cart. She found Mr. Judson and

his companions chained in couples with fetters, and almost dead from fever, exhaustion, and want. She says: "It was now dark; I had no refreshment for the suffering prisoners, or for myself, as I had expected to procure all that was necessary at the market of Amarapura, and I had no shelter for the night. I asked one of the jailers if I might put up a little bamboo house near the prison; he said, 'No, it was not customary.' I then begged he would procure me a shelter for the night, when on the morrow I would find some place to live in. He took me to his house, in which there were only two small rooms—one in which he and his family lived—the other, which was then half full of grain, he offered to me, and in that little filthy place I spent the next six months of wretchedness. I procured some half-boiled water instead of tea, and worn out with fatigue, laid myself down on a mat spread over the grain, and endeavoured to obtain a little refreshment from sleep."

The prisoners, meanwhile, were confined in an old shattered building without a roof, and the rumour went forth that they were to be burnt alive, building and all. It came out afterwards, indeed, that, had it not been for the death of the officer whose duty it would have been to have seen them burnt, they would have perished in this dreadful manner.

Just at that juncture, as if to add woe upon woe, the little Burmese girls took the

small-pox, and shortly afterwards the infant sickened with it too, in spite of the fact that Mrs. Judson vaccinated it as best she could, with an old darning-needle. It however had only a slight attack in consequence of the vaccination; but, what with children to vaccinate, the little ones of her own family to nurse, and Mr. Judson to care and cook for, Mrs. Judson had her hands full. She had also to make a journey to Ava for medicines, and this journey, together with the exhaustion, anxiety, and hardships of her life, combined to lay her also low with malignant fever. During this time the Bengalee cook was most faithful, and served both his master and mistress night and day with unremitting fidelity; and sometimes the jailers would allow Mr. Judson to come out of prison to nurse his wife and babe for a few hours. She tells us that for want of proper nursing the infant had grown to be a "little emaciated creature," while "her cries were heart-rending."

Soon after, Mr. Judson was released from captivity and ordered to proceed to the Burmese camp, to act as translator and interpreter in the negotiations then being carried on with Sir Archibald Campbell for peace. The British army advanced upon Ava, and in order to save the city, the Burmese King agreed to the most humiliating stipulations. Mr. Judson and Dr. Price were sent forward to sue for peace. They brought back the message that the British would spare the

city, provided the Burmese Government would pay one million sterling, and immediately liberate all foreign prisoners. After some haggling these conditions were accepted, and Sir Archibald Campbell received the whole of the prisoners, and entertained them in his own camp with every mark of respect.

During these negotiations for peace, Mrs. Judson was very ill with spotted fever. Her hair was shaved off, her head and feet covered with blisters, and she was so far gone that the Burmese who came in to sit by her said to one another, "*She is dead.*" She however rallied, but it was more than a month before she could stand.

At that time the Judsons had no idea of ever being able to leave Ava, not having the remotest notion that the British General would include them in his demands. But still the result proved better than their fears. Upon their arrival at the British camp, Mrs. Judson says, "Sir Archibald took us to his own table, and treated us with the kindness of a father, rather than as strangers. I presume to say that no persons on earth were ever happier than we were during the fortnight we passed at the British camp. For several days this idea wholly occupied my mind, that we were out of the power of the Burmese Government, and once more under the protection of the British. Our feelings continually dictated expressions like these, 'What shall we render to the Lord for all His benefits?'"

CHAPTER V

CALLED HOME

THERE is an interesting fact regarding Mr. Judson's manuscript translation of the New Testament which deserves to be recorded. When, at the commencement of this long season of suffering, the Burmese Government officials went to the Judsons' house for the purpose of seizing all their property, Mrs. Judson, instead of burning the Testament, together with the letters and journals, hid it in the earth. Unfortunately, however, it was the rainy season, and the manuscript ran the risk of being destroyed by damp. She therefore dug it up, and stitched it into a pillow, so dirty and mean that, as she supposed, not even a native official would be likely to covet it. Mr. Judson slept on it for some time, but was ultimately robbed of it by one of the officials, who, after stripping off the outer covering, threw away the pillow itself, because it was so hard. One of the native converts, happening to be passing by, picked it up, took care of it and, months

afterwards, restored the precious manuscript to Mr. Judson intact.

In the beginning of May, 1826, the Judsons removed to Amherst, a new city under British protection. Four of the mission converts, with their families, had already settled there, beside many of the Burmese population, so that there was every prospect of a new and more successful time of service. But Mrs. Judson's work was almost accomplished. In July, Mr. Judson was summoned away to assist in negotiating a secondary treaty between the British and Burmese, which was to secure toleration for Christianity, and establish peace on a firm basis. This was the final parting between husband and wife.

Before his return Mrs. Judson was seized again with malignant fever, and her shattered constitution was unable to withstand its attacks. The terrible sufferings she had passed through at Ava rendered her an easy prey. The surgeons and officers of the British regiment stationed at Amherst did all in their power to alleviate the sickness ; and the wife of one of the men acted as nurse, most kindly and unremittingly. But Mrs. Judson's strength declined very rapidly, and her mind wandered ; still the salvation of the Burmese people lay near her heart. She seemed to dwell much at intervals upon the idea of seeing her husband once more. One day she moaned out : " The teacher

is long in coming, and the new missionaries are long in coming ; I must die alone, and leave my little one ; but as it is the will of God, I acquiesce in His will. I am not afraid of death, but I am afraid I shall not be able to bear these pains. Tell the teacher that the disease was most violent, and that I could not write ; tell him how I suffered and died ; tell him all that you see ; and take care of the house and things till he returns."

The last day or two she lay almost senseless, and motionless, on one side, her head reclining on her arm, her eyes closed, and at eight in the evening of the 24th of October, 1826, she passed into "the better land"—sinking to rest like a weary child. Dr. Judson returned too late even to see her lifeless corpse.

She was buried at Amherst with civil and military honours ; and a tree was planted near her grave. Soon after, a monument was sent from Boston to mark the spot. Six months later the infant rejoined its mother, and was laid by her side in the little enclosure.

It certainly was a mysterious dispensation of Providence that Mrs. Judson should be called away from her beloved work just as she had the opportunity of an "open door," and had acquired greater capability for service. Familiar with the language, and rich in experience, she might, to our thinking, have done very much more service in the

mission field. But previous hardships, trials of climate, and deprivation of comforts had all done their work, and "she was not, for the finger of God touched her." However, she had not lived in vain. Five converted Burmese had preceded her to heaven, nearly all of whom had heard the news of redemption from her lips.

Her name will be remembered in the churches of Burmah in future times, when the pagodas of Gautama shall have fallen : when the spires of Christian temples shall gleam along the waters of the Irrawaddy and the Salwen ; and when the Golden City shall have "lifted up her gates to let the King of Glory in."

In conclusion, it may not be out of place to recount a few encouraging facts concerning the later state of the American Baptist Mission to Burmah. Christianity had increased and prospered far more in this land than was generally known. There were six hundred Christian congregations, comprising about twenty-eight thousand members, and about seventy thousand adherents. These congregations were, as a rule, self-supporting, and were composed chiefly of Karens. Beside these there were about fifteen hundred Burmese converts. In four hundred schools there were also twelve thousand pupils. The whole Bible was freely circulated, in the Burmese tongue, as the result of Dr. Judson's labours ;



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A TYPICAL BURMESE GIRL

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BURMESE WOMEN ON THE BANKS OF THE IRAWADDY

to say nothing of the Dictionary, Hymn-book, and thousands of smaller works, such as tracts, pamphlets, and catechisms. There was no system of caste in Burmah, such as has been the curse of India, so that access to the different orders of people was more easy ; while the majority of the natives could read their own language, owing to the system of instruction pursued by the *phoongyes* or priests. It was arranged to build a Judson Centennial Memorial Church in Mandalay, the new capital of Burmah, which is near the site of Ava, and only two miles from the dreadful prison of Oung-pen-la—where the heroic Judson and his fellow-captive suffered so much torture. Several thousand pounds were required for the erection of this building ; but one thousand was given as a starting-gift by Meh-Nhinly, an aged Christian widow, who for many years had been the mainstay of the little Burmese Church at Tavoy, and who was one of the very few then still alive who had been baptized by Dr. Judson himself.

More than a century has passed away since Mrs. Judson was laid to rest in that lonely grave at Amherst, but her work still bears fruit. The word of the Lord has not returned to Him “ void, but has prospered in the work whereunto it was sent,” even in idolatrous Burmah. It is long past a century since—driven out of Calcutta by the old East India Company—Dr. Judson

arrived in Rangoon, and first established the Baptist Mission. For a long time he laboured on in the face of discouragements which would have vanquished a less courageous man. But now we may well marvel at the multitude of the harvest fruits! Burmah, which has become one of the most valuable possessions of the British Crown, may yet be one of the most enlightened lands owning the sway of the “ King of kings.”

MRS. JOHNSTON, OF THE WEST INDIES

WE have no definite information respecting Mrs. Johnston's youth or early religious training, but from the evidence of her friends we learn that early in life she became a follower of the Saviour. Her experience in the foreign field was comparatively brief and very chequered ; but, under circumstances of peculiar trial, she manifested a spirit of patient endurance and Christian fortitude, which fairly entitle her to be remembered among the noble band of missionary heroines who took an active and honourable part in the glorious enterprise at the commencement of the past century, when difficulty, disaster, persecution — and frequently martyrdom — were the lot of labourers in heathen lands.

Mrs. Johnston was the devoted wife of George Johnston, of the Wesleyan Missionary Society. They were married early in 1807, and proceeded at once on their voyage to Jamaica, arriving there toward the close of the year. They found that, at that time, a spirit of determined opposition and violent

persecution raged against the British missionaries and their work, so that whoever would engage in Christian effort among the slave population must first "count the cost" of the resulting persecution. But Mr. and Mrs. Johnston cheerfully and loyally accepted this condition of service, and counting their lives not dear unto them, they prepared to surrender all—even personal liberty—for Christ and His cause.

To understand the condition of affairs in Jamaica at that date, it is necessary to cull evidence from historians. Gardner, in his *History of Jamaica*, says that when Dr. Thomas Coke, the pioneer of Wesleyan Missions in the West Indies, first visited Jamaica in 1789, he conducted his services in obscure places, and without much interruption. But as the work grew, and a large building became necessary in order to hold the congregations which crowded to listen to the Gospel, considerable opposition was displayed. The grand jury of Kingston indicted the assembly at the Court of Quarter Sessions, as a "nuisance," and angry mobs tore down the gates and walls outside the chapel, while the preacher left in charge by Dr. Coke was compelled to refrain from preaching after sundown. In this way the slaves were prevented from hearing the Gospel at all, because they would of necessity be at work during the daylight.

After this, some years of comparative

quiet dawned upon the island, and missionaries were again free, under certain restrictions, to preach to the negroes. As a consequence, some hundreds of them were gathered into Church communion and fellowship.

In 1807, however, the Common Council of Kingston, Jamaica, passed an ordinance to the effect that "no person not duly authorised by the laws of the island and Great Britain should teach or preach, under penalty of fine, imprisonment, or whipping, according to the condition in life of the offender ; and moreover, that no person, although so qualified, should conduct service before six o'clock in the morning, or after sunset, under a penalty not exceeding £100, or imprisonment, or both." Persons were also required to refrain from letting their buildings and rooms for purposes of worship. In order further to enforce these cruel provisions, the Jamaica House of Assembly passed other laws which were still more prohibitive and brutal. These laws forbade "any Methodists, or sectaries, or preachers, to instruct slaves, or to receive them into their houses, chapels, or conventicles." A fine of £20 was also to be imposed upon any master who allowed his slaves to be instructed by missionaries. These clauses were cunningly introduced into other bills, with which they really had no connection, in order to pass muster under the inspection of the Home Government, but

the device failed. His Majesty George III. refused his consent, and the clauses were disallowed, as being opposed to the principles of religious toleration prevailing in Great Britain.

But the ordinance of the Kingston Common Council still remained in force. So oppressive was it in its operation, that one missionary was imprisoned for a month, merely for teaching a new hymn tune to some young slaves within a few minutes after sunset. The fact was that he and they were so interested in their occupation that they had not noticed the exact time of sunset, as this ordinance required. But the punishment was nevertheless sharp and severe.

The historian thus refers to Mr. Johnston : "Licences were refused to all new missionaries, and amongst those who were thus prevented from preaching was Mr. Johnston, a minister in the prime of life, and of great prudence, who had brought credentials from many of the leading men in other colonies where he had laboured. When the Act of the Jamaican Legislature was disallowed by the Home Government, he applied to the Common Council of Kingston for permission to open the chapel in the Parade, promising to confine himself to the hours prescribed in the ordinance. The application was refused. He was, however, allowed to qualify at St. Thomas."

These hindrances to Gospel work were

sources of great trouble to both Mr. and Mrs. Johnston. For several months they removed from the station, where they had intended to reside, to Montego Bay, where missionary effort was permitted under certain restrictions. Many bitter tears were shed in secret by Mrs. Johnston during the dark and gloomy period of suspense, while very earnest petitions were constantly made that all hindrances might be removed, and the way opened for the unfettered promulgation of the Gospel. In the meantime, she embraced every opportunity of instructing the poor female slaves and their children, privately. Gathering them around her by stealth, in her own home, she taught them of Christ—and not in vain. These secret labours were blessed to the salvation of many souls. Still, both she and her husband felt ill at ease in Jamaica ; they were prevented from doing the actual work which they came out from England to do, and while eager to benefit the negro population, were compelled to stand aside in “inglorious ease.”

Under these circumstances Mr. Johnston addressed the following letter to Dr. Coke, who then acted as General Superintendent of the Mission to the West Indies : “ My colleague and I have petitioned the Conference for a removal from this island, if so be that preaching is not allowed by the Government authorities, for we cannot think of staying a third year in this melancholy situation, I

have offered to go to Prince Rupert's, Dominica, because I think it is a pity such a promising place should be given up. With respect to bodily health, perhaps I am fitted for any place in the torrid zone, if it please God to spare me ; and with regard to ability for preaching, perhaps Prince Rupert's would suit me better than any other place. The salvation of the slaves is the principal object of my mission, and I find it is among them God gives me the greatest freedom and enlargement in preaching His Word. It is our hope of being useful among the negroes that renders both Mrs. Johnston and myself not only willing, but anxious to spend some time with them."

This request, urged in such a pathetic and earnest manner, was granted, and in the course of the year 1810, Mr. and Mrs. Johnston proceeded to the island of Dominica, to occupy their new sphere of labour.

Prince Rupert's is a scattered village or hamlet in this island, in the centre of a populous agricultural district, about thirty miles distant from the capital. Being situated on a low and swampy part of the coast, however, it was notoriously unhealthy. Residence there would inevitably entail much suffering, but Mr. and Mrs. Johnston were not dismayed at this project. More intent on doing good than on providing for their own personal comfort and safety, they proceeded to their destination, anxious above all

else to win souls for Christ from the slave population.

That it was impossible to continue in Jamaica longer, with the idea of teaching or preaching to the slaves, is perfectly clear from a Report made by a Committee of the House of Assembly some time later. A short extract will serve to show how bitterly antagonistic the rulers of the colony were to the idea of permitting Gospel privileges to the negroes. This extraordinary report thus concludes : “ Your committee, appointed to inquire into the establishment and proceedings of the sectarians in this island, report that they have taken the examinations of sundry persons, which examinations are annexed, and find that the principal object of the missionaries in this island is to extort money from their congregations by every possible pretext, to obtain which recourse has been had to the most indecent expedients. That, in order to further this object, and to gain an ascendancy over the negro mind, they inculcate the doctrines of equality, and the rights of man. They preach and teach sedition even from the pulpit, and by misrepresentation and falsehood endeavour to cast odium upon all the public authorities of the island, not even excepting the representative of majesty itself. That the consequences have been abject poverty, loss of comfort, and discontent among the slaves attending the chapels, and deterioration of

property to their masters. Your committee therefore feel themselves bound to report that the interference of the missionaries between the master and the slave is dangerous, and incompatible with the political state of society in this island, and recommend the House to adopt the most positive and exemplary enactments to restrain them."

This Report was intended to affect the Baptists, and other missionaries, quite as adversely as the Wesleyans. And there is no doubt that the persecution which drove Mr. and Mrs. Johnston from Jamaica to Dominica was the means of shortening Mrs. Johnston's life. Dominica was unhealthy—Prince Rupert's "notoriously so"; but they were *forced* to occupy this forbidding and sickly station because there, and there only, could they teach or preach in peace and quietness. As if by way of earnest of the sorrows which awaited them in Dominica, however, they were nearly shipwrecked on the voyage from Antigua to Dominica. Doubtless their faith and courage were put to a severe test by all these circumstances. Had it been otherwise, they would have been strangely insensible to outward things, or more than mortal.

They embarked on a Saturday morning, and on the following day the vessel sprang a leak. They had then caught sight of Dominica, but the danger was so great that they expected nothing less than to sink

beneath the blue waters of the Atlantic, and thus to submit to the cutting short of their missionary career. Pumps and buckets were kept constantly going, all on board exerting themselves to the utmost to keep the vessel afloat. It was hard to perish in sight of land ; but all the efforts would have been futile had it not been for one of those “ accidents ” which are so often real providential interpositions. Suddenly the leak seemed to be stopped ; those who were using all energies to bale the water out of the vessel were surprised to see that gradually the volume of water shipped became less, but how or by what means did not appear just at the time. The captain steered the vessel for the nearest land visible, which proved to be a portion of the coast of Dominica, near to Prince Rupert’s. They joyfully landed, and, on proceeding to overhaul the ship, made the discovery that they were indebted under Providence, for their deliverance, to the circumstance that a portion of seaweed had been forced into the leak by the action of the waves. Mr. Johnston records that “ while he and the others were incessantly engaged in baling the water out of the hold of the sinking vessel, Mrs. Johnston was down in the cabin, earnestly supplicating the interposition of the Almighty.” That interposition was undoubtedly given in answer to fervent prayer. The Almighty, who created both sea and land, could so order

it that an insignificant agent like a mass of seaweed should be the means of saving His servants' lives.

Settled once more, Mrs. Johnston commenced earnest labour among the female slaves and their children. All the surroundings of her life were depressing, and, to a sensitive mind, the circumstances amid which the slaves lived were calculated to still further depress the spirits and sadden the hearts of those who ministered to them. The wonder is that in those days of cruelty, outrage, and bondage, *any* of the negroes should have embraced the Gospel, or have cared to risk the severe punishment which at that time followed attendance upon the means of grace. It was only by stealth that Mrs. Johnston could instruct any, and these mostly came to hear the "wonderful words of life" in the evenings, after their day's labour in the plantations was over.

The daily life of a slave was so full of hardship, toil, and suffering, that it seemed well-nigh impossible to make an impression on ears dulled by fatigue, and hearts dark and ignorant for lack of the simplest knowledge. They had grown from childhood to adult age destitute of the commonest cultivation. The associations of their daily life were all on the side of immorality and evil. Their allowance of clothing was so small that the slaves worked nearly naked in the fields, and their children under ten years of age went entirely naked.

Hard toil from morning till night was the rule in all weathers ; while Sundays and holidays—these latter very rare—presented the only opportunities for cultivating their own patches of ground. Infants were carried to the field by their mothers, and were secured to their backs during their work ; or, if able to walk, the children played about till the mothers were permitted to return at night-fall to their huts. On large estates these little children were, however, taken care of by some old negress past active labour, and as they grew up were put to weeding and other light employments until fit for field work.

The punishments dealt out to slaves were brutal in the extreme. An old historian says : “ They be whipped by the overseer with lancewood switches till they be bloody, and several of the switches broken. After they be whipped till they be raw, some put on their skins pepper and salt, to make them smart ; at other times their masters will drop melted wax on their skins, and use exquisite tortures. For attempting to escape from their masters, they put iron rings of great weight upon their ankles, or pot hooks about their necks, or a spur in their mouths ; or at other times half the foot was cut off by an axe. Rebellion was punished by burning to death. At other times such offenders were hung up in iron cages and starved to death. This lingering mode of dying took eight or nine days to accomplish.”

It was but little that one woman could do for people so brutalised and downtrodden as these West Indian slaves. But what one could do, that Mrs. Johnston did. Leaving to her husband the more public work of the mission, she went in and out unceasingly among the female part of the population, striving to raise, civilise, christianise, and refine them, by teaching, "in season and out of season," the Gospel of Christ, and its kindred lessons. And though her time for labour in Prince Rupert's was very short—only about a twelvemonth—she sowed seed which sprang up and bore fruit to God's glory long after she had passed away.

Her last sickness attacked her when her husband was away at the other end of the island, attending to missionary duties there. Word was sent to him, and he returned as quickly as possible, only to find Mrs. Johnston in such a high state of fever as to be unable to recognise him or to speak coherently. Next day she became speechless. The fever, which was of a malignant type, affected the brain so greatly as to produce entire insensibility and speechlessness. After a day or two consciousness returned, but the inability to utter articulate speech remained. Yet she seemed anxious to manifest to her husband, and those who watched with him, how full of strong consolation she felt in prospect of death. Divine love seemed to fill the expanding powers of her soul, and to

carry her whole heart away to her eternal home.

It soon became evident that she was sinking, and that the time of her departure was at hand. Friends sung and prayed with her, by turns ; she often smiled while they were thus engaged, and by her looks manifested her joyful composure. In this frame of mind she passed away ; and for a time it became uncertain as to whether Mr. Johnston would survive her. He was at the time lying in another room, insensible from fever, and remained so about two days, coming back to consciousness only to find that his wife was about to be committed to the grave. Writing to Dr. Coke afterwards, the stricken man says :

“ I received the information of her death with such feelings as I cannot describe, but I was, nevertheless, resigned to the will of God. Though I had reason to rejoice upon her account, because of the great advantage which she had gained by her release, yet tears of sorrow flowed from my eyes on account of the great loss which both I and the Church have sustained. For she more than made up my place in my absence, on the Sundays when I was obliged to be away in the country. And with respect to myself, my loss is beyond description. She was a true helpmeet to me both in soul and body.”

One touching circumstance remains to be

noted. When, in the absence of her husband, Mrs. Johnston was attacked with malignant fever, she wrote and addressed to him a letter full of wise counsels, and touching words of cheer, in relation to the missionary work from which she was so speedily to be summoned. This letter was afterwards found in her desk. It must have been written at intervals; and it is perfectly astonishing how she could have accomplished such a task under the circumstances. It affords a fine sample of the heroic and faithful spirit which should animate a missionary's wife, in prospect of her departure to "the better land." It ran as follows :

"My dearly beloved husband, if it should please Almighty God to call me home before your arrival, may He support and comfort you. Had I thousands of gold and silver, they should be yours, for you are more than worthy of them. I have nothing to leave you but my love and my best wishes for your eternal welfare. With my whole heart I pray God to bless you in time and in eternity. I hear a voice within me saying, 'Set thy house in order, for thou shalt die and not live.' And feeling by happy experience that Jesus is mine and I am His, I have commended my soul into His hands, and I know that He will keep it unto the day of His appearing. And under His care, I commit my body to the earth, in sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection to eternal life through

our Lord Jesus Christ. My spirit rejoices in the prospect of being eternally with my Heavenly Master, to be filled with His glory. Let my body be buried in a plain, simple manner. My motto is, 'A sinner saved by grace—a brand plucked from the burning.' Oh! my dear husband, take heed to the ministry committed to you by the Lord Jesus Christ: preach the glorious Gospel in such a manner as to save your own soul, and also those who hear you. Remember Jesus has said, 'Feed My sheep! Feed My lambs!' Be faithful to the important trust, not fearing the frowns of a wicked world. Despise its smiles, constantly make it your study to please God, and keep a conscience void of offence before God and man. Let your eye be fixed on God's glory and the good of souls; and let your own soul be your particular care. Then you will know how to preach and how to live so that at last, when your Lord comes to reckon with His servants, you may be found one of those who, having received five talents, have gained other five. Then you will be sure of a blessed reward. Oh! that I could say 'Follow me as I have followed Christ.' But I can say what is better—*Follow Christ Himself*: He is the perfect pattern of His Church and of His ministers. If you follow Him, you shall never miss your way. I know He hath loved me: and He now, upon the margin of the eternal world, gives me the witness of it in

my heart, and enables me to shout ' Victory ' over death and the grave."

Mrs. Johnston passed away to her eternal rest on the 10th of August, 1811, after labouring in the mission field only about four years, but leaving a bright example of entire consecration to Christ and His cause. Her path was rough and thorny in the extreme, but her reward was bright and glorious. Her memory was very fragrant to those fellow-labourers whom she left behind to work on in the midst of a poor and oppressed people.

It is pleasant, in concluding this sketch, to be able to record that the Gospel has prospered and "run a free course" since freedom dawned on the West Indian slaves. The islands have been evangelised to a large extent, and in many quarters it has been found practicable to withdraw the European missionaries from the fields of labour, and to leave the native churches in the hands of the natives themselves. Several Missionary Societies have established stations all over the West Indian islands, and all these missions have flourished, more or less, and left very lasting impressions upon the population, and proved the means, in God's hands, of much blessing to many. Within recent years several spiritual revivals—remarkable manifestations of the Divine Love for these people—have shaken the islands like an earthquake, and thousands of precious souls have been saved by a mighty salvation,

The Wesleyan Missionary Society, with which Mrs. Johnston was connected, has a bright record, and a century after Mrs. Johnston's death there were in connection with the Churches in the West Indies about 45,000 members, and over 30,000 scholars in the mission schools.

Yet these mission churches were not perfect. Many of the native Christians displayed errors of conduct and creed that caused the gravest concern. This cannot be wondered at, for vices which are incidental to a state of slavery can only be rooted out in several generations.

The negro race was still in its infancy at its emancipation, and was very susceptible to the offers and claims of the Gospel, and very generous in its support. And even in the full flush of freedom, the restraining power of Christianity was such that the whole people conducted themselves without riot or reproach. It was said by Sir Lionel Smith, the Governor of Jamaica, at that date: "Out of the oppressed slaves set free in one day to equal rights and liberty, not a human being committed himself in any of the dreaded offences." This was high praise, but the conduct of the freed slaves justified it.

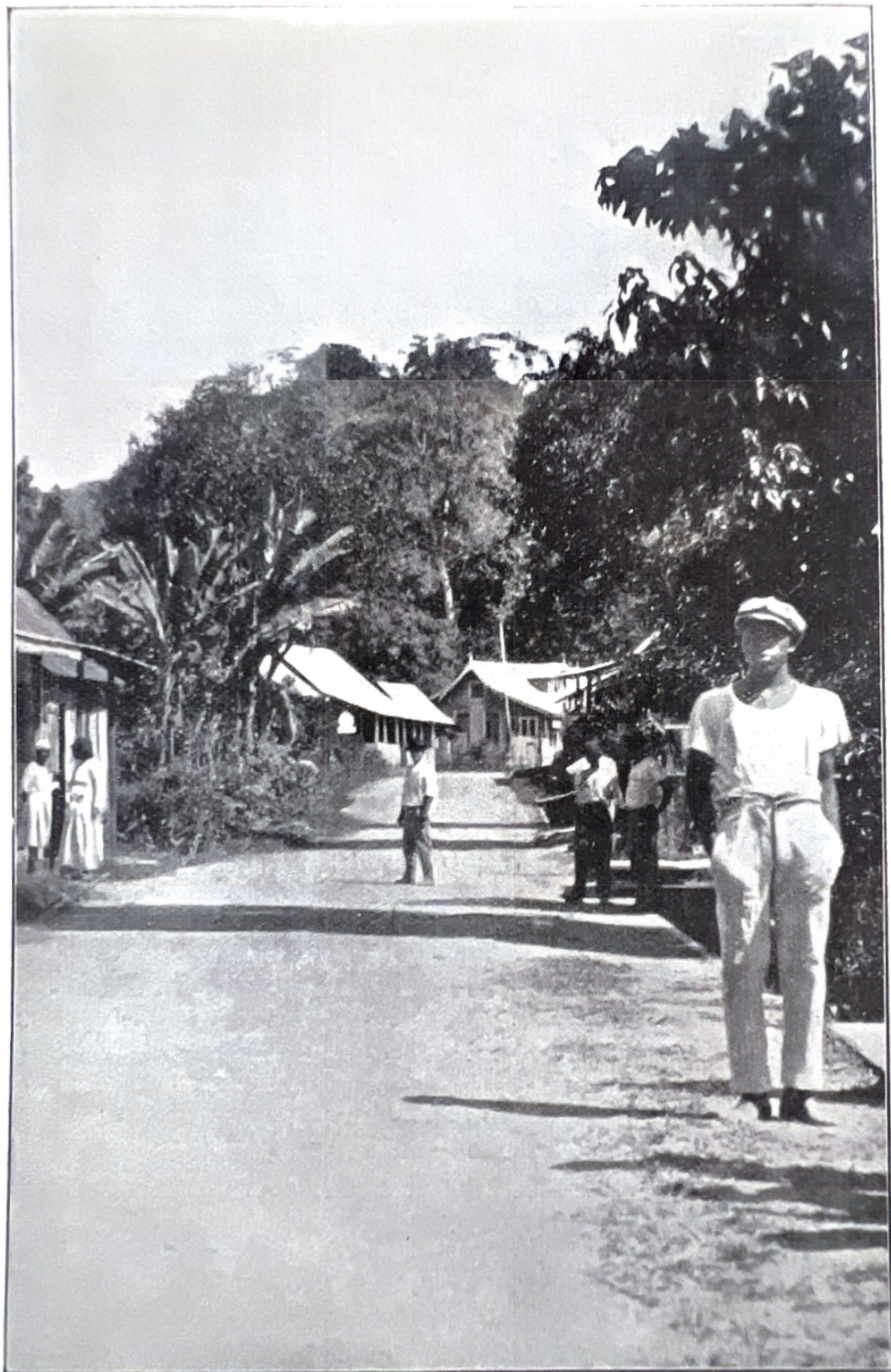
From accounts which have been preserved of the dawning of that ever-to-be-remembered day of liberty, we find that the slaves assembled in crowds in their chapels, on the night of the 31st of July, 1834, and spent the

hours until midnight in prayer and praise. As the clocks pealed out the hour of twelve, the congregations rose, and gave vent to their feelings in loud cheers, which were broken only by sobs and thanksgivings. A period of forced labour, however, succeeded this time, known as the "apprenticeship system," which lasted for four years. At the end of that time they were all "full free," as they touchingly expressed it. *Then* they turned to their beloved teachers, and directed their attention to the building of chapels and schoolrooms; more missionaries were sent out from home, and spiritual and material prosperity dawned upon the people.

The story of the love of Jesus was before this time an imperfectly realised one to the slaves. Only by stealth, and at the risk of terrible punishments, had they ever heard it, but it had been more wonderful to their ears than to those who have heard it in cradle hymns from earliest infancy. Their dark and dreary superstitions and "fetish worship" were thrown aside for the doctrines of a purer faith. They could now hear of the "golden streets," the "palms of victory," the "white robes," and the harps of heaven, without trembling at the remembrance of the cruel whip and the branding irons. These tidings the freed slaves first heard from the missionaries of the Cross, and who shall wonder that they loved the preachers as their own lives? As they grew in free-



A NEGRO WOMAN SELLING PIGS IN THE WEST INDIAN ISLANDS



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A TYPICAL STREET SCENE IN THE WEST INDIAN ISLANDS

dom, self-control, religious, and secular education, they rose in the scale of refinement and civilisation, until elevated lives, changed characters, and prosperous, God-fearing homes arose on every hand in the British West Indian possessions.

MRS. GOBAT, OF ABYSSINIA

CHAPTER I

MARRIAGE AND DEPARTURE FOR ABYSSINIA

“Take my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee :
Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages for Thee.”

F. R. HAVERGAL.

OVER a century ago, in the year 1819, a young Swiss student, then just arrived in Bâsle, in order to receive training for missionary work, was invited to visit the home of one Professor Zeller, Inspector and Director of Schools for the district of Zofingen, in the Canton of Argau. The Professor's family numbered several children, one of whom, “a lively little girl of six years,” attracted the student's attention. The young student was Samuel Gobat, the little girl was Marie Regina, afterward his wife and helper in the mission work both in Abyssinia and in Jerusalem.

From such trifling causes do the most intimate relations spring. Bishop Gobat,

writing in after life of this first meeting, said: "This visit was the beginning of very friendly relations between Monsieur and Madame Zeller and myself, though neither they nor I thought of the still nearer relationship which was afterwards to exist. But that friendship and mutual confidence were the cause, humanly speaking, of their intrusting to me, without hesitation, their beloved daughter when, fourteen years later, I asked her to accompany me to Abyssinia, on whose soil perhaps no European woman had ever till then set her foot."

Soon after the interview and visit which commenced young Gobat's acquaintance with the Zeller household, Herr Zeller founded a large educational establishment at Beuggen, near Bâsle, designed primarily for poor and destitute children, but embracing also a department for training schoolmasters. Marie was little more than six years of age when the family removed from Zofingen to Beuggen; and, with the exception of a few years away from home for the purpose of completing her education, she spent her girlhood in that atmosphere of simple faith, love for others, and self-denying labour, which characterised the work conducted under Herr Zeller's care. It was at Beuggen that Samuel Gobat found Marie, when on a visit home from his Abyssinian work, and in her he recognised, as by a Divine prompting, the fact that he had found a helpmeet for his arduous

missionary undertakings. Yet in his diary he says with much simplicity : “ I had been on very friendly terms with them for years, yet I doubted whether Herr Zeller and his dear wife would consent to send their daughter to barbarous Abyssinia, though I was sure that if they believed it to be the will of God, they would make any sacrifice.”

They did see it to be an indication of Providence, when the missionary asked for their daughter's hand in marriage, and consented. She, on her part, had been undergoing a quiet but efficient training for the arduous work which she then took up, and only laid down with her life. Her bright, unselfish disposition, her contented, loving spirit, and her conscientious discharge of duty, had combined to endear her to all who had been brought into contact with her. Although so young, she had realised the earnestness of life and its opportunities, and had solemnly devoted herself to the Lord's service, body and soul. Her children, in after years, recorded of her that the simple faith, childlike trust, and whole-hearted love to Christ, which characterised this early period of her life, never left her. To the end, amid difficulties and sufferings in Abyssinia, as when surrounded by success in Jerusalem, she remained the same — earnest, gracious, and humble.

The betrothal took place in December, 1833, although the young couple were not

married until the 23rd of May, 1834, in consequence of the many formalities required by their respective Governments.

At this date Mr. Gobat was thirty-five years of age, and Mrs. Gobat not quite twenty-one, having been born in November, 1813. The young couple left Beuggen on the 7th of June, after a solemn service, and in the midst of many tearful leave-takings. They started for Alexandria *via* Marseilles, and were accompanied by Fraulein Gering, a young German lady, who was going out to Abyssinia to be married to Mr. Isenberg, who had been appointed as Mr. Gobat's colleague in the mission.

At Cairo the missionary party remained three months, awaiting the arrival of supplies of books for Abyssinia, and Mr. Gobat utilised the time by teaching his young wife the Amharic language. In this she made such rapid progress that, by the time the missionary party reached Abyssinia, she could speak it fluently. The party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Gobat, Mr. and Mrs. Isenberg, two young Abyssinians, and two Germans. There were also the necessary donkeys and camels. Mr. Gobat says: "Our luggage consisted of a little furniture—for we expected to spend our lives in Abyssinia—personal effects, provisions, and sixteen camel-loads of Amharic books, amongst which were two thousand Bibles, New Testaments, and separate portions of Scripture."

All went well for some time. The desert journey was enjoyable, the air pure and bracing, and the associations fresh and interesting ; indeed, as far as Jidda, Mr. Gobat described it as "one long honeymoon." But at Jidda the first symptoms appeared of the long and severe illness which attacked Mr. Gobat, and clung to him for years. The journey was, however, prosecuted without delay, by various methods, to their long-looked-for goal, for it was necessary that Mr. Isenberg should be introduced as speedily as possible to the mission.

On the Red Sea they sailed in Arab dhows, and in the desert they rode on camels. In the dhows the ladies were compelled to adopt the Arab dress, and to veil themselves closely, as Arab women are accustomed to do. On reaching Massowah, Mr. Gobat fell alarmingly ill, so that his life was despaired of. They were delayed here about three months, during which time the young wife faithfully watched beside the husband whom she expected to consign to the tomb. More than once it seemed their duty to return, but as Mr. Isenberg was new to the work, it was necessary that he should be introduced to it. Accordingly, it was resolved that, with the smallest improvement, the party should still push forward. Mrs. Gobat never once attempted to influence her suffering husband in the direction of turning back ; on the contrary, she continually prayed for his recovery and

restoration to his work, with a confidence which seemed only to be shaken when he appeared to be actually dying.

Finally they reached Adowa on the 11th of May, 1835, but here the husband had to take to his bed, overcome by further illness. From it he did not rise for nine months. Indeed, for two years he was suffering intensely with one kind of illness after another, until the poor wife was in despair. During this dark season their first child was born. It was a time of unparalleled trial, when the faith, devotion, and courage of the young couple were put to the severest test.

Mrs. Gobat had a severe attack of cholera in the spring of 1836, but her husband was so ill at the time that he was powerless to assist her, and the father and mother could only regard their sleeping infant in silent agony, with the prospect of soon leaving her an orphan in a land of strangers. An hour passed in this way, when a female servant, entering the room, noticed that Mrs. Gobat was livid and corpse-like. Running out, this servant called Mr. Isenberg and Dr. Wolff, who happened to be travelling there. Dr. Wolff applied remedies, which, if sharp, were effectual, and the power of the cholera was broken, although its effects remained with Mrs. Gobat for many years.

But, notwithstanding all the bitter suffering which Mr. and Mrs. Gobat endured, they could never speak of Abyssinia or the natives

without praise. All the people were greatly attached to their former teacher and pastor, and showed no little kindness to his poor young wife who was bearing such a heavy burden of trial. In after years, when some of the natives visited Bishop and Mrs. Gobat in Jerusalem, they were received with joyful welcomes, for the sake of the reminiscences of those darkest of all days in the missionaries' history. To her life's ending, Mrs. Gobat never spoke of the poor Abyssinians without loving enthusiasm. So prepared were they for the entrance of a purer faith than their own, that it seemed hard even to think of leaving them. In fact, nothing but dire necessity would have induced Mr. and Mrs. Gobat ever to dream of taking the step of seeming to "look back" from the work unto which they had once set their hands.

Here it may not be out of place to give a little information respecting the land of Abyssinia, a country which, though interesting to the historian and traveller, had always been more or less sealed to outsiders, until the tragic history of King Theodore, as well as the complications with Italy, caused it to assume new interest in the eyes of politicians and newspaper readers.

Abyssinia is the Ethiopia of the ancient world, and is even now called "Itiopia" by its inhabitants. A degenerate kind of Christianity has always ruled in the country, and every Abyssinian who professes his faith

publicly wears a blue cord round his neck until death. The people possess a number of historical documents, dating from early times, relative to their religion and history, but only a qualified dependence can be placed upon them. It is contended by some students that they are descended from Cush, the son of Ham ; the brothers of Cush were the progenitors of the Egyptians ; and it is said that there is a striking resemblance between these peoples in points of race and faith. The Abyssinians believe, although all proof is lacking, that the Queen of Sheba resided at Axum, and was really married to King Solomon, and became the mother of a son called Menelek, who was their first king. There are descendants of Jews also in Abyssinia, and these still perpetuate the idolatry spoken of by Jeremiah ; and worship the moon by making cakes and “ burning incense to the Queen of Heaven ” as of old. Still, they observe the Sabbath, circumcision, and feasts, as in old times ; maintain their synagogues, offerings, and priests, according to the laws of Moses, and are acquainted with certain of the Old Testament books.

At the end of the third century Christianity was introduced into Abyssinia by a Christian merchant of Tyre ; and one of his sons, after due preparation, became first Bishop of Abyssinia. From that time the process of baptizing the Ethiopians went on until the whole people were supposed to be, and were

described as being, actually converted to Christianity. But a night of almost pagan darkness has for centuries rested upon a people nominally Christian, and the Abyssinian Church has been looked upon as the most corrupt Church in the world. As far as some particular tenets are concerned, it is in communion with the Coptic Church of Egypt ; but traditions of the most absurd character, and ceremonies the most unmeaning, make up nearly the sum total of the religious faith of these Churches. Romanism and Mohammedanism have each gained some footing in the country, but without improving either the faith or the morals of the people.

CHAPTER II

A TERRIBLE JOURNEY

PROTESTANT missions to the Abyssinians were commenced in 1826 with the sending out by the Church Missionary Society of Messrs. Gobat and Kugler. The latter soon died, and then Mr. Gobat returned home to obtain additional assistance. Mr. Isenberg was appointed, as already stated, and the two missionaries and their wives would fain have worked hand in hand in teaching the people a purer faith. But it was not to be. Mr. Gobat's health was so thoroughly prostrated, that at the end of about two years the young couple had to abandon what they had taken up as their life-work and set their faces homeward.

The details of that journey, as given by one of the daughters in a letter to the writer of this narrative, are most affecting. She says : " The only accommodation they could secure at Massowah for the voyage was a small Arab boat, and this after a most toilsome journey across the country from Adowa to Massowah on mules. The cabin of this

boat measured eight feet in length, by about four feet in height, so that they could not possibly stand upright; and there was no room to walk about the deck. The voyage was expected to last only three weeks, but in reality it extended to thirty-eight days, so that the provisions were exhausted; and for the latter part of the time they had to exist on rice boiled in putrid water. The infant was seriously ill, my father still weak, and my mother too worn out almost to wait upon the other invalids. The goat which had been taken on board to provide milk for the sick infant died, and this added still further to the trial.

“After landing at Cossier, on the 4th of November, the journey through the desert commenced. To the very last, my mother could not speak of that journey without tears, and one particular day—the 8th of November—was found spoken of in a small text-book diary, since her death, as ‘*the hardest day of my life.*’ They had to travel in the burning sun without any umbrellas, or good hats, all having been torn to pieces by the Abyssinian thorns; with coarse food, and scarcely any water. The babe got worse and did nothing but moan and cry, while at nights no rest could be obtained. At that time my mother was sometimes near despair, and would frequently ask *why* God had allowed such trials to come upon her, when she had left home and friends and country for His

sake and the Gospel's. More than once she was led almost to reason with God, and to despair of His fatherly love. But such bitter hours of murmuring were short ; she humbled herself before Him, and became assured of His forgiveness."

Since the above letter was written, an interesting Memoir of Bishop Gobat has been published, and in it we find passages which abundantly confirm all that the daughter records. The Bishop says : " Ophthalmia was the ailment which first attacked our little girl, but this soon developed into inflammation of the brain, and every step of the way became more trying and painful, especially to her mother, who could not bear to hear her groans, and yet could not endure the little sufferer to be far from her. The trials of the whole party were much increased by the scarcity of water, which the wastefulness of the Arabs reduced to a still smaller quantity. Before long we found ourselves absolutely without it.

" One part of this journey in particular I can scarcely look back upon without shuddering and tears. We were still a long day's travel from the valley of the Nile, where water was to be found. Our strength was exhausted, and we were all more or less unwell. I begged that one of our Arabs would go and fetch water, but they all refused, though I offered to pay almost any amount ; and so we were obliged to

start early in the morning. Our child had grown worse in the night, and seemed to suffer great pain ; her groans and cries pierced the heart of her mother, who was frequently obliged to take her in her arms and soothe her, though she herself was quite exhausted.

“ Already in the forenoon my wife asked me to allow her to alight and rest, but I, myself very tired, tried to encourage her by reminding her that we had no water, and that if we rested we should not be able to reach water that day. But about noon, when the sun was burning, and the child crying, Madame Gobat was utterly cast down, and said in a decided, almost desperate tone, ‘ Now we *must* rest ; I can bear it no longer ! ’ It nearly broke my heart, but I was sure, from former experience, that if we rested in that state of discouragement and excessive fatigue, without a drop of water to reanimate us, we should have preferred to die on the spot rather than remount our camels in time to reach the well. I therefore hardened myself to the utmost of my power and replied firmly, ‘ No ; we must go on ’ : but I turned aside to hide my abundant tears. . . .

“ A little before sunset we reached the longed-for well of pure water, where we hoped to rest that night in the shadow of an old wall. As we only had one short day’s ride to the Nile, over cultivated land, we thought

that the worst was over, but it was not so. The night was very cold, and our coverings very inadequate ; moreover, the malady of our child reached the climax of its intensity. From the beginning of the night until daybreak she uttered piercing shrieks without respite. At daybreak the screams ceased and the child fell asleep ; but consciousness had fled, only to return for one moment the next day, to revive in us a fading hope.

“ On arriving at Kena on the Nile, we hastened to engage a boat to take us to Cairo, where we hoped to find medical aid ; but it was two days before the boat was ready. We then sailed day and night for eight days, during which time the sleeper was unconscious, sleeping most of the time, till it pleased God to take her early on the eighth morning, three hours before reaching Old Cairo.

“ I hastened to the town to procure a *teskery* (permission) from the Consul, and found that almost every European, at least all of my acquaintance, had either died of the plague or left the country. There remained only Herr Liedner, of the Church Missionary Society. I went to his house, but he was not at home, and nobody could tell me where he was. I had to wait for two hours in great agony of mind, mourning for my first-born, and grieving for my wife's sorrow.

“ At last Herr Liedner came, went with me to the Consul, and thence to a carpenter's,

to have a coffin made at once. This done, we proceeded to Old Cairo, and hastened to bury, in the old Coptic burial-ground, the remains of the child, which her mother had held upon her lap during the whole of that solitary day. It was a most trying time for us, but, blessed be God, it was the end of our prolonged and unusual troubles."

Mr. and Mrs. Gobat found a comfortable home for a season in Cairo, in the house of a Mr. T. Lieder, an old acquaintance, and there, after a little time, Mrs. Gobat gave birth to a second child, whom they named Benoni, in remembrance of their past severe afflictions. Mr. Gobat adds, with remarkable simplicity, that he had to perform the duties pertaining to the baby's toilet alone, there being no female help procurable. "To my wife there was something laughable in the sight of her tall long-bearded husband, in simple Arabian costume, pacing the large room, and singing, badly enough, to the infant in his arms; but to me it was delightful."

They reached home in due course, and sought to recover health and strength among their native mountains. Their arrival was hailed with joyful surprise in their native valleys; for many reports of their illness and death had from time to time reached home. But one old praying Christian man, who was on very intimate terms with Mr. Gobat's relatives, felt convinced that the

missionary party were still alive. Mr. Gobat's aged mother was one day lamenting to this friend that no news had reached her from Abyssinia for some time, and that therefore she must come to the conclusion that her son and his family were all dead.

"Do not believe the report," said the old man, "neither mourn for your son, for he is alive, and you will see him."

"How do you know?" inquired Madam Gobat.

"I was praying for him the other day," was the answer, "when I suddenly saw him and his wife alighting at your door, with their little boy, and I have not the least doubt that the thing will happen as I have seen it."

This vision was shortly after verified, and the Abyssinian wanderers spent a year or two among their native mountains, endeavouring to regain health and strength.

After various experiences of suffering and physicians, the Committee of the Church of England Missionary Society sent Mr. Gobat to Malta, to assist their missionary there in the revision of the Arabic Bible. This was in 1839, but their sojourn at Malta was only of a temporary nature, as the Society were forced, for wants of funds, to wind up their printing and Bible translating operations there, in the beginning of 1843. During this brief period, Mrs. Gobat and her children had been left alone in Malta for some considerable time, while her husband visited

the Druses of Mount Lebanon, in order to decide on the wisdom and practicability of commencing a mission among them. Although, on account of insufficiency of funds, the Church Missionary Society could not at that date establish this mission, in spite of Mr. Gobat's favourable representations, it is pleasing to know that in after years, when Bishop of Jerusalem, he found several Druses to whom his gifts of Bibles, and explanations thereon, had proved the means of leading them to a new and Christian life. After returning to Switzerland, Mr. Gobat took a cottage at the foot of the Weissenstein, and awaited the next direction of Providence. It was a time of anxiety, waiting, and prayer, for many difficulties surrounded their path, and added to their burden.

They had now a family of young children. Mr. Gobat was still far too much of an invalid to undertake continuous deputation work among the auxiliary Societies over Switzerland, while two Missionary Societies were making him small allowances, pending his complete restoration to health. Yet he could not be said to be unfit for all work, although he was frequently obliged to take rest, in order to diminish the risk of breaking down. It seemed a heavy trial of faith and patience that a man in the prime of life, willing to do good in the mission field, and possessing the peculiar talent for that work, should be incapable of it, and dependent on what really

only amounted to two small pensions for the support of himself and family.

At length light broke. In 1845, Mr. Gobat was appointed Vice-principal of the Protestant College at Malta. Preparations were immediately made, and they proceeded thither. Mrs. Gobat became exceedingly busy in preparing for the students, who were to live with them as one family, and on the 3rd of February, 1846, the College was opened with about twelve pupils and the promise of many more. It might have seemed to the toil-worn couple that here at last their wanderings were ended, and they could rest in the work, but not so. The call was again to come to them, to be up and preparing for labour in a more public and more arduous part of the Lord's vineyard. Very soon Mr. Gobat was unexpectedly nominated by Frederick William IV. of Prussia to the vacant bishopric of Jerusalem, and requested, by a special communication from this King, to make no delay in accepting the appointment. He was much surprised at the intelligence—indeed, at first was quite staggered—but finally felt bound *not* to refuse the call to work in so desirable a part of the mission field. He says: "I concluded without hesitation, that as God had hitherto directed me all my ways without any seeking on my part, so now it was He who, through His instruments, was calling me to Jerusalem."

CHAPTER III

THE BISHOP'S WIFE

A FEW words of information and explanation as to the establishment of the Jerusalem bishopric may not be inappropriate or out of place here. The circumstances connected therewith are most interesting.

The Anglican Cathedral Church in Jerusalem, called *Christ Church*, owes its origin to the efforts of the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews. This Society sent out agents to Palestine about the year 1820. Mission buildings were commenced in 1838, but difficulties and opposition of one kind and another combined to prevent the completion of the church for many years. In 1841 the King of Prussia gave instructions to his ambassador, M. Bunsen, to request the British Government (at whose Court he was then representing the interests of Prussia) to consider the propriety and necessity of establishing a bishopric at Jerusalem in connection with the English Episcopal Church—which Church already possessed a building site on

Mount Zion. The proposition of the King of Prussia ran thus : " But above all things His Majesty is determined to make every effort in the Holy Land which can, on Christian principles, be required of him, toward promoting, in common concert, the interests of the Gospel. The Church of England is in possession of an ecclesiastical foundation on Mount Zion, and His Majesty deems it therefore the duty of every Protestant prince and community to attach themselves to this foundation, as the starting and central point of combined efforts. His Majesty deems it to be the first condition and step towards such a unity of action, that the Church of England should institute a bishopric at Jerusalem. The foundation for it is, as if by a special act of Providence, already laid."

It was stipulated that the right of nomination to the bishopric should be exercised alternately by the crowns of England and Prussia, and that the jurisdiction of the Bishop should extend over Palestine, Syria, Chaldea, Egypt, and Abyssinia. The Archbishop of Canterbury was to possess the right of veto as to the appointments of the Prussian crown ; and the King of Prussia liberally endowed the see with the sum of £15,000.

The first Bishop of Jerusalem was Michael Solomon Alexander, a converted Jew. He was appointed in December, 1841, but died four years later, when the see was offered to Mr. Gobat. The Church of England has long

been in the forefront of those societies which are endeavouring to win Palestine for Christ. Its agents and agencies are scattered through the length and breadth of the land on both sides of the Jordan. No man ever did more for Palestine than Bishop Gobat, or worked and planned more assiduously.

To return, Mr. Gobat started for Berlin and London soon after the receipt of the important missive which was now to determine all his future field of work, to consult with the Episcopal authorities, while his wife busied herself in making preparations for their new home at Jerusalem. She had by this time become the mother of seven children, of whom three were dead, but, with her usual strength and energy of mind, she left not a stone unturned which could advance the prosperity of the mission. Now, indeed, it appeared that all the intense suffering, the severe training, the seeming failure, and the great disappointment of the Abyssinian period, as well as the dreary waiting-time of the subsequent years, were to bear ripe fruit. The clouds had passed, and the sun was shining forth to lighten up their way.

However, the patience of both husband and wife was to be fully tested by unforeseen delays. No regular service of vessels existed by means of which travellers could reach Palestine. Plenty of sailing vessels and steamers traded to Alexandria, but there was no means of communication between Alex-

andria and Syria, except by small Arab boats, which were unsafe, leaky, and few and far between. There remained one other route—namely, through the desert ; but this was too full of risk, suffering, and uncertainty to be thought of for one moment. Probably the children would have perished had they gone thus.

At last, through the interposition of M. Bunsen, a small steamer, called the *Heccla*, was engaged for the purpose. The captain was instructed to proceed to Jaffa, and in case of bad weather, to remain off Jaffa twenty-four hours, but no longer ; he was then to proceed on his course to Beyrout. The mission party set sail in the middle of December, and reached Jaffa after a very rough voyage. When the anchor was cast, it continued so rough that there seemed no possibility of landing. Instead, it looked as if they would have to proceed to Beyrout, and reach Jerusalem from that port. However, a heavy shower fell, after some hours of waiting, and this calmed the waves a little. A boat then ventured out to the steamer from Jaffa, in order to take the passengers and luggage to shore. With great difficulty they were lowered into this boat, but from the Bishop's account of the landing, it would seem that the youngest child nearly lost its life. He says : " Each time the boat was lifted up on the crest of a wave, my children were handed to my wife one after another.

When it came to the turn of the youngest aged six months, he was about to be placed in the hands of his mother, when the boat suddenly dipped to a depth of ten or twelve feet. The sailor, supposing that my wife had caught the child, loosed him, and I shuddered as I saw him falling through the air. My wife, however, had the presence of mind to spread out the skirt of her dress to receive him, and so he was saved." They were all safely landed, and lodged for the night at the house of an Armenian ; and, by eleven o'clock the next day, all the luggage and furniture were safely taken ashore.

They landed on Christmas Eve, and remained in Jaffa for a few days, ere starting for Jerusalem on the 30th of December. In this old and renowned Biblical town, they were the guests of Mr. Nicolayson. As the mission family approached the Holy City, many friends from the Protestant community came out to welcome them, including some of the converts, the British and Prussian Consuls, and many ladies and gentlemen on horseback. This reception deeply affected Bishop and Mrs. Gobat, and the whole party proceeding straight to the Chapel, a thanksgiving service was held. The congregation then dispersed to their homes, after expressing much kindness to the new arrivals. From that time, an annual day—the anniversary of this day—was set apart by the Bishop as a day of intercession and thanksgiving for the work

at Jerusalem, and for the conversion and restoration of the Jews.

Bishop Gobat records that up to this date, for twenty-three years, he had scarcely ever enjoyed good health, but from this time, owing to climacteric and other influences, the vigour of youth returned to him.

Mrs. Gobat entered into her husband's work with whole-hearted consecration. Notwithstanding her many home duties, and her family of little children, she was indefatigable in her labours of love during those early years in Jerusalem. She became her husband's helpmeet in everything, taking the most constant interest in all the schools and missions. These schools were all commenced by Bishop Gobat, for, with the exception of a Hebrew Seminary, where proselytes were instructed in theology and languages, and a House of Industry, where poor destitute Jews were taught various handicrafts, there were no institutions, either benevolent or scholastic, to be found. The congregation only numbered from forty to fifty individuals, who up to the time of the Gobats' arrival had assembled in an obscure private building.

Herr Zeller—Mrs. Gobat's father—had at first felt somewhat sorry, and indeed shocked, at the idea of his son-in-law being made a bishop. It seemed to be his opinion that it was difficult for any bishop to be saved, amid the strong temptations which the office

presented to worldliness and abuse of power. The following interesting letter was written by him to Mrs. Gobat, in view of the elevation of her husband to the episcopate, and their assumption of new responsibilities :

“ MY DEAR MARIA,—Those were delightful, but, alas, all too fleeting days of close and intimate converse which we enjoyed with your husband when on his way to London, and afterwards on his return from Berlin. We all observed with joy that he was kind and simple-hearted as ever, and that his promotion to the new episcopal dignity had not puffed him up, but that, on the contrary, he had preserved unimpaired his accustomed sincere humility. May God be praised and thanked for that. May He also bless you, dear Maria, with new gifts of His meek and humble spirit, and with wisdom and grace, that you may become a faithful handmaid of the Lord, and a loving helpmeet for your husband in his new position. You will soon learn that his new dignity brings with it new burdens, not only for him, but also for yourself. . . . We are sorry to read in the papers that there is great drought and consequent scarcity at Jerusalem, and that at Safet positive famine had set in. This is no easy beginning for you both. May God support you, and still more the multitude of poor, with His gracious help. May He conduct you in the hour of need with His mighty arm,

and angel-guards in safety over sea and land, till He bring you to that country which His holy feet so oft have trodden, and which once so blindly rejected Him. May the mighty prophecies concerning that city—that land—that nation—be brought to glorious fruition in His own good time, and may your husband's work be so blessed that it may prepare the way of the Lord. May the ninety-first Psalm, in especial, be graciously fulfilled for you. The Lord be with you all, Amen. . . . We send you our blessing, and abide in close communion with you through love and intercession. Think also upon us, dear Maria, and particularly upon your father, in his advancing age.

“CHRISTIAN H. ZELLER.”

Bishop Gobat laid the foundation of much of the good work which is now being carried on in the Holy Land, and opened doors of usefulness into which other men have entered. Among these new or extended agencies, may be mentioned :

1. The opening of the new Church buildings on the slopes of Mount Zion.
2. The Industrial House for converts.
3. The Jewish Hospital.
4. The Diocesan School and Orphanage at Jerusalem, and affiliated schools in Nablous, Tiberias, and Salt (the ancient Ramoth Gilead).
5. A Girls' School at Jerusalem.

6. A Training Institution for schoolmasters and catechists at Jerusalem.

Of this last Institution, John Zeller, who became afterwards the son-in-law of Bishop Gobat, became principal. In this Institution, the students were instructed in the fundamental doctrines of the Bible, especially those referring to the mediatorial office of Christ, and the regeneration of the heart by the Holy Spirit ; as well as taught the errors of Islamism, against which they would have to protest. These students were encouraged to preach at the various village stations, and to take their turns in conducting the services of the native Church at Jerusalem.

So vigorously were the schools carried on, that in 1878, 1400 children were reported as being under instruction in them. Mrs. Gobat especially loved the Diocesan School and Orphanage on Mount Zion, and knew every one of the children in it by name, and cared most earnestly for their wants. This Orphanage prospered and increased abundantly during the thirty-three years of patient care and labour bestowed on them by herself and her husband. Beginning with a small number, "not more than eighteen at one time," it included, at the period of Mrs. Gobat's death, some sixty-six pupils, some of whom were being specially trained for mission work in various departments of Christian labour in Palestine. This Orphan-

age was partially supported by voluntary gifts, but Bishop and Mrs. Gobat were accustomed to make up all deficiencies out of their own purse. Three years before Mrs. Gobat's death, however, this Orphanage was made over by the Bishop to the Church Missionary Society. The Society then undertook to supply the annual salaries of the teachers, but the expenses of the children were, as heretofore, borne by private contributors.

An extract from one of the Bishop's *Annual Letters* will serve to prove how greatly this school taxed their private resources. He says: "Hitherto the expenses have been at my charge, and will be for some time to come, although this year I have only received from England between £250 and £260, for boarding and clothing sixty boys; while the expenses, exclusive of teachers' salaries, will amount to about £700, on account of great dearth of bread. This institution has hitherto been richly blessed of God, and successful in raising many poor and neglected children to good positions in society; and, what is more, of leading many of them to the saving knowledge of God their Saviour. Some of them have become, in their turn, the means of leading others to the same Saviour, as schoolmasters and catechists; while two of them, having become presbyters of the Church of England, are now labouring, one in England, and one in Jerusalem." He

adds, "I began first with nine children of both sexes, in November, 1847, and now we have in Judea, Samaria, and Galilee, thirty-six or thirty-seven Protestant schools, together with twelve native Protestant communities, with perhaps as many hundreds of individuals professing to receive the Word of God as the only rule of faith and life."

Yet the course of mission work at Jerusalem and in its environs was a chequered one. During the time of the Crimean War, the country was disturbed by riots and insurrections, ending in bloodshed and murder. The neighbourhoods most affected were Galilee, the mountains of Samaria, and the district of Hebron, the disturbances being caused, as it appeared, by the unwillingness or incapacity of the Turkish Government to keep order. Pestilence also visited the country, in the shape of smallpox and low fever, as the consequence of partial famine. The prices of all kinds of food were so high that whole families were nearly starved, and would have been wholly so, had it not been for the bounty of the Gobats. The Jews suffered most, seeing it was their practice to subsist to a large extent upon alms. Some parents brought their little children to the mission house, offering to give them away, as they had no food for them. A rumour spread that Sir Moses Montefiore would visit Palestine, and bring £30,000 for distribution among the poor and starving Jews ; and day

after day the road to Jaffa was crowded with Jews and Jewesses, eager to be the first to greet him, as well as to receive supplies from him. Some poor families even spent all that they had, in the belief that Sir Moses would reimburse them on his arrival; but when they found that he had not come on this occasion, as of old, to distribute charity, but in order to found institutions, and purchase land, they were seized with despair.

It was the desire of the great Jewish philanthropist to settle colonies of his countrymen upon plots of land. He offered to any of them yokes of oxen, seed-corn, and residence upon plots of land, so as to place within their reach the means of earning their own livelihood. But this hope of turning the Jewish inhabitants of Palestine into an agricultural people was destined to be disappointed. At that time the Jews did not look with the same favour which they have in later years upon projects for colonising and cultivating the land of their fathers; and as Sir Moses absolutely refused to distribute his charity by way of alms, the distress was terrible. Yet there could be no doubt that his idea of founding alms-houses, hospitals, industrial schools, and agricultural colonies was one full of real beneficence.

CHAPTER IV

TROUBLOUS TIMES

IN 1860, another trouble threatened to overwhelm the Christian populations of Palestine, and put a stop to all progress in Christian work. This was the great massacre of Maronite Christians by the Druses in the Lebanon and Damascus districts. The atrocities committed in this massacre were probably never exceeded in the annals of crime, and were only equalled in the days of the Indian Mutiny in 1857. The part of Palestine known as "The Lebanon," was at that time inhabited chiefly by the Maronites, who were principally Roman Catholic Christians—a very hardy, industrious, brave people—and by the Druses, who professed no religion at all. These Druses were especially at enmity with their Maronite neighbours, who were their rivals in power and prosperity. The Druses were masters of dissimulation and treachery, they framed pretences for war, and engaged the help of their Turkish rulers to aid them in a conflict of extermination. The Maronites, who were armed and trained

to self-defence, would probably have held out against their combined enemies, but, in an evil hour, they consented to give up their arms, upon conditions of peace being proposed. Thus entrapped into a helpless condition, they were murdered by thousands. Political motives and religious hatred combined in this massacre to a frightful extent. Fire and sword were used to devastate and destroy, and for weeks the smoke of burning villages and the shrieks of murdered men ascended to Heaven, while those towns which resisted were reduced by starvation.

The Christian inhabitants of Damascus were attacked, and either burnt with their own houses, or driven upon the knives of the Druses. So fearful was the carnage, that the attention of European Governments was called to it, and a Commission of the Allied Powers investigated the atrocities, and took evidence respecting the massacres. This Commission summed up the results thus: "It is computed that eleven thousand Christians were massacred; one hundred thousand suffered by the civil war; twenty thousand were made widows or orphans; three thousand Christian homes were burnt to the ground; four thousand Christians perished of destitution; ten million dollars' worth of property was destroyed."

The little Christian community at Jerusalem was threatened, but the Gobats resolved not to be dismayed. Mrs. Gobat

was then at Nazareth, very near to the scenes of outrage. A secret emissary of the Druses was dispatched to Jerusalem to stir up the passions of the fanatical Mohammedans, but providentially he fell seriously ill at Tiberias, and before he could recover, some British forces had landed at Jaffa, with the intention of interfering to prevent further bloodshed. On the morning of the 20th of July, massacre was hourly expected by the Bishop, and like a Christian hero, he resolved, if it must come, to die with his people. He met with them in fervent prayer, saying: "If we must be chastised, O Lord, let us fall into the hands of God; but let us not fall into the hands of man." And this prayer was answered. The edge of the sword was turned away, but in the evening of that same day, Bishop Gobat was attacked by a dangerous illness.

How the insurrection was put down; how the "British Syrian Schools and Bible Mission" were planted in the very midst of these bloodthirsty populations; and how the ringleaders in the crimes were punished, are all now matters of history. Into these we will not enter; suffice it to say that although the Arab Protestants at Nazareth suffered much persecution from the Mohammedan Kadi of that place, quietness and order were at length restored.

The regular routine of work was varied by a trip that the Bishop and his wife made to Europe in 1862. During this visit, he

came into personal contact with several members of the Royal Family of Prussia, and as a proof of esteem for the Gobats, and of real interest felt by the Royal Family in their work, we may quote the following interesting letter from Queen Elizabeth of Prussia to Madam Gobat :

“ SANS SOUCI, *24th September, 1863.*

“ I have received your letter of the 14th of July, and read with sincerest pleasure and sympathy the information it contained concerning the condition and progress of mission work at Jerusalem, of work which is identified with the noble task of rekindling and reviving the light of the Gospel, and the knowledge of salvation on the very scene of the manifestation and redeeming work of our Lord, where they had been overshadowed and eclipsed in successive centuries by the abomination of desolation. My whole soul is filled with the grand and exalted thought of this enterprise, it swells in harmony with him who, in joyful trust and ardent love to his Saviour, has now finished his course, and of whom you make mention in your letter with such touching and affectionate appreciation. May God continue to bless this noble and sacred work, and may He with His Spirit and His strength ever abide in you and all your fellow-workers, mightily and with quickening power. Rest assured of my lively and lasting sympathy for you all, of my prayers, and of

my hearty goodwill, which latter I hereby emphasise with especial reference to yourself, and to your excellent husband.

“ELIZABETH.”

In 1865, drought and locusts visited the Holy Land, so that the Bishop and Mrs. Gobat were “surrounded by dead and dying, by poor widows and orphans who had lost their earthly stay.” Gifts from English and Dutch Christians enabled them to tide over the distress, by maintaining over two thousand Jews, for a period of three months, with rice and water ; in addition to relieving want and starvation among the Mohammedan population. After the locusts had departed, and the drought had ceased, another and severer visitation came in the shape of an epidemic of cholera, and it was estimated that at least one-tenth of the inhabitants of Jerusalem died. All these things ended in adding to Mrs. Gobat’s permanent cares and labours, as well as to the Gobats’ expenses, for, as has been before observed, the costs of the Orphanage—to which Institution the friendless orphans were taken—were almost entirely defrayed out of the Bishop’s private income, up till within a short time before his death.

Mrs. Gobat displayed parental interest in all the schools and mission institutions connected with Jerusalem, but she specially loved and cherished this Orphanage. Indeed, all belonging to the mission were received with

invariable kindness by her ; the poor, the widows, and the suffering ones all sought her, and were so ministered to by her for the Lord's sake that one complaint made against her was that " she was too kind to them." She seemed to possess the very enviable art of making others happy and at their ease in her company. In this way she manifested the true politeness of a Christian lady.

This trait was so prominent in her character that it was peculiarly noticeable as almost a ruling passion even in the last years of Mrs. Gobat's life, when by reason of weakness and age she could do little active work. She was always trying to comfort the sorrowful, to help the needy, to guide the erring ones, and to work in all peculiarly feminine departments of labour, while strength and power were given. The rule that guided her in all things was *love* ; she could not see a case of distress without helping ; she could not witness sorrow or grief without weeping with those that wept ; she could not see a child without loving it, and doing something to make it happy ; nor could she hear of any one having sinned or back-slidden without going to them and praying for them. If she feared she had wronged any one, or by accident caused vexation of spirit to any person within the sphere of her influence, she had no rest until she had gone to that person and asked pardon. Mrs. Zeller, her daughter, says : " Sometimes she would perhaps go too far

in the thorough uprightness and straightforwardness of her character, and occasionally offend people by speaking too plainly ; but I was told that many, though at first hurt by her words, had all the time felt that those words were spoken out of love for their good, and were thankful for her friendship. Her greatest pleasure was to *give*, and to make others happy. Her hospitality was well known in Jerusalem ; many travellers to the Holy Land can testify of this."

In 1869, during a visit to England, Mrs. Gobat met with a very serious accident, and one which for some time endangered her life. At the time of its occurrence the Bishop and Mrs. Gobat were visiting with a friend in Suffolk. Coming downstairs one day, Mrs. Gobat slipped and fell, receiving a severe injury to her head, just above the temple, as the consequence. She was found by some one passing through the hall, lying upon the lowest step, and bleeding profusely. A medical man was called, compresses and bandages were applied, but about eight o'clock the same evening the bleeding burst out again. The physician and his assistant were, however, in the house, and they without delay applied a new bandage, so that the risk of bleeding to death was at once minimised. Mrs. Gobat finally recovered, and after some rest was enabled to accompany her husband back to the land of their united labours. Had it been otherwise, he would

have lost his most faithful helper in the work, for she not only relieved him of much burden and annoyance in receiving callers, but economised and relieved where womanly tact and judgment were all-important and much needed for the welfare of the mission. Had the Bishop lost her, he would truly have lost his "right hand."

The sudden death of their eldest son, immediately after his preferment to the English incumbency of Seaforth, in 1873, made a deep impression on Mrs. Gobat, and though she bore the blow as a Christian should, yet as a mother she felt it most keenly. He left a widow and three young children, whom they "specially commended to the prayers of the children of God." The home life of the Gobats was a very pleasant one, and well calculated to bind all the members of the household together by well-knit bonds of love. The father was very gentle with the children, ruling them justly and reasonably, and inspiring them with respect by his air of dignified solemnity. Still, he could unbend at times, and be like a child himself among children, entering into their games and directing their studies with unfailing interest. The mother was strong, wise, forbearing, firm, affectionate, and sincere, just the one to impress young, expanding minds with a profound conviction of the *reality* of that faith for which she and her partner had forsaken home and

country. It was the custom of the family to live in tents for some weeks during the summer for health's sake, near a little village, some hour and a half's journey from Jerusalem. One of the children, writing of these times, says :

“ Every morning my father rode to the town to attend to business affairs ; he returned about four o'clock in the afternoon, and made one of our circle, looking on at our merry open-air games. Sunday afternoons were bright spots in those times. Our father then returned from the town at half-past one ; and, when the cool of the evening set in, we repaired with our parents, either to a neighbouring olive tree, called by us the Sunday tree, or to our yet more favourable resort, the great fig tree on the slope of the hill, directly opposite to the mountain, on the summit of which is Nebi Samuel, the ancient Ramah of the prophet Samuel. Around this fig tree lay great and small masses of rock, from which each of us selected a seat. We then had a children's service with our parents. We all in turn recited a hymn, or chose one to be sung. Then our father examined us upon some text, or in Bible history, after which our mother read aloud something for our instruction. In the intervals of our sacred occupations our eyes would roam over the lonely rock-strewn valley at our feet, or upwards to the dreamy heights of the sublime mountain of the prophet Samuel,

and ineradicable impressions, hardly clear as yet to our understandings, were stamped upon our hearts ; and all was penetrated and sweetened by the blissful consciousness of being encompassed with tender parental love.”

In the autumn of 1857, however, the little encampment was molested by robbers. One night the tent occupied by Bishop and Mrs. Gobat was entered by thieves, and money, clothes, and other things were stolen from the very side of the sleepers. A little dog slept in that tent also, and though ordinarily very watchful, on this occasion it slept undisturbed. It must have been a special care of Providence that no alarm was made, for, when discovered and pursued, it was seen that the robbers were armed with sharp swords, which they brandished wildly at their pursuers. Murder was evidently contemplated by the thieves, for they had heaped sharp stones in front of each tent, so as to be ready for any attack which might have been made on them. In that day justice or detection of crime were matters very little cared for by the Turkish authorities, therefore it was infinitely better to give up these pleasant outings, and remain inside Jerusalem. So from that time these delightful and healthful tent holidays were reluctantly renounced.

CHAPTER V

FROM WORK TO REST

IN 1878, the husband and wife paid their final visit to Europe. They were both old, and convinced that their earthly service for the Master was almost over ; but they wished to see their children, relations, and friends for the last time, and then, in their own words, "return to Jerusalem, to die there." Dr. Gobat, though nearly eighty, was fresh and active ; Mrs. Gobat, though so many years younger, was bent and fragile. Doubtless the hardships and sufferings of that Abyssinian life had told on her constitution.

With much quiet enjoyment they visited the scenes of their youth, and recalled reminiscences of the times long gone by, when the panorama of their lives was yet hidden from all mortal imaginings. Truly they had been led by "ways they knew not," yet the same Lord had led them who had marshalled the hosts of the Israelites in their forty years' desert-wanderings, and had made them able to work for Him in honoured fields of service. Four months passed by in this

way, and then the Bishop was stricken down by paralysis. The attack was only slight, but it was sufficient to warn him that if he would die in Jerusalem, he must return thither speedily. So, in a few weeks—as speedily, in fact, as he could bear the journey—he and his wife returned home, arriving there before the end of the year.

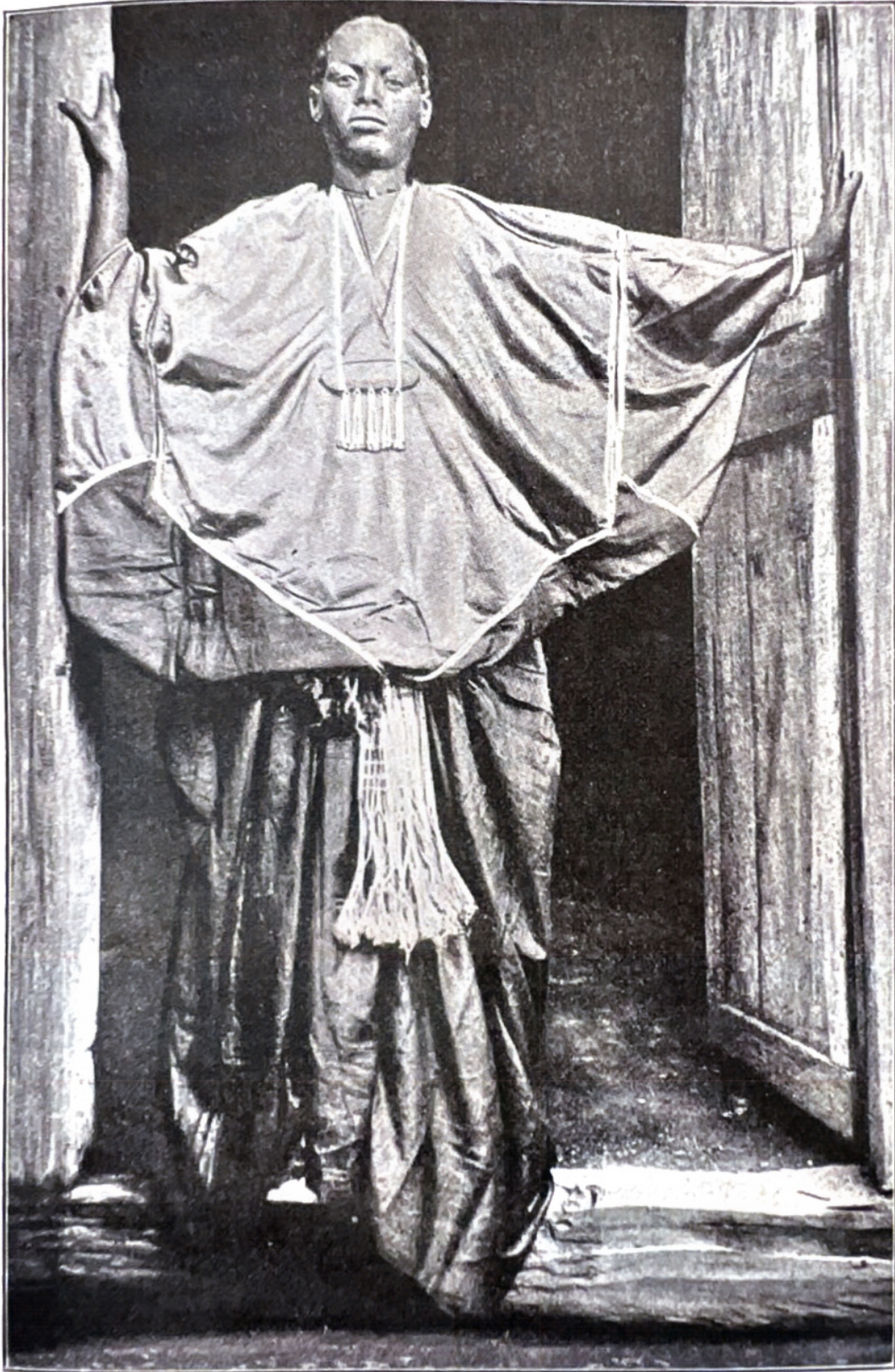
The Bishop never rallied properly from this attack, and by the Easter of the following year it became evident that he was a dying man. Early on Sunday morning, 11th May, 1879, he passed away to his rest, and all Jerusalem knew that an honoured worker for God had ceased from his labours. This trial was a crushing one, but Mrs. Gobat did not rebel. She tried to say, “It is the Lord,” and was most grateful for the ministrations of her children and friends, but it was evident to all that her love of life was gone, and that she would not survive her husband long. Their lives were too closely knit together to admit of long separation, for they had been united for the long period of forty-five years, and had always borne joys and sorrows equally. Writing of her experiences at this time to one of her absent children, she said:

“My feelings are of a very mixed character. I am thankful to God for all the great mercy which he has shown to your dear papa during his life long; I also thank Him that I have been permitted to serve Him for five-and-forty years, side by side with

your father, to enjoy so much tender affection from him, and through him ; to tend him, and watch his peaceful departure, and to feel certain that he is now at home, for ever with the Lord. But the feeling of forlornness, of an unspeakable void, is very oppressive. At first I suffered from bodily illness, so that I was sadly homesick for my dear husband, who was always so sympathetic. Your brothers and sisters are very kind, and do all they can to show their love and sympathy for me. Give my love and kisses to the dear children. I ought to love them doubly now ; yet, as love never faileth, their grandpa doubtless loves them still. May the Lord be with us all, and may He fill up the great gap. Continue to love and pray for your lonely mother."

One day she said to her children, " Now papa has been gone two months, and I am still here." Another time she said, " I shall follow soon, I have no more work to do in Jerusalem ; my task is finished." Her weakness increased, though she was not apparently ill, and even at times in good spirits. On Sunday, the 27th of July, without appearing to be worse, she begged to be prayed for in the public services of the church. We quote again from the daughter's letter to the writer :

" On Monday she was feverish, and the doctor advised her to stay in bed. She liked us to sit with her and read or pray with



AN ABYSSINIAN WOMAN OF THE VILLAGE OF HARRAR,
THE PROUD MOTHER OF SEVERAL WARRIORS



Photo by A. E. Braithwaite, West Bridgford

THE OUTER WALL OF THE TEMPLE AREA, IN JERUSALEM, WHERE THE JEWS COME AND PRAY AND
BEWAIL THE LOSS OF THEIR NATIVE LAND

her, but gradually became indifferent to earthly things. On Wednesday she asked me to read one of her favourite hymns, commencing—

‘For what shall I praise Thee, my God and my King’
and when I came to the words—

‘I thank Thee for sickness, for sorrow, for care
For the thorns I have gathered, the anguish I bear’

she said, ‘I have always had something to be thankful for.’ On the Thursday night we found that consciousness had fled; she knew no one, she could answer no more questions, and probably heard neither the words that were said, nor the prayers that were offered. But we knew she was ready; we knew in whom she had trusted; her whole life had been witness enough; we needed no last assurances. She was very restless for some hours, having acute inflammation of the brain. But, thank God! she was not allowed to suffer long, and at half-past nine, on the 1st of August, 1879, she quietly breathed her last. Her death occurred not quite twelve weeks after my father’s. Truly they were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their deaths they were not long divided. We laid her beside his still new grave, under the shadow of a spreading olive tree, fit emblem of the peace they are now enjoying. At the interment many of the poor people wept bitterly, saying, ‘Now we have really become orphans.’ All felt that a mother in Israel had been taken from their midst.”

Mrs. Gobat was accustomed to pray in German, as a rule, that being her mother-tongue, but among her papers were found some beautiful prayers in English. The following one is a sample: "O Lord, long-suffering and gracious, how many years hast Thou added to my life, and yet I am still an unfruitful fig tree; although Thou, O Heavenly Gardener, hast not failed to dig, to prune, and to do all that ought to have made me fruit-bearing to Thine honour and glory. Oh! spare me yet, and continue Thy working in me till I have wholly yielded to Thy constraining love. O Lord Jesus, Lamb of God, make me feel assured that Thou hast taken my sins on Thee, so that I am now free from condemnation. Oh! give me grace to be taught by Thy Holy Spirit, to be led by Him, and not to resist His admonitions—His warnings. This is one of the causes, I am afraid, of my not enjoying more the gracious promises of Thy Holy Word, and possessing that peace which passeth all understanding. Let me wrestle and pray and not faint till I have *fully* found *Thee*, and with Thee, and in Thee, everlasting life. Let me be a mother in Israel, a priestess in Thy house, and in my family. O Lord, let me be a true Mary, sitting at Thy feet, especially now, when I cannot be a Martha, being unable to go out and serve Thee, visiting the members of our congregation. Let me be a Mary, being Thy servant, and keeping Thy words."

Mrs. Gobat was truly, in the words of a recent poet,

“ A Mary in the Master's house ;
A Martha in her own.”

She served the Church militant in the earthly Jerusalem, with all her strength and soul, and now she is gone to join the Church triumphant in that “ Jerusalem which is above.”

More than one traveller and tourist has borne loving testimony to the charm which Mrs. Gobat had exercised over them as a hostess. It is related that one dignitary of the English Church, who was visiting Palestine, fell ill of Syrian fever at his hotel, and Mrs. Gobat took him home to her own house and nursed him through it. All those who came within the circle of her influence united in speaking of her humility, for it was the constant habit of her mind to view herself and her services with extreme self-depreciation. She felt that she was an unworthy servant of the Great Master ; but to others it may be allowed to embalm her memory as that of one who not only “ did what she could,” but was permitted in no small degree to honour the Lord by a long and very blessed period of service.

Recalling some characteristic traits of her departed mother, another of Mrs. Gobat's daughters has preserved for us the following reminiscences : “ With our father's appointment to the See of Jerusalem, in 1846, began an entirely new chapter of our mother's

life also. Outward privations decreased in proportion as the comforts of civilised European life found their way to Jerusalem. But other difficulties were plentiful. The various hostilities to which our father was exposed affected her deeply. Her own uncompromising uprightness gave great offence in some quarters. She had not the art of assuming a friendly manner when at heart she was displeased with anybody. She said everything straight out in all its unvarnished reality : and though she possessed the guilelessness of the dove, she had but little of the serpent's wisdom. This repelled some people, and yet, strangely enough, they always came back again. The faithful sincerity of her heart became known, and people would say to themselves, If she does tell us some plain truths now and then, one thing is certain, she means them for our good.

“ During the three and thirty years of her work at Jerusalem, she was a veritable mother to the community, and it was a matter of course that every one in all kinds of difficulties should go to seek her counsel and assistance. The members of the Arab Protestant congregation well knew the way to her audience-chamber. There she has smoothed many a quarrel, and effected many a reconciliation. For the poor and needy also her heart was ever open, and many, who hesitated to go to the Bishop himself, found in her a wise and affectionate mediator.”

MRS. WILKINSON, OF ZULULAND

CHAPTER I

WORK AMONG THE ZULUS

“ Myrrh-bearers still, at home, abroad,
What paths have holy women trod,
Burdened with native gifts for God.
Rare gifts, whose chiefest worth was priced
By this one thought, that all sufficed ;
Their spices have been bruised for Christ.”

ZULULAND, the scene of the early missionary labours of that intrepid sailor and martyr missionary, Captain Allen Gardiner, has possessed exceptional interest of latter years, on account of its wars and its contests. Missions in Cettewayo's country have, for these and other reasons, possessed much interest, and more of incident. As will be seen from the narrative of Mrs. Wilkinson's life and labours among the Zulus, the warfare and strife which prevailed in that country ultimately succeeded in destroying the mission, which was commenced only a few years previously by Rev. R. Robertson, in hope and faith, and which, for some time, attained much success.

In the year 1870, Bishop Wilkinson was appointed Bishop of the Diocese of Zululand,

and in the summer of that year he sailed from Falmouth, in the *Good Hope*, accompanied by Mrs. Wilkinson and a band of missionaries. The vessel was an inferior ship, rolling uncomfortably when out at sea, and in addition to being a very slow sailer, ended by her engines breaking down before Cape Town was reached. After a somewhat prolonged voyage, and short calls at various ports on the way, they arrived at Durban, in September, *en route* for Kwamagwaza, their new station. Mrs. Wilkinson incidentally mentions that while at Durban, they did their *shopping* for their up-country station ; and as those who read about early missions, in the comfort of their homes, may wonder what sort of stores were purchased, we quote the list of goods furnished by the Durban “shopping” expedition.

“Waggons, oxen, gear, tents ; 100 lbs. of flour ; 200 lbs. of sugar ; 150 lbs. of coffee ; 6 quarter chests of tea ; 100 lbs. salt ; spices, vinegar, pepper, and mustard ; four boxes of wine and spirits ; six ounces of quinine ; tartar emetic ; opium ; Livingstone pills ; Dover’s powders ; ammonia ; arnica ; lint ; adhesive plaster ; arms and ammunition ; 400 lbs. of beads ; 50 blankets, 50 cotton blankets ; 25 pieces calico ; 25 pieces of chintz ; 200 handkerchiefs ; knives ; tinder-boxes ; 100 lbs. brass wire, saws, axes, augers, chisels, hammers, screws, nails, bolts and nuts ; twine, sewing needles, tape, buttons

and thread ; padlocks and keys ; buckets, spades, kettles, frying-pans ; knives, forks, and plates ; Kaffir cooking-pots ; cups and pannikins, and other cooking gear of needed sorts."

These things were packed into waggons, and sent off up-country to the station, in charge of Messrs. Glover and Hales, the two younger men of the party. The Bishop accompanied them, intending to make the house at Kwamagwaza fit for his wife, and then to return for her. The route lay by the Lower Tugela Drift, and thence along by the tract afterwards traversed by Lord Chelmsford, the distance being about 140 miles. It had all to be travelled on horse-back ; and various delays occurred, so that it was the middle of November before Mrs. Wilkinson finally commenced the journey. She arrived at the scene of her future labours, successes, and sufferings by about the beginning of December, 1870.

Rorke's Drift was the post-office for Kwamagwaza, and that lay fifty miles away, so that correspondence was beset with many difficulties ; but the Bishop's wife was an adept at letter-writing, and from her own epistles we get most charming sidelights upon the daily life and occupations of the missionary household. Mrs. Wilkinson records that for servants they had some of the native girls, who were supposed to act under an English servant girl, but who were so terribly stupid and lazy that they were far

more encumbrance than help. But then, as they had been from time immemorial drudges and slaves, it was not much to be wondered at that they should be a long way behind the requirements of ordinary households. Mrs. Wilkinson did her own ironing at first, because of the absolute impossibility of teaching any Zulu maiden to iron. But this was only one of the discomforts. The house was small, inconvenient, and so ill-fitted with doors and windows, that the rain brought them damp and rheumatism, and the wind strewed them with layers of dust, whether sleeping or waking. They had also so far abandoned the idea of luxury, that before they had been on the station a month, they had relinquished sugar and other things, because of the uncertainty and difficulty of obtaining fresh supplies.

Although young and unaccustomed to Zulu ways, and only able to speak a little in Zulu, Mrs. Wilkinson managed to obtain complete control of the natives, who soon learnt both to respect and love her. On finding a young Zulu secreted in her kitchen one night, she armed herself with a broomstick, and "poked and belaboured him out of his hiding-place till he rose up and stood before her, a great tall, strapping fellow; she then gave him a 'terrible blowing-up,' and dismissed him, looking very sheepish and crestfallen." He was not the only refractory young Zulu whom she tamed and trained; for among

those helpers whom she superintended in household and farm were many who, in after days, owned their indebtedness to the good "chieftainess," as they learned to style her. She was at one and the same time strong, strict, just and genial, just such a character as the Zulus respect.

But to a missionary's wife domestic troubles must ever be very present, especially when the home left behind in England was one of refinement and luxury. Here is an extract from one of her letters: "The girls I have are the plague of my life, though they are very good girls on the whole; but if it were not for their own sakes I would not keep them an hour. I would have boys. Perhaps I am ironing a dress, for instance; I have left special directions to keep up a good fire. I go in; not a girl to be seen, and the fire all but out."

Yet soon after she writes: "My girls are improving immensely." This was perfectly true, for almost all the girls who passed under her hands during her African life turned out well, and proved most faithful and trustworthy, going off one after another, in due time, to preside over Christian households of their own, and to exemplify the virtues of Christianity.

The adoption of Christianity was accompanied by the adoption of Christian ways, morals, and manners. An instant demand for various articles of dress sprang up; for these girls had simply worn a string of beads

by way of clothing up till the time of marriage. But now dresses and other articles of wearing apparel began to be sought after by all those who became amenable to Christian influence.

The order of each day's work was something like this: Early morning prayers, cooking, ironing, mending, or other household duties all the morning; school in the afternoon, then gardening, or walking, for the sake of exercise; school every evening until 9 p.m. So the day was filled out, and when little children came to cheer the home, the hands of the wife and mother were still further filled. It was then that Mrs. Wilkinson found the benefit of her patient teaching and long-suffering training of the Zulu handmaidens, for some of them proved most faithful nurses to the children of the mission household. Sundays always brought additional duties in the matters of teaching and music, for Mrs. Wilkinson presided at the American organ used in worship, besides teaching singing.

She was also expert in presiding over the outdoor work of the mission farm and garden. She says: "The men were rather astonished when I superintended their work in the garden, and showed them practically how to do some things." Whenever the Bishop was absent on one of his long horseback journeys to distant kraals, this duty fell still more heavily upon the lady. "I have plenty on my hands, for I am left head, and all the ploughing and sowing will have to be done

whilst they are away, and a good many men to superintend. You cannot leave a black man long to himself, or he will make a mistake." But things prospered; the mealie crop turned out a success; and ninety chickens rewarded her care for poultry.

One summer, however, there came a dreadful drought, and few of the mealie patches flourished. The mission garden was looking very fair, however, and they hoped to obtain sufficient from it for their own use, as well as to relieve their Zulu neighbours, for a failure of mealies meant famine. But one night, just before the ripening of the crop, the herd boy forgot to shut the cattle kraal, and about one hundred oxen walked into the mealie garden during the night, eating much, and destroying more. Thus their hopes were disappointed.

Both the Bishop and Mrs. Wilkinson had to exercise considerable medical skill, for their Zulu people looked up to them for almost everything. Tooth-drawing was very popular; spear wounds were common; and after the lady had children of her own, the native mothers grew into the habit of bringing their babies to the mission house when ill. She says: "The women bring their babies to me, I suppose because I have a baby. I doctor them in a sort of homœopathic way. I cannot do them much harm that way, and it may do them good!" She says further: "You would look on and

wonder at all the things I have learnt to do since I have been here. I often think how practically ignorant one is at home, and how clever one would appear there now, and up to emergencies. Here, if you do not exercise your wits, you have to go without many things, and truly experience is a good teacher."

Mrs. Wilkinson was just as earnest and full of practical common sense in direct mission work. The station had been blessed with an earnest, hard-working missionary for some ten years previous to the advent of the Bishop and Mrs. Wilkinson, and much fruit remained to be seen. Almost at the beginning of their term of service they could look around upon nearly one hundred natives who had embraced Christianity, and increased numbers made it necessary to build a larger church. As labourers were few, it fell to both the Bishop and Mrs. Wilkinson's share to assist in the work of brickmaking.

In one of her letters she writes thus : " We have been hard at work the last month making bricks. My husband's work and mine has been turning and stacking them, for here, as soon as the bricks are made, they are laid in rows upon the ground. When they begin to get firm, we turn them, and in another day carry them off the ground, and stack them in rows. We have made 30,000 ; we make about 2000 a day. One man makes them ; but then we have twenty Zulus at work, some stamping the clay, some carrying

off the bricks, some washing the forms. It is a busy scene, and one must work hard during the whole time." With such enthusiastic workers, ready to bear and to do anything for the work of God, it was no wonder that the little mission station at Kwamagwaza sent out strong offshoots among the neighbouring hills.

In due time the church was finished and opened for Divine worship, and into the three stained-glass windows African subjects were introduced. The native Christians were delighted to know that on the only occasions upon which Africans were spoken of in Holy Scripture, they were represented as being engaged in good works. The subjects were : (1) Simon the Cyrenian bearing the Cross ; (2) Ebedmelech the Ethiopian taking Jeremiah out of his dungeon ; and (3) the baptism of the Ethiopian eunuch.

One of Cettewayo's sisters—the Princess Ubatonyile—was a real though a secret follower of the Lord Jesus, but she dared not avow it, or the cruel ruler would have killed her. She had received Christian instruction from some Norwegian missionaries who had a station near the Royal Kraal, and who took very especial pains with her. They had taught her to read, and instructed her regularly in the doctrines of the Bible. She could repeat portions of the Bible, as well as the Te Deum, the Creed, and the Lord's Prayer. She so hated the heathen life which she was compelled to live, and longed

for Christian freedom, that she once asked a trader to hide her in a load of skins he was taking down to Natal. The trader, however, feared to make the attempt, for, had he been caught, both would have paid the penalty with their lives. However, in consequence of the Zulu war, this princess, in common with many other Christian Zulu women, gained liberty of conscience in religious matters.

One interesting feature of mission work in that country seemed to be the rescue and purchase of young girls from their heathen and brutal owners, and the subsequent training of them in Christian knowledge and customs. This was the more easily done because it was the habit of the Zulus to value each girl at so many cattle per head—generally ten—and the transaction was successfully carried out in the presence of witnesses. From that date the fugitive—who had generally fled from ill-treatment—became a member of the mission colony, was either employed under Mrs. Wilkinson's personal supervision, or that of some native Christian, attended school and church, and learnt generally the "truth" which made them "free." Speaking of these ransomed converts, Mrs. Wilkinson says: "We put no religious pressure upon the girls. But sooner or later they are sure to come and ask us to prepare them for baptism, and sooner or later some young Christian lad comes and asks if he may make advances towards our adopted

child So-and-so. If we think the match eligible we consent, but the young Zulu lover is told that since we gave ten head of cattle for his lady-love, we require the same at his hands. This exercises a most wholesome influence over the young gentleman. He has to work hard and steadily for several years before he can earn so many cattle; all the while we have him under our thumb, and if we see him tripping in his conduct, we have a string always at hand by which to keep him in the right path. Thus he serves for his Rachel; and I dare say they seem but a few days for the love he bears unto her. We generally relent when the ninth beast is paid, and allow the other to come in after the marriage. However, if the boy has done well, and we like him, we generally give it in. . . . Thus another little Christian household springs up in our midst, and so out of the very violence of the king and chiefs towards their people, the Church and kingdom of Christ grow."

One of the mission lads named Philip, however, nearly paid with his life for his attempt to rescue his sister from the clutches of heathenism. This sister was a favourite one, and lived in a kraal some twenty miles away. Bishop and Mrs. Wilkinson knew nothing of the plan; the lad had undertaken to rescue his sister entirely on his own responsibility. He made arrangements with this sister to meet her at a reed bed in the vicinity of the kraal, and to fly with her to Kwamagwaza.

On the appointed night he was ready, and at the appointed place ; but at the last moment the girl's heart failed her, for she knew that the attempt was really a matter of life and death. Not only so, her terrors so wrought upon her that she revealed Philip's plans to her own people, but, at the same time, warned her brother to escape. The poor fellow took to his heels, and fled before the men of the kraal all night, arriving at the mission station at break of day, followed by the heathen, armed with spears, and demanding his life. Fortunately, Bishop Wilkinson happened to be at the royal kraal upon a visit to Cettewayo, so that when messengers arrived to inform the king of the occurrence, there was not wanting a friend to plead for forgiveness. Fortunately also, Cettewayo was in a good mood, and readily granted the Bishop's request, only stipulating that no such abducting of converts or relatives must ever take place again.

This young fellow was a very consistent Christian lad, notwithstanding his lack of caution. At night he would gather the heathen lads together around the hut fire and tell them what he had learnt of Christian life and duty, singing hymns, and repeating portions of Scripture to groups of very interested hearers ; while, no matter how situated, he never went to rest at night nor rose up in the morning without prayer.

CHAPTER II

PERSECUTION

IN the prosecution of missionary work, long and sometimes dangerous journeys had to be undertaken—always on horseback. Without one or two peeps at Mrs. Wilkinson's experiences of these, this record of her would be very incomplete. Some of the rides extended to hundreds of miles, and it was not at all uncommon for her to ride fifty or sixty miles a day when out on these expeditions with the Bishop. But the night's lodgings were generally the hardest part of the affair. She says in one letter, "It is very hard, I assure you, lying on a single blanket in a Zulu hut; it makes one's bones ache, and cockroaches running all over you is not pleasant." Again, "Of course on these excursions one goes to bed in one's clothes—*i.e.* one lies on a grass mat with a blanket for a covering. Oh! how I ached after lying on the hard earthen floor for three nights. You would not have called any mattress at home hard after that!" But she possessed inimitable qualifications for intercourse with the natives. Often, after halting for the night, when the men of the party were refused

all supplies of food, with surly gestures and manner, Mrs. Wilkinson would manage to buy excellent rations. She would go about from hut to hut, in her cheery manner, and carry on her bartering or purchasing so acceptably, that presently her husband would hear shouts of laughter, and she would return to him accompanied by a bevy of women and girls bearing abundance of food. Nothing but occupying a Zulu hut in company with calves and other animals annoyed her. *That*, however, she did not submit to, and in time the people learnt to know that they must put out the cattle if they would please the "white chieftainess."

But Cettewayo's persistent opposition to Christianity and persecution of converts furnished many obstacles to the success of mission work among the Zulus. His father, Panda, was celebrated for the number of cold-blooded murders he had perpetrated, and he hated Christianity very much as he would have hated his enemies. This being so, it was little wonder that the Princess Ubatonyile was afraid to speak of her attachment to the new faith. She was about forty years of age, and a very pleasant, kind woman naturally, but had either her father or brother suspected her leaning towards Christianity, they would have condemned her to be speared on the spot. Still she said to Mrs. Wilhinson, "I am always praying in my heart." She, with many others, were really Christians in

secret. They hid their books in the earth and God's Word in their hearts.

The favourite mode of getting rid of native Christians by Cettewayo was to accuse them of witchcraft, and to condemn them accordingly. Plenty of savage natures were to be found among the king's myrmidons, willing to swear anything to please the tyrant, so that a man or a family suspected of tendencies towards Christianity had very few chances of escape. One case in point is given by Mrs. Wilkinson. She says: "There lived near our station a very good heathen family whose hearts are with us; they were constantly at church on Sundays, and frequently in our station on week-days, amongst us or our native Christians. There were several fine, handsome young fellows in this family—one a great friend of ours, some six feet two inches high, a good shot, who often went out hunting for us. It came to the ears of the chief that they were Christians at heart, and intended coming over to us. This made their chief jealous. He was a bad man, and immediately set on foot a witch doctor to 'smell them out,' and accuse them of having caused lung-sickness among his cattle. This is never a difficult matter where the chief has large bribes to offer the witch doctor. The incantations went forward, and this family was taken as having bewitched the cattle. It was reported to Cettewayo, who ordered the destruction of the family. Our young hunter



A GROUP OF ZULU WOMEN TRAVELLING FROM ONE VILLAGE TO ANOTHER

came to me, and told me what was about to happen, that an 'impi,' or band of spearmen, had been sent out from the king to destroy his family. I told him to watch keenly for tidings of their approach, and apprise his family in time to escape. I gave him a long, thick serge shirt to watch in, for he had to sit about on the hills all night, as it is in the early morning that the Zulus make their attack upon any devoted village. The captain of the 'impi' tells off his men, and each man stands by the little hole which forms the entrance of the hut, spear in hand. As the inhabitants come creeping out, down goes the spear into them, as a seal hunter standing over the seal-holes of the Polar Sea plunges his spear into the seal as it comes up to blow. Notice was given in time to the family in question, and they fled, taking refuge in the surrounding villages, and hiding there.

"This was reported to Cettewayo, and he issued fresh orders to the effect that any village found harbouring any member of this family should also be destroyed. For several days the work of destruction went on, and as is usual in such cases, those who escaped with their lives, or were wounded, having lost relations, and perhaps their all in this world, fled to us, and sought the protection of the Britishers upon the mission stations. We are able to show kindness to these poor people when in such sore distresses—and we do not infrequently find that they have no wish

to return to their old heathen life, but ask to be allowed to stay on the station, and become hearers of the good news of great Salvation."

Sometimes, by a refinement of cruelty, Cettewayo would send fathers to kill sons, sons their fathers, brothers their sisters and brothers, for he held that such practices would make the hearts of his people "stout for the day of battle." But as we are told, many fugitives found shelter at Kwamagwaza, and became Christians.

These days of battle began to loom in the distance. The old King Panda was dead, and the disunited state of his family had served to make the outlook very stormy. The Norwegian missionaries were in disgrace, because one of them had inadvertently spoken of the king's death before it was *officially* announced: for in Zululand the king is not supposed to be dead until his successor is made king. After Cettewayo was formally crowned king, things seemed for a while more hopeful, but he soon assumed a most offensive attitude towards the British. Broken faith, disrespect, and insolence marked his conduct almost constantly up till the time war actually broke out. Bishop Wilkinson's rule was to have nothing to do with the political affairs of the country in which he was situated—a wise rule, which doubtless saved him and his from much trouble.

But hardships of other kinds came frequently. Sometimes they had come to their

last inch of candle, and their last ounce of coffee, before they could hear news of any fresh stores. Sometimes the waggons were kept waiting for two months, at the brink of the Tugela River, across which every ounce of supplies had to be brought, at a great expense. Twice yearly these supplies of food and stores came from Durban, but in every case they had to be transported across the Tugela ; and when delays took place in the colony, the mission settlement had to put up with all sorts of inconveniences. Mrs. Wilkinson says in one of her letters : “ E. and B. used to say that I should not do for Africa, I was so dainty. I used to reply, ‘ When I can get the things I like, I take them ; when I am in Africa, and can’t get them, I shall take what I can get.’ And I have certainly carried out my word. I have drunk my coffee without milk or sugar, and said never a word. We had quite exhausted our stores, and had no sugar in anything here for a month before the waggon came up. But I saved a little for the children’s food, and they have always had plenty of milk.” Then, when the stores arrived, they sometimes had to be shared with Cettewayo, who was so greedy for candles, that nothing less than a 25-lb. box would content him. These presents came expensive, when for the carriage of each waggon load they had to pay £7. But whether carriage were expensive or not, the tyrant had to be kept in good humour

by frequent presents, therefore it was not surprising that long before another supply arrived, the mission family had to put up with "wicks steeped in bacon grease."

Then, the condition of the house was not such as to favour healthy lives, for we sometimes come across such entries as these : " It is very cold getting up and going to bed, for we are having cold wind, and it blows up the verandah right into my room ; and there is about a quarter of an inch space between the door frame and the wall, and the same again between the door and the door frame. The ceiling is covered with calico to hide the extremely roughly made roof—much rougher than any barn." Again : " The thatch is so dry that our roof is leaking everywhere, and I became aware of it in my bedroom first by a little stream running down the back of my neck." These experiences and the cold of the winter season brought on a bad cough and a sharp attack of pleurisy on Mrs. Wilkinson ; and for some weeks she was unable to lie down at night. But during this long and anxious illness no medical aid or assistance could be obtained. There were doctors in Natal, but although the Bishop offered a large sum of money, none of them could be persuaded to come from the colony into Zululand. So she had to recover as best she could, with the aid of domestic treatment, but when able to move about again, it was with fearfully diminished strength.

Then followed serious illness on the part of Miss Robertson, a young lady who was connected with the station ; and Mrs. Wilkinson had to doctor and nurse her back into health. As this lady was dangerously ill with inflammation, no time could be lost, or efforts spared. Fortunately these efforts were successful. But as Mrs. Wilkinson's month-old baby was also very troublesome at the same time, it may be imagined that the young mother's lot was exceptionally fatiguing. Soon after this the little infant was taken so ill, that for hours and days almost they sat expecting its death. As for getting a doctor, the idea was impossible, for if no amount of fee would tempt one to visit Mrs. Wilkinson, it was pretty certain that a young infant would fare badly. But although wasted to a skeleton, the little thing revived, and lived to come to England.

At the end of 1873, however, things looked very dark. Cettewayo became more intolerant and overbearing, and set himself fiercely against missionaries and their work. He refused all applications for mission stations, turned the German missionaries out of his country, and did all in his power to disgust the English missionaries, although he *dared* not molest them openly. Bishop Wilkinson, therefore, moved some distance northwards, into the Amaswazi country, and bought a place suitable for a new station. But in 1874 it was seen to be advisable that a visit should be made to England, in order to recruit,

before attempting the fatigues and anxieties of founding a new station. So the last long waggon journey of 800 miles was commenced.

This journey was not destitute of difficulties. To begin with, there were three young children, and one of them was the little invalid who had been so long ill, and who now, at one point, appeared to be so nigh unto death that they planned about digging her little lonely grave in the wilderness. "I remember well one evening," the Bishop says, "when I thought she would not live through the night, walking round the waggon to see if we had a spade with us with which to dig her grave." The youngest infant was only six weeks old at the time the journey was commenced, and they had to drive a cow and a calf all the way, to be able to provide the child with milk. Often, when the calf was too weary to walk, it shared the infant's bed in the after part of the waggon, "the child and calf lying nose and nose to one another." Sometimes the party got stuck fast in the midst of a swollen river; and at other times the tent in which they slept was flooded with water, so that the sleepers would have to start up, and sit in the waggon patiently waiting for daylight. At last, however, they reached England, in the spring of 1875.

The extension of the mission to the Zambesi River was the object of very earnest desire on the Bishop's part, and Mrs. Wilkinson looked forward to the time when she

should return to Africa, and act her part in this extension. But God had willed otherwise. Towards the end of the year 1877 consumption appeared, and she soon passed away to the "rest which remaineth for the people of God." There appeared no doubt that this was the result of the pleurisy which she suffered at Kwamagwaza.

The ruthless tide of war rolled along over Zululand, and soon swept away many traces of her handiwork. Cettewayo ordered the mission buildings at Kwamagwaza to be destroyed when Lord Chelmsford's troops occupied those of Ekowe, and only the bell was allowed to remain intact in its wooden belfry. Still, among converted and civilised Zulus, were to be found traces of Mrs. Wilkinson's untiring labours in that country.

Few people can realise what it means to live in a heathen country, surrounded only by rude, ignorant savages, destitute of the commonest comforts, to say nothing at all of luxuries, and daily enduring the hardships of exile. Very possibly this story of a brave lady's labours in Zululand may supply some details hitherto unnoticed. She took her full share of suffering and toil, and counted neither ease, nor comfort, nor life itself dear unto her, that she might win for Christ the souls of her dark-skinned Zulu sisters.

MRS. CARGILL, OF THE FRIENDLY AND FIJI ISLANDS

"They will not pause—those eager souls
Where pleasure's waves roll by,
Nor, heedless of the Master's call,
In selfish languor lie.
They hear the call of dying souls,
The Master's high command ;
And pure resolve and zeal inspire
The missionary band."

MRS. CARGILL is worthy of notice as being one of the pioneers of the Fiji Mission, in the days when all mission work in the South Pacific was attended with personal danger and excessive privation. Her missionary career was divided between the Friendly and the Fiji groups, but good work was done in each, and though her period of service was comparatively short, her labours for the salvation of benighted souls were abundant and blessed.

Mrs. Cargill—whose maiden name was Smith—was born in the city of Aberdeen, on the 28th of September, 1809. The circle of society in which the Smiths moved was cultivated and religious ; but the premature death of Mr. Smith at the early age of twenty-six was the beginning of much hitherto

unknown deprivation in the matters of culture and wealth. Three little girls were left to the widowed mother, of whom Margaret was the second. As she grew up into maidenhood, it is related of her that the grace of her person and the affability of her manners attracted the attention and won the esteem of all with whom she associated. Although her natural endowments were very striking, they did not engender pride and vanity, as is frequently the case with young persons of more than ordinary comeliness. As a student, her deportment was humble and unobtrusive, while opposition to her views and feelings, instead of provoking hostility, only seemed to give occasion for the exercise of the sweetness of her disposition and temper.

About 1826, Mr. David Cargill was pursuing his studies at the University of Old Aberdeen, being entered at King's College. While a student there, some casual and unexpected introductions led to his acquaintance with Miss Smith, but although the acquaintance commenced in quite an accidental manner, its results were regarded by both parties as important and providential. There is no doubt that their lives and careers afterwards proved *how* important and providential this meeting was. They were each at this time only about seventeen or eighteen years of age, but their casual acquaintance ripened into friendship. Finally, they decided to share life together, and although, at that

early period, the idea of spending their days in foreign lands, and among mission work, had never occurred to them, there is no doubt that God was preparing His own instruments, in His own way, for His own work.

Miss Smith was connected with the Presbyterian Church, but she frequently attended the Wesleyan Methodist Church, and ultimately became a member of that communion. In taking this step she met with some opposition, but being fully persuaded in her own mind, she adhered to her resolution, and manifested unwavering attachment to the body of Christians among whom she experienced spiritual benefit. There is no doubt that this change of religious denomination was one of the steps which ultimately led to her increased usefulness.

In September of the year 1832 Miss Smith was married to David Cargill. He had just received an appointment as Wesleyan missionary to the Friendly Islands, and the young wife had deliberately elected to accompany her husband to this distant field of labour, notwithstanding the entreaties of many attached friends, who were exceedingly loath to part with her. On the day of her marriage, Mrs. Cargill had to leave them, however, and commence her journey to London, in order to prepare for embarkation. Her mother had previously given her full consent, but when the parting came, Mrs. Cargill had to be torn from that mother's arms. They

never met again in this world. "*If any man loveth father or mother more than Me, he is not worthy of Me.*"

They embarked at Gravesend, in the *Caroline*, for New South Wales, on the 22nd of October, 1832, and after some detention by contrary winds at the Isle of Wight, got fairly out to sea. Most of the passengers suffered from sea-sickness, but Mrs. Cargill so severely, that more complicated ailments followed, and when they landed at Sydney, on the 19th of June, 1833, after a long and dreary voyage of twenty-one weeks, she was in a most precarious state of health. During their short stay in Sydney, however, she recovered much strength, and in December of the same year they proceeded on their voyage with renewed health and vigour.

The Cargills were accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. W. Cross, with whom they were for a long time happily associated in mission work, both in the Friendly and Fiji Islands. On landing at the Bay of Islands, New Zealand, on the 2nd of January, 1834, Mrs. Cargill saw for the first time some specimens of the dark and depraved heathen people amongst whom she had to labour. Both men and women presented a wild and savage appearance, while almost everything reminded her of the fact that she was at last in a thoroughly heathen land. But she was undismayed by the prospect; on the contrary the importance of her work grew upon her daily.

After a pleasant sojourn of a week or two in New Zealand, they re-embarked for their final destination, and arrived in safety at Nukualofa, Tongan group, on the 24th of January, 1834, having been engaged in travelling and voyaging about fifteen months. Still, as it turned out, Nukualofa was not to be their mission station, although they were received with many manifestations of joy. They were followed to the mission house by crowds of people, who continually repeated the usual Tongan salutation, "*Ti oto ofa*"—meaning "My love to you." On the following day the King sent a messenger to convey his congratulations, and to welcome the arrival of the mission party. His congratulations were accompanied by a handsome present; and in the afternoon they called upon His Majesty to pay their respects, when they were graciously received, and treated to a feast of bananas and coco-nuts.

The first Sunday that Mrs. Cargill spent in the Friendly Islands was to her a day of much gratification and pleasure. About half-past eight in the morning the chapel bell rang for Divine service, and although the rain fell in torrents, the building was filled with attentive worshippers. One of the resident missionaries conducted the service in the native language, and the people united in the singing with one voice; while the devoutness, decorum, and silence during prayer were solemn and impressive. After this native

service, one in English was conducted by Mr. Cargill; and in the afternoon, Mr. Cross addressed a congregation of natives.

After spending a few days in Nukualofa, Mr. and Mrs. Cargill removed to Vavua, to which island they had been appointed by the district meeting, under the jurisdiction of the Australasian Conference. On the 3rd of February the vessel which conveyed them and their belongings to Vavua came to anchor in the spacious harbour, and Mr. Peter Turner, the missionary already in charge, came off, accompanied by several native converts, to welcome them. Upon landing, there was a repetition of the joyful manifestations they had witnessed at Tonga, so that they commenced work among warm friends and followers.

At the time of their arrival at Vavua, the Wesleyan mission in the Tongan group had been established about ten or twelve years. A long and gloomy period of toil had passed, with scarcely any result, when all at once a gracious time of harvest had dawned. A wonderful spirit of inquiry was awakened, the long-buried seed had sprung up and borne fruit, hundreds and thousands of natives had been converted, and a moral regeneration had been effected which has scarcely a parallel in the history of missions.

The King, who had obtained supremacy over all the islands of the Tongan group before this time, had also embraced Chris-

tianity, and the weight of his influence was consistently on the side of the missionaries. It may be mentioned, in passing, that the Tongan mission was one of the very foremost and successful missions of the Wesleyan Connection. In less than a century's effort its adherents numbered nearly 20,000; of full and accredited Church members there were more than 8000; the schools in the group contained about 5000 scholars; while the mission contributions to the Australasian Conference, after paying its own expenses, were between £2000 and £3000 per annum.

But to go back. So great was the change at the date of Mr. and Mrs. Cargill's arrival, that the captain of the vessel exclaimed: "How different these people are now from what they were when I visited this place four years ago! *Then*, we durst not allow them to come on board, lest they should attempt to seize the vessel; *now* they are so mild that you can do anything with them. They are not like the same people!" Vavua had largely shared in this work of grace. The King, and the majority of the inhabitants of the group, had embraced Christianity, and were receiving religious instruction. The number of members who had been admitted into the Church was more than two thousand, the scholars who attended the mission schools numbered three thousand, whilst ten or eleven places of worship had been erected, some of which would accommodate seven or eight

hundred persons, and were filled with congregations eagerly listening to the Gospel message Sunday after Sunday.

This blessed work was going on when the new missionary and his wife arrived, and Mrs. Cargill threw herself into it with characteristic earnestness and zeal. She studied so diligently that she soon acquired a knowledge of the language, and, in conjunction with Mrs. Turner, the wife of her husband's colleague, she was unwearied in her efforts to benefit the native women. As soon as she could talk sufficiently to be understood, she visited the elder women in their huts, and told them in simple terms of God's great love. She then commenced teaching in the schools, and formed classes for instruction in womanly arts for the younger women and girls. In these ways she gave religious and secular instruction to all classes, and in all kinds of subjects likely to be useful, with a geniality of manner, and a patience which won the hearts of all with whom she came into contact. The chronicles of Mrs. Cargill's life and work during the two years spent at Vavua abound with incidents of thrilling interest.

Reports had repeatedly reached the Friendly Islands of the degraded and savage character of the cannibals at Fiji. Recognising in these reports a veritable cry from Macedonia to "Come over and help" the Wesleyan missionaries at their next annual district meeting, held at Lifuka, re-

solved to attempt the establishment of a new mission in that group. Messrs. Cargill and Cross, with their wives, were accordingly appointed to the arduous task. Such a task was one of no common danger, the difficulties were indeed almost appalling ; for of all the races on those Southern Islands the Fijians bore the palm for bloodthirstiness and cruelty.

The practice of cannibalism formed perhaps the most terrible feature in Fijian life. The custom seems to have arisen from the inherent ferocity of their natures, seeing that there was no lack of food, for the whole group of islands is plentifully blessed with vegetables and fruits. Although *all* the natives were participators in cannibal orgies, some of them were distinguished among their fellows for their hunger after human flesh. One monster was celebrated as the eater of 238 bodies ; while another had partaken of 900 bodies ! The son of this man once took a missionary to count the row of stones by which the cannibal father had kept count of the lives he had destroyed, and the bodies he had eaten, and the missionary counted 872 stones still remaining upright in this stony record of cannibalism. "Cannibal forks" were long four-pronged wooden forks, with beautifully carved handles, used for taking up morsels of human flesh. These were among the furniture of every hut, and were constantly brought into requisition.

An eloquent and famous lady traveller

thus writes respecting the advent and work of Messrs. Cargill and Cross :

“ To understand the position, you must recollect that forty years ago two missionaries landed on these isles, to find them peopled by cannibals of the most vicious type. Every form of crime that the human mind can conceive reigned and ran riot ; and the few white settlers here were the worst type of reprobates, who could find no other hiding-place. . . . Strange indeed is the change that has come over these isles, since these two Wesleyan missionaries landed here, in the year 1835, resolved at the hazard of their lives to bring the light of Christianity to these ferocious cannibals. Imagine the faith and courage of these two white men, and their wives, without any visible protection ! landing in the midst of these blood-thirsty hordes, whose unknown language they had in the first instance to master ; and day after day witnessing such scenes as chills one’s blood even to hear about. . . .

“ Every man’s hand was against his neighbour, and the land had no rest from barbarous inter-tribal wars, in which the foe, without respect of age or sex, was looked upon only in the light of so much meat. The prisoners were deliberately fattened for the slaughter ; and limbs were cut off from living men and women, and cooked and eaten in presence of the victim, who had previously been compelled to dig the oven, and cut the fierwood

for the purpose ; and this not only in time of war, when such atrocity might be deemed less inexcusable, but in time of peace, to gratify the caprice or appetite of the moment.

“ Think of the sick buried alive ; the array of widows who were deliberately strangled on the death of any great man ; the living victims who were buried beside every post of a chief’s new house, and must needs stand clasping it, while the earth was gradually heaped over their devoted heads ; or those who were bound hand and foot, and laid on the ground to act as rollers when a chief launched a new canoe, and thus doomed them to a death of excruciating agony :—a time when there was not the slightest security for life or property, and no man knew how quickly his hour of doom might come : when whole villages were depopulated simply to supply their neighbours with flesh meat.”

This was the condition of the Fijians when Messrs. Cross and Cargill were appointed to labour among them, and indeed to plant *first* the standard of the Gospel in the islands. When Mrs. Cargill was first made acquainted with the arrangement, she bowed with humble submission to what she believed to be her providential lot. Meekly addressing her husband, she said, “ Well, David, I did not expect it to be so, but the Lord knows best what is good for us, and if it be His will that we should go to Fiji, I am content.” Yet it was not without many regrets that Mrs.

Cargill bade adieu to the Friendly Islands. While living there, she had seen consigned to a lonely grave the remains of her first-born son, who, after gladdening the hearts of his parents for a day or two, was transplanted to "the better land." Vavua, the island in which she had lived, laboured, and suffered, was very dear to her on this account.

The 8th of October, 1835, was the day on which the first mission party to the Fiji Islands embarked on board the schooner *Blackbird*. On the third day of their voyage they caught sight of Lakemba, the largest island of the Windward group, and on the following day the missionaries resolved to attempt a landing, leaving their families on board till they had ascertained whether they could be taken on shore with safety. It was with palpitating hearts that the two wives saw their husbands move off from the vessel towards the shore of a savage and heathen land, not knowing what would befall them there. Mrs. Cargill was often heard to say that she was constrained to cast herself and her all for protection on the Almighty Father, in that memorable hour, in a manner which she had never done before. The two missionary pioneers, having met with a friendly reception from the King and his chief men, the ladies and children were taken on shore in the afternoon. In the course of a few days the schooner went on her course,

and the two mission families were left alone among their new people.

Yet not quite alone! *One* had said, "*Lo! I am with you always, even to the end of the world,*" and in a most marvellous manner a great work of preparation had silently been going on amidst the Fijians, which made the labours of these pioneer missionaries timely and acceptable. In order to explain this, we must go back a little, and anticipate the present stage of events.

The natives of Tonga were expert in the art of navigation, and had been so for many years; they therefore were naturally given to holding intercourse with the natives of neighbouring groups of islands. This being so, they paid frequent visits to the Fiji group, the nearest island of which lay at about two hundred and fifty miles distance from Tonga. As we have said before, Tonga lay in the Friendly Islands, and from Tongans, as far as can be certainly known, the people of Fiji *first* heard about Christianity. After the evangelisation of the Friendly Isles, many Tongan natives became converted to Christianity. Very naturally, they soon informed the natives of Fiji, with whom they came in contact, of the change which had passed over them. They were also much concerned about the moral and spiritual degradation of their Fijian neighbours, and endeavoured to impart some of the knowledge which they themselves had gained.



Fox Photos

A TYPICAL HAWAIIAN MAID OF THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS

When Messrs. Cargill and Cross landed at Lakemba, they were accompanied by a Tongan chief whom the King had sent in order to intercede with the chief of Lakemba, on behalf of them and their work. Further, the missionaries could not only speak Tongan well but had also made themselves acquainted with many Fijian words. Therefore the almost insuperable difficulty of winning their way among a people with whom they could hold no intercourse did not in this case exist, and when they landed on the shores of Lakemba, the people were amazed to hear from the lips of the two white men greetings in a familiar tongue. They passed through crowds of natives, and went direct to the King's house, which was situated at some distance inland, their families and friends meanwhile watching the proceedings from the deck of the vessel. The King of Lakemba received the strangers very kindly, promised to be kind to them if they would settle with him, and offered them a house to lodge in until others could be erected. The families of the missionaries were therefore landed, and accommodated during the first night on shore in a large canoe shed, open at both ends, and under this shed, bitten by mosquitoes, and worried by pigs, they vainly endeavoured to sleep. But this uncomfortable lodging was only a minor matter to those whose souls were set on fire with love to other souls.

In a few days, the natives had erected two

large native houses for the mission families, and within a week from the time of their landing, they had held two preaching services out of doors, speaking in the Tongan language, and stating very simply the truths they had come to teach. They had also taken the precaution to prepare, and carry with them, a catechism, an alphabet, and an easy lesson-book in Fijian, and without losing time, they mastered the language sufficiently to prepare a portion of St. Matthew's Gospel, in addition to commencing a grammar and dictionary. Soon after their settlement, their houses were blown down by a hurricane, but were soon restored in a more substantial fashion. In addition to this a church, capable of holding some two hundred hearers, was erected, and a regular congregation gathered there every Sunday.

In the earlier stages of this work Mrs. Cargill took a prominent and useful part, not only by assisting her husband in every possible way, but also by labouring most earnestly for the improvement of the condition of the native women. She also formed classes for their instruction, and taught them both for this world and the next. The native population of Lakemba certainly owed Mrs. Cargill a large debt of gratitude for her exertions on their behalf, and did not fail to manifest it on every possible occasion.

Numberless opportunities offered for the quiet and unobtrusive influence of Christianity

to become known, and to spread. Day by day, the natives would go to the mission station to barter fowls, fish, fruit, mats, and other things, when Mrs. Cargill would seize the opportunity to speak to them about Jesus. Within five months of their arrival, Messrs. Cargill and Cross had baptized thirty natives who professed their desire to lead Christian lives, and who had acquired a fair knowledge of simple Christian truth.

Yet these pioneers experienced many trials of faith and patience, most of which were only known to their Master in heaven. Their stores often failed; they knew what "fasts oft" meant; and when they did get food, that food was mostly of the poorest quality; their furniture and belongings were pilfered, and more than once, when supplies were sent to them, they were lost out at sea through shipwreck. It is recorded that they lacked the commonest necessities of life for months together; and a ship chartered by the Wesleyan Missionary Society to carry stores to mission stations in the Southern Pacific—including Fiji—refused to go any nearer than Tonga, on account of the cannibal propensities of the Fijians, to which some English sailors had at that time fallen victims. The stores and letters were accordingly left at Tonga, and after some delay, a Tongan canoe carried over the letters, and the information that the much-desired stores were awaiting them at this distant port.

How greatly these stores were needed may be inferred from the facts that they had not been able to obtain any pigs for two years—that trunks, wearing apparel, and pictures had all been bartered away for food—and that Mrs Cargill's whole list of kitchen utensils had diminished to one broken teacup! At last, after many months of weary waiting, and wearier privation, an opportunity offered of getting the stores brought, and we may easily imagine their delight at being able to replace vanished articles of food, clothing, and furniture.

Lakemba was not the only island blessed by Mrs. Cargill's presence and efforts, for, according to Wesleyan custom, they were moved from island to island, but in them all the good seed of the Word of God was faithfully sown, and many became obedient to the truth. After labouring in this way in different parts of the Fiji group, and enduring her full share of hardship and privation incident to the planting of any new mission in heathen lands, the health of Mrs. Cargill began greatly to decline, and it was speedily evident to all who saw her that her days were numbered.

The crisis of her illness seemed to come with the illness and death of her sixth child. She bore this sad bereavement with unwavering Christian fortitude, nevertheless it almost snapped the cords of life, and brought her to the verge of the grave. Having

counselled and blessed her mourning husband, and each of her surviving children, she meekly resigned herself into the hands of her Saviour, and passed away in triumph to her heavenly rest.

She died at Rewa, on the 28th of June, 1840, in the thirty-first year of her age, with words of unfaltering trust and holy triumph upon her lips.

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