

The prison officials were, in too many instances, nearly as bad as the prisoners. Even those highest in authority opposed all religious efforts. As a society it could hardly have been worse. But Wilberforce had selected the right man for this trying position. For fourteen years Marsden labored, single handed, with hardly a friendly voice to cheer him. With infinite patience and determination he toiled to make those around him better. He taught the convicts and looked after their material welfare, promoted education among the young, helped on the civilization of the settlement, and all this in resolute opposition to the tyranny of the officials and the indifference of those he sought to benefit. The persecution he met with, nearly all through his life, is, indeed, almost incredible. The most dastardly slanders were invented and circulated by his enemies. More than once he was accused of the very faults he was doing all he could to correct; once, at least, he had to beg the Colonial Office to send out a Commissioner to investigate the charges against him, and always in the end his innocence was made clear, and his honorable conduct acknowledged. Though one of the gentlest and kindest of men, he was compelled repeatedly to protest against the immorality and injustice of those in power, and consequently earned for himself their bitter dislike and hatred.

But though it might have seemed as if Marsden had enough to do in New South Wales—at first in acting as sole chaplain, and afterwards in superintending others—his earnest and active mind was planning new efforts on a larger scale. New Zealand was 1,200 miles away, but he longed to introduce into it the message of Christianity. A young Maori, whom he had befriended at Paramatta, led him to pay a visit to these islands, and on Christmas Day, 1815, the first Christian service was held in New Zealand, Marsden preaching from the words spoken by the angel, "Behold I bring you good tidings." Four years later he paid a second visit, and planted a permanent mission station, at the Bay of Islands. He made long tours through the country, trusting fearlessly to the hospitality of the Maoris, and never trusting in vain. His influence over them was, indeed, wonderful. Long afterwards he succeeded in stopping a battle which had already begun between two large armies of exasperated men. He had the rare power of ruling by persuasion. Every one he came near seemed to feel it. In their many troubles the missionaries took fresh heart when Marsden appeared, as he often did, unexpectedly on the scene. Even his horses owned the subtle power. In his drives about his parish at Paramatta, he would often fling the reins on the dashboard, and gain the time for reading.

He made, altogether, seven voyages to New Zealand. On the fourth of these he brought with him the Rev. Henry Williams, afterwards Bishop of Waiapu. Sometimes his duty was to rebuke the missionaries for their faults, sometimes to encourage them amid their difficulties. But he al-

ways seemed to succeed. He had an intense hatred of anything like wrong or injustice, and once when the question was raised of allowing the missionaries to sell fire arms to the Maoris, he wrote to the society at home these manly and outspoken words:—"I think it much more to the honor of religion and the good of New Zealand even to give up the mission for the present, than to trade with the natives in those articles."

His industry and energy were, indeed, extraordinary. Nothing seemed to escape his notice. His letters breathe a spirit of deep and fervent piety, yet he labored incessantly to advance the material welfare both of Australia and New Zealand. He did much to introduce and develop agriculture around Sydney, and had considerable flocks of his own, though most of them he never saw, being too much engaged in spiritual work. He left them in charge of reformed fellows, who were always faithful. In a letter to an English friend, he said, "I consider every axe, every hoe, every spade, in New Zealand, as an instrument to prepare the way of the Lord."

Thus endowed with qualities which eminently fitted him to be a leader of men, he might have been expected to manifest some of that impatience and pride which often mar the characters of otherwise noble souls. But it was not so. His humility and utter unselfishness are as conspicuous as his determination and bravery. In nothing, perhaps, does this appear more strongly than in his behavior at the appointment of Bishop Broughton. For many years Marsden had acted as Bishop to the young community. Everyone felt that he was practically the overseer of the Australian Church. But when at last a bishop was appointed, Marsden was passed over, and a clergyman in England selected instead. When a friend remarked upon the subject, he said, "It is better as it is; I am an old man; my work is almost done," and these are the only words he was ever heard to utter upon the question. When Bishop Broughton arrived he was received by the old hero with the utmost cordiality, and received his solemn benediction.

And truly was Samuel Marsden a hero. He well deserves the name. His bravery, his simplicity, his liberality, his dauntless faith and large-hearted charity, entitle him to that praise which he never sought and seldom in his lifetime received.

THE *Japanese Gazette* regrets "to say that Buddhism cannot long hold its ground, and that Christianity must finally prevail throughout all Japan. Japanese Buddhism and Western sciences cannot stand together. They are inconsistent the one with the other." The Buddhists continue to make a most vigorous effort to counteract the spread of Christianity in Japan, and the Hoganji sect was never so busy. One school in Kioto alone is to be rebuilt at a cost of twelve thousand dollars, and other Buddhist seminaries and colleges are being started in various parts of the country.