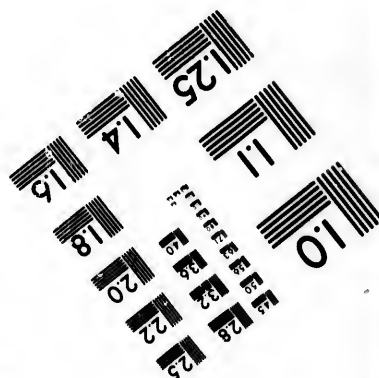
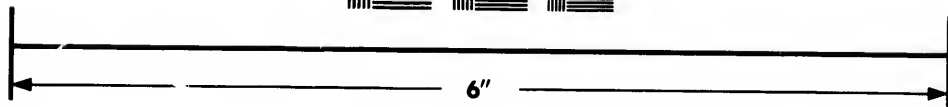
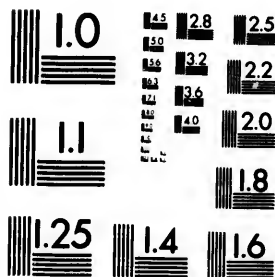


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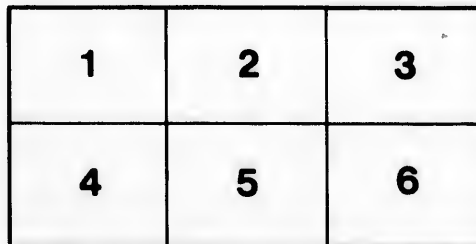
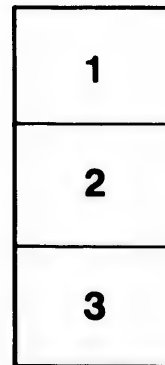
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*Frontispiece.*

"Mr. Cross and his wife gained a standing-place on the inner side of the reef, but Mrs. Cross soon became exhausted, and felt it difficult to bear up against the billows that rolled over them."—P. 222.

PERILS AMONG THE HEATHEN;

OR,

*Incidents of Missionary Life.*

WITH A PREFACE

BY

THE REV. JOSEPH RIDGEWAY, M.A.

INCUMBENT OF CHRIST CHURCH, TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

*SECOND EDITION.*

SEELEY, JACKSON, AND HALLIDAY, FLEET STREET.  
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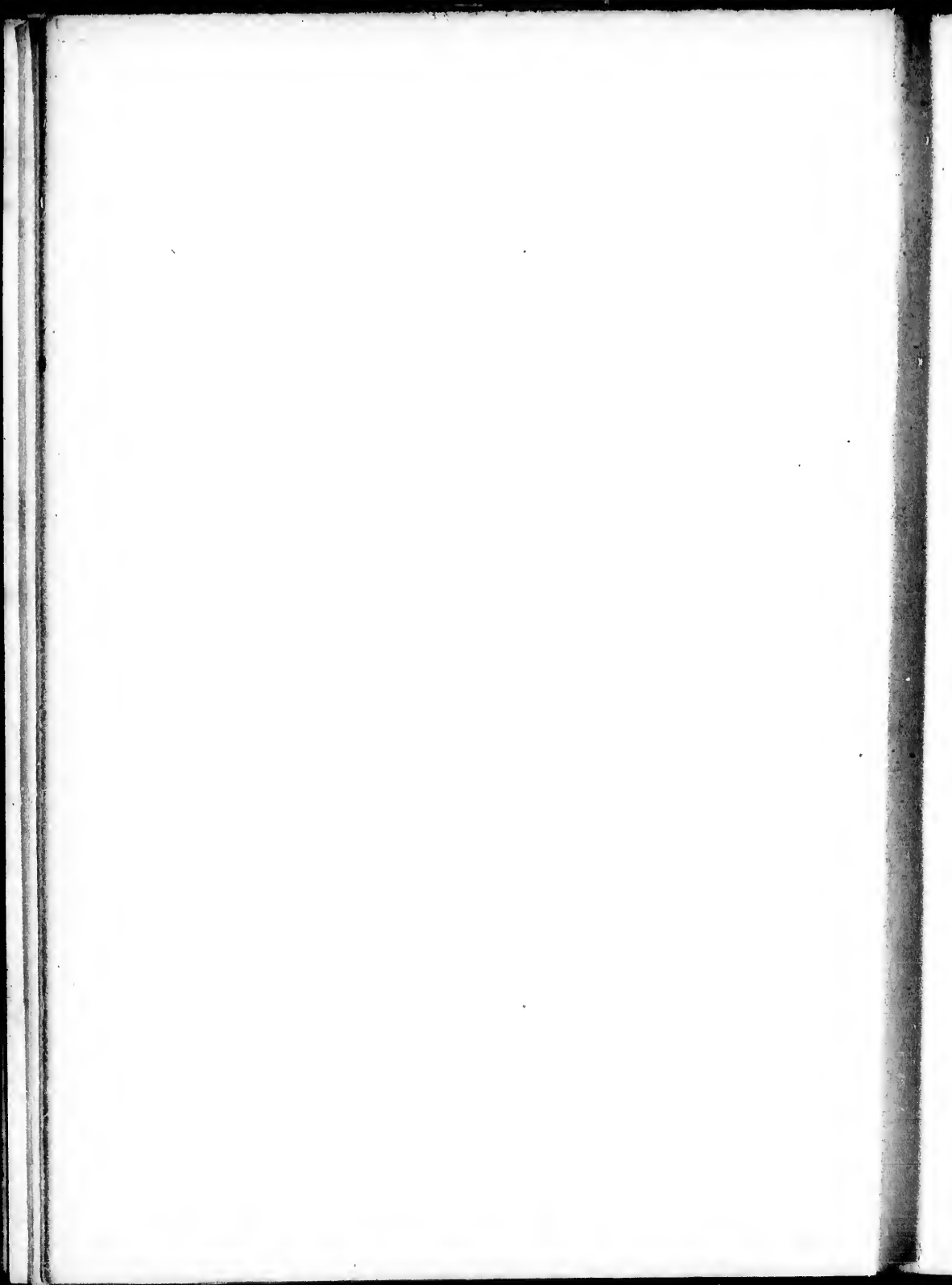
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“ IN JOURNEYINGS OFTEN ; IN PERILS OF WATERS ; IN PERILS OF ROBBERS ; IN PERILS BY MINE OWN COUNTRYMEN ; IN PERILS BY THE HEATHEN ; IN PERILS IN THE CITY ; IN PERILS IN THE WILDERNESS ; IN PERILS IN THE SEA ; IN PERILS AMONG FALSE BRETHREN : IN WEARINESS AND PAINFULNESS ; IN WATCHINGS OFTEN ; IN HUNGER AND THIRST ; IN FASTINGS OFTEN ; IN COLD AND NAKEDNESS.”

“ AND OTHERS HAD TRIAL OF CRUEL MOCKINGS AND SCOURGINGS ; YEA, MOREOVER, OF BONDS AND IMPRISONMENT ; THEY WERE STONED ; THEY WERE SAWN ASUNDER, WERE TEMPTED, WERE SLAIN WITH THE SWORD : THEY WANDERED ABOUT IN SHEEP-SKINS AND GOAT-SKINS ; BEING DESTITUTE, AFFLICTED, TORMENTED.”





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## P R E F A C E.

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THERE is a particular field of literature which is well deserving of more general attention than it has yet received—which had no existence some half-century ago, but now, in interest and importance, yields to none: Missionary literature—one very singularly diversified in its character and bearing—which has its grave and important points for the consideration of the learned; and its touching incidents of exploration and danger, of intrepid perseverance, of support in trials, and deliverance out of them, well fitted to interest the young. Fragmentary notices of experiences, such as will be found in the following pages, may induce those who read them to read more. There will be found, for example, a reminiscence of Count Zinzendorf. How remarkable a man he must have been—how devoted and self-

sacrificing! It would be pleasant to know more of him, or of David Brainerd, or Henry Martyn—those holy men of kindred minds, who shone as lights when they were on earth, and are now gone up to “shine as the stars” in a firmament of glory. And then, the missions amongst the Esquimaux, in Patagonia, amongst the Hirdoos—how interesting the references to them! And, lo! these missions are still in progress. In what state are they now? where shall we get more information about them? and, next, how shall we help them? Nor can we forget New Zealand and West Africa, the South Sea Islands, and distant North-west America; for all these are missions touched upon—the light falling now here, now there—lighting up with a vivid reality the far-off scenes of missionary life, which thus catch the wandering eye, and excite the mind for further knowledge.

“But why,” some objectors may say—“why choose this subject?—why the perils of missionary life? Have missionaries a monopoly of dangers? Are they more exposed to them than other men who travel to distant lands, and engage in the exploration of new countries?” Nay, we pretend not this.

Park, Clapperton, Denham, Richardson, in Africa; Franklin and his companions in the Arctic regions, and many others, too numerous to mention — what sufferings they endured!

But missionaries have their full share of difficulties and trials. Their life is not, as some would pretend, an easy and self-indulgent one. Tribulation appears to be inseparably interwoven with the nature of the work in which they are engaged; so that in sowing precious seed they go forth weeping. The form which the trial assumes varies according to circumstances. In New Zealand the climate was healthy, but the people dangerously fierce; in Sierra Leone the people were broken down and submissive, but the climate was deadly; in the stations which lie far north on the coast of Labrador, on the English and Mackenzie rivers, residents often suffer from the dearth of the necessaries of life. Sometimes a missionary finds himself shut up in the interior of a heathen country, cut off by the outbreak of civil war from all communications with his friends, and so exposed to great privations, as Bishop Gobat found himself when a missionary in Abyssinia, and as the Hinderers are now at this



moment in Ibadan. But there is one case of recent occurrence, which exhibits in strong colouring indeed the perils to which missionaries are exposed. We are about to speak now of what has befallen not a European but a native missionary, for the work is so advanced that fellow-helpers are being raised up from amongst the natives themselves, equally willing to bear the heat and the burden of of the day.

Some twenty-eight miles westward from Abbeokuta, and towards the Dahomian frontier, lay some time back the town of Ishagga. Here we had commenced missionary work, and had placed there a good man as catechist, a Christian native, named Thomas Doherty, who carried on his labours with every hope of a rich blessing; when, in March of this year, the King of Dahomey, with his barbarous yet disciplined troops, captured the town and its inhabitants, one-third of whom were put to death on the spot, and the rest carried to Dahomey, to be used for human sacrifices, or sold as slaves. Our native teacher and his little flock of native converts were amongst these captives. The present king's father had once before carried off one of our native

Christians, John Dasalu, but his life was spared, and he was sold into slavery, from whence he was redeemed and returned to his own land. But it has been otherwise with Thomas Doherty. A Dutch merchant, residing at Whydah, the seaport of Dahomey, received a message from the king, commanding his attendance at Abomey on the occasion of the "customs," or annual offering of human sacrifices, thousands of which are slaughtered yearly by this crowned savage. It was a command which he did not dare to disobey. Almost the first of the many horrid sights he witnessed was the body of poor Doherty nailed to a cross,—one nail driven through the forehead, another through the heart,—he had, indeed, died a painful, yet a martyr's, death. The kind of death to which he was subjected signifies that he had not been ashamed of the cross of Christ. Others, indeed, died also; in this respect he was only one of many. The blood of the captives of Ishagga, whether Christian or heathen, flowed freely round as they were decapitated. But his fellow-sufferers died by the sword; he by crucifixion. Amidst these horrible scenes the king, with loud voice, promised his troops that as they had spoiled

Ishagga, they should have the spoils of Abbeokuta also. Next month the people of Abbeokuta expect the visitation of the grim tyrant, and the trees are actually pointed out, to which, should he succeed, after the example of Thomas Doherty, he intends to affix the European missionaries.

Missionaries, then, are exposed to trials and dangers,—yea, to a full share of them. What moves them to become liable to and endure such hardships? We can understand the adventurous spirit of the traveller who sets forth to explore the centre of Africa or Australia. Should he prove successful, he becomes the lion of the day, and receives his honours and rewards. But if a missionary incidentally makes some geographical discovery, the probability is that his accounts are received at home with incredulity and contempt. Does he discover snow mountains in the region of East Africa? Scientific men ridicule the statement, and with elaborate essays proceed to prove that he did not see any. The eyes and evidence of any other man would be reliable. But a missionary, in the opinion of some, is the victim of a mental imbecility, which afflicts his physical organisation, so that he does not

see as other men, or feel as other men ; so that he mistakes snow for granite rocks, and fancies he is cold and needs a fire, when he is sweltering under the heats of tropical Africa.

We can understand what nerves the soldier to the battle, and enables him to stand fast, when the scythe of death is mowing down its bloody harvest. There are human motives, which every one knows of, strong enough to produce such a result as this. We can understand the gold-digger's self-sacrifice, and the spirit of endurance with which he meets the toils and dangers of his occupation. But what moves the missionary to his work, and sustains him in it? There is no worldly fame, there are no honours to be acquired; no riches reward his patient labour. Should he be compelled to return home, an humble curacy is his ordinary lot. How is it that he is willing to endure, not for a brief period, like a traveller passing through a dangerous or unhealthy country, but for years, the trials of his lot— to hold on though wife and children sicken and die, while the fields that he is spending himself upon, look as barren and dreary as they did at first? Whence the patient continuance in well-doing that

keeps him in his place, and enables him unremittingly to persevere, until life itself has been the sacrifice, and he has surrendered it to the sword of the enemy or the breath of the deadly pestilence? The motive is not earthly—it is divine; the strength is not of nature, but of grace. “Whether we be beside ourselves, it is to God; or whether we be sober, it is for your cause. For the love of Christ constraineth us; because we thus judge, that if one died for all, then were all dead; and that He died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him which died for them and rose again.”

Surely, then, if individuals will not co-operate in the missionary work, at least they ought not to despise it, or speak of it as a contemptible enthusiasm.

Professor Sedgwick, in his Prefatory Letter to Dr. Livingstone’s “Cambridge Lectures,” has pointedly rebuked all such proceedings:—

“I remember well,” he observes, “the mockery and ribaldry—seasoned with pungent wit, and spiced with words which, if they helped to raise a laugh, served also to raise a blush on the modest

cheek — by which a party of humble missionaries, who went out to the islands of the Pacific in the early years of this century, were held up to open scorn in some of the most popular works of that period. These missionaries were not learned men, and some of them may have imperfectly known their own strength, and ill counted the cost of what they undertook; but they were earnest men, and not to be put down by the wit and mockery of those who had done, and were willing to do, nothing for the civilisation and instruction of the licentious inhabitants of those beautiful islands. The missionaries persevered against scorn and ill bodings; and before many years were over their labours were blessed, and they christianised the islands to which they first shaped their course; and their goodly victory was, under God, followed by one of the most rapid advances in civilisation of which we can find an account in the moral records of the present century.

“ Yet some of the most popular writers of this time have endeavoured to blight their laurels by frequent and hasty scoffings at honest acts of public zeal for the instruction of the poor natives of

heathendom. They write as if every man must be a brain-heated fanatic, who stands up on a public platform to plead for his fellow-creatures in distant lands ; and as if every woman who goes to listen to him and desires to help him, must needs be a simple dreamer, a slattern, a sorry housewife, and a bad mother. Such gross caricatures carry with them their own antidote, for they are nauseously false and ridiculously untrue to nature. Who ever doubted that there are, and ever will be, great follies even among good men ? There will be found at all times men who talk of goodness, and make a show of it, without loving it for its own sake. Such men are the chaff which the blast of ridicule might, perhaps, winnow from the corn. But our Bible tells us not to be in too great a hurry to divide the good part of the crop from the bad—rather to leave the separation to an unerring hand ; and as for ourselves, it tells us to hope all things, and to live in charity with our neighbour. A man who pleads honestly (and wisely too) for a cause in which his heart is warm, but for which his hearers have no sympathy, may perchance appear to them to be acting and talking like a fool, while he is

speaking the very words of truth and wisdom. Let us keep down our mockery, and try gravely and honestly to look society in the face; and we shall most certainly see, that among men and women of every grade—from the highest to the lowest—who have felt true love for their fellow-creatures both at home and in heathendom, and have proved it by efforts for their instruction in the lessons of the Gospel, are to be found some of the best patriots, and many of the best fire-side models of social duty and domestic love.”

The fact is, the missionary work is too elevated and self-sacrificing for some men to be able to understand it. If an officer volunteer to lead a forlorn hope in the face of danger, he receives, and with justice, the praise of his fellow-soldiers; and should he fall in the enterprise, his memory is honoured, and he is spoken of as one whose life was nobly sacrificed. But should a man who has won academical distinction, and obtained by talent and application a high place among his fellows, decide to become a missionary—to abandon his hopes of honour and promotion at home—how his friends deplore the unhappy decision, and regret that under



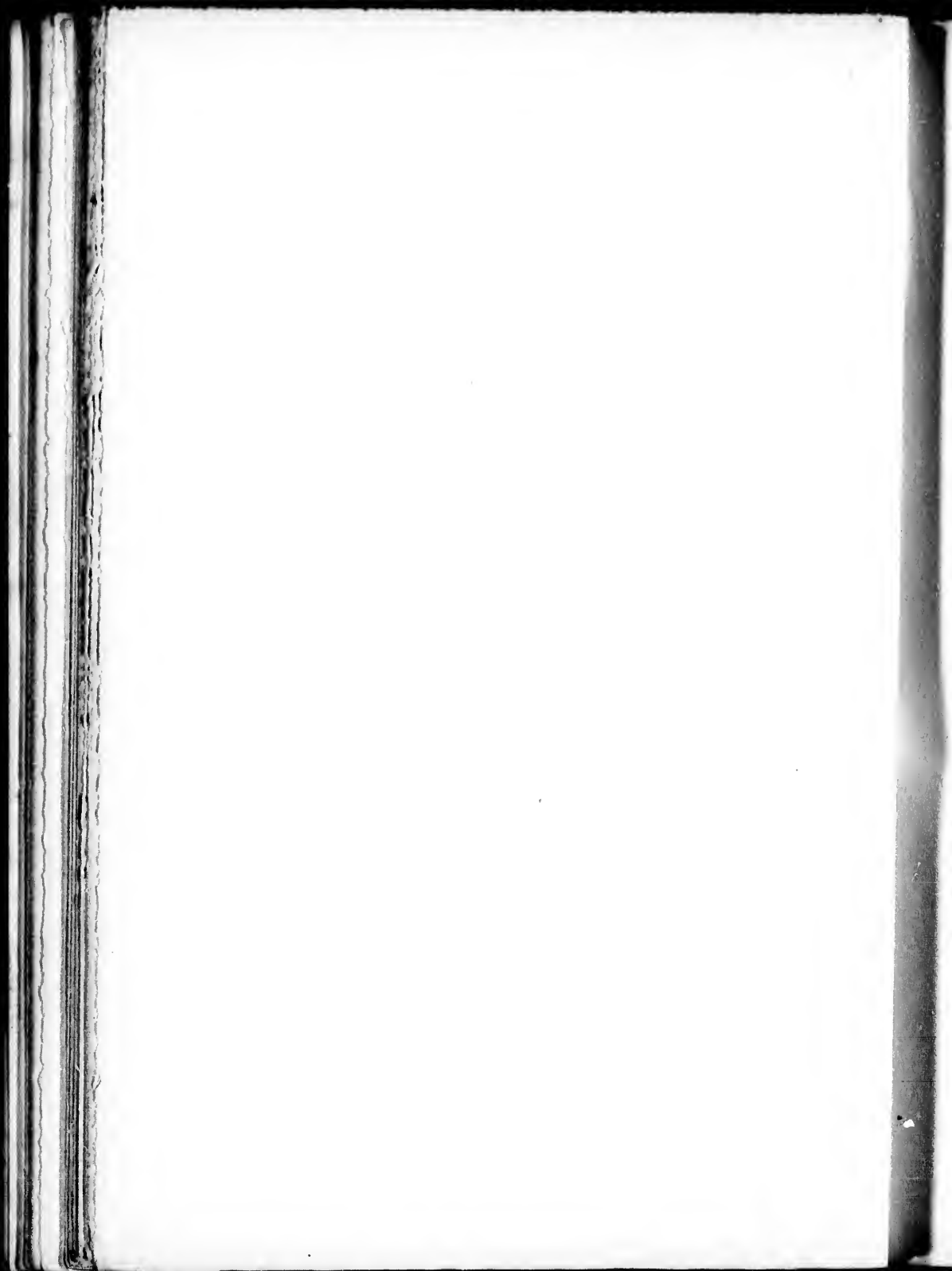
an unaccountable delusion he should throw away his fine prospects ! The missionary cause is regarded by them as something so low, so ignoble, as to be undeserving of such a sacrifice. And yet, who was the first missionary ?—who first consecrated Himself to this special work ?—who left a throne, that He might come on a mission to a lost world, and humiliated Himself in such-wise that none have ever equalled Him in self-sacrifice and voluntary humiliation ? And who more closely imitates that high example than the missionary, who, for the love he bears his Master and the love he bears his fellow-men, voluntarily surrenders home and friends, that in a strange and distant land he may make known the salvation of Jesus, and thus save souls ? Let such men and the work in which they are engaged be respected ; and if the world cannot approve, let it at least be silent.

But we desire more than this : we want the past to enrich the present, and the present to furnish new supplies for a future and more extended work. We wish our young friends, as they read of those who have gone before us in this work, to imbibe the tone and temper of such men—to catch their mis-

sionary spirit, and reflect it in their lives. We wish them to respect the great missionary undertaking, to speak well of it, to observe its progress, to help it on as an opportunity presents itself. We would have their prayers embrace it, their efforts befriend it. We would have them promote its interests at home, and, it may be, some of them devote themselves personally to its service in foreign lands.

J. R.

*Tunbridge Wells, Oct. 1862.*



PERILS AMONG THE HEATHEN.



I.

“In Journeyings Often.”

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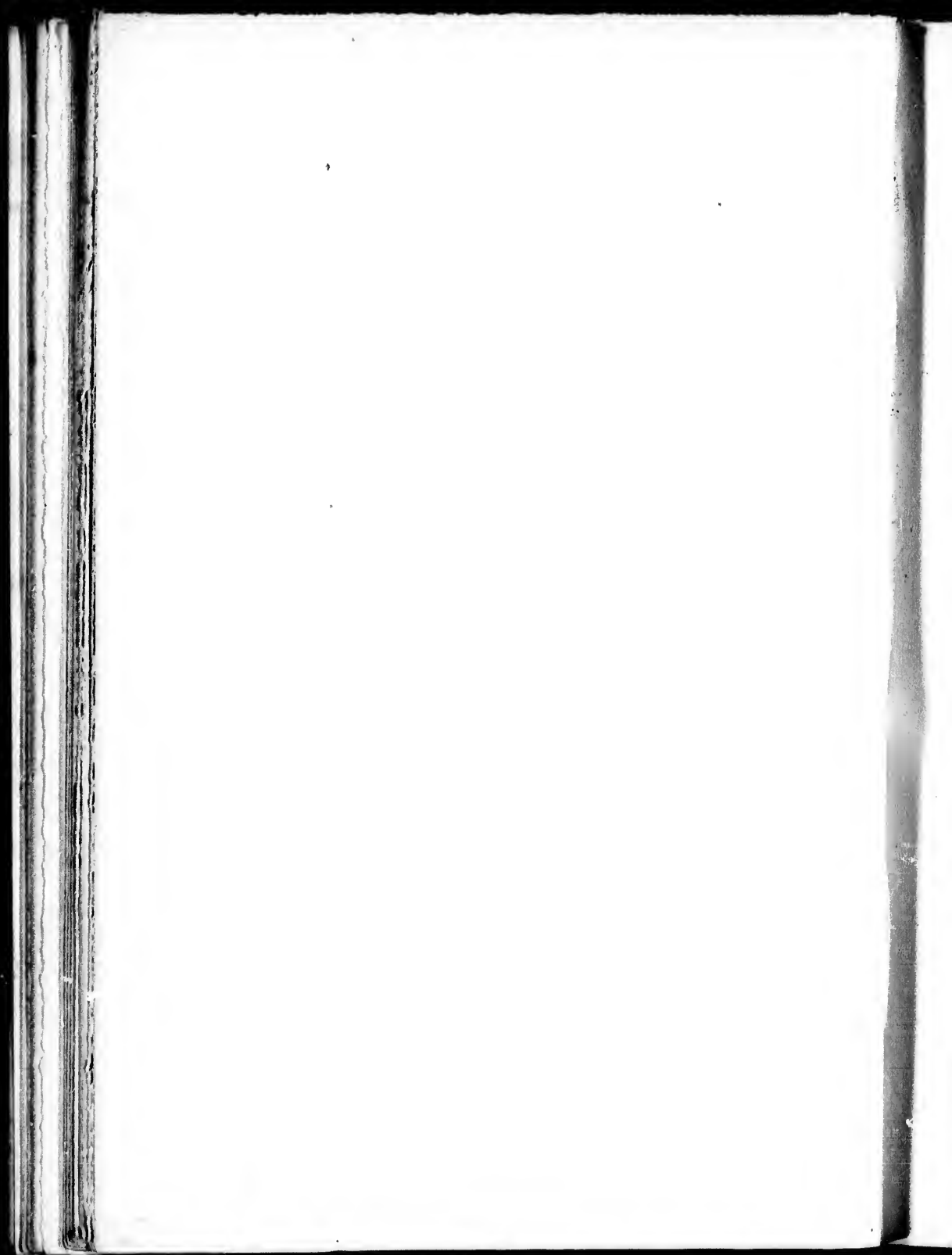
COUNT ZINZENDORF.

DAVID BRAINERD.

HENRY MARTYN.

ALLEN GARDINER.

B



## “IN JOURNEYINGS OFTEN.”

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### COUNT ZINZENDORF.

IN the present state of habits and customs in the civilised world, these words convey little idea of toil, or hardship, or peril. But a century back they bore a very different meaning from what they do now; and even in our own day we have witnessed the sacrifice of many valuable lives, in the mere attempt to penetrate into the recesses of wild and savage life. It will suffice to give three or four specimens of earnest followers of the Apostles; beginning with the founder of the missions of the United Brethren, and ending with that devoted man who left his body on the shores of Tierra del Fuego.

Count Zinzendorf's bright example can only be appreciated by rightly estimating the character of his sacrifices. He was born to the possession of rank, wealth, high station, and great influence. All these he "counted loss for Christ." He gave



them all, not grudgingly, but with a resolved heart, to the furtherance of the Gospel.

The position and influence of his family at court gained him, in his twenty-second year, a seat in the government at Dresden, with the rank of Aulic and Justicial Counsellor. This was in 1721. After remaining in this post until 1732, he begged the king to accept his resignation. His tender was accepted; but so ill was now his repute at court, that an order was sent him to sell his estates; in which was implied, that he should leave the country. So, also, on his first visit to Denmark, in 1731, the Lord Chamberlain asked him if he would accept a seat among the king's ministers;—yet on a second visit, in 1735, a rescript was issued against him. And when, in 1743, he visited Riga, an order of the Empress of Russia was sent to him, "that he should quit her territories with all speed."

Meanwhile, however, as early as in 1731, the Count and his most intimate friends had resolved to make the preaching of the gospel to the heathen a main business of their lives. It was in that year that Leonard Dober, one of the newly-revived and re-organised Church of the Moravians or United Brethren, had resolved to go forth to the heathen, and had chosen the poor negro-slaves in the island of St. Thomas as the first recipients of the gospel-message. In the next year, Christian David, and

Matthew and Christian Stach, set out on a mission to the inhabitants of Greenland. And in 1734, Andrew Grasman and Daniel Schneider took their departure for the shores of Lapland.

In the following year, 1735, a mission was organised for Georgia; and another was planned to the Indians in Surinam.

Receiving now no countenance in Denmark, Count Zinzendorf, in 1736, proceeded to Holland, arriving in Amsterdam on the 4th of March. He was an exile from his own estates, and from the Moravian settlement of Herrnhut, of which he had been the founder. That autumn he spent in Riga and in Revel; and at the end of the year he resolved on a journey to England. He landed at Harwich in January 1737, where he soon became acquainted with George Whitfield and John Wesley. The following year he sailed for the island of St. Thomas; disregarding the report, that it was one of the most unhealthy spots in the West Indies, and that ninety out of every hundred Europeans died in the first twelve months after landing.

He reached the island in January 1739, where he regulated and established the mission, and proceeded in the following month to St. Croix and St. Eustatia. Returning, he reached England at the end of April, and Holland in the course of May. That autumn two others of the United

Brethren went forth ; one to Algiers, and the other to Constantinople. A mission to Ceylon was also determined on.

Next, the Count paid a missionary visit to Switzerland, and to England in 1741. While in Geneva he preached often, and published several tracts and addresses. In 1741 he left England for the North American colonies, passing, by way of New York and Philadelphia, to the Forks of the Delaware, where a missionary settlement of the Brethren had been founded. The Germans in Philadelphia strove to persuade the Count to remain among them as their Bishop. In July and August he visited the Indians in the woods, passed the Blue Mountains, and reached "the Five Nations."

On the 30th of September he commenced his return. The summer had been spent in the bark-huts of the Indians: the return was not without difficulties and dangers. The horses had to seek their food in the woods, and the morasses were often nearly impassable. At last they reached the Shawanose, another Indian tribe, among whom, dwelling in a tent, the Count remained twenty days. In all these visits he was provided with interpreters, and lost no opportunity of preaching the gospel to the poor Indians.

The return from this tribe to the inhabited part

of Pennsylvania, was both fatiguing and dangerous. The horses were frequently almost exhausted for want of proper food; the rivers were often scarcely fordable; the nights were inclement, and the rains frequent. After a long struggle, the Count reached Bethlehem, one of the missionary stations, on the 9th of November. From Philadelphia he took his departure on the 1st of January, after regulating all missionary affairs in that country: embarking at New York on the 9th of January, 1743. In England the Count remained about six weeks, and in the beginning of April arrived in Holland; from whence he passed into Germany.

Towards the end of that year he attempted to visit Russia, but was stopped at Riga, and confined in the citadel till the Empress's pleasure could be taken: which, finally, ordered his immediate departure. In 1745 he again visited Holland, and from thence he returned to England. All these journeys were undertaken, not for pleasure, but on the business of the United Brethren, and especially in furtherance of their missions. In 1747 he revisited Saxony and Upper Lusatia, and in the next year passed into Holland, and embarked for England. Here he met a party of missionaries who were preparing to embark for North America and Greenland.

Subsequently he visited France, Switzerland,

Holland, and various countries in Germany. His life resembled that of Whitfield, or of Barnabas: his work was not that of a local missionary, devoted to one spot and one people. Endowed with considerable influence and property, he consecrated both to the furtherance of the gospel. He wrote, he composed hymns, he organized singing-classes, he held synods, he founded missions, he trained missionaries, he bought houses, he devoted wife and children, name and fame, all to this one work. And he met with the reward which his Master had foretold. They "spake all manner of evil against him for Christ's sake." He was declared to be "the beast" and "the false prophet" of St. John. He was said to be an adulterer, whom the Church in Germany had expelled. He was made "the filth of the earth, and the offscouring of all things." But when the hour of his departure came, he could lay his head upon his pillow, and calmly say, "Now, my dear son, I am going to my Saviour. I am ready: I am quite resigned to the will of my Lord, and He is satisfied with me. If he no longer wishes to make use of me here, I am quite ready to go to Him, for there is nothing in my way."

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## IN NORTH AMERICA.

DAVID BRAINERD.

AMONG those who have unreservedly and perseveringly resigned all the comforts of home, and ease, and competence, it is impossible not to assign a foremost place to David Brainerd. Like Judson, he was one who might have selected his scene of labour in any one of the most prosperous of the towns of New England, and might have there passed a life of usefulness, surrounded by numerous friends and admirers. It was his own determinate choice which sent him into the forest, to find an early tomb, through the paths of abstinence, physical sufferings, and the extremest self-denial.

Having offered himself as a missionary to the North American Indians, and having fixed upon a tribe or community of that people, living at Kauna-meeck, in the state of New York, to whose instruction his labours might be in the first instance devoted, he thus describes his position among them :—

"I live in the most lonely, melancholy desert, about eighteen miles from Albany. I board with a poor Scotchman, from the Highlands, whose wife can scarcely talk any English. My diet consists mostly of hasty-pudding, boiled corn, and bread baked in the ashes. My lodging is a little heap of straw, laid upon some boards, a little way from the ground: for it is a log-room, without any floor, that I lodge in. My work is exceedingly hard, as I live so far from my Indians. The master of the house is the only person with whom I can readily converse in these parts."

After some months he exchanged this lodging for a dwelling nearer to his Indians: a hut which he had chiefly raised with his own hands. He says,—

"At night I moved into my own house. I am now quite alone; no friend to communicate any of my sorrows to, or with whom to take sweet counsel. I had no bread, nor could I get any. I am forced to send ten or fifteen miles for all the bread I eat; and sometimes it is mouldy and sour before I eat it, if I get any quantity. I had some Indian meal, of which I made some little cakes, and fried them, and I felt contented with my circumstances, and sweetly resigned to God."

Of his work among the Indians, he says,—

"I had to travel, day and night, in stormy and severe weather, though very ill and full of pain: was

almost overdone with the extreme fatigue and wet, and with falling into a river: yet few that I sought were disposed to converse about heavenly things."

At another time he remarks,—

"Spent most of this day in labour, to procure something on which to keep my horse during the winter." His journeyings among the Indians were of such extent, that without a horse they would have been nearly impossible.

Again he says,—

"Rode to my house: the air clear and calm, yet intensely cold: such was the extremity of the weather, that I had nearly perished." "Was glad to get alone in my little cottage. Oh, what reason for thankfulness have I, on account of this retirement! I remained till midnight awake: all was so still, and my mind so serene, that I grudged the hours to sleep."

After passing the winter with the Indians at Kaunameek, the directors of the mission wished him to proceed to visit the tribes on the Delaware river. On May the 8th he rode forty-five miles; on the next day he went forward, and crossing the Hudson river, traversed a long tract of desolate country. On the 13th he writes,—

"Rose early, in illness of body, after my long journey, from the great fatigue and heavy rains; was very melancholy—scarcely ever saw such a



gloomy morning : there appeared to be no Sabbath — the children were all at play, the people careless. I feel as if banished from all mankind."

His toils now began to tell upon his weak frame. In his diary he writes,—

" I still continued to give myself up to God, praying incessantly with sweet fervency of spirit. My health being very weak of late, I was now much overcome ; so that, when I rose from my knees, I could scarcely stand or walk straight. My joints were loosed, and nature seemed as if it would dissolve."

Reviving, he went forward, " not knowing," he observes, " whither he went. It was enough to make one's heart sink, going alone through this howling wilderness."

After riding one hundred and fifty miles, he came to a village of the Delaware Indians. Here he lived till the autumn. The summer was pleasant, and he often preferred to pass the night in or under one of the great trees, rather than an Indian wigwam ; but when the rains began to fall, his situation became deplorable : for days he was confined to a wigwam, filled with smoke or other odours still less desirable.

After spending some time in preaching the gospel to the Delaware Indians, he moved onwards to the Susquehannah, and commenced a mission to

the Indians there. He was accompanied by an interpreter. The first day they journeyed till night, and lodged in a house by the road-side. "The next day scarcely anything was to be seen but lofty mountains, deep valleys, and frowning rocks. Just at dark we kindled a fire, cut up a few bushes, and made a shelter to screen us from the frost, which was very hard. The next day we came to the Susquehannah river."

Here he assembled the Indians, preached to them, and visited them from house to house.

Returning to the Delaware river, he now built himself a hut, in preference to a wigwam. One chamber served for kitchen and parlour, where he kept his wood, ate, and slept. It was now December, and his sufferings during that winter were very severe; but in the spring he seemed to realize his reward, for the Indians began to give ear to him, and he frequently preached to considerable numbers of them.

Soon afterwards we find him again on the move, and seeking the Indians in a place called Cross-weeksung, in New Jersey. It was here that his labours were rewarded with the most evident and abundant fruit; but, as the Indian tribes were scattered and migratory, so Brainerd also was ever on the move.

In May he had visited the Susquehannah

Indians, riding, in that journey alone, more than three hundred and forty miles. In September he again repaired, both to the Susquehannah and to the Forks of the Delaware. In the autumn he writes,—

"I have now ridden more than three thousand miles since the beginning of March last, and have sought for a companion or colleague to travel with me, but have not found one."

Again we find him at Crossweeksung; but, being compelled to lodge in the open woods, on the bare ground, he was overtaken, on one occasion, by a storm in which he had nearly perished. Thus exposing himself, he soon fell into a burning fever, and had scarcely strength to reach the house of an Indian trader, where he languished many days.

Thus was his short life spent:—Now at the Forks of the Delaware, then at the Susquehannah, then at Crossweeksung; but, like Felix Neff nearly a century after, he sank under such excessive labours, and, after a brief and shining career, he vanished from among men, and "obtained an inheritance with the saints in light."

His labours among the Indians commenced in April 1743, and in November 1746 he was compelled to bring them to a conclusion, languishing in illness till October 1747, when he died.

It is natural that the question should be asked,

“Why did he not labour less, that he might labour the longer?” And of Neff, and Martyn, and many others, the same question will probably often be proposed. It might be replied, that poor erring man scarcely ever finds out the true medium between *too much* and *too little*; and that for *one* who exceeds, there are generally ten thousand who fall short. But we may leave the question where it is left by St. Paul. When he tells us of his “journeyings often, his weariness and painfulness, his watchings often, his hunger and thirst, his fastings often,” he does not speak of them either as furnishing ground for vain-glory, or matter for regret. Looking back upon his toils and troubles, at the close of life, he thankfully says, “I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith.” And he can triumphantly add, “Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of glory, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me in that day.”

## IN CENTRAL ASIA.

HENRY MARTYN.

HENRY MARTYN was not a missionary in the common or technical acceptation of the term. At the time of his arriving at man's estate, there was no organization existing in England which had ventured to propose to itself so great an undertaking as to send forth clergymen of the Church of England to preach the gospel to the heathen. He accepted, therefore, a chaplaincy on the establishment of the East India Company; but he did this distinctly as a means of placing himself in the midst of a vast Hindoo and Mahometan population, in order that he might make known to them the glad tidings of salvation.

He received priest's orders in March 1805, and left England in September, arriving in Madras Roads on the 22d of April, 1806. Entering upon his ordinary duties as a chaplain to the Company's troops and servants, all his leisure time was occu-

pied with the study of the native languages. His journals witness to his continual labours of this kind. His time was divided between Hindostanee, Sanscrit, Persian, and Nagree. In March 1807, we find him beginning a service in Hindostanee, having translated the English Liturgy into that language. In the course of that year he was joined by Sabat, a learned Arabian, with whom he resumed the study of Persian. In March 1808, he had completed the translation of the New Testament into Hindostanee; and we find him instantly undertaking, with Sabat's assistance, a Persian translation. In February 1809, he records with joy the completion of the four Gospels in Persian; and in the summer of 1810 the whole translation was completed. Meantime, however, Mr. Martyn had not forgotten the necessities of those among whom he was living. In December 1809, he began a course of open-air sermons to the poor Hindoos, who came to his door, on appointed days, for a distribution of rice. His congregations generally amounted to five, six, or eight hundred persons; and he carried on these labours till pains in the chest, symptomatic of an incipient consumption, forced him to suspend them.

In September 1810, however, the opinions of competent judges had been collected, and it was declared that Sabat's Persian was too full of Arabian

idioms to be fitted for general use. Keenly disappointed, Mr. Martyn determined to go himself into Persia, to gather the opinions of learned natives, and, if need be, to begin a new translation. He left Cawnpore on the 1st of October, 1810; and after staying a short time with his friend Mr. Brown, at Calcutta, he quitted India—as it proved—finally. In his journal of Jan. 1, 1811, he thus writes:—

“The weakness which has come upon me in the course of the past year, if it should not give an entire new turn to my life, is likely to be productive of events, in the course of the present year, which I little expected, or at least did not expect so soon. I now pass from India to Arabia, not knowing what things shall befall me there, but assured that an ever-faithful God and Saviour will be with me in all places whithersoever I go.”

Coasting India all February and March, Mr. Martyn reached Muscat in April, and Bushire on the 21st of May. Here he landed, and proceeded to Shiraz, which he reached on the 9th of June, and where he found it necessary to remain until May in the following year.

Bearing in mind that in a country under despotic rule, such as Persia, nothing could have circulation except by royal permission, Mr. Martyn's first endeavour was—having completed his translation—to lay it before the king, and to ask his royal

approval, and his consent to its circulation. Hence, on the 24th of May, one year after his entrance into Persia, he left Shiraz, in order to lay his work at his Majesty's feet; but on his arrival at the King's camp, he learnt from the Vizier that it was not the custom of the King to receive any stranger, unless introduced by the Ambassador, or accredited by a letter from him. He was therefore obliged to proceed to Tebriz, where Sir Gore Ouseley was then residing. This journey—what with want of sleep, want of refreshment, and exposure to the sun—brought on a raging fever, which detained him at Tebriz for nearly two months. From thence he writes to a friend in England, on July 12, 1812:—

“I have received your letter of Feb. 14. Shall I pain your heart by adding, that I am in such a state of sickness and pain that I can hardly write to you? . . . In consequence of the state to which I am reduced, I have applied for leave to come on furlough to England; but I must faithfully tell you that the probability of my reaching England alive is but small.”

On the 2d of September, 1812, Mr. Martyn set out on his last journey—the most painful, and yet the most joyful, he ever undertook. The miseries he endured in it were intense; but it ended in heaven!

“Sept. 2. All things being ready, I set out on



my long journey of 1300 miles, carrying letters from Sir Gore Ouseley to the Governors of Erivan, Kars, and Erzeroum, and the Ambassador at Constantinople. My party consisted of two Armenian servants, Antoine, the groom, and Sergius, who was to accompany me all the way to Constantinople, as professing to speak both Persian and Turkish, and so qualified to act as my interpreter; but his knowledge of the former I soon found to be rather scanty. These were mounted, and two other horses carried my luggage."

We pass over the narrative of the first nineteen days, and proceed to—

"Sept. 21. Rode into Kars. Its appearance is quite European; not only at a distance, but within. The houses all of stone; streets with carts passing; some of the houses open to the street; the fort on an uncommonly high rock; such a burying-ground I never saw; there must be thousands of gravestones. The Mihmander carried me directly to the Governor, who, having just finished his breakfast, was, of course, asleep, and could not be disturbed; but his head-man carried me to an Armenian's house, with orders to live at free quarters there. The room at the Armenian's was an excellent one upstairs, facing the street, fort, and river, with a bow containing five windows, under which were cushions. As soon as the Pacha was visible, the chief Armenian

of Kars, to whom I had a letter from Bishop Nestus, his relation, waited on him on my business. On looking over my letters I found none for the Pacha of Kars; however, the letter for the Governor of Erivan secured all I wanted. He sent to say I was welcome; that if I liked to stay a few days, he should be happy; but that if I was determined to go on to-morrow, the necessary horses, and ten men for a guard, were all ready.

“Sept. 22. Promises were made that everything should be ready at sunrise, but it was half-past nine before we started, and no guard present but a Tartar. He presently began to show his nature, by flogging the baggage-horses with his long whip, as one who was not disposed to allow loitering; but one of the poor beasts presently fell with his load at full length, over a piece of timber lying in the road. While this was setting to rights the people gathered about me, and seemed more engaged with my Russian boots than with any other part of my dress. We moved south-west, and after five hours and a half reached Joula. The Tartar rode forward and got the coffee-room at the post-house ready. As the wind blew very sharply yesterday, and I had caught cold, he ordered a great fire to be made. In this room I should have been very comfortable had not the Tartar taken part of the same bench; and many

other people made use of it as a public room. They were continually consulting my watch, to know how near the hour of eating approached. It was evident that the Tartar was the great man here; he took the best place for himself; a dinner of four or five dishes was laid before him. When I asked for eggs they brought me rotten ones; for butter they brought me ghee. The idle people of the village came in all night and smoked till morning. It was very cold, there being a hoar-frost.

"Sept. 23. Our way to-day lay through a forest of firs; and the variety of prospect it afforded, of hill and dale, wood and lawn, was beautiful and romantic. No mark of human workmanship was visible for miles, except where some trees had fallen by the stroke of the woodman. What displays of taste and magnificence are found occasionally on this ruined earth! Nothing was wanting to-day but the absence of the Turks, to avoid the sight and sound of whom I rode on. After a ride of nine hours and a half we reached Mijingud, in the province of Erzeroum; and having resolved not to be annoyed in the same way as last night, I left the Tartar in undisturbed possession of the post-house, and took up my quarters at an Armenian's; where, in the stable-room, I expected to be left alone; but a young Georgian, on his way from Ech-Miazin, on

pilgrimage to Moosk, presumed on his assiduous attentions to me, and contrived to get a place for himself in the same room.

“Sept. 24. A long sultry march, over many a hill and vale. After eleven hours and a half we were overtaken by the dusk, so the Tartar brought us to Oghoomra, where I was placed in an Armenian's stable-room.

“Sept. 25. Went round to Hussur-Quile, where we changed horses. I was surprised to see so strong a fort and so large a town. From thence we were five hours and a half in reaching the entrance of Erzeroum. All was busy and moving in the streets and shops; crowds passing along. Those who caught a sight of us were at a loss to define me. My Persian attendants, and the lower part of my dress, made me appear Persian; but the rest of my dress was new; for those only who had travelled knew it to be European. They were not disposed, I thought, to be civil, but the two persons who preceded us kept all in order. I felt myself in a Turkish town; the red cap, and stateliness, and rich dress, and variety of turbans, was realised here as I had seen it in pictures. There are here four thousand Armenian families and but one church; there are scarcely any Roman Catholics, and they have no church.

“Sept. 29. Left Erzeroum with a Tartar and

his son at two in the afternoon. We moved to a village, where I was attacked with fever and ague; the Tartar's son also was taken ill, and was obliged to return.

"Sept. 30. Travelled first to Ashgula, where we changed horses, and from thence to Purnugaban, where we halted for the night. I took nothing all day but tea, and was rather better; but headache and loss of appetite depressed my spirits; yet my soul rests on Him who is 'an anchor to the soul, sure and stedfast,' which, though not seen, keeps me fast.

"Oct. 1. Marched over a mountainous tract; we were out from seven in the morning till eight at night. After sitting a little near the fire I was near fainting from sickness. My depression of spirits led me to the throne of grace. I learned that the plague was raging at Constantinople, and thousands dying every day. The inhabitants of Tocat, too, were flying from that town from the same cause. Thus am I passing inevitably into imminent danger. Oh, Lord! Thy will be done! Living or dying, remember me.

"Oct. 2. Some hours before day I sent to tell the Tartar that I was ready; but for once Hassan Aga was riveted to his bed. However, at eight o'clock, having got strong horses, he set off at a great rate, and over the level ground he made us

gallop as fast as the horses would go to Chifflick, where we arrived at sunset. I was lodged, at my own request, in the stables of the post-house; not liking the scrutinising impudence of the fellows who frequent the coffee-room. As soon as it began to grow a little cold the ague came on, and then the fever; after which I had a sleep, which let me know too plainly the disorder of my frame. In the night Hassan sent to summon me away, but I was quite unable to move. Finding me still in bed at the dawn he began to storm furiously at my detaining him so long; but I quietly let him spend his ire, ate my breakfast composedly, and set out at eight o'clock. He seemed determined to make up for the delay, for he flew over hill and dale to Sherean, where he changed horses. From thence we travelled all the rest of the day, and all night, and it rained most of the time. Soon after sunset the ague came on again, which, in my wet state, was very trying; I hardly knew how to keep life in me. About that time there was a village at hand, but Hassan had no mercy. At one in the morning we found two men under a wain with a good fire; they could not keep the rain out, but their fire was acceptable. I dried my lower extremities, allayed the fever by drinking a good deal of water, and went on. We had little rain, but the night was pitchy dark, so that I could not see the road under my horse's feet. However,

God being mercifully pleased to alleviate my bodily suffering, I went on contentedly to the munzil, where we arrived at break of day. After sleeping three or four hours, I was visited by an Armenian merchant, for whom I had a letter. Hassan was in great fear of being arrested here; the governor of the city having vowed to make an example of him for riding a horse to death belonging to a man of this place. He begged I would shelter him in case of danger; his being claimed by an Englishman would, he said, be a sufficient security. I found, however, that I had no occasion to interfere. He hurried me away from this place without delay, and galloped furiously towards a village, which, he said, was four hours distant, which was all I could undertake in my present weak state; but village after village did he pass, till night coming on, and no signs of another, I suspected he was carrying me on to the munzil; so I got off my horse, and sat upon the ground, and told him, 'I neither could nor would go any further.' He stormed, but I was immovable, till, a light appearing at a distance, I mounted my horse, and made towards it, leaving him to follow or not, as he pleased. He brought in the party, but would not exert himself to get a place for me. They brought me to an open verandah, but Sergius told them I wanted a place in which to be alone. This seemed very offensive to them; 'And why

'must he be alone?' they asked, ascribing, I suppose, this desire of mine to pride. Tempted at last by money they brought me to a stable-room, and Hassan and a number of others planted themselves there with me. My fever here increased to a violent degree; the heat in my eyes and forehead was so great that the fire almost made me frantic. I entreated that it might be put out, or that I might be carried out of doors, but neither was attended to; my servant, who, from my sitting in that strange way on the ground, believed me delirious, was deaf to all I said. At last I pushed my head in among the luggage, and lodged it on the damp ground, and slept.

"Oct. 5. Preserving mercy made me see the light of another morning. The sleep had refreshed me, but I was feeble and shaken; yet the merciless Hassan hurried me off. The munzil, however, not being distant, I reached it without difficulty. I expected to have found it another strong fort at the end of the pass; but it is a poor little village within the jaws of the mountain. I was pretty well lodged, and felt tolerably well till a little after sunset, when the ague came on with a violence I had never before experienced; I felt as if in a palsy; my teeth chattering, and my whole frame violently shaken. Aga Hosyn and another Persian, on their way here from Constantinople, going to Abbas Mirza, whom



I had been visiting, came hastily to render me assistance if they could. These Persians appear quite brotherly after the Turks. While they pitied me, Hassan sat in perfect indifference, ruminating on the further delay this was likely to occasion. The cold fit, after continuing two or three hours, was followed by fever, which lasted the whole night, and prevented sleep.

“Oct. 6. No<sup>t</sup> horses being to be had, I had an unexpected repose. I sat in the orchard, and thought with sweet comfort and peace of my God ; in solitude my company, my friend, and comforter. Oh ! when shall time give place to eternity ? When shall appear that new heaven and new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness ? There—there shall in no wise enter in anything that defileth—none of that wickedness which has made men worse than wild beasts, none of those corruptions which add still more to the miseries of mortality, shall be seen or heard of any more.”

These were the last words that were traced by Mr. Martyn's pen. They were written on the 6th of October, 1812, and on the 16th of that month he died at Tocat. It would seem, therefore, that his Tartar courier contrived to carry him, in this state of illness, about two hundred miles further, but in such a condition as to be unable to hold a

pen. Reaching that town, doubtless in an advanced stage of fever, and probably of delirium, he soon died, without a single human friend near him. But the "Friend that sticketh closer than a brother," was doubtless with him during the last struggle, and he with Him the moment it terminated.

## IN AFRICA AND SOUTH AMERICA.

CAPTAIN ALLEN GARDINER.

CAPT. ALLEN GARDINER was, more than most men who have given themselves to the missionary work, a pioneer,—a man devoted to the work of finding out new fields of labour. In 1833, his wife was removed by death, and over her tomb he formed the resolution to devote the rest of his life to the active, personal promotion of the Redeemer's kingdom. The next spring brings him before our view, preparing for a mission into one of the wildest districts in Africa.

Arriving at the Cape of Good Hope, he heard there of an expected Kafir war; but disregarding this, he hastened at once to throw himself into the Kafir country before war had actually broken out, in the hope of passing through it unmolested, and of so reaching the Zulus. His friends on the coast, on seeing him set forth, exclaimed, "Poor Captain Gardiner! we shall never see him again!"

His admirable temper and skill, however, under the Divine guidance, carried him through, and, after long toil and immense perils, he reached the Zulu country in February 1835. Here he found all the usual difficulties attendant on an aggressive inroad on savage and barbarous heathenism. Patient perseverance, however, gradually prevailed; and, before the end of that year, Captain Gardiner had surmounted all obstacles, and saw the way clear for a mission to the Zulus. He hastened back to England, and at the Annual Meeting of the Church Missionary Society, in May 1836, he pleaded earnestly for a missionary for this field of labour. His petition was granted, and, in December of that year, he returned to the Cape, accompanied by the Rev. F. Owen, his wife, and sister.

For a while all went on prosperously. Permission to settle, and to build, was granted by the Zulu chief, Dingarn, to Capt. Gardiner. Mr. Owen, the missionary, had a cottage erected about two miles from the chief's town. Capt. Gardiner himself settled in a spot called Hambanati, about half-way between Tugala, Dingarn's place, and Port Natal. Here he raised a thatched house, and collected many of the Zulus around him. During the whole of 1837, the prospects of the mission were highly encouraging. These prospects, however, were all destroyed by disputes with which the missionaries

had no connexion. A party of Dutch Boers from the Cape territory endeavoured to follow in Capt. Gardiner's track, and to get land from Dingarn whereon to raise a settlement. The Zulu chief became alarmed at these intruders, and he treacherously entrapped and slew them.

The females and children of the missionary party were, naturally, exceedingly alarmed at this exhibition of ferocity, and Mr. Owen, with his wife and sister, quickly left the Zulu country and returned to Natal. For a time Capt. Gardiner remained at Hambanati; but he soon found that the Dutch and the Zulus were in bitter conflict, and that no works of peace could be carried on. He, therefore, after a time, removed to Algoa Bay, and from thence he soon returned to England.

This intestine warfare rendered all missionary work in that part of Africa impracticable for a time, and Capt. Gardiner turned his attention to other countries. But his labours had not been thrown away. He had called public attention both to Natal and to the Zulus, and that attention has never been withdrawn.

After a few years the British Government made Natal a colony. A town was soon built, and a church quickly followed. After a while an English bishop was sent. The settlers from home are now numerous, and the Zulus who have come into the

colony are more than a hundred thousand. Several missionaries are now labouring among them, with mission-presses, Bibles, and the whole apparatus of a Christian mission.

Capt. Gardiner had left Africa, but he had not "turned back" from his work. He took a passage for Rio Janeiro, where he arrived in July 1838, and where he immediately began a series of inquiries as to the Indians of South America. He passed on to Monte Video and Buenos Ayres, and thence to Mendoza, with a view to learn the state of the Indians of Chili. In fourteen days 900 miles of the Pampas were passed over.

In October and November the Cordilleras were traversed, and Santiago was reached. Shortly after, Capt. Gardiner succeeded in penetrating into the interior, and had conferences with the chiefs. But no consent for a missionary settlement could be obtained.

In January 1839 Capt. Gardiner left this part of the country, and proceeded to Valdivia. Here again he succeeded in reaching the Indians, but again the same repulse was received, "They did not want a missionary." Thwarted in every effort, Capt. Gardiner saw all reasonable hope vanish of getting at the heathen in South America. In some places bitter and exterminating warfare prevailed; and where peace was found, Spanish and Romish

influence excluded all Protestant missionaries. He left that country, therefore, and turned his face towards New Guinea.

Taking passage from Valparaiso to Sydney, in May 1839, Capt. Gardiner, after a short visit to Tahiti, reached Sydney Cove on Sept. 14. Not three days had passed before he had found a passage to New Guinea. In the Indian Archipelago, however, new obstacles arose. The climate seriously affected Capt. Gardiner's health, and, when he was able to exert himself, he was stopped at every corner by the dull, repulsive exclusiveness of the Dutch authorities.

From October 1839 until 1840 was far advanced, did Capt. Gardiner strive against these difficulties. When he took leave of Java, he left there some German missionaries, who were vainly praying for leave to go to Borneo. He now returned to Cape Town, which he reached in November 1840. From hence he paid one more visit to Chili, where he again found access to the Indians to be impossible. His attention began now to be directed to the Falkland Islands and to Patagonia. Here he spent many months in making inquiries and explorations, and at last took ship at Rio Janeiro, at the close of 1842, and landed in Cornwall in February of the following year.

In 1843 several applications were made to the

Missionary Societies of London for a missionary for Patagonia ; and Capt. Gardiner began to form a purpose of erecting a new association for the evangelizing of that country. Meanwhile, however, unable to remain unoccupied, he obtained grants of Bibles and other books from the Bible and Religious Tract Societies, and started in the September of that year for Rio Janeiro. His object was to test the practicability of circulating the Scriptures and other religious works among the people of South America. He spent several months in this work, and proved, abundantly, that the door was not closed against the introduction of such books among the Spanish-American population of those republics. He landed in England in the spring of 1844, and settled for a few months at Brighton.

Here he succeeded in forming a small Society, whose annual income soon appeared to amount to 500*l.*; and upon this basis his ardent spirit quickly raised an actual mission. This Patagonian enterprise might be deemed his fourth enterprise of a missionary character ; and with his characteristic zeal and determination, he undertook to be himself the first missionary. His first attempt failed ; the chief, Wissale, who had promised his friendship, now proved hostile ; and the very lives of Capt. Gardiner and his companion, Mr. Hunt, seemed imperilled. As no progress could be made, the



missionaries returned; and in 1846 Capt. Gardiner made one more attempt, through Bolivia, to reach the Indians. In 1848 he returned to the Tierra del Fuego, and found, or thought he found, a way open to gain access to Patagonia. He now spent more than a year in gathering funds and in making preparations; and, on Sept. 7, 1850, he sailed, with six brave companions, from Liverpool, on his last voyage.

The result of that last enterprise will be found in another part of this volume; it is only necessary here to add, that, for ceaseless activity, indomitable energy, and unquenchable faith, there is scarcely to be found, on our missionary annals, the equal of Allen Gardiner; nor any one who might more justly have taken as his motto, "In journeyings often."

II.

“In Perils of Waters.”

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THE UNITED BRETHREN.

J. H. BERNAU.

J. J. WEITBRECHT.

DAVID JONES.

BISHOP ANDERSON.

JOHN MASON.

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## “IN PERILS OF WATERS.”

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### IN LABRADOR.

#### THE UNITED BRETHREN.

IN March 1782 two of the missionaries of the United Brethren in Labrador experienced a most merciful interposition of Providence. Samuel Liebisch and William Turner found it needful to pay a visit to Okkak, one of their settlements; and they accordingly set out on their journey in a sledge driven by one of the Esquimaux, the whole party consisting of five men, one woman, and a child. All were in good spirits; the morning was clear, and as the track over the Frozen Sea was in good order, they could travel six or seven miles an hour, and expected to reach Okkak in two or three days. After passing the island in the bay of Nain, they kept at a considerable distance from the coast, so as to gain the smoothest part of the ice. About eight o'clock they met a sledge with Esquimaux turning in towards the land; who gave them some hints that it might be as well to return. But, as they

saw no ground for alarm, they proceeded on their way. After some time their own Esquimaux remarked that there was a ground-swell under the ice. It was then scarcely perceptible, without lying down and applying the ear, when a hollow, roaring, and grating sound might be heard. The sky remained clear, and there was no appearance of any change in the weather.

The sun had now reached its height, and there was little or no alteration in the appearance of the sky. But the motion of the sea under the ice had become more perceptible, and the travellers became alarmed, and felt it prudent to keep nearer the shore. The ice, also, showed cracks and fissures, but, as the dogs could easily leap over them, they caused no alarm.

But, as soon as the sun declined towards the west, the wind increased, the bank of clouds towards the east began to ascend, and the dark streaks in the sky to put themselves in motion. The snow was now violently driven about, and it filled the air. The swell, also, increased so much that its effects on the ice became very alarming. The sledges, no longer gliding smoothly along a level surface, now ran with violence after the dogs, and then seemed with difficulty to climb a rising hill, for the ice had an undulatory motion, like that of a sheet of paper, accommodating itself to the surface of a rippling

stream. The bursting of the ice, too, in many places, caused explosions like the report of a cannon.

Dismayed at the prospect before them, the travellers now drove with all haste towards the shore, but as they approached it the scene before them became truly terrific. The ice, having burst loose from the rocks, was now heaved up and down, grinding and breaking into pieces against the cliffs with a tremendous noise, which, added to the roaring of the wind and the driving of the snow, so confounded them, that they almost lost the power of seeing or hearing anything distinctly. To make for the land at any risk was now the only course left open to them ; but it was with the utmost difficulty that the frightened dogs could be forced forwards ; the whole mass of ice sometimes sinking below the level of the rocks, then rising above it ; and, as the only time for landing was the moment of its gaining the level of the shore, the attempt was full of hazard. By God's mercy, however, it succeeded ; both sledges gained the land, and were drawn up the beach ; though with much difficulty.

Scarcely had the landing been effected, when that part of the ice from which they had just landed burst asunder, and the water, rushing up from beneath, overwhelmed and precipitated it into the deep. In an instant the whole mass of ice, extending for miles along the coast, began to crack and

sink under the enormous waves. The scene was tremendously grand; the vast fields of ice raising themselves out of the ocean; then striking against each other and plunging into the deep, with a noise like the discharge of innumerable cannon. The darkness of the evening, the roaring of the wind and sea, and the dashing of both waves and ice against the rocks, filled the travellers with mingled sensations of awe and horror. They stood overwhelmed with wonder at their marvellous escape; and even the pagan Esquimaux expressed gratitude to God for such a deliverance.

The Esquimaux now began to build a snow-house, about thirty paces from the beach, and about nine o'clock they all crept into it, thankful for even such a place of refuge from the blasts of the storm. They all took some supper, and after singing their evening hymn, they lay down to rest. The Esquimaux were soon fast asleep, but Mr. Liebisch could get no rest, having a sore throat, and listening to the fury of the elements.

This wakefulness saved the whole party from destruction. About two o'clock in the morning, Mr. L. was startled by some drops of salt water falling through the roof upon his lips. Though rather alarmed, he lay quiet till the droppings became more frequent, when, just as he was about to give the alarm, a tremendous surf broke all at

once close to the house, discharging a quantity of water into it; a second soon followed, which carried away the slab of snow which served for a door. The Brethren jumped up in an instant, one cut a passage through the side of the house; and others, seizing upon parts of the baggage, threw it out on the higher parts of the beach. Mr. Turner assisted the Esquimaux, and Mr. Liebisch, with the woman and child, fled to a rising ground. The latter were wrapped up in a large skin, and the former found a rock under which to take shelter, for it was impossible to stand against the wind, and the driving snow and sleet. Just as they were all clear of the erection in which they had been sleeping, an enormous wave struck it, and carried everything at once away.

As soon as it was light the Esquimaux set to work and built another snow-house, eight feet square and six or seven feet high, and here they had to stay. They had taken provisions for the journey only, and were now obliged to economize, it being doubtful how soon they could leave this dreary place. Towards noon of the second day the weather cleared, but the evening was again stormy. The Esquimaux, as he had brought no provisions, ate an old sack made of fish-skin. At last the ice again became hard and firm, and dividing themselves, the one sledge, on the sixth day, went on to



Okkak, while the other returned to Nain, from whence they had started.

They were received with joy; for the Esquimaux, whom they had met on the first day's journey, had given their opinion plainly, that the missionaries would never be seen again. "They are no more," he said; "their bones are broken; they are in the stomachs of the sharks." He had considered their escape from the storm to be impossible!

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## IN GUIANA.

J. H. BERNAU.

“ In the year 1836 the bishop held a visitation in the colony, and I was requested to attend him in New Amsterdam. The rains had been falling incessantly, and the dams were threatening to give way; hence it seemed advisable that Mrs. Bernau should accompany me to town. That she did so seemed a providential circumstance; for, in the night following, the dams were broken through, and the coast was flooded to the extent of ten miles. Some of the sugar-plantations suffered severely, whilst the people residing on the cattle-farms had to escape for their lives. I set out on horseback with the intention of visiting my abandoned house, and of then proceeding to one of the neighbouring estates. I made my way with some difficulty, many of the bridges having been washed away.

“ At length, I reached the house, and, tying my horse to the verandah, proceeded to secure my books,

&c. But, to my surprise and alarm, the horse, becoming restive, broke his bridle and ran off. I supposed, however, that the people, seeing the saddle on him, would think of the rider, and would come to my relief. But the morning and evening of the next day came, and no human being made his appearance. Towards evening I had a smart attack of fever, but still hope buoyed up my spirits. There was nothing to eat—the store-room being under water—except a little rice and a few lumps of white sugar. The fourth day arrived, and no help came; and being now much weakened by the attacks of the fever, I began to nail together a raft of boards, which I obtained by breaking up the floor of the verandah. But this raft, on being tried, proved insufficient, the water being too rough, and the raft not large enough to bear my weight.

“Not knowing what I should do next, I went into the servants’ room, where my eye fell upon the bath, which was conveniently large, and seemed sufficient for the purpose. It was soon launched, and having found a pole ten feet in length, I bade adieu to the deserted dwelling, trying to reach, if possible, the high-road, which was distant about half a mile. The whole coast of that colony is an alluvial flat, intersected with many canals, and dammed in on every side. This made my navigation a dangerous experiment. If I were successful

in reaching the high-road, there would then be no more than three or four feet of water; but if I should miss that, the depth of the canals would often be twelve feet or more. There being no trees to guide me, I lost the road after finding it; and while poling confidently along, the current swept me out of my course, and the pole finding no bottom, I was once nearly upset in deep water. After having proceeded a considerable distance, continually drifting to leeward, the shadows began to lengthen, and I shall never forget with what concern I watched the setting sun. At last it retired beneath the horizon, and there being little or no twilight, the darkness of the night came rapidly on. Commending myself to the protection of Him without whose will not a sparrow falleth, I was able to rely on His kind providence. Having just finished a hymn as it grew dark, I observed at a distance something moving along the water, without being able to distinguish what it was. At first I supposed it was some large animal seeking a place of refuge; but when I called out, a voice answered, which proved to be that of a negro, coming from town, with a packet of letters on his head. He was not willing to stay by my side, 'his massa would be vexed if he did not get home.' At last a reward gained his services. It was rather a dark night, and both of us were at times in danger of drowning,

whenever we came near a canal. After a time we fell in with another man, who also lent a helping hand, and thus at last we arrived safely at Port Maurant, from whence I reached New Amsterdam on horseback.

"I desire to record my grateful thanks to my protecting Lord; for, though I had been exposed to a vertical sun for eight hours, and was drenched with water all the time, I was as well the next day as if nothing had happened."

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## IN HINDOSTAN.

J. J. WEITBRECHT.

“THE embankment of the Damudah broke in three places on Sunday, and the whole country has been deluged. We were sitting at dinner, and heard people outside giving an alarm; and soon the report was confirmed by the distant roar of the water. We made preparations for securing the house. The kitchen was cleared, the doors of the new school barricaded with earth. I sent the children in the palanquin-carriage, and four men with them; but the water was several feet deep in the road, and they were obliged to return. Soon the water came rolling through the garden towards the house, and in a few moments we were surrounded. Our native Christians fled, and I hastily made a ladder ready, to ascend to the top, if the water should reach us. The people in the villages round, with their cattle, placed themselves on the eminences round the tanks, and spent two nights in this distressing situation. Their lamentations, mingled with the roaring of the waves, the cries of the cattle, and

the falling of the cottages, were most heart-rending. Meanwhile the water rose rapidly, and by daybreak I could calculate that if it continued so to rise, we should have it in the house about eight o'clock.

"I now began to feel distressed. The people had all stolen away, and I found it impossible to secure everything against the water. The ladder was raised, and the vessels and eatables carried to the roof. No pen can give a description of the scene. We provided some bamboos and mats to make a tent on the roof.

"About ten o'clock I saw some one on an elephant, making his way with difficulty through the floods, towards our house. On his nearer approach, I found it was Mr. Millett. He was fearful for our safety, and at the risk of his life he came to offer us assistance, or carry us away; but I could not consent to leave. As he returned, the bridge trembled under the elephant's feet, and a very short time after he had recrossed two of its arches gave way. About one o'clock the water seemed stationary. It kept about the same level until about half-past six in the evening, when a slight sinking became perceptible; and from then till eight o'clock it declined an inch and a half, and continued gradually falling during the whole night. We, therefore, once more took tea below stairs, and sent for our bamboos, mats, &c., to sleep again in our own rooms.

“Before night came on the walls of the stable began to fall in; so I ordered ten men to drag out the palanquin-carriage with ropes; but the current was too powerful, and they found it beyond their strength. The flood had such force, that some of the people were carried to a great distance before they could keep their footing. On Tuesday the water had fallen two feet, and people began to move about in it. What a scene of devastation! Not one native cottage was left standing. Our new school was partly destroyed, and so was the little kitchen. The town of Burdwan is swept off, so far as it consisted of mud-huts.

“The misery is indescribable. Our house became a refuge for every kind of reptile. In my bathing-room I found a jackal. On opening the door in my dressing-room, I heard the hissing of a snake. I looked about me, and to my horror found in the Venetian blinds a *Cobra capella*! I loaded my gun, and with the first shot knocked off its head. On opening a door, I discovered another snake, beautifully covered with blue spots and stripes; but this, like the *Cobra*, is of the most dangerous class, its bite destroying life in a few minutes. I have both of them in spirits of wine. The water now rapidly fell, and the people began to cross the bridge by the help of ropes.”



## IN NORTH-WEST AMERICA.

DAVID JONES AND BISHOP ANDERSON.

THE Red River settlement, placed near the entrance of the river into Lake Winnepeg, is peculiarly exposed to the peril of heavy floods, arising from the sudden melting of the ice and snow ; and of famine, from the continuance of the waters on the land under tillage. The mission at this settlement was commenced by the Rev. J. West in 1820 ; and in 1823 he was followed by the Rev. David Jones, who reached the settlement in October of that year. About this time the necessity of better tillage of the surrounding lands became evident. The buffaloes, who had formerly frequented the neighbouring plains, had now retreated from the places peopled by the white men. This source of subsistence had been withdrawn, and as the population increased, it was found absolutely necessary to raise a considerable quantity of grain for food.

For two years the missionary laboured on with

much encouragement, but the winter of 1825-6 brought heavy trials. The hunters had totally failed in their annual expedition against the buffaloes, bringing back little stores for the winter supply. This was of itself a heavy trial; but the close of the winter and the approach of spring brought on fresh troubles.

So soon as the ice began to melt, the river became fearfully swollen, and early in May, the ice, being broken and dislodged, came thundering down the torrent, sweeping away trees, canoes, and whatever opposed its progress.

Very quickly the water overflowed the banks, the houses in the lower part of the settlement were filled with water, the poor people crowded into those which stood on higher ground, while the cattle, finding little food or shelter, filled the air with their plaintive lowings. All this time the thermometer remained low, the weather was stormy, with sleet and driving snow. The inhabitants of the settlement for the most part fled; some to the Cedar Hills, and some to the Snake Indian Hills. Soon, few beside the mission family remained; their house and the Upper Church were still untouched, "while desolation reigned around." As far as the eye could reach on every side, all was flood and torrent; and soon the mission-house itself seemed in jeopardy. The missionaries carried some of their

property up to the roof of the church, for though the waters had entered the building, the walls still remained firm. They also prepared a wooden platform to which they might retreat in case of necessity; and that necessity soon arrived. In the course of that night the waters burst into the house.

Sunday, May 14, was a dismal day; no church, no assembly of the people. Still they held a religious service on the platform, which contained about forty people.

For three days they remained there, but the flood still rising, and the wind shaking their fragile retreat, they found it necessary to resolve upon flight. With some difficulty they procured boats, and embarking, they rowed over fields and plains, now one waste of water, to the Snake Indian Hills. Here they pitched their tents, and here they remained for one full month. The encampment consisted of 130 tents, with little furniture; while the weather was still inclement and stormy. Still the patience of the people was great. One Sunday morning a party of settlers who were crossing the inundated plains in their canoes, thought they heard the voice of singing. They rowed towards the sound, and discovered, on a wooden stage not more than eighteen inches above the water, a party of young women singing hymns. Debarred from

public worship, they were trying to keep holy the Sabbath-day as best they might.

On the 12th of June the waters were so far abated as to allow of the people's return; but it was a dismal scene that awaited them. Only three houses in the whole settlement were left standing, one of which was the mission-house. But of this there was little left but the walls; the doors, windows, &c., had been swept away. The upper church had suffered little; but in the lower, "the glass windows had been driven out by the current, the seats were shattered, the pulpit swept down,—in short, the desolation seemed complete."

But their trials did not end here. The inundation had prevented the sowing; and now it was too late for even a tolerable harvest. Distress and famine seemed inevitable. Even in the summer one of the missionaries writes,—

"Being in difficulty from want of provisions, I took my man with me and cut ten sheaves of barley. It was not fully ripe, but we had no other means of subsistence. We threshed it, and gave it to Mrs. C—— to dry by the fire, that it might be ready for food in the evening."

And again,—

"We strengthened one another by freely communicating the manner in which God had fed us day by day for the last three months. He had, as

it were, sent us manna every morning to supply our wants; but the bread of to-morrow, we often knew not whence it would come."

Such was the flood of 1826. In 1852 a similar trial was sent to the same settlement. The Red River station was now the residence of a bishop, and the schools and household gathered round him numbered sixty souls. From Bishop Anderson's diary we make a few extracts:—

"April 25. Sunday. Large masses of ice passed down the river. The water has risen much, and continued doing so, the rise being sometimes a foot or a foot and a half in the twenty-four hours.

"May 2. Sunday. The prospect becomes alarming. I preached from Acts xxvii. 44.

"May 3. The waters gain so fast as to lead to painful forebodings. Some houses near us are already abandoned. I saw a boat at one settler's door, ready to carry off his goods. From the Fort, we hear, as many as fifty deserted houses may be seen. Some have been sold for as little as thirty shillings or two pounds.

"May 4. Rode up to the Fort; the sight was very distressing. The bridges are all giving way. Made an application for a boat to remove my family, should it appear necessary.

"May 5. Governor Colville passed down in a birch-bark canoe, borne rapidly along the stream.

It is encouraging to hear that the Stone Fort is still forty feet above the water. He pressed us to go, but I preferred remaining among the people.

“ May 7. A morning of wintry aspect. Sixteen hundred weight of flour was lodged in the gallery of the church. In every direction we see cattle, horses, and carts going to the Little Mountain. A stable is drifting down the river.

“ May 8. During the forenoon a little snow and sleet. The evening calm and beautiful, the water still rising. A large boat passed over to St. Cross; it was to bring the people over to service next morning.

“ May 9. Sunday. I prepared for service, but with a heavy heart. The pathway to the church was open, but only just so: the water was entering one corner of the churchyard; and if the service had been three hours later, we could not have gone over dry-shod. Some of the congregation came over their corn-fields in the large boat, others were ferried across the river. I expected but a very few; but we numbered more than a hundred. Coming out of church I succeeded in sending a boat to the relief of one man, whose family and cattle were surrounded on the spot where he had taken refuge. With some difficulty it crossed the current, and in about two hours brought them off. The little child was found asleep on some hay, with the water nearly all around it.

"The strength of the south wind is now bringing down a prodigious volume of water. We removed the furniture of the church, which it now seems likely the water will enter.

"May 10. Another beautiful morning; but the rise in the night greater than any previous one. The water was now in our granary and store, and I was for some time standing in the water, trying to rescue some barrels of salted meat. This day the boat arrived for my little boys, and took them off, with the pigs and poultry, to the higher ground of St. James, to enjoy the kind attention of Mr. and Mrs. Taylor. The water gained upon us all day. A poor Frenchman called to beg a little relief; his house had been swept away, and he was without a boat; he was houseless, and spoke of his seven children with tears in his eyes.

"The water this evening gained our platform, and washed the walls of the house; whether they will bear the shock is known only to our gracious Father. All needful preparations had been made. The furniture was either carried up-stairs or piled together. My sister and I now took up our quarters in the upper story.

"May 11. A bright morning; the rise in the night rather less. The garden was now under water, and the churchyard also covered. Busy the whole day, often in the water up to my knees. Heard

from Mr. Taylor: in his new, unplastered dwelling twenty-seven were sheltered last night.

“ May 12. The water had now entered the hall, and was trickling into the sitting-rooms. A birch-rind canoe arrived from Mr. Cockran, with two Indians, to remain with us against any emergency. The rise in the night had been very great.

“ May 13. After a tempestuous night, a bright morning; the rise of water much as before; not one dry spot left below. We had prayers in the kitchen, standing in water three inches deep. Mr. Hunter left, promising to return the next day with a large boat, to take off what of our property could be removed. The water was now knee-deep in the house, and, sitting up-stairs, we heard the dashing of the waves.

“ May 14. Rose at half-past four; the weather stormy. We started soon after five. My sister was brought down the stairs, carried through the hall and kitchen, and so into the birch-rind canoe. It was very cold, and the water splashed over us. We went right over the fields, nearly the line of the road. After a hard paddle, we reached our refuge at Mr. Taylor's.

“ May 15. Snow and sleet this morning for some hours—a wintry aspect for the middle of May. The rise of water less—a great mercy; for,



if it had continued, a very few days must have driven us from our present refuge.

"May 16. Sunday. Service on the Little Mountain, amidst about four-and-twenty tents. I stood at a large table, and the congregation formed a semicircle around—about one hundred in all. In the evening, service in the house.

"May 17. Started early, in the canoe, for my own house. Here melancholy tidings awaited me: my faithful servant had started, on Saturday evening, to visit his wife; he was all alone, in a wooden bateau; the night was dark and stormy, and he had not since been heard of. Little had I expected that my first duty this day would be to break to a young widow the tidings of her husband's death!

"May 18. A boat came to take some provisions, but little could be done while the waves were so high and the house so deep in water.

"May 21. The river stationary. The canoe returned; it had been upset, and the men had to swim ashore, but afterwards recovered it.

"May 22. A beautiful morning; a diminution in the water. Inspected our houses: found all standing. In the church the communion-table had been lifted up by the waters, and the pulpit and reading-desk had fallen backwards. There was now

a universal feeling of delight at the retiring of the waters.

“May 23. Sunday. Mr. Taylor started for the mountain, to have service there: between two hundred and fifty and three hundred were present. I prepared for service at the house. The day being warm, planks were arranged in front of the house, and a table in the porch formed the desk and pulpit.

“May 26. Went down to the house in the morning, gratified to find only twenty inches of water, instead of forty, in our rooms.

“May 29. The first sound which greeted me this morning was the pleasing word, ‘Pahstayoo!’ — It is dry — as the Indian looked down the hatchway to the floor beneath. I very soon left, wishing to prepare for the services of the Sunday, and to have a portion of the day for quiet and meditation.”

## IN NEW ZEALAND.

JOHN MASON.

THE REV. JOHN MASON, stationed at Wanganui, in New Zealand, was a missionary of more than ordinary usefulness. Placed among a people careless and unconcerned about religion, he laboured with success to arouse them from their indifference, and was able, in the course of two years and a half, to admit nearly three hundred, satisfactorily, to the ordinance of baptism.

Mr. Hadfield narrates the event which suddenly ended his earthly labours, in the following letter, dated Jan. 16, 1843 :—

“After remaining a few days at Wanganui, I proposed to return home, and Mr. Mason proposed to accompany me a part of the way, having a pastoral visit to pay to a part of his charge at Rangitikei. At eight in the morning we set out, and after some delay at Wangaihu, which we succeeded in crossing safely, we reached Turakina about eleven. As it

appeared too dangerous to cross in the shallow water, the quicksands being in a very unsafe state, I advised that we should go to the mouth of the river, and try there.

“ We proposed crossing together, and he said to me, ‘ Will you go first ? ’ To which I replied that I would, and rode into the water. As soon as my horse began to swim, it endeavoured to return, turned round in the water, and became unmanageable ; my hat fell off, and I kept my seat with difficulty. Mr. Mason, passing me at the time, called out to me to sit fast. Soon after, looking towards him, I saw him falling from his horse, and then endeavouring to swim. By this time I had reached the shallow water, and while dismounting, and throwing off my coat and waistcoat, the two natives whom we had been expecting appeared on the bank. Mr. Mason began to cry out, ‘ Take me out—take me out ! ’ and was evidently sinking. I swam to him, and endeavoured to raise his head above water, but as I raised him I sunk myself. I then dived under him, and endeavoured to raise him, and next took hold of his wrist and tried to drag him through the water ; but I found that the wind and tide carried us farther from the shore, and that it was a vain attempt. I was now nearly exhausted, and reached the shore with much difficulty, having swallowed a large quantity of water. Not more than five minutes had

elapsed since we entered the water, but in that short space of time Mr. Mason had sunk, and I had no means of rendering him help. One of the natives swam across to us, but, being a bad swimmer, he made no attempt to aid me.

"I was for some moments overwhelmed with grief at seeing one thus snatched away from a life of active exertion in the work of our Redeemer—one who was to me a sincere and valued friend, while he was, at the same time, a zealous, diligent, and faithful minister of Christ. I knew not whether most to mourn my own loss of a dear and constant friend; or the Church's,—of an active and devoted minister. And now, when sufficiently recovered, I had to conclude the melancholy day by riding back to Wanganui, to relate to Mrs. Mason the distressing circumstances of her partner's sudden death.

"The body was found on the following day, and on the 7th we committed it to the grave at Wanganui; and on the succeeding Sunday I preached, both to the natives and also to the English, and saw in both congregations many a tear shed, when I alluded to him who was now taken to his rest."

III.

“In Perils of Robbers.”

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ROBINSON AND CORNISH.

WILLIAM ELLIS.

GEORGE BENNETT.

EUGENIO KINCAID.

DR. KRAPP.

J. S. WILTSHIRE.



## “IN PERILS OF ROBBERS.”

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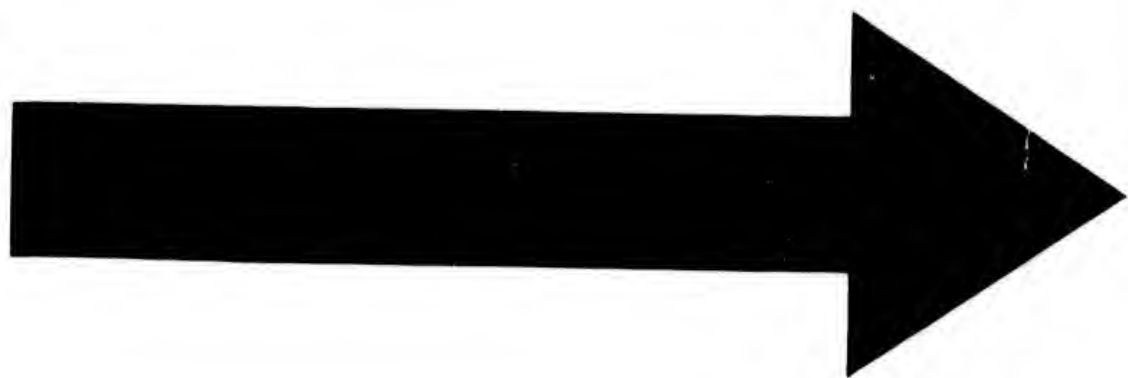
### IN NORTH INDIA.

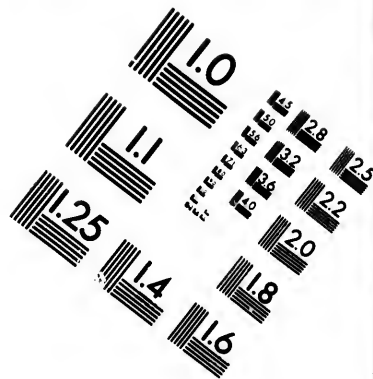
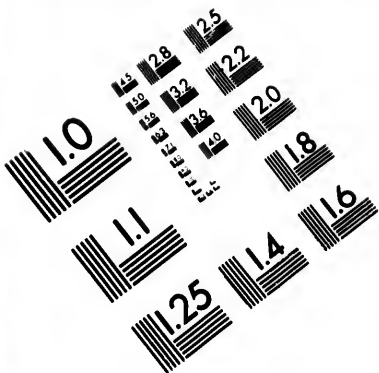
#### ROBINSON AND CORNISH.

THE Serampore missionaries had resolved, in 1810, to make an attempt to send the Gospel into Bootan, north of Calcutta. Mr. Robinson and Mr. and Mrs. Cornish left Serampore at the opening of 1811, and on the 19th of January they arrived at Barbaree, where they intended to stay a few days, and to seek a good introduction into Bootan.

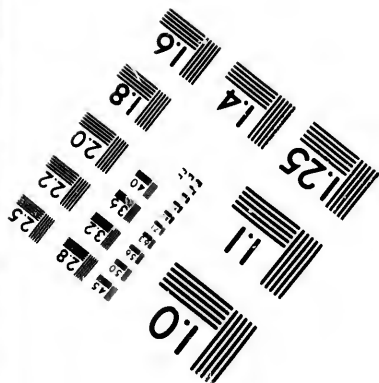
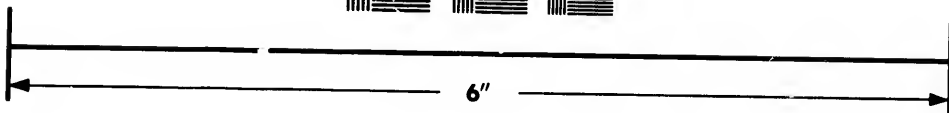
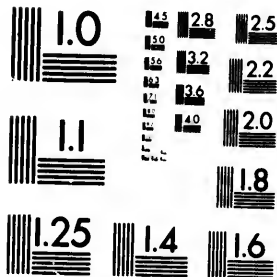
On the night of Tuesday, the 22d, about twelve o'clock, the watchman awoke Mr. Cornish, and told him that he had seen a suspicious sort of person about the premises. Mr. C. arose, and supposing it was merely a single lurking thief, fired his gun out of the window, and laid him down to sleep again. Just as he was falling asleep, he was roused by hearing a crowd of men, armed with spears, and appearing to be fifty or sixty in number, attacking the house, both in front and on one side. The windows of Mr. Cornish's room were soon forced







**IMAGE EVALUATION  
TEST TARGET (MT-3)**



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open, and his portable desk pulled out. He had still no clear idea of the number of his assailants, and aimed a blow at one of them with the butt-end of his gun, when two spears were instantly thrust at him, by one of which he was wounded in the side. Mr. Robinson's room had not yet been attacked; he, therefore, quickly dressed himself, and began to look for some means of defence. He went into the pantry, and found a knife. At that instant the robbers set fire to some straw, to make a light, and seeing the knife in his hand, some spears were immediately aimed at him, the points of which he with difficulty avoided. Seeing now the numbers of the thieves, and that resistance would be unavailing, he opened the back-door, and went to the room of Mr. and Mrs. Cornish, hoping to get them out, and crying to them, "Come away, or we shall all be murdered!"

"Oh, Mr. Robinson!" exclaimed Mrs. C.; "my poor child! Do take it!"

Mr. Robinson took the child, and Mr. and Mrs. Cornish and an old female servant quickly followed. Mrs. Cornish ran towards the stable, and stumbled over the cook, who was lying on the ground. They tried to raise him; but he uttered a deep groan; he was murdered! They made their way over the ditch, and then through the fields; and having got out of sight and hearing of the robbers,

they sat down on the cold ground till morning. Mr. Cornish says, "We wandered into the fields, and there sat down under a bush, with scarcely any clothing. It was very cold; it was with much difficulty that we kept my little boy from crying, which might have brought the robbers upon us."

As soon as the day dawned they began to reconnoitre. Finding that the thieves had retired, they cautiously crept towards the house. A few yards from the front-door lay the horse-keeper murdered, and a few yards from the back-door the cook. The washerman was severely wounded, and died soon after of his wounds. Books, papers, and boxes, lay scattered about; some of them stained with blood. Within doors all was confusion. All things capable of being broken were dashed in pieces; the books thrown in heaps, the clothes nearly all gone. The whole loss was about two thousand rupees (or 250*l.*)

In this stripped and distressed state they set off for Dinagepore, which they were not able to reach till Friday. Here, at a friend's house, they met with the kindest attentions. Mr. Robinson had received four spear-wounds; Mr. Cornish, one. Mrs. C. had to walk thirty-two miles in the first two days; on the third, a palanquin was met with. She was quite lame with walking; and had, at last,

to sit down every quarter of a mile, to rest, and weep!

A poor little apprentice-girl of Mr. Cornish's hid herself in the pantry when the thieves broke in. When they came into the pantry and saw her, they said, "Here is one of the Sahib's family." They searched her for money, and finding none, they were about to kill her, when, holding up her hands to a tall man, she cried, "I am only a poor little girl; do not kill me!" He said, "If you will show us where the money is, you shall not be hurt." She pointed to the two bed-rooms; and as they all rushed that way, she slipped out at the back-door, and escaped.

## IN POLYNESIA.

WILLIAM ELLIS.

“ON the 26th of January we discovered an island, which we afterwards found to be Rapa, though usually designated Oparo. We lay off and on through the night, and at daybreak found ourselves at some distance from the shore. After a while, we saw several canoes put off from the land, and in a short time not less than thirty were paddling about our vessel. They continued for a long time at a distance, viewing us with evident surprise and suspicion. At length, one of the canoes, with two men and a boy, ventured alongside. Seeing a lobster at the bottom of the canoe, I intimated, by signs, my wish to have it; and it was readily handed up. I gave in return two or three fish-hooks, which the man gave to the boy, who, being destitute of any kind of pouch or pocket, instantly deposited them in his mouth, using his hands to hold on by our rope. The principal man in the canoe appearing willing

to come on board, I pointed to the rope he was grasping, and offered my hand to assist him up the ship's side. He laid hold of it; but had no sooner felt my hand grasping his, than he instantly drew it back, and smelt it, as if to ascertain what kind of being he had come in contact with. After a few moments' pause, he climbed over the ship's side; and as soon as he reached the deck, our captain gave him a chair: this, however, after examining for a time, he pushed away, and sat down on the deck. While we were thus engaged, others of the canoes had also come alongside, and numbers of the natives climbed up the sides, and appeared on deck. They were the most savage-looking natives I had ever seen, and their behaviour was as unceremonious as their appearance was uninviting.

"One of them, a gigantic, fierce-looking fellow, seized a youth as he was standing by the gangway, and endeavoured to lift him from the deck, but the lad escaped from his grasp. He then seized the cabin-boy, but the sailors came to his assistance; and the native, finding he could not disengage him from their hold, pulled his woollen shirt over his head, and tried to leap out of the ship with it, when he was stopped by the sailors.

"There was a large dog chained to his kennel on the deck, and though he was usually fearless and



savage, the appearance of the natives seemed to terrify him. One of them caught up this dog, and was going over the side with him, when the chain stopped his progress, and he was forced to relinquish his prize with much disappointment.

“He next seized the kennel with the dog in it, but found it nailed to the deck. He then gazed round the ship, in search of some prize, when a kitten crept up out of the cabin. Upon this he instantly sprang, and leaped over the ship’s side with his prey. I looked over, and saw him swimming rapidly towards his canoe, which was fifty yards from the ship. On reaching it, he exhibited his prize with great exultation, and the other canoes clustered round him, to gaze on the strange creature which he had brought from the ship. Our captain seized a gun, and I found some difficulty in arresting his aim. He gave instant orders to clear the ship. A general scuffle ensued, many of the natives being driven headlong over the side, while others clambered into their canoes; all seeming as much at home in the water as on the dry land.

“The dog now recovered his courage, set up a loud bark, and tore the leg of one of the fugitives. The decks were soon cleared, but many of the savages still hung about the shrouds and rigging; so that the sailors had to draw their knives, and to expel them by threats and menaces. Could their

consent have been obtained, I should have been glad to have carried two of them to Tahiti; but I did not deem it right to take them away by force.

"When the ship had been cleared, I went down to the cabin, where Mrs. Ellis and the nurse were sitting; and I was much impressed with the goodness of God in my child's preservation. A little before, the nurse and the little girl had been seated on the quarter-deck, under the awning; and she had but recently been carried below when the natives came on board. Had the child been on deck, the same motive which induced them to seize the boys and the dog would naturally have led them to snatch up the child and leap into the sea. If this had been the case, bloodshed would probably have followed; or we might have been forced even to leave the child in their hands! So dreadful a thought could not but excite feelings of earnest gratitude, that such a calamity should have been averted."

## IN NEW ZEALAND.

G. BENNETT.

“ARRIVING at New Zealand on the 15th of July, 1824,” says Mr. Bennett, “we were presently visited by the natives in their canoes, carrying six or seven persons each,—men, women, and children. All appeared friendly, and they brought potatoes, fowls, and natural curiosities for sale; but their demands were so exorbitant, that few bargains were made.”

“The following morning our vessel was surrounded with canoes, containing hundreds of the natives of both sexes, who presently climbed up, and crowded the deck so much, that we were obliged to put a bar across the quarter-deck, to keep it from intrusion. The commerce proceeded pretty well for some time; but presently the natives began to display their pilfering tricks. The cook cried out, ‘They have stolen my pan!’ And again, ‘They have stolen the beef!’ Another

voice was heard up the fore-castle, 'Captain, they have broken open your trunk!'

"Up to this time we had been in friendly intercourse with the chiefs; but in a moment the scene changed. The captain had grown angry, and was endeavouring to clear the deck, when one of the chiefs, pushing by him, fell into the sea. This became a pretext for commencing hostilities."

The women and children suddenly disappeared, leaping into their canoes, and the men, prepared for action, took full possession of the deck, while we became virtually their prisoners. Tremendous were the howlings and screechings of the warriors, while they stamped and brandished their weapons. One chief with his people surrounded the captain; another held Mr. Tyerman, while a third brought his huge tattooed visage near to Mr. Bennett's, screaming in their own language, "New Zealandman, is he bad man?—New Zealandman, is he bad man?"

Happily Mr. Bennett knew enough of the language to be able to answer, "Not bad; New Zealandman good man!"—adding, "Why all this uproar? Why cannot we buy, and sell, and barter, as before?"

One of the chief's followers, stepping behind Mr. B., suddenly pinioned his arms. Mr. B. made no attempt to get free, knowing that in a scuffle

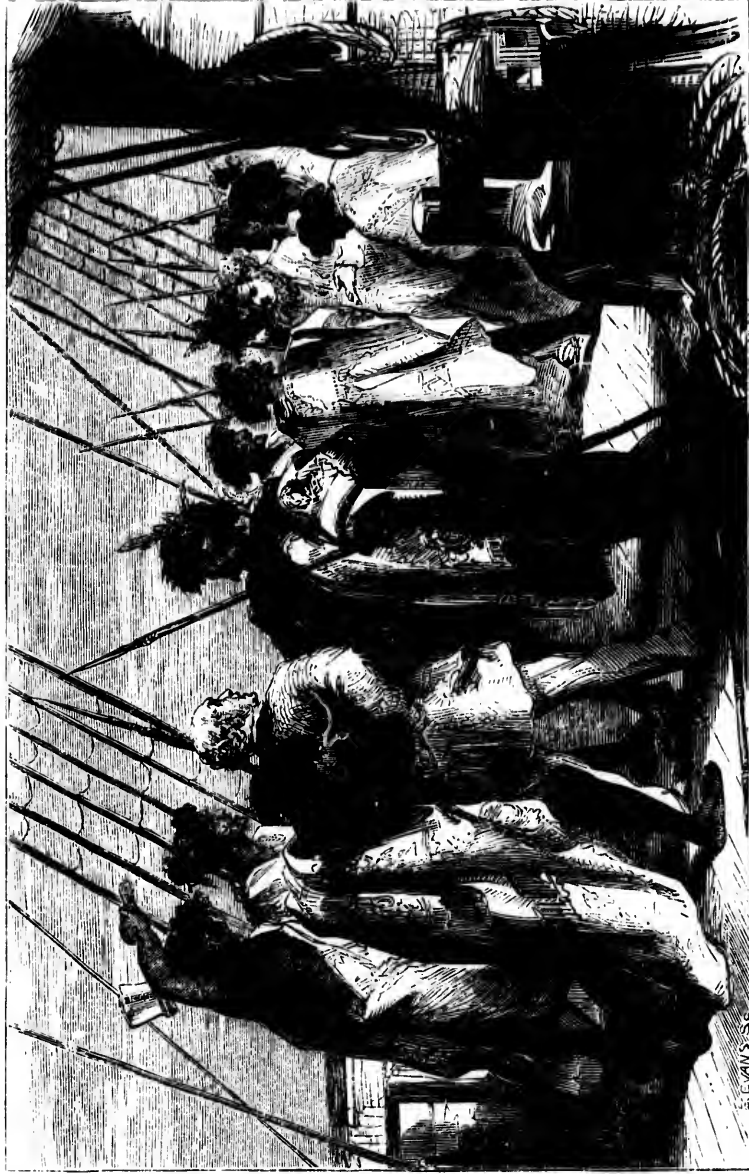
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"One of the chief's followers, stepping behind Mr. Bennett, suddenly pinioned his arms. Another ruffian raised a large axe, and waited the signal to strike."—Page 77.

the savages must be the conquerors. Another ruffian raised a large axe, and waited the signal to strike. Mr. Bennett took no notice, but continued in conversation with the chief. He perceived a youth stepping on deck, with a large fish in his hand, and immediately asked, "What shall I give you for that fish?" "Why! so many fish-hooks." "Well, put your hand in my pocket and take them." The fellow did so. "Now, have you any more fish?"

At once the fish which he had just bought was slipped round from behind, and presented to him again for sale. He took no notice of the trick, but asked, "And what shall I give you for *that* fish?" "So many hooks." "Take them; and have you any more fish?" A third time, and a fourth, the same trick was played, till the rogues could contain their laughter no longer, but cried to one another, "How we are cheating him!"

One of them, standing behind, plucked off Mr. B.'s travelling-cap. He expected every moment the stroke of the axe; so that this circumstance had little effect upon him, except to cause him again to commend his soul to God in silent prayer. Looking towards his friend Mr. Tyerman, he saw him in the hands of another set of savages, who were feeling his arms, legs, &c., and anticipating their expected feast. The captain was in like captivity in another

part of the ship. The carpenter, who was not a prisoner, but knew the people, crept near to Mr. Bennett, and said, in a low voice, "We shall all be murdered and eaten up in a few minutes!"

Mr. B. replied, "Yes, I believe we shall all be in eternity by that time; but we are in the hands of God."

A little boy, the son of Mr. Threlkeld, who heard what passed, whispered to his father, in sobs, "Father, father! when—when they have killed us, will it—will it hurt us when they eat us?"

Presently the carpenter was spied, astride on the yard-arm, having resolved that, as soon as he saw a blow struck, he would throw himself into the sea.

This strange and terrible scene had lasted a considerable time, when God sent deliverance as suddenly as the peril had shown itself. In the midst of the rage and uproar of the savages a voice suddenly exclaimed, "A boat!" The sound was like that of "Life—life!" and it meant nothing less. Soon the ship's boat, bringing the owner, with one of the New Zealand missionaries, and George, a powerful chief, neared the vessel, and in a few minutes they came on board. So soon as this chief had set foot on deck the missionaries and ship's officers were at once released, and he immediately ordered all the natives out of the vessel. He even undertook to stay in the ship while it remained in



port, as its protector. This kindness was the more remarkable, in that it was this same man, George, now so friendly, who, fifteen years before, had taken the ship Boyd, on the very same spot, and had, with his people, slaughtered and devoured the whole ship's company.

## IN BURMAH.

EUGENIO KINCAID.

MR. KINCAID, one of the most indefatigable and successful of all the missionaries to Burmah, found himself strengthened, in 1837, by the arrival of four new labourers, and he resolved on a journey of exploration towards the northern frontier of Burmah, and the neighbouring realm of Assam. He hoped that, by this route, a way might be found for the introduction of Christian missions into the remoter provinces of China. He used the great river Irrawaddy for this journey, penetrating, by its means, to the great city Mogaung, distant three hundred and fifty miles from the Burmese capital. From this city he made several excursions; but for a longer journey he could procure neither men nor provisions, and was reluctantly compelled to decide upon a return; but the country at so great a distance from the capital was overrun with hordes of banditti. He soon fell in with one of these marauding parties, and

was seized, bound, and carried off. He remained under an armed guard for several days, witnessing continually the arrival of fresh prisoners and spoils. Many frightful scenes took place before his eyes, and he had to listen, also, to the debates among the robber-chiefs as to his own fate. They were often on the point of despatching him, but the argument always deterred them, that for "a white foreigner" search would surely be made, and trouble to themselves would arise. Thus, day after day, his fate seemed to tremble in the balance; but in this extremity of danger God worked out deliverance. A young Cathay chief viewed the white foreigner with compassion. Pity spoke from his eyes; and once, when unobserved, he slipped a silver coin into the prisoner's hand, with the whisper, "You may want it."

That evening a Burmese woman of rank, with four children, was brought in a prisoner, and her jewels and money were demanded. She had effected their concealment, and refused to answer their inquiries. She was stripped, and the executioner plied a heavy bamboo cane till she fell lifeless.

Mr. Kincaid lost all consciousness at the horrid sight, and, when reason returned, he found his own arms bound. Danger was now very near; but the young Cathay, who had already shown his pity, that night loosened his bonds, and the prisoner, in the

darkest hour, found himself once more free. But his circumstances were still most perilous: hiding all the day-time, he had to pursue his journey in the gloom of night; and for food his only resource was to linger near the wells and fountains, in hope of exciting the pity of the women who resorted thither for water.

In this way, after being guided through innumerable toils and dangers, he at last reached, through the protecting providence of God, the capital which he had left so long before, and which he re-entered travel-worn, half-starved, and nearly naked.

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## EAST AFRICA.

DR. KRAPP.

SEVERAL African travellers, especially Dr. Krapf and Dr. Livingstone, have been led, within the last twenty years, to act as the pioneers of Christian missions, to explore unknown countries, to learn the characters and dispositions of heathen tribes, and to discover in what places missionary settlements could be most advantageously established.

In this way, about fourteen years ago, Dr. Krapf, after traversing countries where a white man had never before been seen, arrived at the conclusion that in two spots in Eastern Africa — Usambara and Ukambani — Christian missionaries would be received with gladness.

Upon this report the Committee of the Church Missionary Society acted, and selected, in 1850, three missionaries to accompany Dr. Krapf in a renewed attempt to find entrance for Christianity at these points; but this number was reduced to

two, when the moment for departure appeared ; and at Aden one of these two was taken from the mission ; and thus Dr. K. arrived, at last, in East Africa in May 1851, with only one additional missionary, who died, on the 10th of that month, of the fever of the country. Thus the same difficulties occurred in the attempt to penetrate Africa's eastern provinces, which had been experienced for half a century in Sierra Leone and other scenes of missionary effort on the western coast.

Dr. Krapf, however, though thus deprived of his expected assistants, would not entertain the thought of retreating from Africa until he should have made further progress in exploring and becoming acquainted with its real condition.

From Rabbai, on the coast, he resolved to penetrate into Ukambani, and to have an interview with a native chief, Kivoi, to see with what favour he would receive a missionary enterprise. While visiting Kivoi, an excursion to the river Dana was proposed and agreed upon. Dr. K. was particularly anxious to see it, hoping that it might be found navigable for boats, and that so an easy way of access to the interior might be laid open. Dr. Krapf's narrative then proceeds,—

“ After I had received Kivoi's consent to proceed to the Dana, he still kept me at his house for nearly a month, during which time I had opportunities of

speaking on the word of salvation to multitudes of Wakamba, who came from all parts to see the strange foreigner."

At last, the dilatoriness of the natives having exhausted itself, the expedition to the Dana set forth, Kivoi himself and about fifty of his people accompanying the missionary.

A fire, lighted in one of their halts, was the cause of great mischief. Its smoke gave notice to the robber-tribes of the vicinity; and when Dr. K., with Kivoi and his escort, arrived near the river, they saw great numbers of the natives coming out of the jungle towards them. Kivoi said to Dr. Krapf, "These men are enemies; fire off your gun!"

Kivoi discharged his, and the robbers, alarmed, approached with more caution. Their numbers appeared to be more than double the number of Kivoi's attendants. They appeared intent on surrounding the party. Kivoi attempted a parley, but the robbers showed no inclination for this.

"After a time," says Dr. K., "a party surrounded Kivoi, and cut him off, together with one of his women and four Wakamba, who fell dead. There was then a great confusion, in the midst of which I could not distinguish friends from foes. The people who were near me threw down their burdens and fled.

Finding myself alone amidst showers of poisoned arrows, I too betook myself to my heels, running after the Wakamba. In trying to leap over a broad and deep ditch, I fell into it, hurting my back and breaking my gun. When I had found my way out of the ditch, I saw the Wakamba and the Uembu people no more. I was left quite alone, and made my way into the jungle.

"I here poured out my thanks to the Father of Mercies, and commended myself to His fatherly care. I then considered what I should do. To return without having seen the river I could by no means resolve upon. I had eaten and drunk little since yesterday, and was now parched with thirst. I therefore doubled my pace, and soon observed the expanse of this majestic river."

Here Dr. K. satisfied his thirst, and carefully observed the stream, its banks, its depth, &c. He then concealed himself till evening, lest he should be again seen by the robbers. He proceeds,—

"At night I found myself in an extensive plain, and soon came to the foot of a small mountain, which I perceived to be Mount Kensé. Now I knew my way, and heartily thanked my Heavenly Guide, who had watched over my wanderings. But I soon found it necessary to take rest, notwithstanding the horrid music of the wild beasts, espe-



cially of the hyenas. I cut down some long grass to cover my body, and lay down under a tree, and slept soundly for an hour or two."

Avoiding the open plain, from fear of being seen by the robbers, Dr. K. forced his way through the jungle. But now hunger and thirst began to press upon him severely. He says,—

"Hungry as I have often been in East Africa, yet, till now, I did not know what hunger meant in its intensity, and suppose that few of my friends will ever know. Now, I trust, I shall never forget to plead in my prayers for the hungry and thirsty, the travellers by sea and land. About noon I heard the cry of monkeys. This was a glad sound to me, for I now hoped to find water. Nor was I mistaken; I soon discovered in the sand a pit of excellent water, which quenched my excessive thirst."

Still, a long journey was before him, and nature was becoming more and more exhausted; when God, in whom he trusted, brought to his sight two of the fugitives of the party to which he had belonged,— a Wakamba man and woman. "They gave me a little cassada, and part of a wild cow which a lion had torn in pieces and left. The whole amounted to a few ounces, which must support life till we should reach the first hamlet in Kitui. I thankfully took this timely aid as from God's hands, since He

alone had caused these fugitives to meet me at the time of my utmost need."

In company with these natives, Dr. K. pursued his journey, but soon felt so overpowered by fatigue, that he threw himself on the grass and fell asleep. On awaking, he resumed his journey, and after some hours arrived at a Wikamba hamlet. Here a new danger awaited him. On his arrival becoming known, the relatives of Kivoi accused him of being concerned in the chief's death, because he had not saved him by his book, or died with him. They kept him in confinement several days, until, escaping by night, he again concealed himself in the jungle, where he remained for two days and nights in the greatest distress. At last he reached Yata, where he found his native servant, who had deemed him dead, and had expected to inherit his property. From this place he departed, with the aid of some Wanika, who carried his goods, and finally succeeded in reaching Rabbai.

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## WEST AFRICA.

J. S. WILTSHIRE.

IN the Timneh country in West Africa, in June 1860, a party of Kossoks, mercenaries in the native wars, came suddenly on the town of Magbeli in the early morning. They numbered about three or four hundred men, chiefly armed with cutlasses. They divided themselves into small companies, assigning a different part of the town to each. They showed no respect to the Missionaries or their dwellings. Having forcibly entered the house, they seized Mr. Wiltshire and his wife, and nearly stripped them. One man aimed a blow with a cutlass, and another pointed a gun, at Mr. Wiltshire. Mrs. Wiltshire was seized, bound, and dragged to the waterside, and there forced into a canoe, to be carried off as a captive. But the canoe, being overladen, sunk, and the people in it got on shore. Just at this juncture a few musket-shots were heard, and the Kossoks abandoned their prisoners and made off. Mrs. Wilt-

shire was left bound, but was soon set at liberty by a Sierra Leone trader. One of the mission-boatmen received a stroke of a cutlass which killed him. A little schoolboy, of eight years old, refusing to go with the Kossoks, was killed on the spot. Another, a little girl, was drowned, with others, in a canoe which sank from being overladen. The chief object seems to have been plunder; and had they not been driven away by the Sierra Leone traders, many of the natives, and probably the missionaries also, would have been carried off.

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IV.

“In Perils by mine own Countrymen.”

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CAREY, MARSHMAN, AND WARD.

JOHN SMITH.



“IN PERILS BY MINE OWN  
COUNTRYMEN.”

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IN INDIA.

CAREY, MARSHMAN, AND WARD.

THE British Government in India was at all times directed at home, and conducted abroad, by men who called themselves by the Christian name. But it is not in the history of India alone, that we meet with statesmen and legislators who have shown by their conduct, that in their eyes commercial advantage, or political expediency, are matters of more importance than the furtherance of the Gospel of Christ. In truth, “the things which are unseen and eternal” must be thoroughly believed in with the heart, before they can gain the ascendancy over “the things which are seen and which are temporal.”

Commercial plans and purposes first led the merchants of London to establish factories in Hindostan, and “commercial interests” were at all times avowed to be the great end of all their movements in the peninsula. A few English chaplains

were needed, if the servants of the Company were to remain even nominally Christians; and accordingly those few chaplains were supplied. But no thought of interference with the cruel superstitions of Hindooism was ever entertained; and when such an idea was presented to the minds of the rulers of India, it was instantly rejected with alarm. Such an interference might disturb the public tranquillity, and hence it was not to be for a moment contemplated.

So long as Christians in England remained in slumber, this state of things in India experienced no disturbance. But when, in the closing years of the eighteenth century, the Church of England and several of the Dissenting communities awoke, almost simultaneously, to a sense of their responsibilities, it might have been expected that a collision would soon take place. The main objects, and the ruling ideas, of the leading minds in the East India Company, and of the leading minds among English Christians, were totally opposed; and so soon as action commenced, a collision was nearly inevitable.

About the year 1793, some of the Baptist churches in England aroused themselves from the slumber of centuries, and sent forth two or three missionaries to attempt an entrance among the many nations of Hindostan. They embarked from the Isle of Wight on board the ship *Oxford*, in the



spring of that year, but at the very threshold obstacles presented themselves. The captain was threatened with an information, to be lodged against him at the India House, for taking out passengers without the license of the Company. He was alarmed, and instantly re-landed the missionaries, Mr. Thomas and Mr. and Mrs. Carey, on the English shores again. Out of 250*l.*, raised with difficulty, and paid for their passage-money, the captain would only return 150*l.* In June they succeeded in finding a passage by a Danish vessel, and thus were landed at Calcutta on the 11th of November. Here, in an obscure corner of the presidency, beyond the reach of the English authorities, they remained for more than five years, learning the languages, and carrying on the work of translation. In 1799 four other missionaries joined them; stealing into India by an American vessel, and placing themselves in the little Danish town of Serampore.

Scarcely a day was allowed to elapse before the intelligence of this arrival was carried to Calcutta; and orders were immediately given by the Government there, that the missionaries should forthwith be ordered to leave the country without delay. They found refuge under the Danish flag, Lord Wellesley, the Governor-General, having no jurisdiction or authority in Serampore. Shut up in this little place, however, they were compelled to remain.

In 1801 Serampore was taken by the English ; but the quiet and inoffensive conduct exhibited by the missionaries in past years induced the Government to pass them over in silence. A year or two after they even ventured to erect a little chapel in Calcutta, and to commence regular services there. But a mutiny which had taken place at Vellore had excited alarm, and the arrival of two more Christian labourers, in 1806, was the signal for renewed opposition. A message from the Government was delivered to the missionaries, signifying to them, that "the Governor-General did not interfere with the prejudices of the natives, and that he required Mr. Carey and his colleagues to abstain likewise from all interference with them." This, of course, was tantamount to closing the mission.

Various remonstrances were addressed to the Government, and after a time these restrictions were modified. The missionaries might teach or preach in their own rooms, but not publicly in the Bazaar. But the two newly-arrived missionaries, Messrs. Chater and Robinson, were summoned, again and again, before the police-magistrate, and were peremptorily ordered "to leave the country without delay." They were thus forced to turn their attention to other countries, and in a few weeks Mr. Chater was on his way to the Burmese dominions.

The following year, 1807, a fresh burst of en-

venomed opposition showed itself. Complaints were made to the Government of some of the tracts distributed by the missionaries; and, after a solemn deliberation, the Supreme Council adopted a resolution, "That the distribution of tracts, and the practice of preaching to the multitude, were evidently calculated to excite among the native subjects of the Company a spirit of religious jealousy and alarm, which might eventually be productive of the greatest evils; and that Government was bound, by every consideration of general safety, and national faith and honour, to suppress, within the limits of the Company's authority in India, treatises and public preachings offensive to the religious persuasions of the people."

This decision clearly involved an entire abandonment of the mission. The missionaries, therefore, cast themselves upon God, and, after much deliberation and prayer, they resolved on endeavouring to obtain an interview with the Governor-general. Lord Minto received them with courtesy, listened to their remonstrances, and at last consented to modify or suspend the orders given for the suppression of the Serampore press and mission. The question was referred, finally, to the decision of the Board of Directors in London; and here the Providence of God so furthered the efforts of the friends of missions in the United Kingdom, as to produce, at last, a

cautious, neutral decision, leaving the mission, on the whole, nearly undisturbed.

This brings us down to the year 1809, and for two years following the mission at Serampore received little annoyance. But in 1812 the opposition again burst forth, and with increased virulence. The cause of its revival seemed to be the arrival in June of three missionaries from America, and in August of six others from England. It was not surprising that Satan should rage and fret at these new assaults on his kingdom. On the 17th of June there arrived at Calcutta from America that "prince of missionaries," Adoniram Judson, with his admirable wife, and Mr. Newell. They reported themselves to the magistrates, and their arrival was communicated to the Governor-General, who immediately replied, that he did not deem it advisable to permit them to remain, and that they must prepare to return in the vessel which brought them.

Mr. Judson immediately petitioned for leave to depart for some country beyond the British dominions, and this request was granted. But, meanwhile, before he could leave India, the second arrival took place of six more missionaries, three of whom came from England, and three, through England, from America. This circumstance seemed greatly to irritate the Government. The fresh American missionaries were ordered, like Mr. and Mrs. Jud-

son, to return by the vessel which brought them. Some delay taking place, in November the Supreme Council resolved, "That the missionaries had forfeited all claim to the indulgence of Government, and that they be sent to England by the fleet then under despatch, as steerage passengers." A police-officer was sent to take charge of their persons; and, unwilling thus to be sent to Europe, Mr. and Mrs. Judson had to escape on board a ship bound for the Isle of France, and to flee beyond the power of the Calcutta authorities. Two others succeeded in getting to Bombay; a third, to Java; and only Mr. Lawson and Mr. Johns remained. The latter was upon duty, *pro tempore*, as a medical officer at Serampore. Mr. Lawson was carried to the police-office, and on his refusal, while there, to sign a pledge to obey all orders of the Government, he was committed to prison. Finding that they had gone too far, the police-magistrates afterwards released him, and allowed him to retire to Serampore; but Mr. Johns was shipped for England, and finally sent out of India. And thus, nearly the whole band of missionaries who reached Calcutta in this year, 1812, was dispersed and expelled; and so ended the last direct persecution of missionaries by the East India Company in India.

## IN DEMERARA.

JOHN SMITH.

AT the end of the year 1816 the Rev. John Smith was sent, by the London Missionary Society, to Demerara. He was there stationed at a chapel in the plantation called *Le Resouvenir*, on the eastern coast. His chief duties consisted in the religious instruction of the negroes. For nearly seven years he continued to labour there without hindrance and without complaint. But in August 1823 some troubles arose among the negroes, the result of which was calamitous for the poor missionary. In December of that year his wife, Mrs. Smith, wrote to the Directors in London a letter, from which the following are extracts:—

“You have no doubt heard of the trouble which has befallen Mr. Smith and myself, and the temporary ruin of the missionary cause in this colony.

“About the beginning of July the slaves got information that some instructions had been sent

out by the Government for their benefit. This information, it appears, originated with the Governor himself. It seems he freely conversed on the subject, in the hearing of one of his servants, who immediately communicated it to others. They received an idea that they were to be made free, either in whole or in part. Hearing nothing from the authorities, on the 18th of August they revolted.

“ While the negroes belonging to Le Resouvenir were in the act of rising, Mr. Smith endeavoured to persuade them to desist from their purpose, and asked them what they wanted. They behaved to him with considerable rudeness, and told him he had better go home, for they were not going to hurt any one, but they would have their rights. We remained quiet in our house until the afternoon of the third day after the revolt, when we were forcibly taken from it, under a pretence, first, that Mr. Smith had disobeyed the orders of a captain commanding in the district, by refusing to enrol himself in the militia; and, secondly, that our remaining in our house showed that we were parties to the revolt.

“ Having us both in close confinement, the legal authorities and the planters set to work to rake together something in the shape of evidence to condemn us. They examined some scores of persons, and after nearly seven weeks' labour in this

way, they preferred their charges against Mr. Smith."

The Directors of the London Missionary Society, in their petition to Parliament, added,—

"On the 21st of August Mr. Smith was taken from his house, his papers seized, and, although in ill health, he was closely imprisoned, prohibited from all intercourse with his friends, and exposed to treatment which is unknown to English prisoners, whatever their crimes. Martial law was continued, and it was not until nearly two months' imprisonment that his trial was begun. He was tried by court-martial, and thus the evidence of slaves was introduced. An advocate was refused him, and the means of appeal from an unjust sentence were precluded. Hearsay evidence against him was freely admitted, but in his favour it was refused. For six weeks was this trial,—the accused suffering from illness,—prolonged. At length, on the 24th of November, he was *condemned to death*; but with a recommendation to mercy."

This recommendation, however, even if kindly meant, was little more than a mockery. Kept still in prison, though suffering from a pulmonary disease, awaiting the confirmation of the sentence by the English Government, on the 6th of February 1824, Mr. Smith died. On the inquest or inquiry held in the prison as to the cause of death, the two



medical attendants deposed that the lowness and dampness of the room in which he had been confined, the water standing under it, and the open boards of the floor, had contributed to the progress of the disorder. But his widow and Mrs. Elliott, who had visited him in prison, both averred that his long confinement, and the false accusations brought against him, were the chief causes of his death. He was then ordered, by the authorities, to be interred at *four o'clock the next morning*, and his widow was refused permission to attend—which prohibition, however, she disobeyed.

The charges brought against him were the usual vague and general allegations, always met with in such cases, that he had “promoted discontent and dissatisfaction in the minds of the negroes;” that he had “held communication with a negro named Quamina, touching and concerning the revolt;” and that he had “permitted the said Quamina to go at large and depart without giving information to the proper authorities.” On such charges as these, on hearsay evidence, and denied all means of defence, Mr. Smith was convicted, and *sentenced to suffer death.*

But the Rev. J. Austin, the chaplain to the garrison, having been appointed by the Government to be one of the committee of inquiry, became thoroughly convinced of his innocence, and un-

hesitatingly avowed his belief. He visited Mr. Smith repeatedly while in prison, and wrote to a friend in the following terms:—

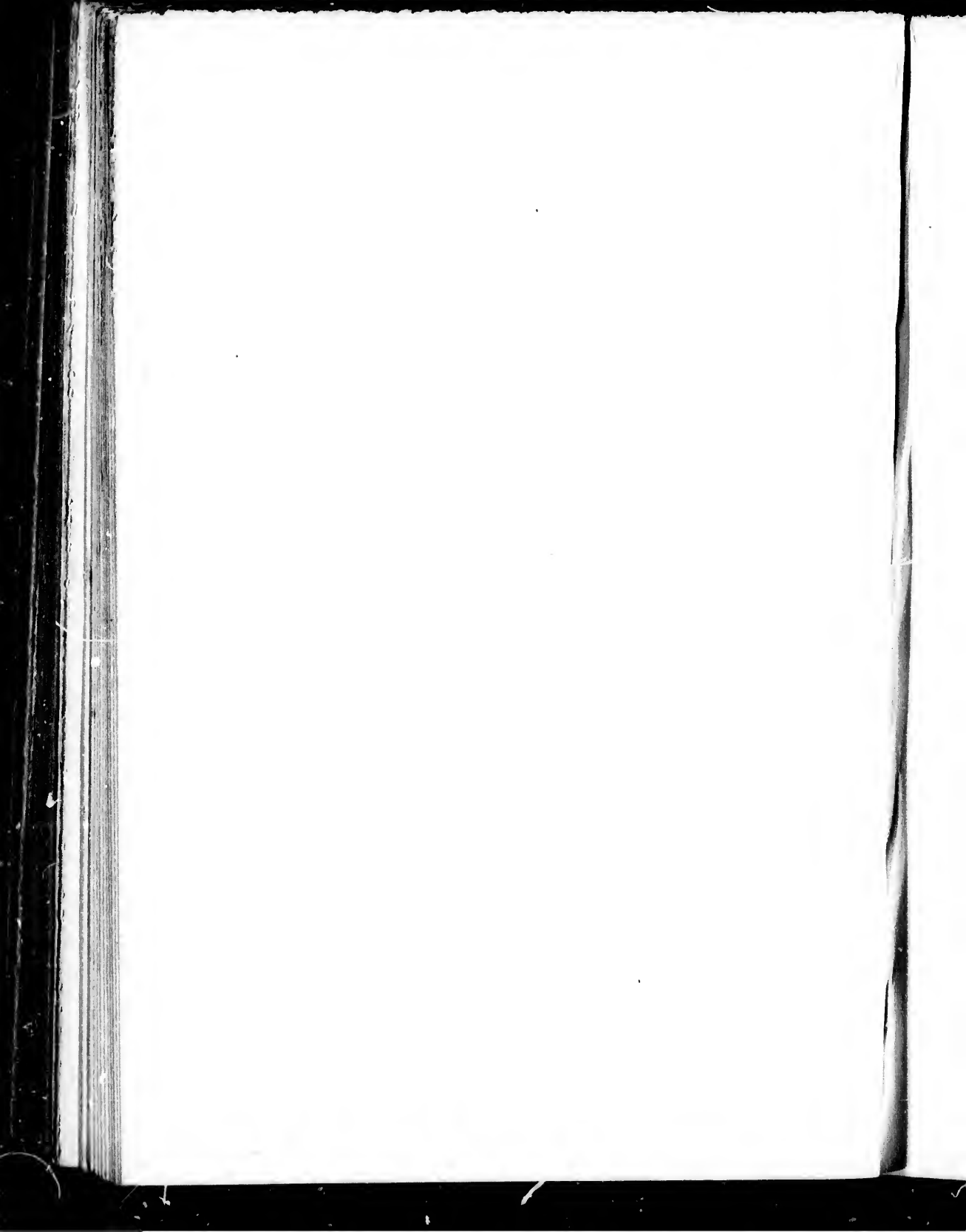
"I feel no hesitation in declaring, that in the late scourge which the All-wise Creator inflicted on this country, nothing but those principles of the gospel of peace which Mr. Smith has proclaimed could have prevented a dreadful effusion of blood, and saved the lives of those very persons who are now seeking his life."

As to the negro, Quamina, for holding communication with whom Mr. Smith was condemned to die, it is doubtful whether he was really an insurgent. On the trial, Mr. Stewart, the manager of the estate, said, "I did not see Quamina do anything improper; he was keeping the rest of the people back from hurting me." And Dr. McTurk, bitterly hostile to Mr. Smith, said, "When Quamina was shot in the bush he was not armed."

In Mr. Smith's last letter to the Society, he said, "Under all my afflictions it affords me no small consolation, that the Directors cherish the assurance of my entire innocence. That I *am* innocent of the crimes laid to my charge I have not only the testimony of my own conscience, but the attestation of all the friends who have made strict inquiries into my conduct.

"I am now a useless burden to the Society.

Indeed, had not the revolt occurred, I must have relinquished my labours for a time, in order to seek the restoration of my declining health; but my close imprisonment, with its innumerable privations, has prevented me from taking that step, and has brought me to the borders of the grave."



V.

“In Perils by the Heathen.”

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IN TAHITI: LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

IN NEW ZEALAND: CHURCH MISSIONARY.

ADONIRAM JUDSON.

IN NEW ZEALAND: WESLEYAN MISSIONARIES.

JOHN WILLIAMS.

HUNT AND CALVERT.

IN ABBEOKUTA.

IN POLYNESIA: GEORGE TURNER AND HENRY NISBET.



## “IN PERILS BY THE HEATHEN.”

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### IN TAHITI.

THE mission at Tahiti had to encounter, in its earlier years, many peculiar discouragements. Some of the missionaries gave way to the temptations of the climate, of heathen society, &c. They married native women, and abandoned the purpose for which they had gone out. Those who remained faithful were singularly tried. Owing to the little commerce with those distant isles, *during five whole years*—from July 1801 to November 1806—no letters or supplies reached the mission from England. When, at last, their distresses from this cause were alleviated, intestine commotions and wars entirely arrested, for a time, the progress of the Gospel.

In June 1807 war broke out in two districts, Tairarabu and Atehuru;—the king's forces suddenly attacking the inhabitants, killing more than a hundred, and spreading desolation over the country. In 1808 a temporary peace was re-established; but

discontent with the king's government was rapidly increasing; and in October the missionaries received a message recommending them to be on their guard, as war would probably soon break out. In consequence of this intimation, they established a nightly watch, and seldom went far from their dwelling. The preparations for hostilities were now evident; every morning it was expected that some collision would take place, and every night it was apprehended that some attack would be made before morning. In this state of anxiety, without any means of escape, the missionary settlement continued until the end of October, when they were delighted to behold the approach of a vessel from Port Jackson, which afforded them a possible refuge in case of any sudden assault.

On Sunday, the 6th of November, the district of Matavai appeared greatly excited,—a number of men appearing in arms. The king was on board the ship just mentioned at the time. Efforts were made to bring about an accommodation; but the rebels, having been strongly reinforced, refused to come to any terms.

On the 7th, the king, expecting an immediate attack on his camp, recommended the missionaries to remove their families on board the vessel. This was done, though with some difficulty and amidst great confusion. That night passed without any



attack, and in the morning a letter was addressed to the captain, entreating him to delay his departure forty-eight hours, that the missionaries might deliberate on the steps to be taken.

On the following day two of the missionaries, Mr. Scott and Mr. Nott, visited the rebel camp, unarmed, to bring about, if possible, some accommodation between the two parties. The chiefs treated them with respect, and expressed regret that they should feel any apprehension; but they steadily refused to meet the king except on the field of battle.

The king now advised all the married missionaries to leave the island. They long hesitated, but at last they resolved to follow this advice. Four, who were unmarried, determined to remain. The rest, with most of the Europeans on the island, embarked and sailed the next morning from Tahiti, landing the missionaries the next day at Huahine, an island distant about sixteen miles.

The expected fight between the two parties did not actually take place until the 22d of December, when the king, acting under the advice of one of his false prophets, made an attack, and suffered a total defeat. Many of his principal warriors were slain, and many muskets were taken by the rebels. The king fled to the neighbouring island of Eimeo, where he remained in a kind of exile for the next

three or four years. It was not until August 1812 that he was able to return to Tahiti and resume his authority.

The victorious party, as had been anticipated, spread themselves over the districts of Matavai and Pare, devastating and plundering every habitation. The missionaries' dwellings were ransacked and burnt, the papers and books destroyed, the utensils converted, when possible, into instruments of war.

The four remaining missionaries fled with the king to Eimeo, and afterwards followed their companions to Huahine. Finding little opportunity of usefulness in this island, they resolved, in the autumn of 1809, to abandon, for the present, the mission, and to sail for Port Jackson in New South Wales. They remained in that place for several months, waiting for instructions from England; but, while they were so waiting, an earnest application reached them from the king that they would return to him. They, therefore, sailed for the island in the autumn of 1811; and when the king was enabled to resume his authority in Tahiti, they accompanied him on his return.

The general awakening, and public abandonment of idolatry in these islands, dates its commencement from this period.

## IN NEW ZEALAND.

### CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

It was at the end of 1814, or beginning of 1815, that the first settlement of the Church Missionary Society was made in New Zealand. For three or four years, as in most other missions, the progress made was necessarily slow. To build themselves dwellings, to bring some land into cultivation, to acquire the language, and to become acquainted with the manners and customs of the people, were the earlier duties of the missionaries; and in these the first years of their residence were spent. It was not until their fifth year, or even later, that any serious impression seemed to be made on the people.

And about that same time troubles began to increase. Thus, in 1820, the journal of Mr. Butler contains the following entries:—

“ March 13. In the course of the last week I received a great deal of abuse from the natives.

One man set fire to some rushes, and had not the fire been instantly extinguished the buildings must have been destroyed. As soon as he was defeated in this object, he and others made a violent attack upon us. They began by throwing heavy stones at the yard-door, which was soon broken open, and they rushed into the yard. Some came to our relief, but the principal assailant mounted on the top of the house, having a piece of board in his hand, and threatening to kill me. He was quite naked, and vociferated with rage. The settlement was thrown into great alarm. The shutters were closed, and every one was looking for a place of safety. Rewa mounted the roof after him, and they had a sharp struggle: at last Rewa threw him off the roof, but he alighted on his legs. Rewa and one of our sawyers came down after him, and we had a general skirmish; but the enemy at last decamped.

"During all the rest of that week we were severely tried by the natives. They are aware that we are completely in their hands, and accordingly they will take the food out of the pot when on the fire, and eat it; nor will they go out of the house till they please. They abuse us; and if one of the chiefs asks for an axe or a hoe, or anything else that we have, we are obliged to give it. The natives plainly tell us that if we will not supply them with muskets and powder, we must go away. It will be

necessary to give up the mission altogether unless some means of security can be provided.

“August 26. On Wednesday and Thursday I received some insults from the natives: one struck me, and two of them spat at me, with intent to spit in my face.”

The following year, 1821, Mr. Butler writes,—

“July 27. This afternoon my native foreman was speared through the elbow, and almost through the thick part of the thigh, while working in the garden. The man who did it walked off; but he had not gone far before he met a lad of mine with a basket of potatoes on his shoulders, which he seized, and instantly ran off with.

“Aug. 18. About the middle of the night, the natives came and took out of Mr. Puckey’s yard a pair of goats, which they killed and devoured. They also took a sow and nine pigs, and from Mr. Fairbairn a goat and three fowls.

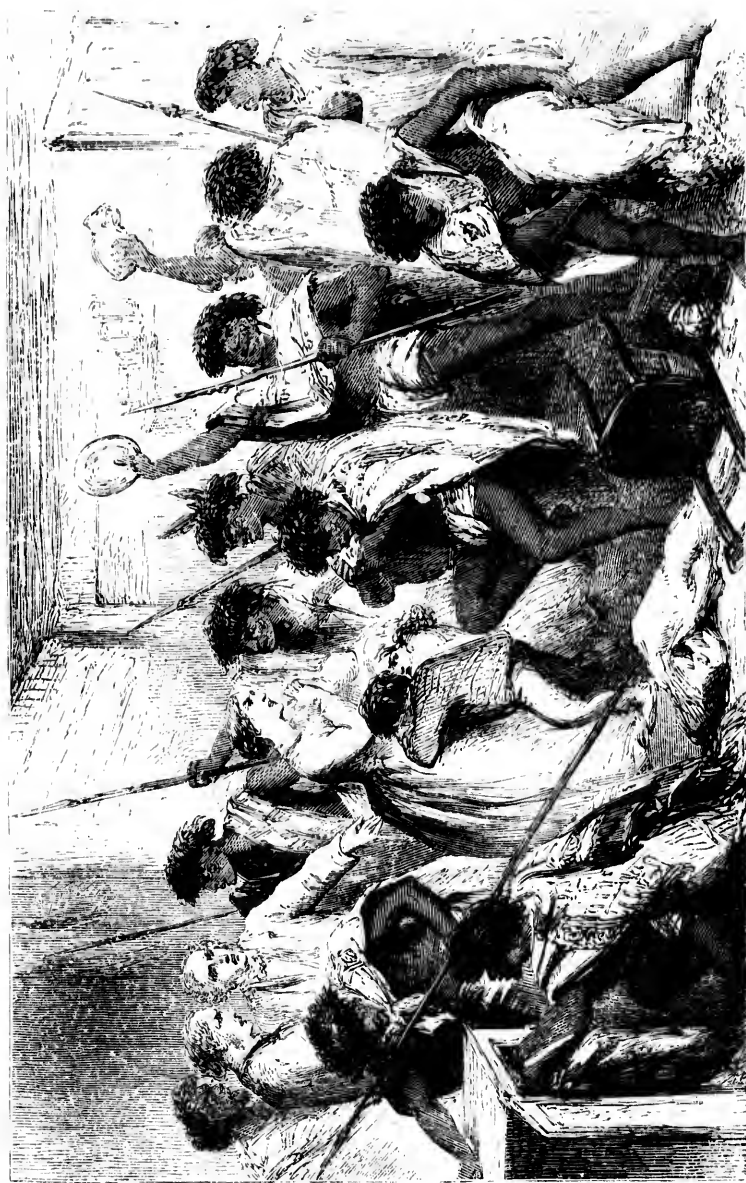
“Aug. 19. Sunday. This morning, about five o’clock, many natives rushed into Mr. Puckey’s yard, and others into the kitchen, using abusive language, and seizing whatever they pleased. We were all in consternation, not knowing to what length they might go. Mr. Puckey, with his wife and children, were crying and entreating; and as for me, my place being next, I expected them to break in every moment. However, Rewa, who has

always been our friend, came running down, and turned them all out; but they carried off many articles. Mr. Puckey's son was sleeping in the kitchen, and when they broke in, two of them laid hold of him by the hair, and held a hatchet over him, threatening to cut off his head if he spoke a word. At length peace was restored, but my mind was so much agitated that it was with difficulty I got through the morning service. We had scarcely begun, when Mr. Puckey was called out, for the natives were taking his chickens. He went and begged them to desist, but they took them all away.

"We had scarcely got in-doors before another party got over the fence into Mr. Puckey's yard. In an instant they broke open the door, and rushed into the house. The dinner was on the table. They took all the food, broke the plates and dishes, took away the knives and forks, and scattered on the floor a bag of wheat and one of flour. Some one went and told Rewa, who again came and cleared them all out.

"Aug. 21. In the course of this day I suffered much in mind and body from the natives. They trampled down my growing crops, ran over the beds in the garden, and fired bullets at the garden-seat, and treated me very roughly. They then came into the house and ate all the victuals that were cooked. Shunghee is very angry that we do not deal in

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"The dinner was on the table. They took all the food, broke the plates and dishes, took away the knives and forks, and scattered on the floor a bag of wheat and one of flour." — P. 116.

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muskets and powder; indeed he assures us plainly that if we do not we shall not stop.

“Aug. 31. The natives got over the fence where the carpenters were at work, and took away a hand-saw, hammer, and gimlet. The carpenters were obliged to leave off work, and to carry their tools in-doors. They came to consult me on the propriety of detaining a ship, and obtaining assistance. There are seven whalers in the harbour.”

Another of the missionaries, Mr. Francis Hall, thus writes:—

“1821, Sept. 1. One of the natives took Mr. Bean’s hat from his head, and would not return it without having twelve fish-hooks; another stole Mr. Fairburn’s rule out of his pocket; and a third stole our house-door key.

“Sept. 2. Sunday. The morning of this Sabbath was interrupted by a chief getting over our fence, stark naked, to steal some bags which had been hung up to dry in the yard. Thus they climb over our fences and come into our houses, insisting on having food, even when we have none to give them. They interrupt us in whatever we do, and seem determined to make us miserable if we do not give them muskets and powder.

“Sept. 3. The natives have been casting musket-balls all day in Mr. Kemp’s shop. They come in when they please, and do what they please, and

take away what they please, and it is vain to resist them. Insult upon insult we are obliged to bear; and when they return from this war on which they are going, they will probably be still more ferocious.

"O Lord, help us! Guide us with Thine eye!"

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## IN BURMAH.

ADONIRAM JUDSON.

IN June 1813, Adoniram Judson and his wife, two young Americans, landed at Rangoon, and began a mission in Burmah. For a considerable time they felt their way in silence, learning the language, one of great difficulty, and writing and printing tracts in it, and quietly instructing such Burmese as came within their reach. Sometimes as many as thirty Burmese met together for religious discussion ; and several, after giving proofs of a change, received Christian baptism.

About the middle of 1819, the old ruler of Burmah died. He had been long known to have little fondness for the Buddhist faith, and hence no one molested the teachers of Christianity ; but on the accession of the new sovereign, alarming rumours began to spread, and soon the visits of inquirers were observed to cease.

Dr. Judson writes,—

" I sometimes sit the whole day without a single visitor. None wish to call, as formerly, out of curiosity, and none dare to call for religious inquiry. Our business must be laid before the Emperor. If he frown upon us, all missionary attempts within his dominions will be out of the question; if he favour us, none of our enemies can touch a hair of our heads."

A few days later he writes,—

" Yesterday we applied to the viceroy for a pass to go up to the golden feet, and lift up our eyes to the golden face. He granted our request in very polite terms."

To his friends in America Mr. Judson wrote,—

" In approaching the throne, we desire to have a simple dependence on the presence and power of our Saviour, and a single eye to His glory. We have, indeed, no other ground of hope; we ought to have no other view. We trust that, if the set time to favour Burmah is come, He who is wonderful in counsel and excellent in working will open a wide and effectual door for the promulgation of Divine truth; but if the Lord has other purposes, it becomes us meekly to acquiesce, and willingly to sacrifice our dearest hopes to the Divine will."

On the 21st of December, 1819, Mr. Judson, who had now been joined by a young missionary named Colman, embarked at Rangoon for a passage up the

Irrawaddy to Ava, the imperial residence, distant three hundred and fifty miles. He says,—

“ Our boat is six feet wide in the middle, and forty feet long. It has two low rooms, in which we can sit or lie down. Our company consists of sixteen, besides ourselves. For a present to the Emperor we carried that book which we hope to be allowed to circulate under his patronage—the Bible, in six volumes, covered with gold leaf, in Burman style, and each volume separately inclosed in a rich wrapper. We are thus penetrating to the heart of one of the great kingdoms of the world, to offer the Gospel to a despotic monarch, and through him to the millions of his subjects. May the Lord accompany us ! ”

On the 26th of January they entered the city of Ava, and repaired to the house of Mya-day-men, formerly viceroy of Rangoon, but now one of the ministers of state. “ We gave him a present, and another to his wife. They both received us kindly, and appeared to interest themselves in our success. We did not, however, explain our precise object, but only petitioned for leave to behold ‘ the golden face.’ His highness committed our business to MOUNG YO, one of his officers, and directed him to introduce us to MOUNG ZAH, one of the private ministers, with the necessary orders. This prevents the necessity of our petitioning the other ministers,

and obtaining formal permission from the high court of the empire.

“ In the evening MOUNG YO, who lives near our boat, called to say that he would conduct us on the morrow. We lie down in sleepless anxiety. Tomorrow’s dawn will usher in the most eventful day of our lives.

“ Jan. 27. We left the boat, and put ourselves under the conduct of MOUNG YO. He carried us first to MYA-DA-MEN, as a matter of form; and there we learned that the Emperor had been apprised of our arrival, and had said, ‘ Let them be introduced.’ We therefore proceeded to the palace. At the outer gate we were detained a long time, until the various officers were satisfied that we had a right to enter; after which we deposited a present for the minister, MOUNG ZAH, and were ushered into his apartments. He received us very pleasantly; and we have, for the first time, disclosed our object—that we were missionaries, or ‘ propagators of religion,’ and that we wished to appear before the Emperor and present our sacred books, with a petition. He took the petition, looked over about half of it, and asked several questions; when some one announced that ‘ the golden foot’ was about to advance: on which the minister hastily rose up and put on his robes, saying that he must seize the moment to present us. We now found that we had fallen on an unpropitious

day, it being the celebration of the late victory over the Cathays, and the very hour when his Majesty was issuing forth to witness the display made on the occasion. When the minister was dressed, he just said, 'How can you propagate religion in this empire?—but come along!' Our hearts sank within us at these words. He conducted us till we came to a most magnificent hall. He took his place, and directed us where to sit. The spacious extent of the hall, the number and magnitude of the pillars, and the height of the dome—the whole covered with gold—presented a grand and imposing spectacle. We remained silent about five minutes, when every one put himself into the most respectful attitude, and Mounng Yo whispered to us that his majesty had entered. We looked through the hall, and presently caught sight of this modern Ahasuerus. He came forward unattended, in solitary grandeur, exhibiting the proud gait and majesty of an Eastern monarch. His dress was rich, but not distinctive, and he carried in his hand the gold-sheathed sword. He came striding on: every head, excepting ours, was now in the dust. We remained kneeling, our hands folded, our eyes fixed on the monarch. As he drew near, we caught his attention. He stopped, and partly turned towards us. 'Who are these?' 'The teachers, great king!' I replied. 'What! you speak Burman?—the priests that I

heard of last night? When did you arrive? Are you teachers of religion?—are you like the Portuguese priest? Are you married? Why do you dress so?’ These and other questions I answered as well as I could, and he appeared to be pleased with us, and sat down—his eyes fixed upon us, and his hand resting on the hilt of his sword. MOUNG ZAH began to read our petition, which ended with a prayer,—

“‘That royal permission be given, that we, taking refuge in the royal power, may preach our religion in these dominions, and that those who are pleased with our preaching, and wish to listen to and be guided by it, whether foreigners or Burmans, may be exempt from molestation.’

“The Emperor heard the petition and then stretched out his hand. MOUNG ZAH crawled forward and presented it. His majesty began at the top and deliberately read it through. In the meantime I gave MOUNG ZAH an abridged copy of the tract, in which every offensive expression was corrected, and the whole put into the handsomest style and dress possible. When the Emperor had finished the petition he handed it back without saying a word, and took the tract. He held it long enough to read the first two sentences, which assert that there is one eternal God, and that besides Him there is no other; and then, with an air of in-



difference, perhaps disdain, he dashed it on the ground. Moung Zah stooped and picked it up, and handed it to us; Moung Yo made a slight attempt to save us by unfolding one of the volumes, so as to display its beauty, but his majesty took no notice. Our fate was decided. After a few moments Moung Zah interpreted his royal master's will in the following terms:—

“ ‘Why do you ask for such permission? Have not the Portuguese, the English, the Mussulmans, and people of all other religions, full liberty to practise and worship according to their own customs? In regard to the objects of your petition his majesty gives no order. In regard to your sacred books his majesty has no use for them; take them away.’

“ ‘Something was said about the skill of Mr. Colman in medicine, on which the Emperor said,

“ ‘Let them proceed to the residence of my physician, the Portuguese priest; let him examine whether they can be useful to me in that line, and report accordingly.’

“ ‘He then rose from his seat, strided on to the end of the hall, and there, after having dashed to the ground the first intelligence he had ever received of the eternal God, his Maker, his Preserver, and his Judge, he threw himself down on a cushion,

and lay listening to the music and gazing at the parade spread out before him.

"As for us and our present, we were huddled up and hurried away without much ceremony. We passed out of the palace-gates with much more facility than we entered, and were conducted two miles through the dust and heat to the residence of the Portuguese priest. He soon ascertained that we were in possession of no wonderful secret, which would secure the Emperor from all disease and make him live for ever; and we were then allowed to retreat to our boat.

"The next day we waited on Moung Zah at his own house. He received us with great coldness and reserve. We soon ascertained that the policy of the Burman empire, in regard to the toleration of any foreign religion, is precisely the same as that of the Chinese: that it is not to be supposed that any of the subjects of the Emperor, who embrace a religion different from his own, will be exempt from punishment; and that we, in presenting a petition to that effect, had been guilty of a most egregious blunder—an unpardonable offence. Having nothing further to urge we took our leave. We had four miles to walk to our boat. Arrived there we threw ourselves down, exhausted both in body and mind."

The next day the missionaries sent a request to

a friend, Mr. G —, that he would see Mounz Zah, and ask whether there was any hope of gaining our point by waiting several months. The answer obtained from the minister was, "Tell them that there is not the least possibility of obtaining their object, if they wait ever so long; therefore, let them go about their business."

"So," writes Dr. Judson, "our case could not be more desperate. We returned to the boat and ordered our people to get rid of all unnecessary articles, and to be ready to start as soon as our passport could be obtained."

On the 18th of February the missionaries reached their home in Rangoon. They called the disciples together, and told them, that it was useless to remain under present circumstances—that public worship could not be held—that no Burman would dare even to examine into the Christian religion, and of course none could be expected to embrace it.

"Yet we mean never to desert Burmah. There is a tract of country lying between Bengal and Arracan, where a language similar to that of Burmah is spoken. There will we betake ourselves." But the disciples pleaded for delay. "Do stay with us a few months. Stay till there are eight or ten disciples, then appoint one to be teacher of the rest." Dr. Judson adds,—

"We could not restrain our tears: we told them

that as we lived only for the promotion of Christ's cause among the Burmans, if there was any hope or prospect left, we would reconsider the matter."

Finally, the missionaries resolved to remain in Rangoon. They underwent, in 1825-6, terrible sufferings in prison; but Dr. Judson was preserved through them all, and in the end succeeded in establishing what has proved the most successful mission of modern times.

In the earlier part of 1824 war broke out between the English and the Burmese, and in May Rangoon was taken by the British forces. Mr. and Mrs. Judson were then staying in Ava, his medical colleague, Dr. Price, having been invited to court, where his professional skill was valued. They made inquiries in the highest quarters, and were assured that the few foreigners who resided at Ava had nothing to do with the war, and would not be molested.

Yet the continual progress of the English army excited fears and jealousies at Ava. Mr. Judson and Dr. Price were called before a court of inquiry, to explain all they knew of the English movements. Had they given information to the invading forces? They replied, that they regularly corresponded with their friends in America; but had no communications with the English or with the Bengal government. But accounts were found which the Burmese

authorities could not understand, by which it appeared that money had been remitted to Dr. Judson, through Mr. Gouger, an English merchant. Suspicion being thus aroused, the king angrily ordered the immediate arrest of "the two teachers." Mrs. Judson thus relates the circumstances of this arrest:

"On the 8th of June, just as we were preparing for dinner, in rushed an officer holding a black book, with a dozen Burmans, one of whom we knew, from his spotted face, to be an executioner. 'Where is the teacher?' was the first inquiry. Mr. Judson presented himself. 'You are called by the king,' said the officer—a form of speech always used in an arrest. 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,' I said, 'I will give you money.' 'Take her, too,' said the officer, 'for she also is a foreigner.' Meanwhile, the neighbours had collected; the little Burman children were screaming and crying; the servants stood in amazement, and the executioner with glee drew the cords tighter, bound Mr. J. fast, and carried him off, I knew not whither.

"I sent Moug Ing to follow after, and to make every attempt to mitigate the torture of Mr. J. The officer and his gang proceeded to the court-house, where the governor of the city and other officers

were collected; one of whom read the king's order to commit Mr. J. to 'the death-prison;' into which he was soon hurried, the door closed, and Mounng Ing saw no more. What a night was now before me! I retired to my room and endeavoured to obtain consolation by committing my case to God, and imploring fortitude and strength to suffer whatever awaited me. But this retirement was not long left to me, for the magistrate had come into the verandah, and was calling me to come out and submit to his examination. He inquired very minutely as to everything I knew; then ordered the gates to be shut; no person to be allowed to go in or out, and placed a guard of ten ruffians over me, and departed.

"It was now dark. I retired into an inner room with my four Burman little girls, and barred the doors. The guard called to me to unbar the doors and come out, or they would break the house down. I refused, threatening to complain of their conduct on the morrow. They then took the two Bengalee servants, and confined them in the stocks in a very painful position. I could not bear this, but called the head-man to the window, and promised to make them all a present in the morning if they would release the servants. This, after much debate, they consented to do, but their dreadful carousings and horrible language made this by far

the most distressing night I had ever passed. Sleep was of necessity a stranger to my eyes, and peace to my mind.

“The next morning, being still a prisoner, I sent Mounng Ing to learn the situation of Mr. J., and to carry him food. He soon returned, with the intelligence that all the white foreigners were in ‘the death-prison,’ confined with three pairs of iron fetters each, and chained to a long pole to prevent their moving. I entreated the magistrate to allow me to go to some member of the government to state my case; but he said that he dared not consent, lest I should make my escape. I then wrote to one of the king’s sisters, to whom I was known, to entreat her to use her influence; but her answer was, that ‘she did not understand it,’—a polite refusal to interfere.”

On the third day, by the offer of a present, Mrs. J. obtained an audience of the governor of the city. He referred her to his chief writer or clerk. Her petition to this officer was, that he would relieve the prisoners of some of the needless hardships. He was willing to do this if she would pay him two hundred ticals (about 40*l.*) and some cloth. She paid him all she had with her, and obtained his promise ‘to make the prisoners more comfortable;’ and also an order for her own admission to see Mr. J. That evening the prisoners were taken out

of the dungeon and confined in an open shed, where Mrs. J. was allowed to send them food, and mats to sleep on.

The following morning the royal officers came to Mr. J.'s house to take possession of all his property. Mrs. J. had succeeded in secreting his manuscripts and some silver, without which she must have been starved. Meanwhile she had entreated the intercession of one of the princesses with the queen; and was grieved to find that her majesty's only reply was, "The teachers will not die; let them remain as they are."

These officers, on seizing the property, required to know what Mrs. J. had given to the writer just mentioned, and, on being informed, they demanded it of him. This threw him into a rage, and he threatened to order the prisoners back into the dungeon, which was only prevented by the promise of a present.

For seven months the prisoners remained in their shed inside the prison-walls, Mrs. J. meanwhile employing every means in her power, by petitions and personal interviews, to move the hearts of the females of the royal family; and, by presents, to obtain from the officers of the prison some indulgences. At about the end of that time she was confined to her own lodging by the birth of a child. And, just then, the continued advances of the



English had awakened both the fear and the anger of the government, and stimulated its officers to fresh cruelties. "One day a band of men rushed into the prison-yard, tore down the shed in which the prisoners lived, and adding two more pairs of fetters to each, threw them into the common prison on the bare floor. Here were more than a hundred miserable wretches, deprived of every breath of air except such as could find its way between the crevices,—groaning with various tortures, and rattling their chains as they writhed themselves in the vain endeavour to gain ease by some change in position. It was the commencement of the hot season, and the heat was not lessened by the fevered breath of that crowd of sufferers, nor the close air purified by the exhalations which arose from their bodies. Night came, but brought no rest."

After some days in this loathsome den, it was not surprising that Mr. Judson was seized with fever, which soon threatened to destroy his life. Mrs. J. seized the opportunity to urge fresh petitions that she might be allowed to raise again his shed or room in the prison-yard. But the request was in vain. A new circumstance, however, assisted her. The king had received a present of a noble lion. Enraged at the defeat of his troops by the English, some one had suggested that a lion was on the British standard, and in absurd wrath the poor

beast was sent to the death-prison. The queen's brother ordered the keeper to give it no food, and soon the wretched creature suffered all the pangs of both hunger and thirst. Day by day the prison rang with his roaring, until at length death ended his sufferings, and the emaciated body was dragged forth and buried. A petition was presented and was acceded to, that Mr. J. might be removed to the lion's den; and with deep gratitude for such a mercy the sick man was removed from his loathsome dungeon, and placed in the poor beast's cage.

A short time, however, passed when a new change took place. Suddenly, the white prisoners were all dragged out one morning, and marched off to Amarapoor, and from thence, four miles further, to Oung-pen-la. One of the jailors rushed into Mr. Judson's den, pulled him out, stripped him of all his clothes, excepting shirt and pantaloons, tied a rope round his waist, and dragged him to the courthouse, where the other prisoners had also been taken. Here they were tied two and two, and delivered into the hands of a driver, who went on before them on horseback, while his slaves drove the prisoners. It was May, one of the hottest months in the year, and the sun soon became intolerable. In a short time Mr. J.'s feet blistered, and such was his agony, that, but for the sin, he could gladly have thrown himself into a river they crossed to be free

from his misery. He was in a debilitated condition through fever, and had taken no food that morning. Had he not been supported by another prisoner, he would probably have shared the fate of one of the sufferers, who actually died by the way. Their tormentors found it impossible to force them beyond Amarapoorra, and the journey to Oung-pen-la was postponed until the following day.

Mrs. Judson followed her husband as soon as she heard of his removal. One of the jailors let her have a room in his hut, and, she says, "In that little filthy place I spent the next six months of wretchedness. The small-pox now appeared on Mrs. J.'s infant, and then on herself, and it was nearly three months before the child entirely recovered. Soon after, one of the diseases of the country, the spotted fever, seized Mrs. Judson, and for two months she lay on the mat in her little room nearly unconscious. Burmese women, who came in to look at her, said, "She is dead, and if the king of angels were here he could not recover her." Her poor child, meanwhile, was obliged to be carried round to such Burmese women as were within reach, to get a little natural nourishment.

It was while Mrs. J. was in this lamentable state that her husband was suddenly taken out of his prison, and called upon to act as an interpreter to the Burmese government and English general. Ill

as he was, from exposure to night air and consequent fever, he was compelled to act at last as mediator between the two powers, and Sir A. Campbell made his release an essential part of the treaty. After long discussions, therefore, and many delays, the Burmese rulers were obliged, at last, to yield every demand; and on a cool moonlight evening, in March 1826, Mr. Judson felt himself, under English protection, once more a free man. His first search on obtaining his liberty had naturally been for his wife; and the following is the description of the place and circumstances in which he found her:—

“ He hurried along the street,—the door stood invitingly open,—and without having seen any one he entered. The first object that met his eye was a fat, half-naked Burmese woman, squatting in the ashes beside a pan of coals, and holding on her knees a wan baby, so begrimed with dirt that it never occurred to the father that it could be his own. He gave but one hasty look, and hurried to the next room. Across the foot of the bed, as though she had fallen there, lay a human object, which, at first glance, was scarcely more recognisable than his child. The face was of a ghastly paleness, the features sharp, and the whole form shrunken almost to the last degree of emaciation. The glossy black curls had all been shorn from the finely

shaped head, which was now covered by a closely fitting cotton cap. The whole room presented the appearance of the very extreme of wretchedness, more harrowing to the feelings than can be told. There lay the devoted wife, who had followed him so unweariedly from prison to prison, ever alleviating his distresses, without even common hireling attendance! The wearied sleeper was awakened by a breath and a falling tear, which came too near her cheek."

An English officer, who met with Mr. and Mrs. Judson soon after their release, thus describes them:—

"She was seated in a large sort of swinging chair, in which her slight, emaciated, but graceful form appeared almost ethereal. Yet with much of heaven there were still the breathings of earthly affection about her; for at her feet rested a babe, a little wan baby, on which her eyes often turned with all a mother's love; and, gazing frequently on her delicate features, with a fond yet fearful gaze, was that meek missionary, her husband. Her face was pale, very pale, with that expression of deep and serious thought which speaks of the strong and vigorous mind within the frail and perishing body; her dark hair was braided over a placid and holy brow; but her hands,—those small lily hands,—were quite beautiful—beautiful they were, and very

wan; for, ah! they told of disease and coming death. Her powers of conversation were of the first order, and the many affecting anecdotes she gave us of their long and cruel bondage, gained a heightened interest from the certainty I felt, that so fragile a flower had but a brief season to linger upon earth.

"When I left the kind Judsons I did so with regret. When I looked my last on her mild, worn countenance, I felt my eyes fill with prophetic tears. We never met again. Mrs. Judson and her child died soon after the cessation of hostilities."

Rangoon, the former seat of the mission, had been ravaged by war, and was in utter confusion. Mr. and Mrs. Judson, therefore, removed to Amherst, which they proposed to make their future abode. In July 1826, Mr. J. was called to Rangoon, and then to Ava, on matters connected with the future prospects of the mission. During his absence, Mrs. J. was called to her heavenly home. He left her in apparent health, but early in October a fever attacked her, and she felt, from its commencement, a conviction that it would be her last attack. In fact, the state of fragility into which her sufferings for two years past had reduced her, allowed of no protracted struggle with the disease. She died on the 24th of October, 1826;

and precisely six months after, her infant Maria followed her. Mr. Judson adds,—

“I am left alone in the wide world. My own dear family I have buried — one in Rangoon and two in Amherst. What remains for me to do, but to hold myself in readiness to follow them to that bright world,—

“Where my best friends, my kindred, dwell,  
Where God my Saviour reigns?”

## IN NEW ZEALAND.

### THE WESLEYAN MISSIONARIES.

THE Wesleyan missionary settlements in New Zealand were commenced in the year 1822. In 1826 their missionaries in the valley of Wangaroa were plundered and driven away; some description of which is given by Mr. Turner in the following passages of his journal:—

“ Oct. 17. To-night the natives are making a great noise. They report that the Bay-Islanders are about to pay us a visit; and that Shunghee has sent a message to our natives to fly into the woods, so that when he comes he may not see one of them.

“ Oct. 23. The whole of this day has been a scene of confusion and distress. Tipui has seemed all day like a man beside himself, raving, stamping, and vociferating.

“ Nov. 5. Mr. Williams, after sermon this morning, accompanied us to Tipui's village, where



we had a good congregation and an attentive hearing.

“Nov. 5. Our natives are all in consternation, from hearing that a large party is coming to revenge the death of the chief lately killed by Tipui. They have taken up their quarters on the bank, at the back of our premises.

“Nov. 16. Tipui this morning would go into Mr. Hobbs' shop; and on being forced out, he became quite passionate, and seemed ready to strike Mr. H——. ‘Whose place is this?’ said he, ‘that you push me out? Is this Port Jackson? Go away! both of you! Go to Port Jackson.’

“Nov. 19. This evening a messenger arrived, informing our people that the Taua, or ‘fight,’ was coming by water, and had already arrived in the harbour. This report frightened our people so much, that they immediately quitted our bank, and retired into the Pa (a wooden fort).

“Nov. 20. Shortly after breakfast, the Taua, or ‘fight,’ came up the river with the tide; and they no sooner arrived at the plantations, than they began their work of devastation; pulling up the growing corn, &c. Their number appeared to be about three hundred, and they seemed a formidable body, as they spread themselves over the plantations. Some made for our premises immediately, and at once broke into our boat-house, and were

taking away the rudder; but Brother Hobbs succeeded in getting it from them. There was a complete scuffle, in which they threatened to spear him. We exposed ourselves to considerable danger in trying to keep them out of the garden, but all to no use. We were afraid that they would attack the house, but this, at present, they did not attempt. The greater part returned to the camp; but some remained in the garden and about the premises, picking up what they could. Two wheel-barrows, which had been left in the yard, they broke all to pieces, for the sake of the iron they found in them. Some of our fences they broke down to get at the nails. A large party went to the potato-plantation of our people, and soon returned well loaded. Our natives kept within the Pa, not daring to show themselves.

" We felt ourselves in critical circumstances, but our help and refuge were in the Lord. For my wife, who was drawing near her confinement, I felt much; but she bore up well. We put the children to bed in their clothes, that they might not be turned out naked if we were attacked in the night.

" Nov. 21. With the tide they left us, to our great comfort. Our people then ventured out to see the extent of injury they had sustained. Only one life has been lost, a female slave of Tipui; but several of his slaves have been carried away. We

began to get up our fences, and hope that the damage done is not very considerable.

“Dec. 5. The natives are all alarm, expecting another party to plunder, if not to kill them. We also, they say, are to be plundered; but we are in the Lord’s hands.

“Dec. 21. We have had a serious squabble with the natives. A young man, the son of a chief, came to the school; but he was of known bad character, and he was desired to leave. No sooner had he got outside the gate, than he turned, and gave Mr. Stack several blows with a stick. He then went home, and soon returned with a considerable party. They broke into our tool-house and stole some spades. Tipui spoke to them, though they were of another tribe, and he did some good.

“Jan. 9, 1827. We are now left without a single inhabitant, except the boy David. On Friday, Tipui, his brother, and several other chiefs, fled for fear of the Bay-Islanders, who were reported to have entered the harbour, and to have commenced their work of plunder and bloodshed. Our natives, with their wives and children, have fled to the Pa.

“About noon a party of the Bay-Islanders came to our place. We asked what they were come for? to which they answered, ‘To take away your things, and to burn your house, for your place is deserted, and you are broken.’ But the party was

small, and some of them known to us ; and hence, after annoying us a good deal, they left, merely taking away some things. They told us, we should certainly have a general plunder to-morrow. About twelve we retired to rest, not free from anxiety, but, I thank God, free from distressing fear.

" Jan. 10. Soon after daybreak, Luke came to my room-door, saying that the natives were coming. I soon got on my clothes, and in a few minutes went out. Mr. Hobbs and Luke were parleying with the natives. Mr. H. asked them what they were come for, and they replied, 'To take away your property ; so you must be gone.' One party at once broke open Luke's house ; another dashed the door of the tool-house to pieces. Then followed the kitchen, and the store-room over it, and the carpenter's shop ; and they were all soon busy in carrying off their contents. We saw that it was time to equip ourselves for flight. Knowing that, if our lives were spared, we had a journey of twenty miles before us, we hastily took some food. The natives now began to break in through all the windows, and had also forced the back-door ; and our boys begged us to be quick, 'or we should escape with our skins only.' As the most of the assailants were at the back, we passed out by the front-door and through the garden, not without fear of pursuit. Our company consisted of myself, my

wife, and three children, Luke Wade and his wife, Brother Hobbs, and Miss Davis of Paihea, who was on a visit to us. We saved, besides the clothes we had on, a small trunk and a few bundles. Just as we had crossed the river we met three of our natives, who had fled on Friday night. They strongly advised our hiding in the bush until the Taua was past; for that they would probably not only strip, but murder us.

“Through their solicitations we turned out of the way, ascended a hill, and hid ourselves among the shrubs. But I was strongly impressed with a feeling that it was our duty to go forward. So, after a while, we descended the hill to get into the road again; and here we met one of our chiefs, and a friendly chief, Warenuī, from the Bay of Islands. They also urged us to stop, on account of the party that was close at hand; but we told them that we had a long way to go, and that the day would soon be closing, and we should have no food for the children. We asked the old chief Warenuī if he would take care of us, and he consented, saying, ‘Come along.’ We proceeded, and before long we met the Taua, or fighting party, about two hundred, all armed. They had several chiefs, and among them Paticone, from Shukeanga, the most friendly chief I know. The moment he saw us he turned round to his people and commanded them

to stop. He then told us to come forward, and he and some other chiefs rubbed noses with us, in token of friendship and goodwill. They asked us to stay, but we replied that we must proceed. They then ordered the fighting-men to pass by on one side, and kept us with them till all had passed. My heart rejoiced when we had thus been delivered out of their hands. We got through the wood, and soon afterwards we met Brother Stack, with eight or ten of his school-boys. We now sent on to the Kiddee-kiddee settlement, to get some chairs, on which to carry the females and children. At the water'fall, six miles from that settlement, we met the Rev. H. Williams, Mr. Davies, Mr. Puckey, and about a dozen natives. They had come to meet us, and with their help we soon reached the settlement. Here we were received with every mark of sympathy and kindness. But our friends at that station are full of apprehensions that Kiddee-kiddee will soon share the fate of Wangaroa. I soon learnt that our dwellings at that place were all burnt to the ground."

## IN POLYNESIA.

JOHN WILLIAMS.

LEAVING England in April 1838, on his second mission to the South Seas, Mr. Williams reached New South Wales in September, and on the 23d of November came in sight of Tutuila, and shortly afterwards placed Mrs. Williams in a comfortable abode in Samoa. A year was now spent in an inspection of the mission. But Mr. Williams was bent on new enterprises, on fresh openings for missionary labour; and in November 1839 he quitted his wife and family, and set forth on what he regarded as "his great voyage," intended to find out fresh spots in which to plant the banner of the Prince of Peace. It was truly, though in another sense, "his great voyage," for it landed him on the shores of the eternal world.

His chief aim was to gain a footing in the large and important group of islands called the "New Hebrides," the inhabitants of which were known to

be wild and cruel savages. On the 16th of November he wrote to a friend, concluding his letter in these words:—

"I have just heard that we are now about sixty miles from the New Hebrides; so that we shall be there early to-morrow morning. This evening we shall have special prayer. How much depends on the events of to-morrow? Will the savages receive us or not? I am all anxiety, but desire to leave the event with God. The approaching week is to me the most important of my life."

In his Journal of Monday, November 18, were found the following lines, the last he ever penned:—

"This is a memorable day; the record of the events of which will live after those who have taken an active part in them have retired into the shades of oblivion. The results of this day will be ——"

Here he broke off, hoping to conclude the sentence, perhaps that same evening. But the record had to be made by another hand. That day, and the next, the missionaries were occupied with the island of Tanna, and Port Resolution. It was not until Tuesday evening that Erromanga, the most important of the group, was reached. On the next morning, Nov. 20, he told a friend that he had passed a sleepless night, from a consideration of the magnitude and importance of the work before him; that he felt oppressed by its weight, and feared that



he had undertaken more than he should be able to fulfil. Soon after this conversation he entered the ship's boat, and here the narrative of the last scene begins:—

“ We proceeded to Erromanga, and hove to on the north side. The island appeared thinly inhabited: we saw now and then a native at a distance. On reaching Dillon's Bay we saw a canoe paddling along with three men in her. The whale-boat was lowered, and Mr. Williams, Mr. Harris, Mr. Cunningham, and myself (R. C. Morgan), with four hands, went in her. We spoke to the men in the canoe; they were wild in their appearance and extremely shy. They spoke a different language from that of the Windward Islands, so that Mr. Williams could not understand them. He made them some presents, but could not persuade them to come into the boat. We left them, hoping that we had made a favourable impression on them.”

Capt. Morgan then proceeds:—

“ We pulled up the bay, and some of the natives ran along the shore. We threw them some beads, which they eagerly picked up, and came a little closer. They fetched us some water and coconuts, but still were extremely shy. Mr. W. seemed pleased with them, and attributed their shyness to ill-treatment they might have received. Mr. Cunningham asked him if he thought of going ashore;

and he replied that he should not have the slightest fear. Mr. Harris then waded on shore; he sat down, and the natives brought him cocoa-nuts, and opened them for him.

"Mr. Williams remarked that he saw a number of native boys playing about, and thought it a good sign. I said I thought so too; but I would rather see some women also, because, when the natives mean mischief, they send the women out of the way. At last Mr. W. got up, went forward, and landed. He presented his hand to the natives, which they were unwilling to take. He then called to me to hand some cloth out of the boat, and he sat down and divided it among them, endeavouring to win their confidence. We walked up the beach, Mr. Harris first, Mr. Williams and Mr. Cunningham followed. After they had walked about a hundred yards, they turned to the right, alongside of the bush, and I lost sight of them. I hoped we had found favour with the people. I stopped to see the boat anchored, and walked up the beach after them. Before I had gone a hundred yards, the boat's crew called out to me to run. I looked round, and saw Mr. Williams and Mr. Cunningham running. Mr. C. towards the boat, and Mr. Williams straight for the sea, with one native close behind him. Mr. W. reached the water, but the beach being stony and steep, he fell backward, and the native struck him

with a club, and repeated the blow; another came up and struck him also, and a third sent several arrows into his body.

“My heart was deeply wounded. As soon as I got into the boat I headed it towards Mr. Williams, in hope of rendering him some assistance, but the natives shot an arrow at us, and threw stones.”

Mr. Cunningham, who himself had shared the peril, adds a few particulars:—

“I heard a yell behind me, and looking round, saw a savage close after me, with a club. I stooped, and catching up a stone, I struck him so as to stop his pursuit. The men in the boat had given the alarm to Captain Morgan, and he and I jumped into the boat at the same instant, several stones being thrown at us. I saw Mr. Harris fall in the brook, a number of savages beating him with their clubs. Mr. Williams ran into deep water, but fell. He received several blows on the head from the native's club. Several other natives joined in the attack, and a whole handful of arrows were sent into his body. Soon about a dozen savages were dragging the body about the beach, beating it in a furious manner. Several arrows were shot at the boat, one of which stuck in the wood. This alarmed the men, who called to the captain to keep her off. We returned to the ship, hoping, by firing a gun, to drive the natives away; but before we

could approach the shore, a crowd of natives rushed down to the beach and carried the body away."

In the following February H.M. Ship Favourite visited Erromanga, to make inquiries for the bodies ; when the natives confessed that they had been devoured, and gave up the skulls and some of the bones, with which Capt. Croker was obliged to be content.

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## IN POLYNESIA.

JOHN HUNT, AND J. CALVERT.

JOHN HUNT, the son of a farm-labourer in Nottinghamshire, was awakened to the value of his own soul in the seventeenth year of his age, and, after having passed through some preparation, was sent, in his twenty-sixth year, as a missionary to the Fiji Islands, where he died in 1848, in his thirty-seventh year. The life of a missionary among these savages is thus described by his biographer:—

“For some time the missionaries were not allowed to put any fence round the house, nor at the windows, which the heat obliged them to keep open. Thus all possibility of privacy was lost, as the natives were constantly gazing in at the open windows. Once, when Mrs. Hunt was bending over her dying babe, she looked up to see dark, savage faces laughing and mocking at her anguish. Among other sources of trouble was the capricious temper of the chief Tuikilakila. One day, in a

great rage, he flung open the door of the mission-house, crying out, *Au sa cudru sara*, 'I am very angry!' He seized Mr. Hunt and Mr. Lyth, one in each hand, and dragged them towards the door, where he had left his club. But God protected them. Their soothing words prevailed, and the chief let them go, only striking Mr. Lyth with his hand in the face as he did so. But his friendly moods were often as annoying as his angry ones. Often, when the missionary stores were low, he would come and eat up what had been procured with difficulty; or, when very gracious, he would kneel down and thrust his face into that of the missionary, while his great beard swept the plate.

"At the beginning of 1840 things looked darker than ever at Somosomo. One day eleven dead men were dragged just in front of the mission-house. They had been killed at Lauthala, in a fit of revenge. One of them had been a chief, and his body was set apart for the god, and was skilfully cut in pieces within a few yards of the mission-house. The others were taken to the different quarters of the town, where they were speedily cooked and eaten. The people now seemed doubly savage after their horrid feast; and some of the chiefs tried to get up a quarrel with the missionaries, who were for some time nearly without food. The missionaries applied to the king; but his answer was, 'No; Jehovah

may give you a pig!' One of the missionaries remarked, 'Now, I believe that the Lord will make him give us food, since he has himself cast us upon God!' And so it fell out."

Mr. Hunt says,—

"We felt our circumstances very trying; but we cast ourselves on God's mercy, and calmly waited the end. We determined to try again what kindness would do, and took the king a present. The Lord heard prayer; the king received us kindly, and gave us a pig as an offering, he said, to Jehovah."

Towards the end of 1840 war prevailed in the islands, and the cannibal-feasts were frequent. The ovens were so near the mission-house, that the smell from them was sickening; and the king threatened to kill the missionaries and their wives, if they shut up their houses to exclude the horrible stench.

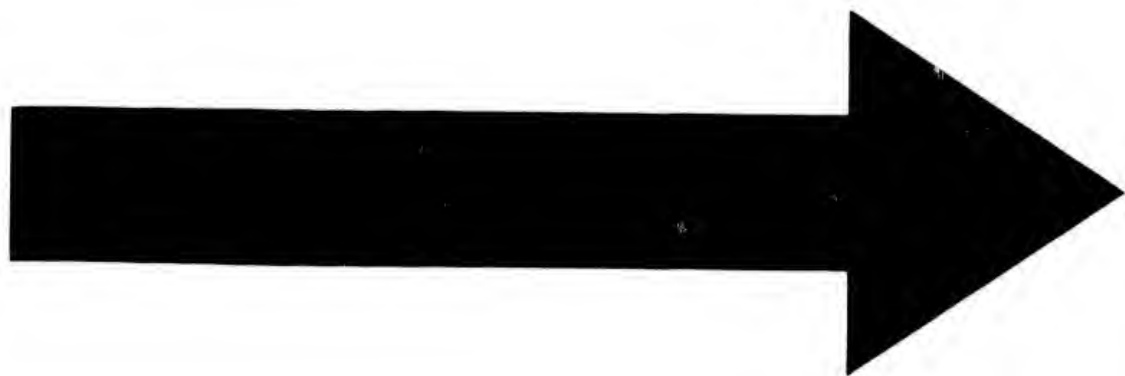
We pass over several years, and find, in 1854, a sketch of a visit made by Mr. Calvert, one of the missionaries, to an island of the Fiji group upon which little impression had yet been made:—

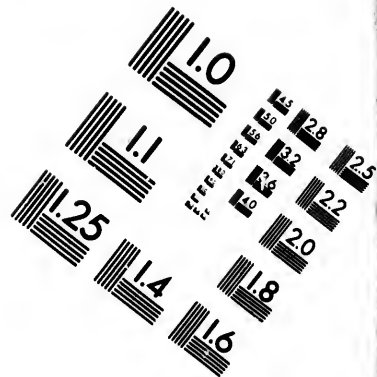
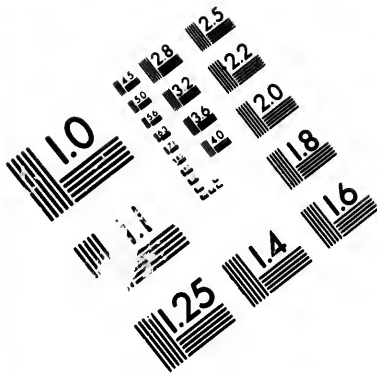
"In going to Viwa, I desired to call at the island of Moturiki. Besides wishing to speak with them about Christianity, I wished also to warn them of danger. The Levuka had told me that Moturiki would be destroyed, and that the mountain-people would go by night to do it. We found that

the tide did not serve for landing ; we therefore made for the entrance leading to Viwa. One of my crew observed a man on the beach, beckoning to me. I did not like to let the opportunity pass, and immediately put on my old water-boots. I ordered my men to take me round by the deep water near the reef, and then to put in for me near the other side. The beach was a considerable distance from me, and the water was over my knees. As I approached the shore, several more appeared on the beach, running from different parts. As they came near, I saw that they looked very fierce, and made hostile gestures. I could not return to the boat, I therefore went forward. One was in advance of the rest, and came near, with a weapon uplifted to strike me. I spoke to him : soon several more came up, some with clubs, some with hatchets, some with spears. I trembled, but called to them that I had done them no wrong, and that they ought not to kill me. Soon I was in the midst of about an hundred of them. One recognised me, and said I should live. Another man's face I thought I knew, but he had a great axe ; however, I clung to him, and he seemed favourable to me. I told them who I was, and what I had done for them. Some declared in my favour ; but there was one exceedingly ferocious fellow, who seemed determined to take away my life. His arms, however, were now

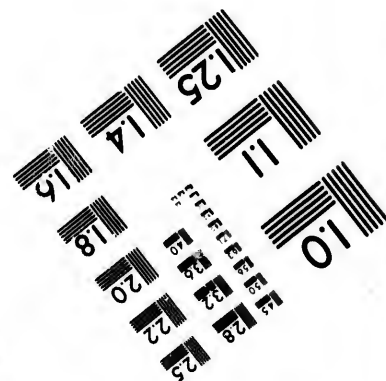
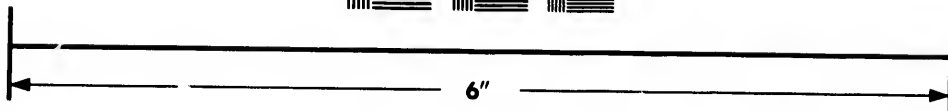
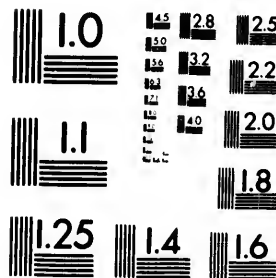


seized by several. He strove to bring his gun to bear upon me; but it was warded off by the others. At length his rage seemed to subside; and it seemed agreed among them that I should live. But as they had resolved to kill somebody, they wanted now to go to my boat, hoping to get one or two of my people in my stead. Meanwhile they held me; one untied my neckcloth and took it, others felt my coat, and pulled at it. I expected to be stripped. Still, we went on towards the beach, and there I found Ratu Viki, a chief of Mbau, who had just arrived. He was vexed with those who had been so using me, and threatened them. I begged he would not. I entreated him to send me to Viwa in a canoe, as I was sure my wife would be alarmed. My own boat had seen the danger I was in, and had escaped, being pursued by the natives. At last I succeeded in getting a canoe, and so reached home about midnight."





**IMAGE EVALUATION  
TEST TARGET (MT-3)**



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## WEST AFRICA.

### IN ABBEOKUTA.

MISSIONS in Western Africa have always had to contend with two classes of opponents—the priests and priestesses of the devil-worship of the country, and the slave-dealers and slave-merchants who infest that coast, and who live by the vices, the cupidity, and the wars of the African chiefs. The thriving mission of Abbeokuta has had its full share of both these trials. When, in 1848, the preaching of the gospel began to prevail mightily, the churches being filled to overflowing, and the mission-aries surrounded by crowds of eager listeners in the open streets, a variety of plans were tried by the heathen priesthood to deter the natives from lending ear to the preachers of Christianity. Poison was prepared, but mistakes were made, and the wrong persons fell victims to it. Then a mob-procession in honour of Oro, an evil spirit, took place, and intimidation was resorted to. More violent

measures soon followed. One of the native Christians, Susanna Kute, was seized and put in chains. Then one of the converts of the Wesleyan missionaries, and, after a while, a convert belonging to Mr. Crowther's congregation, named Oguntolla. He, though by nature a violent man, was led away without making any resistance, to the council-house, where his feet were made fast by being thrust through two holes in the wall. He remained thus for five days, till his legs and feet swelled and became very painful, while the idol-priests gathered round him, and continually urged him to recant. At the end of that time he was brought before the Ogboni, or council of elders, who, after threatening him in vain, at last let him go.

In 1849 a new occasion was found, in the death and funeral of Idini, who died in the mission-house, and was buried in the Christian burying-ground. The Ogboni, who have the ordering and the profits of all funerals, deemed their rights to have been infringed, and they resented the supposed misdemeanour. Six of the converts were seized and imprisoned. The missionaries remonstrated, and, after five days, obtained their release, but not until scourging had been inflicted, nor without the infliction of heavy fines.

On the 20th of October another procession of "Oro" was held, drums beating, and a general

search made for the poor converts. Many were imprisoned, their feet thrust into holes in the walls, and there they lay for five days, exposed to the sun by day, and the rain by night.

Meanwhile their houses were plundered, their wives beaten, and threats of still heavier punishment were freely used to force recantation. The same storm of persecution fell upon the villages round; but it ended, in most cases, in the sufferers being set free at the end of five days, but not without fines, and often scourging. One woman, named Agola, suffered much from poison rubbed into her side, in addition to scourging and starvation. Yet there was scarcely an instance of apostasy.

The next assault came from without. The neighbouring kingdom of Dahomey is the most warlike in Western Africa, and its king is the chief slave-dealer on that coast. War, for the sake of making captives for sale, is his favourite occupation; and he keeps up a considerable army, including nine thousand women, for this especial purpose. At an annual festival held in Abomey, in May 1850, these Amazons, or female tigers, set up a cry, "Give us Abbeokuta! Attapahm is destroyed:—Give us Abbeokuta!"

This call from his army was not likely to be disregarded by a king who, on a former occasion,

had sacked and taken Okeadan, carrying away twenty thousand captives, most of whom were sold as slaves; and whose revenues are chiefly derived from this horrid traffic. In March of the following year the Dahomian army was put in motion, and marched towards Abbeokuta, for the purpose of burning the town and carrying the whole population into slavery.

The people of Abbeokuta, however, had been warned of the coming storm, both by English travellers and by the people of Isagga, their neighbours, and they had strengthened their walls, and made preparations for the defence of the place.

On Sunday, the 2d of March, 1851, a fearful silence reigned in the town. They knew that the Dahomian army was approaching, consisting of ten thousand men and six thousand women, well armed—a force the like of which Africa, in modern times, has seldom seen. Still, the Egbas (the national name of the people of Abbeokuta) resolved to defend their homes to the last, and they evinced a calm and resolved temper of mind.

On Monday morning tidings came that the enemy was near, and soon the firing began. Mr. Crowther's house was too near the wall to be a place of safety, and Mrs. C. was prevailed upon to take refuge in Mr. Townsend's less exposed abode.

Mr. and Mrs. Townsend, Mrs. Smith, and Mr. Bowen (an American missionary), ascended a rock



that stood in the mission premises, and took a survey of the sorrowful scene. The fugitives, old and young, the sick and infirm, the women and children, were thronging through the north-eastern gates, on the opposite side to that attacked by the Dahomians, hoping to find shelter in the neighbouring towns. Some carried furniture, others led a sheep or a goat, and all moved on in silent sadness, under the glare of a noon-day African sun.

But on the other side of the town a very different scene met the gazer's eye. Here advanced the Dahomian army, in firm and soldierly array. A continued fire is poured upon them from the wall, and hesitation becomes perceptible. The assailants extend their line; the defenders make a corresponding movement. Fresh forces come forward to the assault, and a fierce struggle begins on the river's bank, under the walls of the town. Here, the next day, Mr. Crowther counted eighty dead Dahomians within the space of a few yards, and all, except five, were *women*.

The assailants have failed; they again move to the left, hoping to find a part of the wall undefended. The Egbas move as they move, and the defence is successfully continued. For six hours the struggle continues, and evening is coming on. The hopes of the Dahomians begin to fail; they waver, they break, and fly. The Egbas rush forth

from the gates and follow them in hot pursuit. Abbeokuta is saved!

A missionary, Mr. Henderson, who was in a neighbouring town, thus writes:—

“March 3. Early this morning a messenger from Abbeokuta brought me the news that the Dahomian army was approaching the town. I made ready to go there; but I met a heart-rending sight all the way. The road was crowded with thousands of women, children, and old men, who were flying for refuge to Osielle and other places towards the east. A gloom, the most distressing, sat upon all their countenances; several were fainting, and some dying, by the way. But as I approached Abbeokuta I heard that the enemy had been driven back by the Egbas, who were determined to conquer or die. Outside the gates they kept up a fire until dark, when the last parties of the invaders crossed the river on their retreat.

“March 4. I rode out to the battle-field. Dreadful slaughter; and among the fallen Dahomians an immense number of female soldiers, who fought in front. Disgusting, heart-piercing scene! Poor things! at such a scene one must be past feeling, if grief and indignation did not possess the heart. I crossed the Ogun, and a small plantation near its banks presented a most awful sight. One small spot was bestrewed with headless bodies, of

both sexes, and of every age. These were Egbas, farming people, who fell into the hands of their enemies, and were destined to slavery; but when the Dahomians were themselves obliged to take to flight, they cut off all the heads of these poor people,—the skull of an enemy bringing the same reward as a captive foe! Thus these poor tillers of the soil were massacred on the very ground on which they were quietly earning their bread.

“March 6. I went to Osielle this afternoon. Had it not been for my friendly farmers, who crowded the road, and saluted me with expressions of joy and gratitude, I should have wept all the way. I suffered much, both yesterday and to-day, on reflecting on all I had to witness. Yet this is only *one* of poor Africa’s scenes of blood!”

## POLYNESIA.

### THE NEW HEBRIDES.

GEORGE TURNER—HENRY NISBET.

THE island of Tanna, one of the New Hebrides, was visited by Mr. Williams the day previous to his death on the beach at Erromanga. As his reception there was of a friendly character, the London Missionary Society lost no time in taking steps for a renewed effort in this direction. On the 1st of July, 1842, a missionary party landed in this island, and being kindly treated by the chiefs, they determined to leave there two of their number, George Turner and Henry Nisbet, with their families, and with two or three native teachers from the island of Samoa. The Missionary Ship remained in the harbour until the 8th, and then bade them farewell, a large party of the natives assembling to witness the departure of the ship, and promising to use the missionaries well. A house was given to them, and the prospects of the undertaking seemed very favourable.

In December of that year the missionaries wrote to England in an assured tone; saying, that they had met with as much encouragement as could have been expected. They added, however, that besides the native wars which were frequently carried on, there was an obstacle which was rapidly developing itself, in the jealousy of the "sacred men," or priests of the country. These men had quickly discovered, that Christianity, if it prevailed, would put an end to their craft; and their enmity was rapidly becoming of the most marked character.

In the following spring (of 1843) matters came to a crisis. The native priests now fully understood that if the preaching of Christianity was allowed, and if the Gospel was received, their influence and authority would quickly come to an end. Two or three attempts on the lives of the missionaries were made, but the assassin's hand was each time averted.

Just then the dysentery broke out among the natives, and the "sacred men" were prompt in declaring that the pestilence was the work of the foreign teachers. Clamour increased, and to avoid actual war, the missionaries took their boats, and with the Samoan teachers committed themselves to the ocean. But scarcely had they quitted the shores of Tanna before a storm arose, which prevented all progress, and soon forced them into harbour again. They now re-landed, and found the contention still

going on between their friends and their foes. Some of the most friendly chiefs came hastily to them, entreating them to fly quickly, for that danger was very near. At last a compromise was attempted, and the missionaries gladly gave up all the hatchets and knives which they possessed, for a temporary peace.

This, however, lasted but a short time; the enemy again threatened, and the friends of the missionaries were too weak to protect them. Just then a ship appeared in the offing. It was a whaling brig from Hobart Town. She soon anchored, and her captain came on shore and promised his protection to the missionaries. On the following morning they embarked, with their families, and such of their goods as were left, and on the 18th of May they reached Samoa in safety.

In the preceding autumn a more tragical close was put to another missionary effort in the Isle of Pines. A party of native teachers from Samoa had been left there in 1840, and had hitherto been unmolested. But on the 12th of August, 1842, the brig *Star* arrived at the Isle of Pines from Sydney, and met with a friendly reception. The ship was lying at anchor, and the captain and men went on shore to cut timber; when, without any previous quarrel, the natives, at a signal given by the principal chief, rushed upon them, killed them with

their own axes, and then devoured them. The chief then sent a party of men, and forced the Samoan teachers to accompany them, to tow the brig on shore; when this had been effected, the teachers were all murdered, probably lest they should give information to the next English ship that arrived.

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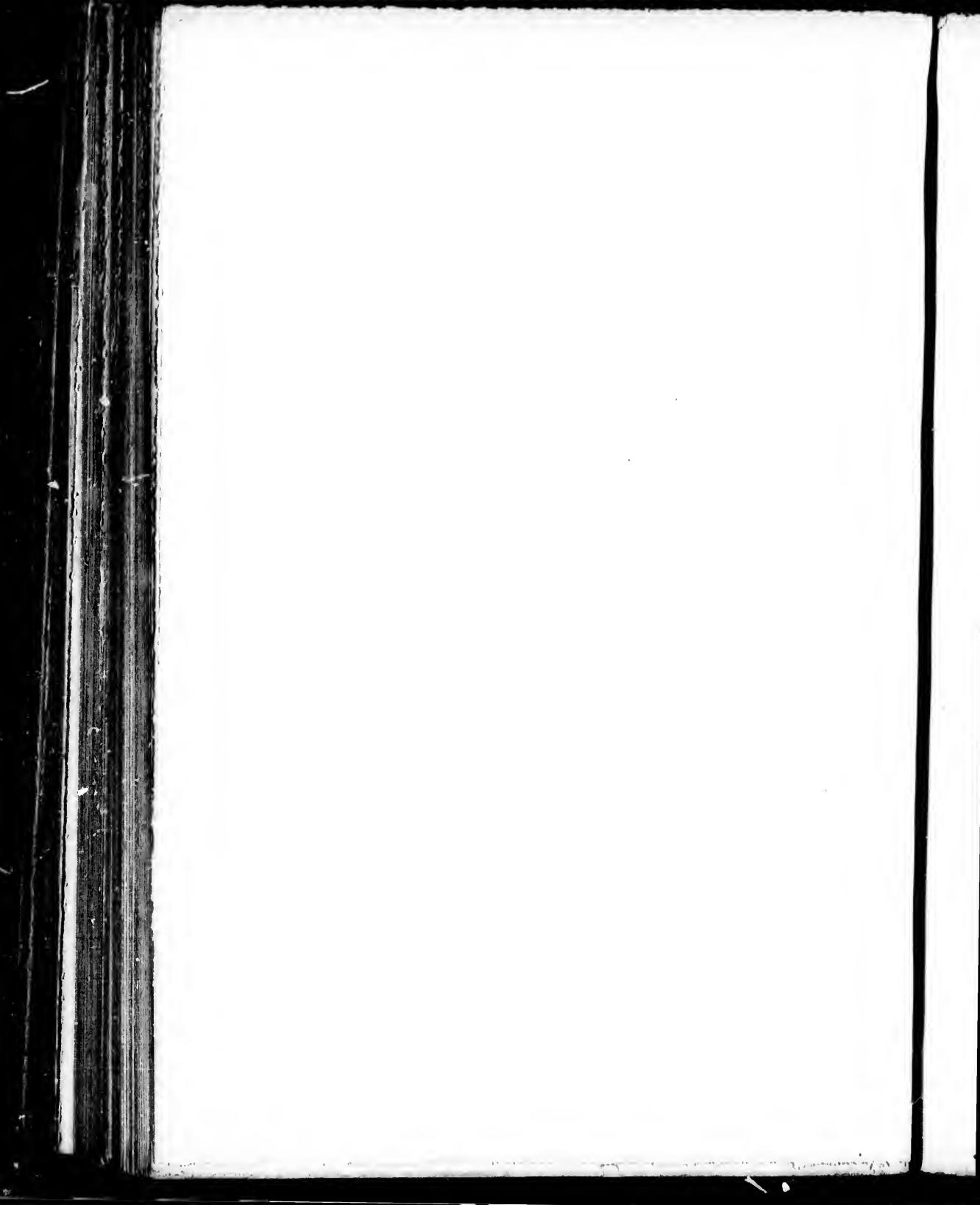
“In Perils in the City.”

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A. N. GROVES.

J. J. WEITBRECHT.





## “ IN PERILS IN THE CITY.”

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### BAGDAD—THE PLAGUE.

A. N. GROVES.

MR. GROVES, accompanied by his wife and one or two friends, engaged in a mission to Bagdad in the year 1829. He reached that city in December, and immediately began his work. He formed a school, and commenced holding personal discussions with the people, and was becoming accustomed to his labours, when, in the spring of 1831, the plague broke out. The following are some extracts from his Journal:—

“ March 29. Yesterday Dr. Beagrie and Mr. Montefiore saw several patients whom they thought affected by the plague, but their minds were not quite made up; to-day there is no longer any doubt. I accompanied Mr. M. on his visits; and there are now about twenty, and the number is increasing.

“ Thus, then, the long - expected scourge has visited this city, and our heavenly Father only knows

when the awful visitation may cease. We can only cast ourselves into His loving hands for safety and peace. Nothing but the Lord's pity can prevent the most awful extension of the disease: two or three are dying in a room, and the intercourse remains unrestricted. We are forced to the painful necessity of breaking up our school, since it could not have been carried on without spreading the infection.

" April 10. One of Major Taylor's Sepoys has died of the plague, and now four of his servants are attacked. This has so alarmed the family, that they are immediately going off. We cannot move without coming in contact with numbers of people for many days, and being shut up in a small boat with the Arab sailors. And if we were once to leave our present post, it might be very difficult to regain it.

" The accounts brought us of the numbers of those who have died of the plague all agree that in little more than a fortnight there have perished about 7000. Besides which, an inundation of the Tigris has destroyed about 2000 houses on the other bank. The misery of this place is now beyond expression.

" April 12. The accounts of the mortality are truly terrific. The day before yesterday 1200 died. Should it not please the Lord soon to stay the destroying angel's hand, the whole country must become one wide waste. Some kind Armenians

have offered to provide for our journey to Damascus, if we will go with them ; but we do not see clearly our permission to go ; and the Lord has given us such perfect peace, that we have decided to remain.

“ April 13. The plague has just entered our neighbour’s dwelling, where nearly thirty persons are congregated.

“ April 14. This is a day of awful visitation : the deaths yesterday were from 1000 to 1500, and to-day, they say, is worse than any. Nothing prevents the entire desertion of the city but the dangers of the way and the poverty of the inhabitants.

“ April 15. Yesterday there were 1800 deaths in the city. Our moollah has just been here ; he has just bought winding - sheets for himself, his mother, and his brother. He was in the Jews’ quarter yesterday, and only met one person,—a woman, who, when she saw him, ran in and locked the door. Meat for some days, or anything else from without, we have been unable to get. Water we have obtained ; but to-day even that we cannot get at any price.

“ April 16. The accounts of yesterday are worse than those of any former day. An Armenian girl told me she saw, in about 600 yards, fifty dead bodies carrying to burial. The son of our next neighbour is dead. Two have been carried out from

a little passage opposite us to-day, and two more are ill. The city is a perfect desert, only peopled by the dead, the bearers of the dead, and the water-carriers. Our household continues in perfect health—thanks to our loving Shepherd's care!

" April 19. The moollah called to tell us that the number is now stationary, at about 1500 or 2000 per day. But this is out of a population which cannot now exceed 40,000! In the towns and villages around report says that it is as bad as within the city.

" April 22. Having occasion to go to the Residency, I was overwhelmed with the sight of the awful state of the city, and by the difficulty of obtaining help at any price. Every one has got a relation dead or dying. We shall have to go to the river and fetch water for ourselves. A little girl of twelve years old was met with an infant in her arms; on being asked whose it was, she did not know,—she had found it in the road,—both its parents being dead. A poor Armenian woman has just been to our house to beg for a little sugar for a poor infant she had picked up. She says a neighbour of hers picked up two more. In one short month not fewer than 30,000 souls have died in this place, and the mortality scarcely decreases.

" April 25. This has been a heart-rending day.

I was obliged to go out, and I found nothing but signs of death and desolation; hardly a soul in the streets except those who were carrying the dead. Some Mohammedans remarked that while two or three had been taken from every house, we only had remained free. This is the Lord's doing.

"April 28. The news is still more disastrous. The inundation of the Tigris has swept away seven thousand houses, burying the sick, the dead, and the dying, in one common grave. Scarcity of provisions is now sensibly felt, and respectable persons come to the door to beg a little bread, or a little butter, or some other necessary of life. To-day the number dying in the road was much greater than I have before seen, and the number unburied in the streets hourly increases.

"May 7. This is an anxious day. Dear Mary is taken ill; but her heart reposes on her Lord, and awaits His will.

"May 8. The Lord has manifested that my dear wife's disorder is the plague, of a very dangerous and malignant kind. As I think the infection can only have come through me, I have little hope of escaping, unless by the Lord's special mercy. The prospect is saddening, of leaving a little family in such a country at such a time. Yet my dearest wife's faith triumphs over these fears,

and she said to me, 'I marvel at the Lord's dealings, but not more than at my own peace under such circumstances.'

"May 9. My dearest wife is still alive, and apparently not worse than yesterday. When I consider all that I and the dear children lose, should she be taken, it is almost more than my heart can bear.

"May 11. The plague has attacked two more of our household—the schoolmaster's wife and our maid-servant. My dearest Mary's sufferings last night were very great; for four or five hours she was delirious, and her voice was so affected that I could not make out two words connectedly. How mysterious are God's ways! Oh, my soul, learn the lesson of patient submission to His holy will!

"May 13. My dearest wife has reached the light of another day, still quietly sinking, without a sigh or a groan. This my prayer for her the Lord has mercifully heard.

"May 14. This day dearest Mary's ransomed spirit took its seat among those dressed in white, and her body was consigned to the earth; a dark, heavy day to poor nature, but the Lord was the light and stay of it. I cannot help blessing my Heavenly Father that He has allowed me to continue in health so long as to see everything done I

could have desired for her whom I have so much reason to love.

“May 18. Our poor servant died last night, and has left one little orphan boy with us. The water has fallen in price, and, as far as we can judge, God has nearly withdrawn this desolating plague.”



## INDIA—THE CHOLERA.

J. J. WEITBRECHT.

MR. WEITBRECHT reached Calcutta at the end of February 1852, to attend a conference of missionaries. On Sunday, the last day of the month, he attended morning service at Mr. Boswell's church, and replied to an invitation to preach for him in the evening, "Oh, yes! with the greatest pleasure." He went to church in the evening, apparently well, and joined in the service with his usual warmth, singing with great feeling the last verse of the hymn before sermon,—

"And oh! when I have safely past  
Through every conflict but the last,  
Then, still unchanging, watch beside  
My dying bed, for Thou hast died."

He preached from the words, "Surely I come quickly. Amen; even so come, Lord Jesus!" "There was everything in the subject of his discourse, and everything in that spirit of earnestness

and affectionate warmth with which he dwelt upon it, to make it the suitable close of the ministry of a faithful servant."

After the service he conversed cheerfully in the vestry with several friends, and did not appear exhausted, though he looked pale and worn. He continued his conversation as he returned home, but on entering the house, he said, "I do not feel quite well." Symptoms of cholera came on so rapidly as to lead those around him to take the most prompt measures, and two doctors were quickly in attendance. Still he went to tea with some of his brethren, several of whom approached to speak to him as he sat in an easy chair, but were deterred by his solemn and peculiar appearance. He listened with great interest to a hymn, and then left the room, taking his last leave of human society.

The doctor, from the first moment, had pronounced the attack to be of the most dangerous kind; there being, already, no pulse perceptible. At two o'clock in the morning there was a slight rally, but it was but a brief respite. As the day broke several of his brethren came round his couch, and delighted to hear his calm and peaceful expressions of reliance on his Saviour. Prayer was made for him in the most fervent and earnest manner; the speaker still leaving him in the kind and gracious hands of his Heavenly Father, to do

with him as seemed best in His sight. The prayer ceased, and with one look of affection to his beloved partner, the dying missionary resigned his breath, and "entered into the joy of his Lord." He died at about nine o'clock on Monday morning, being rather less than twelve hours after his first remark, "I do not feel quite well."

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VII.

“In Perils in the Wilderness.”

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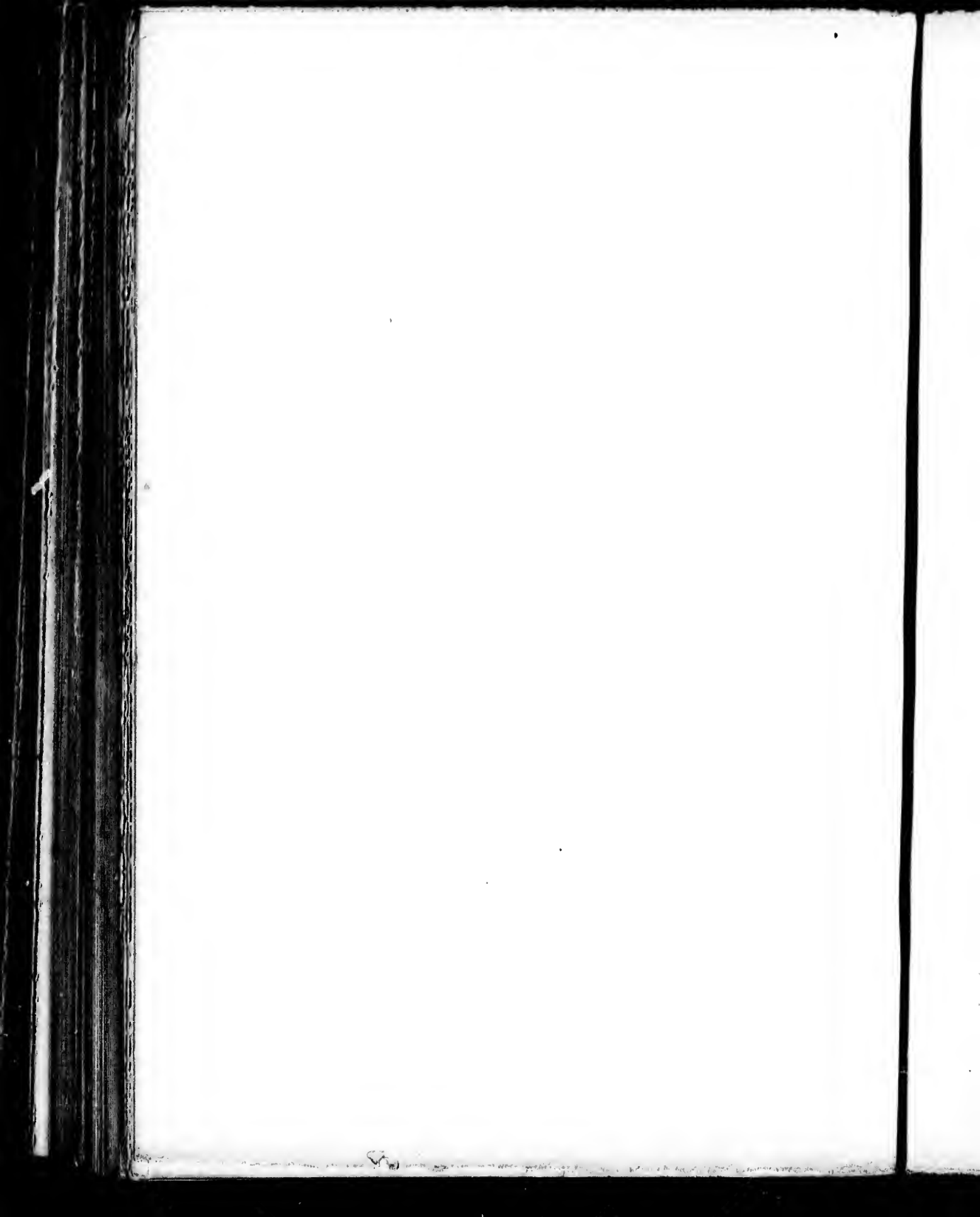
HENRY MARTYN.

ROBERT MOFFATT.

DR. LIVINGSTONE.

THOMAS YOUD.

ALLEN GARDINER.



## “IN PERILS IN THE WILDERNESS.”

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### EXCESSIVE HEAT.

HENRY MARTYN.

WE have already seen Henry Martyn in his last journey, in 1812, from Shiraz homewards. But in the preceding year, 1811, in travelling from India into Persia, he encountered some peculiar dangers. A few extracts from his journal will give the best idea of these.

“ May 31, 1811. Our Persian dresses being ready, we set off this evening for Shiraz. It was a fine moonlight night, about ten o'clock, when we issued from the gate of Bushire, and began to make our way over the plain. This was the first time we had any of us put off the European, and the novelty of our situation supplied us with many subjects of conversation for about two hours, when we began to flag and grow sleepy. One of the muleteers began to sing; he sang with a voice so plaintive, that it was impossible not to have one's attention arrested.

In the course of the night, as often as our dulness and sleepiness seemed to require it, he entertained us with a song. We met two or three other cafilas taking advantage of the night to get on.

"June 1. At sunrise we came to our ground at Ahmeda, six parasangs, and pitched our tent under a tree; it was the only shelter we could get. At first the heat was not greater than we had often felt in India, but it soon became so intense as to be quite alarming. When the thermometer was above  $112^{\circ}$  (fever heat), I began to lose my strength fast; at last it became quite intolerable. I wrapped myself in a blanket, to defend myself from the external air; by which means the moisture was kept a little longer upon the body, and not so speedily evaporated as when the skin was exposed. One of my companions followed my example and found the benefit of it. But the thermometer still rising, and the moisture of the body being quite exhausted, I grew restless, and thought I should have lost my senses. At last it stood at  $126^{\circ}$ ; in this state I composed myself, and concluded that though I might hold out a day or two, death was inevitable. Captain —, who sat it out, continued to tell the hour and height of the thermometer, and with what pleasure did we hear of its sinking to  $120^{\circ}$ ,  $118^{\circ}$ , &c. At last the fierce sun retired, and I crept out, more dead than alive. It was then a difficulty how I should proceed

on my journey; for, besides the effects of the heat, I had had no sleep, and had eaten nothing. However, while they were loading the mules I got an hour's sleep, and then set out, the muleteer leading my horse; and the cool air of the night restored me wonderfully, so that I arrived at our next munzil with no other derangement than that occasioned by want of sleep. Expecting such another day as the last, we began to make preparations the instant we arrived on the ground. I got a tattie made of the branches of the date-tree, and a Persian peasant to water it; by this means the thermometer inside did not rise higher than 112°. But what best secured me was a large wet towel, which I wrapped round my head and body, muffling up my lower limbs in clothes. How could I but be grateful to a gracious Providence for giving me so simple a defence against what I am persuaded would have destroyed my life that day! We took care not to go without nourishment as we had done the day before; the neighbouring village supplied us with curds and milk. At sunset, rising to go out, a scorpion fell upon my clothes. Captain —— gave the alarm, and I struck it off, and he killed it. We got no sleep, fearing another might visit us.

“ June 2. We arrived at the foot of the mountain, where a strong smell of naphtha announced something more than ordinarily foul in the neigh-



bourhood. There was a river,—what flowed in it it seemed hard to say,—whether it were water or green oil ; it scarcely moved, and the stones were greyish, as if its foul touch had given them the leprosy. Our place of encampment this day was a grove of date-trees, where the atmosphere at sunrise was far hotter than the ambient air. I threw myself on the ground and slept ; when the tent came up I awoke, as usual, in a burning fever. All this day I had recourse to the wet towel, which kept me alive, but would allow of no sleep. It was a sorrowful Sabbath ; but Captain —— read a few hymns, in which I found consolation. At nine in the evening we set out again. The air was so insufferably hot that I could not travel without a wet towel round my face and neck. This night we began to ascend the mountains. The road often passed along the edge of tremendous precipices, where one false step of the horse would have plunged his rider into inevitable death. The scenery would have impressed me much under other circumstances, but my sleepiness and fatigue rendered me insensible to everything around me.

\* \* \* \* \*

“ June 4. We rode briskly over the plain, breathing a purer air, and soon reached a caravansera. It was more calculated for Eastern than for European travellers, having no means of keeping

out the air and light. We found the thermometer at  $110^{\circ}$ . . . . After ascending another mountain, we descended by a long and circuitous route into an extensive valley, where we were exposed to the sun till eight o'clock. On my arrival at Carzeroon I could not compose myself to sleep; there seemed to be a fire in my head, my skin was like a cinder, and my pulse violent. Throughout the day it was too hot to sleep, and had the cafila gone on that day I could not have accompanied it; but it halted a day, and so I got a sort of night's rest, though I woke twenty times to dip my burning hand in water."

## DESERT WANDERINGS.

ROBERT MOFFATT.

MR. MOFFATT entered on his labours in South Africa in 1817. He thus describes one of his first journeys:—

“ My oxen being somewhat refreshed, I bade farewell to my companions in travel, and proceeded with a guide through a comparatively trackless desert. Having travelled nearly the whole night through deep sand, the oxen began to lie down in the yoke from fatigue, obliging us to halt before reaching water. The next day we pursued our course, but on arriving at the place where we had hoped to find water we were disappointed. As it appeared evident that if we continued in the same route we must perish from thirst, at the suggestion of the guide we turned northward, over a dreary, trackless, sandy waste, without one green blade of grass, and scarcely a bush on which the wearied eye could rest. It became dark, the oxen were unable

to proceed, we ourselves were exhausted with thirst and fatigue, so we stretched our wearied limbs on sand still warm from the noontide heat, it being the hot season of the year. Thirst roused us at an early hour, and finding the oxen incapable of moving the waggon one inch, we took a spade, and with the oxen, proceeded to a hollow in a neighbouring mountain. Here we laboured for a long time, digging an immense hole in the sand, whence we obtained a scanty supply, exactly resembling the old bilge-water of a ship, but which was drunk with an avidity which no pen can describe. Hours were occupied in incessant labour to obtain a sufficiency for the oxen; which, by the time all had partaken, were ready for a second draught; while some, from the depth of the hole and the loose sand, got scarcely any. We filled the small vessels which we had brought, and returned to the waggon over a plain glowing with a meridian sun. The sand was so hot, that it was distressingly painful to walk. The oxen ran frantic, till they came to a place indurated, with little sand. Here they stood together, to cool their burning hoofs in the shade of their own bodies; those on the outside always trying to get into the centre. In the evening, when about to yoke them, in order to proceed on our journey, we found that most of the oxen had run off towards Bysondermeid. An attendant, who was despatched in search of them,

returned at midnight with the sad tidings that he was compelled by thirst, and terror of lions, to abandon his pursuit.

"No time was to be lost, and I instantly sent off the remaining oxen with two men, to take them to the next fountain, and then to proceed to solicit assistance from Mr. Bartlett at Pella. Three days I remained with my waggon-driver on this burning plain, with scarcely a breath of wind; and what there was felt as if coming from the mouth of an oven. We had only tufts of dry grass to make a small fire, or rather flame; and indeed little was needful, for we had scarcely any food to prepare. We saw no human being, although we had an extensive prospect; not a single antelope or beast of prey made his appearance, but in the dead of night we sometimes heard the distant roar of the lion on the mountain, where we had to go twice a-day for our nauseous beverage. At last, when we were beginning to fear that the men had either perished or wandered, Mr. Bartlett, with two men, arrived with provisions on their saddles. Though inured to Namaqua heat, Mr. B. remarked that what we had experienced was enough to set the grass on fire."

## POISONED WATER.

ROBERT MOFFATT.

“WE had reached the river early in the afternoon, after a dreadfully scorching ride over a sandy plain. Three of my companions, who were in advance, rode forward to a Bushman village on an ascent some hundred yards from the river. I went, because my horse would go, towards a little pool on a dry branch of the river, from which the torrents had receded to the larger course. Dismounting, I pushed through a narrow opening in the bushes, and lying down, took a hearty draught. Immediately I perceived an unusual taste in my mouth, and looking again at the water and the temporary fence round it, it flashed across my mind that the water was poisoned for the purpose of killing game. I came out, and meeting one of the party who had been in the rear, I told him my suspicion.

“At that moment a Bushman from the village came running, breathless, and, apparently terrified,

took me by the hand, as if to prevent my going to the water, talking meanwhile with great excitement, though neither I nor my companion could understand him; but when I made signs to him that I had drunk, he was speechless for a moment or two, and then ran off to the village. I followed him, and on dismounting, I began to think for the last time, the poor Bushmen and women looked at me with eyes which expressed heartfelt compassion. My companions expected to see me fall down every moment,—no one spoke. Observing their down-cast looks I smiled, and this seemed to fill them with joy. However I soon began to feel a violent turmoil within, and a fulness of the system, as if the arteries would burst, while the pulsation became rapid, and was accompanied with a slight giddiness of the head. We made the natives understand that I wanted the solanum-fruit, which acts as an emetic. They ran in all directions, but sought in vain. I drank largely of pure water, and soon a violent perspiration broke out. The strange and painful sensation gradually wore away, but it was not entirely removed for some days."

## MORE DESERT WANDERINGS.

ROBERT MOFFATT.

“HAVING refreshed ourselves with a bathe and a draught of water, we prepared for the thirsty road we had to traverse, but before starting we deliberated whether we should finish the last small portion of meat that remained, or reserve it. We concluded to keep it till evening. We therefore drank water plentifully. We had no vessels in which to carry any, nor were our horses equal to more than the carriage of our persons. During the day we had to halt, fearing our horses would break down altogether from the excessive heat. When the evening drew on we pursued our journey. On reaching a bushless plain we alighted and made a fire; we fired a shot and listened, but gloomy, desert silence reigned around. We conversed as to what was to be done, and had just determined to remain, when we thought we would fire one more shot. It was answered by a lion, who was apparently very near.



We instantly sprang upon our horses, urging them towards the mountains, but they could not go much more than a walking pace, and we feared being overtaken. On reaching the pass in the mountains we found no secure refuge, so we continued to pursue the track, which led us through bushes, stones, and sand. The grunt of a solitary baboon, or the squalling of its young ones, were the only sound, till the silence was broken by a tremendous roar. We just then reached the egress of the defile, and were cheered by the sight of the moon rising brightly in the east. Descending from the mountain-pass we would gladly have taken some rest, but thirst and the lion's vicinity forced us to continue our journey, though our horses were completely jaded.

"We continued this slow and silent march for hours, till the far-distant roar of the lion showed us that we had been delivered out of his jaws. We slept, from overpowering fatigue; but awoke speechless from thirst, our eyes inflamed, and our whole frames burning with fever. I ascended a rugged height, and found a place where water once was, but it was as dry as the sandy plain beneath. Turning to descend, and happening to cough, I was instantly surrounded by almost a hundred baboons, some of large size. They grunted, grinning, and sprang from stone to stone, protruding their mouths, and threatening an instant attack.

I kept them off with my gun, but I knew their character and disposition too well to fire, for if I had wounded one of them, I should have been skinned alive in five minutes. I would have given anything to be at the bottom of the hill again. When I at last reached the plain, they appeared to hold a noisy council, either about what they had done, or intended doing. Meanwhile I got away from them.

“We now saddled the poor animals, who, though they had picked up a little grass, looked miserable beyond description. We directed our course towards Witte water, where we could scarcely expect to arrive before the afternoon, even if we reached it all, for we were soon forced to dismount, and to drive our horses slowly and silently over the glowing plain. Often did we seek old ant-hills, excavated by the ant-eater, into which to thrust our heads, in order to have something between our fevered brains and the piercing rays of the sun. Nothing animate could be seen or heard, except the shrill chirping of a beetle, the noise of which seemed to increase with the intensity of the heat. Not a cloud had been seen since we left our homes.

“We felt an irresistible inclination to remain at any bush which could afford the least shelter from the burning sun, the crown of the head having a sensation as if covered with live coal, and the

mind wandering. My companion became rather wild. He asked for the gun, apparently to relieve me from the burden of it; but I felt glad soon after to regain possession of it.

"The horses moved only at the slowest pace, and that only when driven. Speech was gone, and everything was expressed by signs. At last, after sitting a long while under a bush, oh! what a relief was it, when my guide pointed to a distant hill, near to which, he said, water lay. Courage revived, but it was with pain and labour that we reached it in the afternoon. Our horses hurried to the pool, and consumed nearly all the water. We rested, grew a little cooler, and drank, and though muddy and filled with animalculæ, it was a reviving draught. We rested again, but the declining sun warned us to go forward, and painful was the alternate ride and walk, till we reached at a late hour the abode of Mr. Anderson. Entering the door speechless, haggard, emaciated, and covered with dust, I made known by signs my urgent want of a draught of water. Coffee was instantly prepared, and the couch which followed was indeed a bed of down. I drank and slept, and arose in the morning another man."

## WILD BEASTS.

ROBERT MOFFATT.

IN 1826 Mr. Moffatt determined on a visit to the Baralongs, chiefly with a view to acquire some knowledge of their language. He thus describes an adventure by the way:—

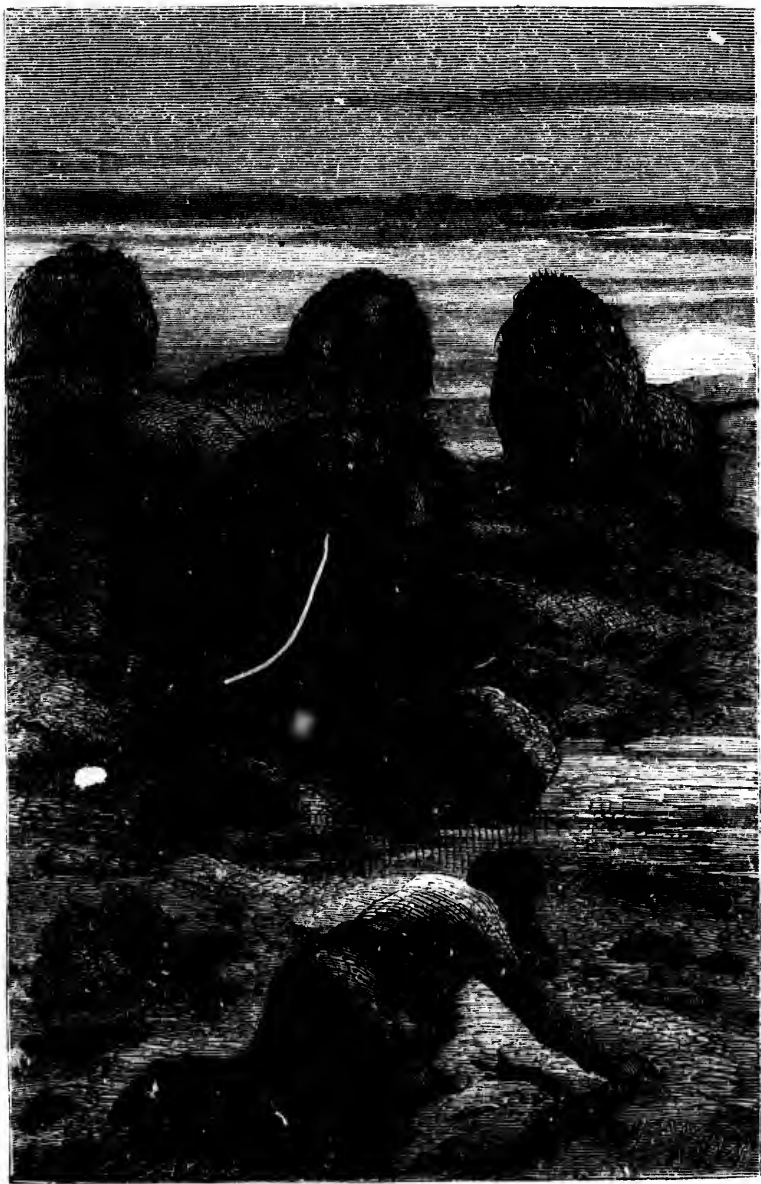
“ Having put my waggon in order, and taken a driver, guide, &c., I left the station, and my wife and family, for two or three months. Our journey lay over a wild and dreary country, inhabited by Balalas only, and but a sprinkling of these. On the night of the third day's journey, having halted at a pool, we listened, on the lonely plain, for the sound of an inhabitant, but all was silent. We could discover no lights, and, amidst the darkness, were unable to trace foot-marks to the pool. We let loose our wearied oxen to drink and graze, but, as we were ignorant of the character of the place, we took a torch and examined the edges of the pool, to see what animals were in the habit of drinking

there. To our alarm, we discovered many footprints of lions. We immediately collected the oxen and brought them to the waggon, fastening them with the strongest thongs we had, having discovered in their appearance something wild, as if they knew that danger was near. We took a little supper, which was followed by our evening hymn and prayer. I had retired only a few minutes to my waggon to prepare for the night, when all the oxen, in a moment, started to their feet. A lion had seized a young cow belonging to the two Baralongs who accompanied me, and had dragged it to the distance of only thirty or forty yards, where we distinctly heard it tearing the animal, and breaking its bones, while its bellowings were most lamentable. When these ceased, I took my gun, but as it was too dark to see any object at that distance, I aimed by the sound, and the lion replied by tremendous roarings. The two Baralongs took torches, meaning to advance and throw them at him, so as to give me light to take aim. They had scarcely thrown them when the flame went out, and the lion rushed after them. I fired, and the ball struck the ground under his head, on which he retreated, growling fearfully. It was now thought that we had better let him alone if he did not further molest us.

"Having not wood enough to keep up the fire, one man crept among the bushes on one side the

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"I had not gone far, when, looking upward to the edge of the basin, I discerned between me and the sky four animals."—P. 199.

pool, while I proceeded on the same search on the other side. I had not gone far, when, looking upward to the edge of the basin, I discerned between me and the sky four animals, whose attention appeared to be directed towards me by the noise I made in breaking a dry stick. On closer inspection, I saw that these four heads were those of lions, and retreated, on my hands and feet, to the other side of the pool, when coming to my waggon-driver to warn him of our danger, I found him looking, with no little alarm, in an opposite direction, and with good reason, as two lions and a cub were eyeing us all the time, apparently as doubtful about us as we were about them. They appeared, as they usually do in the dark, twice the usual size. We decamped to the waggon, and sat down to keep alive our scanty fire, while we listened to our first assailant tearing and devouring his prey. When any of the other hungry lions dared to approach, he would pursue them for some distance with a growl which made our poor oxen tremble, and produced anything but agreeable sensations among ourselves. The two Baralongs grudged the lion his meal; sighing out their regret that such a villain should have had a feast on the poor creature who, they hoped, would have given them many a meal of milk. Before the day dawned, having filled his stomach, he collected most of the remainder and



dragged it after him, leaving nothing but some fragments of bones. When it was light we examined the spot, and found from the foot-marks, that the lion was a large one, and had devoured the cow himself. I had some difficulty in believing this, till the two Baralongs showed me that the footsteps of the other lions did not come within thirty yards of the spot where the poor cow had been devoured. I had often heard how much a large, hungry lion could eat, but nothing less than personal experience could have convinced me that it was possible for him to have devoured all the flesh of a good heifer."

## WILD BEASTS.

DR. LIVINGSTONE.

“THE next time the herds were attacked, I went with the people to encourage them to rid themselves of the annoyance, by destroying one of the marauders. We found the lions on a small hill, about a quarter of a mile in length, and covered with trees. A circle of men was formed around it, and they gradually closed up, ascending pretty near to each other. Being down below on the plain with a native schoolmaster, named Mebalwe, I saw one of the lions sitting on a piece of rock within our circle. Mebalwe fired at him before I could, and the ball struck the rock on which the animal was sitting. He bit at the spot struck, as a dog does at a stick or stone thrown at him; then leaping away, broke through the opening circle and escaped unhurt. The men were afraid to attack him; perhaps on account of their belief in witchcraft. When the circle was reformed, we saw two other lions in it;

but we were afraid to fire, lest we should strike some of the men, and they allowed the beasts to burst through also. If they had acted according to the custom of the country, they would have speared the lions in their attempt to get out. Seeing we could not get them to kill one of the lions, we bent our footsteps towards the village, and in going round the end of the hill, I saw one of the beasts sitting on a piece of rock as before; but this time he had a little bush in front. Being about thirty yards off, I took a good aim at his body through the bush, and fired both barrels into it. The men called out, 'He is shot! he is shot!' Others cried, 'He has been shot by another man too; let us go to him.' I did not see any one else shoot at him, but I saw the lion's tail erected in anger behind the bush, and turning to the people said, 'Stop a little till I load again.' When in the act of ramming down the bullets I heard a shout. Starting, and looking half round, I saw the lion just in the act of springing upon me. I was upon a little height; he caught my shoulder as he sprang, and we both came to the ground below together. Growling horribly close to my ear, he shook me as a terrier-dog does a rat. The shock produced a stupor similar to that which seems to be felt by a mouse after the first shake of the cat. It caused a sort of dreaminess, in which there was no sense of pain or feeling of terror,

though quite conscious of all that was happening. It was like what patients partially under the influence of chloroform describe, who see all the operation, but feel not the knife. This singular condition was not the result of any mental process. The shake annihilated fear, and allowed no sense of horror in looking round at the beast. This peculiar state is probably produced in all animals killed by the carnivora; and if so, it is a merciful provision by our benevolent Creator for lessening the pain of death. Turning round to relieve myself of the weight, as he had one paw on the back of my head, I saw his eyes directed to Mebalwe, who was trying to shoot him at a distance of ten or fifteen yards. His gun, a flint one, missed fire in both barrels; the lion immediately left me, and attacking Mebalwe, bit his thigh. Another man, whose life I had saved before, after he had been tossed by a buffalo, attempted to spear the lion while he was biting Mebalwe. He left Mebalwe and caught this man by the shoulder; but at that moment the bullets he had received took effect, and he fell down dead. The whole was the work of a few moments, and must have been his paroxysm of dying rage. In order to take out the charm from him, the Bakatla on the following day made a huge bonfire over the carcass, which they declared to be that of the largest lion they had ever seen. Besides

crunching the bone into splinters, he left eleven teeth-wounds in the upper part of the arm. A wound of this kind is like a gun-shot wound, it is generally followed by a great deal of sloughing and discharge, and periodical pains are felt in the part ever afterwards. I had on a tartan jacket on the occasion, and I believe that it wiped off all the virus from the teeth which pierced the flesh; for while my two companions have both suffered from these peculiar pains, I escaped with only the inconvenience of a false joint in my limb. The man whose shoulder was wounded, showed me his wound opening afresh on the same month of the following year."

## IN SOUTH AMERICA.

THOMAS YOUND.

MR. YOUND, on his return to Pinara, had a narrow escape from a large serpent. The morning was fine, and they were quietly paddling along the river, when the Indians observed a large snake swimming across it. They at first halted to obtain a better view of the creature; but, on perceiving that he was making for the canoe, Mr. Youd told them to proceed with all speed. Very soon, however, the snake had overtaken them, and a scuffle began, the Indians striking him with their paddles as he approached the canoe. At last, becoming enraged, he raised himself out of the water, and dropped into the canoe in the midst of them. In a moment every Indian was in the water, diving and swimming away as fast as possible. Mr. Youd snatched up a cutlass, and as the creature raised itself for the attack, he struck it with the cutlass a few inches below the head, dividing the vertebræ.

It dropped at once, and Mr. Youd despatched it by a few more blows. It measured thirty-one feet in length, and the body was the size of a stout man's leg. It was a happy circumstance that the blow fell where it did, for the skin of the neck is less tough than in other parts, and the wound was fatal.

To another kind of peril, however, Mr. Youd finally fell a victim. He had instructed two Indian boys for some months, when the father came one day to summon them to some heathen revels. The boys refused to go, declaring their dislike to such festivities. The father, enraged, and attributing their refusal to the missionary, muttered a threat that he should pay for it. Soon after he sent a leg of deer. Mr. and Mrs. Y. having partaken of it, were seized with illness. Mrs. Y. died, but Mr. Y., having taken a strong emetic, recovered. But an Indian never rests till he has accomplished such a purpose. A second dose must have been invisibly administered; for again Mr. Y. felt the effects of poison, and again owed his life to an emetic. He left that station and lost sight of the Indian. But, after a time, the latter made his appearance, having followed him. One day Mr. Youd fell asleep at his meal, and was awakened, after a nap, by acute pain. He had recourse to an emetic again, but the poison had taken too much hold. After a fortnight's

struggle he died. The intelligence reached the old Indian, who exclaimed, "Now it is all well;" and went and fired off his gun, which is with them a token of rejoicing. He loaded it a second time, when, putting in too full a charge, it burst, shattered his arm, and in a short time he was a corpse.

Mr. Youd's place was taken by Mr. Pollitt, who after a while, succeeded in obtaining a grant from the government for a new chapel. To the opening of this he looked forward with the greatest pleasure. A little before the time appointed he went to the town to procure some needful things, and on Saturday was returning home up the river, anxious to reach home before the Sabbath should dawn. He desired the Indians to proceed on their way as soon as the moon was up. Meanwhile he took some repose in his little tent in the canoe. About two o'clock in the morning they arrived at one of the rapids. They endeavoured to ascend, but, being weak-handed, and not clearly seeing their way, they failed in the attempt. Mr. Pollitt was aroused out of his sleep by the thunder of the waters, and had just time to grasp one of the bushes which grow upon the rocks, when the canoe upset, and all the people, with its contents, were thrown into the river. The Indians saved themselves by means of their paddles and by clinging to the canoe, but Mr. Pollitt was in



imminent danger of drowning. The torrent drifting him from side to side tired him, and a nest of ants beneath the bush ran over his hands and face, stinging him severely. He prayed earnestly for deliverance, and, after remaining in this painful position for what seemed an interminable time, he was rejoiced to hear the sound of paddles. The Indians had recovered their boat and emptied out the water, and were now in search of their passenger. All his goods, however, with the exception of a single gun, were gone, and he himself, from long exposure to wet, caught a fever, from which he was long in recovering.

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## IN SOUTH AFRICA.

ALLEN GARDINER.

OF the general character of Capt. Gardiner's missionary life we have already spoken. His active labours commenced in South Africa in 1834. Leaving England in August, he landed in Table Bay in November. His last prayer before landing was, "Having put my hand to the plough, may I never turn back." And the strength to persevere was abundantly bestowed upon him. His first efforts were devoted to the Zulu people, on the eastern coast of South Africa. He was warned by the Kafirs that "the Zulus are an angry people, and will kill you; you had better not go to their country." But with Allen Gardiner fear never had the least sway. He toiled onward for a month with one friend, and a few attendants. Then, believing that he was drawing near to the Zulu country, his restless ardour led him to proceed alone with a guide, leaving his friend, Mr. Berkin,

with the waggons, to follow as they could. He thus describes his onward journey :—

"I set out on Monday the 20th, and a more disagreeable journey I never had. A chief difficulty was to find and keep the road. On one occasion we did not find out our error until we had got into the very heart of a morass, in which, in a moment, both horses sank up to their haunches. My poor mare was so completely imbedded, that it was only by the process of mining, and that with our own hands, and at last applying leather thongs and heaving each limb out by main force, that she was finally extricated. We were quite off the road, the night was approaching, and by wandering farther we might only increase our difficulties; so soon, therefore, as we could find out a spot of *terra firma*, I selected the most eligible bush, and haltering the horses, prepared for our nightly bivouac. The night proved rainy, and I rose completely drenched. That day we came to a river, which, from its size and rapidity, we felt sure must be the Umzimcoolu. But there appeared no possibility of getting across. We went from point to point, but could discover no passage. A very reduced allowance of biscuits and cheese, with a little brandy, had been my only fare since leaving the baggage, and even this was now entirely expended.

"Scarcely had daylight appeared the next morn-

ing, when every expedient was resorted to for the supply of our wants. Hooks and lines, however, such as we could make, failed; not one of the finny tribe would bite. The birds also deserted us, and all that my guide could procure was three sand-larks, which I did not taste. The next morning I went to examine the river once more at the upper ford; when, on approaching the spot, I can hardly describe my joy on perceiving one of our Bechuana iads, perched on the back of one of our baggage-horses, midway in the stream. On perceiving that the river was fordable, I desired the people to await my return, and rode off to communicate the joyful news, and to offer thanks to the Author of all our mercies. But it was long before we were all across. My poor mare sank in a quicksand when about half-way, and was too weak to extricate herself. When we had landed, before we could get through the high reeds which covered the bank, so heavy a shower descended, that in a few minutes we were all thoroughly wetted.

“We were led to expect to reach a village in an hour or two from the Umzimcoolu, but it took us nearly a day and a half of hard travelling. The wind was high, and the rain so constant, that our progress was greatly impeded. During the whole of that night the rain never once intermitted,—no fire could be kindled, and a little brown sugar, the

only supply that remained, was all that we tasted for two days. Wet and hungry, and without a dry thread, I was fearful of the consequences of sleeping in such a state; and though often obliged to beat my body to prevent sleep from overcoming me, I succeeded in keeping erect till morning; and, although it still rained, I never hailed the first streaks of day with greater delight. When we proceeded on our journey, at a small rocky stream one of the horses was swept down and nearly drowned. At last we reached the village, and obtained some Indian corn and native bread.

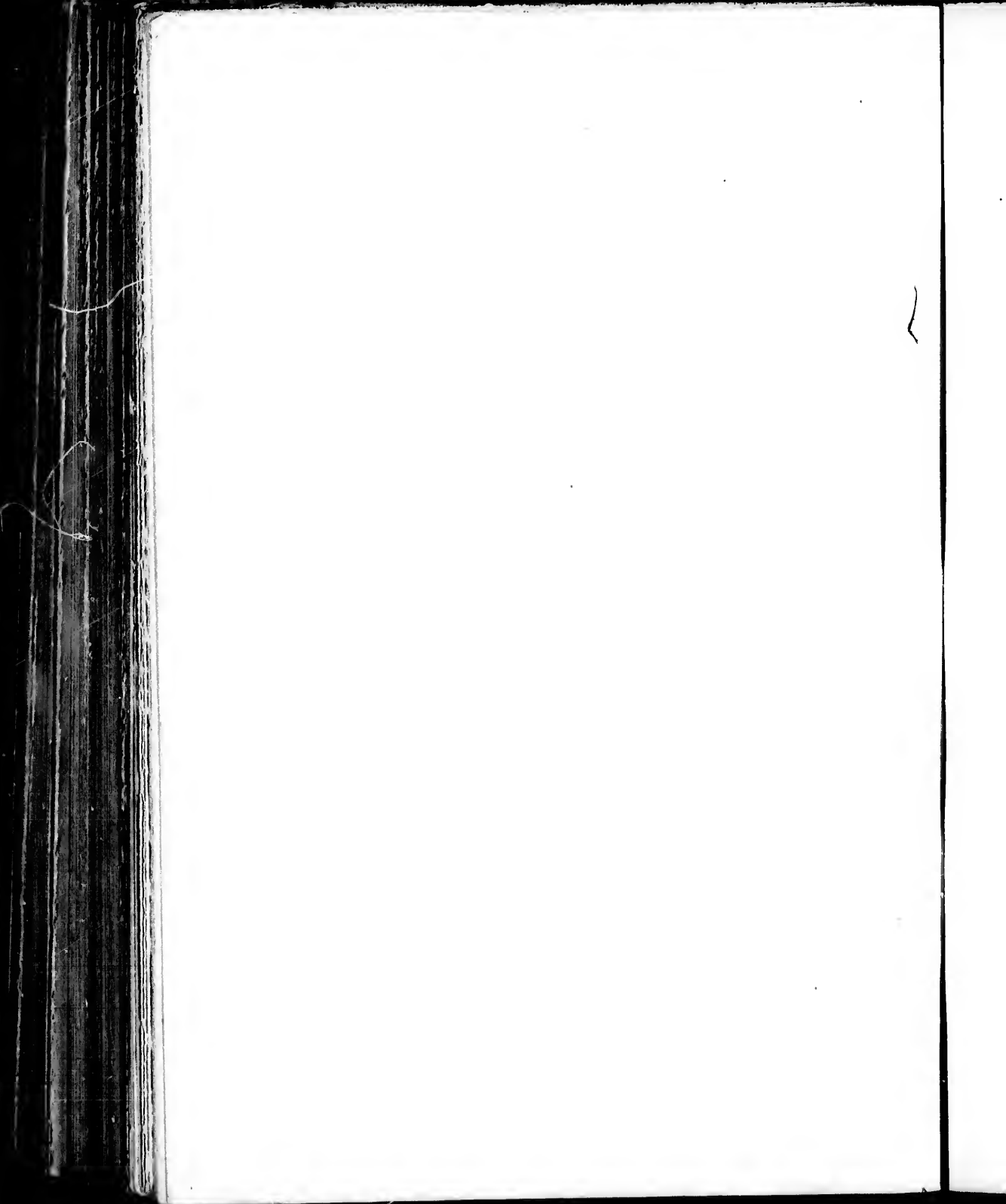
"The next large river, the Umcamas, being at this time very high and rapid, I made a sort of raft or canoe; but as its sufficiency had not been tried, I shoved off alone, not willing to risk anything until the merits of my new vessel had been properly tested. I gained the opposite landing-place without difficulty, but in trying to return, it became necessary to ascend the stream, which all my efforts could not effect. After toiling for a considerable time I was at last obliged to relinquish the attempt, and to return to the opening in the reeds which I had just left. I had no provisions with me except a little sugar, and my position was by no means enviable. I was standing in a gap among the reeds, which rose considerably above my head. On both sides of me I heard the snorting of the hippopotami; and

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"I was standing in a gap among the reeds, which rose considerably above my head. On both sides of me I heard the snorting of the hippopotami."—P. 212.



stood for some time with my paddle uplifted, expecting a rush. I attempted to sleep in the canoe, but the mosquitoes were too active to render that possible. At last, exhausted, I sank down on the wet grass at a distance from the bushes, and there, without a covering, contrived to sleep until the morning. The next day we reached Port Natal, and, after a short stay, proceeded, and obtained sight of the Zulu country on the 3d of February."





VIII.

“ In Perils in the Sea.”

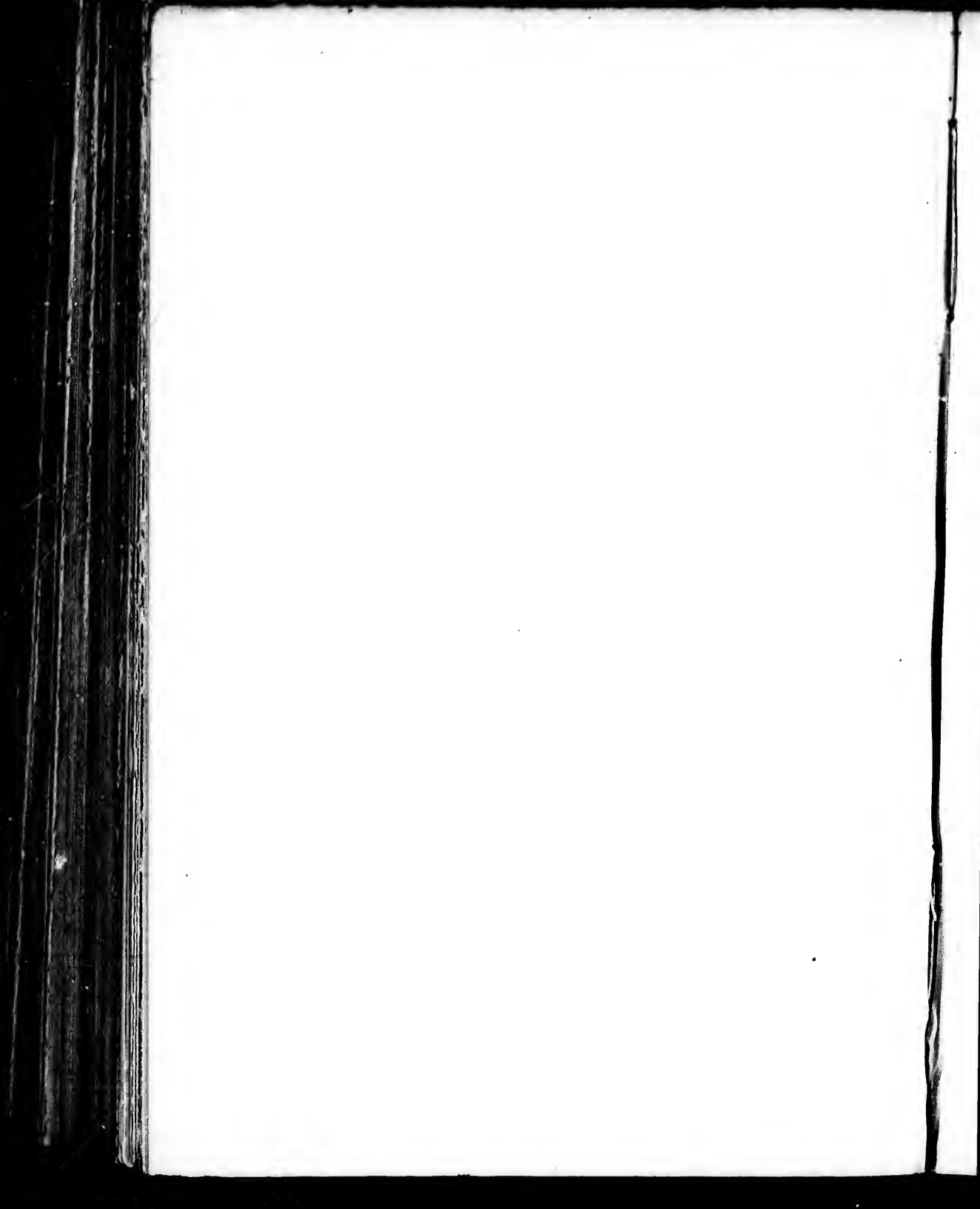
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WILLIAM ELLIS.

JOHN WILLIAMS.

WILLIAM CROSS.

B. J. ASHWELL.



## “IN PERILS IN THE SEA.”

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### IN POLYNESIA.

WILLIAM ELLIS.

“WHEN returning from the Sandwich Islands in the *Russell*, in 1825, we experienced a signal deliverance. Our Sabbath afternoon worship on the quarter-deck had just terminated; Mrs. Ellis was lying on a sofa, when, observing signs of terror in the countenance of the boy at the helm, she said, ‘What is it that alarms you?’ He replied hurriedly, ‘I see a whirlwind coming:’ and pointed to a cloud a little to the windward. The officer on deck instantly sent an able seaman to the helm, and called up the captain. I was in the cabin when I heard the officer, with unusual earnestness, ask the captain to come on deck. I quickly followed, and on reaching the deck my attention was immediately directed to a waterspout.

“The breeze was fresh, and as the object of alarm was still at some distance, it was possible we

might be able to avoid it. The captain, therefore, took in none of the sails, but called all hands on deck and placed every man at his post. We marked the approach of the peril with great anxiety. The column of water was well defined, extending in an unbroken line from the sea to the clouds, which seemed neither dense nor lowering. Around the outside of this column was a kind of thick mist, and within this a substance resembling steam, ascending apparently with a spiral motion. We could not perceive that much effect was produced on the cloud at the upper end of the column, but the sea at its foot was agitated with a whirling motion, while the spray thrown off rose apparently twenty feet above the level of the sea. After watching for some time in breathless suspense its advance towards us, we had the unspeakable delight of seeing it incline its course to one side, and at last pass by us, at a distance of about a mile. The sails, which had been kept in readiness for any necessity, were again made fast, the sailors returned to their ordinary duties, and we pursued our way with renewed thankfulness for the deliverance we had experienced."

## JOHN WILLIAMS.

MR. WILLIAMS left England for the isles of the Pacific, in November 1816. In June 1834, after nearly eighteen years of unceasing labour, he landed in England, for a visit to recruit his health. In April 1838, he again left England for the Southern Ocean, and in November 1839 he died on the beach of the island of Erromanga.

During this long period of missionary labour his deliverances from peril were many. One or two of these may be described.

At the island of Atiu, in 1831, his life was nearly ended. He says, "The reefs which often surround these islands are overhanging or shelving rocks, having hollows or caverns underneath, and the danger most to be dreaded is the being forced by the violence of the waves into these submarine chasms or hollows, and there entangled among the recesses of the branching coral, to escape from which is almost impossible.

"At Atiu, on reaching the reef, we perceived that the sea was not breaking with its usual violence, and I therefore determined to land in the boat. This was effected without much difficulty, but on returning to the ship, before we could get a sufficient

distance from the shore, another billow rolled in and overwhelmed us, and the boat with her crew was dashed upon the reef. Unfortunately I fell toward the sea, and was conveyed by the recoil of the billow to a considerable distance from the shore, where I was twirled about in a whirlpool and sank to a great depth. Being so long under water, I began to fear that I should rise no more. At length, however, I rose to the surface, and finding that there was time for me to reach the reef before the next wave burst upon it, I swam in that direction. On perceiving my situation, two of the natives sprang into the sea, and, as a considerable time elapsed before the next billow arrived, I succeeded by their assistance in escaping its fury. The people were standing on the reef, weeping bitterly under the apprehension that I was lost, and on my reaching the shore they gathered round me, and demonstrated their joy at my preservation by touching my clothes or kissing my hands. Thus, for the sixth time, was I rescued from a watery grave."

## WILLIAM CROSS.

MR. CROSS, who had been long labouring at Tongatabu, was appointed to Vavau, an island about three hundred miles distant, on which he applied to the Christian chief of Tongatabu for a vessel to convey him to that island. The chief provided Mr. C. with a large double canoe, nearly one hundred feet long, which he had put in order for the voyage.

The missionary and his wife, with several friendly natives, put to sea with a fair wind. It was then blowing moderately as well as favourably. But it soon increased to a storm, and when they had got about half way to the Hapais, a group of islands lying about midway between Tongatabu and Vavau, the mast of their canoe broke from the violence of the gale. The canoe was now unmanageable; the wind, too, had changed and was no longer in their favour. They had, therefore, no alternative but to make for the nearest land. At last they reached two barren rocks which lie about ten or fifteen miles from Tongatabu, where they hoped to take shelter for the night. But the surf was breaking with such violence on the shores that to effect a landing was impossible. They were obliged, in the darkness of a stormy night, to commit themselves again to



the mercy of the waves. Mrs. Cross, as soon as their peril became apparent, prayed earnestly to be saved from a watery grave, of which she had the greatest dread. The night being exceedingly dark, they knew not whither they were drifting; but after being the sport of the winds and waves for several hours, they found themselves suddenly dashed on one of the dangerous reefs by which Tongatabu is surrounded. In an instant the canoe was dashed to pieces, and all on board were precipitated into the deep. Recovering shortly from the shock, Mr. Cross and his wife gained a standing-place on the inner side of the reef, but Mrs. C. soon became exhausted, and felt it difficult to bear up against the billows that rolled over them. Mr. Cross being taller and stronger than his wife, was able to keep his head more out of the water. At length, seeing no prospect of being able to endure much longer, they consoled themselves with the thought of dying in each other's company, and of being together transported to a happier world. Committing both soul and body into the hands of their Heavenly Father, they resigned themselves to the death which now appeared very near. The last words Mr. Cross heard from his beloved wife were those of prayer; and shortly afterwards he found, as he still supported her head on his arm, that her body was floating on the waves, a lifeless corpse. Thus, on

a small unsheltered reef, in a dark, tempestuous night, exhausted in body and agonised in mind, the survivor was left alone, expecting every moment that the next wave would sweep him from his standing.

At this juncture a native, who had grasped a plank from among the scattered fragments of the wreck, floated past, and cried to Mr. Cross to share the support which this piece of wood could give. As nothing could render his situation worse than it was, he availed himself of the assistance thus offered, and committed himself to this frail support. After being driven onward for a time, they found themselves near a small island about a quarter of a mile from the reef. They succeeded in reaching it, but had scarcely sufficient strength remaining to crawl up its shores. The native, on landing, soon procured a fire, which not only warmed and reinvigorated them, but served as a beacon to their companions, nearly forty of whom were drifting or swimming about in the sea, not knowing where they were or which way they ought to take. The fire soon attracted many of them, but nearly twenty never rejoined their friends, but sank beneath the angry billows, there to rest until that great day when "the sea shall give up its dead."

## NEW ZEALAND.

B. J. ASHWELL.

IN April 1860, the Rev. B. J. Ashwell, one of the Church Missionary Society's missionaries in New Zealand, embarked in *The Southern Cross*, a vessel of seventy tons, with the Rev. J. C. Patterson, Mr. Dudley, and thirty-seven boys belonging to various Melanesian islands. Mr. Ashwell himself, and Mr. Kerr, another member of the New Zealand mission, purposed to return by the vessel, but the others were proceeding to their stations or homes in Banks' Isles, New Hebrides, and other islands in Melanesia.

The chief part of the business of the voyage had been transacted, and there remained in *The Southern Cross*, besides the crew, only Mr. Ashwell, Mr. Kerr, and two natives. On the 13th of June they came in sight of New Zealand, but the next day a strong gale blew, and the night became dark and very tempestuous. On the 15th "the gale fearfully increased, accompanied by thunder, lightning, rain, and hail. It was a dreadful night."

On the 16th it rained in torrents, the sea subsided, the wind ceased, and the vessel was almost becalmed. At two o'clock a northerly breeze sprung up, and they hoped to be in Auckland harbour on Monday. The 17th was Sunday, Mr. Ashwell had morning service, but felt oppressed with a sense of some impending calamity.

About five o'clock in the afternoon the wind increased to a gale, with very thick weather and rain. At ten at night they were startled to find land on the lee-bow, and only by press of sail contrived to escape foundering on an islet called the East Chicken. In about half-an-hour they again saw land on the lee-bow, being the southern head of Ugunguru Bay. Standing on, the vessel made the islet at the north head of that bay, but the weather was thick and the hills not visible. Thinking they had accomplished their purpose, the ship's head was put to the north, and she soon took the ground on a spot somewhat sheltered from the full violence of the sea. Nothing could be seen beyond the breakers. When she struck the sailors exclaimed, "We are lost; good bye, sir!" In a quarter of an hour the cuddy was filled, and the missionaries were up to their waists in water. The main cabin was soon filled also, the lights extinguished, and the missionaries were driven upon deck, over which the sea was sweeping every moment. They took refuge for

a while under the lee of the anchor, but were soon obliged to climb into the rigging. In less than half-an-hour the surf completely filled the vessel, and the boats were swept away, so that no way of getting ashore remained. From two o'clock in the morning until daylight all remained clinging to the masts and rigging. Mr. Ashwell and Mr. Kerr both spoke to the sailors, repeating hymns to them, though it was with difficulty that they retained their hold of the rigging.

How welcome was the morning light! They then found that they were in a bay, and had been driven nearly up to high-mark of its sandy beach. There were also houses within sight. By nine o'clock the tide had so far fallen that one of the sailors and one of the natives succeeded in swimming ashore with a line, and thus, through the mercy of God, all, after seven hours of clinging to the rigging, were drawn through the surf safely to land.

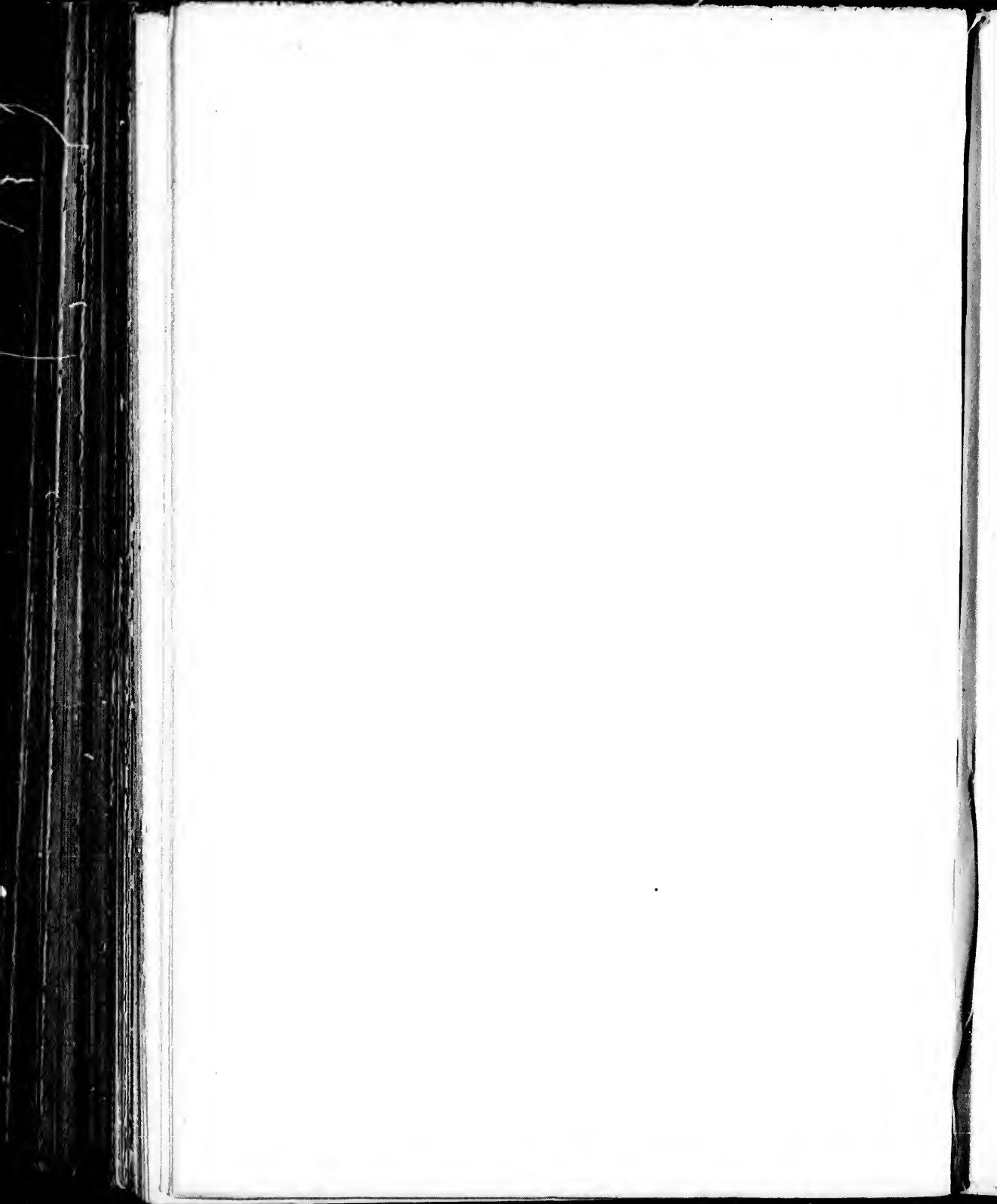
The missionaries remarked, with thankfulness to God's overruling hand,—1. That had not the wind shifted to the south-east, the vessel would have been dashed on the rocky beach of Patawa: 2. That if she had been driven a quarter of a mile further to the north, she would have gone on the rocks of the Ugunguru river: 3. That if the captain had not suddenly lost the axe, he would have cut away the

masts when the vessel was driving, and in that case there would have been nothing to cling to, and all must have been washed away. They knelt down on the beach, and thanked God for the deliverance He had wrought for them,—a deliverance which, six hours before, was beyond any human anticipation.

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IX.

“ In Perils among False Brethren :  
in Weariness and Painfulness : in Watch-  
ings often : in Hunger and Thirst : in  
Fasting often.”

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THE UNITED BRETHREN.

WILLIAM HOWE.

GREENLAND—THE UNITED BRETHREN.

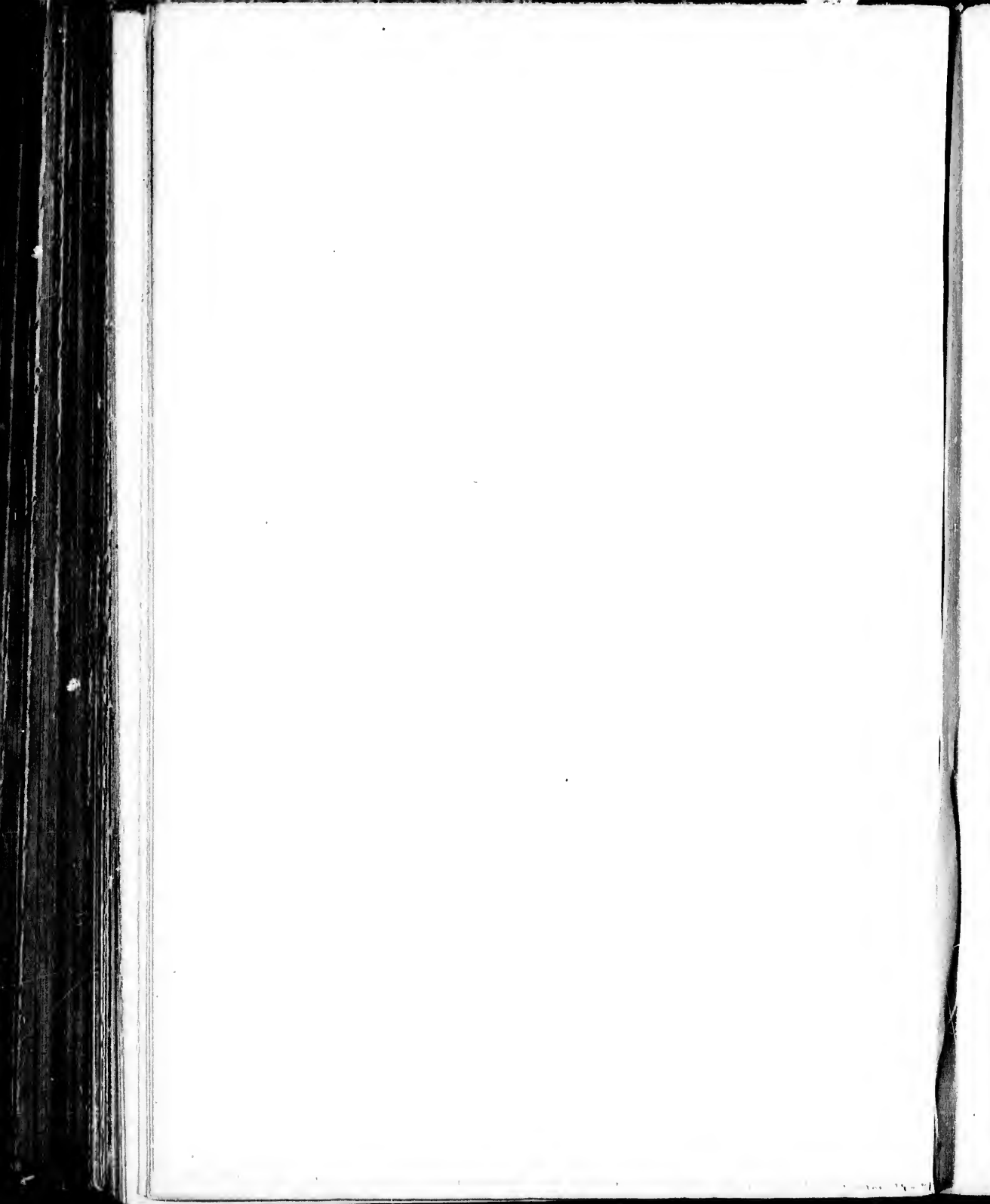
JOHN WILLIAMS.

R. HUNT.

ALLEN GARDINER.

MR. AND MRS. HELMORE.





## “ IN PERILS AMONG FALSE BRE- THREN.”

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### NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

#### THE UNITED BRETHREN.

As early as 1727, soon after the restoration of the Unity of the Brethren, they began to take into consideration the state of the heathen, believing themselves called of God to preach the Gospel of Christ to those who still sat “in darkness and in the shadow of death.” They began in 1732 to send out missionaries, and in 1739 Christian Henry Rauch was sent to New York to find his way to the North American Indians. He knew nothing of the people to whom he was sent, nor did he know where to find them; but he was assured of his call, and placed full confidence in God, that He would assist him and lead him to those to whom he was sent. He knew no person in New York; but it was providentially ordered that he should there meet with a missionary from the island of St. Thomas, who in-

roduced him to some Christian people, and thus found out the first steps of his path. No one, however, encouraged him; but all thought a mission to the Indians a most hopeless undertaking.

He found his way to Shekomeko, an Indian village on the borders of Connecticut, on the 16th of August, 1740, and "his entrance in among the heathen" was thus described some time afterwards by the first Indian who felt the power of the Gospel.

"Brethren, I have been a heathen, and I know how heathens think. Once a preacher came and began to explain to us that there was a God. We answered, 'Dost thou think us so ignorant as not to know that? Go back to the place from whence thou camest!' So we sent him away. Soon after another preacher came and began to teach us, 'You must not steal, nor lie, nor get drunk.' We answered, 'Thou fool! dost thou think that we do not know that? Go and teach the people to whom thou belongest not to do such things; for who steals, or lies, or is more drunken than thine own people?' And so we dismissed him also. After some time brother Christian Henry Rauch came into my hut and sat down by me. He said, 'I come to you in the name of the Lord of heaven and earth. He sends me to let you know that He will make you happy, and deliver you from the misery in which you now lie. To this end He became a man, gave His

life a ransom for man, was nailed to a cross, on which He shed His precious blood, and died for us, that we might be delivered from sin, saved by His merits, and be made heirs of everlasting life.' When he had finished his discourse he lay down on a board, fatigued by his journey, and fell into a sound sleep. I thought, 'What kind of a man is this? There he lies and sleeps. I might kill him and throw him out into the wood, and who would regard it? But this gives him no concern.' However, I could not forget his words. Even in my sleep I dreamed of the blood which Christ shed for us. I found this message to be something different from what I had ever heard before. I interpreted his words to the other Indians, and thus an awakening began amongst us."

Christian Rauch, however, was not exempt from that opposition and difficulty which meets every effective preacher of the truth; and he had to bear all those privations which were the lot of all the missionaries of the United Brethren. He had neither money to buy a horse, or means to keep one; hence, he had to toil from one Indian town to another, suffering fatigue, distress, and often famine. None received him into their houses, and it was long before fruit began to appear. After a time, however, the awakening spoken of in the Indian's speech took place, and numbers came to hear the Gospel.

Then began a bitter opposition ; his life was threatened, and even the awakened Indians avoided him. Some threatened to hang him up in the woods ; and an Indian on one occasion pursued him with a hatchet, meaning to murder him.

Soon after this, calumnies were spread in New York, which caused the local legislature to pass an Act of Assembly, ordering all suspicious persons to take certain oaths, or to be expelled the province. And on December 15, 1744, the sheriff and three justices of the peace at Shekomeko prohibited all meetings of the Brethren, and commanded the missionaries to appear before the court at Poughkeepsie on the 17th. They were there forbidden any longer to minister among the Indians. One of them wrote to his friends,—“ We are either to depart or to incur a heavy penalty. They threaten to seize upon all we possess. We have but little, and if they take away that little, we shall still have as much left as our Lord possessed while on earth.”

At length open accusations of traitorous designs were brought, and the missionaries were suddenly arrested, carried to New York, and thrown into prison. They remained in confinement seven weeks ; but after repeated examinations nothing could be established against them, and their release followed.

In 1755 the war between France and England brought various troubles on America. Indian tribes

were enlisted on either side, and a cruel war, carried on after the Indian fashion, spread through all the territories inhabited by the aborigines. The first attack was made near Shomokin, where the Indians of the French party fell upon six English plantations, plundered and burnt the dwellings, and murdered fourteen white people.

Soon after the Brethren's mission-house, on the Mahoney, was attacked on the night of November 24th, and eleven of the inhabitants murdered. The family were at supper, when a loud barking of the dogs excited their attention, and brother Senseman went to the back-door to see what was the matter. Hearing a gun fired, several ran together to the front entrance. The Indians stood with their guns pointed in this direction, and they fired immediately the door was opened, when Martin Nitschman was instantly killed. His wife and some others were wounded, but they quickly fled upstairs, and barricaded the bedroom-door with the furniture. Brother Partsch escaped by leaping from a back window, as did Brother Worbas, who was lying ill in bed. Meanwhile the Indians had rushed into the house, and pursued those who had taken refuge in the upper rooms; but finding it difficult to break open the bedroom-door, they set the house on fire. A boy, who had climbed upon the sloping roof, leaped off, and succeeded in escaping. Sister Partsch see-

ing this, took courage, and leaped also from the burning roof, and she also escaped. Brother Fabricius then took the same course, but was perceived by the Indians, who wounded him with two balls, and then despatched him with their hatchets, tearing off his scalp, and leaving him dead on the ground. The rest were all burnt in the house, and Brother Senseman, who had escaped out of the back-door, had the inexpressible grief to see his wife consumed by the flames. Sister Partsch, who, being wounded, could not run far, hid herself behind a tree near the louse, from whence she saw Sister Senseman standing with folded hands surrounded by the flames. The house being consumed, the murderers set fire to the outhouses, and having made a meal on what they found, they gave a shout and departed.

## POLYNESIA.

### TAHITI.

WILLIAM HOWE.

THE leading facts of the French usurpation in Tahiti are so well known that it seems needless to detail them in this place. Yet it seems right to mention briefly, that the labours of the English missionaries were obstructed and limited in various ways. They were prohibited from acting in certain districts. In the disputes between the natives and the French, great numbers of the native Christians were killed, and others perished of sickness and want, while whole villages, with their chapels, were laid in ruins.

On the 4th of May, 1851, the French authorities held a feast in honour of the establishment of the French republic. The day selected was the Sabbath —agreeably with French usages, but wholly at variance with all the teaching of the Christian missionaries. One of the missionaries, Mr. Howe, felt it needful in his sermon on that day, to speak on



the observance of the Sabbath, and to warn his hearers against the sin of profaning that holy day.

Two days after he was summoned before the French police authorities, and interrogated respecting his sermon. He plainly admitted the fact, and avowed that he deemed it his duty so to warn his hearers. The case was then laid before the governor, who decided that, as Mr. H. declined to offer an apology, he must either immediately leave the island or stand a criminal prosecution, a conviction being followed by imprisonment for from three months to two years.

Mr. Howe refused to quit his post or to offer any apology. He was, therefore, brought to trial, but the evidence was so loosely given, and so contradictory in itself, that the court found it impossible to convict him.

Mr. Howe, therefore, escaped. But another missionary, Mr. McKean, fell by a chance shot, fired by a native, in one of the skirmishes between the French and the Tahitians. His death was nearly instantaneous. His widow returned to England, and with her came also four other missionaries, with their wives and families, finding it difficult to carry on the work in the presence of so much peril and obstruction.

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“IN HUNGER AND THIRST : IN  
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GREENLAND.

THE UNITED BRETHREN.

HEARING of Han Egede's mission to Greenland, two young Moravians, Matthew and Christian Stach, formed the desire of going as missionaries to Greenland. They set out from Herrnhut, accompanied by Christian David, in January 1733, and reached Greenland on the 20th of May. Mr. Egede received them with much pleasure, and pointed out a spot where they might begin a settlement, and where they, consequently, began to erect a hut. He also aided them in the study of the language ; but they had first to learn Danish, in order to be able to understand him. About two hundred Greenland families were scattered over the country near their settlement ; but their wandering habits and hunting occupations gave the missionaries few opportunities of gaining access to them. In their very first year, however, an overwhelming calamity visited the poor

Greenlanders, and almost destroyed the rising hopes of the missionaries.

A boy and girl, with four other Greenlanders, had been sent to Denmark in 1731 for instruction, and of these only the two children survived to undertake the voyage home. The girl died at sea; the boy reached Greenland apparently well, but shortly after he sickened with the small-pox, and in September he died. He had communicated the infection, and it fell upon the poor Greenlanders like a plague. The miserable creatures suffered dreadfully from this pestilence. The pustules would not rise; the patients, therefore, endured great pain, heat, and thirst, and as nothing could prevent them from drinking large quantities of ice-water, they generally died on the third day. Some stabbed themselves, or threw themselves into the sea, to put an end to their torments. Everywhere the houses were left untenanted, or full of corpses; while dead bodies lay about on every side, half covered with the snow. Mr. Egede and the two brethren received and nursed all who came to them, to the utmost of their power, and to the injury of their own health. One of the poor dying creatures said to Mr. Egede, while on his deathbed, " You have been more kind to us than we were to one another; you have fed us when we were famishing; you have buried those who would otherwise have been a prey to the foxes and ravens,

and you have told us of a God and a better life hereafter."

This pestilence raged from September 1733 to the following June. When the traders made their next annual visit, they found nothing but empty houses for twenty leagues. The total number carried off by the disease was computed by Mr. Egede at between two and three thousand.

The two brethren at last sunk under fatigues, as severe as they were unexpected. They were attacked by a disorder resembling the scurvy, which is often produced by hard living, privations, and cold, damp habitations. It was not until the spring afforded them a supply of scurvy-grass that they gradually recovered. In March Christian David undertook a voyage in company with the traders. After travelling many leagues they found no people, but corpses lying unburied. A storm drove them amongst the ice, and they were obliged to forsake their vessel and find their way overland. The thought of returning to Germany now pressed upon the missionaries, as they could not see what could be done in a country which seemed almost entirely depopulated. But Matthew Stach found a text often occurring to his mind,—“At even time it shall be light,”—and he resisted all proposals to leave his post. In July the arrival of two more labourers, Frederic Boehnisch and John Beck, greatly encouraged their hearts. They

addressed themselves anew to their work, and began to make longer voyages along the coasts in search of the natives.

In 1735 and 1736 they suffered greatly from want. They received few letters or supplies from Germany, and found it difficult to support themselves, like the natives, by hunting or fishing. They endeavoured to buy seals of the Greenlanders, but often were disappointed, and forced to satisfy their hunger by shell-fish and sea-weed. They inured themselves to eating seal's flesh, and began to prepare their scanty stock of oatmeal with the train-oil which the natives used. Once, when compelled by necessity to go out to sea in stormy weather, they were driven upon a rocky island, where they had to spend four days in their wet clothes. On another occasion they were similarly forced by the storm upon an island, where they had the good fortune to shoot an eagle, and to take her nest with its eggs.

Their poverty excited the wonder and contempt of the natives. They began to insult and abuse them. They pelted them with stones, stole their things, and tried to spoil their boat. One night, hearing a noise, they went out and found a party of riotous natives, who were proposing to pull their habitation to pieces, and who could only with difficulty be got rid of.

This state of want, of contempt, and the severest self-denial, lasted five years, during which the hearts of the missionaries would often sink within them. It was in 1738 that some light began to arise upon their path. The natives showed less enmity, and often made earnest inquiries. It was on the 2nd of June in this year that a number of the natives visited them. John Beck was engaged in writing out a translation of the Evangelists. They begged to hear something out of that book. He read part of it, and began to converse with them. He told them of the creation of man, and of his fall, and how God had mercy on him, and to redeem him, became a man Himself, and suffered, and died. He exhorted them to consider seriously how much it had cost Jesus to purchase our redemption; describing to them His agonies and death. He read to them from the Gospels the narrative of Christ's sufferings. Suddenly the Lord opened the heart of one of them, Kajarnak, who stepped to the table, exclaiming earnestly, "How was that? Tell me that once more, for I also would fain be saved!"

"These words," says Beck, "the like of which I had never heard from a Greenlander before, thrilled through my frame, and melted my heart till the tears ran down my cheeks."

Such was the beginning of the highly blessed mission of the United Brethren to the Greenlanders.

Emotion having been awakened, they soon found their huts crowded with anxious inquirers.

But here, as everywhere else, opposition soon manifested itself. The *Angekoks*, or wizards of the country, found their trade interfered with, and divers plots against the lives of the missionaries were formed. On one occasion one of these men, followed by a crowd of his partisans, broke into the missionary settlement at a time when the Christian Greenlanders were known to be absent hunting. M. Stach gives the following account of this visit.

"My room was soon crowded, and the rest of the house filled by those who could not gain admittance into it. Though I knew what they had threatened I felt no alarm, but went on quietly with my translation. After sitting for a time the chief said, 'We are come to hear something good.' I told him I was glad of it. After singing a verse, I prayed to the Lord that He would open their hearts to understand what He should give me to say. I then proceeded to speak a few words on St. Paul's preaching at Athens, 'Yet,' said I, 'I will not dwell on this topic, for you know already that there is a Creator?' To this they all agreed with the exception of one man. 'You also know that you are wicked people?' To this, too, they assented. 'Now then I come to the main point,

that both you and we have a Saviour, the same great Being who created all things in the beginning. He lived upwards of thirty years on earth to instruct and bless mankind, after which He was nailed to a cross and slain by His countrymen, who would not believe His words. But on the third day he rose again from the grave, and afterwards ascended up into heaven. The time is now approaching when He will come again in the clouds of heaven, and all the dead will rise up and appear before Him, as the Righteous Judge, to receive sentence, every one according to his works. But thou, poor man!' said I, turning to the chief, 'how wilt thou stand aghast, when all the souls whom thou hast hurried out of this world shall stand forth and say to Him that sits upon the throne, 'This wicked man murdered us, just as Thou hadst sent Thy messengers to make known to us the way of salvation.' What answer canst thou then make?' He was silent, and cast his eyes down on the ground. Observing that a tremor seemed to have seized the whole company, I proceeded, 'Hearken to me, I will tell thee how to escape this tremendous judgment; but delay not, or death will overtake thee. Fall now at the feet of Jesus. Thou canst not see Him, yet He is everywhere. Tell Him that thou hast heard that He loves poor men exceedingly, and rejects no one who cries to Him for grace. Ask



Him to have mercy on thee, poor miserable man, and to wash out thy sins with His own blood.' He promised, with great emotion, that He would. They then all listened with attention to the words of Anna (whose brother they had murdered), and afterwards walked up and down the place in a thoughtful mood and with folded hands; and towards evening they departed."

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## POLYNESIA.

### A TORNADO.

JOHN WILLIAMS.

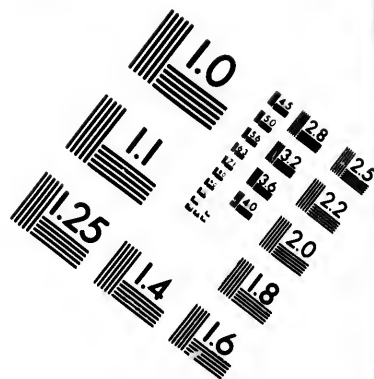
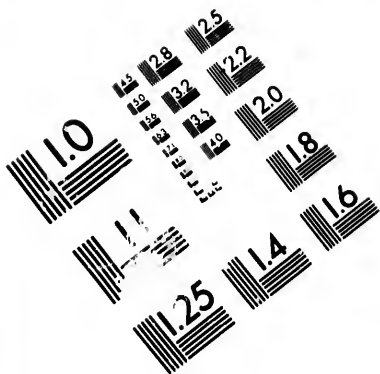
AT Raratonga, in December 1831, a hurricane desolated the missionary settlement, and nearly destroyed the vessel in which Mr. Williams passed from island to island.

He thus describes it:—

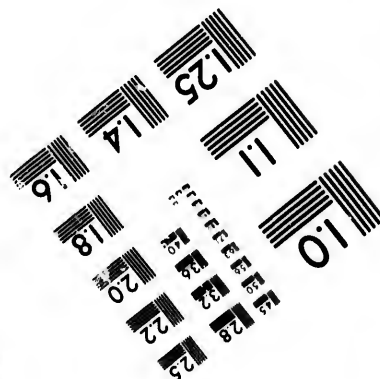
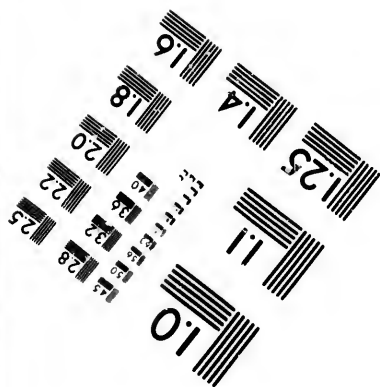
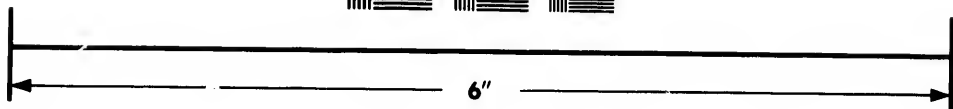
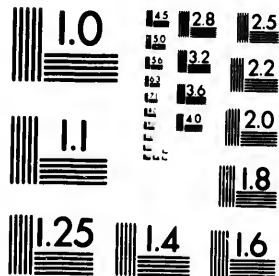
“ We spent a sleepless night, during which the howling of the tempest, the roar of the billows, and the shouting of the natives, the falling of the houses, and the writhing and creaking of our own dwelling under the violence of the storm, were sufficient not merely to deprive us of sleep, but to strike terror into the stoutest heart.

“ Before daylight I set off for Avarua, and in order to avoid walking knee-deep in water nearly all the way, and to escape the falling branches of the trees, I attempted to take the seaside path; but the wind and rain were so violent that I found it impossible to make any progress. I was, therefore,





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obliged to take the inland road, and by watching my opportunity, and running between the falling trees, I escaped without injury. When I was about half way I was met by some of our people, who were coming to tell me of the fearful devastation which was going on. The sea had risen to a great height, and had swept away the storehouse and all its contents; the vessel was driven in against the bank, upon which she was thrown by every wave; falling off again when it receded. After a trying walk, thoroughly drenched, cold and exhausted, I reached the settlement, which presented a scene of fearful desolation. The beautiful place, with its luxuriant groves, and its neat white cottages, was one mass of ruins; among which scarcely a house or a tree was standing. The poor women were running about with their children, wildly looking for some place of safety; and the men were dragging their little property from beneath the ruins of their fallen houses. The screams of the former, and the shouts of the latter, together with the roaring sea, the pelting rain, the howling wind, and the falling trees, made up a whole which could not be easily forgotten. On reaching the chapel I was rejoiced to see it standing; but, as we were passing, a resistless gust tore away the east end, which proved the signal of its speedy destruction. The new school-house was lying in ruins by its side. Mr.

Buzacott's dwelling-house, which stood upon a stone foundation, was rent and unroofed. Shortly after my arrival a heavy sea tore away the foundations of the chapel, which fell with a mighty crash. It then dashed against Mr. Buzacott's house, already shattered, and levelled it with the ground. The chief's wife came and took Mrs. B. to her own dwelling, which was still standing; but very soon the wind tore off the roof, so that our poor sister and her three little children were obliged to take refuge in the mountains. Wading through water for more than a mile, they at length reached a hut, which was crowded with fugitives, by whom they were gladly welcomed. Mr. B. and myself had retired to a small house, into which our books and other property had been conveyed, and which we endeavoured to secure by ropes and any other means that presented themselves. The rain still descended in torrents; the lightning darted its fiery streams; the thunder rolled and pealed through the heavens, and the whole island seemed to tremble, as the furious billows burst upon its shores. Suddenly, in the hour of our greatest extremity, the wind shifted suddenly a few points to the west; the lowering clouds began to disperse, the storm gradually subsided, and we crept out of our hiding-places, appalled at the fearful desolation which surrounded us on every side.

“As soon as it was practicable I sent a messenger to obtain some tidings of my poor vessel, expecting that she had been dashed into a thousand pieces. To our astonishment he returned with the intelligence, that although the bank, the school-house, and the vessel, were all washed away together, the latter had been carried over a swamp and lodged among a grove of large chesnut trees, appearing to have sustained no injury whatever.

“I was now most anxious to return to Mrs. Williams, at Ngatangua; but on my arrival there I found a scene of desolation almost as terrific as that at Avarua: Mr. Pitman’s house had been unroofed and severely shattered, and Mrs. Williams and her child had but just escaped death. Mrs. Pitman, perceiving the roof of the house writhed under the pressure of the tempest, had urged Mrs. W. to arise immediately. She had no sooner risen from the bed than a violent gust of wind burst in the end of the dwelling, which fell with a crash upon the place where she had been lying two minutes before. Wrapping themselves in blankets, they rushed out of the falling house, and stood in an open space, while natives were sent to seek for a hut or cottage where they might be sheltered. One of them soon returned, saying, that there was a small house standing which belonged to one of Mrs. P.’s servants. To this they instantly repaired, but,



before they could reach it, a cocoa-nut tree fell upon it, and severed it in two. At length a messenger came running to tell them, that the chief's house was standing; and on their arrival he showed them every attention, but here also they were kept in great terror by a large tree, which was bowing and bending over their heads.

“In the evening we had time to collect our thoughts and reflect on our situation. The chapels, school-houses, and mission-houses, were levelled to the ground. Our property was scattered to the winds and waves. Scarcely a banana or a plaintain-tree was left, either on the plains, in the valleys, or in the mountains—hundreds of thousands of which, on the preceding day, had adorned the land. Of the few left standing many were branchless, and all leafless. Yet, at the close of this memorable day, we could all unite at the footstool of Divine mercy, to express our gratitude to God for having preserved us amidst such imminent peril, and for having stilled the raging of the storm. We then spread our mats upon the ground, and stretching our weary limbs, we enjoyed a few hours of refreshing sleep, after the excitement and exhaustion of this distressing day.”

# WANDERINGS IN THE WILDERNESS.

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NORTH-WEST AMERICA.

R. HUNT.

AMONG the most perilous of the adventures of Christian missionaries have usually been those of exploration; that is, of penetrating into desert lands, or among unknown tribes, with a view to the discovery of fresh fields of labour. It was in such researches as these that Allen Gardiner and John Williams perished; and many others whose names do not so readily occur to memory, have fallen victims in divers similar attempts.

In the year 1852 it was thought advisable that the Rev. R. Hunt, one of the Church Missionary Society's labourers in North-west America, should explore the river Saskatchewan, with a view of examining a lake into which that river was reported to run, which lake was said to abound with fish, and to present advantages as a missionary station. He took with him a guide, and a fisherman, and two Indian boys. They entered their canoe on the 12th

of June, hoping that they might reach this lake on the second day. But they seem not to have properly estimated the difficulty of ascending a river whose name signifies "the strong current." Mr. Hunt thus describes his journey:—

"About noon on Tuesday, June 13th, we all deemed that we must reach the lake that night. We thought we heard the cry of lake-birds, and perceived other signs of its proximity. Hence, as our provisions were getting low, I proposed to the fisherman that he and I should leave the canoe to be taken forward by the guide and the two Indian lads; while he and I should take a more direct course towards the lake, so as to get the net into the water that night, in order to secure a breakfast of fish for the next morning. But it was thought better that the elder lad should accompany McLeod the fisherman, and I took his place in the canoe. They soon found the path, as they supposed, and quickly disappeared from our sight. We then applied all our strength to urge forward the canoe; but the river had so many windings that we made but little progress. And about eleven at night, when it was too dark to ascertain our position, we were suddenly stopped by two large trees, which had fallen into the river. As soon as the earliest light appeared we renewed our efforts, and got past this hindrance. Our view was frequently inter-

cepted by hills and tall pine-trees. Hour after hour we toiled, expecting and hoping at every turn of the river to see the lake open upon us. The sun arose; noon came; the sun set; night came; but there seemed no termination of our toil; no appearance of the wished-for object. The two who had left us had no provisions. We ourselves had but one day's supply, and all our shot was gone. A little powder and one ball was all that remained, and these we reserved as a defence against the bears, which, we were told, were 'very wicked' hereabouts. I became anxious about McLeod and his companion, for had they discovered the lake, they might get tired of waiting for us and return by the path, and thus we might never meet. It was now eight days since we had left Fort Nippewin, the nearest place we knew of at which we could find provisions. We knew that our two lost companions could never reach it without the canoe; nor did we see how any of us could reach it without provisions. Hunger and toil now forced us to rest for two or three hours. Early in the morning we renewed our efforts. About three in the afternoon we saw on a high hill, about half-a-mile from the river, a white signal, as it seemed to us, and we hoped it had been raised by McLeod to attract our attention. Cheerfully we left our canoe and toiled up the hill, to receive, we hoped, some direction; but when we

reached the supposed signal, it turned out to be only a pile of whitened bones, which marked the site of an Indian fight. Not a trace of our lost companions was to be seen, nor was any lake visible. The two Indians began to climb a tall tree, whence they might command a better view. I remained, and, prostrate behind the heap of bones, I commended myself and my companions, and my dear wife and child, to the care of the good Shepherd, who is ever the portion of His people. I was then about to take my pencil, to write something which might attract the attention of some passing Indian, and which he might take to the nearest Fort; so that something might be known of our fate if we should never return; but opening my Bible my eye fell upon Job xxiv. 5, and I read, '*The wilderness yieldeth food for them and for their children.*' My faith seemed to receive new strength. I walked towards the tree to learn what had been discovered, but the report was still the same. No lake, no path visible; nothing but the winding stream, which it might take days more to ascend. I made the two lads sit down by me, and explained to them, that to reach the lake by the river was hopeless; we had now been six days toiling upwards, and no termination was visible; and we had provisions for two meals only, and no shot to kill any more. Still I could not think of abandoning McLeod and

his companion, who had now been three days absent, and who had taken no food with them. But how could we possibly discover them? Which way should we go? How could we support life in this wilderness? The promise came to my mind, 'Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me.' We bent our knees and prayed that God would 'keep our feet,' and in this time of necessity speedily stretch out His hand to deliver us. We then arose, and renewed our search for a path. In doing so we reached another part of the hill, whence a fresh prospect presented itself. I fancied that the wind brought me something like the sound of distant voices. I called in the aid of the practised eyes of the two young Indians, who soon detected in the plain before us two moving specks, which they declared to be human beings. Overjoyed I immediately fired off two charges of powder, and raised and waved a white handkerchief. It caught their eyes, and we soon perceived them advancing towards us. In another quarter of an hour the keen eyes of the Indians assured them that these were our lost companions; and that God had indeed and speedily answered our prayer. We again fell on our knees and poured forth our thanks. All doubt and fear was now at an end, and we prepared to welcome our lost ones with as plentiful a meal as

our scanty store could give. They had found no lake, but had been bewildered like ourselves ; justly fearing that they should die except they found us. Glad and thankful were we once more to turn our boat's head down the stream. Soon she danced merrily on the waves of ' the Strong Current,' and we spared not to paddle stoutly night and day. On the third day we killed a large rat, and soon afterwards a goose ; and shortly after this we fell in with some Indians, from whom we obtained a supply of food, which sufficed to carry us to our home."

## “IN HUNGER AND THIRST.”

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### PATAGONIA.

ALLEN GARDINER.

CAPT. GARDINER left Africa in 1838, his first hopes for the Zulus having been frustrated by the war which broke out between that people and the Dutch settlers. But his ardour never abated. His attention was next turned to the Indians of South America, in whose behalf he laboured during the following six years. At last, in 1844, his mind began to be strongly interested in behalf of the Indians of Patagonia; for whom he entreated the interference of one or two of the existing Societies. Disappointed in these applications, he next strove, with some success, to form a distinct Society for this purpose. Early in 1845, Captain Gardiner, accompanied by Mr. Hunt, visited Patagonia on his first mission to that country. The opposition of a native chief seemed to wall up their way at that time, and the missionaries returned home. But Captain Gardiner's perseverance never failed, and in 1848 we



find him again in Terra del Fuego, examining the ground. He felt obliged, then, to come to the conclusion, that from the thieving propensities of the natives, a missionary station, at first, must either be *afloat*, or in some spot unfrequented by the Indians. He then returned to England, and resumed his efforts. After a while a thousand pounds were raised, of which he himself gave three hundred; and in September 1850 he again sailed from Liverpool, with six devoted companions, in a ship bound for San Francisco, which engaged to land them on Picton Island in the Beagle Channel, Terra del Fuego. They took with them two boats or launches, with guns and ammunition, for the procuring fresh provisions. Shortly after they had landed, and taken up their abode in a harbour which they christened Blomefield Harbour, they discovered that the ship which brought them from Liverpool had forgotten to land the powder! Thus early were they deprived of the power of obtaining fresh supplies of food.

Storms now damaged their boats, and the threatening aspect of the natives soon made Blomefield Harbour unsafe. They removed, therefore, to Spaniard's Harbour, where, after two or three removals, they settled finally in February 1851.

One of their launches was irreparably damaged, and the other seemed unfit to convey seven persons

any considerable distance, in the storms and heavy seas which prevail in the vicinity of Cape Horn.

Once fixed, to remove became daily more impossible. Early in March one of their number was seized with scurvy, and shortly afterwards, another.

In April their supplies began to fail, and now a third sufferer fell ill. Various expedients were tried for procuring food, but with poor success.

On May 8, Capt. Gardiner's diary bears this entry:—"Though I walk in the midst of trouble, Thou wilt revive me." "Mine eyes are unto Thee, O God the Lord. In Thee is my trust."

The weather was cold, and at the end of May they had another fearful storm. Their net was broken. Snow fell, and there was ice on the river.

They mended the broken net, but in the night of June 8, the floating blocks of ice tore it to pieces. A fourth of their number fell ill. Capt. Gardiner had suffered the least, yet his countenance showed the results of famine. Two of the sufferers were now in dying circumstances. On the 28th John Badcock died. They had now been seven weeks on short allowance. Mussels and limpets formed their chief food.

On August 14, Capt. Gardiner writes:—"To-day I am compelled to keep my bed, with little expectation of again leaving it, unless it shall please

the Lord to relieve us, and to vouchsafe us the food of which we stand so much in need."

Ten days after, he writes:—"Pearce came over (*i. e.* from the other boat), bringing heavy tidings. Joseph Erwin was fast failing, and had not spoken since the previous day. Mr. Williams considered him beyond the power of human aid. Mr. Maidment went over, and found that he had entered his eternal rest. Thus one and another of our little missionary band is gathered by the Good Shepherd to a better inheritance, and to higher and more glorious employments. Our times are in His hands, and He can raise up others, far better qualified than we are, to enter into our labours."

On August 27, he writes:—"Another breach has, in the providence of God, been made amongst us. John Bryant, who had long been failing, died yesterday. No one was with him at the time; he was found in the middle of the day, in bed, but the soul had quitted its earthly tabernacle, and is now enjoying the fulness of bliss in his Redeemer's presence. Pearce was so overwhelmed by affliction, that he could offer little assistance." The energy and consideration of Maidment ended only with life. On two successive days he walked to Cook's River, and performed the last offices for Erwin and Bryant. He then returned to Earnest Cove, and attended on his dying friend for four more days.

On Sept. 2, he left the boat, but was unable to return, and his remains were found in Pioneer Cavern.

Now alone in his "boat-dormitory," Captain Gardiner wrote, on the 27th of August, a farewell letter to his son, beginning —

"The Lord in His providence is taking one and another of our little missionary band to Himself; and I know not how soon He may call me, through His abounding grace, to join the company of the saints above, where there are pleasures for evermore. It is my desire, therefore, to prepare this letter for you, that you may have the latest proof of my affection for you, and earnest desire for your welfare."

On the 28th he took a tender farewell of his daughter by a parting letter, and on the 29th he wrote his last letter to his wife. On the 30th he endeavoured to go to the other boat, for the saving of trouble to all, but found himself unable.

On the 3d of September his diary contains this entry:—"Mr. Maidment was so exhausted yesterday, that he did not rise till noon, and I have not seen him since; consequently, I tasted nothing yesterday. I cannot leave the place where I am, and know not whether he is in the body, or enjoying the presence of the gracious God whom so faithfully he served. Blessed be my Heavenly Father for the

mercies I enjoy; a comfortable bed, no pain, nor any cravings of hunger, though excessively weak; and scarcely able to turn in my bed. I am, by His abounding grace, kept in perfect peace; refreshed with a sense of my Saviour's love, and an assurance that all is wisely and mercifully appointed.

"Sept. 4. There is now no room to doubt that my dear fellow-labourer has ceased from his earthly toils, and joined the company of the redeemed . . . He left a little peppermint-water which he had mixed, and which was a great comfort to me; but there was none other to drink."

"Sept. 5. Great are the loving-kindnesses of my gracious God to me. He has preserved me hitherto, and for four days, although without bodily food, without any feeling of hunger or thirst."

So ends his journal. On the shore, discoloured by exposure to the weather, was found a torn paper, which contains the last words of Allen Gardiner. It was addressed to Mr. Williams, of whose fate he was ignorant:—

"The Lord has seen fit to call home another of our little company. Our dear brother (Maidment) left the boat on Tuesday, and has not since returned; doubtless he is in the presence of his Redeemer. . . . Yet a little while, and through grace we may join that blessed throng, to sing the praises of Christ throughout eternity. I neither

hunger nor thirst, though five days without food!—marvellous loving-kindness to me a sinner.

“Your affectionate brother in Christ,

“ALLEN F. GARDINER.

“*Sept. 6, 1851.*”

Men with human hearts will exclaim, “How came this sacrifice of seven valuable lives?” The reply, if not satisfactory, is still a solid one. No one connected with them knew of the strange oversight, by which the powder, expressly provided for the procuring of wild-fowl, was carried away in the *Ocean Queen*, instead of being landed. Next, a friend, Mr. Lafone, at Monte Video, twice made arrangements for vessels to call, to inquire after the missionaries and to assist them. The first vessel was wrecked,—the second acted contrary to his express instructions. In great anxiety, Mr. Lafone now sent a schooner—the *John Davison*—on a special voyage of search and relief. On the 21st of October this vessel reached Banner Cove. The directions left there were plain, painted on the rocks,—“Gone to Spaniard’s Harbour.” The captain, therefore, proceeded to Spaniard’s Harbour, and found the *Speedwell* on the beach, containing a body, probably that of Mr. Williams. On the shore lay another, probably of Pearce. The captain of the *John Davison* writes:—“The two captains

who went with me cried like children at the sight."

This search, however, failed to discover the remainder. But in January 1852 the *Dido*, sent from England, arrived at Banner Cove on the 19th. They explored various spots until they came to Spaniard's Harbour. Captain Morshead writes,—

"Our notice was first attracted by a boat lying on the beach . . . I sent Lieut. Pigott and Mr. Roberts to reconnoitre, and they returned shortly, bringing some books and papers, having discovered the bodies of Captain Gardiner and Mr. Maidment, unburied. On one of the papers was written, 'If you will walk along the beach for a mile and a half, you will find us in the other boat, hauled up in the mouth of a river, at the head of the harbour. Delay not, we are starving.' I landed early next morning, and visited the spot where Capt. Gardiner and his comrade were lying, and then went to the head of the harbour with Lieut. Gaussen, Mr. Roberts, and Mr. Evans. We found there the wreck of a boat, with the remains of two bodies, which I concluded to be Mr. Williams and John Pearce, as the papers show the death and burial of all the rest. The two boats were thus about a mile and a half apart. Near the one where Capt. Gardiner was lying was a large cavern, called by him 'Pioneer Cavern,' where they kept their stores and

occasionally slept; and in that cavern Mr. Maidment's body was found. Capt. Gardiner's body was lying beside the boat, which apparently he had left, and being too weak to climb into it again, had died by the side of it.

“Their remains were collected together and buried close to the spot, and the funeral service read over them by Lieut. Underwood. A small inscription was placed on the rock; the colours of the boats and ship struck half-mast, and three volleys of musketry, were the only tribute of respect I could pay to this lofty-minded man and his devoted companions; and before noon the Dido proceeded on her voyage.”



## CENTRAL AFRICA.

### LINYANTI.

REV. H. HELMORE AND MRS. HELMORE.

ONE natural result of the remarkable researches of Dr. Livingstone was to incite various bodies of Christians in England to attempt missions to Central Africa. The earliest of these efforts was that made by the London Missionary Society, to establish a mission among the Makololo tribe, north of the Zambesi river.

In the year 1859, the Rev. H. Helmore and his wife, with Messrs. Price and Mackenzie as assistants, made this bold attempt, and met the too common fate of the pioneers of missionary enterprise.

They had first to traverse the vast plains which extend from Kuruman in the Bechuana country, to Linyanti in the Makololo district, distant nearly a thousand miles. In this journey, such was often the drought, that while Mrs. Helmore and her children were obliged to remain, parched with thirst, at the halting-place, Mr. H. with his atten-

dants would have to walk forty miles to obtain a little water! Thus delayed, sometimes for weeks together, this tedious journey occupied nearly seven months; but at last, in February 1860, they reached Linyanti, the residence of Sekeletu, chief of the Makololo tribe.

At first the chief and his people received the missionaries gladly, and gave them an ox and some beer. But they objected to allow them to seek for a healthy spot for a dwelling, and insisted that they should live near the chief's abode. To this they were obliged to consent, and began to raise some kind of dwelling. Mr. Helmore preached to the chief and his people, both on the first Sunday after his arrival and also on the second.

But the fever soon seized upon them. Mr. Price says, "In the course of about a week we were all laid low,—especially Mr. and Mrs. Helmore, their children, and the servants; but Mrs. Price and myself, though ill, were able to move about a little, and to attend upon the Helmores, neither of whom could move a limb. As I was going round one evening to see if they were comfortable, I found the four children lying on a bed on the outside of the tent, and Mrs. H. on a cushion by the bed's side. They were all asleep. I felt their foreheads, &c.; at last I came to dear little Henry—he was cold,—he had just slept the sleep of death. I went and

informed Mr. H., who was lying in the tent; he told me I had better not tell Mrs. H. till the morning. I took the body into the tent, and wrapped it in a piece of carpet, and engaged men to prepare a grave, that we might bury him the next morning. He was buried by the side of Malatsi, my waggon-driver, who had died a few days before. When it was told to Mrs. H. she took no notice whatever, though it was her *dear, precious* little Henry. This was on the 7th of March; on the 9th our own dear little baby died. On the 11th, Selina Helmore died, and on the same day Thasi of Lekatlong. On the 12th, Mrs. Helmore died. She had told Mr. H., shortly before, that she had no desire to live—that her work was done, and she wished to go home to Jesus. Soon after this, Mr. H. and the two other children improved, until about the middle of April, when Mr. H. paid a visit to Sekeletu in the town, and came back tired, and feeling very unwell. He soon grew worse, and on Friday, April 20, he fell into a kind of sleep, and remained unconscious for five-and-thirty hours, and then, on the night of Saturday, breathed his last.” He had been a faithful missionary to the Bechuanas for nearly twenty years.

“All these,” says Mr. Price, “I wrapped up and consigned to the grave with my own hands, excepting my own child, who died in its mother’s

arms, while I lay helpless from fever. I tried to get some instructions from Mr. H. as to the future, but it was too late ; he had in a great measure lost the power of speech. What were my feelings as I followed the remains of my dear brother to the grave can better be imagined than expressed ! All now fell upon me, and I was scarcely able to move."

Mr. Price began at once to prepare for the return of the survivors, as the only means of saving the remaining lives. But fresh troubles quickly arose:—

"Up to the time of Mr. H.'s death the Makololo were pretty quiet ; and whether we lived or died, they did not trouble us much. But when I began to prepare to leave, then things wholly changed. By day, things were taken before our eyes by force, if they were not given up willingly : by night, stealing went on by wholesale. When I was ready to leave, Sekeletu came, and, without any ceremony, took possession of Mr. Helmore's new waggon, and of various goods, both of his and mine. He next demanded four oxen, and made me stop to train them for him. One day, as I was lying on the ground, scarcely able to move, a messenger came from the chief, demanding more goods before I could be allowed to go away. I said that if they did not let me go soon, they would have to bury me beside the others. The answer was—that I might as well die there as anywhere else.

“At length, on the 19th of June, we left the town, accompanied by Sekletu in his new waggon. In the evening we reached the river of Linyanti, and on the following day the remaining goods were taken over in canoes. That being done, a message came to me from Sekletu, to the effect, that now all the goods were on one side and the waggons on the other, and they would remain so until I went over and delivered up all Mr. H.’s goods. I remonstrated, but in vain—I was in the lion’s mouth. We proceeded to the Chobe, and now a message came, that the chief had only got Mr. Helmore’s goods, and now he must have mine. After a good deal of entreaty I was allowed a few things for the journey,—a couple of shirts, a vest or two, two or three pairs of trousers, an old coat, and an old pair of shoes. They had taken all my bed-clothing, leaving only sufficient for one bed. Every grain of corn which I had for food for the men they had taken. Such were my prospects on beginning a journey of a thousand miles.

“On the plain of Mababe, on the evening of the 4th of July, Mr. H.’s two surviving children, my own dear wife and I, met together for our evening meal, and conversed on what we had seen and suffered. We began to breathe again the free air of the desert; and we thought of God’s mercy, for we hoped we had what might bring us within

reach of help. My dear wife had long been nearly helpless; but we hoped she was getting better. She went to sleep that night, alas! to awake no more. Early in the morning I woke, and found her breathing hard. I spoke to her, but it was too late. She became worse, and about midday she resigned her spirit to God who gave it. I buried her the same evening under a tree, the only one in sight on the whole plain of the Mababe. This was a heavy stroke, but God was my refuge and strength, a very present help in time of trouble."

Mr. Price expresses a strong opinion that the deaths of Mr. and Mrs. Helmore and the others who died at Linyanti, were caused by poison insidiously introduced by the chief into some of the presents made by him. But in the view of Dr. Livingstone, Sir George Grey, and other friends, there was nothing in the nature of their deaths which differed from other frequent cases of mortality from the fever which so largely prevails in Africa, and which has terminated the lives of so many missionaries at Sierra Leone and at other stations.

X.

“And others had trial of cruel mockings  
and scourgings : yea, moreover, of bonds and  
imprisonment : They were stoned ; were slain  
with the sword ; they wandered about in sheep-  
skins and goatskins : being destitute, afflicted,  
tormented.”

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IN BURMAH.

IN MADAGASCAR.

IN NEW ZEALAND.

IN NORTH INDIA.

IN ERROMANGA.





# PERSECUTIONS.

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## IN BURMAH.

### THE NATIVE CHRISTIANS.

ONE natural result of the labours of Dr. Judson, Mr. Boardman, Mr. Kincaid, and others, in Burmah, was to awaken a deep and bitter animosity in the hearts of those who were the lovers of darkness. About the year 1835 persecution broke out in Rangoon. Ko Sanlone, a friend and follower of Mr. Kincaid, was a man of deep piety, great intelligence, and bold and active zeal in the service of Christ. He had dared, not only to speak fearlessly of his belief in Jesus, but to circulate Christian tracts and books. He was soon seized, thrown into prison, beaten, loaded with chains, and set to hard labour. His faith never wavered; he bore all his sufferings with meekness and fortitude. Threatened again and again with death, unless he would return to the worship of Gaudama Boodhu, he remained steadfast. At last he was released from prison, but his property was confiscated, and he was warned that a

second offence would be punished with death. But the warning was needless. His prison-sufferings had done their work, and he was quickly removed, like Mrs. Judson, by bodily sickness.

A single victim, however, could not satisfy the persecutors. The poor Karens, in the district of Maubee, were followed, imprisoned, and fined, for refusing the worship due to Gaudama. At Rangoon, for a time, all missionary work was suspended. Mr. Abbott selected Sandoway as a convenient spot; and on hearing of his settlement there, the poor Karens from Maubee, Rangoon, and other quarters, soon found their way through the mountains to him. Within the next five years as many as three thousand persons earnestly sought and received baptism.

In 1842 fresh orders were given by the Burmese Government, and a new attempt was made to extirpate "the religion of the white people." Whole families were seized, while in other cases the mothers alone were carried off to prison, where they remained till they could find means to satisfy the rapacity of the Burman officers. So severe were the trials of the poor Christians, that hundreds left their homes and fled across the mountains into Arracan.

The Burmese government not unnaturally connected "the white foreigners" and "the white man's religion" together, and charged the poor Karens with disloyalty because they showed an eager willing-

ness to listen to the Gospel message. As the English forces approached, the Burmese ravaged the Karen villages without mercy or remorse. One account, written on the spot by a Burmese, runs thus:—

“Thagua, pastor of the white-book-people, in the neighbourhood of Bassein, was taken before the magistrate, on a charge of having called in the English to take the country. They gave him thirty lashes, and his son twenty-five. This was on their way to prison. His nephew also was beaten. They took him to the governor, who fined him thirty rupees. The Burmans had agreed to kill all the disciples; but wished first to extort some money. They said to the Governor, ‘These white-book-men will come and kill you, as they did the chiefs in Rangoon.’ The Governor said, ‘Go and seize them.’ So they seized the pastor and forty of his people, and fastened them together with iron hooks. Then they set free some old men, and told them to go and get one hundred and thirty rupees, and they should all be released. The old men did so; they obtained the hundred and thirty rupees, and paid them, but the Kala did not release his prisoners, but fettered them again. The next day he dragged out Thagua, the pastor, and pressed him between bamboos, and then tied him by the neck to a mango-tree; his arms being tied behind to the trunk of the

tree. Thagua cried out, 'Do you mean to kill me?' The Kala said, 'Give me one hundred and seventy rupees, and you shall be freed.' Thagua said, 'I have no silver.' The Kala then said to the other Christians, 'Pay his ransom and take him away; if not, we will kill him.' The disciples went and got together the money, and paid it, but still they would not free him. The Kala took them all back to the village of Patau, and gave the pastor into the hands of the judge. The judge reviled him, saying, 'If your God is Almighty, bid him take you out of these fetters.' Thagua said, 'If the eternal God does not now save me out of your hands, He will save me eternally in the world to come.' The judge said, 'How do you know that?' Thagua answered, 'His holy book tells me so, and it is all true.' The judge then fell upon him and beat him, and ordered him back to prison. Three days after he sent for him again, and said, 'Your God, you say, can save you; command Him to save you from my hands now.' After more words, the judge fell upon him, and gave him thirty blows with a cudgel, and ordered him back to prison with very little rice. After some days more, he again sent for the pastor, and scourged him. Thagua said, 'If, because I worship God, you thus torture me, kill me at once, I entreat you.' So they took him, gave

him sixty more blows, fastened him to a post and shot him; then embowelled him, and cut him in three pieces."

Such was the narrative written in Burmese by a native and an eye-witness.

## IN MADAGASCAR.

### THE NATIVE CHRISTIANS.

THE mission of the London Missionary Society in Madagascar was commenced in the year 1820 by the Rev. D. Jones. Its public labours were continued for about fifteen years. Up to the death of king Radama, in 1828, it might be considered to enjoy the favour of the government ; but from the accession of the queen Ranavalona, a degree of suspicion and dislike became visible, which gradually increased, until, in 1835, the labours of the missionaries were arrested, and in the following year they themselves were forced to quit the island.

Their labours, however, had not been fruitless. The Scriptures had been translated and printed in the Malagasy tongue ; 25,000 tracts had been circulated ; and a number of schools established, containing an aggregate of nearly 4000 scholars. Probably from 10,000 to 15,000 children received education in these schools. Two large congregations

were collected, nearly 200 communicants were received into church-fellowship, and numerous cottage-lectures were given in the houses of the converts. Besides these results in the capital, two chapels were built by the natives themselves, one at a distance of sixty, the other at a distance of nearly a hundred miles from the capital; and meetings for prayer and for reading the Scriptures were held in several villages, chiefly by natives who had been taught in the missionary schools.

Against such works as these Satan naturally raged. In 1835 he excited such a spirit of opposition in high quarters that the profession of Christianity by any native was prohibited, and in 1836 the missionaries quitted Madagascar.

Then came on "the trial of the faith" of the native converts. By many successive steps the mind of the queen had been embittered against them. She considered that they gave more obedience to the English teachers than they yielded to her. Ordering her sewing-women to come to their work on Sunday, she scornfully added, "You had better go to the English and ask their permission!" The same evening, hearing singing in the chapel, she said, "These people will not leave off until some of their heads are taken off their shoulders!"

The chapel that day was crowded. An old judge who had a daughter among the congregation, re-

marked, "You will never see such a congregation in that place again, for the queen does not approve of it."

During the following week strict inquiries were made; and lists of the baptized, and of houses where prayer-meetings were held, were given in and read before the queen. She was astonished and infuriated by the number. She now grew exceedingly violent. On the Thursday following a royal message was read in the chapel, in which the queen declared that, "With regard to religious worship, baptism, societies, &c., these things could not be allowed."

Proceeding on the information laid in March, as many as four hundred officers were "reduced in rank" by way of punishment, and proclamation was made, that all persons who had any European books must at once give them up. The schools and teachers were thus deprived of their chief means of instruction.

In July 1836 an accusation was brought against a native woman named Rafaravavy, that "she still continued to pray." She admitted the fact, and the queen deliberated for some time whether she should be put to death. It was at last decided that her life should be spared, but she should pay a fine equal to half her value if sold into slavery. But the injunction never to offend again had no effect upon her.



Upon a second accusation, she and eleven others were sold into perpetual slavery.

Another woman, named Rasalama, who was imprisoned about the same time, was put into irons of a most painful kind, and was finally publicly executed, by spears, on no other charge than that of praying to Christ;—her body being left to be devoured by the dogs.

Many of the other native Christians were now reduced to slavery, and in the following year a young man, named Rafaralahy, was put to death with spears in the usual manner.

It was about this time that the missionaries, having patiently waited for more than a year, under a positive command not to promulgate Christianity, and finding no hope of any relaxation, had resolved to obey the command, "If they shall persecute you in one city, flee unto another." Burying a considerable store of Bibles, tracts, hymn-books, &c., for security, and in hope of happier times, they had taken their departure in August 1836, and reached Mauritius in the following month.

The persecution, however, continued without abatement. The weaker disciples were frightened into confession and retractation—the stronger suffered "bonds and imprisonment." Six of the most decided among the converts, after being threatened and in various ways imperilled, escaped through the

forest to Tamatave, on the coast, and got on board a ship for Mauritius. They were eight months in concealment before they succeeded in getting out of Madagascar, and they reached Mauritius in October 1838. They there found the warmest sympathy on the part of the English residents ; and were assisted on their way, first to the Cape of Good Hope and then to England, where they arrived in May 1839.

Soon after their departure from Madagascar, a fresh storm of persecution broke out against the few remaining disciples. Three women were accused of meeting for prayer. The officer sent to apprehend them only secured two, and one of these afterwards escaped. The remaining prisoner was beaten till she fainted from loss of blood. The two who escaped fled to the forest, where they were long hidden, "wandering, in sheepskins and goatskins, being destitute, afflicted, tormented." (Heb. xi.)

In 1840 there was a second persecution of the Malagasy Christians. Sixteen of these poor people, having succeeded in hiding themselves from their persecutors for many months, at last resolved to try to escape to the Mauritius. But, after they had got within three or four days' journey of Tamatave, the port, they were suspected, seized, and imprisoned. They were three days under examination ; but it was admitted that there was nothing against them, excepting their travelling by night, and by unusual

paths. At last they resolved no longer to shelter themselves under silence, but to declare the faith and abide the consequences. One of their number, therefore, Andriamanana, addressed the magistrate on the third day in these words :—

“ Since you ask us again and again we will tell you. We are not thieves or murderers ; but we are *impivasaka* (praying people) ; and if this make us guilty, then, whatever the queen appoints, we consent to suffer.” “ Is this, then, your final answer for life or death ? ” was demanded. “ It is our final reply, whether for life or death.” “ And who,” was asked, “ sent you from Antananarivo ? ” “ No one,” they replied ; “ we went forth of our own free will.”

“ And after the Christians had made this confession they felt great peace and joy. They had prayed ; they had confessed Christ, and now concealment was at an end, and they could speak freely to each other. They knew the ‘ Pilgrim’s Progress,’ and they said to each other, ‘ Now we are in the situation of Christian and Faithful, when they were led through Vanity Fair.’ ”

Orders came from the queen that nine of them should be put to death. The 9th of July, 1840, was fixed upon as the day of execution. On the morning of that day the preparations were announced by a discharge of artillery, and large bodies of soldiers were seen marching to the parade-ground.

At noon the officers appeared, bearing the sentences, and making proclamation that the queen had ordered nine of them to be put to death. Between three and four o'clock the Christians, each tied to a pole, and naked, were borne by men along the western side of the town to the place of execution. A cannon then gave the signal, the executioners stepped forth, the nine victims were instantly speared, and their spirits dismissed to the abodes of the blessed. The heads of Paul, and of one other, who were regarded as leaders, were cut off and fastened on poles. The remaining five, two of the sixteen having effected their escape, were sold to slavery.

In the following year, 1841, an Englishman on the coast of Madagascar wrote to M. Le Brun at Mauritius in the following terms :—

“ There are suffering Christians, wandering about as fugitives, to the number of about two hundred. Their utter destitution obliges them to wander about from mountain to mountain in search of food, and also to escape from their persecutors. Those who remain in the capital, having been reduced to slavery, seek the Lord under the cover of the night.”

At the same time these poor people wrote, by the hands of one of their number, as follows :—

“ Our salutations to you, say the little flock of Madagascar. The affliction which has occurred to us, and of which you have heard, greatly increases.

Executions, ordeals, and miseries abound throughout the country. In Vonizongo three thousand persons have taken the tangena (poison-water ordeal), by order of the queen and her officers, and in other places it is the same. The wretchedness of the people is unutterable. Do not forget us. Let us all be remembered by you. If God be not our defence, we are dead men. Our service is excessively severe. When the children of Israel served under Pharaoh, they, perhaps, obtained a little respite; at any rate, at night; but ours is incessant labour; we must work both day and night. With regard to our means of support, it may be said, 'We have, and we have not.' All our property was taken from us when we were reduced to slavery, and we are still in that bondage. But this is the word of the Lord, 'Consider the ravens; they sow not, they reap not; yet God feedeth them.' Even so, beloved friends, the Lord has pity on us. We have been in great affliction and danger; but God has mercifully preserved us. Salutations, from the little flock scattered, for the shepherds are gone."

This persecution lasted more than twenty years; and there cannot be a more satisfactory proof of the reality of the work done by the Madagascar mission, than the repeated efforts made by the great enemy of the Church to root out Christianity from Madagascar, and his signal failure. After the missionaries

had been obliged to quit the island in 1836, and after several attempts had been made, entirely to uproot the infant Church, its life was still so apparent and so vigorous, that, in 1849, thirteen years having passed away, a more bitter persecution than either of the former was resorted to, in the vain hope of extirpating the work of God.

“The first Christian martyr in Madagascar suffered in 1837, the second in the following year. Three or four years after, nine, at least, were put to death in such a manner as to involve them in the deepest ignominy. In the year 1846 the sufferings of the disciples were very great; but the severest persecution, and that in which the greatest number fell, occurred in the year 1849.”\* Some succeeded in escaping to Mauritius, and many became fugitives in the forests of Madagascar.

The nature of these wanderings, and the sufferings they implied, may be best appreciated by the help of one or two passages from an account written by one of the fugitives. After describing their escape into the forest, he says,—

“We then entered a thicket or wood of small bamboos, where in many places there was water up to the knees, and there were many crocodiles in the water. We were nine days in that wood, and had nothing to eat but clay and water. It was all

\* Ellis's “Visits to Madagascar,” p. 162.

water or marshy ground, and we found no place to lie down and sleep on, except when we came to a tree; or a piece of ground somewhat raised and dry. We frequently came upon crocodiles, sometimes trod upon them, and when we laid down at night we smelt them near us."

Mr. Ellis adds, that when he read this narrative he expressed his wonder to the natives; but they explained to him, that though the crocodile was ferocious and irresistible in the open river, or when it saw its prey before it—when trod upon by surprise in the swamp, it seemed frightened, and tried to get away.

The narrative proceeds:—

"We did not expect to live, or ever to see men again, for we thought we should die in that swamp. But after nine days we came to an open country, and when we had proceeded a short distance, we came to a place where there were great numbers of water-lilies growing. We gathered and ate the leaves of the lilies, and remained five days in the place where we found this food. When we went on again we soon came to a broad river, where we stopped two days, and cut a large quantity of long, coarse grass, which we tied in a bundle, to serve the purpose of a raft; we also made a rope of long grass, with which to draw the raft across the river. Then I swam, with one end of the rope, to the other

side of the river. My wife and another woman pushed the bundle of grass into the water, placed their bundles and the little child on the top of it, and I pulled it across; while the women swam, one on each side of the raft, to keep it upright; and so all reached the shore safely, though the stream was rapid, and there were numbers of crocodiles in the river."

The punishments inflicted were almost as varied as the circumstances of the persons accused. The tangena, or ordeal of poison-water, had frequently been administered with fatal effects. Fines had been imposed, from a single dollar to the estimated ransom of a whole family. Confiscation of house and land, and of all moveable property, had been resorted to. Multitudes were condemned to slavery, and sold in the public markets, often expressly "never to be redeemed." "Deeply affecting," says Mr. Ellis, "were the accounts I received, of some who, nineteen years before, had been sold into slavery, and others who had been sentenced to hard labour in the quarries, or in other government works. Some had been tormented with stripes, some were still in imprisonment, some were wandering as outcasts, others, men and women of rank and station, had been loaded with fetters, and many had suffered death."\*

\* Mr. Ellis wrote in the year 1858.



Returns were obtained of 37, who were reduced to slavery, with their wives and children, for reading or preaching the word; of 42, upon whom books were found, and who suffered confiscation and slavery; of 2055, who had escaped with a fine of one dollar; of 18, who had been put to death. This was in the persecution of 1849.

Four of those who suffered death were of noble birth. These were burned alive. Two of them were husband and wife, and the wife was near her confinement. Life was offered them, if they would take the idolatrous oath. They refused, and were carried to the burning pile. In the agonies of this death the child was born, and it was "thrust into the flames, to perish with its parents:" thus precisely following the Jersey martyrdom, recorded three centuries ago in Foxe's "Book of Martyrs."

The more ordinary criminals were condemned to be thrown from a precipice. Each on the edge was offered his life, on condition of renouncing Christ. One among them spoke with such calm confidence and hope of the near prospect of eternal glory, as deeply to affect those around him. One, a young woman, was reserved to the last, in the hope that the dreadful spectacle might intimidate her. The officer, when she had seen her friends suffer in their turns, turned to her, and urged her to take the oath. She calmly refused, and desired him to pro-

ceed with his office. The executioner exclaimed, "She is an idiot! She does not know what she says! Take her away!" She was remanded to confinement.

These fearful deeds were perpetrated in March 1849. Mr. Ellis gives the following literal translation of a Malagasy document, which has been preserved, like many similar narratives in the pages of John Foxe, for the lasting benefit of the Church:—

"On the 14th of March, the officer, before whom the Christians were examined, said, 'Do you pray to the sun, or the moon, or the earth?'

"R—— answered, 'I do not pray to these, for the hand of God made them.'

"'Do you pray to the twelve mountains that are sacred?'

"R——, 'I do not pray to them, for they are mountains.'

"'Do you pray to the idols that render sacred the kings?'

"R——, 'I do not pray to them, for the hand of man made them.'

"'Do you pray to the ancestors of the sovereigns?'

"R——, 'Kings and rulers are given by God, that we should serve and obey them. Nevertheless, they are only men like ourselves. When we pray, we pray to God alone.'

“ ‘You make distinct and observe the Sabbath-day?’

“ R——, ‘That is the day of the great God; for in six days the Lord made all His works. But God rested on the seventh, and He caused it to be holy; and I rest, or keep sacred, that day.’

“ In like manner answered all the Christians. And when they were bound, the husband of one of them came to them and said, ‘Be not afraid; for it is well if for that you die.’ He was a soldier from a distance, and not of the number of the accused. Then he was examined, and as he made the same avowal they bound him also.’

“ And before it was light, on the following day, the people assembled. Then they took the eighteen brethren that chose God, and to inherit life, and to become his sons and daughters, and they bound their hands and feet, and tied each of them to a pole, and placed them with the other prisoners. And when the officers and judges arrived they read over the names, and placed these by themselves, and stationed round them soldiers with muskets and spears; and the sentences were then pronounced, some to fine and confiscation, others to slavery, others to flogging, and these eighteen to death: four to be burned, and fourteen to be hurled from the precipice, and afterwards burned to ashes.

“ And the eighteen appointed to die, as they sat

on the ground, surrounded by the soldiers, sang the 137th hymn :

‘When I shall die, and leave my friends,’ &c.

and afterwards they sang the 154th :

‘When I shall behold Him, rejoicing in the heavens.’

And when the sentences were all pronounced, and the officer was about to return, the four who were sentenced to be burned requested him to ask that they might be slain first, and then burned. But their petition was not granted.

“So when the officer was gone, they took these eighteen away, to put them to death. The fourteen they tied by the hands and feet to long poles, and carried them on men’s shoulders. And these brethren prayed and spoke to the people, while they were being carried along: and some who beheld them, said that their faces were like the faces of angels. And when they came to the top of the rock, they cast them down, and their bodies were afterwards dragged to be burned with the bodies of the other four.

“And as they took the four that were to be burned alive, to the place of execution, these Christians sang the 90th hymn, ‘When our hearts are troubled,’ each verse ending, ‘Then remember us!’ And when they came to the place appointed, there

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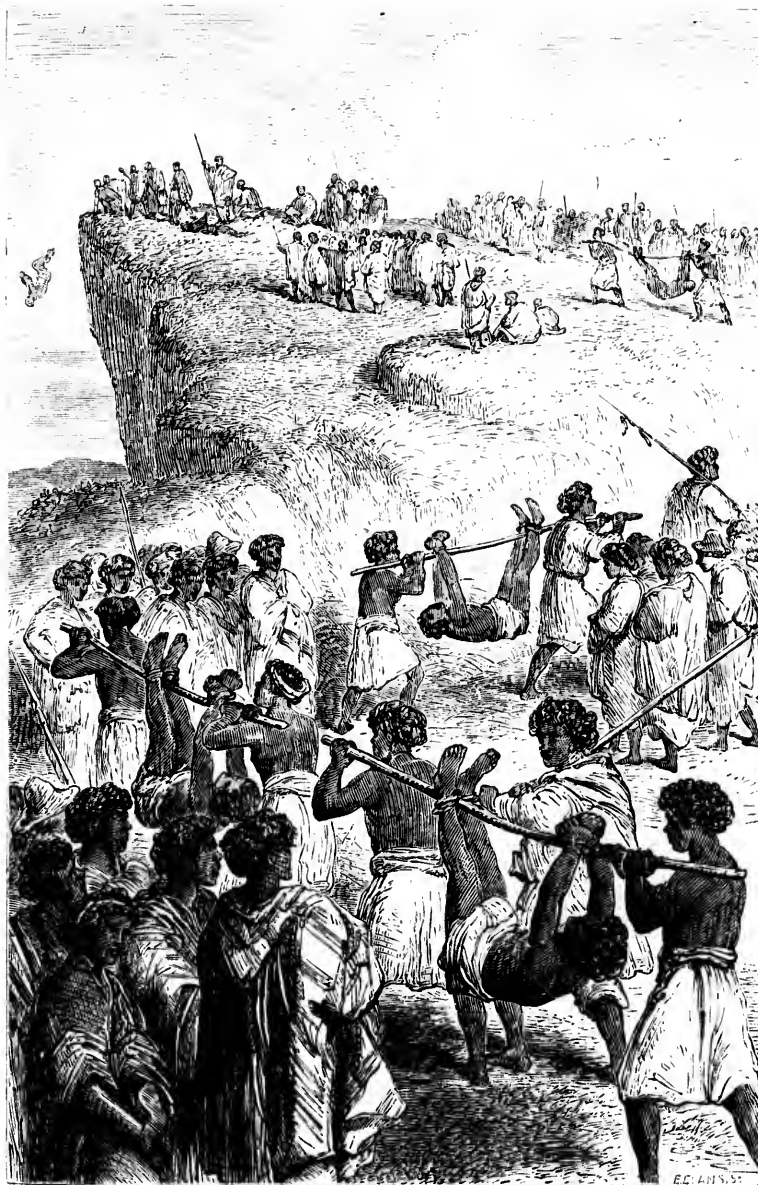
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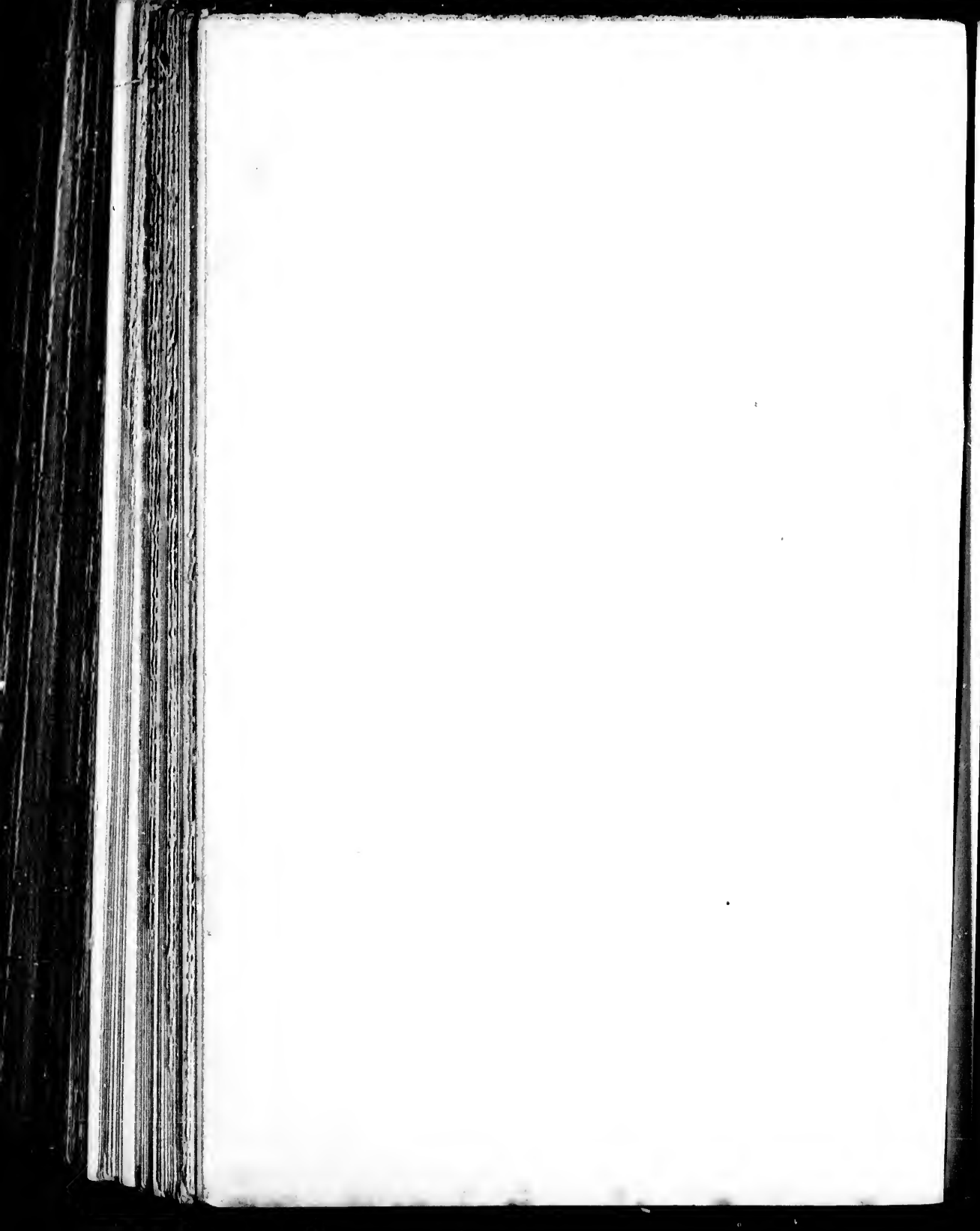
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"The fourteen they tied by the hands and feet to long poles, and carried them on men's shoulders."—P. 294.



they burned them, fixed between split bars. And there was a rainbow in the heavens, just at the time of their burning. And they sang the 158th hymn,

‘There is a blessed land,’

while they were in the midst of the fire. Then they prayed, saying, ‘O Lord, receive our spirits; for Thy love to us has caused this to come to us. And lay not this sin to their charge.’

“Thus they prayed, as long as they had any life. Then they died, but softly, gently. Indeed, gently was the going forth of their life. And astonished were all the people.”

Such is a literal translation of a truly wondrous document: a Malagasy narrative of a scene precisely resembling those to which our own land was witness, little more than three centuries ago.

This was the last great effort to extirpate the Christian faith, and it failed. Since then the attitude of the Government has been austere and forbidding; but the disciples have learned to avoid publicity. The following is a sort of general order, or royal proclamation, which, for the rest of the queen’s reign, was read periodically to the troops on parade.

“If any baptize, I will put them to death, saith Ranavalo-manjaka; for they change the prayers of the twelve kings. Therefore search and spy, and if

ye find any doing that, man or woman, take them, that we may kill them ; for I and you will kill them that do that, though they be half the people. For to change what the ancestors have ordered and done, and to pray to the ancestors of the foreigners, and not to the idols that sanctified the twelve kings, and the twelve mountains that are worshipped, whoever changes these observances, I make known to all people I will kill, saith Ranavalo-manjaka."

Yet, although thus forbidden by a despotic authority, and left destitute of all foreign aid, the infant Church of Madagascar has been like the bush which burned with fire and yet was not consumed. The real number of "praying persons" still left in Madagascar cannot possibly be known to man ; but there is abundant evidence that the family of Christ in that island is not extinct. The chief means of preserving their faith have been small portions of God's word. They seem to have acquired a familiarity with those portions of Divine truth to which they have had access ; and to have studied them with an avidity, affection, and perseverance, which have been truly wonderful. The truth seems to have been sought as a priceless treasure, and hoarded in their hearts as something more precious than gold, and dearer than life. They seem not to have known or thought of any system or creed as such, but to have regarded the truth of the Bible as that which



was able to make them wise for both worlds. The word of God and prayer have been the two sources whence they have derived a vigour of Christian character which, under such circumstances, is truly astonishing.

Light has recently arisen for the Malagasian Church. The queen Ranaivalona, so long the persecutor of the Christians, has departed, and her son and successor is favourable to the Christian faith; and has, indeed, for some years been known as its favourer. Naturally, therefore, the warmest hopes are beginning to arise, that happy days are in store for Madagascar.

## IN NEW ZEALAND.

### NATIVE CHRISTIANS.

ON Christmas day, 1846, there was a large assembly of native Christians at Wanganui, in New Zealand, to commemorate the Saviour's birth. Above two thousand natives were present at the morning service.

On the following day the native teachers held, with their missionary, a special prayer-meeting, before returning to their several stations. At the close of this meeting, four of the teachers came forward and offered themselves as missionaries to their heathen countrymen. Two of them, Manihera and Kereopa, were accepted, and after some delay, on the 6th of February following, they set forward on their mission.

They paid a visit first to a warrior named Rangihacata, who warned them, by laying his hand edgeways on the back of his own neck, that they ran some danger in what they proposed to do. They then visited the missionary station at Rotorua, where

they stayed a few days, and proceeded onwards to a warlike chief, Te Heuheu, at Taupo. They proposed next to visit another warrior, Herekikie, at his Pa in Tokanu. On their way they preached to the natives at Motutere. The people of this place warned them not to visit Herekikie's Pa; but rather to go first to Pukawa. But Manihera answered, that he ought to go to Herekikie's Pa first, as it was to preach to the wicked that he came out. In the course of that day Manihera remarked, that he thought that the time of his departure was at hand, and that before long he should be in the unseen world. But he pursued his journey, and ten Christian natives of Taupo accompanied him. The heathens of Tongariro sent out a party of thirty men to secrete themselves in the bush, and as soon as the Christians approached, they fired upon them. Kereopa was shot dead upon the spot. Manihera was wounded, and seeing the two fall, the heathen natives rushed from their ambush, and gave him several blows on the head with their hatchets. The native Christians, who were a little behind, now rushed forward, and the murderers made off. Poor Manihera was found dreadfully wounded; he gave his friends his Testament, and some papers, and then, shaking hands with them, reclined his head, and died. The natives took up the bodies, and carried them to Orona, where they were interred.

“Their’s was a mission of love,” writes Mr. Taylor; “they went to proclaim the Gospel to their enemies; and they have earned the martyr’s crown. I held a prayer-meeting this evening, at which two native converts offered up very appropriate and fervent prayers. I read the account of Stephen’s martyrdom, and preached on the subject, observing, that Saul, who took part in Stephen’s murder, afterwards ‘preached the faith which once he despised.’ So may this tribe which has joined in this cruel murder, become, hereafter, as eminent for its love to Jesus and its devotion in His service.”

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## IN NORTH INDIA.

### IN DELHI.

IN May 1857, a great revolt, the history of which has been told in a variety of forms, broke out in Northern India. It was not caused or excited by the preaching of the Gospel; and yet, though principally a political rising, some religious prejudices were mingled with it. A new cartridge had been brought into use among the Sepoys, and as grease was employed in its formation, an alarm was spread, that by using pig's grease, the soldiers were to be entrapped into defiling themselves, and so forfeiting their caste. Upon this false and wretched pretext, a wide-spread conspiracy was formed, and at the period which we have already named, it broke into actual rebellion, massacre, and civil war. At Meerut, Allahabad, Futteghur, Cawnpore, Futtehpore, Delhi, Bareilly, and many other places, the Sepoys rose, murdered their officers as far as was in their power, and seized upon the forts and the artillery.

As we have already said, it would be difficult to give a clear and accurate definition of the causes of this terrible revolt. It was far more a mutiny of the Sepoys than a rebellion of the people. It was marked by a certain sort and amount of religious fanaticism, and yet it arose not from hatred of missionary teachings. Still, although it was not caused or provoked by the efforts of those Christian missionaries who were scattered throughout India, it is certain that several of the missionaries fell in the massacres which in so many places were perpetrated. "It is impossible," writes Dr. Duff, "to ascertain with accuracy the number of British Christians that met an untimely end; but, at the lowest calculation, the number cannot be under thirteen hundred. I speak of those who have been massacred; not of those who fell in battle. In this number are included four chaplains, and ten missionaries with their wives. Of these latter, two, belonging to the Gospel Propagation Society, fell at Cawnpore, and three at Delhi; four of the American Presbyterian mission at Futteghur, and one of the Church of Scotland at Sealkote in the Punjaub." "They were hunted down," said the Rev. J. Mullens, "tied together, fastened to trees and stakes, and, though unarmed and defenceless, were brutally slain. For several months, over hundreds of square miles, their houses were heaps of ruins. Riot, plunder, and

murder, stalked wildly through the land, while the bodies of hundreds of our countrymen and countrywomen lay unburied on the wastes, a prey to jackals and vultures, and the foul birds of night."

Many of these sufferers were veritable martyrs, and yet, dying amidst their murderers, and leaving no friend who witnessed their last hours, the Church has lost the benefit of their example. "Their record is on high;" but, beyond their names and the fact of their cruel deaths, they have left no record below. Thus, little is known of the circumstances attending the death of Mr. Hubbard, a missionary in Delhi, who, with his daughter, fell a victim on the fatal 11th of May, 1857. His assistant, Mr. Sandys, son of a missionary at Calcutta, perished at the same time.

Mr. Hunter was a missionary of the Church of Scotland at Sealcote, near Lahore. He arrived at his post in the month of January 1857, and in July of that same year, he, his wife, and his child, were all murdered on the high-road by the mutinous Sepoys.

Both he and his wife, in this short space of time, had shown themselves earnest missionaries. She had offended the fanatical Mahomedans by forming a school for female children, in their eyes a great offence. On the 9th of July, the 9th and the 46th native regiments, stationed at Sealcote, rose in

mutiny. Most of the Europeans fled to the fort at Lahore, but Mr. Hunter entertained the hope that he might be unmolested. He was riding, with his wife, on the high-road, when shots from the mutineers reached them, and in a few moments the horse had escaped, but the travellers lay dead by the roadside. In his last letter he had written,—

“We have about fifty Europeans to defend us from more than 1200 Sepoys! But we have not followed the example so largely set, by taking refuge in the Fort. We hope still to continue at our post. May the Lord be our keeper!”

Mr. Mackay was employed by the Baptist Missionary Society. His death is described in a letter, dated “Agra, June 3, 1857,” he says,—

“You are, no doubt, anxious to hear of our dear brother, Mr. Mackay, and of the Thompson family in Delhi. The only intelligence that we have had is from Silas Curtis, a native Christian teacher employed under Mr. Mackay, who very narrowly escaped, and is now in Agra. He says that he saw the dead body of the native preacher, Walayat Ali, cast on the road-side, hacked and mangled. His furious murderers hacked him with swords, saying at each cut, ‘Now preach to us!’ Of his wife and family Silas could learn nothing; but we have heard since that his two sons were also murdered, and that his wife and daughters are in prison. He says



that our dear brother Mackay fled for safety to a large house near his own, where he and several other Europeans defended themselves as well as they could. Their assailants, not being able to get at them, fetched artillery and battered down the house. As to the Thompson family, a servant told him that they had all been murdered. He sent a person to the house to see, who soon returned with the news, that Mrs. Thompson and her eldest daughter were both dead, and that Miss Grace, the youngest, was then expiring.

“My station is also gone. The mission-house and chapel in Muttra, with all my little property, have perished. The Sepoys came to my house, but found us not. They broke open the doors, smashed everything within reach, and then set fire to the place, and went away. The native watchman, who is a Christian, arrived here the day before yesterday with the sad tale.”

Of the native Christian, Walayat Ali, just mentioned, who died in the same rising, we have some account from the lips of his widow, who escaped death, though with much difficulty.

It was from the labours of Colonel Wheeler at Agra, that Walayat Ali received his first religious impressions; and was induced to begin the study of the Bible. Although his mind soon became enlightened, he still clung to Mohamedanism; and

sought to its moulvies to remove his doubts. He went to one of reputed sanctity, and wished to enter the ranks of his disciples; but a fee of twelve shillings was demanded. After a while the moulvie came down to two shillings; desiring him, however, to tell others that he had paid the full fee. Wala-yat's sense revolted at this, he said, "I can sin without the help of a priest; yet this man would have me tell lies to help fill his pockets!" He left the moulvie, and resolved to hear what the missionaries had to say. About the year 1838 he applied for baptism.

No sooner had he been baptized than his neighbours commenced every kind of annoyance. They threw bricks into his yard, denied him access to the well, and even tried to poison him. A fictitious claim was set up, and an action brought against him for a large sum of money. After a suit, lasting twelve months, it was decided, even by a Mohamedan judge, that he owed no such money.

But at Agra his life was in constant danger, and he was stationed at Chitoura as a native preacher. When a post at Delhi became vacant he was selected to fill it. He hesitated for some time; knowing the peculiar hatred the Mohamedans bear to all who leave the standard of "the Prophet." At last he consented, feeling, indeed, that his life might be the sacrifice. He often preached at Delhi to large

crowds of people, and even one of the princes paid him occasional visits in the darkness of the evening. Doubtless there were many in Delhi, among the bigoted followers of "the Prophet," who were rejoiced to have an opportunity of stopping that mouth by the sword, which they had never succeeded in stopping by fair argument.

"On Monday the 11th of May (it is the widow who speaks), my husband was preparing to go out to preach, when a native preacher, Thakoor, of the Church mission, came in, and told us that all the gates had been closed, that the Sepoys had mutinied, and that the Sepoys were going about robbing and murdering every Christian. He pressed my husband to escape at once, for else we should all be killed. But my husband said, 'No, brother, the Lord's work cannot be stopped by any one.' Presently the horsemen were seen coming, sword in hand, and setting fire to many of the houses. Thakoor said, 'Here they are; now what will you do? Run, run.' My husband said, 'This is no time to flee, except unto God in prayer.' Poor Thakoor ran out, was seen by the horsemen, and killed. My husband called us all to him, and he kneeled down and prayed. Then he said to us, 'See that, whatever happens, you do not deny Christ, for if you confide in Him, and confess Him, you will be blessed at last.' I began to weep, and he said, 'Dear wife, I thought

your faith in the Saviour was stronger than mine. Why are you troubled? Remember God's word, and be comforted. If you die, you will go to Jesus; and if you are spared, He will be your keeper. If our missionaries live, you will be taken care of; and should they all perish, still Christ lives for ever.'

"The horsemen came up, and some fakirs who lived near told them to kill my husband, for that he had destroyed the faith of many by preaching about Christ. So the horsemen told him to repeat the Kulma (Mohamedan creed), but he would not. Two of them then fired at us, and one shot passed close to my husband's ear, and went into the wall. The children fled through the back-door. One of the horsemen now spoke for us, and said, 'Don't kill them, his father was a good Mussulman, and it is very likely that this man only became a Christian for money, and that he will turn Mussulman again.' Another then demanded, 'Who are you, and what?' Walayat answered, 'I was blind, but now I see. God has mercifully opened my eyes; I am a Christian, and will live and die one!' 'Ah!' said the horseman, 'you see what he is: kill him!' They pointed their guns at his breast, and said, 'Repent! Repeat the Kulma!' He answered, 'I have repented and believed in Christ, and need no other repentance.' Just then two Europeans were seen running along the road, and the soldiers went

after them. My husband said to me, 'Fly! now is the time, before they return.' I went, but knew not where to go, and presently I saw a crowd of the Mahomedans dragging my husband along the ground, beating him on the head with their shoes, and crying, 'Now preach! Now where is the Christ you spoke of?' Others called to him to repeat the Kulma and leave Christianity. He answered, 'No, I never will. My Saviour took up His cross and went to God, and I will follow Him.' Another trooper now came up, and asked, 'What all this disturbance was about?' They said, 'We have got a devil here who will not recant; a Christian, do you kill him.' The trooper struck him with his sword, and nearly cut off his head. His last words were, 'O Jesus, receive my soul!'

"I was under a tree, where I could see and hear all. I shrieked out, but I dared not stay there, so I went back and found my house burning and the people plundering it. I now sought for my children, who had escaped to the house of Mirza Hajee, where I stayed three days; till an order was issued, that any one found guilty of harbouring Christians should be put to death. Mirza Hajee now told me that I must either turn Mussulman or leave his house. He said that if I would leave Christianity I should have a house and thirty rupees a month. But I said, 'No, I

cannot forsake Christ, I will work for my children, and if I be killed God's will be done!' So now I had to go out, with my seven children, and I wandered about from one place to another, having no place to rest in, and scarcely anything to eat. The gates were all shut. At last, on the thirteenth day, a large body of the Sepoys went out, and I managed to mix with the crowd and got out with my children. I went to a place in the suburbs, where I got a room. After a time I went farther, to Soonput, where I remained three months, working hard to keep my little children from starving. I was chiefly employed in grinding corn, and, in order to get a little food, I often had to work night and day. After a time the youngest child was taken with fever and died. No one would bury it or touch it, so I was obliged to do this with my own hands. But soon the English took Delhi again, and I got into the city, where I was kindly treated.

"Of the Rev. Mr. Mackay and Mrs. Thompson and family, I have to say, that before I escaped out of Delhi I went to Mrs. Thompson's house, and found her and her daughter lying dead on a bed, and another daughter lying on the floor. Their heads were quite severed from their bodies. I heard that Mr. Mackay was killed in Col. Skinner's house, after a resistance of three or four days."

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## IN MEERUT.

THE above narrative shows the state of things at Delhi—we shall now give a letter from the Rev. A. Medland, describing some of the occurrences at Meerut. It is dated May 16, 1857:—

“While I was performing service in the mission-chapel on Sunday evening I heard a great noise, a shouting and yelling, accompanied by occasional firing of guns. After the prayers I inquired the cause, and was informed that the Sepoys were fighting in their own lines. Apprehending no danger I commenced my sermon, but had not proceeded far, when a man rushed in, exclaiming, that the Sepoys were advancing on us and murdering all the Europeans that they could lay their hands on. Our catechist quickly followed, confirming the statement; so I at once dismissed the congregation and drove off in an opposite direction. By this time masses of smoke were ascending in various directions, and shortly after we passed the European troops marching to the scene of disturbance. Being assured that the danger was imminent we sought shelter in the house of a friend. Before we could enter we heard a savage yell behind us, and an empty chaise passed. The owner had been

murdered on the spot, and a gentleman who was with him dangerously wounded. The night was passed in a state of fearful anxiety, for the illuminated sky and distant firing made it clear that the work of destruction was proceeding. Towards morning the firing ceased, but we were horrified by the accounts which were brought in. On Monday my servants came, and informed me that a crowd of natives from the city had come to my house the preceding evening, inquiring for Mrs. M. and myself, and threatening to cut us in pieces. Learning that we were not there they set fire to the house and premises. The whole of our property was either burnt or stolen, and with the exception of a few articles of apparel, we have nothing left save the clothes we have on. The mob next inquired for Joseph, my catechist. He, however, had been at church, and had accompanied me when I fled, as far as he could keep pace with my horse. I then told him to follow, but he, mistaking my directions, proceeded by a circuitous route to the city. He was recognised, beaten, and left for dead. However, he revived, hid himself, and a day or two after found his way to me.

“The missionaries and native Christians in Delhi are, I believe, all killed. All our native Christians are in safety; but the mission-work is suspended. For ten days past I had observed the



conduct of the people to be exceedingly insulting, more than ever previously. At present we are in great excitement and confusion."

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IN ALLAHABAD.

GOPENATH NUNDY.

GOPENATH NUNDY was an ordained native Christian, in connexion with the American Presbyterian Mission. When the revolt took place, he escaped from Futtehpur to Allahabad with his wife and three children, and from thence tried to get to Mirzapur, hoping to find a place of greater safety. He says,

"We took a boat for the opposite bank of the Jumna. We arrived at daybreak, and took the road to Mirzapur on foot. In the evening we reached a village about fourteen miles off, and here we took shelter in a Brahmin's house, who professed to be a friend, but who, through the whole night, sought for an opportunity to kill us. Being aware of his intentions we kept awake, and early in the morning, when we were ready to resume our journey, we found that the hackery which was to take us had disappeared. Our host, whose purpose had not been accomplished, begged us to remain

another day, and promised to procure us a hackery. As we were tired, and our feet swollen, we were obliged to remain. We passed a most miserable day and night, not even lying down for a moment. When the morning light came we prepared to start, not for Mirzapur, as the road seemed to be dangerous, but back to Allahabad, and of course on foot. Foreseeing an attack I told my wife to give up everything. As soon as we came out a crowd of men, our host among them, fell upon us. We gave up the very clothes on our bodies, they did not leave us the single Bible we had. Our shoes were also taken ; in mine I had hid a rupee and a few pice. While they were quarrelling about the booty we made our escape, running as fast as we could. We travelled till nine o'clock, when both ourselves and our dear children felt exhausted, and sat down under the shade of a tree. The poor children cried bitterly from hunger, but we had nothing to give them. We prayed to God, who fed His people with manna in the wilderness, and He heard us. We saw a marriage procession coming along the road. I went up to it and they gave me five pice, which enabled me to buy a little food. We fed the children and proceeded on our way. We travelled till eleven o'clock, when we found that the poor children were struck with the sun, which was very powerful, the wind being very hot. Seeing

no village near we took shelter under a bridge, and made our poor children lie down. But they seemed to be dying, and we had no medicine to give them. We raised our hearts in prayer to the great Physician, and He heard us. We found a small green mangoe on a tree, I got it down, and having begged a little fire from a passer-by, I roasted it and made some sherbet, and gave it to the children. It revived them. From inability to proceed further, we made up our minds to remain there till the next morning; but towards sunset the Zemindar of the nearest village came, took compassion on us, and carried us to his house, where he supplied all our urgent wants. We slept soundly, having been deprived of rest for three nights.

“Early the following morning we left our kind host's house, and started for Allahabad. We reached the ghat about nine o'clock, and, while crossing the river, we saw with sorrow that the mission bungalow was burnt to ashes, and the church totally disfigured. On our arrival swarms of Mohamedans fell upon us; but our gracious Father again saved us, by raising up a friend from among the foes. A goldsmith, a Hindoo by caste, took us into his house, and kept us through the day. At sunset, when we left his house, we fell into the hands of some other Mohamedans, who were roaming about like beasts of prey. When we saw no way of escape,

and that the villains were ready to kill us, we begged them to take us to their moulvie, who had for some days usurped the chief authority here. When we were brought before him, we found him seated on a chair, surrounded by men with drawn swords. We made our salaams, and he ordered us to sit down, and put the following questions:—‘Who are you?’ ‘Christians.’ ‘What place do you come from?’ ‘Futtehpur.’ ‘What was your occupation?’ ‘Teaching the Christian religion.’ ‘Are you a padre?’ ‘Yes, sir.’ ‘Was it not you who used to go about reading and distributing tracts in the streets and villages?’ ‘Yes, sir—it was me and my catechists.’ ‘How many Christians have you made?’ ‘I did not make any Christian, for no human being can change the heart of another; but God, by my instrumentality, brought to the belief of His true religion about a couple of dozens.’

“On this he exclaimed, in a great rage, ‘Tobah! tobah!—What downright blasphemy! God never makes any one a Christian, but you kafirs pervert the people. He always makes people Mussulmans, for the religion which we follow is the only true one. How many Mohamedans have you perverted to your religion?’ ‘I have not perverted any one; but, by the grace of God, ten were turned from darkness to marvellous light.’

“Hearing this, his countenance became very

red, and he exclaimed, 'You are a great villain! You have renounced your forefathers' faith, and become a child of Satan, and are now using every effort to bring others into the same road to destruction. You deserve a cruel death. Your nose, ears, and hands, should be cut off at different times, and your children ought to be sold to slavery.'

"My wife, folding her hands, said to him, 'You will confer a great favour by ordering us all to be killed at once, and not to be tortured by a lingering death.'

"He remained silent for a time, and then said, 'Savan Allah! You appear to be a respectable man. I pity you and your family, and, as a friend, I advise you to become Mohamedans: so you will save your lives, and may even be advanced.' I said, 'We prefer death to any inducement you can offer.'

"He then appealed to my wife, and asked her what she would do. Her reply was, thank God! as firm as mine.

"He then asked if I had read the Koran. I said, 'Yes, sir.' He said, 'You could not have read it with a view to be profited, but merely to pick out passages in order to argue with the Mohamedans.' He added, 'I will give you three days to consider, and then I will send for you and read a portion of the Koran to you. If you believe, and become

Mohamedans, well and good ; but if not, your noses shall be cut off.'

“ He then ordered his men to take us to prison. As we went I lifted up my heart in praise to the Lord Jesus, for giving us grace to acknowledge Him before the world.

“ When we reached the place of confinement, we found a European family and some native Christians. After conversing for some time, and relating to each other our mutual distresses, we knelt down and prayed. Seeing this, one of the guards came, and, giving me a kick, ordered me either to pray after the Mohamedan form or to hold my tongue.

“ The next day, Ensign Check, of the 6th Native Infantry, was brought in severely wounded, and a prisoner. He was scarcely able to stand, and seemed on the point of fainting. I made some gruel, and gave him to drink, and also some water, and this refreshed him. He told me the history of his sufferings, and asked me, if I escaped, to write to his mother in England, and to his aunt. Seeing him unable to sleep on the hard ground, I begged the officer to give him a charpoy (bedstead). With great difficulty he consented, and found a broken one for him ; but, seeing me so friendly to the young man, the officer separated us, and fastened my feet in the stocks. While he was doing this, a party of the Mohamedan soldiers fell upon me,

beating and dragging me, but offering immediate release if I would turn Moslem. Seeing this, Ensign Cheek cried out to me, 'Padre, be firm!—do not give way.' My poor wife, not liking to be separated from me, was dragged away by her hair, and received a severe wound on her forehead.

"The day appointed now came, and we expected every moment to be sent for. The moulvie's people came to us frequently, to ask if we were prepared to turn Mohamedans, and threatening us with the having our noses cut off; but outside the prison our safety was being wrought. That day the European and Sikh soldiers came out of the fort, and, after a desperate fight, the rebels were completely beaten. Some of them, wounded, were brought into the prison. This encouraged us, and after a while our gaolers ran away, and we liberated ourselves, and came out to our friends, who rejoiced to find us still alive. Ensign Cheek, however, died that same day, after reaching the fort. His wounds were so severe that it was a wonder that he lived so long, nearly without food, or water to quench his thirst. I could not have much conversation with him; but the few words he uttered lead me to believe that he died a Christian death, and is now in the enjoyment of everlasting life."

## AT FUTTEHPUR AND CAWNPORE.

GOPENATH NUNDY had left Futtehpur for Allahabad, hoping to find safety; for at Futtehpur the prospect was very dark, and he conducted the native Christian women to Allahabad in the expectation that there they would be safe. Futtehpur did indeed bear the weight of the storm. The Rev. S. Fullerton visited it in January 1858, and found it a scene of desolation: the missionary bungalows (or dwellings), the churches, the orphan institutions, the native Christian village, were all involved in one common ruin. It was with difficulty he found out the native Christians: they were lodged in the cantonment bazaar; and the rags with which they were covered, and their emaciated looks, showed too plainly the sufferings to which they had been subjected. Their history was a heart-rending one. The European residents and missionaries had left in boats for Cawnpore in the June of 1857, and for some time the commandant, Colonel Smith, had succeeded in protecting the Christian village; but, on the 18th, the village was set on fire, and the mob broke in, and a general pillage followed. The Christians fled into the nearest villages, hoping to find concealment in obscurity; but the Mohamedan nawab ordered them to be seized and put to death, offering a reward for their



apprehension. They then had to fly in different directions. Many of the women and children died on the road. A catechist's wife, with her infant, was separated by accident from her party, and, after a search, they were found in a miserable hut—both dead. No one would give them a drop of water while living, or interment when dead. About thirty had suffered death, according to the nawab's orders, and about one hundred succeeded in escaping.

The Europeans, including the missionaries, had left in boats for Cawnpore. The history of their sad fate was gathered from some of the native Christians. They passed down the stream, often fired upon by the rebel natives from the banks, but without suffering much loss, till they came near to Cawnpore. Here the sepoy occupied both banks, and a bridge of boats prevented their further advance. They effected a landing on a small island, where for three days they remained concealed. At length the sepoy discovered them, and began to fire upon them. One of the missionaries then said, "In all probability our last hour has come: let us commend our souls to God." Mr. Freeman then read a portion of Scripture, with a few remarks. A hymn was sung, and prayer was offered. Then followed a second hymn, and before long the sepoy arrived. They were tied two and two, and carried to Cawnpore. Having been long without food,

several of the females sank exhausted on the ground, where they remained all night. Nothing but a little water was given them, the sepoys strictly guarding them, and the night being chiefly spent in prayer. Early in the morning they were led forth to the parade-ground, and shot down or sabred.

A young native attendant, who was spared as a Hindoo, was witness to most of these transactions, and from her lips the details were received. Four missionaries, with their families, perished in this massacre.

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## POLYNESIA.

### ERROMANGA.

REV. G. N. GORDON AND MRS. GORDON.

IN June 1856 these two devoted labourers succeeded in gaining an entrance to this blood-stained island, and took up their abode not far from the spot where Mr. Williams had been murdered, seventeen years before. They were permitted to remain here nearly five years, but in May 1861 they shared the fate of the great evangelizer of Polynesia.

Mr. Turner, of the Samoan Mission, paid a visit to Erromanga in October 1859, and thus describes the state of things at that time:—

“We had the pleasure of spending a Sabbath at Erromanga, and met about 150 of the people in their little chapel. All was quiet and orderly. It thrilled our inmost soul to hear them, as led by Mrs. Gordon, strike up the tune of ‘New Lydia,’ and also the translation and tune of ‘There is a happy land!’ Mr. Gordon was glad to see so many at the service, and considered our visit

opportune. There had been a re-action. Reports had been raised that the people were dying, and that it was owing to the new religion. The chief had forbidden the people to attend, and at one service recently only five were present. Mr. Gordon finds it uphill work: the people are constantly occupied with petty wars."

The following narrative was written by a gentleman engaged in the sandal-wood trade, and who was the only Englishman besides Mr. Gordon then resident on the island:—

"From the accounts I have gathered from the natives, I believe you may rely on the correctness of the following description:—

"About noon on the 20th (May 1861), a party of nine Bunkhill natives, of whom the chief, Lova, was the leader, called at the mission-house and inquired for Mr. Gordon. They were told that he was working a little further down the hill, at a house which he was building for the winter. They went towards the place, but in passing through a grove eight of the men concealed themselves, while the ninth, named Nara-bu-leet, went further down, to inveigle Mr. Gordon. Mr. Gordon had, unfortunately, sent all his boys away to gather grass for the roof, and was unattended. When Nara-bu-leet walked up to him and asked for some calico for himself and the others, who, he said, were waiting

at the mission-house, Mr. Gordon took up a piece of board, and wrote on it, with charcoal, 'Give these men a yard of cotton each.' This he gave to the savage, telling him to take it to Mrs. Gordon, who would give him what he wanted.

"This, however, did not answer Nara-bu-leet's purpose. He told Mr. Gordon that the chief wished particularly to see him, and to get some medicine; and that he had better go to the mission-house.

"Mr. Gordon, pointing to a plate which Mrs. Gordon had sent him, said, 'I have not yet eaten; but—never mind—I can do so at the house.' So, wrapping the plate in his handkerchief, he started up the hill, followed by the native.

"On arriving at the ambush, Nara-bu-leet buried his tomahawk in Mr. Gordon's spine. He instantly fell, uttering a loud cry. Nara-bu-leet gave him another stroke on the right side of the neck, which nearly severed the head from the body; and the others, rushing from their hiding-places, quickly cut their victim to pieces.

"While this was going on, another native, Ouben, went towards the mission-house, and met Mrs. Gordon, who, alarmed at the noises she heard, had come out, and who asked him what all that noise was about? He laughed, and said, 'Nothing: it's only the boys amusing themselves.' She asked, 'Where are the boys?' and turned round.

“ Ouben then, with the tomahawk which he had concealed behind him, struck her a blow near the shoulder; and as she fell on a heap of grass, he nearly cut the head off by a second blow, and otherwise mutilated her in various parts.

“ That afternoon I was writing a note to Mr. Gordon, when I was startled by a native, followed by some of the boys, rushing across the river and exclaiming that the Bunkhill natives had killed the ‘ Missi !’

“ I immediately armed myself and the few foreign natives I have, and started in pursuit of the murderers, but unsuccessfully. I found the bodies lying on the ground, horribly mangled; and I saw, from the nature of the wounds, that death must have been instantaneous. I went and locked up the mission-house, and placed a guard there. I then went and selected a spot for the grave: it is near the spot where Mr. Williams was killed, and is shaded by cocoa-nut and banana trees.

“ In the morning I made two coffins, in which the bodies were placed, and at two o’clock we carried them to the burying-place. There a native named Mana, who had acted as a teacher under Mr. Gordon, gave an address; after which we sang a hymn, and he offered a prayer.

“ On the 6th of June we were delighted by a visit from Bishop Patterson, of New Zealand. All

the mission-boys wept at the sight of him, as they remembered his former visit while Mr. Gordon was living. He crossed over to the grave, which had been enclosed by a fence. Here he read, with much feeling, the beautiful funeral service of the Church of England, and soon after took his leave."

There is no doubt whatever that Mr. and Mrs. Gordon's death arose from a superstitious and angry feeling, which had prevailed for some time among the natives, with reference to a disease resembling the measles, which had latterly raged in several of the islands, and which they blindly associated with the teachers and with the "new religion."

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