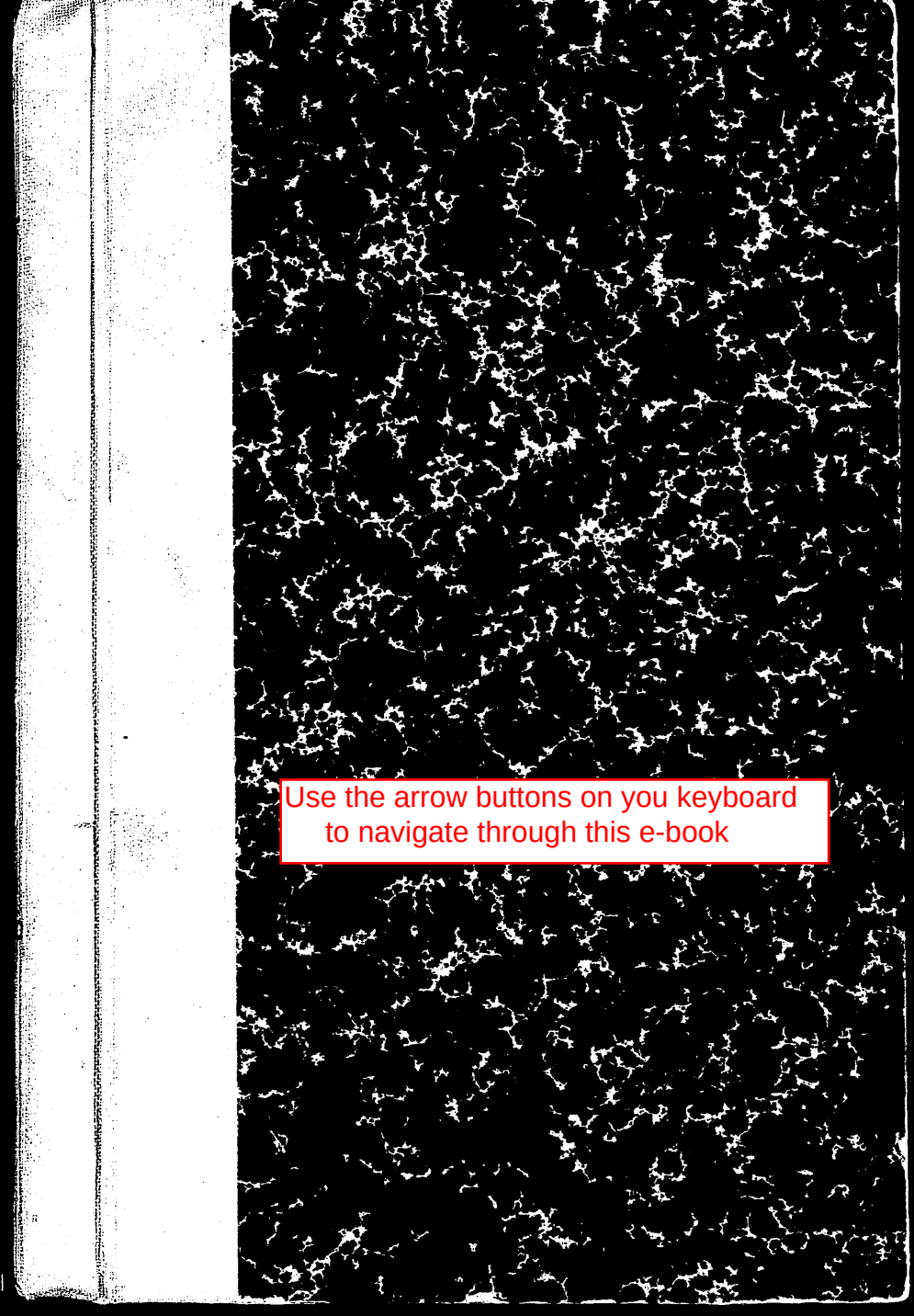
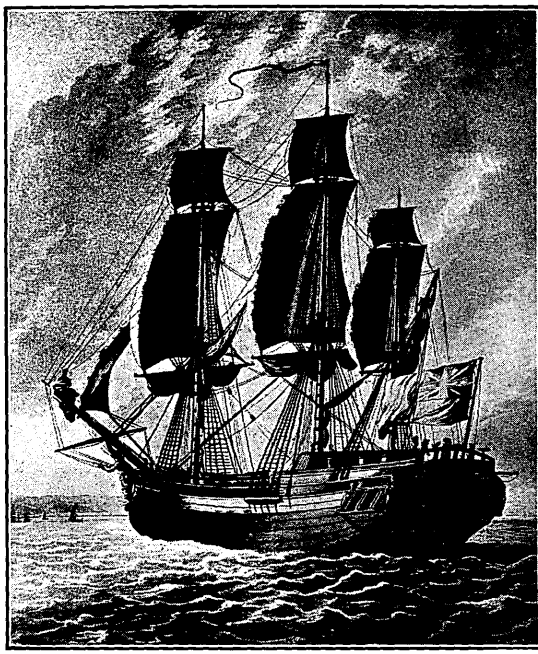


COURIERS OF CHRIST

J. C. HARRIS



The "Duff."
Sailed August 10, 1796.

(Frontispiece.)

COURIERS OF CHRIST

Pioneers of the London Missionary Society

BY
J. C. HARRIS
AUTHOR OF "KHAMA, THE GREAT AFRICAN CHIEF"

". . . there flows the human story, full and vast,
And here a muddy trickle smears a page.
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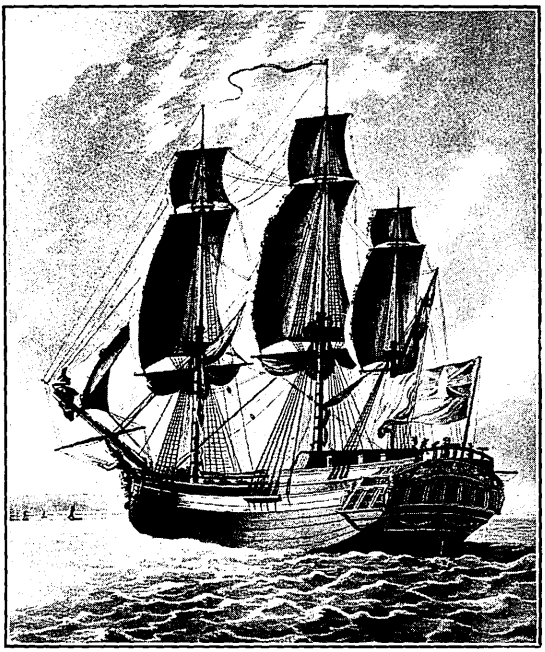
Dead drift-wood floats where argosies were drowned,
The best is secret from the world's applause.
See! gleaners come with eyes upon the ground,
After Oblivion's harvest, picking straws."

LAURENCE BINYON.

LIVINGSTONE PRESS
42 BROADWAY, WESTMINSTER, S.W. 1



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Dedicated

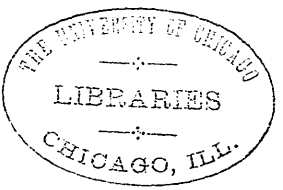
TO THE MEMORY OF

SYDNEY JAMES WELLS CLARK

COUNSELLOR AND FRIEND
OF MISSIONARIES

AND TO BRAVE PIONEERS

FORGOTTEN OF MEN, WHOSE
"WORKS DO FOLLOW THEM."



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AUTHOR'S ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

THE history of the London Missionary Society is one of the greatest chapters of the "Acts of the Apostles," and it has been told, so far as it may be, in books that are, alas! but little read to-day. He who attempts to compress that story into the limits of such a book as this dares the impossible, and dares no less the deserved rebuke of those who will be painfully conscious of its omissions. These few facts and dim memories have been gleaned from a field the gate of which is open for all to enter, and no one can be more conscious of the ungathered sheaves than the gleaner. His hope is that this hasty handful may stir the imagination and capture the interest of some who may have been so absorbed with the immediate as to be forgetful of the "great cloud of witnesses," through whose sacrifice we live, and by whose example we are claimed. Elsewhere is given a list of some of the books consulted, but the chief authorities have been Lovett's great *History of the L.M.S.*; *The Story of the L.M.S.*, by Silvester Horne; *Twenty-Five Years of the L.M.S.*, by A. T. S. James; and the file of the L.M.S. *Chronicle*. The work would have been impossible but for the co-operation of the officers of the Society, and many of its missionaries and directors. The truth is theirs, the errors are my own.

J. C. H.

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LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

My Road calls me, lures me
West, east, south, and north;
Most roads lead men homewards,
My Road leads me forth.

JOHN MASEFIELD.

COURIERS OF CHRIST

". . . who caught the . . . fire
One from another, each crying as he went down
To one that waited, crowned with youth and joy—
Take thou the splendour, carry it out of sight
Into the great new age I must not know,
Into the great new realm I must not tread."
The Torch, ALFRED NOYES.

FOREWORD

THERE are some to whom this will seem like a "story of the Utterly Absurd." It tells how "the thing that couldn't, has occurred," and of how it keeps on occurring.

Wars of conquest, fights for the Flag, hunts for gold or treasure, the quest of sheer adventure—all these we can, more or less, "relate to men's average behaviour." But here are men and women whose behaviour ran off all the rails of precedent, and defied all the explanations of average rationality.

Many of them came from lowly homes and obscure villages, from field and farm, from forge and factory, from the cobbler's bench or the loom. They became scholars and statesmen; they mastered the ancient languages of the East; interpreted the inarticulate cries of jungle and swamp, and reduced to writing the primitive dialects of savage tribes; they turned nomads into nations, and cannibals into Christians. The world has still to reckon their contribution to civilization, to literature and commerce, to science,

especially to anthropology, medicine, geography, and philology.

Stranger than their achievements were their methods and their weapons. Soldiers we have known who have hacked their way through to fame with fire and sword; merchants who have grown rich through exploiting their fellows; statesmen who won power through intrigue and cunning. But these men went unarmed, carrying only a Book, landing alone on cannibal islands, walking undaunted through tangled jungles, trekking, thirst-haunted, across the deserts of No Man's Land. Not for them were

> "*Content, and quiet, and peace of mind. . . .*
> *Only the road, and the dawn, the sun, the wind and the rain,*
> *And the watch-fire under stars, and sleep, and the dawn again.*"

Often they went to their tasks unnoticed, did their work uncheered, and passed to their rest unknown. Their dust lies scattered across the world, on lonely veld and coral reefs, and "some there be which have no memorial; who have perished as though they had not been . . ." but their imperishable cenotaph remains in the lands they redeemed and the lives they uplifted. This is no ancient tale. It all happened but yesterday. You may meet the sons and grandchildren of some of these men in the street tomorrow, or find many of them holding positions of honour in the lands their fathers civilized.

"People forget that the conversion of Europe took wellnigh a thousand years, and that in regions outside Europe active and continuous missionary work has been in progress for a hundred and fifty years or less."*

* *A Short History of our Religion*, page 306 (D. C. Somervell).

In these few pages I have tried, like Old Mortality, to clear away some of the brambles of misjudgment, and some of the moss of ungrateful oblivion; but if, when I have tried to tell these fragmentary tales, the reader does not put down this book, saying " It is incredible!" then I shall have failed in the telling; for he who reads shall wonder, and he who wonders shall worship.

CHAPTER ONE

THE DAWN

"*The Light shineth in darkness.*"

ALL the history and all the mystery of human life on this planet is summed up in those words, which give an epic unity to the story of Man's Redemption by Man. Looking back into the dim centuries, we catch flickering gleams of the Light glinting from soul to soul: Pharaohs of the Nile, Priests of Babylon, Prophets of Israel, Thinkers of Greece, Rulers of Rome; like stumbling shadows in the dawn of history.

Then, Peter standing up at Pentecost; Paul preaching in Rome; some unknown soldier or slave, who but a few years after the Crucifixion crept out at night to chisel the emblem of the Fish on the base of a heathen temple at Aqua Salus* in Britain; Celtic saints setting up rude crosses and building hermit cells in Wales and Cornwall; St. Alban the Martyr; St. Ninian, first missionary to Scotland; St. Patrick, Apostle to Ireland; Columba founding his monastery at Iona. Then, when the Light grows dim at the Saxon invasion, Augustine marching with songs into Canterbury; Francis of Assisi going as a non-combatant missionary to the Crusades; Raymond Lull, the Spanish nobleman, buying an Arab slave, that he might learn Arabic and preach to the Moslems; and Ignatius Loyola sending out his men with the com-

* Bath.

mand, "Go and set the world on fire!" There was Francis Xavier flaming like a firebrand across the unknown East, and that lad from Crediton in Devon, who became Boniface, missionary to the wild tribes of Germany; and Nobeli, the Italian Count, who lived as a Brahmin, that he "might win some." True, much of what was then regarded as Christianity seems to us darkly pagan, and many of the methods used by kings and popes to "compel them to come in" were mistaken and, to us, un-Christian. But at one time there was a long line of bishoprics stretching from Jerusalem to Pekin. "Then the mediæval Church began to decline, the Mongolian power fell, the Ottoman Turks cut off Christendom from the East, and the Moslem faith was carried into the heart of Europe."*

But we cannot measure the work of modern missions until we see it against that great background, and remember that we, who follow after, climb on the slippery footholds cut by many who

"*Went down, whelmed in the cloudy wreckage of a dream,*
And all their youth was fuel to the flame of this one work."

Missions in Modern Times

While the counter-Reformation spurred the Roman Church to missionary energy, the early Protestants were so absorbed in matters of doctrine and Church polity as to be almost indifferent to the wider claims of the Kingdom of God. Some of the leading reformers bitterly opposed all mission work. As late as 1796 it was declared in the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland that "to spread abroad the

* *A Short History of our Religion*, page 307 (D. C. Somervell).

knowledge of the Gospel amongst barbarous and heathen nations seems to be highly preposterous . . ." and the Bishop of St. Asaph said that "the command to preach the Gospel to all nations did not apply to us!"

* * * * *

Organized Protestant missions seem to have originated with John Eliot, Congregational minister at Roxbury, Massachusetts. Eliot was one of the Puritan emigrants of the Great Migration which began in 1628 and ended in 1640. Nearly twenty thousand of England's best citizens crossed the Atlantic in those twelve years. In 1646 Eliot preached to the Indians in their own tongue and was understood. News of his work* reached England and aroused such interest in the mind of Oliver Cromwell, that in 1649 a Corporation was formed by the Long Parliament "for the Promoting and Propagating the Gospel of Jesus Christ in New England." By Cromwell's direction a general collection throughout England and Wales was made, and it produced nearly £12,000, of which £11,000 was invested in landed property in England. By means of the income, missionaries were maintained amongst the natives in New England. This, the first Missionary Society established in England, still exists, and is known as "The New England Company." The charter lapsing at the Restoration was reconstituted in 1662 (significant date), and included "Churchmen and Dissenters."

* See *Eliot of Massachusetts* (D. Chamberlin).

CHAPTER TWO

THE BIRTH OF THE L.M.S.

"The 'why' of history is more important than the 'when.'"
PROFESSOR POLLARD.

IT is not enough to gather facts and fix dates. We want to see more, to discover the hidden strings that pulled these strange figures across the stage, to hear the drum-beat to which these men marched, and to catch some gleam of the ideals that led them out. The ordinary motives of expediency or utility do not account for them; the impulses behind commerce and Imperial pride do not explain them. By all the usual standards of the world they were fools and fanatics, who threw their lives away for "a dream born in a herdsman's shed."

One thing is clear: that however we today may have changed in our formulæ of faith, or have modified our doctrines of belief, the primary motives which drove these men out in the earlier times remain the same, and still bring young men and women to the Candidates' Committee of the Society.

We can discern some of the influences which conspired to give the occasion, if not the cause, for the otherwise inexplicable rising of this great movement. It is well known that there are so-called "explosion points" in history, times when ideas long dormant, and movements long suppressed, suddenly flame up in shattering power. The Protestant Reformation and the French Revolution marked such epochs in Europe, and both reacted upon the national feeling and the political and social institutions of Britain,

then known as "the most backward country in Europe." In a few years England was changed from a farm to a factory, from a semi-feudal agricultural land, to become the maritime centre and the industrial workshop of a suddenly expanded globe.

The people of England suddenly awoke to a destiny undreamed, to lead the way in colonization, in democratic institutions, and no less in spiritual enterprise. It was the birth of a nation. "There is a budding morrow in every midnight," but it was very dark before this dawn. The French Revolution had defiantly declared the abolition of Christianity. The surging back-wash of great industrial and political movements threatened to swamp the slumbrous Church with a tidal wave of infidelity and cynical materialism. War abroad, seething discontent at home, distress following the wicked Enclosure Acts, an unspeakably brutal penal code, a complacent aristocracy, a corrupt Court, an ignorant populace condemned to unremitting toil—such were the features of "The Good Old Days."

The Slave Trade was in full swing, Bristol and Liverpool were growing rich upon it. Fleet Prison was full. Newgate, built to accommodate five hundred, held eight hundred prisoners. Monday was "Hanging Day," and there were over two hundred capital crimes on the Statute Book. Drunkenness was rampant and respectable. The phrase "as drunk as a lord" survives to explain Hogarth's famous cartoon of an ale-house sign, "Here you may get drunk for a penny, dead drunk for twopence, straw provided!" Even at the height of the Great Revival, the social conscience of the nation seemed unawake. Then suddenly, "out of this welter of nurtured elegance and ignorant brutality, eager passionate

souls burst into a world of moral adventure and spiritual romance." In less than a generation the framework of the old English life was shattered. When Wesley commenced his campaign in 1738, the old feudal tradition still bound master and man, owner and tenant, together, for feudalism survived as a spirit long after it had vanished as a system. When Wesley died in 1791, the world had become everyone's parish, and the Industrial Revolution was afoot. Within the short span of those intervening years great tidal waves of spiritual forces had swept away customs and traditions that had seemed impregnable. Things which seemed at first to be merely "secular" and "worldly" were charged with the force of moral explosives. New scientific inventions and the advent of machinery changed the industrial life of the people, and brought to birth a new social consciousness.

* * * * *

The economic results were swift and amazing. Exports, which in 1758 had amounted to just over six millions, leaped, in 1810, to nearly forty-six millions. The population of England, which in 1750 had been six and a half millions, rose by 1800 to ten and a half millions, nearly double in fifty years! Mills started roaring in the growing towns of Lancashire and Yorkshire. Coaches whizzed along the newly made roads, at the incredible speed of ten miles an hour! Ships were launched which could sail the seas regardless of wind or tide, factories and mines brought the intoxication of new power and new wealth.

Many, looking back upon the sordid story of those days, see only the glare of burning hayricks, the flicker of torches on crowds marching to smash the

new machines, hear only the bitter cry of the child-slaves of the mills and of the chimneys. But beneath these things surged the new spirit of liberty, a new sense of the sacredness of human personality, a self-assertive individualism and a desperate humanitarianism which burst through the old insularities of this island people; and, what is still more significant, those who had "found religion" through the Evangelical Revival discovered that

> "*Christ had called them then,*
> *To brother all the sons of men.*"

* * * * *

The great increase of overseas trade opening up new markets brought unknown lands and strange peoples into the immediate range of popular interest. When Captain Cook's *Voyages* were published in 1777 and again in 1784, they fired the imagination of the people in a way we can scarcely measure today. They not only opened "magic casements" to merchant adventurers and daring explorers, but wakened the vision of "the man of Macedonia" in the minds of those to whom religion had become an expulsive power, as well as an intense experience. There was Carey working at his cobbler's bench with Cook's *Voyages* open before him, while on the wall above his head was a crude map of the world. In almost every sermon published during that time, we find some reference to the New World that had flashed upon their ken, and like the sailors of "stout Cortez, upon a peak in Darien," they "gazed at each other with a wild surmise." Here were men whose fathers had fought priests and prelates, and whose hearts were like tinder for the spark. The Dawn had come, and they arose to meet the Day of the Lord.

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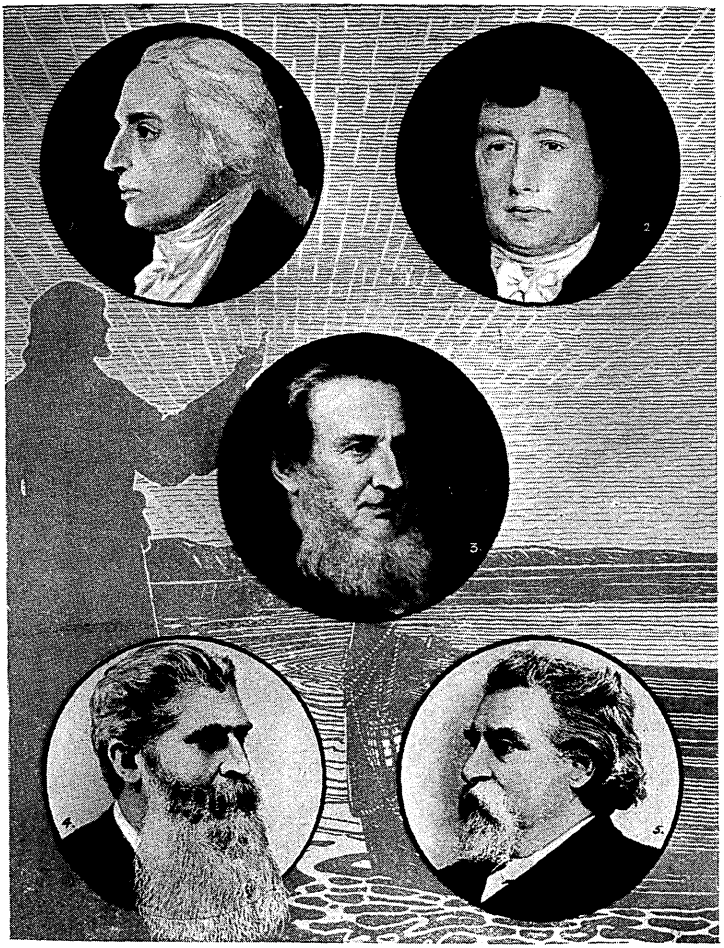

Leaders in the Pacific.

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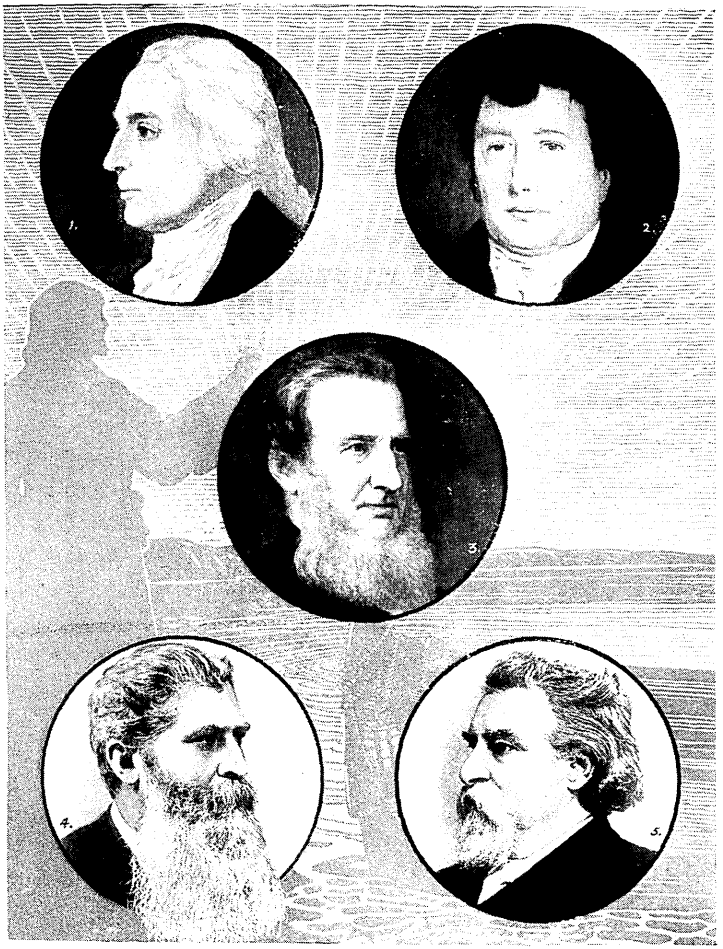

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In May, 1792, Carey preached his memorable sermon at Nottingham. It made a great impression, but the people were about to depart as usual, when the preacher in a very agony of despair seized Fuller's hand and said: "Are you going to do nothing, after all?" The answer was the Baptist Missionary Society. Two years later, in July, 1794, Dr. Ryland of Bristol invited a few friends to meet at his house "to hear an interesting letter just received from William Carey." It was Carey's first letter from India. On leaving Dr. Ryland's, Mr. H. O. Wills (a name not unknown in Bristol today) turned to Dr. Bogue and said: "Why could we not have a society of the same kind?" Just a question, asked in a plain everyday business man's way. That did it.

Three men went to a little room, which may still be seen at Whitefield's Tabernacle in Bristol. Today it is hidden away amongst gloomy warehouses and squalid streets. In that low, panelled room, used by Whitefield as vestry and study, Dr. Bogue of Gosport, Mr. Steven of the Scotch Church, Covent Garden, and Mr. Hey, minister of the Independent Church at Castle Green, Bristol, met for prayer and consultation. As a result there followed Dr. Bogue's article in the *Evangelical Magazine*, succeeded in November by the famous meeting at Baker's Chop House in Change Alley, Cornhill, and other meetings at the Castle and Falcon in Aldersgate Street, leading up to the great gatherings in September, 1795, when the London Missionary Society was formed, its constitution framed, and the first Board of Directors appointed.

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* * * * *

"And captains that we thought were dead,
And dreamers that we thought were dumb,
And voices that we thought were fled,
Arise and call us, and we come. . . ."

ALFRED NOYES.

While, undoubtedly, Captain Cook's *Voyages* did much to kindle the imagination and give direction to the impulses surging in the minds of men under the influences of the Evangelical Revival, another very potent factor in the origination of the Society was the *Evangelical Magazine*, started in 1793, with the avowed object of "arousing the Christian public from its prevailing torpor and to excite to the use of means for advancing the Redeemer's Kingdom."

In those days there were few newspapers, and through this magazine these great ideas found expression. Dr. Bogue's passionate appeal was followed in 1794 by an article by Dr. Haweis, then rector of Aldwinkle, reviewing a book written by Melville Horne, who had been chaplain in Sierra Leone. This book sketched the history of missions by Jesuits, Moravians, and Methodists, asked "What monies have we subscribed, what associations have we formed, what prayers have we offered?" and went on to outline how missions might be carried on in India and the South Seas. The reviewer added that if such a society could be formed he knew of one donation of £100, and another of £500 (by Dr. Haweis himself) towards "the equipment of the first six persons for a mission to the South Seas." Quickly interest grew and ideas took shape. Little groups of earnest people all over the country met to pray and to confer about the matter.

* * * * *

Two things stand out amongst the records of those stirring days. First the wonderful enthusiasm which marked the inaugural meetings. London was stirred to its centre. Thousands were unable to get into the crowded churches. Great preachers held the people spellbound, and the gatherings were swayed by tense emotion and a sense of crisis. But no less remarkable was their catholicity. The Evangelical Revival had naturally accentuated doctrinal distinctions, and fanned the slumbering embers of old prejudices. Missions to the heathen had been attempted for some time along the lines of denominational interest. The Episcopal Church, with the help of Parliament and the prestige of State recognition, had started the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. The Baptist Society and the Moravians were already at work. The Wesleyans had sent missionaries to the West Indies more than twenty years before (though the Wesleyan Missionary Society was not started till 1813). At first Dr. Bogue, and those associated with him, had in view another and similar society for the Independents. But the tides of the Spirit carried the movement beyond all such limits, and men of differing schools of thought found their differences fused by the greatness of the task and the glory of the vision. Then, as now, the Missionary impulse proved to be the most potent factor in demanding unity amongst the Churches.

So they formed what at first was called simply "The Missionary Society," and framed its "fundamental principle" which has been ever since jealously guarded and maintained. It declares that "our design is not to send Presbyterianism, Independency, Episcopacy, or any other form of Church Order or

Government . . . but the Glorious Gospel of the Blessed God, to the Heathen, and it shall be left to the minds of the Persons whom God may call into the Fellowship of His Son . . . to assume for themselves such form of Church Government as to them shall appear most agreeable to the Word of God. . . ."

It was soon decided that the first attempt should be to send missionaries to Tahiti in the South Seas. Later it was expected to send others to the Pelew Islands, to the Coromandel Coast, to Tartary and Sierra Leone. So much for their daring faith and vision.

* * * * *

It is difficult for us, with our resources and our organizations, to realize the tremendous thing these men did. We live in another world. Today a man with a telephone on his desk has the ends of the earth at his elbow. The jungles of Africa and the paddy fields of Malaya are as near as the next street. Picture those first directors sitting down to carry out the resolutions passed in the white heat of great meetings! First they had to find suitable people to send, and then they had to send them to almost unknown and inaccessible places. It is easier today to transport twenty thousand men to the Antipodes than it was for them to send twenty people to Tahiti.

* * * * *

Amongst the Founders and Fathers of the Society there were men of extraordinary ability and character, men who combined the religious strength of their Puritan and Calvinist forebears with the spirit of the Merchant Adventurers and the old sea dogs of Britain. In the archives of the Society is a faded

letter written in the clear neat copperplate of the period by the first treasurer, Thomas Hardcastle, a London merchant and a Christian gentleman. Some years before, he had helped to start a mission to the Foulah Country on the West Coast of Africa, and the effort had failed. That failure, so far from daunting him, had challenged his zeal. In this letter he discusses the best means for getting the missionaries to their destination. Some, for reasons of economy, had proposed that the owners of certain vessels employed in the whaling industry might be induced for a moderate consideration to touch at the Society Islands and land the missionaries. But the owners of the whaling boats were not inclined to consider the proposition, and Mr. Hardcastle argued that it was undesirable on other grounds. He pointed out that ample funds were in hand "to secure a vessel devoted solely to the missionary object," urged that at least twenty missionaries should be sent, and that married people with families should be included so as to "exhibit a model of the happiness and good order of Christian families to the native peoples amongst whom they were to labour." So, for the sum of £4,800, the ship *Duff* was bought, and generous friends supplied the necessary stores and fittings.

* * * * *

Next to the selection of the missionaries was the problem of finding a suitable captain for the *Duff*, and just in the nick of time came a letter from a remarkable man, who offered his services voluntarily to the Society.

Son of the captain of a Newcastle trader, bred to the sea, Captain James Wilson had lived a wild life

of adventure and romance. He had fought in the battle of Bunker Hill, then had seen service in India, where he piloted ships with supplies to the beleaguered British troops hemmed in by the notorious Hyder Ali. He was captured and thrown into prison by the French. Escaping from prison by leaping from the top of his prison wall, a height of more than forty feet, he waded the Coleroon, a river infested with crocodiles, but was captured by Hyder Ali's men, who chained him to another prisoner and drove him, naked and barefoot, five hundred miles across country under a burning sun, and then flung him into a "Black Hole," where he lay for twenty-two months, half-fed, and with iron weights on his arms. All except thirty of his one hundred and fifty-three fellow-prisoners died. At last he was released, and, though his health was impaired, managed to make some profitable voyages, and determined to return to England and settle down. He took up his residence at Horndean in Hampshire, where he lived "in respectability and quietude." Up to this time he had professed to be a defiant atheist. On his voyage home he had many disputes with one of the first Baptist missionaries, who was greatly shocked by his infidelity and profanity. He boasted that he had never yet met any clergyman whom he could not foil in a quarter of an hour. But this was the man who was to command the first missionary ship, and by his courage and skill make possible this great enterprise. Largely through the influence and preaching of the Rev. John Griffin of Portsea, he became a changed man and an earnest Christian. He offered himself to the Society as commander of the *Duff*, and was accepted with joy.

CHAPTER THREE

OFF TO THE SOUTH SEAS

"*August the 10th, 1796, at six in the morning, we weighed anchor and hoisted our missionary flag . . . three doves argent on a purple field bearing olive branches in their bills. The morning was serene, and a gentle breeze blew from the W.N.W.; few vessels were stirring on the river; all was still and quiet. The hymn, 'Jesus, at Thy command we launch into the deep' was sung by upwards of an hundred voices . . . the sailors in the ships we passed heard with silent astonishment, and our friends who lined the banks of the river waved their hands and bade us a last adieu. . . .*"—Extract from the Journal of the *Duff*.

THE *Duff* carried thirty missionaries and a crew of twenty men and two boys. There were six women, wives of missionaries, and three children, one aged two years and one sixteen weeks!

Strange to them was the unknown land to which they sailed. Almost more foreign and strange to us is the London they left behind them. Above the bridge on the north shore tall warehouses looked down upon the muddy river. In one of them, at Old Swan Stairs, was the office of Thomas Hardcastle, which can still be seen. In that room on the first floor of Old Swan Wharf, the Religious Tract Society was formed three years later, and only five years later still, in 1804, the British and Foreign Bible Society.

The friends who waved farewell to the *Duff* turned back through the narrow streets to a London where men hid from the Press Gang, where mothers whispered to their children of "Boney," where crime and slavery and drunkenness were commonplace.

After some weeks' delay at Portsmouth, waiting for a convoy (for there was war with France), they finally started.

So they set out—like the first missionaries who faced the paganism of the ancient world—"a ludicrous collection of trivial folk." Four of them were ordained ministers, the rest—bricklayer, tailor, weaver, butcher, and, of all things, a hatter! Well might Celsus sneer again! The glorious audacity, the divine madness of it, whether in the first century or the eighteenth!

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A voyage of two hundred and eight days (they tried to round Cape Horn, but were driven back) and then at last, Tahiti: tropical beauty, coconut palms, coral reefs, "this most enchanting island," as one of them described it.

Eighteen out of the thirty missionaries were landed at Tahiti, and then the *Duff* sailed away to Tonga, one thousand two hundred miles to the west, where nine unmarried men were left. Then another six weeks' sail to the Marquesas, where one brave man was left alone. It took six months settling the different parties, and the *Duff* reached England in July, 1798. She sailed again in December of the same year with thirty more missionaries, but off Rio de Janeiro was captured by a French frigate, and with all her stores was taken as a prize. The missionaries were, after many perils, landed at Lisbon, and enabled to return to London. Thus it was that for five long and lonely years the pioneers were left in the Islands without reinforcements, and practically without any direct communications from England.

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Romance soon gave place to grim and ghastly reality, and the story of the beginnings of Christianity in the South Seas is an epic of glorious failure and wonderful endurance.

Dumped down amongst savages to whom cannibalism was a pastime and infanticide a social convention; whose religion was a mixture of murder, fear, and lust; cut off from contact with civilization, except for the occasional visits of ships, whose sailors often added to their difficulties; and living daily under the shadow of death—can we wonder that the little company who landed from the *Duff* was soon winnowed, and that some found the moral and mental strain too severe?

Some took the first opportunity of escaping to New South Wales; one "went black"; and after five years only seven of the original group remained on Tahiti. But they held on.

On Tonga, within two years of beginning their work, three of the missionaries were massacred. Their names, Bowell, Gaulton, and Harper, will stand at the head of the Roll of Honour, which some day we trust will be enshrined at Livingstone House, to "praise famous men" and commemorate our "noble army of Martyrs."

The old chief of Tahiti, Pomare, who, heathen though he was, had defended the missionaries, died in 1803, and his son, whose cruelty and viciousness had threatened trouble, showed the first "signs of Grace" in a desire to learn to write; but in 1806 these brave toilers had to write home to say: "No success has attended our labours so as to terminate in the conversion of any." Still they held on.

Darker grew the night. Wars and rebellions surged around them, and at last Pomare warned

them that he could no longer defend them and advised them to go. Nine of the little company sailed away, and the remaining four were soon driven off. The Mission House was burned, tools and printing type converted into weapons and bullets. Nott and Hayward took refuge on another island. Three of the brave women who had come out in the *Duff* died within three months. Twelve years of heroic struggle had ended in seeming defeat and failure. The dark suspicion grew in their minds that their friends in London had abandoned the mission, and left them to shift for themselves. Only once in nine years had they received letters and stores from the Directors. Meanwhile their clothes had worn to rags, and they went barefoot. And still they held on.

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At home the first flood of enthusiasm had died down. The prophecies of the "Sanballats" appeared to be justified, and those who had declared the mission to be Utopian said, "I told you so!"

But at the very time when the Directors in London were considering the abandonment of the mission, Pomare, the young chief, asked for Christian Baptism. That was in 1812. Three years later came the total overthrow of idolatry in Tahiti. Idols were publicly burned, human sacrifice and infanticide abolished, over forty of the people were banded together for Christian instruction, schools and churches were being built. Patii, a powerful priest, brought out his idols and burned them one by one, and his example was widely followed. Early in 1816 Pomare brought his family idols to the missionaries, who sent them to London, and they are now in

the British Museum. In a fierce battle Pomare defeated his enemies, and for the first time in the history of the Islands, the bodies of those who fell in battle were decently buried instead of being eaten, while the vanquished were treated with strange leniency. Heathenism was overthrown in Tahiti, and in some of the adjacent Society Islands the chiefs publicly renounced idolatry and embraced Christianity.

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Then came reinforcements; eight new missionaries arrived, and amongst them were two whose names shine out—William Ellis and John Williams. Ellis brought with him a printing press. By March, 1817, it was set up, and under the direction of Ellis, Pomare himself printed the first page of the first book published in the South Sea Islands. Thousands gathered to see the miracle of the "printing of the Word," and the mortality among the cats in the Islands is said to have been extreme, as their skins were needed for binding the new books. Only six years before, savagery was rampant, the Gates of Brass were unyielding, hardly anyone except the king either could or would read. Now the whole population was eager to learn, and the beach near the press was often lined with canoes which had come from the Islands for the Book.

In the very island where a few years before the missionaries had been driven away, a mass meeting was held at which it was determined to send free-will offerings to London. The idea spread to the other islands, and pigs, oil, arrowroot, and cotton were cheerfully given. When these offerings were sold in London, they realized no less than £1,700.

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Away in England men went about as usual, building factories, making money, preaching sermons, watching cock-fights. Few ever gave a thought to these lonely folk away in the strange Islands, where "bread grew on trees" and "only man is vile."

Who ever heard of John Jefferson? He was one of the old contemptibles who sailed in the *Duff*; a man of wide culture and independent mind. For ten tragic years he toiled in the dark, and died without having seen the slightest token of success.

Then there were Henry Nott, bricklayer, and John Williams, shipbuilder. What a combination! The man who makes the house, and the other who makes the map. One staying at his post, the other saying, "One island is too small for me," and ranging the seas like a Pirate of God.

It was Nott who reduced the Tahitian tongue to writing, drew up codes of laws, started schools, compiled spelling-books and dictionaries. For forty-seven years he toiled at his task, never wavering in the face of peril, never daunted by defeat, and what is more, never deceived by victory. Twenty-eight years without a furlough, and only twice visiting England in forty-seven years! His crowning work was the translation of the Bible into Tahitian. For twenty years, assisted by Davies and Crook, groping for words, revising, correcting, "with the throttling hands of death at strife, ground he at grammar."

It is pathetic to read in his letters repeated requests for books to be sent out to him. A bricklayer begging for a Hebrew lexicon! At last comes this sentence in one of his letters: "I am happy to inform you that the work was finished on Friday, December 18th, 1835, at half-past one." Broken in health, he brought his precious pages to England,

where they were printed by the British and Foreign Bible Society, and he saw the book through the press. Before returning, he had an interview with Queen Victoria, and presented her with his Bible.

Urged to stay in England and enjoy his well-earned rest, he refused, and returned to his island, where in 1844 he died.

So passed to his rest Henry Nott, bricklayer, linguist, statesman—the most powerful personality of the first missionary enterprise of the Society.

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What a cinema film could be made of the story of those days! It would out-thrill any "drama" ever "shot" at Hollywood, but no one would ever believe it actually happened. There was John Williams building his ship, *The Messenger of Peace*. Timber, dragged from the mountains, split with wooden wedges (no saws in Rarotonga); iron, from a rusty cable found on the beach; ropes, from hibiscus fibre; bellows, out of goat-skins (which the rats ate); sails, out of native mats; rudder, hung on pintles made out of a broken pick-axe—and lo, in less than four months, a schooner sixty feet long to sail the stormy seas for years!

There was that tragic landing of Williams and Harris on the beach at Erromanga; a short walk toward the native huts; the rush back to the boat; the crimsoned waves; the cannibal feast—and the wailing cry from island to island, "Alas, Wiliamu!"

There was Aaron Buzzacott—do they remember the farmer's boy who once sat in the gallery at South Molton, down in Devonshire? Have they set up his statue in their sleepy market-place? A blend of Barnabas and Boanerges, a mixture of printer,

preacher, builder, blacksmith, and College Principal. Thirty years on Rarotonga: founding an institution for training native teachers, revising the Rarotongan Bible, and printing it himself on an old wooden press made with his own hands.

There were Murray and Macfarlane of Lifu, Samoa, and New Guinea, far-seeing statesmen. There were Turner and Nisbet, who landed in Tanna, afterwards famous for the adventures of John G. Paton. After six months of opposition, war was declared against them by the heathen priests, and they crept down to the beach at dead of night and clambered into a boat. Wind and sea made it impossible for them to get away, and they waited through the darkness, till at dawn they saw a ship in the offing, and so got away to Samoa.

I think of Henry Royle, a town missionary in the slums of Manchester, who was sent out to a solitary little island called Aitutaki, one of the Hervey Group. So remote was this island that sometimes there would be no news of him for years. There he lived and worked for thirty-seven years amongst people who at first tried to kill him. From that island there went out through the years a stream of preachers and teachers to the habitations of cruelty around. Some of these missionaries seemed almost accidentally to get into the limelight and achieve fame, while others faithfully toiled in obscure corners unknown and unnoticed.

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Great as the men were, the women who went with them were even greater. Timid, gentle girls from quiet English homes, where women would shriek at a mouse or shudder at a tramp, facing with un-

shrinking eyes the nameless abominations and filthiness of savagery; giving birth to children in mud huts, when the nearest doctor was a thousand miles away!

Great as were missionaries—men and women—there were others whose courage and devotion almost surpass our powers of credence. The missionaries went out from lands that for centuries had been steeped in Christian influences; they were swayed subconsciously by the cultural inheritance, and the Christian standards that had passed into their very blood and bones, through generations of praying ancestors.

But look at the native teachers who rose up to evangelize these islands of the Southern Seas, some of them sons of cannibals, with the taste of human flesh on their palates, with the fierce impulses of untamed warriors in their veins. In little more than a generation they had broken free from tribal traditions and ancestral fears, climbing from cave-men to apostleship, from head-hunting to the cure of souls.

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Williams is on his way to Sydney in 1821. With him on the ship is Papeiha, a native teacher from Tahiti. They pass one of the Hervey Islands and stand in to look at it. White men dare not land. Fierce natives line the beach with spears poised and stones in slings. "Put me ashore," says Papeiha. With his Bible and a spelling-book, he with a brave companion is tumbled into a boat and taken as near the reef as they dare go. There is no opening through which a boat can pass. Diving into the sea Papeiha is tossed on the crest of a great blue breaker, and scrambles ashore. He is immediately

seized, and dragged up to the heathen altar, where he is formally dedicated to the god. The ship sails away, leaving him to his fate. A year later Williams returns to find that every heathen temple and altar has been demolished, and a Christian church built, while the people come to meet him crying, "The good Word has taken root!"

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Again and again stories like that recur in the records of those early days.

Once on a voyage from Durban to Colombo we passed in the middle of the ocean little coral islands on which no human foot had ever trodden, and yet they were waving with palms and luxuriant verdure. I asked the captain of my ship how those trees got there. Said he, "The seas and the winds and the birds bring the seeds, and I suppose God does the rest."

Just so! Like this.

One April day in 1861 a canoe left the island of Manihiki, in the Penrhyn Group, to sail to another island thirty miles away, a matter of a few hours. It was a queer craft, two canoes lashed together with boards across, forming a deck. Within sight of their goal, the wind changed and drove them back to sea. They tried to return to Manihiki, but lost direction, and night came on. No compass, no chart, their only provisions a few coconuts and two gallons of water. Sailed north for Samoa, driven back. Sailed south and sighted land, but again the wind changed. For *eight weeks* they drifted about, sometimes reaching sight of land, and always baffled. They caught two sharks and a sea-bird; passing squalls brought them rain; the canoes leaked and had to be baled

night and day. Eight weeks! Then one midnight they ran their craft through the breakers on some unknown coast. One woman, one man, and the child were drowned, the rest crawled ashore almost dead. One of the survivors, Elikana, was a Christian and a deacon. There he had to stay for four years teaching and preaching. Peruvian slavers—"man-stealing ships," came black-birding from time to time and carried off some of the people. When at last Murray visited the island from Samoa, bringing teachers, he found a Christian church already established. Thus was the Gospel brought to the Ellice Islands.

"*The seas bring the seeds . . . and God does the rest.*"

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But these are only broken fragments of the story of the Gospel in Polynesia. It was not so easy and so romantic as it looks. Do not suppose that there was any magic sesame that opened the doors. When idols were destroyed, idolatry still remained entrenched in men's minds. There were tribal wars and secret feuds; slumbering fires of ancient enmities flared up, and racial customs reasserted their sway. There were renegade white men (have you ever heard of Cannibal Charlie and Bully Hayes the buccaneer?), and there were Roman priests. Sometimes part of the congregation would slip away from a prayer-meeting to enjoy a cannibal feast. Often it seemed as though all the forces of evil were let loose in a fury of persecution, and these lonely toilers often had to stand by and watch "sloth and human folly bring all their work to naught." It was a great gamble for God, a wild hunt for men.

Slowly the light spread from island to island, from Tahiti to Aitutaki, from the Cook Islands to Samoa, from Fiji to the Loyalties, from the Ellice to the Gilberts, from Rarotonga to Manihiki. But romance rises up at the sound of every name.

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There is Niué. You must hunt for it on the map, seven hundred miles west of the Herveys, and three hundred and fifty miles from the nearest land. A little cluster of coral rocks twelve miles by eight, standing stark and solitary, without even the usual fringe of barrier reef to mitigate its bareness. Its coral cliffs drop a hundred feet sheer into deep water, a "nice quiet place," beneath the notice of ocean tramps or manure merchants, and known only to stray "black-birders." Captain Cook called it Savage Island, and declared that its people were the fiercest savages he had ever seen. Twice John Williams tried in vain to land there, twice did he put native teachers ashore—to fail. Then in 1849 a Samoan teacher, Paulo, was dragged ashore by a rope. In a few years all except thirty of these "fiercest savages" had renounced heathenism, had built a chapel seating six hundred people, and started schools. When W. G. Lawes, afterwards famous for his great work in Papua, started his missionary career in Niué, he wrote home to say that, "distinguished in former times for their savage cruelty, they are now no less distinguished for their zeal in the cause of God." And it was from this Savage Island that, in 1891, there was sent by the natives a fine little vessel built by themselves and called after their island, to help in evangelizing Papua. Go there today and you will find a strong church, two

devoted missionaries, and eleven native pastors training evangelists to go to the Fly River in New Guinea.

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Drop in on the Gilberts to-day and you will find six European missionaries with seventeen native pastors dodging in and out amongst the islands; you will find electric light, sewing-machines, a wireless receiving station, and a cinema imported by the missionaries; more important still, you will meet one of the finest products of Christian work in the South Seas in the person of the Samoan pastor Iupeli, and a training college for native teachers at Beru. But you will discover that this "garden was not made by sitting in the shade." It was the Rev. W. E. Goward and his wife who, through the burden and heat of the days, built up this great church with its three thousand seven hundred members, and did it out of the limelight, and in the face of perpetual opposition from Roman Catholics, and amidst loneliness and discouragements that would have broken many a man.

Then there is Lifu—who ever hears of it now? It has passed over to France and to the Paris Missionary Society, but shame on us if we forget how that Rarotongan apostle Pao got into a canoe with his Bible and a few clothes tied in a bundle, spread his sails and landed on Lifu to preach, till, through an epidemic for which the new religion was blamed, he was driven away. Then followed Macfarlane and James Hadfield. The latter, cut off from the world, went on quietly teaching and preaching to the uplift of the people for forty-four years.

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How little we know of Samoa, but what a great story it is!

Samoa is not one island, but a group of three large and several small islands. When first heard of, it had already acquired an evil reputation as the scene of a horrible massacre of French sailors, and for fifty years after that it was avoided with fear and horror. That, however, was an additional attraction to John Williams, who arrived in his home-made ship, the *Messenger of Peace*, in 1830, and landed some native teachers. When he returned ten years later, he found that fifty thousand out of the sixty thousand inhabitants were under Christian instruction. Eighteen years after that, these people who had for fifty years been shunned as implacable and dangerous savages were importing goods from America, Australia, and England, to the value of £35,000 a year! (So much for the "cost" of missions!) Long before Williams came, some natives from Raivavai had been driven out of their course at sea by sudden storms, and for nearly three months had been drifting helplessly about. Their little boat had been carried two thousand miles away from Raivavai to an island of the Samoan group, called Manua. The survivors had some portions of the Scriptures with them, and finding themselves amongst heathen, they began to tell them of Christ. After a time they built a chapel and appointed one of their number to be teacher, so that when Williams arrived there were some who were already prepared to welcome him. Indeed, it is told of how some of the Samoans had been so eager to know about the new religion, that shipwrecked sailors had been almost commandeered as Christian teachers because they were white men, and in some cases renegade castaways had been induced to act as

ministers and to read the Bible or any other books they could find, some going so far as to baptize the people in order to secure influence over them.

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Following the visit of Williams, came Buzzacott and Barff, and they, in their turn, were succeeded by Turner and Nisbet, who had been driven away from Tanna in the New Hebrides, barely escaping with their lives. After untold suffering they landed in Samoa, and here they found their work. Turner was the very man to start the organization which has to this day been one of the chief glories of our work in the South Seas, the great institution at Malua for the training of teachers and preachers. Since the first year it has been practically self-supporting, and the students have maintained themselves by agriculture and fishing.

There is a great story told in Lovett's *History* of the arrival of the first printing press in 1838, of the unpacking of the cases, the setting of the type, and of the amazement when the first page was produced. The people came from far and near and looked on with wonder, while the girls especially burst into cries of "Clever boys, oh clever boys!"

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It is hopeless here to attempt even a summary of the Samoan story, but it must not be supposed that it was "roses all the way." There were inter-tribal wars and civil wars, one in 1848 lasting for seven years. The people were fond of fighting, and more than once the missionaries saw their converts reverting to savagery. J. E. Newell speaks of ten wars he had known. In 1918 there was a terrible epidemic

of influenza which devastated the islands and swept away nearly one-fourth of the inhabitants, a very large number being Christian pastors and leaders. One hundred and three pastors died out of two hundred and twenty, and twenty-nine out of thirty members of the Native Advisory Council. The name of J. E. Newell is for ever associated with the Samoan Church. For thirty years he presided over the Malua institution, and came to be regarded as the chief counsellor and authority of the whole mission, trusted by the governing officials, and beloved by his brother missionaries. More than once his counsel and character saved the Samoan Churches from disaster.

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But the latest chapter in the story of Samoa is not less romantic than the records of the earlier times. The general wave of nationalism which has swept through the world since the war has touched Samoa, and seems to have wakened some of the old fighting spirit of the people. With the help of some members of the trading community, a native council called the Mau set out to oppose the administration, and especially the Governor. When the originator of the movement was deported, the opposition was stiffened, and eventually the movement grew into open rebellion. Since nearly ninety per cent. of the Samoan people were in the L.M.S. Church, there was naturally considerable dislocation of the work and serious division in the Church. The L.M.S. in 1929 sent out the Rev. Reginald Bartlett, who after service in New Guinea had returned to work in England. Mr. Bartlett's commission was to deal with the situation and to act as

Principal of the College at Malua. Four months after his arrival in Samoa the Mau fled into the bush, and the Government sent a cruiser, a sea-plane, and a force of marines to compel submission and enforce authority. Mr. Bartlett (better known by his native name of "Bati") met teachers who had been in Papua and spoke the Toaripi language, which he had used in that territory. Enough of Samoan was acquired to establish good relationships with the people. He went to the Governor, and from him received assurances that if the members of the Mau would come in and submit, they would receive a free pardon. Out he went into the bush to find his men. After several days' search, he persuaded thirty-eight of them to come in. Day after day the struggle went on, like a game of hide-and-seek, but for weeks the leaders of the rebel party eluded him and the marines who were searching the island. Then Bati sent out his Samoan students two by two, and waited. They scoured the island, and at last two of them returned to say they had found the hiding-place of the executive members, and could lead him there. It was the rainy season, but, nothing daunted, Bati set off, penetrated into the heart of the forests, swam heavily flooded rivers and found the rebel leaders. He spent days in argument, and at last persuaded the most important chiefs to make their submission to the Government. They were pardoned, and returned to their villages free men. The marines re-embarked, the cruiser sailed away to New Zealand, and what might have been a prolonged and bitter war was averted.

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It has always been the peculiar privilege of the London Missionary Society to lead the van in these desperate enterprises. The Wesleyans settled in Fiji after two of our Tahitian teachers, and the world knows no greater miracle than has been accomplished there. The Presbyterians clambered on the footholds cut by Nisbet and Jones in the New Hebrides, and who has not heard of Geddes and Paton and the Gordons? Americans and Germans, Moravians and Methodists, have followed in our trail, and we rejoice in their triumphs.

CHAPTER FOUR

VOORLOOPERS*

" But the race whom he preferred to convert to the faith of Christ, and whom he did convert, no one would hesitate to describe as fierce, untamed, void of decency of manners and virtue . . . whose conversation was rather that of brutes . . . than of men. For they had neither altar nor temple . . . but like brute beasts were given to eating, sleeping, and gorging."

[*This refers not to the Hottentots of South Africa, but is a quotation from the Aberdeen Breviary, and describes the fifth-century converts of St. Waldock, the forebears of the efficient rural stock of Aberdeenshire.* (" *Cape Colour Question*," *Macmillan, p.* 28.)]

" In the faith of little children we went on our ways,
Then the wood failed, then the food failed, then the last water dried—
In the faith of little children we lay down and died.
On the sand-drift, on the veld-side, in the fern scrub we lay,
That our sons might follow after by the bones upon the way."

KIPLING.

AT the beginning of the fifteenth century the Old World was a snug little stay-at-home community, grouped around the Mediterranean. Britain was on the Edge of Beyond, and its people were regarded as barbarians by the polished folk of Italy and Spain.

Great, mysterious Africa presented a glittering front of ancient and splendid civilization on her northern seaboard, but she still hid her grim secrets behind the vast Sahara and the vaster and more estranging sea.

But in that century great movements began to surge below the placid surface. Copernicus shattered the old astronomy; the first Bible was printed from metal type; the mariner's compass was invented.

* Voorloopers = those who walk ahead.

Gunpowder came into more general use. Away in the East the mediæval Trade Routes were being choked by the obstructive Turks, and the increasing population* of Europe was creating new demands for commodities, demands which could only be met in one way—the way of the sea.

And so it was that partly from economic pressure, partly from the lure of adventure, men set out on strange quests, daring the dark seas, which from being a barrier became a highway. Out went the little ships sent by Prince Henry the Navigator, creeping down the African coast, round the Cape of Good Hope and even up to Malabar. Out went Columbus and the Conquistadors to Mexico and Peru. Out went Bartholomew Diaz and Vasco da Gama. And at long last their little ships came staggering home with depleted crews, but with rich cargoes and strange stories. Spain and Portugal between them then ruled the seas and claimed the earth. When like spoiled children they began to quarrel over their new-found toys and treasures, the Pope Alexander VI., like a stern parent stepping into the nursery, silenced their strife. He took a globe and drew a line from pole to pole, a hundred leagues west of the Azores, and he gave all the discoverable lands west of that line to Spain, and east of it to Portugal. His authority thus to give the world away was based upon the Donation of Constantine, which we now know as the Forged Decretals. Amusing as it may seem to us, the Old World took it seriously, and "for more than a century the New World was regarded as a Roman Catholic preserve

* Between 1500 and 1900 the population of Europe increased from seventy millions to four hundred and fifty millions, while at least another hundred millions went overseas.

with a few Protestant wasps buzzing round." Thus it came to pass that Spain claimed America, and Portugal claimed Africa, while Roman priests had the first opportunity of converting the heathen. And well they did it too, in their way. Despotism was the only principle they knew in State or Church, and compulsion was naturally their first policy in evangelism. There was a refreshing directness about their methods. They adopted no wooing note, and brooked no nonsense from those they sought to save from perdition. With hooks of steel they dragged the "other sheep" into the true fold. Through the efforts of Portuguese priests the King of the Congo was so soundly converted that he commanded all his subjects to choose between being baptized or burned alive. As a concession to human weakness, images of the saints were given to the converts to replace the discarded idols.

In the reign of Henry VIII. ships were built at Deptford of a new type which were to save England from invasion and still more from isolation. The Reformation swept like a wind across the world, and pirates began to count for more than prelates. When the ships from England went hunting for gold and for men adown the African coast, the Portuguese spat fire at them from their line of little forts. But what cared the sea-dogs of Devon or the merchant adventurers of Bristol?

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The beginning of the African story may be said to date from the day when, in 1652, Jan van Riebeek landed at the Cape to establish a port of call for the ships of the Dutch East India Company. At first there was no intention to found a city or a colony,

and up to the middle of the eighteenth century no European nation wanted to colonize any part of Africa. They were out for trade. But the Dutch found events too strong for them, and in 1689 two hundred Huguenot refugees arrived at the Cape, and the port of call became a Dutch settlement. The long, long conflict of cultures between white and black had begun, and it continues to this day.*

Suddenly a new market sprang up, a market for slaves. The exploiters of the New World clamoured for negro labour, and it was soon found that the slave trade was a profitable commercial undertaking. Spain started the business in 1517, and other nations followed.

Captain John Hawkins was the first Englishman to engage in it in 1562, but it was nearly a hundred years later before the English were very active in it. Strange as it may seem to us today, Christian people did not then feel that this horrible traffic was in any way inconsistent with Christianity. One of the slave ships was called the *Jesus*. The *Mayflower*, which carried the Pilgrim Fathers from dungeon to exile, bore a cargo of slaves on her next voyage, and John Newton, who wrote the hymn, "How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds," was captain of a slaver both before and after his conversion. On the pier at St. Paul Loando was a marble chair from which the bishop blessed the slave ships when they set forth. Even as late as 1699, when Van der Stel the Younger was appointed Governor of the Cape, by the Dutch East India Company, his first official act was to write to the Prince of Madagascar to ask that his officers might be allowed to obtain a large number of slaves for the Cape, and he added this pious post-

* See *Race Problems in the New Africa*, p. 150 (Willoughby).

script: "We trust that by the blessing of God the Slave Trade will be more favourable next year." "By the blessing of God"!

When at last the conscience of Britain was aroused, she certainly tried to make amends. Britain paid Portugal £300,000 and Spain £400,000, for agreeing to suppress slavery in their African possessions, and to slave-owners in the West Indies and South Africa, £20,000,000 and £1,250,000 respectively, for the liberation of their slaves. And for many years she swept the seas with her cruisers to recapture slave cargoes.

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These facts should be remembered today for two reasons: first in order to measure the difficult conditions under which the first missionaries went out, and second because it was the influence and the struggles of the missionaries more than any other factor which led to the abolition of slavery. This was more than a matter of sentimental humanitarianism. In delivering Britain and the Christian name from this blot, they delivered the world from degradation. As Trevelyan, in his *History of the Nineteenth Century*, says (page 599):

> "It was a turning-point in the history of the world. . . . If slavery had continued through the nineteenth century, armed with the new weapons of the Industrial Revolution and of modern science . . . the European races would have been degraded by the diseases of slave-civilization, of which the old Roman Empire had died."

Whatever mistakes the missionaries may have made, mistakes incidental to their time and circumstances, three things at least must stand to their eternal credit: first, that they saved Europe from this peril; next, they shaped the colonial policy of Britain; and third, they made possible and inevitable the Mandates of the League of Nations. The basic principles beneath these three great movements were precisely those for which the missionaries lived and fought, and, religion apart, civilization in its forward march owes them this debt.

This short record is concerned with the work of one Society amongst many others which shared in the struggle and the triumph, but it is sheer justice and sober history to claim that it was almost invariably the agents of the London Missionary Society who led the van and went out often alone into the no-man's-land of prejudice, and faced the hatred and bitter opposition of vested interests, to make possible the advance of the ideals of the Kingdom of God.

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Protestant missions everywhere began with failure. This was certainly the case in South Africa. The first of the missionaries was George Schmidt, a Moravian, who, single-handed, went out to the Cape in 1737. The glorious impertinence of the man! He had served a fitting apprenticeship by suffering for six years in irons and in prison for his Protestantism. Then there was Thomas Thompson of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, who went to the Gold Coast in 1751, and there was an abortive attempt to found a mission to the Foulah country on the Gold Coast in 1796.

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In 1797 two ships set out together from Spithead. One was the *Duff*, starting on her second voyage to the South Seas. She was captured by the French, and the missionaries after many perils were landed in Lisbon. The other was a convict ship bound for Botany Bay, and calling at the Cape. On that ship were the first four missionaries of the London Missionary Society to South Africa. A convict ship was the nearest approach to hell that was known, except perhaps a slave ship, but it was the only means then available. Confined in irons, the desperate criminals were treated like wild beasts. Fever broke out amongst them, and when none of the officers dared go near, the prisoners were nursed by the missionaries. Before Cape Town was reached thirty of the prisoners had died. After a voyage—and such a voyage!—of three months, the four men landed. They found a Christian community in Cape Town, for the Dutch Church was well established, but except for a small station a hundred miles away, surviving from the work of Schmidt, nothing was being done for the natives. Two of the men retired in a year, a third after five years' work entered the security of the Dutch Church.

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The story of the fourth man, Vanderkemp, would take a book to itself, and a great book it would be.* Son of a Lutheran pastor, officer in the Dutch Army, Doctor of Physic (he had graduated in Edinburgh), accomplished linguist, philosopher, scientist, at the age of fifty he was, to use his own words, a "blaspheming Deist." Through a boating accident on the Meuse at Dort, in which his wife and only daughter were overwhelmed by a waterspout

* Now published: *Doctor Vanderkemp*, by A. D. Martin.

and drowned before his eyes, his soul awoke and his life was changed. He offered himself to the L.M.S., though over fifty at the time, and gave the next twelve years of his life to serving and championing the lowest and most despised of the native people of South Africa, devoting all his strength to the uplifting of the Kaffirs and Hottentots. Today these tribes are practically extinct, merged into that conglomerate known as "Coloured People." The Kaffirs remain a virile race and an insurgent problem. It would appear as though Vanderkemp threw his life away upon a vanishing race. But the battle fought over the Hottentots decided the native policy that has continued to this day. And when this amazing man, worn out with labours, but still unbroken in spirit, hated and persecuted by the whites, but hailed as the champion of the Hottentots, died in Cape Town in 1811, he had laid the foundations of liberty for the oppressed.

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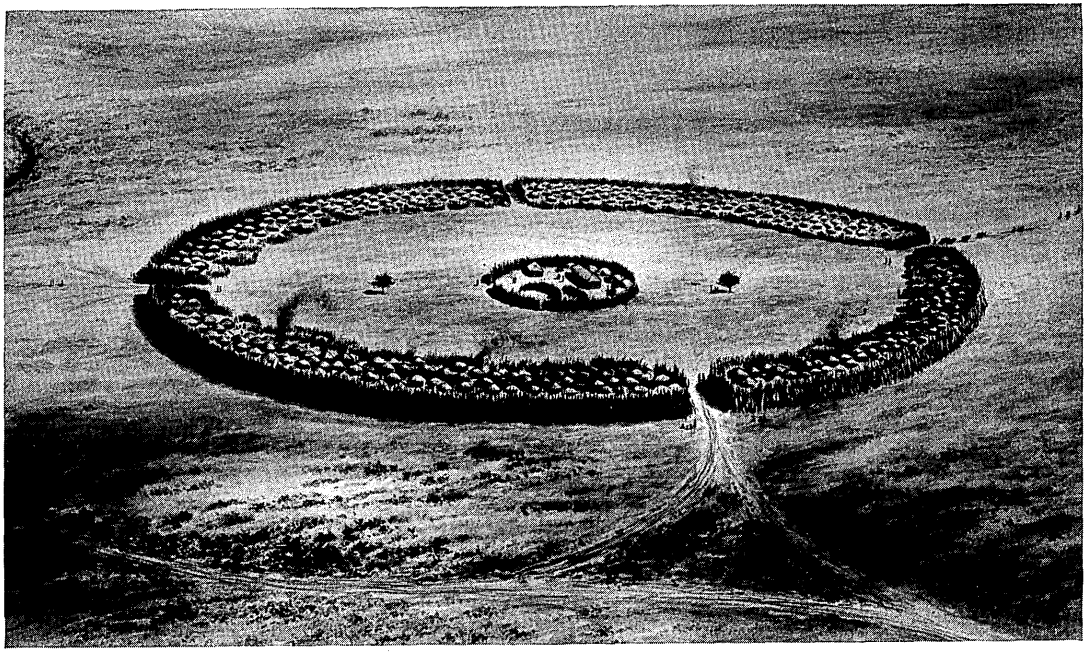
One curious fact emerges from the records of those early days, and it is significant as showing the wide appeal made by the Society. Of the twenty names of the first missionaries sent to the Cape by the L.M.S. only five were British; the others came from Germany, Holland, and other parts of Europe.

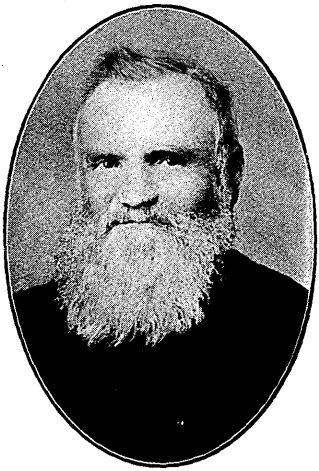
Another fact, which will bear explanation, is the peculiar blame heaped by historians upon the agents of the L.M.S., as compared with the conventional approval given to the Moravian and Wesleyan Missions. The London missionaries were accused of being "contentious," of "spoiling the natives," of "falling foul of the Government," and generally of making themselves a nuisance to the white settlers.



Bulawayo, Lobengula's Town, about 1880.

(See Chapter IV.)

John Philip, D.D.
South Africa, 1818-1851.



Roger Price.
South Africa, 1858-1900.

Shomolekae.
The Apostle of Lake Ngami.

David Carnegie.
South Africa, 1882-1910.

(See Chapter IV.)

There were reasons for this, and we need not be ashamed of them. The Moravians were few, and regarded as aliens. The Wesleyans did splendid work, but they were at first away amongst the Kaffirs, far removed from the seat of Government. Thus it came to be that the political battles for the oppressed Hottentots and Bushmen were forced and fought chiefly by the missionaries of the L.M.S.

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One direct result of the work of Vanderkemp and his fellow-missionaries was legislation dealing with Hottentot labour conditions, and the first recognition of the British colonial policy that law should be colour-blind. But however excellent laws may be on paper, they remain ineffective until they are supported by public opinion. Saints and idealists cannot hustle the moral evolution of a people, and it was a long time before colonial opinion got used to the idea that a white man might have to answer in the Courts for wrongs committed against black servants. When the principle was first enforced there was trouble. In 1811 a Dutch farmer, after a repeated summons, refused to appear in court to answer to a charge of ill-treating his native servant, and he was ultimately killed in resisting arrest. There was a half-hearted rising amongst the farmers who sympathized with him. The rebels were tried by Special Commission, and five of them were publicly hanged at a place afterwards called Slaghter's Nek (Slaughter Pass).

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Owing to the agitation aroused by these events, and to serious dissensions amongst the missionaries, the work of the L.M.S. seemed on the point of col-

lapse. Complaints to the Directors in London became so urgent that it was decided to send out a deputation to investigate. Accordingly the Rev. John Philip arrived at the Cape in 1819. He had obtained release from his church in Aberdeen for two years, but he lived in and for South Africa for thirty years. No man has been so unanimously misrepresented by contemporary historians. For long he was the most hated man in South Africa, denounced as a political meddler and a fanatic, fighting almost alone against the apathy of officials and the hostility of the colonists. Others who followed after him, reaping where he sowed, have been hailed and honoured as heroes, while even to-day his name is known to but few of the supporters of the L.M.S. For over seventy years since his death, the greatness of his achievements has been obscured by prejudice and misrepresentation. But the revelation of his character and his work in Professor Macmillan's book* in 1927 has vindicated Philip as one of the first true Empire builders, setting him in the forefront of missionary statesmen. His was a turbulent life, but he fought for freedom, and he won. His culminating battle and victory came over the famous Ordinance 50, the Magna Charta of the oppressed Hottentots.

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Philip fought for their rights in South Africa, and then carried the fight to England. His hastily written *Researches in South Africa* aroused public opinion, and two speeches of three hours each secured the support of the Directors of the L.M.S. He spoke to large gatherings all over England, inter-

* *The Cape Colour Question.*

viewed Cabinet Ministers, and obtained the help of Buxton and Wilberforce. At last a motion was passed by the House of Commons demanding for the natives of South Africa "the same freedom and protection as are enjoyed by other free persons residing at the Cape, whether English or Dutch." When this was passed, Buxton came up to Philip and said: "These men do not know what they have done!" Two days later Ordinance 50 was passed by the Cape House of Assembly, and in due course a copy was sent to Philip, and he was asked if he was satisfied. His reply was a demand that it should be ratified by the Seal of the King in Council, so that it might not be possible to set it aside by any subsequent colonial enactments. The Cabinet demurred, but Philip insisted, urging that without this safeguard the Ordinance would not be worth the paper it was written on. He threatened that if this point were not conceded, the Table of the House of Commons would in a few weeks be covered with petitions demanding it. Then the Government gave way. While Sir George Murray was holding in his hand the document to be signed by the King in Council, he said: "Why not extend it to the West Indies? Why not grant to the free coloured population of those Islands the same privileges we are about to extend to the Hottentots?" It was no sooner said than done, and by a stroke of the pen forty thousand people of colour in Jamaica alone, besides those of the same class of people on the other West Indian Islands, Mauritius, and the Cape, were included in the provisions of the Act. "This," said Buxton, "was an event second in importance only to the abolition of slavery, and greatly paved the way for it."

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Philip had builded better than he knew, and had not only secured freedom for the Hottentots, but had shattered the prestige of slavery all over the world. He returned to the Cape to find himself the object of unconcealed hostility. There was a libel action in which, on a technicality, he was ordered to pay £200 damages and £900 costs, which sums friends in England soon subscribed for him. There followed the Kaffir War and later the Hottentot Rebellion, in which the natives at two of the mission institutions threw in their lot with the Kaffirs. There was the opposition of some of his brethren, who urged the abandonment of the work for which Philip had given his life. There was the bitter resentment of those who regarded Philip and Read as "sowers of sedition" amongst the people who otherwise would have been dumbly contented with their servile lot. There was the Great Trek, which was the almost inevitable sequel to the clash of ideals and policies of which Philip was the centre and the source. Fighting down to the last ditch, amidst advancing years and personal sorrows, he died in 1851, and his grave, near the old ruined mission house at Hankey, is like a drab memorial of dead dreams.

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Men ask what was it all worth? The Hottentots no longer count in the tangled problems of South Africa. It is difficult to find a full-blooded Hottentot in the Cape today. They never emerged into nationhood, never reached any semblance of corporate consciousness or racial pride. For them only the "hell of the half-caste." No songs, no traditions or folk-tales, except fitful memories of the Old Darkness. Not a single Hottentot preacher or poet or singer. Out of slavery but into slum-

dom; out of oppression but into depression. In the Southern States of America to-day you can listen to the songs of the Black People—songs that throb with their history. Like scrap-iron fused into a bell, their music rings with the sobs of their old mothers, the baying of bloodhounds, the swish of the whip upon bare flesh. But who can write an *Uncle Tom's Cabin* for the Cape? Who can stage a *Porgy* for the coloured man of Africa? And yet it was Philip and the men with him who made possible the policies, and made clear the principles upon which alone South Africa can be built. All over the Colony they started institutions round which these nomad outcasts gathered into village communities, where they learned the first meaning of law, the beginnings of civilized life. The huts gave place to houses, laziness was turned into industry. Schools, shops, and gardens, sprang up in the bare veld.

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At these outposts brave men laboured, men whose name were forgotten. There were James Read, whose work covered the first half-century, and James Kitchingman, who buried himself for twenty-seven years at Bethelsdorp, and Charles Pacalt, who made Pacaltsdorp. There were the Helms—Henry, his son Daniel, and his grandson Charles—John Brownlee and Kayser, and William Philip who drove a tunnel through a mountain and let the river Gamtoos through to irrigate the Hankey valley. And there was William Anderson, toiling in obscurity for forty-seven years in one of the hardest of fields. These were men who made the wilderness blossom; they uplifted the degraded, taught the

ignorant, linked their lives with the poorest and lowest of men.

Five of those early missionaries married Hottentot wives. Vanderkemp himself bought a slave girl and married her. Whatever we may justly feel today about their wisdom, no one can impugn the utterness of their devotion and the nobility of their motives as thus they tried to identify themselves with those they sought to save.

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For the first thirty years the activities of the London Missionary Society were confined almost entirely to the Hottentots and Bushmen of the Cape Colony; other societies, notably the Wesleyan and Rhenish, operating further inland and eastward amongst the Bantu people. But presently, with the arrival of Moffat and others, the vast needs of the interior became articulate, and the demand arose that the Society should relinquish its work in the Colony and push northward to the unevangelized tribes. It was pointed out that the Colony no longer presented such spiritual destitution as to entitle it to be regarded as a missionary field, and that the rights and liberties of the Hottentots were now fully recognized. Eventually the Society gradually withdrew, leaving the churches to learn and to apply the principle of self-support. The immediate results were disastrous. A few of the institutions stood the strain, but many disappeared or were taken over by other societies. The South African Congregational Union was formed later, and remains to modify the stark independency which was unsuited to the situation, and it is bravely striving to carry on the heritage left by the great pioneers.

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The Society, set free from the responsibilities of the colonial churches, set itself to the new tasks awaiting it further north, and there opened a new and tragic chapter of heroic toil and adventure.

This is no ancient tale. Within the lifetime of living men Central Africa has emerged from the darkness of the ages, and great as was the lure of the unknown, still more mighty was the magnet of the half-known. For two centuries European enterprise had nibbled at the West Coast, and for another two centuries had pushed a little way into the southern part of the continent, but the vast hinterlands were still unknown until Livingstone dared their grim seclusions. The lonely trails he left, and the romantic stories he told, quickened the imagination of men, but even in 1874, when his body was laid to rest in Westminster Abbey, Stanley, who followed up his trail, declared that "the western half of the African continent is still a blank." Two years later Stanley set out from Zanzibar to cross the continent, over deserts, across rivers, now paddling between banks lined with cannibals who shouted "Meat! Meat!"; now dragging canoes over rapids, or marching at the rate of seven miles a day through thirst and fever belts, with indomitable energy and incredible courage. Then at last, after nine hundred and ninety-nine days of travel, he and his followers stumbled, crippled and haggard, to the coast at the mouth of the Congo. Said he:

> "From my starting-place on the east coast of Africa, till I sighted an English flag at the mast-head of a river steamer on the Congo, along a journey of seven thousand six hundred miles, I never saw a flag or a symbol of any civilized or semi-civilized power or authority."

That was as recent as 1880.

Today you can accomplish that journey in something less than a month, and with little more exertion or risk than is involved in a journey from London to Cork. Or you can go from the Cape to Cairo in forty-five days. Sir Alan Cobham did it in an aeroplane in less than ten days. So wonderful has been the unveiling of Africa that it is not easy for us to think ourselves back to the conditions under which the early missionaries lived.

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Attention has been directed chiefly to the exploits of a few outstanding men, whose names remain a perpetual inspiration. The mere mention of Africa makes us think of Moffat and Livingstone. But there were others standing behind them, going before them, and toiling unnoticed by their side, but for whose quiet and unsung heroism even they would have failed.

Robert Hamilton, a Scots artisan missionary, was sent out to Lattakoo in 1815. The very name has disappeared, for the mission was, after seven years, transferred to what is now Kuruman. There Hamilton plodded steadily on for thirty-six years. He never revisited England, he died at Kuruman in 1851, unhonoured and unsung, but it was Hamilton and others who made possible the victory and the fame of Moffat.

Then there were Roger Price and Holloway Helmore. Who ever hears of them now, or sings their praise on Empire Day? And yet, in all the annals of missionary romance there is no greater story than the tragedy of Linyanti. Livingstone had the idea that Linyanti was a strategic point for stamping

out the slave trade, and in 1859 a party set out from Kuruman to trek northwards across the desert, one thousand miles over plains of rolling sand, waterless and untracked. Helmore was an old hand, he had been in Africa sixteen years; with him were his wife and four children. Price and his wife were newcomers. Nowadays the journey can be made in little more than a week, with motors. For seven months these men trekked, with ox-waggons, sometimes making two or three miles a day through the long grass, or cutting their way through bush and scrub. Their first baby was born to the Prices on that journey. At last they arrived at Linyanti. Within a week all the party were down with fever. One by one they died, till in less than a fortnight Price had to bury his young wife under the only tree to be seen, and he was left alone with two of the Helmore children, both ill, amongst a treacherous tribe, and himself hardly able to crawl. All the others, including the native drivers, were dead. Then the chief Sekeletu claimed their waggons, the natives stole their clothes and provisions. How Price got away, and how Mackenzie found him on the banks of the River Botletle, and brought him and the two orphans back to Kuruman; how the Makololo tribe was "eaten up" by the Matabele, and vanished from the map—is it not all written in tears and blood, half told in fragments of faded letters? But Price—did he give up? Not he! He married Bessie Moffat, daughter of the great doctor, he went back to the Makololo, then to the Matabele; he tracked a route from Zanzibar to Lake Tanganyika, and established a station at Ujiji, always tackling forlorn hopes, always attempting the impossible, unheralded and undismayed, unknown at Exeter Hall.

He translated the Old Testament, could speak the native languages so perfectly that with their eyes shut the natives could not tell whether the speaker was Price or a Mochuana. He died in 1900, and you may find his grave at Kuruman today. But Price—who ever hears of Roger Price?

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Kuruman became a kind of Clapham Junction, from which started daring campaigns into Bechuanaland and Matabeleland. It is probably true to say that in no other sphere of the Society's work were the difficulties so great or the apparent results so meagre as in the mission to the Matabele. It was an act of splendid daring to storm this most desperate fortress of heathenism in the very kraal of the dreaded chief Mosilikatse. Moffat introduced two young missionaries, William Sykes and Thomas M. Thomas, to the old chief (Mrs. Sykes had died at Kuruman on the way up). They were permitted to settle at Inyati. For twenty-eight years Sykes stuck to that post, and in all that time he could scarcely count one convert. Mosilikatse was followed by his son, Lobengula. That name means but little to us, but there are old men in Africa still who shiver at the sound of it, and though he was tolerably pleasant to the missionaries, this book might be filled with tales of his savagery. Well may we marvel at the faith and the courage of men like Sykes, Thomson and Elliott and Carnegie and Bowen Rees, and well may we wonder that their names are so little known to us today. But there is no cause for surprise at their apparent lack of success. Do we realize what it must have meant to preach the Gospel to such people as the Matabele? Everything for which the mis-

sionary stood was dead against the very constitution of the tribe, contrary to all its distinctive polity and traditions: despotic power, cruel savagery, polygamy, witchcraft—things which to them were dearer than life, inherent in their blood.

And yet, here again is the miracle. Carnegie records how one Matabele lad, condemned by a witch doctor, was bound and thrown to the wolves, and how another was clubbed to death in his presence, both martyrs to their Christian faith.

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But how strangely inverted is the popular verdict upon men's value and work! In the last struggle, when the power of the Matabele was broken, and Buluwayo was captured by the forces of the Chartered Company, the newspapers were full of the heroism of Cecil Rhodes, who went unarmed to meet the headmen of the tribe, to try to get them to surrender. No one will dispute Rhodes' courage or his greatness, but the reports did not mention that he was accompanied by a missionary, and that but for that escort the great Empire builder would probably have never returned alive. Plucky to fight the Matabele? Then what was it to live with them and preach to them? Politicians supposed that it was Rhodes who saved Bechuanaland for Britain, and kept open the road to the north. But it was John Mackenzie, the missionary, whose statesmanship and foresight wakened England to the situation and by his clear and Christian judgment cut the tangle of sordid intrigue.

England today goes wild over a man who flies the Atlantic or sails off to the North Pole, but such deeds are tame compared with a journey A. J. Wookey

made across the Kalahari desert, using donkeys as transport instead of oxen, and doing it all as part of the day's work.

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The conquest of Bechuanaland and the story of Khama is happily better known, because Khama stands out apart from all other African chiefs for his triumph and his Christian record, so much so, that it is to be hoped that his successor, the Regent Tshekedi, will be supported by the goodwill of every Christian in Britain in his efforts to maintain the great traditions of his father. How otherwise could we be worthy of the memory of such a man as J. D. Hepburn ?

Less than thirty years ago W. C. Willoughby outspanned his oxen and dreamed his dreams on the open veld in the very heart of Bechuanaland. Through his far-seeing policy and his undaunted efforts there stands today on that spot, at Tiger Kloof, an institution second to none in Africa, radiating Christian and civilizing influence.

Then there is Hope Fountain (well called!), fifty miles south of Inyati, where Lobengula allowed Thomson to settle, and where C. D. Helm lived for over forty years, Bishop of the Matabele, through wars and horrors that would have broken any ordinary man. And today it has become the centre of great educational movements that turn the nightmare of the past into a dream of hope.

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Get out the map and look at it, as your children in days to come will look at the map of Flanders, tracing out strange names and recalling deeds of

daring. There is Kuruman, where Hamilton worked with Moffat; where William Ashton drudged for long years with his printing press, a quiet faithful man; and perhaps the greatest thing about him was that by the Grace of God he refused ever to quarrel with Moffat, for remember great men were often "gey hard to live with." Kuruman—with the old house and the tree under which Livingstone made love to Mary Moffat, and where the dreams are coming true again. Look a hundred miles due east and you find Taung, where John Brown had trouble with his chief; and two hundred miles north is Kanye, where James Good dug himself in for nearly forty years. Far away north is Dombodema. That is where Cullen Read went all alone in 1895. "Gungulu," the natives called him. Did you ever hear how he became blood brother to the Amahlubi tribe; of the ceremony of the gashed arms and the mingled blood with that of the son of the chief? The last report of the church at Dombodema says that "work is being carried on as usual at thirty-six centres, and in spite of their poverty the people have increased their contributions to the work of the Society." Here, as in other fields, though perhaps in less degree than in some, there is a steady growth of an indigenous ministry, and more and more the oversight of the churches is passing from the European minister to the native evangelist and teacher. One has only to read the wonderful story of Shomolekae, the Apostle of Lake Ngami, or that of Jacob Kgasa of Kanye and his son Andrew Kgasa, to realize the potentiality and the quality of the native ministry of the African Church.

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One reads these tales of the past through a haze of romance.

It is true that the pioneers lived in a vastly different world from the present, for conditions in Africa are rapidly changing. But when you take up the latest Report of the Society you discover with a thrill of realism that the old problems of heathenism have still to be faced under the veneer of education, that, for instance, in Shangani during drought the people will still run after the Rain-goddess, and the educated sons of Lobengula easily revert to the pull of ancient fears. But you discover too that the spirit of the men who dug these wells in the wilderness still lives in those who carry on their work. It is startling to know that there are actually more heathen in South Africa today than when Vanderkemp landed one hundred and thirty years ago, and that although the Christians are increasing more than ten times as rapidly as the heathen, and though there are over a million and a half Bantu Christians in the Union of South Africa, that not one man in twenty in Africa today is a Christian.

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The Last Unknown

While the South African Mission was one of the earliest to be founded by the London Missionary Society, the Central African Mission is the last of its great enterprises. The challenge flung in the face of the Christian Church by Livingstone led to immediate and combined action on the part of several great societies. The Church Missionary Society undertook Uganda, lying on the shores of the great Lake Victoria Nyanza; the Free Church of Scotland

selected the district around Lake Nyassa, and the London Missionary Society the lake lying between these two, the great inland sea called Lake Tanganyika. Blood was the price of evangelism in Central Africa, and we have paid in full. It is a sad and tragic tale of desperate and heroic blundering, of unparalleled suffering. Between 1877 and 1893 —just sixteen years—no less than thirty-six missionaries were sent out to Central Africa by the London Missionary Society. Of these, eleven died and fourteen retired, many of them broken in health. The total cost in money during this period was no less than £40,000, and the number of converts was only twenty. So that, as the man-in-the-street would reckon, each convert cost £2,000, plus the cost of life! Lack of knowledge of the country, mistakes in policy, unforeseen contingencies connected with the power of the slave trade and the deadliness of the climate, all conspired to create difficulties which seemed almost insurmountable. No less than five expeditions were sent out, man after man died, even hardened missionaries had to turn back, beaten by the tsetse fly, or by the malaria-spreading mosquito. The epic story of how these men won their way up from Zanzibar to Ujiji, or by the newer route from the Chinde River via Lake Nyassa, leaving behind them a trail of hastily dug graves; the story of Thomson, Dodgshun, Mullens, and Southon, of how they dragged up the ships for the lake, of how Brooks stumbled into a tribe who mistook him for a German, against whom they had just grievances, and killed him and his sixteen porters—all this deserves a book to tell. But by 1895 the worst seemed over, and at the south end of the lake there were three central stations, though the grim toll of death was still being

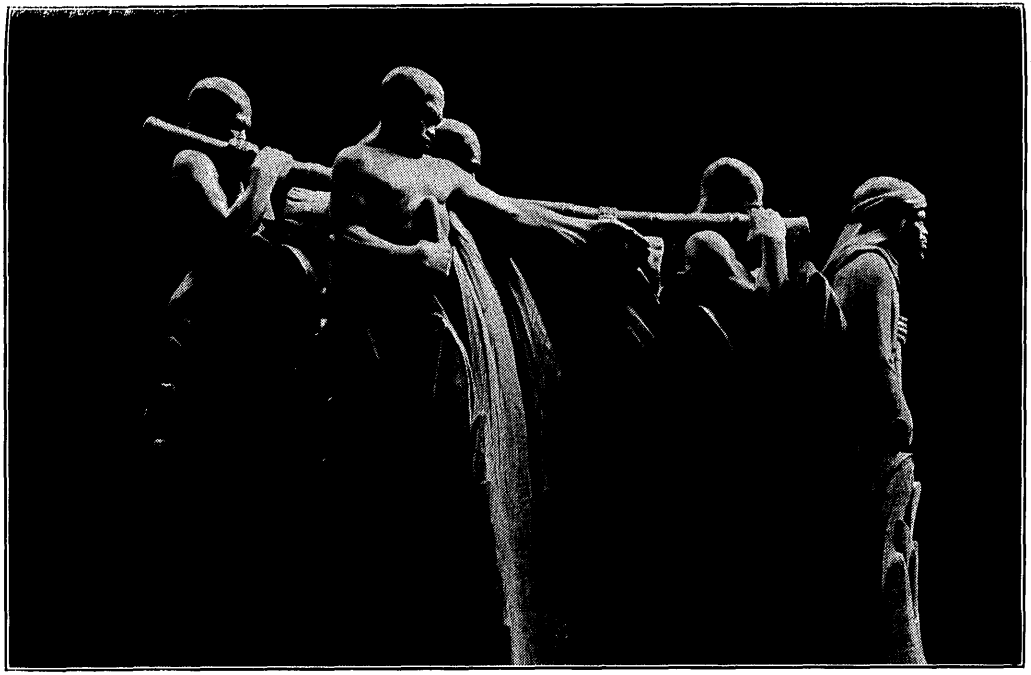
exacted, and in 1901 John May, whose work had given security to the adventure, "gave his life for many."

But today "the mirage has become a pool." Central Africa is no longer cut off from the world. The slave trade has practically disappeared, the tsetse and the mosquito are no longer dreaded.

For fifty years the L.M.S. has been in Central Africa. During the first half of that period the average length of missionary service was less than four years. In the second twenty-five years there was only one death of a missionary on the active staff of the Mission there.

Natives who thirty years ago would have been porters are now motor engineers; poisoned arrows have given place to steel tools, and the hum of aeroplanes disturbs the primeval forests. The African has leaped from Darkest Africa into the twentieth century. Our missionaries with hypodermic needle are driving back the immemorial scourge, and at Kambole and Mbereshi gardens, scientific farms, child welfare depôts, and schools stand where lions lurked, and not far away at Katanga are the richest copper mines in the world. Within the next ten years transformations beyond all imagination will produce new problems which will challenge the mind and demand the faith of every Christian man who prays "Thy Kingdom come." Well may the brave men and women who have the privilege of labouring today in Central Africa turn back to Walt Whitman's Pioneers and sing:

"*All the past we leave behind,*
We debouch upon a newer, mightier world, varied world.
Fresh and strong the world we seize, world of labour and the march."



The Last Journey.

An oak carving by Pilkington Jackson at the Scottish National Memorial to Livingstone at Blantyre. It commemorates the carrying of Livingstone's body to Zanzibar by his African companions.

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Natives who thirty years ago would have been porters are now motor engineers; poisoned arrows have given place to steel tools, and the hum of aeroplanes disturbs the primeval forests. The African has leaped from Darkest Africa into the twentieth century. Our missionaries with hypodermic needle are driving back the immemorial scourge, and at Kambole and Mbereshi gardens, scientific farms, child welfare depôts, and schools stand where lions lurked, and not far away at Katanga are the richest copper mines in the world. Within the next ten years transformations beyond all imagination will produce new problems which will challenge the mind and demand the faith of every Christian man who prays "Thy Kingdom come." Well may the brave men and women who have the privilege of labouring today in Central Africa turn back to Walt Whitman's Pioneers and sing:

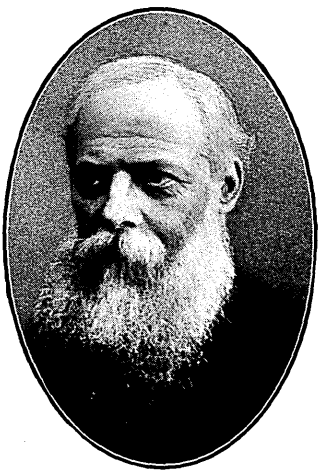
"*All the past we leave behind,*
We debouch upon a newer, mightier world, varied world.
Fresh and strong the world we seize, world of labour and the march."

The Last Journey.

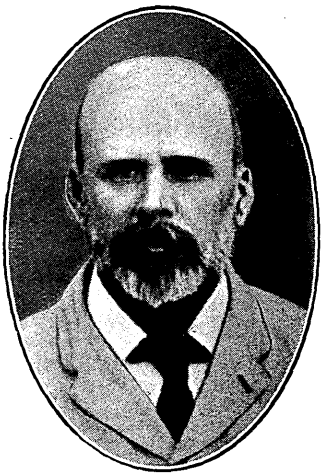
An oak carving by Pilkington Jackson at the Scottish National Memorial to Livingstone at Blantyre. It commemorates the carrying of Livingstone's body to Zanzibar by his African companions.

W. T. Ringeltaube.
Travancore, 1804-1816.

Richard Knill.
India and Russia, 1820-1841.



Edwin Lewis.
South India, 1865-1897.



Bernard Lucas, M.B.E.
South India, 1886-1921.

(See Chapter V.)

Never, probably, in the history of the Christian Church has such a strategic situation faced the hearts of men. Unless within the next twenty-five years a Christian civilization can be developed throughout this vast region, Africa will again become what Livingstone called " the open sore of the world."

And to us today come back the ringing words of that great Courier of Christ, whose bones rest in our national shrine:

" Do you carry on the work which I have begun. I leave it with you!"

What is our response ?

British Guiana

The relentless exigencies of space prevent the inclusion here of one of the greatest triumphs of the London Missionary Society, which falls between two great landmarks of political history: the Abolition of the Slave Trade in 1807, and the Emancipation of the Slaves in 1833. The removal of that foul blot on the fair name of Britain was very largely due to men like Vanderkemp and Philip in South Africa, and John Wray and John Smith in Demerara. While Wilberforce, Buxton and Clarkson fought in the British Parliament, it was the missionaries who bore the full brunt of the battle abroad, and the name of John Smith stands amongst those who gave their lives for the redemption of their fellows. For the story of those stormy days the reader is referred to *Smith of Demerara*, by David Chamberlin.

W. T. Ringeltaube.
Travancore, 1804-1816.

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CHAPTER FIVE

INDIA

"History can never be true to life without imagination. It is only when we penetrate the outer husk of facts that we reach the kernel of historic truth."—PROFESSOR POLLARD.

HOW trivial, how impertinently upstart, seem the records of these few and recent decades, when seen against the solemn splendour of the centuries in which India unfolds her story!

Back in the dim penumbra of history we see the palæolithic savage retreating before the neolithic cultivator on the glowing plains of the Deccan, while century after century, tides of invasion sweep down upon them, and

"Sultan after sultan with his pomp
Abode his little hour or two, and went his way."

Some thirty or forty centuries ago, Kolarian and Dravidian trailed down the passes from the North-West, and Aryans from the Asiatic tablelands came singing down the Khyber Pass, bringing culture and the Sanscrit tongue, bringing religion devoid of images and temples, and chanting the Rig Veda over their sacrificial fires.

Mogul and Moslem, Greek and Persian, Afghan and Bactrian, like hungry wolves, slay and sack, till the Mahrattas advance and the Mogul recedes. Ghostly figures loom out of the mists: Asoka the great conqueror, Buddha the great teacher, Akbar the great ruler, Baba Nanak the great reformer, Govind Singh, the great soldier.

Slowly the simple animism of the Aryan is merged into the bewildering philosophies and degrading mythologies of Hinduism; Sanscrit gives place to Pali, Buddhism is fused into Brahminism, and Moslem monotheism mingles with Hindu pantheism. Every superstition, every fantastic speculation and dark illusion that has ever lured the mind of man, found root in India, from fanatic faith in One God, to paralyzing fear of thirty-three million gods and devils; from Sakti to Theosophy.

* * * * *

Four small vessels sailed from Lisbon in July, 1497, under the command of that brave old explorer Vasco da Gama. After a year of incredible adventures they reached Calicut in India, and thus the new sea route to the East was discovered and a new era opened.

When the Portuguese sailors reached India, they found a Christian Church in existence, claiming a succession of bishops from the first century, and boasting of a legendary establishment by St. Thomas the Doubter. With them, however, as with others since, the claim of Apostolical Succession provided no guarantee of the Apostolic spirit, for this Syrian Church had lived through all these centuries in the midst of a vast heathen population, with little apparent concern for its spiritual needs.

Fifty years after the arrival of Vasco da Gama (which inaugurated Portuguese missions in India) came Francis Xavier the Jesuit, an amazing man. Of his saintly character and his fiery zeal there can be no question, but his methods provide a classic instance of the harm good men may do. The sad truth is that to this day India has not recovered from

the injury done by the superficial and violent means he and those who followed him from Rome introduced and countenanced. From the first he invoked the aid of the secular powers, and by political intrigue and sheer compulsion conscripted thousands of terrified adherents for the Roman Church; people whose language he did not understand and whose knowledge of Christianity was limited to the verbal acceptance of a few dogmatic statements.

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Protestant missions in India began in the early part of the seventeenth century, with the Dutch conquest, but the proselytizing methods of the Dutch savoured too much of the compulsions of Rome.

Two Danish missionaries, Ziegenbalg and Plutschau, who arrived in Tranquebar in 1706, were the pioneers of the modern missionary movement in India. They were sent by the Moravian Church, and the vessel that bore them brought also secret instructions to the Governor to oppose and crush their work! One of them laboured for thirteen years, gathered hundreds of converts, and built a beautiful church, which still remains as the first Protestant missionary church in India. Next followed that great apostle Schwartz, sent by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. He spent no less than forty-eight years evangelizing in South India, and he made possible the greater work that followed.

* * * * *

When the eighteenth century dawned, India was in a pitiable plight, having scarcely known peace for six hundred years. Learning had almost ceased, education was almost unknown, and a coarse idolatry with cruel and degrading rites held all the great

centres of population. The British East India Company had settled in India in 1653. It went there exclusively for purposes of commerce, but gradually its trading centres on or near the coast at Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay grew into establishments for governing and fighting, from the sheer necessity, only slowly realized, of providing a settled and just Government in order to make trade possible and safe. So the traders became the rulers with little conception of the vastness or the splendour of the task thus thrust upon them.

This explains why it was that at the outset the Government vehemently opposed missions. In the interests of business and dividends it seemed to them to be dangerous to interfere in any way more than necessary with the religious prejudices and the social customs of the old rulers, whose functions they were more or less forced to fulfil.

Accordingly they adopted three lines of policy, from which for a long time they refused to move.

First, they took under their patronage and management a large number of Hindu temples. They advanced money for the rebuilding and repair of important shrines, paid the salaries of temple officials, even down to the temple prostitutes, who were a normal feature of the great temples of the South. They granted large sums of money for sacrifices and festivals, permitted and protected such cruel rites as the burning of widows and hook-swinging. The horrible festivals of Juggernaut were carried out under the supervision of British officials. A pilgrim tax was imposed, which not only recouped the Government, but brought a handsome surplus. As news of this kind of thing began to reach England, there arose strong protests, and amongst the archives of

the L.M.S. is a document drawn up by its then treasurer, Mr. Alers Hankey, entitled "Idolatry in India, as countenanced by British authorities." It took many years for reformers in England to get this State establishment of Hinduism put down. The last temple was handed over as late as 1862.

Secondly, quite naturally, in view of this policy, they absolutely refused to allow any missionaries to settle in their territory. No one might land in India without depositing a bond for £200, and getting permission from the Company. Many missionaries landed, both British and American, only to be deported. This policy persisted till it was reversed by Act of Parliament in 1813.

And thirdly, they refused to recognize or employ any native Christians in any capacity, and enforced all the rigours of Hindu law against them. In the Bengal Army, if any native soldier wished to become a Christian he was forcibly prevented, and if he became baptized he was expelled from the service. So strong was this prejudice that even at the time of the Mutiny the services of thousands of Indian Christians were refused by the Government.

* * * * *

Such were the conditions and the restrictions which the early missionaries had to face in India. In 1813, when it became necessary to renew the Charter of the East India Company, Parliament insisted, in spite of the opposition of the Directors of the Company, on inserting a clause in the Charter giving missionaries full freedom to settle and to work in India. This was largely due to the wonderful work already done in Serampore. Since 1857, when in the throes of the Mutiny the East India Company

ceased to exist, and the home Government became directly responsible for India, the policy adopted has been one of absolute religious impartiality.

All this helps us to understand, if not to sympathize with, many of the ideas which have been influential in Anglo-Indian circles for more than a century, and some of which are still held. We can see the origins of some of the arguments one still hears in the smoking-rooms of Indian liners. Men of business and Government officials, often dominated by a sense of racial superiority, and little touched by democratic feeling or Christian ideals, still cling to the idea that any attempt to interfere with the religion or the civilization of India involves danger to British prestige and trade. That is the basis of the common charge that "missionaries only make trouble." Even the abolition of "sati" (the burning of widows) was opposed on the ground that it might mean the overthrow of British rule, and any attempt to educate the Indian was supposed to tend in the same direction.

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Here, then, was the situation when in 1792 two men got themselves smuggled on board a British ship bound for India, and were bundled ashore before the ship sailed, because the captain discovered they were missionaries. These men were Carey and Thomas.

How utterly Utopian seemed their enterprise! Of all the mad ventures and forlorn hopes ever attempted by the Christian Church, since those early days when Paul and a handful of nobodies dared the pagan world, surely none ever seemed so desperate and foredoomed as the proposal to win India for

Christ. Here was the very stronghold of idolatry, with its ancient civilization, its countless army of priests; heathenism entrenched in centuries of use and custom, and embodied in rigid castes, in social laws, woven into the racial memories of its varied peoples. Not only so, but this impregnable system was upheld by British rule in India, and unchallenged by Christian conviction in England.

When Carey announced his intention of going to India as a missionary, the East India Company pontifically declared that "the scheme of sending missionaries to India was pernicious, imprudent, useless, harmful, dangerous, profitless, and fantastic. It strikes against all reason and sound policy and brings the peace and safety of our possessions into peril." What an unwitting testimony to the power of the Gospel! And what an echo of the old-time cry of Demetrius, "Our craft is in danger"! How dared an obscure Dissenting cobbler go to India after that? Turned ashore from a British ship he found a Dutch ship, and landed in Calcutta in November, 1793.

* * * * *

Five years after Carey landed, the first L.M.S. missionary arrived in Calcutta (December, 1798). Fleeing from the prohibitions of the English flag he pushed on to Chinsurah, twenty miles away, under Dutch protection. This man was Nathaniel Forsyth, a Scot from Dumfriesshire.

Imagine him—alone, unsupported by the Society for fourteen years, receiving no salary, living in a small boat in which he went up and down the river to preach at different towns on the river banks, treated as an enemy by his own countrymen, and

appealing in vain for help from home. Of course, he was mad, with the divine madness of a saint. He refused to travel either by carriage or palanquin, always walking where he could not be conveyed by boat, and after eighteen years of labour he died, worn out, in 1816, at the early age of forty-seven. His name, almost unknown to us today, deserves to be set beside that of Carey as one of God's Path-finders in the Wilderness. Four years before his death Forsyth was joined by Mr. and Mrs. Robert May. May was an educationalist. His wife died within a year of reaching India, and he survived only six years, but in that short time he started over thirty schools and led the way for the great educational policy which later became so important a part of the missionary system. The mission at Chinsurah, memorable for the work of Forsyth and May, Mundy and Bradbury, was transferred to the Free Church of Scotland in 1849.

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The story of the L.M.S. in India presents one peculiar difficulty to one who attempts to compress it into vividness. In the long succession of apostolic men and women who during the past hundred and forty years have represented the Society in India, there would appear to be few outstanding figures, such as are to be found in other fields. There are many who, by the length of their service, or some originality of method, or by dogged devotion to unproductive spheres, claim our homage, but there seem to be few who fire the imagination, and whose names have become familiar. That, however, is found to be a casual judgment. The field is so vast, the background so glamorous, the progress at first

so slow, that the men are merged into the movements. In Africa and the South Seas you had stark savagery, romantic adventure; but here was an ancient civilization, developed systems of religious philosophy, and, above all, an armour-plated shield of scornful caste, against which the little isolated centres of Christian teaching seemed to be negligible and even contemptible.

Moreover, the temperament of the East, saturated in reflective stupor, complacent in unquestioned customs and contemptuous of, because alien to, the practical objectivism of the West, all made the missionary appear like a man who is fighting a fog with a hammer. Some of the greatest students of India have held that all the efforts of Britain to modify Indian thought and life are utterly hopeless, and the well-known lines of Matthew Arnold sing themselves over many a grave of disappointed hopes in India:

> "*The East bowed low before the blast,*
> *In patient deep disdain;*
> *She let the legions thunder past,*
> *And plunged in thought again.*"

The missionaries who ventured out during the first thirty years of the nineteenth century had to steer against the strong undercurrent of this sense of futility. The devout Henry Martyn, a century ago, with mingled discouragement and yearning, declared that "to see one Hindu a real believer in Jesus would be something more nearly approaching the resurrection of a dead body than anything he had ever seen." The Abbé Du Bois, after a lifetime of unspeakable self-devotion, mourned that he had never seen one genuine convert. We, looking back upon the great Awakening, and measuring the silent

but sure interpenetration of India by Christian ideals, watching the indirect influence of the missionaries upon India's own reformers from Ram Mohan Roy to Gandhi—can only marvel at the patience and the faith of men who toiled on through the darkness of those early days. Could these men come back today and see the haughty Brahmin kneeling beside the despised pariah, together partaking of the Communion Cup; could they listen to the record of the Travancore Mission, or hear the verdict of the centuries as they contradict the years—what would they say?

* * * * *

Nowhere so much as in India has the Kingdom of God come "without observation." The practical man of the West, in a hurry to "evangelize the world in a single generation;" the fervent folk solemnly meeting in a Board Room to compile statistics that will satisfy their impatient or critical subscribers; would do well to remember the homely lines of Kipling:

> "*It is bad for the Christian's peace of mind*
> *To hustle the Aryan brown;*
> *For the Christian riles, but the Aryan smiles,*
> *And it weareth the Christian down.*
>
> "*And the end of the fight is a tombstone white,*
> *With the name of the late deceased;*
> *And the epitaph drear—'A fool lies here*
> *Who tried to hustle the East.'*"

Nevertheless, these early pioneers were not fools. Behind their desperate hustle, one discovers a divine persistence. "One star differeth from another star" —and some of these men were comets. They could never keep to any prescribed orbit dictated from

London, but blazed across the sky to fall into seeming oblivion.

There was one of the early pioneers called Traveller. He could not travel slowly. He built a chapel in an incredibly short time. Another, Massie, was described by his colleagues as a "tornado let loose." He conceived the idea of a Christian University for India to be founded at Bangalore. An impetuous man, whom none could withstand, he got subscriptions from all quarters. The Board at home was afraid to sanction his ambitious schemes, so he resigned. Massie was married five times, thus exceeding the somewhat liberal experience of matrimony which distinguished many of his fellows, and the record says: "Last of all the man died also!" But he had laid down the foundations upon which, later, the great Dr. Duff was able to build.

Another, called by the undistinctive name of John Smith, was the brother of Mary Moffat. He went to a church in Madras, where he preached to soldiers of the Cameronian Regiment, and in fifteen years no less than eight missionaries went out from that church. Then one day he embarked on a coasting boat to go to an ordination service at which two of his students were to be set apart for work amongst the Telugu people. The little boat was caught in a cyclone and lost with all hands.

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In 1804 a new chapter in Christian history in India opened. A party of six missionaries sent out by the L.M.S., in what had previously been a slave ship, landed in South India with instructions to establish work either in Ceylon or Southern India as might seem most desirable when they had made en-

quiries on the spot. The little company separated soon after their arrival, two going northwards to Madras and Vizagapatam, three southwards to Ceylon, while one remained alone in Tranquebar. That one was Tobias Ringeltaube, probably the most remarkable and picturesque figure in the gallery of Indian missionaries. Born in a Silesian manse, he had been brought up with a high regard for intellectual sincerity and a yet higher regard for personal religion. The day came when he wrote to a friend: "I hear a voice in me saying: 'Go and preach to the heathen, thereto have I called thee.' The story of the establishment of the London Missionary Society has prevailed with me." In August of that year—1796—he started for Calcutta, but not until after he had started did he discover that he was not being sent by the L.M.S., but by the Christian Literature Society. After a year in Calcutta he returned to England, was accepted by the L.M.S., and here he was in Tranquebar. The story of Ringeltaube is one of the great romances of missionary records. For twelve years he flamed across the towns and villages of Southern India. He championed the oppressed pariahs, he exposed the horrors and revealed the shame of Hinduism, he earned the scathing satire of Sydney Smith in the *Edinburgh Review*, and won the enduring admiration and reverence of all who came under his spell. Travelling up and down his vast parish of Travancore, wandering about without a coat and wearing a shapeless straw hat, he gathered little communities of Christians in scores of villages, trained teachers, and supervised their work. He hated writing reports. Many legends grew up about him. It was said that whenever he was expected at the British Residency the servants used to

keep a vigilant watch for his arrival, capture him, and forcibly dress him in suitable attire before they dared usher him into the Residency. He was indiscreet, he was eccentric, but utterly unselfish. As soon as he received his quarterly salary, which never exceeded £25, he would pay his bills, and give away whatever remained. He resembled John Wesley in many ways—in his statesmanlike mind, his passionate evangelism, his ceaseless journeys on horseback. Regardless of hardship or toil, he often dined contentedly on coarse grain, boiled for horses; the only luxury he allowed himself was a cigar. His first three years of opposition were followed by seven years of amazing progress. In 1809 he baptized his first converts; by 1810 there were four hundred, and in 1816 the number had risen to eleven hundred. Today there is a Christian community of one hundred and six thousand in Travancore.

For the ten years of his Travancore ministry he worked without a colleague, his only companions were low-caste or outcaste Indians with whom he could have little fellowship in intellectual or spiritual things. Broken in health, he wrote to his sister: "Though I am only a little over forty the people call me 'Old Ringeltaube,' and so I am." In 1816 he decided that he must take a holiday, and after visiting the scattered congregations, and solemnly appointing one of his trusted Indian helpers to carry on his work, he went to Madras, where he spent an evening with a friend. Next day he embarked for the Cape. In April of that year he was in Ceylon and in September in Malacca. Then—silence. From that day onwards nothing was ever heard of him. One tradition says that he landed in South Africa and wandered off into the bush. It is most probable that he died and

was buried at sea. The people of Travancore, in their love and reverence, declared that he had, like Enoch, been suddenly translated to heaven, and they gave him a title given to no other European: they named him Ringeltaube the Rishi—the Holy Sage. The remembrance of his heroic life, his devotion, and his teaching remains to this day like an after-glow over Southern India.

His successors, Mead and Mault, arrived in 1818.

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Mead was a man of independent methods and of considerable business capacity. Through the influence of a Colonel Munro, to whose support the mission owed much, he was able to secure from the Ranee a bungalow and five thousand rupees. This was invested in ricefields as an endowment for education, and it has provided funds for the seminary to this day. We next find Mead the missionary appointed a Judge, and exercising so much civil power that the Board at home constrained him to relinquish the Law for the Gospel. Nothing daunted, he kept toiling on till his success was embarrassing. In two years about three thousand people of the Shanar caste put away their idols and professed their desire to become Christians. This was by no means an entirely spiritual movement, for social and political motives operated at that time to lead many to seek the protection of the missionaries, and the apparent success demanded even greater qualities of patience and courage than the seeming failure in other fields. Still, a church had to be built, and the problem was how.

* * * * *

Then Mead was joined by Richard Knill. Though Knill was actually only in Nagercoil for about six months, he accomplished a gigantic work: eccentric, but with a magnetic personality, he had a faculty for getting what he wanted from people who disagreed with his ideas. He had brought with him a letter of introduction to the captain of a regiment stationed at Madras, where at first he was stationed. The captain invited the missionary to dinner, and privately boasted to the other guests that he would make him drunk, and that they should see some fun. They did. Knill refused their wines, and entertained the company with fascinating missionary stories. Then he said: "Gentlemen, we are about to build a girls' school in Black Town, and I propose that you become the first contributors." He went away that night in the captain's palanquin with £15 in his pocket for his school. More, the captain and many of the officers came to the services from that day.

When Knill joined Mead, it was like having two fiery steeds in double harness. A church had to be built somehow, but stones from the mountain and trees from the forest had to be brought. One day Knill noticed an enormous elephant feeding near the Hindu temple. He was told that the elephant belonged to the goddess who lived in the temple. "What does the goddess do with the elephant?" he asked. "She rides upon him twice a year in the great processions," replied the keeper. Knill ventured to think that a healthy elephant needed more exercise, and he applied to the Resident for permission to use the animal. Permission was granted (though apparently the goddess was not consulted), and very soon the temple elephant was busy drawing

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Medicine Chest used by Mrs. Mault in Travancore before the Medical Mission was begun there.

Mrs. Mault of Travancore (1818-1854), pioneer of the Lace Industry, started girls' boarding schools and gave remedies by the way.

(See page 81.)

materials for the building of a Christian church. A building was erected capable of seating nearly two thousand persons. Soon after this Knill had to leave India for reasons of health. But Mead stayed on for thirty-five years.

He married three times, the second wife being a Eurasian and the third a pariah girl. That finished his influence and his usefulness as far as India was concerned, but his great work abides.

He was assisted and followed by Charles Mault, a man who remained in India thirty-six years, never visiting England till he came home to die, in 1858.

* * * * *

When Mault and his wife arrived in Nagercoil, the people who worked on the soil were slaves, bought and sold with the land. On unpacking her boxes on arrival, Mrs. Mault found some lace pillows and bobbins which her mother had slipped into one of the boxes, remarking that she might be glad of them some day. That day came when Mrs. Mault realized that the slave girls around her could only escape from bondage by earning enough to buy their freedom. The village carpenter was called in and shown how to make bobbins. Straw was stuffed into hard pillows, and simple patterns pricked out. Then this intrepid woman gathered a few of the slave girls together and with incredible patience taught them how to make lace. The industry grew, and soon many of them were able to buy their liberty. This led (after thirty-five years, by which time this wonderful woman had returned to England) to the liberation of all the slaves in the State. But these serfs gained more than freedom from bondage. They acquired self-respect, and education, and faith

Indians Building their own Church.

(See Chapter V.)

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in God, and all the elements of true womanhood. To-day Travancore lace is known all over the world, but the missionary's wife who started the industry is forgotten.

Mrs. Mault was also the pioneer in another policy of missionary work, which has had tremendous influence. She initiated the idea of girls' boarding schools. The time came when Mault was so old and enfeebled that one day he fell and broke his arm. Urged to retire, he refused, but soon after fell again and broke the other arm. Reluctantly he came to England, and six months after his retirement he received an address of love and appreciation from the people for whom he had given his life.

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One of the most significant instances of what outside critics call the "trouble caused by missionaries," was in what were called the "upper-cloth riots," which broke out first in 1827 and then again thirty years later. It was due to the inevitable conflict with caste. Low-caste women were forbidden to wear any clothing above the waist. As soon as they came under the influence of Christianity they naturally resented this mark of inferiority and indecency, and began to wear a loose scarf or upper-cloth over the shoulder. This was opposed by the higher castes, and was the ostensible cause of a bitter persecution of the Christians. A proclamation was issued in 1829 prohibiting the upper-cloth, but granting certain concessions such as exemption from Sunday labour and from employment in idolatrous service. Although later permission was granted for the wearing of a coarse upper-cloth, so strong is the power of caste that in some districts today low-caste women

still move about the streets in the style of dress repudiated by Christian women so long ago.

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Slowly a belt of mission stations was flung across the vast spaces of Central India, little outposts of the Kingdom of God, from Madras in the east to Belgaum in the west, and further south in the Tamil country. Directors of the Society in London began to spell out strange new names—Gooty and Bellary, Salem and Erode, Coimbatore and Bangalore. Little could they know of the great drama being played out on so wide a stage, or of the sluice gates of doom they were opening upon the days to be.

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Idly we turn over the pages and read the names without a thrill: Townley and Keith starting schools in Calcutta; George Gogerley, a printer, pouring out tracts from his press, and being stoned in the streets; Dr. Boaz founding a Bethel Home for sailors; Dr. Duff, missionary of the Church of Scotland, being dragged ashore from a wreck in the River Hooghly, and changing the whole policy of missionary education for a generation. Here were no fanatical artisans, but great scholars and statesmen. Dr. John Hay of Vizagapatam was the profoundest Telugu scholar in India. Sanscrit he studied with such proficiency that he could meet Hindu pundits on their own ground. Benjamin Rice served at Bangalore for fifty years and more, fighting the famine, translating books, founding a theological seminary, and, with Colin Campbell and James Sewell, ploughing deep for the harvests of to-day. T. E. Slater moved from town to town seeking out the educated Hindus who were being equipped by

Government schools with knowledge that shattered their faith in Hinduism, but left them open to all the assaults of Western infidelity. Slater and others saw that these educated Indians were bound to become the pivotal men in politics and social life, leaders of their people in all the great movements that were beginning to surge through the land.

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To read of these hidden years and forgotten men in Mr. Lovett's two great volumes, and in Mr. Horne's masterly summary, is to be left bewildered. You cannot see the wood for the trees. The country is so vast, and so varied, that movements, periods, epochs, personalities are merged in confusion.

Attention fastens upon a few outstanding personalities, who accidentally strayed into the limelight, while the mists of oblivion hide records of valour, of devotion, and of genius that in other spheres would have won immortal fame. This smoke screen of our imperfect knowledge makes it easier for critics to declare that the earlier missionaries were often lacking in appreciation of the indigenous culture and the ancient glory of the people.

Broadly it may be said that the first fifty years marked a conflict of political and social ideas; the next thirty the gradual growth of institutions and policies; and the later period the upbuilding of an Indian Christian Church, with the uprush of a new social and national consciousness in the land. But even such broad generalization is open to question. One feels as though standing before a magnificent tapestry in which threads of grey and gold blend into a patternless maze, out of which here and there you seem to see a few half-legendary figures looming against a blurred background.

There was the deep undertow of racial prejudice, the bitter grip of superstition, the relentless bondage of caste, the hostility of governments. And over against it all, what ?

A man walks into a village, fetish-haunted and demon-ridden, and preaches to a few huddled outcastes; another strides out into a paddy-field and talks to the muddy serfs about a "bank" that will make them independent of the moneylenders; down a noisy bazaar creeps a timid woman who has come out from an English home, and she pushes her way quietly into the filth and degradation. You see John Hands working for more than thirty years at Bellary and Bangalore—a great preacher they called him in England, but he preached for nine years before he saw a single convert in India—and John Thompson toiling for fifteen years at Trevandrum, and then forming a church with four members; to be followed by John Cox for another twenty years. You see Samuel Mateer struggling with mass movements, and that great educationalist, Dr. James Duthie, the founder and father of the great seminary in Nagercoil; you see Mrs. Mullens, who first glimpsed the open doorway into the zenanas, starting that great movement which wakened Christendom with the vision of one hundred and twenty-five million Hindu women waiting to be educated and evangelized. You see J. H. Budden travelling north to Almora and founding a great church and a hospital for lepers, and Lacroix building the famous Institution in Bhowanipore.

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It has been said, and more often assumed, that the Christian religion was presented as an alien importa-

tion, imposed with the authority of a ruling and contemptuous caste, and that this attitude largely accounts for the irritation caused by the "gad-fly of nationalism," so obvious in recent years.

But the irrefutable answer to the charge that missionaries were generally aloof from the life of the people is to be found in the lives of such men as Edwin Lewis and many others, of whom he remains a type. A lad born in a Somerset village, he went out to Bellary in 1866. In three months he was preaching in Canarese, and in a short time he had mastered Telugu. He also learned Hindustani so that he might the more freely work amongst the Moslems. To achieve such mastery over such difficult languages shows no mean ability, and his work as translator in the revision of the Scriptures marked him as a scholar of high rank. The scholar often is tempted to become remote from common life, but this man spent over thirty years "itinerating," the most difficult and least spectacular form of service: just going from village to village, gathering twos and threes, mingling with the people by the wayside, in the temples and markets. Never in a hurry, never seeking crowds, he entered into the secret places of the hearts of the common people.

Others in other districts were swamped by mass movements, this man dealt with individuals or families. In 1876-77 one of the worst famines that ever devastated India raged over its southern and central districts. In Bellary the distress was terrible, and Mr. Coles and Mr. Lewis distributed relief and started orphanages. From England hundreds of thousands of pounds were sent to relieve the starving people (friends of the L.M.S. contributing £10,665), while Government officials strained every nerve in

their efforts to relieve distress. Lewis worked like a giant day and night. In the distribution of money he was trusted both by the Government and the people just because he was trustworthy. After famine came plague, and again it was the missionary who went about amongst the suffering people, venturing where no others would dare go. To this day his name and his work remain enshrined in the hearts of many in India, but to most of those who will read this book his name is unknown.

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For obvious reasons the writer of this book has avoided reference to persons still alive, but the rule must be broken to record another instance of remarkable evangelism. Thirty years ago Richard Anderson Hickling was sent to South India as a lay evangelist, and four years later he was placed on the regular staff. For years he preached like a wandering friar of old, and uttering the cry of the eternal Wisdom from the corners of the streets. Though he met with much kindness and attention he was haunted by a sense of failure. Somehow he felt there was a gulf of "foreignness" shutting him off from the minds of the people so that his message failed often to reach the springs of imagination and emotion. How could he bridge that chasm and enter into the very citadel of personality?

Then he remembered the old native way of preaching by poetry and song. He saw again their Aryan sires as they came singing snatches of the *Rig Veda* down the mountains, chanting their creeds over their evening fires; he recalled the troubadours in Europe and the minstrels who from age to age had sung their way into the hearts of men.

So Mr. Hickling experimented and planned till at last he had organized singing bands assisted with violins, tuned drums, cymbals and tambourines, to go out into the villages. He made free use of old Indian forms and melodies, adapting them to his purposes, sent out in advance handbills to announce his coming, and he found an open door into the hearts of the people. It was a genuine attempt to place the story of Christ in an Indian setting, to link on the Christian message with the dearest traditions and the deepest racial emotions of the East. That movement is spreading, and the method is found, where wisely used, to be most effective.

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In the earlier years of missionary effort it was inevitable that those who had to confront Hinduism, as it was expressed in its more popular and degraded forms, should have failed to appreciate fully those elements of spiritual reality which had become obscured by caste and custom. But in more recent times there have been such men as Bernard Lucas and Howard Campbell, J. N. Farquhar and W. Pearson, who have been great interpreters of all that is best in Hindu thought, and whose lives remain a perpetual refutation of the charge that missionaries have been representatives of a "foreign" faith.

But the most wonderful story of Indian Christianity is still unwritten. "Some day," says the author of *Building with India*, "a history of the Church in India will be written from the Indian standpoint." That history will not only tell us of the European missionaries, but of their earlier converts, who dared all for the reproach of the Cross, and through whose experience of the Christian life the Church is receiv-

ing a great revelation of the Will of God and a rich endowment of religious devotion.

Meanwhile the Christian experience that for a century has been mediated through the Churches of the West, and expressed in their specific formulæ, is finding new forms, and being shaped by great forces, such as the spirit of nationalism and a rising self-consciousness. Christianity, that had been a graft from without, is being deeply rooted in the soil, and we must expect that an indigenous Church will become less and less ready to accept external authorities or rely upon extraneous direction. All that was good and true in her ancient faiths, all that was holy in her dearest dreams, waken to power in the light of Christ, and the Church of Christ in India calls us today no longer merely as the "Man from Macedonia" begging for help, but as fellow-citizens with the saints, claiming our fellowship.

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Nowhere in the world were the circles of exclusion more impenetrable than in India: barricades of religious bigotry, of racial and temperamental diversity, and most of all the cruel system of caste, inbred through centuries of custom, and inwoven into the whole social fabric. But Love had the wit to win, and enter through the one gateway no laws can shut—the gateway of Pain.

From the earliest days almost all the missionaries were led by the very compulsion of circumstances to attempt to relieve the indescribable suffering of the people about them.

As early as 1804 a medical missionary was appointed by the L.M.S. to Surat, but for some reason he never entered upon his work. In 1838 Mr. A.

Ramsey, a medical man, opened a hospital at Nagercoil and reported that people of every caste flocked to him for advice. After six years, however, Mr. Ramsey was tempted away from mission work, and the hospital was closed for thirteen years.

Then in 1852 Mr. C. C. Leitch arrived and restarted the medical work, with the little village, as it was then, of Neyyoor as the centre. In 1854 he sent home his first report describing how all the divisions of caste were being broken down by his work of healing.

His report kindled the imagination and aroused the conscience of Christian people in Europe and America, and led to the formation of medical missions in many fields. That very year, however, Dr. Leitch was drowned while bathing near Neyyoor. The present hospital in Neyyoor was re-established by Dr. John Lowe, who inaugurated a new era in missionary enterprise, for he commenced classes for the training of Indian workers, started dispensaries and branch hospitals in the district around. Dr. T. S. Thomson, who followed in 1873, was a man of great energy, and the hospital at Neyyoor was soon found to be too small. A second hospital had to be built somehow, but only 200 rupees were available for the purpose. Dr. Thomson sent a subscription list to the Maharajah, and to his delight received a reply to the effect that the Maharajah would defray all the cost of the new hospital. Soon no fewer than twenty thousand patients were treated annually, and the medical training school developed.

The work has grown to such an extent that Neyyoor Hospital, with its dependent branches, is the largest and best equipped Medical Mission in the world, dealing with no less than one hundred thou-

sand patients every year. Similar agencies are being carried on at Chikka Ballapura, Erode, and Jammalamadugu.

What these hospitals and dispensaries mean for the suffering people who flock to them no one can imagine. Most of the patients can get healing help nowhere else, and the hands which bring relief from pain carry a message which the dullest mind can understand. Through those who thus minister to her needs India may find her greatest Friend.

CHAPTER SIX

CHINA: "O MIGHTY FORTRESS!"

IN attempting to account for the "amazing impertinence" of missions a recent writer points out that there is an inherent strain of adventure in the blood of the British, that we find our "sport" in dining with cannibals and getting home to tea. He argues that it is simply the impulse which sends others out to hunt big game or wild men. Moreover, there is a sense of racial superiority, a kind of national snobbery in offering your religion to the "lesser breeds without the law," which, after all, is little more than half-conscious pharisaism.

Any such motives, if they existed, met with swift and rude correctives when the Directors of the L.M.S. at the beginning of the nineteenth century decided to send missionaries to China. Here were no untutored savages as in Tahiti, no wild Bushmen as in South Africa, but a great Empire of four hundred million people, with an unbroken history of over four thousand years—a history that might well temper the pride of the Westerner, and make him feel like a new-comer and an intruder on the earth. Here were people with a vast national literature, a system of government conducted by able scholars, chosen for more than twelve centuries by an elaborate system of competitive examination (a method which suggests certain advantages over those of the Rotten Boroughs known to English history!). Cultured

scholars in China were propounding ancient philosophies when our rude forefathers were painted savages.

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To the Chinese the whole missionary enterprise must have seemed a ridiculous and impudent intrusion, and they did not hesitate to say so. In a most disconcerting way China seems to have anticipated many of our boasted inventions, and antedated much of our civilization. Her people created great buildings while Europeans were cave-dwellers; her astronomers made accurate observations before Abraham left Ur. They invented printing five hundred years before Johan Geisfliesh or Caxton was born; gunpowder, the compass, medicine, pottery, architecture—all were apparently commonplaces to them centuries before the Westerns had dreamed of them, and we may yet be told that the Chinese knew all about television and atomic energy when London was a "furzy down"! Even Christianity of a kind was not unknown in their history. Not long after the time of the Apostles the Christian faith had gained a foothold in their land. A stone tablet dug up in 1625, near Sian Fu, records the arrival of a Syrian priest in the year 635, the very year in which Adrian was settling in Lindisfarne to teach the heathen of Northumbria. There are other evidences to show that Christianity in some form flourished in China more than twelve centuries ago.

It must not be imagined that it had ever wholly died out. Those who ask why the Roman Church has grown so much faster in China and with fewer missionaries than the Protestant, may find a partial answer in the fact that the Roman Catholics started

their modern effort with about as many "old Christians"—something over twenty thousand—as the Protestants had after about a century's work.

And those who cherish the notion that the missionary was the pioneer in causing whatever of upset the mixing of civilizations of West and East has brought to China, should be reminded that the earliest Europeans known to have arrived in China were merchants, not missionaries.

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Here, then, were these millions, entrenched behind centuries of civilization, knowing little and caring less about the foreigner, fettered with the paralysis of contemptuous insularity. Is it to be wondered at that in 1816 a Chinese Emperor could send to the King of England a letter closing with the words, "This imperial mandate is given that you may for ever obey it!" or that when in 1834 Lord Napier was sent by Britain to negotiate a commercial treaty, the Governor of Canton blandly explained that he could not possibly have any dealings with "barbarians"! How dared a little nation of shopkeepers and soldiers approach China on terms of equality!

Trade! What did China care for such trivial things! She was self-contained, self-sufficient!

Nearly three centuries before, the great missionary Francis Xavier had arrived at the little island of Shang Chuan, within sight of the mainland not far from Canton. Smitten with fever, he lay dying in a little hut of twisted reeds, and raising himself on his elbow, with his face towards the goal of his desire, he cried, "Amplius!" (wider! further!) and so died. His successor, Valigani, when he first saw the hills of China, is said to have exclaimed: "Oh,

Mighty Fortress! when shall these impenetrable brazen gates of thine be broken through?" a cry that was echoed by many another in the centuries to follow.

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About the time when the L.M.S. was being formed, a Congregational minister, the Rev. William Mosely, stumbled upon a strange manuscript in the British Museum. It was found to be a Chinese version of parts of the New Testament that had been made in Canton in 1737 by some Roman Catholic priest, and it aroused much discussion and interest amongst the churches in England. No doubt it had much to do with turning the attention of the Directors of the L.M.S. to the claims and the needs of China, with the result that in 1807 Robert Morrison was appointed to that field of labour. Morrison got hold of that document and laboriously copied it. Years afterwards he acknowledged that it was the foundation of his own translation of the New Testament.

If, during the whole of its existence, the L.M.S. had done nothing else than to discover and despatch Morrison to China, it would have more than justified itself at the bar of history, yet he was only the forerunner of a great army of brave apostles.

Son of a poor man, a maker of shoe-lasts, working with his father for twelve or fourteen hours a day, often like Livingstone with a book propped up on his bench, this Northumbrian lad had dreamed of being a minister, and even of becoming a missionary —a mad dream, discouraged by all his relations. But at last the dream came true, the door opened, and the call came, and Morrison, accepted by the Society, began to study the Chinese language. At

that time only two or three Europeans knew anything about Chinese, and Morrison shared lodgings with a Chinese lad in London so that he might learn his tongue. "If the language," said he, "is capable of being surmounted by human perseverance, I mean to make the experiment." Journeying via America (since the East India Company refused to carry missionaries), he met an American business man in New York who cynically remarked to him: "So, Mr. Morrison, you really expect to make an impression upon the idolatry of the great Chinese Empire?" "No, sir," was his reply. "But I expect God will." And God did!

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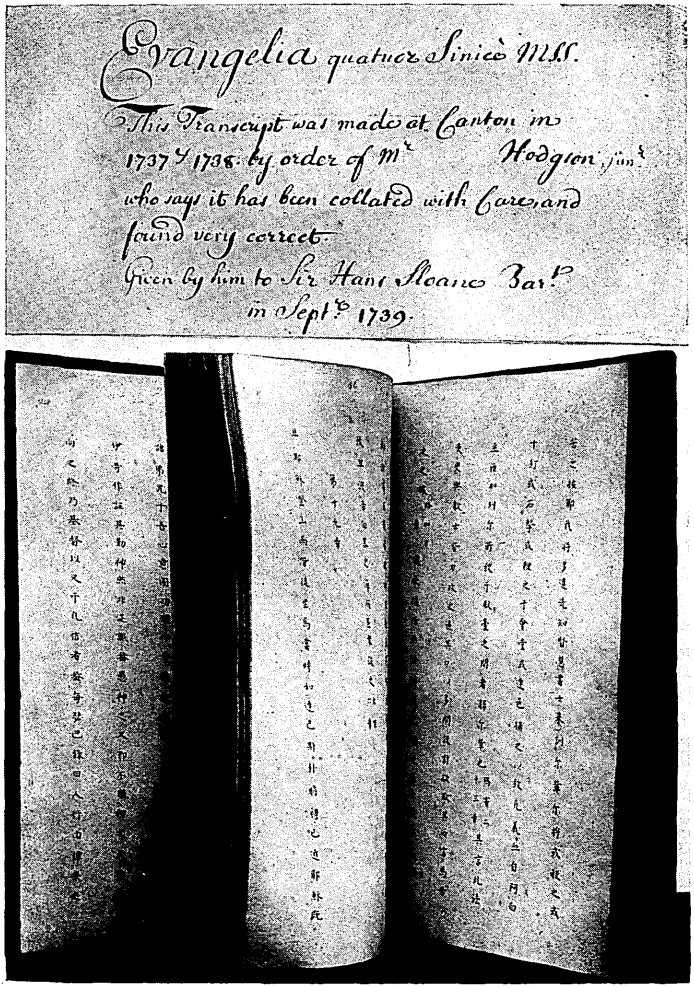
When Morrison landed in Canton on September 7, 1807, a new hour of destiny struck unheard, and a new era dawned for China. He landed to find —what? That China was closed to him; that no Chinese dared teach the language to a foreigner under penalty of death; that no alien might remain in China except for purposes of trade, and that the only Christian teachers in China, the Roman Catholic priests at Macao (a Portuguese settlement) would do all in their power to frustrate his efforts.

Why had he not been warned? He had been, but warnings could not deter such men. "Then," says the man of the world, "he must have been well paid!" Missionaries even now are poorly paid, but these pioneers went out with the understanding that they had to maintain themselves as best they could. Indeed, it was not until 1820 that the Directors of the L.M.S. accepted the principle that "they would be bound permanently to support their agents." Vanderkemp received the princely salary of £25 a



Harmony of the Gospels in Chinese.
Seen in the British Museum by Robert Morrison.

(See page 95.)

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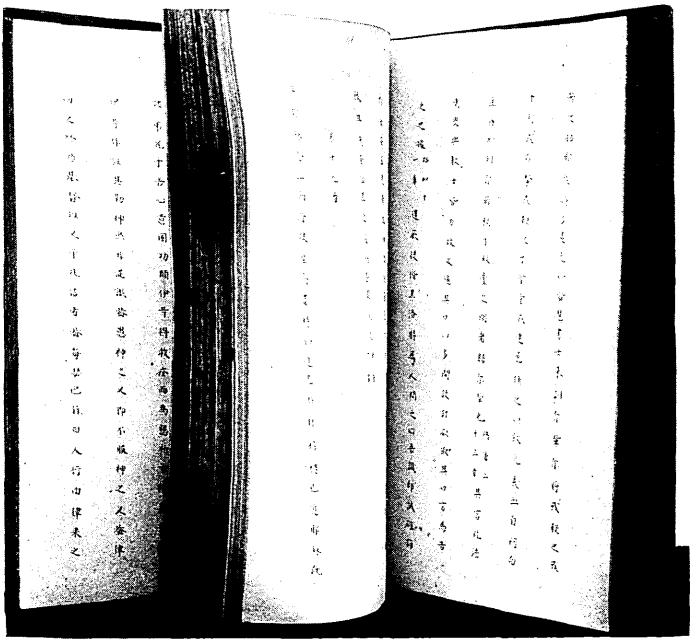
Evangelica quatuor Sinice MSS.

This Transcript was made at Canton in
1737 & 1738. by order of Mr Hodgson
who says it has been collated with Curo and
found very correct.
Given by him to Sir Hans Sloane Bart
in Sept. 1739.



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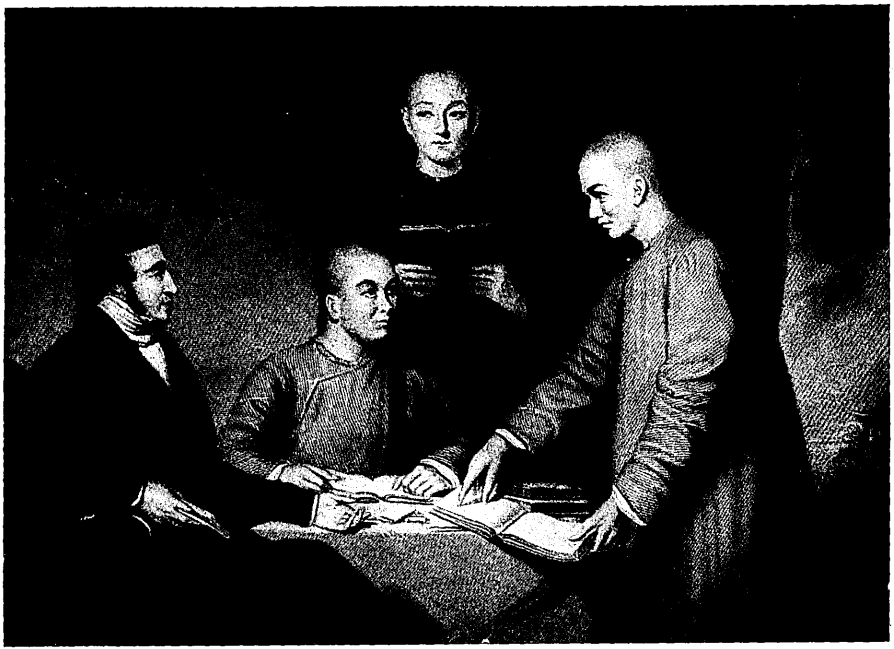

James Legge, D.D., of Hong Kong.
Translator of the Chinese Classics, with three Chinese students.

(See page 103.)

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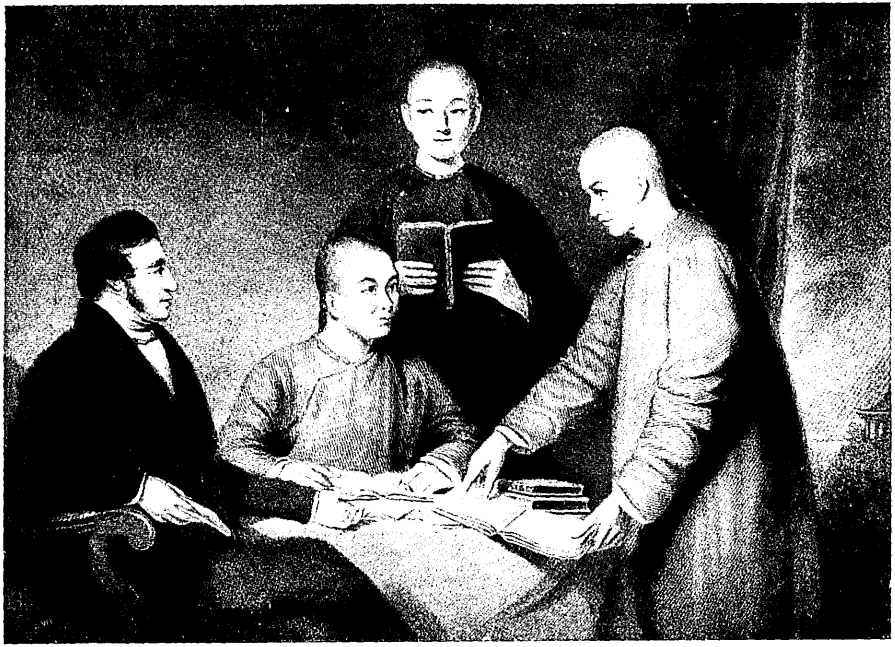
If it was adventure that Morrison wanted, he had it in full measure. Living in a little room lent to him in Canton, he dared not be known as an Englishman. He dressed as a Chinese, allowed his nails to grow long, cultivated a pig-tail, and became adept with chop-sticks. Driven out of Canton he went to Macao, and lived for a time in a wretched garret till the roof fell in on him, in consideration of which the landlord nearly doubled his rent.

Robbed by those he sought to help, regarded as a fool by his own countrymen, treated like an outlaw, he struggled on with three great tasks—a Chinese Dictionary, a Grammar, and a translation of the New Testament. By 1809 residence in China had become so difficult, that he resolved to go to Penang, but on his wedding-day was offered the post of translator in the service of the East India Company (the Company that had no use for missionaries!) at a salary of £500 a year. This gave him right of residence in China, and enabled him to carry on his great work. Presently the Chinese Government began to take notice of this "foreign devil" who was attacking their ancient strongholds. The Roman Catholic Bishop of Macao got hold of a version of St. Luke rendered by Morrison into the common speech of the people, and immediately ordered it to be burned as an heretical book. It is amusing to recall that the translation was based on the manuscript previously referred to, which had been made by a Roman priest.



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Then the Government issued an edict, making it a capital crime for anyone to print or publish any Christian books in Chinese. Morrison sent a copy of this famous edict to London with the comment, "I must, however, go forward." After six years of lonely toil a colleague arrived, the Rev. William Milne, a member of Dr. Philip's church in Aberdeen, and the following year Morrison baptized his first convert. Seven years—and one convert! So began the first Protestant Christian Church in China. To-day the Church of Christ in China (which does not include the Anglican, Wesleyan, nor some of the other missions) has a membership of one hundred and twenty thousand, while the total number of Protestant Christians in China exceeds four hundred thousand.

By 1819 he had finished his translation of the whole Bible. Two years later Morrison's great Dictionary was ready, and the East India Company printed it at a cost of £10,000—six large quarto volumes, nearly five thousand pages. The British and Foreign Bible Society voted £1,900 towards printing the New Testament. The Grammar, finished in 1812, was sent to Bengal to be printed and was not heard of for three years. One of the Directors of the East India Company having bequeathed a thousand dollars to Morrison, the latter promptly used the money to produce a pocket version of the New Testament—a little book that could be concealed in the baggy sleeves of the Chinese dress. For some time Morrison had been planning to establish in Malacca an institution for the training of missionaries, native and European, and so form a base of operation free from Chinese interference. The arrival of Milne now made this

possible, and indeed inevitable, for Milne had been ordered to leave the country.

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The greatness of Morrison must not be allowed to obscure the splendour of the men who joined him in his work, especially Milne and Medhurst. William Milne was a man of remarkable gifts, of great strength of character and of an intense spirituality. From 1813 to 1822 he toiled and travelled up and down the coast, and most of the time drew no salary from the Society. It was Milne who wrote: "To acquire Chinese is a work for men with bodies of brass, lungs of steel, heads of oak, hands of spring-steel, eyes of eagles, hearts of apostles, memories of angels, and lives of Methuselah."

The Anglo-Chinese College, formulated by Morrison and founded by Milne in Malacca, did splendid work for some years. It became a centre of light amongst the Malay and Chinese people, as well as to the Europeans. From its schools it sent out scholars, its printing presses poured forth tracts and pamphlets, and its evangelists went out to the surrounding districts. Stations were also started by the L.M.S. at Singapore, Batavia, Penang, and Java, and so Morrison and Milne formed what came to be known as the Ultra-Ganges Mission, representing the extreme outposts of Protestant Missions in Asia.

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Another great apostle was W. H. Medhurst, sent out originally as a printer, remaining to labour for forty years, and famous later as a Chinese scholar and reviser of the Chinese Bible. These men and their fellow-workers were of the true Apostolical

Succession. In us to-day their names waken no thrill, but what tales of heroism remain untold and unremembered of their perils, their patience, and their triumphs! Yes, and their loneliness! It took six months to send a letter from Malacca to Canton in the monsoon season, and two years might elapse before a letter to England was answered.

There is much in connection with the political history of those days which Englishmen recall with shame, especially our connection with the opium traffic. In that matter the part played by missionaries did much to save our fair name and prestige. They were the first to interpret the soul of China to the outside world, and they did no less in helping China to understand the West and to find herself. The ancient literature of China had been for centuries almost unknown to us till the missionaries Legge, Medhurst, and others translated it.

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From the first, the men who went to the China field were conspicuous for their scholarship; had they not been, no amount of zeal would have availed for their task, for the Chinese are by nature scholars, and educational systems were at the base of their national life. The Anglo-Chinese College started in Malacca was, when transferred to Hong-Kong, merged into the educational work inaugurated by the British Government of the Colony. The first theological college for the training of the native ministry was established by Dr. Legge in 1843, but, long before, boarding schools had been started as initial agencies wherever the missionaries had penetrated. The literary output of these men was prodigious. Few could emulate the productivity of Morrison

in that direction, but almost every missionary was accountable for a long list of pamphlets, books, and translations.

Great epoch-making events followed swiftly between 1830 and 1850. Reviewing the first twenty-five years of the mission in 1832, Morrison outlined the work—the acquisition and translation of the language, the starting of schools and printing press, the voyages along the coast, the attempts to penetrate the interior, and the distribution of literature, as well as the medical work—and then said tersely, "Only ten persons have been baptized." But progress could not be measured by such means, for he added: "There is now a state of society totally different from what I found in 1807." But his closing years were full of darkness and difficulty. In 1833 there was a rising of Roman Catholics against him, resulting in the suppression of his presses and publications. About the same time the monopoly of the East India Company was taken away, and consequently Morrison's post under the Company was abolished, and his means of subsistence ceased. In August, 1834, this great pioneer died after twenty-seven years of service. If only he could return to-day and see some of the fruit of his toil! He built the bridge over which a great army has since passed to greater victories than he dared even to dream of.

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Morrison's death was followed by a storm of persecution which burst upon the infant Church he had formed, and its members were scattered abroad. But meanwhile American missionaries were permitted to carry on their work, and away in Malacca and the other Ultra-Ganges stations men were being prepared for future developments.

With the arrival of Dr. Lockhart in 1838 and the establishment of a medical mission at Macao a new day dawned, soon, however, to be darkened by the opium war. Into the causes of the war we need not enter here, but the results were far-reaching. Hong-Kong was ceded to England, and five ports were opened to international trade. Moreover, it was stipulated that Christian missions should not be molested at these ports, and immediately there followed a marked expansion of effort. With such men on the field as Lockhart, Legge, Medhurst, the brothers Stronach, Wylie, and others, new stations were soon opened up. In 1843 Lockhart and Medhurst started work in Shanghai, opened a hospital, and set up a printing press. In view of the more tolerant attitude of the Chinese Government, the Directors decided to evacuate the outposts of the Ultra-Ganges Mission and transfer their operations to the mainland of China.

Then, in 1845, toleration was accorded by the Chinese Government to Protestant missions in prescribed areas near the Treaty Ports, and although prejudice still blocked the way in Canton, new opportunities called to the few brave workers who had held to their posts. But with new freedom came a new realization of their appalling task in the vast areas to be reached, the almost hopeless degradation of the millions of people, the hide-bound conservatism of their cruel customs, and the difficulties of the numerous dialects of the one written language.

Two or three isolated Christians gathered round the missionaries in Shanghai, and a little church was formed. Then for thirteen years the Tai Ping Rebellion swept China with unrest and bloodshed, and the situation was further complicated by the fact

that one of the leaders of the rebellion had been partially influenced by the Christian faith, but in such a way as to misrepresent the Christian religion to many.

The great L.M.S. hospital in Shanghai was more than once shelled, and the city itself was burned by the Triads, while in the south, from Canton, Dr. Hobson was obliged to flee for his life to Hong-Kong. Even there the bitter hatred of the Chinese pursued the missionaries; some native bakers poisoned their bread, and Legge, Hobson, and John Chalmers had a narrow escape from death. Dr. Medhurst, who had laboured for nearly forty years for China, was induced, much against his will, to seek renewed health by a furlough in England, and died the day after his arrival. His name shines, with Morrison's, like a beacon out of those dark days.

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Griffith John reached Shanghai in 1855, just at a time when the country was becoming free to foreigners. He found no less than twenty-five missionaries in Shanghai belonging to various British and American Societies. How can one dare attempt to put the story of Griffith John into a paragraph! How he mastered the language, went off with Edkins, visiting hitherto inaccessible cities, itinerated amongst the teeming villages near Shanghai, "bluffed" his way past mandarins, smiled down the crafty hostility of officials, and in 1861 pushed his way past Nanking, following the great Yang-tse river till he reached a place where three huge cities meet — Hankow, Han-yang, and Wuchang — forming, as he said, the finest missionary centre in the world. Soon missions were established at these strategic points, and in 1867 Thomas Bryson arrived from

England to settle at Wuchang. A book might well be written about a memorable journey made by Griffith John and Mr. Wylie of the Bible Society, in the great province of Se-chuen, a journey of three thousand miles.

The church at Hankow was started in a room of Mr. John's house in 1861, a hospital was added in 1866. At the end of 1877 there were four hundred and seventy-eight members, in ten years more there were over a thousand.

* * * * *

The L.M.S. may well be proud of its Roll of Honour, especially of those who laid deep and broad the foundations of its work in Central and North China during these days of opposition and struggle. Difficulties have by no means gone, for new conditions are arising that will call for statesmanship and patience for many years to come. China is still stumbling to her feet, swayed by turbulent forces of unrest, fumbling for political coherence and social unity. But the general attitude towards missions to-day is vastly changed from that which obtained in the period dating from the Treaty of Tientsin to the Boxer Rising, when there was little security for life and the missionaries lived on the edge of a volcano. Some names have become almost household words to us, and remain a perpetual inspiration and a challenge. But here, as in all fields, there were very many whose names were but little known outside the mission house, whose splendid service was done in obscure places and with little recognition in the Press.

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It was the medical work which, more than any other agency, opened the doors and broke down

barriers of suspicion. The first to introduce medical work on scientific lines to China was a young ship's doctor called Colledge, who was appointed by the East India Company to the care of Europeans, and who was so impressed by the terrible need he saw all about him, that he was led to open a hospital for Chinese in Macao, and in 1828 a dispensary in Canton. About the same time Morrison started a dispensary, and in 1838 Dr. Lockhart, the first L.M.S. medical missionary, arrived. From that day the medical work has been developed in an amazing way, and to-day there are hospitals at all the chief centres of population, with what is probably one of the finest medical schools in the world, the great Union Medical College in Peking.

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The romantic story of that great hospital deserved to be rescued from oblivion. The first medical missionary in Peking was Dr. Lockhart, who, with the introduction of Western medicine, also introduced the Gospel of Christ. Following him the L.M.S. had a succession of men, each of whom left his mark upon the people of Peking, from those around the throne to the beggar in the mat hovel in the shadow of the city wall. When, in 1901, Dr. Thomas Cochrane returned to the city of Peking, he found the L.M.S. compound a heap of ruins. He began seeing patients in a little room with broken brick floor and paper windows. The Boxers had destroyed the buildings of all the Societies, and this gave the opportunity for co-operative reorganization of the Christian forces in the city. It was decided to establish Union Colleges for Arts, Theology, and Medicine, and the medical work was assigned to

the L.M.S., largely no doubt because of Dr. Lockhart's work in previous years.

It is difficult for us in these days to realize the tremendous power that was then exercised by the Imperial House in China. Dr. Cochrane was one day sent for to attend to a patient of official rank, and was actually brought into relationship with the Empress Dowager and the Emperor. That opened all doors, and was of inestimable value to the work of the missionary. It brought to the Union Medical College in Peking the prestige and the support of imperial sanction, and the comparatively high degree of efficiency it attained made its impress upon Government enterprises. Owing to that happy circumstance the L.M.S., through the Union Medical College, has affected China for all time, and its influence as a Christian and scientific institution has been woven into China's history. More important still was the impulse it gave to co-operate movements in the mission field. The China Medical Board of New York, after making independent investigation, assumed complete financial responsibility for the Peking work, and out of ample funds assisted in the formation of similar institutions in other strategic centres. The effect of this enterprise in co-operative effort spread to other fields, and led to the formation of a British Advisory Board on Medical Missions, resulting in the co-ordination of effort and the development of missionary policies all over the world.

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One of the most interesting branches of the medical work has been carried on by the Mission to Lepers, of whom it is estimated there are over four hundred and fifty thousand in China. Dr. Fowler

of the L.M.S., who has devoted a lifetime to the study and relief of leprosy, gives an interesting instance of the way in which the East seems to have anticipated some of our modern discoveries. The nearest approach to a cure for leprosy has been found to be a drug called chaulmoogra, which is extracted from oval seeds embedded in the pulp of the fruit of a certain tree (*Hydnocarpus anthelmintica*). This oil is being used today by the world's leading authorities for the relief and even for the cure of lepers. Now the extraordinary fact emerges that in India and China the use of this tree was well known centuries ago. There are many legends dating back before the days of Buddha, and still more ancient records in certain of the Chinese classics, which identify this tree with the most modern medical treatments, and the Chinese classics speak of it as the "leprosy tree."

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Again there is the story of the North China Mission, in the province of Chihli, an area greater than England and Wales. All this territory was inaccessible to missions until after the Treaty of 1860. Then Edkins and Lees entered Tientsin, and Dr. Lockhart, after twenty-five exhausting years in the south and in Shanghai, volunteered to go north, and, as he says, "rolled in his cart under the great gates of the imperial city of Peking." Both at Tientsin and Peking, schools were started and churches formed, hospitals built, and after weary effort they began to prosper. Then, in 1870, a sudden wave of fanaticism swept the country. Tientsin became the storm centre of a violent persecution of Christians. Many were massacred, churches

were burned and the work of years trampled down in fire and blood. There may be psychological more than purely racial or religious causes behind these explosive points in Chinese history, but they seem to recur from time to time, when all the ancient pent-up forces of racial and national passion are suddenly let loose in ferocious hatred of the foreigner.

The Massacre of Tientsin was a foretaste of the more terrible Boxer Rising in 1900, but between these events came the great Famine in 1878 and the War between China and Japan in 1894.

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Here is where another great man comes upon the stage. In the very year of the Massacre, when the missionaries at Peking lived under the shadow of death, James Gilmour set out from Peking for Mongolia, upon what was perhaps the most forlorn hope ever faced by any man, even a missionary. Fifty years previously the L.M.S. had sent Stallybrass, Swan, and Youille, with their wives and two children, to Siberia, under the patronage of the Russian Imperial Court. Then follows a tragic story of glorious failure, of how for twenty-four years these men trekked up and down the desolate wastes, lived in the filthy Buriat tents, acquired the Mongol language, translated the scriptures, and then by a summary order from the Russian Government were bundled out of the country at the instigation of the Greek Orthodox Church. All that was left to show for the toil of this Lost Legion, were a few graves in the wilderness and a few copies of the New Testament in Mongol tents!

Off went Gilmour to reopen the mission from the Chinese side, striking out across the vast desert of

Gobi, knowing little of the Mongols or their language, and daring the utter loneliness of the wild. What he did—how he travelled thousands of miles on foot, lived with the nomads, sharing their millet and mutton; how he married a wife whom he had not previously seen, took her with him on his journeys; and how after ten years' labour he could not report one Mongol convert—is it not all written in the New Acts of the Apostles, that book, *Among the Mongols*, of which a reviewer in the *Spectator* said: "Robinson Crusoe has turned missionary, lived years in Mongolia, and written a book about it." His wife died—of course she did—but he went on, visiting Peking from time to time, pleading all the while for helpers who never came, and when Dr. Roberts, his long-hoped-for colleague, arrived, he was recalled in a month to take the place of Mackenzie, who had died at his post in Tientsin. When his next helper, Dr. Smith, came, he had to pack Gilmour off to England, and when, after his return, the third helper, Parker, arrived, Gilmour took fever and in eleven days was dead.

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The story of Gilmour has come to be regarded as a romantic classic, but the thrilling thing is that there is little unusual or exceptional about it. The great succession has never ceased. There was a young doctor, Norman Prescott, who in 1921 was living, furiously fighting the famine, in North China, and wrote home with boisterous humour about his great family of thirty thousand to which he was expecting an addition of twenty thousand. Then came news of his death, and few flew their flags or knew that this man had opened a door into the heart

of China through which the Christian message had entered.

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No record of the L.M.S., and especially of its work in China, would be complete without some reference to Sidney J. W. Clark. More than twenty years ago, a business man, who by sheer ability and force of character had built up a thriving business, suddenly decided, to the surprise of his partners, to draw out and retire—not, as might have been expected, to enjoy a well-earned leisure, but in order to be able to devote his money and his experience to the cause of missions. With unflagging energy Mr. Clark travelled and studied, visiting the mission fields, becoming personally acquainted with the missionaries, entering into their problems, and approaching them with the freshness and acumen acquired through a life-time of commercial experience. As a result of this investigation he proposed a policy which is changing the whole system of Christian propaganda in North and Central China. He instituted a number of mobile preaching bands, whose task is to open up new districts and plant churches, after the New Testament method, wherever men could be brought to faith in Christ. He urged the idea of an indigenous church, on the principle of "self-support from the start," and without the financial help of the mission or the constant presence of a pastor. In spite of many prophecies of failure, and of much discouragement at the start, the number of churches has grown, where groups of Christians meet for worship and fellowship. Not long before his final illness overcame him, Mr. Clark invested a large sum of money for the training and support of

evangelistic workers, and these men are now at work in the China field, moving up and down the waterways near Shanghai, or equipped with bicycles on the North China plain, working out into the villages round about.

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One striking and characteristic feature of mission work in China is seen in the type of converts reached. In India and in Africa the people most easily reached were of the ignorant and outcaste classes. Cannibals in the South Seas, nomad Bushmen, and Hottentots in South Africa, pariahs and "untouchables" in India, were drawn into the net of the Divine Fishermen. But in China, from the first, the people who were influenced and attracted by the Gospel were often cultured scholars, and others who though not scholars were devoutly attached to lofty systems of philosophy and religious thought. There was another type intellectually keen, but morally astray in the grip of social vices and personal perversions such as gambling, opium smoking, and low moral standards, who found in the religion of Jesus the release and uplifting for which they secretly craved.

Moreover, another distinctive factor is that in China there has been nothing to correspond to the Mass Movements which, especially in India, have both perplexed and cheered the missionary. Since the 1911 Revolution in China there has been a manifest change in the spirit of Chinese Christians, especially in the south. Previously it was very difficult to get them to undertake any responsibility or show any initiative in church activity or organization. They were reluctant even to elect their own deacons without suggestion and incentive from the missionaries.

But in recent years docility has been changed into virility. In some degree the introduction of Christianity led to the Revolution and the overthrow of the despotic and corrupt Manchu Government. But that great movement was the political expression of a mental awakening and a moral enfranchisement. For one thing it broke up the immemorial hold of the clan system, which had held in check all tendencies towards a free expression of personality, and had made the herd instinct dominant. The word of Christ, "Ye shall be free indeed," has been vindicated in an amazing way in the swift assertion of individualism, and sometimes in an almost embarrassing initiative of action and thought.

* * * * *

For centuries the aristocracy of China had been measured not by blood, but by brains. The road to power led not through the bank, but through the school, or at least through the examination hall. With the missionary came the wider life of the Western world, opening doors into the colleges of America and the ancient seats of learning in Britain. The alert youth of China, breaking free from the conventional channels of their exclusive methods, surged forth into the new fields of science and political life across the seas. The result has been startling to the West no less than to the East, for these quiet, observant, mysterious students invaded the stately halls of learning in the West, and calmly walked off with scholarships, prizes, medals, and degrees, over the heads of those who had looked upon them at first with amusement, if not contempt. The sons and daughters of obscure Chinese pastors first brought into touch with modern progress

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China, 1838-1867.

Walter H. Medhurst, D.D.
China, 1816-1857.

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(See Chapter VI.)

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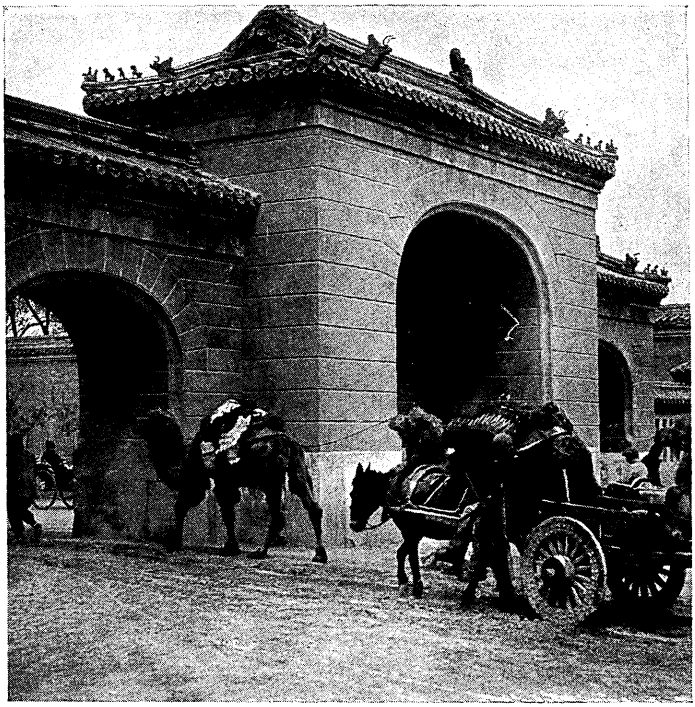

The Great Gates of the
Imperial City of Peking.

(See page 107.)

through the L.M.S. are to-day amongst those who are ruling China, and leading in all movements that make for stability and advancement in the New China that is emerging from the clamour and strife. Judged by our standards set by centuries of Christian training and tradition, some of these statesmen and soldiers may seem to fall below the Christian demands, but to those who know their inner history there can be no doubt of the indirect influence of the Christian Faith in the shaping of their ideals. Men like Sun Yat Sen, the first President of the Republic, General Feng, the Cromwell of modern China, C. T. Wang, and Wang Chung Wei, the international lawyer and diplomat, have been and are the makers of a new nation, and in every case the nobler impulses that have driven them towards justice and good government may be traced to their contact with Christianity, through their earliest schools, their homes, their mothers, or their wives.

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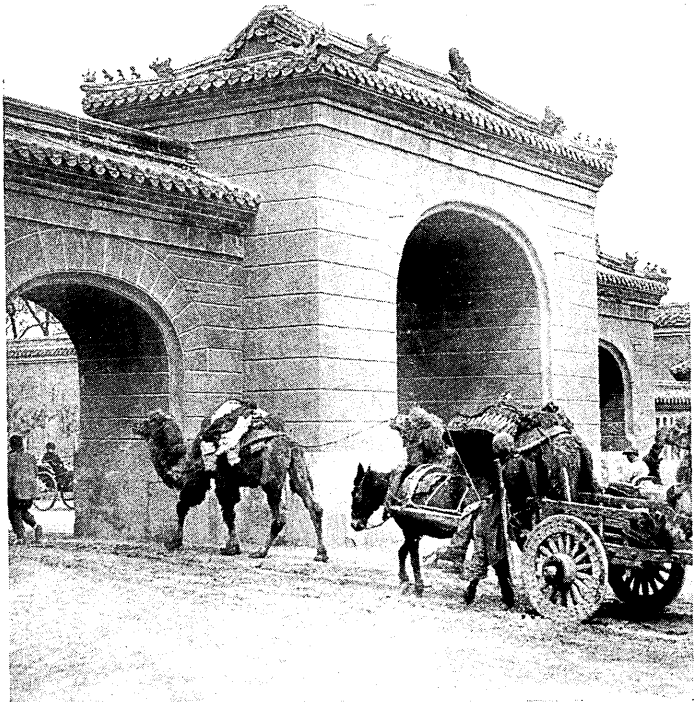
Against the record of seeming failure, the weary years of apparent defeat, may well be set the story of one family in Hong-Kong, as illustrating the kind of work accomplished by the L.M.S., which never comes into reports and which cannot be measured by statistics. In 1889 the Rev. Wong Yuk Chu was minister of the L.M.S. chapel adjoining the Alice Memorial Hospital in Hong-Kong. He was a devoted native pastor of very narrow means, and had six boys, then ranging from eighteen years old to a mere baby. Where are those lads today? The eldest began as a pupil teacher in the Government Central School and moved later to Tientsin, where he became a teacher in the Viceroy's College.



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By-and-by he attained mandarin rank, and as an official had much to do with railways in North China. The second son became superintendent of a great engineering works near Hankow.

The third son, a member of the Inner Temple, is now one of the most prominent statesmen in China. The fourth studied engineering in America, and later found posts of influence in Central China. The fifth became a medical student, gained the M.D. degree with a gold medal, the highest honour Edinburgh University can confer on any man, and later settled in private practice in Hong-Kong.

Wong Chung Yik, the sixth son, qualified in medicine and surgery, eventually, after specialized studies in Edinburgh, winning, as his brother had done, the gold medal and M.D. At the graduation ceremony in 1916 the two brothers, both Chinese graduates, received the gold medal of the University—the only gold medals awarded at that graduation. Soon after the end of the War the University of Hong-Kong required a Professor of Pathology and Bacteriology, and the appointment was given to Wang Chung Yik, L.M.S. (Hong-Kong), M.B., Ch.B. (Edin.), B.Sc. (Manch.), D.P.H. (Manch.), D.T.M. and H. (Edin.), M.D. (Edin.), the first Chinese professor in any British University, and this University had evolved from the College of Medicine which started in the humble little hospital built by Lockhart and Hobson, in the dim dark days when L.M.S. was struggling to find a foothold in China.

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The activities of the L.M.S. to which this brief record is confined represent but a small fraction

of the Christian impact upon China. Romantic as was the beginning, audacious as was the daring of the lonely pioneers and the few hunted converts in the dark days of the early nineteenth century, there is probably nothing more wonderful or inspiring in the long history of the Christian Church than the incredible harvest of those years of toil and travail.

As news of Morrison began to reach the Churches of the West, his heroic example kindled a flame in the hearts of many. One result was that the Netherlands Missionary Society, in 1827, sent Karl Frederick Gutzlaff to Batavia, where Medhurst helped him with Malay and Chinese. It is impossible to estimate the range and the intensity of the influence of this man. He made seven voyages (1831-35) along the coasts of Siam and China, reaching Tientsin and Korea, distributing books everywhere he went. His adventures excited unbounded interest in England and America, and wakened a new vision of the possibilities of missionary work in the Far East. Through his writings, Livingstone heard the call to the field. Wylie names seventy English, two Japanese, one Siamese, five Dutch, and seven German books by him. Gutzlaff Island, off Shanghai, perpetuates his name. Largely through his example other societies in Europe and America entered the Chinese field. In the first half of the nineteenth century over twenty societies were represented, by 1875 there were twenty-nine, and in 1906 no less than eighty-two different missionary organizations had agents in China.

To-day there are over one hundred different denominations from the West, as well as numerous other independent and unconnected agencies sharing

in the work. It is interesting to watch the flowing tide of those early days.

1807. The L.M.S. sent out Morrison.
1826. The Netherlands Missionary Society sent Gutzlaff.
1830. The American Board of Missions.
1835. The American Baptist Society.
1845. The Church Missionary Society.
1845. The Baptist Missionary Society.
1846. The Basel Mission.
1847. The Presbyterian Church of England.
1847. The Central China Mission.
1847. The Rhenish Society.
1847. The Methodist Episcopal Missions.
1850. The Berlin Missionary Society.
1852. The Wesleyan Missionary Society.
1860. The China Inland Mission.

Thus they came, in twos and threes, little bands of men, driven and drawn by a Voice unheard of the crowds, with a fire in their bones and a flame in their hearts. What untold tales of heroic endurance, what unrecorded epics of victory lie behind that cold list of dates! Here and there a few facts float to the surface like bits of broken wreckage, glimpses of success, gleams of hope deferred. Hidden away in dusty files are faded letters telling of lonely vigils and valiant fights.

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Speaking generally, Christianity in China—and to some extent also in India—never relied solely or primarily upon its innate power to transform the inner life and produce a living experience. Often, so far as the people could see, its first claim upon

them was in certain advantages which were after all really incidental. At first they were incapable of realizing the priority of the spiritual values for which the missionary stood. But the Revolution, and the social and political awakening behind it, knocked away the ladders of prestige up which the Christian movement had climbed. For the first time Christianity had to stand upon its naked and inherent spiritual worth. And that is the deep significance of the movement towards an indigenous Church, that seeks to become the spontaneous expression of the spiritual transformation wrought by the Spirit of Christ in the hearts of the people.

It is startling to notice that up to the present no outstanding work of apologia, and no great work of devotion, has been produced by a Chinese Christian, except one written about the end of the seventeenth century. Does that not mean that Christianity had been largely a foreign, and in many ways an alien importation; something grafted upon the old tree of Chinese culture?

But now, at last, and for the first time, we witness the explosive power of new impulses to service, to self-direction, to spiritual independence, which shows that Christianity is striking its own roots deep in the human soil, and is beginning to build the New China. That is the tremendous significance of the movement towards unity in the "Church of Christ in China."

At first the flames of persecution helped to fuse the diverse cultures and weld the alien idealisms, but today it is the fire of faith that is producing, as in a crucible, a new and native type of Christianity which will endure and defy the decay of all temporary expedients. It is more than a new attitude of mind, more than a new civilization, which is heralding the

new era: it is a deeper, because a spontaneous and native spirit. So that to-day we witness this miracle—that whereas a century ago we challenged China with the accessories of the Christian religion, offering higher types of civilization, scriptures, new cultures, scientific discoveries, education, and the rest of the more or less incidental aspects of our faith; now Chinese Christians are rising up to challenge us with the unity of spirit and the adventurousness of faith which all the while was implicit in our Gospel.

* * * * *

It is possible to trace some of the stages in this great movement. For the first seventy years each missionary and each group worked with but little sense of co-operation, "each in his separate star." As time went on and little churches were formed, plans were made, always by the missionaries themselves, to delimit areas, more to prevent overlapping than to secure fellowship. In 1870 an ecclesiastical map of China would have looked like a patchwork quilt. A conference of Protestant missionaries was held in Hong-Kong in 1843, to revise the translation of the Bible, but it broke up in disagreement over the words to be used for "God" and "Spirit," the result being two versions, known as the Delegates' Version and the American. In 1877, and again in 1890, conferences met at Shanghai, at which a growing sense of fellowship was discovered and some measure of co-operation agreed upon. In 1908, at the Federal Council of the Presbyterian Churches of China, there was a conference between representatives of Congregational, Presbyterian, and L.M.S. Churches, at which it was decided to take steps to discontinue in China the divisions of the

Western Churches. The first Advisory Council of L.M.S. Missionaries was formed in 1910. Largely because of the catholic basis of the L.M.S., which has always remained unchanged, the other societies found a nucleus round which they could group, and the L.M.S. was able to lead the way in all schemes for union.

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It was from the Chinese themselves that the impulse first came. "One accent of the Holy Ghost" began to utter itself through their growing consciousness of Christ. What to them were the old far-off unhappy quarrels of the West! It took twenty years to reach the point of fusion, but in 1927, a year of chaos, of disorder and revolution, the first General Assembly of the Church of Christ in China met. It represented sixteen different bodies from thirteen different synods or districts. The name first suggested was the United Church of China, but the Chinese members struck out the word "United," because it seemed to suggest that they had been divided, and so the Church of Christ in China came into being. It is still far from complete, as there are many denominations not included, but it is rapidly growing, and already includes in its membership over one hundred and twenty thousand Chinese Christians. It has arisen not through balanced arguments or grudging concessions, but in obedience to a mighty and unanimous impulse in the hearts of those who have found God in Christ. Its basis is democratic, not hierarchical, and it represents elasticity in organization with unity of spirit. The aims and ideals of this great movement have been so admirably expressed that it might be well for the older Churches to study them as in-

dicating the line of adventure towards which the Holy Spirit may be calling them. It is one contribution of the Chinese towards a solution of age-long problems which sooner or later must be faced. This is taken from the report of the Second General Council of the Church of Christ in China:

SOME CHARACTERISTICS OF AN INDIGENOUS CHURCH

1. A Church that is the natural outgrowth and expression of the corporate religious experience of Chinese Christians.

2. A Church which brings out the best in the life, the culture, and the environment of the Chinese people.

3. A Church that is self-supporting, self-governing, and self-propagating.

4. A Church that is an integral part of the Church universal, and that is ready to co-operate with other Churches in other lands in their common world-task.

5. A Church that is tolerant towards other religious faiths, and rejoices in all that is beautiful, good, and true.

6. A Church in which denominational variety can be merged in a rich and vital unity.

This statesman-like and prophetic dream, taken in conjunction with a similar movement in India, marks an epoch in the history of Christianity which in time to come will be reckoned with Pentecost and the Reformation as landmarks in the fulfilment of the Divine purpose. Amidst all the surging movements shaping the destiny of the New China—industrialism, nationalism, communism, and the dis-

integrating influences of Western philosophies and civilization, we hail with joy and hope this great uprising of the Spirit of Christ in the hearts of men, as the most formative, the most transforming, and the most cohesive of them all. And looking back, we see to-day how truly inspired of God were the men who, meeting in that little chop-house in London in 1795, framed the catholic basis of the L.M.S. in the simple love of Christ and enthusiasm for the Kingdom of God, and in their constitution "builded better than they knew."

CHAPTER SEVEN

MADAGASCAR: ORDEAL BY FIRE

" I was some time in being burned,
But at the close a Hand came through
The fire above my head, and drew
My soul to Christ, Whom now I see. . . .
A Heathen in Galilee, BROWNING.

A PORTUGUESE navigator, Diego Diaz, fumbling his way to find the new route to India, in 1500, got separated from his little fleet, lost himself, and stumbled upon Madagascar. During the next two centuries Portuguese and Dutch both tried their hands at colonizing the island, but without success. Charles I. made an attempt with an English "plantation," but nothing came of it. France annexed the island in 1688, and in the eighteenth century established military posts along the east coast. In those days the island was known chiefly as an excellent market for slaves, who were exported from it in large numbers. In 1811 the British occupied Tamatave, and the Governor of Mauritius did his best to push British claims at the Treaty of Paris in 1814, but the British Government was not keen, and preferred to support the authority of the Hovas, the dominant tribe, whose king, Radama I., made a treaty with the Governor of Mauritius, by which he abolished the export of slaves and received an annual subsidy of arms, ammunition, and uniforms, as well as British training for his troops. A British agent resided at his court, when in 1818 the first Protestant missionaries landed at Tamatave.

Compared with the vast territories and the teeming millions of China and India, Madagascar is a small affair. Its total area is some two hundred and thirty thousand square miles (four times that of England and Wales), one-eighth of which is forest, while the coast and lowlands are hot and malarial.

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The history of Christians everywhere is an epic of the valour of the human spirit aflame with the Divine fire, but in Madagascar, more than in perhaps any other field, he who would redeem truth from the jaws of Time, is bewildered by the swift alternations of success and collapse. From the very beginning, when one brave stricken man turned from five lonely graves to struggle back to health and then to return to his tasks through all the tumult of the following years, past the Great Killing to the Great Revivals, through the intrigues of politicians and Jesuit priests, on to the idol-burnings—the Couriers of Christ in this strange island have watched the Church come up "through great tribulation," saved as by fire.

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The mission to Madagascar was commenced at a time of social and religious depression in England. The emotional wave of the Evangelical Revival was producing its inevitable reaction, and the great tides of enthusiasm, which twenty years before had sent the first missionaries out to Tahiti and South Africa, were on the ebb. Then it was, when idealists were facing the recoil of "the morning after," that a few daring spirits went out to claim Madagascar for Christ, little dreaming that they carried with them

the issues of life and death for those whom they sought to save.

It was virgin soil, but full of weeds. The Malagasy were utterly heathen. They believed in one God, "The Fragrant One," but their religion was primitive animism. The wizard took the place of the priest, plying his vocation with the usual stock of charms, fetishes, and tabus. Customs varied slightly in different tribes, but everywhere there was the same superstitious fear, the same callous cruelty, the same degrading ceremonials, resulting in drunkenness and licentiousness.

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Almost from its foundation, the L.M.S. had been concerned about Madagascar. Vanderkemp had at one time wished to go there, and in 1813 John Le Brun went out to work in Mauritius, from which place he heard and echoed the call across the water.

So far as origins go, the Malagasy Church is an out-station of the Church in Wales. About three miles inland from the sea on the coast of Cardiganshire is a little village called Neuadd-lwyd, in which was a small Congregational church, where the minister, Dr. Phillips, was a man of exceptional gifts and vision, and a teacher of preachers. A diligent reader of missionary records, he was much impressed by an account of Madagascar, and one morning related a dream that impelled him to echo the old cry: "Whom shall we send, and who will go for us?" Two men rose in their places there and then, and offered to go; David Jones and Thomas Bevan. They were duly accepted by the L.M.S., trained under Dr. Bogue at Gosport, and ordained in their native village. Over five thousand people gathered

for the occasion, and the proceedings lasted two days. Followed a double wedding, a long voyage, and towards the end of 1818 the two men with their wives and babies landed at Tamatave full of hope to commence their work.

In a few weeks all were dead except David Jones, and he at death's door. They had landed at the wrong season, settled at the wrong place, and Malagasy fever had swept them all away, save this one survivor, who, emaciated with fever, heartbroken with sorrow, and opposed by some of the residents who ought to have succoured him, at last returned to Mauritius, where he slowly regained his strength.

But he did not give up. In the autumn of 1820 he again embarked for Tamatave, and proceeded to the capital in the interior, where the king, Radama, welcomed him, and the British Resident, Mr. Hastie, gave him every assistance. Radama was a man of intelligence, and soon realized the advantage which would accrue to his people through contact with missionaries. He sent a letter to the Directors of the L.M.S., asking that as many missionaries as possible might be sent out "provided you send skilled artisans to make my people workmen as well as good Christians." This news greatly encouraged the Directors, and recruits were sent out: David Griffiths and his wife, another David Jones (who found it expedient to prevent confusion by changing his name to Johns), John Jeffreys, and four artisans, a weaver, a shoemaker, a blacksmith, and a carpenter.

James Cameron, the carpenter, was destined to play a great part in subsequent history, for he it was who taught the Hovas how to make soap at a critical time when by so doing he secured the mission against

banishment. Charles Hovenden, a printer, died a month after reaching the island. The Rev. J. J. Freeman, an Englishman, who had been minister of Baxter's old church at Kidderminster, joined the group in 1827.

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Schools and industries were started, churches built; the missionaries' wives taught needlework; arts and crafts were included in the curriculum, and eagerly acquired by the alert natives.

The Hova dialect was reduced to writing, and at the end of five years the Malagasy New Testament was ready for printing. A printing press was set up in Antananarivo in 1826 amidst great rejoicing. Soon there were thirty-two schools and four thousand scholars, and people, who a few years previously were without a written language, were raised mentally and morally to such a degree that they were found as competent as Europeans to share in the responsibility of the work of government. All this sounds very wonderful and very easy, but behind the story of progress is another, dimly known, of struggles and difficulties. The missionaries could not always agree amongst themselves. There were naturally clashing temperaments, friction with the artisans, some of whom, from defective education, or imperfect spiritual culture, were sources of trouble. The inbred heathenism of the Malagasy was not to be changed by any hasty methods. Ancient superstitions dominated their minds, and one report says that "probably no people were ever further removed from chastity and the purity of Christian life. The very ideas and conceptions involved in such words had to be created in their minds." Radama, the king, though alive to

all the material benefits of Christianity, never showed any disposition to submit to its moral and spiritual demands, and he was intemperate and licentious to the end.

The great achievement of those early years was the translation of the Bible, for which immortal credit is due to David Jones and David Griffiths, while Johns and Freeman have their special monument in the dictionary and the translation of *Pilgrim's Progress*. Had these men been able to foresee the events of the next few years they could have done nothing more serviceable to the cause of Christ.

The death in 1826 of Mr. Hastie, the British Resident, was a great blow to the mission. From the first he had used his influence for the support of Christian work, and he was one of the pioneers of a long line of British officials in many lands who have nobly helped in missionary enterprise.

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A new and a dark chapter opens with the death of the king in 1828. Radama left no son, and by means of intrigue, murder, and treachery, Ranavalona, one of the twelve wives of the king, secured the throne. She was a cruel, unscrupulous woman. She feared the power of Christianity and determined to stamp it out. All who opposed her succession were ruthlessly speared, or poisoned with fiendish savagery.

One of the first acts of the new government was to forbid teaching and learning. This immediately paralyzed the educational work, which had grown to great proportions, but it had an indirect effect which was tremendously advantageous, for it set the missionaries free for the work of translation and printing, and in a short time five thousand copies of the New

Testament were printed, besides many other books. By the year 1833 it was computed that thirty thousand Malagasy could read. There was nothing to read except the books issued by the missionaries. An order was issued prohibiting the sale of Testaments in the market, and another demanding that all missionaries should leave, except those who were instructing the people in useful arts and industries. What could they do? Cameron the carpenter, at a week's notice, started a soap factory. By rapid search and experiment he discovered the necessary plants for yielding potash and soda, and so was able to produce two bars of decent soap. No doubt the people needed soap, but they needed Bibles more, and while Cameron carried on his factory, the others were hard at work turning out the scriptures in the time gained by the production of soap.

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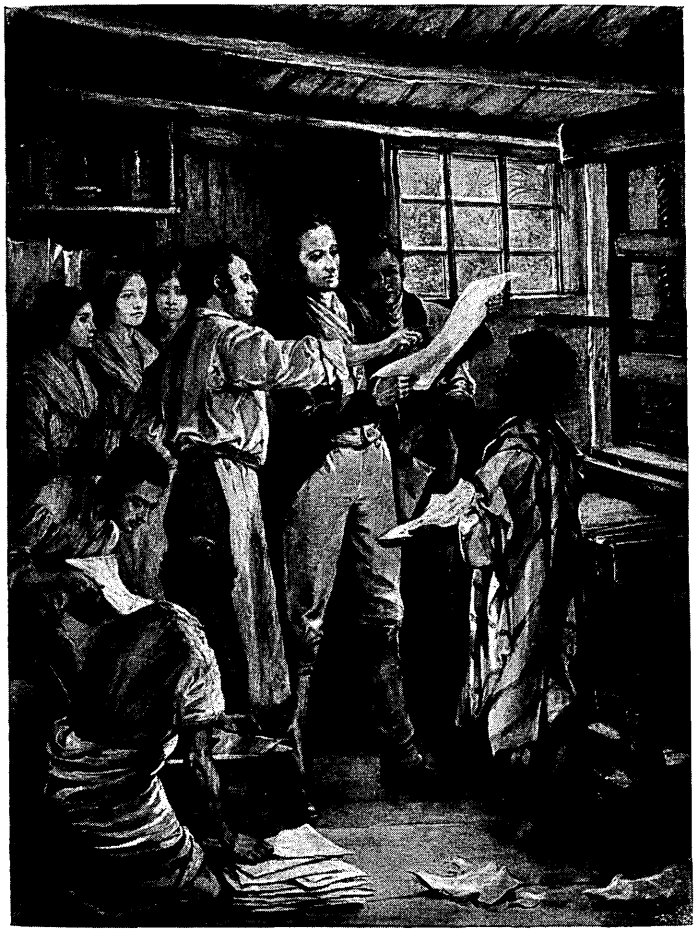
Gradually the opposition grew more open, for the progress of the faith deepened the fears of the queen and her counsellors. Naturally there was amongst some of the native Christians a measure of religious fanaticism, and weird cults arose. One adventurous man who began to preach curious doctrines was silenced by being thrust head downwards into a rice pit, and suffused with boiling water, while others were put to the tangena, or poison ordeal.

One Thursday, after a service at which a native preacher had preached to a full church on the text "Save, Lord, or we perish!" a royal letter was delivered to the missionaries to the effect that while they might continue to impart secular instruction, nothing should be done to change the ancient beliefs of the people.



Printing the First Sheets of the Malagasy Bible.

(See page 126.)

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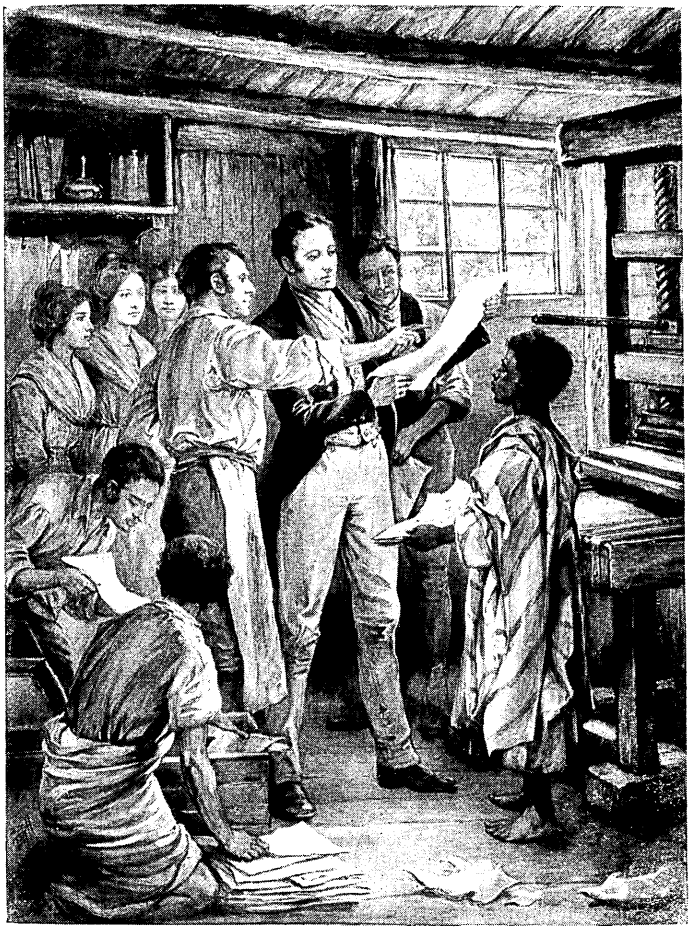

Printing the First Sheets of the Malagasy Bible.

(See page 126.)

One of the Malagasy Bibles Buried during the Persecution.

(See page 130.)

A great "kabary" or assembly was called for the following Sunday at which every tribe was to be represented, "even to a child of a cubit high." The day came, and fifteen thousand troops were drawn up on the plain. With great ceremony and to the booming of cannon (one of which burst) the Royal Decree was read demanding that all who had received baptism, or had entered into the new society, should report to the public officers within a month, under penalty of death. The next day the period for confession was reduced to one week.

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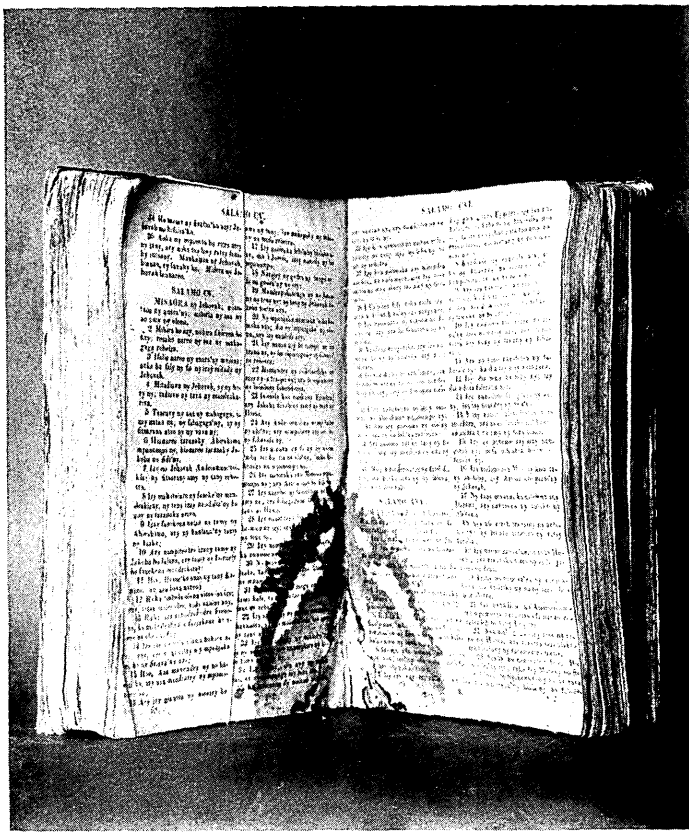
Then came the winnowing; many who had seemed to be Christians failed in the testing, and swung over to extremes of licentiousness to save their lives. On the other hand, the pure metal began to show itself in one of the cruellest persecutions the Christian Church has ever known. People were required to deliver up all books, to desist from all worship, to pray to idols. Men, women, and children were hunted down, slain by the spear, poisoned, hurled over a precipice, flogged, burnt, exiled in heavy chains, reduced to hunger and poverty.

This little church, just emerging from paganism, was faced with fire and terror, such as had been without parallel since the days of Nero. With trembling haste the missionaries went on printing the scriptures, comforting and helping the people, till at last they had to leave the island. For twenty-six years the Malagasy Church was left practically without European help. With what result? It increased tenfold. Scattered to the wilds, hiding in caves, and gathering on hillsides, they "witnessed a good confession" and held fast to their faith. The



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fires of persecution flared up and died down from time to time, but without any cessation of cruelty. After fourteen years the queen said: "I have killed some; I have made some slaves till death; I have put some in long and heavy fetters; and still you continue praying. How is it that you cannot give that up?" Hundreds were killed, thousands were flogged and fined; the greater number of those who suffered death were people distinguished for their position, their ability, and their piety. Like the early Christians they had their secret passwords, they whispered their hope, they met secretly. Five escaped and visited England, and were present at a great meeting at Exeter Hall in 1839.

But still the Church grew; even the heir to the throne came under the influence of the teaching. Prisoners won over their gaolers, and soldiers on guard over the condemned were converted to Christ.

An order was issued that the soldiers should seize every Christian they could find, and without trial bind them hand and foot, dig a pit on the spot, and there pour boiling water over them and bury them. When the terror relaxed, the Christians would furtively dig up their buried Bibles and study them. Some of these fragments are still treasured, stained with smoke and tears.

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Someone in recent years asked a Pole why it was that his nation has been able to survive the years of persecution which had swept that trampled little country, and he replied, "We had Chopin!" But in Madagascar it was because they had the Bible that they lived. One of the judges who ruthlessly condemned eighteen of the Christians to death later

became a Christian and a catechumen under the ministry of Mr. W. E. Cousins.

This book might well be filled with the thrilling tales of the Malagasy Book of Martyrs, of Rasalama, the first woman to die; of Paul, called the Diviner, and his wife; of the young woman Ranivo, whom even the queen desired to release by saying she was mad, and whose reply doomed her with eighteen others; of the burst of sunshine and the rainbow over the burning pile; of the fourteen who were hurled over the precipice at what was afterwards known as "the place of God."

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On July 16, 1861, Ranavalona died, and one of the first acts of her son and successor, Radama II., was to proclaim religious liberty to all his subjects. Then followed some of the most wonderful and pathetic scenes in the history of any people. Out of the recesses of the forests, from caves in the mountains, from hidden prisons and secret hiding-places, came men and women who had been outcasts for years. Along the roads leading up to the capital, and the paths to their villages, they came as if risen from the dead. Some bore the scars of chains and fetters, some worn to skeletons by hunger and fever, they dragged themselves back to liberty and to life to witness to the victory of Love over force, with tears in their voices as they sung: "When the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion, we were like them that dreamed. . . ."

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As soon as the news reached England, the Board of the L.M.S. was hastily summoned, and steps were taken for the immediate resumption of the work.

Within six weeks William Ellis, the veteran South Seas missionary, who had been Foreign Secretary of the Society, was on his way to Madagascar. He was welcomed with much enthusiasm, and received with favour by the king. Large congregations gathered in the capital, and very soon the organizations of the Church were in active operation.

Mr. Ellis launched a great scheme for erecting memorial churches on the very spots where the Christian martyrs had suffered, so as to conserve the power of sacred traditions and heroic memories. This tremendous project was eventually carried through, but not without many difficulties. The Malagasy Government refused to give absolute title to the land, and it was only by great pressure and endless patience that the requisite labour could be secured. Eventually the sites were transferred to the Society, but the final clause in the title decreed that the churches should belong to the Sovereign of Madagascar, and that the L.M.S. should have no claim for the repayment of the money spent on them. But the five great memorial churches were at last built at a cost of £18,000, and they remain as a perpetual witness and inspiration.

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In a short time several new missionaries arrived, notably W. E. Cousins, James Sibree, Charles Jukes, James Barker, and Richard Hartley. The latter had been classical tutor at Airedale College, and his work in translation and in the preparation of Christian literature, though perhaps less obvious than organizing and building, was tremendously valuable. Meanwhile, clouds again gathered round the little band of workers. The king, though tolerant of

Christianity, was weak and vicious, and incapable of strong government. The ports were thrown open to rum-sellers, and soon the country was flooded with drink. A number of French Roman Catholic priests appeared, and Protestants came under their denunciation. Advantage was taken of the weak amiability of the king to induce him to sign a treaty giving to France undue influence and authority. This treaty was later repudiated and cancelled by the payment of a million francs. Dissatisfaction grew into revolt, and in 1863 a body of men forced their way into the bedroom of the king and strangled him. His queen, Rasoherina, was placed on the throne. She was required to sign a document affirming that Christianity should never again be hindered by the Government, and also, significantly, that she would abstain from strong drink! The queen remained a heathen, and the royal palace was soon reoccupied by priests and idols, but there was no open interference with the Church, and on all sides there was steady progress and great eagerness to possess Bibles and Christian books.

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Rasoherina died in 1868, and was succeeded by Ranavalona II. A new epoch dates from her accession, a time of outward prosperity and expansion which was to test the Church even more than the previous persecution had done. At her coronation the royal seat was surmounted by the glittering words, "Glory to God," "Goodwill among men." In front of her were two tables, one bearing the crown and the other a Bible. Not long afterwards the queen and her prime minister were publicly baptized. One can imagine the impetus this gave to missionary

work, and there were not a few in England who supposed that the Christian conquest of Madagascar was complete. The missionaries were working with zeal and enthusiasm, the Press poured forth a flood of publications. Churches were built, schools planted, preachers and teachers trained.

All this provoked the activity of the heathen priests and charm-mongers, who found their "craft in danger." The Malagasy were never idol-worshippers in the usual sense of the term. They had charms and amulets, and made offerings to spirits; but there were three idols which belonged to the Royal House, as a special privilege. When, under pressure of fears aroused by the spread of Christianity, the priests approached the queen for some special favours, in the hope of recovering some of their vanishing power, she resolved upon a bold step. She determined to

> "*Forswear and put away*
> *The idols of her sheltered House.*"

Officers were despatched on horseback to the sacred village where was enshrined the great national idol, Kelimalaza, otherwise Ingahibe (the Old Gentleman), neither more nor less than a wooden insect, wrapped in red cloth. The consternation of the people and the priests knew no bounds when the officers rode up to the temple, as horses had never been allowed to enter the sacred village. Greater still was their terror when this ancient and holy image was ceremoniously burned with all his coverings and belongings. Orders were issued to all similar idol temples, and the flames ascended in every village; Imerina province and the province of the Betsileo were literally cleaned out of idols. Superstition had

received its last shock. The heavens did not fall, and the minds of the people were emancipated from the dark fears which for centuries had held them in thrall.

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The effect was immediate and tremendous. The nominal adherents to Christianity leaped in a few months from thirty-seven thousand to about a quarter of a million. The congregations increased from one hundred and forty-eight to six hundred and twenty-one. Rough chapels of grass and mud were being built everywhere, and there was a pathetic eagerness for instruction. So determined was the queen upon reform that she was with difficulty restrained by the missionaries from the policy of endowing a State religion by providing money out of the public funds. A Chapel Royal was built within the palace grounds, mission churches were organized in other centres to the north and south amongst heathen tribes, the Sihanaka and the Sakalava.

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All this brought embarrassing difficulties upon the missionaries, as mass movements always do. There are so many psychological factors at work which are not necessarily the result of spiritual awakening or mental conviction. Very wisely the leaders of the Church determined jealously to guard the door of the Church, and also to extend the scope of their educational policy. A great influx of missionaries followed, and some great men were amongst those who came out: Moss, Peake, Wills, Brockway, Houlder, Lord, and Peill. Amongst the crowds thronging into the Church were many led simply by the herd

instinct or to avoid the punishment which was often inflicted upon those who refused to attend. The dangers of popularity were more real than the perils of persecution had been. When the excitement had died down, many relapsed into heathenism. In one year over two hundred were expelled for drunkenness, and heathen propensities died hard, but slowly the general level of Christian character rose, and the churches became stronger, as a native ministry was developed. The Madagascar Congregational Union was formed in 1868, and a native missionary society in 1875.

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From the very beginning Protestant missions had been working in Madagascar under political conditions which had hampered the workers. Gradually France had acquired an ill-defined Protectorate. In 1883 the French demands provoked war, and Tamatave was bombarded, and one of our missionaries, Mr. G. A. Shaw, was arrested and imprisoned for nearly two months by Admiral Pierre. Gradually the hold of France tightened, and in 1890 Lord Salisbury for Britain acknowledged the French Protectorate. But in 1896 France conquered the island, dethroned and banished the queen, claimed absolute authority over the land, and repudiating the toleration clauses in previous treaties, took possession of many of the mission buildings for Government use. For a time it seemed as if the mission would have to be abandoned. A few fanatics spread abroad among the Malagasy the belief that their country had been betrayed into the hands of the French, and there was a heathen insurrection, during which over five hundred churches which had been under the care of

the L.M.S. were destroyed. Many of the Christian leaders were persecuted and had to flee for their lives, and some were put to death. At the same time some of the French had come to regard the work of the British missionary societies, and especially the L.M.S., as necessarily hostile to French influence, and at first General Gallieni seemed to have made up his mind (to use his own expression) to "break the power of British missions in Madagascar." When he found how grossly he had been misled, he was chivalrous enough to admit that "he had wronged the Hovas and misjudged the London Missionary Society." He quelled the rebellion and restored religious toleration. But not for long. The Roman Catholics became supreme, and again the Protestant Church was called upon to endure an aggressive Jesuit propaganda, which developed into a persecution of all Protestant missions. Many pastors, through the intrigues of the priests, were falsely accused, and put to death, and more than one hundred churches of the L.M.S. were appropriated by the Jesuits. Through the timely intervention of General Gallieni nearly all of these stolen churches were handed back to their rightful owners.

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The Jesuit persecution was followed by the administration of M. Augagneur, and the ten years of his regime were among the most difficult in the whole history of the mission. The native Church that had survived heathen blindness and hatred, and then had suffered from the bigotry of a perverted Christianity in the form of Jesuit antagonism, was now called upon to face defiant and determined atheism. For ten years there was a deliberate attempt to stamp out

the Christian faith in every part of the island. With one stroke of the pen, four-fifths of the mission schools were closed in four months, and one hundred thousand children were deprived of the ordinary means of elementary education. By vexatious regulations and proclamations, preaching was stopped, services forbidden, and in every possible way religious work hindered. By 1910 the situation had become so grave that the whole matter was laid before the French Government in Paris by the missionary societies, and as a result some of the difficulties were removed.

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For the first forty-six years, 1818 to 1864, the L.M.S. had the whole of Madagascar to itself, so far as Protestant missions were concerned. Then, when "the nets were nigh to breaking," they "beckoned to their partners" and other societies came to their help. The Church Missionary Society commenced work on the east coast in 1864. The S.P.G. insisted upon entering the capital in the same year. The Friends Foreign Missions Association started work in 1867, the Norwegian Lutherans in 1866, two American Lutheran Societies in 1888, and the Paris Missionary Society arrived after the French occupation in 1896.

In times of peculiar difficulty, caused by mass movements or by political conditions, the Friends Society and the Paris Missionary Society have been able by happy agreement to take over much of the work initiated by the L.M.S. In June, 1912, representatives of all the European missionary societies carrying on work in Madagascar met in London, and as a result a joint deputation from three of the

societies (the L.M.S., the F.F.M.A., and the Paris M.S.) was sent to the island the following year. They were met in Madagascar by representatives of all the other Protestant societies, and joint conferences were held which resulted in the delimitation of spheres and in co-operative policies, which have brought the Malagasy Church into line with the great movement towards unity which is so marked in all mission fields today. By handing over twelve hundred and ninety schools with nearly seventy-five thousand scholars, and five hundred out of nine hundred churches, the work of the L.M.S. was restricted, but the larger interests of the Kingdom of God were conserved.

But many of the churches destroyed by the Hova rebels were never rebuilt, and many others were lost during the stormy days of the rebellion.

Some of the finest institutions, such as the Theological College at Tanarive and the hospital, both built and equipped at great cost after years of toil, were commandeered by the French for Government purposes. The College became the Court of Justice.

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One puts down the records and thinks of the missionaries, who, through weary months in an unhealthy climate, fought the inherent heathenism of a people in whom lust and cruelty were regarded as virtues rather than as vices; watched with breathless hope the slow dawn of nobler ideals; saw the Light of the Gospel dispelling the superstitions; hailed at last the Dawn of the Day of the Lord; and then again and again saw all their work seemingly swept away by tempests of barbarism. They wrote of

their triumphs, told of their progress, but said very little of the perpetual and subtle tide of evil against which their faith and their courage often seemed so futile.

And yet, here is the cold fact: that in little more than a generation a pagan island was transformed, a savage people were largely Christianized, churches and schools were established. Great as was the miracle of Grace which in such a field produced martyrs of the Faith, even more wonderful was the valorous spirit which out of black disaster went on undaunted and turned the desolate years into fruitfulness. Mr. Robert Griffith, in his little book *A Century of Adventure*, records that "when M. Augagneur was recalled, he left behind him a Church stronger and purer than ever, working towards self-support and self-government, and contributing annually to its own work a sum equivalent in our money to £35,000."

In fairness to the French it must be said that their administration of their colony has been of inestimable benefit to its civilized life.

It has established stable and just government in place of the corrupt and savage rule of the Hovas. The French have constructed great highroads in every direction, built railways, set up medical and educational systems, and introduced all the gifts of civilization into what was once a savage land. The one thing which French administration seems to have feared is religion, and in this progress has been maintained only at great cost in the face of distressing misunderstandings, some of which from the very nature of things were inevitable.

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The centenary of the mission in 1920 was celebrated by a great series of meetings, and was attended by a deputation from the Home Board consisting of Mr. F. H. Hawkins, the Rev. Elvet Lewis, and the Rev. Robert Griffith. The enthusiasm and spiritual fervour of the people helped to cancel out many of the sufferings of the past, and showed some of the harvest of tears. Madagascar has been remarkable, not only for the native converts who have been gathered into the Church, but also for the way in which the children of the missionaries have taken up the torch as their fathers passed it to them. James Wills of Ambohimanga gave three of his children to the mission field in China and India; Jeremiah Peill, who succeeded Wills, gave his four sons to our China mission; three of the children of the Rev. George Cousins, two daughters of Joseph Pearse, three of Thomas Brockway's children, three of Thomas Rowlands', two of G. P. Peake's, and two of James Richardson's children entered the service of missions. Arthur Huckett, Benjamin Briggs, Dr. Matthews, William Atwell, and W. E. Cousins each gave one of their children. Nor will Madagascar ever forget the name of Sibree, four of whose children became missionaries of the Society and whose daughter has recently gone back to carry on the great succession in the island. Madagascar may well be called the mother of missionaries.

CHAPTER EIGHT

PAPUA: "THE EVERLASTING MIRACLE"

"Tamate (Chalmers) said we must give up cannibalism—so we did."

"Said England unto Pharaoh, I must make a man of you,
That will stand upon his feet and play the game. . . .
(So) he drilled a black man white, and he made a mummy fight . . .
But the everlasting miracle's the same." KIPLING.

THAT miracle is tame and commonplace beside the story of Papua. To drill a black man white is child's play in comparison with the task of transforming his whole interior life till the very soul of him is white. To make a mummy fight is easy, but to make him want to stop fighting, to make a cannibal play cricket, and to transmute his barbarous instincts into a holy passion for good—that is the function of the Christian missionary.

Cannibals are scarce today, and a real old-fashioned savage is getting hard to find. When you meet him, as likely as not, he will be busy oiling the engine of a motor-boat, or finding inspiration at the "pictures" in a leaf-thatched cinema.

O tempora, O mores!

But away back in the hinterland of New Guinea, you may still see men of the Stone Age, and in hidden corners come across a cannibal cooking-pot. Lift but a corner of the veil of reticence in the minds of still living men and you will leap back in horror. It was not very long ago that the Papuans captured a passing ship, the *St. Paul*, took the three hundred

Chinese passengers ashore, and cooped them up like so many chickens for market. Then they clubbed and cooked three or four every morning till there were only four left to tell the ghastly tale.

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There is a man still living in a London suburb, who forty years ago was tramping the forests and floundering in the swamps of the Fly River delta. One day, accompanied by a friendly chief, he visited a new village. As usual the natives, on seeing a white man, were curious to discover if the strange whiteness of his skin extended all over his body, so they turned up his trousers and sleeves to see. These apparently innocent researches in anthropology were proceeding with scientific thoroughness when suddenly the friendly chief signalled secretly to the missionary to get away. He did, and when safely out of the village Holmes (Homu was his native name) asked the chief why he had thus "given him the wink." The chief explained that he had overheard the gentleman who was tenderly feeling Homu's calf casually suggest that it would be interesting to proceed to a post-mortem, so that they might find out how this white flesh tasted!

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As recently as 1880 Mrs. Chalmers, the missionary's wife, was at a place called Suau when the chief Kirikeu arrived with a friendly offering, laying it in a basket at her feet. Absent-mindedly she glanced into the basket to find, to her horror, that it contained a piece of the breast of a man ready cooked.

There is a doctor practising near Liverpool today who tells of a rugged old sailor who recently came

to his consulting room for medical advice, and who began to tell of the strange places he had visited on his voyages. Not long before, he had landed on a little island off New Guinea, and strolled about under the guidance of a native "boy," who undertook to "show him the place." "There, Captain," said the guide, "that is our Church." "Church!" growled the Captain. "Missionaries, I suppose. I've no use for the —— missionaries!" "And there," said the guide, "is our school!" "Spoiling the natives," said the sailor; "curse the missionaries!"

The native took the visitor to a clearing in the bush and said, "Captain, do you see that ring of stones, and that white stone in the middle? If it were not for the missionaries, we would have had you cooked on that stone by this time!"

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It was not till 1870 that the London Missionary Society determined to tackle this last stronghold of devilry, and selected the Rev. Samuel Macfarlane, then in Lifu in the Loyalty Islands, to go to spy out the land. When the enterprise was mentioned in Lifu there was tremendous enthusiasm, and every student and teacher in the training institution volunteered to go. Eight were chosen, and these with their wives and children sailed for New Guinea, Macfarlane and Murray, the veteran Samoan missionary, directing the expedition. It was not a pleasant picnic, but a desperately dangerous adventure. New Guinea looks small on most maps, but if you place one point of the whole island over London, the other end will cover Constantinople. Even the limited section of Papua, or British New

Guinea, covered by our mission, stretches along 750 miles of coast. The climate is deadly along the swampy coast. In some places there is a perpetual steamy heat breeding malaria in the muddy marshes, while at Port Moresby for seven months of the year there will be no rain—a fever-ridden inhospitable land where the white man, or even the Polynesian, sets foot ashore at great risk. Far away to the north and east are great mountain ranges, but from the coast nothing is to be seen but low-lying jungle and mud.

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Darnley Island in the Torres Strait was chosen as a likely jumping-off place, and a native teacher was landed there.

One of the Darnley Islanders, on hearing that these mad crusaders were proposing to drop another teacher at Murray Island, thirty miles away, tried to warn the man. "There are alligators on Murray Island," said he, "and centipedes and snakes." "Hold!" said Tepeso, the teacher, "are there any men there?" "Oh yes, plenty of men, but they are such fierce savages that it is of no use your thinking of living amongst them." "That will do," replied Tepeso; "if there are men there, missionaries are bound to go." So he went, and in a short time he and his wife and child were swept away by fever.

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It is a remarkable fact that the London Missionary Society was the only society at that time in a position to meet the peculiar needs of a mission to New Guinea, owing to the native agency that was then

available from the South Seas. If only the early pioneers, Buzzacott, Williams, and the rest, could have seen the harvest of their toil! Month after month from Samoa and the Loyalty Islands, from Fahaa and the Herveys, from Niué and Rarotonga, from islands thousands of miles away, where, a few years before, unbridled lust and untamed cruelty had held sway, came teachers and pastors who vindicated the power of Christ to make men free and to make men liberators. Some of them were but a generation removed from barbarism; many of these teachers had themselves been skull-hunters, one the son of a cannibal, another the son of a sorcerer and himself an adept in the craft. With little education, with crude beliefs, half-dazzled by the light they saw, breaking their "birth's invidious bar," they left their homes and settled in fever-haunted swamps, to tell the simple story of Christ to ears that dimly heard.

"Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground, and die . . ." Well they died. In the first twenty years of the Papuan mission over 120 of these men died, some of fever, some of poison; others were massacred or smitten with arrows. But they won.

In all the records of human heroism there is nothing more wonderful than this. On the hillside at Vatorata was a little memorial chapel, since removed to the Lawes Training College at Fife Bay, in which is a window to the memory of Chalmers and Tompkins. But there over the Communion Table is another window, bearing the names of eighty-two men who, between 1870 and 1899, gave all they had to give of perishing hearts and imperishable love. One by one they died, and were

laid in lonely graves where wife and child had been laid before them. And as they fell, others came from far-off isles to catch the torch and pierce the night with light.

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Little enough we know, but still with untaught pride we speak of Chalmers and Lawes, of Williams and Murray, of Gill and Macfarlane. But who ever hears of Gucheng, the hero of Darnley; of Kone the rain-maker who thrust himself in front of a man who was being speared and limped away to die; of Mataika, waiting on Darnley Island for a ship to take him to another island, waiting till he could wait no more, and with the help of two others making a dug-out canoe, in which he sailed off to find his island. All this, as from scraps of paper tossed by the winds adown the dusty pavements of today, may we read by the flicker of oblivion's bonfire.

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W. G. Lawes arrived in 1874, and three years later James Chalmers. The splendour of their work in Papua almost dims their previous achievements in Niué and Rarotonga, and the romance of their story tends to make us forget their fellow-workers, many of whom were no less devoted. Two strangely dissimilar men in temperament, but marvellously matched to complement each other. Chalmers was a restless explorer, always hearing "the Voice over there beyond the ranges." He had a strange, almost hypnotic power over savages, and disarmed them by going unarmed. Utterly fearless and yet nervous, impetuous and yet endowed with Scots caution, he pushed his way into the unknown. Lawes, on the

other hand, was a scholar and administrator. He, too, heard voices beyond the ranges, but they were ranges of the spirit. He founded schools and training institutions, translated the scriptures, and built upon jungle clearings where Chalmers had cleared the bush. Chalmers would land in England with thrilling tales and trophies of weapons. Lawes landed, bearing with him the manuscript of the New Testament translated into the most widely used language on the New Guinea coast.

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At the end of the first decade the Papuan mission showed little beyond "a small school on Murray Island, a dialect reduced to writing, and a very few persons who had given up heathenism." Eleven years after the start, in the presence of a great congregation, the first three New Guinea converts were baptized and a church formed. Two years later the first teachers trained at the Murray Institute were settled amongst the tribes of the Fly River. About the same time the Port Moresby Institute began to send out its firstfruits of trained New Guineans to teach in the villages of their own land.

Ten years later the scene had changed. People were gathering into the churches in hundreds, there were thousands in the schools, mission stations had been planted all along the coast. Chalmers died in 1901—the world knows how—massacred and eaten by wild men of the Aird River, sharing with Tomkins the glory of martyrdom. Lawes, after nearly fifty years of service, retired, and died in Sydney in 1907. Chalmers and Tomkins were avenged, not by fire and sword, but by a great influx of new teachers and missionaries to carry on their work. During the

lifetime of this generation we have seen the dawning of the Day of the Lord in this land of primeval darkness.

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In 1888 British New Guinea was formally annexed, and the ceremony was performed with due solemnity—the hoisting of the flag, the firing of guns, and cheers for the Queen. But when the cheers died away the officers were surprised to hear a group of New Guineans standing up behind the flagstaff sing a verse of "God save the Queen."

It should be said here that the efforts of the missionaries have from the first been greatly helped by the sympathetic support of the British Governors, Sir William Macgregor, Sir George le Hunte, and Judge J. H. P. Murray and others. It has been due to their high ideals and just administration that "in Papua the coming of the white man has been, on the whole, a peaceful settlement and not an exploitation," and the Administrators all declare that they could not have accomplished their task but for the missionaries.

Let it not be supposed that the great missionaries are all dead. In Papua today we have men and women who, in their courage, their devotion, and their ability, are worthy of the succession in which they stand. Should any of those who, from their comfortable chairs and cosy firesides, still criticize missions happen in the coming years to flutter down from a crippled aeroplane on a week-end trip to Australia, and land in New Guinea, let them pray that they may fall near a mission station, lest they end up in a cooking-pot!

Of course there are modifications of method and

changes of policy, but "the everlasting miracle's the same."

Some of the early pioneers who shared in these romantic days are with us still. There must be days when their hearts grow hushed and they hear in their dreams the war drums in the bush and the thunder of waves on a coral beach. There must be times when they all echo in their hearts the words of Chalmers, their heroic leader: "Recall the twenty-one years; give me back all its experiences, give me its shipwrecks, give me its standings in the face of death . . . give it me back and—I will still be your missionary!"

And the time would fail me to tell of Holmes and Dauncey, of Walker and Pearse, of Pryce Jones and of Abel also—"of whom the world was not worthy."

But the question that challenges us is whether we will be worthy of those who built the outposts of the City of God in the wastes of Papua.

CHAPTER NINE

THE PRINTERS' PENTECOST

"And how hear we every man in our own tongue?"

THE reader was warned that this book dealt in incredibilities. Here were men and women who dared unknown seas, explored untrodden lands, ventured into the haunts of savagery, and faced unflinchingly the untamed passions of the lowest human beings on the earth. We see how they turned cannibal orgies into "love-feasts," and skull-festooned shrines into Houses of Prayer; changed the wild war-chant into hymns of praise to God.

But behind all this was a greater achievement still. They gave men the Book in their own tongue.

The deepest, steepest barrier that divides man from man is the barricade of speech. How would you explain Einstein's theories to an English navvy, or even to an average stockbroker? But that were an easy task compared with theirs, who set out to open the doors of heavenly light to primitive minds, and stood face to face with people whose language was but the baby-talk of the race, devoid of terms or symbols that could express abstract ideas or moral conceptions.

It was difficult enough in lands like India or China, where an ancient language had been embodied in great literature and hammered into classical forms. There, men like Carey and Morrison mastered Sanscrit and Chinese, bridging immemorial gulfs

between East and West. But in Tahiti, in Kaffraria, in Fiji, these pioneers were met by seemingly impassable barriers. Each tribe had its own idiom, each island its characteristic gesture speech. The missionaries had to grope for the meaning of a grunt, listen for the semitone of a click, interpret the lift of an eyelid.

"*And I know not if, save in this, such gift be allowed to man,*
That out of three sounds he frame, not a fourth sound, but a star."

Moreover, a hundred years ago the science of philology was in its infancy, and few of these men were trained scholars, many of them were artisans. Even for us, to whom the English Bible has moulded our mother-tongue, the subtler ideas of Gospels and Epistles elude all literal translation. To take the primeval stuff of all language, and make it express the loftiest dreams and holiest hopes that ever wakened the mind of man—this was the task before them.

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And they did it. A list of translations of the Bible made by agents of the Society would fill many pages of this book, while their contribution to linguistic science has been incalculable. Who can measure the worth to the world of men like Hay of Vizagapatam, of Morrison, Milne, Legge, and Pearce in China?

We, who rejoice in, and boast of, the new world-unities which mark our age, cannot fail to recognize that it has come about not chiefly through modern means of travel and rapid communication, but most of all through the unnoticed toil of those who bridged the sundering gulfs of speech.

Can we imagine what would have happened had these peoples been left to the exploitation of traders; if the West had been content to thrust into their hands the tools and weapons which modern science has given to us, but without the restraints and the culture of spirit which come with the Gospel of Christ? Had we given them guns and rum, but withheld the Golden Rule and the Ten Commandments, it would have been like handing out razors and bombs to children in a nursery. Through the books which they gave to these primitive races, the missionaries built the surest bulwark of civilization against racial and economic antagonisms and recurrent barbarism, and every trader, every banker and statesman, to-day owes a debt of honour to those who did it.

But just there is our challenge. It is a dangerous thing to teach men to think and to read. There were politicians in England long ago who saw that education was a perilous gift.

These missionaries gave the latchkey of Light to these peoples, and now we face the result in great surging movements of unrest all over the world. All over the East the students are being saturated in the materialistic philosophies, the scientific assumptions and political idealisms, which pour from the press. Since the world began there has been no more impressive, no more critical hour than this, when we see a quarter of the human race beginning to move in a solid phalanx from the night of ignorance towards the dazzling glare of modern knowledge. We have taught them to read, but to a large extent have failed to keep pace with Christian literature.

We have awakened their minds, but left them

largely at the mercy of books which are anti-Christian or indifferent to moral values. Therefore the provision of Christian literature is one of the most urgent necessities and obligations of our time. It says much for the sagacity of the earlier pioneers that to some degree they anticipated this contingency, and that the Religious Tract Society and the British and Foreign Bible Society were founded soon after the missionary enterprise started. But for the help given by these societies, much of the triumph here recorded would never have been attained.

The men in the earlier days found the language, and now we must find the books.

AFTER-WORD

" Oh, could I tell, ye surely would believe it!
Oh, could I only say what I have seen!
How should I tell, or how can ye receive it,
How, till he bringeth you where I have been?"
St. Paul, F. W. H. Myers.

HERE are these few straws gleaned from the harvest of Oblivion, these few fragments of unremembered tales of toil and triumph, pitifully incomplete and inadequate as they are, for the best is beyond all telling. But who can read, and fail to catch the thrill and hear the trumpets? Here is the grandest adventure, the greatest enterprise that has ever captured the hearts of men. How poor and paltry seem the exploits of explorers, the daring of aviators, and the quest of gold-hunters, beside the naked unselfishness of these exiles of God! And what would our civilization, tangled though it be, have been like but for the sanatizing influence and the restraining power of those who wove these threads of gold through the bitter enmities and racial antagonisms of the sons of men? Great has been the power of patriotism, mighty the reach of science, wide the range of commerce and the restraints of law; but statesmen and merchants, soldiers and scientists, stand impotent before the tasks to which the missionary gives his life. For:

" By all ye cry or whisper,
By all ye leave or do,
The silent sullen peoples
Shall weigh your Gods and you."

And we, who name the Name of Christ, cannot evade that judgment. How shall we meet it?

BOOKS RECOMMENDED FOR FURTHER STUDY

GENERAL.

History of the L.M.S. (2 vols.). Richard Lovett. Out of print.
The Story of the L.M.S. C. Silvester Horne. 1s. Postage 6d.
Twenty-Five Years of the L.M.S. A. T. S. James. 2s. 6d. Postage 3d.
A Short History of our Religion. D. C. Somervell. 6s. Postage 6d.
Report of the Survey Committee. L.M.S. 6d. Postage 2d.

INDIA.

Building with India. Fleming. 3s. Postage 1½d.
India in the Dark Wood. Macnicol. 2s. 6d. Postage 4d.
The Indian Outlook. Holland. 2s. 6d. Postage 3½d.
Modern Religious Movements in India. Farquhar. 10s. 6d. Postage 6d.
Doings and Dreams. G. E. Phillips. 1s. Postage 2d.
Social Problems and the East. Lenwood. Out of print.

SOUTH SEAS AND PAPUA.

Christianity and Civilization in the South Pacific. Young. 2s. Postage 2d.
Tamate. Lovett. 2s. 6d. Postage 4d.
Pearls of the Southern Seas. Barradale. Out of print.

CHINA.

Chinese Realities. Foster. 2s. 6d. Postage 4d.
The Uplift of China. Out of print.
In China Now. Keyte. 2s. Postage 2½d.
China Today through Chinese Eyes. Various. 2s. 6d. Postage 2d.
The Light Approaching. Margaret C. Knott. 1s. Postage 2d.

AFRICA, ETC.

Doctor Vanderkemp. A. D. Martin. 2s. 6d. Postage 3d.
The Golden Stool. Edwin Smith. 2s. 6d. Postage 4d.
The Cape Colour Question. Macmillan. 21s. Postage 6d.
Race Problems in the New Africa. Willoughby. 15s. Postage 6d.
The New Africa. Fraser. 2s. Postage 2½d.
The Forward Tread. A. M. Chirgwin. 1s. Postage 2d.
Khama. J. C. Harris. 1s. Postage 1½d.

Madagascar: A Century of Adventure. Robert Griffith. 2s. Postage 2d.
Smith of Demerara. David Chamberlin. 1s. Postage 1½d.
Eliot of Massachusetts. David Chamberlin. 1s. Postage 1½d.

CHRONOLOGY

1649. New England Company founded by authority of Long Parliament.

1698. Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge organized.

1701. Society for Propagating the Gospel founded.

1735. Wesley sailed for Georgia.

1737. Schmidt landed at Cape.

1759-1833. Anti-slavery movement.

1784. Cook's *Voyages* published.

1789. French Revolution.

1792. Carey's *Enquiry* published. —Baptist Missionary Society founded.

1793. War between England and France.—Carey sailed.

1794. **Bogue and Ryland meet in Bristol.—Bogue writes to "Evangelical Magazine"** (Sept.).
Hawels reviews Horne's book in "Evangelical Magazine" (Nov.).
Baker's Chop House Meeting (Nov.).
First letters from Carey.

1795. **Birth of L.M.S.—Castle and Falcon Meeting, Sept. 21st.** —Capture of Cape of Good Hope.—Trial of Warren Hastings ends.

1796. *Duff* **sailed, Aug. 10th.**
Edinburgh Missionary Society (Feb.).
Glasgow Missionary Society (Feb.).

1797. *Duff* **at Tahiti.**
Foulah Mission.

1798. **Forsyth at Calcutta.**
Duff **sailed, December. Captured.**
Battles of St. Vincent and the Nile.

1799. Religious Tract Society and Church Missionary Society founded.
Vanderkemp at Cape Town (March).

1802. Treaty of Amiens.—First Factory Act.

1804. **Ringeltaube arrived at Tranquebar.**
British and Foreign Bible Society.
Napoleon at Boulogne.

1805. **Cran began Telugu Mission.**
Battle of Trafalgar.

1806. **Albrecht to Namaqualand.**

1807. Abolition of Slave Trade.
Morrison arrived Canton.

1808. **Wray arrived Demerara.**

1809. **Work begun Nagercoil.**
New Zealand Mission.

1810. **John Hands arrived Bellary.**
American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.

1812. American Mission to India.

1813. **Livingstone born.**
W.M.M.S. formed.
Judson in Burmah.
Milne joined Morrison.

1814. **L.M.S. Headquarters, 8, Old Jewry.**
L.M.S. in Malacca.
Morrison's New Testament printed.
Le Brun to Mauritius.
American Baptist Mission, Rangoon.
First Treaty of Paris.

1815. Basel Mission formed.
Waterloo.—Second Treaty of Paris.
Cape Colony ceded to England.
Corn Law Riots.

1816. **Williams sailed with Ellis.**
Ringeltaube vanished.
Townley and Keith start work at Calcutta.

1817. **Moffat appointed.**
John Smith arrived Demerara.
Stallybrass left for Russia.
Presbyterian Missionary Society.

1818. **Philip sent to Africa.**
Madagascar Mission begun.

1819. Sandwich Islands—American Mission.

1820. **Work started in Bangalore.**
Work begun in Benares.
Madagascar—abolition of slavery promulgated.
Accession of George IV.

1821. **Papeiha goes to Aitutaki.**
Work begun at Quilon.

1822. Paris Evangelical Missionary Society formed.

1823. **L.M.S. Headquarters, 26, Austin Friars.**
Chinese Bible—Morrison and Milne, Malacca.

1824. **Death of John Smith.**
First Joint Stock Companies.

1826. **Cameron and Johns sailed for Madagascar.**

1827. **First woman missionary, Maria Newell, arrived Malacca.**
Buzacott arrived Tahiti.

1828. **Work begun at Neyyoor.**
Philip's "Researches" published.
Madagascar—death of King Radama.
Test and Corporation Acts repealed.

1829. **Madagascar—coronation of Ranavalona.**
Catholic disabilities repealed.

1830. **Malagasy New Testament.**
Accession of William IV.
First passenger railway line opened.

1831. **Madagascar—first converts baptized.** Formation of Congregational Union of England and Wales.

1832. First Reform Bill.

1833. Act shortening hours of work of children in cotton mills.

1834. **Death of Morrison.**
Act of Emancipation came into force.

1835. **L.M.S. Headquarters, 14, Blomfield Street.**
Madagascar—persecution of Christians.
Printing of Malagasy Bible finished.

1836. Colonial Missionary Society formed.
Samoa—St. Matthew's Gospel published.
Africa—Read appears before House of Commons Aborigines Committee.
Madagascar—martyrdom of Rasalama.

1837. Accession of Queen Victoria.
Benjamin Rice at Bangalore.

1838. **Nott's Tahitian Bible published.**
India—work begun in Mirzapur.
China—Dr. Lockhart appointed.

1839. **Martyrdom of John Williams.**
Opium War, 1839-42.

1840. Penny post introduced.

1841. **Livingstone arrived at Kuruman.**
Hong-Kong ceded to Britain.

1842. Treaty of Nanking: Extra-territoriality established.—Five Chinese ports opened to foreign trade.—Hong-Kong ceded to Britain.

1843. The Disruption (Scotland).
French annexation of Tahiti.

1844. **"John Williams I." launched at Harwich.**
Malua Institution, Samoa founded.

1845. Chloroform discovered.

1846. Repeal of Corn Laws.

1848. Year of revolutions in Europe.

1849. **Samoan New Testament printed.**

1850. Outbreak of Tai-Ping Rebellion, 1850-64.
Work begun in Almora by Budden.

1851. Great Exhibition.

1854. Crimean War, 1854-56.
Bhowanipur Institute opened.

1855. **Griffith John arrived Shanghai.**

1856. **Livingstone completed march across Africa.**
Second China War, 1856-60.

1857. Indian Mutiny.

1858. **Duthie appointed to Madras.**

1861. **Mission begun in Tokelau Islands.**
China—work started at Tientsin and Hankow.—First Protestant Chinese martyr, at Pok-lo.
Madagascar—death of Ranavalona.

1863. **James Sibree arrived Tananarive.**

1864. **"John Williams I." wrecked on Danger Island.**

1865. **Mission begun in Ellice Group.**
Japan opened to the world.

1866. **"John Williams II." sailed.**

1867. **Martyrdom of Jermain Thomas in Korea.**
"John Williams II." wrecked on Savage Island.
L.M.S. began to withdraw from West Indies and Cape Colony.

1868. **"John Williams III." sailed.**

1869. **Madagascar—"Burning of Idols."**

1870. **Work begun in Gilbert Islands.**
Africa—Moffat retired.
China—Gilmour arrived at Pekin.
Education Act.

1871. **New Guinea Mission founded.**
Meeting of Stanley and Livingstone.

1872. **Khama becomes Chief of the Bamangwato.**

1873. **Death of Livingstone.**
Missionary Institutions Act passed by Cape Colony Parliament.

1874. **Livingstone buried in Westminster Abbey.**
W. G. Lawes arrived at Port Moresby.

1876. Queen Victoria becomes Empress of India.

1877. **Chalmers appointed to New Guinea.**
Beginning of Central Africa Mission.

1878. **Arrival of first party at Tanganyika.**

1879. **Work begun in Urambo.**

1881. **Wardlaw Thompson becomes Foreign Secretary.**

1882. **"Morning Star" taken to Tanganyika.**

1884. North-East New Guinea annexed by Germany.—South-East New Guinea declared British Protectorate.

1885. Partition of Africa.

1886. South-East New Guinea proclaimed Crown Colony.

1889. **Niamkolo station opened.**
Arab War, 1889-90.

1890. **Forward Movement.**
Kawimbe station opened.

1891. **First Central African convert baptized.**
British South Africa Company.

1894. **"John Williams IV." sails.**
Work begun at Kambole.

1895. **Centenary Year.**
Khama comes to England.
French conquest of Madagascar.
Jameson's Raid.

1896. South-East New Guinea incorporated in Commonwealth of Australia with title of Territory of Papua.

1897. Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee.

1899. Boer War, 1899-1901.
Griffith John College opened, Hankow.

1900. **Africa—occupation of Awemba country.**
China—Boxer Rising.

1901. **Martyrdom of Chalmers and Tomkins.**
Accession of Edward VII.

1902. **Four Gospels printed in Toaripi.**
Tientsin Anglo-Chinese College opened—Dr. Lavington Hart, Principal.

1903. **L.M.S. Temporary** quarters, 30, Gra Road.

1904. Russo-Japanese War **W. C. Willoughby** Tiger Kloof Institu **Canton Christian** (Union) opened.

1905. **L.M.S. Headquarte** New Bridge Street.

1908. Formation of South United Church. **Death of Dr. Duthie.** **Orient Exhibition, Lo**

1909. **Opening of United T** cal College, Bangal

1910. Accession of George V Edinburgh Conferenc **China Advisory** formed.

1911. **Opening of United W** Training College, gunge, N. India. Establishment of Republic.

1912. **Opening of Wardlaw** son Hospital, Chikka pura.

1914. Great War, 1914-18. **United Girls' High** Calcutta, opened.

1917. **Northern Gilberts hand** to L.M.S. by Am Board.

1918. **Samoa—influenza epid**

1919. Versailles Peace (established Mar principle).

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1914-18.
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uenza epidemic.

Peace Treaty
ed Mandatory

1920. **L.M.S. Headquarters, 48 Broadway, Westminster.**
Phelps-Stokes Fund Education Commission to West Africa.

1922. Formation of National Christian Council of China.

1923. Death of Khama.
Earthquake in Japan.

1924. Phelps-Stokes Fund Education Commission to East and South Africa.

1925. **Five Years' Campaign, 1925-30.**
Death of Sun Yat Sen.

1926. Colour Bar Act passed in South Africa.

1927. **L.M.S. Headquarters, Livingstone House.**
First General Assembly of "Church of Christ in China."
New Zealand Government appointed Commission to enquire into Samoan grievances.
World Conference on Faith and Order at Lausanne.

1928. International Missionary Council Meeting at Jerusalem.
Kellogg Pact.
Union Hospital, Hankow, opened April.

1930. Beginning of Five-Year Movement of "Church of Christ in China."
Beginning of Kagawa's Million for Christ Campaign in Japan.

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