



LIVES  
OF  
EMINENT ROMAN CATHOLIC  
MISSIONARIES,

BY  
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VOL. I.

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LONDON:  
FISHER, SON, & CO., NEWGATE-STREET.

1835.

## CONTENTS.

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INSTITUTION OF IGNATIUS . . . . .	9
FRANCIS XAVIER . . . . .	34
CYPRIAN BAREZE . . . . .	137
JOSEPH ASSEMANNI . . . . .	176
LUCAS CAVALLERO . . . . .	214
THE CHURCH OF JAPAN . . . . .	279
MADAME DE LA PELETERIE . . . . .	361
JOSEPH DE ANCHIETA . . . . .	401

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INSTITUTION OF IGNATIUS.

THE history of missions during the last three centuries is a beautiful memorial of the advancement of learning and the glory of Christianity. Among the Dominicans, Franciscans, and Jesuits were eminent astronomers, naturalists, mechanics, and *littérati*, who cultivated the field of Oriental science and literature, the harvest of which has since been reaped by their Protestant successors. The Jesuit missionaries, as Ricci, Verbiest, De Nobilibus, and others, were followed by men equal to themselves in diligence and perseverance, and far superior in extent of Eastern learning. In the minds of all these men, a sublime religious enthusiasm was joined to a happy genius; and, in some, the acquisition of knowledge became as strong a thirst as that of the conversion of souls. Yet when the missionary, pale with his own vast researches, went forth to the cottage and the wild, to the poor and ignorant, to preach, to pray, to converse about his Lord, it was like the rushing of

waters in a thirsty land; and as the wearied soul drank of them, it often felt "there was no joy like unto that joy." Let not our admiration be refused to the first labourers in the vineyard, even while we wonder that the religion they introduced was so soon permitted to decay. A more pure and glorious day of missions has risen upon us, whose sun shall no more go down: each year, each month brings fresh tidings of the triumph of the truth—the uncorrupt, the unclouded, the imperishable truth.

The biographer is fortunate who has to consider the "Society of Jesus" only in its purest career, in heathen and idolatrous lands, where it did much for the glory of God and the welfare of man. Whether we think of its mighty mass of intellect, of the thousands of immortal souls saved through its agency, or the sufferings of its eight hundred martyrs,—we cannot but follow its details with the liveliest interest. The founder of this society was a man of no ordinary mind and character: he has been represented by his enemies as an impostor and a fanatic, before he became a Christian. Born of a noble family, he early entered into the profession of arms, and was addicted to all its excesses, save those of cruelty and rapine. At the siege of Najara, on the frontiers of Biscay, he behaved with great valour, but refused to share in the rich booty, in which all besides participated. At a time when gaming was a general vice, he disliked it; and in the midst of a hot and fiery soldiery, a keen observer might have remarked in the anxiety of Loyola to settle disputes and maintain brotherhood, the germs of the spiritual legislator. In the siege of Pampe-luna by André de Foix, brother of the celebrated Lautrec, he was struck by a cannon-ball, and fell in the breach. The French treated him with respect, and he was carried on a litter to the castle of Loyola. There, during the pain and confinement

occasioned by his wounds, the light of heaven first broke on his soul: the light, however, was long unsteady, it faded and brightened, and again almost died away. It was not until a later period, and upon a close and rigorous examination of his inward man, that it became stedfast and animating, and thus continued even to the last. The vow made on his bed of sickness was of the kind which fighting men were especially fond of in that age—to travel to Jerusalem, behold the holy places, and dedicate his life to God. As soon as he was recovered, he went to hang up his arms over the altar of the Blessed Virgin at Montserrat, and watched all night, like a true devotee and a true fanatic, though the latter word had a milder meaning three centuries ago. He afterwards resided at Manreza, in a pilgrim's habit, and lodged in the hospital among the poor, whom he attended carefully, and practised mortifications of every kind, for above a year. In August, 1523, he landed at Joppa and proceeded to Jerusalem, where his curiosity, or rather his devotion, was richly gratified; for the least curious and tasteful of all men are the enthusiastic pilgrims; and a leaf, a rock, a relic of priestly antiquity, or the earth from the banks of Jordan and Siloam, have more charms in their eyes than the picturesque beauties, the sublime desolation, and the indelible features of Palestine. He did not remain long in the country, where he kept a journal of his feelings, which were vividly and wildly awake. Amidst the visions, adventures, and forebodings that Loyola underwent, it was fortunate that he retained his mental vigour. But he was a vessel of iron, in which the silver and the gold were strangely mingled, and a vessel chosen for a great work. On his return to Spain, many companions espoused his sentiments, and so many flocked around to listen to his instructions, that he

attracted the notice of the Inquisition. After quitting the army, he had applied himself to learning, in which his previous attainments were very scanty, although he had been educated at court. In 1528 he came to Paris, with a resolution to pursue his studies vigorously, and went through a course of philosophy and divinity; and here he began the formation of his celebrated Society.

With all his failings, it is not too much to say, that in this and in the after period of his life, Loyola was not a fanatic, and far less an impostor. His mind was too powerful to condescend to the former; and who that reads his *Spiritual Exercises* will venture to say he was the latter? It was his passionate desire that Christ might be preached to the utmost ends of the earth, and that all nations of the earth might know the Lord, and call him blessed. He was ambitious, it is true, but not as the world accuses him; his was not the ambition of earthly honour and glory, it aimed at a loftier flight. Never were disciples more obedient to the spirit and commands of a master, than were those of Loyola. They strove to labour in lands where barbarism alone reigned, and where without a murmur they loved to endure contumely and ill-usage, to court the stake or the faggot, and to look with unblenched cheek on agony more fearful than words can describe. These were not the friends and followers of an impostor. But he did not attain this settled love of religion, and this collected stedfastness of purpose, till after a long struggle. The year passed by him at Manreza, near Montserrat, immediately after his conversion, was spent in meditations of a wild and various character. There was the remainder of the world and the world's thoughts commingled with thoughts which were not of the world, but of things beyond it and above it: a conflict that, long and intensely maintained, might have

made a weak mind give way, but caused a mind of more than ordinary strength to retrace, and cleave to the blessed path it had entered upon. On his couch, in the privacy of his morning and evening, and in the fulness of his day, this struggle went on within him,—for the heart and the intellect, resolved alike on great things, which as yet they felt and saw but dimly, strove for a perfect freedom from the past. At times he even doubted, and this was agony: again and again he reviewed his mind, and observed the effect produced on it by evil thoughts and good thoughts, by evil imaginings and good imaginings: but of what avail was this research, till he looked simply to God for succour? Perhaps this strife sharpened his naturally acute judgment, and tended also to give it too exquisite a subtlety, and a love of distinctions, which to many minds may be at first scarcely distinguishable, and of shades of difference which to many may be unappreciable. The fruits of this year at Manreza are to be found in those meditations which, revised by himself at a later period, were published at Rome in 1548, under the title of “*Exercitia Spiritualia*.”

In these Exercises he commences by meditating on the end for which we were created; and this he recommends as the first subject of meditation to his disciples and followers, for without it no grace will come. Such meditations will produce blessed fruits; which fruits are, that we become thoroughly convinced that in this world nothing should be wished for or sought after, but in so far as it may lead to the greater glory of God. When we have thoroughly convinced ourselves of this, then we know our way, and may travel on without danger of losing it. After going on to represent two standards, one of Christ, the other of Lucifer, Ignatius proceeds to exhort us to take part with the former, the great Captain of our salvation, and not

with the enemy. He then considers what may be termed the sacrifices required of man, to enable him to do this; and, an example being required, he gives us that example in our Redeemer. He goes on to lay down those rules which should guide us in the choice and selection of that particular state of life, in which the Almighty calls upon us to imitate the virtues of his Son. The rules of conduct contained in the Exercises will be admitted by the candid reader to be indicative of the spirit and intentions of the author. Justice is due to a man who, at a period when fanaticism was all-powerful, and form all-mighty, ventured to preach that prayer was more efficacious than form, and that it might be efficacious without it. To suppose that the study of Loyola's work produced an influence upon the souls of those who studied it, so as to work them up to terror and fanaticism, is to take a false and mistaken view of its nature. If it did at times produce these effects, it could only have been in minds naturally weak, or naturally prone to that species of enthusiasm. Its better tendency and intention are to give man a spiritual command over himself. Yet how often in after times was this intention abused by the disciples, who duly performed the *Exercitia Spiritualia*, even when their hearts were set on evil, and that continually! As the Society gradually became more selfish and politic, and at last justified its purposes and deeds by pleading the mandate of the Superior and the good of the Order, what crimes were sometimes found under the Jesuit robe!

We have only to consider a purer and a better hour, that first hour of glowing energy and zeal, that casts a glory round all religious sects and systems, and called Xavier to Asia, Anchieta to Brazil, and missionaries to the wilds of North America, to the burning plains of South America, and to the utmost confines of the

pagan world. Was this fanaticism? The rule by which all offices must be gratuitous, by which it was forbidden to receive any thing for the education of children, for masses performed, for preaching, confessing, and pursuing spiritual works, together with the instructions in which Loyola recommends his followers to divide their time so as to serve the Lord and do good to mankind—might be enthusiasm, but any other term would be unjust. Perhaps one of his most touching exhortations is that wherein he advises frequent meditation on the works and the goodness of God, and an examination of that goodness in all his natural works; in every flower and in every herb, even the most minute and most neglected, for there also his glory is beautifully manifested. His reveries on the mysteries of the passion of Jesus Christ, and on the sublime examples of virtue which shine forth so conspicuously and so gloriously in his life, are likely to induce the reader to lose himself also in reveries, from which he would not be likely to awake with a cold heart or a diseased fancy. Undoubtedly the age which witnessed and called forth torture and death in the service of God, required sterner and closer regulations for the spirit and the life, than the present. The enthusiasm of Loyola was in admirable keeping, and did not war with his cold and clear intellect. His was not a fiery zeal;—there was a spiritual composure in his actions: nor do we find wild imaginings and extravagant fancies, either of heart or mind, in his maturer days. There was evidently in him a singleness of disposition, that does not warrant the idea that his Society was instituted for those worldly objects which have formed the burden of the accusation against it. Some of his successors, as generals of the Society, possessed more of that proud and commanding talent which was likely to give the accusation the semblance of truth.

Claudius Acquaviva, for example, had a more stern knowledge of mankind and its weaknesses than Loyola, and, in addition, a more thorough contempt of man's intellect; and, feeling his own intellectual superiority, he might have had a greater inclination to assume worldly power. Loyola appears to have aimed solely at spiritual power; and, however we may at the present time be moved to suspect the intentions of one aiming at that dominion, still, under the circumstances of the period in which he lived, spiritual power was very necessary to the existence of his religion. Let the date of his career, and the nature of the Society of which he was the founder, be correctly considered. At the period of his conversion, the religious world was in a manner convulsed: abuses, and those to a great extent, had crept into the church of Rome; there was a rottenness in its state, and the enemy was on the watch. The foundations of the stately fabric of the Romish church were loosening, its walls were tottering, and decay was visibly at work;—decay not to be perceived by its blind worshippers, but apparent to those who looked on with a cooler glance and a more understanding heart. Luther, Calvin, and other reformers, saw the time was arrived when the power of that church could be shaken, and its glory and mightiness taken away for ever. The primary elements of the convulsion were notoriously existent in the bosom of the church itself. At this crisis, Loyola stood forth in a broad and remarkable light. He saw the threatening storm: he saw whence the evil came, and that a bulwark must be instantly raised against the inroads of the enemy. He confessed that in the church on which he trusted for salvation there was fault, and he set himself to repair that fault, and raise the bulwark. Did he succeed in his object? In one respect he did, for the foundation of the Society of

Jesus checked the rapid progress of Protestantism ; and the sons of Loyola threw back by their united labours the torrent which was threatening to overwhelm the temples of their faith.

At a time when conflicting opinions unsettled the minds of men, and made them ardent in pursuit of change, it was absolutely necessary that Loyola should be rigid in enforcing those laws which were to regulate his new Society. It was quite evident that its members must be effectually guarded from the contagion which was abroad, and this was only to be done by strictness and severity in all spiritual matters. At a time also when the activity and energy of the reformers were contrasted with the laxity and indifference of the members of the Catholic church, it was right that the members of this Society should be doubly endowed with energy and perseverance. At a time when the dissolute morals of churchmen gave a handle to reproach and to scoffers, it was right that the "Society of Jesus" should be as complete an example in morals as in talent. At a time when the intellectual powers of the Protestants were beginning to astonish the world, it was necessary that those who set themselves in array against their progress should, if possible, excel also in intellect. Did Loyola or his followers fail in any of one the above particulars ? Are not theirs the greatest number of martyrs in the cause of the Lord among the heathen ? Is not the most brilliant, the most varied, the most extensive talent to be found among the sons of Loyola ? In that age, the most complete sacrifice of human feelings and passions for the good of mankind, and the purest moral conduct, is to be found in these much calumniated men. Even their most bitter enemies, who abused the Jesuits as a body, were often found to praise them individually. Perhaps mere assertions like these may appear unsafe and inconclusive ; may it be

allowed to attempt a balance of the evil and the good? If, on one hand, we accuse the Jesuits as disturbers of thrones, and regicides; may we not, on the other, point to the eight hundred martyrs in the solitudes of Asia and America? Pascal exposed the infamy of the Jesuits, as did Voltaire and D'Alembert their crimes; but Cardinal Fleury confessed their value, Bossuet praised them, and Lord Chancellor Bacon applied to them the words, "*talis cum sis, utinam noster esses.*" Leibnitz indignantly defended them; Montesquieu, Buffon, and Haller honoured their labours, and witnessed to their virtues.

It may not be irrelevant to consider how far Loyola brought the Society, whether justly or unjustly, into disgrace or ruin. In the first place, is he guilty of having formed it entirely with a political view? It is clear that in the progress of time the Jesuits came to mingle much in the politics of states, but it does not appear that the founder contemplated this political interference. The forty-third article of the *Constitutiones* would directly acquit him of this. "Neither let there exist, nor let there be perceived, any inclination of sentiment to either party or faction, which may exist among Christian kings or princes." Religious innovation and political innovation very frequently go hand in hand: the struggles of Calvin and Luther against the power of the church of Rome had stirred up, or were likely before long to stir up, political dissension, and this would naturally be followed by anarchy, not so much of governments as of opinions. It was to check this that Loyola gave to his system a constitution seemingly political. Cardinal Bausset says, perhaps partially, on this head, "The Institutes of the Jesuits were created to embrace all the classes, all the conditions, all the elements which enter into the harmony and preservation of religious and political powers: their object was to defend the

Catholic church against the Lutherans and Calvinists; and their political object, to protect social order against the torrent of anarchical opinions which always come in advance of religious innovations." His must be a cold heart, who, after reading the history of Paraguay, and of those holy men who conquered nations by leading them to the cross, who, in the words of Montesquieu, 'repaired the outrages of the Spaniards, and healed one of the most deadly wounds ever inflicted on the human race,'—his must be a cold heart who will still say, 'it was all with a political view.'

There are two or three points of doctrine which have brought much discredit upon the community, and of course upon Loyola as the founder: these are, the "Probable Opinion," and the "Peccatum Philosophicum." When the parliament of Paris, in execution of an arreté of the court, ordered all objectionable passages in the writings of members of the Society to be extracted and published, was it likely that the opinions of the earlier members would be overlooked, if they could in any degree aid the heavy accusations brought against the Society? The earliest author quoted in the extracts before the parliament as holding the doctrine of Probabilism, wrote in the year 1600, and on the doctrine of Peccatum Philosophicum in the year 1607; therefore it may be affirmed, that Loyola and his immediate followers were altogether innocent of such doctrines. The truth is, that that of Probabilism was unknown to the schools before 1577, and that it then owed its origin to a Spanish doctor of divinity, not, as Pascal would affirm, to a Jesuit. On the contrary, the very first divines who combated the doctrine were Jesuits; and one of these in particular, Gonzales, is highly praised by Bossuet for the erudition and uprightness with which he handled the subject. At a later period, the "Pro-

bable Opinion" was taught by the Jesuits, as by many other religious communities. One other accusation may be shortly hinted at,—that the "Society of Jesus" have upheld the doctrine of king-killing. In the beginning of the fifteenth century, one John Petit, a graduate of the University of Paris, being bribed by the Duke of Burgundy, openly defended this thesis, "It is not only lawful but meritorious to kill a tyrant." The Council of Constance condemned this doctrine in 1414. Of the Jesuits, one alone attempted in some measure to revive it; this was Mariana; and the moment his work was published, its suppression was ordered, and its doctrine repudiated, by the Society. The decree of Claudius Acquaviva points out more decidedly how repugnant such a doctrine was to the Society. The doctrine of obedience, so strongly inculcated by Loyola, and cherished by even his most gifted coadjutors, is less defensible, because, however justifiable at the time, it was easy in after-times to abuse it to the worst purposes. It took away in too great a degree the free-will of the members of the Society; and it was wrong and perilous that one man should have such despotic power over the many, however necessary it might be to keep them together by one governing head. The following passage, describing the result of this principle of government, cannot be found fault with, if we could divest ourselves of the persuasion that it might, and even did, become an engine of great mischief in the sway of an unprincipled or ambitious man.—"In this family, Latin and Greek, Portuguese and Brazilian, Irish and German, Spanish and French, Briton and Belgian, are of one opinion. And in such different minds let there be no contention, no dispute, nothing by which any one could perceive that they were more than one. They are of opinion, that it matters not where they

were born ; the same purpose, the same manner of life, the same vow, bind them together." The object of this obedience was to keep the Society unchanged in its rules, inviolable in its doctrines, which, it must be confessed, is desired and demanded by all church governments and religious communities, but none ever had recourse to a like indomitable rule, and a like minute and sagacious system. In China, Japan, and Paraguay, in the loneliest wilderness and on the most stormy sea, this principle of entire and devoted obedience was owned by every missionary : yet it was not more a principle than an attachment ; " If ever I forget thee, O Society of Jesus," says Xavier, " may my right hand forget its cunning !" It may seem strange to say, that this stern system was to its disciples a loveable one ; and there are passages in their letters, in simple and sincere language, which prove that it was at once their study and their pride.

Ignatius was accused and blamed by some of the Romish writers for never having performed miracles. Had he been a fanatic, would he have wanted these marvels, to attest the sanctity of his character ? If he did not in reality perform any, would he not have found the means of appearing to perform them ? But he performed none, and pretended to none. All his miracles have been made for him after his death, to please a superstitious people, who thought them absolutely necessary to the fame of him whom the pope had canonized. When Ribadencira first published his *Life of Loyola*, he omitted all mention of miracles ; but finding his work, in consequence, displeasing to the Catholic world, he, in another edition, added miracles. In the next edition he states this objection that had been made against his work, " If all you say be true, why has the holiness of Loyola not been certified by miracles, as in the

case of so many other saints?" To which he answers, "Who knows the intentions of God, or who have been his counsellors? God alone does wonders, and He alone knows the times and places where miracles ought to be granted, and by whose prayers." Ribadeneira says in another place,— "Neither do all holy men excel in miracles, neither do they exceed in the greatness or the number of them, lest by that means they should appear to surpass others in sanctity; for holiness is to be estimated not by signs, but by charity." Had these words of wisdom been graven on the memory and belief of the Jesuits, they would have saved them from many delusions, and spoiled many a pleasant and marvellous tale.

Obloquy has been heaped upon Loyola, yet few men in that age gave less good ground for accusation; for he seems to have possessed a tranquillity of mind, a firmness of purpose, a clearness of perception, a sternness of judgment, and at the same time a simplicity of manners, which few of his contemporaries possessed; and these qualities became more apparent as he advanced in years. An enthusiast;—ambitious also: but it was a noble enthusiasm, a justifiable ambition. Surely his heart was inspired by the love of God, and his passionate desire was that the uttermost parts of the earth should know and love him also. Thus he says, "It is not enough to serve the Lord, all hearts ought to love him, all tongues ought to praise him." Those who study his life, his actions, his writings, and the lives and characters of his coadjutors, by which his own may also be judged, will hardly fail to come to this conclusion, that Loyola, amidst many errors, laboured for the glory of God and the welfare of mankind. If the attachment of friends and intimates is an assurance of a man's amiability of heart and temper, Ignatius was fortunate. The venera-

tion of his followers was very great, and it was sometimes mixed with a tenderness of expression and feeling which is surprising. The most celebrated of his missionaries, a nobleman by birth, always wrote to him on his knees. "God is my witness," he writes, "my best and dearest father, how much I wish to behold you again in this life. I think continually on what I have often heard you say, that those of our Society ought to exert their utmost force in vanquishing themselves, and in banishing all those fears which usually hinder us from placing our whole confidence on God. As you know the bottom of our souls, awaken our languishing and drowsy virtue, and inspire us with a love of true perfection. I am all yours, even to a degree that I cannot express, yet I am the least of your children." In writing to his brother missionaries he thus expresses himself, "I pray you by our Lord, I conjure you by the obedience and by the love that you owe to our father Ignatius, that all of you, both great and small, respect his wishes, for he is our parent. It behoves us to obey him."

A brief account of the intellectual preparation of the noviciates may serve further to illustrate the preceding observations. Never were missionaries sent forth so completely furnished with the stores of knowledge and learning, or more disposed to diffuse those stores through the farthest regions of the earth. There was first for the candidate a probation of two years; after that came the period of scholastic study; then a third year of probation: the simple vows were then taken; and five years after, the final vows. Any youth desirous of entering into the Society was particularly questioned by an examiner, appointed for that purpose. The examination had for its object to discover, as far as it may be possible, his powers of mind; whether he may have any defect of capacity, which may hereafter render him

a useless member of the Society. All doubts upon these points were referred to the Superior, who decided if he should be admitted to the noviciate. Particular inquiry was also made of the mode of his life up to that time : and this inquiry was not confined to himself and his friends, but was extended to the neighbourhood in which he had lived. After this preliminary examination, he was questioned upon the five impediments which exclude from the Society, and which belong to its secret constitution. The candidate was then questioned as to his reasons for wishing to enter into the community, when he first thought of doing so, and how long since : and he was farther questioned as to his worldly means, whether he is afflicted with any hereditary malady or bodily defect ; whether any of his ancestors had been in any degree affected with the poison of heresy, or been guilty of erring against the Catholic faith. To conclude, he was questioned if he was acquainted with any branch of handicraft art. The duties of the examiner closed by his explaining to him all the difficulties and trials he must undergo in his noviciate : he was then handed over to the Magister Novitiorum. The office of this master was to watch that the novices had a full understanding of what they read, and to meet the doubts which might arise in their minds. The works, of which he was found to have a most intimate knowledge, and which were to be put into the hands of the novice, were about thirty in number, chiefly on scholastic divinity, and a few works of the Fathers of the church. It having been decided that the candidate was to be admitted to probation during the space of twelve or twenty days, he was treated as a guest of the Society, in order that the different members might obtain a more thorough insight into his character, and a more accurate acquaintance with his habits and mode of thinking. After this, all com-

munication with the external world was cut off, except so far as it was absolutely necessary. Copies of the " *Librum Examinis*," of the " *Constitutiones*," and " *Regulæ Communes*" of the Society, were put into his hands for study, and shortly after a copy of the Apostolic Letters of Pope Julius the Third. When the period of regular probation arrived, care was taken that the novice exercised the six *Experimenta* pointed out by the Constitutions of the Society: they formed the principal labour of the noviciate. The Spiritual Exercises were first to be studied: the second trial of the novice was to attend for a month at the hospital: he was next sent out for a month's pilgrimage without money, to beg in the name of Christ: in his fourth trial he was called upon to act the part of a menial, to teach him humility and self-denial; and towards the end of the year he was tried in preaching and confessions. Every morning at the sound of a bell he rose; an hour was spent in reading, another in prayer and meditation; the next in industrious occupations; then he conferred with three or four probationers, not to dispute and argue with keenness and asperity, but with all humility of manner and modesty of learning; for arrogance and conceit were crushed in the bud. Sometimes doubts and difficulties were advanced, to be discussed in all their bearings, refuted or explained. They then considered how such and such a temptation was to be met and conquered; each gave and supported his opinion, and the master at last decided. The rest of the day was divided between manual labour, the study of Christian doctrine, in bodily recreations, in examinations by the master, before whom, being all assembled, an amicable controversy was held. The memory also was disciplined,—a most important part. How often do men in the decline of life regret that they had not early made the discipline of their memories a more peculiar care!

After the two years' noviciate was thus completed, and all its trials past, he was admitted to be a scholastic, and informed he could not quit the Society without permission of the general, nor join any religious body but that of the Carthusians, under pain of excommunication, according to the bull of Pius the Fifth, 1565. Now become a scholastic, his education was no longer merely spiritual; he entered on a regular course of study in languages, rhetoric, belles lettres, and, in fine, every branch of polite literature. The first object was to lay a solid foundation of Latinity: and it was now decided what was to be his destination in future life. If he was intended for a theologian, a professor, a missionary, so was his course of study shaped. The teachers were instructed to observe closely the propensities of the student's mind, to what it inclined, and, penetrating the path of his mental life, to guide him steadily along it. It was this admirable attention to their habits and inclinations, which made the Jesuits so secure as to the after career of their students, and it was this also which conduced to render their missionaries ever useful and ever respectable. Had these missionaries been sent out at random, without this attention having been paid to prove and perfect their qualifications for the task, often and fatally would the Society have been deceived in its expectations of good results. The scholastic having completed his studies, now entered upon another year of probation, which, as the two first years, was entirely occupied in spiritual studies. He now laboured more powerfully to acquire spiritual strength, to obtain the mastery over his mind, to make it entirely subservient to his will, to check his worldly inclinations, and to render himself, in fine, worthy of becoming a child of Loyola.

This year of probation being completed, the aspirant was admitted to take the simple vows, and, after

this, five years must pass before he was permitted to take the final and irrevocable vows. During the five years, he might, with the permission of the superior, quit the Society, but the final vow tied him down irrevocably a member. During the years of his probation, the novice was strictly questioned every six months as to whether he was completely satisfied with his choice; what effect the various trials he might have passed through, had upon his mind; whether he felt his bodily and mental powers improving, and fit for the labours of the Society; whether he was firm in his resolve to live and die in its bosom; and, finally, he must describe the state of his conscience. The years of his probation and the scholastic years, taken together, formed a long period of study; rarely indeed was a member admitted before the age of thirty-three.

This slight sketch of the studies and discipline of the Jesuits may not be thought unnecessary, as it will serve in no small degree to illustrate the minds and career of their missionaries. Yet the portrait of Ignatius, as well as that of his disciples, would be imperfect without some mention of the celebrated "Spiritual Exercises," which were faithfully observed in every corner of the globe—in the cave, the dungeon, and the desert; on the eve of martyrdom, as in the hour of the church's glory. In the solitude of his retreat at Manreza he seems to have put together, and afterwards completed, such spiritual rules and directions as he thought necessary and useful, in the shape of meditation, when the soul is seeking the removal of evil passions and desires, and striving after an intimate union with its God. He sought to cast the mind down from its proud imaginings, till, assisted by divine grace, it might arrive at a point where its wishes, feelings, and imaginings would cease to be injuriously affected by the external world. That this mastery was

achieved, or, materially promoted, by the imagination being mainly wrought upon, is not apparent; nor does it appear that any very remarkable instances of exalted and ungovernable imaginations are to be found among the Jesuits; on the contrary, they seem to have carried, in a striking degree, sound sense, reason, and discretion along with them. The effect of these "Spiritual Exercises" which were rigid in the extreme, was rather to sharpen than to dull the intellect. They might be truly termed, by their admirers, the "Search after God," but a search too intense and unremitting, for many a heart and intellect, which retired, early, shattered from the field. Eight days in every year, in every region, at either pole, were set apart for the *Exercitia Spiritualia* with as much eagerness as if they had been perfectly refreshing both to mind and body. They, undoubtedly, gave an intenseness to the thoughts and a spiritual energy to all the resolves and hopes, and mainly contributed to the end that Loyola intended; for the history of the world does not shew us any society of men who have been so able to master their inclinations and subdue their passions, while, at the same time, the powers of the mind to which those passions and inclinations belonged, remained so unbroken and uninjured. It is not surprising that their enemies, while they hated them, feared them; whilst they scorned them, admired them; and whilst they abused them, confessed their talents and influence.

Aware of the inflammable nature of the imagination, and its perilous connection with a macerated body, Loyola says in the 48th of his "Constitutions" "The chastisement of the body ought not to be immoderate or indiscreet, in watchings and fastings and other external acts of penitence and labours, which usually produce injury and hinder great good." He knew that to weaken the physical

frame, was to weaken the mental, for, with very few exceptions, these two sympathize closely.

During the eight days' retreat, to which allusion is at times made in these memoirs, there is no call for new mortifications of the flesh. The spirit alone is to be mortified, its ideas and desires purified. To each of these days four meditations are assigned, with each of which is mingled several examinations. Pinamonti says, "So many strings are in one harp, and none of them superfluous, because they are placed in the instrument that it may have all kinds of notes, and each variety of melody, and not in order that all these notes may be in every tune." Mental prayer, self-examination, spiritual reading, and declaration of conscience, constitute the four exercises of meditation. In entering upon them, two objects must be steadily kept in view; the aid of grace, and our own co-operation with that grace. To this end, it is recommended that for several days previous, the mind should prepare itself by prayer to God for spiritual strength. "Prayer ascends, and the mercy of God descends," says St. Augustine. In this preparation you consider—1. How much God has done for your eternal salvation. 2. How much the Lord has suffered, that you may be saved; 3. How much you yourself have dared or suffered for your salvation's sake. Deep meditations upon these subjects are absolutely and imperatively necessary to prevent the precious days that follow from being spent in vain, "for although grace cometh from the Author of all good, still he will adapt his gifts only to the measure of your disposition to receive them." The mind, thus prepared, may enter with a prospect of profit into the spiritual exercises, and it may pass into its retirement with a promise of good fruits. The following table will give a more accurate detail of this "Retreat."

## FIRST DAY.

*Meditation* 1. On the end of man.

*Consideration* 1. God is the first and the last ;  
2. He is also the supreme blessedness.

*Meditation* 2. Of the means furnished you, to enable you to work out your ultimate end.

*Consideration* 1. The abundance of those means.  
2. The abuses you have made of them.  
3. The amending of those abuses.

Examination of the first day—On the desire of saving the soul.

*Consider* 1. Your desire of saving your soul.  
2. The quality of this desire. 3. The origin of your languor in this desire. 4. The means to be adopted. 5. The perils to which you are exposed. 6. The impediments to be removed. 7. If in your heart there be any saying altogether opposed to your salvation.

These exercises demanded an entire seclusion from the world, whether performed within walls and cells ; or, when the votary had no home, within the tent, the cavern, or the grove. The second day's meditations were "On our sins—on death—on the death of the sinners and the just." The other days are divided into "the grievousness of mortal sin, on the evil of venial sins, on confession, on the pains of hell, and on the judgment." They are separated into three classes : the *Via Purgativa*, the *Via Illuminativa*, and the *Via Unitiva*. The above meditations belong to the first of these ; the second, the illuminating way, include "on your bearing toward your neighbour, on the kingdom of Christ, on the evangelical doctrine, on carrying the cross." The eighth day includes "on the resurrection of Christ, on love towards God, on the theological virtue."

Consider 1. the esteem in which you hold this virtue, 2. the motive of your faith, 3. the motives which induce you to be a believer, 4. the means of fortifying yourself in the faith, 5. the exercise of this faith, 6. your hope in it, 7. your love, 8. your feelings with respect to this love, which is the queen of virtues, 9. the means of preserving it, and its exercise. Besides the above meditations and examinations, there was also a reading for each day. The subjects chosen were:—1st day. The languor of faith as a hinderance to salvation. 2d day. On the rashness of him who sins, trusting to confession. 3d, 4th, 5th, On pride, on idleness, on the love of money, as hinderances to salvation. 6th, On the moderate love of pleasures. 7th, On the too slight love of God. 8th, On the means for retaining the fruit of these exercises.—In which, exclusive of some points and sentiments peculiar to the Church of Rome, there was much to improve and strengthen the soul. Many meditations and examinations of these eight days have been omitted, lest they should appear tedious.

Let not the motives of the writer be misconstrued, in forming this judgment of Ignatius, since he has meted him not by the measure of present times, but by that of nearly three centuries ago. A man must be compared with his contemporaries, not with those who have preceded or followed him at the distance of many years. It is to Loyola and his immediate followers alone, that the preceding observations apply; not to the Jesuits as they have since proved themselves to be:—their crimes cannot be glossed over, nor can their faults be excused. In the period of which this volume treats, the men who went forth from the "Society" were unquestionably men of God, who sought his glory, not their own, and lived and often died for the salvation of their fellow-men. Let it not be imagined that a reverer of our own pure and protestant Church can willingly be mild or

tolerant to the religion of Rome, which, although fears and surmises are newly awake, is hastening to that doom reserved for a corrupt and erroneous faith. But charity forbids that the good should be concealed because of the evil : let it rather be believed that the piety, which could shine amid so much darkness, must indeed be bright ; and that the gold which came forth from such dross and corruption, was even as the " fine gold."

The foreign missions also awoke the zeal of other institutions. From the Dominicans and Franciscans went forth invaluable men, whose labours were admirable in China, as were those of the Franciscans in Tartary, where John of Montcorvin translated the New Testament and the Psalms of David into the Tartar language. Montcorvin was a superior character, and Pope Clement V. erected in his favour an archbishopric in the city of Cambalu (or Peking). The congregation, called Theatins, was founded in 1524. They have had missionaries in Armenia, Georgia, Persia, and Arabia, Borneo, Sumatra, and other places. This congregation has given to the Romish church many cardinals, bishops, and several illustrious men. The Sulpicians were founded by Mons. Olier, who by his missionaries planted the faith at Montreal in America. The Eudists owed their existence to Mons. Eudes, brother to the historian Mezerai. Besides these, there are now reckoned about thirty minor establishments for secular priests to supply distant missions. The seminary of foreign missionaries at Paris, established by father Bernard, a Carmelite, and bishop of Babylon, in 1663, was richly endowed. The revolution swept it away, and though the seminary has been since restored, its revenues are irrecoverably lost. The most celebrated is the congregation de Propaganda Fide, at Rome, founded in 1622, by Pope Gregory XV. ; its office was to extend the faith to

every part of the globe. This college was increased and enriched by the munificence of Urban VIII. Its revenues are in part employed in translating books of instruction into different languages, and in educating and forming for the priesthood, at a great expense, young men of distant nations, who are to carry home to their countrymen the results of the regular course of studies they have pursued in Rome.

## FRANCIS XAVIER.

THE kingdom of Navarre, where the light of the gospel is said to have first shone on Spain, was, in the sixteenth century, the nursery of the greatest missionary, and the most accomplished warrior, of the age. The childhood of Henry of Bourbon was passed amidst the rocks of the Pyrenees, and the hardships and exercises of a mountain life; where were formed that vigorous constitution and fearless spirit, that afterwards bore him through so many combats, fatigues, and disasters. The chateau of Coarase could hardly be more wild and savage in situation than the ancient castle of Xavier, given by king Theobald to the ancestors of the family, two hundred and fifty years before, in recompense of signal services performed for the crown. Mary Azpilcueta Xavier, its young and beautiful owner, heiress to two of the most illustrious families in the kingdom, married Don Juan de Jasso, one of the counsellors of state to John the Third. Several children were the fruit of this union, the youngest of whom, Francis, was born in April, 1506: from undoubted records, he derived his descent from the kings of Navarre.

As the boy grew, his parents took an anxious care of his education: being of a most Christian spirit themselves, they trained him to the fear of God from his infancy. He sometimes joined his brothers in the sports of the chase in the neighbouring forests, which abounded in wolves, foxes, and wild boars; but more frequently he wandered alone amidst the mountains, attached to their magnificent scenery and solitude. His home was at the foot of the

Pyrenees, whose bare and gloomy heights were here and there relieved by woods of olive and chesnut, or the primeval oak; the walls and towers of the castle, dark with age, seemed portions of the precipice. At evening it was delightful to walk on the battlements, as the darkness gathered, and the shepherd's cry or the sound of the torrent came from above. In the silence as well as majesty of such scenes, the wild and romantic spirit of Francis was nursed. With increasing years there grew within him a restless imagination and ardent genius, which were the forerunners of an intense desire to be useful to others. Perhaps even then the latter feeling was planted, though as yet he knew it not: even then, the seeds were perhaps sown by the ever watchful affection of his mother, of that zeal which was to set nations in a flame. Instead of embracing the profession of arms, after the example of his brothers, he resolved to devote himself to learning: masters were provided for him at home, and, having gained a good knowledge of the classics, he desired to study at the university of Paris, then so celebrated. With this intent he quitted that home of dear and dreamy excitement, this home of indulgence and tenderness, where so many bold aspirations had been cherished, to go to the most dissipated capital of Europe, and gain the same for which he panted among spirits more gifted and powerful than his own. He was well fitted for the strife, and nature had given him a frame suited to the soul it contained. He was at this period eighteen years of age, above the middle size, and finely proportioned: his naturally robust constitution was strengthened by hardy exercises and strict temperance.

On his arrival in Paris, he entered on the study of philosophy, striving with incessant pains to be at the head of all his fellow-students, minding nothing more than how to become an excellent philosopher.

He succeeded so well, that having successfully maintained his theses to the end of his course, he took his degree of master of arts, and was judged worthy to teach philosophy himself. His public lectures on Aristotle gained him a high reputation; and he exulted in having thus added to the lustre of his family in the way of learning, while his brothers were advancing it in that of arms. "But God," says one of his biographers, "had far other thoughts than those of Xavier, and it was not for these fading honours that he had been conducted to Paris!"

The new professor taught at the college of Beauvais, where he had numerous audiences, but he dwelt in the college of St. Barbara. About this time Ignatius Loyola came to finish his studies in Paris. He had renounced the world; had given up its pleasures and vices, and now sought to erect a powerful Society, of which he was to be the head and soul; a Society "devoted to the salvation of men." He soon heard of Xavier, and, insinuating himself into his acquaintance, he omitted no opportunity of leading his thoughts to religion; on which he conversed admirably, but without any effect on his hearer. He then changed his battery, and began to flatter the wit and talents of the professor; he procured him several pupils, whom he conducted even to his chair, and made it his business, by every means, to augment his fame. Ignatius had looked into his heart: Xavier had repulsed and ridiculed him, but, by these pointed and incessant kindnesses, his vain yet generous nature was softened, and he became the friend, and listened with increasing attention to the discourses of Loyola. Some time after, Xavier's finances being in a low condition, "which frequently happens to foreigners, who are at a great distance from their own country," Loyola assisted him. Still did the haughty spirit of the aris-

toerat, whose head was filled with lofty thoughts, make a fierce resistance to counsels "which were so contrary to his natural bent." Was it any wonder, that when he turned from his brilliant auditory to the weak bodily presence and mean attire of Ignatius, who affected poverty, that he recoiled from the contrast? The perseverance of the latter was at last rewarded: finding his friend one day unusually attentive, he repeated those words of our Lord, "What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" he then spoke impressively on the fleeting honours and passions of men, and asked why a mind so noble and lofty should confine itself to them alone! that heavenly glory was the only sufficient object of his ambition, enduring eternally, when all else would be as a dream." The words sank deep in the mind of Xavier. Then it was that he began to see into the emptiness of earthly greatness, and found himself touched with the love of heavenly things. But these first impressions of grace had not all their due effect. It was not till after serious and painful reflections, and many a hard struggle, that, being overcome at length by the power of those eternal truths, he took up a solid resolution, of living according to the maxims of the gospel.

Believing that the first step of a sincere convert should be to subdue his darling passion, and that the haughtiness of the soul is most effectually to be tamed by mortifying the flesh, he undertook the conquest of himself, by fasting, penance, and a shirt of hair-cloth. During the vacation in his course of lectures, he entered on the 'Spiritual Exercises of Ignatius.' These celebrated exercises appear to have been highly beneficial, giving depth and elevation to his religious thoughts and feelings: he ever afterwards loved and observed them. His was a spirit suited to be their dwelling-place, to

which they came as things of life and light, not, as to many others, of distress and fear: for they were apt to bewilder weak spirits, as well as nerve and establish the bold. Francis gradually estranged himself from his companions, his tastes, and pursuits: "he was wholly changed into another man:" humility was now as dear to him as pride had been before. He refused a canonry of Pampluna, which was offered him at this time, and was very considerable, both in regard of the profits and the dignity. Having finished his course of philosophy, which had lasted three years and a half, he entered on the study of divinity. Thus young and inexperienced in the waywardness of the human heart, he resigned his preferments, his fame, the triumphs of genius, the exquisite pleasures of learning, to become a homeless man, living on alms, preaching to any one who would listen to him, "without the vain ornaments of eloquence." The spirit could not long be satisfied with this narrow field: its burning thoughts found vent at intervals in equally burning words, which only gave fuel to the flame. With five other students and Ignatius, he repaired at night to the summit of Montmartre; and there the seven engaged themselves, by a solemn vow to God, to cast themselves at the feet of the pontiff at Rome, for the service of the church, into whatever part of the world he would please to send them. With what vast and important consequences this lonely vow was fraught! Could the band of enthusiasts have been portrayed in that exciting moment, by an artist's hand!—the rocky summit of Montmartre—the starlight on the silent city—the resolved and kindling features lifted towards heaven—the tall and graceful figure of Xavier—the fixed and thoughtful aspect of Ignatius! "The place where they stood was once watered with the blood of martyrs, and there the bodies of those martyrs were deposited."

A less romantic, but more touching devotion was shewn by his only sister, Magdalen. She had been maid of honour, and favourite, to the queen Isabella. The love of solitude and tranquillity had caused her to forsake the court of Arragon. Having chosen the place of her retreat, she applied herself with fervour to penitence and prayer. The purity of her spirit and the excellence of her life raised her to the rule of the convent of St. Clare de Gaudia. The youthful abbess preserved the simplicity of her manners and kindness of temper, which had won such regard in her noviciate. Her father, Don Jasso, wrote to her concerning her brother, whom he thought of recalling from Paris, intending perhaps to seek office for him at the Court. After she had received and considered the letter, "as if by some light from above," she wrote in reply, that he should beware of recalling Francis, "that he was a chosen vessel, designed to be an apostle to the infidel, and that one day he should become a great pillar of the church." Don Jasso, who had a high opinion of the piety and judgment of his daughter, followed her advice implicitly. Magdalen lived to see a part of her prediction verified, and to offer up her thanks to God who had poured such glory on her favourite brother: perhaps she alone, of all her family, had marked the early musings, the fleeting aspirations of the boy. In her cell, in the retreat of St. Clare, reflecting on the past, and brooding over the future, did not her prayers rise up before God in *his* behalf? and where they not heard?—the prayers of the righteous, of those who so love us, do not, cannot fall to the ground. The only daughter of her illustrious house, she had resisted every entreaty to return to the court, and to accept of a suitable marriage, for she inherited the beauty of her mother.

In the middle of November, in the following year.

the six pilgrims set out for Venice, where Ignatius, who had gone before, had agreed to meet them. They travelled all through Germany on foot, loaded with their writings, in the midst of winter, which that year was very sharp and cold. These manuscripts, so precious in their eyes, and somewhat voluminous, were borne through forest and plain, and swollen stream: the German landlords must have looked with a hard and pitiless eye on the literary wanderers, heir scanty purses and poor array: for Xavier had taken the vow of poverty and chastity. They suffered much on the road; frost and snow, weariness and hunger, did not cool their zeal. Arriving at Venice in the middle of January, they were delighted to meet with Loyola, and by his advice placed themselves in two hospitals in the city. Xavier was here ordained priest, and soon after retired to Monteselice, a village about four miles from Padua, where he spent forty days in a ruined forsaken cottage, open to the inclemencies of the weather: the ground was his pillow, and he subsisted on a little bread. Hence he went to Vicenza, where he spent his time in works of charity and in earnest addresses to the people: his memory was long cherished there, and the house in which he dwelt was afterwards given to the Society, and converted into an oratory. His ministerial exercises were arrested by a languishing illness, brought on by his great and continual austerities: he was carried to one of the hospitals, where he had so often attended others. During his recovery, while yet faint and wasted, and scarcely able to stand, he repaired to the public places, to call sinners to repentance. From Vicenza he proceeded to Bologna. Jerome Casalini, an ecclesiastic of this city, relates some passages respecting him. He states, that when Xavier went one day to say mass at the tomb of St. Dominick, his niece, a young and devout lady,

Isabella Casalini saw him at the altar, and was so struck with his demeanour, that, on her return home, she spoke to her uncle of the stranger. Jerome went in search of the Spanish priest, and importuned him so earnestly to lodge at his house, that he could not refuse. Every day, after having celebrated the divine mysteries in St. Lucie's church, he heard the confessions of such as presented themselves before him, and afterwards visited the prisons and the hospitals, catechised the children, and preached to the people. He spoke with much vehemence, and, the sermon being ended, many cast themselves at his feet to make confessions: having thus laboured all the day, he passed the night in prayer. Isabella and her uncle were charmed with their guest; "through his instructions and example the latter sought and attained a greater degree of holiness than he had ever even hoped for." Xavier was fond of reading the works of St. Jerome, "being devoted to that blessed doctor of the church, for the understanding of difficult places in the scripture." Inactivity, even of body, was his horror; for so rooted were the hardy habits of his earlier life in the Pyrenees, that in Paris, "amongst all the recreations used by scholars, he liked none but the exercises of the body." His sickness returned on him in the home of Casalini, with repeated faintings, in which he lay wan and pale, the very picture of death. Isabella watched him with anxious care: often, in after years, when they heard of his deeds in India, did she and Jerome remember how he lay before them, even as a bruised reed, feeble and bushed as an infant in sleep.

Thus passed away a few years, from the time of his arrival in Venice. He was at length called to Rome by Ignatius; and on his arrival was, with his companions, enjoined by the pope to officiate under the authority of the holy see, and the church of

St. Lawrence in Damaso was allotted to him. The strain of his preaching was terrifying, "but in a manner so plain, and withal so moving," that the people, who came in crowds to hear him, departed out of the church in profound silence. The famine which laid waste Rome at this time, gave exercise to the charity of the Spaniards. Xavier, whose strength and health were fully restored, bore the sick and famished on his shoulders to the places where subsistence was provided, and attended them with the utmost care. Thus did he unconsciously prepare himself for his great enterprise,—first, in the college of St. Barbara,—next, under the discipline of Loyola,—and now, as a wanderer, at the call of every sorrow and pain. Had the destiny to the East come earlier, it had found him wholly unprepared and "unskilful in this warfare." The few years of pilgrimage, serving in the hospitals, the strange homes and welcomes, even the desolate hovel of Monteselice, constituted together a useful though stern initiation to a career "whose fearfulness and misery must needs be very great." He had set out with this maxim, that we make no progress against difficulties, but by vanquishing ourselves. About this time, Govea, a Portuguese, formerly president of the college of St. Barbara at Paris, happened to come to Rome, whither John the Third, king of Portugal, had sent him on some important business. He had known Ignatius and Xavier at Paris, and, becoming now more intimate with them, he wrote to his master, that men so learned, and of so great zeal, were the very men to send to plant the faith in the East Indies. The king assented: Rodrigues and Xavier were accordingly chosen; the latter, on receiving the order, went to ask the benediction of the pontiff, Paul the Third, who was struck with the mingled nobleness and humility of his presence, and spoke some words

to those around, predictive of the unusual events that would mark his career.

Xavier was soon to leave Rome with the ambassador, and proceed by land to Lisbon. Ignatius presented the model of his Institution to the pope, by whom it was ratified, and with the title of General to the founder. Full of zeal for the conversion of the nations, as well as of ambition for the power of his order, Loyola saw that Xavier was a fit instrument for the accomplishment of both designs. His ascendancy over a mind more richly endowed and far more refined than his own, was a happy augury for infant Jesuitism. A cool and acute judgment, a far glance into futurity, and a high enthusiasm, mingling with the sagest purposes, well qualified him to be the founder of a new and dominant order. The rules which Xavier received from his friend were few and simple; the consummate system of subsequent years was so unformed at this time, that Francis, on his departure from Rome, put a memorial into the hands of Laynez, in which he declared that he approved the regulations which should be drawn up by Ignatius, in case they were confirmed by the holy see. The last words of the two men to each other are richly characteristic: the impassible Ignatius, rarely moved to strong emotion, save in his prayers, still struck the master-chord of the imagination; he knew its subtle and exquisite power: "Go, my brother, rejoice that you have not here a narrow Palestine, or a province of Asia, in prospect, but a vast extent of ground, and innumerable kingdoms. An entire world is reserved for your endeavours; and nothing but so large a field is worthy of your courage and your zeal. The voice of God calls you; kindle those unknown nations with the flame that burns within you." Xavier wept: "It is impossible for me to forget you, Ignatius; or not to recall to my memory that

sincere and holy friendship. Father of my soul, when I am afar, I will think that you are still present, and that I behold you with my eyes; write to me often—the smallness of my talent is known to you; share with me those abundant treasures which heaven has heaped upon you.”

The journey to Lisbon, by way of the Alps and Pyrenees, occupied three months. An incident of a singular nature occurred by the way: the travellers passed at no great distance from the castle of Xavier; the ambassador pressed Francis to go and take leave of his mother and his friends. The latter did a stern violence to himself, when he refused to turn out of his way, when he looked afar off on the battlements of the castle where his noble parent yet lived, whose care had watched over him, who had first lifted his thoughts to God. He said that the transient interview would be full of melancholy and sadness, and that this fresh tide of feeling would be a burden more than he could bear. The train passed on amidst the woods and cliffs of the Pyrenees, and he soon lost sight of the walls for ever—though he knew not, then, it was to be for ever. Dread principle of self-sacrifice, that could thus arrest a son's affection, stifle the farewell that trembled on his lips, and bid him turn from a mother's tears, and he her youngest born! Well was it for Xavier that he was mercifully saved, in his after career, from a seared heart and unfeeling temper, the doom of many who have thus warred with nature. On the arrival of the ambassador and his company in Lisbon, Xavier took up his abode in the hospital of All Saints; a handsome lodging had been prepared for him in the palace, which he declined. Being presented to the king and queen, the former recommended to his care fifty young gentlemen who were bred at court. The fleet was not to sail till the next spring: he, unaccustomed to

live in idleness, was not satisfied with the instruction of his pupils, but did at Lisbon what he had done at Venice, Bologna, and Rome. He assisted the sick in the hospitals day and night, visited the prisoners every day, and catechised the children.

The prince Don Henry, who was nominated cardinal not long after, and who in process of time came to the crown, conceived a strong attachment to Xavier. Being grand inquisitor, he gave him absolute power in his tribunal, and permitted him to discourse freely with all the prisoners of the inquisition. We are not told whether Xavier used this permission to the purposes of mercy; whether he carried his spirit of charity and philanthropy to the cells and dungeons of this gate of hell. Did he breathe hope to the convicted heretic, who already saw the flames hissing round his limbs? Did he comfort and calm the suspected, harassed with subtle questions, and tossed on a sea of doubt and mystery? Or did he demean himself as a true son of the infallible church? If he did not wipe away the tear of unutterable anguish, because it fell from a heart which the demon of heresy had entered, he at least bestirred himself to good effect among the gay and the great. In a letter to Ignatius, the picture is graphic: "Nothing can be more regular than the court of Portugal; it resembles rather a religious society than a secular court. The number of courtiers who come to confession, and are afterwards communicated, every eight days, is so very great, that we are in admiration of it. We are sitting on the confession-seat all the day long and part of the night, though none but courtiers are permitted to come to us. I observed, when the king was at Almeira, that those who waited on him, from all parts of the kingdom, about their own affairs, were in great admiration of this new court-mode." So great a haste to sorrow for, rather than forsake sin,

among the courtiers; so exclusive and aristocratic a repentance; the day was too short; by night, and the lonely glare of the lamp, these sons of luxury and fashion, believing that the 'keys of death and of hell' were in the hands of the priest, hastened to disburden their consciences. They clothed themselves with trembling, while Rome sat on her throne in the beauty of her wisdom, rejoicing in her hidden treasures; her mysteries were in the place of God." Men of pleasure, taste, and intrigue bow before a stranger, who loved to search the depths and recesses of the heart; but in this courtly multitude, elbowing each other, was their time for repentance to produce its fruits? did the minute confession terminate in a renewed heart and an amended life? What place was there for doubt, fear, the humble yet blessed hope, when absolution was at hand? Well was it that the confession-seat was not thus in request among the heathen; it was not held necessary, save for sins committed after baptism and conversion. Xavier's views on this point, a few years afterwards, are thus written to a pupil at Goa: "Do not be severe to those who discover the wounds of their soul, who mourn the burden of their sins. Lest they should despair of pardon, speak to them of the infinite mercies of the Lord. What can a true and fervent charity refuse, for the safety of those who have been redeemed with the blood of Jesus Christ? When a person hardened in vice shall come to confession, exhort him to take several days of preparation, examine his conscience thoroughly, and, by his memory, cause him to write down all the sins he has observed in the whole course of his life. Being thus disposed, do not be too hasty in giving him absolution. Let him be alone two or three days, and excite himself to sorrow for his sins, in consideration of the love of God; instruct him in the

way of meditation, 'counsel him to fast, and shed the tears of penance, which will render his sacramental absolution of more efficacy to him. By God's assistance, you can heal the most mortal wounds of the soul." Nine months thus passed, and the time of embarkation came: Xavier was presented by the king with the four briefs which had been expedited from Rome, in two of which the pope constituted Xavier apostolical nuncio, with ample powers throughout the East; in the third, his holiness recommended him to David, emperor of Ethiopia; and in the fourth, to all the princes who possessed the isles of the sea. The count of Castagnera had orders to make a liberal provision for his voyage; he, however, refused all supplies, save some books and a "thick cloth habit, against the excessive colds which are felt in doubling the Cape." The noble galiot at last spread her sails to the wind—the signal was given. Rodriguez, who was to have been his companion in the mission, was unable from illness to depart; he accompanied his friend on board, who now satisfied the questions often put to him, and as often evaded. "Rodriguez," he said, "you may remember that when we lodged together in the hospital at Rome, you often heard me crying out in my sleep, and asked me the meaning of the words. A vision or dream was given me, in which I beheld a wide ocean lashed by the storm, and full of rocks, desert isles, and barbarous lands, hunger and thirst raging every where, with death in many a fearful form. In the midst of this ghastly representation, I cried out, 'Yet more, O my God! yet more!' I then beheld all I was to suffer for the glory of Jesus Christ; and not being able to satiate myself with those troubles which were presented to my imagination, I used those words, 'I hope the Divine goodness will grant me that in India, which

he has foreshewn to me in Italy.'” Rodriguez and he had long laboured together. Xavier was greatly moved as he embraced him for the last time: “My brother,” he said, “these are the last words which I shall ever say to you—we shall see each other no more in this present world.”

The admiral's vessel, in which he sailed, carried out the new viceroy of the Indies; at least a thousand persons were on board, whose temporal and spiritual welfare fully occupied the missionary. He converted his spacious cabin into an infirmary; the dishes which the viceroy sent him every day from his table, he divided among those who were in need. The colds of Cape de Verd, the heats of Guinea, the unwholesome air of Mozambique, where they put in, affected the crew with many diseases; he watched with the dying men, laid himself down beside the cots, to snatch an unquiet slumber; at the first groan or sigh he was awake, and ran to their relief. He caught a malignant fever, and lay some weeks between life and death. After a voyage of thirteen months, the vessel arrived at Goa. Francis, on landing, waited on D'Albuquerque, bishop of Goa, and presented him the briefs of Paul the Third for his approbation. The prelate kissed the briefs, received the bearer with great courtesy, and promised to support him with his episcopal authority. To implore the blessing of Heaven on his labours, the latter consecrated that night to prayer in the chapel; for a few hours' inquiry convinced him that in Goa a higher influence than that of Paul or D'Albuquerque was required. The first conquerors of the Indies are said to have established Christianity there; but it was miserably corrupted at this time. Mahometanism and idolatry had overrun the whole country. Among the Portuguese, debauchery and the thirst of gain seemed to have extinguished in most

souls the sentiments of religion ; there were not more than four preachers in all the country, nor any priest without the walls of Goa : the bishop's exhortations and threats were despised. Justice was sold at the tribunals, and the greatest crimes escaped punishment, when the criminals could afford to corrupt the judges. The use of the sacraments was in a manner abolished, and public worship in disuse. On this dissolute and corrupt city, Xavier looked with indignation, but not dismay. He made a turn through the streets every day with a bell in his hand, and gave a loud summons to the fathers of families, that, for the love of God, they would send their children to be catechised. He was convinced that if the Portuguese youths were well instructed in the principles of religion, and formed betimes to the practice of a good life, Christianity in a little time would be seen to revive in Goa : in case they grew up like their parents, there was no remaining hope. The children first gathered about him in crowds ; he led them daily to the church, and taught them in a simple yet earnest manner,—and it was through their means that the town of Goa began in some measure to change its face. He then proceeded to public preaching and private visitations. Slowly and surely the reformation of manners advanced. The gentlemen and merchants applied themselves to the regulation of their families and the banishment of vice. They gave Xavier considerable sums of money, which he distributed, in their presence, in the hospitals and prisons. The viceroy accompanied him there once a week, to hear the complaints of the captives, and relieve the poor. His home was resorted to by numbers—sinners struck with remorse, penitents whose tears were shed at his feet ; usurious bonds were cancelled, and habits of profligacy were laid aside. At the end of one year, morality and piety were

loved and practised in Goa. A change so rapid and effectual may well seem surprising: D'Albuquerque, a virtuous prelate, had long tried in vain to stem the torrent of corruption. The extraordinary zeal, "hitherto so great a novelty," of the stranger, drew all eyes upon him, and, like the prophet in the streets of Nineveh, he seemed to have fallen as it were from heaven into the bosom of the guilty city, against whose impenitence he appealed. Address was mingled with his fidelity; those who were plunged the deepest in "that darling vice, the more tenderly he seemed to use them, knowing that those silken bands are the hardest to be broken." He made them frequent visits without fear of scandal, invited himself sometimes to eat with them, and then, assuming an air of gaiety, he desired the host to bring down the children to bear him company. "When he had a little commended them, he asked to see their mother, and addressed her as kindly as if she had been a virtuous woman. If she were beautiful or well-shaped, he praised her. After which, in private conversation with the host, 'You have,' said he, 'a fair slave or companion, who deserves to be your wife.' These words, with other persuasions, commonly had their full effect, and these unlawful connexions ended in marriage." If this reparation was refused, he was again the stern confessor;—and the boldest trembled at his menace. Perhaps the eloquence so admired in the college of Beauvais, lent its aid to his discourses. The friendship of the viceroy was not without its influence; and the public mind did not fail to contrast the illustrious birth and pretensions of Xavier, with the perfect simplicity and lowliness of his life—beautiful and resistless contrast! "God resisteth the proud," he was accustomed to say. He had come out very unprepared for a mission peculiarly directed to the heathen world. He was

a stranger to every Indian dialect, and how was he to preach or converse among the various nations? Miracles not being yet familiar to him, he could hardly have expected to speak Malabar or Bengalee by inspiration. To have hastened at once to some idolatrous land, might have exposed him to severe disappointment, as well as all the anguish of unknown sounds. In the devotion of months or years to the acquisition of languages, time would have seemed to him an accuser, hope delayed would have made his heart sick. At the time he was the instrument of so much good in Goa, he frequently mingled with the people of various nations who resorted thither, and thus gained some acquaintance with their dialects, manners, and usages. His fame also went forth to the isles of the Malayan archipelago, and the nations of the interior were thereby enabled to prepare their minds for his coming. This first and decided success in Goa gave assurance to his future career. He was highly favoured. Scarcely was his heart given wholly to God, scarcely did it breathe its burning prayer for usefulness, when a field so vast, so glorious, suited to such a soul, was given him! In the very outset, when men in general sow in tears, in patience, and long preparation, he entered into the harvest. And now it was time to depart, to gird his sandals on his feet; "he could no longer coop himself up within a town." The midnight vow on Montmartre, which he believed to be registered in heaven, must be accomplished.

Michael Vaz, vicar-general of the Indies, told him that on the eastern shore, called the coast of Fishery, there was a people called Paravaş, who had caused themselves to be baptized some time since, in gratitude for succours rendered them by the Portuguese against the Moors, by whom they were cruelly oppressed. This people, for want of

pastors, knew nothing more of Christianity than baptism. He embarked in a galiot, taking with him two young ecclesiastics of Goa, who had a tolerable knowledge of the Malabar tongue. He arrived at Cape Comorin, a high promontory facing the isle of Ceylon, and distant six hundred miles from Goa. Advancing into the interior, he began to pay the penalty of his scanty knowledge of the language; and, perceiving that his two interpreters frequently altered the things he said, "and that our own words, when spoken by ourselves, have more vigour in them;" he confronted some people of the country, who understood Portuguese, with his companions who spoke Malabar, and then consulted both parties for many days together. Thus toiling, he translated into the Paravas tongue the words of the sign of the cross, the apostles' creed, the commandments, the Lord's prayer, the salutation of the angel, the *confiteor*, the *salve regina*, and, in fine, the whole catechism. What a union of truth with error! The translation being finished, he got it by heart, and took his way through the villages of the coast, in number about thirty. "I went about with my bell in my hand," he says, "and, gathering together all I met, both the young and the old, I instructed them in the christian doctrine; the former learnt it easily by heart in the compass of a month, and, when they understood it, I charged them to teach it to their fathers and mothers, all of their own family, and even their neighbours. On Sunday I assembled all the men and women, and little boys and girls, in the chapel; all came to my appointment with an incredible joy, and ardent desire to hear the word of God. I began by confessing God to be one in nature, and three in person. I afterwards repeated distinctly, and with an audible voice, the Lord's prayer, the angelical salutation, and the apostles'

creed. All of them together repeated after me; and it is hardly to be imagined what pleasure they took in it! This being done, I repeated the creed singly, and, insisting on every particular article, asked if they certainly believed it: they all protested to me, with loud cries, and their hands across their breasts, that they firmly believed it. My practice is, to make them repeat the creed oftener than the other prayers; and I declare to them, at the same time, that they who believe the contents of it are true Christians. Then I pass to the ten commandments, and give them to understand, that the christian law is comprised in those ten precepts; that whoever violates one of them is a bad man, and will be lost unless he repent him of his sin. With all this we intermingle some short prayers. Those who are to receive baptism, I also enjoin to say the Belief. In conclusion, I frequently make them an exhortation, which I have composed in their own language, being an epitome of the Christian faith, and of the necessary duties incumbent on it."—In this sketch of a drudgery so often renewed, an instruction so painful, there is much to admire as well as to condemn. Every mental avenue of the poor Paravas was closely besieged. The sagacity of Xavier, if not clouded by superstition, would have quickly perceived that he was darkening the sublime simplicity of Christianity, and confusing the ideas of the savages by more than one glory and one adoration. After a fine and brief address to the Redeemer, he added, "Holy Mary, mother of our Lord Jesus Christ, obtain for us, from thy beloved Son, to believe this article, without any doubt concerning it!" and again, after each clause of the decalogue, "O Mary, obtain for us, that we may have the grace to keep this commandment! And in conclusion, We sometimes," he says, "shut up our service in singing the *Salve Regina*, to im-

plote the assistance of the blessed Virgin." Having instructed, during the space of a month, the inhabitants of one village, he called together, ere his departure, the most intelligent amongst them, to whom he gave in writing what he had taught, that on Sundays and Saints' days they might teach the people. He committed to these catechists the care of the churches, which he caused to be built in populous places. Not caring to impose this task on them gratuitously, he obtained a salary for each catechist from the viceroy of the Indies. The Paravas, to whom he thus opened the treasures of reason as well as the comforts of faith, covetous to know more, "sought after him every minute, so that he had not leisure for his own devotions."

Convinced that if there were no Bramins, idolatry would soon decay in all those vast provinces of Asia, "he spared no labour to reduce that perverse generation to the true knowledge of God." Here he was completely foiled: one day, passing by a monastery, where two hundred Bramins lived together, they came out to meet him, filled with curiosity to see the stranger. Mutual courtesies passed, and then, sitting down in the open air, he inquired into the nature of their superstitions. A fine old man, of fourscore, answered him; he rose and expounded to them his own faith: they listened earnestly, and, when he had concluded, ran to embrace him, and then wearied his soul with such questions as the following, which would have made a less polite or even-tempered man depart, after shaking off the dust of his feet against them. If the soul died not, at what part of the body it went out, after death? If in our sleep we were in a far country, or conversed with an absent person, whether the soul went not out of the body at that time? Of what colour God was, black or white? their doctors being divided on that point. He afterwards visited

a famous Brahmin hermit, who had been instructed in the best academies of the East, and was an oracle to the whole country, and who revealed to his guest, though his confidence was attended with keen remorse, all the hidden mysteries of his faith. He lived in a cave, in a lonely region. Xavier turned sadly away, and sought again his simple and unlearned people, among whom he had now spent fifteen months; and in a few weeks afterwards he returned to Goa.

A seminary had lately been founded at Goa, for the education of the idolatrous youths, in which sixty were assembled, of divers countries, who spoke nine or ten different languages. The want of masters, capable of forming their minds, was quickly felt. Xavier, on his first arrival at Goa, was offered the conduct of this new establishment, which he declined, but made prudent regulations for the government and direction of the scholars. On his return from the Paravas, he brought with him, and placed in the seminary, several young Indians, to be hereafter his assistants. This institution, which he had enlarged, possessed a fair house, a garden, and a magnificent church. He gave it the name of the College of St. Paul, and it was made over to the society of Ignatius; whence the Jesuits were called, as they have been ever since in Goa, the fathers of St. Paul. He remained here but a short time, and then returned with all expedition to his Paravas, with the best provision of gospel labourers he could procure. On landing, he assigned to each of his followers some particular province along the coast, and resumed his beloved toils. His food was the same with that of the poorest people—rice and water. During his visit of a few weeks to a distant part of the coast, a fierce and numerous tribe of robbers, called Badages, having seized on the territory of Pande, which is betwixt Malabar and the coast of Fishery, made an irruption

into the latter. The Paravas, unprepared for battle, took to flight, and threw themselves in heaps into their barks, escaping into desert islands; where they fled from the sword, to die of hunger: exposed to the burning heats of the sun, without nourishment, numbers perished daily. No sooner did the news reach Xavier, in the district where he then resided, than, passing speedily to the western coast, where was a colony of Portuguese, he earnestly solicited their succour in this his extreme necessity. He obtained twenty barks, laden with all manner of provisions, and brought them in person to the scenes of misery. The Paravas beheld with rapture the approach of their pastor and friend: the dying lifted up their heads, and pronounced his name; those who were able, feebly hastened along the strand, where they had languished without hope. He spoke comfort to them, and, when their strength was somewhat recovered, he brought them back to their habitations, from which the Badages had now retired. He raised a subscription among the Christians to recompense their losses, left some missionaries with them, and then bent his steps to the kingdom of Travancore; the Portuguese having obtained permission of the king that he might preach there. He followed the same methods of instruction which he had used on the coast of Fishery, and with even greater success, the country being more populous, so that as many as thirty churches were built. His zeal under these circumstances became precipitate: he writes, "that in one month he baptized ten thousand idolaters; and that frequently, in one day, he baptized a well-peopled village. It was a most pleasing object to behold, that so soon as those infidels had received the rite, they ran, vying with each other, to demolish the temples of the idols." The career of Xavier presents at this period a series of contradictions:

months and years spent in the slow and careful instruction of one people, are succeeded by the impatient and sweeping conversion of another. In these baptisms *en masse*, too tumultuous to allow of the dispositions and tastes of Christianity, his discretion was mournfully at fault. Incensed to the last degree at his progress, the Brahmins now resolved to take away his life. Assassins lay in ambush, and in the silence of the night endeavoured to shoot him with their arrows: on one of these occasions he was wounded. Several houses were burned in a hamlet where he lodged, to ensure his destruction. He was one day compelled to hide himself in the deepest covert of the wood, till the pursuers passed by; and the following night he ascended a high tree, while they searched the forest on every side. There was at last a necessity that some of the Christians should keep guard about him day and night, and they often placed themselves in arms around the house where he had retired.

In his wanderings at this time, there are passages of a high and even dramatic interest. A great multitude, more than any building could contain, gathered one day to hear him: he led them into a spacious plain, to the number of six thousand persons, and then, from an eminence whence his voice could be heard afar off, he preached to them the words of eternal life. There it was also, that when the sun went down, and the coolness of evening was on the plain, he sometimes celebrated the Communion under the sails of ships, which were spread above the altar in such a manner that it might be distinguished on every side. In the mean time, the Badages, who had ravaged the coasts of Fishery the preceding year, animated by the thirst of booty, entered the kingdom of Travancore, on the side of one of those mountains which border on the Cape Comorin. Not having, as before, to do with simple fishermen,

they came well armed, and in good order, under the conduct of the *naiche*, or lord of Modure, a valiant leader. The people of the maritime villages fled at their approach, and carried into the interior the news of the invasion. The king of Travancore, the most powerful of all the chiefs of Malabar, collected his forces, and marched to meet the enemy. Xavier, as soon as he understood the *Badages* were drawing near, remembering how they had ravaged his poor *Paravas*, fell prostrate on the ground in an agony of intercession:—"O Lord," he said, "remember that thou art the God of mercies, and protector of the faithful; give not up to the fury of these wolves, that flock, of which thou hast appointed me the pastor: that these new Christians, who are yet so feeble in the faith, may not repent their embracing it. We repose our confidence on Thee!" He arose, and animating with his own daring spirit those who stood around, he bade this band of fervent Christians closely follow him, and, with a crucifix in his hands, he advanced with a rapid step towards the plain where the enemy were marching on. When he arrived within a distance, from which his powerful voice could be distinctly heard, he stopped, and said to them in a menacing voice, "I forbid you, in the name of the living God, to pass further, and, on his part, command you to return the way you came." The bandits who were in front, were so struck with the sudden appearance and startling address of Xavier, that they stood still, gazing at him with a superstitious terror. There have been instances of almost incredible effects produced by the desperation of even a single man. These plunderers had doubtless heard of Xavier on the coast of Fishery, and of the miraculous powers imputed to him. Those who were in the rear asked the reason of this delay; answer was returned from the front ranks, that they had

before their eyes the person who was the mighty priest of his God, habited in black, of a tall stature and menacing aspect, and that the fire flashed from his eyes. A panic spread among them, and, turning about, they marched composedly away, awed by the enthusiasm and indomitable conduct of one—who felt that he stood alone in the breach, between his people and the slaughter. The Christians who had followed him, ran to the villages, to tell of the retreat of the robbers: the king sent for him forthwith, and called him his father and his brother, and, though he heeded not Xavier's exhortations, he gave to his subjects liberty to become Christians if they so desired.

Invitations now came from other nations, yet more distant. He wrote to the doctors of the Sorbonne in Paris, to engage them to come and preach the gospel, "for he was not sufficient alone." The zeal of these savans was not flaming enough to take them from their halls of learning on the banks of the Seine, and their Parisian circles, to go to Asia to convert the heathen! "They admired the apostolic charity with which the letter was replenished, and took a copy of it, as did also many divines." The reading of Xavier's appeal in the assembly of the Sorbonne must have been a characteristic scene. "Ah, how many souls are lost to heaven," he said, "through your fault, who abound more in learning, and the study of the sciences, than in charity. Happy are they who can give to God a good account of the talents which he has bestowed on them! Oh! say from the bottom of your hearts, Behold me in readiness, O God! send me even to the Indies, if thou commandest me." Not one chord of the heart was struck, not a muscle of the face was softened, but smiles and applauses were freely given. Poverty, famine, a burning waste, a devouring sword, were a frightful catalogue to the fancy

of calm and vain-glorious men, who, after all, would have been miserable auxiliaries. Perhaps the copy of the letter is still to be found in the archives of the Sorbonne.

Once more he came to the 'coasts of Fishery,' the scene of his first labours, and he saw that the people retained their fervour; their first love had not waxed cold, and the two missionaries he had left were faithful to their trust. He called others to their aid, for the churches increased daily. Poor as were the mental endowments of the Paravas, mean and lowly as were their dwellings, there was much in the coasts of Fishery to invite the wanderer to linger. The path of Francis was often in the wild and savage, but rarely in the sad and hideous retreats of nature. The isles and shores of the Paravas had a character all their own, such as the seer or prophet would have loved. The headlands were crowned with hamlets, while beneath, the sea was covered with isles of various size and form; of which a few were beautiful with trees and a rich verdure, even to the water's edge. Amidst the groves that seemed almost to float on the wave were the homes of the people, and there the church and spire of Christianity lifted their head. The greater part of the islands were naked rocks and sands, and the habitations of the people, who were mostly fishermen, stood on the strand, or on the beetling crags, but even here several chapels were built. One little structure, from the precipice's verge, looked boldly to seaward, as if it claimed the ocean people for its God; while another appeared nestling in some ravine, whose rugged sides sheltered it from the tempest's wing. At noon-day, when the heat was very great, all was still throughout this region. The people were retired to their homes, or to the shelter of the rocks and trees; the atmosphere was faint and breathless; no sound

was heard but the beating of the surge, or the dull splash of the boats as they rose and sank with the billow. But at the approach of evening all was animation ; the cheerful cries of the fishermen preparing for sea, the families crowding to the shore, the welcome breeze that sets in at this hour : it was the hour of the missionary also, when he gathered the people to the chapel ; eagerly they came, men, women, and children. Then were the waste places comforted ; then did the desolate rejoice in the Lord : the voice of their melody, or rather of their wild bursts of praise, passed over the waters with a solemn and appealing sound. Night was the favourite hour of Xavier ; the greater part of it was given to study and reflection :

He meditated much on that lone shore,  
Aiming at glorious things.

When a commanding spirit is let loose on its chosen destiny, how swiftly and richly it can people its own exciting world ! His head reclining on the rock, his eyes fixed on the ocean, which he peculiarly loved, Francis often saw, with a prescience that to his friends seemed like a familiar spirit, the veil of the future withdrawn — the chequered, the wild, and terrible future. He saw it with a kindling eye, for he panted for the struggle. There was another quality of his mind, that was of inexpressible avail ; namely, its wild sublimity, its insatiate reaching unto the things that are before, that first awoke when Ignatius pointed to the thrones of heaven, and never afterwards forsook him. “ Eternity only, Francis, is sufficient for such a heart as yours : its kingdom of glory alone is worthy of it : be ambitious, be magnanimous, but level at the loftiest mark.” This passion, as it may be called, was as absorbing as that of ambition to the successful statesman or warrior, filling every

faculty, haunting him when asleep or awake; ever expecting great events—as in the vision in Lisbon, when islands, empires, and deserts were presented to him, and he cried out, “Yet more, O God! yet more!” If it had been possible, he would have kept his eyes from slumber, and his thoughts from oblivion; he literally ‘murdered sleep,’ allowing himself only three hours’ repose. “He often,” it is said, “passed the night in the open air; and nothing so much elevated his soul to God, as the view of heaven, spangled over, and sowed as it were with stars:” in that ineffable beauty of an Eastern night, when sea and sky, island and grove, seem, like a fairy vision, arrayed in a light that is not of this world. It was to the missionary a season of silence and quiet: no sooner did the morning break on the waters, than he surrendered every hour and moment to the calls of others; the Paravas quickly gathered round to be instructed, or talk with him; numbers crowded to the chapels; the day did not pass without two or three sermons or exhortations; and when night came again, the soul panted to be alone: how welcome, when the clash of tongues, and importunate demands, and hurrying footsteps paused at last, and he heard no sound save the plaintive song of some lonely fisherman, and the low dash of his oar as he hastened to the land. In these solemn moments, he was like the prophet, intensely looking forth, and calling from on high, “Watchman, what of the night? Watchman, what of the night? and he answered and said, The graven images of her gods he hath broken to pieces; within a year all the glory of the heathen shall fail.”

On this coast he received an embassy from the isle of Manar, to which he instantly went: very many of the Manarois became Christians, for which they suffered martyrdom. The king of Jafnapatam, as the northern part of Ceylon is called, who hated Christian-

ity, sent some troops over to Manar, and put all the converts, men, women, and children, to the sword, who refused to save their lives by forsaking their faith. Xavier, when he heard of this event, envied their fate.

The town of Malacca, which he first visited in September, 1545, was the resort of Persians, Arabs, and Chinese, people from Pegu, Sumatra, and Java, and was soon a favourite scene of his mission. "There is here an eternal spring, notwithstanding the neighbourhood of the Line; a main business of the people is in feasts, music, and perfumes; there are plantations of palm trees, and fair gardens. Even the language participates of the softness of the country; 'tis called the Malaya tongue, and, of all the Orient, 'tis the most delicate and sweet of pronunciation." The reputation of the stranger having reached this place, the people, on his landing, ran in crowds to gaze at him; he found in the town a horrible corruption of manners. The Portuguese, who lived here at a distance both from the bishop and viceroy, committed all manner of crimes. Avarice, intemperance, sensuality, and forgetfulness of God, were every where predominant, and the habit only distinguished the Christian from the infidel. It is greatly to Xavier's praise, that, though his mission was peculiarly to the heathen, he ever gave his first and unwearied efforts to the Europeans; justly considering that those of his country and faith had a more dear and imperative claim on him. Once more the bell was in requisition; in the cool of the evening, as the people were seated at their door, or smoking in the shade of the trees, they heard the clang of the bell, and Xavier drew nigh, crying with a loud voice, "Pray to God for those who are in the state of mortal sin." By this novel mode, he drew the attention of many. "Seeing the ill habits of their minds, and that the disease was like to be inflamed if violent remedies

were applied, he tempered more than ever the ardour of his zeal. Though he had naturally a serene countenance, and was of a pleasing conversation, yet all the charms of his good humour seemed to be redoubled at Malacca, insomuch that his companion, Deyro, could not but wonder at his gaiety and soft behaviour." No sooner did he acquire some ascendancy in the town, than he resolutely began a reformation of morals: courtesans were thrust, without ceremony, out of doors, or turned into lawful wives. Young women went about the streets in the habit of men; but this established custom he abolished, for it occasioned great scandal. As for the children, who learnt songs of ribaldry, he set up little altars in the streets, around which they sung together the hymns of the Catholic church. He succeeded also in restoring the practice of confession, which was almost entirely lost. "In a few months men and women crowded the tribunal of holy penitence." He laboured to address the people in the Malaya tongue, but he had small success among either the idolaters or Mahometans, and accordingly he embarked for Amboyna, a voyage of six weeks. The first introduction of the gospel into the island was successful. A considerable portion of the natives became Christians, and he built churches in the villages, making choice of the most reasonable, the most able, and the most fervent, to be masters over the rest, till there should arrive a supply of missionaries. After he had passed several months in this place, he sailed to the Moluccas, and, weathering a terrible storm, landed in the island of Ternate, where he found the Christians as depraved as in Malacca. The conversion of an illustrious Saracen lady influenced many of the people. Neachilé, widow of Boliefe, king of Ternate, was a woman of great wit and generosity, and a mortal enemy to

the Portuguese, who had taken away her dominions, and left her with the bare title of a queen. By their intrigues, the three princes, her sons, lost their liberty and their lives. Her unhappy fortune constrained her to lead a wandering life from isle to isle, and, having returned to Ternate about the time of Xavier's arrival, she lived there without authority and without splendour, "retaining still, in her countenance and behaviour, somewhat of that haughty air which the great sometimes maintain, even in their fetters." Xavier gained access to her, and, in his first conversation, gave her a great idea of the kingdom of God, "yet withal he informed her that this kingdom was not difficult to obtain, and that, once in possession of it, there was no fear of being after dispossessed. 'Tis true, that as she was indued with a great wit, and was very knowing in the law of Mahomet, there was some need of argumentation." The Saracen princess, who had no hopes remaining of aught on earth, at last turned her thoughts and desires towards heaven. "She submitted to the grace of Jesus Christ, and was publicly baptized by the name of Isabella." Xavier, who used much pains and caution with people of clear intellect or superior rank, was not satisfied with barely making her a Christian. Perceiving in her a nobility of soul as well as great tenderness of conscience, he cultivated these qualities with admirable care; leading her onward by degrees to the most sublime and most perfect paths of a spiritual life. Having himself experienced the curse of pride, and feeling its risings still within, he was careful to break down the haughty and resentful spirit of the Saracen lady, by inculcating forgiveness of her oppressors and gentleness amidst complicated injuries. So that Neachilé, under his guidance, arrived at an eminent piety; united to God in her

retirements, and loving the deeds of charity to her neighbour, she was more esteemed by Indians and Portuguese, than when she sat upon the throne in all the pomp and power of royalty.

About this time, Xavier heard speak of certain isles distant sixty leagues eastward, which were called Del Moro. The gross ignorance and brutality which were said to characterize the people, excited in him a strong desire to visit them. His friends eagerly opposed the design, and represented that the country was as hideous as it was barren, and accursed by nature with burning mountains and frequent earthquakes. He was assured that the people were cruel and faithless beyond all the barbarians in the world; that they fed on human flesh; that when they made a sumptuous feast, they begged of their friends to send them an old unprofitable father to be served up to their guests, with a promise to repay them in kind. Perceiving their entreaties of no avail, they obtained from the governor of Ternate a decree, forbidding, on severe penalties, any vessel to carry him to the isles Del Moro. He seriously resented this usage, and expostulated with his friends in a strain, in which was apparent the once eloquent lecturer. "Who will dare," said he, "to confine the power of almighty God—and have so mean an apprehension of our Redeemer's love and grace? Are there any hearts hard enough to resist his influences, when it pleaseth him to soften and change them? Can they stand in opposition to that gentle yet commanding force, which can make the dry bones live? Shall He who has provided for subjecting the whole world by the cross; shall he exempt this petty corner of the earth, so that the isles Del Moro shall receive no benefit of redemption. If those isles abounded in precious woods and mines of gold, the Christians would have the courage to go thither,

nor would all the dangers of the world be able to affright them. They are base and fearful, because there are only souls to purchase. And shall it then be said that charity is less daring than avarice? You tell me they will take away my life, either by the sword or poison, but this is a favour too great for such a sinner as I am to expect from heaven. Whatever torments or death they prepare for me, I am ready to suffer a thousand times more for the salvation of one only soul. Remember the words of Jesus Christ—‘He who is willing to save his life, shall lose it; and he who loses it for my sake, shall find it. Believe me, dear friends, though this evangelical maxim is in general easy to be understood, yet when the time of practising it calls upon us, clear as the text seems, it becomes obscure, for then it is seen how frail and feeble is human nature.’”

In these dreary isles he endured all imaginable miseries;—hunger and thirst, neglect, hatred, a cruel doom hung every instant over him. Hitherto he had complained of the continued prosperity of his career. Never did a man exist who loved suffering for its own sake, more than Xavier. It was fortunate for the peace of Christendom, that he lived not in the days of St. Bernard of the last crusade. His buoyant and fearless heart, that arose more strong and exulting from wasting sicknesses, from repeated shipwrecks, wounds, and pains, would have led forth the chivalry and enthusiasm of Europe to his loved Palestine. In the first isle where he landed, he found on the shore the bodies of eight Portuguese, freshly massacred. The barbarians fled at sight of the strangers, believing they were come to revenge the death of the Christians. Xavier followed them into the woods, and by the mildest assurances, in the Malaya tongue, prevailed on them to return to their villages. He then

began his work, by singing aloud through the streets, and afterwards he expounded to his savage audience, "and that in a manner so suitable to their barbarous conceptions, that it passed at last into their understanding." There was neither town or village which he did not visit, till at last Crosses began to rear their heads, and then a few churches. Xavier's mode of impressing the minds of this people, is a curious proof of his excellent tact, a quality as useful to a missionary as to a finished man of the world. "To engage these new Christians, who were gross of apprehension, and had lived in deeds of violence and blood, to lead a holy life, he threatened them with eternal punishments, and made them sensible of what hell was, by those dreadful objects which they had before their eyes. For sometimes he led them to the brink of those gulfs which shot vast masses of burning stones into the air with the noise and fury of a cannon, and at the view of those flames which were mingled with a dusky smoke that obscured the day, he explained to them the nature of those pains which were prepared in an abyss of fire. He even told them "the gaping mouths of those burning mountains were the breathing places of hell."

The most rebellious of the islanders were the Javares, a rugged and inhuman people, who lived in caves and forests; hating the instructions of the pastor, they laid several ambushes for him, and one day when he was explaining the rules of morality to them out of the gospel, by a river side, they were so provoked, that they cast a shower of stones, hoping to have slain him. The river was broad and deep, and the isles Del Moro would have been his grave, but there was lying on the bank a great beam of wood, on which he sprung, and, pushing it instantly from the bank, was carried down by the stream out of reach of their fury, till he gained the

opposite shore. His partial success, even against hope, he thus depicts in a letter to Ignatius:—  
“The dangers to which I am exposed, and the pains which I take, are the inexhaustible springs of spiritual comfort, insomuch that these islands, bare of all worldly necessaries, are the places in the world for a man to lose his sight with the excess of weeping. But they are tears of joy. I do not remember ever to have tasted such interior delights; and these consolations of the soul are so pure and exquisite, and so constant, that they take from me all sense of my corporal sufferings.” At last he left the barbarous shores, and, when far out at sea, they could discern the volleys of flame and smoke from the mountains. “I imagine,” he said, “that the isles Del Moro will soon be called the isles of martyrdom, and that those who desire to shed their blood for Christ, may anticipate their future joy.” Sailing hence to the Moluccas, he landed at Ternate, at the intreaty of whose people he remained several months, seeking the conversion of Cacil Aerio, then king of the Moluccas, a son of Boleife, the late prince, by one of his mistresses. He had been just raised to the crown by the Portuguese, and he often hearkened to the missionary as if he would obey his words. “But the sweet enchantments of the flesh are often an invincible obstacle to the grace of baptism.” In spite of every remonstrance, he began a prosecution against his christian subjects. It first fell on his mother-in-law Neachilé, the former queen, and faithful convert of Xavier; all her remaining patrimony was taken, and she was reduced to extreme poverty during the remainder of her days. Her faith supported her, believing the words of her teacher, that she was thus happier in the loss of all things. As the time of departure drew near, Xavier composed, in the Malaya tongue, a voluminous instruction, touching

the belief and morals of Christianity. Numerous copies were taken, which were spread about the neighbouring isles and shores, where it was read on holidays in the public assemblies, and the converts listened to it as coming from the mouth of the "apostle of the Indies," which title was long since given him. They followed him in crowds to the shore, begging his blessing, and beseeching him with tears, "that, since he was resolved on going, he would make a quick return." He delivered to them a brief address from the side of the vessel. As he ceased speaking the ship set sail, and at that instant a universal cry was raised on the shore. "That last adieu went to his heart."

On his arrival at Malacca, he found three missionaries, Beyra, Ribera, and Nugnez, going to the Moluccas. They had come out in the last fleet, with seven other ecclesiastics of the Society, in obedience to the letters he had written. Several of them were already left on the coast of Fishery, "to cultivate those new plants of Christianity, which were so beloved by Xavier." Ignatius and the pope, Paul the Third, had paid a prompt attention to his requests. While at Malacca, a Japanese, by name Anger, earnestly sought him out. He was rich, of a noble extraction, and about thirty-five years of age. He had slain another gentleman in a quarrel, or from motives of revenge, and had fled his native city of Cangoxima, haunted by terror and remorse of conscience. He had first withdrawn to the mountains and caves of the solitary bonzes or hermits, in hope to assuage his anguish, but neither the solitude nor the conversation of those recluses could give him tranquillity. Becoming acquainted with some Portuguese merchants who traded to Cangoxima, he mentioned the distress of his mind to them. They said there was at Malacca a man, eminent for his holy life.

Francis, their friend, who had deep experience in the concerns of the soul, and they urged his taking the voyage. The distance was eight hundred leagues; but, attended by two servants, Anger left his home and family. On arriving at Malacca, Alvarez conducted him to the presence of Xavier, who poured the balm of mercy and sympathy into his spirit, and assured him he should find repose, but he must first seek God in true religion. He instructed, he prayed with and for him, till his mental terrors passed away, and even the sin of blood cruelly poured forth, was no longer a burden heavier than he could bear. But that his conversion might be more solid, he thought it best to send him and his servants to the seminary of Goa, there to be more fully taught before their baptism.

Xavier next sailed for the Cape Comorin, Manapar, &c. to inspect the various churches, and made Antonio Criminal the Superior of the whole; and having assembled the scattered ecclesiastics, "with all the labourers in the gospel, he examined their several talents and virtues, in familiar conversation, by causing them to give an account of what passed betwixt God and their own hearts. He then ordered every one of them, with all possible care, to apply himself to the Malabar language; and he directed Henriquez to compose an exact grammar of it, according to the method of the Greek and Latin grammars, which was accomplished in less than a year. And at the same time, in order that the conduct of the missionaries might be uniform, and that the same spirit might animate them all, he gave them a series of rules in writing." These rules evidence the clear and sagacious understanding, the fine and compassionate temper of Xavier; they possess also a frequent felicity of style, a rare accomplishment in a missionary. In conclusion, he thus adjures them, "do all things in your power to make yourselves beloved by the

people, for by that you will be able to do more good among them, than by being feared. Decree no punishment. Should man or woman make a pagod or idol, banish them from the village. Considering how lately they have embraced the faith, and what assistance is wanting to them to live like good Christians, 'tis only to be admired that they are not more vicious. Testify great affection to the children who frequent the schools, pardon and wink at their faults sometimes; be careful that they respect the temples of our Lord. What I can never sufficiently repeat is, that whatsoever voyage you shall make, and wheresoever you shall be, you shall endeavour to gain the love of all people, by your good offices and fair demeanour, by which means you will have greater opportunities for the gaining of souls."

The affairs of this mission being regulated, he desired to pass into the isle of Ceylon. He remembered the blood of the martyrs shed by its king in Manar two years before, and, going to the tyrant, he upbraided him with his cruelty. The latter, being fearful that the viceroy would make war upon him, permitted Xavier to explain to him "the mysteries of the christian faith." Perceiving that he had to deal with a faithless barbarian, he advised him to contract an alliance with the Portuguese, whose arms would secure him against his enemies and the revolt of his subjects. The king of Jafnapatam consented to receive a body of Portuguese soldiers, to be maintained at his own expense.

It was probably at this time that he visited the little isle of Ramissuram, opposite to Ceylon, where a famous shrine drew every year to the spot countless votaries. The isle was sandy and barren, and on it was a rich and lofty pagoda, where a great company of priests lived luxuriously, and there was no hamlet, or village, or even a solitary home, Xavier saw the

multitudes coming on like a vast army, and he adjured them to turn to the living God—but in vain! They had come, hundreds, even thousands of miles, to the island temple, and they would not hearken to a stranger, who said their labour was sin, and their worship accursed. There was a little rocky dell, to which he probably retired, apart from the multitude, and there he planted a banyan tree, that hereafter it might be a shadow from the heat to himself or to others. It grew to be a vast and noble tree, and many years afterwards, a band of Roman Catholics, about twenty in number, came and built their homes around it. The beauty of the tree did not draw them hither, but the love of him who had planted it. *His* hand was now cold in the grave, but here he had prayed for mercy: his head had been pillowed on the rock, when, neglected by all, repulsed from the gates of the temple, the iron had entered into his soul. If time is to be measured by the moving accidents of our life rather than by its years, Xavier was already an aged man. How rich were the chambers of his memory, how wild their imagery! In the space of two years only we see him bearing succour to the famishing Paravas, who wandered on the forsaken isles, like so many spectres, dying fearfully; again, he stands in the midst of a host, covering the plain, whom he calls to the living God, and, when the sun goes down, erects his altar in the door of the tent; on the same plain he confronts the army of the Badages, and turns aside their fierceness: the sound of his bell is next heard in the streets of Malacca; and his voice in the palace of Neachilé, arguing on the Koran, gently yet surely leading her proud spirit to the humility of Christ. A few months afterwards he is on the bloody shores of Del Moro, nearly stoned to death, yet disputing every inch, with the “powers of darkness, and men even worse.”

Up the burning mountains he leads them, even to the crater's edge, and there menaces them with the fire that shall never be quenched. A scene suited to Martin's pencil! The figures of Xavier, and the assembled savages, on which the glare of the flame flashes at intervals; on the features of many are seen cruel rage and revenge, yielding to the terror excited by his tremendous representations, while others have "their joints loosed" beneath conscious guilt and remorse. He spreads his sail, and we next see him in the lone isle of Ramissuram, and at length, scorned and neglected, he repairs to a little dell, and seeks comfort, like the prophet, in his tree, that was not, like the gourd, to wither in a night. Even at this day, although nearly three centuries have passed, the community of Romanists still dwell in this dell: their fathers came and dwelt there, because of the tree that Xavier had planted, and thus will it be for generations to come. The noble banyan is hallowed, its shadow at noon-day is dearer to them than that of their own vine and fig-tree: they have a chapel near, but they often prefer to come and worship beneath the branches, and they love to partake of the Communion there: old and young, fathers, mothers, and children, kneeling around, like one large family, bless the memory of Francis, and mingle his name in their prayers. Can any monument be more durable? can the sight of marble, gold, or brass, be half so beautiful, so affecting?

Again passing over to Ceylon, he sailed, with an ambassador of the infidel king of Jafnapatan for Goa, where he arrived March 20th, 1548. Finding that the new Viceroy of the Indies, Juan de Castro, was in the Gulf of Cambaya, he embarked anew. "Castro had never seen Xavier, but from all he had heard related, had an earnest longing to behold him. He received him with all honours, and consulted

him on some difficult affairs of state." In Goa, he lived in the college of St. Paul, where the number of students increased daily. Anger, the Japanese, was among them, who, after careful instruction, was baptized by the bishop D'Albuquerque, together with his attendants, and received the name of Paul de Sainte Foy. The conversations which Xavier had with him, as well as with some Portuguese merchants, first inspired the missionary with the idea of going to Japan. His few leisure hours were given to retirement and meditation: he appears, after he began his mission, to have read but few books, for he had not time; the garden of the college was his favourite walk, where a little hermitage was set up for his exclusive use. The book he studied day and night was the human heart. Every day he went forth to visit the hospitals and prisons, to succour the distressed; and the people saw that his far wanderings had made his charity burn the brighter. With heart-felt gratitude he perceived that the gracious change God had wrought in the city was not a transitory one. The magnificent church was filled with an attentive auditory, and parents were anxious for the education of their children. Five more missionaries arrived in a vessel from Mozambique, among whom was Gaspar Barzæus, the ablest of his auxiliaries. As the time drew near for his departure, entreaties and persuasions were used without ceasing, to divert his resolution; but Japan was his chosen field of action. He supplied the various stations with all the available pastors, and as several of the students in the seminary of St. Paul were now able to instruct others, they were ordained and sent forth; even some of the Indians whom he had brought from Travancore and the Paravas, had made such advances, as to be qualified to address their countrymen. The Viceroy, Juan de Castro, fell sick,

and Xavier and he, who had lately consulted on the affairs of state, now "spoke of death, and the great concernments of eternity." A decree came from Lisbon, to prolong the government of De Castro for many years, who had great talents, and was much beloved. But while the city rejoiced at the news, the dying viceroy, hearing the discharges of artillery, exclaimed, "How deceitful is this world, to load us with honours, when we have but an hour to live!" He would not let Xavier leave him, but, as life ebbed away, continued to fix his eyes on him, "who had the consolation to see a great man of this world expire, with the sentiments of a saint."

He now looked on the fields, white unto the harvest, and reflected that many, very many missionaries were yet wanting, while thousands of ecclesiastics were living at home, careless and at ease. Under these impressions he wrote the following letter to the king of Portugal :

"May your majesty be pleased a little to inspect your incomes from the Indies, and, after that, look over the expenses which are made for the advancement of religion, and, having weighed all things equally on either side, you may make a judgment if what you bestow bears any proportion to what you receive. My imagination represents to me, in a lively sort, the complaints which the poor Indians send up to heaven, that out of so vast a treasure, with which your estate is enriched by them, you employ so little for their spiritual necessity. I beg and adjure your majesty, by the love which you ought to bear to our blessed Lord, and by your zeal for his glory, to send next year some preachers of your faithful subjects to the Indies, men of known virtue, and exemplary mortification. The hour draws nearer, perhaps, than you think, that fatal hour, when the King of kings and Lord of lords shall summon you to judgment, and say, "Give an account of your administration."

Having assembled the ecclesiastics and students, together with many of the merchants and gentlemen of Goa, in the hall of the college, he addressed them as if for the last time ; and seeing that many sorrowed on account of his departure, " Has Providence," he said, " preserved me from the swords of the Badages, and the poisons of the isles Del Moro, to abandon me in other dangers ? India is not the boundary of my mission : in coming hither, my design has always been, to carry the faith even to the utmost limits of the world. I see nothing more sweet in this world, than to live in continual danger of death, for the honour of Jesus Christ. It is, indeed, the distinguishing character of a Christian to love the hardships of the cross, rather than the softness of repose." He established Paul de Camerine, Superior-general in his place, and Antonio Gomez, rector of the seminary at Goa. He sent Gaspar Barzæus to Ormuz, an important station, in the Persian gulf. " Preach to the people," he said, " as frequently as you can ; for preaching is an universal good ; and, amongst all evangelical employments, there is none more profitable. Beware of doubtful propositions. Take for the subject of your sermons, clear and unquestionable truths. Set forth the enormity of sin, by setting up that infinite majesty and goodness which is offended by the sinner. Imprint in souls a lively horror of that sentence, which shall be thundered forth at the last judgment. Represent, with all the colours of your eloquence, those pains which the damned are eternally to suffer. Let not those who neglect their salvation sleep in security, as if they had no cause of fear. Threaten the more stubborn sinners with the wrath of God. Tell them that their days shall be shortened, that their sun shall go down at noon ; that the pagan kings shall enslave them ; and that their immortal souls shall be fuel to

the everlasting fire. Let these considerations be followed by that blessed one of the cross, and the death of the Saviour of mankind,—but you are to urge this in a moving, pathetic manner; by those figures which soften and subdue the heart—even to the drawing of tears from the eyes of your audience.”

He embarked for Japan in April 1549, in a galley bound to Malacca, where all rejoiced to see him again. Alphonzo Martinez, grand vicar to the bishop, lay dangerously ill at this time. He could not bear to give up his accounts to God, of that ministry which he had exercised for thirty years. The approach of death, and the retrospect of his life, which had been very disorderly for a man of his profession,—threw him into so deep a melancholy, that he was full of anguish. On being told that Francis Xavier was just arrived, whom he had previously known intimately, he consented to see him. The conversation served only to increase the distress of Martinez, and Xavier on this occasion observed, that nothing is more difficult than to persuade a dying man to hope well of his salvation, who in the course of his life had flattered himself with the hopes of length of days, that he might sin with the greater boldness. Seeing the evil to be desperate, Xavier passed much time in fervent prayer to God to give Alphonso true repentance, and hope in his death. And mercy was given in this last extremity; Martinez became more calm; a lively sorrow soothed his burdened heart, and, expressing a humble reliance on the Divine compassion, he received the communion from his friend, and died gently in his arms, calling on the name of Christ. As Xavier looked on the features of the dead, where anguish and despair had given place to hope, how full of gratitude was his heart! It is true, that the soul of one man is as precious in the

sight of heaven as that of another ; but can the salvation of the heathen and the stranger, give equal rapture to that of a friend, a parent, a brother, whose mind has been unveiled to us, the strength and frailty of whose history we have known, and whose career is indelibly associated with our own ?

All the Japanese, except a few who made profession of atheism, were idolaters, and held the transmigration of souls, after the doctrine of Pythagoras. It was not probable, that the belief of the soul's being mortal, could be so popular, as that of its passing into the bodies of the beasts and birds of prey, or into those of the domestic animals, thus dwelling, perhaps, in the very home of its former loves and cares. The people of Japan had also mysterious and powerful deities, whom they called Amida, and Xaca ; the former, they say, has a paradise at so vast a distance from the earth, that the souls of men cannot reach it under a voyage of three years ; and temples without number have been built to the honour of these pretended beings. The sovereign priest of their religion is called Saco.—He keeps his court in the capital city of the empire ; and it is he who approves the sects, who institutes the ceremonies, and ordains the priests of idols, by conferring on them the power of offering sacrifices. The priests, who are called bonzas, live some of them in deserts, the rest in towns ; and are among the Japanese what the Brahmins are among the Indians.

The language of the Japanese seems to be a primitive or original tongue, for it has little affinity with other Oriental languages, though certain Chinese terms are adopted in it. Their words are differently accented, according as they are addressed to courtiers and persons of rank, to merchants and soldiers, or to the vulgar. Xavier had acquired some slight knowledge of the language by his conversations with Anger ; and he applied with all dili-

gence to the study of it, for his mission would be of little avail, unless he was able to preach to the natives. One language only is spoken throughout the whole empire. The first effort of Xavier, when he came to a strange country, was to learn its language, and having a facility in the acquisition of tongues, he was generally successful; which caused his biographers to impute to him a miraculous power. The annals of superstition have nothing more absurd and incredible than these fictions. The gift of tongues would, indeed, have saved him a world of trouble: "We are returned," he observes, "to our infancy, and all our business at present is to learn the first elements of the Japanese grammar." He spread his sail for Malacca, on the 24th of June, in the dusk of the evening, with a favourable wind, and arrived in the middle of August in Cangoxima. In the affluent abode of his friend Anger, now Paul de Sainte Foy, he remained two months, occupied in the study of the language, into which he translated the apostle's creed, and an exposition of it which he had composed. Here he was visited by some of the principal people of the town. As the Japanese believe in the transmigration of souls, they eat no animal food; and Xavier, therefore, that he might give no offence, abstained entirely from flesh and fish. Roots and pulse boiled in water, were his chief nourishment; while tea, universally drank in every dwelling, was his only indulgence. He sat at table with Anger and his family, but partook not of the delicacies set before him. The interior of this nobleman's house was more costly than the usual homes of the missionary. The floors were covered with rich carpets, the furniture was gilded, and there were vases of flowers, and instruments of music. He cared not to be thus lodged; for "all his moveables were a mat, and a little table,

whereon were his writings, and some small books." The garden, shaded by trees, and full of beautiful flowers, which grow here throughout the whole year, was his frequent resort. Anger felt that he could not do too much for his guest: he had fled from his home, a miserable man, distracted with remorse, with the guilt of murder on his soul, while his family lamented for him as for one that was dead. Xavier had been to him as an angel of mercy, watching over his anguish, strengthening his wavering mind, and instructing him by his converse and example, till he became a faithful and devout Christian. The king of Saxuma, who had formerly shewn Anger great favour, received him with much humanity, "and so much the greater joy, because he also had believed him dead. He could now speak of nothing but God and of the salvation of his countrymen, and was so possessed with the divine love, which had raised him from the abyss of sin and agony, that it was his constant theme."

The wife, the daughter, and other relations of his host, were so moved by the conversation of Xavier, that they embraced Christianity. The ladies of Japan appear to have listened earnestly to his message. Familiar, from his earliest life, with the best society of Navarre, in the castle of his parents, he had a courteous and graceful address. The command of temper, and the serene exterior, which Ignatius affected, were natural to his disciple, whose spirit, less domineering over man, exercised a far greater influence on the fairer part of creation. Loyola, after several trials, gave up the attempt to subject the minds of women to his discipline, for he was less skilful in this arduous experiment than in bending the fiery and stubborn spirits of men. A brave soldier, bred in camps, he found his arts of insinuation fail him when he addressed females of rank, and of refined taste and

manners; and even those of lower grade and less exclusive manners also baffled his ascendancy. "The great trouble," it is said, "which the spiritual direction of three of that sex gave him at one time, obliged him to free his Society from that perplexing task."

Xavier, before he commenced his ministry, was introduced by Anger to the king of Saxuma, whose residence was six leagues distant. He met with an honourable reception, and obtained leave to preach to the subjects of that sovereign, and accordingly he distributed numerous copies of his exposition of the Creed, and began by explaining its first articles. Some of the people regarded him as a madman, others laughed him to scorn; but the wiser part refused to believe that a stranger, who had no interest to deceive them, should undergo so many fatigues and perils, and come so far to delude them with a falsehood. Many came to converse with him, proposing their doubts, and combating his arguments in a fair and plain style, with little subtlety or reserve; and Xavier, as yet imperfect in the language, was aided by Anger as his interpreter. The bonzas, or priests, in the mean time, propagated all sorts of calumnies respecting him, and declared that he was a demon, and not a man; but the people grew the more attentive to hear him in the public places daily. Some said, the truth was to be received, whoever brought it, and that for a demon he lived with great austerity. As he was not accompanied by a printing-press, that invention being new to Japan, his exposition of the Creed, and his translations, were largely copied by his own hand, and those of others, in order to be distributed through the country; and during the year he spent at Cangoxima, he wrote many instructions relating to faith and to Christian practice. He also composed devout hymns, together with the

Lord's Prayer and Apostle's Creed, in musical numbers ; and these were so pleasing to the young converts, men, women, and children, that they sung them, day and night, both in their houses, and in the open fields. His message was in the mean time sternly opposed by some, and eagerly embraced by others of the Japanese. Xavier regarded the first of the converts with inexpressible satisfaction : the greater pains he took, the greater emotion he felt when the believers were men of quick intellect and comprehension. The baptisms *en masse*, for which a mere willingness had been often a sufficient requisite in India, were not necessary here. Mistrustful, warlike, and aspiring, the character of this people was better suited to the missionary than that of the other Indian nations. They listened at first, and watched curiously all his habits, even his minutest actions, and when satisfied of his sincerity, they at once threw off all reserve, and resolved to judge for themselves, in spite of the force of ancient usage and opinion.

The amusements and favourite journeys of this people are intimately connected with their religion. The third and last epoch of the Japanese monarchy, which is that of the "ecclesiastical hereditary emperors," begins with the year before Christ. They value themselves on being the eldest branch of the family of Tensio Dai Sin, that most sacred founder of the Japanese nation, and profess to have given a hundred and fourteen emperors successively to the throne. Even to this day, it seems, these princes are looked upon as very holy in themselves, and as popes by birth. About three centuries ago, the sole rule in Japan was wrested from the Dairi by his rebellious general, who took possession of a large territory. The governors of other provinces shook off the yoke, and erected themselves into so

many petty sovereigns. On this "lord of the ecclesiastical court," or Dairi, the sun is not thought worthy to shine, nor the ground to be touched by his feet. His victuals must be dressed every time in new pots, and served at table in new dishes, which are then broken for fear they should come into the hands of laymen. The prince's court consists chiefly of members of the sacred family of Tensio Dai Sin; and some of this numerous race are provided with abbeys, and priories or rich monasteries, founded up and down the empire. Among other marks of distinction, they are clad in a peculiar fashion: the dress of their women is rich, being often interwoven with flowers of gold and silver. The fair sex in Japan enjoy a liberty and estimation rare in Eastern countries, and some of them have acquired great reputation by their poetical, historical, and other writings, in this "ecclesiastical court," where "studies and learning are a favourite pursuit." The Japanese being great lovers of music, the women often play well upon various instruments: they are fond of the drama, if their plays deserve that name, on which they spend a great deal of money. The pilgrimages to the convents were a greater hinderance to the missionary than poetry or the drama. The Sinto, or idol worship, is the ancient religion of the country: they have some obscure and imperfect notions of the immortality of the soul, and a future state of bliss or misery. They believe that the worship of their divinities is sufficient to purify the heart, and they invoke their power, which they believe is extended over the affairs of this world, as well as over the elements. The temples or churches of the Sinto's faith are seated in the pleasantest parts of the country. A broad and spacious walk, planted with fine cypress-trees, leads straight to the gate: sometimes they are in the middle of a thick wood, or

on the ascent of a green hill, and have neat stone staircases leading up to them. The buildings are simple, being of wood, but a few are more costly ; over the door hangs a large bell, and those that come to worship strike the bell, to give notice to the gods, of their presence. A large looking-glass is placed within, for the people to behold themselves, and they are taught to consider, that as distinctly as the spots in their face appear in the glass, so conspicuous are the secret spots and frauds of their hearts in the sight of the gods. On solemn occasions, the idol of the temple, or such of his relics as are there preserved, are carried about. The adjoining chambers are commonly hung with various ornaments and images of different sorts, which are gifts from the worshippers.

The people are excessively fond of pilgrimages : the temple of Mecca is not more popular with the Orientals than that of Isjé, which is situated in a large plain : but there are no interminable deserts to traverse ; the heat and the thirst do not destroy ; the caravans that march to the Prophet's tomb, with their various banners, their guards, and sacred white camel, are more imposing than the crowds that depart, as if on parties of pleasure, to the revered Isjé. The more orthodox go there once in a year : the careless and incredulous once in their life. This pilgrimage is made at all times of the year, but the favourite season is the spring, when persons of all ranks and qualities, rich and poor, old and young, set forth. The capital city of Jeddo pours forth multitudes ; from every city and town, from the mountain hamlet, and from the numerous bays and isles, votaries bend their way. Husbands and fathers do not, as in the pilgrimage to Rome, find it necessary to leave their families, and go forth alone ; wives, daughters, sisters, look towards Isje with a bright eye and a bounding heart, and even

children will sometimes escape from their homes to this festival; this vast religious watering-place. Those who, more indolent, or from sickness and old age, stay at home, purchase the *Ofarris*, or instruments of the absolution and remission of sin, presented to every pilgrim by the priest, the virtues of which are limited to one year. Some travel on litters, or on horseback; the poor go on foot, living on charity by the way, with a staff in their hands. The sons of Rome, who often die on the road to her walls, have less foresight than those of Isjé, whose names, birth, and the place from which they come, are written upon their hats, that in case of sudden death, or any other accident, it may be known who they are. The emperor sends an embassy every year, and the nobles travel with a numerous retinue. There is an order of hermits in the country: their founder was a regular ascetic, who spent all his time in wandering through deserts; and his grave, at the top of a high mountain, is a source of pilgrimage to his followers, which forms a sad contrast to that of Isjé, as it is situated in the midst of frightful precipices, and in an excessively cold region. Many of these hermits lived in caves, and others strolled throughout the country on begging excursions. There are other religious orders and societies, who have monasteries and convents, many of them well endowed. The doctrines of Confucius have also travelled into Japan, and from them has sprung a numerous sect of philosophers, who worship no gods, but, like the Pythagoreans of old, place their supreme good in the practice of virtue. The Institution for the Blind is perhaps the most estimable in the empire, being founded by a son of one of the emperors, who fell desperately in love with a lady of exquisite beauty. She died a short time after their union; when the prince took it so much to heart, that what with grief and excessive weeping,

he lost his sight. To perpetuate the memory of his beloved, and of the disaster her loss had caused, he erected, under the imperial charter, this society, in which are comprised the noble and the ignoble, the friendless as well as the rich. The destitute among them do not live on charity, but follow various professions; thus providing for themselves, and aiding the welfare of their institution. Many apply to music, and are employed in the dwellings of the great and wealthy, and at festivals, processions, marriages, &c. They are dispersed up and down the kingdom, but their general resides in the city of Miaco, where the funds of the society are kept. He is assisted by ten counsellors, and jointly they have the power of life and death, with this restriction, that the sentence be approved by the lord chief justice of Miaco. The council of ten appoint the inferior officers, who reside in the provinces. This commonwealth of the blind, so strictly regulated, has different ranks and titles: they shave their heads, and wear a peculiar habit. None of the members can become a burden to his fellow-creatures; but, notwithstanding this severe visitation of providence, they experience through life the blessings of industry and independence.

Again Xavier must gird his sandals on his feet: Japan seemed to open all her gates. Commended by the new Christian to the care of his friend, he put into his hands the "Life of our Saviour," translated entire from the Gospels, which he had caused to be printed, or rather copied, in Japanese characters. Taking with him two companions, who were Jesuits, he carried on his back the necessary utensils for the sacrifice of the mass: the burden was precious, and though the roads in Japan are in general very bad, and, during the rains, almost impassable, he refused every offer of a litter or of a horse, and set out on foot. The Japanese of both sexes never go

abroad without fans ; and upon their journeys they make use of a fan which has the roads printed upon it, and informs them how many miles they are to travel, what inns they are to go to, and at what price victuals are to be had. Of what use was this counsel to a man who lived on pulse and water, and had little to do with the luxury of inns ? Even the large hat of split bamboo or straw, nearly as wide as an umbrella, by which travellers keep off the heat of the sun, was too great an indulgence for the missionary : he travelled with his cowl drawn over his head, his staff in his hand, and his writings placed in his cassock, which was of a worn and rusty hue, and carefully mended by his own hand—yet there was a native nobleness in the man's air and carriage, very visible to a close observer, though most persons regarded with pity his poor array. On the way he beheld the castle of Ekandono belonging to the prince of that name, who was a tributary to the king of Saxuma. It stood on a high rock, and was defended by ten great bastions, partly cut out, and partly built on the same rock, and faced with hewn stone, which made them resemble so many little islands in the sea. Each bastion had its drawbridge and covered way leading to the main fortress, which was accessible only by one narrow path up the mountain, where a guard was placed day and night. There was nothing but fearful precipices on every side ; yet the interior was as pleasing, as the outside was full of horror. A stately palace composed the body of the place ; and in that palace were porticoes, galleries, halls, and chambers of an admirable beauty. All was cut in the living stone, and wrought curiously. Xavier entered, and found a kind reception from the owner, with whom and his lady he had frequent conversations. He chose a spacious place in the palace, where he preached to the garrison, the attendants,

and many people who came from their scattered homes to hear him. In this splendid and impressive retreat he passed many days; and perhaps, as he paced the vaulted passages and battlements, his thoughts fled to his own native castle, the Pyrenees, the hunter's horn, the shepherd's call at evening, the winds in the gloomy forests. Were they not the sights and sounds that had "grown with his growth?" And who looked forth from her casement, trembling with age?—who sat alone in her halls, like the mother of Sisera, and thought of her youngest born? Where was her Francis? Her other sons were in the camp or the court: but the child of her prayers and her love!—he came not! But tidings came with every vessel, of his success; and congratulations, dear to a parent's ear, came from every part of Navarre. The last accounts told that he had sailed for Japan, and the hope of meeting again left the mother's heart.

A stately apartment was assigned to Xavier: he slept his brief interval, and rose to his devotions, or paced for hours the walls, enjoying the glory and stillness of the night. From this castle, on the verge of the cliff, a vast extent of country was visible, with mountain, wood, and plain: a scene on which he loved to gaze. Was it not his own inheritance? Had not God given it to his prayers?

The steward of the castle, with seventeen others, embraced the faith. He constituted this venerable old man pastor of the little flock, and left him in writing the form of baptism, an abstract of our Saviour's life, the seven penitential psalms, with some prayers, and a table of saints'-days: he directed him to call together the believers and the pagans, to read some part of the Christian doctrine, and a chapter of our Lord's life every Sunday, the psalms every Friday, and the prayers every day. In this manner he preserved,

after his departure, faith and charity among these converts, although there was no priest to instruct them. The steward implicitly obeyed his directions, and many believers were added to the little band within the walls. Many years after, Louis Almeida found above a hundred Christians in the castle of Ekandono, of blameless life and conversation. One of those converts composed elegantly, in his own tongue, the history of the fall from paradise, and the redemption of mankind, of which Almeida took away a copy. To the lady of the castle, Xavier, on his departure, presented a little book, wherein the litanies of the saints, and several prayers, were written with his own hand.

He pursued his journey, alternately by sea and land, and, through many a toil and danger, came to the port of Firando. The Portuguese hailed his coming with many honours, and cheers that rang from every vessel in the harbour, where ensigns and streamers were profusely displayed. Twenty days were passed in preaching, with such success, that he felt he could linger here. It could not be. Miaco, the capital of the empire, the place of its richest and holiest temples, "he had desired from the beginning." Again he spread his sail for Facata, and thence again for Amanguchi, nearly four hundred miles distant, the capital of the kingdom of Naugato, and one of the richest cities in Japan, in consequence of the silver mines in its neighbourhood; "but it was a place totally corrupted, and full of monstrous debaucheries." Xavier would not pause to ask permission of the king, but began at once, in the places of the town, to declare his message. He was invited into private houses, where he expounded more at large, and at greater leisure. The king of Amanguchi desired to hear him, that he might judge himself of the new doctrine. All his nobles were present, richly habited in silk and gold;

the higher officers in magnificent robes, while the room of audience was filled with the perfumes of flowers, of all kinds, in gilded vases. Xavier stood in his poor vestments, and spoke for an hour, amidst a deep silence, and every eye fixed upon him. It was in vain; no heart was moved. The monarch heard, and repented not. Having gathered small fruit of his labours, except affronts and scorn, he continued his journey to Miaco. It was the end of December: the rains were continually falling, for the winter is dreadful in that mountainous region, which is subject to violent winds and pinching cold. The snow drives so fiercely, that in the towns and villages people can hardly stir abroad, and have little communication save by covered walks and galleries. In the open country, where the four missionaries were now wandering, the inclemency was yet greater: they made their way through hideous forests, where at night there was no roof to shelter them: and as they strove to make a fire at the foot of the trees, in the thickest covert, the snows gathered like shrouds on their dismal bed, and the blasts swept furiously over it. Xavier had been in many a tempest, and many a shipwreck. Once he had been above forty hours drifting on a plank, at the mercy of the winds and waves,—but he never suffered so much as in this journey. When they passed from the forests into the open plain, they sometimes found it was overflowed by the torrents, and presented the aspect of an inundation, through which they waded several hours ere they could gain dry ground. As they advanced, sharp-pointed and rugged mountains were in the way, whose ascent was painful, for their higher parts were covered with ice, and the wanderers fell at almost every step. Rivers were to be passed, and they had no warm clothes to put on when they stood dripping on the banks. They were on foot

on these rough and hard ways. Their only provisions consisted of grains of rice, roasted or dried by the fire, which Bernard carried in his wallet. They might have had abundance, if Xavier would have accepted the money, which the Portuguese merchants of Firando offered him, to defray the charges of the way. The journey lasted two months, and Bernard, who was their guide, frequently misled the way. One day they were lost in a forest, where a solitary horseman was seen, who was going to Miaco. Xavier offered to carry his trunk, if he would help to disengage them from the wood: the horseman accepted the offer, and trotted on at a round rate, so that Xavier was constrained to run by his side, and the fatigue lasted great part of the day. His companions followed at a great distance, and when they came up to the place where the horseman had left him, they found him, faint and over-laboured, reclining on the ground. He cheered their drooping spirits, exhorted them to patience, and pointed to where Miaco stood, yet far distant: the flints and thorns had so torn his feet, that his legs swelled, but this hindered him not from going forward. The heaviest burden was his, consisting of the vessels for the sacrifice of the mass, which he carried on his back down the precipice, through the swollen stream and the trackless snow. At night, when he lay down in the wood, and the rains fell heavily, he covered the sacred utensils carefully with a portion of his robe, depriving his limbs of part of their scanty covering; then, sinking into a fitful sleep, he heeded not the tempest or the cold. Poor Xavier! such strength of mind united to so much weakness and error! Sorrow is mingled with indignation at this pitiable spectacle, which exhibits human helplessness, grasping, dearly as life, the tremendous powers of superstition. In every town and city he had celebrated mass;—

he was to the people the vicegerent of God, who alone could change the bread and wine into the real presence of Christ,—and, starting from his wretched couch, and arranging his vessels, could offer this propitiatory sacrifice for their sins. Perhaps this material worship, like that of saints and images, was welcome to a people accustomed to polytheism; yet it was a cruel delusion on the heathens—fatal to their spirituality of mind, injurious to the only atonement on the Cross—thus, to point their adoration to the Host, and make the sacrament an object of divine worship, thereby poisoning the waters of life. Faith had thus no unity, no simplicity: how could it aspire to realize the ‘things that are invisible and glorious,’ when they were brought down to be touched, and tasted, and handled? The thin, phantom wafers were received into the mouth of the Asiatic as his very Lord and Saviour. The famous Bossuet says, “That Christ being present upon the table, offers up himself to God for us in the Eucharist;” and the council of Trent declares, “It is the same offerer and the same sacrifice that was upon the cross; and the difference between that and the sacrifice of the mass, is not at all upon the account of the offerer, but only the manner of offering.”

In passing through the villages and towns, Xavier usually read some part of the catechism to the people, or preached; and in two of these places, on his speaking against the gods of Japan, he narrowly escaped being stoned. At last, the city of Miaco was full in view on the plain; and as they gazed from the mountain’s brow long and earnestly; the sudden transition from a howling wilderness to all the glory of nature was inexpressibly beautiful. A broad river ran at the foot of the lofty walls, and on its bosom were the barks of many nations, while the towers and temples of the city rose out of

the midst of groves and gardens : on the neighbouring hills were convents and pleasure-houses, each approached by long avenues of trees.

It was very unfortunate that Xavier's miraculous powers were not more in exercise during this journey. Why were they exclusively at the service of others, and denied to his own benefit and comfort ; such as, affording him a good repast and fire, a warm dress, and a home,—suddenly placed, for instance, in the wild ? The miracles of prophets and apostles are scarcely to be compared with those imputed to him : fortunately for his integrity, he laid no claim to these powers ; spiritual pride was his abhorrence ; and how could a man be humble, who in the 16th century could heal the sick, raise the dead, and predict future events with as much facility as if the supernatural had been his birthright ? Some of his admirers dealt largely in such things. As the legates and bishops in the Council of Trent exclaimed as loud as they could bawl, " Accursed be all heretics," the lover of biography will be tempted to exclaim with equal heartiness, " Accursed be Romanism," that thus renders it impossible to get at the intellectual history of one of her saints and martyrs. Even in the most interesting part of the career, where a beautiful trait or splendid passage is at hand, some vile miracle intrudes itself, like one of the demons in the lonely isle, and mars all the goodly scene. Were these lovers of the marvellous quite unconscious, that the real grandeur of a character consists not in calling down a resistless agency to its aid, but in raising itself above the ills and horrors that assail it ?

A specimen or two will shew the taste of these writers. In a voyage among the isles, there arose a dreadful storm : Xavier, leaning over the deck, dropped his crucifix out of his hand, and it was carried off by the waves : this loss

touched him sensibly, for the crucifix had been the companion of many a weary step, in sorrow and loneliness: it always lay in his bosom, both when he woke and slept. The tempest abated, and the next morning they landed on an island. "Being on shore, Francis and I," says Rodriguez, "walked along by the sea-side, towards the town of Tamalo, and had already walked about five hundred paces, when both of us beheld arising out of the sea, a crab, which carried betwixt his claws the same crucifix, raised on high. I saw the crab come slowly and solemnly directly to Francis, by whose side I was, and by a strange instinct the crab, discerning to whom it belonged, dropped the crucifix at his feet; after which he walked back into the waves, and we saw him no more. Francis, falling on his knees, took the crucifix, which he kissed, and folded to his breast; after which we arose, and continued on our way." On another occasion, a merchant of Meliapore went to take leave of him: on receiving his blessing, he begged some little token of his friendship: Xavier could find nothing to give him, save the chaplet of beads, that hung about his neck. "This chaplet," said he to the merchant, "shall not be unprofitable to you, provided you repose your trust in the Virgin Mary?" The merchant sailed, without fear of pirates, winds, or rocks,—but a trial of his faith was necessary. Suddenly there blew a furious storm; the sails were torn, the rudder broken, and the mast came by the board: driven against the rocks, the vessel split in pieces; most of the passengers and crew were drowned; a few, among whom was the merchant, gained the rock; "and being upon the wide sea, they gathered some floating planks, and, joining them together, put themselves upon them. The merchant had still preserved the chaplet, and feared not drowning

while he held it in his hand. The float of planks was hardly adrift upon the waves, when he found he was transported out of himself, and believed he was at Meliapore with Francis. Returning from his extasie, he was strangely surprised to find himself on an unknown coast, and not to see about him the companions of his fortunes, nor the planks. He understood from some people, that he was on the coast of Negapatan; and in a transport, mixed with joy and amazement, he told them how he had been delivered." They arrived in Miaco at the end of February. The Dairi, or ecclesiastical emperor, kept his court there; of whom Xavier tried in vain to procure an audience; and, also, of the Saco, or high priest. The sum of six hundred French crowns was demanded for these audiences,—which he had not to give. A war also prevailed at this time in the country, filling the city with tumult and alarm: "he saw it to be impossible to do any good there," which was a strange confession from his lips, and, after a stay of some weeks, he set out on his return. He embarked on a river that falls from the adjacent mountains, and washes the foot of the walls of Miaco, and could not turn away his eyes from the stately city, but, as the vessel slowly left it behind, he often sung the beginning of the 114th psalm, "When Israel went out of Egypt." He came to Sacay, and thence to Firando: he had left here a present from the viceroy of the Indies, a little striking clock, an instrument of very harmonious music, and, some other trifles, the value of which consisted only in the workmanship and rarity. Perceiving also that he was not liked at court on account of the meanness of his dress, he procured a handsome suit, and, on his return to Amanguchi, waited on the king, and presented him with the clock, &c. "being verily persuaded, that an apostolic man ought to make himself all to all." Oxindono received him in

the most obliging manner, and the same day sent him a sum of money, by way of recompense. Xavier absolutely refused it, but desired the full permission to preach. This was not only granted, but an edict to that effect was set up in the public places. An old monastery of the bonzas was assigned for the lodging of the missionaries, and great numbers resorted there, to converse, to dispute, to hear and talk of something new, so that the house was never empty, and those visits took up all the time. By degrees the light carriage and reckless talk of the Japanese began to give way to a more serious mood, and some men of learning, who had examined Christianity to the bottom, assiduously visited him. He began, with Fernandez, to preach twice a day in the public places, which, as well as the private interviews, was attended with a peculiar blessing. During his former abode in the place, derision and disappointment were his portion: but now, in about two months, five hundred persons forsook heathenism, the greater part of whom were people of talent and station. "Though my hair," he writes, "begins already to be hoary, I am more vigorous and robust than I ever was; for the pains which are taken to cultivate a reasonable nation, which loves the truth, and which covets to be saved, are health to the soul and to the frame. I have not, in the course of my life, received a greater satisfaction than at Amanguchi, where I saw the pride of their bonzas overthrown, and beheld the transports of joy in these new Christians, who, after having vanquished their priests in dispute, returned in triumph." He often made excursions into the country, assembling the people in the hamlets and villages, who gathered eagerly to hear him, and by the end of the year no less than three thousand persons had embraced Christianity. "It is wonderful," he observes, "that in some places there is no other speech but of Jesus

Christ, throughout a whole town or village. Ah! might it please Almighty God, that as I call to my remembrance those consolations which I have received from the Fountain of all mercies, I might not only make a recital of them, but give the experience also." Aware how powerful is the example of rulers in matters of religion, "he was not without sorrow for Oxindono, king of Amanguchi, who was given up to sensual pleasures, and for Neaton-dono, first prince of the kingdom, who, with the princess his wife, respected Xavier as their father, and honoured him as a saint; but having founded many monasteries of bonzas, it troubled them, as they said, to lose the fruit of charity, and of I know not what rewards; for which they neglected their eternal recompense." But the monasteries were daily thinned by the desertion of the people, and of the young men, candidates for the priesthood, who revealed to him the mysteries of their sects, and the hidden abominations which were covered with an outside of austerity. Xavier, at open defiance with the bonzas, published these disclosures in the most revolting colours, so that the people, who before revered them as oracles, began to upbraid their ignorance and hypocrisy.

The fair sex in Japan appear more quick-witted than the men, for on several occasions, one of them stood forth, and challenged the bonzas to a public disputation, "even with such home and pressing arguments, that the more they endeavoured to get loose, the more they were entangled." The older and more experienced bonzas were not to be thus driven out of the field, and spoiled of their 'magnificent alms, and easy homes.' They made a cabal at court, infusing jealousies of the Christians into the mind of the king, as men of intrigue, and dangerous to his person and the public safety; whereby Oxindono, who had hitherto been favourable to

them, all of a sudden turned against them. He used the converts with great severity, even so far as to seize upon their goods, and began with men of the first rank in his dominions. But neither this alteration in the king, nor the reviving power of the bonzas, hindered the progress of the gospel. The most celebrated doctor of the law, one day came to hear the christian doctrine. To men whose religious notions were so vague and joyless, and views of immortality so meagre, the calm confidence with which the missionary spoke was startling, and his promises of futurity boundless and sublime: "He only who made the heart of man," thought this learned Japanese, "can place it in such tranquillity: these people cannot but have some infallible assurance of the doctrine they believe, and of the recompense they expect. Are they not ready to suffer all things for their God, and have no human expectations? If what they tell us of eternity be true, it elevates a man above himself, and far above the notions of our sects, which continue with us in all our weakness, and want power to appease the disorders of our hearts." These reflections, as he afterwards declared, touched his heart to the quick; and, confessing his conviction of the truth of Christianity, he desired baptism, and received it with great solemnity. This conversion was followed by that of others, among the philosophers and sceptics. There was a youth of five-and-twenty, much esteemed for the subtlety of his understanding, and educated in the most famous universities of Japan, who came to Amanguchi to push his fortune. He there became a Christian, "and many noble and valiant men were persuaded by him, who were afterwards the pillars of the Japonian church." And was this a light sacrifice? the surrender of favourite modes of thinking, of a vain and artful system, that chains the thoughts of

others as by a spell, is more difficult than to yield the dearest passion, or the most obdurate habit. The love of revenge, of woman, and of reputation, were the three gods to whom the cruel, sensual, and ambitious Japanese bowed down. They were required to trample all these under foot. Stern tests of obedience! And by whom was this demanded? This was a question often put by the people to each other, as they saw the friendless herald of his Redeemer "going forth from conquering to conquer." The libertinism of the Japanese was extreme; the middle and lower classes may put away their wives on the slightest pretence; the higher classes, though they can marry but one lady of their own rank, have their seraglios as in the East. Those who lived delicately and wantonly heard his voice. He required fidelity to home, and that license should be no more: how many a wife and mother blessed him! There were traits of character in the Japanese of a better and loftier kind: their fidelity and honour could be implicitly trusted when once their protection was given and their word pledged, as Xavier more than once experienced. "They will spend the last drop of their blood in fulfilling their trust; when they engage to assist a friend in need, they never swerve from it, however contrary to their own interest, or however great the danger that may hang over them. The principle of this fidelity arises from their love of reputation, upon which they are set above all things, and of which they rarely lose sight."

He wrote to the pastors he had left behind, and we cannot but observe how just is the following counsel to one in Travancore. "Henriquez, why are you dissatisfied, as though you lost your time because you find little fruit to your ministry? Be assured your labours are more profitable than you imagine. And, after all, the salvation of one

only soul ought to comfort a minister for all his pains. God regards our good intentions. No servant of his will be esteemed unprofitable who labours in his vineyard with all his strength, whatever his success may prove." To another he writes, "Wherever you shall be, learn the inclinations of the people, the customs of the country, the form of government, the received opinions, and all things respecting the commerce of human life. For, believe me, the knowledge of these things is very profitable to a missionary. There is a frankness of heart that ruins the designs of the evil spirit, who can never do mischief but when he is in disguise. Raise no theatres of fancy to yourself: humility is too glorious a thing to be shrouded beneath a rigid demeanour or lowly expressions. It is more to a proud man's purpose, to seem humble than to be so. Heal not thus the wounds of your soul's honour: Walk generously in the ways of the Lord:—love abroad, peace at home, an entire freedom from the sin of censuring others—this, this is religion. We are in the battle, others are in the camp: I hear the voice of my conductor: east and west, north and south, are all indifferent to me, so I may but advance the glory of our Lord."

Churches were rearing, in the city and in the country: he beheld the walls, the roof, the towers rise even near to the temples of Amida: societies were forming, discipline perfecting: why then did he wish to depart? Vain question, to one who looked on all that was yet done, only as an essay. Onward—yet onward! it is beautiful to see this solitary man go forth, driving his chariot wheels over the altars of the heathen, and the necks of the enemies of his God: "Hell from beneath is moved to meet him." The king upon his throne, the priest in his temple, even all the chief ones, are stirred at his coming, and narrowly consider him.

News came that a Portuguese vessel, commanded by Edward de Gama, was arrived at Figen, a port in the kingdom of Bungo. Xavier, to learn the truth of the report, sent by a messenger a letter directed to the captain and merchants of the vessel, to know who they were, and whither bound. The Portuguese were overjoyed to hear accounts of Xavier, and answered, that in a month they should set sail for China. He prepared to leave Amanguchi: having conjured the Christians to remain faithful, and commending them to the care of two of his associates, Cosmo de Torrez and Fernandez, he set out in September, 1551. He took for his companions, Matthew and Bernard: two Japanese lords, who had embraced the faith, would also be of the party. The distance was fifty leagues, which were performed on foot. When de Gama understood that he was not far off, he called together all the principal Portuguese who resided in the city of Fucheo, a league from Figen, and set out on horseback with them. The cavalcade soon came up with the party, and found Xavier walking between the two lords of Amanguchi, and carrying his own equipage. Gama was surprised to see a person so considerable in the world in such a posture, and, alighting from his horse, with all his company, saluted him with the utmost respect. As he refused to accept of a horse, they bore him company on foot, to the port. The ship was gallantly equipped to receive him, with flags hung out and streamers waving. "They who were remaining in her appeared on the decks, and stood glittering in their armour: they gave him a volley at his first approach, and then four rounds of artillery, the noise of which was heard so distinctly at Fucheo, that the king imagined the Portuguese were attacked by certain pirates, and despatched a gentleman of his court to inquire." This prince had heard much of Xavier,

in letters received from Amanguchi, and, desiring earnestly to see him, wrote him a letter in these terms :—

“ As God has not made me worthy to command you, I earnestly request you to come before the rising of the sun to-morrow, and knock at my palace gate, where I shall impatiently attend you. In the mean time, prostrate on the ground, and on my knees before your God, I desire of Him to make known to all the world how much your poor and holy life is pleasing to him, to the end that the children of our flesh may not be deceived by the false promises of the earth. Send me news of your holiness, the joy of which may give me a good night's repose, till the cocks awaken me with the welcome declaration of your visit.”

This letter was carried by a young prince of the blood-royal, attended by thirty young lords of the court. In the mean time, the Portuguese being assembled, to consult how Xavier was to appear at court the next morning, all of them were of opinion, that he should present himself with all the pomp and magnificence they could devise. At first he opposed it, out of the great aversion he had for this pageantry ; but he yielded to their reasons, “ that the priests of Amanguchi, having written all they could invent to render him contemptible, it would be wise to remove the false conceptions of the people, and let them see how the Christians delight to honour their ministers of the gospel.” The procession set out next morning before daylight : first went thirty of the chief Portuguese, richly habited, with their chains of gold, and adorned with jewels. Xavier wore a cassock of black camlet, and over it a surplice, with a stole of green velvet, garnished with a gold brocade. The shallop and the two barks, wherein they made their passage from the ship to the town, were covered with the richest China

tapestry, and hung round with silken banners of all colours. There were trumpets, flutes, hautboys, and other instruments of music, which, playing together, made an harmonious concert. So great was the multitude on the shore, that the Portuguese could hardly find footing. Some of the gentlemen carried costly articles; "one, a fair tablet of our Lady, wrapt in a scarf of violet damask." They passed through the chief streets of the city, the music playing, the great multitude following, the windows, the balconies, and the tops of the houses being also crowded. At the great square, which fronts the royal palace, they found six hundred of the king's guards, some armed with lances or darts, and all with rich scymetars, and clad in costly vests. After passing through a long gallery, they entered a large hall, full of people, who, by their habit, which was of damask heightened with gold, seemed to be persons of the highest quality. There, a little child, whom a very old man held by the hand, coming up to Xavier, saluted him with these words, "May your arrival in the palace of my lord the king, be as welcome to him as the rain of heaven after a long and parching drought. Enter without fear." They then ascended a terrace bordered with orange trees, and thence entered another spacious hall, where was the king's brother, with a magnificent retinue. Here another speech was made, and more civilities shewn. He at last had his audience of the king in a chamber which glittered with gold on every side: the monarch, to the great amazement of his lords, advanced, and bowed himself to the ground three times. Xavier, in return, prostrated himself before the prince, who took him by the hand, and caused him to sit down beside him, and laying aside all the pomp of majesty, which the kings of Japan are never used to quit in public, treated him with the kindness and familiarity of a friend.

While they were in earnest conversation, the dinner hour arrived, and the king invited his guest to eat with him: the latter declining the honour, it was urged more absolutely; "when with a low reverence, kissing his scimeter, which is a mark of profound respect, Xavier said, "I petition the God of heaven, from the bottom of my heart, to reward your majesty for all the favours you have heaped upon me, by bestowing on you the light of faith, and the virtues of Christianity; to the end that you may serve Him faithfully during your life, and enjoy him eternally after death." The prince embraced him, and desired of God, on his part, that he would graciously hear Xavier's request: yet, on this condition, that they might remain together in heaven, and never be divided from each other, that they might have the opportunity of long conversations, and of discoursing to the full of divine matters." While they were at dinner, the Portuguese and all the Court were on their knees, together with the chief inhabitants of the town. Then a concert of music was played: the nobles and great officers standing, their arms as well as parts of their dresses glittering with pearls and precious stones; and there was a great silence.

In Xavier's wild and splendid career there is no event more remarkable than this reception, and the affection of the prince for his character and person. The nobles, amazed to see their young monarch, gay, brave, and given up to pleasure, thus awed and delighted by one, whose message is rarely welcome to a court, conceived he was under some magical influence. These honours had a propitious influence on the minds of the people; and when Xavier appeared in public, vast multitudes assembled, to listen to the gospel, and numbers of them heard and believed. He was employed whole days together in baptizing the candidates, and in instructing new believers.

The Portuguese could engage none of his attention, unless at a late hour of the night, when he paused for awhile. They conjured him to spare himself. "My nourishment, my sleep, my life itself," was the reply, "consists in delivering from the tyranny of their sins, those precious souls, for whose sake chiefly God has called me from the utmost limits of the earth."

He was now in the scene for which he had thirsted, as the hart for the water-brooks. Cangoxina was 'the beginning of his strength,' where God first blest his zeal. Amanguchi saw yet greater fruits, but in Fucheo was 'the excellency of dignity, the excellency of power.' The priests strove fiercely at first, and then desisted, for they saw that their ascendancy was crushed: the cruelties of the mothers, who often slew their children, were forbidden on pain of death; the prince gave up his infamous vices, and the abominations of the pagan ceremonies were suppressed by an edict. During several hours each day, Francis did not cease to wrestle with God; and when morn broke on the city, it found him strong in faith, and armed for the toils of the day, though he had scarcely tasted food, or closed his eyes in sleep. He had no time to lose, for each moment, as it fled, appeared to him to bear with it the salvation or doom of a soul. The streets of the city were alive with the busy footsteps of men; trade, pleasure, or business, was in every face, when suddenly there was a silence, and then a gathering of the people; the windows and balconies were filled, the shops and markets forsaken. With his usual impetuous step, his hands folded on his breast, Xavier drew near, and with a strong thrilling voice, that could be heard at once by many thousands, painted the terrors of the wrath to come: then, with a face bathed in tears, pointed to his crucifix, spoke of the Saviour of the world, nailed to

the cross, expiring in the sinner's place. This was the strength of his soul : at the thoughts of the love of Christ, even when alone, he often wept bitterly. Is it any wonder that he prevailed mightily, and that the cry of the city went up to heaven—not for judgment, but for mercy ?

There were other influences in aid of the stranger. One of the most powerful was the opinion inculcated by the priests, that poverty not only made men despicable and ridiculous, but also criminal, and worthy of the severest punishments. Thus the beautiful child, who first addressed him on his arrival at the palace, said, “Certainly you must be endued with an extraordinary courage, to come into this far country, liable to contempt, in regard of your poverty ; and the goodness of your God must needs be infinite, to be pleased with that poverty.” Many of the bonzas went so far as to allow the poor no hope of a future happiness, as though they were too worthless and low for so great a gift : others of the subtle priesthood, from a hatred to the women, would fain have excluded them also from the elysium of Amida, but were cowed by the wit and boldness of some of the Japanese ladies.

Xavier, with an eager charity in his aspect, threw himself into the crowd, to associate himself with his auditors, to become their equal and brother, to hope, to fear with them. He loved poverty, and to throw off its appearance, even for a time, was a loss of comfort to him. The funds that were often placed in his hands for the use of the church or the mission, with what avidity he dissipated them among the destitute, the afflicted, the forsaken ! He would not make use of what the governor of the Indies had supplied him with, in the name of the king of Portugal. He thought he should have affronted Providence, if he had done this ; and therefore, taking out of the treasury a thousand crowns, he employed

them wholly for the relief of the poor who had received baptism. Neither did he rest satisfied with this royal alms, but drew what he could also from his friends at Goa and at Malacca. Though all the miserable were dear to him, yet he assisted the prisoners after a more particular manner with the charities which he gathered. All this was new and wonderful to the poor Japanese, hitherto despised and shunned as if the mark of Cain was on them; and when he opened to them wide the gates of immortality, and told them that the Lord of heaven and earth loved them equally with the proud and the great,—his voice was to them, “even as the voice of a God.” No part of his preaching so much enraged the bonzas, and the higher classes, who saw the multitude rejoice, and assert a privilege equal to their own. He burst for the poor the bands of that most exquisite tyranny—the oppression of the soul!

The address of Xavier soothed the jealousy and suspicion of the upper ranks of society. Perhaps few men, and yet fewer ministers, have more intimately and perfectly read the human heart: even Loyola might at times have taken lessons from his friend. “He became all things to all men, for the advantage of their souls: he spoke with the merchants of their affairs, with an apparent concern for their interests; he conversed with the courtiers, of the cabals and intrigues of courts.” But a loftier bearing and more imperious tone were necessary with many persons of quality, who invited him to their mansions, and who were inclined to treat his message slightly or proudly. When he saw these fierce and haughty Japanese clad in gold and silver, and their halls filled with guards and courtiers, his affable and gentle carriage was changed instantly: in his simple attire he passed with a cold dignity through the apartments, and confronted these men with a look as commanding as their own, and few

could meet unmoved the lightning glance of his eye. "Then he preached to them the word of God with an air of authority, and spoke with majesty, and raised his voice so loud that it seemed like the thunder which frightens the savage beasts of the wilderness, and breaks down the proud cedars of Lebanon."

His instructions to missionaries are full of the wisdom of experience.— "Endeavour to get a knowledge of the world and of men; and in order thereto, you will have to take greater pains than in learning philosophy and divinity. This science is not to be learned from ancient manuscripts or printed books. It is in living books, and the conversation of knowing men, that you must study it. With it you shall do more good than if you dealt amongst the people in preaching all the arguments of the doctors, and all the subtilty of the schools. In your sermons affect not to make a shew of much learning, or of a happy memory, by citing many passages of ancient authors. Employ the best part of your sermons in a lively description of the interior state of worldly souls. Set before their eyes, and let them see as in a glass, their own disquiets, their little cunnings, their trifling projects, and their vain hopes. A man rarely fails of an attentive audience, when the immediate interest of the hearer is the subject of the discourse. Those things which are above the level of the world, only make a noise, and signify nothing. It is necessary to represent men to themselves, if you will gain them. But, in order well to express what passes in the bottom of their hearts, you must first understand them well; and in order to that, you must know their conversation, you must watch them narrowly, and fathom all their depths. Study, then, those living books, and assure yourself that you shall draw out of them the means of turning sinners from the error of their ways. On the whole, you will come to see that the duty of a

preacher is to sound the bottom of human hearts, to have an excellent knowledge of the world, to make a faithful picture of man, that every one may know it for his own."

In Fucheo, no day of rest ever rose ; nor night of healthful repose came down. " If I were so ill disposed," he said, " it would be impossible for me to pamper up my body with delicate fare." Saint Bruno himself might have dined with him, and been edified : but wo to the hungry or luxurious man who sat down at his table !

Vain were the persuasions and entreaties of those who loved him, and saw the sudden paleness overspread his cheek, and the lustre pass from his brilliant eye. He suffered from excessive pains of the head, which compelled him to pause in his walks and journeys, when he would sit down by the roadside, or beneath a tree. Even on his fine constitution, hardships and fastings had made sad inroads : he sometimes lay on his mat in an agony, of which he rarely complained. The disastrous journey to Miaco now made itself felt, and he sunk into a languishing fever. " Nevertheless, after a little interruption, he held on his way without discouragement." " For myself," he says, " I am verily persuaded, that they who love the cross of our Lord, live happy in the midst of sufferings. For can there be a more cruel death, than to live without Jesus Christ, after once we have tasted of him ? Is any thing more hard than to abandon him, that we may satisfy our own inclinations ? Believe me, there is no cross to be compared to them. O my God ! help me to search thee in the spirit of truth !" Solitude was indescribably dear to him : not the solitude of the cell, but of nature. The sandy shore, even the dreariest, was his favourite resort, as if the boundless scene of waters and the overhanging precipices suited the vast and restless character

of his thoughts : here he would wander for hours, in the storm as well as in the calm, lost in meditation. In his voyages he continued earnestly in prayer from midnight even to sunrising, and that so regularly, as to render it almost a proverb amongst the seamen, "that nothing was to be feared in the night, because Francis watched the vessel, and the tempests would not trouble them, while he held conversation with God." His incessant wanderings had familiarized him to every aspect of the deep; and it was remarked by his friends, that his faith was strongest, his spirit most buoyant, when the danger was extreme. To the gloomy cavern, and lone retreat amid the rocks, where the foot of others seldom came—he often retired, to seek that communion with Heaven, "by which his soul was transported, as it were, out of itself, and so intimately united to our Lord, that it is no wonder all other delights were poor. On many occasions he was observed, on the sandy walks by the sea-shore, so excited by an inward ardour of charity, that he seemed to think the waves a barrier to his great designs. His face was deeply flushed, and, not being able to endure the emotion, he was constrained to give himself air by opening the garment next to his breast. These minute circumstances afford an insight into the spirit and temperament of men.

While many a desert and many a sea divided him from his Indian churches, he wrote to the ministers he had set over them, "I comfort myself with thinking, that the sins with which you daily upbraid your own consciences produce in you an extreme horror of arrogance. Beware, especially, lest the good opinion which men have conceived of you do not give you too much pleasure; for so sweet a contemplation is apt to make us negligent, and that negligence, as it were by a kind of

enchantment, destroys the humility of our hearts, and introduces pride instead of it. Take heed of yourselves, my dearest brethren; many ministers of the gospel, who have opened the way of heaven to other men, are tormented in hell, for want of true humility, and for being carried away with a vain opinion of themselves. On the contrary, there is not to be found in hell one single soul which was sincerely humble. I commend you to yourselves; a mysterious yet excellent study. Seriously think how many things God leaves undone, because you are wanting to him in fidelity. How shall you excel in great occasions, if you do not begin to excel in less? when the former arrive, and you are at the mercy of brutal natures, of all the barbarity of the ocean with its tempests, of the devil with his evil angels, then, if you have a noble confidence in God, you can never degenerate into weakness; but this confidence is the fruit of experience and faithfulness. How exquisite is the memory of the favours God has done us!"

During the hot season, excursions into the country from the sultry streets to the shelter of the woods were delightful, and, the neighbourhood being very populous, Xavier often took his only exercise of walking. The roads were crowded with passengers, for whose refreshment there was an abundance of small inns, cooks' shops, and pastry cooks, along the road; even in the midst of forests and on the tops of mountains these houses were to be found, each with a garden and orchard behind the house, which is seen from the road or street through a lofty passage. Behind some of them was a stream, falling from a natural or artificial hill, on whose banks refreshments were brought to the passengers, and, among these, hot tea is always to be had. The love of flowers is in the Japanese a national passion; an immense flower-pot, in which

the flowering-branches of various trees are tastefully disposed, stands frequently in the open window of the tavern, to tempt the weary. The flowers of plants, however beautiful, are thought too common to be placed alone, and sometimes a couple of young girls, well dressed, stand also at the door, beneath the shadow of the tree, to invite people to the inn. The eatables, cakes, &c., are stuck to skewers of bamboos, as in the Turkish cities and villages, so that they may be taken by the passenger from without. There is no animal food, but plenty of snails, oysters, and fish, with various roots, vegetables, and fruits. Rows of fir-trees extend on each side of many of the roads, and tea-booths are set up beneath their branches, and in the fields. The love of flowers, for which this people have an exquisite and universal taste, serves to whet the appetite and allure the eye, just as a fine ham or a sirloin of beef would in England: the pilgrim, the trader, the weary man, feast their looks, first on the great flower-vases in the open windows, admire their beauties, taste their perfume, and then think about their meal. The missionary could take his only indulgence of tea at a cheap rate in the wood or the highway, while probably his companions looked at times with a more desiring eye on the viands: it is not said who carried the purse, which was indeed a circumstance of little moment, if he often exercised a power like the following: "Jerome Fernandez was taken, with his ship and all his wealth, by the Malabar pirates, who were equally covetous and cruel. He threw himself into the sea, and swam to the shore near the coast of Maliapor. Meeting there with Francis, he related his misfortune, and begged an alms. The latter was sorry, being so poor himself, yet he put his hand into his pocket, but, finding nothing, he turned to Fernandez, and said, 'Have courage, Heaven will pro-

vide for you.' After which, walking forward some paces, he once more put his hands into his pockets, and pulled out fifty pieces of gold: 'Make use of it,' he said, 'but speak not of it.' The surprise and joy of Fernandez were so great, that he published it in all places; and the pieces of gold were found to be so pure and fine, that it was not doubted but they were miraculous." Had the doctors of the Sorbonne, or the good people of Paris, known of this faculty, Xavier would have had little reason to complain of their coldness to his appeals. The gardens and shady places were favourite resorts of the people, who sat or moved about in groups, smoking, and sipping tea; but the Japanese have not the Oriental love of silence or solitude, but are, on the contrary, a bustling, social, mercurial people, fond of their own voices. It is said that "all in general proposed their doubts, and disputed with so much vehemence, that most of them were out of breath."

The attachment of Xavier to his "*Order*" increased with his years, and he exulted in its prosperity. "Never forget," he says to one of the missionaries, "that you are a member of it: by the voluntary obedience you have vowed to our father Ignatius, I entreat that there be no misunderstanding, nor even coldness among you." The following letter to the fathers at Rome, in a style and feeling rarely flowing from his pen, is a melancholy tribute to the delusions of popery. "In the height of the tempest, I took for my intercessors with God the living persons of our Society, and joined to these all Christians, that I might be assisted with the merits of the holy Catholic church, whose prayers are heard in heaven, though her habitation be on earth. Afterwards I addressed myself to the dead, and particularly to Pierre le Fevre, to appease the wrath of God. I went through all the orders of the angels and the saints, and invoked them all.

But to the end that I might the more easily obtain the pardon of my innumerable sins, I desired for my protectress and patroness, the most holy Mother of God and Queen of heaven, who without difficulty obtains from her beloved Son whatsoever she requests. In conclusion, I reposed all my hope in the infinite merits of our Redeemer. The prayers and sacrifices of the Society, both such as labour here on earth and such as enjoy the fruits of their labour in the heavens, have helped to comfort and deliver me in my perils and sufferings. If I ever forget thee, O Society of Jesus, let my right hand be unprofitable to me, and may I even forget the use of it! I pray our Lord Jesus Christ, who has blessed us in the course of this life, to reunite us in eternity, in the company of saints who behold him in his glory."

What a struggle of light with darkness in the mind of this man! there are at times flashes of glorious truth, and again falls the thick gloom. In his letters, the wisdom of the legislator is often blended with the diviner spirit of the apostle; and the reader is tempted to exclaim, "Had he known a purer dispensation, and been educated in the simplicity of Christ, how boundless had been his usefulness, how hallowed his name!"

The following is the prayer which he composed in Latin, and daily put up at the altar, exhibiting a contrast to the preceding letter:—"O eternal God, creator of all things, mercifully remember that the souls of infidels are the work of thy hands, and that they are created in thy resemblance. Behold, O Lord, how hell is filled with them, to the dishonour of thy name! Remember that Jesus Christ, thy Son, for their salvation suffered a most cruel death: permit not, I beseech thee, that he should be despised by those idolaters. Vouchsafe to be propitiated by the prayers of the church, thy

most holy spouse, and call to mind thy own compassion. Forget, O Lord, their infidelity, and work in such manner, that at length they may acknowledge for their God, our Saviour Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent into the world, and who is our salvation, our life, our resurrection; by whom we have been redeemed from hell; and to whom be all glory now and ever more!"

Purgatory is rarely mentioned in his addresses to the heathen; yet in his instructions to Barzœus, at Ormuz, he says, "You shall walk the streets every night, and recommend the souls of the dead to the prayers of the living. You shall also desire their prayers to God for such as are in mortal sin, that they may obtain the grace of coming out of so deplorable a condition. Frequently visit the poor in the hospitals, exhort them to confess themselves, and to communicate; giving them to understand, that Confession is the remedy for past sins, and the Communion a preservative against relapses. Be careful of their wants; watch over the distressed. Visit the prisoners; among that sort of people there are few to be found who ever make an exact confession. Labour with the judges for their enlargement; provide for their necessities. Oh! pity, and have mercy on those whom all others abandon." But there are better and purer passages, which, amid the superstitions of the Roman church, may be compared to the living waters in the desert. "Has not our Lord purchased all the nations of the earth as his inheritance? Is there an individual excluded from the offers of his love—how then can any people be? God himself has filled us with the assurance of his mercy; we doubt not of his power: what cause of distrust or fear is it possible for us to have? Certain it is, our only apprehension ought to be that of offending him. It is because I can do nothing of myself, that I have the better hopes of

the heathen. I can do all things through Him who strengtheneth me, and from whom proceeds the strength of those who labour in the gospel. My hopes are incomparably high. Yet I cannot tell you how much I stand obliged to the Japanese, among whom God has given me clearly to understand the infinite number of my sins; for till that time, I was so little collected, and had so far wandered out of myself, that I had not discovered, in the bottom of my heart, an abyss of imperfections and failings. It was not till my labours and sufferings in Japan, that I understood, by my own experience, how necessary it is to have One who may watch over me and govern me."

An illustrious descent, the favour and love of princes, a vast spiritual sway, do not often conduce to an enduring humility; yet this was the beauty of Xavier's soul. His lips did not tell it, nor did his looks declare it, but it was manifest in the whole tenor of his life. His own expressions make other words poor: "Every moment bears with it the fancies of vanity, and the private whisperings of the devil of pride. Some spirits will walk alone, and dream of palaces, of beauty, of excellent orations, full theatres, and loud praises, and will thus spend an hour in those imaginative pleasures, which are as rich odours on the passing breeze. Others build a lowlier temple, and a more lasting one, whence they look proudly, even from the dust, on their fellow-men. Alas! though it be good always to think meanly of ourselves, it is but seldom safe to speak it. Some Christians err greatly, though sincerely, in this respect. Is not chastity the beautiful ornament of woman? yet if she speaks or boasts of it, how much of its charm is lost! Is not humility the pure and golden grace of the soul; yet do not publish it. Be assured the precious gifts of God may not often be trusted

to the lips, save to the friend of our bosom, or the lover of our soul. And those circumstances and considerations which determine your thoughts cannot be known to others as to yourself."

The hour was welcome, though usually far in the night, when he could meet De Gama and Pereyra, with other European gentlemen, and talk of their welfare, of Italy, and his native land, so dear to the bosom of every Spaniard. Did not memory wake, even in Japan? He should yet see Spain again: Ignatius had written, earnestly requesting his return, that they might hear from his own lips the details of his mission, and consult together for its future welfare. Nine years had fled since he left her shores. Oh! when had time been so fraught with high and useful events? The sails of his friends were even now unfurling for Europe, and they besought him to depart. Magdalen, his only and beautiful sister, whose prayers were offered day and night to God for his success, slept in the burial-place of St. Clare, and the nuns lamented for their loved abbess, who sank untimely to the grave. Xavier wept for her amid the wilds of India. One lonely voice still rose in the castle of Xavier; one step, halting to the tomb, still feebly passed through the halls where he once listened to the tales of chivalry and the minstrel song; the mild, uncomplaining face, the pleading eye that blessed while it sorrowed, the furrowed cheek oft raised in silent prayer, the ineffable smile—it was his mother!

During his residence in Fucheo, Xavier had several interviews with the king; whom he implored "no longer to continue bewildered and wandering in the disorders of his life." "My prayers," continued he, "shall never cease for your conversion. I wish it with an unimaginable ardour: wheresoever I shall be, the most happy news that can be told me, is to hear that the king of Fucheo lives according to the

maxims of Christianity." The young monarch was deeply moved; he took Xavier by the hand and wept, but the latter refused him the rite of baptism till his life was reclaimed from open sin. "It was not till after some succeeding years, that, having made more serious reflections on the admonitions of Xavier, he reformed his life altogether, and received baptism."

The priesthood made a last and desperate plot for his destruction, which was foiled at the very crisis by his firmness. The Portuguese fled on board their ships from the fury of the idolatrous part of the people, whom the bonzas had inflamed for their purpose. Edward de Gama sought his friend every where, and at last found him in a poor dwelling, with a small band of his most zealous converts, calmly awaiting his fate. De Gama implored him to embark, as the priesthood, who were for the moment uppermost, thirsted for his blood, "Edward," he said, "I am unworthy of the favour of martyrdom; yet I will not render myself more unworthy of it, which assuredly I should if I embarked with you. For, what scandal should I give to my new converts by flying hence! Might they not take occasion from it, to violate their promises to God, when they should see me wanting to the duties of my ministry? I will guard my flock, and die with them for the sake of the God of all mercies, who has redeemed me at the price of his own life. Ought not I to seal my love to him by my blood, and to publish, by my death, that all men are bound to be faithful to Him who suffered for them on the cross?" This generous answer so touched De Gama, that he hastened to the merchants at Figen, three miles distant, and then on board ship. All of them, soldiers, sailors, and merchants, marched in a body into Fucheo, and, by their numbers and resolute countenance, broke all the measures of the

bonzas. The king, incensed at the sudden insurrection, appointed a public disputation in the palace between Xavier and the champion of the priests, Facarandono, whom they had brought from a great distance, and who was aided by six others. The conference lasted six days, and was skilfully supported on both sides. The arguments of the Japanese were full of talent and ingenuity, but the victory leaned to the side of the Christian, who was aided, towards the conclusion of the debate, by the anger of his opponents, and their disagreement with each other. The following morning, the king going out of his palace, with many attendants, to walk in the town, according to his custom, sent to Xavier, to desire him to come to his gardens, where they walked some time; and he then conducted him to the palace, amidst the acclamations of the Christians. In the great hall the bonzas were waiting to renew the dispute, which continued the greater part of the day, and ended in their discomfiture. Xavier was startled by a few of their arguments: "Either God," they said, "foresaw that Lucifer and his accomplices would revolt and be damned eternally, or he foresaw it not. If he had no foresight of it, his prescience did not extend so far as you would have us to believe; but if he foresaw it, the consequence is still worse, since he did not hinder their revolt, and thereby prevent their damnation. Your God, being, as you say, the fountain of all goodness, must now be acknowledged by you as the original cause of so much evil. Thus you are forced to confess either ignorance or malice in your God." Surprised to hear the bonzas reasoning like the schoolmen, he turned to De Gama, who was by his side, "See," he said softly in Portuguese, "how the devil has sharpened the wit of these his advocates." "If our evil be as ancient as the world," said another bonza, "why did God let so many

ages pass away, without giving it a remedy? Why did he not descend from heaven, to redeem human kind, by his death and sufferings, as soon as ever man was guilty? To what degree did these first men sin, to become unworthy of such a favour? And what has been the merit of their descendants, that they should be more favourably treated than their predecessors?" He had reason to say that the Japanese were a people of lively understanding and much reflection, and they were also a "liberal and reasonable nation;" had they been as cold and subtle as the Hindoo, the mission would not thus have prospered.

The next morning he went to take his leave of the king, and he sailed the same evening with a favourable wind, from a country that was engraven on his heart for ever. This was in the month of November, 1551. During the voyage, he had frequent conversations with Pereyra, as to the possibility of entering China. Once more upon the waters, the memory of country and home faded before the brilliant anticipation of the future. On his arrival in Malacca, the joy of the people was very great: they ran in crowds to the shore, and on the way to the house of the Society, pointing to the ruins of their homes, said, "that if he had not left them, they should have been preserved from the fury of the war." He visited the old governor, Don Pedro de Silva, and the new one who succeeded him, Alvarez de Atayda, and communicated to them his design of an embassy to China, as advantageous to the crown of Portugal, and for the interests of Christianity. Xavier shrank from the prodigious expense; but Pereyra, "who, under the garb of a merchant, had the heart of an emperor, made offer of his ship and all his goods, to promote the enterprise. The former accepted the offer in a transport of joy. Embarking with

his Japanese, in a vessel bound for Goa, he arrived there in the beginning of February, furnished by Pereyra with thirty thousand crowns, towards the intended voyage to China. The fathers at Goa came to listen to his relation concerning the church in Japan, and a great number of missionaries, from various stations, were gathered to meet him; some came by chance, others by his direction. Ormuz had changed its aspect under the care of Gaspar Barzæus: on the coasts of Fishery the church prospered greatly; although Antonio Criminal, the Superior, had been massacred by the Badages. In Cochin, in Meliapor, in the Moluccas, Ternate, and even in the isles Del Moro, the gospel flourished. In the city of Goa, the reformation, begun by Francis, was now established. The viceroy of the Indies had orders from the king of Portugal to defray the charges of the missionaries in all their voyages; and many colleges were to be founded, which, together with the seminaries in the Indies, were to be put into the hands of the "Society." The intelligence on every side was full of interest and satisfaction.

Xavier, encouraged by these instances of Divine favour, bent all his thoughts towards China, and, at his entreaty, the viceroy bestowed on Pereyra the office of ambassador; to whom he gave the means of furnishing presents for the emperor of China; but the most magnificent of these presents were made at the expense of Pereyra, who prepared cloth of gold, ornaments for brocade for an altar, pictures of devotion in rich frames, made by some of the first artists in Italy, with copes and other costly church array. Xavier was at this time completely occupied; for the ambassador of the king of Fucheo had come with him to Goa, to request, in his master's name, that some evangelical preachers might be sent to instruct the people. He invested Barzæus,

of whom he had the highest opinion, with some of his own offices, and in a full assembly he constituted him rector of the college, and vice-provincial of the Indies. He chose three ecclesiastics for his companions, and, having written a letter to the king of Portugal, to Ignatius, and to Spain, he assembled the fathers, the students, and the pastors by night, and gave his last instructions, "and, weeping over them, recommended constancy, with unfeigned humility, which was to have, for its foundation, a true knowledge of themselves." The hour, the scene, in the magnificent church of Goa; the deep silence and the emotion of the auditory, as they listened to the voice they were never more to hear; the light of the many lamps, falling on tomb and pillar; the pale and excited faces uplifted to his own, as they kneeled around him, and he blessed them, — altogether made this last farewell sadly impressive. This church was his favourite retreat, and every day he spent two hours before the altar in prayer; yet a little while, and he should be there again—but not as now! Covered with the dark pall, the restless frame would be hushed at last, and the panting spirit beat no more.

The success of a great mind ever subjugates those of others: on the eve of the voyage to Japan, every hand was raised, and every tongue was loud against it; but now, the more perilous and distant journey to China was regarded by all with admiration, and all longed to partake of it. A few weeks only in Goa, and his sail is again unfurled; even his loved Japan tempts him no more: his soul required a new country yet more dangerous, distant, and hostile to the faith. Vast as the enterprise seemed to others, China was to be but the passage to greater victories: let her idols fall, let her princes bow, and then his rapid step would move onward, till Christ should be Lord of all. This very year he

wrote, "that when once the empire of China and that of Tartary were subdued to the sceptre of Jesus Christ, he purposed to return into Europe by the north, that he might preach there also; that after this, he designed to go over into Africa, or to return into Asia, in quest of new kingdoms where he might preach the gospel."

Perhaps the defect in Xavier's mental character was its want of repose. That anticipation, ever fervent—that ardour, ever restless—were precious qualities to a missionary, during a great part of his progress; but not more precious than the timely contentment, the blessed fulness of the heart, which ought to be its portion, when its long-cherished desires are accomplished.

Had not Heaven heard and granted his prayer, even to overflowing? But a few years previous, India was his ambition: India was given to him. He did not rest beneath the shadow of her vine and fig-tree, but made her a highway to other nations. Isle after isle fell before him; and then Japan was granted, over whose mighty fold he should have watched as doth a shepherd over his flock, and thought a whole life not enough for her care. Yet how soon his soul was satisfied with her fatness, of which it had tasted but a portion!—with her hidden treasures, of which the half had not been told him! There were vast interior provinces, and innumerable souls, that knew him not: the cities of Jeddo and Meaco, like Nineveh and Babylon of old, were full of riches and of guilt. He next seeks China, whose people were less noble and less worthy. But the voice went forth, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther;" and it went forth in mercy, though Francis knew it not: for China was no suitable field for his talents or temper: its conceited, cold, artificial people, would have broken his heart; and it is better that a man should fall betimes, than live to be defeated.

Perhaps, in the depths of his mind, amidst the solitudes of the Pyrenees, he contemplated the dim yet lofty future. After the success of his ambition in Paris, Ignatius could alone succeed in leading his spirit from the world, by placing before it, not the peace and consolations of religion, but its mighty recompense — its eternal crown. There was also another cause, yet more latent: a temperament so restless, fiery, and unreposing, as that of Xavier, required the balance of the affections—the softer, dearer affections—to keep it in a “charmed consistency:” his heart was formed for love—he never loved; it yearned over children, even to the last—he never was to be a father! He went forth with the sole heritage of the Mind—not engrossed with the excitements of study, research, literature, fame, such as he had once loved; but simply with the vast designs, the absorbing passion, of his Mission. Was it not natural that these designs should become yet vaster, even from accomplishment—that this passion should grow more insatiate from success? His ever-heaving, yet magnificent mind, still desired an enterprise more difficult than the last—a region, in the figurative words, “which the vulture’s eye hath not seen.” It seemed to be thus, even with his piety: his devotion was often rapture—his contemplations seemed to rise, as on the wing of the seraph: with his lamp burning, and his staff in his hand, still following on, “he panted after God, as the hart panteth after the water-brooks.”

The fine vessel of Pereyra was named the Santa Cruz, and arrived safely at Malacca. Alvarez de Atayda, the governor of that place, had approved the enterprise, when first opened to him by Xavier, and had been directed by the viceroy of the Indies to forward it by every aid that was in his power. But Alvarez had a grudge to Pereyra, who, the year before, had refused to lend him ten thousand crowns,

and could not endure that he should now be sent ambassador to the greatest country in the East. He sought all occasions to cross the voyage, though Xavier had done him several good offices with the viceroy. He seized the Santa Cruz, and sent soldiers to take away the rudder, and deliver it into his own hands. After some time, proceeding to further outrages, he took entire possession of the vessel, placing in her a captain and mariners, to go and trade at Sancian. The ruin of Pereyra, the destruction of the embassy to China, weighed heavily on his friend, who had tried persuasion and menaces with Alvarez to no avail. He wrote to the king of Portugal and the viceroy, whose interference would in time redress his wrongs. But time! how could he trifle with its power?—or how account for wasted days, and hours, and moments, when its voice was ever in his ears, like the trump of an angel?

He resolved to go in the Santa Cruz to the island of Sancian, whence he might possibly get over to the continent, and thence to Canton. There fell a calm of fourteen days in the passage; but on the twenty-third day the isle of Sancian was in sight, wild and barren. Antonio, a Chinese, and a young Indian from Goa, were his only attendants. A merchant offered, for a handsome reward, to take Xavier into his bark by night, and land him on some part of the coast of China, where no houses were in view, and even engaged to conduct him afterwards, by stealth, to the gates of Canton. He promised the reward, though he saw the uncertainty of the attempt, and prepared to depart, for his only wish was to be set down at the gates of Canton. The Portuguese on board the Santa Cruz, in order to please D'Atayda, the governor of Malacca, to whom the ship now belonged, crossed his designs; and through their neglect and unkindness he was reduced to a want of all necessaries of life, and had

scarcely wherewith to sustain nature. The other vessels departed, and by them he wrote to Pereyra and to Ignatius. "They are my offences which have ruined your fortunes, Pereyra; I have caused you to lose all your expenses, for the embassy to China. As for the governor, who has broken our voyage, I pity him, and forgive him. Almighty God abundantly reward you, since I am not able of myself to do it: if our intentions had not been right, I should be yet more afflicted than I am. I beg all those of our Society in the Indies, to desire of Heaven every blessing on your head. For what remains, if I compass my entrance into China, and if the gospel enter with me,—you shall have the merit of it in the sight of God, and the glory in the sight of men." The Chinese merchant deceived his hopes; and the interpreter, at the instigation of others, broke his engagement. He would have braved these ills, but there came an enemy, whose aid even D'Atayda had not hoped for. Xavier was just recovered from a violent fever, that had lasted fifteen days, and, struggling with his weakness, he still "took his walk along the shore of Sancian, that looked toward that far and desired country;" but his step was slow and feeble: no more should mountain and plain disappear, as heretofore, beneath it. A second fever seized on him on the 20th of November; from that moment he saw that all was over. He retired into the vessel, which was the common hospital of the sick; but, unable to endure the tossing of the waves, he requested that he might be set on shore again. He was landed, and left upon the sands, exposed to the inclemency of the season, and the blasts of a piercing north wind, which then arose. Thus he lay some hours, when a sailor, by name Alvarez, caused him to be carried into a shed he had reared, which was little better than the naked shore, being open on every

side, with a sail, supported by a few poles, for its roof. A surgeon came from the ship and bled him, but so unskillfully, that the nerves were injured, and Xavier fell into convulsions: blood was drawn a second time, and this was followed by a dreadful sickness. A few almonds, which the captain of the vessel sent him out of charity, was his only nourishment:—the fever increased; in this state he passed three days and nights. He who had laughed at destruction, now felt it enter into his soul:—he who had never known gloom or dejection, might now say, “the arrows of the Almighty are within me, the poison whereof drinketh up my spirit.” Perhaps it was the will of God, that, after so many favours, he should be bereaved utterly. His countrymen saw him afar off, in his agony, without pity. There was abundance, and even luxury, on board the Santa Cruz—he desired them not. The few almonds (all they gave) were sufficient for his need; but he felt that ingratitude is more cruel than the grave! Often in Malacca, and during the voyage, he had ministered to their wants, loosed their bonds, and wiped away their tears; but now no one had mercy on him, no one watched the unutterable anguish in which life ebbed away. The shore was desolate, the sun fell fiercely on him during part of the day, and at night the north-wind swept over his bed of sand, “even through the bones and marrow.” The favourite of princes, the palace gates had opened at his coming: where were the kings of Fucheo, of Saxuma,—the nobles who loved to walk by his side? They looked for his return, believing that all things were possible to him. His loved Japan was no longer in his thoughts: he spoke not of his mission. Lifting his eyes to heaven, he sought communion with his God, and he did not seek in vain—by the intense-ness of their expression, it was evident that all was light within. In his brief and

fevered slumber, his lips moved often : he pressed the crucifix to his heart, that throbbed more faint every moment, and murmured the name of his Redeemer. After three days, delirium came, and he talked of nothing but his passage to China, and the conquests that were to be given him there. Then his intellect returned in its full lustre, and he thus passed two days more. He bade Antonio take his ministerial garments, and the books he had composed for the eastern people, on board the vessel. At two in the afternoon, his eyes bathed in tears, and an angelic smile on his features, he looked upwards and said, " In thee, O Lord, I have hoped : I shall never be confounded,"—and died.

When it was known that he had expired, many of the crew, even the most devoted to the governor, ran to the wretched shed : they gazed at first from a distance, but at last, drawing nearer, they knelt down and kissed his hands, with a repentance that came too late. The body was not laid in the ground till Sunday towards noon, when Antonio and three others were the only assistants, as if the spirit of D'Atayda had again entered into their companions. At the point of the haven there was a rising ground, and at its foot a small meadow ; here they laid him, and cast up two heaps of stones, the one at his head, the other at his feet. When the vessel was on the point of sailing, Antonio and Alvarez implored Almeyda, the captain, not to leave the remains of Francis upon the isle. They went, and raised the rude coffin, which they had filled with a kind of earth or lime, and were astonished to see that the body had not yet known corruption. Probably there was some peculiar quality, of which instances are not rare, in the earth placed upon it, or in the mossy soil where the remains were laid. The countenance was that of one in a sweet repose, and the worm had not yet covered it. On arriving at Malacca, all the chief people and the clergy

came and bore it in procession to the church, followed by an immense crowd of people. D'Atayda, the governor, was gaming in his palace as the procession passed by, and he derided it; but the hour of his retribution was at hand. The viceroy of the Indies caused him to be brought to Goa as a prisoner of state, and sent him to Portugal under a guard. There all his goods were confiscated to the king's exchequer, and he was condemned to perpetual imprisonment. As for Pereyra, who had sacrificed his whole estate, the king restored him all with interest, and heaped his favours on him in succeeding years. Pereyra ordered a coffin to be made of precious wood, garnished with rich damask; and the body, being wrapped in cloth of gold, was put into it to be transported to Goa.

The galley landed her deposit within half a league of Goa. Early the next morning, which was Friday in passion week, six barks were seen to come, with lighted torches, and splendidly adorned, wherein was the flower of the Portuguese nobility; twelve other barks followed, with three hundred of the principal inhabitants, each holding a taper in his hand; and in each of these barks there was instrumental music and choirs of voices, which made an admirable harmony; the whole was drawn up in two wings, to accompany the galley that rowed between them. The coffin, covered with cloth of gold, was placed upon the stern, under a canopy, and rich streamers waved around it. They rowed towards Goa very softly, and the solemn strains of harmony came on the breeze. The city was emptied of its people, who covered the shore; the viceroy was there with his guards, the remaining part of the nobility, the council, the magistrates, —all in mourning. At the moment of landing, a company of young men, consecrated to the service of the altars, standing at the water's edge, sung, "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel." Perhaps

the most beautiful tribute paid to the deceased was the procession of ninety children, who went foremost in long white robes, with chaplets of flowers on their heads, and each of them holding in his hand an olive branch. From the windows, from the tops of the houses, the people scattered flowers on the body as it passed along, and the voice of their mourning was very great.

Claudius Buchanan visited his burial-place, of which he thus speaks—"St. Francis Xavier lies enshrined in a monument of exquisite art, and his coffin is encased with silver and precious stones, in the city of Goa." In the Indies, the heathens as well as the Christians heard of his death with a wild emotion: the new converts, with a hasty zeal, built churches in his honour: the king of Travancore, though a Mahometan, built a magnificent temple to him. In Japan the Christians of Saxuma kept with religious care a stone on which he had often preached. The house where he had lodged at Amanguchi was respected as a sacred place. The king of Facheo was afterwards fortunate in war, subdued several kingdoms, and lived in vicious indulgences; but in the course of his victories, recalling often the words of Xavier, he at last made an open profession of the faith. Two months after his baptism, some of his principal subjects, out of hatred to Christianity, and urged by the bonzas, joined with the neighbouring princes, and defeated him in a pitched battle. The ruined prince made a vow at the foot of the altar, to be faithful to God, and rallying his scattered troops, by his valour and address he by degrees, after many reverses, regained his crown. He then sent an embassy to pope Gregory the Thirteenth, full of submission and respect to the holy see. One of the Indian converts gave a touching proof of his regard: devoted to Xavier when alive, he came to his sepulchre, and then, taking passage for Europe, he travelled

through part of the continent, and crossing the Pyrenees, arrived at the castle of Xavier. Entering into the chamber where Francis was born, he kissed the floor and the walls, and burst into a flood of tears: he visited the ancient family chapel, the altar, and the crucifix, before which, when a child, the latter had prayed; and then he took his way back to the Indies, carrying with him a little piece of stone which he had loosened from the walls of the chamber.

Xavier was forty-six years of age at the time of his death, ten and a half of which he had passed in the Indies. He was tall, and finely formed; his countenance was handsome and fresh-coloured, with a large and high forehead, eyes of a piercing and lively blue, expressing quickly and vividly the varying emotions of the soul: his hair was of a dark chesnut.

Fortunately for his memory, he has left records more imperishable than the eulogies of the Romish writers. Hundreds of thousands of converts are no more necessary in evidence of his usefulness, than prodigies are of his piety. Yet rarely had he to say that he laboured in vain, or spent his strength for nought. The purity of his motives, the fervour of his zeal, his intense abandonment to the glory of his Lord, were owned and attested on high. Could it be believed for a moment that he went forth unaided, save by the confidence of error, and the weapons of superstition, —his career would be one of vast mockery and delusion. But the gold, even the fine gold of the truth, shone forth amid the dross of Rome, whose child he was, and whose ceremonials and sacraments so often interpose between God and the soul. The man who loved his Redeemer, as did Xavier, could not fail to preach him effectually to the heathen. His powerful addresses rarely failed to be useful in the Indies; a great part of the hearers yielded at once, and the less susceptible feelings of others were wrought upon by his incessant visits

and appeals. After they were received into the bosom of Christianity, the tares of doctrine grew with the wheat; yet whoever consults Xavier's pictures of the state of his converts, will allow that the life was far more pure, the mind instructed, the faith raised from that of idols and demons to the living God. In Japan very many thousands were the fruit of his mission. He did not make the way of conversion more grateful to the noble or the prince than to the meanest peasant. He one day reprehended the king of Amaguchi so severely for his vices, that his companion, who was interpreter, was amazed: Xavier, perceiving his fear, forbade him absolutely either to change or soften any of his words; "I obeyed him," says Fernandez, "but expected every moment when the barbarian should strike me with his scimeter." The subsequent noble fidelity of the Japanese Christians, who sealed their love to the Redeemer with their blood, proved that the heart had been renewed, as well as the life reclaimed.

The finest record left us of his mind is in his letters and instructions to his missionaries. No time or change can deduct from the concentrated vigour, the majestic simplicity of their style. Highly educated—at the age of twenty chosen lecturer in Paris, and distinguished for the eloquence of his discourses—Xavier, in his subsequent more stern career, refused to give the rein to his fancy, or indulge in the vain ornaments of composition. There are passages where some delicate and appropriate image seems on the point of escaping from his pen, but the warfare in which he is engaged masters it. His early vows of chastity and poverty were faithfully kept; "notwithstanding," says his biographer, "that he was of a sanguine complexion, and naturally loved pleasure." But the purity of the life is not always evinced in the imagination or the writings: instances are not wanting, even of great divines, who have dipped their pens in luxu-

riant colours. Augustine, Jerome, and others have sometimes revealed feelings which ought not to have escaped the cell of their own breast. It should seem that with Xavier, as with St. Bernard, a strict chastity, even from earliest youth, is a guard to the thoughts as well as expressions of after-life. Francis was no recluse; he mingled in courts, in mixed companies, in the private families of all ranks, where women of beauty, wit, and attraction frequently listened to his words. Less learned in books, but more skilful in the heart than these ancient fathers, he ever observed a delicacy of expression, the fruit of a guarded fancy.

His career was of inexpressible service to the papal supremacy in India, where many generations did not efface the memory of his virtues. Colleges and churches were built under his direction, and rose rapidly after his lamented end,—which gave so resistless an impulse to the zeal of the people, that his successors, during many years, had only to avail themselves of it, and reap the fruits which he had prepared. He was the first missionary to the heathen, without precedent or example to aid him; yet how wisely, for a lasting as well as present usefulness, did he at once direct his principal attention to the education of children, in Goa and in every heathen land. He loved them, and watched over them: and could the eye have left for one moment the sleep of death, it had rested, not on the pomp and splendour of the funeral train, but on the ninety children robed in white, with chaplets of flowers on their heads, and olive branches in their hands, who led the way to the grave, as if to proclaim that their Instructor had conquered. “He ordered, that when he was in the deepest of his retirements, if any child should desire to be instructed, he might be called from his devotions.” With all this simplicity, there was an innate dignity of mind in Xavier, that never forsook him:

the nobleman was veiled, but never degraded, in the preacher. The field of his labour was more vast and various than that of any other missionary; and the number of his converts, even after immense deductions from the Jesuit memoirs, was yet astonishing: this success was mainly aided by his personal ascendancy. History, whether of nations or of individuals, presents no influence more surprising and beautiful than that of Xavier over the natives of India and Japan: it was alike felt and owned in the court, the camp, the hamlet. During very many years, the ships which passed in sight of Sancian saluted the place of his death with all their cannon.

Ignatius, whose intention it was to make his friend general of the Society, wrote him a long letter, which found him not in life. The last letter Xavier ever wrote was to the former. "You tell me that you have an earnest desire to see me once again in this present life. God, who looks into the bottom of my heart, can tell how sensibly that mark of your tenderness has touched me. Whenever that expression of yours returns to my remembrance, and it frequently returns, the tears come dropping from my eyes, and I cannot restrain them; while I revolve that happy thought, that once, yet once again, it may be given me to embrace you." There is a voice of farewell in these lines, written perhaps when death was hovering near. Had the intention of Ignatius to invest his first disciple with the generalship, been accomplished, and the life of the latter spared to a good old age, the Society would have assumed a more simple and beneficent character, and met perhaps, eventually, with a different fate. Laynez, the adviser and masterly successor of Loyola, perfected the system that acquired so rapid an ascendancy throughout Europe, working wonders in the court, the senate, the cloister, and in the privacies of domestic life: a

success that contained the seeds of a mighty ruin, long delayed, within its bosom.

The mantle of Xavier was not that of the Jesuit of later times; he would have hesitated to cast it over his wily, cold-blooded, and unprincipled successors. With Cardinal Richelieu, he might say, though in a purer sense, "I rush through all—I master all—and then I cover myself with the purple robe," Was this impetuosity free from rashness and presumption? A bold and visionary mind may form vast purposes, which yet require prudence and sagacity to execute. Had Xavier wanted the latter qualities, he would have left no reputation but of a wild and splendid fanaticism. He could pass from the intensest abstraction, the very beatitudes of devotion, and enter into the business of life, even as one who had always made it his study. The conferences with the princes and priests, the incessant interviews with men of every rank and claim, the care of all the churches, required faculties collected, vigorous, comprehensive. Never did a cooler head keep time with a more enthusiastic heart; each took in turn the mastery; the one loving revelations, raptures, and even miracles; the other foiling the world at its own weapons, and ever using the best human means to attain human ends. The occasional discrepancies in his conduct and sentiments, were they not partly imputable to the dawning light within? When in Paris, he had conversed with some of the disciples of Luther: was there in after life no mental struggle, peculiarly painful to so candid a nature, and known only to his own soul, and to Him who made it?

*Note.*—A gold medal, struck in honour of Xavier, was found lately on the south-east side of St. Michael's Mount, and is now in the possession of Joseph Carne, Esq. of Penzance. Obverse—The arms of Portugal. Inscription—Joannes 3d Rex Portugal—no date. Reverse—Full-length figure of St. Francis Xavier, with a star on each side, holding in his right hand an olive branch, and in his left a ship. Inscription—Zelator fidei usque ad mortem.—John III. of Portugal died five years after Xavier.

## CYPRIAN BAREZE.

THE insatiable cupidity of Spain wasted her colonies like a pestilence, so that, in the course of forty years, twelve millions of the people of Mexico and Peru perished by disease, the sword, or fire, or wore out their lives miserably in the mines. Las Casas appealed to Ferdinand and Isabella on their behalf, and afterwards to Ximenes. "Thrones," he said, "overturned, kings slain with the diadem on their heads, Indians massacred at their altars and in the midst of their sacrifices, and yet they wish to make them Christians!" The Dominicans, to whom the instruction of the Indians was first intrusted, withstood with all their influence these excesses; and their famous preacher, Montesino, filled the court of Madrid with his complaints. No atonement was offered to outraged humanity, until the toils and sufferings of the missionaries seemed to pay back part of the mighty debt;—they complained that it was not possible to overcome the aversion of the natives towards the Spaniards, transmitted from father to son. The Catholic kings issued at times, but in vain, decrees full of humanity, to ease the yoke of their new subjects: there were very many persons, secure in the distance, who continued to exercise their power and their passions without pity or remorse. At last the missionaries found that they must seek out other nations, more remote, which by their situation had little intercourse with Europeans; and about the middle of the seventeenth century, a few men resolved to embrace this, the only means of extensive usefulness.

A number of Indians being with some difficulty

brought together, they were taught to build houses with wood, and much pains were taken to convince them that it was necessary to cultivate the ground : the missionaries furnished the grain, and found them all necessaries for their maintenance till the harvest. The Indians continued to hunt and fish, and sought honey and wild fruits in the woods ; and at the end of the year, the harvest being plentiful, they grew more gentle and tractable. The pastors began to baptize the children, and in process of time they baptized the adults ; subsequently it was judged proper to say mass, and to administer the sacraments in public. The neophytes, as the new converts were called, began to feel a lively interest in their profession. The first colony was scarcely settled, when several others were formed on the same plan ; and it must be confessed that the most pathetic exhortations would have been unavailing to bring these people to any knowledge of God, if some substantial comforts had not first been provided.

The Jesuits at last taught them to love labour and husbandry ; they provided them with fish-hooks, knives, hatchets, scissars, and needles, which were too dear in the Spanish towns to be purchased by the Indians, and they supplied them also with drugs and remedies.

The name of Moxos is given to an assemblage of heathen tribes who inhabit a country of vast extent, situated under the torrid zone, and extending from the 10th to the 15th degree of south latitude. The country is a succession of plains, skirted by high mountains, on the confines of Peru, running from north to south, whence this mission is classed among those of Peru. The floods, rushing from these mountains during the rainy seasons, overflow the plains, whose aspect is sad and uninteresting, resembling, on a vast scale, the moors and dreary heaths of Scotland. The south winds, which come

from the snowy mountains, fill the air in winter with an intense cold; and in summer, the people suffer from the violent heat of the climate, rendered yet more unwholesome by the moisture of the earth after the inundations, when the soil is a very hotbed for serpents, vipers, and muskitoes.

In some hope of winning the natives over to Christianity, the first Jesuit missionaries built a church at Santa Cruz de la Sierra, on the confines of the country. Their efforts were fruitless for near a hundred years, until Cyprian Bareze, a Spaniard, who had long besought his superiors to allot him this most painful of missions, arrived in Santa Cruz in 1674, from Lima. In company with Guastillo, he embarked in a small canoe on the river Guapay, with a few Indians as guides, and they arrived in the country of the Moxos in twelve days. At first the latter could not bear that the missionary should live among them; but some presents from time to time, of glass beads, hooks, &c, made them bear, insensibly, with his presence. During the first four years he struggled with various difficulties, not the least of which was his being unable to name or signify anything to them, save by signs; for he had no interpreter, and the savages were profoundly ignorant. A situation more depressing can hardly be conceived, for he was obliged to visit on foot the various villages, which were far apart; sometimes through fens lying almost under water, at other times through tracts scorched with heat. The savages waited for him, armed with their bows and arrows, and more than once his kind and affectionate demeanour saved his life. Eloquence was quite at fault here, so was argument and reasoning; the tongue of poor Bereze must have sometimes clove to the roof of his mouth, with his longings to give utterance to his feelings. He preached, prayed, and exhorted, all by signs, which was indeed a

novel mode of conversion. In the wet season, damp and agueish was his wretched home, and the wild inclement air came in at the door; window or chimney there was none: no corn was grown, no vine or fig-tree known, in the dreary region; nor was there bread or wine for the sacrifice of the mass, of which, as yet, there were no converts sufficiently ripe to partake. His bed of mats was hung to stakes, that he might not be overflowed in the night, or bitten by the vipers; and his crucifix was placed in one corner of the hut, in a recess of the wall, where it reposed in lonely dignity. A quartan ague, with which he had been afflicted ever since his coming into the country, at last brought him so low, that he resolved to return to Santa Cruz, where he was soon restored to his former strength. Even amidst the comforts of Santa Cruz, his Indians were ever present to his mind, and he reflected continually what method he should employ to civilize them. He was not of Montaigne's opinion, "that the nations in question seem barbarous only because their minds are faintly fashioned, and they still preserve their native simplicity." Soon after his recovery, he sent for some weavers' tools, and learned, at Santa Cruz, to make linen cloth, in order to teach this art to some Indians, who might weave cotton garments, to cover such as should be admitted to baptism, for these heathens went almost entirely naked. The governor, thinking this a proper opportunity for converting the Chiriguanes, requested Cyprian to visit them. These people live scattered up and down the country, and are divided into hamlets, like the Moxos. He consented with reluctance, and spent some time in acquiring their language, so that in a few months he learnt enough to make himself imperfectly understood, and to begin his instructions. "But the unworthy manner in which they received the blessed word he preached to them, obliged him to

abandon this corrupt people. He returned to the Moxos, who, compared to the Chiriguanes, seemed much nearer the kingdom of heaven." And now he found them more governable than before, and by degrees he won entirely their confidence. Six hundred of them assembled to live under his direction, so that, after eight years, he began to reap the fruits of his toil. He had some inveterate errors to combat: some of the people worshipped the sun, moon, and stars; others paid adoration to rivers; and many worshipped an invisible tiger. They retired into the forests, where they had often hunted the real animal, and imagined, as the night came on, that they heard his rushing, and saw the dim form of the noble apparition, who, in his spiritualized state, is in possession of great powers, but not to injure or destroy. The Moxos, who were capable of framing so beautiful a fancy, could hardly be a grossly stupid people; in their combats with the leopard, the bear, and the tiger, they were often animated by the belief that the visionary and majestic tiger was near, or would surely come to their aid. Their enchanters enjoy but little honour or virtue, till after they have been wounded in the chase by a tiger, and then escaped; this being a sign that they are favoured by the invisible king of the forest, who protected them from the attacks of the living animal with whom they fought. Bareze did not assail so harmless a belief, but he assailed with all his power the dominion of the priests. At certain seasons, and especially when the moon was at the full, they assembled the people on a hill; towards which, at the first gleam of dawn, all the people walk hastily, and, on reaching the summit, break suddenly into the most frightful cries; they spend the whole day fasting; and, what with their antics and shrieks, they look from a distance like a company of spectres at their infernal revels. Cyprian

might be seen, towards evening, setting out alone for the hill, for then the ceremonies began. The priests cut off their hair, and cover their bodies with yellow and red feathers; then large vases are brought, in which they pour an intoxicating liquor, prepared for the occasion. They quaff immoderately of this, and give it to the people, who all get drunk together. One of them begins a song, when, forming a large circle, they all dance to a sort of cadence. The more extravagant and ridiculous a person is on this occasion, the more religious he is thought to be. Some are painted with various colours, others cover their heads and arms with the feathers of birds, in a tasteful manner. This mountain dance at break of day, and carouse at night, were more agreeable to the Moxos than the repeating Ave Marias or Pater-nosters; and years passed ere they would give them up. The priests—"these ministers of Satan," as they are termed—opposed the stranger with all their might, and laughed at his crucifix, and the little picture of our lady of Loretto, whose auspicious name he now gave to this mission. Cyprian, stanch to his purpose, pursued his plans with a slow and sure industry. Some of the women had learned to spin, and make linen cloth; instead of going about half naked, many of them were decently attired in their own manufacture; the black paint was washed from one cheek, and the red from the other; the heavy ornaments were removed from the nose; the men parted with the teeth of those they had murdered, which they once wore about their necks. An ancient usage, very rare among savage tribes, was in esteem with the Moxos; the husband is obliged to follow his wife, whithersoever she thinks proper to go and reside. As the Moxian ladies were sometimes of a curious and wandering turn, this custom was apt to cause a sad unfixedness in Cyprian's set-

tlement: whole families were suddenly missing; and, on inquiry, the wife had taken it into her head to go to some distant village, or more attractive locality on the mountain or plain. Five years more were spent by him in cultivating and increasing this Christian settlement, which at last consisted of above two thousand converts. At this time a few missionaries came very seasonably to his aid. He immediately left to his brethren the care of his flock, and set out in quest of other tribes. He first fixed his abode in a distant region, whose people seemed lost to all sensations of humanity or religion; they were spread over the whole country, and inhabited a numberless multitude of huts, at a distance one from the other. This distance, and the little correspondence in which those families lived, had the singular effect of producing an aversion so strong, a hatred so bitter, that every attempt was long in vain towards their reconciliation. Unlike the people of the eastern deserts, who, though strangers, meet in the waste as friends and brothers—far as the eye could reach, the vast plain was studded, at intervals, with the lonely homes of this tribe of Moxians: each man seemed to live apart, with a wall of brass around him, in the sullen and selfish luxury of estrangement and jealousy. Such a temper was more hard to overcome than the thirst of blood; but the victories of Cyprian were ever of slow and patient growth; he resided in the hut of one, then of another of the Indians, and by degrees visited all the huts on the plain. With much charity, and no small ingenuity, he managed to make his way; and, when he could speak the language, he ingratiated himself into their favour, “less by the force of argument, of which they are incapable, than by the air of kindness wherewith he enforced all his discourses.” He would seat himself on the ground to converse with them, and would imitate

all their motions, and even the most ridiculous gestures, by which they express their various affections. He would sleep in the midst of them, though half bitten to death by the stings of the muskitoes, and stifled by the clouds of smoke. "Though these heathens eat in so distasteful a manner, he yet always took his meals with them; finally, he made himself a barbarian with these barbarians, the easier to lead them into the paths of salvation." The slight acquaintance he had acquired of physic and surgery, was another expedient to gain the esteem of the people. When any of them fell sick, he prepared their medicines, dressed their wounds, and cleaned their huts. The country being fruitful in remedies for diseases, and herbs of various virtues, the missionary made good use of them; and out of some simples, with the bark of certain trees, he composed an antidote against the bite of serpents. Upon the mountains were vast quantities of ebony and guaiacum, with wild cinnamon, and a bark, of which a decoction was excellent for the stomach. Several of the trees distilled gums and aromatic spices; and among them was the famous tree which produces the Jesuit's bark.

In less than a year the door of every home was open to him, and his approach was hailed by husband, wife, and children, on whom he had conferred little benefits, of medicines, knives, needles, &c., while he had tended the sick, and sympathized with the wretched; yet, when he made his way over the plain at evening, to the various cottages, as the men were returning from hunting and fishing, hope itself could hardly have anticipated that here would be his most flourishing settlement. Each family was its own little world; in summer they sat without, beneath the palm and cypress trees, while the smoke of a thousand cabins might be distinctly seen rising into the air, in the stillness of the vast

plain. The elders rarely engaged in council, or the young men in feats of strength; yet, when attacked by any other nation, they all gathered to battle, and fought bravely, using poisoned darts and arrows.

Cyprian had forsaken friends, comforts, and many advantages in Lima: the capital of Chili had been to him as a second birth-place; and by zeal in his profession, application to learning, and an engaging carriage, he had risen into some estimation. His confession chair was frequented by numbers of people of both sexes, and he exercised that office in several families of wealth and distinction. When he crouched in the squalid hut of the Moxiaus, as they bent in sullen apathy over the embers of their fire, and the winter blast shot through the frame and spirit, did he not remember Lima? Home, though it be but a cell, may be as exquisite to the ecclesiastic, as the breezy cottage to the prosperous peasant, or the feudal castle to the noble. Did not his hand there plant the flowers, and watch over them? In the shadows of those aged trees, beside the fountain in the garden, how often had he sat at sun-rise and noon-day, in beloved reverie, till every fall of the waters, and murmur of the branches, seemed like a fresh well of thought and imagination!

Luxury, taste, with even nature's loveliness, endear places to recollection far less than the indelible associations of past years. The walls of his cell witnessed his prayers, his tears, and the hopes and struggles of his soul, till it was devoted wholly to God. The few favourite pictures, by a Spanish artist, the little oratory, the chosen volumes; the knock at the door, when night fell, of some intimate; all these were gone for ever; his mission was to expire only with his life.

He accustomed the people to meet together, at first with cold looks and reluctant words; but he was now too useful and revered a man to be dis-

regarded. They at last complied with his desires. At the end of a year he got together above two thousand of them, and formed a large town, which he called the Blessed Trinity. An ascetic himself, he would gladly have imbued the Moxos with a total disregard of animal pleasures, of which that of drinking to excess was the favourite. They had the secret of making a very potent liquor by the infusion of certain roots, which was drunk at their festivals in honour of their gods. They met, to the sound of certain instruments, under arbours formed of boughs entwined, where they danced all day long. The community of the Trinity were luckily unused to these rendezvous : in the walls of his own hut, the savage had known no charm in the solitary cup ; and Cyprian found the manners of this singular tribe more pure, and their minds more easy of instruction, than those of the other nations. The facility with which Cyprian assumed a new character was highly characteristic. From the suppliant and reconciler, he started up into the ruler, and even judge : he established a form of government, and selected the most remarkable among the people for wisdom and valour, and these he appointed captains, heads of families, consuls, and other ministers of justice, to govern the rest of the community. The men, who before had refused subjection of every kind, willingly obeyed the new authorities, and submitted to the severest punishment inflicted on them for their faults.

The dignity of Consul probably sat oddly upon these reclaimed savages ; and the hall of the tribunal, a rude structure, capable of containing a large audience, must have been worthy of an artist's pencil. There was some risk also of former feuds and hatreds being visited on the culprit by a vindictive judge ; but Cyprian, who possessed a strong and practical mind, was present every where, in

the full exercise of his sovereign powers, to imprison and, perhaps, decapitate the body, as well as excommunicate the soul. He spent the greater part of his time in instruction in the Christian faith. In this he was tolerably successful, for it is said that "the perspicuity with which he unfolded the most abstruse articles and mysteries of our religion, soon enabled them to be regenerated by the waters of baptism." But it is not easy to give implicit credence to these words: for although it might be true that the Moxos had greatly improved in manners, practised different customs, and submitted to the most severe precepts, still it is not easy to imagine by what process their understandings could be brought clearly to apprehend the dogmas, the dim shadows, the tenets, incomprehensible enough to stronger minds—of the church of Rome.

It is naively observed by a missionary in another land, "that they took delight in making daily questions to him concerning the mysteries of faith; and it is unspeakable what inward refreshment they found, in seeing that all was mysterious even in the most ordinary ceremonies; as, for example, in the manner wherewith the faithful sign themselves with the cross."

There can be little doubt that the polytheism of Rome was at first more grateful to the worshipper of idols, than the more simple and naked majesty of Protestantism. The people who cherished the phantasy of the tutelary tiger, and of the angry spirits of the air, would probably love the pleasant dreams of the saints and relics, and the intercession of the dead. Beautiful and welcome, to the feelings of the young Moxian women, were the attributes of the Queen of heaven, under whose care they believed themselves to be. There was a kind of bees in the country, whose wax was white as snow, and of this they always made the candles for the altar of the Virgin.

They loved to sing the hymns in her praise. Their piety towards this Mother of mercies was so well established, that they never failed to come to the sacraments, on every celebration of one of her festivals. A few of the young women chose for their sacrifice, the fête of the Annunciation; and, the moment when the Communion was given, they pronounced, with great fervour, the vow which they made of perpetual virginity. They afterwards addressed themselves to the Being to whom "they had so tender  
" a devotion, to pray her to present to her adorable  
" Son, that which they had first offered to herself;  
" after which they passed several hours at the foot  
" of the altar, in great tranquillity of spirit."

The feeling of dependence on her protection is touchingly expressed in the lines from the Portuguese hymn to the Virgin Mary, as the Star of the Sea."

Star of the wide and pathless sea,  
Who lov'st on mariners to shine,  
These votive garments wet, to thee  
We hang within thy holy shrine;  
When o'er us flashed the surging brine,  
Amid the warring waters tost,  
We called no other name but thine,  
And hoped, when other hope was lost.

Star of the vast and howling main!  
When dark and lone is all the sky,  
And mountain waves o'er ocean's plain  
Erect their stormy heads on high:  
When Virgins for their true loves sigh,  
They raise their weeping eyes to thee; ;  
The Star of Ocean heeds their cry,  
And saves the found'ring bark at sea.

Star of the deep! at that blest name,  
The waves sleep silent round the keel,  
The tempests wild their fury tame,  
That made the deep's foundations reel;  
While soft the chorus of the sky,  
Their hymns of tender mercy sing,  
And angel voices name on high,  
The Mother of the heavenly King.

One writer compares the zealous missionary to Orpheus, who brought men out of forests and caves in the rocks by the charms of his music and eloquence, and forced them to give over their murders and atrocious habits of life. He was very sensible of the importance of the arts, among which the melody of song had as yet no place, although a Moxian choir was ere long to be formed, and even pictures to be daubed by unchastened hands. In the mean time, ploughmen, carpenters, weavers, arose, and the mechanical arts began to flourish.

But as all arts, useful as well as tasteful, must yield to the daily cravings of appetite, the circumstance to which Cyprian chiefly attended was, how to procure the necessary food for this people, whose number increased daily. He justly feared that the new converts would absent themselves from the colony, to seek for provisions on the adjacent mountains, and would insensibly forget the religious principles he had so carefully instilled into them. Moreover, he considered that the missionaries who might hereafter labour in this wide-extended vineyard, would probably not be endued with strength equal to their zeal; and that many of them would sink under the burden of their toil, in case they fed on nothing but insipid roots. In this view, he endeavoured to stock the country with cattle. He resolved to go in person to obtain them, though the distance was great and the ways were toilsome. He set out for Santa Cruz de la Sierra, where he got together two hundred of these animals; and obtaining the aid of some Indians, he climbed mountains and crossed rivers, always driving before him this numerous herd, which endeavoured every moment to return to the place whence it came. He was soon abandoned by most of his followers, whose strength and courage failed them; and, left almost to himself, he assembled his herd at night in the best

pasture of this wild region, and, lighting his fire, sought a few hours' repose, which was frequently broken by the necessity of watching the fire, on which his safety depended, for its glare kept the wild beasts at a distance. The roar of the tiger was sometimes awfully near, and the terrified cattle hurried confusedly towards the fire for protection, and some fled wildly through the forest, where they became a speedy prey. More than once the wild beasts, lured by the sight and smell so unusual in this mountain region, advanced boldly, and fastened on the cattle, even in their leader's sight. Sometimes, also, he missed his way, and wandered about, not knowing whither, and found his path crossed by a torrent or a ravine. Such a task would have probed to the quick the temper of a saint; the tuition of the most stupid Moxos in the whole country was not half so bitter. When the rain fell, he was up to his knees in mud; by day, exposed to the arrows of the barbarians who infest parts of these mountains; and by night, when he was too weary to kindle a fire, and sought rest in a tree, he was nearly devoured by the flying bugs and the muskitoes. The most profound stillness reigned throughout these solitudes, save when it was suddenly broken by the wild cry of a savage, or the shriek of the vulture and other birds of prey, who hung upon the march, and banqueted upon some unfortunate beast who had fallen through hunger or exhaustion. "It was a marvel he was not murdered, or devoured by wild beasts; but, without being disheartened, he continued to drive the herd before him. He was tormented day and night with clouds of poisonous gnats." The voices of his dear Moxos would here have been melody; and, extreme as were the annoyances of the way, they were increased tenfold when one of the storms, so common in this lofty region, came on: the flock and the shepherd were then literally

floundering, breast-deep, in the overflow of waters, and what with the crashing of the trees beneath the hurricane, the rushing of torrents that had freshly fallen, the howling of wild beasts as night approached, and the bellowing of the oxen, the position of Cyprian was not a very Orphean one.

After a journey of fifty-four days, he arrived at his settlement, with part of the herd brought by him from Santa Cruz, in indifferent condition. Yet his object was fully accomplished: this small herd multiplied so fast in a few years, that many of the other settlements were hence supplied with cattle. After having thus provided for the bodily wants of his converts, and given proofs of skill both as legislator and teacher, Cyprian thought it was high time to build a temple; "it being a great trouble to him to see the holy mysteries solemnized in a mean hut, which had nothing of a church except the name." But to execute this design, he was forced to put his hand to the work, for the Moxos knew as much about raising a church as how to lift an anthem. He forthwith began to teach them the rudiments of architecture; the design, as well as execution, was exceedingly primitive. He appears to have been sometimes so much at a loss how to get on, that it must have been a tower-of-babel scene in miniature; what with the confusion of tongues, the number and awkwardness of the workmen, the running to and fro, "being without any of the tools and instruments necessary for the building such edifices, and having no other architect like himself to preside over the whole!" Some he ordered to fell the timber, some he taught to burn the earth and make bricks, whilst others made mortar. At last, after having employed some months at this building, he had the consolation to see it finished. And now the Moxos, men, women, and children, were lost in admiration at the work of their own hands; the

first temple, and the first house that they, or their forefathers to the remotest generation, had ever seen or heard of. The women, in the neat garments, which their fingers had woven, looked clean and comely, while the fierce and vacant countenances of the men were refined into thoughtfulness, and subdued into humility. Their poisoned arrows and darts, hitherto always worn, were replaced by chaplets of beads, crucifixes, &c., and their wild voices were attuned to softer sounds; and as many of them sang, in full chant, the canticle, *Gloria in excelsis*, Cyprian could not restrain his tears.

“What an extraordinary religion must that be,” observes Chateaubriand, “which unites, when it pleases, all the political to all the moral energies, and creates governments as excellent as those of Minos and Lycurgus: gliding into the heart of the forests, the Christian religion revived in the new world all the wonders of the ancient systems of legislation. The wandering tribes of the savages became fixed, and at the word of God an evangelical republic sprang up in the wildest of deserts.” These lines of the eloquent author, although too august for the occasion, are not without truth—yet Cyprian would scarcely have claimed such an eulogium for his infant state. His own description is unassuming, and full of feeling, without the slightest assumption of glory to himself. A great moral and spiritual change had been accomplished; the barbarous and sullen Moxians, who were before little raised above the beasts of the field, were made useful members of society, in amity with each other, peaceful in their families, and obedient to the laws. The Peruvian savage was converted into a nobler being. When, on the festival days, they marched in slow and martial procession, garlands of flowers in their hands, with which to deck the altars, their heads bowed gently, their

hands folded, while their voices joined in a full chorus, that could be heard afar off on the plain, the missionary's eye flashed with joy, and the tide of life gushed warmer round his heart. Twenty years were gone, but they left no sting of wasted hours behind; they had not passed as a dream, as a vapour, as a wave rushing by, and all is still,—but they carried up on high an eternal testimony, and left on earth a voice, a sleepless voice, that should be heard in the wilderness by after generations. Even eighty years afterwards, when the only memorial of Cyprian was the cross that stood on his bloody grave in the forest, his three settlements were among the most flourishing in South America. Loretto, St. Xavier, and the Trinity were, to the heathen tribes around, like watch-towers on a troubled sea, to which the lost and miserable resorted: many came to dwell; others to receive instruction and baptism, and return to their homes.

“My drink is water,” says the earnest missionary; “but the consolations with which Providence indulges me compensates for every defect, either as to delicacy or conveniency. I have not passed one unhappy day since my coming into this painful mission; and it is certain that the idea which I had formed to myself of it, when I solicited to be sent into this country, was much more uneasy to me, than the experience of what I have to suffer has been painful. I here enjoy sweeter sleeps, on the bare ground and in the open air, than I ever was blessed with when lying on the softest beds of Europe. So true it is, that fancied evils torment us much more than real ones. Great numbers of the natives flock daily to us, in order to be instructed in the Christian religion, and to be baptized.”

Cyprian now diverted his whole attention to other nations; and believing, by the information given him, that farther eastward there was a numerous

people, he set out, in order to discover them. After travelling six days without meeting with a human footstep, he came, on the seventh, to a numerous tribe. In order to reclaim them, he employed the same methods he had already found so successful among the Moxos. He soon won them to Christianity, so that the missionaries whom he afterwards sent easily prevailed upon them to leave their dwellings, and remove to a place thirty leagues distant, and there establish a considerable settlement, called St. Xavier. Leaving this people, after a stay of some months, he went a journey of many days into the country, till he found himself amidst a tribe called the Circonians. The instant they perceived him, they took up their arrows, and were about to shoot him and the converts in his company; but he disarmed their anger. He passed some time among them; and, by visiting their various settlements, discovered another people, called the Guarayans, who were the dread of all their neighbours, by reason of their fierceness, and their love of human flesh. They often pursued men as if they were wild beasts, when they chanced to meet them on their hunting grounds, and preferred to take them alive. They had no fixed places of abode; but they acknowledged that they were perpetually terrified with the sad cries of the souls whose bodies they devoured. One day, meeting a few of these barbarians, his converts prepared to kill them, and were with difficulty prevented by the missionary, who said, that though their cruelties deserved death, the Christian religion forbade men to take revenge into their own hands. The barbarians, in gratitude, conducted him to their homes, where he met with the utmost civility, and he sought to inspire them with horror for their crimes. They seemed touched with his arguments, and promised to comply with his instructions; but no sooner was

he out of sight, than they forgot all their promises, and banqueted upon their fellow-creatures as heartily as before. In the very next journey he took into their territory, he saw seven young Indians, whom they were going to murder, and afterwards devour: he conjured them to refrain, and they solemnly pledged themselves to shew mercy; but he was indignant, on his return, to find the ground strewed with the bones of four of the victims; and so greatly was he moved at the spectacle, that he took the three who survived, and led them to the town of the "Blessed Trinity," where he carefully instructed them.

Order, industry, and comparative comfort were seen in this prosperous colony; the streets were laid out in a straight line, and the houses were low, with only a ground-floor, made of reeds plastered with mortar, without any chimneys or windows, so that the smoke escaped through the door. There was a storehouse for the settlement, filled with cotton, herbs, dried fish, and game, stored up in common; the cattle grazed on the rank plain, and there were shops for the different trades. The church was the august edifice of the place, towering over the lowly homes as the Vatican looks down on palace and temple. A few fields were cultivated, and flowers in abundance, from the seeds which he brought from Santa Cruz.

He had long since acquired the language, and had composed several hymns and canticles, which the people sang at the services. So fond were they of this psalmody, that it was heard in the highways and in the dwellings, where whole families would unite their voices; and sometimes the neophytes, passing over the wide plain, would join in a solemn chant, which came sweetly, yet mournfully, from afar. The converts had acquired, by constant practice, no small skill; the voices of the women

were the most soft and melodious. There were instances of a more touching emotion in the female breast, than in that of the hunter and warrior. In another mission a young Indian, baptized by the name of Theresa, conducted herself, for some time, suitably to her profession; but the license of manners among the people of the adjacent villages tempted her to forget her engagements. She soon after married, and went one day with her husband to the chase; the troop was composed of eleven persons, of both sexes, among whom Theresa was the only Christian, even in name. They went to the distant mountains, where the Moxos hunt every year. The snow, which had fallen very late that season, rendered the chase unsuccessful; their provisions were soon consumed, and their supplies being precarious, want began to stare them in the face. The husband of Theresa fell dangerously ill, which obliged the hunters to halt. Two among them resolved to go farther into the mountains, to try to kill some game, promising to return, at the latest, in ten days. At the end of that time, one of the savages returned, and said that his companion had died of hunger and misery; but they suspected that he had killed him, and lived on his flesh, for he confessed that he had slain no animal, yet he was full of strength and health. This event extinguished the last hopes of the party. Theresa continued to watch her husband with the utmost tenderness; and when he expressed regret that he had not received baptism, remorse took possession of her heart. She remembered, in this extremity, the mercies she had once tasted, and longed to be able to console him, to speak to him the words of hope and repentance; but she dared not utter them, for she felt that the dying man was less guilty than herself. They would have removed him, but life ebbed too quickly; and, faithful to their friend, they refused to leave the

spot. A constant fire was kept, and a shelter raised around the dying, to keep off the cold blast. Theresa, in his last moments, knelt beside him, cut off a part of his hair, kissed his eyes and brow, and sang to him in that low, mournful tone, which the Indian women believe soothes the spirits of the departing. The snow continued to fall around them; and the savages sat beside the fire in gloomy silence. When he died, they buried their companion in a rude grave, without any wailing, for they were faint with hunger and misery. They set out towards their home, but, after two or three days' march, they were so feeble that they could advance no farther; and the men, who had refused to forsake their sick friend, resolved to kill one of their band, to support the remainder. They spared Theresa, and cast their eyes on the widow of the man who had perished in the mountains. She and her two children were killed and eaten, one after the other. Theresa turned with horror from the feast, and, imploring pardon for her past life, vowed to devote herself wholly to God. After incredible fatigues, the five survivors reached their home. A few days after, she repaired to the church, and, fearing to enter, she stood like Mary Magdalen, without weeping; and then went and sat down at the foot of the cross, which was placed on the bank of the stream. By degrees she joined, once more, in the services of the church, and was admitted as a neophyte. Being handsome, and of a gentle disposition, she was often vainly importuned to marry again. She had placed a cross in the trunk of a withered tree, at some distance from the village, and this solitary place served her for an oratory; it was her altar in the desert, to which she loved to come and pray, even more than in the chapel. While thus engaged, she gathered strength from day to day, and her constancy could not be shaken;

she thought of her hour of desolation, of her husband dying on the mountain; had she but been faithful to God, she could have calmed his despair. Should she listen to marriage, her heart might be led away, and the horror of that hour return. She refused to give ear to it, and dwelt in her widowed cottage alone; and when the men were gone to the river to fish, and the women were in the chapel, she often stole forth to the withered tree, where she was sometimes heard singing a low chant, that was not a hymn or a canticle, but resembled the parting wail over her husband on the mountain side, for the young Indian woman could not wholly resist the spell of former superstition.

The congregation being now too numerous for the church, Cyprian set about building another, much larger, and in better taste. It is doubtful whether the love of building be not stronger in the wilderness than in the city, for there the work of our hands is more glorious; tower, roof, and fretted aisle look like a victory over nature, and on them the sun first falls, and lingers the last ere he passes away; to their gate the people crowd from mountain, and forest, and shore; and there the tombs of the caciques, no longer scattered on the rank grass, stand in solemn array beside the wall, with a memorial that they died in the bosom of faith, and shall be raised again in power. Experience had improved the architecture of Cyprian and his savages. The first edifice could not compete in grandeur with the second, the same of which extended through all the land. On the day of dedication, the people of other tribes came from a distance; troop after troop was seen advancing over the plain, all belonging to the Moxos nation. "The heathens flocked from all parts, to behold this wonder; they were struck with admiration at the sight, and judged, from the majesty of the temple, of the

greatness of the Deity worshipped in it." Every stone and beam, gate and pillar, had been prepared by the care of Cyprian, and wrought by his own hand and that of his converts, who might be excused if they felt a little vain-glorious on the occasion.

"It was observable on this, as well as on other seasons, that the devotion of the people was always highest, when the mystery of the sufferings of our Lord was commemorated, and they could rarely restrain their tears."

Was it not time that he should reap the full recompense of his toils? He had consumed the best portion of his life, not against "the powers of this world, or spiritual wickedness in high places," but in the more agonizing contest with brutal ignorance and obduracy, and darkness that might be felt. Oh the inexpressible toil and torture, renewed hour after hour, of striving to infuse ideas into the heavy brain of the savage! to see his vacant, meaningless eye fixed on your own, while you weave your thoughts and words into the simplest, humblest form, and still, in his spirit, all is without form and void! Cyprian was an educated and well-informed man: could he find one kindred being, with whom to hold sweet converse among his dear Moxians? Save his expedition to procure cattle, he was without even the relief of a change of scene, for the dreary wild had been his only home. No place of abode so soon wearies on the heart, as a dull and desolate plain. Let the exile pitch his tent in the valley, on the mountain summit, on the shore of the ever tempestuous sea, but let him beware of the interminable plain: he bears with him a memory full of associations, and finds not one object *there* to harmonize with them. Cyprian sometimes went forth, in his leisure hours, which were very few, and sat beneath the groups of palm-trees. Their shadow

was precious as a protection from the rays of a vertical sun, during which the fiery air was loaded with vapours, and the musquitoes were like floating clouds; and the pools and small lakes left by the rainy season, being gradually dried up, wild flowers, noxious weeds, vipers and serpents, were generated in the rank prolific beds. The other missionaries used a parasol to protect them from the scorching sun, but he never allowed himself so necessary a solace, but during his frequent journeys he slept in the open air, without any precaution against the heavy rains, or the cold, which was often so piercing; and four hours only did he allow himself for repose. Besides a cruel discipline that he frequently inflicted on his body, and a coarse hair-shirt he generally wore, his life was a continual fast: in his journeys he chiefly lived on the roots which grew in the country. When his church was finished, he took his sleep during the night, seated at the foot of the altar; but this hard couch was dearer to him than a bed of down, although he did not even recline, but sat there in the attitude of one who meditates.

In this long dearth of mental and social intercourse, in the denial of the faintest pleasure to the senses, in this recoil of the spirit on its own lone resources, was there no excitement in spiritual dominion, in priestly supremacy? The papal missionary, in the midst of his savage tribes, was a very different personage from the purple dignitary who had the keys of death and hell, and at whose word the earth was troubled; yet in the wilderness *he* was equally supreme. He was the bold explorer of these regions; and when the people saw other missionaries arrive, it was not with the same feelings; for Cyprian was associated with their first glimpses of reason, their first yearnings of heart; it was he who had taught them the mechanical arts, and architecture, and music; and when they saw him celebrate

mass, whether for the living or the dead, or pronouncing absolution, punishment, or penance; he was, in their eyes, as the vicegerent of God. This hierarchy of the soul was precious, and assisted its possessors to the virtues of equanimity and resignation, amidst all their fastings, watchings, and macerations. The step of Cyprian had been slow towards his present palmy state, from his first wretched hut among the Moxos, where the crucifix lay half concealed in a recess, and the picture of the "Blessed Lady" was enveloped in clouds of smoke, and in danger of being devoured by the vipers and lizards. In a few years he had chased the enchanters from the hills, and planted the Cross where their abominable dances had been followed by intoxication. In the colony of Loretta, the chapel was a rude structure, but there the Moxians beheld with wonder the picture of their patroness installed in all her beauty. In the course of a few years the first and then the second temple of the Trinity had risen, to which every arrival from Santa Cruz brought some new ornament; and dearly did Cyprian love this edifice, although it possessed few of the associations which in an ancient christian country hallow a religious temple.

There were no aged trees shading the grey sepulchres beneath, no emblems of the dead on the walls, or crosier and mitre sculptured in marble. No voice of the past breathed through the fretted aisle, but the stillness of the plain without fell on the soul; the solitude of nature was there, but not her majesty or beauty. The moon, in its glory, rested on the marshy lakes and pools, that slept heavily, and on the rank tumuli of the caciques, who were men of renown in their day; but no shadow of grove or mountain broke the endless light, and no music of the wind in the forest, or of the rushing stream, fell on the ear. The glory and excite-

ment of Cyprian were centered within the walls and on the cold pavement, his only couch; he passed part of the night in lonely meditation. Yet his comfortless hours of sleep were calm: it was useless for the tempter to whisper of fame, that passes as a vapour away; or of love, that dies like a dream with the morning; but he might have said to Cyprian, "here are thy principalities and powers;" O solitary man, thou art mighty as an angel. Yes, the instigations of pride might have found their way into the dreams of him whose grey head reposed against the altar which his hand enclasped, while above him rose the great crucifix with the figure of the Saviour, and near him were the five altars, with the images of his guardian saints, and the pictures to which his finger directed the adoring people. He sleeps, indeed, in weakness and with his pallid face upraised, his thin hands outspread, but his waking may nevertheless be glorious, for the dawn shall summon him by the sound of a gun to celebrate the mass, amidst odours, and tears, and sobs, while all the people are bowed and broken before him. In the gloom and dread of night, hushed at the altar's foot—Cyprian was the very impersonation of Rome.

A few missionaries had come, some years previous to his aid; but they were insufficient for the three Reductions, already established, and several infant colonies lately founded, and for the tribes whom he continued from time to time to visit. The great distance of Lima, and the other Spanish towns, rendered it very difficult to procure any more labourers. He had often conversed with his companions concerning the means of opening a communication between these idolatrous countries and the cities of Peru; but he nearly despaired of ever succeeding in it. He, however, resolved to set out on the enterprise, to cross, with a few converts, the long range of mountains to the east of Peru,

taking with him some provisions, and the instruments necessary for opening a way through the mountains.

Had Cyprian, during the years he was occupied in exploring this route, kept a journal of his wanderings and conflicting feelings, it would have been little less interesting than that of Orellana, or the companions of Columbus. He was without compass or guide, without path or track of any kind, and was obliged to watch, like the Arab, the stars in the clear sky, that shone not here on an expanse of sand, but impervious forests, precipices, and weary summits, and rocks. The way was in many places so covered with tufted grass and tangled underwood, that they were obliged to set fire to it, before they could make any progress. Often he travelled on lofty elevations, benumbed with the extremity of the cold, drenched with violent rains, or unable to keep his footing on grounds slippery with wet or sheeted with ice—while, at a vast distance below, he beheld valleys covered with trees, and the rich pastures of a softer climate. The roar of cataracts, falling from the cliffs, came distinctly through the air, but he could find no way to descend. Oftentimes, being quite spent with fatigue, and having consumed all his provisions, he was ready to die though hunger and misery. Thus did he and his companions wander up and down, still baffled and defeated, but refusing to turn back from the attempt. Thrice did the winter and thrice the summer revolve over their heads in these mountain solitudes, and they, like shipwrecked men on a desert shore, every returning morn looked out for some sign, some trace, to guide them to Peru, and with the last gleams of light they still gazed long and mournfully for Peru—not for its gold and silver, but to bring the gospel to its countless sons. In some places, which were the haunt of wild beasts, they were in imminent danger, and were only safe

by kindling large fires, and watching them, by turns, all night long. The only means they possessed of kindling a fire, was by rubbing two sticks violently one against the other; and the herbs and roots which they found, were their chief sustenance; except that sometimes a partridge, or at other times a monkey of a peculiar species, which is considered, when boiled, a peculiar delicacy by the Indians, was caught by them. In the bosom of the vast forests they occasionally discovered enchanting places, where there was perpetual verdure on the trees, and green on the earth; open to the sky, yet sheltered by the surrounding wood from the heat and the blast. Here Cyprian was tempted to rest, for these beautiful glades recalled the descriptions he had formerly read of the ancient hermits of the Thebais, who dwelt in some oasis in the desert. In the third year he made a last attempt in a new direction, and it was then that his patience received its reward; for after going through fresh scenes of trial, he one day, at a time when he imagined he was quite lost, crossed at random a deep forest, and then came to the top of a mountain, whence he at last discovered Peru. Immediately he fell prostrate on the earth, to thank God for his mercy and care.

As he slowly descended into the rich and noble plains, the triumph of the bold and successful adventurer mingled with the rapture of the missionary. He advanced towards a college of the fathers, lately raised in this territory, which stood temptingly in a grove of trees, under a benign climate. He sent forward advice of his arrival, and of the discovery he had made of this new route: the news was received with the highest applause, and all were anxious to welcome the celebrated Moxian missionary. And here occurs an almost incredible instance of self-denial: he was not far from a dwelling where every comfort and solace

awaited him ; but he refused to enter the gates, and even to draw near them. " He judged it would be more agreeable to God to sacrifice his desires to Him, though inclination prompted him to go and visit his old friends, after an absence of twenty-four years ; and though it was natural for him to rest awhile in this fine climate, there to recover, if possible, the strength which was so enervated." In the name of all the saints and relics, had he not suffered enough ? Were not three years long enough to be eaten up with famine and misery, hunted by wild beasts, wasted by the tempest, the cold, the horror of the way, where he seemed to be led up and down, out of sheer malice, by the spirits of the mountains, whose region his foot had been the first to disturb ? He requested that the college would send some missionaries to him, and then, " in this rare spirit of mortification, he immediately returned to his mission by the new road he had traced with so much toil, and thus deprived himself of the praises so justly due to his successful enterprise." But it is more easy to smile at, than to commiserate with Cyprian, painfully climbing again the dreary heights with a wistful glance, occasionally directed, perhaps, to the spot where the college stood in its rich grove, and then facing doggedly the summits of snow and the sweep of the blast. The cavern in the rock must be his resting-place, instead of the goodly chamber of the college, a blazing fire, a nourishing repast, and old familiar faces gathering round ; where, while for once he relaxed his austerities, and drank a generous glass of wine, to repair " the force which so much toil had exhausted," how animating would it have been to tell of all he had endured and suffered, and at night to peruse by the light of the lamp the volumes of the college library, that he might enrich once more the intellect,—a luxury to which, since leaving Lima, he had been

an utter stranger. Even while his heart bled, as he pursued his miserable way, was there no secret complacency, no half-stifled exultation? Did no fiend whisper, "Ah! meritorious sacrifice, noble victory over self!" At last he saw his town of the "Trinity" in the distance, with its church-tower, like a beacon, in the midst of the plain. His converts came forth eagerly to meet him, for during his long absence they knew not what had become of him.

The general belief of the Romish missionaries, that the deeper the laceration they inflicted on the body and the spirit, the more agreeable they were to God, was of most pernicious influence to their simple-minded flock. But the Jesuits, those acute searchers into human nature, whose clear heads kept time with their disciplined feelings, are chargeable with ignorance and unskilfulness on another important point. The sketches of their more interesting converts tell simply and beautifully of the savage rising into the pious and earnest Christian. Possessed of the zeal, and sometimes of the imagination and eloquence of the desert, why did none of these converts become preachers to their countrymen? This is a very remarkable feature in the Jesuit missions: they perfectly understood the character and temper of the tribes, who are depicted with a masterly pen, yet they trained no gifted spirits of the forest to be able ambassadors of Christ. Eliot struck this chord triumphantly, and so did the simple and fervent Moravian. How impressive were the addresses of Waubon to his warriors, and those of Judith, Arbalic, and Kaiarnac, in the frozen zone! In the purer climes of Peru and Paraguay, where the Jesuit complained that there was none to help him, the chieftain offered a rich resource; skilled in the native modes of expression and imagery and an observer, in the council, of the

various passions and disguises of the heart, and perhaps an orator also, the words of life, flowing from his lips, would surely have been blest to his people. The fault was partly in the system, and in the mental as well as bodily discipline recommended to the converts, whose deviations, confessions, and ceremonies engrossed so much of their concern and attention, that the soul had scarcely time or space to take a loftier flight. "To preserve order in the settlement, some of the eldest neophytes are chosen, and they are among the Indians what the censors were of old in Rome, and are styled *regidores*; they bring offenders in a penitential habit to the church, where they beg pardon of God in a public manner, and a penance is enjoined. There are five altars in the church, and in its body there are aisles: several *caciques*, or chiefs, assist at the service of every altar: on great festivals, they take their place about the canopy under which the eucharist is carried. There is a chief sacristan, and two others under him, besides six clerks, who wear a train three-quarters of a yard in length. The church is always open: before sunrise many resort there to pray; every morning at break of day all the children repair to church; they recite alternately the morning prayer and the Christian doctrine. Then mass is said, and all the inhabitants are obliged to assist; after mass all go to work: in the evening the children are catechised; then all the faithful repair to the church, to recite the rosary and the evening prayers. Every Saturday a mass of the blessed Lady is sung with music; and in the evening, after the rosary is said, her Litany is sung, and a prayer for the dead. On Sunday morning high mass is sung: after the gospel, a missionary goes up to the pulpit, and explains the gospel of the day. Penance is imposed on those that are found in fault. In the evening, the particular congre-

gations and societies meet, to perform their respective exercises, and hear an exhortation. The missionaries always conclude their sermons with an act of contrition, that contains the strongest motives to be sorry for past offences: the church rings again with sobs and sighs; and the neophytes, full of a holy hatred of themselves, endeavour to expiate their failings with austerities and macerations, which they would carry to excess, if care was not taken to keep them within bounds. How far they carry their tenderness and delicacy of conscience, appears particularly at the tribunals of penance. They shed a torrent of tears when they accuse themselves of defects so very small, that it is sometimes a question whether they are sufficient matter for absolution; yet they are never weary with putting questions to their confessor, with a scrupulous anxiety whether this or that be a sin. Their confessions are long and perplexing, the good people having numberless doubts to propose, or scruples to be removed. There is a procession, in which they go, every Monday, to assist at a mass sung for the dead. There are solemn processions on the feast of St. Mark, the Rogation days, on the titular festivals of the church, and when the stations of a jubilee are performed. They pass through the streets, which have all a cross, of good workmanship, erected at the end: they stop before each; the children sing to set music some part of the Christian doctrine, and the people answer in plain song: they then march to the oratories without the town, which are an agreeable shelter from the wind, and the scorching heat of the sun. The altars in the church are set off with flowers and sweet herbs; garlands made with leaves and flowers are hung about the church, and yield a most agreeable smell. On the greater solemnities, perfumes are burnt." Penance, self-accusations, and doubts, so numerous and

habitual, were likely to produce a kind of religious selfishness and servility in the mind of the convert, which "grew with its growth, and strengthened with its strength." In this multitude of means and services, how little is there of spiritual communion! The heart might be sincere, contrite, and humble; yet how could the love of Christ be pure and fervent, amidst such floods of masses and ceremonies. The maxim, that simplicity is power, was never more fully exemplified than in the Moravian missions to Greenland and Canada, where, by presenting a few glorious truths to the awakened heathen, he first comprehended, then followed them on with all the energy of his soul, till they became to him all and in all. What he loved intensely, he spoke of feelingly: the intellect kept time with the heart: thought, imagination, awoke; and in many an instance the lips were touched with eloquence, as with a live coal from the altar. The spirit of Catholicism was not adverse to native missionaries; and even had it been so, the Jesuits did not scruple to allow that relaxation of their discipline which the interests of the mission required. Even their advocate, Muratori, after dwelling on the imitative skill of the Indians, in painting, sculpture, and architecture, asks, "Can they want wit, who have so great a disposition for all arts? Is it not far more likely that their capacities would soon begin to shew and display themselves? Then this extended part of the Lord's vineyard would not be so often destitute of labourers. Since the missionaries have not yet taken this course, they must without doubt have cogent reasons for the contrary." The cogent reason was, the want of a more simple tuition, a freer exercise of thought. The genius of the Jesuit was utterly at fault here; he was unable or unwilling to perceive, that the savage, to whom he displayed the gospel

in "chambers of imagery" could rarely be trusted to enforce and illustrate it to his countrymen.

"We already perceive," it is observed by a missionary, "a kind of dawn, as it were, of politeness and civility breaking forth among them; they salute one another whenever they meet, and make us, whom they consider as their masters, low bows, and kiss their hands before they come up to us. They invite such Indian strangers as travel through their settlements to lodge with them, and exercise a liberal hospitality, beseeching these travellers to love them as brethren. Hence there is reason to hope, that, with the grace of God, who has succoured us so much hitherto, we shall make of this people, not only a church of true Christians, but likewise, before 'tis long, a city, and perhaps a kingdom, of men who may live together agreeably to the most perfect laws of society. All our efforts, however, have been in vain, to make them love or practise fasting; their appetite is never satisfied with a meal that would be sufficient for one of our missionaries. The church is always thronged with auditors; private houses are frequently heard to resound with the praises of God, and with the instructions which the most fervent among them give the rest. During passion-week, I had the consolation to see in the church above five hundred Indians, rigorously chastising their bodies on Good Friday, in honour of the Redeemer scourged. But a circumstance which forced tears from my eyes, was the sight of a company of young Indians of both sexes, who, with eyes cast humbly down, their heads crowned with thorns, and their arms stretched out on stakes disposed in the form of a cross, imitated for above an hour, in this posture, the painful condition of the crucified Saviour, whose image stood before their eyes."

A people who derided, in their wars, any expression of bodily suffering, probably felt less severely

than their teachers, a sharp chastisement or sanguinary flogging. And these scenes are called "consolations:" had none more pure or powerful been tasted by Cyprian, he could surely have said, long ago, that he "was weary of his life."

The new route opened by Bareze to the heart of Peru was eminently useful to the mission, as it could be travelled in fifteen days; and thus could a regular supply of pastors be obtained, and a communication of the churches with each other. This enterprise appears to have enhanced the love of travel in his mind; after its perils, miseries, and startling changes were over, he did not sit down, satisfied and thankful, but was urged by a restless desire to go forth again. Once more in the midst of his "dear neophytes," far from enjoying the little comforts and solaces which they gathered round him, he thought only of going to discover another nation. They besought him to stay, and rest from his cruel fatigues, and spoke of the prosperity of their community, and how they had lamented for him during his long absence. The church was more and more crowded, and most of the converts had been faithful; and as the flocks slowly increased, many fields began to be cultivated in the plain. It seemed that the cold and the tempest, the heat and the blast, the burning hope of discovering Peru, and at last its blest fulfilment, had strung the spirit to too long and high an excitement; and perhaps he felt, unconsciously, a weariness in the sameness and quiescence of the scene around him. Yet it was time to think of rest: sixty-one years had blanched his hair, and made his step less swift than when he came, at thirty-three, into the country. The desire of his heart was given him; the pure ambition that led him heretofore from Lima was accomplished: the people whom the Jesuits, during an entire century, desired in vain to visit, were

brought to Christianity. Was it now the time, in the "sear and yellow leaf" of his career, to journey to a nation more barbarous and brutal, where the tedious work of instruction and patience must be gone through again?

But there is a restlessness of feeling to which the missionary and the traveller are peculiarly subject: desire of change, once felt, returns, as the heat by day and the thirst by night, even when the living waters of energy and strength begin to be dried up; when the pitcher rests at the cistern, and the golden bowl wearies at the fountain. Oh beautiful and deathless love of travel, that outliveth every other love! When the pulse lingers, and the blood creeps chill, it will yet bear us onward to the scenes of our earliest, dearest adventure; and when the grave has closed over every tie, and each native scene is desolate, is it not exquisite to be able to gather up the treasures of foreign lands, of mountains and valleys yet unseen? And though the step be more slow, shall not the spirit renew its freshness and glory again? The entreaties of the people were of no avail, nor could even the flattering appearance of the "Trinity" allure him to stay. A band of the Christians ought to have been his guard; but he set out alone to the Tapacures, a people who lived a hundred miles distant, towards a chain of high mountains. Their manners and usages resemble those of the Moxos, but they are not so brave; and being very fleet of foot, often, in battle, they have recourse to their heels. Cyprian was kindly welcomed by these people, who were very tractable, and promised to receive any missionaries he might send. The discovery which gave him the highest pleasure was that of the Baures, who were more civilized in their heathenism than the Moxos. Every village was surrounded with a strong palisade, and they used in battle a kind of shield, made

of canes interwoven, and covered with cotton and feathers of various colours. Their women were well dressed: they received their guests kindly, and spread a large piece of cotton on the ground, as the seat of honour; the soil of the country was very fruitful. He advanced a considerable way up the country, visiting a great many villages, all whose people seemed to approve of the new law he preached. Already he began to picture a new church in the land; but he knew not the fickle and treacherous temper of the people. His two companions heard a great noise of drums in the night-time from a village he had not yet visited, and, being seized with a panic, they besought him to fly with all possible speed, before it was too late; assuring him, from their knowledge of the customs of the country, that the sound was a fatal omen to him.

Cyprian was now sensible that he had abandoned himself to the mercy of a cruel people; for scarcely had he departed a few paces, in compliance with the entreaties of his companions, than he met with a troop of Baures, armed with hatchets, and bows and arrows. They threatened him before they came up, and shot many arrows, which, from the distance, did not take effect. Advancing nearer, they wounded him in the arm and thigh, while the converts fled out of the reach of the arrows. Rushing onward, the Baures fell upon him with fury, and pierced his body in several places: he still held forth the cross. When one of the barbarians, forcing it out of his hand, struck him a mortal blow with an axe on the head. He died at the close of the year 1702, having spent twenty-seven years and three months in his mission. His death chanced on the anniversary of the martyrdom of Saint Cyprian near Carthage, whose friends took up the body, and gave it an honourable interment; but the Peruvian missionary tell obscurely. No friend or lover lamented over

him, for his two companions stayed not their flight till they reached the settlement, where the grief was rendered more bitter by the thought, that his remains were denied to rest among them. A rude grave was dug by his murderers, and a cross afterwards erected by the missionaries. How different from the sad and solemn procession with which the Moxians would have borne him to his own burial-place, beside the tombs of the caciques, in the shadow of the trees his hand had planted ! Cyprian was an upright man : the love of God, ardent zeal for the conversion of the heathen, were the ruling feelings of his life. The pastors who came to his aid, sometimes censured his too great kindness and condescension to the Indians, whose nature it was to presume thereon, and to abuse his patience. He replied, that if this was true, God would find other means to maintain his authority over the people, and that mercy and forbearance being the spirit of the gospel which he preached, he could not too much enforce by his example this divine philosophy. No less than thirty missionaries were, at the time of his death, engaged in the mission, which counted fifteen settlements, from twenty to thirty miles apart, containing two thousand persons each.

The lonely resting-place of Cyprian is beautifully depicted in the lines of an exquisite poetess :—

A single grave !—the only one  
 In this unbroken ground,  
 Where yet the forest leaf and flower  
 Are lingering around.

The shade where forest trees shut out  
 All but the distant sky ;  
 I've felt the loneliness of night  
 When the dark winds passed by.

My pulse has quickened with its awe  
 My lip has gasped for breath ;  
 But what were they to such as this—  
 The solitude of death !

The place is purified with hope,  
The hope that is of prayer ;  
And human love, and heavenward thought,  
And pious faith are there.

But *this* grave is so desolate  
With no remembering stone,  
No fellow-graves for sympathy,  
'Tis utterly alone.

I do not know who sleeps beneath  
His history or name—  
Whether if, lonely in his life,  
He is in death the same.

Whether he died unloved, unmourned,  
The last leaf on the bow ;  
Or if some desolated hearth  
Is weeping for him now.

Perhaps this is too fanciful :  
Though single be his sod,  
Yet not the less it has around  
The presence of his God.

Where he found a desert, the home of reckless penury and destitution, he left plenty, industry, and comfort. The best workmen were well dressed in cloth and silks : the churches were large, well built, and richly ornamented : each family had an allotment of ground and cattle. The Spaniards in Peru sent costly offerings to this mission.

## JOSEPH ASSEMANNI.

“ BELIEVE me,” says St. Bernard, “ upon my own experience, you will find more in the woods than in books; the streams and rocks will teach you what you cannot learn of the greatest master.” Advice less applicable to the contemplative recluse, than to the missionary, whose favourite volume was the boundless forest and plain, and the ocean river. The Jesuit of the college and the cell, pale with his vigils and acquisitions, at once the polemic and the politician, is a less interesting being than the wanderer of Paraguay and Peru: we miss the wild energy, the splendid usefulness, the fierce gathering of the nations, the contest, the proud victories of the cross! That voice in the wilderness is hushed now. Bernard heard the voice and loved it, but not with a pure and hallowed love. He called Europe, spiritual and temporal, to arms for the succour of Palestine; founded above two hundred monasteries, which he furnished with good libraries; traversed provinces and kingdoms for the conversion of princes and lords, with wonderful success; yet he sent not one ecclesiastic, of the myriads he made, to bear the gospel to the infidel. It is strange that the missionary spirit did not revive sooner in the Romish church: from the eighth to the fifteenth century it slept heavily, and only then received a high and lasting impulse from the career of Xavier. Not Ignatius, but his disciple, originated the Jesuit missions: the former “ had an inward call to Jerusalem,” the latter devoted himself to the wild and savage portions of the world. Loyola soon grew

tired of exploring the Holy Land; but many of his followers, however, felt the same "call," and went to dwell among the hills and vales of ancient story, loving their dwelling-place even unto death. In order to be at all happy, or at home, in such a mission, a cultivated and imaginative mind was requisite, combined with a love of learning, and of nature in her lone and unutterable decay, not in her glory! The Jesuit was to confront no longer the powers of earth and hell in arms—but to hold communion with the "queen of the wilderness," in the sublimity of her despair; and to visit the children of Palestine, not to break down their "strongholds," but to lighten their burdens, to lead them gently to greater hope and comfort, for the rod of the oppressor had entered into their soul. Even in this picture of the early messengers of Loyola, intrigue and cunning are sometimes visible; but the dark and many-coloured hues in which the Jesuits of later times are often and justly painted, would here be unnecessary and unjust. Neither the savage nor the Syrian found them to be men whose conversation had nothing but sweetness, and their doctrine nothing but poison; who scarcely eat or drank, because, like the devil, they thirsted only after the blood of souls; who had but little of the monk but the name and habit, and understood every thing that is in heaven and earth, but themselves. The Syrian and Egyptian wanderings often called forth their skill as antiquarians, botanists, and mineralogists: and in the most hideous scenes, the fathers often paused to revel over new shrubs and flowers, or some curious strata in the precipice and ravine.

The luxurious city of Damascus was the early scene of their mission, which was begun by Queyrot, a learned Jesuit, who was greatly aided by Eutimios, the Greek bishop of Scio. The Greek patriarchate being transferred to Damascus, Eutimios went to

take possession of it, and was accompanied by Jerome Queyrot. The extensive acquaintance of the latter with the Oriental tongues, and the special study he had made of the Greek fathers, rendered him very useful to the patriarch, and, above all, to the Greeks. He combated their errors by citing passages from the fathers, whose authority had much more weight with them than all the arguments he could use. "Jerome was accompanied by another Jesuit, William Volrad Bengen, who had an extraordinary talent in acquiring languages, and had made himself master of the Arab, Greek, Italian, German, French, and Flemish tongues: whilst his friend was occupied in private and public controversies, and in the functions of his ministry, William taught the children the catechism, and conversed with the adults of various nations." War breaking out between the Turks and Venetians, an order was sent to eject from the city all the Venetians and Latins, merchants and religious people; but no Turkish officer laid hands on Jerome, for he was held in general respect and esteem. Michael Condoles, master of the artillery to the grand seignor, the chief person among the Christians, fearing that the man from whose conversations he had found so much instruction and comfort, might be exposed to some accident in the city, made him a present of a large house, situated in the Frank quarter, and this house was the commencement of the Jesuit establishment in Damascus.

Jerome had come to Damascus with the Greek patriarch, in the office of tutor to his nephew, and preacher in the city; but he now saw before him a higher estate and command, and, aided by his friends, he put his handsome house in a condition to receive other residents, and sent to France for colleagues.

Charles Malval came to his aid, but soon finished

his career by his over severe toils and macerations of the body: he slept little during the night, of which he passed great part at the altar; and Queyrot, by his death, was once more left alone. Volrad Bengen devoted his time to the Eastern languages, and the Arabian manuscripts had more charms for his taste than the missionary labours. The two men had good reason to be contented with their situation: compared to the missions of Peru and Paraguay, that of Damascus was an earthly elysium. A fine climate, comforts and luxuries at a cheap rate, the caravans from all parts of Asia, loaded with rich and various burdens, the great pilgrimages to Mecca, (which passed through the city,) and the resort of so many nations to this mart of commerce, were powerful excitements to a curious and intelligent mind. The environs of the city, on the banks of the rivers, are of inexpressible beauty, shaded by long rows of noble trees, beneath which the people walk and sit at evening, and, while they sip their coffee, listen to the murmur of the waters, or gaze on the foaming cataracts. The women of Damascus come here to enjoy the fresh air, and wander in the neighbouring gardens. The sun rising, in the cool morning hour, is exquisite on this spot: already the brilliant garments of the Orientals are seen on the shore, for they are passionately fond of these rivers; and while the barren mountains that rise out of the forest of gardens are cold and grey, the snowy crest of the great Sheich mountain alone is red with the first glory of the sky. In this city, Queyrot lived thirty-eight years, and then finished a useful life by a calm and edifying death: the whole priesthood of the city assisted at his funeral, and Michael Condoles supported the bier of his friend and confessor. He was succeeded by Parvilliers, Richelieu, and Clisson, who established schools: alternately instructing the children, and visiting the

private families. As they united some knowledge of medicine to their other acquisitions, people of wealth and consideration solicited their skill, who would have offered them bastinado or the scimeter had they assailed their faith. They endured, subsequently, several persecutions in Damascus, without the consolation of eminent success in their labours, which were chiefly directed to the Syrian Christians, to whom the zeal of some of the fathers, and the great learning of a few, were of considerable benefit; but among the Turks and Arabs few converts were made. Clisson and Nau composed several works in Arabic.

Previous to the mission of Damascus was that of Aleppo, where resided thirty thousand Christians, of different denominations; and the missionaries were of the three orders of Jesuits, Capuchins, and Carmelites. In the year 1625, pope Urban sent several labourers to Syria, where they were harassed with many vexations, to which the interference of Louis XIII. put an end, who obtained a firman of the sultan, authorizing their establishment in Aleppo,—where, in the course of a few years, most of them died through excessive toil and the climate. In 1679, their successors were put in possession of the consular chapel, with the title of chaplains to his majesty, and for some time this mission flourished: churches were built; and this period was memorable, also, for the union of several ‘schismatic churches to the Roman Catholic;’ and the patriarchs of Alexandria and Aleppo testified their adhesion to pope Clement XI.

The Jesuits founded missions in Sidon and Saint John D’Acre, which are now in a ruined state. The convents open their waste chambers to the traveller, who finds little comfort within, although the few pale and solitary monks, like the last relics of a decayed and ancient family, are courteous in their

sad and slender hospitality. They bring the fine wine of Lebanon, figs, and eggs, for a repast, and, as they talk with earnestness of the world which they have long left, they bestow their blessing freely, for even their bigotry is passed away with their prosperity. At night conducted through long vaulted passages to his little cell, with his pan of charcoal burning on the floor, and the starlight breaking through the single window, the wanderer is tempted to muse on the decline and change of the fathers' fortunes, while their steps, as each seeks his lonely cell, is the only sound on the silence of the night.

The mission of Tripoli was begun by Jean Amieu, who traversed Palestine in search of an auspicious site. Jerusalem and its environs were already occupied by the Fathers of the Holy Sepulchre; in whose convent of Saint Salvador he was kindly received. "I assisted at the ceremonies of Easter: the services of the Holy Thursday were performed with a dignity, a magnificence, and a piety which ravished the souls of the assistants: the altars are ornamented with presents from all the christian princes: and which are, for the most part, of a rare beauty and richness. To excite the fervour of the Orientals, the fathers have a ceremony suited to their taste, which is easily touched by external things: they represent the mystery of the crucifixion, with a figure of our Lord of the natural size: it is afterwards wrapped in a shroud, and placed in a sepulchre: and it is an exquisite privilege to pass the night around it, in tears and repentance." Amieu felt all the influence of the scene and hour; but he appears, like every other traveller, to breathe more at liberty without the walls. The transition, from the close and wretched streets, and casements like prison-bars, of the devoted city, to the free air and inspiring scenes of the hills and valleys, was

delicious. Bethlehem, Carmel, the monastery of Elias on the wild declivity, were, like the homes of friends,—places of refuge to the soul and the fancy. You see caravans from various countries, whose people come to the grotto of Bethlehem; then processions of the pilgrims up its rocky hill, singing as they march, not the mournful chant of Calvary,—the rich men bearing presents, the poor weeping for joy. In the middle of this sacred grotto there is an altar of marble, on which mass is said: and the pilgrims kneel in ecstasy around. It is not surprising that Jerome chose this blessed spot for his abode: no place in the universe inspires more devotion: you see here his oratory and his tomb, and also those of Eusebius and Saint Paula. This illustrious Roman lady, the pride of the families of the Gracchi and the Scipios, from whom she was descended, preferred the abode of Bethlehem to that of the capital of the world, and her poor hermitage to the superb apartments of Rome.

There is a fourth tomb in the grotto of Bethlehem, that of the beautiful and admirable Eustochium, daughter of Paula, and disciple of Jerome. In her earliest life in Rome, she had no pleasure in the splendour of her home, or in the luxuries and amusements which her father loved; but often sought the house of Marcella, the first of her sex who embraced an ascetic or retired life. Aware of the importance of an able guide in a spiritual life, Eustochium put herself under the direction of Jerome, who composed his celebrated letter to her “on the single state.” He forbids her dainty fare, effeminacy, pleasures, superfluous ornaments, and the drinking of pure wine, which he calls a poison in youth, and the throwing of oil upon a flame. He would not have fasts carried to excess, and rather commends such as are moderate but constant. He recommends solitude, and gives a charge to the girl, that she

never visit those ladies whose dress and discourse have any tincture of the spirit of the world : adding, "go very seldom abroad, not even to honour the martyrs; honour them in your chamber." Jerome puts her in mind, that besides the hours of Morning and Evening, Tierce, Sext, and None, the five seasons consecrated to public prayer, she ought to rise twice or thrice in the night to pray, and never to omit this duty before and after meals, before going abroad, and after coming in; and that at every action she ought to make the sign of the cross, for such is the difficulty of preserving, and the danger of losing, the great treasure of purity, that there must be a constant watchfulness over the heart and senses, thereby crushing the least seeds of temptation." Thus did this learned doctor, and pillar of the early church, austere discipline an uncorrupted mind and delicate frame. He first called the gentler sex to a life of celibacy and solitude, and made even Bethlehem the scene of an asceticism which the Author of Christianity never enjoined. Eustochium bore her mother company in all her journeys through Syria, Egypt, and Palestine, and settled with her in her monastery at Bethlehem, where Jerome came to reside from Rome, in 385. In these wild and beautiful solitudes she prosecuted her studies, and became learned above her sex, and well skilled in the Hebrew, often retiring, like her preceptor, to the solitary vale that extends below Bethlehem to the foot of the mountain of Tekoa, where Amos the prophet fed his flocks. When her mother died, she was chosen to succeed her; and to an ardent, devout, and enthusiastic mind, could the world offer a more sublime and indelible residence than that of the young abbess? What were the pleasures and enticements of Rome, which she had never loved, to the favourite studies with Jerome? or to wander on the neighbouring hills of Olivet, Gilboah, or Samaria; and, at midnight, in the stillness and glory of the hour, to celebrate with her nuns

the communion in the church of Bethlehem, and join their voices to the solemn strains of music? At Christmas, ere the morn is breaking, how affecting is the service in Bethlehem! Some of the Christians repair to the beautiful field beneath, where the shepherds watched their flocks, and there, beneath the two ancient trees, celebrate the hour when "Christ was born." The field is covered with wild flowers and rich grass; it is solitary, but not desolate. Under the shadow of the trees, as the sun is going down, it is beautiful to sit, and look at the hill of Engedi, and the tomb of Rachel: the only stream visible flows down the vale from the fountain of Bethlehem, of which David longed to drink; it is to this day a pure, deep fountain of delicious water, at the foot of the hill.

Amieu, on his return from Jerusalem, was arrested at Tripoli, and imprisoned, with twenty-five Frenchmen, in a dungeon. He spent his time in instructing his companions in captivity, animating them by his example and words: he prayed with them several times a day, and thus softening the rigours of confinement, enabled them to see the hand of God even in their chastisement. After twenty-two days of continual suffering, there came an order to set all the prisoners free; but before they left the gloomy scene, wishing to spend the last moments profitably, he addressed them once more, conjuring them not to forget the promises made to them in the time of their trial; and then commended them to the mercy that had been in prison their only consolation.

Amieu now visited diligently all the Roman Catholics, Maronites, and Greeks, and, assembling them at evening in a house, he preached to them, sometimes in French, and sometimes in Arabic, for many strangers came to hear him. In the mean time he had no fixed abode, but lodged in the houses of the people, who were glad to afford a dwelling for himself and three companions.

The pope, Gregory the XIII., had founded in Rome, a college for the education of the Maronite youth, but the governors of the country would not permit the subjects of the grand seignor to depart, and live among strangers; nor could even the parents without difficulty resolve to let them go so long a journey, uncertain when they might behold them again; consequently only a small number profited by the generosity of the august benefactor, so advantageous, if embraced, to the whole Maronite people.

Amien, fully aware of the value of this institution, used every persuasion to induce the parents to devote their children to an education which Heaven itself seemed to have offered them, and which was absolutely necessary to prepare their sons to be useful ministers of the altar; and he admonished them, that if they refused, the loss would be required at their hands. In fine, he exerted himself to so good a purpose, that he was soon at liberty to make choice of the most promising youths in Tripoli, whom, having removed all obstacles in the way, he sent straight to Rome.

The sovereign pontiff testified his entire satisfaction at the conduct of Amien, for the propagation of the faith; and, on being acquainted with this circumstance, Louis XIV. desired that twelve children of the different nations of the Levant, Armenians, Greeks, and Saracens, might be sent to Paris, to be educated there in the college. It was the intention of the king, that these children, being well instructed in the Romish faith, as well as in the sciences and belles lettres, should return, to be teachers to their countrymen.

The missionaries began to extend their labours over the coasts of Syria; and on entering a village, if it contained a church or chapel, they went to worship there with the Christians of the place, and

afterwards visited the dwellings, the sick, and the distressed, instructing the children and adults. The curates or pastors of these places received so small a contribution from their flock, that they could bestow little in charity; and great poverty and misery existed at this season, the country having been recently ravaged by a pestilence. "On this account, we take the precaution to carry with us, in our journeys, little boxes of silver, in which we enclose the consecrated wafers, to give the viaticum to the sick who appear to us to be in danger, and well disposed to receive it."

Amieu, the founder of the mission, was succeeded on his death by Nicholas Baziere, with the title of superior-general, who chanced to be a skilful surgeon as well as missionary, which gave him access to the houses of all the Orientals—"a precious advantage, which furnished him with the means of many conversions."

It is not often that a Frenchman, at ease in his possessions, and in the midst of all his *petits plaisirs*, feels a call to be a missionary; yet, to the very circumstance of a Frenchman becoming a missionary, the Jesuits owe the beautiful monastery of Antoura, for whose friendly and luxurious roof every traveller will bless, and acknowledge his obligations to them. In the heat of noon-day, how grateful were its groves of cedar, cypress, and orange trees, on the declivities of Lebanon, with the blue waters of the Mediterranean stretching far as the eye can reach!—and how sweet the solemn peal of its bell at evening, mingling in the mountain solitudes with the long cry of the shepherd! And when the shadows fell, a glory yet lingered on the white summits of Lebanon, with a fierce and yet a fiercer ray, till it slowly died: and on the cold wastes of snow, on the sultry groves, in beautiful contrast rose the stars in the lustre of an eastern night.

Francis Lambert, a rich merchant of Marseilles, who had a fine mansion and equipage, many friends and enjoyments, "felt himself inspired to imitate St. Matthew," to depart from the receipt of moneys, and, indulging no more in the exquisite handling of gold, to leave his commerce and his extensive connexions. In vain his friends remonstrated and laughed, entreated and opposed; and vainly the world, the busy mart, the successful speculation, the pleasant dinner and wines, the theatre and music at night, put forth their seductions. Not even a shadow of these things would he find in the grey convent, among uncleanly monks, dull prayers, and sad cells. Lambert deserves far more to be canonized than very many in the calendar; for it must be fairly considered that this wonderful conversion was little less than a miracle. There were ladies also in the way, for Mons. Lambert was a highly regarded and popular man; and those fair advisers set forth, in moving and eloquent words, the excessive imprudence and absurdity of such a step. They termed it a wretched exile, to go and immure himself in Syria, and to live in a cave like a filthy hermit; there to let his beard grow, while, unwashed, uncombed, uncleanly, and alone, he would be more like a wild beast than a French gentleman. But Lambert had no intention to live in a cave.

Reserving but a small part of his property, and deaf alike to the tears and entreaties both of his male and female friends, he abandoned all his concerns, and set out for Rome. After the general of the Jesuits had examined his vocation, and received him into the Society, he embarked, with two young Jesuits, who asked permission to follow him. The vessel was driven ashore on the coast of Syria, in the neighbourhood of a little village called Antoura, where the people, taking the vessel for a corsair, seized Lambert and his two companions, and

conducted them before the governor of the territory. This was Abunaufel, the Maronite, the most considerable lord of his nation : he interrogated the prisoners ; and Lambert showed him the patents of the general of the Jesuits, by which he was destined to the functions of a Syrian missionary. Abunaufel, recognizing the hand of Providence in this event, gave them the warmest welcome, and lodged them in his house. Perceiving the sincerity and devotion of his guest, he offered him a residence in his territory, on the sides of Mount Lebanon. Lambert, having consulted the superior of the Syrian mission, accepted the offer. The spot was fruitful, in a most healthful air, and in the bosom of exquisite scenery. His host built a house, with a chapel, which was consecrated amidst an immense concourse of people ; and, aided by his two companions, Lambert officiated here during many years. Neither the cavern or the squalid cell were his portion. He never appears to have repented his choice, or to have recalled with regret former gaieties, society, and affluence, but to have lived here many years, until, worn out with his labours, he died in the odour of sanctity. His departure caused a general affliction over that region. After a time, a substantial monastery replaced the dwelling and chapel of Lambert ; and these walls of Antoura still continue to send missionaries to different parts of Lebanon. Abunaufel, during his life, was its generous protector and benefactor.

Scattered over Lebanon are several little monasteries, or rather hermitages of solitary Greeks and Maronites, who revere St. Anthony as their patriarch : they wear a coarse habit of goat-skin ; their head is covered with a little black cap ; they walk with naked feet, and their sole business is prayer and manual labour. They wake several times in the night, to sing psalms in Syriac. They live on vege-

tables and water, sleep on the bare ground, and observe during the day a continual silence. The missionaries of Antoura often visited these solitaries, and held conferences with them on the Catholic faith, the frequenting the sacraments, &c.: "the retreat of eight days, according to the method of St. Ignatius, is found to be the most efficacious means, to preserve in these recluses the spirit of religion and the purity of manners."

The celebrated "Exercises of Ignatius" were faithfully kept in every part of the world by his disciples, and often by their converts. Eight days in the year were dedicated to a close and devout retreat from their priestly functions, as well as from the world. During that period the soul was heedfully surveyed and questioned, with contrition and penitence. Fasting, contemplation, and prayer, with which the more enthusiastic mingled severe austerities, occupy great part of the "eight days and nights." Xavier was so convinced of the excellence and usefulness of these exercises, that he enjoins them earnestly in several of his letters. Among these solitaries were some cheerful beings, whose comfortable minds were the fruits rather of a buoyant and kindly temper, than of their lonely religion. The sullen demeanour of others, their pallid hue and unquiet glance, told of the anguish of former guilt, and that some remembrance was heavy on the soul: they had probably fled to these dreadful austerities, as a relief from a bleeding conscience, and the voice that pursued them day and night—while their wasted frames proved that they fasted to extremity. The gloom and dirt of the interior of these hermitages was strangely contrasted with the beauty and splendour of the scene without, where the shadow of the noble cedar, sycamore, and cypress were as a palace of rest and sweetness, compared to the squalid walls and floors. The traveller in general turns in

pity and dismay from the recluses of the East, monks as well as hermits, in whom he finds little enthusiasm or susceptibility to the scenes amidst which life steals away. Even the Israelite has often a warmer love for the places of his faith, and will wander around them earnestly. Bitter is it, when religion, on whose bosom imagination, memory, and every beaming hope should feed richly—knells their death, summoning the mind and heart to keep watch, not over their joys and mercies, but over their dark and lone and cruel places. Yet these recluses, with a little trouble, might have made their homes neat, tasteful, and comfortable, with pots of flowers, a little divan of clean mats, and the use of the clear streams that broke loudly down the mountain side. The palm in this respect must be given to female devotees; as if not superstition itself could make a woman, in the prime of life, entirely neglect her person. There was a recluse, who went by the name of Rose, though her real name was Isabel: she lived alone, in a small neat cell, close to a village, and greatly esteemed by the people, passing most of her time in teaching the girls who came to her, or in visiting the families, the sick and sorrowing. It was said that her parents were of very respectable condition; and that she had been called Rose, when a child, from her extreme loveliness; and she delighted even then to pray in secret, and to read the lives of sainted women. As she grew up, she seemed to be quite unconscious of her personal charms. Her parents fell from a state of competence into great distress, and Isabel went to reside in the family of a gentleman, whose lady had long been her friend; there she would not eat the bread of idleness, but, by working with her needle, which she did with much taste and skill, she supported her parents comfortably. When they died, resolving to indulge her love of solitude, she refused every

inducement, and retired to this village : the pilgrim might have found a less kind and tranquil welcome in the home of the rich and great of his faith, for here was the little garden, cultivated in beautiful order, full of the choice flowers and plants of the country. It was said that she fasted with great austerity, and often mixed bitter herbs with her repast, and used a hair-cloth round her waist. On particular days she wore on her head a thin circle of silver, studded on the inside with little sharp points, which wounded her head, in imitation of a crown of thorns. Her garments were white, and her person, which retained the rich remains of beauty, was clean and neat as that of a *Sœur de Charité*; but, though yet in her youth, austerities had caused her personal attractions to fade before their time. The tones of her voice were low and musical; and it was only by the fire that flashed in her fine eyes when she spoke of the mercies and love of God, that her interior happiness could be discerned : her demeanour and manners, like those of the Moravian recluse, were tranquil and subdued. Beloved by the people, and with as much comfort and luxury in her lowly home as she desired, Isabel could hardly term her life a continued sacrifice : nor indeed did she so term it ; her favourite expressions were those of thankfulness and submission. In the evening the neighbours often came to sit with and converse with her ; and several hours of the night, as well as the early morning, were given to prayer and reading her few volumes of devotion, and the lives of holy persons. A long and painful sickness terminated her life at the age of thirty-one, in which her words often were, “ Lord, increase my sufferings, if it be thy will, and with them increase thy love in my heart.”

Three leagues from Tripoli is a monastery of Greeks, called Belmandé, and is the richest and

best inhabited of all those possessed by the Greeks in Syria. The missionaries, persuaded of the great advantages to be gained by the conversion of this monastery, sought every means to gain access within the walls, and make known therein the Catholic faith. "After many and unavailing efforts, providence at last opened the way." Two of their disciples, feeling themselves inwardly called to a religious life, chose this monastery of Belmandé, in order to consecrate themselves there to the service of God. The father Verseau, who knew them intimately, went to visit them, and warned them of the danger to which they were exposed, under a roof where so many errors of faith were found; and, after many conversations with them, believed them to be thoroughly fortified in the true faith, and perceived that "God would by their means make it known to this monastery." The naiveté of this little detail cannot conceal the tact and manœuvring of the fathers, to win over to their own influence this splendid retreat. Our two young noviciates did not fail to profit by these favourable dispositions, which became every day more and more apparent in the monastery, and they communicated them to the father Verseau, who more frequently visited them, till the Greeks were quite accustomed to his presence. The noviciates made him acquainted with several of the recluses who were less disposed to schism than their brothers; and these new intimacies led to others, so that at last he took a seat in their assemblies. To make himself more agreeable to the inmates, he spoke often of St. Basil, whom they revered as their holy patriarch, and he related several interesting traits of his life, praising highly his learned books, which the Greeks hold in great veneration. In order to furnish them at their leisure, with subjects of meditation similar to those on which he had conversed, he put into the hands of the two noviciates, the

excellent works of the fathers Clisson and Nau, missionaries of Damascus, composed in Arabic, for the purpose of confuting schism, and establishing the Catholic faith. The noviciates did not fail to read them publicly, and they also took especial care to dwell on the sentiments of St. Basil and the other Greek fathers, which contained invincible proofs of the true faith, against all schismatic opinions. Verseau drew their attention likewise, in the same works of the holy fathers, to the ancient practice of frequenting the sacraments of penitence and the eucharist, which schism had abolished in their monastery.

In fine, with time, patience, the cares of the two disciples, and the discourses of the missionaries, the orthodox faith so completely prevailed, that all the recluses in the monastery returned into its bosom, and embraced it earnestly. This episode of Belmondé was a masterpiece of the skill and tact of the Jesuits. Verseau deserved a bishopric from Clement; so delicately and coolly did he enthrone his order within the walls of the first Greek monastery in Syria.

“From this period, our missionaries of Tripoli have continued to visit Belmondé, where they are always welcomed, and where they contribute not a little to maintain union, peace, regularity, piety, and healthful doctrine. Within these walls the superior-generals of our Syrian missions lodge during their visits; being thus more conveniently situated than elsewhere, to receive the news from the various stations, and to transmit their orders.”

The Maronites of Syria, since their reunion to the chair of St. Peter, had sometimes assisted in the general assemblies of the church, and their patriarch was present, in 1516, in the fifth council of Lateran; but they had never held a national council, till the period when the learning and celebrity of one of

their countrymen gave eclat and influence to their assembly, "which was all that could be desired in the heart of an infidel land."

A contrariety of opinion and discipline pervaded the religious bodies of the East; errors of faith, like a contagion, had passed through every monastery, but had respected the Maronite church; "their inviolable attachment to the centre of unity, preserved them from these misfortunes; but even their discipline was relaxed, and abuses began to show themselves, which it was important to arrest in time." Clement resolved to hold a grand council, whose proceedings should draw the attention and observance of the whole East. Rome possessed at this time the celebrated Assemani, Maronite by birth, educated in their seminary at Rome, a canon of the church of St. Peter, guardian of the library of the Vatican, and one of the most learned men of the age. He had left in youth the retreats of Lebanon, fired with an ambition, not to be a missionary to the heathen, but to explore the treasures of learning at their fountain-head. The young Syrian was of obscure birth, of poor and industrious parents; and it was said that, as a shepherd, he had watched the flocks on the pastures of the mountain, whose scenes were eminently calculated to nourish obscure and solitary genius. Less rich and pastoral than Carmel, less hallowed by a silent and mournful beauty, such as the saint and the prophet love, the valleys and heights of Lebanon are a chosen field for a visionary and ambitious mind, dreaming of fame and the laurel-crown. The few books which Assemani could borrow from the neighbouring monastery, he read while tending his sheep. Did not the spirit of the son of Jesse, in the lonely pastures of Palestine, yearn thus after a more glorious career? while he played on his shepherd pipe, did not the revelations of genius rush on his thoughts? the deep intimacy

with nature in all her aspects, the various and glowing imagery of the "songs of Israel,"—were they not acquired at this period of life? In the solitudes of Lebanon, the young Syrian prepared for the future triumphs of the Vatican. When he arrived there, and beheld the libraries and manuscripts, the treasures of art and of time, he believed himself transported into a new world; his wildest visions had never imaged forth such glories, which he was not wholly unable to appreciate, having received some education in the convent of Antoura.

The Maronite college being a favourite object of Clement, the Syrian was soon noticed by him, and acquired his countenance and patronage by his simplicity and opening talents.

Assemani buried himself in the learned retreats of the Vatican, scarcely allowing time for the performance of sacerdotal duties, or attendance at the ceremonies of St. Peter's. His life was blameless, as the lives of most book-worms are; and his very soul banqueted day and night, with an insatiable appetite, upon the hundreds and thousands of volumes amidst which he walked, sat, and slept. Not the cedars of Lebanon, nor her orange and cypress groves, were half as glorious in his eyes as those forests of books, which seemed to overshadow him at noon-day, and to afford him shelter from the blasts and storms of life.—So rapid and extensive were his acquisitions, that he was promoted to be guardian and librarian of these vast collections of literature. His fame went forth from the ancient walls into many lands, whose institutions were proud to enrol his name among them. And now the sovereign pontiff named him to be his legate in Syria, and sent him there with powers and authority to heal all dissensions, to suppress error, and to punish the recusants.

The legate experienced great difficulties in executing the orders of his master. Many conferences

and consultations were held, and arguments were patiently listened to and weighed, day after day: some prelates, he perceived, it was necessary to conciliate; others to rebuke; until, at last, he found means, by his wisdom and activity, to open the council on the third of September, 1735, with great order and splendour.

The church of the monastery of Louisa was prepared with the greatest possible magnificence, and in the choir, which was very large, were placed two elevated thrones; one on the side of the Evangelist, for the patriarch; the other on the side of the Epistle, for the apostolic legate. Without the choir, and near the balustrade, were, on the right and left, two rows of chairs for the bishops; and next to them, and in the same rank, but on lower chairs, sat the missionaries, invited to assist at the council in quality of theologians of the pope. Opposite the missionaries were the Maronites, having their superior at their head; and behind all the rows of chairs were the principal Maronite lords, and the leading persons of the country. To cut short all controversies about precedence, Assemani declared that he would not prejudice, in any way, the rights which individuals might claim, but that the missionaries should range themselves according to the antiquity of their residence in the country. Conformably to this regulation, the fathers of the Holy Land took their place next to the bishops; and on the same side, and immediately after them were the Jesuits, with the Capuchins; the Carmelites had the last place. Half-an-hour after sunrise, they passed in grand procession to the church; it was to Assemani one of those moments that life offers rarely to men. The shepherd was raised to sit among princes, and, as he marched at the head of the dignitaries slowly to the church, the train of his splendid robe was borne by the priests, and on his head was a magnificent

mitre, a present from the pontiff. Clearly and beautifully in view were the declivities of Lebanon, the scene of his first aspirations; above the groves, above the pastures and rocks, their pure summits of snow shot into the sky. In the middle of the church was placed a solitary chair, in which sat Baptist Fromage, the most learned and eloquent missionary of Syria, who rose, and began the proceedings by an able and energetic speech, in which he took a view of the various dissensions and errors of the time. No less than seven great stumbling-blocks of offence were discussed in the council. Dispensations to marry, excommunications, and even spiritual censures, were sold at a fixed price. The holy sacrament was not administered in the parish churches, but only in the chapels of the monasteries. Contrary to ancient usage, observed from time immemorial, the Maronite clergy, after the death of their wives, consoled themselves with a new spouse. The churches were often destitute of necessary ornaments for the decency of worship, and the poor were unaided by the contributions. The patriarch arrogated the exclusive right to bless the holy oil; and when it was distributed to the suffragan bishops and their curates, it was necessary, in order to obtain it, to pay a tax from which no person was excepted. The Maronites of Aleppo, who were very numerous in Syria, had repeated, twelve years previous, the divine service in the Arabic tongue, contrary to the ancient usage of singing and reciting all the prayers in the Syriac. Finally, there existed an abuse, already of long standing, "and which can scarcely be conceived among a people of such excellent manners:—near the abode of the Maronite bishops was a convent of religious women, whose abode was only separated from that of the bishop by a door of communication. The fathers also, sometimes, gave a lodging to these religieuses, even in the bosom of their monastery.

Can it be believed, that a usage, so scandalous in itself, scandalized nobody? we cannot but form a high idea of the virtue of the prelates and the fathers, and the wisdom of these christian virgins, above all, in a country where women rarely appear before men, and where the least intimacy between the sexes casts a cloud over the most irreproachable life."

The chair of Assemani was not a bed of roses, when he laid the axe to the root of these abuses. Desiring also to improve the minds of the people, he established schools in the larger villages, whose teachers should be paid by the bishops and the principal inhabitants, and in which all the youth should be taught gratuitously. This famous synod exercised a beneficial influence over all the East; its decrees were respected, its judgments admitted; and the fame of the legate was held in esteem and honour far and wide, for, armed as he was with discretionary powers, he evinced a forbearance and good sense very serviceable to the see of Rome.

The most important task accomplished, he resolved on a visitation to the principal retreats of Palestine and Egypt, but previously he passed some days with his aged parents, whose pride and exultation were very great; while his ancient friends and relatives crowded about him, perfectly conscious that he now held the keys of preferment. He bore his honours meekly: the darling ambition of his heart was accomplished; were the habits and tastes of the student more powerful than the love of his native scenes? when wandering amid the wilds of Lebanon, where his simpler days were passed, did no images rise before him, save of the solemn halls of the Vatican, and its precious volumes and manuscripts. The cultivation of his mind had awoke a love of the days and scenes of antiquity. Before his departure to Rome, he had never visited one of those places, the names of which are indelible in

scripture, although they lie adjacent almost to his own mountain ; but now he sought the holy land with eager devotion and curiosity, and there traced the course of the Jordan, with the wanderings of the patriarch and prophet. There was one spot that interested him deeply, about a day's journey from the foot of Lebanon, and two hours from Sidon ; it was the site of the ancient Sarepta, where Elijah was fed from the widow's cruse of oil when the famine was sore in the land. The ruins of some dwellings, very ancient, are scattered around, and the scene is in a little valley opening to the sea. The brook that fed the prophet is now dry ; like that of the valley of Elah, whence David took the pebbles for his sling, there is no moisture in its deep and sandy bed. When the writer passed by this spot, it was noon, and the heat was very great : the sea fell heavily on the waste and desolate beach ; there was not the shadow of a passing cloud on the hills. A hamlet, consisting of a few poor cottages, stood amidst the ruins of the ancient homes, and in one of them coffee was sold, and an Arab came forth to invite us to drink. On the summits and sides of the hills were masses of grey rock, scattered among the wild pastures, where the shepherd is seen watching his flock, and the Syrian pipe is heard from afar. This little vale of Sarepta is an impressive solitude : the bold promontory of Tyre is seen on the left, and far on the right are the snowy summits of Lebanon, towering to the sky ; and beneath them the rich and ancient groves of cedar, and cypress, and sycamore. It was a scene to which the Messenger of his God might have loved to retire : how interesting and beautiful were the wanderings of the great and hal-  
lowed characters of scripture, in the desert and the plain, on vale and mountain ; where their only companion was the love and presence of their God ! The retreat of Elijah, in the gloomy vale at the back of

Carmel, is far more desolate than this of Sarepta, between verdant hills, with the beautiful sea in front; yet to the prophet it was indelibly dear.

The poor Arab who sold this coffee could depend only on the custom of the chance passenger; it was seldom that the enthusiast passed his door, and still more seldom that the memorials of ancient and holier times found a responsive chord in the bosom of the native. Who is there, in the land, that cares for the grey rocks and ruinous places of Sarepta?—who is there that weeps beside the hushed stream or the silent homes, or hangs his harp on the willow?—"There is none to comfort the daughter of my people, or to listen to the voice of her mourning." When lodging in the lonely convents, did the heart of Assemani feel no keen remembrance—no void? Once a shepherd, home and its flock had been his only prospect for life! but *there* the wife of his bosom, her song at eve, should receive him:—and now! no home, no love, no sweet companionship

Embarking next at one of the Syrian ports, he arrived in Alexandria, and sailed up the Nile.

The description of his visits to the monasteries of Cairo and Upper-Egypt is graphic. He penetrated across the sandy wilderness to Arabia Petrea, to visit the awful retreats of St. Anthony—"which present only the dreadful aspects of nature, filling the beholder with a sacred horror." After many days' travelling, they came to the mount Colzim, Keleil, and Askar, the sides of which are pierced with caverns, into whose depths the rays of the sun cannot enter. At the foot of these high mountains there is a vast and barren plain, and in this plain is situated the monastery of St. Anthony, in front of the Red Sea, and enclosed between mount Colzim and the mountains of Arabia Petrea. "Looking with attention on these caves, I imagined I saw coming out of them

the Anthonys, the Pauls, the Hilarions, the Ammons, and all those famous fathers of the desert, who here condemned themselves to a penitent and painful life, that they might make a conquest of the kingdom of God. We sought the gate, but our guides could not tell where to find it, for the continual fear of the Arabs obliged them to do without a door; but, at last, we saw some monks appear at the top of a ruined wall." The superior received Assemanni with the highest civilities; and they sat down at table, with their legs crossed in the Eastern fashion. In the middle of a large interior court are two churches, dim, ancient, and heavily built; with the walls and paintings discoloured by the clouds of incense. Thirty cells are ranged along the court; and the refectory, the kitchen, the wells, (so deep, that a horse, going round continually, draws up the water,) the cells and offices, with the servants' houses, look like a little town in the middle of a great desert. Silence is strictly observed day and night. There is a large garden, where the monks cultivate all kinds of herbs, and there are date and olive trees, peaches and apricots: "they invited us to gather the fruits with our own hands; we did so, and found them excellent, but the sight of the savage rocks and wildernesses on every side was frightful." Here are a few vines which yield a sort of claret wine. In the middle of the garden there is a little chapel, dedicated to St. Mark, one of the disciples of St. Anthony, where the monks make their more peculiar prayers. Alas, for the changes to which monasteries, like empires, are prone! if Assemanni saw the Pauls and Hilarions coming out of the caves, it was to mourn over the fate that had fallen on their loved retreats: the walls were now tenanted by Coptic recluses. "Behold the successors of those brilliant stars, who formerly enlightened the Thebaide and the entire world. The Lord has overturned the

living altars, whose perfume was so agreeable to him ; he has stricken with judgment these happy homes, to which people came from every region to learn the science of holiness. Sad effects of schism !" The dress of these recluses is neat, consisting of a vest and tunic of white woollen, and on the head a violet cap, encircled with a turban of white and blue ; around their waist they wear a girdle of brass. Their head is always bent to the earth, and they do not discover themselves to each other, not even when engaged in the divine services in the chapel. They never eat meat in the monastery, and eat but once a day ; a monk recites the canonical hours, like the Muezzins, in the Oriental fashion, standing on a beam several feet from the ground. To be in the choir always at midnight, to sing psalms, to sleep at broken intervals, to prostrate themselves every evening a hundred and fifty times, with the face on the earth and the arms stretched out ; to make the sign of the cross a hundred and fifty times also ; these are the unvarying duties of these solitaries of St. Anthony. Among them are several who make profession of a more perfect life : they are distinguished from the other monks by a kind of brass scapulary, which they call the angelical habit. These professors of a higher perfection than their brethren, are obliged to observe more rigorous fasts and austerities ; and, among others, are required to make three hundred prostrations on the ground every evening, and three hundred signs of the cross. Of these angelic beings, there were but four in the monastery, and Assemani earnestly wished to see and converse with them ; but it was a very difficult favour to obtain, for so severe was the retreat, so unbroken the silence and emotions of these monks, that they were more like dead than living men. In their eyes was little feeling, or earthly expression ; and with their hands clasped on their breast, they heard the sounds of other voices

as of things long forgotten, and against which their senses were to be closed for ever. In the dead of night, they sometimes wandered forth into the desert, among the caves, to pray or lie prostrate on the ground, not even lifting their eyes to the heavens, as if their glory and beauty were sinful to gaze on. Kneeling on the rock where St. Anthony knelt, weeping where he wept, and fighting at times with the same phantoms of the brain and the same real temptations, these seraphic unfortunates bid adieu to flesh and blood. Yet the horrors of nature by which they are surrounded on every side, with their dread macerations night and day, must at last sear the brain, and turn the kindness of the heart into gall. These four angelical recluses had not even the satisfaction of the Indian fanatic, who in his sufferings places himself in the highways, admired by all—but are immured all day in a dismal cell, where no sound comes but of the hours, which are called in a mournful voice by a monk—as if the passage of time was a thing of moment in such a life! Noon, morn, and night, what awful and shadowy things must they be, where hope, joy, love, friendship have no place—where the world, and woman, and every face, and every word, are passed from the mind for ever! The restless anguish of despair and remorse would be preferable to this dim sleep of the heart. Yet there was little need to conjure up the phantoms of a diseased fancy, for there were real demons in this unearthly solitude. “At the close of our conversation, I intimated, that, not having yet said vespers, it was time to begin them. ‘Prayer, replied the young superior, ‘is forbidden at this hour.’ Why? asked I. ‘Because it is precisely the hour when the devils have power,’ he said; heaven is at this time shut against us, and our religious fathers must not be found in such fearful company; but, in half an hour hence,

hell will be closed, and paradise opened, and then we will say vespers, and God will hear us.' ”

There was some relief even in the monastery of St. Anthony, whose windows and roof looked over the wastes of sand, and the three fearful mountains, Colzim, Keleil, and Askar. The Red Sea rolls in front, stretching away to the right and left far as the eye could reach; and behind, at twenty leagues' distance, every precipice and summit distinctly visible, were the mountains Horeb and Sinai: Assemanni and his companions went down to the famous shore, and gazed a long time in silence. “ We thought, at first sight, we were but a little way off, but we found we had several mortal leagues to go, to arrive at the water's edge. We remembered the wonders which the Almighty had formerly worked in favour of his people. We offered up, in this very spot, after the example of the Israelites, our thanks for all the mercies we had continually received from the Divine providence. The hills of Arabia Petrea here bound the Red Sea; and this shore, known by the name of Hirondeh, is the scene where the Israelites traversed the Red Sea on foot, and Pharaoh and his army were engulfed in the waves.”

In this neighbourhood the writer passed an afternoon, in the little valley of Hirondeh, whose stunted palm-trees afford a miserable shelter from the heat; the cliffs were white, and cast back the rays of the sun with a fiercer power and glare; the soil was a dry and light dust, without grass, shrubs, or verdure of any kind: there was not a breath of wind, and the sea slept almost without a murmur. The whole scene was distressing and sad in the highest degree: the noble precipices and valleys of Sinai no longer afforded a shadow and a refuge. When we saw the sun sinking behind the distant rocks, we felt as if a burden was passing away. The cry of a solitary bird was heard at intervals, and the dull hissing of the

locusts, as they passed from tree to tree, or fell upon us plentifully from the branches. In the monastery it was not thus: there was verdure in the garden, and the most wretched recluse could go forth, and sit beneath the rock or tree on the bank, and smell the perfume of flowers, and listen to the passing of the wind in the cypress and sycamore. But he could not listen to the human voice in hope or gladness—to the sweet sounds of psalmody and praise: silence was observed in St. Anthony, and the morning and the night were not ushered in by that most touching of melodies—the solemn chant of a solitary band in the desert. How beautiful was it, when we lodged in the convent of St. Sabas, where the singing of the fathers rose on the night; situated in the wilderness of Ziph, on the brink of precipices, without grove or stream, there was a wild magnificence in the gloomy walls. There was comfort also within: pleasant little cells, with a crucifix and a skull in each; good wine, and cheerful conversation; for the recluses, though they had forsaken the world for their awful solitude, did not lose their temper, or bury soul and body alive. Far in the distance were distinctly visible the solitudes of Maon and the declivities of Carmel, where the shepherd led forth his flock. But no pasture grew, no shepherd's pipe sounded near the walls of the monastery where St. Sabas died; one object alone, in the middle of a lofty stone terrace, drew the devotion and care of the inmates: it was his tomb, gilded, richly adorned, and screened by a moveable covering from the heat and the blast. Every Saturday they worshipped in a chapel hewn out of the rock, in which the few tapers dimly shewed the roof, sides, and recesses; while the rich altar glared with light. The entrance looked forth into the desert—on whose stillness the voices of thirty monks broke forth at once, and we thought we had never

heard any thing so impressive and affecting. It was the festival of Easter, and the hour of the communion in the gloomy chapel: they sang, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

His beloved monastery of Laura! for her gates he sighed when afar; and with his dying breath, at the close of nearly a century of years, St. Sabas implored that his bones might be carried there, that he might rest within her walls. When the service was over, we walked on the battlements of the romantic Laura, and just beneath were the caves where the twelve hundred martyrs fled and were slain. They overhung the dry bed of the Kedron, and each precipice and each lonely olive-tree was intensely distinct, while even the yellow sands looked cheerful in the excessive lustre of the moon. Amidst these ravines and vales, David fled from the pursuit of Saul; and often did they echo to the wild harp, when the sweet psalmist of Israel sang the mercies of his God.

At five o'clock in the evening Assemanni and his companion set out to the monastery of St. Paul. The hills and rocks all along the way were full of caves and holes, where the famous solitaries of the Thebais dwelt of old, to admire whose wisdom and sanctity people came from all parts. Had any of these saints been clapped into the dungeons of the Inquisition, the world had rung with the detail of their sorrows and sufferings, yet this Thebaid life was to many of them not in the smallest degree more merciful. On the walls of their desert caves and dungeons are often carved rude crosses, and representations of their favourite saints; where their blood streamed on the stone, and their only pillow was a piece of rock, and they wept till the very fountain of tears was dry. How the spirits of the air and of hell must have mocked and laughed at such sufferings! St. Anthony's demon visitants,

and those of many of his disciples, were perhaps not all phantoms of the brain. The monastery of St. Paul is only a league distant from that of St. Anthony, yet it is necessary to journey fifteen leagues in order to arrive there. The former stands at the top of mount Colzim, the latter at the base, being separated by a single precipice of so vast a height as to be quite inaccessible. The walls of the former are seen at a prodigious distance in the desert. Mournful as is the situation of St. Anthony, that of St. Paul is enough to make the blood run cold. It is surrounded by profound ravines and naked declivities, whose surface is black, and whose height shuts out the view of the Red Sea, and of Horeb and Sinai. The little wretched garden is watered by a salt stream that issues out of a rock, and in this stream St. Paul, the hermit, used to moisten the bread, which a crow never failed to bring to him every day during sixty years. The church of the convent is neither large nor handsome; but it encloses the grotto where the celebrated patriarch of these recluses died to the world and to himself. St. Anthony marched two entire days to visit his brother saint in this grotto, where they spent a whole day and night in singing the praises of God, and talking of his mercies. Here the legate began to assail the errors of the Copts, and to try to convert them to the true church; in which he was perhaps inspired by the thoughts of the interview between the two saints. "We seized this moment, to ask them questions that might give them a just inquietude as to their state: we entreated them to return to the precious sentiments in which their great founders had lived and died, and to be desirous of the honour of being once more united to the church, of Christ. Was not the church his mystical body, of which his vicar on earth was the head, and the faithful were his members?"

The conference terminated unsuccessfully; and thus Assemanni, who began perhaps to remember the flesh-pots of the Vatican, reflects upon it—“They maintained that the church was the Virgin; the Evangelists, the heavenly Jerusalem, the sacraments, the bishops and doctors of their people. These solitaries have too good a conceit of themselves, founded upon their austere life; they macerate their bodies by continual fasts and hard toil, which they do not enliven even by psalmody; they eat only herbs badly dressed; they drink no wine; and observe a rigorous silence and a continual retreat. Deplorable state of the schismatic, who nourishes his pride by these false and outward virtues! the simplicity, humility, and docility of the gospel is only found in the true Catholic.”

Excellent and satisfactory conclusion! did not Assemanni remember that the anchorites whom these poor and sincere Copts thus imitated, were among the most lauded of the Romish recluses; and that St. Jerome, who visited all these places, has given a particular detail, with considerable unction, of the tour of St. Anthony to visit St. Paul? He also relates, that, on the death of the latter, his brother patriarch, wishing to bury him decently, was unable, from age and infirmity, to put his remains in the earth, when two lions came and dug the grave in the sand in which the holy father of hermits was buried. This story of St. Jerome need not be much invalidated by the circumstance, that no lions was ever known to be in these deserts. The monastic state, introduced in Italy by St. Athanasius during his exile there, owes more followers to the writings of St. Jerome than to those of any other father; his account and his praises of the monks of the Thebais induced hundreds and thousands to imitate them. Yet for this, Jerome may be easily forgiven, as it was a delusion of the age; but not thus par-

donable is the dread selfishness that touched his pen, and that of Augustine, and a few more of the fathers, when, after a free indulgence of the passions, they retreated within walls and gates of brass, and compelled others, even of the pure and virtuous, to the same sacrifice. They who thus overlooked mercy and charity, were at times justly visited in their own bosoms; and the terms in which that of Jerome is laid bare, are terrible: "In the remotest part of a sharp Syrian desert, which, being burnt up with a scorching sun, strikes with horror even the monks that inhabit it, I seemed to myself to be in the midst of the delights and assemblies of Rome. I loved solitude, that in the bitterness of my soul I might more freely bewail my miseries, and call upon my Saviour. My hideous emaciated limbs were covered with sackcloth; my skin was parched, dry, and black, and my flesh was almost wasted away. The days I passed in tears and groans, and, when sleep overpowered me against my will, I cast my wearied bones, which hardly hung together, upon the bare ground, not so properly to give them rest, as to torture myself. I had no other company but scorpions and wild beasts; but in my cold body, which seemed dead before its death, evil desire was able to live, and, though I vigorously repressed all its sallies, it strove always to rise again, and to cast forth more violent and dangerous flames. I feared the very cell in which I lived, because it was witness to the foul suggestions of my enemy; and being angry, I went alone into the most secret parts of the wilderness, and, if I discovered any where a deep valley or a craggy rock, there I threw this miserable sack of my body. Still my imagination was filled with lively representations of dances and of passing forms, as if I had been in the midst of them."

Pure and merciful Christianity! how soon was

thy glory foully darkened and corrupted, even by the hands of thy mightiest followers! On a night in June, Assemani departed from the retreat of St. Paul, and, as he and his companion slowly wound their way, the moon rested in her loveliness on the frightful descents and abysses on which the legate seemed to turn his back gladly. No bell pealed from the dread walls, nor did the voice of blessing follow their steps, but the heavy mass of building rose against the midnight sky, and all night it was visible; but not a light gleamed in the windows, nor was any figure seen to pass to and fro on the battlement, in the free mountain air: every Copt had gone to his clammy cell, to wake and weep. They arrived at St. Anthony before sunset on the following day, where the superior Synnodius, a man of more wit than learning, as his guest observes, received them kindly, and promised to conduct them to the famous grotto of St. Anthony.

At day-break next morning, carrying with them vessels for the altar, as well as wine for the mass, they set forth, and, after several circuits and troubles, they arrived at the place "where this glorious father of the anchorites offered to God the continual sacrifice of his life. The entrance is about ten or twelve feet high, and three feet wide; the interior is gloomy and narrow, and about twelve feet deep, and a person within can hardly stretch himself conveniently to sleep. On one side of this natural grotto is a kind of ledge, on which any one being mounted, might rest his arms on a fragment of stone. The aspect was towards the east, and this was the oratory, where the saint passed the day and a great part of the night in prayer. But here a sad disappointment occurred: Assemani had arranged the vessels for the mass, and had yielded up his thoughts to all the strong illusions of the place, when, casting an unfortunate glance at the wine he

held, the colour and the smell arrested him all at once: I said to Synnodius, 'What wine is this you give me?' 'This wine,' replied Synnodius, 'is sweeter than all other wine, and we use no other for the altar!' I then said, 'It must not be the material for the sacrament;' the wine of Abreké, he called it; but in effect, this pretended wine is only an extract which the Copts make of dry raisins brought from Greece. Thus was I deprived of the consolation of the mass, in the grotto of the great St. Anthony: a loss never to be repaired. We prayed together for some time, and then descended the mountain, like Abraham, without having consummated the sacrifice which we hoped to offer to the Lord. We were scarcely entered within the walls, when I sought Synnodius, with the New Testament in my hand, and made him read the twenty-sixth chapter of St. Matthew, where the evangelist describes the circumstances under which the eucharist was instituted; and from which it was clear that the wine must come forth from the grape. The council of Florence and the universal church had declared, that our usual bread and wine, of which the substance was thus miraculously changed, was the indispensable material for the sacrament, and hence I concluded that their pretended wine, being rather water than wine, could not be proper. I took this occasion to explain to him, on other subjects, the Catholic doctrine, so contrary to the opinions of schism; but schism has this unhappy character about it, that it blinds the understanding, hardens the heart, and prevents both from yielding to the most convincing evidence. Thus I hardly know what to hope for, from my discourse with Synnodius; and yet, if I may judge from the marks of affection and confidence he gave me, I should have the best opinion of him."

On the morrow they departed, and journeyed

once more to the Nile; and when he came on the shore, Assemani, after the horrors he had witnessed, felt like Bruce on his return from Sennaar to the glorious river, when dying with thirst. The multitude of vessels with oars or sails passing up and down, the numerous villages and hamlets, the forests of acacias, sycamores, and palms, through whose branches the waters were seen gliding swiftly by, together with the mournful yet musical chant of the Arabs, like the hymn for the dead "who die in the Lord"—delighted both his heart and his senses.

"Yet I confess that the great objects presented to me in the desert had taken such hold on my soul, that I could not help envying the lot of these angels upon earth, these pillars of religion. I clung with fondness to every corner of the caves where these heroic solitaries dwelt, finding in many spots crosses, images, oratories, which inspired me with lofty sentiments of God, and contempt for the world, seeing that these men had tasted the delights of heaven beforehand.

I had walked through these grottoes at a slow pace, buried in thought, and fancying at times I saw before me, absorbed in God, the withered frames, and pale faces, furrowed with sorrow for sin, of these excellent of the earth—bathing the crucifix with their tears. In descending the Nile, we passed many days in the towns and villages, catechising, exhorting, and preaching in private and in public, and earnestly seeking more fruit than we found." Assemani returned from his wanderings in safety to Rome, and resumed his high office, tenfold more welcome after all his fatigues and trials.—The eloquent Baptist Fromage, who had addressed the assembly of prelates in the convent of Lousia, died before him. This excellent missionary, who resided in Aleppo, had gained a great ascendancy over the people by his eminent talents, and by the gaiety, kindness, and

affability of his temper. He enriched the libraries of the East with thirty-two volumes of esteemed French works, which he translated into Arabic; he established public examinations in the three churches of Aleppo, educated a number of Maronite ministers, and formed two congregations of his own, over whose welfare he watched earnestly. This Jesuit had a peculiar talent in cultivating the minds of his converts, which he strove to furnish with knowledge and a love of literature. Why did his friend carry the crying error of Romanism beyond the grave, and place this inscription over him—"Loaded with so many merits and so many good works, we flatter ourselves that he is gone to receive his recompense from the hands of his Almighty remunerator."

Assemanni continued to live amidst the loved labours of the Vatican, which were unbroken by care or misfortune. Even the ties of blood grew more feeble: the thought of his parents in their Syrian home, beside the lonely hearth, weeping perhaps for their son, whose face they should see no more—might sometimes mingle with the dreams of science and fame. But when they slept, he had no more to do with earthly love or sorrow: residing wholly within the precincts of his libraries, he desired no richer excitement, no change of scene. His old age was one of honour and esteem; and, when his end drew nigh, he desired not, like Barzillai, "to be buried by the grave of his father and his mother"—but was laid in the cemetery in Rome, sorrowing as much to part from the treasures of the Vatican, as from his decaying life.

## LUCAS CAVALLERO.

THE enthusiasm of the Jesuits left few parts of South America unexplored; the extent and variety of the countries it embraced, was wonderful. "The fields are white unto the harvest," said one of the earliest missionaries, "but the labourers are few." Many years passed, during which a silent and auspicious preparation was in progress in many a college and convent in the mother country, as well as in her colonies. Many hearts kindled at the accounts of the first labourers, and many a prayer and vow was breathed to Heaven, to go forth as a sacrifice on the altar of the heathen. They came at last, in succession, a devoted band: they fell fast, but others followed the steps of the slain, and pressed forwards from wo to wo, till their measure seemed full, and then they hastened from victory to victory! Their career was not characterized by a wild fanaticism or a hasty zeal, that often fails in the fiery trial, but by a preparedness of soul, a perfect self-command, and a chivalrous courage, that were very remarkable in men of hitherto retired habits, tenants of the cloister and the college. The words of Xavier, that "it was impossible to excel in great occasions, if they did not begin to excel in less," were exemplified in most of these missionaries, whose minds were carefully trained and educated, who had watched at the midnight lamp and at the earliest morn, before they rushed into the heat and toil of the day. Even their austerities of body, though they may excite pity, and even derision, tended to harden the frame, and prepare it for inevitable privations and sufferings. They came

armed at all points—with the truth in one hand, and superstition in the other, to be mingled or separated, according as the intellect and inquiry of the nations might render the one or the other politic or necessary. The truth, holy and resistless, often prevailed; and even their superstition, absurd and imperious as were its mandates, was gentle, compared to the superstitions they destroyed. During many years, they were scattered over the vast continent, and, unaided by each other, they lived and died solitarily; but as their converts multiplied, and the nations obeyed their words, they built seminaries, churches, and towns, until, in less than half a century, they stood, a strong embodied host, no longer desolate. With the cacique, the priest, the enchanter in their train, followed by a countless multitude, they entered within the veil of strength and glory, and cast their crowns, justly won, at the feet of the Cross and of Ignatius, saying, “In your might, and in your name, we have conquered.”

Their missions in this country commenced about the middle of the 17th century. They were planted on the great river of the Amazons in 1658, and the principal establishment was in the city of Borgia, three hundred leagues from Quito. Their situation was painful and perilous; and in the countries on the shores of this river, no less than five missionaries, during the ensuing twenty years, were massacred by the natives. The great province of Paraguay was the most prosperous field of the missions; and an idea of the extent of their labours may be conceived from the statement of an ecclesiastic, that in visiting the interior stations he travelled 2000 leagues. In the year 1717, the province of Guaira alone, situate betwixt the rivers Parana and Uruguay, reckoned thirty-two very populous settlements, in which were above a hundred thousand Indians, baptized by the fathers of

the Society. Many other colonies were founded between the noble river Uruguay and the sea. On the other side of South America lies a spacious tract, bounded on the west by the Peruvian mountains, and on the east by the river Paraguay: this tract, in length about 900 miles, contains many tribes, of whom the principal are the Ciriguanes, a numerous and powerful people. To the east of the latter is another territory, that stretches to the lake Xarayes, where the Paraguay takes its rise: this is inhabited by two great nations, the Chiquitos and Manacicas, who long baffled the efforts of the Jesuits, during which several of their most eminent men were put to death: Yet, in the vast plains and forests of South America, there are tribes unvisited by the Jesuit or the traveller. Aubigné, an eminent naturalist, was sent there by the French government; and, after a residence of eight years in the interior, he returned a few months since. He reports, that he discovered a numerous people of Indians, whose usages, habits, and very existence, were hitherto unknown to Europe.

The nation of the Manacicas is composed of a multitude of villages and towns, which are situated in the bosom of deep forests, which extend from east to west, and terminate in vast solitudes, inundated the greater part of the year. In the disposition of their towns, they shew more skill than most of the Indian nations. The streets are wide, and there is a spacious square, in which are the dwellings of the cacique and the principal captains; the former being divided into large halls, and a suite of chambers where the public assemblies and festivals are held. The other houses are of wood, built with neatness and symmetry, although the only tool used in building is a hatchet made of a hard stone with a strong edge, to cut and shape the largest pieces of timber. The women are occupied in

making cloths, and articles of earthenware, for the use of the house, and the vases they make are of tasteful and delicate fabric. The government of the cacique is absolute and hereditary : the people build his houses, cultivate his lands, and furnish his table with the best the country affords, and they pay him the tithe of the produce of their fishing and hunting. In the house of the cacique, a vast hall serves for the temple of the gods ; and the mapono, or principal priest, is the interpreter of their lying oracles.

Lucas Cavallero, a native of Spain, entered at an early age the Society of Jesus, in whose bosom a youth of promise and energy could not long be obscure. Yet, while occupied with the belles lettres and theology, he sighed for a more distant and hallowed career. The thirst of being a missionary had entered his soul, and he made a vow to go to Paraguay. It was rashly made ; for how could he be aware, amidst the quiet occupations and routine of the college, of the dark heritage that awaited him ? Like many a youthful student and divine, in the first ardour of a zeal kindled at the perusal of the missionary's tale, he desired to follow his steps and dreamed of the martyr's crown. Time, that surest test, has often seen the wild ambition die away ; but when, as with Lucas, it waxes intense with years, even to be that consuming fire that earth cannot quench, then let the spirit go forth on its message, and, in his own words, to " offer up itself with joy." Ere he embarked, he chose a tutelary saint : most men, even in that age, were satisfied with one who had once been frail and mortal like themselves ; but the bold fancy of Lucas fixed on the archangel Michael. Desiring to labour among a people whom no other had yet visited, he set out on a long journey to the country of the Manacicas. His choice was fortunate, for the people were superior, in capacity and civilization, to many

of the nations. Cavallero, who resembled Xavier in his temper and character, as well as in the romantic circumstances of his life, arrived in the nearest hamlets of this people, and, with the aid of an interpreter, began to converse with them; but with little success, until, in the course of time, he was able to address them in their own language; but it was long ere he attained a facility therein. During some years, he passed from place to place; and being received with civility, he preached usefully in some of the towns; while he turned with sorrow from others, where "no man gave ear unto him."

He found that he had not counted the cost of the way: he was prepared for danger, hardship, and even death, but there were miseries that wasted the heart. Often he shuddered at the foul spectacle of human nature, where hell itself seemed to have opened her gates, and the very demons to fill the air with mockery and wo. But he had set his mark proudly; the man who had chosen the archangel Michael for his saint would not retreat: he had turned from the more peaceful and tractable tribes, to convert the great nation of the Manacicas, where the fiercest passions and the coldest malignity met him at every step. Oftentimes, when his mind was sorely exercised, he strove to colour the picture brightly, and hope even against hope. In this respect, the missionary is, in a measure, master of his own destiny: if he listen to sad voices, and sees the clouds alone resting on his way, who shall sustain his fainting steps, or work impossibilities? He who refuses ever to be discouraged, will surely receive the reward of his confidence, though he wait long; and Lucas at last saw the morning break beautifully, and the shadows flee away. Then he blessed the wisdom that had thus taught his impetuous heart, that in its early career the treasures of

its strength must be gathered from sorrow, strife, bitter and deep reflection, rather than from brightness and success.

He had come forth from the seclusion of the college, untried, untempted, knowing but little of the fearful portion of his own nature, and imagining that he had only to display the mercies and love of God, to draw men easily unto him. Yet when he saw the blackness of darkness, the unrelieved guilt of the savage heart, it led him to look more closely into his own, and to examine sternly its motives, whether it was in no wise the slave of sin, of its passions, or of the love of fame? This consideration made him more humble, and he bore with submission the dark struggles of the first years, as the pride, but not the strength, of the spirit died within him. Many years passed away, and no settlement was formed, nor was any congregation gathered from among this numerous and powerful people. On one of his journeys, while passing through the tribe of the Puraxis, he fell into a languor that he could not overcome, and this was soon succeeded by a burning fever. In this state, reclining at the foot of a tree, he waited his last hour, while the Indians watched anxiously the progress of the complaint; and when they saw the features change, as they believed, for death, and the voice fail, they wept bitterly, for this devoted youth had endeared himself to the savages by the generosity and heroism of his nature. In this moment, the Manacicas returned with such power to his thoughts, that he seemed not to feel his fever or weakness, and vowed unto the Lord, to consecrate himself wholly to their instruction, even to the last drop of blood, if he would in mercy raise him up again. Soon after, the disorder began to abate, and in a few days he was able slowly to pursue his way.

Towards the close of the following autumn, he

set out with some fervent neophytes, who, having partaken, before their departure, of the eucharist, were prepared to meet all dangers with their companion. The rains did not set in as soon as they expected, and they suffered greatly from thirst in their journey: during two days they were fain to compress with their hands the moisture from the earth, to draw if possible a few drops into the lips.

The first villages through which he passed were the cause of much joy, for he found the people cherished the truths which he formerly preached, and, after remaining some days, instructing and exhorting them to persevere, he went on his way.

It was necessary to scale a high mountain, bristling with rocks; and on reaching the summit, he and his companions were quite exhausted, for they had no provisions left.

An Indian in his suite, after having searched on all sides, brought him certain herbs, which, as the Manacicas say, are the delight of the gods. Kindling a little fire, he cooked them on the spot: hunger was the best seasoning; but Cavallero while eating them could not help smiling, and observed, that the gods must needs be terribly hungry, and their stomachs pretty strong, before they could delight in such a dish.

Descending the mountains, his guides were at fault, and took the wrong way, through a thick wood, whence they could not for a long time extricate themselves: the knotted roots, with the high and sharp grass, made the way wretched and almost impassable.

At last they drew near to the town of the Sibacas, the place where the mapono had sworn his destruction the preceding year, but was shortly after carried off by a contagious disease, with several of his accomplices. Cavallero sent one of the neo-

phytes, named Numani, to sound the disposition of the people, who found them persuaded that the death of the mapono was a just visitation of Heaven, and that the missionary must surely be a great friend of the gods; and they accordingly desired earnestly to receive him. It was evident that the fear of some new disaster, rather than the wish to profit by his instructions, was the cause of this friendly welcome.

Cavallero, on entering the village, took the cacique aside, in order to destroy this superstitious apprehension; he declared the motive that induced him to come so far, and through so many fatigues. He said, that, being moved at their blindness and their unhappy life, under the tyranny of evil spirits and dark passions, he wished to break their chains, and enlighten their minds with the only true and holy faith. While the barbarian listened, God caused his voice to be heard in the bottom of his heart; and the example of the present mapono contributed to strengthen these first good desires. This last was a young man, the son of him who had sworn, the preceding year, to shed the blood of the missionary; but his mind was softened, and, as he listened earnestly to the message of Cavallero, he immediately professed himself a Christian. The people did not long delay to follow these two illustrious examples; and when Cavallero, on the following day, assembled them all in the great square, they preserved as deep a silence as if listening to one of their first warriors in council. He explained to them, in a discourse of several hours, the mysteries of the faith he brought them, and the requirements of the law which they were to obey; so that by a christian life they might attain contentment in this existence, and happiness eternally.

The discourse being ended, he began to appeal to their senses, as well as understandings, and

directed them to plant a large cross, which was hewn from a noble tree on the spot; and at the foot of this cross they raised a kind of altar, on which were displayed the images of our Lord, the holy Virgin, and the archangel Saint Michael, the tutelary saint of Lucas. All the people fell on their knees, amidst a silence so deep, that the sobs and moans of the more earnest could be distinctly heard: the scene was infinitely striking, the village being situated in the heart of the forest, in the gloom of whose shade, which the sun could not penetrate, the people knelt as one man; and the missionary cried with a loud voice, "O Jesus Christ our Lord, be our father! holy Maria, our Lady, be our mother!" words which the Indians caught, and repeated without ceasing. "O my Lord and my God," he again exclaimed, "how richly am I rewarded for my fatigues and perils, by seeing this great people acknowledge thee for their Creator and their Lord. May they love, may they adore thee! it is all the recompense I ask in this world."

The emotions testified by this audience may be ascribed in part to a contagious sympathy, and the effect of so striking a scene on the senses; but there was also a holier and more beneficent influence. The Manacicas regarded their deities with an awful dread; their worship inspired no comfort, but often a gloom by day, and a restless horror by night; and many of the savages spoke of the phantoms that visited their dreams, who took them to a place of suffering, where they were to dwell with them. They believed that on the confines of the other world there was a dark river, over which was a vast bridge guarded by the god Tatusiso, with a pale visage, hideous features, and a body covered with ulcers: he stops every soul in its passage, and, if he is in a good humour, he bids it pass on, but far more frequently plunges it in the dark river, whose billows close over

it for ever: it does not die; but for ever the black waters roll over it, and it feels the endless agony of drowning, without a hope of reaching the shore. These ideas were perhaps favoured by the singular situation of the villages, in the very heart of immense forests, where the thick canopy of the trees, and the dense foliage, shut out the sun, and there was an unbroken gloom. Lucas might have paused on the avenues of the forests that led to the abodes, and carved on one of the aged trees, as at the entrance of Dante's hell, "Here hope never comes."

They who are nurtured from earliest life in the mild and benignant sentiments of Christianity, who feel its guardian power and its inspiring hopes, that cast out fear and despair, can hardly conceive or enter into the feelings of the desolate savage, who heard for the first time the tidings of the love and mercy of God. With what power they rushed on his spirit like the noon-day sun, breaking at once into the gloom and cheerlessness of his forest home, and giving gladness to the cold bank, the sad flowers, and the sullen stream! Were they not like the beasts that perish? Of memory they had little, save of deeds of violence, and brutal passions; or a dulness and apathy, even worse; while the future was dim with anguish. The painting of immortal glory, in the distinct and powerful voice of Lucas, how delicious were the sounds! the awful God Tatusiso should no longer bar their passage, but the Virgin, kind and pitiful, should receive them, and angels would bear them far from the dread billows of the river. He told them, that if they believed, the presence of their Lord should come to their homes, and his Spirit chase away all evil spirits of the night and day, dry their tears, and go with them to the regions of death. They heard, in mingled joy and amazement; and while the men strove in vain to shew a little stoicism, the women wept aloud.

The faith took so deep a root in the heart of these Indians, that many of them, among whom was the young mapono, suffered patiently in its defence the cruellest vexations. "The devil, not enduring to see himself chased from a place where, for so many ages, he had reigned as master, animated one of his chief servants, who, assembling many others, surrounded the youth, and showered on him the bitterest reproaches. He replied with a smile, which irritated them yet the more. You, who were the minister of our gods, they said, and whom that office obliged to maintain their worship; what! you abandon them in this cowardly manner, instead of defending them? You listen to the seducing discourse of an impostor who deceives you? Ask pardon of the gods, represent to the cacique his promises and engagements, and let us work together to restore the religion of our fathers, which is on the brink of ruin; for otherwise vengeance will fall upon us." The youth, not dismayed, refused to listen to their words, or forsake the faith he loved, on which they fell upon him so fiercely, that he sunk beneath their blows, and the blood ran in a stream from his mouth. One of his friends approached, and entreated him to testify, by some sign, his respect for the gods—to say a word, merely out of form, that might influence the cacique; but he replied, that he would yield his life willingly for the love of Jesus Christ, the only God whom they ought to adore. His constancy confounded his persecutors, and he was carried to his home, where he languished some weeks ere he recovered. Lucas often visited him, and admired the steadfastness that had thus stood against friends and relatives, to whom he had been the chief interpreter of the gods. He made a free confession of all his sins; for he regarded his visitor as a superior being, and remembered the fate of his father, the former mapono, who had sworn his

destruction. In the fervour of his expressions, and the fire of his pallid features, Lucas read his heart: the enchanter had laid aside his divinations. No sooner was he recovered, than "he became an apostle rather than a disciple, and gained to Christ several principal people of the village."

Believing the gospel firmly established in the place, Lucas desired to advance towards the Querequicas, a people who, as well as the Sibacas and other tribes, were a part of the Manacicas nation. He disclosed his design to the cacique, whom he entreated to accompany him, with some of his vassals. The latter did not at first relish this proposal, because of the implacable hatred to his tribe entertained by these Indians. "My dear friend," he said, "what will you oppose to their fury?" "I will oppose my God," replied the missionary: "I fear nothing, for I must publish the law of my Master: his enemies cannot, without his permission, hurt a hair of my head. I do not wish you to run the same risk: you need not go, but if I am received well by them, I will let you know, and you can join me; and if I perish beneath their blows, believe that it is the will of God."

The fears of the chief at last subsided, and he assembled his vassals, as did the missionary his neophytes, at the head of whom he placed Quiara, one of his favourite converts; he hoped also to conclude a peace between these tribes, and put an end to their fierce hostility. All being ready, they set forth, and came, after many days, near to the first village of the Querequicas, and Cavallero sent forward two of his neophytes, to observe what passed among them. They reported that the whole village was in movement, and that the chief, informed of the approach of the party, spread the alarm on all sides, crying with all his might, that the gods commanded them to arm against their capital enemy, who drew

near with a great cross in his hand, to chase them from their homes, and to overthrow their worship ! " Arm," he said, " with strength and courage, and confound this adversary : arm, or the religion of your fathers will fall into contempt." The people were moved to fury at these words, but they made a very contrary impression on the mind of the mapono ; and it was a singular grace in the career of Lucas, that the chief priest, a very influential person, was often his first convert. " Our gods," said the intelligent mapono, " must be very feeble, if a single man makes them tremble : if this stranger is their enemy, let them drive him from the neighbourhood ; what need of our succour in their defence ?" This argument had little influence on the agitated people ; and the chief, with the principal men, took arms, and waited in the great square for the arrival of their formidable foe. Lucas at last came in sight, accompanied only by his neophytes, the others remaining behind ; there rose instantly a wild cry, followed by a confused sound of tumultuous voices, and the Indians advanced, well armed ; forming, as they drew near, two wings, in order to surround, and prevent the escape of the missionary. His friends, who were in the rear, heard the cries, but, being seized with a panic, dared not come to his succour. " An interior voice," says Lucas in his letter, " told me that my hour was not yet come ; and even when I saw myself covered as it were with a cloud of arrows, and struck by one of them, I felt as tranquil as when in the midst of my neophytes. I held fast my crucifix, and cried, Behold my shield and buckler !"

Quiara raised on high the image of the Virgin, and the writer would fain give her the credit of saving the life of Lucas ; but the undaunted bearing of the man, his serene aspect, and beaming eye uplifted to heaven, did far more for his safety. The savages gazing fixedly on him, relaxed their fierceness. The

weapons, one after the other, were lowered, and they allowed him to enter the village. Success attends the brave: had he, in that extremity, prayed for his life, and humbled himself before the enraged men, they would have sacrificed him on the spot.

On the following day, entering the two temples consecrated to the devil, he overthrew the altars, and broke the statues in pieces; he took away the ornaments, and all the articles used in the worship, and, having kindled a great fire, he threw into it all these symbols of idolatry. His friend the cacique resolved to depart with his vassals, and conjured the missionary to accompany him, for he dreaded the wrath of the inhabitants. "Depart," said the latter, "but I shall not stir hence, till I have proclaimed Jesus Christ to the people, although I perish."

After the departure of the former, Lucas took his breviary; and as he was reading, he perceived an Indian of a tall stature and a serious air advancing towards him. The barbarian, who was the cacique, imagining the book contained some charm, tried to take it from him. Lucas resisted, and addressed him in the most moving terms he could think of respecting the true God, and the way to happiness; but the Indian, shrugging his shoulders without saying a word, left the spot. A native, however, of the name of Sonema, a man of some influence with the people, came to discourse with him. The following night the cacique held a council, at which all the principal men were present; and while they were a long time irresolute what part to adopt, Lucas was probably again saved by the words of his acquaintance Sonema, who addressed the council, and, after an eulogium on the goodness and mildness of the stranger, spoke of the instructions which he had given him about the true God, which "were as music to his ear, and pleasant food to his heart"

His words prevailed, and it was resolved to treat Lucas with friendliness. Passing, as was the character of the people, from one extreme to another, the whole council went straight to the cabin of the missionary, who received them with the warmest demonstrations of affection. Some asked pardon of him, and others threw themselves at his feet. The mapono was the last that entered, and Lucas received him with open arms, and made him sit by his side. He then spoke at large of his religion, and said, that without the knowledge of the true God, and a faith in Jesus Christ, it was impossible to be saved; he finally declared, that he was filled with the liveliest grief and indignation, to see them enslaved by the Tinimacas, the diabolical personages whom they worshipped. All the people were very attentive, and all were in doubt what would be the result of this discourse; some thought the mapono would be irritated, and use violence to defend the divinity of the demons, but others looked for a more favourable issue, and they were not deceived. This mapono had a keen penetration as well as excellent temper. He had forborne to resist the burning of the idols, and now he was thoughtful for some time; while the assembly, who filled the cabin, waited in silence his decision. At last he spoke with much emotion, and begged to be admitted into the fold of the Christians; and further to prove the sincerity of his purpose, he addressed the Indians, confessing boldly that he had been deceived, and had deceived others; that he retracted all that he had learned, and all that he had taught; and, to atone for his past delusions, he exhorted them to embrace, together with him, the hope of the stranger: "For me," he concluded, "I will go to the tribes of the Cozicas, the Jurucares, and make it known to them also."

On the following day, Lucas caused a great cross

to be made, and carried in procession to an elevated place. The cacique and his warriors walked first, and the people followed slowly, while at the head was borne the cross, the symbol of their entrance into the bosom of mercy. As they passed through the gloomy avenues of the forest, the neophytes sang the litanies; and the effect was so delightful, that the barbarians, who had never heard similar harmony, entreated that it might be prolonged. Cavallero afterwards began to baptize the children. "They brought to me," he says, in one of his letters, "so great a number, that the whole day was occupied in administering baptism, and my arms were weary. . . . Can I tell you the consolations I felt at seeing so many young Indians regenerated in the waters of baptism, and their parents, who were a few days before bound in the chains of idolatry, become fervent candidates for the truth. The season of the rains, that had already begun, did not allow me to stay longer among them, and I was obliged to return to my settlement. These Indians would not be comforted at my departure, so that I could hardly persuade myself they were the same who were on the point of taking my life. "Father," they said, "why will you abandon us? do not forget us; but return, we conjure you, very soon again. They besought my neophytes to guide me in safety back in the following spring, and offered me several children to serve in the church: I chose three, who are now educated in the settlement."

The design of Cavallero was to traverse the whole territory of the Manacicas, that he might dispose this numerous people to form themselves into congregations, and thus to be regularly instructed. As soon as the rainy season was past, the waters subsided on the plains, and the forests began to put forth their glory—he left the settlement, which was slowly prospering under his hands, and set out with several

neophytes, on the 4th of August, 1707. On arriving on the bank of the river Zumanaca, the chief came to meet him and his companions at the head of a number of vassals, with a large provision of fish for their refreshment. The tidings of Christianity had previously reached this neighbourhood, where he had penetrated on a former journey. On entering the town, the cacique conducted him to the great place, where all the inhabitants were assembled, who pressed around him, eager to kiss his hand, and ask his blessing.

He first sought to pacify the troubles which had arisen, since his last visit, between them and the Ziritucas Indians, and which had been the source of a cruel war. He sent for some of the principal of the latter people, who did not hesitate, on his promise of their safety, to come to the village of their enemies. After listening to their mutual complaints and reproaches, he succeeded in reconciling their feud, and made them swear on the spot an eternal friendship. A few days after, all the Indians of the rival towns being assembled in one place, he renewed the instructions of the preceding year; and, to impress them more vividly on the memory, he had turned all the articles of his faith into a kind of canticles or verses, which he had composed in their language, for he was a poet as well as musician. He first caused them to be sung by the neophytes, and the Indians quickly caught the tunes as well as meaning, learning the whole by heart, so that in every dwelling might be heard the voices of the families, singing them aloud, and sometimes with tolerable harmony. He finished his work here, by baptizing all the children who had been born during his absence, and in the mean time the cacique and the principal people implored him to visit the Jurucares Indians, who desolated all the villages round about, pillaged houses, and slew the inhabitants without pity. He

instantly set forth, and, after travelling four days, while he thought himself yet at a distance from the town, he perceived it near at hand. Seeing that the peril was imminent, he entreated his companions "to make an act of contrition," and gave them a general absolution. His approach had been told to the mapono, who, fearing his arts would be brought to light, commanded the inhabitants, in the name of the gods, to retire into the woods. On entering the town he perceived only a few people, among whom was a young man of a good figure and interesting aspect. Lucas approached him with many marks of friendship, and presented him with some European trinkets of which the barbarians were very fond; and then sent him, highly pleased, to his companions, who had taken flight. The sight of the presents, and the earnest words of the youth, had their effect; one after another the people returned to the place, and looked on the stranger with no small surprise. He had been painted to them as a monster, whose looks were terrible, who could throw dismay amongst gods as well as men. Perceiving his mildness and affability, they began to treat him with respect and attention. Taking advantage of these kindly feelings, he gathered them around a cross which he had caused his companions to erect on the spot, and addressed them with a fearless energy on the abominations of their false gods, whom he sent without ceremony to the bottomless pit, from which, he said, they came. During several days he renewed his discourse; and seeing that the minds of the people wavered, he resolved to lay the axe to the root, and bade them bring forth their idols, and every article used in their worship, and, having broken them to pieces, he burnt them to ashes before their eyes. After this, he earnestly exhorted them to lay down their arms, and no longer to ravage and waste the neighbouring towns. Bold and imperious as were

these words and deeds, the leading people did not take them amiss, but heard and looked on in silence. Had a single weapon been raised, or a sudden expression of anger burst from one of the barbarians, the defenceless teacher would probably have been instantly slain. He stood before his crucifix, girt around by thousands of ferocious men : at his feet were the ashes of the deities which they and their fathers worshipped ; yet there he called them to desist from the war and ravage, which they loved more than their gods. He laughed their superstitions to scorn, and said that they were deceivers and deceived : while their hands were red with the blood of men, women, and children massacred in their rage, and their sullen eyes thirsted for more. Then the cacique, who was a very aged man, and greatly respected by the people, rose and said, that he must soon sleep where his fathers slept ; he had seen generations come and pass away, like the trees of the forest ; but even the oldest tree fell at last, and the time was near when he must fall also ; but he declared that he felt an extreme desire to receive baptism ; and promised that, the rite being performed, he would go to offer peace to the neighbouring people, and put an end to their hostilities.

This address was well-timed, and made a strong impression on the people. Cavallero replied to the chief, and took care not to refuse him a little cross, which he requested for the purpose of hanging it round his neck, to be a defence against the attacks of the demons, as well as a model for the crosses which he would cause his people to make, to guard them also against the arts of infernal spirits. After some stay in this place, where the time was entirely spent in instructing those capable of being taught, and in subduing the opposition of the fiercer people, the missionary set out to return to his settlement, which being the first he had formed among these

tribes, it is no wonder that he loved it. The Manacicas, here gathered by Cavallero into a community, were a small and fierce tribe, of lively capacity and gaiety of temper; tall and robust in figure, and expert in the use of their weapons.

The man may be envied, who lifts the strong, yet hitherto cold and shrouded spirit of the savage, to intellect and immortality. This people had scarcely a vestige of government, and no belief in a deity or a future state. The village was in a valley, in the midst of an amphitheatre of mountains and rocks, where, in summer, the sun-beams fell intensely, while in the winter it was sheltered from the winds, and the soil was fed by rivulets from the heights. Under the guidance of Cavallero, these men became industrious, and under their cultivation the harvest made the valley beautiful, while attached to each cottage was its little garden. The bloody inroad, the beacon fire, and the war cry, were no more; but the chase was followed with their wonted ardour and skill. The sabbath was a day of rest to the pastor as well as the flock: it called him to the calm enjoyment of the means of grace, which, during his painful wanderings, had been "few and far between." The grey light of dawn was no sooner visible on the mountain summit, than Lucas sought, at the foot of the altar, that lone and undisturbed prayer, which is to the troubled thoughts, what rest is to the wearied frame. He felt that arduous usefulness, however beneficial to others, does not always bring the "sabbath of the soul." The Jesuit missionary, who thus laboured in the bosom of his people, far from the retreats of learning and the aspirations of genius, which his soul once loved, is an impressive and memorable being. The wily and sleepless effort to extend a mighty system, and lay the yoke of Ignatius on the necks of the heathen, for the advantage of the Order, rather than for the glory of God—

is scarcely recognizable in the career of these men. Is it not interesting to see an able and well-stored mind humble itself at the feet of the savage, submit its powers to the vilest uses and, in all its buoyancy and vigour, resign itself without a sigh to such a destiny? Was it no agony to a fine and inquiring intellect, to say to the desire of learning, "here shall thy proud waves be stayed;" no fresh discoveries, no more streams from the ancient fountain, can be thine? These devoted men did not mourn the contrast, although in their number there were those who might have contested the laurel of fame with the high powers of this world, and seized on eminence and renown; who might have developed in eloquence and philosophy the richest energies of the mind, or drawn a long delight from works of art, genius, and taste. But in their eyes the moral and religious empire of the heart was still more magnificent, and in the dread and dissonant habits, prejudices, and feelings of a host of nations, forsaken by the rest of the world, they saw the wild materials of a vast community, to be controlled beneath the standard of the Cross. They came, and the event justified their bold yet pure ambition. Peace entered, and dwelt in the homes of cruelty and rapine: the gentle and resistless influence of religion rose on the forest, the shore, and the waste: the savage blessed it in the joy of his renewed heart, in the strength of his awakened mind, and broke for ever from the powers of hell, that had hitherto held him in darkness and wo. Nor were the converted Indians wanting in constancy in the hour of trial. One of the Christians, whose baptismal name was Estevan, lived happily with his wife and six children, and was accustomed to send the latter every morning and evening to their prayers and instructions. By his industry and piety he set a good example to the rest of the mission. Going forth to the chase in autumn, with his wife,

he wandered to a greater distance than usual, and was surprised in a wood by a hunting party, of a hostile tribe, and carried to their own territory. Not doubting that a cruel death awaited him, Estevan, during the journey, exhorted his companion to constancy; and, if she was spared, conjured her to bring up their children in the fear of God. On arriving at the village of the captors, a multitude, armed with hatchets, knives, and clubs, gathered round Estevan, all dressed in their best habits, as if for a triumph. They put a plume of black feathers on his head, and one of the barbarians thus addressed him, "My brother, you are dead; but it is not we who kill you, but you slay yourself, because you will not forsake those dogs of Christians, and live among us, and be one of our tribe." "It is true," replied the captive, "that I am a Christian, but it is no less true that I glory in being so: do with me what you please, I fear not your outrages or your torments." He was conducted to the square of the village, where a great fire was kindled, and his torments began, with all the cool and exquisite refinements of Indian cruelty. Did not the peaceful village, that was the heaven of his soul, his pastor, the means of grace,—above all, his children—rush on his failing heart? That voice of power and comfort, that had pointed the way to heaven, might he but hear it now! Alone, in the midst of infuriated enemies, there was none to help. His wife was forced to bear the sight of her husband's sufferings, yet she did not implore him to save his life to herself and children, by renouncing his faith. He continued to make the sign of the cross, as long as he could lift his hand; and when it was cut off—"Refresh yourselves, my brothers," he said, "with the barbarous pleasure of tormenting me: do not spare me, my sins deserve greater suffering than you can inflict: the more you torment me, the more you will augment the recompense

reserved for me in heaven." When he felt death to be near, he requested them to pause a few moments, and then, rallying all his hope, he made his last prayer, recommending his soul to God. They spared the life of his wife, as he had predicted, but she remained some time a captive in the country, and at last was permitted to return to the settlement, where she obeyed his last words, to be constant to the faith, and bring up their children in its fear and love. The women, who were the relations of the deceased, came to mourn for him, on the return of his widow, as she had not been allowed, in the village of his enemies, the privilege of wailing over him, now, in the midst of her friends and companions, the lament was wild and prolonged; yet to the widow, it was in some measure "the joy of grief" for its bitterness was taken away.

Their instructor did not austerey interdict their indulgences, and thus depress an exuberant temper; but often they were seen at evening, on the green, dancing after the manner of their country with great agility and skill, and then followed the exercise of the bow and other arms. These pastimes were necessary; for otherwise these Indians, so recently reclaimed from a wild and restless life, would have wearied of the monotony of the settlements; and so strong is the occasional desire of returning to savage life, that even children sometimes leave their parents, and wander for days in the forests, living on fruits, palm cabbage, and roots. Nothing can exceed the difficulty with which the Indians learn Spanish; and when they have mastered it, and have conversed for a time with the missionaries or with strangers, they eagerly return to their native tongue. Some of the native idioms display greater richness and more delicate gradations than might be supposed from the uncultivated state of the people, by whom they are spoken. The Jesuits, who had thoroughly examined every thing that could con-

tribute to extend their establishments, "introduced among their neophytes, instead of the Spanish, some Indian tongues, very rich, regular, and extensive, such as the Quichua and the Guarani—which were with some difficulty substituted in the stead of more poor, barbarous, and irregular idioms; and being gradually adopted by the Indians of the different tribes, these more pure and perfect American languages became a ready mode of communication between the missionaries and the converts—and became at length also a common tie between the numerous hordes that had remained separate, hostile to each other, and kept asunder partly by the diversity of idioms." This system was the more necessary, because a settlement was sometimes composed of people of different tribes and dialects, when it was indispensable to have one form of worship, prayer, and ceremonials, that should be easily understood by all. These languages, more soft and copious than the Indian dialects of North America, were soon acquired by the missionaries, who never served the fifteen years' apprenticeship of Eliot, when he mastered the Iroquois tongue. The women of the Manacicas speak in a more slow and plaintive accent than the men, which makes them more easily understood. They have a mild and melancholy look, with small hands and large feet; their figures are round and fleshy, and less tall than that of the men; and their hair is worn in long tresses, plaited behind.

In their little concerts, as well as in the church services, the singing voices of the women were sweet and musical, and they learned the psalmody as well as more difficult pieces with a surprising facility. In the chase or mountain journey, they often accompanied their husbands: a sudden thirst for solitude, like the *maladie du pays* of the Swiss, would sometimes seize the people of the settlement, and they would start at day-break for the heart of the

mountain or forest, to be alone once more with nature, returning generally to the settlement at night-fall. In the religious communities of Peru and Paraguay, as among those of Europe, the larger proportion of converts were women, as though piety was more natural and dear to the female mind. The instances which the Jesuits give of patient suffering, of heroic fidelity, are worthy of the gentler sex, and in depicting them, the pens of the rigid fathers assume a softness and unction, that prove their own hearts were deeply moved at such a testimony.

Nearly a year had now passed in the quiet of the settlement, and many a people and village, to whom Lucas had preached the faith, waited impatiently for him; while many a fold remained to be gathered unto God. The mounting ardour of his spirit, which his friend compares to the flight of the eagle, would not suffer him any longer to confine his cares to one scene, however blest and prosperous. Like the war-horse in scripture, he thirsted afar off for "the battle of the Lord," for the gathering of the captains and their dark array; for out of the bosom of peril and death, had always arisen his dearest triumphs. During many years he had intensely desired a fine, well-ordered colony of Christians among the nations; for this, he often said to himself, would be the crowning mercy of his life, the rich consummation of his toil. His prayer was heard and answered; and Lucas, in his valley, shut in by the amphitheatre of rocks, with his gardens, cottages, and devoted community, presents the picture of a man who, after many a storm, is anchored safely; or like one of the shepherds on the Delectable hills, in the Pilgrim's Progress, who sees the eternal city ever before him, while on every side are pleasant sights and voices. He was not at first conscious, that during the previous years of trouble and peril, he had grown

so familiar with change and adventure, that at last he loved them, so that they had become the meat and drink of his soul. There was another and a higher reason: he found, like most bold, acute, and enterprising men, that he drew richer lessons of wisdom, and read the heart more swiftly and searchingly, amidst the strife, the debate, the changing passions and emotions of the "strong and wise among the people," than in the direction of an earnest and peaceful community. Even like those prophets of old, whose burden was the loftiest, whose strains were full of beauty and glory, but whose career was often amidst the tyrants and princes of the earth, in dark and cruel places, where the garments of the warrior were rolled in blood.

No sooner did the spring return, the rains abate, and the weather become clear and beautiful, than he took leave of his people, earnestly commending to their charge the services and regulations he had instituted: when autumn came, they were to expect his return. He journeyed first to a tribe who were continually at war with their neighbours. Their town was well peopled; the streets straight and clean, the houses neat and convenient, and ornamented with many articles of their own workmanship. The warriors used bucklers of various kinds of feathers, curiously interwoven: the women worked delicate stuffs, of which their garments were composed; others adorned themselves with nosegays of flowers, tastefully braided in their hair. His companions represented to Lucas that the risk was great, of thus placing himself at the mercy of a hostile people: "but it was not easy to intimidate him." A troop came forth at his approach, who looked at him for some minutes in fixed and silent attention, and then offered him a thousand civilities. Presenting him with some of their most beautiful bucklers, with various refreshments, they conducted him into the

place, and to the house that was to be his lodging, which adjoined the temple. He marked this place as a future offering unto God ; for he saw that in refinement, intelligence, and generosity, these people exceeded most of the Manacicas. They had never before heard of the words of life and immortality, and his home might here have tempted the wanderer to rest awhile ; so kind and so touching were the attentions of the inhabitants. The men came to converse, and listen to his words, while the women brought presents of fruits and flowers, and sang their wild native airs, and shewed the stuffs they had worked, and were delighted at his praises. In stature and in personal attractions they were superior to all the women he had seen : their figure was tall and slender, their faces oval, the complexion of a clear olive, and the hair and eyes very dark. At a funeral of the son of a chief, Cavallero had the curiosity to join in the procession, in order to observe their manner of interment. As soon as the night set in, the corpse was brought into the middle of the square, where the parents and friends embraced it, and in a loud voice uttered their last adieus ; it was then placed on a bier, to which a lighted torch was applied, and after the burning, the ashes were collected with great ceremonies, accompanied with groans and tears, and were then enclosed in an urn. A few moments after, several troops, armed with lances, and their beautiful shields of feathers, drew up in the square, in deep silence, and then separated, to guard all the avenues of the streets that entered into the square. Then the funeral lament began, while the light of the torches added to the solemnity of the scene.

Departing from this interesting people, he bent his steps to the Quiriquicas, who had put his life in jeopardy the preceding year, and now longed for his return. He had promised, at this season, to see

them again. They came forth eagerly to welcome him ; but their countenances as well as words were full of grief ; and it appeared that a contagious disease had ravaged the place, which, they believed, he had sent as a punishment for their wickedness. He hastened to see the cacique, who had fallen into a delirium ; while the chief warriors and attendants stood helplessly around, believing him to be past all remedy. Lucas, who loved this man, burst into tears at the sight, and, falling on his knees, implored of God, that for the sake of the merits of Christ, and of this soul bought with his blood, he would restore him to reason, to be a blessing to his people. A few hours afterwards the delirium left him ; and Cavallero seized the favourable moment to move him to repentance, and to a trust in the divine mercy. The chieftain listened with the earnestness of a dying man, whose power was passing from him like a dream, and whose soul could put trust no more in the gods of his fathers, who mocked his calamity. Fainting at the hand of death, he still listened to the words of the missionary that promised him salvation, and made a sign that he wished to be baptized. As soon as the rite was performed, the spirit fled. The pestilence was too general to allow of the usual pompous interment given to the caciques, and he was carried by his favourite warriors to the grave, followed only by his friends and relatives. Lucas strove to soothe the sorrows of the people, who fell like grass beneath the contagion ; he prayed beside them, and spoke words of comfort, and allayed their pains by administering simple remedies ; and in a few weeks, the pestilence, having exhausted itself, abated rapidly.

The winter was now at hand, and it was time to depart to another territory. After two days' march, Lucas and those who accompanied him forded a river, and soon afterwards they perceived a village,

surrounded with high palisades. The paths which led to it were guarded by sharp stakes fixed in the ground, which, being covered with grass, were not at first visible. At this discovery, fear seized his companions, and they advanced slowly, preserving a deep silence. Arrived at the foot of the palisades, they were surprised to see no person come forth, and to hear no voice within. The missionary confesses, "that fear came over him while passing the palisade, but that it abated by the sight of an Indian boy, who lifted up his hands to heaven, as if his trust was there." On entering the village, they found the dwellings burned, and the ground covered with dead bodies. It was a piteous sight, and Lucas sat down to rest amid the ruins, for he was utterly unmanned. Woes had come thick upon him: the pestilence, that ravaged the town he had left, and broke his hopes of a numerous church among its attached people; the death of the cacique; a foreboding of evil near at hand; the scene of slaughter before his eyes, in which men, women, and children were barbarously massacred. The spot was remote and solitary, and his companions urged him to depart. The river, at a short distance, full of fish, and the wood full of game, probably induced this people to dwell here, exposed to the enemy, who seemed to have come upon them suddenly by night, for there had evidently been no conflict. Evening was drawing on, and it was unsafe to linger in such a place. The gloom of the woods grew deeper, and the beasts of prey would soon gather to the feast; so with heavy hearts they pursued their way. Advancing a day's journey farther, he met the chief of a large village, with many attendants, who began to complain bitterly of his neglect in not coming to see him, and traitorously used every artifice, entreaty, and persuasion. Cavallero, after some hesitation, consented to go with him, and

evening had fallen when they entered the place, but no sooner did they approach the great square where the Indians were assembled, than he was received with a shower of darts: two of his neophytes fell wounded at his feet, and he instantly saw that to retreat was certain death. With a firm countenance, therefore, he rapidly advanced, the darts still flying on every side; and the Indians, seeing him in their power, suspended for a few moments their aim. Perceiving the mapono, who was transported with rage, he addressed him fearlessly, "You cannot take my life, unless God permits it: do you dare to say that the demons are the lords of heaven and earth? vile and contemptible creatures, condemned to the eternal fire by the divine justice! God will punish you like them." The mapono had despatched a message to the cacique of the Subarecas, named Abetzaico, to come with his soldiers to exterminate the capital enemy of the gods; but, startled and irresolute at the words of Lucas, he no longer incited his people to destroy him, and the savages themselves, when they saw him in their very ranks, seemed reluctant to shed his blood. In the mean time, Abetzaico arrived, without arms, and followed simply by two vassals: he sternly reproached the mapono with his violence, and bade the people disperse. Word was brought to Cavallero, that his two neophytes, who were wounded, were at the point of death, and he hastened to the spot where they lay. "How can I express my grief!" he says in his letter; "the grief that filled my heart, when I saw my two companions stretched on the earth, that was red with their blood, while the leaves of trees were the only covering of their wounds from the mosquitoes. I saw their patience, and their looks testified the intimate communion they had with Jesus Christ and the Virgin Mary; and their joy that they thus shed their blood for the salvation of these bar-

barians. The dart had pierced through the arm of one of them, and the lacerated nerves brought on frequent convulsions. As to the other, the weapon entered the lower part of the body, and the intestines came through the wound." He had ever exhorted them to exercise mercy and charity toward all men : for "mercy finds confidence before God."

Earnestly solicited by Abetzaico to return with him to his territory, Lucas left this perfidious place ; he was now in the hands of an honourable and gallant man, who had viewed with abhorrence the treachery of his ally, for he had been summoned to assist at the death of the missionary, and at the festival that was to celebrate it ; but he came, to be his deliverer. Abetzaico had heard of Lucas, and as they walked on together he desired to hear an account of the faith. The missionary complied with his request, and they conversed on the subject until they drew near to the town. Let it not be said that the missionary's life is a continual cross, for the startling changes to which it is subject are often its powerful charm : and he lives longer, and often more usefully, in a short term of years, than many ministers who draw the wheels of life on to old age. What memorable passages, moving and beautiful episodes, that speak of the love that dieth not, and of the hate more cruel than the grave, are gathered into his vivid and fleeting career !—while few are the indelible characters or attachments that have risen or been cherished amidst the dull routine of life, in the calm and passionless excitements of the same home, the same scene, the same familiar faces. Time, with Lucas, as with Xavier, never flapped his heavy wings on their way ; they seized the destroyer with a bold hand, and bound him to their chariot wheels, so that, let good or evil come, he should never rise as a swift witness against them, or say that one hour was wasted, or the talents given them by their Master buried, even for a moment.

Entering the town of the Subarecas, they were received with every demonstration of joy; festivals were given in honour of the stranger, who was lodged in the home of Abetzaico, in a large chamber that was one of the suite opening into the great hall where the assemblies were held. He was always invited to be present at those meetings; and a place of honour, among the chief captains, was given him. The mapono, who was present, dared not open his mouth against him, for Abetzaico and most of the people desired to become Christians. Being a man of superior ability, generous and kind to his people, who were often oppressed by their caciques, he was greatly beloved; and as he addressed the assembly, in favour of Christianity, he insisted on its superiority to their own belief, and recommended them to embrace it without delay. When the prince and the leading men were of this opinion, the people were sure to follow. Nothing was talked of in the Indian town but the new faith, and the chief pleasure was to render honour to the stranger, which they evinced in a way not entirely to his taste, though he was too grateful to reprove them. Being fond of dancing and feasting, some Manacican balls were given, at which the women were tastefully dressed in vests of cotton, that fell just below the knee, and over this they wore a light robe; their arms and necks were adorned with beads and trinkets; the distinction of the chief captains was a plume of white feathers in the hair, for the men wear their hair nearly as long as the women, and its loss is as sensible an affliction as can befall them. A good part of the night was consumed by this gay and spirited people in the dance, where sometimes the airy forms flitted by on the "light fantastic toe," and at others they were mingled in wild and tumultuous confusion, when the very earth groaned beneath their feet, and their shrill cries might be heard afar off in the forest. At the banquet, the choicest delicacies the stream or

the chase could supply, were served with more order and cleanliness than Lucas had yet observed among the tribes, and the dishes and utensils were of earthenware, of curious and delicate workmanship, modelled by the hands of the women. On their love of drinking, that would soon have led to intoxication, he put a timely check; and during his residence in the place, this vice was laid aside, and soon after abandoned by the cacique and the principal people. Lucas was not a silent spectator of this festivity: he had observed, among the various tribes who compose the great nation of the Manacicas, a passionate love of music, and sometimes, in passing through the woods, where the people were alarmed at his coming, he would begin singing, with his converts, some of the canticles he had composed, "when the savages would instantly bolt out from their thickets and lurking holes, and follow with the greatest transports the voices they heard. They had excellent qualifications for becoming good musicians, for there are very fine voices commonly found among them, owing in part, it is pretended, to the waters of the Parana and Uruguay." When the gaities, during which he conversed with the captains or more aged men, had somewhat subsided through weariness of those engaged in them, he made them a short address, in which he drew their thoughts gently to a higher theme, and then, with his neophytes, sang some of the more solemn offices, or verses of his own fancy; and the assembly, men and women, lately as boisterous and wild with joy as children, listened with an inexpressible pleasure, and a silence so deep that at each pause it might be poetically said, "the murmur of the wind could be distinctly heard, and the distant roar of the beasts of prey fell sadly on the ear."

Ever since the moment when Abetzaico beheld Lucas beneath the weapons of the traitors, his soul

was knit to him more than to a brother: the friendless heroism of the man, the unprovoked cruelty of his enemies, perhaps his own share in saving him, had their part in this feeling. Undaunted bravery, veiled beneath the frankness and candour of a child, is perhaps the surest passport to the savage as well as civilized heart; and there was little asceticism about Lucas, who affected sacrifices and mortifications less than most of his colleagues; and perhaps felt that the good-will and kindness of others, and the gaining one friendship, one love, one golden word and look, is worth ten thousand-fold more than any little stern reforms of dress, demeanour or recreation. Perhaps he also remembered the words of Xavier, "walk generously before your God; love abroad, peace at home, a freedom from the sin of censuring others—this is religion." He was among a people, happy and cheerful under the government of a just and kind chieftain, whose policy and valour preserved them from the inroads of the more ferocious tribes, and who oppressed not the poor. He did not here adopt the same menacing tone as among the ruder nations, but by persuasion, frequent visits, and friendly converse in the dwellings of the people, where he was heard gladly, he led them all to the knowledge of God. He read the scripture, and then explained what he had read to every family. Had he been disposed to pitch his tent for life in the home of Abetzaico, he would have known few more sorrows or dangers, and the arms of this gallant people would have screened him from the plots and treacheries that were even now, as the snares of death, around his path. The voice of blood was in the forests night and day, summoning the mighty stranger, for the people could no longer endure to see their gods broken in pieces and burned to ashes. In the dwellings of the principal warriors, which joined that of the cacique, he

passed much of the time; for it was a luxury to converse with men who had long taken a leading part in the wars, councils, and policy of the Manicacas. The white hair of some ancient men hung down to the girdle, and to their ears the words of the gospel were like strange sounds. The missionary observed, that it was very hard to turn an aged heathen to God, for they loved to talk of their battles, surprises, and inroads; and perhaps a few among them looked cold and stern on the ravage of the temples, and the ruin of their worship. At seventy or eighty years of age, when the feelings grow chill, the step weary, and the heart and imagination are cold, what charm is there in a new faith? "Can it give me back my youth?" said an ancient man to one who strove to win him to the truth. "Old things must be done away;" usages, beliefs, delusions, must be severed from the memory, which is the only bowl that is not broken at the fountain; "and all things must become new;" hope, joy, and affection. It is no wonder that the old warrior turned a vacant eye on the missionary. The joy of the people was changed into a gloomy sadness when the time came for the departure of Lucas, and there was lamentation in every dwelling. The lonely situation of these natives, in the bosom of interminable forests, made any new and powerful excitement very dear to them. There might be some, indeed, who sighed for the festivals that had been held in his honour; but others lamented the loss of his society and conversation, for, like a good spirit, he had come among them, entreating and beseeching them to be reconciled to his Lord; and he had enriched the poverty and scantiness of their talk and their thoughts with fresh, and happy, and endless ideas! "Stay with us, my father," they said, "we conjure you to stay: you will not be so happy with any other people: we love you, we love your reli-

gion, and will be faithful to it: perhaps we may never behold you again: you will go far from us, where perhaps they will slay you." Lucas wept at their words, and perhaps some dark presentiment crossed his mind; but why should he fear death? He had often met with him face to face. Did the thought of his parents, his sisters, of all he had left in Spain, awake at the words of the Manacicans? Alas! it is not death that we have most to dread, but obscurity. How many do we see, on our right hand and on our left, who toil through a struggling life for one darling aim, and toil in vain! who offer their genius, and bathe the offering with their tears! who give their time, till no more remains to give!—and when their hope is dried, their love wasted, and darkness on all their pleasant places, sink down alone to die! The stranger may look on them and say, "Who shall lament for thee, and who shall comfort thee? thy expectation is perished." Lucas was saved from this fate; for though the earth might cover the slain, it could never cover his usefulness; while his churches in the wilderness went up as a memorial before God, and the gloomy forests had become as one living temple, echoing to the voice of mercy. There the cacique, the enchanter, and the warrior, when they bowed down before the Lord, never forgot to mingle in their prayers the name of him whom they loved, who had broken their chains, and whose image and memory was precious to them. And if he must fall, shall he be forgotten of the nations whom he had united in one bond? No, his hope was no delusion; he knew that it could not perish, he felt that it was full of joy and immortality. O Charity, that sitteth as an angel by the grave, and maketh it glorious, thou wast the poor missionary's only possession: gold and silver he had none, neither attendants or home, but his love for others was power, resistless power!

At his departure, the flower of all the youth accompanied him; some bearing provisions, others with instruments to clear the way, and cut down the trees; and many, refusing to be separated, left home and relatives to follow him. During several hours, the march through the wood was like a procession, but not a triumphal one: the young men led the way, and then came the mingled population of both sexes: among them was the missionary, with the noble Abetzaico by his side. The neophytes sang their farewell hymn, and all who could, joined their voices. As the way grew more difficult, the multitude returned to their homes, and Lucas was left with his converts, and his faithful Subarecas. During four days they travelled through a dense forest by a narrow and difficult path, which the guides sometimes lost; and at last, being unable to retrace it, they wandered many days in the heart of these dreary woods, the gloom of which was never cheered by the sun, or by a glimpse of the open country. To be lost in the midst of vast plains, on the ocean, or even on sandy deserts, is less terrible than in these hopeless and endless forests, where by day there is a sepulchral silence, and by night a darkness visible, which neither star or moon can penetrate. Often they climbed the highest trees, to discern, if possible, the habitations of men, the mountains, or the plain—but they could see nothing except the woods, before and behind, as far as the horizon; and there was no track of a footstep, where the savage had been before them, nor any sound of a human voice. It was a solitude that pressed on the heart, and made it pray fervently for the fresh air, the face of heaven, and the smiling earth. Their provisions were exhausted, and they had nothing to eat but leaves and wild roots. The axes of those who went forward were powerless to open a way through this “valley of

the shadow of death;" and at times they came to the entrance of long, noble avenues of trees, winding as far as the eye could reach, and then they would fancy they had at last found an outlet; but after a few miles they were stopped by the impervious thickness of the trunks and branches, and obliged to take another direction. Fortunately, they were in no want of water, for streams were plentiful throughout the way. "I wandered," says another missionary, "through this silent region four days, and found myself still involved deeper and deeper in these forests, without seeing any issue. As I met no one, I was all at once seized with a certain terror, which I found it impossible to overcome, although I put all my trust in God; it was difficult to retrace my steps, and it was probable that in the attempt I should die of hunger and misery: my little stock of provisions were consumed, and I knew I should find nothing in the place I had passed; whereas, in the woody deserts through which I now penetrated, I found springs of excellent water, a quantity of fruit-trees, birds' nests, and ostrich eggs, and thus I went forward."

At last, when they least thought of it, they found themselves at no great distance from a village of the Aruporecan Indians, whom he had visited a few years before; and the kind and earnest welcome being over, he was consoled at finding the same estrangement from idolatry, and attachment to the faith, as when he had left them. He passed some days here, and then resumed his route. After traversing several lakes, marshes, and woods, they again lost their way; but he remembered that there was a village of the Bohocas Indians in this territory near a high mountain, and bade one of the Indians ascend a lofty tree, and look carefully on every side. The Indian saw the mountain at a great distance, and as they had now a sure beacon

before them, they instantly pressed on towards it. Many hours passed, for they were obliged to wind and turn many a time; but they approached the mountain continually, and probably fixed their eyes on it with as much earnestness as the weary Arab on the distant minarets of the holy city. The town stood near the foot of the declivities, and there Lucas was lodged in a clean cabin, and refreshments set before him, for his strength was exhausted. The dwelling consisted of two apartments, and the floor was covered with mats curiously woven. The skins of wild beasts composed his bed, and they brought him wild fruits, venison, and fish from the neighbouring lakes.

The transition was delightful, for their strength and spirits had been tried to the uttermost; and now mats, the soft couch of skins, with nourishing food, were comfort and luxury. The very wantonness of nature, and the primeval glory of the forests, had become hateful to their eyes, and they now dwelt with inexpressible relief on the naked precipices of the mountain, and even on the shadows of the clouds passing by; and how welcome to them was the expanse of the sky, red with the rising or setting sun, while a few miles distant was the dark covert of woods, that had closed round them like walls of brass. The Indian village was prettily situated at the foot of the mountain, on a rising ground. Some small lakes supplied the people with fish, and in the adjacent forest was plenty of game. When the Sabbath came, Lucas rejoiced to see his ancient converts gather round him; it was delightful, in so wild a solitude, to sing the praises of that Lord, of whom he was the only herald, and to read the gospel, and pray together, commending each other to the mercy and grace that descends on the desert as on the city, and makes the poor Indian's home its refuge and its rest. As there was no

chapel in the place, he addressed the people, as was his wont, in the open air. Exquisite wanderings! is it any wonder that the love of them grew with his years, and strengthened with his strength?

Peaceful as was the aspect of the mountain village, it had once been the scene of midnight murder. Cavallero one day found in his dwelling an instrument of discipline, armed with very sharp points; and learning that there were a great number in the place, he was surprised at this unusual sign of austerity. He sent for the cacique, and, shewing him the instrument, asked the meaning of this novelty, which he had never before seen among the Indians.—“I will explain to you,” said the other; “the Barillos Indians intimated a wish to establish themselves among us, and we consented to it: they are a haughty and overbearing people, who assume disdainful and contemptuous airs, turning into ridicule all our actions: we were bitterly annoyed at this, and swore their destruction. In the silence of the night we put all the men to death, sparing only the women, who could be of some use to us. Retribution followed close on our crime; the pestilence ravaged our village, and we regarded it as a punishment from God: from that moment we thought only of appeasing his anger; and as we knew that in the Christian settlements this instrument of penitence is used to expiate faults, we had recourse to it; and twice a day we prostrated ourselves at the foot of the cross, and, crying to God for mercy, beat ourselves with this instrument till the blood flowed plentifully. It appeared that our repentance was agreeable to God, for, in a few days, the pestilence began to abate. Since that time, you know how the cross is revered among us.” Lucas soon after left this people, and pursued his journey even to the mission of St. Francis Xavier, of which he had formerly the sole charge, where he arrived safely.

A few weeks' rest, and Cavallero returned to his own settlement, about the period which he had on his departure announced to his people, and after five months' absence. In the ensuing year he went forth again, not to explore untrodden regions, but to gather the fruits of his wanderings into an extensive colony, where daily instruction, worship, and the best education he could give, should be established. He knew that they would come, at his call, from many of the tribes; and he was anxious to find a pleasant and fertile scene, where the new town might present a fair and striking appearance, so as to captivate the barbarians. His personal ascendancy over them was fortunate, or he might have met, from the more mischievous tribes, with a fate similar to that of three missionaries who set out to convert the Chiriguanes, an intractable people, about twenty thousand in number. Lizardi, Pons, and Chomé had quitted the settlement in a little carriage, that went rapidly over the plain, a rather luxurious commencement of the mission; but they were obliged, on the second day, to exchange for mules, in order to ascend a range of mountains, "so high and dreadful, that, though we left burning heats at their foot, we suffered from heavy falls of snow, and at night the ice was thick and the blasts penetrating, nor could our mules without difficulty pass the impetuous torrents. We arrived in the valley of Chiquiaca, where we saw the ruins of the mission which the Chiriguanes had destroyed, and the earth red with the blood of the pastors whom they had devoured. After some days, descending from the heights, we heard the barking of dogs, the inseparable companions of the Indians, and we had every thing to fear from the fury of the latter. My mule falling, I rolled down rather than descended, and found myself all at once in the middle of a group of twelve Indians

quite naked, armed with arrows and lances. I jumped up, and embraced them one after the other with an extraordinary gaiety. I took out a little dry bread and flour and gave them, lighted their fire, and strove to regale them the best in my power. Soon after, their captain appeared, and sat down upon a stone, his head resting on his lance, and he foamed with rage. "I know not," said I, "what will be the end of this comedy." I attempted to feel his pulse. "I am not sick," said he, extricating his hand. "You are not sick," said I, "and you will not eat: so much the worse for you: when you have an appetite, let me know;" and I burst into a fit of laughter, which had an excellent effect, for they all began to laugh with me. Night surprised me in these woods, and I was exposed to a heavy rain which lasted till day-break. We went back to the valley of Salines, where we had left Lizardi, and we were hardly met, when the rain commenced with violence, and the torrents rushed from the mountains with such impetuosity, that the river Chiquiacas, on the banks of which we were, rose one hundred and fifty feet above its ordinary level. We all three huddled under a little tent, on a bank, which was quickly inundated in every part, so that we were nearly drowned, and had no provision but a little flower of maize. Here we remained five days before the river subsided. Arriving afterwards at Itau, in which territory were twelve villages of Chiriguanes, Lizardi took his way to the river Pirapiti, and I turned towards Cararuti.

I was soon surrounded by men, women, and children, who had never seen a missionary before. I sat down on the trunk of a tree, and presented them with needles and beads. They relished my discourse very satisfactorily, when I spoke about indifferent things; but as soon as I changed the subject to the things of religion, they replied with

long sniffings. I afterwards set out to Caysa, the centre of infidelity, and fell into an ambuscade of eight Indians, who providentially did not hurt or speak to me. When I saw beneath me the vast countries which stretch far as the eye can reach towards the river Paraguay, it seemed that I was in a new world. The people received me kindly at Caysa, but it seemed to me only feint and artifice ; but I told them they must build me a cabin, to which they agreed. I went myself to cut the wood, a good half league distant, and returned with a heavy load on my shoulders ; and while my cabin was building, I had no lodging, but lay in the public square, in the open air ; and I perceived that, while I slept, they stole my clothes ; sometimes one thing, sometimes another, so that when I awoke I shivered with the cold, and found myself half naked. All these things made me resolve to quit the place for a while, but I saw in their eyes a reluctance that their prey should escape them. I left Caysa a little before sunset, to avoid the excessive heats, but I really thought this night would be the last of my life, when I climbed on foot the dreadful mountain between Caysa and Carapari. I was bathed in profuse perspiration from head to foot, and tormented with the most cruel thirst. At every few paces I was obliged to rest on the root of some tree, to take breath : the air was all on fire ; the peals of thunder never ceased, and the lightning was like noon-day. I wished for the clothes they had robbed me of during my sleep. God protected me. I found at last a little brook : judge of the satisfaction with which I emptied a calabash full of fresh water, in which I steeped a little flour of maize ; I am sure this draught was better to me than the most delicious wines of Europe. At last I came to Carapari : Lizardi could do nothing with the infidels. Pons joined us again, and we all three spent some days

joyfully together. I left my baggage here, and set out again to Caysa, where the people ran to meet me: but I found my cabin in the same state in which I left it. I asked them why they had broken their promise to get it ready against my return? 'You see,' said I, 'that I cannot remain here without a lodging: I will go back again: it is not decent for me to live in your cabins, surrounded with your women. As soon as my cabin is ready, I will dwell among you.' This resolve astonished them so much, that no one said a single word, except the wife of the captain, who approached me, and charged me with inconstancy. I did not remain another moment, but set off, leaving her to devour her anger. The day after my return to Carapari, walking out in the evening, in a beautiful moonlight night, with Lizardi, we saw Pons coming towards us in the drollest equipage imaginable; he was mounted on a mule that had neither bridle nor saddle, and he had neither hat or cassock, nor any clothes but his breeches and waistcoat:

As soon as he had dismounted, he told us his history. The Indians of Tareyri, among whom he was so eager to go, as soon as he entered their village, had put him into this pitiable condition; and they would have sent him away entirely naked, if the captain's son had not, out of compassion, got him out of their hands. I gave him an old cassock, which fortunately was among my baggage, in case of need, otherwise it had been very embarrassing. We then went all three to seek repose under a straw roof, raised on four stakes, and open on all sides. At midnight, and when we were all in a sound sleep, I felt something pull me by the feet; I awoke, and saw myself surrounded by a troop of women. "Fly quickly," they said "the Indians of Caysa seek thy life; they are now watching at every entrance of our village, so that you can hardly escape them. In a

panic of fear, we hurried to the house of the captain where we could hear their sniffings, as they went to massacre us in our sleep. The chief was absent, but they dared not enter his house, and I said to his little son, Go, and seek thy father. He mounted on horseback, and the hostile guards let him pass, when they found we were still in the village. When the moon was set, filled with a sudden boldness, contrary to all the entreaties of my companions, I, at the second invitation of the enemy, went forth: the Indians formed a circle round a large fire, all armed, with a bow and arrow in hand, and lance in the air: they demanded where was our baggage, and said that I should go to Caysa. I withstood them firmly, at which they trembled with rage; but quickly after the captain of the village, with two other chiefs and many Indians, marched in, and, casting a terrible look at the people of Caysa. "Who are those," he cried; who seek to kill the fathers? what! dare they come to my home on such an errand?" They were all disarmed. You would think the zeal of this people in our defence a happy augury of their conversion. Alas! you do not know their character: their ears, and still more their hearts, were closed against the truths we brought. We then made an attempt on the side of Itau, and going on a few miles before my companions, I came all at once on the abode of the Indians, in the heart of the wood. They conducted me to their captain, with whom were three other captains of Chimeo, Zapatera, Caruruti; but scarcely had I opened my mouth to discourse about the mission, than they stopped me short in a moment, telling me they would not hear a syllable on such a subject. We returned to the valley of Salines, where the father-provincial soon after arriving, we gave him an exact account of all our marches among the Chiriguanes, and he judged it was better to abandon to the malignity of their

heart a nation so intractable, and so hardened in infidelity. Pons was sent to our "Lady of the Rosary;" I went to the college of Tariga; and Lizardi took charge of "the Conception," in the valley of Salines; where he soon after met with a glorious death. The infidels traversed their forests secretly, and approached on the 16th of May, under favour of a thick fog. They rushed into the church, where Lizardi had begun the mass, and, pulling him from the altar, they tore his vestments, pillaged the sacred vessels, and murdered him. They then took away the ornaments and moveables of his little cabin, of which I was the architect, and carried them away with them."

More fortunate than these three friends, Lucas traversed the country far and near, to find a propitious spot for a colony. On these occasions he was sometimes alone, and penetrated into regions hitherto unknown even to his restless footstep, and where he had no guide save his own sagacity and experience. Having learned the Indian mode of travelling, he cut notches in the bark of the trees, and broke the slighter branches, in order to be able to trace his way back again. He was often wearied, and knew not where to find shelter at night, for instead of the roof of a friend, he might enter that of a murderer; since by some of the tribes he was mortally hated. After slaking his thirst in the stream, which with the wild fruits was his only repast, he rested sometimes on the bank or beneath the trees, and looked wistfully on every side,—but no light twinkled from afar, no wreath of smoke arose, and the howl of the dogs, the guardians of the Indian hamlets, was unheard. He was defenceless, and a shot from an ambush, or the tomahawk of a savage lurking in the high grass, might stretch him lifeless in a moment. He could say, "the night hath he turned into fear unto me." But there are

moments in which the soul is conscious of an unwonted power, and while all is darkening and desolate around, the veil of the spiritual world is unrolled with a peculiar glory. Happy is the constitution of the mind that is kindled by occasional and utter solitude. After the assemblies of the warriors, the festivals, and the monotonous addresses, Cavallero rejoiced to be thus alone, on the voiceless shore and the untrodden plain; to listen to the mournful beauty of the winds, faintly passing near the forest and the mighty river, and lay his head at the foot of some ancient tree, persuaded that he should not perish. But ere he slept, he prayed long and fervently; and surely there is a sublimity in the desert prayer, where the shadows of night are falling, when the heavens in their glory are the only canopy, when the watch-fire is burning, and no human being is near. Often, in the wild energy of his soul, he would raise some fervent and favourite hymn, whose loud strains, breaking on the night, seemed to bid defiance both to men and devils. His spirit was composed of bright and happy elements; it was joyous, and careless of the morrow, and gave fears and anxieties to the winds, while it grasped at every passing and golden moment of faith, exultation, and blessing. He was fortunate in an incomparable temper, a gift that many kingdoms cannot purchase, and which many floods cannot drown: persecuted, pierced with arrows, reviled, he wore the same forgiving smile, and his eye beamed with sweetness and benignity. Of all the mercies that God can bestow, or man can cultivate, is there any so precious as that buoyant, beautiful temper, that "is not easily provoked—that beareth all things—that no enemy can take away?"

He at last found a suitable place for his intended town, on the borders of a large lake in the vicinity of two tribes which he had never before visited. As

the place increased, other people, neighbours to the Manacicas, came from a distance to dwell there. The inhabitants were numerous; but the air not proving healthy, he began to fear the maladies that had often desolated his flock, and resolved to seek another situation. After some time he discovered a vast and fertile plain, free from marshes and forests, which had on the east the Puyzocas, on the north the Cozocas, and on the west the Cosiricas Indians. He caused the people to leave the shores of the lake, and dwell in this plain, where, aided by the industry and skill of his catechumens, the town was built, and called the "Immaculate Conception." A church was also raised, of tolerable size, with its little steeple of wood, which the natives greatly admired. Cavallero, in the pride of his heart, might have looked round and said, "Is not this great Babylon which I have built?" The edifice, about sixty feet long and thirty wide, was scarcely sufficient for the congregation; but it contained a choir, a nave, and a sacristy, with a little chamber at the end to lodge the missionary, who did not relish, like Cyprian Bareze, to sleep every night on the pavement at the foot of the altar. The town stood on the banks of a stream that ran through the plain, which was covered with rich pasturage; and its monotony was relieved by several little hills scattered here and there, and groves of trees, among which was the noble palm eighty feet high. There were also the cotton shrub, a principal article in the revenue of Paraguay; the wild vine, and anana; with a beautiful species of passion-flower, which yields, when ripe, a delicious juice, of which the natives are very fond. Even the hospitable abodes of Abetzaico, in the recesses of the forest, could not compete in cheerfulness with "the Conception." He now sought with indefatigable zeal to give his people a love of industry and

instruction; and at break of day, while the air was yet fresh and cool, he led them out to cultivate the fields, and to plant maize and Indian corn. The rest of the day, after morning prayers and mass, was occupied in teaching the adults and the children. The girls were taught to sew, spin, and other employments of their sex, after they had, with the boys, said their prayers, and recited the catechism in a clear and loud voice. About sunset the children said their beads, those on one side of the church answering to the other; and on Sundays and holidays there were three high masses, at each of which there was a sermon. The missionaries forgot but too often the earnest advice of Xavier: "preaching is a universal good; always prefer those employments which are of a larger extent, to those which are more narrowly confined. According to that rule, you shall never omit a sermon in public, to hear a private confession." The intimate knowledge of the Manacican language, even of its several dialects, acquired by Lucas, could alone qualify him to be thus generally useful. The day was so engrossed by his many and laborious functions, that he had not time for his own devotions, save in the night. At the end of two years he had established in the "Immaculate Conception" an excellent order and system, one fellow-missionary participating in all his cares.

The children were taught to read and write in Spanish, and those who were destined to sing in the church were instructed in the Latin services. The Indians had little of the inventive faculty: they could not for a long time be persuaded to put windows, doors, or seats in their houses, and half a century elapsed ere brick and stone dwellings arose; but their talent of imitation was wonderful. They can copy paintings and manuscripts, engrave on brass, and make musical instruments; and in a few

years most of the useful trades may be found in a settlement, for when the boys are of an age to work, they frequent the workshops, and fix on the employ that most strikes their fancy. Whether any of them would shine in the sciences and belles lettres is doubtful, but a few of the missionaries were inclined to try the experiment, which would probably have met with the same fate as Eliot's classical academy. There is in Modena a small picture painted by an Indian, and sent over by Cattaneo, who visited some of the most remote settlements: the landscape is well designed, but the colouring wants life and strength, and the artist appears not to have had any good colours. Another attempt was more successful. "I send you," writes Cattaneo, "a couple of draughts drawn by an Indian with his pen from the original prints. To me they appear two master-pieces. I am bold to say, that had these been done by some celebrated hand in Europe, he would have gained credit by the delicacy and easiness of the drawing. It is well known how difficult it is to design with the pen. An Indian copied in the same manner a small picture of the Conception of our Lady, which the missionaries prized so much as to send it to Vienna, by way of a valuable curiosity." Nature has given to this people a fine ear, and it is their own idea, that the flexibility of their voice is attributable partly to the soft water of their rivers. Cattaneo relates, that in one place he saw a girl of twelve years old playing upon the harp some of the most difficult airs, with a swift and light finger. On another occasion, after several days had been spent in feasting and rejoicing, the Indians were requested to perform a most ancient and elegant dance of their country, which their monarchs loved ere they were crushed beneath the yoke of Spain. This was performed by twelve youths, who were dressed after the manner of the Incas, or the ancient

nobles of Peru, and each had his musical instrument: four of them had small guitars that hung from their necks, four had lutes, and the other four had small violins: they danced, and played at the same time, with most surprising exactness.

The mission towns in Paraguay are subject to the jurisdiction of the bishops; the dioceses are those of the Assumption, Buenos Ayres, Cordova, and a few others: and in those immense tracts, a visitation is not a journey of bodily ease and consolation; which, caused one of their right reverend prelates to observe, as he prepared for that duty, that he was about to imitate the excursions of the first apostles. He was obliged to lay in provisions to subsist himself and his companions during an advance of six hundred miles, which is the distance from his episcopal city to the first christian colonies on the Uruguay. Throughout this part of the journey there is not a dwelling or a village to be seen, where the least thing can be had. The prelate and his suite passed the night under tents, or in portable chambers, which they brought with them; The loud and joyous acclamations, and the heart-felt rapture with which they were welcomed at the end of their journey, was their only recompense. The Indians meet the bishop some days in advance, to level the roads, and to act as escorts and guards against the wild beasts, and men wilder than they, for they glory in the visit of their chief pastor.—In one of the last visitations of the bishop of the Assumption, “We were just coming,” he says, “into one of the settlements, when all the inhabitants came out to meet us, and a choir of children advanced towards us, singing the praises of the christian doctrine. But one amongst them very soon engaged the attention and eyes of every Spaniard: he played on the violoncello so gracefully, and in so masterly a manner, that, being struck with admiration, I ordered

the choir to stop, and the child to come nearer, and play a sonata by himself. He rested the instrument on his foot, and played about a quarter of an hour, with such exactness, that it was impossible to be tired with hearing the performance."

A tribute of a piastre a head was paid annually by every converted Indian, after having attained the age of twenty years, to the king of Spain; and the missionaries saw that it was duly collected. This payment hardly sufficed to cover the royal disbursements. The king gave three hundred piastres to every missionary, on his departure, and defrayed all the charges of his embarkation. Ten thousand piastres were allowed yearly out of the royal treasury for the support of the missions; he was at the expense of all the wine used at the altar, and of all the oil that burnt night and day in the lamps before the altar. This was no trivial charge, as both were brought from Europe. The bishop also sent alms occasionally to the settlements, together with the donations of opulent and zealous Spaniards.

The Indians are very fond of sweet and pleasant odours, which they burn daily in the churches, and which are easily composed by their own hands, in a country where the richest verdure and flowers, with various odoriferous herbs, last throughout the whole year. Their sense, in this respect, is more delicate, and their cleanliness more commendable, than that of the Indians of North America, who daub themselves over with paint; or of the Greenlanders, who cannot abide fragrant smells. Saabye, the grandson of the celebrated Hans Egede, relates that a young Greenlander came to him in great distress of mind, inasmuch as the girl he loved, and was to marry, would have nothing more to say to him, and could not endure his sight. The pastor inquired, if any quarrel, or jealousy, had caused this capricious change of heart: was he sure that the girl had ever

loved him? "There was no doubt of this, for she had accepted presents, and eaten part of a seal's head with him, and they had been betrothed some time. The cause, said the Greenland youth with a deep sigh, is, I believe simply this: I went on board the European ship, and among the articles, in exchange for my skins, was a bottle of Eau de Cologne, which they told me was precious; and I sprinkled it over my clothes, and in my hair, thinking to please her;—I had hardly entered the house, when she flew into a violent passion, and ran from me, saying, that I stunk the whole room, and that she should never be able to bear me again, or to live with me."

An eminent proficiency in the fine arts could not yet be expected in the settlements of Cavallero: in the church, a few coarse paintings might be seen on the walls, representing the sufferings of the saints, greatly to the edification or delight of the beholders. — He laid the foundation, however, of future refinements: and first gave the love of vocal and instrumental music to many of the nations, as well as a skill in mechanics and husbandry. A few years made rapid improvements in these colonies: not very long after the death of Cyprian Bareze, the Moxian missionary, a hospital and a surgery, with a depôt of drugs, existed in his town, acquisitions of which he had scarcely ventured to hope. The town of the "Immaculate Conception" prospered greatly, and, to render the fields more fruitful, Cavallero irrigated them by channels and sluices from the river: new houses were built to lodge the strangers, from various parts. He had become well acquainted with the correct management of a colony, during his superintendance of the extensive settlement of Saint Francis Xavier, which is thus described by Florentine:—

"After a month's wandering, I perceived a spa-

ciuous plain, and in the middle of it a steeple : this sight cheered up my heart ; a few Indians, whom I chanced to see, informed me it was St. F. Xavier, a missionary town in Paraguay. The fathers came to the church to receive me ; the superior presented me with holy water, and the bells were set a ringing. I was then conducted to my lodging, which was very convenient : they desired me to call it " my own," and treated me with such tenderness and cordiality, that I forgot all my fatigues, and it was a full fortnight before I could get away. This little community consists of seven priests : prayer, studies, the administration of the sacraments, and preaching, is their continual employ, and all their relaxation consists in about an hour's conversation after meals.

" This town contains about thirty thousand inhabitants. There is scarce any one who does not confess or communicate once a month : some chosen souls, such as are inspired with a desire of living up, as near as may be, to evangelical perfection, go to the sacraments once a week. There is an entire union and charity among them ; their goods are in common ; they are strangers to ambition and covetousness : and disunion and law-suits are not known in these colonies. There is not a mine of gold and silver in all this country. There is one missionary above the others, whom they call their fiscal : he is always a man in years : he has the names of all the inhabitants, the heads of families, the number of women and children : he observes who are absent from mass, prayers, and sermons, and informs himself of their reasons. He has an officer under him, called the *tenienté*, who has care of the children : the town is divided into several quarters, each of which has its peculiar overseer. Among these seven missionaries, were four ancient men, venerable for their grey hairs, and the sanctity of their lives. I was astonished to hear them call the insupportable

labours they underwent, a life of quiet and rest. One of their first cares was to examine the nature of the soil they had to cultivate; and where it was fit for pasturage, they put the cattle: some of the inhabitants were set to tend the herds, others to manure and till the lands. Tradesmen were got from Buenos Ayres, to teach the Indians the trades of civil society, who quickly learned them. The clothes of the people are all of their own making: they go clad in cotton in summer, and in woollen in winter. The church is a noble structure: they had the plan from Europe, and the Indians have executed it perfectly well: it is all of free stone, and is adorned with paintings drawn by the Indians: the altar-frames are in elegant taste, and are all gilt. All the product of the year is carried to the public granary: there are persons appointed, whose business it is to take an exact account of all that is brought into these magazines. A set number of sheep and oxen is daily brought to town, which are slaughtered, and delivered to the proper officers, from whom the rest of the inhabitants are to receive their allowance. Thus poverty and riches are equally strangers among them. There are several large hospitals for the sick: one of the lay brothers is an apothecary, and has a shop very well furnished. I should have thought myself happy to have spent the rest of my life in a place where God is so well served: I left it, at last, with guides, and passed through St. Nicholas and Conception, two other towns, with about fourteen or fifteen thousand inhabitants in each, which in all respects are like this settlement. They are built upon the bank of a little river, at three days' journey distant from each other."

The endeavour of Lucas was to root out all attachment to idolatry: he abolished several observances, among which was that of placing provisions and the

bow and arrow near the dead, that they may obtain subsistence in the other world, and not be obliged, by want, to return and molest the living. They give the name of mother to the moon, and honour her as such ; and when the moon was eclipsed, they were accustomed to run in haste out of their huts, with shrieks and cries, and to shoot a great many arrows into the air, to defend her from the enemies that they suppose to have fallen on her. They continue to shoot their arrows till the moon has recovered her usual brightness ; and while the men were thus busily occupied in sending darts into the empty air, the women used to utter lamentations, and address their complaints to their beloved luminary. "Our mother, our mother, why are you hidden from our sight ? a bark launched upon the waters never more regains the shore ; shall we not see your face again ? our heart reveres you, and remembers all your benefits ; we will cut off our hair for grief. Oh our mother, our mother, are you become old, that your face is covered, and your beauty gone ? where are you ? the plain is dark, the forest is dark, our spirits are dark ; look upon us again ; an arrow shot into the air passes away for ever." In this prosperous settlement, so beautifully situated, with a healthful climate, Lucas might tell his soul to take her rest, to fold her wings, and tempt the troubled waters no more. Why go forth again ? could he find a more dear and impressive scene ? Yes, there were both stern and delicious remembrances, whose voices were heard amidst the retreats of the Conception, saying, that he must come away yet again, to battle with the demons, till their throne was utterly broken in every tribe and every people. Yet it was a mercy that his enthusiasm did not abate ; for the heaviest visitation on the missionary is lukewarmness, which comes upon many ; when the journey, the heat, and the blast, and the strife with

ungovernable men, begin to weary on the mind, and make it sigh for rest. Fortunately for Cavallero, when the insatiable activity of his mind and body required a change, he could at any time leave the plain or the vale, the well-known faces, and the wreaths of smoke rising from the quiet hearths, and go forth to scale the mountains, cut his way, axe in hand, through the forest, swim the stream, and wrest some new territory unto God. He was yet in the prime of life, having numbered scarcely more than forty years; and might he not with reason look forward to the gentle winter of old age? then how deliciously would the evening come down, the strong frame bowed, but not broken; the vigour of the mind, the lofty devotion of the heart, unquenched; hope, the hope of this world, fading, but memory breaking forth, like everlasting waters, —and what memories!

The cotton shrub was the most useful article in the plantations of the Conception; for it produced, with the care of the artisan, a wool of excellent quality and whiteness. An invaluable herb grew likewise in this plain, as in many other parts of Paraguay. To these missionaries mankind is indebted for the Jesuits' bark, and also for the famous, though less generally useful herb of Paraguay, which is better known in South America and Spain than in other countries. It is the leaf of a tree, of the size and form of the orange tree, and the taste resembles that of the mallows. The Spaniards believe its use to be as salutary as that of wine is pernicious: it is exported in a dry state, and nearly reduced to powder. When used, it is infused a short time in water, which it renders as black as ink. The manner of preparing this infusion is, to fill a vase with boiling water, and to throw into it the pulverized herb; the water is strained through a fine linen, and allowed to

settle; it is then drank through a pipe, a little citron and pastilles being first added, to give it a pleasant taste and odour. The most considerable manufacture of this herb is at Villarica, near the mountains of Maracayu. For the market of Peru alone are sometimes raised a hundred thousand arrobas, of twenty-five pounds sixteen ounces each, and the price of the arrobas is seven Spanish crowns. The Indians who are under the care of the Jesuits cherish the shrub in their settlements; and as those of the finest quality are in Maracayu, the seeds are brought thence, and sown with care. The Spaniards believe that this excellent herb is a remedy or preservative against almost all diseases, but persons who in a state of languor take it to excess, sometimes experience a total alienation of reason which lasts several days, but they afterwards fall into a gentle sleep, and awake invigorated both in mind and body. Taken moderately, it clears the head, strengthens the stomach, and gently elevates the spirits, proving itself a beneficent remedy against dejection of body and mind; but if drank to excess on a journey, it is apt to cause intoxication.

On the great festival of the Virgin, the titular saint of the colony, the ceremony had a simple dignity, only to be found among this people: they had nothing precious or magnificent to offer, or aught save the fruits of the wilderness, and their own fervent hearts and voices; yet the offering was beautiful; the rural decorations being so well disposed, and with such an agreeable variety! At certain distances were triumphal arches of the branches of trees tied together, with borders and festoons of the gayest flowers and fruits of the season.

It was said by a spectator, that he never heard any sound so majestic and terrible as the Marseillois hymn, sung by a French army marching to battle. The singing of a thousand warriors, and as

many females, advancing slowly over the plain, was equally impressive, without the fearfulness of war. The children, clad in white, scattered flowers as they passed. To the triumphal arches were loosely fastened, by the leg, paroquets, wild peacocks, and other birds remarkable for their bright and gorgeous colours, and which, flying from branch to branch, displayed the beauty of their plumage. The more expert hunters had procured deer, tigers, lions, and other animals, which were placed in lifeless terror among the trees, in the way of the procession ; but the highest display was to snare some of these animals alive, and secure them in front of the houses, thus giving a kind of gladiatorial character to the scene. The ground before the dwelling was strewed with sweet-scented herbs and fruits, and cakes ; and the women placed in full view the newest pieces of woollen, cotton, or baskets of their own making, adorned with feathers. At night the whole scene was illuminated with torches of pine, and fires were kindled in different parts of the plain, and on the little hills, the effect of which was beautiful. In the entertainment with which the day closed, there was little danger of feud or quarrel, for the common drink was an infusion of some herb, and in particular of the herb of Paraguay, and wine was yet a stranger to the plain.

There was little regularity in the town of Lucas ; the shade of trees being invaluable during the heats of summer, the cottages were built in a capricious yet useful fashion, among the groves and on the banks of the river, where a traveller would be at some loss to find either street or square. "Imagine to yourself," says a missionary, "some villages built near one another, and separated by groves that hinder the sight of the houses. After a journey of twenty days, my companion found himself extremely fatigued : one day he advanced some way before

the company, and being very sleepy, he alighted under some trees in the road, without knowing where he was, or when he should reach his journey's end; and, as it seemed to be yet at a great distance from him, he soon dropped asleep in the shade. Meanwhile the provincial comes up: the muleteer, who was our guide, sees the father asleep on the grass, awakes him hastily, and asks him with an air of surprise, whether he was not ashamed of sleeping in so public a place?" "What public place?" replies the father; "we have wandered three weeks in this desert, and God knows when we shall reach Rioja. Can any place be more private than this?" "You are at Rioja," answers the muleteer; "this is the middle of the town, and yonder is the Jesuits' college behind those trees." The muleteer was in the right; for the college stood in the middle of a little wood over-against them. The father was extremely surprised, and something ashamed, that he had laid down to rest in the very heart of the town!" The sheltered site of the Conception was useful, when the furious wind, to which these plains were exposed, began to blow; for, meeting with nothing to stem its violence save the high grass and the scattered groves, it sweeps the wilderness like a visitation from heaven, and neither man or beast can stand against it, the trees being bent and broken like willows in its passage. In the soft and rich evenings of summer and autumn, the people gathered before their dwellings, and sat in groups in the shadow of the trees, conversing and singing: it was a cheerful and primeval scene, that brought to mind the simple and patriarchal days of old, save that here no numerous flocks and herds grazed on the pasture, and attendants, handmaidens, power, and influence were unknown. Sometimes the Indians attempted the Te Deum, which Lucas had taught them; or sung sacred songs of his own inditing:

the boys took the treble, the young men the tenor, and the older the bass ; and the harmony thus produced would not have displeased an amateur who had chanced to be wandering over the plain. The hour and the scene were alike impressive : the moon and stars, rising with a brilliancy never known in northern climes, fell on the dark groups of the Manacicas, and on the silent river that rolled glittering through the plain : the giant shadows of the palms, a hundred feet high, slept on the grassy bank as upon the silver shore ; and when the hour of rest came, they raised the evening hymn, and fell upon their knees—the Christian from the farthest lands would have desired to be there.

In the awful and exceeding beauty of the night, they raised their eyes to the sky, and, while gazing on its glories, they said no more to the moon, “Thou art my mother,” or to the favourite star, “thou art my sister ;” but they praised that Lord who had redeemed them, and whose footsteps were in the wilderness, even more visibly than in the temple made with hands. When each family retired to their neat cabin, and Lucas sought his room in the little church, were not his thoughts exquisite, his conscience calm, and his sleep that of the just ? O death ! he did not yet desire thy coming, or to meet thee face to face, as a man meets his friend. Why didst thou enter into his chambers, where no voice of infirmity or sorrow bade thee come ? No omen was near ; no unusual singing of birds, or changes in the trees, or shriek of wild animals on the plain, so keenly marked by the Indians ; no warrior in his bloody shroud stood by his bed, to bid him remember the lament of the village of Abetzaico : “O our father, go not from us, we shall behold your face no more : they will slay you ; they watch for your life ; we shall behold you no more.”

There was, at the distance of two days' journey, a

tribe of Indians called the Puyzocas, the most obstinate infidels in the whole country. Lucas wished to proclaim the faith to them, and afterwards to visit the Subarecas, who desired to become Christians, and even to behold again the town where he was so treacherously assailed. He left the Conception, and the people accompanied him some part of the way, lamenting his departure, for they were uncertain when they should see his face again, as the journey was long and painful. His feelings were, like those of another pastor, uttered in these simple words: "During the many years in which, by the mercy of God, I have been consecrated to these missions, nothing gives me more sensible pain than to be separated from those among whom I have laboured. With some of the tribes I have passed my earliest life, and their remembrance is infinitely dear to me: with others, my latter years have been greatly blessed. But the Lord, who for a while separates us, will reunite us again in the same spirit and in the same purpose with which we have sought his glory. I wait, to finish my days among my dear converts, whom I cannot leave without sorrow. A missionary who has cultivated, during so many years, a numerous Indian people, who cherishes for them a tender attachment, who sees, above all, that God blesses his instructions, and who finds in the people intrusted to him a true love of prayer, and the liveliest gratitude towards those who have drawn them from the heart of the forests, and taught them the way to heaven; how can he leave such a people without saying in the words of Ruth, "where thou lodgest, I will lodge; the Lord shall be our God; where thou diest I will die, and there will I be buried." He was attended on his journey by thirty-six Indians, of tried attachment and courage. The party suffered greatly by the way, hitherto untrod- den by any foot, save where the hunter had pene-

trated by chance. On reaching, almost exhausted, the village of the Puyzocas, they were received with the liveliest demonstrations of joy ; every one pressing forward with marks of affection, and offering fruits, presents, and all the little luxuries the country afforded. The cacique did not yield to any of his vassals in these external testimonies of kindness, but both he and his people, beneath the veil of these treacherous caresses, concealed the blackest perfidy.

The cacique directed that the strangers should be lodged apart, and not above two or three in the same cabin, nor could his impatience wait for the night ; that very evening he invited them to a repast, to which the greater part of the neophytes came ; but while they were at table, a troop of naked women rushed into the hall, with black lines painted on their faces ; a ceremony in use among them, when meditating some bloody deed. In a few moments the Indians fell on their guests, and murdered them even at the table. Some, who escaped their fury, ran to the cabin assigned to Cavallero, who was tranquilly engaged in prayer. They fled together ; but their speed was unavailing ; they were soon overtaken, and Cavallero was pierced with a javelin. Feeling himself mortally wounded, he fell on his knees, and, lifting his crucifix, prayed for those by whom he was cruelly slain ; then, uttering the last words of Jesus and of Mary, he received on his head another wound, and sank lifeless at their feet. Twenty-six of the neophytes fell at the same time, and the rest with difficulty regained the town of the Conception, where five died of their wounds. The grief and consternation of his people were very great ; they wept in every family, the old, the young, the children, and the mothers, and would not be comforted : they reproached themselves with not going in a larger body, to protect him ; the warriors and the strong men gave way, to wild

transports of rage, that the Puyzocas, a small and inferior tribe, had thus treacherously slain their pastor. They set forth, a numerous band, well armed, to seek his body, and would have taken instant vengeance on his murderers; but the Puyzocas, at their approach, fled from their dwellings, having gained nothing by so foul a deed, but the interminable hatred of the Manacias. They found the body of Lucas where he fell, the crucifix clasped firmly in his hands, and a serene expression on his features. They made a bier of the branches of the trees, and wrapped his remains in their costliest garments, which they had brought with them. The corpse was borne by the chief men of the tribe, for the whole population, save the children and the very aged, had come forth. The procession was very numerous. Sorrow finds little sympathy in towns and cities, when the mourners go about the streets; but in the country, her foot is on the mountain and the plain, her voice is resistless and even beautiful to hear. The funeral train marched two days and part of three nights through the wildernesses, in the awful silence of which, the voice of their mourning was not like earthly mourning. The lament was so wild, so fresh from the heart, and hardly had it died away on the echoes of the forest, ere it broke forth again in shriller tones of emotion. On arriving at the village, they laid the body of Cavallero, the same evening, in the grave. His fellow missionary, on whom the charge now devolved, performed the service. The Indians covered the bier with the freshest flowers, among which the most beautiful was the passion-flower, the emblem of his noble nature, of his impassioned heart. His memory continued to be held in the highest veneration; his grave to be visited by the people and chiefs of the distant tribes whom he had known; and Abetzaico came and lamented over his tomb, for he had greatly loved him.

Thus perished, ere little more than half his course was run, the faithful, the intrepid, the generous Lucas Cavallero, who "sought not his own;" who never, amidst the urgent cares of his mission, forgot the little kindnesses and sympathies of our nature, for he believed that the love of his God required him to gain the love of his fellow-men. His belief was just. Let no man imagine that, in his fidelity to heaven, he can be cold, unbending, or ungenerous to others with impunity; in his extremity, in his agony and death, men will not gather round in hope and fear, in suspense and love. Has life any bitterness equal to the thought, that our memory will not be blessed, and that the tears of others will not fall on our bier? As the first missionary to the great nation of the Manacicas, Lucas was an instrument of extensive and lasting good; brave and indefatigable in action, gentle and amiable in repose; the ascendancy he acquired over the numerous caciques, was never afterwards lost: even when years had elapsed after his first visit, their remembrance was vivid, their welcome that of an ancient friend; the few towns he established continued to flourish; but his progress through the tribes was of infinite service to his successors, who found the way open, the perils explored, the edge of the sword turned away, and the minds of the people far and near awakened to the desire of religion. If the troubles of his course were very great, so also were the rewards: while yet a youth in the Spanish college, when the thirst to be a missionary first dwelt within him, the bold imagination of Lucas could hardly have pictured a more brilliant and animating career than that which heaven awarded him: he died ere he knew desertion, for gentle is the wrath of enemies, to the coldness or forsaking of friends.

## THE CHURCH OF JAPAN.

The advice of Xavier to his missionaries, never to pause in their labours, and to covet martyrdom rather than ease, was implicitly obeyed. They followed his steps into the heart of Japan, maintained his ascendancy, and extended the bounds of the church throughout the empire. His last public act was to send thither three disciples, Alcaceva, Balthazar, and de Silva, trained, like the faithful Cosmo de Torres and Fernandez, to the same stern virtues and errors. After a life of impetuous extremes, he left them his own heritage—great success, and great misfortunes. From the shore of Sancian, his spirit seemed to go with them, urging them to destroy the temples and monasteries, and to fill the court and the city with their message, until the throne was sometimes shaken in the struggle, and themselves were buried in its ruin. At last, they were at ease in their possessions, and, had they then remembered the simplicity of truth rather than the obedience of Rome, their usefulness would have been established even until the latter days, and many generations would have blessed them. They offered up themselves cheerfully, living or dying, for the cause; but their offering was mingled with forbidden fires. Not satisfied with the possession of their Redeemer, the only propitiation for sin, they placed the merits of the saints by the side of *his* merits: his yoke was light and easy, but they made it heavy to be borne. The Jesuit often stood in the presence of the kings, not as a true prophet, but as a worker of delusions; and, is it any wonder that the staff of

his strength was broken to pieces, and his wisdom turned into folly? Their army of martyrs, their company of saints, witnessed an heroic confession; but their blood was not the seed of the church—its power passed away like a dream.

Alcaceva and his companions landed in August, 1552, and were invited by the king of Fucheo to his court, where they presented him with letters from the viceroy of the Indies. They obtained permission to go to the city of Amanguchi, where Cosmo de Torres, the companion of Xavier, still laboured in the mission, and the fathers met each other with exceeding joy. Christmas being just at hand, it was resolved to celebrate this feast with all the pomp and solemnity imaginable; the chapel was adorned, and all the Christians gathered to the midnight mass, and continued in devotion till break of day. The new Christians were so charmed by this celebration, that they resolved to dine at the house of the fathers, in token of the union and charity that were amongst them. The college was thronged with people, among whom were numbers of the better sort, who partook of a plentiful repast, which not a little resembled the agapæ of the primitive ages. A poor's box was set up at the chapel door. Two syndics were chosen, to take care of the alms, and see them distributed among the sick and needy; and it was also decided to give a dinner once a month to all the poor of the town; and that on all Sundays and principal feasts of the year, the Christians should meet together after vespers, to confer on what they had heard in the sermons, and about the means of advancing in virtue and piety. On their return to Fucheo, the king sent Alcaceva with rich presents, and an answer to the viceroy's letter, in which he urged him to send more preachers to instruct his subjects. At the very time that the great plans of Xavier were thus accomplishing, Alcaceva met in the way with his corpse lying

in state in Malacca, and conducted it to Goa. As soon as the funeral was over, Melchior Nunez, the provincial of the Society of Jesus in the Indies, resolved to go himself to Japan. The king of Fucheo now granted the fathers a convenient place for building a church, near to their residence: all concurred in the work, labourers with their hands, and persons of quality with their purses and presents, so that the building was very soon finished. "To inspire the people with more lively sentiments of piety towards the dead, they placed at the entrance of the church a coffin covered with black velvet, and sung every month of November an anthem for the dead, which animated their faith, and inspired them with a tender devotion for the poor suffering souls." Some of the fathers going into the country in the depth of winter, and passing towards night over a high mountain, came to a village where they met with an old and fervent Christian, who had heard Xavier preach on this mountain, and spoke of him with enthusiastic remembrance. He received them into his cottage, and treated them with a decoction of a herb called Inamé, of a cheering and cordial quality, "which made us think little of our fatigues." The next day they came to the village of Cutami, where they baptized three hundred persons; they blessed the church which one of the former converts had erected at his own charge, as well as the fine stone cross in the churchyard. In the career of a faithful missionary we hear of his more conspicuous deeds and conversions, but there is many a glory, that no eye hath seen; many a secret and beautiful memorial of mercy, that gives a fragrance to the lonely mountain and vale. In the mean time died the master of the king's household, a Christian very remarkable for his quality and merit: the Jesuits made his funeral with all the pomp and state imaginable; the house of the deceased being

far distant from the church, the procession went through the whole town. Edward Silva marched at the head with a great cross, above two hundred neophytes went after him with lighted torches in their hands, some carrying pious and devout pictures; next came Torres with his surplice and stole; and last of all the hearse covered with black velvet. His widow employed part of her wealth in building an hospital. In the mean time, Melchior Nugnez, provincial of the Indies, arrived in Firando with six other missionaries and five students, to learn the Japanese tongue, in the year 1556. The Portuguese merchants made a splendid procession to the palace in Fucheo, in honour of the provincial; a troop of nobles came, to receive and introduce them to the king. The prince arose, and taking Nugnez by the hand, said to him, "you are welcome, my father; this is one of the happiest days I ever had in my whole life: methinks I see Francis Xavier, whom I loved as tenderly as my own self." Nugnez soon after fell ill, and was obliged to return to the Indies; before his departure, he admitted into the Society Louis Almeida, a young Portuguese nobleman, about thirty years of age, "who had excellent wit and great address, but little study. He was about to return to Portugal, but being exhorted to enter into the spiritual exercises of Ignatius before he began his voyage, he found himself so strangely inspired in this retreat, that he resolved to leave the world and devote himself to the service of God and his neighbour in the Society of Jesus. Before his admission, he laid out five thousand crowns, to build two hospitals." In the mean time the king of Amanguchi was slain and his city plundered in a rebellion of some of his powerful subjects, during which the fathers in that city were in constant peril of their lives. The ruler of Fucheo raised an army of threescore thousand men, to revenge the death of his brother, and obliged the rebel force to retire into

the mountains. The dairi of Meaco, the nominal emperor of all the kingdom, to whom it belongs to compose differences, sent his officers to make proposals of peace, which was concluded greatly to the king of Fucheo's advantage, who became master of five additional provinces. Cosmo de Torres, constituted by Nugnez to be provincial of the Japanese mission, received at this time a letter from a bonza, inviting him to come to Meaco, the metropolis of the whole empire: after much consultation, Villela was sent on this hazardous journey, with two Japanese youths for his companions. "I embarked," he writes, "like a victim destined for sacrifice. I concluded I was a dead man. But methinks St. Francis Xavier appeared to me in a dream in his usual shape, and promised me his assistance with a smiling countenance. The very sight of him calmed my troubled mind, dissipated sorrow, and replenished my soul with so much comfort, that now I fear no evils." After many difficulties and obstacles, he arrived at Sacay, about twelve leagues from the city. Near to Meaco is the mountain Frenoxima, where resided the bonza who had invited Torres to come. Villela was advised to visit the superior and chief prelate of all the priesthood, who lived at the top of this mountain in a pleasant seat; for without his leave it was not easy to preach in Meaco. This mountain is famous for its many monasteries and academies of bonzas; it contains many pleasant valleys in its bosom, well watered with fountains and streams, and shaded with forests; the mountain is in the midst of the great lake of Domi, which is above thirty leagues long and three broad, and encloses it on all sides like an imperial crown. Villela arrived in November, 1559, in Meaco, and retired to a poor house, where he spent ten days in continual mortification, watching, fasting, and prayer, to prepare himself before he appeared in public.

He then went to the market-place amongst the crowd of people, and, raising his voice and shewing his crucifix, he invited them to come and hear the word of God; but he got nothing but injuries and contempt. He was turned out of his lodgings, and retired with his companions to a stable, open at the top, and exposed to all weathers, and without any convenience of bed, fire, or chimney; they were forced to live on mats, and lie on the cold moist ground. Crowds of people, of all ages, sexes, and conditions, came to hear, and then to affront and laugh at him. A few persons of quality at last sent for him in private, and Mioxindono, one of the principal lords of the court, was so pleased with his conversation, that he obtained for him from the emperor full power to preach, and exercise his functions without molestation. He was soon after obliged to fly from Meaco by the fury of the priests; Mioxindono sent him to one of his castles four leagues distant, where, reproaching himself for cowardice, he returned with a bolder presence than before, and lodged with a wealthy citizen, one of his converts. His patron procured him new letters patent for his mission, on the strength of which a chapel was built. "The number of the faithful increased daily, for, since the emperor espoused their cause, people came from all parts to hear the father." Cosmo de Torres, delighted to hear of this success, sent Balthasar to the Indies for new recruits, and Louis Almeida into the interior, as far as Cangoxima, where Anger, the Japanese noble, had lately followed his friend to his last resting place. Almeida, tracing with enthusiasm the steps of his predecessor, saw afar off, on the mountain summit, the fortress of Ekandono, the wild and impressive solitude where Xavier lodged during many days. The governor and his lady were still living, and gave him a hospitable reception: and though the Christians there had neither seen a priest or heard a sermon for thirty

years past, yet by the directions left them by the apostle of the Indies, and the wise conduct of an aged man whom he had constituted rector of the church, they all retained their primitive spirit and fervour. This fine old man, on seeing Almeida, asked earnestly after Francis: when told that he was dead some years ago, all the Christians burst into tears. Shewing a book that he had given him, with the principal articles of faith written with his own hand, he related many things concerning his first teacher, which he had treasured in his heart. The lady of the castle also shewed a little volume of the Litanies of the Saints, which Xavier had also written, and presented to her. Almeida met the garrison and the people, preached, and instructed them every day; and so delighted was he with this retreat, that he could have spent many weeks here: at night he walked on the battlements on which his chamber opened, meditating on the vicissitudes even of the most hallowed designs, and grateful for the mercy that had called him to such a career. Here Francis had loved to walk and meditate, in the splendour of his fame and usefulness; his frame full of strength, his heart full of faith and victory. There seemed to be a peculiar and beautiful influence over the place, as if the spirit of the mighty that had passed away, hovered round the blest retreat, and witnessed with joy the welfare of the infant church. He took his leave from the fortress, promising to return again, and went to wait on the king of Saxuma, whom he presented with the letters of Cosmo de Torres. Almeida then went to Cangoxima, where he found the first converts full of zeal and fervour, in spite of all their persecutions. On his return to Fucheo, he again visited the castle of Ekandono, where they had pressed him earnestly to return; he stayed ten or twelve days, and baptized about seventy persons.

Letters were now received from the king of

Omura, earnestly desiring that some of the missionaries would preach in his states. Happening one day to meet with a book written by Villela, in answer to the objections of the Japonians, he was much pleased with the work, and wrote to Torres that he would build a church, and give the Portuguese the excellent seaport of Vocoxiura, free from all taxes and customs. This port is one of the pleasantest and largest in all Japan, secured from high winds by a little island at its mouth. Almeida was therefore sent without delay to Omura, whither Torres soon afterwards followed him. This interesting old man had come with Xavier to Japan, where he had laboured ever since with indefatigable zeal and usefulness, for he was thoroughly acquainted with the language, customs, and temper of the people. Although broken with years and toils, he willingly accepted of this commission, being very desirous to visit his darling church of Firando, which he had founded, and which was only ten leagues from Vocoxiura.

Even at this early period, in the paraphernalia of marvels and superstitions was in full exercise in Japan; there were pictures and images in the churches, as well as relics of saints; "but what was most moving of all, was to see them go in procession from Firando on Good Friday, to a mountain where Torres erected a cross—clad in sackcloth with crowns of thorns on their heads. The women bathed the ground with their tears. the men sprinkled it with their blood by sharp disciplines; and when they used this sort of penance in the church, the whole pavement was dyed with it. On Easter-day they put off these penitential weeds, and clad themselves in rich clothes, with garlands of flowers on their heads, to accompany the procession, which set out at break of day, Torres carrying the blessed sacrament under a rich canopy." Yet how ingeniously and with what naiveté were truth and folly, subli-

mity and absurdity, blended together. The king of Omura marched with a noble retinue, to meet Torres ; the Portuguese prepared a magnificent feast, and waited on him at table : after dinner, Torres conducted him into the church, which was very richly adorned for the occasion. " Every thing looked fine ; but what struck the prince most of all was, an image of our Blessed Lady, with the Saviour in her arms. As there are excellent painters in Japan, the prince did not so much wonder to see the image's eyes fixed upon him on every side ; but there was something, he thought, very extraordinary in those of the Divine Infant, which looked upon him with a smiling countenance, and seemed to touch his heart by its invisible darts. He put several questions to the father about what he observed in the church ; afterwards the latter presented him with a gilded fan, which had been sent him from Meaco by Villela, and there was painted on it the name of Jesus, above it the holy cross, and underneath three nails. The king immediately demanded to know the signification of these letters. The other replied, " Sir, this is the sacred name of the Saviour of the world ; which God grant may be engraven in your majesty's heart, for it contains most admirable mysteries, which I shall enlarge upon at your convenience." The king had such an ardent desire of understanding them, that he returned the same night after supper to Cosmo's lodgings, having still the fan in his hand. " Father, (said he) whatever enters my ears sinks down into my heart, and it is impossible to express how much I am taken with your discourse : but still I cannot rest satisfied till you have unfolded the mystery of this fan." Then, after repeating that these letters formed the name of the Redeemer, he explained to him, and made him understand, that as one man had ruined us by his sin, so another man had saved us by the sanctity of

his life—that the one aimed to level himself with God; and that the other, to repair his fault, of God became man,—that the one by his pride had rendered himself mortal and miserable, and that the other by his humility left it in our power to be happy and immortal—that by the first man's revolt his whole posterity became criminal, as in Japan the whole family is involved in the ruin of one that rebels against his prince. After expounding to him this chief mystery of our redemption, he gave him an account of the victory which Constantine the Great, the first Christian emperor, gained over his enemies by virtue of the holy cross which appeared to him in the air with these words, “By this sign I conquer.” He was so taken with this passage, that he desired Fernandez to teach him to make the sign of the cross, and to set down in writing the principal articles of our belief. He asked leave to wear a cross upon his robes, to shew that it was engraven in his heart. On his return to Omura, he ordered a cross of gold to be made, and hung it about his neck; and in a few days after went to visit his brother the king of Arima, who, surprised at the sight of the cross, asked him if he had turned Christian: the other answered that he was one in his heart, and persuaded him to send for the father. A few days after, a letter came to Torres from the prince of Arima, and Louis Almeida was sent, who received letters patent, which gave him full power to officiate in that territory, where he preached three times a day; and in fifteen days baptized two hundred and sixty persons; and a church was built. Two months afterwards, the king of Omura came to Vocoxiura, where Torres still resided. He spent good part of the night in instructing him, and early in the morning they all repaired to the chapel, where Torres expected them in his robes, with Fernandez and Damian in their surplices. The king advanced to

the middle of the chapel, and fell down on his knees with the rest of the nobles, and was baptized by the name of Bartholomew.

On joining his forces with the king of Arima's, they being at war with the neighbouring potentates, he resolved to give public marks of his religion. He wore a kind of white suit richly embroidered with gold, and in the middle the name of Jesus with the cross. The church was then, at Arima, Omura, and the neighbouring places, like a vine that spreads its branches on all sides, breathing out in its flowers a sweet odour of sanctity amongst these barbarous people; but a sudden and unforeseen storm broke off all these fine branches, nipped the buds, and cut down the vine to the very root. The heads of this revolt were twelve lords of the king's council, who, seeing that, contrary to their advice, he had abolished the ancient religion, turned out the priests, ruined their temples and monasteries, to set up an upstart foreign faith,—were resolved to be revenged. Not being able to raise an army, they had recourse to plotting and intrigue, “for the Japonians of all nations excel in the art of secrecy and dissimulation.” They excited the late king's natural son, who began to raise troops; the priests stirred up a neighbouring prince to join the league, and fixed on Cosmo de Torres for their first victim. In one of his journeys to Omura, they lay in wait, and fell suddenly on the company, and cut the greater part in pieces: fortunately the father was not in the party, being delayed on the way. The rebels prevailed, and entered the city of Omura; the king cut his way through the enemy, and fled to a strong fortress. This sudden reverse threw all the Christians into consternation; the fathers were advised to save themselves in the ships of Portugal, which were hardly out of the port, before Guitondono, the rebel prince, entered the town at the head of his

troops. The king of Arima, the brother of the deposed prince of Omura, soon after shared the same fate, which the princes of Japan often provoked by their hasty reforms and violences against the ancient faith, whereby their most powerful subjects, as well as the priesthood, were alienated from them. The church in the city of Fucheo was deeply concerned at these disasters. Almeida was sent to learn a true account of the late transactions, and at every hazard to seek out the fathers. Being generally known in the country, he travelled safely, but in some places a change had come over the face of things; former friends looked coldly on him; and in one town the inhabitants, to his great surprise, would not seem to know him. In the mean time Xengandono, an old and celebrated warrior, the father of the two deposed princes, sensibly touched by the misfortunes of his sons, contrived by his cunning and influence to get together a body of troops. He sent word to king Bartholomew, who was closely besieged in the fortress, that he would come to his relief, and give the enemy battle on such a day. Upon this advice, the former animated his men with the assurance of succour. On the day appointed he perceived afar off a great body of cavalry and infantry coming down the hills; then he took a small cross, which was also engraven on the standard which had been sent him by Cosmo de Torres, and, calling his men together, he made every one take a cross, and animated them to battle by pointing to the troops that were coming down the mountain. Whilst he yet spoke, the succours drew near at hand, and the enemy, believing them to be a body of reinforcements, did not prepare for battle; but seeing them force the lines and break down their entrenchments, they were strangely surprised, and instantly a hideous noise arose—the soldiers all ran to their arms, and in a few minutes

the enemy was in the very heart of them. On the other side the king sallied out with his men, and fell on the rebels in this confusion with such fury, that they could think of nothing but saving themselves; the old warrior Xengandono made a terrible slaughter in the flight. The king gave a thanksgiving to God for so signal a victory, and sent immediately despatches to Torres with the news. Thus was restored to his throne the best and noblest of the princes of Japan, the faithful pillar of the church.

It is grateful to turn from these troubles to a more calm and touching episode: Almeida arrived, bringing with him Edward de Silva, who longed extremely to have the blessing of Torres before he died. This youth had laboured fervently in the kingdom of Fuceo; he knew perfectly well both the Japonian and Chinese languages, and composed a grammar with a dictionary in Portuguese and Japonian, which proved of great use to the fathers who came from the Indies. Being sent into an island to preach the Lent sermons, he exercised that office with so much zeal and fasting, that he fell into a languishing condition. Almeida hastened to his relief, but saw that he was past all remedies; his last desire was to be conducted to his superior, that he might behold his face once more. He died in the arms of Cosmo de Torres, and the tears of the aged man were shed helplessly over him: he had seen the rise and fall of many; the time of his own departure was near, and the blast that should scatter his leaves; and he could not bear to see the young and the gifted cut down before him. In the year 1564 fifteen Jesuits arrived in Japan, namely, seven priests and eight brothers. Torres distributed them about as necessity required: he sent Froés to Meaco, to assist Villela, who was nearly worn out with labours: Almeida and Froés parted from

Fuchoe in December for Meaco, and arrived at Sacay about the end of the following month, where they were received by Don Sanches, the rich convert, with his wonted kindness. His only daughter Monica was the comfort of his life, and the ornament of his home: she had both beauty and wit, and was seized at this time with a love of single blessedness. Knowing that her father had thoughts of marrying her to a heathen nobleman, one of his relations, she came with her *gouvernanté* to Almeida, and told him, that since receiving baptism she felt very strong desires to consecrate herself to God by a vow of perpetual chastity; that she had resolved to cut off her hair; and begged of him to acquaint her father with this resolve, before he engaged farther in the treaty of marriage. Louis Almeida commended her resolution. "But remember, lady," he replied, "what difficulties you are like to meet with, for you are going upon an action without precedent in Japan. Your father having only one child, and being passionately fond of you, will certainly oppose your design. All your relations and the whole town will ridicule and laugh at these thoughts, and you must expect to spend the rest of your days without any help or comfort. Before one begins to build a castle, he first considers whether he hath wherewithal to carry on the work." "I know," she replied, "the resolution is great and above my strength, but I hope God will give me grace to accomplish it. To obtain the favour of his goodness, I'm used to fast three days every week without either meat or drink, and I spend every day some hours in meditating on my Saviour's passion." Almeida, seeing her resolve, opened the matter to her father, who was much surprised at this unexpected news, but said he would not use any violence to his daughter, and would study some way or other to break off the matter. Monica,

transported at this success, immediately consecrated herself to her vow. She withdrew from most of her connexions and acquaintances; pleasures and visitings lost their charm: her lover was grievously disappointed, and tried to shake her resolve: her friends were amazed as well as indignant about it: and Monica could soon say, that she sat alone in her father's halls, where the sweet voices of flattery came no more; that her beauty was vain; that her life passed without honour, at least without homage, for single life is hated in Japan.

Almeida and Froés arrived in Meaco, and were welcomed with transport by Villela, whom they were surprised to see, at the age of forty-two, grey and broken like a man of fourscore. Besides his ministerial labours, he had translated the Saints' Lives into Japanese. The city was thronged with the lords and chief people from all parts, who come at this season to pay their court to the emperor, or cubo, as he is called. Villela and his friends went to court, to pay their respects. He was seated on a throne in a great hall hung with the richest tapestry; the pillars and steps of the throne were of massive gold: the four princes of the blood were behind, and the four first ministers of state on the right hand, and about three hundred of the nobility round about: the canopy was of massive gold. This potentate was gorgeously dressed, and held a fan in his hand, the slight movements of which indicate distinction or esteem towards those who are presented to him. Villela generally went in his surplice and stole, but, having to present his companions, he put on a more splendid dress. The church at this time flourished greatly in Meaco; but the rebellions and wars to which Japan, from its variety of aspiring principedoms, is peculiarly subject, "raised such a tempest, as ruined the whole empire, abolished religion, and filled the provinces with fire and blood."

Mioxindono, the general and minister, who had patronized Villela on his first arrival in Meaco, conspired against his master, by whom he was greatly trusted, got several strong places into his hands, and, being joined by several great officers and nobles, attacked the palace in the dead of night. The emperor, after a desperate defence, was slain : the assailants, rushing through the palace, put its inmates, with all the ladies of the court, to the sword : the empress, whom they chiefly aimed at, escaped their fury : after a strict search, she was found, three days after the massacre, in one of the monasteries half a league from the town. She was a young princess of admirable beauty : knowing she was discovered, she wrote a letter to the two chief conspirators : " I die, ungrateful traitors, and it is a great comfort to me that I am not indebted to you for my life ; seeing death opens my way into the land of the blessed to meet with my spouse. You have put to death the best of princes and the kindest of masters, who had no other crime but that he loved you. I repent for nothing, but that I brought you into his favour." She then descended into the hall with calmness and dignity, and, falling on her knees, her head was cut off by the executioner. The fathers now gave themselves over for lost : they assembled the Christians in the church, confessed them that night, and waited for death. Early the next morning, three hundred gentlemen gathered round the church, well armed, and beat off a band of soldiers who came to set it on fire, and massacre the Christians. The bonzas implored the conspirators to put the fathers to death. An edict was issued " that the foreign preachers be deprived of their churches, and banished from Meaco : " it was published by sound of trumpet : the lamentation was great : they departed with all speed for Sacay, whence Don Sanches had come to shield their flight.

Numbers of Christians came from Meaco, and some neighbouring towns, to visit their pastors. "Many ladies of quality also, to celebrate the feast of Christmas, obtained leave of their husbands to make ten or twelve leagues on foot, in imitation of the Blessed Virgin in her journey from Nazareth to Bethlehem." Retribution followed the black treachery of the conspirators. Vatacono, a famous captain, and entirely devoted to the late emperor's family, offered his services to Nobunanga, king of Buri, who gave him the command of his troops, with which, after a long and bloody engagement, he defeated the conspirators, and drove their party from Meaco in 1568, three years after their usurpation. In Sacay, the fathers took refuge in the mansion of Sanches, and Monica and her father lavished the most hospitable attentions on them during their exile; considering themselves eminently favoured in the society of three such eminent confessors and agreeable companions. Admirable was the equanimity and buoyancy of spirit with which the Jesuits bore tribulations: in solitude and prison, their richly stored minds and memories were an unfailling resource; they were never desolate. Rarely, however, is the exile of men persecuted for religion so attractive and consoling as the home of Sanches, and the society of the beautiful and witty Monica, whose renouncement of the world had not broken the vigour of her intellect, or the vivacity of her temper: she was skilled in music, and the domestic concerts were aided by the taste and skill of Almeida, whose accomplishments and attainments were more brilliant than profound. Here, in the town and neighbourhood, the fathers exercised their ministry in perfect safety; from the ladies as well as gentlemen who came on pilgrimage from Meaco, they received intelligence of all that was passing there. On the decisive victory of his general over

the conspirators, Nobunanga entered the capital as its sovereign, and rebuilt the palace at a vast expense; he resolved to recall the missionaries to Meaco, and gave them full powers under the great seal. "I permit the fathers to preach and reside in the city. I forbid all persons whatever to make any attempt on their church or house. I exempt them from all charges and duties of the street where they live. I farther permit them to settle in any of my kingdoms where they please, without molestation or trouble. And whoever offers to give them the least disturbance shall be answerable to my tribunal, and shall be punished as a rebel;" addressed, "To the fathers of Christianity in the church called Of the True Doctrine." This prince was a remarkable personage; of a spirit and taste suited rather to the middle ages of Europe than to the rule of Japan: fond of tournaments and chivalrous sports, yet eagerly retiring at times to his palaces in the country, which he had built in beautiful situations, in a costly and extravagant style of architecture, where he loved to wander, and listen to concerts of music. "He was of a large stature, but of a weak and delicate complexion: nevertheless, he had a heart and soul that infinitely supplied all other wants, and was naturally ambitious above all men: bold and generous, he had a quick and penetrating wit, and seemed cut out for business." Louis Froés, at the glad news, instantly set out for the capital, where he had a conference of two hours in the palace, and said to his majesty that he would send his royal proclamation for his settlement in Meaco, as far as the Indies, to give these countries a perfect idea of his greatness and power. This prince, whose thoughts aimed chiefly at glory, was pleased with his discourse, and promised to confirm the grant absolutely. And now religion advanced like a ship under sail in a calm and pleasant sea." A terrible and cruel blow was now struck against

the bonzas, even in their seat of power and pride on the mountain Frenoxima, amidst whose vales and declivities were their costliest temples and monasteries, and their retreats of luxury and vice, where they abandoned themselves to all kinds of excesses : inclosed on three sides by the vast lake of Domi, and in the bosom of ancient forests, dells, and precipices, they were shut out from the observance and intrusion of the world. Nobunanga, who hated them, and laughed at their worship, surrounded the mountain with his troops, and blocked all the avenues of escape : their jaco, or great priest, with whom Villela on his first arrival had an interview, was in his palace on the summit. The terrified priests, taken unprepared, offered large sums to the vindictive prince : he sent them word to defend themselves : they alleged the great sanctity of the place, and that the anger of the gods would fall on his head. "Then let the gods defend you," he replied, and let loose his troops on the heights, who broke into the fastnesses and retreats, and slew all before them : the temples were burned, and the bonzas who took sanctuary in them found no mercy : neither did those who fled to the grots and caves ; they were hunted like wild beasts over their hallowed mountain ; numbers, to escape the edge of the sword, threw themselves from the rocks into the lake.

Thus did the ruin which the priesthood sought to bring on the church of Meaco recoil on their own heads : the exile of the fathers was changed into victory : from the roof of their college in Meaco they could behold the blackened retreats of their enemies, the devastated temples, the ruined thrones of those who had laughed them to scorn. They were held in honour by the cruel prince, whose pride and daring soon knew no bounds. During this year died Fernandez, who came with the first missionary

to Japan, which he never afterwards left: so high was the opinion of his piety entertained by his friend, that he told Gaspar Barzæus, whom he left superior of the Indies in his absence, "that he was yet far short of Fernandez in the way of perfection." He was formerly a rich merchant of Lisbon, and entered into the Society at twenty-two years of age, resigning most of his property to his relations. He was the most eloquent in preaching of all the Japanese fathers, and spoke the language so perfectly, as often to be their interpreter in difficult conferences.

It is time to return to the king of Omura, whose genius and bravery had no sooner restored him to the throne, than he sent for Cosmo de Torres: the good old man cheerfully took the journey, and being brought into the king's presence, "they both wept for joy to meet each other again, after so many long and furious tempests." The latter directed him to build two churches; the one at Omura, the other at Nangasaqui, and furnished him with money. Torres began the work, and sent Villela to the latter town, to commence there also, and instruct some new missionaries lately arrived, for Nangasaqui had a noble harbour, very convenient for ships that came from the Indies. In the following year, 1570, Cosmo de Torres yielded his life, having spent one and twenty years in Japan; a faithful and admirable man; his churches were dearer to him than freedom or life: often imprisoned and persecuted near unto death; loved greatly by his friends; the last desire of De Silva and Fernandez was to receive his blessing. He was a Spanish priest, "and one of the greatest wits and learned'st men of his time, having been some time grand vicar to the bishop of Goa: he never ate fish nor flesh, but lived altogether on roots and herbs, and on rice boiled in water; he never drank wine." Xavier, who admitted him into

the Society, was early acquainted with his talents and virtues, and chose him for his companion to Japan, and at last resigned the charge into his hands. Indefatigable, yet calm and collected in many perils, cares, and troubles, Cosmo de Torres had the consolation to see his churches flourish greatly; that exquisite recompense also was given him, that his latest years were his happiest, and his sun went down in honour. He wrote to Rome for a superior to succeed him; as soon as he heard that Francis Cabral, the new provincial, was arrived, he broke out into the words of Simeon, "Now, Lord, let thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." Why should he lament to die; he had been faithful to God and to his trust, even beyond the age of seventy-four; he had been spared, as if to consummate the great work begun by his friend, and now he was impatient to join him. Villela alone was near, to whom he confessed, and the next day was carried to the church to receive the holy viaticum; he knelt beside the altar, weeping; the people who stood around wept also. This last farewell was heavy on his heart, that had given to these scenes its strength, its hope, its wasting cares, till they became "the forest of its Carmel." These forty years were indelible: yet they would have appeared to most men a long and dreary exile, on which pleasure, love, ambition, and each delicious soother of the way, never beamed, even for a moment. Yet he could point without sorrow to the world he was leaving: how many had fallen, to rise no more! how many were weary, and not comforted; there was a doom on the aspirations of others; the love of thousands was waxed cold. *His* love, unquenched by many sorrows, was now mightier than death: he blessed the people, and retired to his chamber, where he desired, he said, to employ every moment with God. Crowds, of every condi-

tion, resorted to his chamber to gaze on his features once more: "the labourer," said Villela, "is worthy of his reward;" the words were almost prophetic, for while he watched in deep solicitude the last moments of his friend, the summons went forth, that he also must shortly follow. The funeral procession was so numerous, that it was difficult to reach the grave; the people tore off his habit for relics; "the whole circuit of his vast mission was perfumed with the fragrant odour of his sanctity and zeal." A few weeks after the grave had closed on the venerable man, Villela, in whose arms he had breathed his last, died also; worn down, while yet in the prime of life, by hardships and toils. Thus sank, one after the other, the earliest labourers in this mighty vineyard. Alcaceva and Balthazar had returned to the Indies some years previous; Almeida alone remained, looking sadly on the graves of his friends: they had wept and rejoiced together; had shared the same prison and exile; and now he must go on his way, hoping no more to see those loved, familiar faces, no more to hold rich intercourse together. Alas, how imperfectly do new intimacies supply the place of the old; the voice, the look, the fine, delicate, and inexpressible sympathies and forbearances, that knit heart to heart—all, all are wanting.

The second generation of missionaries is rarely equal to the first, by whom the heat that wastes by day, and the terror by night, were met in their fierceness, and conquered; they were alone with their God, desolate of human aid or favour: all was new, fearful yet delightful: others entered into their labours, and reaped the harvest—which they had not sown in tears. The indelible letters of Francis were written to these men; whose career was the accomplishment of his own words: "An evangelical missionary must expect to suffer more than he is aware of: he ought in the first place to be a per-

son of unblameable conversation, for the Japonians judge of his doctrine by his manners: moreover, that he ought to be of no less capacity than virtue, because Japan is also furnished with men profound in science, and who do not yield up any point in dispute without being first convinced by demonstrative reasons: over and above, it is necessary that a missionary should come prepared to endure all manner of wants and hardships, that he must be endued with an heroic fortitude to encounter continual danger, and death itself in dreadful torments, in case of need: lastly, that it is very expedient to have them well versed in astronomy and the mathematics, because such sciences, conduce extremely to win the affections of these people. They will be wearied out with visits and troublesome questions every hour of the day, and part of the night: they will be sent for incessantly to the houses of great ones, and will sometimes want leisure to say their prayers, and make their recollections: perhaps also they may want time to say mass or their breviary—and much more, to eat, and take a little repose, for it is incredible how unfortunate these Japonians are.”

Francis Cabral, the provincial, made from Fucheo a tour to the various churches till he came to Meaco, where Nobunanga was now the chief support of Christianity: thence he went to Facata, where there was a fair church and flourishing congregation of some years standing: and afterwards to Amanguchi, “where this poor afflicted church met at a little chapel, and there prayed and read pious books: after that, they conferred together about what had been read, appointed persons to distribute their alms, and by these devout exercises of piety they preserved the faith for above twenty years.” Omura was now the chief jewel in the Jesuits' crown: the queen and the greater part of the nobility had received baptism: four fathers

laboured at once in the territory, and the number of converts was so great, that in the year 1575-6 they baptized twenty thousand persons, and built thirty churches. The princely convert Batholomew, ordered a more stately church to be built in his capital of Omura, and he and his queen were always present at the services: "it is not to be expressed what joy he felt in his soul, to see all his states now reduced under the sweet yoke of Jesus Christ. This was the first of all the kingdoms in Japan that generally received the Christian religion." Cabral, the provincial, was received in Omura with all honour; but was soon summoned to Fucheo by a pressing message from the king, who at last was firmly resolved to become a Christian, and receive baptism at his hands. Twenty-seven years had elapsed since his first noble and generous treatment of Xavier, whose words, amidst all his wars and troubles, were treasured in his heart. And now they produced their final fruit, to the rapture of the fathers, who had sorrowed over the long indecision of this prince. He stood in the midst of his officers, and "as for the name," he said, "I will have none but his name who first preached the gospel in Japan, to whom I am indebted for this mercy. And, therefore, I desire to bear his name, and be called Francis:" this was in the nine-and-fortieth year of his age.

In the following year, the king of Arima, with his queen, received baptism: he was the brother of the prince of Omura, with whom he had fled, on their dethronement, to the fortress, till rescued by the succour of their father. Almeida came, and soon after arrived four missionaries from the Indies, instructed in the Japanese tongue in the college at Goa, who began to labour in Arima. In the same year, Balthazar entered the port of Nangasaki with thirteen more missionaries, of whom seven were priests: some of these were sent to Saxuma,

and one to the mountain castle of Ekandono, whose inmates had long looked anxiously forth, to inquire if the footsteps of the missionary yet drew near. Cabral now resolved to found a college in Arima: for he saw that it was absolutely necessary to have the children well instructed, and brought up in an attachment to the Christian religion: that to allow the young lords and children of the nobility to be sent, as before, to the bonzas, for instruction—would be sure to instil into their minds an aversion to the faith. The king gave him a spacious place, with a pleasant garden, where he erected a college and a seminary; the former for the children, and the latter for the gentry and nobility. A college was the same year erected in the city of Fucheo, where they placed sixteen novices, as well as many scholars to study both the human and divine sciences. Cabral wrote a memoir of the events of his time in Japan; but the most accomplished scholar and writer was Alexander Valignan, his successor, who came with six more Jesuits: he went to Meaco, where he was present at a splendid and costly tournament given by Nobunanga, of which he gives a vivid description. “It was not hard to distinguish the king, by his tall and noble figure, and the lustre of his garments, which were covered with precious stones: the housing, the petrel, the bridle, and frontlet of his horse, were all of gold and silver; the stirrups were of pure gold, the very reins were garnished with pearls and precious stones; he wore a scarf of inestimable value: he himself ran fast in the tournament. Each of the lords spent, at the least, twenty thousand ducats; a large space in the champaign was enclosed about with rails very curiously wrought: ten thousand horse and six thousand mules, covered with rich housing, were in the field, besides the war-horses engaged in the tournament. All the flower of the

chivalry of Japan was present. No man exceeded the king in address, in managing his arms, and flinging the dart, and running in the lists; he struck right at the mark, a thing none had done before him."

It is impossible not to admire the unwearied ardour, the impassioned enterprise, of these men: they said, that true virtue consisted in sufferings, but they seemed to believe that it consisted in action; save Cosmo de Torres, they mostly fell in youth or middle age, broken by toils and hardships; they differed in talents, but they possessed a conformity of spirit, temper, and taste; the same heart of fire, the same nerve of iron, lived in every one; the delicate sank early, regretting not to die; the more robust were old before their time. A new and splendid era in the church of Rome arose with the Jesuits, who broke asunder at once the chains of sloth and ignorance that had long bound most of her fraternities. Scorning the rust and uselessness of the cloister, they resolved to rise by a boundless acquisition of knowledge, and an ascendancy over the minds of others; their empire was that of talent; they soon had the ball in their own hands, and therefore were they inexcusable, that, when they went to heathen lands, they perpetuated the reign of miracles. It was a delicate point, for the invocation of saints is an essential article of Romish belief; and as no saint is invocated before canonization, and none can be canonized but those whose sanctity is attested by several miracles, which are carefully examined—therefore, to suppress miracles, was little else in effect but to abolish the worship and invocation of saints. The converts, however, might have done very well without the saints, of whose names they had never dreamed before; yet, such is the force of habit or of delusion, that the most accomplished and gifted of these

men, while they held ignorance and luxurious indolence to be accursed, clung, with the credulity or tenacity of a Hindoo, to the marvels of their own, as well as former days. Rome was unjust to her most zealous sons; save Xavier, not one of the eminent missionaries of Japan or China was honoured with canonization, though they merited it more richly than half the sullen and solitary saints in the calendar; and as to miracles, there is a satisfying banquet of them, select and precious in Bohours—and, in the memoirs of father Solier, yet more abundant. On the brighter side of the picture, how admirable were their ceaseless efforts for the education and instruction in learning, sciences, and philosophy, of the Japanese youth! the Jesuit missionary, when he had brought them to the knowledge of God, did not rest till he opened, with the skill and fondness of the miner, the rich quarry of the mind.

In the city of Fucheo there was now both a college and a university, where they took the degrees of masters of art and doctors of divinity; there were twenty Jesuits in the college. Alexander Valignan writes, that on his return to the Indies, he left a hundred and fifty thousand Christians in Japan, two hundred churches, and fifty-nine religious houses of his Order. The embassy sent in 1582, from three crowned heads of Japan, to pope Gregory the 13th, is very remarkable. The kings of Fucheo, Arima, and Omura, sent three lords who were their near relations, with two others, loaded with presents, in company with Valignan. In August, 1584, they arrived in Lisbon, and were nobly entertained by the archduke of Austria, governor of the kingdom. Hence they journeyed overland to Madrid, where they were conducted in the king's coaches to the palace, clad, at his request, in the Japonian manner; he embraced them; on their presenting their letters and presents, he said, "that he thought their em-

bassy glorious; that, being united with their masters in the sacred bonds of religion, he would cultivate so dear an alliance earnestly. He discoursed with them a long time, and took particular notice of their large silk robes and rich scarfs, and, above all, of their sabres, which were thick set with pearls and diamonds, and excellently tempered." They were conducted next day to the empress Maria, and the chief prelates and nobles, and to the Escorial. The king ordered a ship to be fitted out for transporting them to Italy, and went himself in person, accompanied by the Cardinal Toledo and the rest of the nobles, to visit them at their own lodgings in the Jesuits' college. They went by way of Alcala, and embarked at Alicant, whence they arrived at Leghorn. The grand duke of Tuscany sent to invite them to Pisa, where they stayed all the time of the carnival; and thence travelled, by way of Florence and Sienna, to Rome.

As they drew near the city, a vast multitude went out to meet them, the pope sent two troops of cavalry for their escort, and they were received at the gates by Claudius Aquaviva, general of the Society of Jesus, with two hundred of his Order: after embracing with tears of joy on both sides, he conducted them to the church, where *Te Deum* was sung; the three ambassadors knelt each on a velvet cushion, and thanked God, that, after a voyage of three years, one month, and two days, of above seven thousand leagues, they at last happily accomplished the end of their desires. The Jesuits wished that the ceremony of presentation should be private, but the pope, by the advice of the cardinals, decided that they should be received publicly as ambassadors of crowned heads: first marched the pope's horse-guards richly clad, and were followed by the company of Switzers; next came the cardinals and their officers habited in purple; and after

them, the ministers of foreign princes with a magnificent train; then bands of music, which played delightfully; the three lords of Japan came next, with their robes of silk thickly embroidered with gold, and wrought with figures of flowers, leaves, and birds; they wore poniards and sabres set with pearls and diamonds; and, being young men of good figure and princely air, they were greatly admired; the march was closed by a large body of the Roman nobility on horseback. As soon as they arrived at the bridge of St. Angelo, they were saluted with a discharge of the artillery from the castle; and, arriving at the palace of St. Peter, Gregory 13th wept when they knelt before him, at the thought that they were the first-fruits of the kingdom of Japan; they then declared they came to acknowledge the Vicar of the Son of God on earth, and to render him a true and faithful obedience, as the head of the true and universal church. Then their letters were presented and read, written by the three kings, their masters, in a simple, concise, and characteristic strain. An harangue was then made by Gaspar Gonzalez in Latin, before the conclave, in answer to the letters of the three ambassadors, of which the following is an extract: "The city of Rome once looked upon herself as most fortunate under the empire of Augustus, because some people of the Indies, attracted by the fame of their noble achievements, sent ambassadors to court their alliance and friendship. If we compare the two embassies together, we shall find this of the Japonians infinitely more illustrious and glorious. The Indians came to court the friendship of the Romans, but not to yield their obedience. What is acted to day is of a far different nature. Those who never knew what it is to yield to foreign powers, or receive laws from any enemy whatsoever, have now displayed in their

states the victorious standard of Jesus Christ, carried thither by your holiness's orders, and frankly confess themselves overcome by the invincible arm of the Roman church. Under the wise conduct of Gregory the Great, England, divided from all the rest of the world, submitted herself to the Catholic faith; she is now miserably separated from the body of the faithful by schism and heresy. But, behold, for our comfort her loss is repaired by these new conquests; many islands, many kingdoms and nations—which ought to wipe away our tears. O immortal God, what a mercy! what a favour! The venerable Tobias congratulates with the church to the same effect in the Apocrypha. "Thou shalt shine," says he, "with a glorious light, and all the coasts of the earth shall adore thee; nations from far off shall come to thee, and esteem thy land for sanctification." A few days after, they received visits from the ambassadors of the emperor, the kings of France and Spain, and the republic of Venice. Whilst the city was full of these rejoicings, the venerable pontiff yielded up his life at the age of eighty-four. Sixtus the 5th succeeded, who appointed them at his coronation to bear up the canopy. He ratified the yearly pension of four thousand crowns, given by the late pope to the seminaries in Japan, with an addition of two thousand more at his pleasure. He resolved also to dub them knights of the golden spur; the ceremony was performed on Ascension-eve towards the end of even-song: after the usual oaths, he presented them with a golden girdle and sword, he hung about each of their necks a golden chain, and they swore with these arms to defend the Catholic faith on peril of their lives.

They departed from Rome early in the morning of the third of June, 1585; the governors of all towns through which they were to pass being directed to

supply them at the public expense. Arriving in Venice, they lodged in the Jesuits' college, where the same honours and attentions followed them; they presented the duke of Ferrara with the scimeter of Francis, king of Fucheo, so exquisitely tempered, that steel itself was not proof against it. Thus they travelled over land to Lisbon, accompanied by seventeen religious of the Society, whom they had requested of the general of the Order. They arrived safe in Goa, and were received by Alexander Valignan, the accomplished provincial of the Indies. These princes, by their manners, temper, and personal appearance, every where excited a lively interest in their favour; "in the very trying fatigues of journeying they prayed punctually every morning, they assisted every day at mass, confessed and communicated every eighth day, and made the examination of conscience every night before they went to bed. They obtained from the pope and the king of Spain a bishop for Japan, to give the sacrament of confirmation to the new converts, and to confer the order of priesthood on the scholars and Japonians, that were trained up in the new seminaries."

It is time to return to the troubled and exciting region of Japan, at the time the ambassadors embarked for Rome. Nobunanga, who had revenged the murder of the emperor and recalled the missionaries to Meaco, was in possession of ten fine provinces, and was grown so formidable to the other kings by his policy and power, that not one of them dared lift the standard against him. He loved the Christians, and was a mortal enemy to the bonzas, whose most eminent priests and favourite temples he had destroyed on the mountain of Frenoxima. He took pleasure in the conversation of the Jesuits, finding them to be men of parts and learning; they hoped that he would one day receive the faith: but he fell like Nebuchadnezzar of old, desiring to be

adored as a God; he built a magnificent temple on the summit of a hill, in which he placed his own statue, and forced the people and the nobles to adore it. This impiety and vanity was soon punished by a conspiracy that hurled him from his throne, from which he fell like Lucifer, son of the morning. Resolving to crush the king of Amanguchi, he sent part of his army in advance under Faxiba his lieutenant-general, and one of his sons: his chosen troops and his guards followed on this favourite enterprise, under Aquechi, a favourite whom he had made great, and who was now his destroyer. Early in the march he began to seduce from their allegiance the chief officers, whom he found easy of seduction: rapidly marching back, he appeared before Meaco at break of day, and entered without opposition—with such suddenness and privacy was the conspiracy matured, Nobunanga was surrounded before he had the least intelligence of an enemy; invested in his palace, even at the hour he was dressing, he defended himself bravely for a long time, but was at last slain by a musket-ball. The treasures he left were immense, which the traitors divided amongst them. Faxiba, on hearing of this event, advanced, with the third son of the murdered prince, to meet Aquechi, who was defeated and slain in the battle. Faxiba soon made himself master of the empire: he was a man of low extraction, being a wood-cleaver by trade, and went into the forest to cut wood, which he sold about the streets to earn bread. Father Froés, in his letters from Japan, says that he used to hear him speak of his former adventures, and boast that he rose from being a wood-cutter to be a monarch. He entered the army as a common soldier, and by his conduct and bravery rose to the command of all the forces of Nobunanga: he treated the Jesuits with the same kindness as his former master; his queen with her maids of honour attended the

mass and sermons, so that this sudden rebellion left the aspect of the church as favourable as before. At this time it suffered a grievous loss by the death of Louis Almeida, a person of eminent endowments both natural and acquired: of a persuasive eloquence and address, his private conversation was often more useful than his public discourses. The preaching of Fernandez was said to be more powerful, but that of Almeida was like music falling on the ear, leaving a sweet impression after the sound had ceased; of considerable skill in surgery and the art of healing, his advice and remedies were in almost continual request. He was always passing from country to country to seek after the sheep that had strayed, in the midst of combats and persecutions from the bonzas, who hated him on account of his mastery in argument, by which very many of them were converted. The people were at one time so stirred up against him as to conspire his death; being banished from Cangoxima, he lived a whole year in a little hut on the sea-shore on wild herbs; and during the persecution in the province of Gotto, which he persuaded to the faith, he was forced to lie hid a long time in a dreary desert and in caves. He was a man of enthusiastic temperament and vivid imagination; had he possessed Valignan's powers of description, or rather had his constant avocations allowed him time to write, the journal of Almeida would be one of the most curious and interesting memorials extant. He loved the church in her simple, wild, and persecuted state, better than when in honour and dominion; delighting to go forth from the city and the college to the mountain and the shore, where the feet of the first missionary had wandered. He spent twenty-nine years in the mission; his earlier life was passed in Lisbon, in the gaieties and pleasures of its court, with other young noblemen of his age: his fervent expressions tell

how much more dearly he loved the pains and sorrows of Japan.

Numerous hospitals were also erected by the fathers : the one in the city of Fucheo was under excellent regulations, and was divided into sixteen large apartments or wards : some of the places of worship were in picturesque situations. " Most of the inhabitants of the town being turned Christians, obtained leave from the king to build a church. The place designed for this purpose was a little hill near the sea. The situation was very agreeable, being all shaded with pleasant groves, and plentifully watered on both sides by little brooks from the hill-tops, which ran down through the plain to disembogue themselves into the sea. The king himself hunting one day in those parts, was so charmed with the beauty of the place, that he ordered them to build him a palace near the church, and forbid any other whatever to settle thereabouts."

Whilst the fathers were hastening to extend the empire of the Cross, Faxiba was busy in establishing himself : in the year 1583 he took the name of Cambacundono, or sovereign lord of Japan ; he built Ozaca, the most beautiful town in the empire, employing about the works every day sixty thousand men. Gaspar Cuello, the new provincial, arrived in Meaco, and demanded an audience ; with his retinue of fifteen religious, and attendants bearing the presents he brought, he was conducted into a hall that was hung with skins of tigers and other animals, and thence, after a while, into a large hall gilt on the ceiling and sides, where the king was seated on a magnificent throne : he was pleased with the presents. " After collation, he entertained them with a long and familiar discourse about his government ; after that, he rose, and commanded them to be shewn his palace : as they were passing through the apartments, he accosted them again in an undress, and

without any guards or attendants save two ladies, whereof one carried the keys and the other his sword and belt, (for the kings of Japan are served in their palaces by women only,) there were above three hundred of these in the palace, all of them daughters to the principal lords in his realms. The fathers were not a little surprised to see him all alone in this equipage: then, marching before them, he ordered the lady to open the doors, and said to them, this chamber is full of gold, and that of silver; in this are all kind of wrought silks; and in that, my arms, which are thought to be of great value. From thence he carried them up to the top of the palace, which was built pyramidwise, and entertained them with a charming prospect of Ozaca, and all the champaign country about: not content with what he had done already, he commanded all the ladies and maids of honour to the queen, whereof many were Christians, to come and pay their respects to the fathers. It was whispered by the ladies about the queen, that her majesty, though a heathen, longed passionately to see them."

In the height of all this favour and prosperity, the Christians were visited with a very sensible affliction, in the death of the brave, gifted, and faithful king of Omura: his sickness was long and tedious, during which he prepared himself for the change, so fearful to a monarch: finding his end near, he called in Sanchez his heir, and his other children, and addressed them in these words: "It is now five-and-twenty years since I received the faith from Cosmo de Torres. At the beginning of my reign, there was not one Christian in all my states; and now I leave the greater part of my subjects members of the holy Catholic church. I fear, in the weighty and important matters of state, I may have been less observant of my duty, and perchance, too, by my negligence and ill example, have been

the cause of my subjects not living up to the perfection of Christianity. It is your duty then, my son, to repair my faults. As for you, Linus, and my daughters, be sure you love and honour your mother, and take particular care of her in her old age. Advise with the fathers of the Society in all your concerns. Remember my soul after I'm gone; and by your alms, prayers, and sacrifices of the church, procure it eternal rest. As for my body, I would not have it interred with any pomp. Our Lord Jesus Christ bless you with his favour in this life, and send us all a happy meeting in heaven." With that, he dismissed his children full of tears, and, having received the extreme unction, expired. He was the first prince in Japan that received baptism; and was stripped of all his fortune, and more than once saw himself besieged by numerous armies; he gave battle, and conquered; and in all revolts and turns of states, which happened frequently in his reign, he was always ardent and intrepid, without any wavering in his faith. He was scarcely cold in the grave, when he was followed by his brother Francis, prince of Arima, a man of inferior genius and conduct: "who afflicted himself with frequent and cruel penances; he fasted several days in the week, disciplined himself daily, to repair, as he used to say, the scandal he had given by his former loose and libertine life. He took several pilgrimages on foot, with father Baptist de Montes, even to far remote mountains, to adorn certain crosses of devotion in those places: he confessed and communicated every week; he recited his rosary daily on his knees, and over and above another pair of beads, together with his domestics. He stole out of his palace in the morning by a back door, and went to make his prayer in the Jesuits' college: every year he retired for eight or ten days to make the spiritual exercises of

Saint Ignatius. They preserved in one of the principal monasteries, with mighty veneration, several ancient large volumes of the god Xaca, wrote in gold letter, together with the pictures of nineteen of his disciples: he burnt them all to ashes. Virtue is tried chiefly in adversity, and king Francis of all others had his share; he was forced, after that bloody battle, in which twenty thousand of his subjects were cut off, to wander over mountains and forests, to escape the fury of his enemies, without any thing save a crucifix, which he carried in his hand. By this way of the cross and sufferings, God conducted him to the kingdom of his Son. With a noble resignation, he blessed the hand that chastened him. The Christian princes and lords from Fucheo and the neighbouring countries assisted at the interment: his body, in the royal robes, was put into a rich coffin, and carried, by the first lords of the kingdom, on their shoulders: round the bier were many persons of quality, carrying each in their hands a standard quartering the holy cross; next to him went the queen and the young princesses, in deep mourning, with long trains, born up by ladies of rank.—The march was closed by the guards, who were followed by infinite crowds of people, weeping, and lamenting the loss of their father and their king."

Religion in Japan was now honourable; thirty-eight years were fled since Xavier first sowed the seeds, that had sprung up into a mighty tree, whose height reached unto heaven: the rich and the proud, the prince and the poor man, sat beneath its shadow: this was the season of its fullest glory: no more should men say that its leaves were fair, and the fruit meat for all: no more should "the sight thereof go forth to all the earth." There came a voice from heaven and said, "hew the tree down, and cut off its branches, and scatter its fruit." In the year 1587,

they reckoned there were two hundred thousand Christians in Japan, among whom were generals of armies, courtiers and men of learning, and the flower of the nobility. The Jesuit could survey with pride and gratitude this glorious vineyard of the church, and ask, whether since the early ages of Christianity, so rapid and vast a conversion had ever been vouchsafed : the attention of Europe was drawn to Japan ; the pontiff looked upon it as his own heritage, as a new empire of the holy see, and perhaps saw in fancy all Asia kneeling at his feet.

The peace of the church died with the princes of Arima and Omura : two and forty days after their death, Cambacundo altered in his affection to the Christians, and from a friend and protector became their mortal foe. A mandate was suddenly issued, that the fathers should depart Japan within six months, and preach the gospel no more, under pain of death. It was said the king designed to rank himself among the gods, and be adored by his subjects as chief conqueror of Japan ; and knowing none but the Christians durst oppose him, he wished to expel them forthwith. The mandate fell like a thunderbolt on the Christians : the father provincial wrote immediately to all the missionaries to repair to Firando : he ordered them to take down all ornaments in the churches, and shut up their colleges and houses. A hundred and twenty fathers repaired in disguise to Firando. In this lamentable conjuncture they knew not what course to steer, but decided in a general consultation—"that as for the priests, preachers, catechists, and others, anywise instrumental in the help of souls, ought to keep their posts, and prepare themselves, if necessary, for the palm of martyrdom ; and that every one should offer up his masses, prayers, penances, and other devotions, that God would be pleased to touch the heart of the king. The fathers having sent private instructions

to the christian princes, of their resolutions, the latter, without regard to the threats of the monarch, or their own safety, resolved to shelter them. The king of Omura took twelve, the king of Fucheo five, the princess Maxentia several, and so on to the number of seventy : for a strange commotion was caused through the whole country by the late edict. Several great officers resigned their places : several ladies testified an admirable constancy ; among others, the queen of Tango, and one of her maids of honour. The former, in this season of trial, fervently desired baptism, and sent the latter to the fathers, conjuring them to save her soul. They, knowing the sincerity of the princess, and finding no possibility of access to her, instructed Mary, the maid of honour, " who was a young princess of the royal stock, in the flower of her age, both agreeable and rich," in what related to this sacrament, and ordered her to baptize the queen. The lady readily embraced the command : it was an interesting scene : the holy water in the hand of the young and fervent woman, who stood in a devotional attitude and eyes lifted to heaven, while she spoke the solemn words of baptism, and the queen knelt at her feet on the rich floor, with her faithful ladies around her. Mary, who was engaged to be married to one of the princes of Japan, went afterwards to give the father superior an account of her commission. " I'm so much honoured," said she, " by this divine ministry, that I look upon myself as a person consecrated to God, that ought not to be profaned in common use. And therefore now, in your presence, I make a vow of perpetual chastity, and in testimony hereof I now cut off my hair : " this resolve caused great astonishment in the court ; but persuasions were of no avail to induce her to return to the world. Mary and the lady Monica of Sacay, who asked counsel of Almeida, might have founded an excellent

and influential nunnery. She lived long in singleness of life and heart; and from her retreat saw the church wasted, and her patroness fall a victim. This queen, whom Mary had baptized by the name of Grace, was an admirable woman, "of a rare beauty, of a quick wit, and a spirit and genius above the common sort." Her husband, who loved her greatly for her charms and talents, yet hated her for her favour to the Christians, had placed guards about the palace, that she might not go to the church to hear the fathers preach. But she stole out in disguise in the evening, with two or three attendants: Cespedes, ignorant of her quality, shewed her the church, with which she was greatly pleased, and then preached a sermon, "that, as Providence would have it, just nicked the queen's thoughts." She proposed several doubts and difficulties, which were answered to her content, and then pressed earnestly to be baptized; which the father, who knew her not, declined at that time to grant her. The guards and attendants, discovering her absence, sought straight in all the temples, and at last found her in the church: a more strict watch was kept on her movements, so that she could only send her ladies to the fathers for their instructions, and at last, no other means being left, baptism was conferred by the hand of Mary. Her husband, enraged at this event, commanded her in vain to return to the religion of the country; "he was strangely tormented between the two contrary resolves, of keeping or turning her off: love would not let him part with her; but at the same time, he resolved to make trial of severity, hoping by this means to work her insensibly into a compliance." During thirteen years his brutal and arbitrary temper caused her to lead a wretched life: frequently in his passion he presented his sword to her breast; then he punished some of the christian ladies of her court, and banished others:

none escaped him but Mary, in consideration of her quality and merit. One day, expecting nothing from his hands, she confessed her sins to Mary, believing, in ignorance, that she who had power to baptize her, could also absolve her from her sins. This mistake put the fathers into no small vexation: it was a question worthy of the sublimest disputants. Luther would have delighted to have got hold of it: the baptism of the lady Mary was valid, placing her queen in a salvable state; whereas the confessing of sins to her compassionate bosom and gifted understanding, was a blameable and useless action; although the necessity was equally pressing. The Jesuits were not a little troubled in the net of their own ravelling; they soon, however, "disabused the princess, and made her sensible of the mistake." When they were retired to Firando, she wrote frequently to them, for instruction and comfort: several of her letters were preserved by the Castilian historians; this is one of them, to Cespedes:

"Nothing pleases me more, than what I heard lately—that you had resolved not to leave Japan. Your courage helps to strengthen mine, and makes me hope to see you once more at Ozaca. You know, father, it was neither worldly respect, nor any human motive, that made me think of changing my principles, but purely the grace of God my Creator, whom I prayed this long while to open my eyes and let me see the truth. Seeing he's pleased, out of his infinite mercy, to draw me out of the darkness of infidelity, I'm so convinced that there can be no salvation out of the way I'm now in, that though the heavens should change their place, though the earth, the sea, and all the elements, should return again to their primitive nothing; through God's grace, I think I should still remain constant and steady in my faith. I'm still threatened, tormented, and persecuted for my religion, but Heaven has

pleased to make me above apprehension of death. My youngest son, who is not past three years of age, hath been dangerously sick, and almost despaired of by the physicians, but being under more concern for his soul than his body, I desired Mary, my spiritual mother, to baptize him. My husband bears an implacable hatred to all Christians, and treats me, as usual, after a most severe manner. On his return from Ximo, one of my children's nurses having done something that disoblged him, he cut off her nose and ears, and banished several of my ladies, whom he caused to be all shaved. I take care to see them provided with all necessaries. I'm extremely glad to hear news of your fathers, and beg God to send you hither again, for the good of my soul, and that of my children. I recomind myself and all my family to your prayers.

“ Your affectionate and afflicted daughter,  
“ GRACE, queen of Tango.”

In the beginning of 1589, the emperor, once the wood-cutter Faxiba, gave orders for all the princes of Japan to come and do him homage, for he was now master of nearly all the sixty-six kingdoms of Japan, seven only excepted; and he meditated the conquest of China, to immortalize his name. The accomplished and courtly Valignan once more came on the scene, as ambassador from the viceroy of the Indies to Japan: his arrival at this season was fortunate, and with him returned the three Japonian ambassadors who were sent to Rome eight years previous; their royal masters were in the grave, but their mothers and relatives hastened to the port, with tumultuous joy clasped them in their arms, and looked long and earnestly on them, so greatly were they altered by time and travel. A magnificent feast was given in the palace of Arima, after which, the ambassadors recounted some of their adventures

and marvels, with which the company were so delighted, that it was late at night ere any one heeded the time. In the mean time, the persecution was fraught with disastrous results; in Meaco all the Jesuits' houses were razed, and many of the churches defaced; the estates of the principal christian inhabitants confiscated, and many of them banished. The Christians assembled for worship in private houses, where the fathers visited them from time to time. The minds of men were terrified by signs and prodigies; awful sounds were heard in the air, and visions seen in the dead of night: the king of Arima was warned to prepare himself, by two persons of a celestial beauty: a convert felling a tree in the forest, found a large cross in the trunk, but its colour was that of blood. Showers of ashes were seen to fall in one territory. Valiguan set out for Ozaca, the new and beautiful town of the emperor, accompanied by the three Japonian ambassadors, just returned from Italy: they were received with honour. Cambacundono, after making them splendid presents, desired them to play on the instruments of music they had learned in Rome: afterwards he discoursed with Valignan till midnight. The visit of the latter was useful to the Christians, and though he could not accomplish the free exercise of religion, his address and his presents moderated the ruler's anger. In the year 1592, Valignan embarked to return to the Indies; and the emperor set forth on his expedition against China: he drew up a list of the lords who were to serve, with their respective quotas of men; they followed him with an ill will, deeming it a rash and wild enterprise; the forces, including the seamen, amounted to two hundred thousand men, and, landing in Corea, sustained there a campaign with great loss of men, and no conquests save a few provinces. Ambition and debauchery alternately

filled the life of this able tyrant; amidst the infirmities of declining life, they were still as a consuming fire within him, and now he began to thirst for Christian blood.

The promise given by Gregory the 13th to the Japonian ambassadors, to grant a bishop to their churches, was now fulfilled by his successor Pius the 5th, who wrote to Oviedo, then patriarch of Ethiopia, to take upon him this bishopric. The latter, although he reaped little advantage on his mission, save injuries and affronts, refused to leave his charge, and Pius ordained Melchior, who died on the way at Macao. His holiness then nominated a third, Sebastian Morales, provincial of the Society in Portugal; he was consecrated at Lisbon in 1587, and arriving at Mozambique, was there carried off by an epidemic. Martinez, provincial of the Indies, was then chosen, who was prepared for this office by previous misfortunes: he had taught philosophy and divinity with great applause in Coimbra, and went over into Africa with the gallant and unfortunate Sebastian, king of Portugal, in quality of his preacher. After the great battle in which his master was slain or taken captive, he was detained a long time in prison and slavery; being at length ransomed, he was sent to the Indies with five other Jesuits, where his learning and talents raised him to the rank of provincial. He arrived in Nangasaqui in 1596, and was met by all the clergy in procession, with the warmer welcome because of the present evil posture of their affairs.

The bishop, eager to enter upon his charge, despatched his interpreter to the court, where he soon after arrived, and presented the letters and presents from the viceroy of the Indies, and was received honourably. After spending some days in Meaco, to administer the sacrament of confirma-

tion to the Christians, he returned to Nangasacki. "And now the devil, always jealous and envious of the glory of God, seeing so many kings and queens brought under this sweet yoke, to the manifest hazard of his empire over that people, raised all on a sudden a cruel persecution." The Jesuits' house was put under guard, and the Christians began to prepare for extremities; father Orantin, an eminent man, wrote the following letter to Gomez the provincial:—"Great news, reverend father, news to all our hearts' content; we have advice that the emperor, some few hours before this was wrote, had given positive orders to put to death all the religious of Meaco and Ozaca." Paul was so transported with it, that he could not contain himself. "Now, brethren," said he, "our vows are accomplished, and we shall die for the love of Him who first died for us. This news filled all with extreme joy, and we instantly began to prepare for martyrdom. The first thing was to settle our consciences. After that, each one provided himself with a habit, surplice, and stole, in order to appear in that last scene of their lives as became true servants of God, preachers of his gospel, and worthy children of this Society. What adds to our comfort, is the admirable example of Christians of all sorts, who are ready to sacrifice all, and lay down their lives, for the faith of Jesus Christ. I told them, in case they died with me, they would be too happy—God grant we may die so as to deserve eternal life in heaven." The zeal of the women was in no way inferior to that of the men: several ladies of Meaco met together at the apartments of a lady of distinguished rank near the Jesuits' college, each in a white robe, which she had prepared for her execution: and here they entertained themselves with discourses till midnight. "I fear," said one, "who, being young and hand-

some, still loved to live, "I fear the sight of the lances and the crackling of the flames; but if I tremble, lay hold of me, and encourage me, that I may share with you in the crown." Several religious, of the orders of St. Francis, St. Benedict, and Augustine, who had found their way to Japan, and initiated the zeal of the Jesuits, shared in this calamity. The first execution was of six Franciscans, three Jesuits, and many Christians, twenty-four in the whole: they were crucified in Nangasaqui.

The emperor believed that this execution would strike a terror into the Christians, and he issued an edict for the expulsion of all the fathers; several of the principal colleges were broken up—in that of Arima, were a hundred students. A hundred and thirty-seven churches were demolished. The prince was seized with a mortal sickness in the midst of his great and ambitious projects; having affected through his whole reign a resemblance of the divinities of the country, his last desire was to be worshipped amongst them after his death. He commanded his people to place him amongst the number of the Camis, under the title of the new god of war. Father Rodriguez visited him, he found him lying on the bed, bolstered up with pillows, and so strangely altered, that he seemed to have little of the shape and figure of a man, much less of a god. Rodriguez began to speak of the state and condition of the soul; but the emperor told him, he did not relish such discourses. "But who can convert a cruel, lewd, proud, and bloody tyrant, levelling on his death-bed at the Almighty himself?" Finding his weakness increasing, he ordered them to remove him to the highest and most remote apartment of the palace, to be more retired from noise, where he died at the age of sixty-four years, laden with honours and crimes—the first that dipped his hands

in the blood of the Christians—the first that subdued all Japan to his sway.

The faithful began to breathe again after his death, and every thing seemed to be inclined towards a favourable change. In this year, 1598, the fathers again took possession of their ancient residences at Omura and Arima. So great was the joy of the people, heathens as well as Christians, at their release from tyranny and persecution, that upwards of twenty thousand persons embraced the faith in two years.

In 1600, fifty churches were rebuilt. At this time died the queen of Tango, esteemed the loveliest woman in all Japan. "She was infinitely loved and persecuted at the same time by her husband; her beauty was his charm, her religion his cross." This prince, conspiring against the regent, and going from Ozaca to the wars, left positive orders with the captain of the guards, that if there was any danger of the queen's being taken during his absence, he should immediately put her to death. The town being soon after besieged, and the garrison summoned to deliver up the queen as a hostage, and answerable for her husband's attempts, they prepared to obey his commands. The captain of the guards hastened to the palace; but as she was greatly beloved, he fell on his knees, and begged pardon, protesting that he would wash away the deed with his own blood. Not at all surprised at the news, she adored the providence of God, and replied to the messengers, who stood tearing their hair—"I am a Christian, and death to a Christian is only a passage to eternal life, which no man can take from us. Yet it is sweet to be condemned by him whom I love more than my own life!" Going then into her closet before her oratory, and lighting the candles, she prayed earnestly for the pardon of her sins, and consigned her spirit

to the hands of its God. She then called her ladies, among whom was the devoted Mary, and bade them all adieu: then kneeling down, the captain of the guards at one blow severed her head from the body. He then slew himself with the same sword. "Thus died the queen of Tango, who we may justly call a miracle of beauty and piety. She was amiable, to envy: though the quality of princess, and the condition of wife, obliged her, in some measure, to take care of herself, for the preservation of her charms; yet she fasted during Lent, to the very letter of the rule: her whole comfort and pursuit was nothing else but the salvation and perfection of her soul. She learnt the method of writing and reading after the European fashion, and improved herself greatly by the help of our books." Her husband entreated the fathers to perform the funeral ceremony: they assembled all the religious and seminarists from the neighbouring country. The church was all hung with black, and illuminated with numerous lights; the service was sung with music, and celebrated with so much feeling, devotion, and majesty, that the king, his nobles, and officers, who amounted altogether to about a thousand, were greatly surprised. One of the Japonian students pronounced the funeral oration: he touched first on the immortality of the soul, on the glory of heaven, and the pains of the damned; then he enlarged on the incomparable virtues of the late princess in so moving a way, that he put all his audience into tears.

In the beginning of the year 1604, they reckoned in Japan a hundred and twenty-nine fathers of the Society: they were divided into two colleges, several houses, and nineteen residences. What resources they had, were spent partly in the help and relief of the poor, and partly in the relief of such gentry who had forfeited their estates for the profession of

the faith. But the regent who succeeded the emperor, awoke a new persecution, that crushed the powerful as well as the weak. The martyrdom of Don Simon, a Japonian nobleman and valiant soldier, was full of a noble interest; he was condemned to be beheaded: when the tidings were brought him in the evening, he put on his best robes, as if he had been going to a banquet; he took leave of his mother, his wife, and family; they wept bitterly, but Agnes would not be comforted. "This beautiful and great soul fell presently on her knees, praying him to cut off her hair, for fear, she added, 'that if I chance to survive you, the world may think I have a mind to marry again.' He told her that after his death she was free to take her choice. 'Oh, my lord,' replied Agnes, 'I vow, in the presence of God, I never will have any spouse but you.' He then desired his three cousins to be called in. 'Am I not a happy man,' he said, 'to die a martyr for Jesus Christ? what can I do to be grateful for so singular a favour?' 'Pray for us, we beseech you,' said one of them, 'when you come to heaven, that we may partake with you in your glory.' 'Prepare to meet me,' he replied, 'for it will not be long before you follow.' Having foretold them what soon came to pass, they all fell on their knees, the mother, the wife, and the relatives reciting aloud the Confiteor; this done, he entertained himself awhile interiorly with God: then desiring the picture of our Saviour to be brought, they walked down into the hall where he was to suffer, each bearing a crucifix and a lighted torch in their hands. Many now gathering around him, gave way to their sorrow. 'Weep not for me,' said the martyr, 'for this is the happiest moment of my whole life;' then kneeling down, his head was struck off at one blow, in the thirty-fifth year of his age:"

Agnes looked at the scene, pale and immoveable ; she then knelt, and gazed on the face for some time, and kissed it, and bathed it with her tears. “ Oh ! my husband, who had the honour of dying for Him who first died for thee—oh ! glorious martyr, now that thou reignest with God in heaven, be mindful of thy poor desolate wife, and call her to thyself.” Her words were like a prediction. An intimate friend of Simon, of the name of Don John, a man of rank, was also beheaded ; leaving his widow Magdalene, and his little son Lewis, a boy about seven or eight years of age. In the course of a few days, they were all called upon to follow the dead. Four crosses were erected at the place of execution, to which they were borne in palanquins. The first they crucified was the mother of Don Simon, a person of heroical resolution : the next was the Lady Magdalene. Her own torment was nothing, to what she endured from that of the little Lewis, whom they executed in her sight. The child, seeing them tie his mother, went of his own accord to the executioners, praying them to fasten him to his cross : What, said they, are not you afraid to die ? No, replied the child, I fear it not ; I will die with my mother. Then the executioners took and tied him to his cross, that stood right over-against that of Magdalene ; but drawing the cords too tight, he gave a shriek. “ Being raised aloft in the air, he fixed his eyes on his mother, and she hers on him. Son, said she, we are going to heaven ; take courage : say ‘ Jesus Maria.’ The child pronounced them, and the mother repeated ; and these, their last words, were spoken with so much solemnity and harmony, that all wept around. After they had hung in this manner for some time, one of the executioners struck at him, but the lance slipping on one side, he missed his blow. However, if he spared the child, it is certain he pierced the

mother to the heart. Fearing that he might be daunted by such a stroke, she called to him, Lewis, take courage; say, Jesus Maria. The child seemed not in the least dismayed, and neither gave a shriek or shed a tear, but waited patiently till the executioner, redoubling his blow, pierced him through." The Japonian crosses have a seat in the middle, for the sufferer to sit on: instead of nailing the body, they bind the hands and feet with cords, and place an iron ring about the neck; that done, the cross is raised aloft in the air, and after a few minutes, the executioners, with sharp lances fit for the purpose, strike right at the heart through the left side. By this means, the sufferer dies almost in an instant in a deluge of his own blood.

There was now only remaining the ardent and beautiful Agnes, whom they reserved to the last; she knelt on the bank, and, clasping her hands on her breast, blessed God aloud for permitting her to die on the wood of the cross, which Himself had sanctified by his precious death. She then made a sign for the officers to tie her; but not a man approached her, all were so overwhelmed with grief. She called to them again, and still they stood immoveable like statues: she then extended herself in the best manner she could on the cross. Some idolaters that were present, betwixt the hopes of a reward and the menaces of the officers, stepped up and bound her fast, and then raised her aloft in the air. The spectators, seeing a person of her quality, so delicate and tender, ready to suffer for no other crime but that of being true and faithful to her God, could not hold from tears. Some wept most bitterly; others again covered their faces, and were not able to look up at such a spectacle, which was ready to tear their hearts to pieces. In the mean while she fixed her eyes on heaven, and prayed

without intermission, in expectation of the fatal blow; but not one offered to do her this favour, insomuch that the same persons that bound her, were forced to take up the executioners' lances, and do the office for them; but being quite inexperienced, they gave her blow upon blow before she was dead. The lady all the while fixed her eyes on the picture of Christ, upon which her husband had gazed so fondly before his death, and which she held in her hand. Many Christians forced their way through the crowd, and, without regard to the soldiers' threats, dipped their handkerchiefs in the blood, and cut off small pieces of the robes.

In these affecting sacrifices is visible, without disguise, the heart of the sufferers, in its simple heroism, its exquisite tenderness, its imperishable faith. Was not this the torment of the furnace heated seven times hotter than before? they yielded their bodies, long nursed in softness and delicacy, because they would not serve nor worship any God save their own God. Was not this, strength perfected in weakness? victory given to the feeblest of the flock. The strong man and the captain can bow himself down, and bare his neck to the sword, with a firm nerve: but *here*, in the long agony of these helpless women and the angel child, death seemed to stand and mock at his victims—at their love, their beauty, and their weakness—and struck not the body till he had torn the heart in pieces.

The subjection of the whole kingdom to one ruler, was a sore misfortune to the church; when, a few years previous, Japan was governed by many princes, a refuge and a protector quickly sheltered the oppressed. The kings of Omura, Fucheo, and others would have led forth their forces under the banner of the cross, and fought to the last rather than see one martyr perish in their states. But the

powerful as well as the weak were crushed by the regent who succeeded the emperor; no resistance was made, even by the bravest, which was the more remarkable, for the Japanese often throw away their lives on slight causes: suicide is frequent among them; and they bear arms from twelve years of age, and accustom themselves early to warlike exercises. Fond of a shew of bravery, they are very expensive in their arms; their scimetars and poniards are so finely tempered, as often to cut in two those of Europe without turning the edge: some of these are valued at two or three thousand ducats apiece. Even the burghers carry both a hanger and poniard.

Nothing can be richer than the array of the Japanese ladies: their hair hangs down behind their heads in plaits and curls, in which they wear little rings of pearls, curiously wrought. Their girdles are large, and richly embroidered with flowers of gold and silver, being esteemed one of the handsomest parts of their dress. "As in France," says the missionary, "we distinguish the ladies of quality by the length of their train, so in Japan they are known by the number of their clothes: there are some who have on five, ten, and twenty dresses at once, which may seem incredible to such as are unacquainted with the nature of them: for they are so delicately fine and thin, that you may put several of them together in your pocket. The upper robe is most valued and made of fine cloth embroidered in many places with gold. They all universally carry a fan in their left hand, very neatly painted, and wrought with several figures of birds and flowers; besides, they wear a scarf about their neck, which hangs down across their breasts. Their banquets are both handsome and noble; they leave their shoes at the dining-room door, for fear of soiling the mats and carpets: the Japan mode is to eat at little square tables, not above a foot and half high; each guest hath one of

these to himself and changes it at every course ; they use neither cloth nor napkin, for the tables are so very fine, that the best holland would not be fit to cover them, being made either of pine-tree, or cedar, excellently painted, varnished, enamelled, and inlaid with gold. They serve up all sorts of fowl to table, dressed pyramidwise : the meat is powdered with gold, and garnished with little branches of cypress. Persons of quality have sometimes at their table whole birds, and fowl with their feet and beaks, gilt with gold ; they eat neatly with two little sticks, about a foot long, which are usually made of ivory, cypress, or some odoriferous wood. The drink they most admire is tea. All considerable persons lay in provisions of this herb, and hoard it up as a precious treasure. The masters make it themselves, and will not trust it to their servants' management ; and though their tea-cups be only of wood, iron, or clay, they are valued for their antiquity and the reputation of the artist ; it is not to be expressed what a capricious value they put on some of these vessels, made by some skilful and ancient hand. In the year 1586, the king of Fucheo shewed Alexander Valignan a little earthen tea-cup that cost him 14,000 ducats : the latter saw also in Sacay, at a Christian gentleman's house, a tea-kettle, only for boiling tea-water, which cost 1400 crowns. The nuptials of the ladies of quality and wealth are very costly : when they go out, they are carried in palanquins, curiously painted without, and within lined with gold : their apartments are airy and pleasant : their gardens abound with all sort of fruits and flowers, and the ponds have plenty of fish and water-fowl."

The transition from these homes of retiring luxury to the exposure of an execution, was the extremest trial of woman : her private chambers were invaded, her pleasant places laid waste, by the vilest hands.

and she was dragged forth to be a public spectacle. Home, that word of power, was never more to be uttered by her lips, or the lips of her loved ones; to *them* there remained no home: if her children and husband were not burned or crucified by her side, they were driven forth houseless wanderers, all their possessions confiscated, and the roof where they had sat together given to strangers. Yet these noble women were not dismayed; to the last they were wonderfully supported, looking alone to that Lord for whom they died: the early martyrs of the Church evinced not more fortitude; not Thecla, Lucea, or Euphemia. In a heathen kingdom, remote from the seat of Christianity, their only helpers a few fathers outlawed like themselves. In the annals of martyrdom in every age, it should seem that the strength of the Mighty and the consolation of the Comforter were peculiarly given to the weakest sufferers. Were not the proofs of this mercy afforded by the Redeemer, even on earth? early followed by faithful female disciples, what inexpressible beauty and condescension are there in all his expressions and demeanour towards them: his sublimest words were spoken to them—as beside the well of Jacob in Samaria, where he first declared himself to be the Messiah—to the sister of Lazarus was uttered “the resurrection and the life,”—and the first to whom he shewed himself and spoke after his resurrection, was woman; “why weepest thou? Mary, touch me not, go to my brethren.”

In the year 1611, upwards of ten thousand persons were baptized throughout Japan; but in the following year, the emperor, an usurper of the crown of Faxiba the wood-cutter, who died absolute master of Japan, began to conceive a jealousy of the power of the king of Spain, who had now grown formidable in the East, having subdued Malacca, the Moluccas, and the Philippines, which are in a manner frontiers of

Japan. The Japanese imagined that he was carrying on practices underhand with the Christians, who were to join him on the first descent on the country. A Spanish pilot seeing so many of their ships wrecked on the coasts of Japan, had the rashness to sound the depths of many of the harbours at mid-day, which act was greatly aggravated at court. The emperor, more than half persuaded that the religious who had made such vast progress in the country had a design upon the crown, resolved to banish every man of them from his dominions. He expressly forbid his nobles to turn Christians, and seeing little regard paid to his orders, resolved, as a terror to others, to begin with his own family, several of whom he sent into banishment. The governors of the provinces, seeing the inexorable temper of the prince, commanded all under their obedience to return to the worship of the gods; a few complied, but the generality protested against it. The emperor, not content with banishing the lords of his court, determined to wreak his spite on the ladies also, and chose out three, Clara, Julia, and Lucy, who were of a more distinguished quality, and of whom he resolved to make examples—he shut them up in a chamber, where they were visited by his wives and the other ladies of the court, who did all that was possible to make them forsake their religion, but in vain. Indignant at this obstinacy, he threatened them with the cruellest torments, upbraiding them with ingratitude for his kindness and favour. “There is another emperor,” said Julia, “in heaven, whom I stand much more obliged to; it is he that redeemed me out of hell, even before I knew him, and from that I know him now, and have consecrated myself to his service, what ingratitude it would be in me to forsake him! My tongue shall never betray my heart.” She was condemned to perpetual banishment in the island of Oxima, fifteen leagues from the main.

From the shore where she embarked, she wrote the following letter to Batheus, provincial-general :

“ God hath been infinitely merciful unto me, in taking me out of the court after so many rude combats. I am banished to the isle of Oxima, where I am disposed to suffer all kind of afflictions patiently and cheerfully. Don't be concerned, but remember me in your sacrifice and prayers, and write as often as you can. They call me on board—farewell.”

After a stay of thirty days in this island, they removed her to an island called Cozuxima, where she met Clara and Lucy, who were banished on the same account. It is not to be expressed how they all rejoiced to meet again in this desert place, a hideous and rocky isle, where there were only seven or eight poor fishermen who lived in straw huts. Here she was at last left alone. Torn from her companions, alone in this dismal abode, the spirit of the girl seemed to gather strength from suffering ; in another letter she says that “ she esteemed herself rich upon that rock, and led a more pleasant life with God in that forlorn solitude. I imagine this rock to be mount Calvary, and prostrate myself before the cross, to beg pardon for my sins in a disposition of mind to die with our Lord. I also frame myself present at holy mass, and at every part of the sacrifice meditate something upon the passion, which replenishes my soul with an ocean of delights.” Thinking she was to finish her days in that place, she requested the father to send her the lives of saints, and an hour-glass to regulate her devotions, as also two lights, a little bell, and a picture.

A persecution now arose from a quarter least expected, even from the king of Arima, the grandson of the christian prince who was faithful to the end. He began by pulling down all the crosses in the high roads and ways, and commanded his subjects, on pain of death or banishment, to renounce their

religion. Very many families retired into the woods and forests; the prince believing this constancy arose from the priests of the Society, ordered them all out of the states. This prince soon after murdered, out of a jealous ambition, his two brothers; he did all in his power to influence his courtiers against the faith, and caused many persons to be burnt alive. The fathers might well wonder at the mysterious dispensations of Providence, that the grandson of their ancient protector should be their impious and cruel persecutor.

Eight persons were now condemned to the stake: their fate excited the sympathy of all.

The procession of forty thousand Christians, who accompanied these martyrs to their doom, was a strangely impressive sight. "I believe," writes one of the fathers, "there was never yet seen in the church a more ravishing spectacle, a more solemn procession. Gaspar having divided the army into several bodies, they marched six and six abreast, singing the litanies of our Lady and the saints; great numbers carried lighted tapers in their hands and garlands on their heads; the men who were to be burned were clad in white robes, and the women in their robes of ceremony."

In the year 1614 the storm broke out all over Japan; the Jesuits were banished from Meaco to Nangasaqui; the churches, chapels, and houses were demolished, and a proclamation was made that all who did not renounce the faith should be burnt alive. In Meaco there was one street called "the Street of the Christians," because no heathen was permitted to dwell amongst them, and here it was that the emperor made his first onset. It was now the dead of winter, the cold was great, and the snow fell in abundance; the families were turned out of their homes, and compelled to lie all night on the ground, no one giving them shelter; by day they

were led through the streets in multitudes, to be reviled and insulted by the mob. Great numbers were banished to the north, to a country at the extremities of Japan, to till those uncultivated deserts. The noble and ancient church of Fucheo, (or Bungo, as it was generally called) founded by Xavier, distinguished itself in this persecution. Several Japanese preachers, who after quitting the colleges were sent forth to officiate, shared in the disasters of their teachers. Sacay, Facata, and other places were visited in like manner. The day of clouds and thick darkness was come upon the church, to be rolled away no more; the cruelties reached even to Nangasaqui, the frontier port from the Indies; the churches were given to the flames. It was necessary to fly; three small and ill-equipped boats were engaged, into which a hundred Jesuits, numerous seminarists and catechists embarked, leaving twenty-seven fathers behind them in the country. They secured as much as was possible on so short a warning, of the holy vessels and church stuff, together with the relics of saints. That done, mass was said publicly for the last time, and a sermon after it, the people all the while lamenting; so soon as service was ended, they took down the ornaments, and bared the church to the naked walls; the fathers were hardly out of sight when the idolaters fell upon the churches, burning them to the ground. "Twas singular that the peace, which continued for fifteen years together in Japan, left the country at the same time with these children of peace, for from that time it fell divided betwixt two factions, and was torn to pieces by intestine and civil wars; and this by the just judgment of God, for it was not reasonable that they who rebelled and fought against him should be at quietness with themselves." The persecution in Arima grew fiercer every day; two hundred families were assembled in a place where the Jesuits' college

stood, and surrounded by a thousand troops, amongst whom were twenty executioners ; at the entrance of the enclosure stood an officer, to question them about their religion ; and such as remained steady and constant he thrust in amongst the executioners, who began to torment them in many ways, and make them feel the pangs of death without killing them quite. The torments were so exquisite that several lost courage, but the greater part were stedfast even to death : it would make the blood run cold to detail these devices of infernal cruelty. How dark the change that had fallen on the fields that were white unto the harvest ! Where now was the orange-tree spreading its blossoms and fragrance on every side, to which the church a few years previous was compared—or the boast of Gegory, that Japan was soon to become a mighty fief of the holy see, on which he was to place his foot in order to trample on Asia. Surely the vows of men are but as a breath, and their noblest purposes as a dream : how mournfully derisive now appear the flatteries and embraces lavished by the princes of Europe on the three Japanese ambassadors. It seemed as if the mighty church of Japan had been cherished and nursed only for the slaughter.

In the mean time, the twenty-seven Jesuits who were left behind in the country, were indefatigable in their work ; it might be said that they held every hour their lives in their hands ; they could only move out in the night, yet they contrived to help and comfort many Christians, to baptize many heathens. Their manner of life is thus described in their letters : “ In my residence there is only a little room, and in it a window of half a foot high ; I have been shut up here sixty days, and not without manifest hazard of my life, by reason of the violent heats, having no other place to hide in.” “ I have been,” says another, “ thrice this year at Cocura, and every time

on peril of my life. I travel by night with difficulty. In the day-time I hear confessions, and lie in an obscure hut, with all the inconveniences of heat, cold, famine, and thirst. I never endured more in my whole life; travelling often over craggy mountains, I tore my feet and face with continual falls, insomuch, that I was many times all over blood." "I am shut up," says a third, "in darkness and obscurity; insomuch, that I am forced to borrow light through the chinks of the door, to say the office. Such a violent pain hath struck into my side, that I can neither stand nor lie. They pin me up so strait, that I have hardly rooin to turn in."

As in the days of primitive Christianity, the love of martyrdom grew out of the ashes of the slain, insomuch that persons of all ranks and ages were seen not only to meet death without fear, but to embrace it as a dear friend. Several of the Jesuits, and some of the Franciscan and Dominican orders, suffered also. The prisons of Japan, into which great numbers were thrust, were far more loathsome and noisome than the dungeons of Europe; and the worst of all were those of Meaco, so that many yielded up their lives there. The Christians who had been exiled to what may be called the Siberia of Japan, a long chain of mountains, all covered with snow, were visited by one of the Jesuits; moved with compassion, he took a journey in their solitudes, climbing up the hills and precipices: the solitary man saw nothing but hideous places on every side; few habitations were visible at first, being concealed amidst the rocks and snow; great numbers of the exiles wrought in the mines; here he confessed and communicated them, remaining there fifteen days. "We begin this period, 1622", says a writer, "with one of the most glorious sights that hath yet appeared in Japan: fifty-one, amongst whom were several of the Society, were burnt alive, and the celebrated father

Spinola at the head of the troop. He desired extremely to enter into the field of battle in his surplice, with an embroidered banner in his hand. The place of execution was on an eminence near the seaside, within sight of Nangasaqui: the whole bordering plain was clad with people; they planted the stakes in a line, and set guards, both at the water-side and at the foot of the hill, to hinder people from approaching, and a kind of throne in the middle covered with China tapestry for the commander to sit on. The time of sacrifice now drawing near, Spinola, to excite his companion, began to sing the psalm, 'Laudate Domini, omnes gentes:' immediately the rest answered, and made up altogether an harmonious concert, insomuch that Gonsalez, who was present at the action, said he had never heard any thing so charming in his whole life. Spinola then addressed the others in an animating and heartfelt speech. The fire being well kindled, a hideous shout was raised round the plain; some wept, some lifted up their eyes to heaven, and others cried for mercy; the martyrs only were silent; the first that carried the crown was Spinola. Questionless, (continues the writer,) there was nothing but the glory of such sufferings that could make them tolerably easy. Eighteen fathers perished on this memorable day." Spinola was the son of Octavius, count of Tarasole, of the ancient and remarkable family of Spinola, in the republic of Genoa. He entered into the Society of Jesus at Nola, in the kingdom of Naples; his uncle, cardinal Spinola, being then bishop of the place. Two things contributed to his vocation—an ardent desire of treading in the footsteps of father Aquaviva, son to the duke of Atria, who suffered martyrdom in the East Indies; and a certain prediction of a servant of God, who was used to say to him, "Charles, you'll turn Jesuit, and go for Japan, and there suffer for the faith of Jesus Christ."

As soon as he had finished the course of his studies, "I employed my time," says he in one of his letters, "since I came hither, in drawing up a list of those of our Society who had suffered for the holy faith; if I have not courage to entertain the same torments, it is a pleasure to entertain myself with the thoughts of them. Oh! when will the time come? Oh! happy hour: there is comfort in the thoughts of Jesus Christ—what must it be then to die in effect?" He preached for seven years in Japan, and was then constituted procurator-general. He lay for four years in a loathsome dungeon; at his first entrance into which, "behold the place of my repose," he said, and thus he finally wrote to one of his friends. "At last my hour is come—O Father! how sweet it is to suffer, I know it better by experience than it possibly can be expressed by words. Oh! what a blessing will it be if next Easter I may be thought worthy to sing hallelujah with the saints in heaven. The joy of my soul increases, to be environed with flames for the love of Jesus Christ. I am unworthy, I know, of such a favour; but God's mercies are infinite, and possibly he may have pity on me. Amongst my other distempers in prison, I had a fever that continued for a hundred days, and had no manner of relief all that while; at the same time my heart was so transported with joy, that I could not but think myself at the entrance of paradise—I do not remember to have felt the like through the whole course of my life." Signed: "Charles condemned to die for his Redeemer!"—How beautiful is such an episode! a man of illustrious birth, of powerful connexions, who could have raised him high in the church, blesses his God for his dungeon-home, where every horror and wo gathered round him day and night, and a dreadful death was near. Surely, if there be any situation at which the heart bleeds and trembles, it was this: no books to soothe his solitude, no sight

or voice of a friend, bread and water his only food, disease his only companion : he writes to Italy, to the happy and the prosperous, as if Italy had no charm, no association, no love, no remembrance, and that his dungeon, and the stake that waited at the door, were his only beloved home and ambition. If the minds of these men had much of error, surely God vouchsafed to them in their extremity much of his support, his presence, his certain and glorious hope !

In the year 1623 many hundreds were martyred in various parts of the empire ; on one of these occasions, a number were placed in the dead of winter in pools several feet deep : as night came on, the water froze, and, drifts of snow beating upon them at the same time, the torment grew insupportable,—on the second night they all perished. “ There only now remained father Carivall, who stood alone on the field of battle, all being retired upon the darkening ; he yielded up his soul to God about midnight, after fifteen hours’ anguish in the frozen water. The heathens were in admiration to see a man of so delicate a complexion suffer with such cheerfulness and constancy ; he was heir to the virtues of St. Francis Xavier, by whose great example he governed his life.” Notwithstanding the heat of the persecution, the Jesuits travelled all over Japan : eight of them lived in the province of Cami, where they baptized this year above a thousand persons. Such cruel proclamations continued to be published against them, that none durst harbour them in a house, which forced them often to lie in the open fields. The emperor was now resolved on the extirpation of Christianity out of his states ; he forbid all commerce with foreigners, and published an edict expelling them from Japan. Not content with tormenting the living, he declared war against the dead also. There was a churchyard at Nangasaqui where they

used to inter the Christians, and in it were several stately monuments of stone, brick, and wood, with the standard of the cross in the middle. He commanded his troops to pull down the crosses, raze the monuments, and dig out the remains. The Christians were now arrested on the least suspicion, and put to death, without regard to age, condition, or sex; moreover, such severities were exercised on those who harboured them, that parents even turned their children out of doors, and children their parents.

In the awful conflict that thickened around them, the Jesuits behaved themselves well: adversity was the season of their true glory; when, in the ruin of all false confidences, they put their strength in God alone. They had no other friend. The beautiful train into which their affairs were brought, the seminaries for the children, the colleges in which the Japanese youth were educated in science, eloquence, and languages, their empire over the soul—were no more. Even their cemeteries, where the noble cedar of Japan and its delicate palm were blended with the cypress, were taken from them: if it be beautiful to walk and meditate beneath the shadow of such a place, it is surely sweet to rest at last beneath it: even this boon was denied, driven to deserts, prisons, and isles, they sometimes perished without the rites of sepulture: and sometimes they could not say to the grave “thou art my mother,” and to the worm “thou art my brother and my sister;”—their remains were scattered, to be the prey of the vulture and the beasts of the forest.

Julia, banished from the emperor's palace in Meaco, was still the tenant of the lonely isle of Coxuzima, rejecting all temptations and offers to desert her faith. The Lives of the Saints, which were probably read till they were graven on the memory, was her only volume: the fishermen who dwelt in the few huts on the beach, subsisted on the produce of

the sea : with one of their families, Julia abode ; as rude in their minds and manners as they were isolated in situation, they were civil and even kind to the exile : for it was not in human nature to be harsh to one so gentle and unfortunate, and yet so pitiful to others. Her attempts to do good to these wild people were long like seed cast on the rocks : she could not pray or meditate in the wretched cottage, and amidst a noisy family, wild as their winds, but would wander often to the lonely places of the island, among the rocks, and there give vent to her feelings, and pour out her heart in prayer : where there was no sound but the sullen roar of the sea, that seemed to beat almost incessantly on the shelterless isle. Letters came at long intervals from one of her friends, or of the fathers, which told of miseries greater than her own. Death was very busy in Meaco and the other cities ; many whom she had known had died dreadfully, and the doom hung over others every day and hour : the girl felt that life, amidst all privations, is still sweet. Yet her privations were manifold : she at first considered the loss of the sacraments as the heaviest : but after a time the feelings of our nature, and of early associations and tastes, grew yet stronger. The best years of her life were passing, her youth was consuming in solitude, without one companion, or a single excitement save religion—and neither the heart or mind can be always occupied with religion. There was no kindred spirit in the rude, poor, and often gloomy people, to whom she read at times from her little book, and then tried to explain what she had read. Even her passionate love of flowers, which all the Japanese ladies feel, would have beguiled many a day and hour ; but the inhospitable isle produced no flowers, trees, or even shrubs. The memory could not help returning sometimes to former scenes of splendour and enjoyment in the palace, to the festivals, the gay and brilliant

societies, the favour of the emperor—all which she had forfeited by her fidelity to religion. The only article she was permitted to carry to her solitude, was a little picture of the taking the "Communion," on which she often gazed as on that of a dear friend. Her guitar, which is invariably a part of female education in Japan, was also withheld. How many an hour and day and month must have rolled heavily by, when Julia might have said, "of friend and lover there is none to comfort me: yet thou hast not removed my soul from peace;" the day brought no cheerful change, the night no balm: the sun fell powerfully a great part of the year on the rocks and sands of the isle, and in winter the tempests dwelt there. How different from the miserable Cozuxima was the great and exciting city of Meaco, her native place, with its half a million inhabitants, the river flowing through its streets, its enchanting environs; and the beautiful vales and groves of the neighbouring mountain Fronexima, rising out of the lake, where the bonzas dwelt in glory till destroyed by Nobunanga. There was little hope of her return, until the persecution should abate; and, even then, unless another and milder sovereign should succeed, Meaco and its imperial palace were closed to all Christians, and the isle must still be her home.

The Jesuit was now hunted like a wild beast, his steps were tracked by spies; if he sought shelter for a few hours, the door was often closed against him, and he was repelled with menaces and abuse. He no longer saw his proud and beautiful churches and chapels on the mountain, in the forest, and by the river side,—no splendid processions of kings, courtiers, and nobles, as in the days of Christian chivalry, were seen marching with bare heads and crucifix in hand, and singing in solemn harmony. What multitudes used to crowd the performance of high mass, while the passage of the fathers from place to place

was like that of the patriarchs of old—the great men of the earth bowed down to them, and hearkened diligently to their words. The ancient Israelite, traversing the fields of his lost Palestine, his staff in his hand, the tear on his cheek, and the rod of the oppressor deep in his soul, did not feel keener anguish than the Jesuit at the overthrow of all his hope and ambition: the hand of God was heavy on him! The reader is tempted to ask, was there no secret sin, was there no conformity to the customs and tastes of the Japanese, in order to render the faith more palatable to them?—one passage, before their sorrows were so great, induces this conclusion, “We strove to fulfil our duties in the various churches, and in the charge of the congregations acted faithfully, as far as the circumstances of the times and the temper of many would allow.” Did political intrigue in no way creep into their hearts and councils? and the jealousies and suspicions of the Japanese sovereigns, were they always without cause? The comforts and pleasant things of the world did not move the firm mind of the Jesuit: influence in courts, and an ascendancy over the multitude, were his delight. Forty years were passed since the firm establishment of the church: so rapid a downfall, so complete a wreck, has no parallel in the history of Christianity. In general, the dealings of Providence are not in this wise. There are but two lights in which we can believe it to be the will of heaven to permit its infant church to be thus crushed and mangled, viz. to punish it for its errors and corruptions; or that its persecutions may be the instrument of yet greater and lasting ascendancy. But in Japan the blood of the martyrs was not the seed of the church; its woes brought no reaction, no secret and mighty progress; it fell from height to height without pause, without hope. Yet let not the errors and misguidance of the instructors detract from the glory

of the martyrs—their memorial is gone up on high, full of a love, a mercy, a tenderness towards each other, and a fidelity towards God, which angels might desire to look into. The church of Japan in the day of her unutterable sorrow, is more full of a high and unfading interest, than in the season of her pride. The countless multitudes, uttering sounds of great joy, have disappeared; the towns, the cities, and hamlets are emptied of the servants of God; we see only a dark and eager procession, silent and resolved, pressing onwards towards the valley of the shadow of death; there are priests and nobles, ladies of rank, delicate women and children, the warrior and the slave: but the brightness of the soul is in every step and glance, as cheering each other onward, they disappear fast, and yet faster, and the smoke of their torment ascends as sweet incense unto God.

Julian Nicaura, of the blood royal, one of the ambassadors who went to Italy, and was received there with so much honour and pomp, now sealed his long-tried faith. This man might have written one of the most edifying memoirs in the world, on the vanity of all earthly things; at twenty years of age he had witnessed in Rome the glory of the pontiff and all the conclave: what brilliant visions swam before his eye! He returned, and saw the Church lifted up to heaven: the cross was worn by the soldier in battle, by the courtier in hall or feast, and glittered in precious stones and gold, in every part of the palace. But when he followed his patron kings to the grave, the peace of religion died and was buried with them. His dearest friends had gone before him, through the fiery trial: his home was desolate: every love was broken, or changed into hatred; for the princes of Omura and Arima, his near relatives, were his bitter persecutors. Then he fled, and during twenty years was a fugitive in the wildest parts of

the country, passing through various and strange adventures. His hair was now white with misery : during months together he had lived in caves and deserts : then Julian again braved his pursuers, to seek out and comfort the scattered remnant of the faithful ; and when he came to a solitary home, where some Christians, desolate as himself, had taken refuge, how sweet was the communion they held together ; how inexpressible the feelings with which they passed the night, conversing on their trials and mercies, and singing the praises of God ! He might have resumed his rank and wealth, by renouncing his faith ; but he never entertained such a thought. Poverty, so peculiarly abhorred in Japan, fell the more keenly on the exiled nobleman, who was often in famine and nakedness, not knowing where to lay his head. Often he concealed himself in the depths of the forests, and made his bed at night at the foot of the trees, even in the most inclement seasons, when the winds, tremendous in those parts, beat upon his frame, and howled round his wretched pillow. Obligated to seek yet remoter retreats, he took refuge in a region of almost inaccessible mountains, where he was astonished to find many fugitives for the same cause : so eager and general was the persecution, that the Christians, in their despair, fled to the most savage and unfrequented districts ; when he believed the beasts of prey were his only companions, he sometimes saw the smoke rising from the crevices of the rock or the glen. Thus he wandered till old age came upon him ; at seventy his strength was wasted, and his heart broken : he had lived in hope that the miseries of the church would cease, that God would spare her in her inexpressible affliction. When passing the lonely time in some desert cave, without seeing a human being, Julian had spent great part of the day and night in prayer ; it was his only com-

fort, his only strength : he prayed not for his own restoration, but that he might see Christianity once more lift her head, her ministers in safety, her churches in peace. At last he saw that his hope was vain, and then he desired to render up his testimony, that he might enter into his reward. Was it not better than thus to struggle ? there every tear would be wiped away. Alas ! what were his tears, compared to those shed every day, every hour, by innumerable victims ? This it was that made him wish to depart. He was surprised by some soldiers who had long been in pursuit of him, and conducted in chains : all arts were tried to make him recant, “ the governors put him in mind of the glory and quality of his ancestors, conjuring him to do nothing unbecoming himself : he told them he was more happy in descending alive into the grave, than in dying on the throne of his ancestors : he published every where as he passed, that he was Julian, and that he was going to the crown which God had prepared for him.” He arrived in the city of Omura : they led him through the streets where he had once walked in his pride, surrounded by the rich, the high, and the happy. Oh ! when his home met his eye, where his mother blessed him when he parted for Rome, and wept over him on his return—where the banquet was given on that very evening, and all listened to his words, as to the words of an angel. The home was still there, and many, in the multitude that gathered round, recognized, in the chained and squalid man, his white hair and and beard dishevelled—the once admired and gallant Julian. It was evident that he courted his fate : those who pitied him did not know how careless of life long sorrow and suffering make us, especially when we sorrow alone. Once only the fallen man seemed to wish for a milder doom ; as he passed near the cemetery of Omura, where, amidst the cypress, were the splendid tombs

of his relatives, the kings and nobles of his line : they slept in honour ; and each mourner who came to weep beside the graves of those he loved, was reminded of the virtue and example of these illustrious men. Julian had often, in childhood, heard his parents tell of their deeds. But he should never rest beside them, his ashes never mingle with theirs : no tablet would record his memory : his limbs would be scattered to the fowls of the air, or the beasts of prey. The simple and heart-felt words of Barzillai, " I will be buried beside the grave of my father and mother,"—never, never could be his ! The remains of most of the martyrs of Japan were thus treated, or else broken, and cast into the sea ; and many a firm and prepared mind must have shrunk back at such a thought, often more revolting to self-love than even death. When Julian drew near to Nangasaqui, where he was to suffer, and saw the plain covered with an applauding and sympathizing people, his spirit resumed its fire, and his faded eye flashed with a princely triumph : he exhorted them to be stedfast to the end, and to die as they should see him die. During four days he endured great agony, ere he expired.

In this year, 1625, the father-provincial of Japan, Francis Pacieco, Bathazar Torres, Gaspar, and six more of the most eminent Jesuits, were burned on the hill near to Nangasaqui ; they bound them close to the stakes, and piled the wood thick about them ; they sung the praises of God ; the smoke for some time took them out of sight, but as the fire cleared, they were seen standing upright in the flames, with their eyes fixed on heaven. Balthazar Torres was a person of quality, a very gifted and accomplished man, " he was endued with a quick wit, and eminent learning ; having ended his studies, he believed himself inspired to preach the gospel in the world ; he taught divinity at Goa and Macao

eight years. He was forced at one time to take refuge in a desert, where he lived six months without any companion, as he says in one of his letters, besides serpents and venomous beasts: he was well shaped, of a tall stature, and proof against all hardships; he had light hair, a vermilion complexion, a majestic port, and so agreeable in his conversation, that every body loved him. But the beauty of his soul shined still with a much brighter lustre, in humility, charity, patience, and an ardent zeal for God's greater glory. He lived twenty-six years in Japan." There now only remained eighteen Jesuits in Japan, and yet they were indefatigable; their manner of living is described in a letter of Matthew Cauro, successor to Pacieco. "About this time, troops of soldiers were sent round the country, to search after religious and priests; they visited grots, caves, stables, and granaries, even to the very straw. Those that went to confiscate Balthazar Torres's little moveables, {finding some pieces of money in the house, were so transported at the hope of finding a treasure, that they did not leave a hole or corner unsearched. Upon this the Christians where I lived came with positive orders for me to be gone, for it was impossible, they said, to secure me any longer; I promised to embark the next night, but my patron in the mean time had prepared me a hiding-place unknown to the family. I stole into it at night with my catechist and one servant, but God knows it was scarce four foot broad, and not passing twelve in length. We lived there night and day without any light, excepting at meal time, or when we recited the Divine office, or wrote letters. They gave us our diet through a hole in the thatch, and then closed it again. I lived thirty-five days in this darkness, and never stirred out, excepting on Easter days to say mass. After that time, my patron made me another little hole

about the same size, where I continue to this present day. I keep the church stuff by me to say mass, steal out by a back door to a neighbouring hut, where they cover an altar every night till mass be ended, and then uncover it again. I carry the church stuff into the hiding-place with me, where I live, reading and writing all day by a light borrowed from a narrow crevice through the boards. The spies believing me to live not far off, use their utmost to surprise me. The governor is so earnest to find me out, that he hath forbid the people to make inclosures about their houses for two leagues round, and this to see who goes in or comes out of doors. Since Gaspar de Castro's death, I live all alone in these parts, studying to animate the Christians by frequent letters."

There was also great severity at the city of Jeddo, twelve days' journey from Meaco, and a favourite residence of the emperor: it is a place of many palaces and delights, with towers nine stories high, the summits of which are all gilded, and have a glorious appearance in the sun: there are also delicious gardens and terraces for the pleasure of the prince: the street that fronts the palace is sixty feet broad, bordered on each side with pine trees. About a day's journey from the city is a burning mountain, famed for its beauty, height, and whirling flames; it may be seen three days' journey distant; its upper region is covered with snow, the next with forests, and the lower part affords a rich soil; its eruption may be seen from Jeddo and all the surrounding country, the flames lighting up strangely the region of snow. There are temples on the declivities, held in great veneration: in the month of August, the snow being then melted, and the passage clear to the summit, it is visited from all parts. The night is generally chosen for this ascent, when the passengers and

guides carry torches in their hands, and the scene is very wild, when the multitude wind up the perilous declivities in the gloom, with the glare of their torches cast over the rocks and ravines, "they choose this season, for the sight of those deep precipices in the day would be enough to turn their heads, and make them fall down."

The medical skill of some of the Jesuits more than once saved their life: the officers and governors suffered them to escape, in recompense for their remedies, which appeared to them the more valuable, by reason of the ignorance of their own doctors in many diseases. There being no apothecaries in the country, the doctor's servant accompanies him from place to place with a box of twelve drawers, with forty-four little bags full of different herbs and drugs in each drawer, which he mixes and boils in the patient's room. In fevers they are accustomed to run up fine small bodkins in several parts of the flesh, and, in more malignant distempers, they burn the skin in many parts, by applying little heated balls. Many an amusing rencontre probably took place between the Jesuits and these wandering practitioners, who regarded the former as vile intruders into their folds, and denounced them on all occasions. The persecution was no doubt considered a great blessing by the Japanese medical men.

In the years 1627 and 1628, the persecution grew hotter; the victims were offered up in crowds, solitary excutions no longer took place. One scene of torment surpassed (perhaps only in appearance) all the others; the imagination was vexed with hideous fancies long before the blow. Two leagues from Nangasaqui, there is a high mountain called Ungen, on whose summit are three or four lakes with boiling sulphureous waters, heated by subterraneous fires. These waters break out sometimes in wide

openings of the earth, sending before them mountains of flame, called by the Japanese "the Mouths of Hell;" and the waters, "the Infernal Waters." The waters of the lake smoke and boil as if they stood upon a hot fire, and make so hideous a noise that they may be compared with the lakes of brimstone and fire mentioned in the Apocalypse. The waters are so hot and searching, that the least drop penetrates to the bone. The martyrs spent a day and two nights in prayer, and set forward on Sunday morning, singing as they went. Being arrived at the foot of the mountain, they were put in coffins of reeds, and carried upon men's shoulders. At the top of the mountain there lives a man who earns his bread by shewing these gulfs: one of them exclaiming that their hour was come, and that the Father of mercy and the God of all comfort was present in their midst, exhorted the others to constancy; they knelt down, and prayed. Then Paul, who was one of the principal gentlemen in Nangasaqui, having taken leave of his beloved wife Agatha, walked cheerfully to the side of the burning gulf; he considered it well.

The plate representing this strange martyrdom is full of unspeakable wo. The banks are precipitous; the waters boil fearfully below, amidst clouds of smoke. Many are falling headlong, others are placed in open baskets, and let down by pulleys that they might die slowly; crosses are on the brink above, from which the sufferers, while dying, can perfectly behold the last moments of their ingulfed companions.

This mode of execution soon became a favourite one among the Japanese. It is surely grateful to turn from these things of fear, to a scene of gentler and milder enthusiasm. In 1636, after a number of the most eminent fathers, the experienced and the aged, as well as the young and robust,

had fallen, Francis Mastrillez arrived in the field, "whose life and death shewed how powerful St. Francis Xavier is with God, and what tenderness he expressed for his darling church of Japan." Marcellus, such was his baptismal name, which he afterwards exchanged for Francis, began his noviciate in the Society of Jesus at a very early age; being reduced to death's door by a great sickness, he meditated intently on his prospects and on his patron saint, whom he had hoped to imitate; gazing on the picture of the latter, which hung on the opposite wall, he saw a man clad in white, with a cross at his breast and a pilgrims staff in his hand, his countenance full of sweetness and majesty. The sick man, who had received the extreme unction, heard a voice saying, "Marcellus, Marcellus, would you rather die, or go to Japan?" in a low and faint voice he made a vow to go to Japan, should he be restored. From that time he began to recover, and a few months after he set forth. The noise of this miraculous interview had gone abroad; being on his journey, the king of Spain delayed him some days at his court, and discoursed with him for some hours in his cabinet on the late scene, which made both him and the queen weep for joy; they took from him all the pictures he had caused to be drawn of Xavier, in relation of the manner he appeared. When he landed after a hazardous voyage in Goa, he had like to have ended his days in a sudden transport of feeling at the sight of the remains of the apostle of the Indies. "I know not," he writes, "where I am. This tomb robs me of my heart; but Japan, at the same time, commands it back, and has carried the point." All the time he remained at Goa he passed day and night at the grave of his patron. "God commands me to leave you; Francis calls me—remember Marcellus whom you so tenderly loved." He brought presents of immense value for the

shrine, and laid out three thousand crowns of his own, to make it yet more rich and magnificent. This man's spirit was in a state of continual and elevated delusion; believing himself to be peculiarly watched and beloved by his patron, his imagination was ever on the wing by night and day; but such a state of feeling was not the safest preparation for the career of Japan; he forgot, like most Roman Catholic imitators of saints, that the qualities and dispositions which led Xavier to his peerless eminence, were those of strong practical sense, and keen penetration into the thoughts and motives of others.

He arrived in Saxuma; his intention was to strike a brilliant coup de main; to seek the emperor, and preach the mysteries of the faith. He took his way overland, but still in sight of his companions, who coasted along the shore in their boat; the latter was taken by some soldiers, and the men were obliged to confess they had brought over a priest. Mastrillez had retired, in the dark, to a wood, where he most imprudently kindled a fire, which betrayed him; he was seized, and carried to Nangasaqui, where he was put to exceeding tortures. At last, after many days, being brought forth, he fell on his knees at the place where he was to suffer; it was surely bitter to die thus, before he had done anything for the cause—no toils, no conversions—perhaps he felt this when he fell on his knees, and cried out, "My father, O my father, St. Francis Xavier." His death, however, was commemorated in Goa, Madrid, and Lisbon: miracles being of more avail to a man's reputation than virtues and crosses, of which few had fallen to his share.

On the death of the emperor, there was a pause of the persecution; again it was resumed, although less fiercely. At the close of the year 1658, the whole aspect of the Church was disastrous and ruin-

ous, and their Jesuits saw that their exultation was short-lived. A hundred years were passed since the preaching of Xavier; had he beheld in vision what was to befall his beloved vineyard; even the shore of Sancian would have been mild and gentle, to his exquisite sorrow. The Jesuits observed that it was an inscrutable judgment of Providence to permit this beautiful and flourishing Church to be thus destroyed, also the blood of so many martyrs to be shed without any future advantage to the people, and that religion would surely flourish again, and extend its branches over the whole country. Such a result never came to pass: yet in one respect the persecution was not useless; perhaps it was beneficial, inasmuch as it convinced the world of the sincerity of the Japanese Christians—a belief that was coldly given to their Chinese neighbours, who were not exposed to so severe a test, and who would never have sustained it with equal fortitude. The persecutions in China were light in comparison with those in Japan; that timid and fickle people would have recoiled in affright at the many thrilling forms of the king of terrors. The Romish writers speak of six hundred thousand Christians in China; and of the favour of the emperor and the peace of the country, until the pastors began to sow divisions among themselves. “China,” says the Jesuit with the voice of prediction, “now opens her ports to merchants and missionaries, as well as seculars, who crowd in to labour in our Lord’s vineyard, upon the credit and interest which the fathers of the Society have at present with the court. God grant the spirit of heresy may not render them suspected to the ministers of state; as also that envy and jealousy may not arise amongst the preachers; for should this happen, the people, who are naturally quick and clear sighted, will undoubtedly reflect upon our principles. Faith that is not

animated with charity will grow weak and feeble, and the Devil will glory to have ruined the empire of Jesus Christ in China, by those same instruments that went over to establish it." Nearly three hundred years are elapsed since Ricci introduced Christianity in this empire, in whose vast extent a few thousand Christians only are now to be found. But the morning begins to break, and the shadows to flee away. Morrison, perhaps of all men living the greatest benefactor to his fellow-creatures, has translated the scriptures into the Chinese, and is now circulating them widely through this vast region, hitherto unvisited by the pure word of truth. The time is perhaps not far distant when a greater than Ethiopia shall stretch out her hands to God, and open her thousand gates to the messengers of their Lord. But while men's hopes are directed anxiously to this interesting portion of the earth, why should Japan be forgotten? are not the people more generous, brave, and constant than the Chinese? The wars of her princes are full of bold ambition, and talent wherewith to sustain it: the episode of the three ambassadors proves that their nobles were fitted to adorn and be admired, as well in the courts of Europe as in those of Japan. Let not the catalogue of her martyrs, which like a burning roll is yet beautifully visible through time and ruin, be forgotten among men. In a future memoir the progress of this church will be traced to its final overthrow, through those dark and foul pages of Jesuitism, in which its fathers consented to desecrate the cross and put it to open shame—the fearful price demanded by the heathen. How are the mighty fallen! No blessing could be expected from their toils, no answer to their prayers: the injury thus inflicted on their own cause was irreparable; contempt and disgust grew on the minds of the people, insomuch that at the present day Christianity is held

in dishonour throughout Japan. In the words of Almeida, "How long, O Lord, how long? the people shall not always rage at thy coming, why do thy chariot wheels delay?"

The burning mountain already alluded to, 12,000 feet in height, has since ceased its eruptions, but its pilgrimage still continues. It is held in the highest regard by the Chinese, even like Ararat among the Armenians, and is continually represented in the paintings of their artists, and in the verses and fictions of their poets and romance writers; in its scenery the beautiful and terrible are strangely blended. The roads in this region, leading to Jeddo, are hilly and difficult; but the way is beguiled by frequent resting-places, from which young women, as agreeable as they are comely, come forth to offer tea and other refreshments, and invite the passenger to rest awhile.

The great city of Jeddo is five leagues in diameter, and the broad streets are filled by day with a vast population. Here the fathers had a chapel, and an agreeable residence and society, as well as some literary resources; there was an imperial library in the palace, which is a "building of elaborate and beautiful construction, and has a general air of grandeur, in comparison with other buildings; the proportions of the doors are colossal, and the gilding and carving in the apartments rich, yet simple." The shops of earthen and beautiful lacquered ware, of poultry and game, and the tea-houses, are less numerous than in Meaco, which is the great commercial city of the empire; but the luxuries and amusements of life equally abound. The theatre is a favourite resort among this sprightly and social people; the Japanese ladies, notwithstanding the extreme jealousy of their husbands, far from being under any restraint in so public a place, attend in their richest dresses, and are even so fas-

tidious as to change them several times during the performance, and for this purpose servants attend with the choicest part of their wardrobe. In the dwellings of some of the rich and great there is a large hall expressly for the exhibition of comedies, which are often in music. Poultry and game, with all kinds of which the country abounds, are, with fish and vegetables, the chief luxuries of the people, who all have an aversion to butcher's meat; at the repasts of the nobles, the birds are often served up with their feet and beaks gilt, on tables of pine or cedar beautifully painted, enamelled, and inlaid with gold; yet diamonds are of less value in their eyes than old tea-pots. A Jesuit one day asked a person of quality, why they gave so extravagant a price for such things? and why, said the nobleman, do your merchants bid so dear for our rubies and emeralds? you are far more prodigal; for those stones only serve to please the eye, and require much pains and trouble to preserve them; whereas our pots, tripods, kettles, and cups help to make a drink which preserves our lives, and prevents all sorts of distempers, chiefly if it be made and taken in old vessels, that have, as I may say, imbibed their virtue. In Jeddo, as in the other cities, education, such as it is, extended in public schools to all classes; and in no country in the world, perhaps, is the art of writing so universally diffused, which explains the rapidity with which circulation was given to the translations of Xavier. In their desire of improvement, in their accomplishments and tastes, the Japanese have greatly the preeminence over the Turks, and are nearly on a par with the Persians; their women, in spirit, beauty, liberty, and cultivation of mind are superior to those of all other Oriental nations.

## MADAME DE LA PELETERIE.

It is beautiful to turn from the lofty, disciplined, and austere career of the Jesuit, to that of a delicate and accomplished woman, daring the same hardships, loving the same heritage of wo. The missions of Rome rarely present such a being: the celibacy of her priesthood allowed no wife, sister, or daughter, to be an example to the Indian women, in virtues, manners, and tastes; to sympathize in their trials, and gently to lead them to God. Nunneries arose in Chili, Peru, and Canada; but nuns were poor missionaries: "single blessedness" often caused man to cast all his energy, joy, and sympathy into the fold, to glory in being alone and desolate; but women, crowding together within walls, where petty cares, hopes, and shadows consume the more expansive and generous emotions—made excellent nurses and comforters to the sick and wretched; but no prophetess in Israel arose among them. The sister of Xavier, the noble Magdalen, retreating from the court of Navarre, from the favour of the queen, to her convent, is an interesting and exquisite picture; but the same being, armed with the same faith, prayer, and constancy, at the courts of Japan, like Anne Judson at the courts of Burmah, would have been a herald of great and resistless good. Perhaps the tidings of her brother's career awakened this ardour when it was too late; when the frame declined, and the spirit clung to its little sphere of privacy and power. Her letters spoke of great peace and resignation. Her enthusiasm, unlike that of Francis, was calm and dreamy, and loved the

mournful solitude of St. Clare ; the matin and midnight music floating on the air ; the transition from the lone communion and shadowy gloom of the cell, to the pomp and gladness of the processions, where the lady abbess was glorious, and all loved her. To go forth from so hushed a scene, to the long struggle with the savage mind and heart, was more hard for a refined woman, than even to break at once from the gaieties and dissipations of the world, as did Chauvine de la Peleterie.

Richelieu, who was at this time in power, had sent out, some years previous, a colony to Canada, with instructions to use every means to gain the attachment and confidence of its inhabitants. Circumstances favoured his design : the Iroquois had devastated the territory of the Algonquins, who besought the aid of the French. The latter marched against the invaders, defeated, and drove them back to their own country. The Algonquins, grateful for this service, consented to receive a code of laws, as well as religious instruction, from their allies, who began to build churches and schools. Already many were baptized, and a yet greater number desired to be instructed. When these tidings were brought to Paris, they became a frequent subject of conversation, and inflamed with zeal many hearts who felt an interest in the progress of Christianity. Richelieu turned all to good account ; he founded a bishopric of the new church of Quebec. The duchess D'Aiguillon, his niece, to second his views, formed an association, whose object was to raise a fund for the support of the missionaries, and to furnish them with all kinds of necessaries, and articles to improve the condition of the Indians. At the head of this society were the names of the dukes of Ventadour, of Laval, and of the duchesses of Montmorenci and Longueville ; other persons of distinction swelled the number. The latter princess was possessed of

extensive influence; her political talents were eminent, and her beauty and wit made her generally beloved. Her love of religious retirement often induced her to retreat to a convent situated in a lone and beautiful part of the country, where she had apartments.

This fervour about Canada extended to all classes, so that a sum was soon raised sufficient to execute, on a grand scale, the establishments which the government judged necessary to accomplish its object, viz. to draw the Indians from savage to civilized life, and, by dint of kindness and charity, to persuade them to embrace Christianity. The hope of these generous aristocrats was to provide, in the first place, means of instruction to the children, and aid and comfort to the sick. It was therefore necessary to erect a school and hospital at Quebec. Richelieu felt all the advantages of the scheme, which would cost nothing to the state. The duchess d'Aiguillon contributed from her own private purse forty thousand francs, a sum more considerable in that day than the present, and which was only the prelude to farther benefactions. On his part, the cardinal assigned an annual revenue from his estates. Yet it seemed to be more easy to raise profuse sums for the work, than to find suitable almoners for its distribution. It would be the height of imprudence to place such a trust, as well as the concerns of education, and the care of the sick, in mercenary hands. Those souls only were worthy who were inspired by religion alone, to consecrate themselves without reserve to the service of the heathen; and who, as the price of their toils, of their fearlessness in meeting danger and disease, were ambitious only of the palm of martyrdom, and of the love of God.

Providence inspired for this work one of those fine and enthusiastic spirits, who seem to be raised for peculiar occasions—Chauvine de la Peleterie,

a young widow, eminent both by birth and fortune. Leaving Alençon, the place of her abode, she resided some time in Paris, where she gained the friendship of some of the most distinguished people of the time. It was not in the nature of woman, thus situated, above all, of a French woman, to make so strange a sacrifice from any sudden fanaticism, or latent remorse. The voice that had called her to Canada was surely a celestial one. She had sought her God in secret, and often, with her friend, the duchess d'Aiguillon, conversed of his mercies and promises. Richelieu, with the ambition and pride of Lucifer, pouring forth the blood of the nobles like water, heard of the lady's resolve with joy; and, perhaps, the next time he went to mass, offered up a prayer for her success. There were many, however, among her relatives and connexions, who could not bear her intended mission: a young, rich, and attractive widow, going a voyage of two thousand miles to convert the Algonquins, was an event hitherto unheard of in Paris, and became a fertile subject of wit, ridicule, and laughter. No opposition could be offered to an enterprise, however wild and visionary, that was patronized by power, birth, and fashion; wo to the individual who crossed Richelieu in his pleasure or his wrath! But Madame de la Peleterie could not be ignorant of what awaited her; the accounts of the few preceding missionaries were very disastrous.

So early as the year 1608, the king of France gave notice to M. de Ponticourt, governor of Port Royal in Canada, that it was now time to labour for the conversion of the savages, and that he was about to send thither, by the advice of his confessor, several of the Society of Jesus. Two were chosen: Pierre Biar, who professed theology at Lyons, and Evremond Massé: it was soon evident that the wishes of the American colonists were not in their

favour : on their arrival at Dieppe they were refused a passage, and in consequence retired to the college of St. Eu. Mad. la Marquise de Guercheville, who had constituted herself protectress of the American missions, by great exertions succeeded in carrying matters, so that the missionaries sailed for Port Royal, where they arrived in June 1611, in company with M. de Biencourt. They met at first with every possible obstruction to their labours ; the governor was not their friend : their first object was to learn the language of the natives, but they could find no Frenchman able or willing to assist them ; happily a native chief who understood a little French courted their friendship. The gloomy prospects of the missionaries were soon known in France : again the Marquise de Guercheville exerted herself on their behalf : with the aid of the queen-regent she was enabled to fit out a vessel, in which other Jesuits embarked, and, arriving at Port Royal, took on board their brethren, and, proceeding to the river Pentagoet, founded a colony named St. Sauveur, which had scarcely begun to prosper, when an English fleet arrived, and carried the missionaries prisoners to England, whence they were at length reclaimed by the French ambassador. In 1614 the Recollets first arrived at Quebec, to teach the faith. In 1624 Henri de Levi, duke de Ventadour, was appointed viceroy ; and having been himself in holy orders, his attention was immediately directed towards the conversion of the savages. He applied to the king in council, and, with the good will of the Recollets themselves, he appointed Charles Lalle-mant and Evremond Massé, both of whom had been in the colony of St. Sauveur and thence carried prisoners to England, with Jean de Brebœuf and two other Jesuits, to depart without delay for Canada : this was in 1625. Little progress was made among the Indians : in less than three

years the number of labourers had increased to fifteen priests and several laics, whose first efforts were directed towards the French colonists; and so greatly were they blessed, that a few months saw a wonderful change in the morals and characters of the people. By degrees a generation of Christians sprung up, having much of the manners and simplicity of the primitive church. This early fervour gave an interest to the wild mission, that made it to be preferred to others more brilliant in a worldly point of view. One cause of this excellent influence among the colonists was the harsh and forbidding nature of the country, where there was little of the sweets of life and the luxuries of the world, to flatter that vanity which is the rock on which the French spirit is so often wrecked, and the holiest ministry so often sullied. Charlevoix, who in his youth had known several of these excellent Jesuits, in this ardour of their first usefulness and "first love," feelingly and simply observes, "I saw them bend under the labours of a long apostolate, their bodies extenuated by fatigue, and broken down by old age and infirmity—their limbs failing, their strength of body as nothing—yet with all this preserving the entire vigour of the apostolic spirit—the whole strength of their spiritual life."

It was in 1634 that M. de Champlain first proposed the establishment of a mission in the country of the Hurons. It was of great importance to the missionaries to make the centre of their labours in a country which was the centre of Canada, as they would with more facility be able to carry the light of the gospel to all parts of that vast continent. The Hurons, however, continued obstinate, and it was not until after many presents had been given, with more zeal than prudence, that they permitted Brebœuf and Daniel to enter their country. Terrible indeed were the sufferings of these admirable men, from

hunger, disease, and ill treatment. They were forced to swim over rapid and broad streams; their goods were stolen, themselves maltreated, and often threatened with death; this was a bad augury of their future success, still in some of the villages they were tolerably well received. At last they were allowed to fix themselves in a village named Ihouhatiri, where they built a chapel, and dedicated it to St. Joseph.

The fruits of their first year's labours were small. They baptized only five or six adults, "but had the consolation of giving eternal salvation to numberless children, who died after receiving the robes of innocence." The savages listened to them, and allowed that the Christian religion was founded in reason; but this was merely from compliance or interest. Many gave promise of conversion, but it was a deceitful promise. Many frequented the churches with decency and reverence, and this even for years,—appearing to be desirous of knowing the truth, and then suddenly departing, with some cold and derisive words to the missionary who hoped for their conversion. The savages often advanced arguments with extreme pertinacity, and with much acuteness.

Every thing done by the missionaries was looked upon with an evil eye; they were accounted sorcerers; they were forced to pray in secret. Yet with all this annoyance, and in the midst of constant danger, they gave proofs of a greatness of mind—they quailed not—they were in the service of a mighty Master, and they feared no evil. By simple reasonings, by natural explanations, by unalterable patience, they at length found success approaching: years passed away, but with years the minds of the savages softened, and their spirits owned the ascendant of these venerable men. Some of the principal men demanded to be baptized, and by degrees the people followed their example.

Whilst endeavours were thus made to convert the Hurons, other missionaries were employed in a similar occupation among other tribes, and in particular among the Algonquins. The Hurons were found to possess the most rebellious hearts, but the most constancy after conversion; the Algonquins most facility of conversion, but the reality of their conversion was too often doubtful.

In the year 1635 the progress of the gospel was accelerated by the founding of the college of Quebec. René Rohault, eldest son of the marquis of Gamâche, himself of the Society of Jesus, aided much in bringing this about; his family gave 6000 golden crowns to Mutio Vitellesti, general of the Jesuits. Religion, however, received a loss about the same time in the death of the governor of Quebec, M. de Champlain, whose character may be judged of by the following passage in his memoirs:—*Que le salut d'une seule ame valoit mieux que la conquête d'un empire, et que les rois ne doivent songer à étendre leur domination dans le pays ou regne l'idolatrie que pour les soumettre à J. Christ.*"

P. Daniel about this time arrived at Quebec from the scene of his mission, and his eager discourse induced many to share the burden of the cross with him—he is described as arriving by the St. Lawrence with his oar in his hand, attended by several savages, his feet naked, his strength exhausted—his breviary suspended at his neck, his clothes in rags, his body wasted and wounded—but his face beaming with content, his air full of joy, his words full of rapture.

In the mean time, the ladies' mission drew rapidly to a denouement in Paris: in the saloons it was a new and piquante subject, which the more enthusiastic, and among them La Peleterie, invested with a thousand charms and heroic sacrifices. Perhaps she was of the opinion of Madame de Savigné, that "a frightful desert is very suitable and desirable, to

inspire an ardent thirst for salvation." Richelieu, when he was bishop of Luçon, wrote an edifying catechism for the use of his diocese; even in the bosom of his glorious power and his crimes, he loved to talk of this catechism, and to consider it as an excellent rule of discipline and sentiment; perhaps he might recommend it for the use of the Algonquins. Like Cromwell, who thirsted, when protector, to share in the conversion of the savages of America, the great minister of Louis soothed his guilty spirit with these pure and saintly purposes: his catechism might do very well for a statesman, but would never have reached the heart of the savage; he maintained "that an abstinence from outward sin, from a dread of the divine vengeance, was a proof of genuine conversion; and that the love of God, and heartfelt sorrow, were superfluous."

The duchesses D'Arguillion, Longueville, Montmorenci, and others, did not allow the subject to grow cool: while Richelieu gained Canada by his intrigues and arms, these ladies, from their boudoirs, were resolved to subdue it to the power of the Cross. But some previous discipline and preparation is required in order to be a missionary, the fair Moravians, who have achieved such triumphs in the torrid and the frozen zones, were long and admirably trained to their high destiny; even some of the gentler Friends have crossed the seas and wildernesses on their inspired message—but such faith and labour "must be sown in tears, ere they can be reaped in joy." The sudden call to the wilds of Canada found Madame la Peleterie in the bosom of softness, elegance, and luxury, which even Parisian women can surrender willingly to the claims of the heart, can share the cell and soothe the woes of those they love, and mount the scaffold by their side. No chord of affection or fidelity was struck in this painful deed; no domestic companionship

cheered the way ; charity, mercy, were the sole and beautiful sentiments of the widow, at least so she believed. She had delighted to visit the homes of the poor and wretched, to solace their wants and woes, and imagined that a whole life devoted to so pure an occupation would bring a rich present recompense to the soul, and make far more easy the entrance to heaven. The boundless forests and lakes, the dreadful severity of winter, the squalid homes and revolting usages of the Algonquins, their dirt and diseases, found little or no place in her splendid dream of conversion and beneficence. The attention also of all her illustrious friends were fixed on her career : with what vivid interest and impatience would her letters be received, her perils watched, her success applauded ! Richelieu was charmed at her resolution ; yet it must be confessed her example was so uncontagious in Paris, that not one lady, old or young, could be found to imitate it ; no gentleman, either relative or friend, felt himself called to the mission, and La Peleterie must have gone alone, had not the duchess d'Aiguillon entreated her to go to Tours, to the establishments of the Ursulines. These sisters had lately effected a rigid reform within their walls, and lived, it was said, in the primitive spirit and virtues of their institute. Here she enlisted the illustrious Marie de l'Incarnation, and Marie de St. Joseph ; with them she proceeded to the convent of Dieppe, and chose a third Ursuline. The oldest of these recluses did not exceed twenty-nine years.

A girl, who was a domestic of the convent, offered to follow her mistresses. Four Jesuits, educated in the house of La Fleche, and destined to the mission of Canada, accompanied this little band, which soon after embarked. The voyage was long, tempestuous, and wretched ; the art of navigation was with the sailors almost in its infancy ; not one of the

missionaries had ever been at sea before ; they were sick nigh unto death ; provisions running short, they were reduced to a scanty allowance per day. The young nuns found themselves in a situation that called for all their faith, to bear up under such accumulated evils. " It is necessary to read, in the history of the foundation of the Hotel Dieu of Quebec, all that these holy women had to suffer ; they were reduced to the very point of death ; assailed with violent tempests, they longed earnestly for land, which they promised to bathe with their tears, and which they did not even despair to moisten with their blood."

It is easy to make vows in sea-sickness, during which there is no doubt that their little silent cells, and refectory, and garden, and all the quiet blessings of land, often floated before their eyes ; at last they touched the shores of Canada, and in the first transports of joy, they, with their generous conductress, kissed the earth several times : " they were received like angels from heaven ; the day of their arrival was for all Quebec a festival day ; all occupations ceased, and the shops were closed. The governor received the heroines on the bank at the head of his troops, and at the sound of the cannon. After the first felicitations, he conducted them in the midst of the acclamations of the people to the church, where the *Te Deum* was sung. The French mixed with the savages, the infidels confounded with the Christians, continued for many days to fill the air with their cries of gladness, heaping a cloud of benedictions on those persons, so weak and tender, endowed with so much strength and courage. At the sight of the savage cabins, to which they were conducted the next day, the recluses were seized with a new transport of joy, and testified the greatest impatience to enter on their functions." This is very French, a little artificial and overdone, yet

highly characteristic; the people richly enjoyed this fête to the wanderers, whose emotions at the Algonquin huts need not have been so vivid and sentimental: "the poverty and uncleanness which reigned there, did not in the least disgust them; objects so likely to diminish their zeal, only rendered it more ardent."

In cases of emergency, a French woman often seems to adopt a new and loftier character, to exchange her restless frivolity and heartlessness for a calm and stern endurance—a touching sensibility. Madame la Peleterie was an enthusiast, in casting so quickly the die of her future life ere she could fairly weigh its ills and pleasures in the balance; but there was strength, as well as boldness, in her highly cultivated mind. A few weeks' observation made her fully aware of the nature of the mission, and she armed herself to its war of suffering, peril, and wo. "Let us follow these women," says the eloquent Flechier, "into that region, the theatre of their charity and zeal, where they gather around them all the accidents of human life; the groans and the laments of those who suffer, fill the heart with an inexpressible bitterness: the sight of so many languishing forms and dark spirits, create disgust and dismay: grief and poverty, misery and death, hold there their mournful empire. In such a scene, they bade adieu to the fears and delicacies of their nature." The hospital of Quebec was the first arena of their cares; the Indians, drawn by the report of their arrival, came in crowds to seek their aid, and solicit them to visit their habitations. Their sincerity was soon put to the severest proofs: an epidemic malady broke out, and spread on every side terror and death. The four missionaries separated, in order to multiply their succours: two of them went into the forests, to carry remedies and consolations to the Algonquins who were attacked.

“ Unable to give life to the children ready to expire, they placed them in heaven by administering to them baptism. The two other female pastors assembled in their hospital the many savages driven there by the fear of dying at home.” Madame la Peleterie chose the forest for her portion ; where, with her solitary companion, she strove to soften the dark decrees of heaven : the Indians, yielding to a helpless horror, regarded their destruction as certain, and died like the seared leaves in their ancient groves. You might behold them healing the sick, making their beds, descending to the most painful and servile offices, regarding them rather as means to shew forth more brightly the beauties of Christianity. They provided for the wants of all these desolate people, who would else have perished—forsaken : they dried the tears of the orphan and the motherless, and poured into the hearts of the dying the consolations of the Spirit, and the sweetness of a quieted conscience.”

These were manifold and weighty cares, even to an experienced missionary ; heavily must they have fallen on the minds and frames of the lady and the nun ; the former had adopted the Ursuline dress, the white robe and the red cross ; had cut her long and luxuriant hair after the conventual fashion. The human heart is a wild and mysterious history : in the French revolution, not dreamed of at this period, the beautiful hair of the female sufferers was cut off ere the head was laid on the block ; no other force could have compelled the sacrifice. The veil was not taken, or the world renounced, by Madame Peleterie ; yet no monastic solitude could be so fearful as that of her present abode ; no self-renouncement of the person at the altar more complete : no admiring eye or voice was near ; the heart, the senses, the passions were hushed ; the memory alone told of the pleasant things of old, the delightful society, the

brilliant circles she had loved : around her were the dismal huts of the Algonquins, within which were anguish, contagion, and horror day and night ; and all the sounds she heard were uncouth and rugged sounds, not the blessed voices of friend and lover. One only feeling was dominant, and its power crushed the enchanting powers of this world, and trampled them under the foot of the lonely, still young and captivating widow—charity—love of her Redeemer, and of the lost and wretched who knew him not—a rare sentiment in one so endowed ; yet more rare in its endurance than in its rise : but for this sentiment, it is not easy to conceive the dismay, disappointment, and disgust that would have preyed on the refined and delicate woman, caused her to spread her impatient sail for France, and leave the savages to their fate.

La Peleterie began to be attached to her home in the wilderness, and refused to exchange her situation for that of the hospital at Quebec : she even purposed, when the malady had ceased, to explore some parts of the interior country. Excess of fatigue and anxiety caused her and her companion to fall sick ; yet what they suffered could not be compared to the consolations which God vouchsafed them. The savages who lay dying, looked for their comforters in vain, who now struggled with pain and weakness, without any to solace or aid them. In a few weeks they recovered. Their lodging was one of the Indian cabins ; but from fear of the contagion, they had recourse, after a time, to a temporary home of boards and branches of trees, keeping up large fires : their sleep at night was perpetually broken by the summons of the families of the Indians. Fortunately, it was the fine season ; the days were warm, and the nights calm and clear : the high winds, that blew at times, were little felt in the forest, where the Algonquins

lived. Yet there were hours of gloom and dread, enough to affect the firmest nerves—the lamentations of the savages for those they lost: sometimes a funeral wail would break forth in wild and piercing shrieks and cries, which would be continued the whole night: there were instances of ungoverned rage and despair, in men of furious and cruel passions. Some of the Algonquins, who were not struck with the contagion, paid the most grateful and constant attentions to their benefactors: while others sat smoking, men, women, and children, in a careless apathy, at the door of their huts. “The night on my spirit,” said the recluse, “often grew darker and darker; and I thought, when shall the light break forth, and the wões of these people have an end? Yet I am not alone, for God is with me. Is it more difficult to preserve humility, recollection, and self-denial in these solitary places of the earth, than amidst the united blaze of talent, wit, beauty, and affluence, which dwelt in the palaces of the Longuevilles, d’Aiguillions, and Contés.”

At last the pestilence ceased, and the missionaries, uninjured save by excessive fatigues, were at liberty to exercise their zeal in a wider field: auxiliaries came from Europe. The Ursulines of Dieppe heard of the abundant blessings vouchsafed to their three sisters: the mission was no longer in their convent a subject of doubt and speculation. Several of the nuns, who had recoiled from the first entreaty, were now eager to embark: they were associated with sisters drawn from several other congregations; and the eager band, ere the close of the first year, made its appearance in Quebec. The missionaries engaged these strangers in their own toils and improvements, which extended rapidly, and with a surprising success.

There is a powerful charm in being the first heralds on an untrodden and exciting field: not

Xavier or Lucas felt an intenser enjoyment in their work, or wilder dreams of spiritual conquest, than did those ladies, among whom was only one woman who well knew the world, and perhaps the heart, and who must sometimes have smiled at the extravagant sallies of her companions. The new comers, fresh from the restraints of the convent, felt it to be delightful to go to the forest, to dwell in the summer in wildernesses, on the shores of the St. Lawrence, or in the city, after so long a seclusion within gloomy walls, beneath a strict discipline, where the faces and voices of the world rarely came. And now it was necessary to learn the Indian language: the lips that had mumbled little else than the breviary and the canticles, were daily occupied in framing themselves to the Algonquin tongue. "They armed themselves with courage to surmount all the difficulties of this barbarous idiom: they began with the catechisms translated by the missionaries, and they learned every day in the schools destined to the education of the young savages."

The eclat of their virtues and services began to be noised among the uncivilized nations of Canada, of which there was soon a very remarkable proof. The Iroquois, driven by famine, again issued from their retreats, and began to desolate the country of the Algonquins, over whom they gained in battle several advantages. To spare the lives of the French soldiers, who were on the side of the latter, peace was proposed by the government. The Iroquois chiefs professed their willingness to enter into a negotiation, on condition that they would send into their country a black robe and a white robe, the names by which, on account of the colour of their dresses, they called the Jesuit missionaries and the Ursulines. The chiefs engaged, on their part, in the name of their nation, to assure them protection and liberty to teach the law of their God to those of

their people who were disposed to embrace it. It is principally from this epoch that we may date the progress of Christianity among the savages of Canada.

This assurance was a great temptation to the missionaries to visit some parts of the interior country, where the people thus desired their presence. The "white robe" would be as a calumet of peace, a banner to the nations: there were risks and hardships to be encountered. "I went to Quebec," says a missionary, "where, after spending three months in the study of the Algonquin language, I set out towards the Illinois, whose country is distant several hundred leagues. I had to traverse lakes of an immense extent, where the tempests are as frequent as on the sea; it was a great happiness to set foot on shore every evening, and find some flat rock whereon to pass the night. When it rains, the only shelter is to turn the canoe bottom upwards, and lie down beneath. There are great risks on the river, where the rapids rush with an extreme velocity and noise; the canoe flies like a dart, and if it touches one of the rocks, is broken into a thousand pieces; which misfortune happened to one of the canoes. The length and toil of these journeys allow you to take only a bag of flour; if the game fails, which is sometimes the case, the only resource is in a kind of vegetable, which is called 'tripe of the rocks.'

"I arrived first at Missilimakinak, whence I sent my companions some food, without which they would have died with hunger. They had passed seven days without any other nourishment than a crow, which they had killed rather by chance than address, for they had scarcely strength to support themselves."

This people, as well as the Iroquois, were pre-

pared to welcome the recluses, and to make their journeys as easy as the nature of the country would allow.

A party of the Illinois, subsequent to this period, paid a visit of a few weeks to the French settlements. The father Chaumont, who resided fifty years among them and the Hurons, and composed a grammar in the latter language, had been very useful to the Indians. These Illinois, during their visit, recited every evening the chapelet, the two services, and all the matins: they also heard mass, during which, on Sundays and festival days, they sang several prayers of the church, suitable to the offices of the day. They were also able to join the sisters in singing the measure of the celebrated Gregorian chant. This simple and solemn combination, peculiarly adapted to devotion, was introduced into churches by Pope Gregory the Great, who flourished in the sixth century. It is still retained in the church of Rome, under the name of *Planus Cantus*, wherein the choir and the congregation sing in unison. It was celebrated in the following exquisite old verses:—

When music and devotion join,  
 The way to Canaan pleasant is;  
 We travel on with songs divine,  
 Ravished with sacred ecstasies:  
 No longer do we pass  
 Through a dry, barren wilderness,  
 But through a land where milk and honey flow,  
 The path to heaven above leads through a heaven below.

In the evening, after supper, the Illinois sang alone, or all together, several prayers of the church, as the *Dies iræ*, *Stabat mater*, &c. “It was surprising,” quaintly observes the writer, “to see that a great number of our French were not near so well instructed in religion as were these neophytes, who

were acquainted with the histories of the Old and New Testament."

The land of the Illinois was, however, too far for the Ursulines to seek. The Iroquois, who first invited them, were much more near, and easy of access. One day, Mamatouensa, seeing them accompanied by a troop of little girls—"Ah!" he exclaimed, "if two or three of the white garments would come and reside among us, our wives and daughters would have more wit, and would be better Christians." The speech of the great chieftain, Chikagou, on the negotiation with the French, and permission for the missionaries, was noble: "Behold, in these two calumets, the two messages which we bring you; the one of religion, the other of peace or war, according as you shall decide. We have listened with respect to your officers, because they brought us the words of the King our father; and to the 'black robes,' because they brought us the words of God, who is the King of kings. We are come to weep, together with you, the death of the French who were slain, and to offer our warriors to smite the nation who poured forth their blood: you have only to speak. When I passed into France, the king promised me his protection, for prayer, to me and my people; and recommended me never to forsake it. I and my people will remember it for ever. Grant, then, your protection to us, and to our 'black robes.'"

La Peleterie was not the only lady who ventured on similar regions: in the southern division of America one of her countrywomen suffered more exquisite calamities. Madame Godin had obtained letters of the provincial of the Jesuits in the province of Quito, to facilitate her progress; the Spanish governor of Maynas politely sent to meet her a canoe stored with refreshments. She journeyed to find her husband, who had fallen ill; "but to what misfor-

tunes," he writes, "what a horrible situation was she not exposed, before that happy moment!" Her father had set out, on the way, a month previous, to prepare every thing for the transport of his daughter: he then proceeded on to the Portuguese missions; she was accompanied by her brothers, a physician, and three female mulattoes; and escorted by thirty-one natives. On arriving at Canelos, they found it was desolated by the small-pox; and the Indians, who were paid in advance, from a dread of the infection all absconded. Here they embarked on the river with two Indians of the village, being the only individuals not infected. After navigating the river two days, the two Indians also absconded, and the unfortunate party embarked without any one to steer the boat—thus passed the day. The next day, at noon, they discovered a canoe beneath a leaf-built hut, in which was a native recovering from illness, who consented to pilot them. On the third day of his voyage, while stooping over to recover the hat of Mr. R., which had fallen in the water, the poor man fell overboard, and was drowned: thus was the canoe abandoned to those who were perfectly ignorant of managing it, and was shortly upset; the party struggled to the land, where they built themselves a hut. They were now five or six days' journey from the mission of Andoas. Mr. R. with a Frenchman proposed to repair thither with the faithful negro, and promised that within a fortnight a canoe should be forwarded to them with a proper complement of natives. The fortnight expired, and even five and twenty days, when, giving over all hopes, they constructed a raft on which they ventured themselves with their provisions and property. The raft, badly framed, struck against a sunken tree, and upset; all their effects perishing in the waves. Madame Godin, after twice sinking, was saved by her brothers. Placed now in a situation more distressing than before, they

resolved on tracing the course of the river along its banks : so thickly were the banks beset with trees, underwood, herbage, and lianas, that they were often obliged to cut their way. To avoid the windings of the river, which greatly lengthened the way, they penetrated the wood, and in a few days they lost themselves. Wearied with so many days' march in the woods, their feet torn by thorns and brambles, their provisions exhausted, and dying with thirst, they were fain to subsist on a few seeds, wild fruit, and palm cabbage. At length, worn out, they seated themselves on the ground without the power of rising, and waiting the approach of death, in three or four days the brothers expired before the eyes of their sister. Stretched on the ground by the side of the corpses, in despair, and tormented with an inexpressible thirst, Madame Godin saw her three mulatto attendants next expire. She rallied all her remaining energies of body and mind, and rose from the fatal spot ; she was without shoes, and her clothes all torn to rags. It was the middle of December : fainting almost at every step, she dragged herself from the dreadful scene, where her brothers lay unburied, to be a prey to the vulture ; eight days more she wandered alone in the woods, before she reached the banks of the river Bobonasa. How a female so delicately educated, and in such a state of want and exhaustion, could support her distress through half the time, is wonderful. The memory of the shocking spectacle she left behind haunted her perpetually ; the horror incident on her solitude, and the darkness of night in a desert, and the hourly apprehension of death, caused her hair, which was of a raven black, to turn quite grey. On the second day's march she found water, and the succeeding day some wild fruit and fresh eggs, of what bird she knew not : the woods abounded in tigers and dangerous serpents ; there seemed a providence to

watch over this heroic woman ; her frame was a skeleton, her eyes, when she was discovered, were wild, and almost unearthly in their expression ; her nephew, quite a youth, three young women, her servants, the domestic left by the physician, all follow her brothers in death, and she alone struggles with despair and wo in every form. On the eighth day she found herself on the banks of the Bobonasa ; at day-break she heard a noise at about two hundred paces from her ; her first thoughts were those of terror, and made her strike into the wood ; but quickly returning, she perceived two Indians, lounging about on the stream ; she conjured them to transport her to Andoas ; they paid her every attention, and embarked with her for that place. The faithful negro, in the mean time, ascended the river from Andoas with a party of Indians, to succour his mistress ; on reaching the hut where he had left the party, he traced them through the woods, till he came where the corpses lay. The lady reached in safety Laguna, where she was received by Dr. Romero, the new chief of the missions, whose kind treatment, during six weeks she passed in his house, did much to restore her shattered health. Romero wrote to her father and the governor of Maynas, to send to meet her, but she would not pause in her way : the Almighty, she said, " had preserved her when alone, amidst perils where all the others had perished ; the first of her wishes was to rejoin her husband, for this purpose she had begun her journey ; and were she to cease to prosecute her intentions, she should counteract the mercy shewn to her."

The residence of Madame de la Peleterie and her friends, among the Algonquins, was most useful ; they passed from one village to another, addressed the adults, more especially the females, to whom their mission was almost exclusively directed ; instructed the children, and founded several schools.

The Indian women sometimes came out in procession to meet them, singing sadly as they advanced, and dancing around them in the wild exuberance of spirits, while others poured benedictions on their heads. The gentle manners and demeanour of the strangers were soon imitated by the Indian girls, who made far more progress in cultivation and taste under the tuition of the white, than of the black robe.

In the midst of this zeal and success, was La Pelcterie's heart laid bare; many a regret, like a sudden pang—many a pale and buried image—would be seen to haunt even her sacrifices:—could it be otherwise?—the past had not been one of sin and sorrow, but an intellectual, beautiful, imaginative past, which defies us ever to forget it.

Even in her slumbers on her pillow of skins, in a bark hut, her face pallid, her delicate hands worn with toil, the forest wind wailing by—she is once more in her hall, and a mighty being is before her, wasted like herself—it is Richelieu, nearly at the term of his career of glory, listening intensely to her mission, and mourning that he must meet the king of terrors. He had been her great patron: and while she tells of the blessedness of the way, his cold and cruel eye is lifted in hope. Then the forms she had loved gather cagerly round, the sallies of wit and genius are flashing—and she wakes with the howl of the wolf, and the cold rush of the St. Lawrence, in her ear.

It would appear that the right of conferring baptism, vested alone in the abbess of a convent, was delegated to the lady and the nuns, amidst the perishing Indians. The sentiment of the Romish church, that good works and austerities are highly meritorious and availing in the sight of God, and are precious and influential in promoting the salvation of the soul—was as culpable as it was

mournful. In their faith, the sublime words of the Apocalypse were reversed: "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord; for their works shall follow them." The works of the Romanists went up to heaven as heralds before them, loaded with sweet incense. Hereby the free love and grace of our Lord were robbed of their glory, and the erroneous believers were spoiled of the glorious liberty of the children of God, not having the knowledge of the remission of sins, save by the declaration of the church, or the intercession of the saints; they thirsted not for the vital manifestation of the "things of Christ;" never was he made unto them "all in all." Yet there were many, very many, who were "greatly comforted," whose prayers and alms, whose devotedness and love of souls, came up as a memorial before God. It is not easy to be often doing good, if the expression is allowable, without getting good in return; whosoever loves, day by day, to weep with them that weep, to read and pray with them that are in darkness, to dry their tears, relieve their wants, and lift up their heads, surely that person shall be blest in their deed. Such was Madame de la Peleterie: whose spirit, unstrengthened, unvisited of God, could never have been thus faithful to the last. "She made herself poor," says the Jesuit writer, "with such earnestness for Jesus Christ, animated with her own spirit the recluses, who esteemed and loved her as their guide and benefactress; this admirable widow spared nothing for the salvation of souls; her zeal induced her, in more than one situation, to cultivate the earth with her own hands, in order to have wherewith to solace the poor converts; she spoiled herself of all the ornaments and comforts she had reserved for her own use, that she might have clothing for the numerous infants which they presented to her, almost naked: her career was a series of heroic actions, for the love of charity."

In the year 1640, a religious establishment was formed in Montreal, which had ever been an object with the early missionaries. Madame la Peleterie assisted at the solemn mass; for wherever any thing was to be done for the advancement of the faith, there she was to be found. In 1642, the Iroquois declared war against the Hurons; during which many of the missionaries gained the crown of martyrdom: one of them, Paul Jogues, who was long a prisoner among the Iroquois, was tortured many times, and even in the midst of his sufferings sought the conversion of those who inflicted them. This missionary contrived to escape from his enemies, and returned to France, to obtain permission from the pope to celebrate the divine mysteries with his mutilated hands. The pope granted his prayer, saying, "*Indignum esset Christi martyrum Christi non libere sanguinem.*" Whilst in Europe, this venerable man was exposed to severe trials, in the honours that were paid him; but he was meek in spirit, and humble in heart; he was tried, and not found wanting. He returned to his labours in the world, and also to his sufferings. A more eminent success was given to their mission a few years subsequent. Several of the Hurons were so animated by religious zeal, that they were sent to preach the truth to what was called "the Neutral Nation;" and their lively discourses were useful to many.

About the year 1644, the Algonquins embraced more decidedly the gospel: an illustrious chief of their nation was baptized at Montreal, where the French lady was his god-mother: the church was filled with a numerous audience, who seemed to enjoy the spectacle, in which there was something novel and impressive. The copper-coloured chieftain and his fair sponsor were of nearly the same age: she bound herself to watch over his

progress in religion—to guard him against the snares of the evil one, and his own wild heart—a pledge, that, in the multiplicity of her own cares and employments, could not be very constantly observed. Yet it was an exulting moment to this excellent lady; the Algonquins were the first and principal object of her mission: the conversion and baptismal ceremony of the chief, had a benign influence on his people. She spared not herself, entering into new engagements and visitations, at one time in Montreal, to awaken the zeal and contributions of the colonists, at another in the Indian villages, watching the beautiful progress of faith: a witness day by day to some fresh conversion or consolation, the only reward she sought. In 1646, two of the earlier missionaries, Evremond Massé and de Noué, died; the latter was found, having lost his way, on his knees amidst the snow. Soon after this, the martyrdom of many missionaries took place.

Did not La Peleterie fear a like doom?—she possessed the heroism that is the glory of her countrywomen when actuated by some high excitement. Boldness and energy were the qualities of her mind, that loved the “still waters and green pastures” less than the conflict and the blast. Had the Hurons bound her to the stake, she would have tastefully arranged the plume of dark feathers in her hair, and sung her death-song gallantly.

Brebœuf and Lallemand closed their career in this manner; the former, an intrepid man, of a strong and powerful frame; the latter, to appearance, delicate and feeble. De Brebœuf, in the midst of his tortures, spoke with the voice of a prophet; and when Lallemand was brought forth, said to him in a cheerful voice, “We are made a spectacle unto the world, to angels, and to men.” Lallemand, finding himself a moment at liberty, rushed towards his comforter, knelt at his feet, and

entreated him in his prayer to the Lord to grant him patience and faith, which with confusion he confessed might fail him. The death of these men was followed by that of others. Scarcely a year passed, that the land was not wet with missionary blood.

With all the diligence and zeal of Madame la Peleterie and her two Ursulines, it was not till 1668 that regular missions were established among the Algonquins. Sault St. Marie was the centre of their operations: here they cleared the ground, sowed grain, and did all in their power to fix the savages there. During the first two years, three hundred persons were baptized. There came from her own land, some years afterwards, a young Indian woman to reside at Sault St. Marie, whose history is full of interest. Her mother was an Algonquin, and her father an Iroquois; she was left an orphan at the age of four years, under the protection of her uncle, who was the chieftain of the village. As she grew to womanhood, the time that she could spare from domestic occupations was occupied in little works of taste and ornament, in which she had great skill. The young Iroquois women delight to shew themselves at the public assemblies in their finest dresses, and adorned with all that they have most precious. Their wardrobes consist of various stuffs which they buy from the Europeans, and cloaks of fur; they cover themselves with shells from head to foot, of which they make bracelets, necklaces, earrings, and belts, and garnish even their sandals with these shells. Tegahkouita was very fond of these ornaments; but when she became a Christian, she began to look upon them as sinful, and expiated her having worn them by a severe penitence. When the French conquered the Iroquois, they thought it a favourable occasion to send them missionaries. Three Jesuits

who were acquainted with their language, were chosen to accompany the Iroquois deputies on their return. They lodged in Onondago, in the house of the uncle of Tegahkouita; her modesty, and the sweetness of temper with which she attended them, touched the strangers. The girl observing them closely, was struck with their assiduity in prayer, and the other exercises in which the day was spent. Her uncle sought out for her a husband, because, according to the custom of the country, the game which the husband kills in the chase is for the profit of the wife and the rest of the family. The Iroquois was entirely averse to marriage; already dreaming of the happiness of a single life, she alleged her extreme youth as an excuse—to which her relative yielded. A few months after, an Indian lover, chosen by her uncle, entered one evening the dwelling, and sat down by her side. It is thus that marriages are concluded among the Iroquois, who, in the midst of an excessive profligacy of manners, preserve in public the appearances of extreme modesty: a young man would be dishonoured, who stopped to converse in public with a girl. When the parents have agreed upon the marriage, the lover comes into the cabin of his future bride, and sits down beside her, in token that he takes her for his wife. The young chieftainess, taken by surprise, blushed deeply, and, rising instantly, hastened from the cabin. At this time the celebrated Jacques de Lamberville came as a missionary to Onondago. Tegahkouita never failed to be present at the daily instructions and prayers in the chapel, and at length an occasion of declaring her long-cherished desire presented itself. A wound which she had received, confined her to her home, whilst the greater part of the women were gone to the field and forest. Lamberville, visiting at leisure those Indians who remained behind, entered the home of the girl, who,

scarcely able to contain her joy at his sight, opened her heart to him without reserve, and told how eagerly she desired to become a Christian: she explained also the opposition she had to surmount on the part of her family. Lamberville, who afterwards fell nobly by a cruel death, was struck in this first interview with her courage and intelligence: the vivacity of her spirit was visible in her eloquent words and expressive features—with a naiveté and candour, that convinced him she would become an ornament to Christianity. He took great pains to explain to her its doctrines and requirements, but he declined to grant her baptism until a further experience of her sincerity; he employed the whole winter in these instructions, and in a close observance of her conduct. In the ensuing Easter he baptized her by the name of Catherine. And now the young neophyte thought only of fulfilling her high engagements; aspiring and enthusiastic, she resolved not to be satisfied with the common virtues and observances of religion; she felt herself called to a more sublime and perfect life. Besides the public instructions in which she always assisted, she demanded more peculiar counsel for the interior of the heart; her prayers, devotions, and penitences were strictly and daily regulated; she wept, and strove after the perfection for which she panted. Her relations regarded a life so pure as a tacit reproach on their own disorders, and assailed her with a variety of temptations. With what joy she saw the festival days return, when she could join in the choirs; with the psalmody they blended hymns and canticles. Many of them possessed a fine ear and a melodious voice, and were passionately fond of music. What a contrast was this scene of gentleness and devotion, to that of the council-room of the warriors, who met every day around “the great fire of Onondago,” to

discuss some cruel inroad or bloody stratagem. Her relations were irritated to the last degree by her firmness, which nothing could shake; she was sometimes pursued and harassed on her way to the chapel; and one day, when she sat alone in her cottage, a young Indian entered, his eyes sparkling with rage, with a tomahawk in his hand, which he whirled several times round her head, as if watching the moment to strike. Wearied with these crosses and outrages, Catherine earnestly desired to transport herself to another mission, where she might serve God in peace and freedom; but this was hard of achievement, for all her steps were watched narrowly. Peace being established between the nations, there was formed by degrees, near the French settlements, a colony of Iroquois, consisting of hunters, who halted on the rich prairie of the Madeleine; the missionaries visited them with success, and the greater part of them were baptized. Their example drew many of their countrymen to the Madelaine; and in a few years, the mission of St. Francis Xavier du Sault became celebrated for the number and fervour of its converts.

An adopted sister of Catherine's went to live at the mission of Sault, and she engaged her husband to go with one of his companions to Onondago. They came, and sent secret intelligence to the niece of the chieftain: he was fortunately absent; Catherine went instantly to take leave of Lamberville; he approved of her design, gave her his farewell advice, and a recommendation to the missionaries at Sault. Early on the morrow she turned her back on Onondago; the love of her home and the scenes of childhood, was broken by oppression. She fled along the banks of the river Zinochsa, where Zeisberger afterwards loved to wander. Intelligence of her flight was quickly sent to her uncle; the old warrior loaded his fusil with

three balls, and hastened after the fugitive. The two Iroquois who had foreseen this, concealed her in the thickest part of the wood, and sat down idly on the bank. The chief, on coming up and seeing them thus and alone, believed that he had listened to an idle report, and returned to Onondago. On arriving at Sault, Catherine went to live with her brother-in-law; and now finding herself in free possession of all her privileges and blessings, her soul spread its wings towards that perfection which it was her hope to attain. Four hours of every morning were passed in the chapel; she heard mass at the break of day, and in the course of the day she broke from time to time from her work, to go and converse with her Lord at the foot of the altar. In the evening she returned to the chapel, which she did not leave until night. So deeply did she enter into the love of prayer, as often to pass several hours at a time in its intense engagement. The week was closed by a strict examination of faults and imperfections, that she might efface them in the sacrament of penitence, which she approached every Saturday evening. She did not fail to afflict her body by various macerations and austerities. "The high idea that she had of the majesty of God made her regard the least offence against him with horror; and when she had committed one, however slight, she could not forgive herself, and wept bitterly." She had placed a cross in a solitary place on the bank of the river: here she would sometimes retire with her two friends, Anastasia and Theresa, and converse alone, and sing together; their voices rose beautifully in the solitude of the forest, in the stillness of the evening.

In the life and early doom of Catherine are mournfully evidenced the errors and superstitions of Romanism, which broke many a noble spirit among the Iroquois and Illinois, that would otherwise have

been a model of pure and undefiled religion. Alas for the perfection for which the young chieftainess wept and prayed ! “ She prayed her guardian angel to assist her ; she mixed ashes with her abstemious repasts, to take every pleasant taste away. The rigours which the saints exercised on themselves, caused her to redouble all her mortifications, while her frame wasted beneath them : she walked barefoot through the ice and snow, in the woods. Her love of the eucharist and for the passion of our Lord, was inexpressible : these two mysteries were rarely absent from her thoughts. In the dead of winter, she passed two hours every day kneeling at the foot of the altar, till her limbs were nearly frozen. I sent her into the cottage to warm herself : a few moments after, I saw her rushing again through the aisle, her tears flowing fast, and kissing fondly the little cross she always wore at her bosom in remembrance of her redemption. ‘ Keep me not, O my father,’ she said, ‘ keep me not from the altar of the Lord, from its ravishing delights. I do not feel the cold.’ ”

Even in the place which she had thought as safe as a convent, other lovers started up, won by her virtues, her attractions, and the sweetness of her temper : even her brother-in-law implored her to accept a most advantageous marriage, and her sister-in-law took part against her in this argument. She went to the missionary : “ Ah, my father,” said she, “ I am no longer my own ; am I not given entirely to Jesus Christ ? I will have no other spouse. The poverty with which they menace me, I do not fear ; my wants in this miserable life are so few, that I can always satisfy them with the work of my hands.” The missionary interfered with effect, and her troubles on this account returned no more. It was now the end of autumn, when the Iroquois go forth to the chase ; the wives

and daughters often accompany the hunters, for the season is full of animation and joy; the woods ring with shouts and cheers, with the hissing of the arrows, and the crack of the rifles. At evening the various parties assemble round large fires, beneath the noble forest trees, and feast on the game. The missionary entreated Catherine to go to seek a change of air and food, which were more healthful in the forest, for she began to decline rapidly. "It is true, my father," she replied, "that the body is treated more delicately in the woods, but the soul languishes there; it cannot satisfy its hunger; the chapel, the presence of the Lord at our altars, the holy sacrifice of the mass, the frequent exhortations, and the other exercises, are not to be found there. My soul cannot afford to lose these delights."

As long as her strength allowed, she would seek the recesses of the wood, or the shore of the St. Lawrence, where nature is in her lone empire of glory. The hour of her last sacrifice drew near; in the morning of her life, this noble Iroquois sank on her death-bed, in exquisite agony. "It is too great a happiness," she said, "to live and die on the cross, and join without ceasing her sufferings to those of her Redeemer; perhaps they might augment her merit in his eyes." Athanasia sat by her side; they spoke of the past wants and mercies of her life, of Onondago and its sorrows: the spirit rose above the anguish that tore the body, above the terror and darkness of the grave. The missionary witnessed with surprise and admiration the closing scene: did he feel no doubt whether he had rightly guided such a soul? whose virtues and graces, entirely wasted as they were, left a deep impression on the whole settlement. Her features, worn by austerities, resumed after death all their sweetness of expression; of which a strange and characteristic evidence occurred.

Two Frenchmen, who came from the prairie of the Madelaine to the morning service, seeing the body stretched on the mats, the face hushed as in slumber, said one to another, "Look how peacefully that beautiful young Indian sleeps:" learning, a few moments after, that it was the remains of Catherine, they instantly returned to the cottage, knelt down at the feet, and recommended themselves earnestly to her prayers. They ordered a handsome coffin to bear her to the grave, and followed her in the long procession that moved slowly to the cemetery in the plain of the Madelaine: the missionaries felt that their most eminent pupil was gone. The Iroquois raised no funeral wail, though she was the daughter of a warrior, and the niece of their great chieftain; but they sung the *Dies iræ* as they moved on, and the effect was more solemn and awful than the mourning even of a great people.

One of the companions of Madame la Peleterie was a very admirable person. She left the Ursuline convent at Tours, and her life was written by Charlevoix, "*La Vie de Marie de L'Incarnation;*" more fortunate than her lay companion in a biographer, the virtues and deeds of Marie are fully emblazoned, while to those of the former less justice has been done. The two Ursulines devoted their cares more entirely to the hospital of the hotel Dieu in Quebec, and the sick and poor of the town. These kind Sœurs le Charité established a perfect neatness and order in the wards and arrangements. Whoever has visited one of the houses of these Sisters, and seen them moving in their white robes amidst the patients, with looks of pity and words of mercy, reading to them, praying by their bed-sides, can hardly help blessing them.

The convent at this time existing in Quebec, is the

fruit of the zeal of these Ursulines ; it consists of three stories, divided into long galleries, on both sides of which are cells, halls, and chambers. The cells of the nuns are in the highest story, painted, and hung with paper pictures of saints : a bed, a little desk, and chair, compose all the furniture. They have no fires in winter ; in the gallery without there is a stove. In the middle story is the large room, finely painted and adorned, with a stove, where they pass the day together, at needle-work, embroidering, gilding, and making ornaments of flowers : many of them are ladies of good family. In the refectory there are several small tables ; also, on a desk, the New Testament, and the Lives of Saints : all are silent while they dine, save the nun who reads. In an adjoining room is a gilt table, with pictures and wax candles, which burn till the hour of repose : here they pray. The hospital makes a part of the convent, and in its halls are two rows of beds on each side, within each other, furnished with curtains ; in each are fine bed-clothes, with clean double sheets : the beds are two or three yards distant from each other, and near each is a small table. In the halls are good iron stoves, and large windows. The nuns carefully attend the sick with nourishment and medicines : the physician comes twice a day. The Jesuits' church in Quebec is a fine edifice ; the college is magnificently built, and its library well regulated ; it has a large garden and orchards.

Marie de L'Incarnation was called to leave her toils : in the decline of life, but not in its sear and yellow leaf, she yielded up her spirit. La Peleterie had first called her to the field : from the hour in which she persuaded the Ursuline to leave the convent at Tours, the latter had been as her second self ; the works of her hands and the purposes of her heart were alike pure and beautiful. They had

desired to lay down their charge, and cross the dark river of death together; but it was not thus to be. Marie breathed her last in the arms of her friend. She was a woman of meek yet lofty spirit, of many accomplishments, an illustrious descent, and an entire consecration of all to God.

The mission was at this time in a prosperous state. Louis XIV. continued, in the midst of his pleasures and luxuries, to aid it with his protection and his purse. Other labourers came on the field, to replace the slain. Madame la Peleterie, now that her toils began to be oppressive, felt that their harvest was at hand. The influence of her god-son, the great chief of the Algonquins, was incessantly employed in aid of Christianity. When his patroness came, in her wanderings, to visit his home, the whole family, relations and vassals, were in a transport of joy; they would have held festivals in her honour; but the feast, the dance, and carousal were discouraged by the missionary; yet there was so much kindness and gentleness in her rebukes, that the savages could not bear to do any thing that would grieve her. Una, among the wild beasts of the forest, was no unapt resemblance to the fervent and noble Frenchwoman in the midst of the Algonquins and Iroquois, whose fierce eyes cowered beneath her own, while they greedily drank every word that fell from her lips. She rarely came to a village without leaving some gracious feelings and thoughts behind. While she thus soothed the woes and ministered to the wants of others, was her own heart free from trouble? It began to feel the bitterness of being left alone in the world: where were the associates of past life? their kindness, their voices even from a far land, the presence of their spirit with her was gone. Richelieu, her first patron, had died many years since, soon followed by his king, Louis XIII. His niece, the patroness, the

correspondent, the lover of La Peleterie—alas! could not death spare Isabelle duchess d'Aiguillon, the beautiful, the munificent, the powerful, who had lavished her wealth on the mission, and watched over it like a parent, with her interest at court, her counsel, her sympathy: her letters, so welcome amidst the wilds of Canada—her prayers, that seemed to unite the soul of the missionary to her own soul—were ceased!

The pious duchess de Longueville also was taken; in her monastic retreat she remembered the Algonquins—at the altar, in her costly cell, and when wandering in the solitudes without the walls. “The trees and brushwood, which once formed regular avenues to the terrace where she loved to walk, now spread their branches, with grey lichens, in every rude and fantastic form; and amidst the ruins and weeds, every gay garden-flower and shrub, that once decorated this spot, is yet seen running wild; myrtles, lilacs, and roses flourish amidst the clematis, brambles, and nettles: the Portugal laurel spreads over the ruined archways; and the delicate but frail blossom of the gum-cistus scatters its snowy showers amidst the dark ivy.” In this solitude, La Peleterie had wandered with her friend; and often, in the sad forests of Canada, and beside her watchfire, she thought of the hours and days of delightful and blessed intercourse with this fascinating and devoted woman, and pictured her prostrate, with clasped hands and uplifted eyes, from which the tears were streaming for the salvation of the savage. When heart is knit to heart, thought to thought, and memory to memory, then is thy victory, O death! thy unutterable sting, O grave!—religion may sanctify, but cannot bring back the lost. Perhaps she had looked forward to return, to spend her latter days with them; exquisite days, in which she would tell of her struggles, her mercies, her conflicts.

It was now too late to form new attachments ; very many years had passed, and fast increasing years were visible in the fine features and buoyant step of Madame la Peleterie. She had no child ; she was the only one of her parents, who were both at rest. Her husband had died soon after marriage ; and when, dearer than all earth held beside, D'Aignillon and Longueville died, she felt " that its golden bowl was broken."

With regard to her mission, there was little cause for tears, save of gratitude. Many a strong man among the missionaries was slain or captive, while her frail life was spared. The contagious diseases that several times visited the Indians, did not affect her. There was still the same absorbing desire and fervour to bring the whole nation of the Algonquins to God ; but for this, she would now be desolate indeed. The heart that delights in the good of others can never be desolate ; at morn and eve, in the loneliness of night, it soon ceases to dwell intensely on itself, and flies to mingle in the sorrows and joys of others—feeling that charity, like all dear and long-cherished habits, has become its second nature, without which it " cannot live, or move, or have any being."

Many a rude chapel had been reared in the Algonquin wilds. The splendid ceremony in the church at Montreal, where their chieftain was baptized, had greatly struck the savages, who would have gloried in a goodly edifice rising in their wilderness : but architecture was, with them, in its very rudest state ; the walls were of rough boards and the branches of trees, and the roof covered with moss and leaves ; no steeple rose, no bell sent forth its tones far and wide. " In the midst of these continual occupations, you will hardly believe with what rapidity the days pass away ; time is never slow in these wildernesses. Early in the morning,

I teach the catechism to the children and young people ; afterwards, till noon, the women come to consult me about their troubles and inquietudes, their marriages and attachments. I endeavour to instruct some, console others, establish peace in dis-united families, calm the troubled consciences, and, as much as possible, send all contented away. 'They have lately built a little church, covered with bark, and prepared a cabin for my own especial use.'" There were passages of a less gentle character. When exposed, in a frail canoe on the St. Lawrence, to furious storms ; benighted in the woods, during the vast falls of snow and the piercing cold ; after issuing from forests, the meadows were sometimes inundated, full of sharp grass and herbs that wounded at every step, and not a wretched hut was to be seen. The forte of Madame Peleterie was in scenes of sorrow and suffering, by the bed-side of the sick and dying ; here she was an angel of consolation, even as hope in the dark valley of shadows. Many years were yet given her ; and when old age came at last, it was without sad infirmities and cruel decay ; the frame was shrunk, but still active ; the mind clear and buoyant, and the spirits French—even to the last. Chauvine la Peleterie was now an object of as great interest in Canada, as, fifty years previous, she had been in Paris ; it was the interest of a fame slowly rising with each year, and borne even across the Atlantic. When she came to Quebec to reside for a time, her home was sought by the traveller, the merchant, and the soldier ; for all loved to listen to her details, and lively powers of conversation. The latter part of her life was devoted to the charge of the hotel Dieu in Quebec, which had occupied so many years and cares, being at first the principal object of the mission. An old age of honour, a calm conscience, and hallowed memories, could not but end in a

death of peace. She expired in the convent in Quebec, after a very long and chequered life of usefulness and mercy, amidst the tears and blessings of the people. No ancient friend was near, to receive her last breath, and treasure her last words, as she had treasured those of Marie de L'Incarnation. She had outlived her generation; Marie de St. Joseph also slept; it was time to depart: and the spirit broke from its frail tenement with joy.

## JOSEPH DE ANCHIETA.\*

THE reign of John III. king of Portugal, was propitious to the establishment of the "Society" in the remotest regions : he sent the first missionary to the east ; and in 1549, about half a century after the discovery of Brazil, he sent out six Jesuits to the New World, in company with Sousa, the new governor-general. The chief of the mission was the celebrated Manuel de Nobrega, a Portuguese of noble family. On its arrival in April in Bahia, a spot for a town was speedily chosen, a short distance inland : the Indians assisted in the work : a cathedral and a college were begun, and a governor's residence ; within four months a hundred houses were built, and sugar plantations laid out in the vicinity : the following year, supplies of all kinds came from Portugal : the third year another fleet came out, on board of which the queen sent many female orphans of noble family, who had been educated in the convent of Orphans ; they were to be given in marriage, with suitable portions, to the

\* This memoir of Anchieta is greatly indebted to Southey's admirable "History of Brazil," which in patience of research, beauty and fidelity of detail, is one of the finest memorials of modern labour and genius. The Brazilian and Oriental traveller, Dr. Walsh, told the writer, that when he was in Rio Janeiro he inquired of the learned prelate, who had the care of the royal library, for the best history of Brazil ; the latter took down a work, which he said was read and consulted by them as the only faithful and valuable history of their native country ; it proved to be Southey's history, translated into Portuguese.

officers : orphan boys also came out to be educated by the Jesuits : thus the new colony prospered rapidly. The Jesuits immediately began that system of beneficence towards the natives, from which they never deviated till their extinction as an Order : the obstacles to the task which they had undertaken were great and numerous ; one of the greatest of these was the cannibalism of the Brazilian savages. The inhuman banquets were their pride and delight, and also a part of their religion. Their drinking parties sometimes lasted several days and nights without intermission ; they brewed fermented liquor from several kinds of plants and trees : the best was prepared from the fruit of the acayaba, the finest of all the American trees. “ It is beautiful to behold its pomp, when it is reclathing itself, in July and August, with the bright verdure of its leaves : when, during our European autumn, it is covered with white and rosy-tinged blossoms, and when, in the three following months, it is enriched with its fruit as with pendent jewels. Its leaves have an aromatic odour, its flowers are exquisitely fragrant, its shade deep and delightful. A gum exudes from it, in nothing inferior to that of Senegal, and in such abundance as to have the appearance of rain-drops upon the tree : this is used by the Indians as a medicine. It is not common in the interior, but towards the coast whole tracts of country, which would else be barren, are covered with this admirable tree ; and the more sandy the soil, and drier the season, the more it seems to flourish. The fruit something resembles a pear in shape, but is longer ; it is spongy, and full of a delicious juice : in any form it is excellent, whether in its natural state, or dressed, or preserved. The kidney-shaped seed which grows at the end of the fruit is well known in England by the name of the cashew-nut, and was often cast up upon the Cornish shores, before the discovery

of the New World. Some tribes numbered their years by the fruit of the acayaba, laying by a nut yearly. The gathering season was a time of joy, like the vintage of happier climates. The liquor was simply extracted, either by squeezing the fruit with the hand, or bruising it in a wooden mortar: at first it is as white as milk, but becomes paler in a few days, and then strong and intoxicating: the pulp, after the juice was expressed, was dried, and made into a flour, which the natives preferred to any other, and reserved as their choicest dainty; the outer bark affords a black, the inner a yellow die."

Nobrega and his companions began to conciliate the tribes in the neighbourhood of the new town, winning the affections of the children by trifling presents, reconciling enmities among the men; they succeeded in abating drunkenness, in procuring better treatment to the wives—but the feasting upon their enemies was a luxury too great to be relinquished. Fear fell on some of the clans, who "came out trembling," say the fathers, "like the leaves of a tree which is shaken by the wind, entreating them to pass on, and hurt them not." When the Jesuits succeeded, they made the converts erect a church, however rude, and established a school for the children, whom they catechized in their own language, and instructed to repeat a pater-noster over the sick. They taught them to read and write, using, says Nobrega, the same persuasion as that wherewith the enemy overcame man, "Ye shall be as gods knowing good and evil," and the children eagerly desired to attain it.

Aspilcueta was the aptest scholar among the missionaries: he was the first who made a catechism in the Tupi tongue, and translated prayers into it. Nobrega had a school where he instructed the

native children, who also were trained to sing the church service : he usually took with him four or five of these little choristers on his preaching expeditions : when they approached an inhabited place, one carried the crucifix before them, and they began singing the litany. The savages, like snakes, were won by the voice of the charmer ; and the pleasure of learning to sing was such a temptation, that the little Tupis sometimes ran away from their parents, to put themselves under the care of the Jesuits. The latter had yet greater difficulties to encounter from their own countrymen. Nobrega and his companions refused to administer the sacraments to those persons who retained native women as mistresses, or men as slaves. "Mighty as the Catholic religion is," says a great writer, "avarice is mightier : and in spite of all the efforts of some of the best and ablest men that ever the Jesuit order, so fertile of great men, has had to glory in, the practice of enslaving the natives continued."—Nobrega received the title of vice-provincial of Brazil : and two years afterwards arrived the bishop of Brazil, bringing with him priests, canons, dignitaries, and church ornaments of every kind for his cathedral ; the former had anxiously expected his arrival : "no devil," he said, "had persecuted him and his brethren so greatly as some of the priests had done whom they found in the country, who encouraged the colonists in all their abominations."

This bishop being three years afterwards wrecked on a distant part of the coast, was murdered, with the crew and passengers, a hundred in all, by the Cahetes, and devoured at their banquets. It is a common tradition that from that day no beauty or natural ornament has been produced upon the place where the prelate fell : till then it was adorned with herbs and trees and flowers ; now it is bare and blasted.

Joseph de Anchieta was born in the island of Teneriffe in the year 1533, of noble and wealthy parents : his early education was worthy of his after fame ; even from boyhood his mind was imbued with deep religious feelings, and there grew within him an anxious desire to be of benefit to his fellow-men. The native of a beautiful climate and a delicious scenery, the cherished son of an indulgent home, Anchieta could have little earthly inducement to forsake his father and his mother, his kindred, and his pleasant prospects. He forsook them all, and decided on a life of self-denial and sacrifice. As soon as the laws of the Society of Jesus admitted it, he prepared to enter into that body, and as early as the age of seventeen he became a member of it. He took the Jesuit habit at Coimbra. From the day of his admission, the mind of the youth appeared to be fixed with an intensesness, unusual to his age, on seeking to secure the salvation of others, and chiefly he thought of those who remained in the utter darkness of paganism, to whom no ray of the truth had yet appeared, and he determined, as soon as possible, to proceed to the land of the heathen ; how far, how painfully, he cared not. This was the first fervour of a religious zeal, which in many cases grows feeble with maturer years ; but Anchieta was blessed with this inexpressible favour, that the love of religion had entered into his infant heart, he had loved and prayed unto God even from a child. The seed, thus sown in a happy soil, was sure to spring up in glory and in usefulness.

Three years after his admission to the college of Coimbra, being now at the age of twenty, he determined to proceed to Brazil, and set out in company of Don Edward Da Costa, who was appointed to succeed Sousa as governor-general of that country in the year 1553. Several other members of the Society went also, whose names were Louis

Grana, Blasius Laurentius, Gregorius Serranus, Joannes Consalons, and Antonius Blascas. All were inspired with the same enthusiasm, without which men were not likely to undertake such an enterprise, and still less likely to succeed in it. They went at once to convert and civilize a nation of barbarians. The first labours of Anchieta were heavy; he met with severe crosses and disappointments, but at length was enabled, with the aid of the governor and Nobrega, to establish the first college in the town of Piratininguá, or St. Paul, which was situated beyond the Rio Janeiro. It was built on a very steep rock, in a fine and temperate climate, and was surrounded on all sides by inaccessible mountains and the impervious forests of Pernambacaba. The territory was fruitful and well cultivated, affording in abundance all the necessaries of life, corn, Indian wheat, and cattle. Here were lakes and rivers, with the noble mountains of the great Cordillera rising behind; the various fruits of Europe thrive there. At this time all was wild and untamed, and these first cultivators and gardeners strove to make the wilderness as the promised land. A century afterwards, when a road had been made in this region, a writer thus describes it: "The greatest part of the way you have not to travel, but to get on with hands and feet by the roots of trees, and this along such crags and precipices, that I confess, the first time I went there, my flesh trembled when I looked down; the depth of the valleys is tremendous, and the number of mountains one above another seemed to leave no hope of reaching the end. When you fancy you are at the summit of one, you find yourself at the foot of another of no less magnitude, and this in the beaten and chosen way. True it is, that from time to time the labour of the ascent is recompensed; for when I seated myself upon one of those rocks, and cast my eyes

below, it seemed as though I were looking down from the heaven of the moon, and that the whole globe of earth lay beneath my feet—a sight of rare beauty for the diversity of prospect both of sea and land—plains, forests and mountain tracks, all various, and beyond measure delightful ! This ascent, broken with shelves of level, continues till you reach the plains of Piratingua, in the second region of the air, where it is so thin, that it seems as if they, who newly arrive there, could never breathe their fill.”

The praises thus bestowed on the country could in no way be said of the inhabitants. The Portuguese had intermarried with the native women, and a race was born, possessing both the bad qualities of father and mother, but having the good ones of neither. These creoles were, in a moral point of view, a degraded and miserable race ; their profligacy, cruelty, and treachery were fearful ; the other parts of the country dreaded almost to hold communication with them.

Such was the field of exertion to which Anchieta had come ; the soil was in truth an ungrateful one, but he was not of a temper in which despair of success was ever felt : he laboured in season and out of season. The name of St. Paul was given to the college ; he wrote to Loyola, describing the situation of it. Had Ignatius preserved the letters of his first missionaries, what a curious and original correspondence would they now be ! “ Here we  
“ are, at times more than twenty in number, huddled  
“ together in a hut rudely constructed of earth  
“ covered with wood, fourteen feet long and ten  
“ broad. This is the school, the infirmary, sleeping  
“ apartment, refectory, and kitchen !—yet we covet  
“ not the more spacious dwellings that our brethren  
“ have in other parts.” When the cold set in, they were miserably provided against it ; the smoke of the fire filled the hut with dense clouds, as there

was no chimney; and sometimes they were driven, and at others voluntarily had recourse, to the open air, where they studied for hours together. Their door was a mat hung up at the entrance; they had little bed-clothes, and their wardrobes were exceedingly scanty. Banana-leaves served them for a table; and napkins, said Anchieta, may well be excused where there is little to eat. Thus they continued for some time to endure, it cannot be said to enjoy, life. Idleness would here have been the heaviest curse—and they were saved from sad and discouraging thoughts by incessant occupation. Crowds began to gather round their squalid home, and Anchieta entered into the full exercise of his vocation: at length, numerous Portuguese creoles, and native savages of Brazil, placed themselves under his care and instruction. He commenced by teaching them the Latin language, and at the same time obtained from them the knowledge of the language of the country, which enabled him soon to extend the sphere of his labours. He was not long in learning it, and then commenced the composition of a grammar and vocabulary: there were no books for the pupils; he wrote for every one his lesson on a separate leaf after the business of the day was done, and sometimes night came down before this task was over. Many of the favourite songs and ballads of the country he parodied, and translated into the Spanish, Portuguese, and native tongues. Yet his labours were not all spiritual; he was the physician of the body as well as the soul, for in one of his letters he says, “I serve both as a physician and as a barber, treating and bleeding the sick Indians; and some have recovered under my hands, when their lives were not expected. Besides these employments, I have learnt another trade, which necessity taught me, that is, to make alpergatas, a sort of shoe, of which the upper part is

made of hemp or any such substance, or of cordage, from a species of wild thistle, which it is necessary to prepare for the purpose. I am now a good workman at this, and have made many for the brethren, for it is not possible to travel with leather shoes among these wilds." His companions, though in strength of intellect and activity of mind not to be compared with him, still were not behind in their duty; he was worthily seconded, and the fame of miracles soon extended over the country. This was the weak point of Anchieta's belief, as well as conduct. He sent to ask Loyola's opinion with respect to bleeding the sick, because the clergy are forbidden to shed blood; and the answer was, "that charity extended to all things." Why did he not also ask his opinion about working marvels? Ignatius was too cool-headed a man to counsel or recommend them; he had often in the former part of his life been visionary as a girl, but the delusions of his fancy extended not to others, either to their weal or wo. The following, related by Maffæus, is in a better taste, though it happened a few years after. "During a native war, there was in the "army of one of the belligerents, a woman of masculine mind, who had shortly before been baptized. She, observing the men stricken with fear, "exhorted them with much earnestness to make "use of the sign of the Cross, to qualify themselves "as Christians, and then have no fear or doubt as "to the issue of the battle. They did as directed, "their fear vanished; with ardour they recommenced the fight, and at length put the enemy to "flight with great slaughter." This is not advanced as an actual miracle, yet it strongly shews the influence the fathers had obtained, and also that although the savages were not yet converted, they already felt that the doctrine taught was a holy one. The celebrated author "de los Establicimientos de

los Europos en las dos Indias," says, that the Jesuits of South America, acquainted with the mode in which the Incas governed their empire and made their conquests, took them as models in their great project of government. In this opinion, he alludes to the Spanish Jesuits, not to the Portuguese: but it is more apparent that the former imitated in Paraguay the mode of government adopted by Nobrega and Anchieta. The latter had a much more difficult task than the missionaries of Paraguay ever had, not from the character of the natives being more untameable, but from the greater atrocity of his own countrymen. Funes, in his work entitled "Ensayo de la Historia civil del Paraguay, Buenos Ayres, y Tucuman," says that when several of the "Society of Jesus" entered upon invitation into those provinces, they were received by the prelates, governors, and inhabitants with honour, respect, and rejoicings: he adds, "Even in the most libertine breasts remorse awoke from the bottom of the soul. The esteem and veneration with which they were treated by the Spaniards, was an assurance of justice from the latter towards the Indians."

Was Anchieta thus supported by his countrymen and fellow-subjects; did they look upon him with regard and veneration, or seek to encourage the Indians to become believers? Instead of aiding, they oppressed and threatened him; instead of honour, they gave him contumely and ill treatment. The colonists looked upon the conversion of the savages as ruinous to their worldly interests and their prospects of aggrandizement. They wished slavery to be complete and crushing; the missionaries laboured to shew the natives that they were born to be higher than slaves. To the honour of the Jesuits be it spoken, that in Peru, Chili, and Brazil, they sought to break the fetters of the slave; and if they could not do this, they strove to render

his burden light. "You know," they said, "it never was the intention of the king that you should look on them as slaves, and that the law of God forbids it to you. We do not believe this violence is permitted against their liberty, to which they have a natural right, and which no title can succeed in contraverting. Nevertheless, we will teach them, that even liberty, if abused, may be prejudicial; we will teach them to restrain it within its just limits."

These sentiments were honourable to the characters of the men who, at such a period, could openly declare and abide by them. If there was a moment when Anchieta might have despaired, it was when he saw himself deserted, opposed, and hated by men who called themselves Christians: might he not have said, in the bitterness of his heart, "How may I bring the savages unto God, when they behold those who profess his law crushing them with a rod of iron, and drinking in cruelty like water?" Aware of the wonderful effect of example over the wildest breasts, he sought not to build temples of stone, which his enemies might cast down; the temples he raised were mystical and immortal, which no enemy could destroy, and which must be the fruit of faith, endurance, and long-suffering. Providence seemed to direct that as his countrymen deserted, the natives should support him: before his meek and Christian philosophy, in the words of Funes, "ignorance and prejudice were chased away as the dreary shades before the rejoicing of the morn."

The colonists, after many insults and threats, took the savage determination of attacking the establishment of Piratiningua. Anchieta, in this extremity, instantly chose his part; the poor converts, to whom he had acted the part of a father, whom he had made to taste the pleasures of social life, and

to know the sweet influence of kindness and beneficence, took up arms at his command, and gathered an undaunted band, around the missionary; who, in their midst, in his dark Jesuit robe, his crucifix and girdle, seemed not like a warrior, but looked worthy of the rank to which fame soon after raised him, of the "Apostle of Brazil." He was yet young; his hair was dark, his features were not wasted by toil or wrinkled by sorrow; he was now only twenty-two years of age. Under his guidance the converts fought gallantly, repulsed the assailants, and saved their lives, their families, and their loved institution. During the night, the enemy, whose chief force was composed of the adjoining tribes, returned to the field, to carry off the bodies of the defenders who had fallen, that they might feast upon them; they found fresh heaps of earth, and, concluding that the bodies which they sought were buried there, dug them up, and carried them away in the darkness. At daylight, when they reached their villages, they recognized the features of their own dead, and their expected feast was changed into lamentation.

This is a memorable passage in a life full of vicissitudes: there is something heroic in the picture of the young Anchieta, unused to war, save with the world and with evil angels, gentle and pitiful as a child, yet cheering his poor neophytes to a successful defence, and leading them into the plain of Piratingua against an inveterate foe. He had lately written to Ignatius whether he might bleed the sick, it being forbidden to his clergy to shed blood; and now he saw the life-stream poured forth as water, and the earth covered with the dead. He had drank betimes and deeply of the excitements of humanity, yet of humanity spiritualized and elevated: no missionary ever came so early into the field, to become so early famous; a year had hardly elapsed when a

college rose in the plain, and the crowds that came to be instructed, in the tent or the open air, were now formed into a regular society. It is true, he had suffered greatly from persecution, calumny, hardship; but their anguish passed away even as a dream, when he felt the "recompense of the reward." He next sought to give to his colony, as a model to future colonies, a wise form of government. As to his miracles, of which many are related, they are proofs at least of a high reputation for sanctity, rarely earned at the age of twenty, at which he began his mission: but this hallowed character, or rather temper of mind and heart, was in Anchieta, as it must be in every man, the slow, delicate, and secret growth of time and experience: it grew in Teneriffie amidst the prayers, tears, and meditations of the child; amidst the bolder hopes and dreams of usefulness of the boy: the call of Anchieta to the plains of Brazil was like that of Samuel to the altar of Eli, even at daybreak; so that when he arose to minister before the Lord, he had attained the growth of a seer, although it was not yet noon-day. As to the miracles, of which his admirers largely tell, they are an offence in the way; and the passenger who tracks the steps of this man, hastens onward—he feels that his soul loathes such food. Yet his mind was too sincere and honourable to allow of a reputation for that which he did not himself believe. The powers of the imagination must have been wildly tasked, and her delusions called forth: the faith also of the recipients, who were savages, was, no doubt, active and ungoverned: between both the agents, the result might easily at times arise from natural causes. There were probably other cases, in which the good man himself was permitted to believe a lie; there is no reason to doubt, that where men step out of the safe and wonted path of providence, and seek to exercise, with even the purest intention, unusual and

unauthorized powers, what they seek is not given them, but over the reason and fancy "clouds are permitted to come." And after the performance of such deeds, the tone of the heart, where there is great piety, may be as humble as before, but the tone of the mind cannot be so healthful: the belief that the course of nature has been arrested, and its mysteries withdrawn, the sick healed, the dead raised, the incurable restored, is a heritage not to be desired; and the memory thereof must needs be indelible, and indelibly awful. During each century of the downward progress of the church of Rome, she has held forth her pitiable catalogue of miracles—a spectacle to men and angels. If Anchieta ever achieved a hundredth part of the marvels imputed to him, it had been well worth a voyage across the Atlantic to behold his face for a few moments.

Nobrega, his predecessor in the mission, was an invaluable companion and counsellor, which his superior experience of the world and men well qualified him to be. The arrival of a new governor, Memdesa, in 1557, was fortunate; he looked more favourably than D'Acosta, his predecessor, on the labours of the Jesuits, and resolved to assist and protect them with all the means in his power. He consulted Nobrega on the state of the country and the disposition of the people, and issued some severe and salutary edicts, which being fiercely opposed by some refractory chiefs and tribes, were the cause of much bloodshed: then followed an invasion of the French: over these enemies Memdesa was in the end victorious, being greatly aided by the indefatigable exertions of Nobrega. Tranquillity being restored, the Jesuits found their position and prospects greatly improved: many villages and towns of converted natives were formed; many churches built: famine and penury no longer stared them in the face, as when banana leaves were their dishes, and no cloth

was required for so little food. Anchieta, in the mean time, laboured without ceasing in the various settlements, with a greater facility in the language, and a surprising influence over the minds of the people. Protected by the law, and with the public sentiment in his favour, he resolved to quit the scene of his first labours, and extend them into the interior of Brazil. He now felt how much sweeter it is to have a little power, than to be subject to that of others. He had strove to break the fetters of the slave, and now his own were broken: the persecutor no longer met him in the way, or entered his door at night; he had won golden opinions from men. Aware how much harder it is to maintain a distinguished character than to acquire it, he was tenderly alive to its preservation: so early thrust on the ascendant, years had not yet told him their subsequent lesson, that the praises of men are fleeting as the wind. The calumnies, that had often wrung his mind with anguish, were now hushed, and he went on his way rejoicing, although many terrors awaited him. His success was various: no European had ever before sought these wild regions; when he came to some of the hamlets, he was surrounded instantly by the fierce people with menacing looks and gestures, and the Jesuit smiled with his wonted sweetness of temper, and spoke calmly—and their fury passed away: on other occasions he was obliged to call forth all the powers of his eloquence, to meet and confound the wild oratory of the savage spokesman. There were seasons when the missionary found it harder to quell his own spirit than that of others, and was compelled to look within its veil, and mourn bitterly. When wandering alone in the wilderness, or when, benighted, he laid himself down on his bed of moss or dry leaves, the past arose before him, with many a bosom sin, a questionable motive, many a marvel, beautiful perhaps to others, but, when weighed in

the balance, found awfully wanting; far from his wonted excitements, from the collision of interests and passions, where men looked for his counsel and courage, he felt a sad and bitter self-reproach steal over him: his vain-glory, his secret exultations, how miserably poor did they now seem! Did not Anchieta, he who trembled day and night for the salvation of others, now tremble for his own, pray even to agony for a victory over himself, and bathe his forest couch with tears? and in the awful silence, in which he could distinctly hear the beatings of his own heart, did he not bare that heart before Him "who seeth not as man seeth?"

One of his principal objects in this journey was to destroy cannibalism. In this he ran many risks; and in many instances, where amendment was promised, he had no sooner passed out of sight, than the vows were forgotten, and the inhuman fires again lighted. He underwent great hardships; the mountains crossed his route; the mighty Cordillera, over whose regions of eternal snow the winds were often like the death-blast, and forced the traveller at times to lie down and die; even in the calmest weather, it was desolate and awful to wander on these declivities and mountain paths, where the passengers who met did not tarry long to greet each other, and the message of Anchieta would have sounded strange in their ears. The plains and lower lands were rich in beauty and a wild vegetation, but were in many parts difficult of access, being pathless, and the population thin. His lodging was not always so luxurious even as in the first huts of Brazil, where the floor was of mud, and the roof and walls of straw; but his first years in the neighbourhood of Piratiningua had inured him to climb the rocks, and ford the lake and marsh. Sometimes he lodged in the plain, on whose vast surface there was no hut, or even tree; the grassy

mounds, where the chieftain of former days was entombed, were the best resting-place: couching amidst the tall grass, that made the sides of the green sepulchre soft to the weary man, and by its height sheltered him from the pernicious influence of the moon, he needed not to envy a bed of down. His staff in his hand, the alpergatas, his own workmanship, on his feet, which defied cliffs, briars, and thickets, where leather would have rent like tow. These were, however, gentle seasons compared to the sterner task that must, at times, have been laid upon him, to persuade men not to eat one another. He sought the tribes most given to this inhuman taste: when even afar off, he saw the hills and groves reddened with the reflection of the fires where the victims were ready for the banquet. He had to rend the loved morsel from the lips of these tigers; and he did not spare himself on these occasions, or hesitate to rush into the throng, and stand between the living and the doomed—entreating, menacing, and trying every art of which his eloquence was capable, while the audience perhaps hesitated whether to heed his words, or serve him up also at the banquet. After traversing a great extent of country, he turned his steps again to Piratiningua. The governor, Memdesa, continued to prosper in his jurisdiction. The college of Piratiningua was now removed to St. Vincente; and as the road to the former place was infested by the Tamoyos, a new one was, with great labour, made in a safe direction by the Jesuits. A deadly war now broke out between the Portuguese and the Tamoyos Indians, assisted by the French, who still retained a footing in Rio Janeiro. The Tamoyos, who were now inflicting cruel retaliation upon the Portuguese, for the wrongs which they, as well as other tribes, had endured at their hands, were superior in understanding and refine-

ment to other Brazilians. Their dwellings were well fortified with palisades; they were skilled in the delivery of extemporary poetry, for which they were held in high estimation. From the mountains they infested the plains, and from the coast all who were within reach of their canoes. The Tamoyos were irritated to excess by the slave-hunters whom the colonists sent among the tribes. They were terrible enemies, for they ate all whom they took prisoners, and now aimed at rooting out all the Portuguese from the country. The latter raised all the force they could to attack them, and were miserably defeated. Upon this, the tribes who had remained neutral joined the conquerors, and a great body of the confederates assembled, to join in a general assault. So confident were they of success, that the old women took with them their seething-pots, for their cannibal feast of victory. The Jesuits saved Piratiningua; their disciples marched out under the banners of the church; and fighting, like the first Saracens, in full belief that paradise was to be their reward, their zeal was invincible. In other parts, the Tamoyos were victorious.

During this long war, Nobrega and Anchieta repeatedly preached aloud, both from the pulpit and in the market-place: they publicly and with boldness rebuked the Portuguese for their treatment to the natives, who, they said, had justice on their side, and therefore God was with them. This was bold language to fierce and tyrannical men, who looked upon the natives of the new world as an inferior race of beings. "You have attacked them," said Anchieta, "you have attacked them, in contempt of treaties; you have made them slaves, contrary to the laws of nature and the rights of nations; you have allowed your native allies to torture and devour their prisoners." The war continued, to the great disadvantage of the colonists: it was

quite evident that they could not long withstand the perseverance and gallantry of their rude enemies; and that if a stop were not put to it, the Portuguese colonies must cease to exist. Anchieta and Nobrega offered themselves to the governor as mediators, it might be said as martyrs; for what but martyrdom could be expected under the present exasperation of the savages? There was no time for hesitation—the danger was imminent and appalling; the whole force of the Tamoyos and the force of the confederated tribes was collected, and a desperate and general attack was immediately to be made upon the Portuguese. The devoted men sailed on the perilous embassy. Francesco Odorno, a noble Genoese, one of the rich men of Brazil, took them in one of his own vessels: to serve their country, and save the effusion of human blood, was a sustaining motive, but it required physical courage to forbid the flesh to tremble, and the fancy to paint the terrors that awaited them. As the vessel drew near the land, the two companions stood on the deck, cheerful and composed, as if going to the consecration of a chapel; in appearance, and relation to each other, like Mentor and Telemachus approaching the treacherous isle of Calypso. The venerable and wise Nobrega, aged more with cares than with years, like Mentor also, without a love or anxiety save for his charge—and Anchieta, revering his companion, drank in the lessons of experience from his lips. A shoal of canoes came off, to attack the vessel; but when the Tamoyos saw the dress of the Jesuits, they knew that these were the men whose lives were innocent, who were the protectors of the Indians. Anchieta addressed them in their own tongue; they had come to slay, but they listened earnestly to his words, and, in spite of former treachery from the Portuguese, some of them came on board, and carried the vessel safely into port.

The next day some chiefs came to treat with the ambassadors, sent twelve youths to St. Vicente as hostages, and took Nobrega and Anchieta on shore to a place where Coaquira, an old chief, received them for his guests. They erected a church here with all speed, thatched it with palm leaves, and daily performed mass. They awed the savages by these ceremonies; they excited their admiration and respect by the decency and holiness of their deportment; and they won their love by manifesting a disinterested good-will towards them, of which all their conduct in Brazil bore testimony. This embassy was the salvation of the Portuguese colonies: their host told them that a terrible attack was about to be made, that two hundred canoes were ready to lay waste the coasts, and that all the archers who inhabited the banks of the Paraiba had leagued together, and bound themselves never to cease from war till they had destroyed the captaincy, and made themselves lords of the land once more. This danger was still to be averted.

Many of the confederated clans heard with great displeasure that these advances for peace had been received, and one chief set out with ten canoes to break off the treaty. On the day after his arrival, a conference was held; he demanded, as a preliminary, that three chiefs who had seceded from the alliance, and taken part for the Portuguese against the allies, should be delivered up, that they might be killed and eaten. The Jesuits replied, it was not possible to comply with such a demand; that the chiefs in question were members of the church of God, and friends of the Portuguese. The dispute ran high, but the Great Palm, who was the old chief of the village where the meeting was held, interposed his authority, and prevented any act of violence. Meantime the Great Palm's son, called the

Great Sea, who was absent when the Jesuits arrived, hearing of the influence which they had obtained over his father, hastened home with a determination to kill them. Nobrega and Anchieta saw his canoe coming, and soon perceived they were aimed at; they fled as fast as they could, and got into the house of the Great Palm, who was unluckily from home, and there, on their knees, began the service of the eve of the holy sacrament, the next day being a great festival. To the efficacy of these prayers, and to the eloquence of Anchieta, they ascribed their preservation; for the savage plainly told them he came to kill them, but that, seeing what manner of men they were, he had altered his mind. When they had been two months in this place, the government of St. Vicente wished to consult with Nobrega before peace was finally concluded. The Tamoyos did not think it prudent to part with both hostages, and it was agreed that Anchieta should remain. The continence of these fathers, when the fairest women of the tribe, according to custom, were offered them, was greatly admired by their hosts; and they asked Nobrega how it was that they seemed dead to a passion that had such power over other men. He replied, that it was by great watchfulness over themselves, by inward as well as outward mortification: he took a scourge out of his pocket, and said, that by tormenting the flesh he kept it in subjection. A similar scourge was left behind by Xavier, in the castle of Ekandono, in Japan; was used by Bareze in his Moxos mission, and by Cavallero in that of Paraguay. Nobrega went to Vicente: not yet an old man, but well nigh worn out with indefatigable exertions: Anchieta was in the prime of manhood, and, being thus left alone, without any one to stay him if his foot should slip, he made a vow to the Virgin that he would

compose a poem upon her life, trusting to preserve his own purity by thus fixing his thoughts upon the most pure.

It was no easy matter to sing the song of Zion in a strange land; he had neither paper, pen, nor ink; so he composed his verses while walking on the shore, then traced them in the sand, and day by day committed them to memory. The memory is a mysterious faculty, whose power and whose charm are only known by those who task it largely and curiously, and bid it wake at all hours and seasons, till it learns to "sleep no more." When it is considered that this poem was in Latin, and extended to five thousand lines, and was committed to memory at intervals of leisure, amidst the toils of teaching the Tamoyos, conversing and preaching in their language, visiting the sick, &c.; it must be conceded, that if Anchieta's memory had not been most retentive, his stanzas must either have been often forgotten, or blended with savage sounds. These five thousand lines, if now printed, would make a comfortable duodecimo volume. Alas! that this gifted man had not rather thought of giving us the picture of his own mind, and exercised his fancy and memory on descriptions of his various career; his letters would then be graphic pictures of human nature: on one hand disciplined and elevated, on the other wilder than the winds and waves. His epistles to Loyola are few and unsatisfactory in this respect; in which not only the Jesuits, but protestant missionaries also, err greatly. In their correspondence, they appear to make religion all and in all—to meditate, to imagine, to depict no other theme, however beautiful or instructive a one may offer. Like Anchieta, they tune their harp to only one measure, and that is the song of Zion; as if there were no wild and native melodies, from forest or mountain, from flower or field, to bear it company.

Nobrega, on his arrival at St. Vicente, found that the fortress had been taken by assault; the captain killed, and all his family carried away by the savages. One of the Jesuits had obtained from the natives the name of the flying father, because of the rapidity with which he hastened from one place to another, wherever his services were needed. Nobrega deserved the same appellation. He rested not until he had carried the deputies of the Tamoyos to Itarchaem, and reconciled them with the reduced natives there; then to Piratininga, where in like manner a solemn reconciliation was effected in the church, and peace established between all the various tribes in the adjoining country. This was the work of three months, during which time Anchieta was in a perilous state among the savages. Those who were inimical to peace were eager to break off the treaty, and even fixed a day for eating him, if by that time their deputation did not return. One party, impatient of longer inactivity, undertook a hostile expedition, and brought back some Portuguese prisoners. Anchieta agreed for their ransom: it did not arrive as soon as the captors expected, and they determined to devour them. The Jesuit had now no other resource but prophecy; and he boldly averred that the ransom would come on the morrow before a certain hour. The boat arrived accordingly. That Anchieta could work miracles, was undoubtedly believed both by the Portuguese and by the natives, each according to their own superstitions: but never did he derive so substantial a benefit from his miraculous character as now, when he was in the hands of the Tamoyos! They called him the great paye, or magician, of the Christians, and said there was a power in him which withheld the hands of men; and this opinion saved his life.

In these proceedings, it is evident that Christianity

had found its way to many tribes, and to the minds of many chiefs, who were not hearty in the cause of the confederates, unwilling to root out the Portuguese, if the fathers must depart with them. The Tamoyos proved to be true to their engagements: many of them even came to aid the Portuguese in their new expedition against the French; and Cunhambeba, who had an especial friendship for Anchieta, took post with all his people upon the frontier, to defend his friends. But the colonists were unwilling to make any further exertions than were necessary for their immediate preservation; they magnified the strength of the French and their allies, and dwelt upon the difficulty of the enterprise, till Estacio himself was staggered, and said to Nobrega, "What account, father, could I give to God and the king, if this armament should be lost? Sir, replied the Jesuit, I will render account to God for all; and, if it be necessary, I will go to the king, and answer for you before him." Having persuaded him, it was necessary to encourage the soldiers also: them Nobrega influenced by his spiritual authority, and won by his policy; he took them to Piratiningua, where they were encouraged by seeing so many converted Indians disciplined and ready for war: their own appearance also contributed to awe and influence others, who supplied provisions, and offered their aid for the expedition. The preparations lasted till the end of the year: in January they were ready with six ships of war, besides small craft and canoes; the wind being against them, they did not reach the bar of Rio Janeiro till the beginning of March. The commander of the Indian forces in this expedition was Anchieta, whom his friend Nobrega placed at their head, as the most brave and sagacious man he could select.

In this age of monotonous indulgence and beaten wanderings, where the man of taste and enterprise

hardly knows where to place the sole of his foot; every hill and vale of Italy, Helvetia, Greece, and Palestine being familiar—one can hardly contemplate, without envy, the stirring and varied life of these Jesuits. New lands to explore, and treasures of the animal and vegetable world, hitherto unknown:—while they wandered, they appropriated; and the persuasion that the plains, and streams, and forests were henceforth to be their empire, was balm to their sorrow, and fire to their zeal. They did not come only as simple missionaries, (to teach Christianity was their business,) but another and a sterner responsibility was often laid on them. The governor of the colonies called on them to be envoys to a cruel foe; mediators in the hour of extremity, to turn aside the edge of the sword, although it might first be bathed in their own blood. The Jesuit had also the arranging of treaties, on which depended the welfare of the country; or he had to raise his banner in defence of the town. These were seasons in which the messenger of his God might tremble, as did the prophet of old, when a message was given heavier than he could bear; they were seasons of dread, of instant decision, or of despair. The Jesuits were rarely wanting in the hour of trial: they were eminently men of practical mind—of action and business, rather than of contemplation; men of letters and science, rather than of learning; their education had taught them the knowledge of themselves, as Xavier said, “that mysterious and excellent study;” next, of the useful arts; and, lastly, their travels taught them the knowledge of their fellow-men. When, in the course of his mission, he had to build a church, cast a battery of cannon, as Verbiest and others did in China, turn legislator, make shoes, paint a picture, compound medicines, fight a battle, or try his hand at a miracle, the child of Loyola was ever

at his post. Nor did any of these actions appear in him unnatural: the career of the Jesuit missionary, though oftentimes one of violent and opposite extremes, was still in admirable keeping with itself: as an individual, he scarcely possessed a distinctive character: cut off, although the ranger of earth's loveliest regions, from the affections and passions of his fellow-men, it is rarely that the veil of his soul is lifted; he never tells the tale of the inward man; his toils, his achievements, which are a beautiful history of the mind, are his only memorial. Yet the Proteus form was grotesque which he sometimes wore, in order to do good: thus it is said of one, "when he became sufficiently master of the language to express himself in it with fluency and full power, he adopted the manner of the payes, or seers, and sung out the mysteries of the faith, running round the auditors, stamping his feet, clapping his hands, and copying all the tones and gesticulations by which they were wont to be affected."

In his new career, as military commandant of the Indian forces, Anchieta had enough to do. The natives were quite unused to so long a campaign, which was peculiarly irksome to their desultory habits of war: months, even years, were rolling away, without any decisive result. Unattached to their Portuguese allies, discords and jealousies arose: harassed and sometimes defeated by the enemy; far from their homes and families, the Indian troops often looked wistfully to the distant hills of their tribes, and, but for the influence of their commander, would have deserted the camp. This warlike occupation may at first appear at variance with the gospel, of which he professed to be the messenger: such, however, was the inertness of the governor, and the neglect of the court of Portugal, that these valuable colonies, which now contain

the capital of Brazil and of the Braganzas, would have quickly fallen into the hands of the French, but for the able and indefatigable exertions of Nobrega and Anchieta. The latter saw that their mission would perish in case the French, whose commander, Villegagnon, was their enemy, should prevail; their fidelity to the king, who had been their generous patron, their love of their country, moved them to stand forth as the patriot and the soldier, in this hour of trial. But the battle of the warrior, even with garments rolled in blood, the confused noise of so many thousands of men, did not, even for a day, cause the chieftain to forget the missionary: among his Indian forces was a great number of converts; he added to this number continually, by preaching the word of God, maintaining order, harmony, and good-will, visiting with kind words and deeds the sick and the wounded. Among the wild, the fiery, and the feeble elements of which a camp is composed, his influence was beneficent, giving mildness to the licentious and cruel, courage to the weak. The scene must have been impressive, when the thousands of Indian warriors, weary from the skirmish or the fight, "yet breathing slaughter," stood in a serried phalanx round their chief. An apostle in all things save in years, he preached to them the conquering of themselves, the terrors of guilt, the love of Him who died for them; while they listened, the deadly glances of many fell quenched in tears, and moans and sobs arose, like the moan of the prisoner, or the last sob of the slain. Various were the delays and mischances of the war; sometimes Villegagnon beat the allies back into their entrenchments, and cut off their supplies; in turn they got the better, and besieged the French in their fortresses. The glorious harbour of Rio Janeiro was sometimes gay with the sails of Portugal, bearing succours; at

other times, the white flag of France waved in the breeze. Anchieta had beheld scenes of wild and untiring interest, but they were here outdone. Mountains, of precipitous and awful descent, rose abrupt and singly in the bosom of the sea, their peaks and ridges covered with one dark mass of verdure; a few stood in lonely barrenness, in defying contrast to their more gorgeous neighbours, shadeless and flowerless, as if withered by the waves and winds. On the main land were plains, broke often by luxuriant glens and valleys, exulting in an eternal spring: mountains were on the shore as well as on the deep, of every form, and loftiness, and beauty, that the fancy can conceive.

After the turmoil of the day was over, the orders given, the watches set, and the soldiers sunk in repose, was the only hour that Anchieta could give to meditation or retirement. Yet it was an indelible hour; the watch-fires were dimly burning; the moon walking in her glory on high, seemed to love these sweet resting-places of earth, lovelier than any she found elsewhere on her way: the flood of lustre fell on the island mountains, and their visionary groves far, far above the wave: on the dells, full of rich odours, on the desolate plains the light was so exquisitely pure and bright, that it injured while it fascinated the eye; even the soldiers, ere they slept, covered their faces, "that the moon should not strike them."

As he passed from place to place, or sought a sequestered spot, the devoted Jesuit felt the influence of the scene, and of his own lofty position: calm and collected beneath so fearful a responsibility, his features hushed as those of the sleeper, he fed his secret soul with the deep impulses of enthusiasm. This was thy hour, imagination! thy beautiful and hallowed hour, when the veil of the future was rolled away as a scroll, and time was

blended with eternity; when the spirit of the watcher held communion with the watchers that are on high, the holy ones who look on the path of the just. The plaintive moan of the wave alone fell on the ear, that solemn sound that seems less of this world than of another, and seemed to say, "What is time, and toils, and tears to *thee*? Yet a little while, and this host shall be covered with the sleep of death, as with a mantle; when *thou* shalt begin to live."

The struggle continued nearly two years, from the want of vigour and activity in the Portuguese, and at last from the want of succours. Nobrega came to the camp, and represented to Memdesa, that greater efforts must be made, or the expedition abandoned. The latter raised all the succours he could, and arrived with them in person in January: as St. Sebastian's day was so near, it was determined to defer the attack till that auspicious morning, and then assault the stronghold of the French, who were still aided by the Tamoyos. In the first successes of the Portuguese they sung in triumphant hope a verse from the scriptures, "The bows of the mighty men are broken, and they that stumbled are girded with strength." Well might they speak of the bows of the mighty, for an arrow sent by a Tamoyo would fasten the shield to the arm that held it, and sometimes pass through his body, and continued its way with such force as to pierce a tree, and hang quivering in the trunk. The French fortress was stormed and taken on St. Sebastian's day: the victors then proceeded to the second fortress, and here they were obliged to cannonade the fortifications, which were remarkably strong: this also was carried. The greater part of the French took refuge in their ships, and sailed from the harbour, leaving the victory and dominion to the Portuguese.

The governor, Memdesa, perceiving that the situation was admirable for its local and commercial advantages, began, with the assistance of Nobrega and Anchieta, to trace out a new city, which was named St. Sebastian, in honour of the saint under whose patronage they had taken the field. The fortifications on the shore, as well as a portion of the new town, were completed by the Indians under the Jesuits, without any expense whatever to the state: although the war was terminated, the native troops were not yet disbanded. Anchieta, who now exchanged his marshal's baton for the line of the architect, used his influence to delay their return. Memdesa assigned the Society ground for a college in the midst of the city, and in the king's name endowed it for the support of fifty brethren. The alcaide, or mayor, of the new city was put in possession of his office with all the usual formalities: the governor gave him the keys of the gates, upon which he went in, locked them, and bolted the wickets also, the governor remaining without. Then the alcaide called out to him, asking if he wished to enter, and who he was; to which he replied, that he was commander of the city of St. Sebastian in the king's name: the gates were then opened.

On an eminence in the middle of the city, still stands, in excellent preservation, the church of St. Sebastian, founded nearly three centuries before. The site of the capital of Brazil, which subsequently took the name of Rio de Janeiro, was judiciously chosen: but the city itself at no time corresponded with the splendid scenery by which it is surrounded. The streets are narrow, and the houses lofty, but the lower windows being of lattice-work, give them a cheerless appearance: celebrated for its precious stones, the produce of the mines, the shops of the jewellers glitter with the amethyst, the topaz, and the diamond. The lover of nature will gladly forsake

the streets to wander without, where, at the foot of the Corcovado mountain, whose peak is two thousand feet high, is the village of Bota, on the shore of a little tranquil bay, delightfully situated: on an adjoining cliff stands the church and convent of Gloria; the lofty and picturesque peaks of the Organ mountains appear over the inner part of the harbour, dark with luxuriant foliage. It is a peculiar beauty in the harbour of Rio, that the cliffs and noble isles are feathered even to the water's edge with forest-trees, which often seem to grow out of the wave. When the missionary first came, they were untenanted; but now their boldest heights are bright with monasteries and churches, whose massive walls and towers, being all white-washed, look calmly yet gaily forth from their rich screen of orange and palm and cedar: where once there was no sound but the breeze above, and the dirge of the sea beneath—is now heard the solemn chant; and tapers are burning in the chapels at evening and midnight, and masses sung for the dead, which come sadly over the waters: sometimes, when the last light of day is there, the dim procession of priests issues from the precipice or the wood, their torches faintly burning, while awfully, as if from an assembly of spirits, rises the "Miserere Domine" for the departed, that they may find rest to their soul.

"The tree-ferns on some of these mountains is a beautiful production: these ferns grow to the height of twenty feet, and are frequently entwined with lesser ferns, thus clothing their stems with all the elegance of ivy. The anvil bird is perched on its branches, and repeats its singular note, which sounds like the blow of a hammer on an anvil. The beauty of plumage, which forms the peculiar feature of the birds of Brazil, is well known: nature seems to have been equally lavish on insects and reptiles: the webs of some of the spiders are strong enough to entangle

little birds, and ants are so large that they are fried, and made into a delicate dish: snakes are very common and plentiful, in every variety, from the boa constrictor, thirty-five feet in length, to the little delicate green snake, the length of which does not exceed four inches."

The toils of war and architecture being over, Anchieta resumed with ardour those of his mission, of which he had never lost sight. The ill-fated Sebastian had now, at the age of fourteen, ascended the throne of Portugal: he prolonged yet, for two years, the administration of Memdesa which had been so successful, and then sent out Vasconcellos to succeed him. A great reinforcement of Jesuits went out with the new governor, under Azevedo, who was now appointed provincial. He was the only son of an honourable family, entered the order in 1547, and had held sundry offices in it before he was nominated to this high and important station by the famous Francisco de Borja, then general of the order. The pope Pius VI. granted a plenary indulgence to all who should accompany him, gave him some valuable relics, among which was a head of one of the eleven thousand virgins. The general authorized Azevedo to take as many missionaries from Portugal as the province could spare, and three volunteers from every other which he should pass through. Azevedo embarked with nine-and-thirty brethren, in the Santiago; and Pedro Diaz, with twenty more, in the governor's ship; and De Castro, with ten others, in the ship of the Orphans, so called, because she carried out a number of girls whose parents were dead. There were also several aspirants on board, who were to be on trial during the voyage; and then, if they were found worthy, to be admitted into the Society. Azevedo had freighted half the Santiago for himself and his comrades; unhappily, the other half of her cargo was to be dis-

posed of at the isle of Palma, one of the Canaries, and a fresh lading taken in there for Brazil. The fleet, of seven ships and a caravel, reached Madeira. The passage thence to Palma was known to be dangerous, because French pirates were always cruising in these parts. The brethren besought Azevedo to remove into another ship, and not expose himself thus unnecessarily: this he would not consent to do. The day after the Santiago departed, five sail of the French appeared off Madeira; the governor put to sea with the rest of the fleet, and endeavoured to bring them to action: their business was to plunder, and they stood off towards the Canaries. The Santiago had the start of these enemies, and reached Palma in seven days: but the wind was fresh and unfavourable; they could not make the town, and were obliged to put into a small port, from whence the distance to Palma was only three leagues by land. A French colonist, who had been a playfellow of Azevedo's, earnestly advised him and his companions not to trust themselves any longer in the ship, but to go by land. His advice was given in vain; the Santiago again sailed, with a bad wind; and when three leagues only from Palma, the French came in sight, and she was soon after attacked. The Portuguese made an unavailing resistance; the enemy were commanded by Soria, a Huguenot, who cruelly put Azevedo and all his companions to death—a death that had little of the interest or glory of martyrdom. One of the novices escaped, being in a lay habit; the rest were thrown overboard, some living, some slain, and others expiring of their wounds. Tidings of this catastrophe soon reached Madeira, and the remaining missionaries celebrated the triumph of their comrades. The fleet, after a long and deplorable voyage, came in sight of Brazil; but the wind blew so violently along-shore, that they could not

make the land, but were driven as far as New Spain, where they were dispersed: several vessels were never heard of more. When Luiz, the governor, once more spread his sail from the Azores, where he had taken refuge, one vessel was sufficient for the miserable remains of his force. Fourteen Jesuits were with him, under Pedro Diaz. They had not left Terceira a week, when they fell in with some French cruisers; the governor fell in the action, and the unfortunate Jesuits were all put to death. On the heads of these unoffending men, thus miserably slain, there seemed to fall a dread and righteous retribution, for all the blood that their merciless church had poured forth—the blood of the saints of all lands and all ages—Huguenots, Albigenses, Protestants, by whatsoever name—till a great multitude, their agonies past, stood around the throne of God, and cried, “How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge, and avenge our blood!” Could the Jesuits have foreseen, that, in three centuries, Rome, their mighty mother, was to be wasted utterly, and sit in her desolate homes, like “the ostrich in the wilderness, her terrors round about her, though no man regardeth”—they would have wept for her martyrdom more than for their own. Of sixty-nine missionaries whom Azevedo took out from Lisbon, only one arrived at Brazil.

Nobrega did not live to hear the fate of Azevedo and his companions; he died four months after their murder, in the fifty-third year of his age, worn out by a life of incessant mental and bodily fatigue. “It was his happy fortune to be stationed in a country where none but the good principles of his order were called into action. There is no individual to whom Brazil is so greatly and permanently indebted. The day before his death he went abroad, and took leave of all his friends, as if he were about to undertake a journey. They asked

him whither he was going, and his reply was, 'Home—to my own country.' No life could be more actively, more piously, more usefully employed, and the triumphant hope with which it terminated was not the less sure and certain, because of the errors of his belief."

After the departure of Nobrega, the chief dignity as well as care of the rising church devolved on Anchieta. Its charge was lighter than in past years, as the persecutions that oppressed its infant state had ceased. In Rio, Bahia, Piratiningua, and many parts of the interior, the mission was firmly established, and each succeeding year added to its prosperity. The enmity of the nearer tribes was subdued, or changed into attachment. The Tamoyos, their old enemies, were defeated in their own territory, ten thousand slain, and the remainder retired to the mountains. Expeditions were undertaken by the more enterprising Portuguese, to explore the interior, in the hope of rich mines or commercial advantages. The cathedral church of Rio de Janeiro—or St. Salvador, as it was then called—had a pompous, but poor establishment, consisting of five dignitaries, six canons, four chaplains, and choristers; but the death of Joam III., the fond patron of the missions, and the misfortunes of Sebastian, interrupted the supplies from home: the fleets no longer came, as before, with abundant stores, with orphans of respectable parents, and the sons of gentlemen, to be instructed by the Jesuits, or as aspirants for their Order. The fostering and generous care of the court had ceased. There were sixty-two churches, of which sixteen were parish churches, in Rio: nine of these were vicarages paid by the king; the rest, cures at the expense of the parishioners. The greater part of these had their chaplains and fraternities: the stipends of the clergy were very small. There were

also three monasteries ; and the whole population of the city consisted of only a few thousands. So numerous a priesthood, with so little comparatively to do, could not render very essential service to the mission. The auxiliaries Anchieta would have desired, were fervent, indefatigable men, as were many of those who perished with Azevedo. Nor was the introduction of the Carmelites a blessing to the country, who founded their first convent in the town of Santos ; indolent and heedless, they cared more for their own little comforts and luxuries than for the conversion of souls.

Early separated from his home and kindred, the young Jesuit bade adieu to all their associations ; no mother or sister asked him how he fared, wiped the tear of mental anguish from his cheek, or the damps of sickness from his brow ; from the hour that he landed in Brazil, he saw their face no more. Teneriffe was not a distant voyage ; vessels came often from thence, and, no doubt, brought tidings from his family ; but long absence estranges the heart from home. He was only seventeen when he departed—never to return. Did he not feel it sad, as time fled fast, to hear that one after the other of the circle, among whom he once sat round the hearth, was taken ! But the ties of blood are not the most lasting ; many a vessel of family affection, supposed to be of gold, is broken to pieces at the fountain, and the heart springs forth as fresh and vigorous as ever. It was fortunate for Anchieta, that, in the very commencement of his career, he met with Nobrega ; a kindred zeal, talent, enthusiasm, and bravery, united them as one man. It was not possible that Anchieta, at the age of twenty, could bring experience or counsel into the field : the wise and sagacious Spaniard quickly read into his character—its still waters of life, unwasted by the heat or blast—its gentle, yet

glorious energies. A stranger to the pains and joys of sin, to the passions, save to fly from them; a close observation, an intense study of the human heart, could alone give Anchieta intimacy with its "depths and heights:" he must lift up its melancholy veil, sit in its dark places, and hear its secret yet shuddering voices. Nobrega had a master-mind, and a veteran heart: a mind long used to penetrate and contend with the ambition, the deceit, the guilty daring of others—a heart long intimate with the various woes of humanity. Such a friend and companion was of inexpressible value to Anchieta: the difference in age, of fourteen years, was no impediment to their regard: the advantage was not all on the side of the elder, who had an impediment in his speech, and could not speak well in public. Anchieta was eloquent, and was the chief speaker before the councils, the soldiery, or the Indian chieftains.

Nobrega early initiated Anchieta in the weightiest affairs of the colonies, placed him in responsible situations, till he learned, like his teacher, to think and act boldly and decidedly. It cannot be told, how availing to the strength and establishment of even a noble character, is this union with a yet loftier one: a union so intimate, so kind, so beautiful, that the lord and the disciple seem blended into one spirit, one love, one power: that power is then resistless, and survives and refuses to depart, even when the mightiest is taken. When Nobrega died, Anchieta was thirty-seven years of age; and it was soon evident to all, that the mantle of the lost rested upon him. "Home—to my country," the last touching and original words of his friend, seemed henceforth to be his motto, for he went on his way as one "seeing only the things that are invisible." Men whose life is rich with endearing affections, over whose day and night watch the love of woman and the love of

children, can lose a friend, even the old and constant one, and turn for refuge to yet dearer friends, whose "life is hid" with their own. With Anchieta it was not thus: the man with whom he took sweet counsel together on mountain and wilderness, and quelled the rage of cruel men; he with whom he had prayed and wept till light broke on their darkness, and hope returned—was gone!—there was left, save his God, no lover of his soul, no adviser of his way, like Nobrega. Is it any wonder that the Jesuit, in the morn of his life, and the success of his bold plans, felt that he had sustained a shock that earth would never repair, and that when he laid the head of Manuel in the grave,—father and mother, brother and sister, seemed to sleep there also. Our love is often the offspring of circumstance more than of nature: the son of Jesse appears to have preserved, in the court of Saul and in his own palace, but little attachment toward his shepherd brothers; but his heart was knit to Jonathan, as if all the fountains of its tenderness were poured into one stream; because they were kindred spirits, generous, brave, their faith in God and each other proved in dark extremities; beautifully, in the funeral lament, is a resistless source of attachment given, "thy love to *me* was wonderful."

During the succeeding years, the industry and the reputation of Anchieta increased continually: very many heathens were converted; it was his fervent desire and prayer that Christianity might be known throughout the empire: he founded colleges and schools, that the converts might not only be instructed in religion, but also in arts and handicraft works, and taught to feel their value in the world, and the value of the rich soil and happy position nature had given them. So well did he and the other Jesuits follow Nobrega's system, that in the course of half a century, all the natives along the coast of Brazil, as far as the Portuguese settlements extended, were

collected in villages, under their superintendence. Their work had been facilitated by the slave-holders, who consumed their victims so fast, that in many parts of the country they left little for the missionaries to do. Every artifice that could inflame the animosity of one horde against another was practised by these wretches, that, being thus perpetually at war, they might always have slaves for the market. The Jesuits had sometimes to penetrate into the interior in search of converts. In one of these wanderings, a father was not a little surprised in finding that the chief of a horde had formed a system of Christianity for himself, founded upon such instructions as the Indians who had fled from the coast could give him. He had christened all the males Jesus, all the women Mary, and had composed a sort of Liturgy, of which all that the Jesuit could understand, was an invocation to Mary, the wife of God. He had instituted an order of priests, who were bound to chastity, on pain of dismissal from their office; the cross was used among them, though they regarded it with little reverence: but the only image which was discovered was a waxen one of a fox. Never was the religion of Rome burlesqued with more simplicity and likeness than by this knowing chieftain: had he intended to cast ridicule on its mysteries and frailties, he could not have displayed more tact: it is somewhat strange the father did not see his own superstitions reflected in this pagan mirror.

Sebastian, the successor of Joam the 3rd, more in love with conquests than with missions, had been cut off a few years previous, with the flower of his kingdom, in Africa. When he was inspecting his army immediately before the fatal battle of Alcacer, he stopped at seeing a party of only five knights among those who were attached to the royal standard, when all the other parties consisted of six: and he said, with some degree of anger, here is one knight want-

ing! It was Gomes de Andrada, with two sons on his right hand, and two on his left: the old man lifted his beaver, and said, "Methinks, sir, a father and his four sons, who are come to die for you, may supply the want of a sixth." The adventures and woes of this unfortunate king were for a time equal in variety, and tenfold more bitter to the soul than those which befell his missionaries in Brazil. It was said by most that he was slain on the field; others averred that he was a prisoner to the victor, and saw the bloom of his life wasting miserably, while another sat upon his throne. But though several arose, who bore a resemblance to the monarch, and said they were Sebastian, there can be little doubt of his having fallen on the field, where his body, stripped and naked amidst heaps of slain, could scarcely be distinguished: by great numbers of the populace of Portugal, Sebastian is believed to be still alive, "concealed in some hermit's cell, or perhaps in some enchanted castle, until the time of his re-appearance arrives, when he is to restore the glory of his nation."

The Jesuits in the mean time availed themselves of every favourable occasion to extend their mission: they set out on a peaceable expedition, to reduce and civilize the Serra de Ibiapaba, which the Portuguese, under Coelho, had lately attacked without success. The mountains of the Serra extend about eighty leagues in length, and twenty in breadth: they rise in waves, one towering above another. In the difficult ascent, the hands and knees, as well as feet, must be exerted; but having gained the summit, the traveller is in a region diversified with every kind of beauty: he beholds in one part a region of rocks, wild and desolate; bold and fantastic peaks; in another, hills and valleys, woods and wide savannas, clouds below hanging over the flat country, and ocean in the distance. The days there are short, morning being always cloudy, and

evening hastened by the mountains on the western side, which overtop the others. The Tapuyas, who inhabited this region, were the oldest race in Brazil: of all the Brazilians they were the least cruel: the Portuguese traded with them for slaves, for they put no prisoner to death, and the enemy who could take shelter in one of their dwelling-houses was safe. Cannibals they were, but their cannibalism was of a peculiar kind: the other tribes devoured their enemies, as the strongest mark of hatred; the Tapuyas ate their own dead, as the strongest demonstration of love. When an infant died, it was eaten by the parents; when an adult, all the kindred were partakers; the bones were reserved for marriage feasts, when they were pounded, and taken as the most precious thing which could be offered. These were the people whom two of the Jesuits, accompanied by seventy Indians, set out to reclaim: one of the former, with most of the party, were slain, the rest fled into the woods. Yet the very people who had murdered Pinto placed his spirit in their paradise, that he might be their teacher there. In other parts of Brazil, the Society were more successful: the Aymores were ravaging Bahia, and the Portuguese besought the captain of Pernambuco to raise a force of Indians to oppose them. None but a Jesuit could raise this force: Nunes, one of the fathers, went among the Pitagares, and a thousand chosen warriors put themselves under his guidance, upon his promise, that as soon as the war was ended, they should return to their families.

During these various events, time, while it matured and consolidated the mission, led its noble labourers, some to that state where there "is no device or knowledge," others to the sere and yellow autumn of their days, when the frame begins to be feeble, and the spirit to lose its fire. Slow is the passage of time to the incessantly active, who change the

scene and society continually; slowest of all to the missionary, who, ever active and wandering, still rejoices in the approach of immortality, mourns not over the past or present, and hears without agony "the rushing of the wings;" no sooner are they past, than all is over!

Anchieta's life was spared, but not to old age; yet he had no reason to complain, for his companions had fallen fast from his side: either the climate, or toil and exposure, cut them off mostly in the middle of life: few lived to be very old. Bishops and dignitaries came in succession from Europe, exercised their authority in ease and comfort, and in their palaces admired the men who toiled at the eleventh hour painfully as at the first. In whatever part of the vast region of Brazil spiritual aid was required, application was made to Anchieta; and he never failed, if it were possible, to hasten in person. Charlevoix mentions one instance of this; in describing the miserable condition of the province of Tucuman, in Paraguay, in regard to spiritual instruction, he says, "the bishop of that province wrote to Anchieta, at that time provincial of the Society in Brazil, stating his difficulties, and conjuring him, by the love of Jesus Christ, not to refuse him his assistance."

The bishop was a Dominican. Anchieta, who was unable to spare time to go to Paraguay, deputed five of his flock upon this mission. The superior was an Italian, one of the others was a Scotchman. After landing at Buenos Ayres, they proceeded over the extensive plains; and at Santiago, which was then the capital and episcopal city, were received with great honour. Two fathers deputed from Peru entered with them; triumphal arches were erected, the way was strewn with flowers. The governor with the soldiers and chief inhabitants went in procession to meet them, and the solemn thanksgiving

was celebrated, at which the bishop chanted the *Te Deum*. Two of the fathers, after a time, returned to Brazil, and two remained in Paraguay. Here they laboured without intermission for several years, with great success and many trials. In one excursion, Ortega was caught by a sudden flood between two rivers; both overflowed, and presently the whole plain had the appearance of one boundless lake. "The Missionary, and the party of neophytes who accompanied him, were used to inconveniences of this kind, and thought to escape as heretofore with marching mid-deep in water; but the flood continued to rise, and compelled them to take to the trees for safety. The storm increased, the rain continued, and the inundation augmented; and among the beasts and reptiles, whom the waters had surprised, one of the huge American serpents approached the tree upon which Ortega and his catechist had taken refuge, and, coiling round one of the branches, began to ascend, while they fully expected to be devoured, having neither means of escape nor of defence. The branch by which he sought to lift himself broke under his weight, and the monster swam off. But, though they were thus delivered from this danger, their situation was truly dreadful: two days passed, and in the middle of the second night one of the Indians came swimming towards the tree by the lightning's light, and called to Ortega, telling him that six of his companions were at the point of death: they who had not yet been baptized entreated him to baptize them, and those who had received that sacrament requested absolution ere they died. The Jesuit fastened his catechist to the bough by which he held, then let himself down into the water, and swam to perform these offices; he had scarcely completed them before five of these poor people dropped and sunk: and when he got back to his own tree, the water had

reached the neck of his catechist, whom he had now to untie, and help him to gain a higher branch. The flood, however, now began to abate. Ortega, in swimming among the stormy boughs, received a wound in his leg, which was never thoroughly healed during the two and twenty years that he survived this dreadful adventure."

The latter years of Anchieta were as intensely given to his mission as those of his youth: unwasted by disease or feebleness, he continued to visit the various flocks of his extensive charge: churches on the mountain's ridge, by the torrent's side, in the heart of the melancholy plain or forest, called on their revered provincial. The way was long, but not weary, for he had known and loved it of old: as the foot of the camel is distressed in the soft pastures, and moves with rapture over the burning sands again, so did the noble Jesuit, though death was at his side, breast the fierce blasts of the Cordillera, the wild waters of the inundation, to see once more the walls of his Zion, to hear once more its songs of praise.

To a lover of nature in her own wild and inimitable dress, the wanderer's way could not be barren: the abundance of the tropical fruits and vegetable productions, savannas enriched with the loveliest flowers, and trees to which Europe has none that can be compared for beauty or loftiness; the ivy often crept to the summit of the highest trees, and covered the forest with a canopy of bright green, whose shade on the path beneath was welcome to the passenger during the heats of the day. It is beautiful to perceive, that when the toils are crowned, and the ruling hope victorious, the nature of the man does not change: the celebrated provincial is the same simple, fervent being as the novice: seated in the broad shadow of the sycamore, his neophytes around him, his mild features full of benignity, lit

up at times by a sudden enthusiasm, that passes away as quickly, he waits till the fiery beams sink lower in the west : pale, the traces of feeling, not of passion, on his brow : the memory of this world, not its love ! His words are heart-felt, as must be the words of men who have struck, through life, one master-chord of the spirit, and its dearest melodies awake at the close of their career. The character of Anchieta was not originally powerful ; Nobrega led it forward to elevation : spreading his pinions to the tempest, he bade his disciple follow, and fear not ; and the spirit, by nature retiring, contemplative, unaware of its own resources, believing the burden of the Lord to be laid on it, arose on the wings of the eagle ! Impelled by his more stern companion, the boy missionary at once took a conspicuous and lofty position : exhibiting another instance, among the many, of a gentle nature borne by an impassioned enthusiasm to great actions. This enthusiasm, single and eternal in its objects, gave to Anchieta's life its consistency, glory, and admirable usefulness. But for this, his hand would have forsook the helm when Nobrega died, and his burdened mind sought rest from its torrent of cares. There were intervals of rest and calm, to which the softness of his temperament clung to the last, for he had loved them in Teneriffe, when the visionary scenes of the future mission rose before his fancy, glorious and afar, like the celebrated peak of his isle, its crest in the sky, yet ever visible. In the vivid and startling extremes of his career, he proved, though he knew it not, how intimately allied are the simple and the sublime. The fiery Nobrega sought, in extremity, the depths of an intellect in itself sufficient for greatness. Anchieta, whatever lot befell, that lot was his all in all : when the Cross was presented to him, he grasped it with an eager hand, and each hope, joy, imagination, bravery of the soul, gathered around it ; and, while the tears

fell from his eyes, there was a constraining and mighty power within, leading his gentleness unto victory! When called to defend Piratiningua, he laid aside his banana leaves, on which he had written his lessons, and, haranguing his converts, prepared them for the battle.

In the exile among the Tamoyos, the ardent and restless Nobrega would have chafed like the war-horse kept from the field. Anchieta passed great part of the day, pacing to and fro on the shore, "in musings lost:" the camp, the council, are no more before his thoughts; yet these thoughts are tasked incessantly: his enthusiasm—blessed faculty, that can cull from the flower or the rock, and be at home in the palace, the chapel, or the barren strand—has found another employ. One of the founders of St. Sebastian, the commander of the Indian forces, the youth who had staked his life on this embassy, whose life now hung by a hair, is tracing poetry in the sand: there never was, in outward form, such an interminable poem, extending along the beach, in distinct Latin characters, to the length of half a mile: five thousand lines of a poem to the Virgin; being the history of her life, and an invocation to her aid and love. The lulling sound of the wave, the waste of waters, the brilliant sky, the faint breeze in the rich groves of the Tamoyos, the distant cries from the hamlet, with the wilder cry of the sea-bird, were all propitious to the muse, and dear to the imagination of the captive, who did not fail, for a single day, to repair to the spot.

At once the soldier, the statesman, the poet, the faithful preacher—he carried the same fervour to the home of the desolate: and came from the assembly or the camp, where he had influenced both the Indian and European chiefs, and knelt beside the bed of sickness and sorrow, with a tenderness, a pity, a fellowship, that was very dear to the wretched and

the vicious; who saw in the celebrated man the humblest minister of his God, who loved them because they were his creatures, the purchase of his blood. And now, when the pulse beat fainter, did the feelings of the man grow more cold? did that fearful heritage of declining life come upon Anchieta? fortunately, the heart beat warm to the last, and thus the love of others towards him did not decay. The intellect—did it live in its clearness and beauty? Ah! that last peril, that deepest horror of our life; of which he who has known the glory of the mind, cannot think for a moment, without shuddering, and offering an ardent prayer to God “to take his temper, to let his heart be as the nether mill-stone, but to spare, to spare his intellect.” The reins of government were still in his hand, the words of eloquence and counsel breathed from his lips, and others obeyed them, even when he took his last journey into the interior.

The missionary was now in his sixty-fourth year: he had been unremittingly devoted to his charge, and could only lay it down with his latest breath. Intensely solemn were the memories of Anchieta. Had he in truth been faithful? The forty years were fled like a dream—and that dream was vanishing before eternity! The stern requirements of his Lord—how had he fulfilled them—was a question at which the spirit trembled,—then fled for refuge to the mercy that had never forsaken it. All had been mercy:—the countless souls for his hire, the desolate stretching forth their hands unto God, the tribes turning from the cannibal fires unto Calvary, even to the death of Nobrega, that led him in his loneliness nearer to the Lord. He commended to his brethren his scattered churches and congregations, for he loved them with a dying love; they were his home, his hearth, his only heritage: he was to see them no more for ever; he was to leave them in the hands of

others: could this be without a pang, this last stern trial of the missionary? Was there no remembrance cleaving to the scenes and associations of his early life?—they faded before those of his usefulness, of his heart's vital joy. How often, in closing life, is this sentiment paramount: the writer, when in Palestine, met with an aged man who lived in a cave, in the wilderness of Ziph; he once had a home of comfort and affluence; the wife of his youth was dead: his children had married, and left their father's roof; and after wandering through many lands, he came, at the age of seventy, to this wilderness, where he dwelt twelve years in cheerfulness of temper, peace of mind, and hope of futurity, that grew brighter with each lonely year. This serenity and joy seemed in part to grow out of the hallowed scenes whose vicinity had drawn him thither: he gave the best part of his property to the neighbouring monastery, whose massive walls and towers cast their shadow almost to the mouth of his cave: the fathers often entreated him to inhabit one of their chambers, where no comfort or attention, suitable to his age, should be wanting; the old man said he would not dwell within a cell, that he loved to be in the midst of the blest places where he had come to die. "Stranger," he said, "my life is not weary or lonely; whenever I wander forth, my foot is on the bank where David wandered, on the vales and rocks where he fled from Saul, and poured forth the songs of Israel; the apostles also have been here; so have the feet of their Lord: that barren mountain to the left, is the scene of the temptation; that river is the Jordan: if I am too feeble to walk, while I sit in the mouth of my cave, the Dead Sea is full before me, and Mount Pisgah beyond: and all these caverns that hang over the Kedron were once the homes of the martyrs; and there they were slain." These indelible scenes were the charm, the romance

of his old age: not only the fancy was moved as he spoke of them, but the heart also: dear was the thought of breathing his last there, of sleeping in the grave, and waking to the last trump from that portion of earth which his God had once loved above every other.

After the toils of nearly half a century, and an illness that had little bodily anguish, Anchieta yielded up his life in the close of his sixty-fourth year, in 1597: having justly earned the title long since given him, of the "Apostle of Brazil." Great and sincere were the regrets of the Portuguese and Brazilians: by both he was equally honoured and lamented; the latter grieved as for a father; the former sent to Rome numerous attestations of his miracles, and declarations in support of their prayer that he should be canonized: this was not done: Rome has shewn a strange aversion to canonize some of her best and most active spirits; not rarely bea-tifying the idle drones and ascetics of the convent, in preference to those whose life was one of unwea-ried zeal and philanthropy.

There arose no missionary in Brazil equal in talent and usefulness to Nobrega and Anchieta; both of whom were men of the world, and of the world's business and conflicts, as well as men of God. The stranger who observed Anchieta in the contentions and debates of the council, and the colonists, might admire his sagacity and discretion, but be tempted at first to doubt his sanctity. Xavier was not rarely exposed to this suspicion, when he sought to con-ciliate the various tastes and tempers of men by forbearance and liberality of demeanour. On one occasion, a Spanish gentleman, watching him nar-rowly, saw that he conversed frankly and agreeably on indifferent subjects, did not speak of religion, and in the evening engaged in a game of chess with a military man, which confirmed the doubts he was

disposed to entertain of his great piety. They embarked in the same vessel, and the following day were becalmed near an island: several of the passengers landed, and Xavier, walking swiftly along the shore, was soon lost in the forest. The Spaniard sent his servant to follow, and observe what he did: the latter, advancing into the deepest recesses of the wood, saw Francis on his knees at the foot of an aged tree, in prayer so impassioned, and uttering words so intense and beautiful to hear, while the tears streamed down his cheeks, that he hastened back to his master with the report. The Spaniard, with the generosity of his nation, as soon as Xavier returned on board, frankly told him his thoughts, begged his friendship, and became afterwards one of his faithful converts. To conciliate the colonists, men of ungovernable tempers and lives, to protect the Indians from oppression, to convert and civilize the fierce tribes, while he disposed them to peace and amity with his countrymen, to confirm an infant government as well as an infant church, to ratify treaties, make laws, and hallow all by an example of virtue, beneficence, and charity—such were the labours of Anchieta, and such their influence!

Few of the early missionaries slept in consecrated ground;—beneath the trees they had perhaps planted, the grey stones they had reared to the faithful of their flock—their head was not laid in honour in the grave. Many fell, where none but their enemies perceived their fall; others sank in solitary misery, where the vulture flapped his wings around the closing eyes, and his shriek was the only requiem. Beside the friendless place of rest, the Indian hunter would sometimes kneel, and offer that tribute of tears which it is said even the departed love. Yet the Jesuit, even while his flesh trembled, fell nobly; if his heart was right with

his God, he was an enviable martyr: if not, he was of all men the most miserable, who thus, after a life of poverty, interminable poverty, a loveless, passionless life, died an unheeded and cruel death. They did not and could not put away the errors of their faith, which had grown with their growth, and were their inevitable heritage. The persuasion that the simple rite of baptism opened the gates of heaven to the recipient, was that of Rome and all her missionaries, who could thus count their converts by thousands in a day, or, like Xavier, initiate a whole town in a few hours: a tenet, harmless in infancy and childhood, pitiable and pernicious when extended to adults. Perhaps the most curious instance of this belief is afforded by one of the finest intellects of the present age: in the *Genie du Christianisme*, Chateaubriand thus relates—"The Huron village, where father Daniel officiated as missionary, was surprised by the Iroquois in the morning: the young warriors were absent. He was just at that moment saying mass with his converts: he had only time to run to the place whence the shrieks proceeded; where women, children, and old men, lay promiscuously expiring. All who yet survived fell at his feet soliciting baptism. The father dipped a napkin in water, and with it sprinkled the kneeling crowd, thus procuring everlasting life for those whom he was unable to rescue from temporal death. He then recollected having left in the huts some sick persons who had not yet received the seal of Christianity. He flew thither, enrolled them in the number of the redeemed, and then went forth to meet the enemy, who pierced him at a distance with their arrows."

Even as far back as the period of the Crusades, this tenet was generally held by warrior and prince, as well as churchman: in the duel between Tancred and Clorinda, it is beautifully set forth:—

Friend! thou hast won ; I pardon thee, and Oh!  
 Forgive thou me! I fear not for this clay,  
 But my dark soul—pray for it, and bestow  
 The sacred rite that laves all stains away.

Not distant, gushing from the rocks, a rill  
 Clashed on his ear ; to this with eager pace  
 He speeds—his hollow casque the waters fill—  
 And back he hurries to the deed of grace.

His hands as aspens tremble, whilst they raise  
 The locked aventayle of the unknown knight :  
 God! for thy mercy—'tis her angel face!  
 The hallowing words he spoke with rapture.

Her face transfigured shone, and half apart  
 Her sweet lips shed a lively smile that sent  
 This silent speech in sunshine to his heart,  
 "Heaven gleams : in blessed peace behold thy friend  
 depart."  
WIFFEN.

In a future memoir, of the celebrated Ricci, the first Christian missionary to China, will be traced the progress of the Jesuits in that vast empire ; and in India, during the mission of the learned and eminent Robert de Nobilibus, nephew to Marcellus the second.

END OF VOL. III.