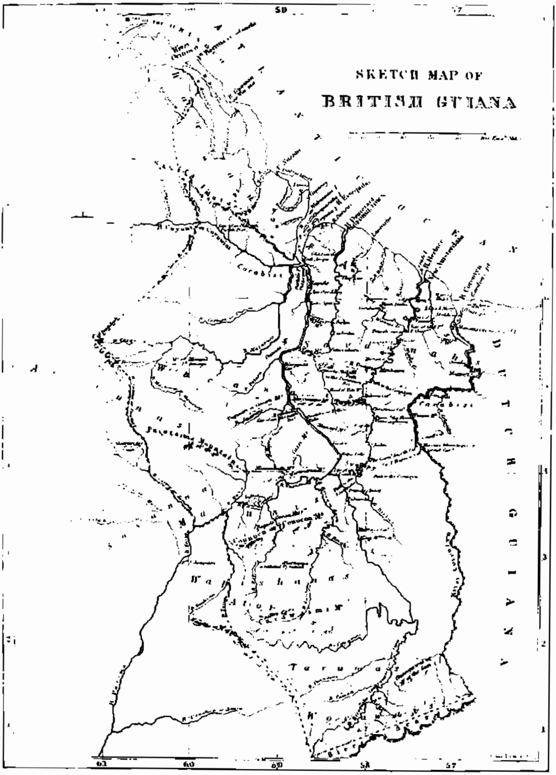
SKETCH MAP OF
BRITISH GUIANA
DUTCH GUIANA
Tarumas
Carabisi
Wapishanas
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TEN YEARS

OF

Mission Life in British Guiana;

BEING

A MEMOIR

OF THE

REV. THOMAS YOUD.

BY THE

REV. W. T. VENESS.

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MISSION LIFE IN BRITISH GUIANA.

CHAPTER I.

In travelling along the coast of South America south-eastward from the mouth of the great river Orinoco, you will fall in with a river called the Essequibo, running through the middle of the Colony of British Guiana. The coast lands are flat and uninteresting, stretching back from the sea some forty miles, without any rising ground; but, as you ascend the rivers, the beauty of the scenery will demand your notice and compel your admiration. There is an exuberance of vegetation only to be met with in the Tropics; and you cannot but be struck with the variety of the trees, the lovely colours of the flowering plants, the tangled network of lianas or bush-ropes, the graceful foliage of the numerous palms that flourish near the banks, and the marvellous growth of orchids and other parasites. Occasionally a troop of monkeys (saccawinkies) leap like

flying squirrels along the interlacing boughs overhanging the stream, and disappear in the depths of the gloomy forest; macaws, parrots, and other gay birds skim along overhead, uttering their discordant cries; beautiful king-fishers with brilliant plumage dart out from the bank, and take up a position in advance on some dry bough of a patriarch of the woods, that has fallen into the water; an angry water-dog (a kind of otter) shows his head and snarls, as asking what right you have to trespass upon his domain; and the noise of various insects—the chirrup of the cicada, and the sharp whirr of the razor-grinder—alone disturb the stillness of the greenwood. The abodes of civilised men are left behind after voyaging but a few miles, and then you behold Nature in all her solitary grandeur, as she sprang from the hand of the Great Creator, not disfigured as yet by man's contrivances. The river is studded with islands, and down to its very edge are seen giants of the forest—the mora, locust, silk-cotton, &c., rearing their tall heads to the sky, and spreading out their lusty arms over many a lithe sapling. At rare intervals you will meet with a small settlement of aboriginal Indians; their huts or benabs always situate on high ground near the water-side, the river being their high road. As this narrative is chiefly concerned with these Aborigines, it is well that the reader should have a correct impression

of them on his mind at the outset. He must throw aside at once all the ideas that he has formed from the perusal of Cooper's novels, and be prepared to contemplate in the "noble savage" a very different picture to what his fancy had pourtrayed. Instead of a tall, muscular, majestic figure, he will find that the Indians of Guiana are generally rather short in stature, plump and stout in build, and short necked. They have long, straight, black hair (something like the Malays), large heads, somewhat broad faces, nose often aquiline, eyes disposed to be almond shaped, smooth cheeks and chin. From their indolent habits leading them to alternate seasons of enforced abstinence with rounds of repletion, they have generally a paunchy appearance; and to this their excessive drinking at Piwarrie feasts doubtless also contributes. Whatever may have been their character in past ages, it can be truly said of them now that, so long as they are treated with justice, and their passions are not roused, no more docile or inoffensive people can be found on the face of the earth. Although there can be but little doubt that the Indians of Guiana have a common origin with those of North America, as is testified by the same copper-coloured skin, the similarity of their legends, superstitious practices, &c., yet do they differ from them very markedly in appearance, habits, and disposition. The

tribes best known to Europeans—not the most favourable specimens of the race—are those located near the coast. These are—

1. The Warows, who delight in low, swampy situations, nor far from the sea, and are the most degraded and improvident of all. They are utterly regardless of personal appearance, and very filthy in their habits. They excel in the manufacture of corials or canoes, which they shape out of the trunk of a tree—most commonly the cedar—and hollow out with fire.

Being very expert in wood-craft, they are frequently employed as axemen by the woodcutters. In the swampy country about the mouth of the Orinoco, when a large tract is inundated during the heavy rainy season, they construct for themselves dwellings in the tops of the forest trees, and are frequently forced to subsist entirely on the fruit of the Eta and other palms [1].

[1] "It will scarcely be out of place," says the Rev. J. W. Wadie, S. P. G. Missionary at Waramuri, "to state how wonderfully the goodness of God is manifested towards His creatures of every class and clime, and particularly in the provision of the Eta palm (Mauritia flexuosa, Linn.), for the sustenance and service of these peculiar children of the forest. This remarkable tree appears to be available in every possible way. Hammocks are made from the centre leaves while young, before they begin to open; the fruit, and also the crown of the tree, called the cabbage, is used as food, particularly in seasons of scarcity; from the extracted juice, when cut down, the Indians make a beverage, of which they are very fond; from the heart of the plant, reduced to pulp by grating, a sediment of starch is obtained, which is made into bread; and even in death this tree is still profitable, from the large number of worms which breed in the

2. The Arawaaks are the most polished and gentle of the Indian tribes, and readily receive the impress of civilised habits. They consider themselves superior to the other tribes, styling themselves, by way of pre-eminence, "*the men*." Their language and intonation are very musical, with somewhat of a plaintive cadence. They have come more into contact with Europeans than any other tribe, and are found a little farther from the coast than the Warows.

3. Still farther inland are the Caribs, the once formidable cannibals who dominated over the whole of the West Indian Islands before Europeans became acquainted with them, and from whom the Caribbean Sea takes its name. They are a fine, manly race, more martially disposed than any of the other tribes. In "slavery time" they were employed by the planters to hunt the

decaying stem, and are readily eaten*. Sails for corials, for long journeys, are made from the pith of the stem of the leaves; the dry leaves which fall off the plant are used for making fires inside the Indian canoes; the stems of the leaves are used by some of the people in making rooms or partitions, &c., in their houses, being split and laced on rods, and also for lengthening their arrows or harpoons for fishing."

* Groo-groo worms (Tucuma). Considered a delicacy by some. The following is the recipe for cooking them: "Snip off the heads with a pair of scissors, fix the bodies on small wooden skewers, and do them on the gridiron over hot embers to a delicate brown. Dust them with salt and pepper, and eat them off the skewer." A favourite Indian dish is to split open the worms, and to bake them with boiled rice. They answer in place of butter to it, and give the rice an exquisitely delicious flavour.

runaway negroes. They also carried on a sort of domestic slave trade among the Aborigines.

4. The Accawoios live in the neighbourhood of the Great Falls—a marked feature in all the large rivers of Guiana. They have acquired an unenviable notoriety as poisoners and night-murderers (kanaima), and supply hired assassins to the others tribes, to enable them to execute their revenge; and thus they exercise a constant terror by night as well as by day. No one considers himself safe from their attacks, sleeping or waking. They are also the Indian pedlars and newscarriers, and in the pursuit of their calling they traverse a vast range of territory. Within the last few years many of them have been converted to Christianity, and been the means of bringing others from far distant regions to our Mission stations, to be instructed in the truths of the Gospel.

5. The Macusi inhabit the savannahs, or vast unwooded plains of the interior, and are totally unlike the tribes previously mentioned. The latter accomplish most of their travelling by water, and spend a great part of their time afloat, while the Macusi hardly know what a corial is. They are peculiar also in having dome-shaped dwellings. The Wourali, a deadly poison used by the Indians for tipping their arrows, and which has recently been discovered to be an antidote to

strychnine, is manufactured exclusively by them; and they are very careful to guard jealously the secret of its composition. Individuals of two other tribes—Maiongkongs and Arecunas—have lately made themselves known at the Waramuri Mission in the Moruca Creek; and there are many others in the far interior — Atorais, Woyawais, Tarumas, Maopityans, Wapisianas, &c. One or two tribes have become extinct within living memory. In the Census tables of 1871, the Aborigines of British Guiana are loosely put down at 7000, as in 1851 and 1861, it being impossible to get at a correct enumeration of them; but Mr. M^c^Clintock, a very high authority, estimates their number as high as 20,000; while a still more recent observer, Mr. C. Brown, of the Geological Survey, who traversed the country in every direction, and has probably seen more of it and its people than any previous traveller, is of opinion that they should be reckoned at 50,000.

Members of most of the tribes above described may be found at one part or another of the course of that noble river the Essequibo or its very important affluents. At the lower part of its course, which may be called an estuary, there are several considerable islands, as Wakenaam, Leguan, Hog Island, and Fort Island; and about fifty miles from its embouchure, it receives

the waters of two large tributaries, the Cuyuni and Mazaruni. At the junction of this latter river with the Essequibo, at a place called "Bartica" (Red earth), a Mission station had been established in 1829 by Mr. John Armstrong, who had been sent out to the Colony as a Catechist, under the auspices of the Church Missionary Society. The attention of that Society had been called to the condition of the native tribes, as calling for the message of the Gospel to be extended to them, and Mr. Armstrong was sent to ascertain what prospect there was of a religious teacher being welcomed by the aboriginal Indians of the Essequibo, among whom the knowledge of Christ had died away since the self-denying labours of the Moravians had been discontinued in the early part of this century. The site was chosen for the convenience of the people who lived up the Mazaruni and the Essequibo. There were some Arawaaks located at the spot, and a Carib settlement was within view. There were also in the neighbourhood some families of mixed race, called "Bovianders," whose progenitors — of negro extraction — had intermarried with the Indians. These people were chiefly squatters, who had abandoned the domain of civilisation, and preferred to lead a life of indolent freedom, cultivating a small patch of provision ground, and trusting to the chase and

the beautiful river for a supply of animal food; unregardful of the comforts or even conveniences of civilised life. There are many of such people to be found on all the rivers of British Guiana. It is only within the last three quarters of a century that the coast lands of the Colony have been cultivated. Whether from the fear of free-booters, or from the superior healthiness of the interior, when the Dutch first settled in the country, they chose positions from fifty to a hundred miles from the mouth of the rivers and there established the seat of government. In course of time, when they discovered the superior productiveness of the deep alluvial soil on the coast, the population was transferred from the river estates, with the exception of a few stragglers who still clung to their old haunts, and continued to spend an easy untrammelled existence, occasionally visiting the settlements to exchange the produce of their labour for such articles as they could not otherwise provide themselves with.

Mr. Armstrong's experiment was so far successful that he gathered a number of Indians around him, and settled down among them with the intention of building up a native church among these children of the forest. The interest of the ruling powers in the attempt was shown by the grant of a piece of crown land, embracing 300

square roods, to the west of Bartica Point, by the governor, Sir Benjamin D'Urban, to be held during His Majesty's pleasure, for the purposes of the Mission.

It is not the design of this narrative to dwell on the labours of Mr. Armstrong. No doubt he had his seasons of trial and disappointment, but what we are concerned with is this—that, after nearly three years of unwearied exertion, his efforts were so far blessed with success that the Society deemed it advisable to despatch a helper, who should relieve him of the drudgery of the school teaching, and set him free to preach the Gospel, and devote himself to the higher interests of the people. This helper, in whom we are now chiefly interested, was Mr. Thomas Youd, a native of Liverpool, and a young man of about twenty-three years of age at this time. Like Mr. Armstrong, he had been a student at the Church Missionary Society's College at Islington; and having sailed from England on October 21, 1832, in the "Marquis of Chandos," Captain Gaylor, he arrived in Demerara on December 4, and on the twenty-third of the same month joined Mr. Armstrong at Bartica. A strange Christmas must that have seemed to this young man, fresh from England, under a tropical sky, among the red men in the wilds of Guiana! That Christmas, however,

found him entering with high spirits and full of hope upon the instruction of the Indian children, reclaimed from a wild and roving life, decently clad, and perceiving with eager pleasure the advantages of a Christian education. When first they were assembled for instruction, their clothing was of the very scantiest description, and their skin not always of a bright red tint; their behaviour too was very like that of a troop of saccawinkies. It required no slight expenditure of patience and loving forbearance to bring them into habits of order and cleanliness, and induce them to submit to discipline. But time and perseverance had accomplished all this, and it was a pleasure to watch their bright eyes as they listened to their teacher, and to hear their sweet voices raising the hymn of praise with which the day's work commenced and ended. It was a real pleasure to be engaged in the work of teaching such gentle, docile, plastic natures.

CHAPTER II.

1833.

FOR the first six months in the year Mr. Youd continued to carry on the school at Bartica, which was largely increased through his persevering attention. The children were very shy of coming at first, but after awhile their attendance was as regular as clockwork: only sometimes the indulgent parents would carry them away with them on a visit to some distant settlement, and then they would be lost sight of for several months, when they would return and have to commence learning the lessons afresh. About the middle of 1833, however, Mr. Armstrong was compelled by ill health to quit the colony for awhile, and proceeded to England, leaving the entire charge of the Mission to his schoolmaster and catechist. It was a weighty responsibility for so young a man; but he was equal to the trust. It is difficult to make English people understand the position in which Mr. Youd was placed. He was not only separated from family and friends by thousands of

miles of ocean, but he was also isolated from all congenial society, the nearest white person being two or three days' journey distant; secluded in the forest, with no companionship but that of the native Indians or persons of colour, the "Boviander" before alluded to; debarred from all the luxuries and most of the comforts of civilised life. His dwelling was an Indian hut or benab, thatched with the fronds of the Troolie palm; he slept in a hammock, and ate the same food as the Indians, bush meat,—the flesh of the tapir, wild hog, deer, &c., and cassada bread. Hitherto his work had been sedentary, but now he entered with alacrity on a new line of duty. For weeks at a time he was away from home, searching out the people at their settlements up the innumerable creeks and on the banks of the river, spending much of his time in his boat, paddled by Indian lads, and at night slinging his hammock between two trees in the forest, with no covering overhead but the friendly boughs and the bright spangled firmament, a fire being lighted to scare away the jaguar and other wild beasts that prowl in the woods during the silent hours. There was an air of novelty and romance in this kind of life, which stimulated the young missionary, and compensated for the loneliness and deprivation which he had to undergo; but above all he had a burning desire to do the work of his Master Christ, and therefore felt him-

self always secure and blessed with His presence in his most solitary hours and in positions of the greatest peril. During the time that he was able to spend at Bartica, his multifarious duties would not permit of his looking back or thinking of his trials, and the sleep of the weary eased him of any uneasy thoughts on his bed, if he had been disposed to indulge them; but indeed, he threw himself with such complete trust upon his heavenly Father that he committed his way entirely to Him and humbly followed His guidance. "Really," he writes a little later, "to see the things which I have to do would surprise many at home. Some of the different offices of the 'Dominie,' as they call us, are schoolmaster, doctor, sick-nurse, steward or provider, overseer and manager in cultivation, captain or steersman, architect, boat-builder, mason, blacksmith, &c."

The practice of daily prayer at the Mission was never intermitted. In the early morning a horn sounded, and men, women, and children were soon seen wending their way to the schoolhouse, and the same thing took place as the sun went down. The routine on week-days was pretty uniform all the year round. Morning prayer; after which the adults went into the fields or provision grounds, the children assembling for school at 10 a.m., and making way for the adults at 2 p.m. for Evening Prayer. In the evening,

classes were taught English, &c. Mr. Youd soon became endeared to the people, and it was very touching to see the manner in which the Indians gathered round him on his return from one of his occasional tours. He had not yet learned to address them in their own language; but they understood the *patois*, a corrupt form of Dutch, called Creole-Dutch,[1] spoken by the Bovianders or half-breeds, and this he too was master of. On Sundays his congregations assembled sometimes at one place, sometimes at another, varied according to circumstances, seldom exceeding forty or fifty. The behaviour of the hearers was frequently very embarrassing; many, coming simply from curiosity and having but little idea of propriety, gazed about them and engaged in conversation. Nor was there aught in the accompaniments of public worship to impress them with a solemn awe, as in well-appointed churches in England. They met together frequently in a rude hut, without decoration, perhaps with logs of wood and rough blocks or rough planks for seats. It was years before anything like a regular place of worship made its appearance among them.

Mr. Youd was not always able to get about

[1] A legacy of the former possessors of the colony, the Dutch, who finally ceded it to Great Britain in 1802. Creole is equivalent to *native*. A horse foaled in the colony is called a Creole horse.

among the Indians when he was disposed to do so. On one occasion he was compelled to remain at Bartica because he had sent his boys down in the boat to Fort Island to procure a supply of plantains, which are an important article of food, although seldom cultivated by the Indians. Fort Island was two days journey from Bartica, lower down the river. It was once the seat of government of the Dutch Colony of Essequibo, and the ruins of the fort and church are still to be seen. The Colony of Essequibo ceased to be a separate colony and was united to Demerara in 1789. The circumstance of so long a distance having to be traversed to procure an article of food will illustrate the difficulty experienced in procuring sustenance in such an out-of-the-way place; and every one knows how needful a change of food is to the maintenance of a healthy constitution. Now the crops of the Indians are almost limited to cassada, sweet potatoes, and pumpkins; these, with peppers, supply almost all their wants. An European, however, requires more nourishing food than this: and nothing can be more nutritious than the plantain.

On the return of his boat from Fort Island, towards the end of the year Mr. Youd paid a visit to Cartabo, seven miles from Bartica, at the confluence of the Mazaruni with the Cuyuni. Here was the seat of government when Essequibo

was first settled by the Dutch at the end of the sixteenth century, until it was removed, a few years later, to Fort Island. On an island just opposite, Kyk-over-all, are still to be seen the ruins of a fort built for its protection. There was a settlement of Caribs at the place, and Mr. Youd's object was to pay them a weekly visit, if they would undertake to attend to receive instruction, which they agreed to do. Accordingly the following week he paid them another visit. There were thirty-nine present; and he at once commenced keeping school, opening and closing with prayer, and giving a short address in conclusion. There being present some Spanish Caribs from the Cuyuni, he was compelled to employ an interpreter, as they could not understand the Creole-Dutch in which he addressed the others. Two days later, on paying another visit to the settlement, he found it nearly deserted, and was informed that the Indians had gone to a funeral. To the funeral he accordingly made his way, and found that it was one of his scholars who had died. In that hot climate you frequently first know of a person's death by hearing of his funeral, which generally takes place after an interval of not more than thirty-six hours. Mr. Youd seized the opportunity of discoursing to them about death and the immortality of the soul. "They were truly astonished," he says, "at hearing that the soul was

still alive, and was gone to appear before its Maker."

The Indian notions of religion are exceedingly scant and imperfect. There are not wanting indications of a definite creed having been possessed by them in ages long past; but nothing remains of it now except a few mutilated traditions. "It is truly astonishing," says Mr. Youd, "to find that when we speak to them of God, even in their own language, they will tell you they know not to whom you allude, although they are acquainted with the meaning of the word Tamoosy; but it is not until we point to the creation, and ask Who is the author of it, that they can be led to say, 'I know.'" Twice he was seriously asked if the God of Whom he spoke did not come from England. It is not surprising, therefore, that there should be nothing like a prescribed ritual, no temples, no priesthood among them. In this respect they were in as deep a state of ignorance as the savages of Africa. Without holding any decided tenet on the subject, their superstitions seemed to inculcate a belief in the transmigration of souls, and they were not without such rude notions of a future state as were held by the heathen of antiquity. This is evidenced by their peculiar mode of burial. When a man dies among them, they cut a corial or canoe in halves for the coffin and place the deceased in it, with his bow and arrows (or gun),

his cutlass, knife, and a lump of Carimanni wax in his hammock by his side. The bow and arrows (or gun), they say, is for him to hunt with in the other world ; the cutlass is to enable him to clear the bush, the knife to cut up game; and the wax to make his fishing lines. They also bury the last thing the deceased had to eat and destroy the crop in his provision ground, often leaving his family destitute. They have no burying ground, the grave is always made in the benab occupied by him during his lifetime, in order that the corpse may be sheltered from the wind and rain. After a certain period of mourning, which the nearest relative must spend beside the newly made grave, the benab is deserted, and no further notice is taken of it, except in so far as it is avoided, just as our churchyards are at night by ignorant and superstitious people, who stand in awe of the ghosts of the departed.

An Indian funeral is always followed by a piwarrie feast, which generally lasts two or three days, i. e. until the last drop of piwarrie is finished. It is fortunate that these simple people are not acquainted with the art of distilling strong liquors, which have an irresistible fascination for them, and are the cause of frequent deaths among them. Their favourite beverage, piwarrie, comparatively innocent in its effects, only stupifies them for a time when they drink considerable quantities of it.

It is this practice, and the habit of gorging themselves with animal food when they have it in abundance, which gives them such a paunchy appearance. But what is piwarrie? It is a drink made from cassada bread, i. e. thin cakes of the baked meal made from the grated root of the bitter cassada (Janipha Manihot.) For this purpose the cakes are roasted until they become a dark brown. The bread is then taken by women, chewed, and thrown into some receptacle, probably an old corial or canoe; water is added in sufficient quantity, and it is allowed to ferment. The liquor is then emptied into large earthen jars, which are manufactured by the Caribs, from which it is dipped by the women in bowls or calabashes, and carried round to the men as they sit or lie in their hammocks; the women not forgetting to take their own share. The piwarrie is said to have a not unpleasant, slightly acid taste; but from the disgusting manner in which it is prepared, it is seldom or never touched by a European. It is probably from the duty of preparing the piwarrie falling to the lot of the women that they lose their front teeth at so early an age; it being not at all unusual to see girls of seventeen thus disfigured; and it is very rarely that a woman is fortunate enough to arrive at the age of twenty-five and boast of a sound set of teeth.

As long as any piwarrie remains they spend their time in idleness, dancing and merry-making. It is a sickening sight to visit an Indian settlement towards the close of one of these carouses. The men are lying in their hammocks or sitting on logs of wood in a state of semi-stupefaction; the women, slatternly and dull-eyed, bear the seductive beverage to their lords and masters, who, devoid of any idea of temperance, drink and vomit, and drink again; never refusing the bowl so long as it continues to be handed round and they preserve their consciousness. These feasts are held as often as a plausible excuse can be found for them, at the naming of a child, a wedding, or funeral; or the return of the head of the family from a journey or crab-catching expedition at the mouth of the rivers; after the gathering in of the cassada crop, &c. Go where you will among the Indians of Guiana, you will find the piwarrie feast a great institution.

To wean the Indians from this evil habit which had become inveterate among them, and associated itself with all the leading incidents of their every day life was one, and that not the easiest, of the objects set before him by the young missionary. At this early stage of his labours he saw how necessary it was to revolutionize the whole state of feeling and habits of life of the Indians, before they could be brought to the practice of the Chris-

tian religion; and his training had taught him to look for this result, not through any instruction on his part, but through the quickening operation of the blessed Spirit of God, which it was his duty to follow up by sowing the seed of the Word in the soil thus prepared. His second Christmas at Bartica brought with it evidence that the seed had been sown on good ground, and would bring forth fruit in due season. The Indians showed a great desire for instruction, and were very regular in their attendance at public worship. On one occasion there were upwards of fifty Indians present at Bartica, and the Bovianders or coloured people brought up the congregation to nearly a hundred; the Postholder[1] and another gentleman, with their families, honouring him with their attendance. Such an unusual influx of worshippers made it difficult to provide seats, and, in his exultation at this fair sign of promise, Mr. Youd exclaims—"*This is the Lord's doing*, and wonderful to be seen."

[1] A Government Officer, Resident Magistrate, and Protector of the Indians. The Office is now abolished and the duties performed by the Superintendents of Rivers and Creeks. Unfortunately, very little protection is now extended to the aborigines by the Government.

CHAPTER III.

1834.

IT is very rarely that new comers to the Colony escape a disagreeable process of acclimatisation, attended more or less with sickness, and particularly with attacks of that kind of fever to which most dwellers on low, marshy lands are subject. The climate, food, water, and general habits are so different to what they are in England, that it is not surprising that the whole system should feel and resent, as it were, the enforced change, to which, however, it must needs adapt itself, however violent the sufferings to which it might be exposed in the process. This seasoning Mr. Youd, too, had to undergo; he occasionally refers to slight attacks of fever as hindering him in the prosecution of his labours.

Very early in the year he had the satisfaction of receiving a visit of enquiry from an Arawaak chief, at whose settlement he had made a call some time in the previous year. This man was

the only individual of his tribe who could speak English, which he had learned through living in the family of an English gentleman when a boy. He informed Mr. Youd that he had for some time purposed coming to see him, but had been dissuaded from doing so by a white man whom he named. It is very lamentable, but unfortunately a fact of frequent occurrence, that Christian Englishmen should hinder the spread of the Gospel among the ignorant heathen, through their evil example and often shameless lives. There are, of course, honourable exceptions; but in many cases it is true, that when men quit the confines of civilization and are cut off from the regular ministrations of religion, they break away from every restraint, and relapse into a state of worse than heathen indifference and recklessness. Thus the teaching of our missionaries has often been counteracted by the ungodly lives of Europeans who should have exhibited in their own persons the excellence of Christianity. Fortunately, in this case, the dissuasions of the white man were of no effect. As Mr. Youd observes—"When God wills, men cannot hinder the knowledge of Himself." This Arawaak chief was a man of great consideration among his own people, in consequence of his knowledge of English; and it was Mr. Youd's design, by teaching a number of picked lads the English language, to give them a

like advantage and make them useful among their countrymen when they arrived at manhood.

In the latter part of February he commenced a tour among the various settlements, commencing at Ampa, where was the "Post," or station of the Postholder, the rallying place at which the Indians assembled when summoned for the annual distribution of presents, or for other purposes in the olden time, when their services were retained by the Government as a sort of irregular militia. The following week he went a day's journey up the Essequibo, calling in at the various settlements, and only reaching his destination long after dark. There is something inexpressibly solemn in travelling on these great rivers by night, especially when the moon is not visible. The dark night, only sufficiently lighted up to enable you to see the dark shadow of the bush thrown on the water, the overpowering sense of solitude, the still silence broken only by the sound of the paddles, or of the insects in the forest, or perhaps the horrible roar of the red howling monkey, or "baboon" as it is erroneously called, combine to fill the mind with awe and to carry the thoughts beyond the world to its great Artificer. At one place he found a number of coloured people assembled at what in Canada would be called a Bee; i. e. they had united for the purpose of cleaning and planting a neigh-

bour's cassada field. At one time this was made an excuse for dancing, rioting, and drunkenness in the evening, but the presence of a Christian teacher in the vicinity served to make the people more thoughtful and anxious to observe the decorum of civilized society. They were ashamed of the flagrant barbarism into which they were disposed to relapse when they were not conscious of being overlooked. The following day he spent at a place called Winnepera, where he met some Accawoios, whom he invited to come to see him at Bartica. A few weeks after this, Mr. Youd was visiting a Carib settlement in the Mazaruni, when he found two piaimen in attendance upon two sick persons, one of them a child, who had fever. His spirits he tells us, "were greatly wrought upon." He drew near and listened for a time, and then requested the mother of the sick child to dismiss the piaiman, while he made known Him Who is the great Physician of souls as well as bodies.

The piaiman is a most important personage among the Indians of Guiana,—corresponding to the Medicine-man of the North American continent, and Obeah-man of Africa. He combines the office of priest with that of doctor, and frequently exercises sway also as chief or captain of his tribe. His influence is immense, and no one would dare to thwart him in anything with

regard to which he had issued his fiat; for he is skilful in the manipulation of poisons, and would scruple as little to put an enemy out of the way as to knock a snake on the head. He is in requisition on every domestic occasion of importance, such e. g. as the naming of a child, weddings, funerals, &c. In sickness the most implicit confidence is reposed in his healing powers. He might claim this by virtue of a deep acquaintance with the numerous medicinal plants, which are found in abundance in the forests and elsewhere; but he prefers that his success should be attributed to supernatural agency, and to this the poor deluded Indians in nowise object. In the exercise of his craft he wears no sacerdotal vestments, but he makes use of an instrument called a maracca. This is manufactured by taking a calabash, scraped clean, and cutting a round hole at each end, through which a stick, about three feet in length is placed—the calabash being fixed on it near the middle. Inside the calabash or goobie, are placed (before it is fixed on the stick) fragments of rock crystal, (Maraweri diamonds, or Calicut stones, as they are called,) brought from the mountains of the interior, and supposed to possess some hidden virtue. These stones are intended to rattle in the calabash, and slits are cut in it in various directions, in order to make as much noise as possible. Attached to the ma-

racca, and wound round and round it, is a string of the beautiful red and green and blue wing-feathers of the kalow or large Amazon parrot, which are also believed to have a wondrous charm. When any one is sick, and the piaiman is sent for, he comes with his maracca and takes possession of the benab in which the sick person is lying in his hammock, and fumigates it with tobacco smoke—tobacco, in their eyes, being possessed of some mysterious virtue. Then he commences to chant a kind of invocation to the evil spirits to depart from the sick person, and cease to afflict him; but with this is mixed up a lot of gibberish, that no one can understand; and the utterances generally are anything but musical. All the time he continues to rattle his maracca in order to drive the evil spirits away, shouting and leaping and dancing, as if he were himself possessed. Sometimes the piaiman will pretend that a revelation has been made to him that certain herbs will effect a cure; and then he goes out into the forest and gathers them with great ceremony, and returns to administer them. If the sick person should recover, he claims the credit; if he dies, some plausible excuse is trumped up to account for the spirits being unpropitious. The piaimen of the Warow Indians are looked upon by all the tribes as the most powerful in the practice of their art. Candidates

for the profession have to go through a regular novitiate, during which they are secluded from the world, are enjoined a rigid and prolonged abstinence, and have to submit to a very trying ordeal, in which tobacco plays an important part; this being looked upon as a sacred herb. The object of this initiatory process is probably to thin the number of aspirants, as well as to test their powers of endurance, and thus to keep piaiing a lucrative, because an exclusive, profession.

Shortly afterwards, just as Mr. Youd was going to sleep one night, he heard the rattle of the maracca at a distance, and jumping into his corial paddled to the spot and found a man pretending to cure his wife of a bowel complaint. He ordered him to desist, and reasoning with him on his folly, made known Who it was that permitted sickness and blessed with health; directing him to look to Him Who alone can preserve and keep us. "It is truly astonishing," he writes, "what a hold this awful delusion has upon the minds of the Indians, and even some of the coloured people."

It was by thus moving about among the people and boldly putting a veto on their objectionable practices, that he was enabled to bring about an entire reform in their manner of living, which no amount of mere preaching could have accom-

plished. The Indians venerate the white man, and are submissive to him—even to a fault; for they do not always draw a distinction between the good and the bad. Worthless characters are aware of this, and take advantage of it to rob and maltreat the poor inoffensive Indians, who are led as sheep to the slaughter.

The school in the Cuyuni also continued to receive Mr. Youd's particular attention. About the middle of this year it was attended by about forty Indians, and a few coloured people of negro extraction, from twenty years of age and upward. Three days in the week were now devoted to this important work, during which Mr. Youd remained at the place, returning on Thursday evening to teach the Arawaaks at the settlement opposite Bartica, the two last days of the week. He soon found, however, that this latter labour was too great a tax upon his time, and so he resolved to send his boys over in a large corial (as they had not a corial of their own) and fetch them to school with his own boys and the children living in the neighbourhood of Bartica.

The Indians of Guiana are not fond of congregating in large communities: they live in scattered settlements—often widely separated—and accessible only by water. They generally choose an elevated spot, very near to the river, for their dwellings. The missionary, therefore, who labours

amongst them, must almost make his boat his home; because he need be constantly on the move, and cannot afford to waste his time in going backwards and forwards to and from his station day by day. The disadvantage of losing so much time in travelling about, soon became apparent to Mr. Youd, and he tried to remedy it by inducing the Indians to settle in the immediate vicinity of the Mission premises at Bartica. There was this difficulty, however, in the way of their changing their abodes—in quitting their old homes they would have to leave behind them the provision fields on which they depended for subsistence, and therefore it was necessary to provide for the new comers' support until the crops which they might plant should come to maturity.

An incident occurred about this time which had important results to the Mission, in giving practical effect to these views of Mr. Youd. He was on his way up the river one Tuesday, to pay his usual weekly visit to the school for the Caribs in the Cuyuni, when they saw a corial coming in the opposite direction. As they drew near to each other, it was discovered that the strangers were Accawoios, and on being questioned they said that they were going down to Wakenaam, one of the large islands at the mouth of the Essequibo, and returning. They ceased paddling,

and asked in their turn where Mr. Youd was going, to which he replied, through an Accawoio youth who was one of his crew, that he was going to teach the Caribs, at the school on the opposite shore. This aroused their attention, and they seemed inclined to go with him, for they drew alongside and held on to his corial for some little while. They, however, proceeded on their journey, after they had received an invitation from Mr. Youd to pay him a visit on their return from Wakenaam. Accordingly on Thursday afternoon the chief's son, Aramoosey, with ten or twelve of his people, came to the school, when an interesting conversation took place between him and Mr. Youd (he being the only one of the party who could speak Dutch), as to the object of the Missionary in settling down among the Indians. They were exceedingly interested in the school work that was going on, and exhibited great surprise when some of the copy books were shown to them. They were evidently piqued at people of their own race being in possession of advantages of which they knew nothing. Mr. Youd then brought out to them the sacred volume, first shewing the Old Testament, as being the part which the Great Spirit had caused to be written before the coming of Christ; then what was said and done by Christ, the Son, while on earth; and afterwards the concluding part, as the writings of His

followers the Apostles. All this was explained to the other Accawoios by Aramoosey, who taking the Bible into his hands turned over the leaves, showing the different divisions, as Mr. Youd had done. The conversation then turned upon the advantage of being near, that they might avail themselves of the instruction that was given to the other Indians. They seemed anxious to do this; but, as Aramoosey said, there was a large number of them, and what would they do for food while they were preparing their dwellings on the Mission premises and planting up a stock of provisions. Mr. Youd, anxious to secure such an imposing accession of willing disciples, suggested that it would be possible to purchase a field of ripe cassada, which would suffice until their own crops were ready. This pleased them very much; and Aramoosey said that he would shortly return and bring all his people with him. He further urged that two of those with him should now be left behind, whether as a pledge of his fidelity, or as observers of the mode of life among Christian Indians did not appear. Mr. Youd combated this notion, as the men would have to be supported at the expense of the Mission; but the young chief would take no refusal: so there were left a promising youth of sixteen, who took great delight in attending school, and a young man of twenty-five, who

preferred spending his time in hunting and shooting game, which he no doubt considered a more manly employment. It was not long before Aramoosey returned with his father, whose name was Drunkaman, and a number of his people prepared to settle at Bartica, and Mr. Youd, went up the Cuyuni and purchased a field of cassada for them according to promise.

The original position chosen for the Mission by Mr. Armstrong having been found to be insalubrious, Mr. Youd had selected a new site about a mile to the eastward of Bartica Point, which was called "The Grove." This now became a scene of busy life,—the newly-arrived Accawoios running here and there, fetching materials, building benabs, clearing the ground and planting it up. Mr. Youd himself was not idle, pointing out to the people their locations, instructing the young folks in cultivation, and working in his own garden in order to set all an example of industry. This was his recreation: his serious business was the daily routine of teaching, the performance of Divine worship, and the study of the Indian language.

It was evident that the new comers were thoroughly in earnest, for they lost no time in attending school. Mr. Youd notes in his diary—"Oct. 9. Had about thirty of our settlers at

school to day." And on the following Sunday—"Oct. 12, Lord's Day. Completely thronged to day, having about sixty Indians present, chiefly Accawoios, but among them were Arrawaaks and Carabeese; I should suppose there were 120 present. The Indians, who never attended service before, were quite delighted, saying—"A good day to day." It may easily be imagined how greatly increased were the demands upon the Missionary's time and strength. Well might he say, "I have had much labour of body and mind to pass through with regard to the prosperity of my work." Yet, after recording his visits to different localities, he speaks of starting a new school at a distant settlement.

About this time he was cheered by the sight of some white faces. A party of ladies and gentlemen from Leguan called in at Bartica, on their way to the Falls, and inspected the school. They were surprised to see the writing of the boys—particularly the freedom of their hand—having been under instruction only eighteen months; their singing also pleased them much. Although no one could be working more with a single eye to the glory of God than Mr. Youd, he would have been more than human not to feel gratified by the approval and sympathy of his visitors. Such recognitions of willing labour

afford a refreshment and stimulus, the value of which is inestimable, foreshadowing, as it were, that commendation of the Great Master "Well done, good and faithful servant."

CHAPTER IV.

ABOUT the end of October and the beginning of November is the time when the Indians prepare their provision fields; and, as there were now a large number of persons on the Mission station for whose maintenance Mr. Youd was in some measure responsible, he was naturally anxious that a sufficient quantity of land should be put in cultivation to provide for their wants. In superintending the planting operations (which he found it necessary to do, as some of the people were naturally indolent), a matter was brought forcibly to his notice, which called for his interference, viz., the hard lot of the Indian women. As is the case among most barbarous nations, the weaker sex were looked upon as mere drudges. The conduct of the men can hardly be called tyrannical; it is the rough way in which unenlightened human nature enforces the idea of the natural subjection of women; and, as it is recognised as the Indian custom, the females submit

and perform their duties cheerfully. If they misbehave themselves in any way, it is not unusual for the husband to inflict corporal chastisement. But, nevertheless, there are traces of that reverence on the part of the wife for her husband which is so striking a feature in Oriental life.

When the Indian returns home from hunting, he drops his game on the ground, puts away his gun, and throws himself into his hammock. His wife must be at hand, but dare not speak a word until he addresses her. When he is in the humour, he will ask her, Who has called, What has been going on during his absence, &c., much as an English husband might do. After replying to all his questions, she will then, if he be hungry, bring him the pepper-pot [1] and wait on him until he is satisfied.

On a journey it is the women who carry all the loads, which are packed in quakes, or open baskets made from the outer covering of a sort of reed called Iturite, and balanced on the back by a broad strip of bark which goes over the forehead. The husband generally stalks on before, with his gun or bow and arrows in his hand. The women also prepare the meals, make

[1] Pepper-pot is the standing Indian dish. Meal, game, fish are thrown into an earthen vessel, called a buck-pot, manufactured by the Caribs, and stewed with Cassareep the inspissated juice of the Jatropha Manihot or bitter Cassada, with ripe peppers added to give a pungent flavour. Cassada bread, dipped in the liquor, is generally eaten with it.

Cassada bread[1], and wait upon the men while eating; having their own meals afterwards with the children. When travelling on the water, they can handle a paddle as well as the men, and never think of sitting idle in the corial. In the cultivation of the land also they take a very conspicuous part. As a rule the Indians seldom cultivate the same patch of ground for two succeeding years. The reason of this is because, in the first place, virgin land is the most productive; and secondly, new land, having undergone the ordeal of purification by fire, is more free from the weeds that spring up so rankly after a while in that tropical climate. Towards the fall of the year the men, having selected suitable spots for their "fields," first clear the undergrowth with

[1] There are two descriptions of Cassada, sweet and bitter. The tuberous root of the former is boiled or roasted, and eaten as a vegetable: Cassada bread is made from the latter. The root is peeled, then grated, after which the pulp is put into a pliable tube, about 4 feet long and 4 inches in diameter, made of plaited Iturite, and called a Matapi; this is suspended by one handle, while a lever is passed through the other, a weight being attached. The pulp is thus compressed and drained of the juice, which is poisonous; but by being boiled is converted into cassareep. The meal, when sufficiently dry, is ready to be made into bread, which is done by first sifting it in a Simarri (also made from the Iturite) and then baking it on round iron plates placed over a clear wood fire, the cake being turned when one side is done. This bread, when kept dry, will remain good for a length of time. If the Cassada meal is not required for immediate use, it is kept near the fire-place in large cylindrical lumps, as it comes out of the Matapi, until it is required. It is the old stock, dried and browned by the smoke, which is generally used for the manufacture of piwarrie. There is no article of food of such supreme importance to the Indians as Cassada bread: it may be truly designated by them "the staff of life."

the cutlass and then fell the trees and junk them. Then, after a short interval—three weeks if the weather be dry—the torch is applied and every thing is burnt up except the thick trunks, which defy the flames; these are left lying as they fell. The task of the lords of creation is now completed, and it is the duty of the women to plant the land, to keep it clean, and to reap the crops in due time. A man considers it a degradation to take a hoe in his hand. He has been accustomed to look upon weeding as the occupation of a slave; and the Indian prides himself upon his freedom.

Mr. Youd felt that these poor people would never learn Christianity aright until they had been taught the true position of woman under the Gospel. He therefore strove to reverse their barbarous practice and induce the men to take upon themselves all kinds of heavy labour, and to allot to the women work only of a lighter description. This was no easy task; for unrenewed human nature is loth to resign its prescriptive rights and privileges and to come down from its pedestal of pride and dignity; but how could they refuse to follow when their teacher himself set them an example? At first the women had many a good laugh at seeing the tables so completely turned,—and to their great advantage;—but the men took it all in

good part, and joked one another about their novel duties. The great advantage of the new arrangement was that by a proper system of cultivation, the same fields were kept in use from year to year, and thus the people were encouraged to remain at the settlement, instead of wandering away every year to look out for new fields and bring fresh land into cultivation. The result was that they were kept more directly under the influence of Christian teaching; and indeed, the reform told beneficially in many ways on their domestic life, for it taught them something of that spirit of courtesy and chivalry in their relations with the weaker sex, which is one of the most evident fruits of the gospel message.

The labour that now devolved upon Mr. Youd was beyond the strength of any one man to cope with. Besides the daily teaching and services, the superintendence of the planting operations, the visiting of the various settlements far and near, he had every morning a number of visitors seeking advice, or asking him to settle their differences, or prescribe for their sick. Fortunately towards the latter end of the year he received assistance in the person of a nephew, Mr. W. Youd, who relieved him at once of the school work, so wearing and trying to the constitution in a hot climate. "How would it be possible," he writes, "to act for all here, were

it not for the assistance of my nephew, and assistant in the schools?" He still continued to have large congregations. "November 23, Sunday. Had more than 100 present, chiefly Indians. We have not benches enough to seat the people." It may easily be imagined that, while Mr. Youd was executing his task single-handed, there was little opportunity afforded him for study of any kind. One beneficial result of the accession of a colleague was that he was enabled to devote a portion of his time to the study of the Indian language. "I am almost daily engaged," he says, "in getting up my Caribeese Dictionary, as I long to be able to speak the language, for it is a grand key to several others." Of this language, however, he discovered that there were several dialects; the Carib nation being very widely dispersed. Among those who came to the Mission was a chief named Seru, who had been under the instruction of the Spanish Roman Catholic priests in Venezuela. He gave an account to Mr. Youd of the restrictions these priests laid upon their disciples, e. g. forbidding them to drink water for many days together. Another chief, named Eli, also visited the mission about this time. Mr. Youd speaks of him as apparently "a candid and open minded young man." The Accawoios also were not behindhand in their desire for instruction at this time, notwithstand-

ing their subsequent falling away. To these he had to speak through an interpreter.

One of the most noteworthy features of Mr. Youd's diary is the slight mention that is made of the sickness and suffering, the inconveniences, annoyances, and deprivations that had to be borne in the hard life that he had chosen,—as though he had determined with the Apostle Paul that none of these things should move him. At the beginning of December he had paid a visit to the Indians in the Cuyuni, calling in at the different settlements, and was returning home when he was seized with a violent pain in his eyes, which almost distracted him. During the night he had no rest, for the suffering was intense; and the inflamation became so acute, that he found it necessary to bandage the eyes and remain within doors. He was thus incapable of doing any duty except in the way of speaking. "In this way," he says, "I assisted at the services of last Sabbath, though in pain to myself, yet I believe to the joy of a few others, among the congregation, who came to seek after God. During my sickness, which has now continued more than a week, several Indians came to see me, among other friends, to whom I spoke on Divine subjects as they came around my bed. I trust my days have not been altogether lost as to usefulness."

The Indians, and all who live up the rivers, especially about the sand-hills, are very subject to attacks of opthalmia, caused by the glare and heat from the sand, which is so white as frequently to be taken for chalk. The suffering which is experienced when inflammation is set up is most distressing, and the light becomes intolerable. The eyes of those who inhabit the river districts of the colony are also liable to be attacked by a small fly, which causes intense annoyance during the rainy season. They are a perfect pest for the time, and very often cause inflammation. There is another small fly which punctures the skin and draws blood: a person after their visitation presents very much the appearance of a victim to the ravages of small pox. Their bite must be slightly poisonous, for it causes a terrible irritation of the skin and the formation of pustules wherever the insect has inserted its proboscis. It would be a lengthened task to refer to all the vermin that have a share in making life miserable in the bush. As, however, we are on the subject, it will be a convenient opportunity, for touching on some of the most common pests that afflict humanity in the wilds of Guiana. The chigoe is one of the most formidable. It is very much like a small flea, and is found in sandy places, particularly in deserted Indian huts. It burrows in the skin, and generally selects some tender part of the foot, under the toenails for in-

stance, and there it makes its nest. As the feet of the Indians are bare and unprotected, it may be imagined how exposed they are to its attacks: even persons who wear shoes and stockings do not escape. The insidious miner is not felt at first; but, after a few days, a slight itching is felt, and if this be not attended to, the part gets inflamed as the nest increases in dimension. It must then be extracted with a needle, being about the size of a small pea, otherwise a whole family of chigoes will set up their establishment on the spot, and the result will be amputation, if not mortification. It is usual, as a measure of precaution, to rub tobacco-ash or some other acrid substance into the hole from which the nest has been extracted. The Indians keep chigoes at a distance by anointing themselves with the oil made from the seed of the Crab-wood (Carapa-Guianensis), which has a bitter principle in it. It is this oil that the Indian women also use for their beautiful long, black hair. As the chigoe luxuriates in a warm, dry place, he can be dislodged by a copious use of water. There is also a plant frequently found growing near the huts of the Indians, the leaves of which strewn on the ground are said to rid a place of them. This plant presents one of the curiosities of the vegetable kingdom. It has a seed with two claws, which is called by the Indians

Bahouribadda or bat's claw.[1] In the cultivated districts of the colony also the chigoe is not uncommon; delighting in the dusty floors of the Negro and Coolie houses, where cleanliness is at a discount. The hands and feet of the children frequently display a horrible picture of the result of neglect; the ends of the fingers and toes presenting all the appearance of having been nibbled by rats.

Another insect-nuisance is the wood-tick, which attacks those who have occasion to journey through the forest. They fasten on the skin of the traveller and gorge themselves with his blood, just as some of the same genus exhibit a fondness for dogs and other animals, causing infinite discomfort.

A bloodsucker of a larger description is the bat, which is found every where in British Guiana. It takes up its abode in old buildings, especially those which are uninhabited, in hollow trees, caverns, &c. There are many different kinds of bats, some of which grow to a large size. The traveller who slings his hammock in the open forest, or in a benab at some Indian settlement, or in some unfrequented dwelling, must not be surprised in the morning to find marks of blood about his resting place, and a puncture on his foot or some other part of the body, from which a con-

[1] Martyria proboscidea. See Good Words for August 1866, p. 528, where it is figured.

siderable quantity of blood has been taken in the night while he was asleep. Bats also attack horses, pigs, &c., and are very destructive to ripe fruit. In the day-time they hang together in a great cluster, like a fresh swarm of bees when they settle on a tree, and only come out in the dusk of the evening to make war upon the winged insects. In towns they harbour under the eaves of houses and are detested on account of the unpleasant odour that attends them [1].

There is a very tiny insect which causes great inconvenience to the pedestrian by burrowing under the skin and giving rise to an intolerable irritation. This induces its victim to scratch the part, and he is soon tormented with numerous ulcers. The wretched little cause of this misery is called "Bête rouge." It particularly affects a fine kind of grass, tempting on account of its rich

[1] Mr. Youd writes, "When I was in the Institution at Islington, I remember to have stated that the bats of this country bite people while asleep, to one who ridiculed me for, as he thought, such a false account; but I would that he were here; the bats would soon confirm the statement to him, unless, by mosquito netting, he should keep them off; for they sometimes bleed my nephew and the children well, and every young person, on the nose, arms, fingers, legs, and toes, especially; taking small pieces clean off, as though cut by a knife, and that in a moment; and as to the fowls, they bleed them in the course of a few days, actually to death. They are not always so desperate; but both I and others occasionally suffer loss by them in this way."

It is usual, in places that are infested with bats, to burn a lamp all night in the fowl-house, hog-pen, or wherever stock is kept. This is supposed to dazzle them and prevent them from doing any mischief.

emerald colour and lawn-like growth, called "Bahama" or "Devil's grass;" but it is found on all kinds of herbage. There is no prophylactic against it except crab oil; but most persons would probably rather submit to the assaults of the bête rouge than daub themselves with this evil-smelling remedy.

In the inhabited parts of the colony snakes are not at all common; but in the wild waste of forest and savannah they are not only frequently met with but are also of a very venomous character. The largest kind is a species of boa called the water camoudi, which has been known to exceed thirty feet in length, and is amphibious. It is not venomous, but destroys its prey by crushing it in its folds. The land camoudi or kolokonarou is beautifully marked. The rattlesnake, bushmaster, and labarri are the best known of the venomous snakes. The Indians pretend to be able to cure the bites of some of these; but cases are constantly occuring of death from snake-bites. The Negroes of Surinam are sometimes inoculated with a secret specific, which renders them as invulnerable against the bite of a snake as hogs are. It is a comfort to know that snakes nearly always endeavour to escape from man, if they have the opportunity; but if encountered unawares, or if anyone intrude near the place where a female has deposited her young, they attack with the utmost

malignity. The roof thatch is not uncommonly the resort of snakes, and they have been known to find their way into a bed or hammock where a person was sleeping, for the sake of the warmth. It seems a providential arrangement that the rattlesnake, whose bite is most deadly, is very sluggish in its movements. Perhaps it is from this circumstance that the popular notion has arisen that before it strikes it will shake its rattle three times.

Mr. Youd writes, "We killed three kinds of snakes in one day; indeed they are very numerous here. This week I killed a snake in the room under the house, and one in the school, coiled up under one of the children's slates. They sometimes take tithe of our fowls, &c."

The spiders of British Guiana are very large, and some of them exceedingly noxious. There is a great, black, hairy fellow, called the Tarantula, who is furnished with two most formidable claws. His bite will surely produce fever.

These are some of the pests which a person living in the interior, like Mr. Youd, has to put up with, to say nothing of centipedes, scorpions, cockroaches, ants, &c., &c.

It need scarcely be said that, to anyone coming from a country in which all such scourges have been exterminated, it was no slight drawback to the comfort and security of life to be constantly

subject to the apprehension of their attacks. It takes off considerably from the romance of the situation to get up in the morning and find one's fowls swallowed by a camoudi, and one's pigs sucked to death by bats, and be laid up with angry ulcers on the ancles through enjoying a stroll on a particularly nice-looking patch of lawn-like grass. The sky is clear, the air exhilarating and balmy, the climate delightfully equable, and the face of Nature most charming; but what a catalogue of horrors when you step forth to make an intimate acquaintance with the beauties so lavishly displayed on every side. The bête rouge almost drives you to distraction, the wood-tick torments you horribly, the snakes frighten you out of your life, the bat will hardly allow you to sleep for dread of being drained of your life-blood, and the chigoe threatens you with a prospect of amputation. Such are some of the delights of a life in the wilds of Guiana; and such it was the lot of Mr. Youd to endure uncomplainingly. Let no timid man attempt it.

CHAPTER V.

1835.

IT must have been a pleasant sight on a Sunday morning to see the corials coming from various directions, each with its quota of worshippers to make up the congregation at Bartica, which now numbered about a hundred and twenty. Those from a distance generally arrived on Saturday with their pegalls, or baskets of Indian manufacture, containing their best clothes. Those who came on Sunday dressed in the dwellings of their acquaintance before service. The men, with their dark hair and copper coloured skin, looked neat and clean in their white shirts and light trowsers; the women with their long, glossy hair, plaited in long queues presented a picturesque appearance in their cotton dresses and gaily coloured kerchiefs, although their figures would have appeared strangely clumsy and uncouth to an English belle. First of all there was a service in English, as there were many, chiefly among the coloured people, i.e. descendants of the old Dutch

settlers who had Negro blood in their veins, who understood that language. Although forming a part of his charge, Mr. Youd was not proud of his success among this class. He remarks that there were many "wayside hearers" among them. Occasionally some among them showed signs of deep conviction. "There is one poor Negro," writes Mr. Youd, "of the name of Batay, who, I am persuaded, is under strong conviction of sin; while she with tears often says, 'Sin lies heavy on my breast.' I never saw a person, who under the Word could be so overcome . . . There are several others much in the same state." Most of these people lived an easy, indolent, careless life and being left very much to themselves had very little regard for religion. The following dialogue will serve to show something of their character. Mr. Youd calls at a settlement of these coloured people, and meets with an old man to whom he had often spoken on the same subject previously. The language used is Creole-Dutch, a corrupt *patois* inherited from the early Dutch settlers.

Mr. Youd: "Well, old man, you never come to chapel now. How is it? You see I come close by your house to hold service every Friday, and yet you never come."

He replied, "I am sickly; my knees tremble when I walk."

"Yes; but, old man, I saw you going about a

little while ago, in Mazaruni and Cuyuni rivers; and if you can go about so, you can attend chapel."

"Me! me! when was I in Cuyuni? You must be mistaken."

I said. "You were in Cuyuni when I was keeping school there; for I saw you."

"Oh, yes; I remember."

"Now, old man, you know you have a soul that can never die; and that soul will be lost if you do not seek to know Jesus. You are an old man, and must soon die: we all must die. Perhaps I may die before you; but you, from your age, must die soon; and you will lose your soul if you do not pray to Jesus."

"I cannot understand. What's the use?"

"Do not say so: there was a time when I used to come to you, when I could not speak to you; which made my heart sore: but now I can speak your language, and that you understand. I can teach children, and you can understand as well as they."

"Oh, yes: that's true."

"But, remember, old man, you have not to learn to read and write; but to hear and to believe, and to act by what you hear and believe. For instance, if I tell you I am going to town next week; if it were so would you not believe me?"

"Yes; I would."

"Well; you would not have to read what I said

neither write it, but believe; and so it is you must learn to love Jesus."

"But I cannot walk much."

"But, old man, I was here at your house on Saturday last, and then you had gone all the way to Bidral, to put out your hooks: now you can go here and there, but cannot come just round the Point to the Grove. Now, you have no excuse. You have no high hill to climb, as at Bartica; but just to step out of your corial at the water-side, and so come to me: there you will find me willing to teach you and to talk to you about your soul any time."

His answer was, "Ah, well."

"This," says Mr. Youd, "reminds me of what a Buck (Indian) captain once said to me, 'I want *not* to be taught. I am content to live and die far in the bush.'"

But to return to the Sunday service. Immediately after the English service was concluded another was held in Creole-Dutch, in order that those who had to go long distances should not be detained later than possible. It is no wonder that after these two services Mr. Youd should sometimes experience great fatigue, occupying as they did nearly four consecutive hours. It is true that he was relieved to some extent by the psalmody; for by this time he had trained up some of the Indian children to lead the congre-

gation in that pleasant part of the service, and to read the responses tolerably well. But this was not all: there was a third service held at the Grove. It is charming to read "Sometimes God so blesses me that I feel a sweet satisfaction afterwards, though, when the sun is hot, I feel a little spent for an hour or two."

During the rainy season the congregations generally fell off in point of numbers; for, although the Indians are not afraid of the wet, they do not like to sit through the service in damp clothes. In British Guiana there are two wet and two dry seasons in the year. The heavy rainy season extends from April to July; the long dry season from August to November; the short rainy season comprises the months of December and January; and the short dry season or Awarra summer, February and March—the pleasantest part of the whole year. There is a good deal of planting done in the month of April on account of the light showers that fall then; but the close of the year is the most favourable period for putting in the main crops, such as cassada, &c., which have the hot sun of the dry season to mature them. The Indians resort to superstitious practices in order to ward off any ill from their crops; e.g. they believe that, by burning the branches of a certain tree in their field, their cassada will be saved from being scorched up by drought. During

the early part of April Mr. Youd was with the people in the provision grounds a good deal, encouraging them to take advantage of the few fine days for planting, there having been an unusual quantity of rain; but he did not forget to offer up a prayer at the daily assembly for the blessing of fair weather, teaching his people to look to Him Who makes the sun to shine upon the just and unjust and not to trust in any vain and idle ceremony.

About this time a Macusi chief, named Manuary, paid a visit to Bartica. The circumstance is note-worthy on account of the influence it had in shaping the subsequent career of Mr. Youd. He was introduced to the Missionary by another Indian chief named Captain Englishman, who had lately joined the Mission, and was, to a great extent, settled there. The Macusi chief, also, was anxious to come and reside there; but the means of providing for all his people, who were very numerous, were not available. Indeed at this time Mr. Youd's own people were short of provisions, and he had to go to the Cuyuni shortly after this to purchase cassada for them. So he told Manuary to send four good working men, in order that they might cut and plant a field; and when that had grown, then they might all come and be comfortable. After explaining to him the object the Missionaries had in view in gathering the

Indians around them, that they might teach them the knowledge of Christ, and also that they might have a better opportunity of improving them, under the blessing of God, he sent him away to his distant home. That journey to the Cuyuni in search of cassada was a very trying expedition, and must have had a detrimental effect upon Mr. Youd's constitution, complaining, as he was at the time, of a severe cold. The swamps that he had to wade through were sometimes thigh deep, and the air at night was much more chilly than at Bartica; besides, the Indian huts were unenclosed, and therefore the cold was felt all the more. His visits to the Indian settlements here were not attended with success on this occasion. He remarks—"Weekly visits effect but little among the Indian tribes; for they wander from their homes so often that it is very seldom that a body of them can be seen together. I feel half broken-hearted when I think of these lost Caribs here; being unable at present to be more among them on account of the settlers at the Grove."

On Good Friday a congregation assembled twice in the chapel at Bartica, and many wept as they listened to the mournful story of the Saviour's suffering and death on Calvary.

On Easter-Day he was summoned to visit an Indian named Stephen, who was very ill, His sickness had been brought on with a severe cold

through working for some length of time in the damp bush. Mr. Youd administered such medicines as he thought proper, and as the sick man expressed a wish to be removed to the Mission house, he was carried there. "I am very thankful to the committee," writes Mr. Youd to the C. M. S., "for allowing me medicines; there being no doctor in this quarter, every family looks to me, and I thank God that He has almost continually given healing virtue to the medicines dispensed by me."

Before the introduction of Christianity the Indians depended entirely upon their piaimen for the cure of their more serious ailments. If the skill of these pretenders was found to be unavailing, the sufferers were left to their fate. In this respect the Indians are very unfeeling. They will go about their usual business, absenting themselves from their homes from morning till night, and leave a sick person lying helpless in a hammock, without any one near to give them so much as a drink of water[1]. No doubt much of the popularity of the piaimen is to be attributed to their knowledge of medicinal herbs. They live

[1] Mr. McClintock, special Magistrate of the Pomeroon River and its tributaries, in his half yearly report (Jan. 7, 1875) alludes to the "extreme heartless disposition of the race towards each other, in sickness especially. This utter want of feeling causes the sufferings of many of the poor creatures to be quite appalling. In too many instances the dying are left to take care of themselves, fear causing those who are well to abandon their settlements."

in a country which is bountifully endowed with vegetable productions of rare virtue, and it is their business to make themselves acquainted with the properties of these and their effects upon the human system. Not only the Indians, but the woodcutters, and all who live in the bush, far away from civilization, are forced to depend upon their own resources and the gifts of Providence, in the event of sickness or disease overtaking them; for they are quite beyond the reach of professional assistance. And this is another disadvantage under which a Missionary to the Indians labours. Dysentery, buck-sick, ophthalmia, and fever are complaints to which every one is liable in that tropical climate, and each of them (particularly the first two) is apt to be attended with serious consequences, if not carefully watched in its early stages. There in the forest, however, are remedies provided by the Merciful Father, which tradition hands down from generation to generation, to moderate the flood of ills to which our poor flesh is heir and to assuage our sufferings. Some of the plants most commonly resorted to by the Indians in sickness, are cultivated in the immediate vicinity of their dwellings. There you may see the boora-boora, which furnishes an antidote for snake-bites, and the hiarry, used in poisoning the water to catch fish; there also you will see the plants which the Indian believes will

give him luck in hunting, this for deer, this for wild hog, this for turtle, and this for driving away jumbies or spirits, if carried in the pouch or rubbed on the breast. Since the establishment of Christian Missions throughout the colony a regular supply of medicines has been provided, in most cases at the expense of the Diocesan Church Society; and the Government has occasionally forwarded supplies also. The superior efficacy of these to the rude remedies administered by the piaimen has no doubt contributed to destroy the confidence which was once so implicitly reposed in these characters, since it was demonstrated to their dupes that the power was not of men but of God. The Rev. W. H. Brett, speaking of the benefit derived by the Indians at Waramuri, from these medicines during a period of severe sickness in 1845, when as many as 300 doses were issued in the course of one month, says, "Were there no other result than the temporal benefit that flowed from the Mission at Waramuri, all the exertion and expense of its establishment would still have been amply rewarded." And of how many missions is not the same thing true?

At the end of April Mr. Youd received a letter informing him of the approach of a schooner with a party of visitors on board. He, therefore, immediately manned a boat with Indians and proceed-

ed to the vessel to invite them to his house. The party consisted of the Rev. Leonard Strong, Rector of St. Matthews (through whose instrumentality the Church Missionary Society had been led to establish the Mission at Bartica); Mr. W. B. Pollard, a layman, who took a deep interest in the Missionary work of the Church; Mr. Armstrong, who was on his return to his post, having brought with him a wife from England; a brother of Mr. Armstrong, and Mr. Carter, Catechist at Leguan[1], an island at the mouth of the Essequibo. The following morning after prayers Mr. Youd conducted his visitors to an Arawaak settlement, where a number of Indians assembled, and Mr. Strong addressed them, Mr. Youd acting as his interpreter. In the evening, service was held, as usual, at a place called Hooboo, there being a very good attendance; when Mr. Strong again preached and Mr. Youd interpreted. Next day the provision grounds, on which the people were very busily employed, were inspected. The following day was Sunday, "After morning prayer at the Grove," writes Mr. Youd, "Mr. Strong and party accompanied us to the chapel. We first sang a hymn; I then prayed in Dutch; after which the Rev. L. Strong preached in English, which I interpreted in

[1] So called from the abundance of Iguanas there—a large lizard, much relished as food.

Creole-Dutch. Mr. Strong then conducted an English service and delivered the Sacrament; our friends partaking with our six members whom I recommended to that ordinance, among whom was a Prow-wean Indian. We all had a refreshing day." On Monday they commenced a journey up the Essequibo, and by midnight found they had proceeded a distance of thirty miles. The currents of these rivers are so rapid that it is impossible to make any way against the tide. When, therefore, the tide turns, the boat has to be tied at the water-side and the voyagers go ashore, if the spot is favourable for camping, and remain until the stream again flows in the direction in which they are going. On Tuesday they continued their journey, calling at the principal settlements that they passed in order to hold service, Mr. Strong usually preaching and Mr. Youd interpreting. The falls of the Essequibo were reached this day. The river, broken into many channels by huge rocks, and swollen by the heavy rains, poured down over the opposing obstacles with terrific force. The descent of these falls is not only "awfully grand," as Mr. Youd says, but attended with imminent risk; and the ascent is attended with great labour and difficulty. In shooting the rapids, on their return, one corial took in a large quantity of water. In the evening Mr. Strong preached at Epia, where a

suitable spot was selected for an out-station chapel.

A striking natural phenomenon was met with in this expedition, of which the following account is given by Mr. Strong. "We stopped to inspect a very extraordinary rock, based on a point, and extending its broad surface over a large space on each side: the outside is fluted in large columns, from the incessant rains, that have been dropping from the spreading trees, which have successively grown upon it during the space of 2000 or 3000 years: the upper surface is excavated into a variety of recesses or small chambers: one, being more elevated than all the rest, has acquired for it the name of the pulpit or chapel rock. We ascended it by a natural winding staircase, and standing on its summit, with all the Indians, we sang the beautiful hymn, "Rock of ages, cleft for me." Mr. Youd describes this rock more minutely. "One very remarkable sight is the Praek-stool or pulpit, and pews. It is one solid lofty rock, standing upon one grand pillar, then hanging over in the front for several yards: at the back is a road by which to walk up: on the top is the pulpit, having an entrance open like a doorway, with a seat inside: all round, with the exception of the door, is enclosed by perpendicular, slab-like rock, formed by Nature's powerful operations in the course of time. The pews are

chiefly square, much like the double seats in our churches, and are fully as deep, being sufficient to hold a congregation of about forty. I was informed that a minister preached in the above pulpit many years ago, during the time the Dutch had plantations in that quarter. The whole is only one rock, so formed by water, as I should suppose from the form of neighbouring rocks at times covered with water. There would be no difficulty in accounting for this wonder of nature, were it not that it is so many feet above the level of the island on which it is placed: its diameter is about thirty feet."

Mr. Strong was extremely gratified with all that he saw during this visit. He writes, "Mr. Youd has cleared a front of 1400 or 1500 feet: in the centre he has erected a very suitable building. On each side of his house the Indian houses are to extend: at present they have only erected their kitchens, under which they now reside, Near to the house is the schoolroom, a building about thirty-six feet by seventeen, for which no charge is made, erected by the Indians. There are now resident with him ninety-five Indians, all of the Accawoio nation; and never can I forget the joyful, hopeful sensations of my heart at this infant settlement. The broad sandy beach is covered at times with the Indian children, gambolling before the village: every coun-

tenance seems cheerful, and the obedience, reverence, and confidence which they evince toward Mr. Youd are astonishing. The Indians are now very busy in planting up their provision grounds aback." So satisfied was Mr. Strong, judging from the past success of the Mission, of the prospect of its permanence, that on his return to his parish he memorialized the Governor and obtained a further grant of land at Bartica, making in all 560 acres, for the purposes of the Mission.

CHAPTER VI.

1835.

MR. ARMSTRONG, having returned to his post, now resumed the direction of affairs at the Mission. It has already been mentioned that Mr. Youd had transferred his quarters from the original station at Bartica Point to the Grove. The house formerly occupied by Mr. Armstrong, not having been occupied in the interval, was not, therefore, in a very habitable condition. It is astonishing how rapidly in that country buildings will fall into ruin unless they are well cared for, and the incipient symptoms of decay or first inroads of destructive insects provided against. When once the wood-ants have established a footing in a building they must either be exterminated or the building will fall a prey to their assaults, for they will eat out the heart of all the wood work, unless it is either too tough for their mastication or too nauseous for their stomach. In selecting materials for building, the ravages of these wood-ants have to be borne in mind. If the soft deal

imported from North America is used, there is a prospect of the structure having to be renewed every few years, as Missionaries have discovered to their cost. The wood-ants make their first approach to a building by a covered way which they ingeniously construct, and under the protection of which they carry on their operations. If, when this sign of their presence is first discovered, a little arsenic or calomel is poured into it through an opening made, it will rid the place of them; but if they are not molested they will make large brown nests, from which they will issue, as from a fortress, and attack the building in every direction.

When Mr. Armstrong took possession of his old house he found it in a very ruinous condition. The thatch of the roof was old and afforded but little protection from the weather. Unfortunately it was now the heavy rainy season, and he and his wife had to sit in the house with an umbrella to protect them from the rain. During the time that he had been in England he had received ordination. His presence was very welcome to Mr. Youd, for it relieved him of some of his most responsible duties, and enabled him to devote a portion of his time to the study of the Indian language. He writes, "May 20, 1835. I have been a good deal engaged in increasing my Caribeese Dictionary." His work of teaching

afforded him real pleasure and satisfaction. "In the evening catechised our people and felt much delight while so doing. I do believe, that God will, before long, cause His Spirit to work on some of these poor Indians' hearts: they are really very attentive.—June 7, Lord's day. I question whether I have enjoyed a Pentecostal day since I came out, as I experienced to-day: had about seventy hearers, who continued, for the greater part, until about nine o'clock at night. I was quite fatigued when we had ended our several meetings.—June 14, Lord's day. I have been out in the highways and hedges, directing the poor wandering Indians to seek after God."

Meanwhile sickness and the many inconveniences incident to the position which they occupied, so trying to a lady brought up with all the comforts of life in an English home, decided Mr. Armstrong and his wife to quit the colony; so he resigned the charge of the Mission, and Mr. Youd was again placed in the responsible position of superintendent of the work, his nephew being still engaged in the work of conducting the school. On June 14 he notes in his diary, "This morning a youth, son to the wife of Stephen, who is now sick at my house, died in the next chamber to the one in which Stephen is lying.—June 15. To-day I buried the youth at Drumpan Hill. I spoke at some length to the assembled crowd on

the importance of looking early for God's renewing grace.—June 16. Stephen is now dying. We prayed with him twice. He was received into the Church by Baptism, while sick, by the Rev. L. Strong. I remained with him until one o'clock, and saw him passing *the valley of the shadow of death;* he died in about five minutes after I went out of the room. It may not be hard to imagine the state of my mind, having two deaths in one family in three days.—June 17. I hope that both Stephen and the little boy have died in the Lord. We buried Stephen to-day at Agatath, having a great number of people in attendance."

Unfortunately these two deaths were but the *avant-couriers* of a great mortality. A month later we find the following entry.—"Three of my Indians were seized with fever, which is the forerunner of measles?" An ominous word! This complaint makes awful havoc when it breaks out among the Indians, who have a superstitious dread of death, and very frequently create an epidemic through their faint-hearted and unreasoning fears. Often has a promising mission been scattered before the ravages of some insidious disease, although the attachment of the Indians to particular localities is proverbial. In 1856 the people at the Cabacaburi Mission in the Pomeroon suffered terribly from measles and a malignant

kind of dysentery called "buck-sick," to which the Caribs, more than any other tribe, are peculiarly subject. "Some of them," wrote Mr. Brett, "have gone into the dense forest to escape the disease, and have cut down large trees to stop others from coming among them." Mr. Youd goes on to say, "I have at the Grove no fewer than thirteen ill with the measles: to attend upon them I am obliged to get an experienced old coloured woman, who watches over them, and can carry into practice any medical direction I give. Six are recovering, and the rest are doing as well as can be expected. —July 24, 25. I feel concerned about some of our sick, for death seems to be near some; perhaps I may with a clear conscience say I have used almost every effort possible; and what shall I say but—'God's will be done.'"

On the day following he went to open a new chapel in the Cuyuni, where a former assistant was now stationed among the Caribs located there. The service commenced with a hymn composed by Mr. Youd in the Carabeese language; this was followed by prayer, after which he read a short address, also in Carabeese, and then spoke to them freely through the medium of an interpreter. The service concluded with another hymn and prayer. "I do not know," writes Mr. Youd, "whether these Caribs ever sang the praises of God in their own language before, but they sang

with heart and spirit to-day." One of the Indians, observing that some in his neighbourhood did not join in with sufficient heartiness, was heard to exclaim, "Come, sing! this is our own language." But while the missionary was engaged in this promising work, which was to extend the kingdom of Christ more widely among the untutored heathen, he could not prevent his thoughts from wandering back to those whom he had left at the Grove. While he could not but feel satisfied with the progress of the Gospel in the Cuyuni, the sufferings and imminent peril of the other members of his flock weighed down his spirits. No time was therefore lost in returning to what was now the post of danger. "I had scarcely had time to put off my clothes," he says, "before I had to hasten to help one of our dying people. I had occasion to leave him to go to another, and before I could return he died. On account of the Indians being so afraid of the dead, I had to lay it out myself. On Monday we buried him a little distance from the Grove. A few hours after the burial of the above, a second young man died, apparently in much pain. Him we buried on Tuesday. During the night, or rather on Wednesday morning, I was awakened by a lamentable cry from our schoolroom, which I have been obliged to convert into a temporary sick-house while the measles are raging here. I well

understood the cry, and immediately proceeded thither, to aid in comforting the sorrowing relatives. The deceased is a fine young woman, a sister to the above. My nephew and myself had to remove her, for the Indians would not even touch her." No doubt the execution of these last kind offices for their dead, exemplifying as it did the active virtues of Christianity, was not without its effect upon the minds of these poor terror-stricken creatures. About three weeks later Mr. Youd writes, "August 17. The Lord seems, at this time especially, to be trying our faith greatly. The spreading of the measles among our people has caused a great alarm, not only among the settlers, but also among those far distant, who desire to come but dare not; some, indeed, came to see me, but said they must return at least part way, until the sickness had passed, which they did, but yet were overtaken by it about forty miles beyond us."

It may be remembered that during the visit of Rev. L. Strong to the Falls of the Essequibo a site was fixed upon at a place called Epia to build a chapel. This building was proceeded with at once and completed by the end of August. It was enclosed with split manicole[1], and the roof

[1] The manicole is a tall graceful palm, having a slight stem about six inches in diameter. This is split and formed into laths for enclosing buildings. The fronds are used for thatch. It grows in swamps. In Surinam it is called the "palisade tree."

was thatched with the manicole leaf. On August 30, Mr. Youd held the first service in the new chapel. There were between seventy and eighty Indians present. They felt very proud of their place of worship, and expressed an intention to do something towards making it a credit to them. In this good resolution they received every possible encouragement. School was afterwards held, many of the people being anxious to learn to read; and next day after prayers Mr. Youd returned to his labours at the Grove, thankful that God had vouchsafed this further opening to preach the Gospel among the Aborigines. Of course the great distance prevented the missionary from visiting the place frequently, but it is interesting to find these preaching places set up in the wilderness for a witness, even though only occasional services might be held in them. Very often these occasional visits afforded Mr. Youd much comfort and encouragement, for he found that in proportion to their rarity the people valued the attention paid them. Sometimes instances of great earnestness and solicitude came under his observation. Thus he notes, "October 16. Held a meeting at Hoobo, having about twenty present. A young man of the Arawaak tribe stood beside one of the posts of the shed under which we were, and fastened his eyes upon me during the whole time I was speaking, apparently much interested in

what was said." Two days after this, during the Sunday morning service in the chapel at Bartica, a heavy squall came on attended by rain, and took off the ridge of the roof, which was of palm leaves. The consequence was, that the rain poured in upon the congregation, and the service had to be suspended until the squall had passed over. British Guiana lies beyond the region of hurricanes; but it is sometimes visited with fierce gales of wind that might almost be called tornadoes. Crashing through the forest it sweeps a path right and left, as straight as a road, snapping off the mighty boughs of the towering giants as if they had been match-wood. Heavy rain in October, however, is an unusual occurrence. In that latitude October is usually a dry month, one of the pleasantest in the year on account of the return of the refreshing North-east trade winds, which cease to blow regularly during the hot dry months of July, August, and September, and thus make this the "sickly season" of the country.

There are indications about this time in Mr. Youd's diary that he was already beginning to feel the debilitating effects of the climate in an undue excitement of the nervous system. "I fear teaching school," he says, "will soon break my constitution; the hum of the children's going through their lessons now continually gives me

headache, but I will try yet longer to see if I can hold out, but if I fail in that, my duties are heavy enough for me; for now there is a longing among the people for the expounding of the Scripture. Congregations are not wanting, every house and creek where Indians are is open, but the school forbids my wandering much just now, except on the Lord's day." School-teaching in that hot climate is very exhaustive of the vital powers, and the addition to that of numerous other duties, leaving but a few hours for relaxation and rest, was putting a strain upon the constitution which it could not be expected to endure for any length of time. This accumulation of labours had, however, lately been again forced on Mr. Youd in consequence of the death, after a short illness, of his nephew and schoolmaster, Mr. W. Youd. His end was probably hastened by injudicious exposure and excessive exertion, common traps into which many a young European is tempted to fall by that fatal sense of security engendered by the exhilarating air and balmy climate.

On November 30 Mr. Youd started on another trip to the Falls of Essequibo. His principal object was to visit an Indian settlement, named "Marrahee," situated near the third fall, in order to find out, if he could, why so many Indians at Bartica should so frequently desire to go to this place. Being unwell when he left, he had to lie

down in the boat during the whole of the journey. On the following day they arrived at Marrahee, and he writes—"Came to the above-mentioned settlement, and truly, of all the Indian residences I have ever seen, none can be compared to this for wretchedness. The whole place is covered with underwood, weeds, and high grass; the houses well pierced with sky lights above, so that the rain can have no difficulty in wetting the inmates at all hours of the night; the heavy dews themselves, I am persuaded, must take possession of the whole of the houses, for they are as open all round as an umbrella when spread out; and to mend the matter, they have chosen to dwell some distance in the heavy moosa bush, beside a cold creek, amidst all the miseries of a dreary hiding place. Of the people three or four were lying ill, five or six of our own settlers had just come out of the measles, which had attacked them while on a visit hither; and two others were suffering from having taken cold. I could not help saying to one—'Is this the Marrahee of which you speak? You had better return quickly to the Grove or you will soon be dead men.' Oh, thought I, if this be the place which you have so often asked me to let you come to, you will not get permission so easily again, unless some changes take place in those dungeon-like habitations. We slept under small tents during

the night, on the side of the river." The next day they came to Etabally. Of the striking scenery at this point of the river, he says—"It is truly delightful to behold the scenery at this place: the rocks, standing as islands in the bed of the river, without even a shrub to cover them, form a noble contrast with the numerous islands covered with towering trees, and wild, spreading vines, while the water roars beneath and above, as it crosses the rocks in a rapid stream on its way to the ocean." Another object which Mr. Youd had in undertaking this journey to the falls was to procure a supply of fish, as they were out of provisions; and in this they were fortunately very successful. There were about twenty of his people who volunteered to accompany him, and wherever they might be, alone in the waste forest, or at a friendly settlement, or afloat on the magnificent river, they sent up their morning and evening sacrifice of praise and prayer to Him who dwelleth in the heavens.

The rivers of Guiana abound with fish in great variety, some of them of exceeding delicacy; pacu, haimura, lau-lau, cuffum, cartabac, dali, luganani or sun-fish, gilbacker, queriman, &c.; and every little creek and pond teems with smaller specimens of the finny tribe, as asser, houri, mullet, &c. It is wonderful how some of them get there, unless they are the produce of ova deposited in

the earth, and which have resisted the scorching heat of the dry season; for if rain falls and settles in a hollow that has been perfectly dry for weeks, perhaps months, in a short time the water will be found to be tenanted by small fry. No allusion is here made to such fish as might travel overland in search of water, as some are reported to do, or of those which bury themselves in the mud, as the water in the small streams disappears, to await the return of the next rainy season. Various methods are resorted to by the Indians for securing a supply of fish. The readiest is to find a small creek suitable for their purpose, a section of which they enclose by making two weirs or barriers a certain distance apart, with stakes or reeds fastened together; the fish are thus confined in a trap, as it were, from which there is very little difficulty in getting them out. Somewhat similar to this is the plan adopted in using the hiarry; this is a poisonous plant which the Indians generally have growing in the vicinity of their houses. When they are going to fish, they take a bundle of hiarry with the roots, beat them with a mallet, and then steep them in water in a corial. After a time they empty this water into the river or creek where they intend it to operate; and the fish, being stupefied by the poison, float on the surface and are secured. The poison does not render the fish unwholesome. This was most

probably the method adopted by the people who travelled with Mr. Youd to the Falls.

The Indians are marvellously clever in shooting fish with the bow and arrow. Their quickness of eye in detecting the unsuspecting victim far down in the clear water, and their sureness of aim in transfixing their scaly prey with the quick glancing arrow are worthy of our highest admiration. The ordinary fishing-rod and line, their own manufacture, is not very much used by the men; but they set lines in the river for the larger kinds of fish. They would have little recompense for their labours, however, were it not for an ingenious contrivance called a spring hook, by which, when a fish swallows the bait, it is lifted some distance out of the water by the action of the rod to which the line is secured. This is managed by fixing one end of it in the mud and bending down the other, to which the line is made fast, so as to form a spring; when the fish jerks the line a catch is set free and the rod springs back, bringing the line with it. Were it not for this, when the fisherman came to secure his prey he would find nothing but bare bones, the flesh having been devoured by a shoal of small fish, called by the Caribs "pirai" and by the Arawaaks "hooma," which infest these rivers. They are armed with most formidable teeth and snap at everything tempting that presents itself.

Indians have frequently to mourn over a finger or toe taken off by them; and for this reason they are a terror to bathers, although they are not more than four inches in length. Another method adopted to procure a supply of fish is, when the banks of the river are somewhat flat, to enclose a space with a kind of palisade, within which the fish come at high water and are left behind as the tide recedes. The enclosure is called a fish-pen. Of course, this is possible only in the lower portion of the rivers where the rise and fall of the tide is considerable. The Indians never have recourse to the cast net, or the seine, which are both so commonly used by the more civilised races in the cultivated districts of the colony.

CHAPTER VII.

1836.

THE year 1836 was pregnant with consequences of deep concern to the Mission at Bartica. The visitation of the measles, of which we saw the first threatenings alluded to in the foregoing chapter, broke out this year with unexampled virulence. There were no less than seventy deaths from this cause. Like most ignorant and superstitious people, the Indians were ready to ascribe the calamity to anything but the working of natural laws. The piaimen, incensed against Mr. Youd for breaking down their influence over the people, and thus depriving them of their gains, took advantage of this weakness, and hoped, by accusing him of being the author of their misfortunes, to detach them from him, and eventually get rid of him altogether. Many of the Indians were prevailed on to desert the place, and nothing would induce them to return. Seven years afterwards Mr. Berman wrote (Jan. 2, 1843), speaking of the progress of the Indians, "The

Accawoios alone form an exception. They are still a very shy, credulous, and treacherous set of people; and I feel persuaded that there might be found not a few who would not scruple to send us out of the world, either by poison or the arrow. They seem to abhor this place, because of the many who died from measles in Mr. Youd's days; and most assuredly a mysterious dispensation it was, chiefly affecting that tribe. But I leave them in the hands of the Almighty Saviour, who yet is able to call them to Himself, and to make them *willing* in the day of His power." How remarkably this anticipation was fulfilled in succeeding years it does not come within the scope of this work to relate. Suffice it to say that thousands of Accawoios have been brought into the fold of Christ within the last few years, and that there are now flourishing Mission stations among them.

But although the piaimen had no power to poison the minds of the people against Mr. Youd, the prospect was to him sufficiently disheartening. Sickness and death had been busy among his most promising disciples, and thinned his flock, while panic had seized others and removed them from his influence. It is true that the scenes he had witnessed at some of the deathbeds had filled him with lively hope and joy; but he was like the prophet bewailing his Zion wasted and brought low. There was this consolation,—that

the strain on his energies was somewhat abated, and he had leisure for private study, and especially for increasing his knowledge of the Indian languages. He writes, "I am proceeding slowly with the languages. However, I expect two interpreters on Monday, one for Caribeese, and the other for Macusi. I think my dictionary of the four languages, Creole-Dutch, Caribeese, Accawoio, and Macusi, will be valuable to those who come after in this laborious and self-denying, yet blessed work; as also the grammar of the Caribeese.

It has already been noticed that among the people who formed a portion of Mr. Youd's charge, were a remnant of the old labouring (negro-slave) population, that was left behind when the estates up the rivers were abandoned, and the richer lands on the sea-coast began to be cultivated. Up to the end of the eighteenth century, the most seaward of the cultivated lands commenced far higher up the rivers than the utmost limit of cultivation now extends. The object of the first settlers was to ensure an immunity for their commerce from the incursions of freebooters, who at that time were the terror of the West Indian seas. When this danger had passed away the river estates were deserted, and the slaves transferred to the coast, where new plantations of much greater productiveness were

formed. Many of the old people, however, preferred remaining where they had spent the greater part of their lives, and it was among these that the corrupt *patois* called Creole-Dutch was spoken. Their descendants still survive in those localities, and continue to make use of Creole-Dutch as a medium of communication among themselves, although it has died out in the settled parts of the Colony, where English is spoken. These people also now received a greater share of attention from Mr. Youd; but they do not seem to have given proof of much good resulting from his labours among them. Seldom does he speak of any of them in terms of satisfaction. It is not so with regard to the Indians. He had repeated proof that his instructions to them bore fruit. One day an Indian boy was helping to paint the outside of his boat, and said, "Mr. Youd, I read in Scripture that men painted the outside, while the inside was full of dead men's bones." Among his catechumens about this time was France, "a noted piaiman," who had abjured his magic arts, thrown away his maracca, and now came to be prepared for baptism and Christian marriage. The house of this man, which before had echoed to the wild cries and deafening rattle of the sorcerer's incantation-ceremony, was now used every Friday evening as a place of worship.

In that remote situation it is probable that the

missionary's library was very select. Books were difficult to procure, expensive to purchase, and difficult to protect against the attacks of the insect tribes. Cockroaches make sad havoc of the bindings, and lay their eggs against the edges; wood-ants sometimes find their way into the interior, and literally devour the contents; and a kind of bumble-bee is fond of making its nest, composed of sticks and strong gum, against the edges. In such a case as this, how frequently is it found that the Bible is a library in itself. Among Mr. Youd's books it is interesting to know that one which had a peculiar charm for him, was the Life of David Brainerd; and it is not surprising that he should say "that work always benefits me when I look into it." How very similar in many respects was his field of labour to that of Brainerd; how like their trials and difficulties!

One of the greatest curses introduced by civilisation among the Aborigines of any country is the use of intoxicating drinks. It has already been mentioned that the beverages concocted by the Indians of Guiana are of a comparatively harmless nature. They stupify for a while, if taken in large quantities; but they do not make men frantic, and bring disease and death in their train. When once the Indian has made an acquaintance with spirituous liquors—which in his case is generally in the form of rum manufactured in the

Colony—his fondness for them amounts to a passion. A sad case is mentioned by Mr. Youd, of a man passing up the river in a corial, which was capsized. In the corial there was a large flask (or Dutch case bottle) of rum, and the man making a grasp at this to save it, the bottle broke and cut the blood-vessels in or near the wrist; in consequence of which he bled to death. There is scarcely anything that the Indians will not do for the sake of procuring strong drink; and there are unprincipled men who are always ready to take advantage of this failing, and to make a profit out of the practical servitude of the victims of it. When an Indian once gives way to the vice of drunkenness, and has the opportunity of indulging it, he is a lost man, for moderation is a virtue of which they are totally ignorant. It is a melancholy reflection that the evil habit was fostered in days gone by, through the government including rum in the number of the presents annually distributed among the Indians, as a kind of retainer, in case their services should be required in the event of a slave-insurrection, or any such emergency. The custom is now happily discontinued; but it is not unusual, even now, for travellers to carry a supply of spirits with them, in order to conciliate their boat hands, or to induce the Indians to dance, &c. Whether it is a natural sense of shame, or whether they have learnt

it from white people, is not certain; but they are aware that it is wrong to get drunk. On one occasion a party of Arawaaks went on to a sugar estate, and procured some rum, which they drank. The consequence was that a female of the party was unable to proceed; upon which all the rest began cuffing and kicking her unmercifully. One of the principal men also thought it expedient to go to the clergyman and inform him that the woman who had disgraced them did not belong to *his* tribe. The informant himself had been drinking pretty freely, for there was a grog-shop on the road along which he had to pass. The woodcutters sometimes say that the Indians refuse to labour unless they have a certain daily allowance of spirits; but beyond this, they are in the habit of selling them as much as they ask for, until they are sufficiently in debt to keep a hold upon them, and extort work from them in payment; for the Indian is sufficiently honourable, when uncontaminated by "civilised" humanity, not to repudiate any just claims on him. Some Indians are kept in continual bondage under this system. They are under the nominal protection of the government; but in many cases the protection is but nominal, and they are looked upon as fair game by any vagabond who can make a profit out of their simplicity; no one venturing to interfere.

The year 1836 was also memorable in the annals of the Bartica Mission for the visit of the Bishop of Barbados (the "good" Bishop Coleridge), of whose diocese at this period British Guiana formed a part. In his thorough visitation of every part of the Colony in this year, and again in 1839, he saw sufficient cause for urging that British Guiana should be formed into a separate diocese, which was carried into effect in the year 1842, when the present Bishop was consecrated (August 24) for the new see of Guiana.

The Mission, at the time of Bishop Coleridge's visit, was suffering from the effects of the late epidemic and the desertions consequent thereon; but his Lordship expressed himself much gratified with what he witnessed. He was particularly impressed with the gentle and docile bearing of the Indians, and was led to form plans for Christianising the Aborigines in the other rivers of the Colony, which bore fruit at a subsequent period. At this visit it was arranged that Mr. Youd should receive ordination, in order to enable him to carry on his work more regularly and efficiently. His own health required that he should relax his labours, and have the benefit of a change of scene. He had been in the Colony four years, and during that time had been nowhere beyond the bounds of his charge, except to pay one or two visits to Georgetown, to supply

himself with necessaries that could not be procured elsewhere; as on these occasions he was attended, wherever he went, by the party of Indians who accompanied him, his appearance in the streets of Georgetown was an event that was remembered long after he had passed away. There being a lull in the Mission work, now that so many Indians had left the station, it was considered a favourable opportunity to get away. He accordingly proceeded to Barbados, at the latter end of the year, and was ordained Deacon, November 13, 1836. Four weeks afterwards he was united in the holy bonds of matrimony to Miss Rachel W. Adamson, of that island, who shortly afterwards accompanied him back to the Colony.

CHAPTER VIII.

1837.

THE condition of affairs at Bartica was gloomy enough when Mr. Youd departed for Barbados; yet although he was only absent a few weeks, everything seemed to have gone wrong during the interval. The Mission station he found almost deserted, the people being under an impression that he did not intend to return; the buildings had been neglected, and disorder reigned paramount. All the labour lavished by him for so long a period seemed to have been spent almost in vain, and in recommencing his labours it appeared that he would have almost to lay the foundations anew. But under what different circumstances was the work begun! He had now some one who could share his anxieties, alleviate his sorrows, and ease his burdens; who was always at hand to cheer him on his arduous path, and solace his hours of rest, after the heavy burdens of the day. If an affectionate, sympathising wife is a treasure to a man who is living under

the ordinary conditions of civilised society, what an inestimable boon must she not be to one whose sphere of activity is far away among wild and untutored tribes, beyond the reach of the helps and comforts of settled life? and what a high degree of courage and devoted attachment there must be in the woman who sacrifices the smooth domestic ease of a home life, to follow her husband, and share with him the privations and coarse fare of the Bush! A true helpmeet did Mr. Youd find in his wife. She assisted him in the school; she assembled the women at such times as she was able, and gave them instruction in religious matters, taught them to dress becomingly, and be neat and clean in their persons, and took a pleasure in enlarging their knowledge of the little things that go to make life happy and pleasant. The girls were taught to sew, to wash, and iron clothes, and do many things of which they were utterly ignorant, and for which they felt no use before. It is astonishing what a marked change was very soon observed in the attire of the Indian women, when they came to Church on Sunday; and all through the influence of a single lady among them. With their clean print dresses and coloured kerchiefs, and glossy black hair in heavy plaits, they formed a striking contrast to the unkempt, ill-clad, wild-looking groups that attracted Mr. Youd's attention soon after his

arrival. The women, indeed, had had far more reason to be thankful for the establishment of the Mission than the men, for they had been benefitted in every way. How proud they were now to have a lady to live among them and teach them, and show them how to do everything properly!

Meantime Mr. Youd was busy in gathering up the dropped threads of his work, and reorganising the Mission. He was indefatigable in travelling from place to place, and setting in order the things that were wanting, till at last affairs began again to wear their old cheerful aspect. The Indians were stirred up to renewed exertion, and two out-station chapels, built by them at this time at their own expense—one at Cartabo by the Caribs, the other by the Arawaaks opposite Bartica,—were an evidence of the activity, that was at work among them. They were not elaborate buildings such as our places of worship, being simply large sheds, resting on hard wooden posts, and thatched with the leaf of the Manicole palm; but, such as they were, they represented a considerable amount of willing labour, capable of being represented by a money-value. For the posts had to be cut in the forest, and the manicole leaf procured, perhaps from a distant spot, and transported to the site; and then the work of erection involved an amount of patient work,

that Europeans—accustomed to see building operations performed by persons skilled in mechanical arts—can scarcely realise. Not a hammer or nail is used in an Indian building. They do not understand the use of carpenters tools. The wild vines or bush-rope of the forest supply them with a material for securing the different parts of the building to each other: and so well does this kind of fastening answer its purpose, that such buildings will sometimes stand without repairs for seven, ten, or even twelve years, if they are protected against the inroads of destructive insects. While Mr. Youd was thus fully employed in active duty, he did not forget to keep up and to increase his knowledge of the Indian languages. This was a slow and tedious exercise; for no books were in existence to assist him. He had to learn every thing from the lips of the Indians themselves, and construct his own grammars and dictionaries. He had already acquired considerable fluency in the use of the Carib dialect, and was now studying with great interest the Macusi language, which was afterwards to be of such important service to him.

In the early part of 1837 fresh dispositions were made by the Church Missionary Society, and the Rev. J. Bernau, who had been employed in preaching the Gospel to the people on the Corentyn Coast of Berbice, was sent to take

charge of the work in the Essequibo. In order more effectually to carry out the objects of the Society, it was resolved that Mr. Bernau should remain at Bartica Grove, and organise the Mission anew, while Mr. Youd travelled about among the Indians who dwelt in scattered settlements at a distance. While thus set free from the settled labours of the parent station, he was enabled still to keep up a connexion with much of his old work. Of Mr. Bernau's labours at the Grove, and how, with the aid of increased resources placed at his disposal by the Society, the Mission attained to the highest state of promise, the reader may obtain a full report in a most interesting work published by him, entitled "Missionary Labours in British Guiana."

At the end of this year we meet with the following announcement:—"Dec. 2, Mrs. Youd, of a son." But this star of hope that rose in those Western wilds only lightened the home of the Missionary for a brief period of three weeks and then faded away into darkness. Mrs. Youd was so seriously ill that her recovery was despaired of; but she rallied for awhile. Far away from medical aid and comforts, deprived of nourishing and stimulating diet, a delicate female in such critical circumstances is placed at a fearful disadvantage. She never entirely regained her strength, and in the following April

she was laid by the side of her babe to await in that secluded spot the trump of the Resurrection Angel.

Mr. Armstrong had paid a visit, in the year 1832, to the Macusi Indians, who occupy the vast savannahs or unwooded plains of the far interior of Guiana. Mr. Youd had never forgotten the glowing account which he heard of this expedition, and the grand opening for missionary work which was represented to exist there. He had frequent opportunities of conversing with Macusi Indians who came down to Bartica, and had made considerable progress in learning their language. There was now a strong desire among them to procure a teacher who should furnish them with the same advantages which were possessed by the other Indians. Mr. R. H. Schomburgk, the Government Commissioner for defining the boundaries of British Guiana, which were undetermined on the side of Venëzuela and Brazil, passed through the Macusi country just about the time when preparations were being made in anticipation of the Missionary's arrival. He thus describes what was going on among them. "Three years had elapsed since my first visit, when, in the pursuit of discovery, I again approached Pirara and remarked, with surprise and pleasure, the appearance and number of dwellings which composed

the village. I counted upwards of thirty Indian huts, the highest place being occupied by a building somewhat European in construction, the walls of which, plastered with the red ochreous clay of the savannahs, and the roof with gable ends neatly thatched with palm leaves, formed a strong contrast to the surrounding dome-shaped huts of the Indians[1]. Another building, a little to the East of the former and of large dimensions, but of similar construction, was in the course of erection, and men, women, and children, appeared equally eager to lend an assisting hand for its completion. This house was intended to be dedicated to the service of the only true God, the former for the dwelling of the Missionary, to whose arrival and residence among them they appeared to look forward with great delight. It was pleasing to observe their zeal in such a good cause, the more so when I considered that the light of Christianity had not yet been diffused among them. Their wish to become Christians had been awakened by the temporary visit of a Missionary from the Mission at Bartica Point, at the confluence of the Mazaruni with the Essequibo, who, as they expressed themselves, only opened the sacred book, which the white man possessed, without telling them of its contents.

[1] The dwellings of the Macusi are totally different from those of any other Indian tribe in Guiana,

In anticipation that their request for a Missionary to come and settle among them would be ultimately granted, they had begun to erect these houses, according to their idea of the mode of building among the white people, and twenty-nine men of their tribe had been selected to proceed to the coast region, in order to assist in conveying the Missionary to his station."

The village of Pirara is situated on a rising ground amidst a vast extent of almost clear savannahs, with here and there a single shrub, which in no way obstructs the view. A range of mountains runs between Pirara and the village of Annie, and forms a sort of boundary to the view that presents itself from the village, running North-west at a distance of twenty miles. Between Pirara and the above mountains is a fine plain, on which immense herds of cattle may be seen feeding. These cattle long ago strayed from the Portuguese cattle farms, and have now in a wild state increased to thousands.

It was somewhere near this place, in the midst of the Lake Amucu, that the golden city of Manoah—the "El Dorado" of the early voyagers—in the search for which Sir Walter Raleigh wrecked his fortune and his reputation, and some of his officers lost their lives, was supposed to be situated. It is difficult to know how the tales of the fabulous wealth of its in-

habitants are to be reconciled with the utter absence of all trace of the city, the disappearance of all tradition respecting it and the apparent impossibility of obtaining gold, except in small quantities, in the surrounding country. It is probable that the public mind was so inflamed with the stories of the immense wealth amassed by the Spaniards in Mexico and Peru that men were ready to believe the wildest tales and to follow every airy "Will o' the wisp," if it only promised to lead to riches.

CHAPTER IX.

1838.

On February 18, 1838, Mr. Youd was admitted to priest's orders by the Bishop of Barbados. We must contemplate him at this time as looking forward to the call which he had received from the Macusi to go and settle among them. We have heard of the preparations that were being made for that event by the inhabitants of Pirara. Everything being arranged, Mr. Youd started on his adventurous journey into the interior, on Thursday April 5, with two good sized corials and a small hunting one. On the following morning about 9 a.m. they arrived at Epia, and finding that their crafts were too heavily laden, hired an additional canoe for the trip. Proceeding after breakfast, they came to Cumaka[1]-Seirame, about ten or twelve miles higher. Here they encamped at 1 p.m. in order to put new washboards to one of the canoes and to repair the hired one. On Sunday April 8, Mr. Youd

[1] Many Indian places are called by the name of trees, probably from such as once made a mark at the spot. Cumaka-silk cotton tree (Bombax Ceiba.)

held service twice. That in the morning was in Macusi, through Alfred the interpreter; that in the evening in English for the sake of those who did not understand Macusi. "At break of day," he writes in his diary, "I walked upon the immense beds of rocks that surrounded the Marchee Island, which, connected with those of neighbouring islands, form a most picturesque scene. Among these craggy rocks the water roars, during the rainy season, streaming with such a force as though it had determined to tear them up and carry them away. Many of them are much worn on the side upon which the stream dashes." On the 9th, he observes that they had seen no strangers since they left Epia, four days back. Such is the solitude of those vast rivers. On the 10th they started at daybreak, and came to Tepooroo before breakfast, and from thence to Mocomoco sand, where they encamped. Through Mocomoco Creek, which is a few roods below the sandbank, Mr. Youd learned that there was a path that led to the Demerara river. An old man that formed one of the party said that he had gone by the same path some time ago, and that to go easily, a person might take a day's paddle in the creek, and the next morning walk over land and arrive at the Demerara river a little above the Post, by twelve oclock the next day. There are Indian paths, from river to river,

by which communications used to be regularly kept up in olden times, but since the government left the Indians to themselves most of these have been abandoned and forgotten. On April 14 they ascended the rapids and came to Waraputa about the middle of the day. "Ascended the rapids!" How much is implied in those three words! During this tedious and perilous journey probably more hardships and difficulties were encountered in the arduous work of passing the rapids than in all the rest of the trip put together. Frequently the boats had to be unloaded, then hauled up by main force over the rocks that block the way, and then reloaded. At other times, where the falls presented unusual obstacles, a path had to be cut through the forest—occasionally for half a mile and more—and a road or portage made, along which the boats were dragged until a navigable part of the river was reached. Much time was consumed in these operations, and the strength and patience of all hands were sorely tried. An incident in the after history of these Missions will illustrate the difficulty attending the ascent of these rapids. The Rev. J. Pollitt was returning from Georgetown with a supply of necessaries, and being anxious to arrive at his post in time for his Sunday's duty, he travelled night and day, and reached one of the rapids of the Essequibo about 2 a.m. Now the passage

of the rapids is attended with danger at all times, more particularly at night, when few indeed would attempt it. The greatest skill and caution are required on the part of the crew, and especially of the captain or steersman, to conduct the frail craft through them in safety. The slightest want of decision or error in judgment might be attended with fatal results. In this case, the night being dark, they missed the passage, and the canoe in which Mr. Pollitt travelled was capsized, and all its contents went to the bottom. The Indian boatmen, being almost amphibious and wearing but slight clothing, escaped with wet skins: Mr. Pollitt was fortunate enough to save himself from being swept down by the current by catching hold of the bushes that grew from the crevices of the rocks. But his position was one of imminent peril. The rushing waters swayed him backwards and forwards like a rush, and cramp after a time began to threaten his numbed limbs. Beside this, a colony of stinging ants, enraged at this unexpected invasion of their haunts, spread themselves over his body, and almost drove him to desperation by their envenomed attacks. At length the Indians righted the canoe and came to his assistance. A gun was all that they had saved from the wreck. The result of this night's exposure to the wet and cold was an illness which compelled Mr. Pollitt

to seek a change of air and to resign his work in the Colony.

In the river district of Guiana the rains are more copious and abundant than on the coast. At the middle of April, Mr. Youd might have reckoned on tolerably clear weather, but while he was at Waraputa the rains came on, and continued all night, putting him to considerable inconvenience. They were enabled at this place to replenish their stock of provisions, by the purchase of some cassada and two bunches of plantains.

"April 15, Lord's day. I have been unwell all night. About twelve we assembled in one of the Indian houses, and there held Divine service in Creole-Dutch and Macusi. We did not find more than twelve of the settlers at home. There were a few strangers, one of whom said that she had come to see the Dominie, having heard that he had come. I held a Dutch service afterwards, for those who understood it; which would have been conducted in English, had it not been that I wished two strange Indians from the Demerara river, to hear the Gospel of Jesus in a language with which they are acquainted: they seemed to rejoice in hearing."—"April 16. The rain has continued all night. About ten the rain ceased, and the weather became fine. All were now busily engaged in opening out clothes, provisions,

hammocks, and all sorts of articles for barter. In the afternoon I went to see what is called Skender Stenna, a peculiarly marked stone, which has caused so much wonder among the Indians and coloured people, who rightly imagine that they were engraved by the ancients, with the rude forms of monkeys, frogs, circles, &c. When we came below the island where these stones are, I was astonished to see every stone of a glossy jet black; and on examining them found that the coat of black was about the eighth of an inch thick. On examining the wonder stones, which our people eagerly showed us, I was astonished to see such peculiar engravings, and upon the finest grained granite that I have seen for a long time."

These rock sculptures are found in other parts of Guiana, and seem to be disposed across the country in an unvarying line, occurring chiefly on the great rivers, and in the neighbourhood of the Falls. Their origin and purpose is lost in remote antiquity. Travellers are puzzled to account for them, and have hazarded the most diverse hypotheses; the Indians have no traditions respecting them. They could hardly have been executed without some serious object, for they are cut deep into the very hard rock; and could not have been completed, simple as they appear, without a vast expenditure of time and labour. It is not likely

that metal tools were used at that remote age, and therefore these inscriptions were probably graven by the patient process of grinding with sand. The position of them in certain localities shows that the natural features of the country—the level of the river-beds in particular—have altered considerably since the date of their execution. The glossy coat of black spoken of by Mr. Youd, was probably oxide of manganese. What he took for fine-grained granite was most likely greenstone, which is commonly found forming dykes in the rivers of Guiana.

Departing from Waraputa they proceeded on their journey up the river. For three days they travelled without meeting a solitary human being. Animal life was abundant enough; macaws and parrots flew overhead morning and evening, and the forest supplied an abundance of game. On the third day they passed a canoe in which were an Indian, his wife, and child, but it was at too great a distance to hold any conversation; so that they had no idea from whence it had come or whither it was going.

It was not until May 15, 1838, that Mr. Youd reached the Macusi village of Pirara, the scene of his future labours. Mr. R. H. Schomburgk thus speaks of his arrival.—"While residing in this place, I was present at the arrival of the first Protestant Missionary among the Indians, in the

interior of British Guiana; and the joy which it caused to those who were to be confided to his spiritual care, although they were as yet walking in perfect darkness, was a proof of their wish to become Christians. The efforts of the Missionary were crowned with success, and I have seen from 400 to 500 Indians assembled in the chapel; and although in the commencement, they attended in their native and savage state, young and old appeared equally zealous for conversion and to receive instruction."

Mr. Youd gives the following quaint and amusing description of his first Sunday among the Macusi. —"May 20, Lord's Day. At an early hour the village was quite lively; the Indians walking to and fro, awaiting the time of public service, in order to hear what were my intentions. My house and all around was completely thronged the whole day. Through the two windows which I have made, from the door, and every hole in the wall, were their eyes glancing upon me. When I had put on my robes, there was a general rush to the chapel, where they stood in groups around each post, until they were prevailed upon, by persuasion, to sit on the trunks of trees that were laid in order for them. Our singing hymns in the Macusi language seemed to please, as also the prayer that was offered through Alfred the interpreter. In order to meet their wishes, my

first discourse was the making known the object of missions; mentioning, at the same time, what anxious care God's people in England have for the welfare of the souls of all Indians and heathens in all parts of the world. As to myself, I told them, my intention was to remain among them, in the place that should appear to be best for making a settlement; and as soon as the dry season commenced, I purposed travelling to see the surrounding nations, and likewise endeavour to do something for them also. For the present I should remain here; and that daily service and school would be carried on for their welfare. I also returned them my sincere thanks for the preparation which they had made in erecting a commodious house to the name of God, and also a suitable house for myself. The chief responded, saying, 'We have done it; and now you have come among us, all is good; yes, all is good; you will sit well.' I need not say that the sight in the chapel was somewhat strange. All parties, excepting the chief, were well painted on the forehead, face, arms, and legs. Some had cutlasses, others a bow and arrows, having come from a distance: one had a monkey on his back; others wreaths and crowns of feathers; others with belts of wild hog's teeth, hanging from the top of the shoulder, crossing the breast and back, and falling on the hips on the opposite side;

others with knives, sticks, and many other things. Some were engaged in cutting their nails, or small sticks; others in picking the vermin from children's heads; some with their side to me, and some with their back; while others leaned against the posts. In fact the whole, even to me, seemed like a fanciful dream instead of a reality. The number present was 156. The afternoon service also was well attended, and with more devotion, I am happy to say. In the evening I held an English service for the benefit of our fellow travellers and party, as also the coloured people with me."

The experience gained by Mr. Youd, in his intercourse with the Indians during the past six years, was of incalculable value in his new position. A new comer might have been years before he could have entered into intimate relations with the Macusi, even if he did not estrange them from him, through some unintentional wounding of their feelings. Mr. Youd, being already acquainted with the people, was able at once to organize the Mission and proceed to practical work. In a couple of months' time he was able to write,—"July 21. It is pleasing to me to hear the Macusies each morning and evening, both old and young, lifting their voices to heaven in hymns of praise, in their own language; some with apparent devotion. Three

couples have been married, and others are giving in their names for publication. The evening lectures are variously attended; sometimes by thirty or forty, and at others by fifty and upwards; chiefly depending on the number that may be at work in their distant field for a few days. A third of the people is always, in turn, engaged in the above way, if the weather be suitable for cutting or planting."

A month after this two more weddings took place, and the daughter of the veteran Macusi chief, Claude, was baptized, with her daughter. The occasion was celebrated with great joy, the old chief seeming to feel himself honoured in having a daughter who had become a Christian.

A trifling incident will sometimes tell more than many words the work that is going on in the hearts of a congregation. When a newly instructed people are found to engage spontaneously in private prayer in the house of God we require no better evidence that the Gospel was having free course there. Mr. Youd notes that one evening, while walking round his house after dark, he was agreeably surprised to hear two or three persons engaged in prayer in the chapel. The chapel being dark, he could not discover who they were, and he refrained from disturbing them. "Shall I not hope," he adds, "that this is of God?"

He had at this time commenced to preach in the Macusi language, and was settled down happily and comfortably to his new labours. So matters went on prosperously for about twelve months, only one incident happening out of the ordinary course that deserves to be chronicled—the appearence on the scene, for a short time, of a Roman Catholic priest—the stormy petrel foreboding dirty weather.

CHAPTER X.

1839–1841.

IN the early part of 1839, Mr. Youd took a temporary leave of his Mission to visit Georgetown, calling at Bartica on his way down. What occurred during his absence is thus related by Mr. R. H. Schomburgk,—"On our return from an exploring expedition to Pirara in May, 1839, we found it occupied by a detachment of Brazilian National Guards under Senor Pedro Ayres. The church in which formerly hymns to the praise of our Lord had been sung, and where the seeds of Christianity had been sown among the benighted Indians, was now converted into barracks, and was the theatre of obscene language, and of nightly revels. Urgent business had called the Missionary to the Colony, and during his absence it had been taken possession of by the Brazilians." On his return, an official despatch was delivered to him, from the Commander of the Upper and Lower Amazon, who, it appears, assumed authority over Pirara, and desired him to withdraw, and to

disperse the Mission. The Brazilian detachment had orders to see the mandate obeyed, or to enforce it in case of refusal. The Missionary removed to the Eastern bank of the Rupununi, and after his departure the inhabitants of Pirara dispersed and have since wandered about the wilderness. Too many desolate places are now to be seen in the savannahs, which were once the site of villages, and which met with a similar fate [1].

The place selected by Mr. Youd for the continuance of his ministrations, after his enforced removal from Pirara, was near the Urwa rapids of the river Rupununi (a tributary of the Essequibo) in Lat. 3° 26′ N., where he arrived May 23, 1839, and soon commenced operations, many Indians having accompanied him from Pirara. But here again he was molested by the Brazilians,

[1] In 1868 a party of the Geological Survey paid a visit to Pirara, of which we have the following report:—"We got to the present village of Pirara in the afternoon, and found it to consist of seven houses, containing a large population. It is situated on the same low ridge, on the south side of Lake Amucu, and within one mile east of the old village of Pirara, where in the year 1838 the Rev. T. Youd established a mission. Within a radius of three miles around Pirara, there are three small Macusi villages to be seen. I remained that night at Pirara, and early next morning visited the site of old Pirara, hardly a vestige of which now remains, except the decaying posts of the old church and the intrenchments of the Brazilians, when in 1839 they seized the place and drove away the Missionary. Half a mile due East of this, and divided from it by a deep and narrow swamp, is a small circular earthwork, some thirty yards in diameter, and with walls three feet high, which were thrown up by the English troops who were sent to drive out the Brazilians."

who claimed that this place also was within their territory. They ordered the Indians not to attend his instruction, promised to send them a priest, and threatened them with vengeance if they ventured to encourage the Missionary. The consequence was that the attendance fell off gradually, until at length he had to mourn over a deserted church and school. Again the fair promise of success which had begun to open out before him was doomed to disappointment, and he was compelled to look about for a more inviting field of labour. There were other causes which made the parting from Urwa one of deep concern to Mr. Youd. During his residence here he had laid to rest the body of his second wife, who had latterly shared with him all his trials and privations. The manner of her death led to the suspicion that she had been poisoned by an Indian. It happened that, on the occasion of some native festivity, the father of two lads who had been placed with the Missionary for instruction, asked permission for them to attend it. Mr. Youd left the boys to decide for themselves, and they declined countenancing the revels, on account of the scenes of drunkenness which were always associated with them. Next day the man sent a leg of venison as a present, after eating of which both Mr. and Mrs. Youd fell ill. He took an emetic and recovered; but she, being in

a delicate state of health, did not think it prudent to follow his example, and fell a victim (there can be little doubt) to the deadly feeling of revenge. Her death took place on December 31, 1839, and is thus described by her husband.—"I must now tell of past trying days. On the 8th of October last, I sent off my canoe to town from Urwa rapids, as I was then suffering more or less from fever—but in a few days after I became worse. For three weeks I had the fever on alternate days; but afterwards, for nearly two months, I had it every day. On Lord's day I was so freed from fever and strengthened, as to be able usually to preach twice, and conduct a Sunday school; but ere cock-crow on Monday morning the usual fever came on. Mrs. Youd was quite healthy during my sickness, which was a source of great comfort to me. On Christmas morning, before break of day, according to Mrs. Youd's request, we all went down to the Rupununi rapids to bathe. The walk seemed to be too much for her: she complained for two or three days after. She had also a little fever, but not so bad as to be laid up. On December 31, about 4 p.m., she had a burning fever, which seemed to increase until night; after which she felt a difficulty in breathing. We gave her such medicines as we deemed best; but all was of no avail. She walked about a little; but the difficulty of breath-

ing became worse, so that we were alarmed,—when suddenly, after we had been at prayers, she breathed her last in my arms; neither she nor we knowing that she was so soon to be on her way to glory. We buried her in the intended churchyard; on which occasion about eighty Indians attended: some of them wept greatly.

"Of her safety I feel well assured, for Christ was all in all to her: she was a woman of much prayer, was well read in the Scriptures, and lived near to God. Thus I am left to mourn her loss, yet gain; instead of she mourning mine, as was expected."

Mr. Youd, having reported to the Church Missionary Society in England the interruptions to which his labours had been subjected, was instructed to select a new locality not within the debateable territory. In accordance with these instructions he fixed upon a place much nearer the coast, and which has already been mentioned in these pages. It was called Waraputa; its place on the map is just above where the River Potaro pours its dark waters into the Essequibo.

"I am now," he writes, "through God's assistance, although in a delicate state of health, on my way to the second set of rapids in the Essequibo, at the commencement of which there is a small village called Waraputa, from the rapids opposite to which it stands; somewhere in the

neighbourhood, perhaps on the eastern side of the river, and between the two rivers Essequibo and Demerara. I hope the Lord will direct me to a suitable spot, to which I may be able to call the Indians of the interior, which by us Missionaries and the Corresponding Committee is thought to be the only remaining step to be taken for the present."

His sentiments regarding the bright prospect which presented itself for gathering in a rich harvest among the aboriginal Indians of the interior had undergone no variation in consequence of the reverses he had met with. Looking back at this time upon the work in which he had been engaged he says, "Of all my labours among the Indians since I came out to the colony, I look back with far more pleasure upon what, under God, I have been a means of setting at work among the Macusi and other tribes of the interior, than all that was done before by me; and I as firmly believe that it will be to the general prosperity of the cause which you have so near at heart. I certainly believe that some sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty have been brought into the fold by the all-powerful workings of the Holy Spirit. As a father, I shall (D.V.) watch them still, and see how they walk. . . .

"During my long sickness, much transpired that would be of interest to you, especially the

great regard shown toward me by the Indians, and their never-ceasing anxiety for instruction. I close my letter with this testimony, that I believe the Indians in the interior to be prepared for the Gospel; and rejoice that I ever went to them, with the intention of settling among them, if possible."

Being now beyond the risk of molestation from his old tormentors, the Brazilians, or indeed from anybody else, Mr. Youd endeavoured to form a new centre of work at Waraputa. There were not many Indians resident there on his arrival, but as soon as his intention of founding a new Mission station became generally known, the number of inhabitants was soon swelled by the accession of families who followed him from Pirara, Urwa, and even Cartabo[1]. His health had been considerably shaken by the effects of the poison administered at Urwa on his constitution, already excessively tried by his arduous labours; but the change of air and scene produced a visible improvement, and he set to work with somewhat of his former zeal and energy. A second attempt was soon made upon his precious life by the same reckless villain who had compassed the death of

[1] At the confluence of the Cuyuni and Mazaruni, was once the seat of government when this country was first settled by the Dutch at the close of the 16th century, and which, a few years later, was moved to Fort island. On the island Kyk-over-all, immediately opposite Cartabo, was a fort for its protection, now in ruins.

the Missionary's beloved wife; but again the timely resort to an emetic proved efficacious in frustrating the diabolical intent.

Every thing appeared to be going on prosperously, and Mr. Dayce, the catechist at Cartabo, was detached from the Bartica Mission and sent to his assistance. At this favourable conjuncture, when the prospect of ultimate success was so promising, Mr. Youd was requested by the Government to accompany a military expedition which was being dispatched to Pirara to assert British rights over the disputed territory. His knowledge of the Macusi language, and acquaintance with and influence over the Indians, were invaluable, both in maintaining communication with them and more especially in procuring subsistence for the troops. It was not to Mr. Youd's taste to relinquish his ministerial work for civil employment; but this seemed to him to be a case in which no option was left to him, as a loyal subject, but to obey. His departure was a disastrous event for his infant settlement; for, many of the Indians, believing that their wrongs were going to be redressed, left Waraputa to accompany the expedition. Pirara was taken possession of and a fort constructed; and for seven months Mr. Youd carried on a new work among the troops in his old quarters, a work of far less promise than that which he had lately relinquished. At the end of

that time the military were recalled, a rumour having been spread that the Brazilians were preparing to contest the possession of the place, and the fort was blown up. The Roman Catholic priest, who had made his way to the Brazilian Fort, San Joachin, on the arrival of the British troops, returned to the village, and Mr. Youd hastened back to Waraputa, to find it nearly deserted, and its provision grounds pillaged. It must have been with a heavy heart that he again settled down and commenced to take up the dropped threads of his work.

There was this advantage in the position of Mr. Youd at Waraputa,—that he was not so utterly cut off from the outer world as he had been at Pirara. He was now not more than a week's journey from Bartica, and the assurance that sympathising friends and fellow workers were so near at hand must have been a great solace to his spirit. He must have regarded this as some compensation for the loneliness of heart which he was now again called upon to experience, the sense of working single handed where hitherto he had had a willing helper at his side. There was much, however, in the progress of his work to cheer him. Among his Catechumens was Erie Manerwa, a Carib chief, of whom he remarks "I think he is not far from the kingdom of God." The congregation of Waraputa was quite differ-

ent from any other by reason of the great diversity of people composing it. Sometimes there were seven or eight different languages represented in it; this arose from the inhabitants having been gathered from different quarters by the great reputation of Mr. Youd. But as the majority were Macusies, it was agreed that the Macusi language should be the one used in public worship and teaching. The fact of so many Indians, of hostile tribes, laying aside their implacable enmities and inbred prejudices, and consenting to sit side by side to hear the same Word and serve the same Lord, is a practical illustration of the value of Christianity that must appeal forcibly to every one. Fortunately, among Mr. Youd's flock were some who had been resident some length of time at Bartica, and who were of great service in setting an example to the others and helping to bring home the teaching of the Church and school to their hearts. This was done chiefly at night while they lay in their hammocks, smoking cigars, and not far from a comfortable wood-fire kindled on the ground. At such times the Indians, but especially the Caribs, of whom there was a considerable number at Waraputa, love to talk over the events of the day and discuss matters of general interest, when surrounding objects do not distract the attention and they are not liable to interruption. One of the people who had

come from Bartica was a Macusi, named Alfred Maneshere, who frequently came to study the Word of God with Mr. Youd, and then went home and gave his wife and family the benefit of the instruction he had received. Erie Manerwa, the Carib chief, was also doing good work among his tribe. His name is frequently mentioned approvingly by Mr. Youd. "Erie and his wife occasionally read together, having just begun the Gospel of St. John. . . In the evening our prayer meeting was well attended. Eric was quite fervent in prayer, to the cheering of us all. It is evident that he is becoming acquainted with the depravity of the human heart. He told me that he had long prayed without properly understanding the evil of sin; but that he now sometimes wept when he thought of his past wickedness. In such a strain he speaks to his people, saying, 'I have tried sin, and have done evil enough in my day; but it brings sorrow to the mind: that I can tell from experience.'..." "Erie has been with me and stated that he longed to be with us yesterday in church, but was hindered by fever. 'The singing,' he said, 'seemed to be so sweet: I could hear quite plain, while lying down. I wished to be with you." In another place Mr. Youd remarks, "Thanks be to God! I am permitted to hear the Macusi Indians pray in their language, and the Caribs in theirs or the Macusi, which those with us also know." Of the general

advance of the settlement he writes, "May 16, Lord's Day. Some of our people are now emerging, I trust, out of their half savage state, to something bordering on civilisation. Their progress is most pleasing. When an Indian begins to pay attention to God's Word, it is astonishing to see the great change which is soon wrought in him: his manners and actions are quite altered; and he says, 'I am now coming out of ignorance.'"

An entry in his diary about this time shows also how, in those far distant scenes, his mind fondly reverted to his native land and to cherished associations. "We do not forget our praying friends in England and those in the Institution at Islington, who on this day (June 19) especially call to mind the Foreign Missions."

Towards the end of June the settlement was somewhat startled by the arrival of a party of wild Caribs, elaborately painted after their fashion from head to foot and bringing with them a number of dogs, parrots, and other creatures. Notice of their approach had been given soon after the Sunday morning service by the sounding of the quama. A strange contrast these half wild Caribs presented to the neatly dressed congregation emerging from the house of God, who stood there to witness the landing! "During the afternoon school and Divine service they peeped in at the chapel windows and door, but feared to come in. Their captain, an old man, attended." On the

next day, Monday, there was a wedding, which the strange Caribs were very anxious to witness. Before the ceremony Mr. Youd delivered an address on the Divine Institution of Marriage and our Lord's observations on that head, which was listened to with great seriousness. The parties married were a daughter of the late captain at Waraputa and a young man of the Wapisiana tribe, who lived in the far interior.

The hope of benefitting their Carib visitors was quite sufficient inducement to encourage them to prolong their stay, but their wild, undisciplined behaviour was a sore trial to Mr. Youd's patience. He writes, "The Caribeese strangers are very noisy. The quama gets but little rest. When speaking to the young Carib, Edward, who used to be very fond of the quama, and asking why he did not join the chorus, he said, 'Oh, no; they go too far! One can hardly get any time to think.' May the Lord carry on His work in this young man's heart! . . . . Erie tells me that the Caribeese strangers have been thinking much of the Word of God, preached to them last night: and that he took occasion further to recommend the Word of God to them."

Mr. Youd mentions rather a remarkable answer that was made to him by a Macusi Indian who came for instruction. The man was asked what he thought would become of us when we died.

He said, he supposed that our bodies would remain in the earth and decay; but that *the man in our eyes* would not die, but wander about.

There were such fair prospects of the ultimate success and growth of the Settlement, at this time, that Mr. Youd was engaged (16 July) in laying out an intended church square. "This square," he says, "has been planned in hope that the Lord will so far bless our labours here as to make it necessary to have a substantial church built in the course of a few years.[1]" The same instructions had to be given to the Indians here, and the same rules laid down respecting the tasks of the women, the duty of providing for their daily wants, &c., as had cost so much labour at Bartica. But the Missionary had very docile and attentive hearers. He writes, "The inhabitants generally are busily engaged, either in preparing provision grounds or making houses: indeed it is not easy to get even a trifling job of any other nature done. How many hundred times have I pressed upon these Indians the importance of seeing well to their own concerns; and now I have the pleasure of seeing them turn out manfully to work, each seeking to have a provision field to call his own." Not only in this work, but also in regard to

[1] This hope was realised, but not in Mr. Youd's lifetime. His successor, the Rev. J. Pollit, erected a substantial church, towards the cost of which the Government contributed £500.

school instruction and the attendance at public worship there seemed to exist a healthy spirit of emulation, and this was exhibited also in inducing strangers to avail themselves of the advantages offered by the Mission. One Sunday while walking to church Mr. Youd overheard a young man saying to his companion, "If you were here you would soon learn: every day we have school: so you would soon know the book."

CHAPTER XI.

1842.

HOWEVER fair might be the prospects of the Gospel to the devoted Missionary who was so willingly sacrificing himself to the poor Indians in this out-of-the-way spot, in the mysterious providence of God, they were destined to be obscured and overclouded. It seemed as though the footprints of this patient soldier of Christ were tracked by Satan, and that the enemy of souls was permitted to work his will upon him without restraint. The Indian who was suspected of administering poison to Mr. Youd at Urwa, and again at Waraputa, had been seen hanging about the Mission premises, and he now sought a further opportunity of executing his infernal design. One day, while at dinner, the Missionary, overcome with drowsiness, fell asleep. He awoke with a sharp pain, and divining the cause took an emetic, as on previous occasions. The poison, however, had had time to work, and although it was not immediately fatal, his health became so enfeebled that he found it necessary to

try the effect of a change of air. He embarked in the ship "Demerara" in June, 1842, with the intention of proceeding to England; but nothing could arrest the power of the fell destroyer. All remedies were alike unavailing, and his spirit passed away when the vessel had proceeded but a few days on her voyage.

His fellow-labourer, the Rev. J. Bernau, writes, "Oct 8, 1842. It was with sorrow of heart that we learned the death of dear Mr. Youd on his passage home. The Lord has given him *rest from* his *labours*, and his *works* follow him! It must be said of him that he served the Lord in the Missionary work with a devoted heart; and that in his lonely travels in these wilds he bore with submission the many deprivations and trials incident to a Missionary life. I feel persuaded that the seed which he scattered will bring forth fruit in season."

"It has pleased God," says the Report of the Church Missionary Society for 1842–3, "to deprive this mission of the services of the Rev. T. Youd, who was well fitted by his zeal and enterprising character for commencing Missionary labours among the Indians in the interior. He died on the voyage home for the recovery of his health."

It is a sad ending to a sorrowful tale: yet one not unrelieved by glimpses of sunshine, if, as we cannot but believe, the blessing of God rested

upon His humble servant. During the whole nine years and a half which he spent in the wilderness, he seldom left his post even to go as far as Georgetown. He gave himself to the work of Christ with a single-minded devotion which is worthy of all imitation. More desirable appointments in point of worldly comfort and convenience, with the advantages of society and position, in settled parts of the colony, might have been had for the asking,—indeed were his due, by virtue of the good profession he had witnessed; but he would not desert his first love. He had determined to be a Missionary; there could be no prouder title for him than that; no position offering brighter prospects. He had put his hand to the plough, and nothing in this world could avail to make him turn back. He was happy not only in the consciousness of being about His Master's business, but also in the filial attachment of the docile and simple-minded savages, as yet uncontaminated by the vices of men who boasted a higher civilisation and a purer creed, with whom he had thrown in his lot. These poor people regarded him in the light of a Father and a Benefactor. He was a true Patriarch among them; and his behests, founded as they were on justice and truth, were as implicitly attended to as though he had wielded a kingly sceptre. God had cast his lot in one of the fairest spots on the earth, in a region where perpetual summer reigns,

and where the soil brings forth abundantly as though no curse had ever lighted there,—where life in infinite variety seems to luxuriate in being. Some drawbacks to this fair picture, indeed, have already been noticed; but, taking all things into account, it is not difficult to fancy so faithful a servant of Christ,—with such unwavering trust in God, enjoying life exquisitely in such a position. His domestic bereavements were heartrending; but with what noble fortitude and calm resignation he bore them, and concealed in his own breast the sting that they left behind! No doubt the Master's words, "As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten," were verified in this patient sufferer. All his trials did not make him despond or relax his energies one jot. Accumulated labours and sickness reduced his strength; afflictions wrenched his heartstrings; but he knew himself to be a son of God's love, and he strove cheerfully to bend his neck to the yoke "and to do his duty in that state of life unto which it had pleased God to call him."

How inscrutable are the mysterious dispensations of Providence! When such an indefatigable worker is taken away in the full vigour of manhood (he was about the same age, when he died, as his great Pattern), after a comparatively short period of service, we speculate on what good he might have done had he been permitted to live to

the ordinary term of man's life, threescore years and ten. Perhaps (we say) the whole of the Indians in the interior of Guiana might have been brought to the knowledge of the Saviour. Do not let us be impatient; God is not in a hurry. His servant was willing to devote to Him a life-time: God was satisfied to accept but ten years. "He, being perfect in a short time, fulfilled a long time, for his soul pleased the Lord."

To a worldly-minded man Mr. Youd's whole life would appear to be a failure, to be wasted. Yet, although to the eyes of man so little result appeared to flow from his labours, we know that good seed was sown which will bear fruit in the harvest of souls. We cannot count the number of those who through his instrumentality are washed in the precious blood of Jesus and made meet for the inheritance of the saints in light; but what if there be only one such? "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

What an overwhelming catalogue of trials and disappointments seemed to be heaped upon his devoted head, and to follow one another, as it were, with cruel deliberation; as though Satan, by repeated crushing blows, would drive him to desperation, and urge him to curse God and die. First came the loss of his nephew, the death of his firstborn, and then of his wife, the small pox

epidemic among the Accawoios at Bartica, when some of his most promising pupils were carried off, and his work came almost to a dead stop; the enforced relinquishment of his best-loved work at Pirara, at Urwa, the loss of his second wife and his own dangerous illness; and lastly his death at sea. It may be supposed that, as he lay faint and helpless in his cabin, he looked forward with eager longing to the time when he should see again the old familiar faces, which, for years he had gazed upon only in imagination; and when his eyes should be gladdened with a view of the well-remembered scenes of his youth, the green fields, the sunny villages and taper spires of merry England, from which he had been parted for so long a time. He might well have wished that the cool sea breezes might send back the colour to his wan cheek, and renew his wasted strength, and drive the fever from his blood, that he might feel himself again, and be able to get back to the field in which there yet remained so much to be done for God. But it was not to dear old England that the Father's loving hand was conducting his submissive child: it was to a land where there is rest and peace, where there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes. The loved ones whom he hoped to meet, after so long a separation, he should see no more on this side

of the dark river; but instead, a bright array were awaiting him, the spirits of just men made perfect, and Jesus Christ, the Good Shepherd, Whose rod and staff had defended and guided him through the "valley of the shadow of death." He had looked for an earthly haven of rest after his sojournings; but God had provided for him "some better thing," a refuge "where the wicked cease from troubling and where the weary are at rest."

We know that "He doeth all things well:" and if we possessed a faithful record of the last hours of the dying Missionary, we should doubtless find that a blessed peace reigned supreme over his well disciplined mind, and that his spirit passed away as he joyfully breathed a Nunc Dimittis. May the example of his devoted labours and constancy in doing Christ's work stimulate new Champions of the Faith, and prove to them that "the Lord is mindful of His own," and He delivereth them out of all their troubles. When the trump of the Resurrection Angel shall sound and the sea shall give up her dead, there will be many who, like Thomas Youd, were unknown to the world, but had a great name in heaven; to whom the Judge shall then address those words of Commendation that will be to them abundant recompense for all their toils and sufferings for His sake, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

POSTSCRIPT.

It may interest those who have perused the foregoing narrative to know what became of the Waraputa Mission after its founder's death.

For a few months a native teacher, William Simmons, carried on the work of the Mission. But at the commencement of 1843, Mr. J Pollitt, who had previously been employed as a catechist in Jamaica, arrived in the Colony and had the charge committed to him. Having been ordained deacon by the Bishop of Guiana[1] in the month of February, he set out for his distant field of labour. At first he had very up-hill work: the foundations of the Mission had almost to be laid anew, for everything had become disorganised in the interval since Mr. Youd's departure. He was soon enabled, however, not only to build a comfortable residence for himself, but also to carry out Mr. Youd's project of erecting a substantial place of worship. To this latter object the Government of the Colony contributed the handsome donation of £500 sterling.

Mr. Pollitt met with an accident[2] in returning from Georgetown, by which his boat was capsized, and the exposure and cold which he underwent brought on a severe illness, which compelled him

[1] The archdeaconry of British Guiana had been now constituted a separate see. The first Bishop, Dr. William Piercy Austin was consecrated August 24, 1842.

[2] See Page 103.

to quit his post and seek to recruit his health by rest and change of air. He accordingly left the Colony October 12, 1843 and proceeded to England. He was succeeded by Mr. Edmund Christian, as catechist; but he, too, was soon obliged by ill-health to give up the work. William Simmons was again placed in charge, but the settlement gradually dwindled down to insignificance and was ultimately abandoned, the Indians preferring to attach themselves to the Mission stations lower down the river.

In April, 1851, Waraputa was visited by Mr. J. J. Lohrer, who was connected with the Bartica Mission. He wrote, "The place is quite desolate; no trace of building is to be seen. One of my people says, two years ago, when he was up here, the frame of Mr. Youd's house was quite perfect, but now all is overgrown with bush and underwood."

A party of the Geological Survey spent Christmas Day, 1868, on the site of the Mission; but not a vestige remained to show that it had ever been the abode of man. So rapid is the progress of decay, as well as of life in this climate,—the old constantly undergoing the process of metamorphosis in the workshop of Nature for the production of the new!

THE END.