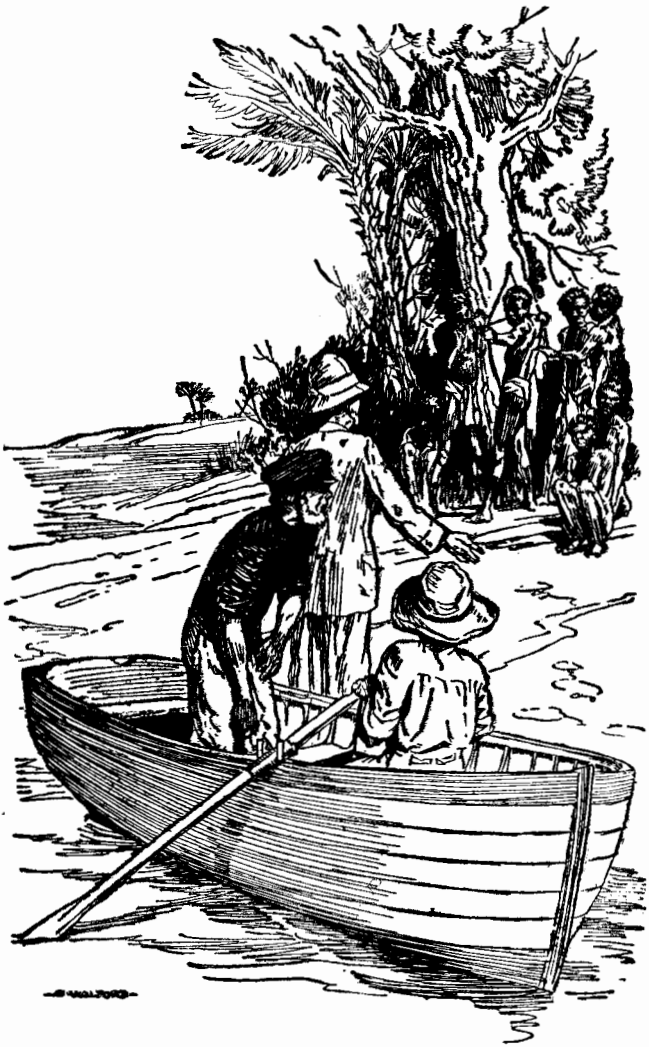

A Moment of Peril.

As he leapt ashore a man raised his bow and drew it, pointing the arrow straight at him, lowered it, then raised it again, but at last dropped it altogether.

PATTESON

OF THE

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AUTHOR OF

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Patteson of the South Sea Islands

Chapter I—COLEY PATTESON'S CHILDHOOD

ON the first of April in the year 1827 a baby boy was born at No. 9 Gower Street, near Bedford Square, London. His father was Sir John Patteson, a very clever barrister who was a few years later made a judge. The baby was baptized John Coleridge, and by the name of Coley he was known all his life. His father and mother were religious and kind but were firm without being stern. He had two sisters and one brother, and so they were able to join in many games, and their father and mother did all they could to make life happy for them. Indeed, it would have been strange if this had not been so, with the kindest of parents, brother and sisters, and plenty of money to buy pleasures and things needful.

But now I will tell you something about Coley which may surprise you when you have read about the noble, brave, unselfish life he led. Although he was accounted worthy at the end of his life to be placed on the roll of the noble Army of Martyrs he began his career as a very ordinary little boy with a strong and obstinate will, and a quick and sometimes very naughty temper. He used to throw himself on the ground and kick and scream and scratch when he did not get his own way.

But his mother was wise and never gave in to him until she saw that he was sorry for what he had done and ashamed for the scratches, slaps and kicks he had bestowed in his rage on his brother, sisters and playfellows, and then he would make an effort not to lose his temper so badly again.

There was one awful occasion when he stabbed his sister Fanny in the arm with a pencil, painful punishment following shortly afterwards in the form of a severe whipping. We are told that Fanny cried worse than the culprit, as indeed she might well do, for she was a great tease, and it was her teasing that had provoked her brother's outburst of temper. After one of his fits of naughtiness he never seemed to be quite content

with his mother's forgiveness. "Do you think God can forgive me?" he used to ask her anxiously. When he was five years of age his father gave him a Bible which even in those early days he used to study with care and affection, and which was used twenty-nine years later in the service when he was consecrated Bishop.

When Coley was eight years of age the time arrived for him to go to school so he was sent to Heath's Court near Ottery St. Mary in Devonshire where his uncle had an estate, and where his sons attended a preparatory school. Coley's father had been an Eton boy, and it was decided that his son should follow in his steps. As you can imagine he was rather homesick at first but he was treated as one of the family, with great kindness.

Like any ordinary boy he was not very fond of lessons, but he did excel in sports—cricket and football, and he could beat most of his schoolfellows in running. As he was fortunate in having relations who could provide him with a pony he soon became a clever horseman. It is possible that his masters did not view with much favour the slight respect he paid to his books, but we must remember that his future life and labour were to call upon his courage, endurance and good comradeship that give to games and sports their true value.

From seven years of age Coley was a splendid letter writer, and as long as his parents lived he kept them informed of all he did: had he not done so we should not have known more than half of his courageous life among the islands of the Southern Sea. Coley told his parents everything, even how he contrived to play truant by telling an untruth. For this he was not severely punished by the head master, but when it came to the knowledge of his uncle he was very angry, and threatened to have him "stripped and birched" should he be guilty of such an offence again.

Chapter II—SCHOOLDAYS AT ETON—AT OXFORD —ON THE CONTINENT

When ten and a half years old Coley was sent to Eton and was lucky enough to be placed in the house of his uncle, the Rev. Edward Coleridge, who was one of the masters. As you may suppose, he was again very homesick at first, but plucked up spirit to write home a lively letter on

the fun he expected to have when "Montem" arrived. "Montem" was an old fair held every third year on Whit-Tuesday, but is now no longer continued. On these occasions the boys used to go to the top of a certain small hill near the Bath Road and demand a tax known as "Salt Money" from everyone who passed by; this money was to help to pay the expenses at Oxford or Cambridge of the senior scholar or school captain.

Coley had good reason to remember his first "Montem." Queen Victoria, at the age of eighteen, had come to the throne six months before this, and drove from Windsor Castle to Salt Hill, as the hillock was called, to pay her tax. The boys were eager to cheer their young queen and crowded round her carriage. Coley was pushed to the front and was caught in one of the wheels, and if the Queen had not stretched out her hand and pulled him to his feet it is very likely that there might have been no story to tell of Coley's adventures in the Pacific Islands.

A fair used to be held at Windsor which the boys were allowed to attend and to make an "immense row." Some acting was going on when the boys rushed in, pulled down the curtain and drowned the words of the play by their shouting. The police were summoned but when they appeared they were charged by the boys and some of them knocked over. The police naturally did not like this rough treatment and so some of the boys were arrested and taken to the police station. But when the other boys heard of this four hundred or more of them gathered together, attacked the door of the station, broke it open and rescued the prisoners, after a brisk bombardment of rotten eggs and crackers. This seems to us nowadays rather a rough way of enjoying oneself, but to the schoolboys of that time it was glorious fun.

A year later came the Queen's wedding, when once more Eton was full of excitement as the bridal pair drove from Slough to Windsor. The boys as usual were well to the front, decked with bridal favours and wearing white kid gloves! Coley and a friend resolved to race the Royal carriage and try to enter the castle courtyard with it. But they failed in this attempt and twice were very nearly ridden down by the advance body of Life Guards. However, they did succeed in entering the courtyard, but only as the carriage was leaving

it. But it was, to them, a splendid attempt, for they were the only two boys who succeeded. He describes himself as a twelve-year-old schoolboy, red in the face, and with clothes and hair all disarranged, "rather hot with running all the way up to the castle . . . knocking at doors as we passed, but oh! so happy."

Five years later the Queen was again at Eton with the Prince Consort, the exiled king of France, and the Duke of Wellington. The old Duke, as you may well imagine, was the hero of the boys. Having by some mistake been left alone by his own party he was in some danger of being jostled by the boys. Coley, seeing this, pushed back some of the crowd and raised a cheer for the old Duke. This was at once taken up by the whole school, but the old soldier merely touched his hat and said sharply, "Get on, boys, get on." Which sounds rather damping.

A pleasant change now came in Coley's life, for his father bought a beautiful country house known as Feniton Court and situated two or three miles from Heath's Court where his brother-in-law, Mr. Justice Coleridge, now lived. There was plenty of shooting on these estates, and the stables were filled with horses and ponies, so the new home was a perfect paradise to Coley and his brother.

In the midst of this happy life Coley had never lost his boyish desire to be a clergyman, but it had never risen above the desire to be Vicar and Squire of Feniton. But a change was coming over him, brought about in the following way.

There was at this time a very popular young curate at Windsor, who had himself been an Eton boy, and who was a great friend of Mr. Edward Coleridge, Coley's uncle and house master. His name was George Augustus Selwyn, and he was one of four brothers, all of whom had been at Eton, and all of whom became celebrated men. He had, in his school days, been a great athlete. He was a splendid swimmer, and when he went to Cambridge he rowed in the Boat Race. He was a great walker and very fond of riding on horseback.

No wonder he was something of a hero with the Eton boys, and there was great excitement when it became known that he had been chosen to be the first Bishop of New Zealand.

New Zealand at that time was peopled largely by natives, Maoris they were called, although a large number of white

people had settled there. The two peoples were not on very friendly terms, for the whites had taken some of the land of the natives for themselves and this led to bad feeling. To get out to New Zealand was not then the simple matter it is to-day, for the voyage had to be made in a sailing ship and took three or four months.

The Eton boys felt that it would be nice to have, as it were, a finger in the pie. So they arranged that they would send out a certain amount of money every year to help the young bishop in his work. The boys who lived with Mr. Coleridge were specially keen, for he had always tried to interest them in missions, as he had many friends working in the mission field in different parts of the world.

After George Selwyn had been made bishop, he preached for the last time before his departure at Windsor, and Coley remembered his sermon until the last day of his life. It is usual at a missionary service to appeal for offerings to carry on the work. We do not know how much of his pocket money Coley put into the alms-dish, but we do know that this schoolboy of fourteen offered to his Master a greater gift than money, for he offered himself. The new bishop preached in the evening and although he spoke of the dangers and chances of laying his bones in a far-away country, yet he himself, after twenty-seven years work in New Zealand, returned to England where he was made Bishop of Lichfield and where he now rests in a lovely little chapel attached to the cathedral. Bishop Selwyn must have seen the great interest Coley took in mission work for when saying good-bye to Coley's mother he startled her by saying "Will you give me Coley, Lady Patteson?" At the moment she was too much taken aback to reply; but later on when Coley asked if she would be willing to let him go when he was older she said she would willingly give him her consent and her blessing.

When Coley was just over fifteen he was confirmed with some two hundred Eton boys. The rite was not so much thought of then as to-day. A short time afterwards he received the Holy Communion for the first time.

Exactly six months after his confirmation the greatest sorrow of his life fell on Coley. His dearly loved mother had been ill all the autumn, but no one thought very much of it until the boys had returned to school and the husband to his

duties in London. Then one day the dreaded news arrived that their mother was dying, and that if they wished to receive her last blessing they must return home at once. This they did and stood by her bedside until she became unconscious, and shortly afterwards died. Coley was broken-hearted but in spite of his great grief seemed to recover his composure more quickly than the others.

At the end of the Christmas holidays the boys returned to Eton and were soon to all appearance enjoying school life. Coley was in the Upper Fifth and Vice-Captain of the Cricket Eleven, both of which gave him influence over the junior boys, which, we are pleased to say, he used to the best advantage.

In the summer of 1845 Coley left Eton and in the autumn of the same year entered as a student at Balliol College, Oxford, at the age of eighteen. The college was beginning to gain quite a reputation for scholarship and each student was expected to work hard and take as good a position in his examinations as he could, not only for his own sake but for the credit of college. Coley had never been fond of books, but he saw how just this was and made up his mind to give up cricket, a game which he loved, and which he played well, and devote such time as he could spare to tennis which did not take up so much of his time.

Coley's father, being a rich man, was able to give his son plenty of pocket money so that he could give many dinner parties to his friends. When the bills came to be paid, on each of them appeared the word "dessert." Coley was a generous young man, so you may be sure that the "desserts" were expensive. At that time there was a severe potato famine in Ireland and the poor Irish were starving for want of food. Money was being collected in all parts of the country and Coley decided that he must do his share. After thinking the matter over he came to the conclusion that it was not necessary to give up his pleasant parties but that one of the courses could be given up, and that course was the expensive dessert, and so the cost of this item found its way to fill starving mouths in Ireland.

Chapter III.—DECIDES TO GO TO NEW ZEALAND

After he left Oxford, Patteson, as we shall now call him, spent a great part of the next four years abroad, chiefly in Germany, Switzerland and Italy. During this period he had what is known as a thoroughly good time. One very interesting adventure he describes which shows his powers of pluck and endurance. He was in Switzerland, and with four guides he set out to cross a difficult tract of country. The party left the hut in which they had slept at four o'clock in the morning amply provided with ropes, hatchets and alpenstocks. Patteson admits that he had no idea of what he was about to face. After three hours walking they came to a straight wall of ice, fifty feet high, up which they had to climb by cutting steps in the ice. This may have seemed child's play to those accustomed to it but Patteson was not accustomed to it, and he was honest enough to admit that though he determined to show no sign of fear he thought that no one had any right to run such a risk without a sufficient reason. Up and up they went, and once Patteson slipped some way down a crevasse, or deep split in the ice, only saving himself by throwing his leg round a ridge of ice. At last they reached the top of the pass, but found themselves in a dense fog with violent storms of hail. The guides confessed that they had lost their way, and enquired with anxiety if the young gentleman wished to go on.

Patteson did wish to go on, because he knew that the descent on the Italian side was easier than the way by which they had come, but he had a sweet nature which never thrust his opinions on others or insisted on having his own way, so he gave in at once. They had a very dangerous journey back owing to fog and intense cold, and it took them more than sixteen hours to reach home, greatly to the relief of their friends.

About this time Patteson developed an unexpected gift, the gift of languages. It came about in this way. At Eton and Oxford he had studied Latin and Greek but he does not seem to have been very brilliant at them. When he was about to make a tour in Germany with some friends his sister Fanny took him in hand and gave him some lessons in German, with such success indeed that on his arrival in Dresden he

was complimented on his knowledge of the language. At that time the study of Hebrew was carried on almost entirely through the German language. Now Patteson was very anxious to read the Bible in Hebrew and his knowledge of German gave him a great advantage. From Hebrew he passed on to Arabic and Syriac, and even to Chaldee, all difficult languages, not at all easy to learn.

Patteson had been elected to a fellowship at Merton College, a position which gave him a good deal of leisure and opportunity for playing his beloved game of cricket. But this sort of life did not appeal to him, he wanted to be hard at work, and although he did not mention the subject to his father the desire to be a missionary was always present in his heart. But first he must read for deacon's orders, and do what work he could in the parish. In those days life was very much harder for poor children than it is now. Many of them did not go to school at all, so they grew up with no education, and they were also forced to begin work at a very early age. The children in the hamlet of Alphington where Patteson was assisting the clergyman of the parish, were no exception to the rule, and Patteson was horrified at the state of affairs he found there.

He tackled the situation manfully, however, and we find him marching into a cottage and having what we should call a good row with a father and mother who had allowed their little boy, through lack of training, to become a regular little savage.

The child was only about four years of age, but he seems to have been a match both for the school mistress and the young Oxford Don, for he cursed and swore and banged his head against the wall till his nose bled, then, tired out with his efforts, fell quietly asleep. He was tamed in time, but this again was good training for the man who in the future would handle the quite untamed little savages of the South Sea Islands.

So was the management of a boys' home which he started for a number of lads who were growing up in such an evil life that there was no chance of them becoming good men.

The boys were housed in two cottages to which was attached half-an-acre of ground. Patteson supported the place with his own money, and learned how to manage farms, dairies, gardens, as well as the growing of vegetables.

In 1853 he was ordained deacon, and became curate of

Alphington, and the year after he became priest. Just about this time he was dining with some friends and met his cousin, Charlotte Mary Yonge, whom you may have heard of as being the writer of many charming stories for young people, and who took such great interest in his work in the South Seas, and she describes him as a "tall strong man, with very blue eyes and a sweet smile, not good-looking at all, but very lovable and attractive."

But now came the turning point in Patteson's life. News came that Bishop Selwyn and his wife were on their way to England, and their friends at Feniton at once invited him to visit them there, and Patteson, full of excitement, hastened to join in the family welcome. At dinner that night he eagerly listened to the Bishop's account of his work in the South Sea, and the desire to work there became so strong that on the following morning he hurried over to Feniton to talk the matter over with the Bishop. Patteson told him simply and plainly how his heart was set on mission work in the South Seas, but how the thought of his father kept him back. The Bishop pointed out to him that if he really had a call to the service of the Church in distant lands, it was better that he should obey it when he was young and strong and could give his whole strength and vigour to the task.

The next step was to tell his father and this was easier than he expected, for though Sir John was startled and surprised he made no objection, feeling that, hard as it would be to part with him, it was an honour to give his eldest son to such a cause.

The village people did not feel at all like this for they loved their curate and blamed poor Bishop Selwyn for carrying him off. One of them agreed that the Bishop was a good man but wished that he had "kept his hands off Alphington."

There was short time for preparation and farewells, for the Bishop expected to set out for New Zealand immediately after Christmas, taking Patteson with him. The Bishop in the meantime had been travelling through the country begging for money to support the new bishopric and a large sum of money had been raised. Miss Charlotte Yonge, too, and her mother thought it would be a nice thing to devote the money obtained by the sale of "The Heir of Redclyffe," a book written by Charlotte, and a great favourite, to the building

of a small vessel to be presented to the Bishop to aid him in his work in his great diocese.

Chapter IV.—GETTING TO KNOW THE MAORIS

This was done. The little sailing vessel was built at Blackwall Dock, was christened the *Southern Cross* and presented to the Bishop, but when she sailed into Southampton Water, where her passengers were waiting to embark, she was found to be leaky, to the great disappointment of everyone. Of course this delayed her sailing, and as the leak proved to be more serious than was thought it was decided that the party should sail in another vessel, the *Duke of Portland*, leaving the *Southern Cross* to follow when in a fit condition.

During this delay Patteson went home for a last burst of fun before leaving his country for good. The weather was very cold, and even Devonshire lay under a mantle of snow. A large family of cousins had assembled, and as all the ponds were frozen they had a jolly time on the ice. Patteson insisted on pushing the old housekeeper in front of him on a chair in place of a sledge, and the old woman, partly delighted, partly frightened, kept crying out "My dear man, don't 'ee go so fast," while the little village boys remembered to their dying day the wild scrambles for the nuts which he threw about the ice in handfuls. But at length the time to say good-bye arrived and Patteson parted from his father and sisters on the doorstep of the beautiful old home, then walking alone through the graveyard where his mother was buried in order to pick a few primroses from her grave, he joined the stage-coach which would carry him to the nearest railway station; and so one of the bravest of the sons of Devon left it for the last time.

A few days later he said good-bye to his only brother on the deck of the *Duke of Portland* and that evening he sailed from Gravesend and began his long journey to the other side of the world.

At the time of which we are writing steamships were not used for long voyages, nor did the Suez Canal exist, so the *Duke of Portland* had to sail right round the Cape of Good Hope, sometimes helped forward by the wind and sometimes driven back, and at other times becalmed, and in order to

A JOLLY TIME ON THE ICE.

Coley insisted on pushing the old housekeeper in front of him on a chair, and the old woman, partly delighted, part frightened, kept crying out, "My dear man, don't 'ee go so fast."

meet with helpful currents they had to sail so far south as to come within sight of icebergs from the Antarctic. All this, as you may suppose, took a long time, and the voyage from the Thames to Auckland Harbour took fourteen weeks. But Patteson was not idle; he studied seamanship with the help of Bishop Selwyn and proved quite a good scholar in the Maori language.

When they entered the harbour there was great excitement for nobody but a pilot or the "Skipper Bishop" could have brought the vessel safely into harbour, especially at night, through such a tangle of sea-ways and passages. To Patteson, who was used to well-built English towns, Auckland, which was then a very young town, seemed small and poor and badly built, a confused jumble of private houses and warehouses, with churches dotted here and there. Some six miles distant, on rising ground, stood St. John's College, the headquarters of Bishop Selwyn.

As soon as he landed Patteson had his first taste of colonial life. A room was set apart for him at the College, containing a bed, a writing table and a bookcase, and this he had to clean and keep in order, making his own bed, and also helping to clear away the meals which were served for everyone, brown and black scholars as well as white masters, in the common hall.

All the belongings—books, etc.—which the party had brought with them they themselves had to unload, and when a fortnight later, the *Southern Cross* sailed proudly into the harbour, perfectly sound and fit, the Bishop and Patteson at once set out to take off their heavier luggage which had been brought by the vessel from England.

In order to do this they yoked their horses to a cart and drove it right over the wide stretch of muddy sand, between the shore and the boat. An unseen sandbank, covered with water, came in the way and before they knew what was happening, first one and then another of the horses slipped over the edge, and in a moment they were floundering in deep water. The animals, which belonged to the college, were valuable, and it seemed as if they might be drowned. At once the Bishop and his young friend threw off their coats, rolled up their trousers, and plunged in to the rescue. They cut the harness, and with much difficulty kept the horses'

heads above water and at last got them safely on to firm ground. I need not say that they themselves were soaked to the skin.

The Maoris stood on the beach and watched them, but it did not enter into anyone's head to go to their help. When at last, four hours later, wet and muddy, they reached the college with all their belongings safe, they looked at one another, and laughed at the dreadful mess they were in. So different from what a Bishop and his chaplain are expected to look like in England. The Bishop remembered Eton and chuckled: "This is your first experience in mudlarking, Coley," he said, knowing quite well that it would be by no means his last.

Chapter V.—FIRST VOYAGE AMONG THE ISLANDS

Now we come to the time when Patteson was looking forward to his first voyage to Melanesia. From now onward he was to live as much afloat as on shore in his endeavour to carry the Gospel to the far Isles of the Sea. This did not mean that he himself would go and preach, for there were too many islands, each with its different language, for him to attempt such a big task.

Besides, there was a certain amount of risk in attempting to land on any of these islands, and to do so in many of them meant certain death.

So Bishop Selwyn's plan was that Patteson should sail up and down among the islands, fishing as it were for human fish, and when by the kindness of his manner they had lost all fear he should return with them to St. John's College at Auckland, where they would remain for the six hot months, learning what they could in that time. When the winter months arrived, which even in the north of New Zealand were too cold for natives who had been reared in the tropics, they would be taken home again to tell to their friends the strange things they had seen and heard, and so encourage them to make the same venture during the next season. To Patteson's great joy the Bishop promised to come with him on his first cruise in order to "show him the ropes," so to speak.

For a few days before they sailed everyone was busy and excited. The *Southern Cross* had to be carefully examined; food for a four months' cruise had to be laid in; huge barrels had to be filled with pure, clear, drinking water; the medicine

chest had to be restocked, and stores of lime and lemon juice added to it in case they should not be able to obtain the fruit at any island at which they called. This fruit was very useful in preventing a bad disease called scurvy which was brought on by living too long on food preserved in salt, such as pickled pork or pork preserved in brine.

Presents such as fish-hooks, hatchets, gimlets, coloured handkerchiefs and braid were all laid in for the purpose of attracting the natives and for trading. But on no account were guns or weapons of any kind allowed on board—for were they not messengers of peace? Their greatest danger lay, not so much in the ferocity of the poor heathen savages to whom they went, as in the revenge which might be visited on them by these savages for the cruelties inflicted by the heartless white traders who had visited the island in search of the sweet-smelling sandalwood, and of the curious black-coated sea-slug, known as "bêche-de-mer" which were in great numbers in the crevices of the coral reefs that surrounded the islands.

These men carried on their trade chiefly between the South Sea Isles and China, where the sandalwood was used in the preparation of incense for the temple worship, and the slugs were used in making a rich and much valued soup.

They were mostly brutal men of the lowest class, robbing the natives by force, and shooting them down without mercy if they showed the slightest sign of resistance. No wonder then that the poor ignorant people hated the sight of a white man, and were prepared to murder and eat him whenever they had the chance.

The first danger to be met was a terrific hurricane. The Bishop and Patteson steered the vessel, but all they could do was to fix two small sails in position and lash the wheel amidships, so that the head of the vessel was kept straight to the wind and meeting the sea, otherwise she, most likely, would have gone to the bottom.

Everything on deck was battened down (or secured), but in spite of this, the water which was dashed over the ship found its way into the cabins and made them very uncomfortable.

Their first call was at Norfolk Island which lies about 600 miles from the north point of New Zealand. The Bishop and Patteson had formed a great plan to buy a piece of land here

on which they could build a college, where the young islanders could be brought for the winter months instead of taking them all to Auckland. But they found that other strangers were coming to take up their abode there. Perhaps you may have heard of the *Bounty*, a King's vessel the crew of which mutinied and took possession of the vessel. Then ship and men all disappeared until nineteen years later the mutineers were discovered on Pitcairn Island midway between Australia and South America where they had made homes and married native women. But by the time of which we are writing Pitcairn had become overcrowded, so the English Government had granted Norfolk Island to them and was about to transplant the new colonists.

The island was very difficult of approach as the cliffs rose straight up from the sea and the only means of reaching it was by a small boat from which the landing was far from easy. But the Bishop and Patteson were eager to examine the island, so choosing a piece of rock with a smooth surface they jumped on to it when the surf carried the boat near enough. They took a walk and were delighted with what they saw. The climate was only semi-tropical, that is to say it was neither very hot nor very cold. There were English vegetables and potatoes, oranges, lemons, and other kinds of fruit, as well as many high trees.

On their return they had to jump into the boat, a more dangerous feat than jumping out, and Patteson who had missed the first chance had to cling to a piece of iron fixed in the rock, great waves breaking over him and threatening to wash him away until the tiny, dancing boat once more approached.

They next visited Sydney in New South Wales, and asked permission from the Governor-General to build a college on Norfolk Island as they had planned, but to their great disappointment this was refused, as it was not thought good to mix the pure natives with the half-breeds from Pitcairn Island. These people were not heathen for they had a clergyman of their own, but they were very ignorant and childish in their ways.

They then set sail for Aneityum, one of the islands of the New Hebrides group, where it was quite safe to land for there was a Scotch Mission there. The natives who came in their canoes to visit the ship greatly interested Patteson. The

canoes were simply hollowed-out trunks of trees rarely more than a foot broad and about eighteen inches deep and prevented from capsizing by outriggers. These are long solid pieces of light wood fastened to the ends of rather long poles which are attached to the canoe and stretch over the water at one or both sides.

Soon the natives were crowding on deck, chattering in a language that no one could understand. They were little men with woolly hair, and very dark brown skins. Patteson's attention was drawn to one man. He had not a rag of clothing on him, but the way in which his hair was dressed made up for everything else. It was taken in little strands which were wound round firmly with grass or coco-nut fibre, then plastered with lime made from coral. As the hair grew, more binding had been added, till those strands stuck out all round his head like a mop. A few inches of hair at the very end had been left loose and those had been frizzed and curled, so the effect was, to say the least of it, very curious.

Leaving their kind hosts, the *Southern Cross* resumed her voyage, passing Erromango where a London missionary was clubbed to death just as he landed, in revenge, it is supposed, of the cruel practice some of the traders had of firing on peaceful villages on the shore as they sailed by. Next they reached Faté, a beautiful island but with sad memories, for not long before a number of Christian teachers who had come from Samoa, had been killed and eaten. The ship was anchored at a safe distance until the natives came out to satisfy their curiosity. Possibly they were friendly, for the Bishop had rescued a little boy of an island nearby, who had been carried out to sea by the tide, and had restored him to his home; and so they might have heard that all white men were not cruel.

The natives of Faté wore as their only clothing, girdles of beautifully plaited coco-nut fibre round their waists, wreaths of flowers and leaves in their hair, and necklaces and earrings of mother-of-pearl shells. Five of these came on board, and, to Patteson's surprise, two of them wanted to stay. The newcomers were each given a blanket and they at once rolled themselves up in them and lay down with much content to sleep on the cabin floor. Soon Patteson was teaching them to eat plum-pudding with a knife and fork.

This little story will show how great a change may come over the mind of the native when once the feeling of friendship has been stirred. Two years later than Patteson's visit, a missionary landed on another island of the same group and walked confidently up to the village. Here he saw a native oven, all heated up and prepared for roasting. To his surprise a friendly native ran up to him and implored him to go back at once, for the oven *had been made ready for him.*

On yet another island on which Bishop Selwyn had landed, while he was sitting making friends with the villagers, a mother, of her own free will, was being buried along with her own dead daughter. And this was the manner of the burial. They put the living woman along with the dead body into a sack and trampled her to death.

They then sailed on to Espirito Santo, one of the largest islands of the group. Here they saw a suspicious looking vessel, so the Bishop and Patteson rowed over to the ship and the Bishop, when he saw the captain, knew him to be one of the most cruel sandalwood traders in those seas, shooting down innocent and friendly natives without mercy. The Bishop gave him a very severe talking to, and pointing to Patteson said that he had come from England on purpose to look after the natives on these islands. Of course this was meant as a warning.

The people on Espirito Santo were very friendly, and the children clustered round Patteson, greatly interested in his clothes. In fact they could not understand what his clothes could be, and thought that he must be some strange creature who possessed two or three skins.

The people of the Solomon Islands were cannibals but more civilised than those of some of the other islands. Instead of rough dug-outs they had very beautiful canoes, built up of planks, glued together, the sides of which were carved and the prow inlaid in black wood. Crocodiles are met with there, also opossums and white cockatoos, which are not seen nearer than New Guinea, a large island north of Australia. Instead of bows and arrows the Solomon Islanders carried spears.

The chief, Iri, was very friendly and took them to his boat-house to see his canoes, which were beautifully made and inlaid, and then to his house, which was just a long low shed, open at both ends. Iri was a friendly simple man, so you

can imagine the shock it gave his white visitors when they looked up and saw, dangling from the roof pole, a row of twenty-seven white gleaming skulls, while what were plainly human bones lay scattered about outside. The Bishop was horrified and spoke severely to Iri and his people, pointing out that God was a God of mercy and hated bloodshed and cruelty. The old chief was not at all offended, and even waded into the sea and helped to push the boat off when the party left. The chief's little boy, aged eight years, was most eager to return with them, but they thought he was too young.

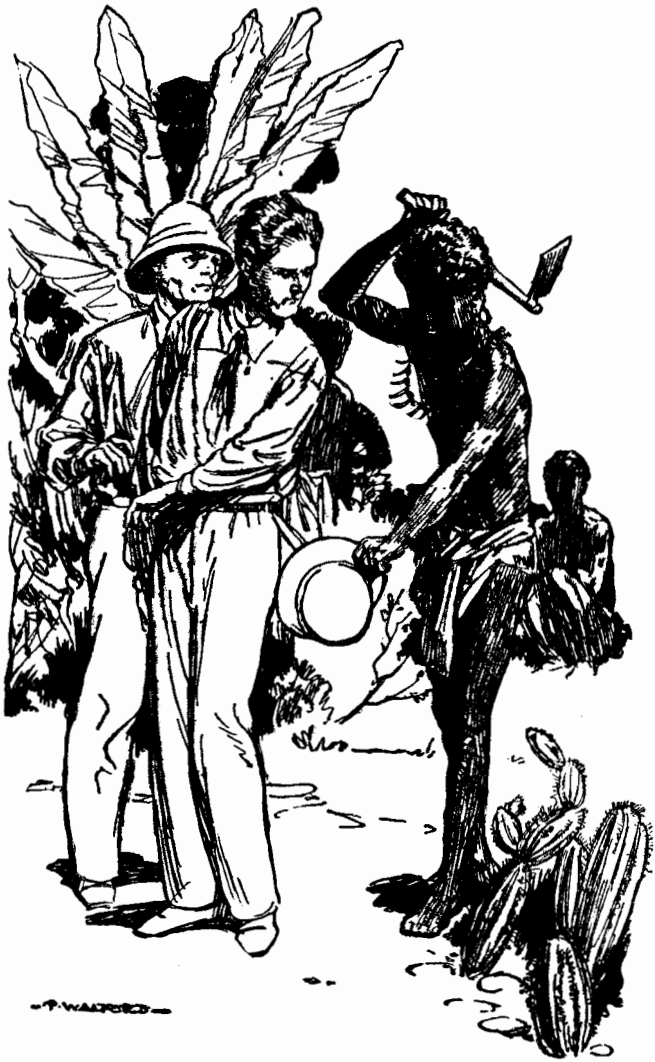
At Gera or Guadalcanar they were received in a friendly manner. The natives would not take fish-hooks as exchange but asked for small hatchets. Their dress was very gay, consisting of armlets, frontlets, bracelets and girdles of shells, and instead of nose-rings they had pieces of wood or mother-of-pearl inserted in the tips of their noses. In addition to this, a few of them had six or eight pieces of wood sticking out at each side of their nose giving an appearance of " cats' whiskers."

The natives of Santa Cruz wore loin-cloths made of reeds, and beautiful ornaments made of mother-of-pearl. Some had their hair plastered with white coral lime, others with yellow or red. Some of them had half their heads shaven, while the other side was matted with the coloured lime. A few had a ridge of hair on an otherwise shaven crown.

On an island nearby the Bishop and Patteson made up their minds to land. Patteson led the way, wading over the coral reef that surrounded the mainland, a piece of tempting red tape tied round his head, and fish-hooks in his hands, to induce the natives to come and trade. This little trick was successful, and men crowded round him holding out coco-nuts. He was greatly pleased with his success and could not understand why the Bishop made a sudden sign for him to come away with all speed. He was wise enough to obey, however, and did not ask for the reason for his sudden recall until they were safely in the boat and some distance from the shore.

The Bishop then told him he had seen some young men armed with bows and arrows running through the bush trying, no doubt, to prevent their return to the boat.

On another island the Bishop and Patteson were more successful. They had heard that it was safe to land, and that the islanders spoke Maori, to which they had been used in



THERE WAS NO OCCASION TO BE AFRAID.

The Chief cast envious eyes upon the hat, and Coley told him he might have it, which he promptly proceeded to do by cutting it from its fastening with his newly acquired adze.

Zealand. There was no coral reef here, over which they could walk, so taking off their coats, and carrying a hatchet or an adze in each hand, they dived into deep water and swam ashore.

The natives had fled at their approach, for no one was to be seen, although they found canoes with nets and fishing tackle. They had made up their minds that the best thing they could do was to leave the presents in a canoe, to show that their visit was a friendly one, when two men came up.

After hesitating they rubbed noses, the real Maori greeting, and soon eleven other men appeared, one of them the chief, who carried a spear. Although Patteson had left his coat on board ship, he had stuck to his hat, which was fastened to his belt by a ribbon. The chief cast envious eyes on it, and Patteson told him he might take it, which he at once did by cutting it off with his new adze.

Most people would have been rather nervous at having such a deadly instrument in the hands of a naked savage so close to their heads. "There was not the least occasion to be afraid of them" was all Patteson remarked, but the Bishop seems to have been more cautious and hurried him back to the ship.

Patteson gives an interesting description of a chief's arms and ornaments. The man came on board and allowed him to examine his "armour." He carried a club, and neatly feathered "poisoned" arrows, and his face was painted red and black in a very fearful manner. But he was quiet and friendly, and some boys from his island came on board ship, and offered to return with the party but their hearts failed them at the last moment, and they jumped overboard and swam ashore.

They now set the ship's head for home, having on board fourteen additional natives who had expressed a wish to go to St. John's College. Natives, especially those who had not yet much idea of cleanliness, are not pleasant to come in close contact with, so it must have been something of a trial to have these newcomers crushed into the white man's tiny cabin in the great heat of the tropics. But Patteson made a great joke of it, telling how one native slept on a sofa with him, "feet to feet, the others on the floor, like herrings in a barrel."

Chapter VI.—PATTESON AND HIS BLACK BOYS

They arrived safely at St. John's, and when they settled down, their education began. The first step had been to persuade the natives to put on shirts, or, as they sailed further south, and it became colder, jerseys. At St. John's, where they found it very cold even in summer, the full costume was corduroy trousers, blue shirts, red woollen comforters, and a blue scotch cap. Even with this, the more delicate of them had to wear an extra jersey.

The boys took to clothing kindly, but it was a different thing when they were told that their long and matted hair would need to be cut. This was for certain reasons. The smaller boys were shorn first and you will be surprised to learn that the hair of three specially long-haired boys filled a tub.

The next thing to do was to teach them to be clean, and there was great fun at daybreak when Patteson dashed into the room where they slept, pulled the lazy ones out of bed, and then chased them down to the bath-house, where he saw that they washed themselves thoroughly, helping in the process by throwing basins of water over them.

Then came prayers in the little chapel, taken with difficulty in the language that was best known to the greater number. These languages had, of course, to be picked up with great labour by Patteson, as best he could from his scholars. He kept a note-book for each language, writing new words and their meaning whenever he heard them.

Next came breakfast, then housework, in which the master took his part for two reasons: firstly in order to show the boys how to do it, and secondly to impress on them that no work of this kind was beneath them.

They were very sharp, and eager to learn, and had great fun in mastering the alphabet. They were taught weaving and printing as well as reading and writing, and became quite clever at what are known as the industrial arts.

The afternoon was given up to games, in which Patteson took part. The favourite amusement of the lads, however, was throwing reeds and canes. This was, no doubt, how they learned to throw spears at home. The college possessed a donkey which was an endless source of amusement. It was a very stubborn beast, and no one could keep his seat for more

than a few minutes at a time, as it rushed straight in among the small scrubby trees, and kicked and bucked until it had unseated its rider, or else stood against the side of the house and scraped the rider's legs against the wall.

Along with this ordinary education went, of course, a great deal of Christian teaching, for, as we have seen, these boys were intended to go back as Light-bearers to their own islands.

First of all Patteson taught them the Lord's Prayer and made them repeat it, even though they did not understand it. Then he told them all the beautiful Bible stories and relates how they listened with breathless interest to the story of Joseph, which seemed to appeal to them greatly.

But in his teaching he had many and great difficulties to overcome. For instance, we know what the expression "The Lamb of God" means, but they had never seen a lamb, nor indeed had most of them seen any four-footed animal other than a pig. Again, "The Kingdom of Heaven" conveyed no idea to their mind. What picture could they form in their minds of a "Kingdom"? You must remember that most of them came from tiny islands inhabited by tiny tribes most of whom were at war with one another.

By Easter New Zealand was growing too cold for the natives of the tropics. So once more they boarded the *Southern Cross*, and set out on their homeward voyage. The islanders were looking forward to the return of their sons, and when they saw them on board, so strong and well, a hearty welcome was given to everyone.

At Bauro a fleet of canoes came out to meet the vessel. Two chiefs, our old friend Iri who, you may remember, decorated his roof with skulls, and was seriously reproved for it by the Bishop, and fifty-seven of their tribesmen came on board. Patteson invited the two chiefs and about a dozen men to spend the night with him. Next day he landed but when he saw the skulls Iri was again reproved in similar terms to those used by the Bishop.

They had two boys from Gera or Guadalcanar, an island which you will remember had such a terrible name for ferocity, and it had not been considered safe to land. But Patteson insisted, for the boys had of their own accord sailed to St. John's five months before. When the people saw him land with his two youthful companions they were greatly astonished

at his courage, as he was the first white man who had ever dared to set foot on the island. He had no fear, however, for women and children crowded round him, a sure sign of peaceful intentions.

It was fortunate that the natives were so friendly, else he would not have escaped with his life, as such a storm came on that no canoe could take him back to the ship.

He was invited into a two-roomed hut in one room of which numbers of men were lying talking or walking about. A small wood fire was burning in the middle, so you can imagine what the atmosphere was like. Tired and soaked with sea-water, he was glad to lie down on a reed mat, with a bit of wood for a pillow. But as the people kept up a continual chatter, some waking up to talk while others fell asleep, and as the place was infested with vermin, he got little or no rest.

Seeing a fire lit in the open he crept out to it, and sat there till it was daylight, when he was thankful to find the sea calm enough to allow him to be taken back to his ship. But of course an adventure like this strengthened their friendship, and he could always land in safety on Gera afterwards.

On the way home, one day after dinner, one of the Gera boys began to choke, to Patteson's great alarm. The boy had been chewing some sugar cane and a small splinter of the cane had lodged in his throat, soon forming an ulcer. He almost died, and for some days Patteson never undressed but knelt beside the patient, holding him in his arms. At last, greatly to the relief of all, during a fit of coughing the splinter was brought up. When he could speak he showed how grateful he was to his kind nurses for all the attention they had shown him, by exchanging names with them, calling himself by their names, and giving his own to them, a native way of forming a blood relationship.

A more serious accident occurred at St. John's College a few weeks later. When the boys arrived at school all weapons, of which they had quite a number, were taken from them and stored in one of the rooms, to which, strange to say, they had access. One day one of the boys from Bauro began to barter with a white schoolfellow for a shirt which he much admired.

He had nothing to offer in exchange, so, running into this room, he brought out one of his own arrows and began to play with it, thinking perhaps to induce the white boy to

accept it in exchange. In doing so he pricked his arm slightly with the point of the arrow. As it did not hurt, and as he knew that he had been forbidden to touch these dangerous playthings, he flung the arrow away, and said nothing about the matter.

Twelve days afterwards his arm began to be stiff, and although it was at once put in a sling dangerous signs appeared. A doctor was called and breathed the dreaded word *tetanus*. This is known otherwise as lockjaw. It is a dangerous and, very often, fatal poison, which infects to a greater or less degree all ground, so that a wound to the foot must be attended to at once, for fear of fatal results, which happened in the case of this poor lad who died in great agony.

Two new plans were now on foot. One was to build a college solely for the Melanesians on the other side of the bay from Auckland Harbour, which was much more sheltered and lay on much dryer soil than St. John's.

It had been found that the climate of the latter was far too cold and windy for these sons of the tropics, and it was hoped, and the hope came true, that they would thrive better in the warmer situation. The question of money was a difficulty, but that was met in a very happy way. Perhaps some of you may have read a very interesting story called the "Daisy Chain," by Patteson's cousin, Charlotte Mary Yonge. There we read of a boy, Norman May, who went out to New Zealand to be a missionary, and had many stirring adventures.

Well, Miss Yonge took a great deal of the material for her story from Coley Patteson himself and from the letters he wrote. The book proved a great success, and the proceeds from it amounted to a large sum. Miss Yonge offered the whole sum, along with some money sent by Sir John Coleridge, to be used to buy land and build a college to be known as St. Andrew's College.

This was done and the undertaking turned out a great success. The boys could live almost as they lived at home, bathing, boating and fishing, and basking in the sun on the dry, sandy beach.

The second plan was that Patteson, instead of coming back to New Zealand, should spend the winter months while the boys were at home on their islands, at Lifu, one of the Loyalty group, gathering round him a winter school. This

meant that he would be quite out of reach of letters, and companions to talk to for over three months.

When they called at the island with the Bishop to tell the people what they intended to do they were received with joy, and quite a big meeting was held. Patteson and the Bishop sat on a bench, and seventy or eighty men squatted on mats on the ground in front of them.

But the islanders were greatly disappointed when they heard that Patteson was to stay with them only three or four months instead of the whole year, and did all they could to persuade him. But he pointed out how unfair that would be to the other islanders, and that it was his duty to preach the Gospel to others besides themselves. They saw the justice of his words, and gave way at once.

The young chief, a lad of about seventeen, was greatly disappointed, and Patteson, seeing this, promised, if he were willing, to take him on the cruise which he must make to restore the boys to their homes. This created an uproar, for it was unheard of for a chief to leave his own island. Patteson, however, assured the people that he would take every care of their chief, and suggested that five or six men of his own rank should come with him to act as a bodyguard. It was also pointed out that it would be a fine thing for their chief to go out into the world and see other peoples and countries. And so the matter was arranged.

Six weeks later the party returned to find that a large house had been prepared for them, where Patteson and twelve scholars slept in one room, and where, though it was very windy, the windows were quite unglazed so that a perfect tornado swept through them day and night.

In dealing with young chiefs, Patteson was always careful to treat them with the same politeness that they were accustomed to receive from their own people, taking care that no one, not even he himself, sat higher than they did in any assembly. At the same time he pointed out that their position was a responsible one, and that as Christians they must set a good example to their subjects.

Patteson spent a very busy three months in Lifu, trying to teach the people a little about Our Lord, and giving out simple easy books and Bible stories that had been printed at St. John's. He had also to try to train them to be clean, and had

a great deal of nursing to do, for owing to the water on the island being stale and brackish, and the people living almost entirely on yams, they were very apt to fall victims to all manner of scrofulous diseases and tumours which often proved fatal. (*Scrofule* is a bad condition of health brought about by improper feeding.)

The yams were cooked by being placed in a hole in the ground, lined and covered with stones which had been made very hot—the whole being covered with earth. They were not unpleasant, but yams for breakfast, yams for dinner, yams for supper became very tiring and not altogether good for the health.

Very seldom a fowl could be obtained, but as this was wrapped in leaves and cooked in the same manner as the yams, all the gravy ran out, and the result was, in Patteson's own words, " a collection of dry strings."

Once a welcome change of food, from the native point of view at least, was possible. A whale was washed over the surrounding coral reef and stranded near the shore. Everyone, including the pupils, stopped whatever work he was doing at the moment, and rushed down to the shore, where, with knives and tomahawks they slashed at the flesh of the monster fish, cutting it off in " chunks " to be eaten, and carrying away the blubber or fat to boil down for oil. Patteson found the smell of the boiling blubber most unpleasant for days afterwards, but until the whale was finished he had leisure to get on with his translation of St. Mark's Gospel which he was turning into the Lifu language.

Chapter VII.—THE WINTER SCHOOL AT MOTA

The last days at Lifu were anxious ones, for the *Southern Cross* had been expected to return in the beginning of September to take the boys back to their various islands. Patteson had received no letters or messages from friends at was feeling the loneliness. The boys too, most of whom had never been away from home in their lives before, were as anxious as he was to rejoin their friends. This made them restless and dissatisfied, and the next time the mission ship called they were eager to go to New Zealand.

Apart from all this the English stores were finished, neither biscuits nor sugar were left, and Patteson had to live on native

food ; so it was no wonder that he searched the sea with longing eyes for the first sight of the *Southern Cross*. Of course he could not know that after she had left him at Lifu in June, she had struck a reef on her homeward journey, injuring her hull so badly that she had to lie in Auckland Harbour until copper plates could be brought from Sydney to repair the damage. So it was not until the last day of September that she arrived in Lifu, and soon the boys were restored to their various homes.

After depositing his scholars, others were picked up ; and when they arrived in New Zealand, and when they reached there, their party consisted of forty-five scholars and a crew of eighteen. As can be imagined, great care had to be taken on the voyage to prevent disease breaking out with so great a number packed together in so small a space. For beds they had metal frames covered with canvas which were let down like the flaps of a table, through the day, and Patteson himself saw that floors and cooking utensils were scrubbed daily.

Lifu did not prove a very suitable winter station and although Bishop Selwyn did not propose to discontinue the winter school there he bade Patteson keep his eyes open for a more suitable island. Patteson's thoughts at once flew to Vanua Lava, one of the Banks Islands, as it was very sheltered and possessed a splendid harbour ; also the water supply was very good. Its one great drawback was that the natives were affected with a dreadful disease called " elephantiasis " which, as the name suggests, swells the legs and arms until they look like the limbs of an elephant, with a rough appearance. This ruled the island out.

About seven miles distant from it lay Mota, a smaller island, where the disease did not exist. Patteson had never landed there, as the natives appeared so wild, but he had sailed sufficiently close for many of the men and women to swim out and climb on board. Indeed, two lads sailed back with the vessel and became members of the mission. George was the name of one, and Wompas that of the other. George remained faithful to the Mission, but the story of Wompas is amusing but disappointing. He was a strange-looking lad, who dressed his hair in a curious manner. It was matted together with lime, and stood high up like a comb on his head, while on either side two great knobs of hair stuck out like horns. Finally he ran away from school but not before

he had sold his " headdress " to one of the sailors, who shaved off the entire structure, receiving in return a hatchet, and a red cotton nightcap. With the latter covering his shaven pate he disappeared.

Patteson wished to explore the island of Mota and he landed quite fearlessly, telling the boatmen to return for him next morning. Between two and three hundred people crowded to the shore to greet him and conduct him to their villages which were quite close together and made a very pretty picture.

The huts were good, with walls only two feet high, and long, sloping thatched roofs coming down to within a few inches of the ground. Inside they were dry, and fairly clean, and they were built round an open space, much as cottages are built round. a village green in England. Wide spreading banyan trees overshadowed them, giving necessary and welcome shade from the rays of the sun. As darkness fell and the moon arose, Patteson sat watching the natives as they crowded the open space, roasting their yams in front of huge fires, and listening to a drum which was being beaten to remind them that a great monthly feast was to be held to-morrow.

He slept in a hut with some natives, who were quite friendly, and in the morning he walked up the side of a steep hill in the centre of the island—Sugar-Loaf Peak as it was called in English.

He carried back a glowing account to Bishop Selwyn of how dry the soil was, how fertile the plain and how sensible the people seemed. Next voyage the Bishop landed with him, and after looking round for some time, said, " This is such a place as I have seen nowhere else for our purpose." There was only one drawback which they did not discover till too late—there are few springs in the island, and most of the water has to be found in holes in the coral, or saved up after rain. This did not matter so much for the natives for they could drink brackish water or coco-nut milk, but the white men needed pure water to quench their thirst. So Mota was chosen as the site for the winter school, and the frame-work of a wooden house was brought from Auckland in sections, and was erected by willing hands under the shade of a great banyan tree. Then the steamer left, leaving Patteson, and a Mr. Dudley, who had recently joined the mission, in possession with twelve pupils.

As soon as it was seen that this new venture was likely to prove a success, Patteson purchased in a most business-like way, two and a half acres of ground, part of it planted with bread-fruit trees, on which the mission was established. He drew up a deed in which he and Mr. Dudley represented the mission, and 120 naked savages represented the owners.

Some of these affixed their names to the deed—that is, they watched while Patteson wrote their names, and touched his pen while he made a cross opposite them, thus showing that they agreed to what was done. In the ground which he had thus purchased the new owner planted coco-nut, banana, orange, and almond trees, also numerous vines. So the scholars were soon well supplied with fruit, while bread-fruit was so plentiful that breakfast was provided by the easy method of sending a boy up a tree to bring down five or six, which were wrapped in banana leaves and laid on hot ashes, where they were cooked in a very short time.

One day, and this story shows how soon he began to gain the love of his new neighbours, he was walking along when he saw six men coming towards him, pointing bows and arrows in his direction. "All right," they shouted, when they met him, and they turned the points to the ground. He learned afterwards that a report had spread abroad that he had been attacked or killed on the other side of the island, and they were setting out to defend, or avenge, him.

Although the natives were so friendly to the white men who had come to settle among them, they were very quarrelsome among themselves, and dare hardly venture any distance from their own villages. At all times they carried bows and arrows. Sometimes the boys asked if they might accompany Patteson on his walks, and some of them told him that although they had lived all their lives on the island, they had never dared to venture more than two miles away from home: while, if women went out to fetch water, their husbands followed them with bows and arrows in case they were attacked on the way, or carried off.

Patteson scolded the people and lectured them, asking them if they could not live at peace on such a little bit of an island; and if any of his boys carried bows and arrows as weapons of offence, he warned them what would happen, the first time he met them, and broke the bows across his knee on the second occasion.

Patteson did not confine his labours entirely to Mota, but when the school was fairly set a-going he left it in the charge of Mr. Dudley, and with one of the St. Andrew's boys who had not been able to return to his own island owing to very stormy weather, he visited other islands, taking with him a note-book in which to write the names of the natives he made friends with, and any words he could pick up of their language. This book he carried in his hat when he swam ashore in order to keep it dry and safe.

These expeditions, however, were rather trying, for sometimes it rained as it only can do in the tropics. Patteson and his pupils had often to spend one or two nights in their boat, with soaking wet clothes and with nothing but yams and chocolate for food, because the sea was too rough to enable them to land in safety, even at friendly islands.

At last this exposure to the bad weather caused a small boil or abscess to form in his ear which gave him great pain, and as the autumn was coming, he once more looked eagerly forward to the arrival of the *Southern Cross*. But day after day passed and there was no sign of her. She had been expected for at least a month, and hope was giving way to fear for the future, for things were looking very serious. Heavy rains were falling, and some of the scholars were very ill. All the stores were finished, and Patteson could not give his young patients such food as their illness required.

At last a vessel did appear, but the watchers soon saw that it was not the *Southern Cross*. She carried her crew, however, who broke the sad news to the mission party that the faithful little ship lay many feet beneath the surface of the Pacific.

After leaving them at Mota she struck a dangerous shoal of rock known as the "Hen and Chickens" near the north of New Zealand, and the crew with passengers had to spend the night in the rigging, in great peril of their lives until they were rescued by some English settlers. The vessel, alas! was a total wreck, and all that Bishop Selwyn could do was to hire a very old and slow schooner, called the *Zillah*, and send it up to Mota to bring the party home.

The voyage back was anything but a happy one, more of the boys fell ill and Mr. Dudley was laid up with heat-stroke, so poor Patteson, although suffering great pain from his ear, had to set to and nurse the others, one of whom, in spite of

his constant care, died and was buried at sea, while three others, including Mr. Dudley, were for some days at death's door. The wind was against them and they could hardly make any progress at all. How they all longed for the *Southern Cross!* which, as Patteson wrote in one of his letters, "compared to the *Zillah* was a racer to a cart-horse."

Chapter VIII.—THE FIRST BISHOP OF MELANESIA

The new year was to see a great change in Patteson's life. He had now been working for six years in Melanesia, but he had always had his dear friend Bishop Selwyn behind him to give him his marching orders, and better still to give him advice.

The time had now come, however, which Bishop Selwyn had always looked forward to, when the South Sea Islands under his care were to have their own Father in God, who would be free to give his whole attention to work among them.

It was plain that Patteson was the man for the post, so on the Feast of St. Matthias, February 24th, 1861, the first Bishop of Melanesia was consecrated, or made Bishop, in St. Paul's Church, Auckland, by the Bishops of New Zealand, Wellington and Nelson. All three, along with Patteson, were old Eton boys, which was a wonderful link between them as they had all the same interest, friends and aims and objects in life and work. Like most colonial buildings the church was small and plain, but the service was very dignified and solemn, a fitting end for the promise which a boy of fourteen had made in Windsor Church twenty long years before.

The sight must have been a very impressive one; the clergy, one of them a native, were gathered within the altar rails, as the church had been built without a chancel. The Bishop-Elect (that is to say Patteson) sat on a chair in front, surrounded by ten of his native boys, while behind knelt a lad from Mota, who, a year before, had been a stark-naked heathen, but had made such strides in faith and knowledge, that he was now looking forward to baptism. He was a bright open-faced boy, and a lady who was in church was much impressed with the sight of him kneeling there, clad in a simple grey tunic, and acting as a living lectern or desk for the Bible or Service book as he held it open in his hands, resting it against his forehead for the Bishop to read from.

When a Bishop is consecrated, a copy of the Bible is given to him, and he is advised to " think upon the things contained in the Book."

The Bible that Bishop Patteson received at this solemn moment was that which his father had given him long, long ago on his fifth birthday ; and it was made even more precious when his three fellow-bishops, and fellow-members of the same much-loved school, wrote their names in it.

A week later he was enthroned in a chapel which had been erected for the time being at St. Andrew's College. As was fitting, all the island boys were present, for was not the new Bishop to be their own Bishop, and the plain little chapel the model (or prototype) of their own Cathedral Church, which it was hoped would be built on one of the islands ?

The day was wound up by a dinner in the great hall, where roast beef and plum pudding were on the table, melons and other fruit were in plenty, and the scholars had games and all kinds of frolics. But as the Bishop went up and down among them, joining in the fun, it was not them that he saw, nor yet the comfortable college buildings, gardens filled with blossoms, it was the numberless islands, big and little, which now had been placed in his care—their coral reefs, white sandy beaches, and beautiful mountain peaks with rich forest and dense green jungle. On them he pictured to himself hundreds of natives, naked and ignorant, crowding on the beach to meet him when he ventured ashore, all of them carrying weapons, and shouting and yelling with many strange actions in languages which he could not understand.

They were now his children ! How could he best carry out the tremendous task that had been given to him ? He must now depend upon his own efforts. He had managed to charter (or hire) a schooner called the *Dunedin* to convey himself and his party back to Mota, and, on the voyage, which was again slow, he writes how he was thinking of the Eton cricket, and the boat races, and how there might be some lads taking part in them, who, in future years, might follow his example and come to work in Melanesia.

The voyage proved so very slow that he began his school on board, dividing his pupils into six or seven classes, according to the language they spoke.

Up to this time things had seemed bright and prosperous,

but now troubles were to beset him. When he touched at Anaiteum where there was a mission of the London Society, he learned that a most violent attack of measles, brought by a trading vessel, had swept over the New Hebrides, and the death-rate had been terrible. This had been followed by a painful and weakening disease called dysentery which greatly increased the number of deaths. To add to this, war and famine had broken out at Nengoné, one of the mission stations. On receipt of this news the Bishop wished that he could be in two places at the same time.

But worse was to follow. On arrival at the Island of Erromango, another station of the London Missionary Society, where the new Bishop expected to be the guest of the missionary, Mr. Gordon, and his wife, as he always was when he passed the island, he was horrified, as he entered the harbour, to hear a Nengoné man shout from the deck of a sandalwood trader the dreadful news that both Mr. and Mrs. Gordon had been killed.

The sad news proved only too true. Mr. Gordon, who had been on the island for three years, had always warned the people very gravely that if they continued in their wicked ways, murdering and eating one another, some awful punishment from God would fall upon them.

When, therefore, the measles broke out and numbers of its victims died, the people in some way associated the attack with the white teacher who, they thought, had predicted that it would come. Mr. Gordon had known for some weeks that his life was in danger, but, like a brave soldier of the Cross, he had moved about as usual, doing his best to nurse the sick.

About three weeks before Patteson's arrival Mr. Gordon was working in a little wood, rebuilding a house that had been blown down by a hurricane. Some of his pupils were with him, but unfortunately he had sent them away to get grass for thatch. Meanwhile some wicked natives had gone to his house, and asked Mrs. Gordon where he was. She directed them to the wood, and on the way all but one concealed themselves among the trees, that one going on to speak to the white man.

He asked for calico, then, as Mr. Gordon was going to send a note to his wife instead of going himself to his house, the man asked for medicine, which Mr. Gordon went to make up. As

he emerged from the wood the men who were hidden there jumped out and struck him down with a tomahawk. After that they clubbed him to death, yelling and screaming all the time.

Meanwhile the first native went on to the house, and when poor Mrs. Gordon came out to ask what all the noise meant, she in her turn was struck down and killed.

As soon as the fray began, a friendly native, fearing danger, fled down to the harbour half a mile away to implore the sandalwood trader to come to their aid. The trader lost no time, and arming his native crew, rushed up to the mission station. They were too late, however, though their arrival prevented the murderers from carrying off the bodies and rifling the house.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon were buried in one grave, and when Bishop Patteson arrived he had the sad duty of reading the Burial Service over them. Then with a sore heart he went on to face his own difficulties and his own dangers.

Before reaching Mota he landed alone on an island called Ambrym, leaving, as he said, "for prudence sake," the others in the boat. As he leapt ashore a man raised his bow and drew it, pointing the arrow straight at him. He lowered it, then raised it again, as if he was uncertain what to do; and at last, persuaded by other natives, dropped it altogether. But this was a fresh proof of a danger that might befall anyone landing on a new island.

The idea that the disease was in some way connected with the white men seems to have spread from island to island. For even on Vanua Lava, where he was well known, the Bishop met with a cool reception and for the second time an arrow was pointed at him.

Perhaps the fact that, on occasions like these, the Bishop never showed any fear, but looked the bowman full in the face with a most disarming smile, as if he knew it was only done in fun, made the natives drop their weapons.

Soon sickness broke out again. Some of the boys got attacks of ague, and one of them, Henry, the son of the greatest enchanter or witch-doctor in Lifu, died. It shows how quickly the good seed which had been sown with so much danger and toil had taken root, when a man sunk so deep in the sin of witchcraft as this man had been should have a son who, before he was twenty, died a Christian.

The Bishop, whose ear was again troubling him, felt very depressed, however, and it was a kind thought that prompted the Commander of the New Zealand Station to send a gunboat, H.M.S. *Cordelia*, which was on her way to settle some dispute at Ysabel, to call at Mota and offer to take the Bishop on a visit to the Solomon Islands.

As his companions were quite able to carry on the school, he gladly accepted the invitation, and soon he was aboard and under good medical care. The gunboat had, unfortunately, brought letters full of sad news. Sir John Patteson had been struck down with a hopeless disease which destroyed all chance of his son ever seeing him again.

The gunboat was, as I said above, bound for the large island of Ysabel where there had been trouble among the natives. The island had a terrible reputation, for the people were not only cannibals themselves, but it was looked on as the happy hunting-ground for powerful tribes who came to it from other islands and killed off the inhabitants by dozens. It was here that tree-houses were so common, because the more peaceful of the natives dared not live upon the ground.

The Bishop had a pleasant time aboard the *Cordelia*, and thoroughly enjoyed the rest and good food. He proved himself very useful also, as he knew more about shoals and reefs than the captain, and often steered the vessel through narrow and dangerous passages.

While the officers were settling matters at Ysabel he employed his time in studying the language, and acquired a good working knowledge of a fair number of words and phrases which would prove useful when next he visited the island.

One very happy result of this voyage was that a young naval officer, Mr. Capel Tilly, became so interested in the Bishop's work that he promised, on his return to England, to direct the building of the new *Southern Cross* which was being provided by friends of the mission, and to return in her as her captain to the Southern Seas.

Returning to Mota, the Bishop found everything going well, and oh ! so different from what it had been on his first arrival a few years ago. Then there had been continual quarrelling and bloodshed. Now some 200 people would gather peacefully in the moonlight in front of the mission house, the older men chatting together in the most friendly

fashion, the younger ones learning to wrestle and to play leap-frog, and all sorts of English games. Soon he was on his way back to New Zealand with a party of fifty-one Melanesians who had been gathered from twenty-four different islands, and spoke twenty-three different languages.

In six months all these would return to their various homes full of the new ideas which they had learnt at St. Andrew's College. No wonder that civilisation and religion began to spread slowly over the Southern Seas, and that darkness and cruelty gradually showed signs of breaking up.

That this was the case was proved by the Bishop's voyage in the next year. The welcome that he then received at many of the islands where he had never dared to land before, was very encouraging. At Santa Cruz, for instance, where the natives wear most beautiful ornaments, and dress their hair with scarlet and yellow lime, it had never up to now been considered safe to land, although boys had boarded the vessel and had gone with the Bishop and his companions to Mota and other islands.

Even sandalwood traders did not dare to approach Santa Cruz, so excitable and dangerous were the natives. Yet when Patteson visited the island two years after he had opened his winter school at Mota, he was not only allowed to land in safety at seven different places, but he was invited to go inland to see the canoes, and to visit the villages crowded with wild naked savages armed with spears, clubs and bows and poisoned arrows. Yet no one meddled with him, and when he left, one boy was allowed to go back with him to his school.

Another little fellow took off his shell necklace and put it round the Bishop's neck, making him understand partly by signs, partly by words, that he was afraid to go with him then, but that he would do so if he, the Bishop, returned in eight or ten moons (months). It was clear that he wished to "wait and see" what happened to the first daring lad.

At Ambrym, where, on his first visit, a native had faced him with a bow and arrow, a canoe was sent out to bring him ashore. For, no matter how friendly the natives of any island might appear to be, Patteson always took care to leave his small boat, with one or two of the ship's crew in her, some distance from the land, in case it should be seized and hauled up on

the beach by the black men, and his means of retreat to the schooner cut off.

The canoe took him to the coral reef surrounding Ambrym, and, as he was wading ashore, an elderly man waded out to meet him with his hands held high above his head, in token of peace, and to show that he was unarmed. When the two met, the black chief, for so he seemed to be, took the Bishop's arm and drew it round his own neck, and, together, they waded to the village through a crowd composed of hundreds of natives.

The Bishop was conducted to a shrine or sort of altar with figures of some kind placed over the door. The chief pointed to them, and tried to explain his religion, but, of course, his visitor could not understand him. He made friends, however, by giving away some fish-hooks and pieces of red braid, and learned the names of such objects as trees, birds, etc., by pointing to them. These he wrote down in his book, to the wonder of the natives who had never seen anyone write before. After some time he made signs that he wanted to return to the beach, and all the people turned and went back with him. Indeed, he might have been a king, for a man brought him two young trees and made signs that he should plant them in memory of his visit.

Two boys had kept close to him all the time, holding his hands, and he was greatly amazed when they waded into the water with him and climbed on board the boat which had now come nearer, and allowed themselves to be taken away as scholars, their parents making no objection.

At another island, Tireopia, the Isle of Giants, where he had landed once before, and the natives were of very tall stature, the men crowded round him, wishing to go with him, but he felt that they were too big, and might be difficult to manage, and he had to refuse to take them. Plenty of boys wanted to go, but their elders appeared to be rather jealous, for they refused their consent, and when the boys swam out to the Bishop's boat they promptly swam after them and pulled them back by main force.

Still it was a triumph to have landed, for these huge natives were so feared that traders never went ashore, and any trade was carried on from the decks of the ships, with firearms ready at hand.

One day on this voyage, the *Sea Breeze*, which was the

name of the schooner they had hired for the time being, came across a magnificent war canoe, paddled by thirty-six young warriors, who had just set out on a fighting expedition. They belonged to the large island of Malanta, in the Solomon Group. Both the vessel and the canoe stopped, and the crews hailed each other with the result that two of the younger men—mere lads they were—gave up their warlike intention, came aboard the schooner and went back with the Bishop to New Zealand. So did the little boy of San Cristoval, whom some years before Bishop Selwyn had rescued as he was being carried out to sea, and had restored to his island.

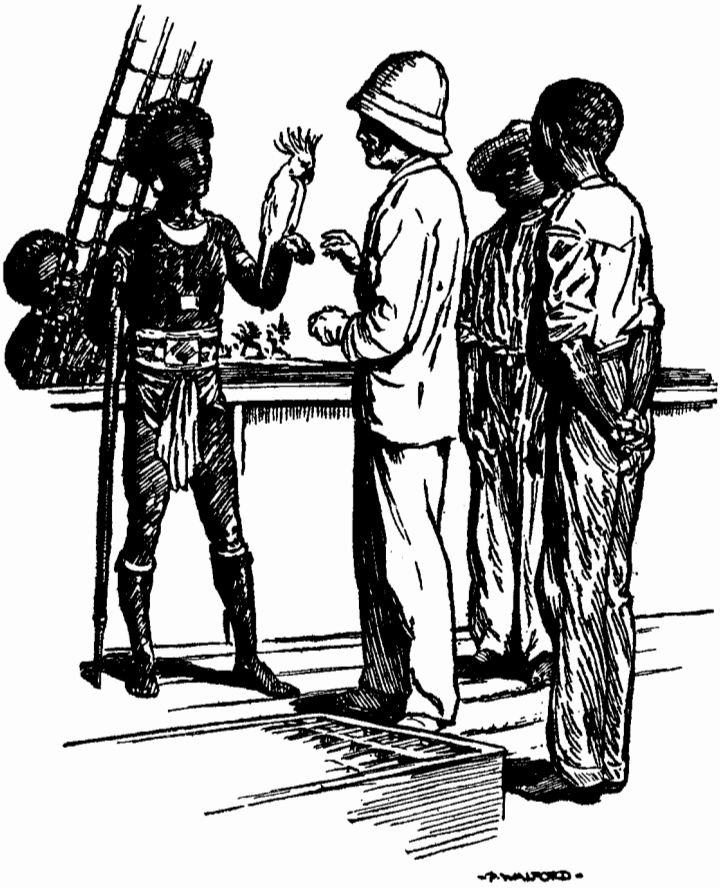
At Ysabel, another *very* dangerous island, which he had visited the previous year in the man-of-war, the young chief came on board like a knight of old, having on his wrist, not a hawk, but a white cockatoo, which he presented to the Bishop with much dignity and grace.

Chapter IX.—PESTILENCE AND BLOODSHED

Bishop Patteson had now good reason to be satisfied with the success of his work. He had two mission stations, that for the summer at St. Andrew's College, where he worked for six months in the midst of over fifty scholars, who spoke twenty-nine different languages, and that at Mota for the winter, where twenty boys boarded, and forty came as day scholars.

At Mota he could leave one of his assistants in charge, while he spent two or three months cruising about among the islands of his ocean parish, trying to make new friends and visit hitherto unknown islands. By this time he had a band of five white helpers, all of whom were ordained. Then in the end of February the new *Southern Cross* made her appearance, under the command of Mr. Tilly, who pronounced her seafaring qualities to be excellent: she was "safe, fast, steers well, and is very manageable." She possessed beautiful nautical instruments used for navigation. The cabins were roomy and comfortable, and there was plenty of accommodation in case of illness.

It was raining hard when she came in, but the Bishop was so excited that, throwing off his coat and clad only in shirt and trousers, he launched his boat in the heavy surf, and stepped



A Dusky Knight

A war canoe came alongside and a young chief stepped on board like a knight of old, having on his wrist not a hawk but a white cockatoo, which he presented with much dignity and grace to Coley.

on board, wet to the skin, to greet her captain and crew. No wonder that when the Bishop went on shore, and described her to his boys, they were as excited as he was.

But alas! terrible trouble followed quickly on this happy time. It had been a very hot summer, and the wells were dry, which might very well have caused the trouble. About a fortnight after the arrival of the *Southern Cross* a very bad form of dysentery broke out amongst the scholars, and for some weeks the College was turned into a hospital, while the new vessel served as a quarantine ship (that is, a ship in which those who had not been attacked, lived, separated from those who were ill). You must remember that in those days no trained nurses were to be had, so the Bishop and his small band of assistants had to see to everything themselves. Doctors came from Auckland, but so fiercely did the disease rage that all remedies were useless, and knowledge of tropical diseases was very much less in those days than it is now.

The dining-hall was turned into a great ward, and here the Bishop, who was a true father to his children in this hour of need, spent most of his time. Nothing was too small to attend to, or too disagreeable in its character for him to do. For eighteen hours out of the twenty-four he was beside the sufferers, trying to relieve, cheer, and comfort them, and going down with them, when all hope was over, into the valley of the shadow of death.

At one time so many boys' lives were hanging in the balance that there was no time to make coffins for those who died, and the Bishop simply wrapped their bodies in sheets and carried them himself into the chapel from whence they were borne to their burial.

Meanwhile many more cases were brought from the ship, and things were looking desperate. Out of the fifty-two lads fifty were attacked and it took the whole of the time of two of the white missionaries to prepare suitable nourishment. Fortunately Bishop Selwyn, now Archbishop of New Zealand, and always a tower of strength, heard, on one of his journeys, of the straits they were in. He returned at once to their aid, and slowly the disease died away.

When all was over, there was time to think of what might follow. Six lads who had died had all come from different islands. One had come from Ambrym, another from Guadalcanar,

and it was feared that caution would have to be taken when those islands were visited, and the sad news broken to the parents.

However, when the mission ship went up to Mota in the spring, carrying those who had survived, it was found that dysentery and influenza were raging there, quite as badly, or even worse, than they had raged at St. Andrew's. So the boys would have been no safer at home.

There was no winter school on Mota that year for there was so much sickness, and such terrible rain, that the Bishop did not think it wise to remain there, as some of the boys had scarcely recovered from their last severe illness. So he took all the winter school on board and, after a short cruise, returned to New Zealand. He employed the extra months that he spent there in visiting the principal cities of Australia—Melbourne, Sydney, and Adelaide—pleading the claims of the Melanesian mission, and to his great joy he obtained about £800 and would have got more had it not been that the sheep farmers had suffered severely from want of rain.

The following season found the Bishop once more cruising about his vast diocese. But, from the very first, danger was never far away. He called at an island in the New Hebrides, which had been discovered by Captain Cook, and named by him—"Three Hills." The native name was Mae. Patteson was no stranger here, for, seven or eight years before, he had landed, and taken back with him to New Zealand a young chief called Peterè, and his friend Laurè. They had spent about six years at the College, and many other boys from Mae had gone there also during that time. Peterè had now been at home for some time, and Patteson looked forward to seeing him.

When he reached the island, he landed with one or two of his party and walked inland. To his great disappointment, there was no sign of Peterè. The Bishop was surprised by this, as the young chief had always been the first to greet him. He asked the natives where he was, and after some hesitation, they told him he was ill. Then another added that he had died of dysentery. This was a sad blow, as the Bishop had hoped that one day a station might be established here under the care of the young Christian chief.

The Bishop walked on to the village, which was about a mile and a half inland, intending to express his sorrow, but

when he and his party arrived there, they found a large crowd of natives in a very excited state, armed with clubs and spears. One of the visitors, who was new to such scenes, was desperately frightened, but Patteson, who knew that the only thing to do was to keep perfectly calm, sat down on a fallen tree-trunk and spoke to the people—telling them how sorry he was to hear of their chief's death.

On this one of them, who had been a scholar at St. Andrew's, came up to him and said—"The men here do not wish to deceive you. They know that you loved Peterè, and they will not hide the truth. Peterè was killed by a man in a ship, a white man, who shot him in the forehead."

Patteson's heart sank at the news; this was what had happened years ago at Erromango. It seemed as if it were likely to happen more and more often in the future. For not only were the sandalwood traders always at work, but black labour was beginning to be needed in Australia, and those who tried to obtain it were not too particular in their methods.

After making inquiries as to what the ship was like, etc., with the hope of being able to identify it, the party walked back to the beach without being molested in any way.

But, as they were nearing the shore, three men rushed past them, and took up a position between them and the sea. Mr. Dudley and a native boy who were in the boat were very much alarmed, for they could see what their friends on shore could not, that the natives in the background were behaving in a very threatening manner.

Presently three other men appeared, and distributed the leaves of the pepper tree among their excited companions—these leaves were supposed to have the power (*Mana*) of conveying peace. Instantly all was quiet, and Patteson and his friends regained their boat in safety.

The fact was, that a Council of War had been held in the village. According to heathen ideas, it was the people's duty to avenge their Chief's death by killing the first white man who came to the island after it. Had Patteson been a stranger he would have been done to death at once; but, as the lads from St. Andrew's could claim him as a friend, his life was spared, and he was permitted to go free. Had the decision been otherwise, the three men on the beach would have struck him down before he could reach his boat.

To restore confidence, he returned to the island that evening, accompanied by Mr. Kerr, and slept among the natives.

It is nice to read that, in the following year, Patteson was received at Mae by Peterè's little son—Peterè the second, we will call him, who was only eight years old, but who, as chief, gravely did the honours, and announced that he was going back to New Zealand with his Father-in-God.

At another island the party was again in considerable danger, though from quite a different cause. They had as usual taken hatchets, fish-hooks, etc., to exchange for yams, which were needed as food on the voyage. They happened to land on a flat piece of ground, which, unknown to them, was the neutral ground between two tribes. At first all was peaceful. Patteson hung up his steelyard (or weighing machine) on a tree in order to weigh the yams which were brought by both parties alike, but they soon disagreed. One tribe said that the other tribe was receiving too many hatchets in payment, and soon bows were raised, and arrows were whistling in the air.

The more peaceful and timid natives sheltered behind trees, or took to their heels and ran. One even crouched down behind the Bishop. He, on his part, was determined that he would neither leave his steelyard nor his yams, and, with some difficulty, detached the steelyard from the tree, and, lifting the heavy basket filled with the yams on his back, he managed to reach the boat. It seemed a special providence that he was not struck, as, though no one was *aiming* at him, he was in the direct line of fire.

It was in August of the same year that the greatest disaster of his missionary life befell him. The *Southern Cross* was nearing Santa Cruz, where, as we remember, he had had a surprisingly warm welcome three years before from the natives, who had always been regarded as specially wild and dangerous. One lad had even accompanied him to New Zealand.

Naturally Patteson wanted to renew the friendship thus begun. At some distance from the land he, along with Joseph Atkin and Mr. Pearce (another young Englishman who had thoughts of joining the mission), and three Norfolk Island lads—Edwin Nobbs, Fisher Young, and Hunt Christian, all set out for the shore in a small boat. They landed in three places, and the natives were perfectly friendly, but on their

return journey, when they were only some fifteen yards away from the coral reef, the people on the reef, and also some others who had rowed out in canoes, suddenly raised their bows and let fly their arrows.

Quick as thought Patteson lifted the rudder which had not been fixed in its place, and held it up, in the hope that it would act as a shield, but it was far too small to stop the shower of arrows. Soon Pearce, who was only twenty-three, was lying in the bottom of the boat with an arrow deep in his chest. Another had caught Nobbs in the cheek, while Fisher Young was shot through the wrist.

With great bravery Fisher and Nobbs pulled on, while Atkin took Pearce's place, and Hunt took the fourth oar. "Steady, pull on steady," said the Bishop, and, in breathless silence and suspense, the wounded men managed to reach the schooner.

They were now safe from all danger from the natives, but the Bishop knew only too well the terrible risk of tetanus, or lockjaw, there was with wounds caused by what were called poisoned arrows.

Calmly and bravely, but with a very heavy heart, he went from one sufferer to another. Pearce, who had only come on a first voyage to test his fitness for missionary life, had the worst wound, for the arrow had entered his chest to a depth of over five inches. With difficulty it was taken out, a poultice applied, and Fisher was next attended to.

His was not such a serious wound, though there was great difficulty in getting the arrow-head out of his wrist, while Edwin Nobbs had nothing more than a flesh wound. Poultices were applied in all cases, and for some days all went well.

But five days after the attack, Fisher Young remarked "I can't think what makes my jaws feel so stiff," and then the Bishop knew the trial that lay before him. Lockjaw set in rapidly, and after two days' terrible suffering the boy, for he was only eighteen, died.

They had almost reached Port Patteson at the time, for they were making all haste back to Auckland to obtain medical skill, so the young martyr, for so he may truly be called, was buried on shore.

No time was lost in resuming the voyage, but, five days afterwards, Edwin Nobbs showed the same symptoms, and

after nine days' terrible suspense, when the Bishop hoped against hope that lockjaw might be prevented, it developed in a severe form, and this lad also passed away. He was buried at sea, and there was nothing left to be done but to call at Norfolk Island and break the tidings to his father and mother there. Fisher Young's parents had, some time before, returned to Pitcairn Island, so the sad news had to be conveyed to them by letter. It was curious that Pearce, who was the most severely wounded of the three, did not develop tetanus, and recovered.

Chapter X.—MOVING TO NORFOLK ISLAND—TREE-HOUSES—FEASTS

It was said by those who knew him that Patteson was never quite the same man after the tragic events just described. He seemed to grow older, and the boyish brightness and cheerfulness which had always been his became somewhat dimmed.

Also, he felt deeply the loss of Bishop Selwyn, who, about this time, was appointed Bishop of Lichfield, and left New Zealand for good.

Other work lay in front of him, however, which gradually turned his mind from the sad deaths of the two lads whom he had loved so well. We remember how, ten years before, the Governor of New South Wales had refused Bishop Selwyn's request that the mission might have its new quarters on Norfolk Island. Now, everything was changed. The fame of St. Andrew's College had so spread abroad that the Norfolk Islanders themselves were anxious that a similar college should be opened in their midst. So the land which had been refused before was now offered to Bishop Patteson.

After considering the question from every point of view, he decided not to make a new mission, but to transfer St. Andrew's College from New Zealand to Norfolk Island, in the same way that the winter school had been transferred from Lifu to Mota.

There were two reasons which drove him to do this. Even the sheltered situation of Kohimarama, that is St. Andrew's College, in New Zealand, had been found too cold for some of the more delicate island lads, and Norfolk Island was 600

miles nearer all the other islands, and the Bishop felt that he could move amongst them more freely from Norfolk Island, instead of making one long voyage twice a year from New Zealand.

At the same time it meant a great change for him, for he was cutting himself off entirely from the companionship of English friends in Auckland. But, as an Oxford clergyman, Mr. Codrington, had come out to join him, he felt that his companionship would partly make up for this.

The "flitting" or removal took place in the autumn of 1866, and a tragedy almost happened on the voyage. When the boat was about midway between Auckland and Norfolk Island, quite in mid-ocean, one of the little scholars, named Watè, who was playing on deck with his friends, fell overboard, and it was a quarter of an hour before they could stop the schooner, and pick him up.

It shows how much at home these lads were in the water, that the only remark the Bishop made was, "that Watè seemed all the better for his ducking."

The climate of Norfolk Island was wonderful. Everything seemed to grow there: trees, grass, sweet potatoes, vegetables, bananas, pine-apples, almonds, tree-ferns, azaleas, magnolias, and camellias. Cattle and sheep were bought, industries such as weaving, dairy work, and so forth were established, and in a year or two the College was like a good Public School.

The language in use was that of Mota, as it was found that it was like most of the other Melanesian tongues. Service was held in the chapel every day, then followed school and work on the farm, most of the afternoon was spent in the playing-fields, though the lads had to take it in turn during that time to attend to the horses and cows, and to milk the latter, milk and butter made at the College being sold to the islanders.

An interesting industry was the manufacture of sago and arrowroot. The former was made from the pith of the sago-palm, the tree being cut down at a certain stage, just when it began to flower. The pith was torn out and pulled into shreds by one boy, who held the bruised fibre over a basin, while another poured water on it. The liquor thus made was allowed to stand until a sediment fell to the bottom of the basin, then

the water was poured off, and the sediment, or powder, when dried in the sun, formed sago.

Arrowroot was produced in much the same way from the bruised root of a plant very like the Arum Lily, called taro.

Some of the older lads, who were training to go back to their islands as teachers, were married to Christian girls; and, as the Bishop naturally wanted Christian homes founded throughout the islands, he set himself, without any feeling of shame, when on his cruises, to follow the common custom, and *buy* girls to bring back with him to be trained as wives for his boys. The natives looked on this as quite a proper thing to do.

They bought little girls to be betrothed to their own sons; and when the Bishop said to those who knew and trusted him—"I want to train up wives for my sons," they quite understood what he meant, and sent their daughters willingly away with him, to be educated and taught the Christian Faith, in order to fit them for their future lives.

The Bishop made it a rule that these girls should at once begin to wear frocks, so, whenever a group of little maidens was brought to him for selection, he met them with a number of calico overalls, made at the College, thrown over his arm, and those chosen were asked to put them on.

When the College was planted on Norfolk Island, its name was changed from St. Andrew's to St. Barnabas', for, as we have seen, so many things had happened, connected with the mission, on St. Barnabas' Day that that day was chosen on which to hold its annual Anniversary, and St. Barnabas may be looked on as its Patron, or guardian Saint.

In 1868 typhus fever broke out, brought to the island, it was thought, by a trading vessel. Many of the inmates of the College caught the disease and four of them died.

In order to prevent any risk of the disease being carried to other islands, a whole year was allowed to pass without a voyage being undertaken.

When next the Bishop and his party visited Mota, the inhabitants gave them a wonderful welcome, wading out through the surf, in wind and rain, to help to unload the vessel. They had thought that the white men must all be dead, so long a time had passed since their previous visit.

Some of these people were already Christians, others were

eagerly inquiring after the Faith, so it was determined to establish a Christian village in which all who were definitely Christians might live, thus showing an example to the heathen around, of what Christian life should be.

The village was built on a piece of rising ground, and the name of Kohimarama was given to it in memory of the old home in New Zealand; and if what the name signifies—the Centre of Light—was fitting in New Zealand, it was much more so here.

Soon some grown-up people were baptized, and Patteson insisted on these black islanders giving up, one by one, and each for himself, the sinful habits of heathenism.

Then a church was built—just white coral-plastered walls and a thatched roof supported on wooden posts—but it served as a House of God, and a place of private prayer for the Christians and those being instructed.

A little later, ninety-five children under five years old were baptized, being gathered, along with their parents, in a great semicircle on the grass. The parents carried the infants up to the font, the older children walked. Patteson records the astonishing fact that only four out of the entire number cried.

The new Kohimarama was looked upon as a branch settlement from Norfolk Island, and it was now its turn to send out two off-shoots.

Joseph Atkin, accompanied by Stephen Taroniara and Joseph Watè, to whom he had stood godfather, took up their abode for some weeks on San Cristoval; while Mr. Brooke and some other boys went to Florida.

It was on the cruise which carried these six to their destination that the Bishop landed on Ysabel, and paid a visit to some of the tree-dwellings on that island. As we remember, those had been erected in the top of the trees to form places of refuge for the more peaceful islanders, in view of the awful raids carried on by head-hunters.

A few years before this, the people from a district known as Mahaga had laid an ambush for the people of Hogirano, killed a good many of them, and, cutting off their heads, had placed them in a row upon stones, then, daubing their own naked bodies all over with a war-dress of white lime, had performed a solemn war-dance of victory round them.

Thereupon a stronger tribe, who had been friendly to the people of Mahaga, came down on the Hogirani, and practically wiped them out. Those who escaped fled into the jungle, and when in two or three days hunger drove them back to the village, they found their houses burned, their gardens destroyed, their fruit-trees cut down, and more than a hundred headless bodies of their kinsfolk scattered around. It is no wonder that, after this, tree-dwellings came into existence.

The Bishop found that survivors of the Mahaga people, whom he knew, had built a strongly fortified village on a rocky mound. It was surrounded by a wall, and near by, on the tops of very strong and tall trees, were six tree-houses. They were situated so near the village that the ladder that led to them could be placed on this stone wall. This meant that when enemies came near the inhabitants of the village could take refuge in tree tops, without showing themselves in the open.

The ladders were made of poles, with pieces of wood tied across them at regular intervals, having strands of twisted creepers acting as steadying ropes. Some of these ladders were fifty feet high, yet women and children ran up and down them quite fearlessly, sometimes with heavy loads on their backs, and never used the creeper-rope to steady themselves.

The Bishop, who did not think it right to risk his life without cause, refused to ascend these ladders, to the great amazement of the people. "I cannot go up there," he said to them quite seriously, "I am neither bird nor bat, and I have no wings if I fall." But they only laughed at him, and thought that he was joking.

Pasvorang, one of his boys, who was with him, and who was accustomed to run up and down the rigging of the *Southern Cross* like a cat, made the ascent; but when he returned to earth he said to the Bishop, "Don't you go, going aloft is nothing to it. I was so afraid that my legs shook."

The floor of these tree-dwellings was larger than the house, so that a verandah was left at each end. These houses were fairly large, eighteen feet by ten feet, and six feet high at the ridge-pole, which shows how very big the trees which supported them must have been. The floor was formed of matted bamboo—the ropes and sides of palm-leaf thatch.

At San Cristoval the Bishop was invited to attend a great

feast made to celebrate the friendship of two tribes. The feast was spread by the side of a stream which was the neutral ground between the two parties. Presently all the warriors of one tribe appeared, branishing their spears and looking much more as if they were on the war path than on their way to make peace. These were the men of Wango, headed by Taki, their chief.

Soon the warriors of the other side arrived, also armed to the teeth, and brandishing their weapons. These were the men of Hanè, with their chief, Kara. They halted on their own side of the stream, which was the signal for the Wango men to make a sudden charge, rattling their spears and shouting meanwhile. The Hanè men took this calmly, as they knew that the others would stop on the opposite side of the stream.

Then the Wango men sat down, and the Hanè men charged in their turn, after which the Hanè chief, Kara, made a speech, running backwards and forwards all the time, and shaking his spear. Then he waded across the stream, and gave four strings of money to Takè. Then Takè followed his example, making a speech, and giving money to Kara, after which there was peace, and everyone sat down with great appetite to a hearty meal.

Chapter XI.—"KILL-KILL" SHIPS

It was about the time that the College was moved from Kohimarama to Norfolk Island that Bishop Patteson first heard about something allowed by the Government, which, although it seemed innocent enough at first, was to do a lot of harm both to the South Sea Islanders and to the Melanesian mission.

The Fiji Islands, which belong to England, were, at this time, being rapidly colonised by British settlers, who were planting sugar plantations on a large scale. These settlers found that more native labour was needed than those islands were able to supply. So they arranged—with the British Government's permission—the practice which made it possible for them to obtain labour from the Melanesian Isles.

At first these labourers came only from the New Hebrides; and, as they were going to Christian masters who could be trusted to treat them well, there seemed no great harm in the

arrangement. But, as can be easily understood, as the demand for native labour increased, and the arrangements as to length of service had to be made with absolutely ignorant natives who could neither read nor write, the business speedily became what can only be described as a kind of slavery.

This traffic was carried on, in the beginning, by the sandalwood traders, but the worst of these soon changed their profession into that of slave-traders. At first they made a pretence of making the natives put their mark to a written agreement, which promised that they would be three months on Fiji at a certain rate of payment, and then be returned to their islands.

But the poor natives could not read the document, and did not for a moment suspect that the length of the service to which they were binding themselves was three years instead of three months.

After a time, however, finding that their friends who had gone away did not return as quickly as they expected, they grew cautious of signing papers or going on board those boats, and the next move of the rascally traders was to go to islands further north, where Bishop Patteson was well known, and to send a message on shore saying that he was ill—or that his ship had been wrecked—and that he could not come to them himself, so he had sent messengers to bring them to him.

Or, what was more deceitful still, they dressed up a figure to look like him, and set it on the deck of the ship, then they said that he had broken his leg and could not land, and asked the boys to come on board to speak to him.

Once on board it was an easy thing to persuade them that they were going to Mota or Kohimarama, and to carry them off. For a year or two this trick was fairly successful, and by means of it more than a hundred natives were known to have been carried off from the Banks Islands, close to Mota.

By the year 1870 a still larger field had opened up for native labour. This was on the large sheep farms of Queensland, which was also being opened up by settlers.

By this time natives were beginning to grow suspicious, and it was not easy to obtain a sufficient supply, and wicked settlers began to offer eight pounds a head for all able-bodied black men, so it was no wonder that sea-captains without conscience determined to get those men by hook or by crook.

Of course, the settlers, both of Fiji and Queensland, desired that the arrangement should be fair and above-board; but they could not tell the truth about the methods which the latter took to obtain their victims. For instance, at the Island of Florida fifty men were obtained in this way :—The traders allowed them to come on board with their yams and bread-fruit, but when they had them safely there, they pushed them roughly down the companion-ladder (stairs leading from the top deck to the hold or cabin) and fastened the hatches, or covers to the holds.

Then tobacco and hatchets were thrown to their companions who were sitting in their canoes round the boat, and when the natives drew in closer to catch those much-coveted articles, the canoes were capsized by means of a rope with a noose at the end of it; and while their occupants were struggling in the water they were picked up by the crew of the trader, and added to the " catch " which was already sweltering in the darkness of the hold.

Sometimes the white masters, out of real kindness of heart, insisted that the natives should bring their wives along with them, so as to render them happy and contented during their stay on the plantation or sheep farm. The traders promised to arrange this, but when they were stealing men in this fashion, there was no time to ask about their wives.

So they simply raided the coasts, carrying off what women they could lay hands on—which naturally enraged their husbands, who were, more often than not, left lonely. On those occasions fierce fighting generally took place, both natives and white men frequently being killed.

To add to the injustice and cruelty of this unholy traffic, some of the traders were wicked enough to gain the good graces of the chiefs by bringing heads to them to add to their ghastly trophies, which, of course, meant that the owners of these heads had been murdered, in one way or another, with the help of the white men.

The natives put in their own words, what the difference was between the various kinds of traders who visited their islands. There were those who were quite honourable and above-board, who explained to them the terms on which they were engaged, and saw that these terms were kept. There were the " snatch-snatch ships," on which they were liable to be

kidnapped and carried away by force; and there were the "kill-kill ships"—the crews of which were on exactly the same footing as their own head-hunters.

Here is an example of the methods employed by the "kill-kill ships."

A few months before the Bishop set out on his last voyage, one of the clergymen serving under him—Mr. Brooke—and Edward Wogale had been living for a few weeks on the Island of Florida. Two or three "snatch-snatch ships" had been hovering about, but one day a native came to Mr. Brooke in great distress saying that a "kill-kill ship" was becalmed just outside the reef. How they knew the difference, Mr. Brooke did not know.

As there was no fear of a slave-trader attacking an Englishman, Mr. Brooke went on board, and was mistaken by the captain for a maker of coco-nut oil. This man, a Scotsman, openly declared his intention of carrying away as many of the natives as he could lay hands on—peaceably if possible, if not, by violence.

Mr. Brooke replied that in that case the natives might attack the white men, but was shown six guns, which, of course, rendered the white men perfectly safe. Mr. Brooke then told him that he was a missionary and could take no part in the business, except on the natives' side.

Much taken aback, the captain replied with temper, "that wherever people went nowadays, they knocked up against missionaries, and that if he (Mr. Brooke) had not been there, he would have taken a good haul of natives."

Thereafter he sailed away, but almost immediately, at some distance along the coast, four out of five of a boatful of islanders were killed. The survivor stated that they had gone out to a ship, and a white man had come down and capsized their canoe, while other men from the ship had beaten his companions, while they were in the water, with oars and tomahawks. Then they had *cut off their heads and taken the heads on board, leaving the poor bodies to the sharks.* He himself had managed to escape, and swam ashore.

No wonder that the islanders grew to hate and dread the white man, and to vow to take vengeance on the first who landed on their islands after such wicked doings as these.

Patteson quite realised this change of feeling and the risk

he ran when, in September, 1871, he set out for Norfolk Island on one of his accustomed cruises. Ten years before, on hearing of the death of his father, he had made his will, leaving all that he possessed, which, as Sir John Patteson had been a rich man, was a large sum, to the Melanesian mission. But before he set out on this voyage he read over and made some changes in this will, to make sure that, in case of his death, everything was in exact order.

He also expressed a hope that if anything happened to the party, Joseph Atkin, who, as we remember, had escaped when Nobbs and Young were fatally injured, might be spared, as he was his parents' only son.

The *Southern Cross* sailed slowly northward, meeting on all hands the same sad story of raids, of violence and bloodshed, and numbers of innocent men carried away against their wills from their homes.

All the natives were crying for vengeance, and when the party reached Florida, where the murders we have spoken of had taken place, one old man was quite out of temper because his much-loved Bishop would not encourage such talk.

"My humour is bad," he exclaimed, "because Bisopè does not take us about in *his* vessel to kill-kill these people."

From the Solomon Islands they headed for the Santa Cruz Group, but were becalmed for three days, making no effort to proceed, as it was never safe to approach an island unless there was sufficient wind to enable the *Southern Cross* to out-distance any canoe that might threaten to block her passage.

When a breeze sprang up, they approached the tiny Island of Nukapo, the inhabitants of which were reputed to be a peculiarly fine and strong race. This island was very beautiful, covered with trees reaching down to a beach of white coral sand, and with a coral reef right round it.

It was curious that, on the morning before he landed, the Bishop gave what proved to be his last lesson to the native lads on board, and the subject was the death of St. Stephen.

The *Southern Cross* anchored about 3 miles out and the Bishop was puzzled and anxious when no canoes came to greet her, though two or three were seen close in by the coral reef. A boat was lowered about noon, and along with Mr.

Atkin and three native boys, one of whom was the faithful Stephen Taroniara, he set out for the island.

As the boat left the schooner the Bishop called back, "Tell the captain I may have to go on shore," his intention being, of course, to restore confidence in case there had been any trouble with slave-traders.

In the canoes waiting by the reef were two chiefs, Mota and Taula, who had been in the past very friendly to our hero, so everyone felt confident and fearless.

The tide was so low that the boat could not cross the coral reef but had to remain outside it, while the Bishop, by his own desire, entered one of the canoes and went, unaccompanied, with the chiefs and some of the natives to the shore. Here he soon disappeared from view.

Meanwhile the boat lay idly outside the reef for half an hour, its occupants chatting with the natives. The latter asked numerous questions—"Where do you come from?" they inquired. "New Zealand—Mota—Bauro?"

Then suddenly, without warning, a man stood up, and shot his arrow, a yard long, straight into the midst of the boat's crew. Others followed swiftly, while cries of defiance, "This for New Zealand man! this for Mota man! this for Bauro man!" rang in the air.

The boat pulled off at once, and was soon out of range; but not before three out of its four occupants were wounded. Mr. Atkin had an arrow in his left shoulder; John Nonono had his cap pinned to his head; while poor Stephen lay in the bottom, pierced by six arrows in his chest and shoulders.

When they reached the ship willing hands lifted them on board, and it did not need Stephen's touching remark, "I and Bishop," showing that he realised that death had come to both of them, to strike sadness into the hearts of those who had remained on board.

Mr. Atkin was magnificently brave. No sooner had the arrow-head, made of human bone, been extracted from his shoulder, than he insisted on returning to see what fate had overtaken his leader. The others did not try to prevent him, for the tide was rising and the reef could now be safely crossed, and he alone knew the passage. There were two boys of fifteen on board, Watè and Sapi, and so desperate was the situation that they were called upon to help.

Watè, who was Mr. Atkin's godson, related afterwards how his godfather said to them, "We are going to look for the Bishop, are you two afraid?"

Bravely and cheerfully came the answer, "No, why should we be afraid?"

"Very well," rejoined Atkin, "go and get food for yourselves, and bring a can of water for us all, for we shall have to lie on our oars a long time to-day."

The little lad's simple record gives us a picture of what followed. It was half-past four in the afternoon, one of the most beautiful times in the tropics, when the sun is beginning to sink towards the west, and the air is getting cooler, when the tide was sufficiently high to carry them across the reef.

As it did so, two canoes put out from the shore and approached them. In one were seated two women, in the other was what Watè described as "a heap in the middle." When they saw the "heap," he and Sapi were, for the first time, afraid, for they thought that there might be a man inside it who would rise and shoot at them with poisoned arrows.

When the canoes were half-way across the intervening water, that with the women turned back, after they had given the other boat a push which made it go forward. Then the mate took out his pistol, for it had been thought expedient to bring firearms, but another sailor, who had noticed what the mate had not, and saw what it was that the heap contained, said quietly, "Those are the Bishop's shoes."

Slowly the canoe drifted alongside the mission-boat, and its precious burden was lifted out. It was wrapped in a native mat on which rested a palm branch with the leaves knotted in five knots, and it was fastened at both ends. When these fastenings were untied and the mat opened, the body of the beloved Bishop was revealed with five wounds upon it, one of which had smashed in his skull. But his own bright smile still lingered on his face, showing that in whatever way his death had come, it had been painless, and quite unexpected.

It became known afterwards that the Bishop, as was his custom, had entered the cool village club-house used by the men of Nukapo in order to rest and had begun to talk with them. Later he lay down on one of the mats always spread for strangers, and closed his eyes for a short time. Then he sat up, intending, doubtless, to talk to the natives resting

beside him, or to those who had seen him go in and were lingering round the doorway. But as he rose, with his accustomed smile on his face, a man standing behind him struck him on the head with one of the wooden mallets used for beating bark into cloth, shattering his skull, and he sank to the ground again—dead.

As soon as the murder had been committed a shout of triumph was raised, which was the signal for those natives who had been talking with the boat's crew outside the reef to let fly their arrows with the dreadful consequences which we have related.

It was a grief-stricken party that returned to the *Southern Cross* bearing their precious burden which was carefully lifted on deck and prepared for burial.

Next morning—the morning of St. Matthew's Day—September 21st, the body of the Martyr Bishop was committed to the deep, Mr. Atkin, in spite of his wounds, reading the Burial Service. So the heroic Bishop found a grave where, perhaps, above all other places he would have liked it to be, under the blue waves of that sunlit ocean which beats without ceasing round the islands for the good of which he laid down his life.

Had Coley Patteson lived, he would have been the last to condemn the people of Nukapo. It was not thoughtless cruelty or lust for blood that led to the outrage. It was the stern law of vengeance—the cry of "eye for eye," "tooth for tooth," "blood for blood" which exists in all heathen peoples who have not yet learned the newer law of forgiveness.

It became known afterwards that five men from that island had been forcibly taken to Fiji, and as they had not returned it was believed that they had been killed, therefore the life of the first white man who set foot on the island afterwards was the forfeit to be paid.

And if proof of this was wanting, the five wounds on the Bishop's body, four of them inflicted after death, and the five knots on the palm-branch placed on his breast, would supply it. Each wound was a mark of vengeance for a life which was supposed to have been taken. Humanly speaking, it may be said that Patteson and his two companions fell victims, not to the ignorance or caprice of the natives, but to the cruelty of other white men.

His was not the only death. For four days Joseph Atkin,

who seems to have been possessed of extraordinary courage, kept on his feet while most of his companions collapsed with ague and other small ailments. This was not to be wondered at, considering the shock they had received.

Atkin read the Burial Service over the Bishop's body, attended to the two wounded boys, dressing his own shoulder with brine meanwhile, and, on the Sunday after the attack, celebrated the Holy Communion.

But during that Service he hesitated, as if his tongue refused to speak, and the boys from Mota, who had experience of the symptons of tetanus, looked gravely at one another. The young clergyman, for he was now ordained, also knew quite well what his loss of speech meant—knew also, that if his wound was to lead to the dreaded disease, much more would those of Stephen Taroniara.

He called to his godson Watè, and said, "Stephen and I again are going to follow the Bishop." And follow the Bishop they did, all too shortly. Once more the terrible lockjaw claimed its victims, and after dreadful sufferings, during which they were nursed by Mr. Brooke and the faithful little Watè, Stephen died on the twenty-eighth of September, and Atkin on the twenty-ninth, which was the Feast of Michaelmas. The same day they were buried together at sea.

A fortnight later, the *Southern Cross* was sighted off Norfolk Island, and, as usual, there was great excitement among the boys at the College, who were always glad to welcome back their beloved "Bisopè."

Rooms were put in order, and two of the masters were preparing to ride down to the landing-stage, when one of the Norfolk Islanders ran up to say that something must be wrong on board the vessel, as her flag was half-mast high. Quickly a messenger was sent down to the shore, while all at the College waited in silent suspense.

Soon the terrible, yet triumphant, tidings were brought back, that of the three white missionaries who had set out on this cruise, only one, Mr. Brooke, had returned, and that the Bishop, Mr. Atkin, and Stephen Taroniara had, like Fisher Young and Edwin Nobbs, laid down their lives for Melanesia.

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