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**JOHN G. PATON**  
**LATER YEARS AND FAREWELL**

**JOHN G. PATON, D.D.,** Missionary to the New Hebrides. An Autobiography. Edited by the Rev. **JAMES PATON, D.D.** With Portrait, Map, and Appendix. 6/.  
*(Popular Edition, 6d.)*

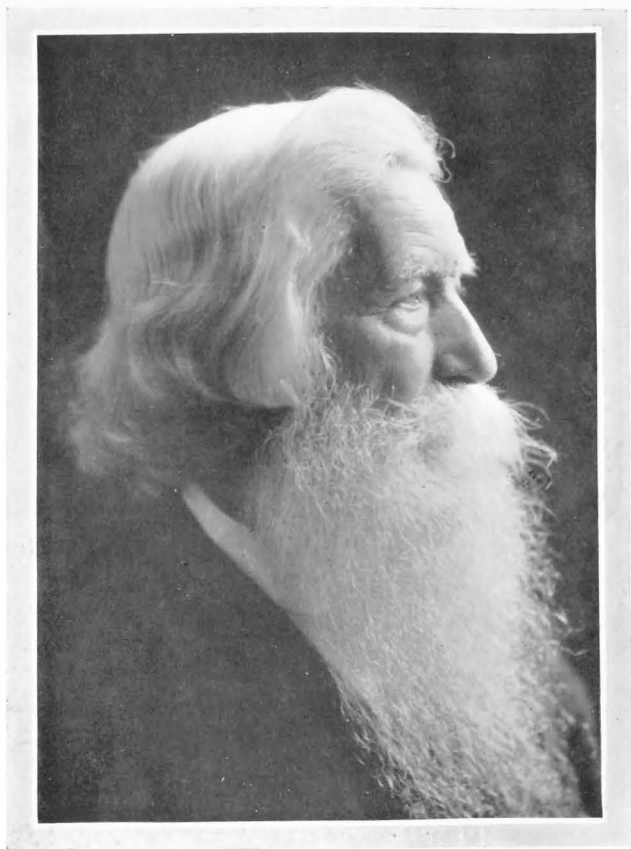
**THE STORY OF JOHN G. PATON.** Told for Young Folks. By the Rev. **JAMES PATON, D.D.** With Illustrations. Cloth 1/6 and 2/6 Gilt edges, 3/6

**THE TRIUMPH OF THE GOSPEL IN THE NEW HEBRIDES.** The Life Story of Lomai of Lenakel. By **FRANK H. L. PATON, B.D.** Illustrated. 3/6

**LETTERS AND SKETCHES FROM THE NEW HEBRIDES.** By Mrs. **WHITECROSS PATON.** Edited by the Rev. **JAMES PATON, D.D.** With Portrait and Illustrations. 3/6

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*Photo,*

*[Winter, Derby.*

DR. JOHN G. PATON (1901).

# JOHN G. PATON

LATER YEARS AND FAREWELL

A SEQUEL TO JOHN G. PATON—AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

BY HIS FRIEND

A. K. LANGRIDGE

AND HIS SON

FRANK H. L. PATON

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

LORD KINNAIRD

THIRD EDITION

HODDER AND STOUGHTON

LONDON MCMXII

TO THE MEMORY OF  
JAMES PATON, D.D.,  
THAN WHOM SCOTLAND NEVER HAD A BRAVER HEART,  
NOR MORTAL MAN A TRUER FRIEND,  
THIS BOOK IS LOVINGLY  
DEDICATED.

A. K. L.  
F. H. L. P.

## INTRODUCTION

AS a personal friend of the late Dr. John G. Paton, I gladly accede to the request to write a few lines commending this book to what I trust will be a wide circle of readers. To know him was to love him, and his memory will long be revered over the whole civilised world.

Much has been written on his noble missionary work in the New Hebrides Islands. His whole-hearted devotion in taking the message of Redeeming Love to those in darkness, his courage in the face of difficulty, and his untiring zeal, even at an advanced age, are matters of well-known history.

The account of his closing years in the present interesting volume will be a welcome addition, giving many glimpses of family life. These will enhance the record of his public labours, by revealing the motive which inspired him and his family—if I may borrow an expression of Mrs. Paton—"a pure white heat of love."

"He being dead yet speaketh," and I trust these pages will alike quicken Church and family life in many lands.

KINNAIRD.

LONDON,

*October 19, 1910.*

## PREFACE

THIS is really Mr. Langridge's book—the fruit of his heart and brain. My part has been small compared with his, and whatever is good in its pages is due to his literary instinct, inspired by his glowing love for his Friend and Hero. It is his tribute to the memory of one who loved him with no common love and looked to him to bear the burden of leadership in the great and growing work of The John G. Paton Mission Fund.

That burden would have been enough to crush a man of leisure, but, amid the ceaseless pressure of a busy life, Mr. Langridge has loyally and bravely carried out this labour of love.

His devotion to John G. Paton, combined with his full and intimate knowledge, marked out Mr. Langridge as the one to undertake this sketch of the Missionary's closing years. But his modesty prevented him from yielding to repeated and urgent pleading, and it was only when a joint authorship was suggested that he reluctantly con-



sented. By doing so he has placed Dr. Paton's family and friends under a fresh debt of obligation.

That this little book may help to quicken the pulses of missionary zeal and arouse a truer devotion to the Lord Jesus Christ is the prayer with which the writers send it forth upon its mission.

F. H. L. P.

MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.

*July 23, 1910.*

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## CHAPTER I

### INTRODUCTORY

THE Autobiography of John G. Paton is unique. It stands as one of the missionary classics of the world. It cannot be excelled. Its message is complete.

The last revision brought the Autobiography, very briefly, however, down to the year 1897, when Dr. Paton returned to Australia after his memorable—though not last—visit to the United States and Great Britain.

Ten years later the Venerable Missionary was called to his reward.

Since that time friends of the Mission have with persistent urgency called for some fuller information concerning the last years of the Missionary's life. By way of objection it has been suggested that enough has been said, and that the Autobiography is the best last word and suffices without any further record. It has also been urged by members of the Missionary's family and other relatives that further publicity might offend the public taste, involving as it must a lifting of the veil upon the more private life of the Missionary.

And yet, when all has been said, there remains

in the minds of those who were most closely acquainted with the Missionary an immovable conviction that the last word has yet to be said about John G. Paton. Thus, after four years' hesitation, these final chapters are given to the world.

The beloved Editor of the Autobiography, the late Dr. James Paton, had always felt that the day would come for a biographical sketch of his brother's life, and had determined, should he be spared, to carry out what he considered to be a work of necessity and a summons from God. But, alas! he, too, has gone. Indeed, his "passing," as will be seen, preceded that of his eldest brother. Nobler brothers never lived, and there have been woven into this volume a few threads—poor and inadequate at the best—to show the strength and beauty of the life of the youngest son of the cottage home of Torthorwald.

To appreciate the strong tides which in the later years of his life bore John G. Paton along into what became the racing torrent of his old age, it is necessary, briefly to recall the problems that faced the New Hebrides Mission at the period (1884) when the Missionary had reached the age of sixty, an age when he, better than most men, deserved to enter upon the rest stage of a long and strenuous career.

From the very earliest days John G. Paton had been the sponsor of the New Hebrides Mission ships. As his book shows, he was pressed into the task, immediately after his escape from Tanna (in 1861), of securing the first schooner employed solely in the work of the Island Mission. By his efforts the first *Dayspring* was built, in Nova Scotia. The little vessel of 120 tons



arrived in the New Hebrides in June, 1864, to the intense delight of the natives of Aneityum, who regarded the ship almost as an angel of God sent to minister to their highest interests.

By carefully berthing the vessel during the hurricane months and using her for visiting the islands only in the periods of calm, the little *Dayspring* sufficed for the needs of the Mission—then extending but slowly for lack of funds—till January, 1872. True, there had been difficulties in the meantime in securing the annual cost of maintenance—about £1,800—but John G. Paton was equal to the occasion. He organised the children of the Antipodes, with help from children in Nova Scotia and Scotland, into a kind of Board of Supply, and “so excellent were the arrangements and so loyal to the engagement have been the successive generations of the Sabbath School children,” says Dr. Inglis, writing in 1889, “that during all the twenty-five years that the *Dayspring* and her successors have been afloat she has never incurred a penny of debt; she has never been crippled for want of funds, and she has always had a good working balance in hand.”

To secure a half-yearly visit of the Mission vessel to the Group, her headquarters were shifted from Melbourne to Sydney. But on January 3, 1872, in one of the most terrific hurricanes that ever passed over the Islands, the little ship was completely wrecked in Aneityum Harbour.

Without loss of time another vessel was secured, ready built. There was no time to build a new one as it was essential to send down food to the Island Mission stations early in the ensuing sailing season. She was of 160 tons burthen and was

named after her sister, the *Dayspring*. John G. Paton was instrumental, with the aid of his missionary colleague, Mr. Copeland, in raising £2,000—which, added to the insurance money from the wrecked ship (£2,000), enabled the larger *Dayspring* to be purchased.

For ten years, with less and less ability, it must be admitted, to meet the growing needs of the Mission, *Dayspring* Number Two ploughed the seas season by season, with the irksome interval of berthing in the stormy period—a period which Mrs. Watt, of Tanna, called the “long tunnel,” on account of the weariness which she and her fellow-missionaries felt in being deprived for so long of all regular means of communicating with or hearing of the outer world.

John G. Paton, to whose inner soul the success and expansion of the Mission was as his meat and drink, had watched with increasing thankfulness the new openings for extending the Mission northwards, and saw that the first essential in any permanent advance was the provision of improved means of communication; and thus it came about that in December, 1883, the Missionary of Aniwa urged upon the authorities of the Mission in Victoria the need for a new and larger vessel with steam auxiliary power for the work.

In the end his pleadings prevailed, and it was only natural that as the suggestion came from him he should be nominated for the task of raising the £6,000 needed for the purpose.

No sooner had he received his commission than he was on his way to Britain.

Difficulties and opposition had locked official doors of churches ere he set foot on Britain's

shore, but private friends offered him hospitality, and opened their drawing-rooms and halls to him. Scotland and Ireland were his main grounds for attack; England was more or less a closed land, and of London especially he knew nothing, and trembled as he entered the metropolis, a stranger in a strange land. But "Gaius mine host" had many like-minded relatives in the great City, and there were college friends, like Dr. Oswald Dykes; and institutions of large Christian heart, like Mildmay; and personalities of world-renowned influence such as F. B. Meyer, who quickly recognised in this Missionary from the South Seas a brother beloved. Thus he found friends and got his way.

The details of the visit are in his Autobiography. He returned to Australia in October, 1885, not with £6,000, but with £9,000 for the Mission and the ship.

But his visit had another and quite unexpected result, a result, indeed, that not even the most sanguine of the friends of the New Hebrides Mission could have thought possible, and a result that certainly the simple-hearted Missionary never contemplated—though truly he was one of the succession of prophetic old men who dream dreams.

His youngest brother, James Paton, B.A. (afterwards D.D.), was Minister of St. Paul's Parish Church, Glasgow. All through their lives the Reuben and Benjamin of the family had been attached to one another in the bonds of deep affection. James Paton had heard not infrequently in the past from his brother's lips in the home, and in his various missionary addresses, some of

the thrilling incidents of his adventures and vicissitudes on Tanna and Aniwa. Of these remarkable occurrences not a few were familiar to him in outline through the medium of the letters from the Islands to the family circle in years gone by. An impression of the potency of the record, and a deepening conviction that it should no longer be locked up in the mind of the Missionary, to be given out in a fragmentary fashion at meetings of more or less interested people, took firm possession of James Paton's mind and heart.

Thus it was that during this 1884-5 visit the suggestion was made to the Missionary that he should write the story of his life. The very whisper of such a proposal brought a peremptory refusal. "No need to discuss the question at all—it could not, and should not be!"

"Am I so to take the glory due to my Lord as to write what I have accomplished when He has done it all? No, no, that shall never be done. The proposal is impossible, and must not again be mentioned!"

So the Missionary finally dismissed the subject, and returned to his pleading. But he had not yet reckoned with the will of his youngest brother. There was an iron purpose in James Paton unobserved by his absorbed brother, and—Covenanters as they were—the two wills were bound to come into conflict.

It is hardly necessary to say that the subject did not drop; argument and urgency followed on every occasion that the brothers were together, until, at length, the vision of James illumined the heart of his brother, and finally James's

persistent plea that the book could be so written that not John G. Paton but his Lord should receive the honour and praise of the record, won the Missionary's somewhat hesitating assent. He only capitulated, however, at the very moment of his departure for Australia, and then only after much thought and prayer, and, it must be added, some misgiving. Having yielded to the proposal, he consented to write down, as opportunity offered, the simple memorials of his life story.

James Paton had no more doubts. John, true to his Scotch instinct, was slow to promise, but having once promised, it was as good as done, while life lasted. The hours of the return voyage to Australia, and every minute afterwards, in train and waiting-room, at home or on his journeys, were utilised. At the earliest streak of dawn, and long after midnight, in the midst of laborious days and long missionary tours, the notes were slowly, slowly written down; and post after post brought to Scotland scraps of paper of all sizes and shapes, packed back and front with microscopic writing, until the promise was fulfilled.

"Brother James" was meantime at work shaping and polishing, crystallising and colouring, until there appeared the book that has made his name and stamped him as a literary master of the highest order.

The appearance of the Autobiography brought many surprises in its train. It seems to have startled the publishers, whose cautious first edition was exhausted within a day or two, and subsequent editions had to be printed in quick succession. The individual most surprised, however, was the Missionary himself. His brother James had

never had a doubt, and had often assured him that the book was certain of a welcome from the Christian public. His literary acumen was deep, and his prophecy astonishingly correct; and John G. Paton grew young again as he heard of the new interest that had been aroused in the work of God in the beloved Islands, which were to him the one place on earth where centred the vital, all-embracing love of his heart.

All unexpectedly, for the book was in no sense intended as an appeal, readers began to send their gifts, and fresh promises of prayer came from quarters the most remote, and from people of all denominations and all countries. Tired and sore-hearted missionaries in lonely places gleaned new hope for their task as they saw what God had done in a field that had been deemed to be little short of hopeless. Scepticism received another wound.

The book sped far and wide on its beneficent errand. It was translated into Welsh, German, Italian, Japanese, and other languages. The orphans of Armenia found a consolation in their woes in the knowledge that God had converted savages akin in heart, though perhaps not so sunken in hideous barbarity as the slayers of their parents; and in Japan it was confidently asserted that a wave of materialism had been stayed by the marvellous record of God's interposition disclosed in John G. Paton's story.

The effect of the book amongst English-speaking peoples is unfolded in the following chapters. The Missionary's later years really crystallised round the life record which had made his name a household word in every Christian land.

Small wonder that thereafter the Missionary always gave the place of greatest honour to his brother James. Events as they unfolded showed that the Autobiography was an instrument for accomplishing God's will. The elder brother's devoted life and the younger brother's consecrated brain and pen had thus been used to the glory of God.

An event in connection with the Autobiography must here be chronicled. Soon after its publication, in 1889, the stream of interest gained new impetus, and cut out for itself a deeper channel of usefulness, in a new organisation that marvellously fits in with the experience and wellnigh inspired prophecy of one of the early fathers of the Mission, the Rev. Dr. Inglis, of Aneityum, who left on record the following remarkable statement :

“ The New Hebrides Mission was commenced and has been carried on without any previously arranged plan. One chapter of its history has been developed after another, as God in His providence has opened up the way. He has originated movements and raised up agencies in such ways, in such places, and at such times as clearly to demonstrate that the work has been His own. The London Missionary Society were the first to enter this field, as they were the first to carry the Gospel into the South Seas. The Presbyterian Church of Nova Scotia was the first to follow them. Next came the Reformed Presbyterian Church of Scotland, then the Presbyterian Churches of Australia and New Zealand, and finally the Presbyterian Church of Canada and the Free Church of Scotland. God in His providence

brought all these agencies so gradually and so naturally into the work, that one cannot but believe that the New Hebrides Mission has a future greatly beyond anything that has yet appeared."

The spontaneous project which now took shape, and which developed within the brief space of a few months into one of the most generous and least denominational efforts for the extension of the work, would surely seem to be one of these "agencies" so naturally and providentially brought into being. This new scheme bulked largely in all the future arrangements for Dr. Paton's meetings and efforts, and, indeed, became the principal means by which the Missionary was able permanently to extend and finally overtake the task of his life, and he clung to it as the God-given consummation of all his hopes and prayers.

The simple record of its inception is here set down.

In 1889 a young man in London was going off for a holiday and asked a friend to recommend him a book to read. His friend lent him the Autobiography of John G. Paton. Like many others, he was fascinated by the story, and on his return gave a résumé of the book before the local Y.M.C.A., of which he was then an hon. secretary. As a result, a thankoffering of £2 was sent to Dr. Paton for his work in the New Hebrides.

Some months later a long letter of thanks came from the Missionary, and this so deepened the interest already aroused that a further and more ambitious effort followed, involving another lecture



and a local scheme of collecting cards. The members of the Y.M.C.A. entered with such enthusiasm into their secretary's project, that the second effort resulted in the raising of £51, which was sent to the Missionary, with the following letter :

*May 5, 1890.*

“ REVEREND AND BELOVED SIR,—We cannot adequately express to you the delight with which we received your long and interesting letter in acknowledgment of the small thankoffering of £2 sent by us last year for your New Hebrides Mission.

“ Your letter was read at our weekly meeting, and the deep interest it evoked inspired a suggestion that a further effort should be made to secure a larger sum to aid in the accomplishment of your earnest prayer for the evangelisation of the Islands.

“ Our members worked eagerly, interested their friends, and prayed earnestly for success—having a definite hope that God would help them to raise £50 in the eight days before the meeting.

“ That prayer God has more than answered, and we have now the heartfelt joy of enclosing a cheque for £51 3s. 6d. (payable to your brother in Glasgow) for the extension of the kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ in the New Hebrides.

“ To raise it has been to us a most delightful task, and prayer has been and will be offered that the Lord Jesus may use it to help in sending forth to some new Island another devoted servant, by whose presentation of the blessed Gospel some new ‘ Abraham ’ and ‘ Kowia ’ may be raised up to glorify His name.

“There has been no sectarian feeling to stir up this spontaneous interest, as none of us are Presbyterians. Our gifts are a thankoffering for the stimulus that the record of your devoted life has given us, and if this little service and our prayers are of any value in encouraging you, we shall be amply rewarded.

“Your sincere and devoted servants,

“A. K. LANGRIDGE } *Hon. Secs.*

“J. O. CROW } *South Woodford Y.M.C.A.”*

After this letter was despatched there came into the life of one of the signatories—surely from God—restless nights and burdened days, all because of a new, strange, impelling thought that would not be denied and could not be satisfied till it resulted in action.

The thought was that the gifts already received ought to form the nucleus of a Fund for the free-will offerings of God's people, to be devoted to the development of the New Hebrides Mission. The idea was submitted in the first instance privately to the Missionary's brother, Dr. James Paton, and then, through the good offices of the *British Weekly* and the *Christian*, the proposal was made public that a “John G. Paton Mission Fund” should be formed, to be a recognised channel for the gifts of God's people who may have become interested in the Missionary and the Islands through reading his Autobiography.

The result was as instantaneous as it was surprising. Contributions poured in from all sources and from all quarters. In a few weeks over one thousand pounds had thus been voluntarily sub-

scribed, a result that appeared to the organisers to stamp the effort as undoubtedly a God-ordained movement.

The heart and mind of him who had been so burdened and honoured of God in launching this Fund was now further impelled to organise and develop the scheme of the Fund, so as to secure a wider and more certain future for its usefulness. Then followed the illustrated lantern lectures of the Missionary's life, the details of which were all worked out in the scanty leisure following long and busy days of a hard-worked junior Civil Service clerk. The lecturing necessitated night journeys and early morning mail trains to avoid late attendance at duty, and the lecturing tours extended to a radius of one hundred miles from London.

Thus the Fund grew in influence and usefulness. Dr. James Paton was persuaded to become the hon. treasurer and director of the Fund, and there grew up between him and the writer a friendship that ripened into perfect sympathy and whole-hearted love.

Under their guidance, and with the aid of another devoted helper, Mr. William Watson, of Belfast, who gave the scheme the benefit of his matured business faculties and whole-hearted enthusiasm, the Fund developed into a great and potent agency for the evangelisation of untouched Islands and heathen districts of the New Hebrides, and it was not unnatural that the heart of the Missionary clung to the originators in deep affection and holy bonds.

The accompanying extracts, selected from many letters received about this time from the Mis-

sionary, reveal the depth of his gratitude and the encouragement and hope that the new movement brought to his heart and life.

In August, 1890, he wrote :

“ On returning from a long mission tour I found your letter and I have read it again and again with tears of joy and gratitude to God for such hearty sympathy, prayers, and labour as must be represented in the successful effort to raise and send me that first and succeeding handsome gift; and what shall I say about the wonderful response He has drawn forth to the larger project which your devotion to His service has called forth? He must have helped you to touch a very tender chord in the hearts of many sympathising Christians in leading them to contribute so liberally for His blessed work so far away. To those excellent journals the *British Weekly* and the *Christian*, and to yourself and all God's stewards who have sent money to help, I feel deeply grateful, and can only with all my heart thank you all, praying that the Lord Jesus may abundantly reward and bless you, giving each a deepening joy in His work and in all the consolation of His precious Gospel.

Succeeding letters echoed, and re-echoed, the dominant and characteristic note :

“ Surely if ever Missionary had cause to lie low at the feet of Jesus and adore Him for the help given in extending the Gospel to the heathen, and for the wonderful success He has given to our work among them, and all His undeserved mercies, I am indeed laid under the deepest obligations to do so, and to press on in His blessed service, labouring for their salvation.

“ I can only repeat what I have so often said. May the dear Lord Jesus bless and reward you all with ever-deepening joy in His service—and may you and every contributor receive at last the Master’s approval.”

## CHAPTER II

### A DEPUTATION TO AMERICA

WHILE all this was happening in Britain, there arose in the New Hebrides new causes for anxiety.

The old dreaded obstacle still existed. The best manhood of the Islands was still being drained by the labour traffic—known in the South Seas as the “Kanaka Traffic”—a systematic and organised method of securing (“decoying” is the truer word) natives from the Islands to work in the sugar plantations of Queensland, and in Fiji and New Caledonia.

But the Traffic was under ban, and the best friends of the New Hebrides were anticipating its speedy extinction. It had begun years before as outright slave-raiding—“blackbirding” as it was called by its own perpetrators—until its blood-stained record was too much for civilisation, in proved murders of natives perpetrated by officers and crew of the labour-collecting ship *Hopeful*; and other equally dreadful but less known deeds of villainy. The Traffic—whitewashed as it had been by regulations—was still perilously akin to slaving. This dread system always lay like a heavy load upon the Missionary’s heart. However, the findings of the Royal Commission of 1885 had

branded the system, as practised by the *Hopeful* and other ships, as "one long record of deceit, cruel treachery, deliberate kidnapping, and cold-blooded murders." This emphatic verdict led to the decision that the traffic should cease at the end of 1890, and the Missionary's heart found relief in the thought—alas, unfulfilled, as will be seen—of an ending of the evil once and for all.

But another trade, not new, but almost as bad as the Kanaka Traffic, was just then being vigorously pushed by the traders in the Group, viz., the sale of strong drink and firearms.

The trend of the Missionary's thoughts at this period can be gauged from the following anxious message sent home in June, 1891:

"My heart bleeds," he wrote, "for the poor heathen, who, without any one to guide them, are easy victims of the traders' greed, and their own evil passions. Drinking is now being added to every heathen ceremonial, and with what sad results I need not say! This is decidedly the greatest curse that so-called civilisation is bringing to these Islands, and both in the Islands and the Colonies we need to do all we can to resist it. The sale of firearms, dynamite, &c., is also obtaining a strong footing in the Group. I know of much injustice, cruelty, and bullying having been carried on by worthless white men against the natives, who have meekly to submit to injustice because any vagabond foreigner may have magazine rifles, &c., in face of which the oppressed proprietor of the soil has no means of defending his just rights to his land, his home, and all that is dear to him.

"Alas for our Islanders! those trading

*John G. Paton.*

brutes in human shape are, by the curse of drink, vice, and cruel oppression, demoralising even heathen society, and sweeping the natives from the earth. Oh, that Britain could be led to annex the New Hebrides ! For it is sad indeed to see the cruel white man, first by the Kanaka Traffic and now by drink, vice, and deadly weapons, reducing a noble race from 150,000 a few years ago to some 90,000 or so now, a decrease that is due to these destroying evils. It pains me exceedingly to see our successful and glorious Christian Mission work thus retarded, and the natives ruined by white traders and the curses of civilisation ! ”

Great Britain, to her everlasting credit, had stipulated that at least traders sailing under her flag should not be permitted to sell grog or fire-arms to the natives, and the British man-of-war, so far as her limited time and scope permitted, took care that British traders should not violate this humane prohibition. But with other nations it was not so. It must even be said that the United States, probably from want of appreciation of the situation, and perhaps also because of the little-known conditions of trade in the far-off Pacific, took no heed of the regular traffic in grog and arms that was going on in the Group under the free banner of the Stars and Stripes.

France was openly abetting the evil, and traders of other nations, dead to all sense of fairness, without let or hindrance, exploited the Islands in the mad greed for gold.

Attempts had been made by way of isolated protest, with but little or no effect, and at length



it was suggested to Australia by Sir Arthur Gordon, then Governor of Fiji, who was also High Commissioner for the Western Pacific, that the only hope of success would be to send deputies to try and arouse the Christian conscience of America on the subject.

The case was one of necessity, and the proposal was there and then adopted.

Instantly the choice of an advocate fell on John G. Paton, then a man of sixty-eight years. His was a gentle spirit, but there lay in the deep recesses of his nature an unquenchable fire of burning indignation at the wrongs inflicted on "his people"—as he always lovingly called the savages of the Islands. Thus he was once more called upon to take up the task of a world voyage, to go forth, as a vocal, visible, ceaseless conscience, to arouse a great free nation and bring about the emancipation of the Islanders from a thralldom that threatened to sweep away, ere many years might pass, the whole race from their fair valleys, and leave the tangled bush silent in death—mournful memorial of the white man's curse.

At his advanced age, therefore, the Missionary started on the world campaign thus thrust upon him in circumstances which he regarded as the unmistakable call of God.

Writing in July, 1892, he says: "I sail on the 8th of next month for San Francisco, *en route* for Toronto. I go to America to get her if possible to agree to prevent her traders using intoxicants and firearms on the Islands."

There were possibly other projects that stirred the secret depths of the Missionary's heart, and

added zest to a task that few men would have undertaken at all, and none with the springing energy as of youth that signalised his acceptance of the duty.

He could not but remember, for instance, that he had years before secured the needed £6,000 to build what he all along held to be the best equipment and the greatest need of the Islands, viz., a ship, owned and controlled entirely by the Mission itself. The money he had gathered—gifts of rich and poor, pennies of thousands of little children and other lovers of the far-off Islands—lay safely, it is true, in the Australian Bank. But it also lay like a heavy, pressing load on John G. Paton's heart. It seemed to him like the unused talent of his Lord, buried and wasted, instead of actively in use, gaining its added talents in the progress of the evangelisation of the Group.

One of the chief arguments for inaction, on the part of the official Boards of the Mission as regards the new ship, had been that it would need £1,000 more per annum to maintain a new steam auxiliary Mission ship than could now be raised among the friends and supporters of the previous sailing Mission vessels. It was this objection which led to the temporary compromise of subsidising the trading vessels of a newly-formed shipping company to carry Mission goods to the Island Mission stations. This arrangement the Missionary never accepted as satisfactory, and never for one moment admitted to be a final solution of the problem.

On this tour the Missionary's official commission from the Victorian Foreign Missions Committee

gave him leave, *inter alia*, to gather funds for the Mission and to engage additional missionaries. But the document was silent on the subject which so sorely pressed upon the heart of the aged Advocate—the unused money given for a new *Dayspring*. The course of events showed that in his own mind (whether at the outset or as interest developed, will never be known) he had determined to test whether it was possible to get sufficient promises to insure his returning to Australia to announce that the barrier was removed. He would then be free to claim from his Committee the withdrawal of their embargo on the new *Dayspring* project, and the gifts that he had gathered would no longer lie useless.

It cannot be too often repeated with what scrupulous devotion, almost amounting to reverence, he regarded the trusteeship of money placed in his keeping for God's service. Known to few men were his personal sacrifices to the Mission, but there is at least one authenticated case in which, in the desire to save every penny of expense and devote it to the great cause that absorbed his heart, he crept out of a little Australian township where he was quite unknown into the adjacent fields, and lay down under a sheltering bush for the night's rest, rather than pay away in hotel expenses any of the precious gifts that had been entrusted to him, and which he jealously guarded as consecrated money, the sanctuary offerings, to be used wholly and only for the service of his Lord.

Thus true as ever to his magnificent character for steadfastness of purpose (which had become so well known that the tradition exists in the New Hebrides even to-day that "when John G. Paton

had given up any project as hopeless, no one else need waste time in trying"), he started on his world tour with his batch of official commissions and his inner secret.

The voyage to San Francisco was uneventful; the one and only triumphant note that sounded with regard to it was that he had managed to get eight hours out of every twenty-four for his translation work, and for compiling the dictionary of the Aniwan language on which he had his interest set.

On arrival the Missionary printed, and distributed wherever he went, a statement giving in brief outline the Commission which he had received from Australia, as senior Missionary of the New Hebrides. A few sentences will suffice to show its bearing:

"Since God by His missionary servants has rendered life and property safe in the New Hebrides, degraded traders from many lands have followed in the wake of the Gospel, demoralising the heathen and doing all they can to oppose and undo our Christian work there by forcing upon the Islanders—in exchange for native products—opium, rum, brandy, whisky, firearms, and ammunition. In the shocking Kanaka labour traffic, or slavery, now carried on there, chiefly under the influence of intoxicants, I have a list of some two hundred and twenty-six murders committed in a short period by the traders and others. It grieves us exceedingly to see our Christian work so opposed, our lives endangered, and our Islanders so swept away by these curses of humanity.

“ In answer to our appeals in the interest of humanity, Britain prohibited her traders in the New Hebrides and all surrounding islands from using, as articles of barter, firearms, ammunition, and intoxicating drinks, and now, on high moral grounds, I come to plead with America to join Britain in this prohibition.

“ I am deputed to plead with all citizens of the United States, and especially with the President, Senate, and Congressmen, to unite in this humane prohibition. And why should Christian, generous America hesitate? The trade is of little value to America or any nation, or likely to be for a long time to come. Moreover, the Islanders do not need firearms for hunting, as there is no game on the Islands. They use these deadly weapons only in their internal wars to shoot down each other, or perchance the white traders and slavers who oppose them; and yet it seems hard when the white traders, fully armed, shoot down and use the Islanders so cruelly, that the natives should have no arms with which to defend themselves. If, unhappily, under the severest oppression and provocation, an Islander is led in revenge to shoot a white trader of any civilised nation, its men-of-war in revenge usually burn down their villages, destroy their canoes, fruit-trees, and plantations, and kill many of the natives. It is therefore clear that no maddening alcohol and no firearms should ever be in the hands of such irresponsible savages.

“ We earnestly plead for the help of all who fear God to get the United States to agree to this prohibition, and save our Islanders from being swept to destruction by these curses of humanity. Surely this great, magnificent America, which God

has so blessed and honoured, will exercise her mighty, world-wide influence to get all the other nations interested to enter into this union.

"I most earnestly plead with all in power to unite in this prohibition and save our oppressed Islanders from destruction, and I hope what has already been done will be quickly followed to completion, and that God's blessing will more and more rest on and prosper the United States in all their interests and always bind in one in every good cause the whole English-speaking race.

"JOHN G. PATON."

Directly Canada and the Northern States were reached urgent calls for meetings poured in.

"Our book has opened up my way," he wrote to his brother in March, 1893.

The Deputies put their case for prohibition before the Pan-Presbyterian Council at Toronto. Immediately a good citizen of the United States rose, and boldly challenged the assertion that his country could be guilty of the dishonour of refusing to join Britain in prohibiting her citizens from selling grog and firearms to the natives.

Being assured afresh of the truth of the indictment, the interrupter, with the characteristic promptitude of his country, put matters to the test by telegraphing to Washington, and as promptly received proof of the truth of the Missionary's statement. Upon the advice of this candid friend and others, the Missionary at once adopted the method of asking every public meeting to forward a petition to the President and the Congress in favour of the prohibition. The Press

gave big headlines and columns to the reports of his meetings, and interest deepened, till one day the Missionary found himself in the pulpit of Dr. Haman's Church in Washington, and sitting facing him was none other than the First Citizen of the United States, President Harrison. The good President listened with evident interest to the Missionary's earnest appeal for righteous dealings with the dark children of the Pacific, and subsequently invited him to the White House, that he might learn more in detail the story of the work and the requirements of the situation.

Progress in international diplomacy, however, is proverbially slow, and before any decision was reached President Harrison had vacated the White House in favour of President Cleveland, which meant that the work had practically all to be done over again.

"Well, there is no help for it," was the philosophical exclamation that usually escaped the lips of the Missionary in the face of new barriers, and with resolute confidence in the justice of the cause, and strong faith in God, he began afresh his method of appeal, supported by the pressure of public opinion.

By and by he again found himself in the capital, and this time President and Mrs. Cleveland invited him to lunch at the White House, in order that they might hear privately from his own lips of the Islanders and the work. A deputation of leading men thereafter laid the whole case for the prohibition of the sale of liquor in a carefully prepared document before the Government, and the President expressed his desire to see the matter through.

Alas, however, agreement could not be finally reached. Not because Great Britain and the United States could not agree, but because France and Russia withdrew from the proposal—in spite of previous professions that, when America came into line, the prohibition agreement would be ratified. And so, through the chink of international jealousies, the cause of justice between man and man was again evaded, and traders went on bartering gin, arms, and ammunition—the destroying agents of souls and bodies—for the miserable gold that ate like a canker into their lives, and made them agents in the deeper demoralisation and swifter destruction of their easy prey.

In Boston the celebrated Dr. Joseph Cook was holding his Monday lectures, and he and Mrs. Cook tendered Dr. Paton a reception at their residence in Beacon Street.

Commenting on the gathering, the *Boston Daily Traveller* said: “No more unique and remarkable assembly of noted Christian men and women had, it is safe to say, ever before gathered in those parlours. Ladies and gentlemen of all denominations, famous in the pulpit, mission-field, literature, and other leading professions, graced the occasion, coming to do honour to this noble Christian Missionary.”

In *Our Day* the celebrated lecturer published the Missionary's answers to questions put to him before the large and influential audience.

One of the questioners sought to know if the natives were eager for missionaries. By way of reply, Dr. Paton told the following pathetic incident:

“When I went to Ambrim three years ago, we



saw people on shore all lying under arms. We hesitated to go on shore, and whenever we approached them, they would rush to the shore and draw up their canoes. For hours they acted in that way. At last two men came off in canoes, with shaking and trembling limbs, and one called :

“ ‘ You missionary ? ’ ”

“ ‘ Yes ; I am a missionary . ’ ”

“ ‘ You true missionary ? ’ ”

“ ‘ Yes . ’ ”

“ ‘ You no got revolver ? ’ I bared my body and showed I had none .

“ ‘ You no come steal boys or woman ? ’ ”

“ ‘ No ; we come to tell you about God . ’ ”

“ Then he cried : ‘ Me savvy you ! You true missionary ! You brought Missi Gordon who come here long , long ago ! ’ ”

“ I said , ‘ Yes ’ ; and with one rush the two men came in their canoes , and leaped into our boat , and one called ashore , ‘ Missi ! Missi ! Missi ! ’ and something else that we did not understand .

“ Soon the cry was taken up along the shore of the island , you heard it echoed everywhere : ‘ Missionary , missionary ! ’ The people then piled up their rifles and crowded together as we came near the shore . When we got there they rushed in , and took our boat up on to the beach .

“ As soon as I got out , I saw a painted , forbidding-looking savage making at me . I kept my eye on him , for I did not know what he was after . He seized me by the arm , and began in broken English :

“ ‘ Me die for missionary ! Me die for missionary ! Me no got a missionary ! Me no got a missionary ! Me die for missionary ! ’ ”

"I said : 'We cannot give you a missionary.'

"'Do, do, do !' he said, looking at the young men with us.

"I said they were for another island. He replied : 'You stop 'long o' me. Me die, me die, me want missionary to teach-a me.'

"When we went to the boat he said : 'When you come with missionary?'

"I said : 'We cannot for a year !'

"'Oh,' he said, 'me want missionary; me die for missionary ; not say year !'

"As we left the island, crowds caught at me to keep me back, and the last sight that I had was that of the old chief sitting there on the beach, silent and despairing ; and his plea is still ringing in my heart. The anxiety of the heathen lies at the feet of Jesus, that is my one consoling thought, and He will answer their need."

The series of meetings took the Missionary to Chicago at the time of the great Exhibition. A characteristic glimpse of his devotion to his work came out incidentally soon after his arrival in Britain. He was seated at breakfast in his brother's beautiful home overlooking the University of Glasgow. Sometimes at meals fresh incidents were gathered on the one and only subject that really interested him. The conversation turned to the United States, and he was eulogising President Cleveland and speaking of his unassuming kindness at the White House.

"By the way, John," said his kind hostess, "were you not in Chicago?"

"Oh, yes ; I was there for several meetings, and I took the opportunity, in the course of my missionary meetings, of speaking strongly against

the opening of the great World's Fair on the Sabbath."

"You were in Chicago, then, at the time the great Exhibition was opened?"

"Yes."

"There was a wonderful procession, I read, in connection with the opening ceremony,—the President and officers of State, and military forces, and so forth were assembled?"

"Yes; I believe that was so, and I was in a house on a main street."

"Well, tell us, please, all about it. What did you think of that great historic procession? Do give us some description of it."

"Oh, but I did not see it."

"What! But perhaps you were not near enough to see?"

"Yes, I think it almost passed under my window; anyhow, I heard some music, and drums 'ruffing,' and noise, but I was busy. Many Mission letters were waiting attention."

"But, John, do you mean to say you could have seen the sight that people paid large sums to view, and yet you did not trouble?"

"I suppose so. But I could not spend time looking at processions. I had the Mission to think of and attend to!"

In Canada, during his stay, he successfully intercepted a proposal brought before the Presbyterian Assembly at Brandford, that Canada should sever its connection with the New Hebrides Mission. Canada held the proud honour of having originated the New Hebrides Mission; and enrolled upon its scroll of fame are the names of G. N. and J. D. Gordon, the martyrs of Erromanga, and of John

Geddie, the first missionary to the Islands, and the hero who held the fort alone during a period when missionary pioneering meant daily peril to life, years of loneliness, and often a position on the borderland of starvation. The later missionaries also, Drs. Robertson, Annand, and J. W. McKenzie, were Canadians. That Canada, of all countries, should talk of retiring from this Mission filled the soul of this worthy successor to her noble sons with surging emotion.

The *Globe* of Toronto quotes some of the Missionary's speech :

"Could it be possible," he said, "that the Canadian Church was giving up the work which she had so long carried on, which had such a grand, heroic history of martyrs who had stained the soil of the South Sea Islands with their blood? If the Mission was given over to the Australian Church in its present financially crippled condition, the work would be set back twenty years. Do not, dear fathers and brethren, do not, dear Moderator," pleaded the snowy-haired representative of the far-off Isles—"do not give up such a work, but reconsider your decision, and continue your work where it has been so signally blessed in the past." The appeal was indescribably touching, the pleader's voice trembled with emotion, and many were moved to tears.

The power and pathos of the plea led to the immediate rescinding of the proposal. And then, to show the reality of his thankfulness, and his sympathy with the Churches upon which fell the responsibility of supporting some of the missionaries of the Group, the Missionary gave up two months of his unstinted time to the task of improv-

ing the financial condition of the Canadian Foreign Mission exchequer, at the same time stirring up the Christian community to a deeper interest in foreign missions generally.

Writing on April 1, 1893, from New York, the Missionary said, half apologetically, on account of what seemed to him the long period spent in connection with the American prohibition campaign: "I am not losing an hour over it. My audiences range from three hundred to three thousand or more, and a deeper interest is being awakened in foreign missions. I hope, too, that some are being led to Jesus for salvation. I long to see you all, and then to return to my dear Aniwan for a refreshing time, and to give them a new start in the Lord's work."

## CHAPTER III

### A LEGACY TO AMERICA

WHAT did America and Canada receive as the result of the aged Missionary's tour?

He left the great continent with the free-will offerings of scores of thousands whom he had addressed ; gifts that were voluntarily offered—for he never called upon an individual to solicit a donation—for the extension and maintenance of the Mission which he represented.

But he left not a penny the richer personally. Not a cent had he taken for himself. The condition of every gift pressed upon him was that it must be for the Mission solely and only, and careful account was taken of every contribution. If any pressed upon him a gift, insisting that it should be for his personal use, such a gift he promptly and finally refused. This had been his unalterable rule from the time he first had thrust upon him the duty of pleading for the work. He honoured God by putting Christ's work before everything, and devoted, to their utmost limits, his time and strength to the great cause, which held him as by a secret sustaining spell. His steadfast vow, which was never violated, was that no one should ever be able to say that he secured any personal gain in

the course of his duty, or that he put to a wrong use his remarkable welcome to all Churches, and to the homes of the wealthy and influential in the land. Herein seems to lie the secret of his great power and success as an Ambassador of the Kingdom of Jesus. In this, as in many other characteristics, the servant faithfully copied his Lord.

What, then, did he leave behind when he sailed from New York?

First, the example of a transparently humble and beautiful personality, the fair flower which no amount of popularity and flattering eulogy had in the least faded or spoiled. He left America the same unassuming, childlike saint of God that he was when he first entered that great continent and received the acclamations of its Christian community. This was in itself a great achievement, to which few have attained. The subtle tendency of flattery to promote pride and spoil the beautiful blossom of a meek and quiet spirit, is all too evident to those who have closely watched the effect of popularity, even on men of eminence in the religious world. Few come out of such a fire unscathed. It is as true of nations as of individuals, and perhaps America and Britain have had falls, and may yet have lessons to learn, on account of pride of place and power.

But there was no tinge of faded glory in this life. The Missionary was still the child of the thatched cottage of Torthorwald. Presidents honoured him, the great and learned and influential sat at his feet and entertained him, and scores of thousands crowded to hear his story and press their sympathy and honour upon him, but his spirit emerged from the ordeal without even the smell

of fire—the same calm, quiet, unassuming, humble, Christ-honouring character.

It was in Canada, soon after his visit to the White House at Washington, where he had lunched with the President of the United States, that Dr. Paton received from a working man, as he started on a long night journey to fulfil an early engagement, a handkerchief with some bread and butter neatly placed inside, and a clean can of warm tea. There had been no time for a meal, following a great meeting, and, indeed, the Missionary was too intent on his work to think about food. But the mother-heart of a working woman saw and quickly acted. Her husband was despatched to the station with the simple meal.

“ You’ve had no food, sir, and you’ll be faint with your long journey ; please accept this from us, and may God bless you ! ”

The heart of the Missionary overflowed with tears of appreciation as he grasped the rough, strong hand, and in choking voice uttered his well-known blessing :

“ Thank you, thank you, dear brother, you are so kind ; the Lord bless and reward you and yours ! ”

It was a meal that strengthened his body and filled his heart.

The secret of it all was that Christ had so entered into his life, and had so wrought upon him by His grace, that through His servant He had been able to illustrate afresh to the Western World the unfading beauty of the humble and the blessedness of the meek. If we mistake not, this was one clear and notable impression and example that John G. Paton left as a legacy to



the nation that had so received and honoured and helped him.

Second, he left a quickened conscience in regard to the urgent needs and solemn duty of supporting and extending foreign missions.

His was no soul circumscribed by the little Islands in which for so many years his lot had been cast, though those Islands naturally had the chief place in his affections. The word "Missionary" was ever the Open Sesame to his heart. He held, with the tenacity of inner conviction, that the command of his Lord in regard to foreign missions was as imperative to-day as when it was first uttered, and he never failed to impress this upon his audiences.

One of the most frequently quoted of the promises of Christ he held to be largely a conditional promise. As he interpreted it, "Lo, I am with you always," following as it did the great commission, "Go ye unto all the world and preach the gospel to every creature," left the impression that, failing the fulfilment of the commission, the promise was largely invalidated. On the other hand, he found a deep and perennial conviction, born of his experiences in the dangers and difficulties of his missionary career, that all men and women (and all Churches) that obediently carry out the command have still the Promise of Omnipotence—the Everlasting Word—of the Abiding Presence of the Son of God.

A solemn impression, undimmed by lapse of years, was made upon the mind of one of his closest friends by hearing the Missionary declare that in the worst moments of peril among the cannibal savages of Tanna, he realised with the

utmost vividness the complete fulfilment of Christ's promised presence. The night that he spent in the tree while the Tanna savages were searching to take his life, was to him, the Missionary solemnly asserted, the most memorable of all nights on Tanna—the night when, to use his own words, "Jesus made His presence so intensely real to me that my soul was flooded with joy such as earth could never afford, and such as only Jesus could give to the human heart—it was a foretaste of heaven."

The great commission of Christ constantly sprang to his lips in the pathos and passion of his pleas—but never so passionately as when he faced an audience of students, as he so frequently did in the many colleges and universities that he visited in the States.

How many men who were wavering as to their duty to decide for the foreign missionary service, or how many thoughts were turned for the first time to the solemn consideration of the clamant needs of the heathen by the appeals of the Missionary, eternity alone will disclose; but if the evidence of those who have testified be any criterion, the apostolic fervour and devotion of the only survivor of the Tanna Mission band was the means used of God to lead many young men and women to their life work.

A further undoubted result of his simple statements of what God had wrought, by means of the preaching and practice of the religion of the Cross, among the most degraded and abandoned of cannibals and savages, was that this fresh and living evidence of the truth and power of Christianity established the faith of many, and gave an impetus to true religion.

No sceptical theorising could explain away the fact that men who had sat at cannibal feasts and who had delighted in blood and gluttony—men who had lived in the most abandoned foulness, devoid of all shame—were now, through the power of Christ, clothed, clean, holy and intelligent beings, champions, moreover, for righteousness! This was the unanswerable witness that he gave of the marvel of the changed heart—the sign and undying miracle of Christ's kingdom the world over. It was an argument too sound, too well substantiated, to be upset by wordy theories, and too simple to provide cover for the mystifying doubts of modern anti-Christian philosophy. Men listened and were made strong.

Again, all unconsciously to the Missionary, the visit revealed afresh the abiding power of a consecrated life. He was a man of one idea—possessed of it, filled with it. "This one thing I do," so true of the great Apostle of the Gentiles who wrote the words, was also true of John G. Paton, his lowly but true-hearted successor. Nothing could turn him one hair's breadth from his steady purpose. His Mission and the missionary cause generally were his meat and drink. It was in America and Canada, as it was in Britain, a positive hardship to him to have to waste time for meals and to be obliged to lie down and sleep. He grudged the moments that the sustenance of the body required of him—regarding them much as a miser would regard parting with his gold for bread. Of course he was the most deeply interesting of guests, and could be drawn by skilful hosts and hostesses into the most inspiring and delightful conversa-

tion on his one topic, yet when he was free to take meals at hotels, or in homes where he was intimately known, the more hasty and simple the meal, and the less frequent, the better he was pleased.

We have seen him sitting with his impatient fingers tapping the table, eager to be at his work—his correspondence was enormous—and he would rise with scarcely disguised delight when the time came to go back to his writing, or to start for his train or his place of meeting.

“My time for work will soon be past,” was his universal plea, “and I must let no opportunity slip.”

“Dear madam, you are very kind. The Lord bless and reward you,” he would say, as some urgent and influential hostess pleaded with him to take a drive in her carriage for an airing or to see some world-renowned sight, “but I beg of you to excuse me. I have the Mission interests to attend to, and my letters to answer, and if you will let me away to my room quietly, I shall be so grateful.”

Who could resist? It was all so simple and so absolutely genuine that no one could be offended. It was not that he was brusque, or negligent of the feelings of those who entertained him, or unmindful of the obligations of a guest—for he was a gentleman to his finger-tips. These refusals caused him much anxiety lest he should appear to his hosts to be discourteous or wanting in gratitude, but the ever-present sense of duty left him no option, and he bore this cross as he did many another, for the sake of his Lord.

Many a great home received an indelible lesson through entertaining the simple-hearted Missionary to the cannibals. His visits still remain as an inspiration and a sweet and abiding memory—a double compensation, first in the delight of ministering to his wants, and next in the holy recollections of his saintly character and bearing. And many a Christian worker learned from the example of the silver-haired veteran not to be weary in well-doing. It is abundantly true that wherever he went he was spoken of in after days with deep affection. Once again—as of old—a stranger came, and afterwards was found to have been an angel of God.

And yet with it all there was beneath John G. Paton's quiet, humble bearing a soul that burned with fierce anger against injustice and wrong. The destroying Kanaka Traffic, and the ill deeds of traders—greedy for gold, and dead to all sense of justice—in selling to helpless natives deadly arms and ammunition, and more deadly strong drink, roused him to a passion of denunciation, and caused him wherever he went never to cease his pleadings for the suppression of the Traffic in human beings, and the prohibition of the trade in drink.

Two sentences of men of eminence in Canada and the United States sum up as well as possible the feeling that was uppermost in the minds of the Christian leaders of those two countries as Dr. Paton left their shores.

The first is conveyed in a letter from Dr. Ellenwood, chairman of the committee appointed by the Toronto Assembly, in which he says: "I rejoice that you were sent over here to show the

people what marvels have been reached by the power of the Gospel among the lowest and most degraded of men. Thousands have thereby been convinced anew of the reality of the great work of missions."

The other is from the well-known Dr. Cuyler, who, in summing up the visit, says: "Scotch Presbyterianism has produced three unsurpassed heroes of foreign missions—Alexander Duff, David Livingstone, and John G. Paton. They all belonged to the old granite formation, and were all lineal descendants of the Covenanters."



*Photo*

*[Monapenny.]*

THE J. G. PATON MISSION FUND COMMITTEE (1900).

Wm. Watson.  
A. K. Langridge.

Dr. J. G. Paton.

R. M. B. Colquhoun.  
Dr. James Paton.

## CHAPTER IV.

### WELCOME TO THE HOMELAND

THE Missionary sailed from New York by the Cunard steamer *Campania* in September, 1894. He was all unconscious, in the quiet of those few days on the Atlantic, of the preparations that were taking place in the Old Country in connection with what was to prove one of the most stirring campaigns of his life.

It was the Autobiography, which had found its way into the homes of the foremost and best Christian workers in Great Britain and Ireland, that had brought about the change of attitude towards the Mission to the cannibals of the New Hebrides. Hearts had been stirred with the marvellous power of the Gospel, as demonstrated by the simple and unaffected story of the Missionary's years on Tanna and Aniwa; and the suggestion had quickly spread that, now that the chief actor in those incidents was coming home, it would be for the country of his birth to give him an enthusiastic welcome.

It is only fair to say that considerable preparation had been made by the small band of earnest workers who had formed themselves round the new organisation of "the John G. Paton Mission



Fund." They saw that this was the opportunity, if ever, of so deepening interest in the New Hebrides as to make the fund a permanent means of developing the Mission—endeavouring thus to fulfil John G. Paton's life prayer in seeing at least one missionary planted on every island of the Group.

Children in particular anticipated the visit with the utmost keenness.

"Is it the real Dr. Paton who slid down the rock that is coming to see us?" said a little girl one day to her father.

"Yes, dear, the very same."

"And, papa," she whispered, "will his coat be dirty where he slid down the rock?" her glowing eyes showing how, in spite of her simplicity, she looked upon the Missionary as her own special hero.

A quiet little project had been taken up with great enthusiasm amongst the children. It consisted in their accepting small collecting cards, on the understanding that when the Missionary himself arrived at the nearest centre to their town or district, they should have the opportunity of personally presenting to him the gifts which they had secured through their cards.

The prospect was welcomed by parents as well as their children, and a good deal of money was thus placed in the Missionary's hands.

Many a time he was seen to weep with joy over these presentations of the little folks—for a characteristic of the Missionary was his extreme delight in children. All along from the time of the first *Dayspring* they had been his main supporters and hope, and really, to judge by their

enthusiasm, the love was reciprocated on the children's part. They outstripped everybody in their eager enthusiasm, anticipating the visit by weeks of penny-getting toil, and securing in many instances amounts equal to, and even exceeding, what the older folks produced from their pockets at the meetings.

The circumstance of the Missionary's arrival especially affected one who was already becoming the foremost of his helpers in the homeland, and who subsequently became the principal representative of his work in Britain. He tells the story in the following sentences :

"On Saturday morning, October 7, 1893, one of those disturbing little brown envelopes that quicken the pulses of quiet lives was thrust into our hands. It contained the following message : '*Campania* arrived. Dr. Paton well. Proceeds to Glasgow at once.'

"Business was irksome, we confess, for the three hours that intervened thereafter until we were speeding away north, impatient to meet our dear 'Missi' face to face, that our joy might be full. We had climbed that hill overlooking the Glasgow University times before, but never with such a beating heart. Foolish, was it? Well, perhaps so, but then we had never yet seen the Missionary whose life had so engrossed us these years, for whom we had toiled, and with whom we had carried on constant communication.

"How we had schooled ourselves as to this meeting ! But 'twas all in vain, our part was *too real* for deliberation ; for as the Missionary's brother ushered us in, we only know that we saw a white, venerable form and felt his hands gripping

ours, but somehow our sight became defective as though the windows were splashed with rain, and we only succeeded with the *heart part* of our little speech, 'Dear Dr. Paton.'

"The days that followed were red-letter days indeed. They would fill many pages of our life book, and if time were counted by the events it brings, those two days would mark at least a summer-time of our existence."

Yielding reluctantly to the persuasion of his younger brother, the first few days were spent quietly in Dr. James Paton's home in Glasgow, catching up necessary correspondence, and considering a plan of meetings which had been arranged. But the days were soon cut short, for the Missionary never would allow any interval if he could possibly avoid it without taking meetings. When he was urged to desist and take rest his favourite expression was, 'No, I will never be a loafer. If there are no meetings to be addressed, I will return to my work in Australia and the Islands.' "You tell me I am working too hard," he would say, "but my time to work for Jesus cannot be long now. I only wish I could press three times the quantity of work for Him into each day, resting on His promise for the needed help: 'Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end.'"

It would be quite impossible to give any adequate idea of the enormous crowds who continually assembled in every place to hear the Missionary's story.

The first meetings were held in Glasgow and Edinburgh. As the city which witnessed the early trials of the young apprentice-missionary in the

slums, Glasgow had many memories. There, as a lad, John G. Paton had spent his time trudging the wintry streets. How well he remembered it all, and smiled as he thought of the Sabbath dawns, when, staff in hand, he had sallied forth to rouse drowsy class boys and girls to attend his Sabbath morning fellowship meeting.

The enthusiasm in Glasgow was extraordinary, and the impression created by the meetings quite unique—even for a city that had produced and welcomed so many noble missionaries.

To travel from town to town with the Missionary and give an adequate record of the meetings would be a tedious proceeding, seeing that in every place similar conditions of crowded throngs of eager listeners and intense missionary fervour prevailed.

At Liverpool in the early days of the visit there was a meeting in the Gordon Hall at which Dr. Paton was one of the many speakers. An incident occurred subsequently which is worth relating :

A little girl heard Dr. Paton say in the course of an address : “ How precious is the knowledge that we have the everlasting arms of Jesus round us to keep and comfort us in all our difficulties through life.” The idea took possession of the child’s heart. Getting home, she nestled upon her father’s knee, evidently intent upon her new thought. At length, looking up, she said : “ Papa, I’ve got such a grand story for you to-night.”

“ Have you, what is it? ”

“ Papa, wouldn’t you like to feel the everlasting arms of Jesus round you to keep you safe and happy? ”

“Why, darling, what do you mean?” said the bewildered father, taken aback by this unexpectedly direct appeal.

“Well, papa, I heard the Missionary say how happy he and all of us might be by having the everlasting arms of Jesus round us, and I felt sure you and I would like to have them round us, wouldn't you now?”

Ah, dear little child! “Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise” is fulfilled in thee. Hear the glad result of this true incident, cherished with intense though humble joy in the Missionary's heart: that father realised the happiness of which his little one spoke, and a home was made brighter, under God, for the words of the Missionary from the heathen Isles of the Pacific.

Two towns stand out conspicuously in connection with the early meetings in England—Sunderland and Manchester—and might be cited as typical examples.

The climax at Sunderland was the meeting in the Victoria Hall. One who was present will never be able to efface from his memory the scene when the silver hair and slight form of the missionary emerged from behind the platform and came into the view of the vast audience. The mass of people rose as one man, and cheered until it looked as though the Missionary's time was to be taken up rather in listening to the plaudits of the multitude than in his telling them of the work of Christ in the Islands of the sea.

At most meetings the Missionary told of the trials and triumphs of others, his fellow-missionaries, rather than of his own; of the Gordon martyrs;

of the devotion of the Rev. Peter Milne and his brave, noble wife ; and of others, less well known though equally devoted and heroic. But some one at Sunderland had induced him to depart from his usual course, and tell the story of the sinking of the well on Aniwa, and the freshness of the story and the intense interest of the audience was a never-to-be-forgotten experience.

At Sunderland the Missionary stayed at the house of an influential Quaker lady who had opened her home to him and loaded him with kindness. A companion had the opportunity of noting many small incidents that showed what was passing in the inner heart of the man of God. For instance, after the series of meetings culminating in the Victoria Hall gathering they returned to the house, and the kind hostess allowed her aged guest to proceed at once to his bedroom. Arrived there with his friend, away from the eyes of the public, he threw himself down upon a couch, utterly worn out, and holding his hand to his back on account of the pain of the continued talking and exertion, he exclaimed involuntarily : " Oh, but this is weary work ! I would I were back amongst my Aniwans in the quiet of my little Island, teaching them of Jesus." And then, rousing himself from his momentary relapse, he added : " But the Lord's will be done ; He has laid the burden upon me and He will sustain me."

The scrupulous care with which he endeavoured to show kindness to everybody was conspicuous.

" Please, sir," said two little fellows, travel-stained, who were patiently waiting outside one of the large meetings—" please, sir, we have

walked six miles into the town this morning, to hear the Missionary, and we should like to shake hands with him." They had not long to wait, and went away, perhaps—who knows?—to become other Patons in the great future of heathen missions.

Again, he had been driven in the carriage of his hostess to a meeting in another part of the town, and on the arrival of the carriage friends were waiting at the door to conduct him into the meeting. But as he stepped out, he advanced to the coachman, raised his hat, and looking benignly up at him, said: "Thank you, dear sir, for your kindness in driving me. Goodbye." Small wonder that wherever he went he was looked upon with the deepest interest, and loved by those who had hitherto been absolute strangers to him.

A farewell breakfast was given to him by the leading merchants of Sunderland, and when he rose to speak, his first words were: "I am sure times must have altered, that you dear gentlemen should take the trouble to come together thus early to listen to the words of a poor Missionary from the South Seas," and then he plunged into his one subject with the power and pathos he always displayed, no matter how tired or how weary, whenever the wrongs and needs of his beloved Islanders filled his vision.

The next visit was to Manchester. An eyewitness travelled with the Missionary, and saw all that happened. The Free Trade Hall was crowded in every corner long before the meeting commenced at 8 o'clock, although there had been a huge meeting at midday in a central hall, over which Dr. Alexander McLaren presided.

The event of the evening was reached when Thomas Champness, the trusted leader of the Joyful News Mission, having made an impassioned speech, turned to the aged Missionary, and holding out his hand, Dr. Paton rose, and there the two veterans stood grasping one another's hands. Mr. Champness tried to utter words of welcome, but the effort was almost too much for his rising emotion. At length he said a few broken words, and then, far more eloquent, his tears mingled with those of the Missionary, and told of the pent-up feelings, born of equal love for the service of God at home and abroad, that surged in the breasts of those noble leaders in the fight.

In the ante-room of the Free Trade Hall Canon Hicks, who was chairman, introduced the Missionary to a number of clergymen present. It was during a conversation then that there was a flutter of interest amongst the prominent Churchmen present. Dr. Paton was overheard to say :

"Yes, sir, I have been ordained by a Bishop." Immediately a bevy of clerical inquirers closed around him and asked eagerly, "When, Dr. Paton, and by whom?"

The Missionary quietly added : "Bishop Selwyn laid his hands on my head at my dear wife's grave, in the midst of my loneliness on Tanna, and solemnly consecrated me to God. I therefore feel that I am entitled to say that I have been ordained by a Bishop of your Church to the service of God."

It is necessary to pass over some of the smaller, though not less enthusiastic gatherings, and to refer to the great welcome home meeting in



London, at Exeter Hall. It was a repetition on a larger scale of the meetings at Sunderland, Manchester, and elsewhere. The platform was crowded with members of parliament, supported by prominent clergymen and ministers of all denominations, and Christian workers of all ages and sects.

The enthusiasm was so prolonged that the Missionary was obliged to make a great effort to restrain it. Moving his hand for silence, he said, in a voice husky with emotion, "Mr. Chairman and dear friends, your kindness quite upsets me." "And that little speech," said a contemporary, "upset everybody else."

His old friend and schoolfellow Dr. Oswald Dykes, who had in the days gone by encouraged him in his work, was called upon to express the welcome of London. He said :

"I presume that I should not have been put into this conspicuous position to-night if it had not been that, of the thousands of Dr. Paton's friends who have crowded this great hall to welcome him and to wish him Godspeed, I am probably the very oldest. When my friend Dr. Paton left the parish school of his Scottish village, with a view to proceed to the University and prepare himself for the ministry of the Gospel, if God should open his way, he came for a brief period into the neighbouring town of Dumfries, and was a pupil in the Academy there, where I happened also to be prosecuting my own studies as a boy. We were then thrown together as class-mates and school-fellows for a brief period. I feel it to be an honour that I have been selected to express to-night, along with our chairman, your

welcome, and your desire for his continued prosperity in the great work.

“Dr. Paton’s Mission and work in the South Seas belong to the romantic chapters of modern missionary enterprise, and he is himself the embodiment of that spirit of heroic devotion to the service of the Lord Jesus, in carrying the Gospel to the most degraded of the children of men, which has been exemplified by others as well as by himself in that Mission. This work is cherished, not only by the Churches that have carried it on, but by the universal heart of Protestant and Evangelical Christendom. Through the fascinating narratives which have been given to the press by Dr. Paton and his brother, the remarkable story has become known to a very wide circle of Christian readers. It has thrilled hearts as a voice from the former days—telling the old tale of Christian heroism anew in the ears of a generation that needs to hear such a message. It has brought back that consuming fire of heroic and martyr zeal for the honour of the Lord Jesus which we are thankful has not expired in this age of doubt, scepticism, and incredulity, and of worldliness and materialism. And by this the Missionary has contributed immensely, as I think, to stir the heart of the modern Church, and to bring back the tide of enthusiasm and sympathetic, heroic courage into the Churches at home. For it is by deeds that are done on the field, where men risk their lives for the honour of the Lord Jesus, and it is by the triumphs won by an ancient, but ever new, enthusiasm for the Cross, that the Church at home quickens her languid zeal and increases her fading courage.”

The meeting was a magnificent success in every way, and it must have given an impetus to foreign missions seldom experienced since the days when Robert Moffat and David Livingstone captivated the hearts of the people of Britain with their records of the doings of God among the dark races in the far parts of the earth.

The following comment from the *British Weekly* shows how the Missionary's visit was regarded :

"The marvellous energy of the Veteran Missionary is one of the most delightful features of his campaign and a signal proof of the mastering passion which inspires him. But, for the sake of the Churches to whom Dr. Paton's life is so precious, we trust he will take a brief holiday before crossing to Ireland. The youngest and strongest could not go through such labours as his without serious risk. His words are all the more inspiring because we entertain him as a passing guest, whose foot is already on the threshold."

The display of enthusiasm that greeted him everywhere had a curious effect upon the Missionary. He stated to his friend and helper that the cheers and "ruffing"—as he termed it—of these vast audiences always upset him, and made him fear that there was behind it more of the spirit of flattery for him as a man, than of appreciation of the fact that all he had been enabled to do at any time was due, not to himself, but to Christ, who had been his Protector and Friend, and through whose Spirit the triumphs of the Gospel had been brought about.

During this tour in England Dr. Paton was invited by the Bishop of Durham—the late Bishop Westcott—to visit him at Auckland Castle. Both

of the men of God who then met are gone, and we can speak more freely of the event. The Bishop received his Presbyterian brother as wholeheartedly as if he had been one of his own clergy. The Missionary on his part was profoundly moved by the visit, and told his friend subsequently how the Bishop had led him away to his study, and there discussed, with evident eagerness of soul, the progress and hopes of the evangelisation of the heathen in the Islands and in the world. Then they knelt together before God—those two warriors who, in such different fields and circumstances, had fought their great fight and wellnigh finished their course. They recognised that they were one in heart and purpose, and each poured out his soul in fervent petition for the other, and for the bringing in of the kingdom of God.

The Missionary also related how, soon after his arrival at the Bishop's home, he was asked with great courtesy to endeavour to avoid entering into discussion on any new topic. This he gladly promised to do, but there was a look of curious inquiry in his eyes, which led to the following interesting explanation. It seems that the Bishop's habit was to have around him and at his table young men who were preparing for the ministry, and his erudition was such that seldom did a topic of conversation arise but he was conversant with the matter and showed himself master. When it happened, however, that an illuminating thought in the line of some new field of inquiry suddenly flashed into the Bishop's mind, it was his habit immediately to rise from his place, and, without explanation, to proceed at once to his study, to think out in silence the new suggestion.

To those intimate with his ways it was nothing extraordinary, but to strangers it was matter for wonder; and the gentle lady who presided over the home, in order to avoid any such awkward interlude, warned her guests, with a view to sparing them, as well as her husband, the need for explanations. (This glimpse of this great scholar and divine is worth recording. It seems to show that he regarded new thought as a possible inspiration from God, and considered that nothing should prevent his contemplating and digesting the thought, in the hope thereby of communicating fresh knowledge for the good of mankind. None interfered with his solitude, except the one who was nearest to him, who quietly entered to place a cup of tea by his side.

The duty that, more than any other, the Missionary shrank from with nervous anxiety, and yet most eagerly desired, was that of visiting and addressing students of the universities.

A cordial invitation came to him from the Principal to preach in the chapel of his old university in Glasgow. It was the most trying ordeal that had befallen him. The awe of that seat of learning that belonged to his student days still exerted a nervous spell over him, and when he entered the great Bute Hall, crowded to excess, and saw the learned professors there in great force to hear an alumnus of Glasgow, he who had faced cannibals without a tremor was moved and agitated as seldom before.

Principal Caird conducted the first part of the service, and the Missionary told, in his own simple and unaffected way, what the Lord had done by the Gospel of His Son in Christianising

and civilising cannibals. The immense congregation listened spellbound, and not without many quiet tears.

He was addressing the students subsequently in their "union" and answering their questions. It was on this occasion that Professor Story in proposing a vote of thanks spoke of the Missionary as "impervious to flattery," and declared, "Had I been a cannibal, one look at Dr. Paton's benignant and noble face would have made me a vegetarian to the end of my days!" This characteristic sally brought down the house.

In his address the Missionary related the circumstance of the discovery of a term in the language of Aniwa for "faith."

"For a long time," he said, "no equivalent could be found, and my work of Bible translation was paralysed for the want of so fundamental and oft-recurring a term. The natives apparently regarded the verb 'to hear' as equivalent to 'to believe.' I would ask a native whether he believed a certain statement, and his reply would be, should he credit the statement, 'Yes, I heard it,' but should he disbelieve it he would answer, 'No, I did not hear it,' meaning, not that his ears had failed to catch the words, but that he did not regard them as true. This definition of faith was obviously insufficient. Many passages, such as 'faith cometh by hearing' would be impossible of translation through so meagre a channel; and we prayed continually that God would supply the missing link. I spared no effort in interrogating the most intelligent native pundits, but all in vain, none caught the hidden meaning of the word.

"One day I was in my room anxiously ponder-

ing. I sat on an ordinary kitchen chair, my feet resting on the floor. Just then an intelligent native woman entered the room, and the thought flashed through my mind to ask the all-absorbing question yet once again, if possible in a new light.

"Was I not resting on the chair? Would that attitude lend itself to the discovery?"

"I said, 'What am I doing now?'"

"'Koikae ana, Misi.' 'You're sitting down, Missi,' the native replied.

"Then I drew up my feet and placed them upon the bar of the chair just above the floor, and leaning back in an attitude of repose, asked: 'What am I doing now?'"

"'Fakarongrongo, Misi.' 'You are leaning *wholly*, Missi,' or 'You have lifted yourself from every other support.'"

"'That's it!' I shouted, with an exultant cry; and a sense of holy joy awed me, as I realised that my prayer had been so fully answered.

"To 'lean on' Jesus wholly and only is surely the true meaning of appropriating or saving faith. And now '*Fakarongrongo Iesu ea anea mouri*' ('Leaning on Jesus unto eternal life,' or 'for all the things of eternal life') is the happy experience of those Christian Islanders, as it is of all who thus cast themselves unreservedly on the Saviour of the world for salvation."

Professor Gairdner, in a most interesting address founded upon this particular story, appealed to the students to trust in the Lord Jesus, not so much in the sense of believing statements or propositions, but rather trusting Him, as One to be relied on, as One on whom they could "lean" altogether for this world and for any world.

Incidentally the Professor stated that this illustration from the little Island of Aniwa was particularly interesting, inasmuch as he had never heard anything that came nearer to the exact significance of the meaning underlying the Hebrew word for faith. It appeared to him very wonderful that so perfect an illustration should be discovered in the language of one of the smallest islands in the Pacific, amongst perhaps the smallest tribe of people in the world.

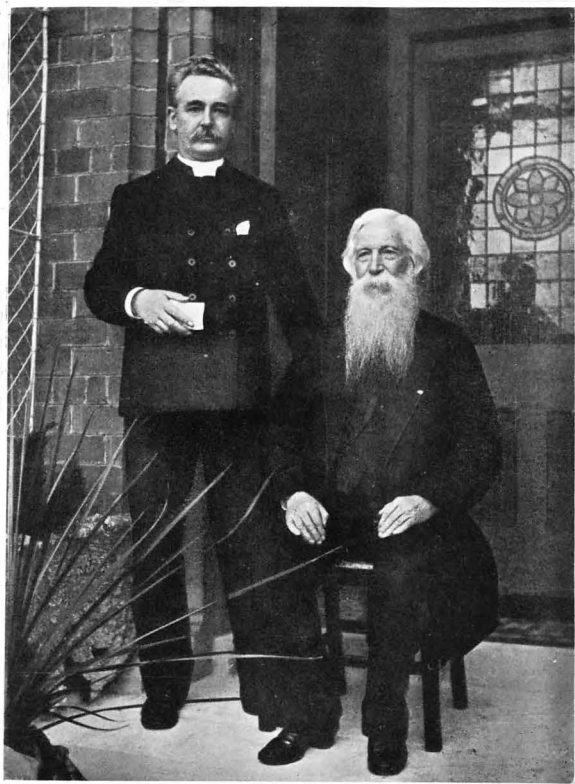


## CHAPTER V

### IRELAND AND LATER MEETINGS

DR. PATON arrived in Ireland on Saturday morning, December 2, 1893, and the same afternoon commenced his round of meetings by an At Home at the house of his intimate friend and helper, Mr. William Watson, of Knock. The following day—Sunday—he undertook no less than five services, including an audience of three thousand, in the Ulster Hall.

There can be little doubt that, apart from the immediate result in the way of collections, fresh living interest in missions generally accrued from his crowded visit. The tour, mapped out with such scrupulous care for him by his friend, started in Belfast and the immediate district ; then northwards to Londonderry, and afterwards to Dublin ; from Dublin back again, finishing up at Belfast. To this day the keenness with which the Doctor's visit is referred to, as though it were an event of yesterday, shows how lasting an impression his personality and his words made. This is especially the case in the homes in which he stayed, where his humble bearing and consecrated life left upon young and old a remarkable and lasting vision of the nobility of Christian character. In his addresses also, and in his public appearances, he



DR. JAMES PATON AND DR. JOHN G. PATON.

left an impression of the reality and vitality of the Gospel upon the minds of the thousands who heard him, and led many to fresh endeavours in the direction of sending forth the evangel to the dark races of the earth.

At Derry the Lord Bishop presided over the evening meeting, and introduced the Doctor in a most eloquent and emphatic speech ; and at Dublin the Archbishop, Lord Plunket, honoured the Missionary and himself by presiding at the great meeting in the Metropolitan Hall. Lord Plunket, in the course of his introductory remarks, said : "When I am called upon to contemplate such a record of work as that which will be brought before us this evening, and when I see the very same blessed results following the missionary efforts of my Presbyterian brethren as those which have resulted from the labours of the veterans and heroes of our own mission-fields, I feel bound to stand, as it were, and with awe recognise the solemn fact that it is the one and self-same Spirit—the same Holy Ghost—Who has prospered the work of both."

Another testimony by Canon Harding, at a remarkable meeting at Tullylish, was that, in the Canon's estimation, the whole Church of Christ had been put under the deepest obligation to Dr. Paton, and owed him a debt that could never be repaid, for the example of enthusiasm, unfaltering faith and hope, even unto death, and for the true Christian courage which the Missionary had exhibited in his labours.

Nothing that the Missionary said met with more continued cheering than his oft-repeated statement :

“In the New Hebrides we do not know one another as Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Baptists, or Wesleyans, but as brethren in our common cause, under one Master, and bearing one name as Christians.”

It was one of the Missionary's happiest reflections in connection with the meetings in Ireland that so many leading clergymen of the Episcopal Church in Ireland showed their sympathy by presiding and taking a conspicuous part in the gatherings. The Church in Ireland, separated as it is from State control, appears to have thereby developed a wider and more liberal spirit in regard to the work of societies not immediately connected with its own communion.

“I'm a firm believer in prayer” was a sentence that often escaped from the Missionary's lips. As one of the many illustrations that he gave of the potency of believing prayer, he told, at one of his meetings, the story of Antas, the once heathen chief of Malo Island. When Antas became a convert, his father and his tribe resolved to starve him out of his profession of faith; and the word went forth that all food on the Island was to be *taboo* to Antas and the little band of Christians. Dr. Paton was in Sydney at the time, and he received a letter from Malo describing the plot and pleading for help for the few converts who were thus to be driven back into heathenism. Instantly the Missionary's heart rose to God in prayer for the persecuted band, and his brain began to consider how best to avert the calamity. He remembered that some time previously a gentleman in Sydney, whose name and address he had quite forgotten (a most unusual thing for him),

had promised, if ever practical help was urgently required for the Mission, that he would do his best to meet the need. The Missionary at once set out, wondering how he could find the promiser. And, lo, as he walked along, cudgelling his brain, and distressed to know how to proceed, there, to his joy, was the very gentleman crossing the street almost in front of him! Running forward, he reminded him of his promise, and begged an instant supply of rice to send out to the distressed converts of Malo. The rice was put on board the Mission vessel at the earliest moment, and the vessel reached the island in time.

With great vigour and earnestness the Missionary raised his voice in the meeting, and said: "Who says that God does not answer prayer? It only needs eyes to watch and see that He is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever."

The visit to Ireland is very well summed up by the following quotations from the *Christian Irishman*:

"The visit of Dr. John G. Paton, of the New Hebrides Mission, to this country cannot but be of unspeakable benefit to the cause of Christianity. At a time when there is such an outburst of Agnosticism, Theosophy, and Atheism, it is a matter of great importance that we should have, through the lips of a competent and unimpeachable witness, full evidence of the power and success of the Gospel among the heathen, in civilising and elevating cannibals, in putting down slavery and polygamy, murder and robbery, and in turning the desert into a fruitful field. He is a blind man who cannot see in these changes the mighty power of a present God and a merciful Redeemer."

The Missionary returned to Scotland immediately before Christmas, 1893, and after only a few days' rest took a series of meetings in and around Glasgow.

This Scotch tour closed about the end of February, 1894. All associated with the meetings testify to the wonderful spiritual refreshment and the conscious inspiration to higher things that were the outstanding features of the whole series of remarkable gatherings.

In March the Missionary started on another series of meetings which constituted the second English tour, gatherings which were in every case marked by great popularity and missionary fervour. If anything, the second English tour outrivalled the first in the enthusiasm that it evoked. Never a meeting but was crowded to the utmost capacity of the building, never an audience but listened with rapt and sympathetic attention to the simple story, and never a discordant note from beginning to end, so far as the friends of the work and the Missionary were concerned.

The whole series covered a period of twelve weeks of incessant toil. Beginning at Carlisle, the Missionary travelled gradually southwards and westwards, and after three weeks' hard work in London, turned his face northwards again, taking further meetings *en route*.

Like the Eastern story-teller, the Missionary, with his story of *truth*, went from place to place, reviving the heroic spirit that must lie dormant somewhere in our stoical Western natures.

It is hard to make comparisons. The small meetings may prove to have been the greatest,

in the day when true results are known. A notable event occurred at the Rev. John Watson's (Ian Maclaren's) church, in Liverpool. At the close of the crowded service an announcement was made by the minister that, though no collection would be taken, Dr. Paton would be glad to receive any free-will offerings for his work. Imagine the Missionary's joy when a gentleman, whose name is never to be known, came forward and presented him with a cheque for £1,000, stipulating that it should be specially expended, in addition to the sum already in hand, on building the new *Dayspring*, in order to make her a better, larger, and more serviceable boat for the Mission. Words will not convey the adoring gratitude that welled up to the Lord Jesus from the heart of His servant for this generous gift for His work.

A leading vicar at Leeds, presiding over one of the meetings, said: "To church people Dr. Paton is the impersonation of unepiscopal ministerial success, coming as one who has obtained his authority to work outside what is, to us, the usual order of things, but bringing with him credentials that are irresistible and unquenchable."

The organisers of the meetings were attacked on some occasions for their "cruelty," in allowing the aged Missionary to undertake so much; in fact, an earnest lady sent a message that "if Dr. Paton sinks under such labours, the organisers will be responsible for his murder"!

It is only fair to say, however, that had it not been for the exercise of some ingenuity on the part of those same organisers, in disregarding the reiterated demands of the Missionary for more

meetings, still greater tasks would have been attempted by him. Every letter that he wrote urged that not a moment should be lost, with the one plea, "My time is so short in which to work for Jesus, and the heathen are perishing."

"The singularly successful meetings addressed by Dr. Paton," said the *Nottingham Daily Express*, "revive for older people recollections of the days when foreign missions moved the hearts of hundreds of thousands of religious English people. Dr. Paton has been known to impress hardened reporters, who would turn away from the ordinary missionary meetings in a state of desperate satiety."

It was at Nottingham that a doctor, by watching and interrogation, discovered that for some time the Missionary had suffered from sleeplessness. Telegrams instantly passed from his friends, urging that engagements should be cancelled, but to all such pleas came back the one imperative: "No! cancel nothing. I'll work on, trusting to Him who has promised 'as thy days, so shall thy strength be,' and He has never failed me yet."

At Oxford a crowd of undergraduates filled the only available hall to hear the Venerable Missionary tell his inspiring story. They seemed greatly taken at his comparing the undergraduates with his New Hebrides converts, urging that similar devotion and consistency should characterise each. No small amusement was caused when the Doctor, at the close of his address, expressed his disapproval of smoking, adding innocently, "I hope none of you young gentlemen indulge in this selfish habit."



The Cambridge visit lasted over two days, and comprised meetings for the townsfolk as well as one for gowmsmen. All were a distinct success. Greater numbers of University men came than at Oxford, and a spirit of hearing, keen and sympathetic, was manifested. If ever mortal man gave all the glory of his success to the Lord Jesus, that man was John G. Paton, and these visits will redound to the praise of Christ, though the exact direction of the blessing may never fully be known.

At Weston the Missionary was met and entertained by the Vicar. The welcome and hospitality extended to him were so warm and hearty that Dr. Paton was leaving the town thanking God for the generosity of another Presbyterian Minister. But the Missionary had to refer to his itinerary in the presence of the Vicar, who exclaimed: "I see I figure here as a Presbyterian Minister; that is a new rôle for a clergyman of the Church of England!"

It was in the City Temple, in 1894, that the Baptist Missionary Society had asked Dr. Paton to address their Young People's Missionary Auxiliary. No date or time could be given except a Saturday afternoon in the late spring, the very worst time for a meeting in the heart of the City of London, and at the very worst hour ((3 p.m.), when every one is rushing away to the suburbs for recreation. However, the brave Secretary of the Auxiliary resolved to risk it, and arrangements were made.

How fully his confidence was justified is seen in the fact that the place was besieged long before the hour of meeting, and quickly filled. Aisles,

pulpit-steps, and every available inch of standing-space, were crowded with three thousand young men and women.

As the Missionary rose to speak there was a hush of interest, and for an hour he poured out his heart to the audience that he loved best to address, and that always called forth his noblest appeals and his most impassioned pleas for the cause of foreign missions—an audience pulsating with youth and aspiration, and capable, when inspired and resolved, of untold blessing to mankind.

That sea of eager faces, leaning forward with eyes fixed on the deeply-lined face, watching the nervous motion of the trembling fingers, as in words of melting pathos he told of savages won into tender love by the story of Jesus, will never fade from our memory. The appeal to consecration of heart and life to Jesus Christ, and the special plea for volunteers to go into dark places of the earth, must have formed an epoch in many a young life. It was the most magnificent of all the wonderful gatherings, and every one spoke in awed whispers as they slowly left the building, as though God had revealed to them that day a new vision of Himself in the presence and words of His venerable servant from the far Pacific Isles.

Listen to what followed. A passing cab was hailed to take the tired speaker to the residence of his host. After sitting in silence for a few moments, with head averted, the Missionary buried his face in his hands, and great tears rolled down his cheeks. In alarm, his companion asked if he were ill, and what could be done; whether to drive to some medical man for advice [(for the

fear of a collapse was always present in those days in which he persisted in such exhausting toil), or what temporary remedy might be practicable.

After a few moments the anxious inquiry brought the melting and memorable reply :

“ Dear brother, I am not ill. I am only weeping because I fear I have not made sufficiently good use of the great opportunity that God placed in my hands this afternoon, in addressing those thousands of dear young men and women.”

During the closing days of the final Scotch tour the Missionary was in Edinburgh, at the time of the General Assemblies. By some unaccountable circumstance he was invited to speak, not as a missionary but as a colonial delegate. It happened that another colonial delegate was also down to speak, but he had not arrived when the hour came, and the Missionary had to speak, not only for himself but also for his fellow-delegate. This delegate (an Australian minister), when he returned to the Antipodes, wrote a résumé of his experiences in the Old Country, in the course of which he gave the following amusing account of the honour that came to him through Dr. Paton's speech.

“ I found,” he writes, “ the convener of the Colonial Committee and introduced myself. He at once introduced me to some of the leaders of the Church as the Mr. G— about whom they had heard so much, and they all expressed themselves delighted to make my acquaintance.

“ Now, as I have had the honour, ever since I left college, to be the minister of the smallest and most remote charge in connection with the

Presbyterian Church of Victoria, this rather astonished me ; I wondered how on earth they could have heard of me. It seemed impossible, so I concluded that there was some mistake, and that they had got hold of the wrong man. As soon as I could I got the convener aside, and asked him how it was that I was so well known.

“ Oh,” he replied, “ it is owing to what Dr. J. G. Paton said about you in the house. When the colonial business came on, you were down to speak, but as you had not arrived, Dr. Paton was asked to speak for you as well as for himself, and he gave the house a glowing account of you and your work.”

“ ‘ Ah,’ I thought, ‘ this is my reward for carrying that bundle of clothes for the heathen,’ and my memory went back to the day when, having gone to Melbourne for a holiday, and having got fitted out with everything new, from bell-topper to boots, I was ‘ doing the block.’ It was then that I met Dr. Paton, carrying his Gladstone bag in one hand and a huge bundle of some sort in the other. My first impulse was to look in a shop window till he passed, but I conquered it, and went up to the old man and asked him to let me help him. I was hoping he would give me the Gladstone bag, but, alas ! he gave me the bundle, telling me it was clothes for the heathen which some dear ladies had sent him. May the heathen never know what it cost me to carry that bundle of clothes for them down Collins Street ! However, I got my reward when Dr. Paton told the Assembly what he thought of me !

“ I was asked to address the Assembly, but I was not going to throw away a great reputation

so easily obtained, so I modestly and wisely declined."

It was quietly resolved to refuse, as far as was found practicable, during the last days, all engagements for the Missionary except for Sundays, and to secure as much rest and privacy as possible till the date of his departure. Invitations still crowded in, and it was with difficulty that acceptances were reduced to a minimum, and not without many and pathetic appeals and protests from himself. But this line of duty was felt to be certainly correct for his health's sake, and so the friends organising his meetings held to it, and with some measure of success, though the list of meetings that followed would seem ample for any man, especially in the summer days of June and July.

The meetings at Kilmarnock had all been fixed, and widely advertised by enthusiastic and devoted friends, when the Missionary was taken ill. The pleas to postpone his visit were still all in vain. He went, he carried through the programme, and returned greatly better. On the 28th he went to conduct a meeting at Gateside, in Fife, and returned to us quite restored, by "the good hand of his God upon him for good."

His last Sunday in Scotland was spent at Rossie Priory, the beautiful home of his friend and supporter Lord Kinnaird, where, and in the adjoining Free Church, he delivered addresses.

A crowd of friends gathered at St. Enoch's Station, Glasgow, on Wednesday evening, August 8th, to say farewell. As the train steamed off, his sister and all the beloved ones there assembled felt that another parting had been made which

never, on this side the veil, would be likely to be bridged again, and that only in the presence and in the glory of the Lord would they gaze again into those pathetic eyes, whose tenderness and depth so moved their souls.

The August holidays did not prevent a large number of sympathisers and friends gathering to hear the Missionary's closing words at the farewell meeting at Mildmay, London.

Often his voice was choked with emotion, but there was something intensely inspiring in the sight of the aged Veteran pleading with others to follow him as he again faced his life work.

On the following morning, August 10, 1894, with his brother and Mr. and Mrs. Langridge, the Missionary went on board the Orient steamer *Oruba*, at Tilbury. Marked evidences of the Divine love cheered the little party, and brightened the sad occasion. One instance should be recorded. The Missionary could not conceal his anxiety as to the character of the fellow-voyager who might share with him the little second-class double-berth cabin; and, indeed, minds were scheming how it could be arranged for a Christian friend of the Missionary's—who chanced to be returning in the same ship—to exchange berths, so as to be with Dr. Paton. But all the anxiety was wasted. A Higher, Sweeter Will had cared for His humble servant. As we stepped on board the ship a gentleman came forward and welcomed Dr. Paton in the name of the Directors, saying, "We have had much pleasure, Dr. Paton, in reserving your cabin for your own use, so that you may have privacy and quiet on your way out." "The Lord bless you and reward you, dear sir!" came with

melting fervour from the beloved Missionary's heart, as he stepped into the little cabin on the port side. And there, as we gathered round him, bowed before the Eternal, our souls were thrilled with his utterances of adoring gratitude and love, which so well expressed our holy joy.

We would fain have left him there quietly and alone, taking our leave, one by one, and passing. The parting was really there, at the feet of the Lord Jesus. For the rest, the hurried rush as the warning bell ordered visitors away, the clasped hands and heart tears, were all too public and confused, and then came the consciousness that, probably for the last time on earth, eyes were looking into each other, hearts trying to speak in glances of tenderest affection. But the distance widened ; the dear grief-stricken face and white locks became indistinct, and we had said FAREWELL.

## CHAPTER VI

### MRS. J. G. PATON'S JOURNAL

ONE of the hardships of long travel to the Missionary was the absence from home and loved ones that it entailed. Not only did he suffer, but there was the loneliness of months and even years which her husband's absence brought to Mrs. Paton. In 1894, while the Missionary was in the rush of his continuous meetings in Britain, an opportunity occurred for Mrs. Paton to go down to the New Hebrides to visit the scenes of her missionary life, and especially to stay for a while with her son, the Rev. Fred J. Paton, the Missionary of Pangkumu, Malekula Island.

Mrs. Paton's letter to her husband from the New Hebrides, covering the period of her stay, forms this chapter. It is dated June, 1894, and gives a refreshing glimpse of the conditions and passing events in the Group at that time:

" Before leaving Sydney for the New Hebrides, I had a nice visit to the ' South Sea Island Home ' with Mrs. Macdonald, who gives so much of her time to the welfare of the ' Boys ' (as the men are called) who frequent it. The Home is self-



supporting. It might also be termed a Black Men's Christian Club. No assistance of white people is given, except in the way of teaching those who can attend in the evenings, having Bible talks with them, and helping them to keep their weekly accounts, &c. Each 'Boy' pays a small sum weekly for the privilege of becoming a member, and when any are in need of rest, or out of work, they are boarded cheaply. One of the most capable and Christian of their number is the caretaker.

"They have got the Home decently furnished bit by bit, the latest additions being a bookcase and small mirror over the sitting-room mantelpiece. They flocked with great interest to see their new possessions, and Charlie (the caretaker), who was standing beside the mirror with a twinkle in his black eyes, called out, 'All you black fellow, look in here, and you see plenty monkey!' It is so pretty to hear them talking to each other in broken English, as they rarely understand each other's languages, coming as they do from so many different islands. One of those black apostles was earnestly trying to show his brethren how Christ could transform their whole lives, and said: 'Oh, do give your black hearts to Jesus, and He make you new. He make you *such good-looking fellows.*'

"I so missed dear Robbins (Mrs. Macdonald's black servant) this time. He died some months ago, testifying for his Saviour to the very last. He was a native of Malo, New Hebrides, and rejoiced greatly over the translation into his native tongue of the Gospel of Mark. He was speaking of it to Mrs. Macdonald one day, and in his

earnestness sat up in bed, his thin, dying face and large eyes lit up with eagerness as he said : ‘ *Oh, Missi Macdonal’, I pray Jesus to make it one very lighthouse to show all people. Malo the road to Him.*’

“ Nothing could have been better planned for us than the Mission Synod being held on Aneityum—our first place of call. The whole Mission to me, and all my interest in it, for the time being, was rolled into its youngest member, and my great concern was lest I might not be able to keep perfectly calm when I met my laddie. Our excitement was intense—mine almost unbearable—when we got in full view of the Mission-house, and eagerly passed the glass to each other, scanning the beach to see which of the missionaries would come off in the boat to welcome such a valuable contingent ! I made sure Fred would be the first, but not a solitary figure appeared, and we were left to possess our souls in patience as best we might. Captain Reid of the *Croydon* came on board, and I was assured of Fred’s welfare. Strange, I did not think anything could happen to the others ! It is what is most precious that we always think most in danger.

“ At last we descried the missionaries rushing to the beach, and Captain C. had his boat ready to send us ashore. We had all stepped into our boat, when they said the Mission boat was fast approaching. I flew back on board again, just as it rounded the stern. Two or three missionaries were in it, but I only saw Fred, heard his old familiar salutation, in three bounds he was at my side, and my heart was at rest. He was extremely pale, from excitement. He had not received our

last letters, and was not sure of my coming, but otherwise he looked splendidly well, and not a bit altered. I thought a year of solitary mission life and fever might possibly have sobered him a little, but he has not lost an iota of his fun and energy. He is as full of life and merriment as ever, was the life of the Mission party going south, and such a favourite from his kindness to the seasick ones.

“As we were being rowed ashore the news was broken to me of the sudden death of dear Mrs. Watt, of Tanna, only four days previously. We learned some of the details of her last days. She seemed perfectly well on the morning of Thursday, April 26th, but when she got up complained of giddiness. Mr. Watt thought she breathed peculiarly, and sprang to her side, to find she had fainted. When she was brought round she said to him: ‘Oh, I am so thankful you woke me just now, or I should have died. I have never been so near death.’ She looked weak, and Mr. Watt persuaded her to lie down for a little, and helped her back to bed. She got sick, but revived again, then suddenly said she thought death was coming on. Mr. Watt had no apprehension, and tried to cheer her, but got a fright on feeling her hands were cold, though she was in a profuse perspiration. He felt her feet, which were also cold. She wished for hot water to warm them, and he was going to give the order when she quietly died, without a struggle, before 7 o’clock. All within one short hour!

“Mr. Grey, of Weasisi, got round to Port Resolution (it was there she died) by midday, and was a great comfort to Mr. Watt, helping with

the burial. They laid her close by the beautiful little church which she and Mr. Watt collected the money for during their last visit to Scotland. Oh, how she had longed, and prayed, and laboured unceasingly for twenty-five years for the conversion of Tanna; and though a rich harvest was not vouchsafed, yet, like Moses, she was allowed a glimpse of the promised land before she was called to her reward.

“Mr. Watt bears up wonderfully, and went through all his Synod work and his duties as host in the kindest manner. I was placed next him at table, and he told me a lot about her, but I noticed he often spoke of her in the present tense, as if he could not realise that she had really gone.

“The missionaries were in the midst of their business when we arrived, on the third morning of their sitting, and you may imagine their speeches were pretty much to the point when they were so limited to time! There was a tremendous hurry-scurry next morning (we had only one clear day on Aneityum). At morning prayers, ere we parted, we sang the 63rd Paraphrase, and as the rich voices blended, it was almost too thrilling for me. Such praise must be very precious in God's sight, and I sometimes wish I could be in heaven just to hear the different *ring* of this praise sent up from men and women who have counted not their lives dear unto them, compared with paid singers in a fashionable choir in civilisation!

“The most notable business of Synod was the new training institution for teachers. The idea is to have all the training for teachers placed

in the hands of one missionary set apart for that special work. The 'material' for the manufacture of teachers is to be gathered from all the different Islands. The students will be made to learn English, which will be an easier task for them when taken away from their own language. That they will be capable of instructing their fellow-Islanders in English when they return as graduates nobody expects, but they will have received a thorough training, and as much benefit as possible from a foreign language, and that under the most advantageous circumstances. And they will be able to roll out the message of the Gospel in their own mother tongue with all the greater sweetness and freedom after experiencing the difficulties and constraint of a foreign one.

"We had a pleasant passage to the northern Islands. The missionaries had mostly provided themselves with canvas stretchers, standing a foot high, so that in shipping seas the water can roll about below, but woe to those who had their mattresses on the deck! We had some experience of this the first night after leaving Aneityum. I had undressed below, and came on deck arrayed, like the other ladies, in dressing-gown and bath slippers, rejoicing in the prospect of sleeping in the pure air. Everybody was being made snug for the night, when down came the rain in torrents—a regular tropical downpour, which continued the whole night. The awning above and round the sides kept it off for a bit, but soon the rain flooded the deck. I was all right underneath, Mr. Annand having made me take his stretcher for the whole voyage, but Fred and others lay drenched the whole night.

"We had to wait a few hours at a trading station on Tanna next morning, Captain Reid having some business to do for the Company to whom the *Croydon* belongs; then we skirted along its shores, passing dear old Kwamera, with its white walls gleaming in the greenery, and calling up many bright, hallowed associations.

"We reached Port Resolution before noon, and though the *Croydon* had only a few minutes to wait, we had time to get up to the house and see Mrs. Watt's grave. Everything about the house was in perfect order, just as she had left it, and when we entered we could feel her hand in all the arrangements. Things had not begun to be displaced. Only nine days before she had been going about in her wonted health! The ground was in perfect order, and laid out so that it could be easily kept—mostly grass, with a few ferns. In a little centre plot in front there is a magnificent tree-fern, giving shade to a variety of exquisite small ferns planted underneath.

"Our next place of call that day was Weasisi, on the east of Tanna, where we picked up Mr. and Mrs. Grey, who were packed and ready for their annual missionary visit to Aniwa; and we managed to pay a flying visit—a very flying one—to our own Island the same evening. It was dark when we stepped into the lantern-lit boats, eagerly excited to see our dear old home. There were great fires on shore, and torchlights to guide us between the reefs to the boat-landing.

"The landing was crowded with eager natives, and I could distinguish familiar forms standing between the red glare and the boat. Our faithful teacher Masitaia was nearest, and I shouted

'Alofa' to him as the rowers pulled in their oars, and the boat slowed in. They knew my voice and what a buzz there was! 'Ta Missi-finé! Ta Missi-finé!' was excitedly passed from lip to lip, and I had hardly regained my equilibrium, after scrambling on to the rocks, when some one, with a baby tied to her back, flung her arms tightly round me, her face on my shoulder, and sobbed like to break her heart. I tried to lift her face to see who it was, but it was no use. She had to have her cry out before I found it was my good faithful Litsi Sisi. I never knew her to give way so in her whole life. She was always too energetic to indulge in sentiment, but the natives had no notion I was coming, and the sudden appearance was too much for her. What a shaking of hands there was! Fred received his *full* share of welcome! They could not believe that the great, tall, moustached fellow laughing down at them was the wee 'Freddy' of long ago, and sorely do they begrudge him as missionary to the Malekulans! They said: 'He belongs to *us*. He was born on our soil—our first white chief—and here he should stay as our missionary. The Malekulans can't love him as we do,' &c.

"We had to make speed to cover the distance between the boat-landing and the Mission-house, as we were only allowed a few minutes on shore while Mr. Grey's things were being landed. Fred was trying hard to recognise landmarks by the light of the lantern as we went along. Litsi Sisi, after her tears, was completely herself again, commander-in-chief of the procession, and laying about with her tongue in all directions—pitching

into the man carrying the lantern for not holding it properly, to the natives guiding us for letting our feet get into ruts, and consequently into water owing to the late rains, to some lads for walking with us when they ought to be helping with Mr. Grey's goods, issuing commands for one to rush on and light the house lamps, and to another to have the front gate opened, and so forth. They knew better than to disobey her. Between times she gave me, *sotto voce*, all the news and behaviour, good, bad, and indifferent, of the population, introduced the bonny babe on her back as her own latest arrival, and told me I was its grandmother! so altogether I felt pretty well posted up in the current history of Aniwa before leaving its shores.

"They all asked why the *Missi-tané* was not with us, and I explained he was in Britain still. Fred exclaimed with delight as we entered the gate, there was the large rockery up which they used to climb as children and pull the ferns when I didn't see them! The house looks about as well as ever outside, only it may tumble into ruins any day with the white ants.

"The Aniwans are working hard making copra to pay for the erection of a new church—the frame to be bought in Australia. The foundation for it has already been laid, under Mr. Grey's supervision. It is closer to the Mission-house than the old one, and stands between it and our sacred little burying-plot. I felt so glad we had Mr. and Mrs. Grey to leave with our poor darkies, for it was a *hard* tug to get away that night. We were there and gone almost before they could realise they had seen us. My great disappointment was not seeing Litsi Soré, my best beloved friend



on Aniwa, and it would be a woeful disappointment to her. She had been at the Mission-house that day and returned to her home at the other end of the Island before the steamer was announced.

“ We had a fine view of the grand old volcano on Tanna, and I had intense pleasure in comparing Yasur with Vesuvius, very much to the disparagement of the latter ! Of course what sleepy old Vesuvius can do upon occasion Pompeii and Herculaneum remain to testify, and of all the intensely interesting sights we saw on the Continent, Pompeii is the most *intensest* (a double superlative is here quite allowable !)—its history suddenly arrested so that one can see exactly what were the habits and surroundings of its people away back to the time of our Saviour. But I must arrest my own digressive propensities, and stick to the New Hebrides.

“ Next morning we breakfasted on Erromanga with Mr. Robertson, and had two hours on shore. I had the finest view of Venus before daybreak that morning that I ever remember. It was dazzlingly bright, like an electric light, and shed a pathway of radiance on the water. We anchored at night in Villa Harbour, and so enjoyed the prayer-meeting with Mr. and Miss Jessie McKenzie. Next morning we anchored in Havannah Harbour and went ashore. Then we sailed through the short passage for Nguna, and got there in time for a royal tea and welcome from Mr. and Mrs. Milne. I had been looking forward with keen delight to meeting Mrs. Milne again, but it was very sad to have to tell her of Mrs. Watt's death, which distressed her greatly.

“ I felt inclined to hurrah for joy that our next stopping-place was Malekula. We got there early next morning, and Aulua, Mr. Leggatt's station, which Fred has had charge of in Mr. Leggatt's absence, came first in order. He and I went off in the first boat before breakfast, and found everything well kept by the natives, who, however, seemed greatly disappointed at not seeing Mr. and Mrs. Leggatt. Fred explained why they were staying on Tanna, and that they would arrive in about four weeks. They wanted to get us breakfast, but we were expected on board. However, as one or two of the others joined us from the ship, we thought we would indulge in a cup of coffee while waiting the landing of the goods. It was delicious, with nice fresh milk, and they gave it us in the best china on a snowy tablecloth. They offered to open a tin of biscuits, but we would not allow this.

“ In three hours more we were all in my laddie's bachelor home. Little did I think when we visited Mr. Morton's station, five years ago, that it was to become invested with such interest for us ! The knowledge would not have elated us, for Pangkumu is pre-eminently the fever-hole of the New Hebrides. Mr. and Mrs. Morton's short stay and broken health prove that. The house itself is perfectly healthy. Mr. Morton knew how to build a good substantial house, and spared no pains to make it commodious, airy, and convenient. It is on a high foundation and has six rooms, three larger and three smaller ones, including a fine pantry (which Fred has meanwhile converted into a dispensary), besides the cookhouse and other outhouses, which are strong

and in good order. The objections are not to the house, but to its situation and locality; it ought to have been perched on a hill with plenty of cleared ground round it.

“On leaving for Synod, Fred had given strict orders to Tom, the native who acts as his cook, to prepare dinner as soon as he heard the *Croydon's* whistle, so we had not long to wait before getting our hunger appeased, and then the steamer continued her voyage north, and Fred and I were left alone at last.

“Being Saturday afternoon, I only unpacked and made a leisurely inspection of the rooms and premises, making mental notes of where a woman's hand was needed (that was pretty much everywhere), and waited rather impatiently for Monday morning to begin the work of reformation.

“We had a quiet Sunday—to Fred a busy one, as he goes off at dawn to hold services at some of his out-stations and gets home to nine o'clock breakfast. A chief's wife, who had begun to attend school, died during worship, and there was great excitement. The heathen said her death was caused by the worship, and worshippers retorted that it was because she had attended a *manki* (heathen dance) while their missionary was at Synod. We had a service here in the afternoon, with an attendance of about fifty—women in the majority. They come freely about, and are so bright and confiding, only, among the heathen, judging from their faces alone, I hardly know them from the men until they smile. It is when they smile, poor things, that the want of the two upper front teeth proclaim them to be the weaker vessels—slaves to a horrid custom,

which still prevails, and I suppose will prevail till Christianity has got a firm hold on Malekula. A dear little girl got hers knocked out last week by the usual *dentist* while Fred was out of the way. He was so vexed as he had hoped to save her.

“On Monday morning, when I got up like a giant refreshed, eager to begin household reform, I found I had ‘reckoned without my host’ considerably. I began with the dining-room, and was clearing the sideboard of old papers, &c., to put it to its legitimate use, telling Fred that the papers would have to be taken to the study. But he thereupon expressed himself in decided terms of opposition—‘Not if I know it,’ &c. His study, he declared, was full enough. Everything was just right. He could lay his hands upon anything in the dark—nothing required altering. As you may imagine, everything *was* altered before the day was far advanced, but always under protest. The heterogeneous collection of dishes which Booka Tom (Fred’s factotum) had piled up in odd places—dinner and tea sets, glassware, &c., all mixed up in picturesque confusion and thrown together with *unstudied* carelessness—were separated and put in order and Tom shown where he would find things in future. I had far less trouble with Tom than with his master. He looked on, and helped with smiling approval when his domain was invaded.

“One thing Fred entered heartily into was the rehangng of all his pictures. He has a very good taste himself (inherited, of course), but only got his pictures here by degrees, I bringing the last of them with me. So I had them all together to



*Photo*]

[*Johnstone O'Shannessy & Co.*

MRS. JOHN G. PATON.

select and group and arrange them to the best advantage, getting them hung as much as possible in a position to be viewed from the point of sight at which they were taken. It was delightful, getting up window-curtains, &c., upholstering, and giving the house an air of comfort and brightness. But all along I had to exercise some 'generalship' in tackling the different rooms, and did most of the clearings when Fred was out of sight. The study I did not dare attempt, Fred guarding that as the dragon did the Hesperides, till one day he had to visit sick natives at a distance, when I promptly seized the opportunity to give it a good 'riding up.'

"I have had nothing to do in the culinary department, as Tom makes a good cook, and is quite 'up' in his duties. He comes solemnly in to lay the cloth at the appointed times, and as solemnly removes the dishes when we have finished. He is not the cook who, on Fred telling him the eggs were too hard, got up next morning before daylight and boiled them *two hours*, thinking to have them nice and soft for his Missi!

"It has been very pleasant, this visit to dear Fred; but for all that, one would not by any means choose this life. One requires a specific reason—a Divine Command—to live in heathenism.

"There have been three murders since I came here. The first two victims were such opponents of Christianity (though friendly to Fred personally) that one cannot be so sorry as one would like to be at their sudden exit. The last murder I can't get over. The victim was a poor native woman who had been a long time sick. Her husband got tired of the bother of keeping her, so they buried

her alive ! Weak though she was, she fought hard to keep above ground, till the Chief gave her a blow on the head to kill her before her face was smothered—' because he was sorry for her.' How terribly true it is that the tender mercies of the heathen are horrid cruelty ! Mr. Gillan was telling us that, on Malekula, for trying to run away from her husband, the awful practice is to put a red-hot stone under a woman's knee and tie back the leg to keep it there till the stone grows cold. No running away after that—the woman is lamed for life !

" Since penning the above an hour ago, I have had a delightful opportunity of witnessing what natives may become under the Power of the Gospel. A number of Fred's teachers and two or three Malekulans gathered to-day in the dining-room for the usual Wednesday evening meeting. As the Teachers come from different islands, the Bible talk is carried on in broken English.

" You must not confound Thomas with Booka Tom, the cook. There is an epidemic of " Toms " on Malekula. Both are as nice as they can be, but Thomas, whose name before baptism was Merib Navus, is one of the best trained Malekulans, and is one of Fred's best helpers. He is a splendid, vigorous Christian, with a hearty laugh, and shrewd in his dealings with his fellow-islanders.

" There is a delicious story of Thomas. Some months ago Fred and Thomas were going to a distant village to try and stop the war that was raging. To the consternation of his Missi, Thomas appeared with a loaded musket !

" ' Perhaps you had better leave that behind ; we want peace,' Fred said.

“‘Yes, Missi, we want peace,’ answered Thomas, ‘and suppose man Malekula see my gun, he want peace too!’

“They were joined on the way by two other Teachers — one with a persuasive-looking stick, equal to an Irish blackthorn, and the other with an axe! Fred usually carries a malacca cane when walking, so altogether their appearance commanded respect from the Malekulans, who listened humbly to their exhortations and promised amendment.

“They have all been very curious to see their missionary’s mother, so I have been ‘on show’ more or less ever since arrival here. They are very particular always to ask Fred if I am his *real* mother, the word having such a wide meaning here. They have come from afar to see me, and get quite excited when their curiosity is gratified. How often I wish for one of the missionaries’ cameras to take a ‘snap-shot’ while they are gesticulating.

“I had a nice sail with Fred to Aulua, as he wanted to look after some sick natives. We spent the night there, the distance being too great to return the same day. One teacher was suffering acutely from rheumatism, and Fred brought him and his family back with us. The patient was carried into the boat on a ladder, and out of it the same way. Fred and I got out at a point from where we could walk home, a walking distance of two miles, but very much farther by sea round the reef. Though we got drenched in the long grass, it was preferable to being baked under the broiling sun. Malekula is the hottest place I have been in. The southern Islands of the



Group are much cooler, though they only vary about six degrees in latitude from the northern.

“The natives of Malekula are very lovable—at least, those I have seen—and, like our other Islanders, capable of taking on a true polish, not veneer, when they are Christianised. Gentle—almost courtly—manners seem to come natural to them, after they are delivered from their savagery, and have mixed in civilised life. Tom always thanks me when I give an order. It is often ‘Tank you very much,’ for the trouble I am giving him!

“The other night Fred had a bad attack of fever, and one of his teachers (Thomas, I think) was sitting in the room giving a report of a distant village he had been sent to visit. I jumped up about every minute to change the vinegar cloths on Fred’s forehead, and often between times I kept standing. On these occasions I began to notice that Thomas was on his feet likewise, and as he did not leave as I expected, but sat when I did, his *innate* gentlemanliness dawned upon and amazed me. He could not sit while a woman stood! I think I have seen white men who could! Candour compels me to add, however, that I would not care to vouch for Thomas behaving in like manner to his black sisters!

“We were awakened the other midnight by the loud bang of a musket-shot not far away. The teachers rushed off to ascertain the cause, and found that two men had been creeping round the next village, and when called upon to give their names did not answer. It is a native law here that if a man is challenged at night, he must answer at once or take his chance of being killed.

The shot did no damage, the prowlers got away, and the people met to consider whether they could have been ghosts! Fred does not know what fear means, and sleeps with his doors and windows wide open all night. I take the precaution of securing mine before I go to sleep!

“Charlie Lean (they nickname him ‘Charlie Fat,’ he is so stout), who had charge of the South Sea Island Home that I mentioned in the beginning of this epistle, has just arrived to be a Teacher to his fellow-countrymen, after fourteen years’ absence. He was kidnapped as a little boy and taken to Queensland.

“He tells his own story very touchingly: ‘White man tell me, “Come look at big ship,” and he give me things. Then when I want jump back in my canoe, he push it away and hold me firm—get up anchor, and go away. Oh, I cry, cry, cry *plenty*, but he tell me to dry up or he would *shot* me. I cry, for I no want him to shot me, but my heart break for my mother all the time, and I no can help myself—he got me there!’ His home is two miles distant from Pangkumu.

“Fred hopes to get great help from Charlie, who is a true Christian, and intends to make him one of his teachers. He has a fine staff at present; the other day one of them took the entire service here when Fred had to be at another village. He was very eloquent. I should like to have understood what he said, but I could only admire the earnest tones and generous gestures of the teacher, who stood close to where I sat. It gets a bit tiresome listening to a strange language, and one does appreciate the rare luxury of an English service in foreign lands.

“ This is my fifth week at Pangkumu and we expect the *Croydon* to call for me ten days hence. How I am to leave Fred in all his noble loneliness I dare not think. It is nothing comparatively to give one's self to the Mission. It *is* something to give one's children, and I begin to have some conception of what it was for Our Father in Heaven to give up His Own Son unto the Death.”

## CHAPTER VII

### THE DEADLY KANAKA TRAFFIC CONFLICT

ON the reverse of the shield of goodness and peace there will ever be found the emblems of war. So true is it that the very act of goodness brings in its train conflict with evil. It will be no surprise, therefore, to those experienced in the bearings of life's vicissitudes that, quiet and gentle as John G. Paton was by nature and heart, he was forced by the circumstances of his lot into an attitude of deadly conflict with the agents of evil who hovered around his beloved Islands, intent only on selfish gain—however gotten.

It is, however, a significant commentary on the apparent medley of good and evil that this very circumstance of the machinations of evildoers brought about the help and development of the Mission to the New Hebrides Islands! For the Missionary would assuredly never have found the open doors that he did had it not been that he was crusading against tyranny and wrong. In the flush of indignation against the inhumanity of man to man, lovers of righteousness forgot the little sectional barriers that divided them, and thus the Missionary made friends for his work, through

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the chord of sympathy with suffering and intolerance of injustice that he struck wherever his footsteps were led of God.

Shortly before the Missionary left Australia in 1892, Sir Samuel Griffiths, the Premier of Queensland, made public the determination of that Colony to restore the Kanaka Labour Traffic. This Traffic had been proved in 1885 to be "a system of fraud and bloodshed" akin in many of its details to the slave-raiding that desolated Africa in the dark days of the early nineteenth century.

The subject of the Kanaka Traffic is referred to in Dr. John G. Paton's Autobiography, but to appreciate his lifelong conflict for its suppression a glance back is here necessary.

In the early fifties an enterprising Trader found that the New Hebrides sandalwood traffic was nearly exhausted, through the feverish and reckless—not to say bloodthirsty—methods by which Traders had stripped the Islands of the wood that sold at such huge profits in China. This man conceived the idea that sugar-planting in Queensland could be much more profitably conducted if cheap coloured labour were available for the purpose. He therefore drew up an innocent-looking little scheme, and obtained authority for the importation of a few labourers into Queensland from the New Hebrides and Solomon groups of Islands.

It seems likely that he intended the recruiting to be conducted fairly. Only willing labourers were to be shipped. All must be made to understand the conditions of a three years' indentured service, &c. Incidentally he claimed that his scheme would benefit the natives, as they would

be brought into contact with civilisation and would return better men, so that, while serving his own ends, he would also be conferring a certain favour on the Islanders !

So the Traffic began. It was not long, however, before the new gold-mine thus opened up began to attract planters and skippers alike, and prices "per head" for muscular natives rose in value. The lucrative nature of the Traffic speedily brought into the trade unscrupulous skippers and abandoned crews, who very soon flung away the scruples of the originator, and fraud took the place of frankness. The multiplicity of languages in the Islands of the Group formed a good cover for the successful conduct of the trade. All contracts were made in "pigeon English"—then little known even to the shore natives, and quite unintelligible to the bushmen—and so it came about that the offer of presents to greedy relatives and savage chiefs procured stout and healthy young men (and, alas ! sometimes also women) for periods represented by the holding up of three fingers—supposed by the natives to mean three moons, but really meaning three years—and often ending only when death released the victim from the clutches of the gold-greedy white man.

After a while, fraud made the natives more wary ; and the expiry of many moons with no return of the sons, brothers, and women of the tribes added to the reluctance of native men to "touch the pen" which the white men held to be equal to signing the contract that the "Regulations" that had sprung up demanded.

Deceit having failed, violence took its place, and natives were deliberately kidnapped, clapped

into the stuffy holds of small recruiting schooners, and taken to Queensland. As things developed native violence met the white man's violence, and bloodshed and deliberate murder followed as the Traffic sped on its downward path ; till the decks and holds of vessels were stained with blood, and the savages of the New Hebrides found their equals, and far worse than their equals, in the inhuman monsters—white of race and black of heart—who hunted them as prey, and stole them from their homes and kindred.

All the while the only persons who saw and understood the real villainy of the system—the few Missionaries then in the Islands—ceased not in their endeavour to make the true nature of the Traffic known. They were painfully aware of what others—even the Naval authorities—could not know. Their hearts were wrung by the deceit and violence of the bloodthirsty collectors who stole into every little harbour and crept along every shore of the lovely Isles, seeking black bodies that sold for so much a head in Queensland and elsewhere. By private letters, by united protests, by public remonstrance, they held up the awful thing to the notice of the British race wherever opportunity offered. Their protests attracted little notice at first, except that those who made them were vilified and denounced by the agents of the Traffic as abusers of their fellow-countrymen, addicted to gross exaggeration, unworthy of serious consideration.

It will be readily appreciated that this Traffic was one of the main causes of the slow progress of the Mission. It embittered the savages against white men, and sometimes led up to the murder,

not often of the Traffickers themselves—who took good care to keep clear of the danger—but of the only men who were brave enough to live amongst the savages—the Servants of God. Thus Williams and Harris were martyred on Erromanga, Bishop Patteson on Nukapu, and Commodore Goodenough on Santa Cruz. The murderers too, of the Gordons of Erromanga had nursed in their hearts secret grudges against cruel white men who had visited and devastated their island with blood, ravage, and death, and, failing revenge upon the evil-doers themselves, had murdered, according to their own law of blood revenge, members of the same “white tribe.”

The blood of murdered and outraged natives spoke louder and louder, through the mouths of their friends the missionaries in the Group, and at length the sentiment of an enlightened nation could no longer endure the stigma and shame of the crime. The prayers and protests of God’s ambassadors at last aroused the dormant conscience of the British people.

In 1882 a Royal Commission was appointed to inquire into the evils of the Kanaka Traffic, and to make a Report.

After full investigation, beginning in January and ending in May, 1885, the Royal Commission issued its Report of 190 pages.

The Recruiting vessels appointed for examination were the *Clara*, *Lizzie*, *Hopeful*, *Forest King*, *Heath*, and *Sybil*. In regard to all of these the findings were that—

- “ Natives were seduced on board by false
- “ pretences, some were forcibly kidnapped ;
- “ the nature of their engagements was never



“ fully explained to them ; they had no com-  
 “ prehension of the nature of the work they  
 “ had to perform ; they attached their marks  
 “ to contracts which were deliberately mis-  
 “ represented to them.”

The log of the *Sybil* was reported to be—

“ a record of drunkenness and incapacity on  
 “ the part of the master, and insubordination  
 “ on the part of the crew.”

Of the doings of the *Hopeful*, the following ghastly extract from the Report is a specimen of the hideous nature of the Traffic thus revealed to the world, but all along known to the agonised and abused Missionaries who had faithfully declared its true character :

“ At Ferguson Island natives came out in  
 “ canoes to trade with the *Hopeful*. Two  
 “ of her boats were lowered, fully manned.  
 “ The canoes turned shoreward, upon which  
 “ chase was given. McNeil followed a canoe  
 “ with eight natives in it, and Williams another  
 “ with six or seven in it. McNeil was unable  
 “ to overtake the one he was pursuing, when  
 “ he stood up in his boat and fired at the  
 “ canoe . . . the steersman fell in the canoe  
 “ dead, the ball also struck the man in front  
 “ of him, who fell overboard and sank. The  
 “ other occupants of the canoe leaped into the  
 “ water, and McNeil cut it with a tomahawk  
 “ and directed his crew to pick up the natives  
 “ who were swimming in the water ; four were  
 “ so secured, and, to prevent their escape,  
 “ placed under the thwarts of the boat. The  
 “ other canoe was cut by Williams, and the  
 “ natives as usual took to the sea. A rifle

“ was fired and one islander shot ; five  
 “ islanders and a small boy were picked up  
 “ by the boat. One of the rescued islanders  
 “ jumped overboard from the boat, where-  
 “ upon Williams followed him with a large  
 “ knife in his hand, and as the native was  
 “ coming upon the reef Williams cut the poor  
 “ wretch’s throat, and he sank into deep water.  
 “ The boat then pulled up to the reef, Williams  
 “ leaped into it and the two boats joined com-  
 “ pany. The little boy, who was no use as  
 “ a recruit, was cast adrift on two cocoanuts  
 “ which were tied under his arms ; the little  
 “ fellow was seen to slip from the nuts and  
 “ was drowned in the surf. The canoe McNeil  
 “ had cut contained the dead body of the  
 “ steersman. Williams cut the head off and  
 “ the mutilated remains were thrown over-  
 “ board.”

The verdict of the Commission was that the Traffic must cease at the end of 1890—five years, that is, after the hideous system had been proved to be a blot on the British flag.

But by that faculty for evading good laws which is a possession of evildoers whenever selfish gain is threatened, the interested parties increased the number of the labour-collecting vessels (“ Snatch-Snatch ships ” as the natives so correctly named them) in order to provide themselves with the “ sinews ” of capital up to the time limit, and as long as might be after the date on which “ re-  
 cruiting ” was to cease.

According to the law, all labour-collecting vessels that sailed from Queensland before December 31, 1890, might return with their live

cargoes of "Labourers." Full advantage was taken of this latitude, and thus it came about that, until well into 1891, the supply of black men—the youth and vitality of the Islands—was still being rushed into Queensland.

See what followed. Almost immediately after the last collecting-ship had discharged its human cargo Queensland began to raise the cry of "Ruin of the Sugar Industry"; and so successfully, that the Premier was carried off his feet, and the Colony resolved to renew the Black Labour Traffic under "new and revised Regulations" (with "ample Safeguards" of course) at the beginning of 1892!

The effect of this enactment was to annul the finding of the Royal Commission, and to renew the Traffic after a break of only a few months from the extended date on which it was doomed to cease.

Into the midst of the fight in opposition to such unworthy and selfish action by Queensland the white-haired Missionary threw himself with the whole force of his being. No sooner was the Queensland proposal made public than he wrote a long and pathetic plea to Sir S. Griffiths.

Sentences like the following show how agonised was his soul at the prospect of a revival of the trade of alluring men and women from the Islands for plantation work in the sugar-fields.

"I appeal to you, as a husband and a  
 " father, to think of the sorrow, the suffering,  
 " and agony caused to thousands of Islanders  
 " by the recruiting of this cheap labour for  
 " your plantations. The recruiters lead many  
 " children away from their parents and parents

"away from their children, wives from their  
 "husbands, and husbands from wives, as you  
 "well know. Sugar-planters may not care for  
 "such agony; but God hears the cries,  
 "sees the tears, pities the agony, and will  
 "surely avenge the murder of our down-  
 "trodden, defenceless Islanders. I do most  
 "earnestly plead with you, in the interests of  
 "humanity and for your own honour and  
 "the honour of Australia, not to renew this  
 "Polynesian Labour Traffic."

There came no satisfactory reply to John G. Paton's firm but courteous letter to the Premier of Queensland—beyond the old assurance, again reiterated, that *this time* the Regulations would provide against all abuses and make the Traffic humane. The pro-traffickers went further, and declared that it would be profitable for the natives in bringing them into touch with civilisation. At which one thinks instinctively of Mark Twain's sarcastic reference to the first trace of civilisation—the neck of a broken whisky-bottle—which he stumbled across in a desolate region out west. For most of the poor Kanakas "Civilisation" meant regular hours of daily labour in sugar-fields, prescribed rations, a limited area of perambulation in times of leisure, with the attraction of a drunken bout and fight on an occasional Sunday by way of diversion. Except for the good influence of the Queensland Kanaka Mission, which, if we mistake not, owed its inception largely to John G. Paton and the efforts of Christian planters and other Mission workers, practically all would have come out of the fiery ordeal savages more debased than when they arrived in the Colony.

In such a struggle it was war to the knife, and the attitude of the Premier, as well as the press,—which practically closed its pages to the Missionary's pleas—caused him to turn elsewhere for justice, and to endeavour to prevent the perpetuation of a cruel wrong.

Fairly and honestly, therefore, he told the Premier in a public letter:

“ To plead further is useless, seeing you  
 “ have so made up your mind to ‘do what  
 “ conscience bids’ you! To free my  
 “ conscience, however, using what knowledge  
 “ of the Traffic I possess, I shall now appeal  
 “ to the Public in Australasia and Britain,  
 “ pleading with all to unite, and, if possible,  
 “ secure the complete suppression of this  
 “ shocking Traffic, at least in every British  
 “ Colony.”

Think of what all this meant of labour and stress and burden, in addition to his self-imposed *Dayspring* scheme; his campaign for additional missionaries; his delegation to the United States to secure the prohibition of the traffic in strong drink; and the dark cloud which was ever on his horizon, in the insistent political problem—the threatened annexation of the Islands by France.

These multiplied cares were surely sufficient to appal the stoutest heart; and there is a sigh of deep sorrow in his letters at this period, over the clouds that lowered and threatened the little group of Islands where centred the dearest interests of his life.

But action kept up his spirit; work and prayer, prayer and work, were the panacea in all his vicissitudes, and to these twin tonics he no doubt owed his vigour and his long and tenacious life.

The Missionary kept his word. Long before Queensland had finally passed its Act to revive the Kanaka Traffic, his pamphlet giving cogent reasons against the enactment was printed and circulated in Britain; and in the intervals of his rush of meetings in Great Britain and Ireland he wrote his further plea for the Veto of the Act by the Imperial Parliament.

There were helpers at work at home printing and circulating these arguments—sending them to every Member of Parliament, calling upon sympathisers, and putting questions in the House of Commons.

After a while the leaven of sympathy began to work. Letters to the press followed one another at short intervals, and information on the subject became matter of public interest.

John G. Paton wrote to every influential statesman whom he could reach, and directly after he arrived in Britain secured an interview with Lord Ripon (then Colonial Secretary) in order to place before him personally the arguments in favour of the Veto—arguments which the Missionary subsequently published in pamphlet form, together with his memorandum, drawn up at Lord Ripon's request.

In the House of Commons his ever ready and sympathetic friend the late Mr. Samuel Smith, M.P., took up the cause of the oppressed.

His constant advocacy of the rights of the Pacific Islanders caused him to be dubbed in the House of Commons the "Member for the Kanakas," a title given in ridicule, which, like many another, has lived to become a title of honour.

Of course all this effort was not lost upon the Queensland authorities. Through their agents in London they started a counter crusade, by issuing pamphlets in defence of the Traffic, and even by following up the Missionary, and at his meetings distributing papers protesting against him and strongly condemning his actions.

But he was not to be turned aside by opposition, threats, or any such thing. Once the path of duty was clear, nothing on earth could turn him one hair's breadth. If God's cause plainly said, "Forward," that was enough. Yet it did grieve him at times to have his way barred and opportunities restricted.

He was to speak before an influential audience at the Duke of Westminster's London mansion, at the Annual Meeting of the Native Races and Liquor Traffic Committee. He had thought out very carefully and prayerfully his address, and had high hopes of getting at the hearts of the influential audience. Imagine his chagrin, however, on being taken aside, immediately before the meeting, and told, gently but firmly, that it was the chairman's special wish that he should on no account refer to the Kanaka Traffic in the course of his address. The Queensland influence had been at work, and had once again entrenched itself in its ancient stronghold of privilege.

In spite of all his efforts the Queensland Kanaka Labourers Act became law; and the deportation of the best manhood of the Islands took a fresh lease of life and new vigour. It was still, spite of all Regulations, a "Devil's Traffic," demoralising alike to agents and their victims; and commenced afresh the depopulation of the Group.

However, its agents began to find greater difficulty. Islanders had returned, and the true state of affairs was beginning to be whispered from one native to another. New methods were accordingly adopted by the wily collectors. One ingenious Recruiter, for instance, took round a gramophone into which labourers had spoken the invitation to their black brothers to "come along Queensland." The "barter" cargo—knickknacks that natives loved—became more diversified and more attractive, and thus the pace was kept up and the Traffic in human flesh and blood held on its way.

There were periods when the fight proceeded without public notice, and anon times when the battle raged furiously. Though sometimes worsted for the moment, the Missionary never gave in. The principle upon which he had acted in all his work among the natives was never to "own beat" (as he used to put it). And this principle he adopted in his fight with the oppressors of his people; no matter how great the odds, he never surrendered.

No abuse deterred him. He ceased not to hold up the evils as inevitable in the system, and thus incurred the perpetual wrath of the Traffickers, and often of the Authorities.

Some enemies tried the vile course of traducing his character, but were beaten back and defeated. One person said that, although John G. Paton in his book condemned smoking and drinking, he knew that the Missionary indulged both in drinking and smoking. He gave it out that he had sailed with Dr. Paton from Malta to England in 1884, and he could vouch for the fact that the Missionary smoked in his cabin and elsewhere, and drank



wine freely at the table, and at other times. Happily the lie was not hard, in this case, to bring home, for Dr. Paton had never in his life called at Malta, nor had he sailed from it. Never in his life had he smoked, or touched alcoholic liquors of any kind. The whole charge, whether of misconception or not cannot be stated, was without a shade of foundation.

On through the years from 1892 to 1901 the warfare raged, desultory at times, then furious.

Presently a new move began to emerge in Australian politics, known as the "White Australia policy," which had for its object the expulsion of all coloured labour from the Commonwealth.

With the political genesis of the movement we have no concern, but it clearly involved, if carried out in its entirety, the abolition of the Kanaka Traffic and the transfer of the natives to their own Islands, and in that step the hearts of all lovers of the Mission were deeply concerned.

This was the central vital principle of the new movement that the Missionary watched and prayed over, hoping that God might thus bring about the cessation of the iniquitous Traffic, that had done so many thousands to death, and had been one abiding cause for the steady decline of the population of the Group.

Sure enough, in 1901, the policy became the settled decision of Australia, and it was enacted that the Kanakas should all be returned to their island homes, and that the importation of black labourers to Queensland should cease.

Thus the years of effort and agitation by the missionaries, the injustices, the untimely death of thousands of strong, healthy natives, the dark page

of bloodshed, infamy, and fraud was at length ended. No longer would the Labour ships find a profit in importing human beasts of burden from their island homes to the Queensland sugar-fields. God had answered the prayers of His people, and before John G. Paton died, he knew that the victory was won, that the Kanaka Traffic was dead, never again to revive so far as Australia was concerned.

It is only right to add here, for the information of those interested in the subject, that the inter-island Labour Traffic has not ceased. Although labourers are not taken to Australia, the French continue to induce them, where they can, to go to New Caledonia; but the traffic is largely confined to the New Hebrides Group, natives being taken from one island to another in the Group, to serve terms of labour on the coffee and other plantations that are springing up in various places in the New Hebrides. There have been, and will no doubt still be, difficulties and injustices in connection with this modified form of traffic, but the British Authorities, as well as the French, are on the spot, and with due vigilance on the part of those interested, and sufficient generosity on the part of the Imperial Government to insure the perpetual control of a proper police force, as well as safer means of transit from island to island, abuses ought to be detected and punishment allotted.

In closing this chapter it must be noted that all through the conflict—even in the stress and strain of battle—Dr. Paton warmly appreciated the work being done by sincere and devoted missionaries in Queensland—both Presbyterian and undenominational. Some of the Planters also were Christian men, and though they could not see eye

to eye with Dr. Paton in the conflict, he and they remained close personal friends. In this connection mention should be made of the good work done among the Kanakas in Queensland by such Planters as the Youngs, of Fairymeade, and Captain McKellar, and such Missionaries as Mrs. McKenzie and Mr. and Mrs. Walker. And there were many others who gave their time and strength to the work of leading the Kanakas into a saving knowledge of Jesus Christ.

## CHAPTER VIII

### BACK TO AUSTRALIA AND THE NEW HEBRIDES

IT was on the 10th of August, 1894, that Dr. Paton said farewell to Britain, and turned his face to the Antipodes and the Isles of the Sea.

In his farewell address at Mildmay on the eve of departure, the Missionary revealed what was working in his mind in regard to the future. "I leave to-morrow," he said, "for Australia, and hope to return to Aniwa, where I intend to stay awhile; then if I cannot get a missionary for the savages on the West Coast of Tanna, I am intending, with a few converts from Aniwa, to go amongst these cannibals, and if possible lay the foundation of God's work there."

Tanna, the scene of his first baptism of fire, was still his first love; and that dogged spirit of his never yielded. Tanna still resisted; Tanna must be conquered for God.

Just at that time the friends of the John G. Paton Mission Fund in Britain had sent a formal letter of invitation to the Revd. Frank H. L. Paton, M.A., B.D., Dr. Paton's third son, asking him to become the First Missionary of the Fund, and suggesting to him the savage West Coast of Tanna as a needy and suitable sphere of labour.

The aged Missionary's heart was filled with delight at the proposal. Reflecting on his farewell words, we surmise that he had planned to go to Tanna, if the way should open, with some of his Aniwans, and bear the first brunt of the attack on the stronghold of heathenism on the west coast, with a view to paving the way for his son's accession.

On arrival at Melbourne, the Missionary immediately plunged into the discussion and details for ordering the *Dayspring*, subsequently taking meetings day after day far and near.

At that time a trial was going on in Brisbane, which proved to the hilt many of the counts against the Kanaka Traffic that Dr. Paton had urged. The captain and crew of the labour ship *William Manson* were indicted for kidnapping and other illegal acts in connection with the trade in so-called "indentured labour." The trial, when one takes the trouble to go to the heart of the thing, proved a fiasco, and the captain and crew were discharged as "not guilty." Dr. Paton with characteristic courage and vigour showed up the glaring evils that the evidence proved, and sent home in his own minutest handwriting no less than thirty-four pages of manuscript on the subject—or as much reading matter as would fill fifty-two printed pages of quarto! He thus concludes his indictment:

"The Traffic is steeped in deception, falsehoods, and shocking crimes. Defend it who may, and as they may, Heaven's curse must rest upon it and all engaged in it."

*Given & results will prove that I correctly estimated & represented the character of this traffic. John L. Staddon*

At the end of January, 1895, in a hurried note, he wrote : " Just returned from nearly seven weeks' travel in Tasmania, pleading the missionary cause. Owing to the slow mode of travel it was more exhausting than my labours in the Old Country, but I do trust help may accrue to the work of Jesus."

His son Frank had meanwhile, after prayerful consideration, accepted the call of the British Committee to become their Missionary, on the understanding that, after his theological course in Melbourne, then drawing to a close, he should enter upon a year's medical training to fit him better for the work. Tanna was his choice, if only a settlement could be secured among the West Coast savages. The time of his departure could not, however, be earlier than April, 1896.

Meanwhile, shortly before his seventy-first birthday, the Missionary again sailed for the New Hebrides, and the first news received from him was an intimation that he had paid a visit to the West Coast of Tanna, the prospective field of his son's future labours. Tanna never left his mind and heart. " I have been ashore," he wrote, " on the West Coast of Tanna in a severe storm. We conversed first with a lonely trader and his wife there. Afterwards we talked with a big Chief and some others, and they are to consult with the surrounding Chiefs and see if all are agreed to have and protect a Missionary living amongst them. They had only a few days before killed and feasted on a man

and two women there. Two tribes are at war. I hope to go back, if possible, and inquire more particularly into the state of feeling among the natives and as to the best location for a Station. The mass of the people live about two and a half miles inland. The Mission House would require to be inland. Mr. Watt thinks a shore house would also be necessary. The want of a good boat landing (if one cannot be found) will be the worst feature of the district. The men are powerful, good-looking fellows, and, if Christians, would make splendid pioneers. Poor dark Tanna has only about one hundred attending Church yet, but the work has got a footing among them. As yet, however, no leading character of great influence who might sway his fellow-Islanders has come out boldly for Jesus Christ.

“Two Teachers from Aniwa—brought up from boyhood by us—are in charge alone at the Station on the East Coast. How delightful it was to meet them once again! And we came at the right moment, for they were without food, except coconuts, so I got them a bag of rice from the ship, for which they were most grateful. The Lord sustain and bless them in His Service.”

From June onwards he was back on Aniwa, living, supremely happy, among his own people. His letters glow with delight at the faithfulness and steadfast devotion of the whole Island to Christ. “Our orphan children of years ago are now men and women, the fathers and mothers of the Island, and a few days ago seventy beautiful little boys and girls passed before me, their faces lighted up with joyful smiles as they received each a new shirt or dress from the Mission box

that I brought with me. It is delightful work to be again on Aniwa teaching, preaching, translating, and doing all possible to deepen the Lord's work.

“Six of the Aniwan lads engaged on the Trading Company's vessel have set a good example by refusing to work on the Sabbath. Namakei, the only son of the Chief Mungaw, who lost his reason and was shot dead, is the leader of the party. He took his New Testament in his hand and said to the Captain: “That is God's Book, and it forbids us to work on the Lord's Day. We fear God, and will not work for you on the Sabbath; God forbids it.” They were told that if they did not work like others on board they would get no food. The answer came quickly: ‘We can live without food for a day, but we will not work.’ Each Sabbath, when possible, they got ashore to attend worship.

During the Missionary's stay in the Group he visited the Station of his son the Revd. Fred J. Paton, at Pangkumu, Malekula. Here is a picture from Mr. Fred Paton of his father. “Many Pangkumans came over to see my sister and ‘Dok-o-ter Paton.’ The Tisman Teacher whom my father baptized years ago in Sydney translated excellently. At Pangkumu, before dark, we had a service, about fifty coming. One Teacher prayed fervently for ‘Mr. Paton, Miss Paton, and old Paton.’ Another prayed for ‘Miss Paton, and Paton, and Paton.’

“Our great difficulty was to keep my father from overworking. About 6.45 a.m., after school, a native came to me and indignantly demanded why I made an old man work so hard? And lo! there was my father vigorously sawing wood on the



beach. The church was only half-seated, but my father would make comfortable log seats before he left. Also, he had many sick applicants, for, they argued, "isn't he *Dr. Paton*!" His success confirmed the faith of the natives. He cut a quarter of an inch into a boil on a Teacher's leg. I afterwards heard the Teacher telling an admiring crowd that my father had put a knife four inches into his knee.' No doubt he felt it sore enough for that. In a case of hernia my father saved a man's life."

He attended the Synod meetings with intense interest, but his Aniwan's were the chief joy. "How delightful it is to work among them, compared generally with a minister's work at home, where caste, reserve, indifference, and unworthy habits are often so disheartening."

The next news from the Missionary is dated from on board the *Dayspring* in Melbourne, 24th of December, 1895, a letter full of delight and admiration of the New Ship, and of thankfulness to all who had a hand in giving her to the Mission.

Early in 1896, preparations were in progress for Mr. Frank Paton's departure for the New Hebrides. As may be supposed the aged Missionary eagerly participated in these preparations. He had from time to time received indications that his work on Tanna had not after all been in vain. Among other instances there is the following moving story :

Twenty years or more after Dr. Paton had paid a visit to a fierce cannibal tribe in the interior—towards the West coast as we gather—there came two old chiefs through the bush. A toilsome and

dangerous journey, with its risk of life in passing through the territory of rival tribes, did not deter them. They sought the Missionary stationed at Weasisi on the East coast.

Mr. Gray was surprised at the two strange old men. Their appearance was such as to excite curiosity and awaken keen interest. They were strangers from a dark cannibal tribe. The surprise, however, was not in this, but in the fact that each of them was wearing a very old, thread-bare, and dilapidated shirt! Heathen, as the Missionary knew to his sorrow, despise clothing of any sort, so that Mr. Gray's interest was thoroughly aroused by the appearance of the strange visitors. Asked their errand, they at once disclosed in eager tones that they had come to seek a Missionary, or, at least a Native Teacher, to go with them into the interior and teach them and their people about "the Jehovah-Jesus God."

"But," said Mr. Gray, "how do you know about Jehovah?"

"Oh," they said, "don't you see we are Christians? Don't you see we have shirts on—that we wear the clothing of the Christians?"

"How did you get them, and when, and where?" came quickly from the now thoroughly aroused Missionary.

"Well," they said, "long, long ago the Missi that lived on this Island came to our district and told us about the Jehovah-Jesus God; and when he left he gave us these shirts, and told us we should worship Jehovah and give up war; and he said we should not work on the Sabbath, but should wear our shirts. And ever since we have

put on our shirts every Sabbath and had worship, and told our young men not to work."

"But how do you worship?" inquired Mr. Gray.

"Oh, we put on our shirts and we sit round with the young men and say we won't work, and when they get tired, and we don't know what to do, we tell them to hold on, and we say how happy we shall be when some one comes to tell us about the Jehovah-Jesus God."

Thus, for twenty years, a faint glimmer of light had been maintained in the hearts of those poor heathen who had so longed for the knowledge of the True and Living God.

The sequel to this moving incident was the advent of Dr. Paton's own son sent to the West Coast of Tanna—determined to go into the interior to tell the Story of Jesus and His Love to the two old chiefs, if they were still alive, or if not, at least to their people. God had heard their cry for light, and He would enlighten and save.

## CHAPTER IX

### THE STORY OF THE "DAYSRING"

To the majority of the people, Dr. Paton's name is associated mainly with his Missionary labours on Tanna and Aniwa. To his fellow-Missionaries, and those more intimately acquainted with the work, his name is inseparably linked with the Maritime Service of the New Hebrides Mission, to which he rendered such signal aid.

The first Mission ship was wholly the result of his powerful and persistent advocacy. First he raised the amount for building the little vessel, and then he organised the children of the Sabbath Schools into a band of eager supporters, and thus secured the sum required annually for running the ship.

The first *Dayspring* was wrecked in Aneityum Harbour in 1873, in one of the wildest hurricanes that ever passed over the Islands. Thereupon John G. Paton was recalled to raise the money needed for the second Mission ship, a task which he successfully accomplished.

In consequence, however, of the steady development of the work, plans began to be laid for securing a larger and more powerful vessel.

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Dr. Paton now received a further commission from Australia to endeavour to raise £5,000 to purchase a third and larger Mission vessel: this time with steam auxiliary power. That commission he most faithfully accomplished. As the fruit of long travel and toil he was able to hand over £6,000 to the Australian Mission Board, that is £1,000 more than the sum then estimated to be necessary.

Meanwhile a period of severe financial depression had fallen upon Australia. So serious, indeed, did matters become, that there were apprehensions that the withdrawal of some of the Missionaries would be inevitable. The additional cost of maintaining a new steam Mission ship (at least £1,000 a year) could not, in such circumstances, be raised, and the crisis left no alternative but to postpone, for better times, the project for building the new ship. The money was therefore safely lodged in the Bank.

A Commercial Trading Company, lately established, ran a small line of steamers between the Islands and Sydney; and this Company was subsidised to carry on the Maritime Service of the Mission.

Adverse financial conditions still necessitated the postponement of the *Dayspring* project at the time when the Missionary started on his world tour in 1893; and he then determined, as has been shown, to see whether a sufficient annual sum could not be raised elsewhere than in Australia, to enable him to secure the withdrawal of the embargo, and build his ship.

Wherever his steps were led of God he mentioned his heart's desire; and so generous was

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the response that before his return to Australia, in 1894, he had secured, through his British Committee, promises amounting to practically £1,000 a year for the extra cost of maintenance. He had also received a donation of £1,000 to build a somewhat larger vessel than was originally intended.

The history of the third *Dayspring* is so intimately bound up with the later years of the Missionary's life that it is necessary here to set down the facts in brief outline.

Dr. Paton arrived in Australia at the end of September, 1894. He met the General Assembly of the Church and gave in his report. Amidst a scene of extraordinary enthusiasm he recounted the wonderful success of his world tour, and formally handed over the whole sum that he had received. In addition he explained that he had been led, after prayerful consideration, to mention at his various meetings, and amongst private friends, his heart's wish to put into use the £6,000 for the new *Dayspring*, which had been lying idle in the Bank for so long.

Dwelling on the encouragement that he had received everywhere to persevere in his voluntary effort, the Missionary announced to the astonished Assembly, that so generous had been the response that, before leaving Britain, he had received from his Honorary Committee there, a definite undertaking to be responsible, on the basis of promises received, for collecting and sending to Australia annually the sum of £1,000 towards the maintenance of the new *Dayspring* Mission ship.

The General Assembly at once resolved to proceed with the scheme for building the new ship,

and to take up negotiations with the Churches who would share the responsibility for her maintenance.

On the 20th December following, a cable was received in England: "Assembly approve *Day-spring*."

Thus the long, weary waiting was ended, and another stage in the triumph of tenacity and faith was within measurable distance of accomplishment. Never had he wavered in his confidence that a vessel devoted entirely to the Service of God was necessary for the full success of the New Hebrides Mission; and his heart was flooded with joy.

All arrangements for carrying out the details were left in the hands of the helpers in Britain. In the early months of 1895 negotiations were opened with a firm of shipbuilders on the Clyde. In carrying out the technical details the Home Committee had the invaluable help and guidance of Mr. John Steven of Linthouse. The vessel was built of steel. She was 140 feet long by 23 feet broad, and 11 feet deep, and classed 100 A1 at Lloyds'. She was a three-masted ship, schooner-rigged, and had a set of triple-expansion engines, giving a working speed of about eight knots at sea.

Hearts rose to God in gratitude that, in the matter of the building and fitting of the little ship, the best advice in Scotland was available. Everything in connection with the vessel was of the plainest, best, and most durable description that wisdom and skill could produce.

John G. Paton himself was at this period back in the New Hebrides, engaged in the happy task of instructing and encouraging his converts on Aniwa.

It must be stated here that considerable oppo-

sition to the New *Dayspring* project was displayed by some earnest friends of the Mission, who considered it unwise to proceed with the new Mission vessel ; arguing that to continue the subsidy towards the maintenance of the Commercial Maritime Company's Service was more important, from the point of view of British interests in the Group, and also that such a service was likely to be less expensive than the sole responsibility for a Mission vessel. So strongly did they feel in the matter that, in spite of the majority in favour of a new Mission ship, the minority persisted in their opposition, and this state of affairs caused the Missionary many an anxious hour and much heart burning.

It seems strange that a man like John G. Paton, so utterly unselfish, and spending on the Mission every penny that he could save or control, should be persecuted. But so it was. Articles appeared in certain Nova Scotian and other papers, relating to what was described as " Dr. Paton's Phantom Ship," &c. The Missionary felt it necessary at last to bring the matter before the Victorian Committee, and in a public letter dated December the 4th, 1894, that Committee expressed unabated confidence in the Missionary, and declared that the scheme for the new *Dayspring* had their cordial approval, following as it did the lines laid down ten years previously, when the Missionary was commissioned to visit Great Britain, if possible to raise funds for this specific purpose.

In a private note sending a copy of this public expression of confidence, the Missionary said : " I hope this letter will be a sufficient reply to all the unjust statements that have been made. It is long ago since our dear Lord Jesus said, ' If they perse-



cute Me they will persecute you.' I have waited for this resolution of my own Committee which vindicates my action. I have made no reply to my accusers, but press on in the Lord's work, leaving my good name in His Loving Hands."

One of the main considerations that led Dr. Paton so persistently to advocate the need of a vessel devoted entirely to the interests of the Mission was the fact that in the Commercial Service, good though it might be in some respects, the Mission had no absolute control over the movements of the Company's boats. The interests of the work and the Missionaries' comfort might well be—and indeed sometimes were in practice—treated as quite secondary considerations. Moreover, he had in his experience so frequently seen the evil results of the visits of trading vessels to the various ports and landing places of the Islands, that his constant desire was to have a vessel that could be truly called a Christian ship. A vessel that would cheer the Missionaries, and make their interests its sole concern; a vessel, too, that would never leave behind any black record of the doings of its crew; a vessel that would sell no grog or fire-arms to the natives in the Group; and a vessel whose presence might be the means, incidentally, of keeping a vigilant eye on the doings of the Kanaka Collectors, and other agents for the undoing of the natives, that hovered around the Islands at the time. The bed-rock principle upon which the Missionary worked in the affairs of the Mission was out and out consecration—and he applied the principle to every agency employed, believing thereby to hasten the ingathering of the heathen, and the complete evangelisation of the Group.

His exultant joy when it was finally settled that the vessel should be built was a delight to all who came into daily touch with him. He wrote on February 26, 1895, "Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Eight of the Churches supporting our New Hebrides Mission have approved of the building of the new ship. Years ago I was by a Commission sent to Britain to raise £5,000 for a new Mission vessel. On my tour, the servants of our dear Lord Jesus gave me nearly double the sum aimed at, and £6,000 was set apart for the building of the ship. I was used to give the first Mission ship *Dayspring* to our Mission, and after she was wrecked, to give a second, and now, after eleven years' praying and pleading, my gratitude and joy are great in being the instrument in raising, through His stewards, sufficient to build a new steam auxiliary Mission vessel, to cost £7,000; and, through my friends in England, to guarantee £1,000 annually towards her maintenance."

On Monday, the 19th of August, 1895, the *Dayspring* was launched on the Clyde. Lord Overton performed the launching ceremony, and the Lord Provost of the City of Glasgow, as well as the Moderators of the Church of Scotland and the Free Church sent greetings. The Missionary's brother, Dr. James Paton, offered the dedicatory prayer :

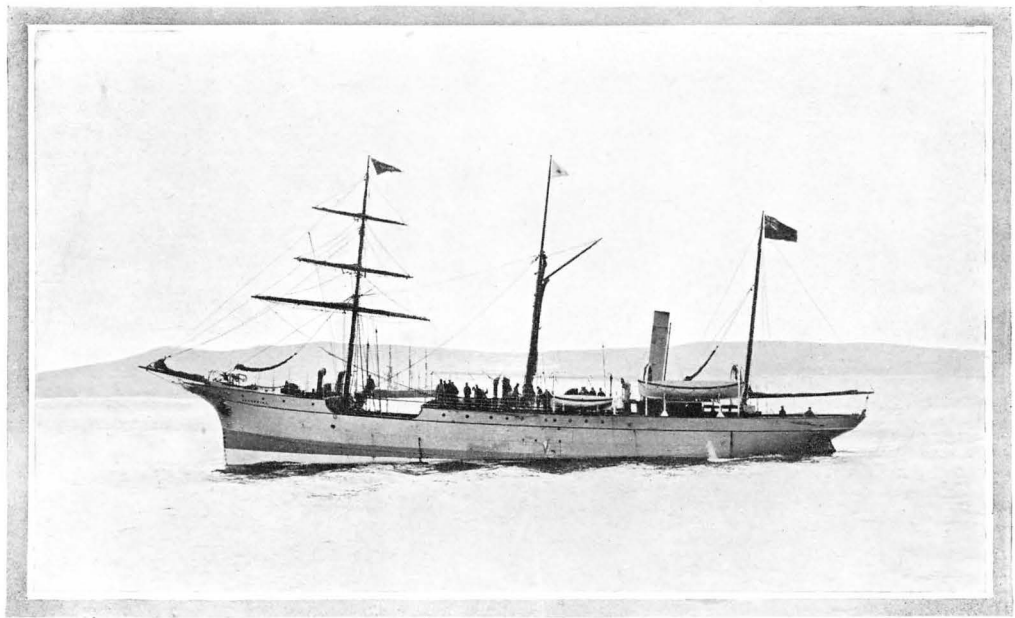
"O Eternal and Ever Blessed Father, Who hast caused the *Dayspring* from on high to arise within our hearts, we desire reverently, yet with holy affection and gratitude, to dedicate this Mission ship to the Service and Glory of Thy Son, our only Lord, the Saviour of the World. May she bring comfort and joy to the beloved Missionaries

and their families, who, having taken their lives into their hands, are planting the Standard of the Cross on the dark and cannibal Islands of the New Hebrides—some of which, glory be to Thy Holy Name, are now sitting at the Redeemer's feet, and rejoicing in the Dayspring of God's Eternal Love—and may all the rest, through this Mission ship, receive and rejoice in the Glorious Gospel of the Blessed God."

On the 11th of September following, the little ship made her trial trip on the Clyde with good success, and on the 13th of September she lay in the Queen's Dock, Glasgow, open to the public. Deputations and friends from near and far came to see her. The crowds were tremendous. It needed five marine police to keep the stream of visitors moving, and many hundreds were unable to get on board. The vessel then went to Greenock, Ayr, Belfast, Douglas (Isle of Man), and Liverpool.

Their work accomplished, the Home Committee bade the *Dayspring* a last farewell. As she left the shores of Britain, they breathed out their hopes in the words with which they dedicated her to the service of God. "Little ship, Fare-thee-well! Thine is a Mission of peace. May thy decks ever be trodden by the holy and good. May thine influence move the godless to repentance, and the heathen to Christ. The Lord is thy Master, and thou art for *His Service Alone*. Go forth as the Dayspring from God. May Jesus use thee, and the Isles of the sea bless thee! Farewell, and God speed!"

The voyage, via the Cape of Good Hope, to Australia was accomplished without mishap, and on December the 21st, 1895 (sixteen months only after



THE "DAYSRING" (1895).

the Missionary left Britain with his promise of annual financial support), the *Dayspring* entered the mouth of the Yarra and was safely berthed at Melbourne.

John G. Paton timed his return to Australia from the Islands so as to admit of his being there to welcome the Mission ship when she arrived. He eagerly awaited the arrival of his prize, and was almost the first to board her. In a letter dated January the 24th, written from on board the *Dayspring*, he expressed in delighted words his thankfulness for the ship, and for the many faithful and devoted friends who had been raised up to make her an accomplished fact.

Shortly afterwards the *Dayspring* proceeded to the New Hebrides with provisions for the Mission, mails, etc., and with some of the Missionaries on board.

Her arrival in the Islands was the signal for wild delight on the part of the natives. Everywhere they crowded to see her. They felt that they had a real interest in this vessel. She was their own.

The first voyage gave general satisfaction to all concerned. The return voyage, and a subsequent journey to the Islands and back was safely accomplished. The Missionary himself had the joy of sailing to the Islands in the *Dayspring* in June, 1896, in connection with the settlement of his son, the Revd. Frank H. L. Paton, on Tanna, hereafter to be related.

The fourth trip commenced on October the 1st, 1896, in the teeth of a strong northerly wind—experienced for the first few days. Subsequently, a N.E. wind blew so severely that no headway could be made, and the vessel was, at 2.30 a.m. on October

16th, 1896, off the coast of New Caledonia, just at the entrance to the Grande Passe, a channel between twenty and thirty miles wide. Suddenly a terrific shock was experienced, though no reef was charted at the point. The *Dayspring* had evidently struck a reef, or a sunken coral patch! All hands instantly turned out in the effort to save the vessel. From 2.30 to 7 o'clock in the morning she was grinding on the jagged coral. At last the force of the waves drove her off the reef, and the water poured into the great holes aft that had been knocked in the bottom of the vessel. The sea was soon awash over the main deck, and the boats had to be manned. They had scarcely cleared away, when they saw the little vessel founder and disappear for ever, carrying all the cargo, besides food for all the stations, furniture, and other possessions, and medicines.

A total irreparable wreck; all engulfed but the lives of the crew. The Captain had charge of one boat and the first mate of the other. After an adventurous journey and many privations both boats safely reached Australia. Not a man was lost. But, alas, for the hopes, the gifts, and the sacrifices. Alas, for the years of toil and labour that had produced the vessel so dear to the New Hebrides. That little boat took more than its cargo into the mysterious depths of the ocean. Never perhaps will it all be fully understood here, but the sad event no doubt serves as a further test of faith and trust in the All Wise God Who gave and took away.

The occurrence, so unexpected, so sudden, so lamentable, spread a deep gloom over the Mission, and wrung the hearts of lovers and helpers of

the work. To the aged Missionary the event was wrapped in deep mystery. His letters show how terrible was the shock, and reveal something of his heart's grief. "It has been a very sad week to me since I heard of the loss of our little vessel. Many a tear I have shed. The *Dayspring* was very dear to me, she was God's gift to our Mission." But the note of confident trust is never absent. The indomitable spirit surmounted the sorrow, and the trial urged him to fresh endeavour. "I do hope," he was immediately heard to say, "God will give us another *Dayspring*."

As showing the intense sympathy of the friends at home in the Missionary and his work, a notable instance is recorded here. No sooner had *Reuter's* cable appeared in the London papers, telling of the wreck, than a letter was received by the Hon. Secretary of the John G. Paton Mission Fund from a lady deeply interested in the Mission, enclosing the magnificent gift of £1,000—"with a full heart, to commence the building of another ship," and with the expressed hope that others might be led to follow her example. Within a short time other sums were received, and the voluntary gifts increased, until the Home helpers were privileged to send out word that £2,000 had been placed in their hands, for the purpose of at once preparing to build a fourth vessel for the use of the Mission.

Unfortunately, the insurance of a vessel in such dangerous seas was very heavy, and the insurance policy, taken out by the responsible officers in Australia, proved to be for £2,000 only. This was a further blow to the friends at home, but they held on in the confident belief that, as the third *Dayspring* had been built in the face of so many vicissi-

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tudes, the fourth would be also forthcoming in due time.

The Missionary immediately set to work to influence the Australian Committee and Church to agree to build another ship. Like the brave warrior that he was, he gave an unhesitating promise that if they would consent to the project he would guarantee that the money for the purpose should be forthcoming, if necessary by means of another personal tour for the express purpose of raising the required sum. It was not to be expected, however, that those opposed to the building of the third *Dayspring*, would agree to so rapid a proposal for building a fourth vessel. They protested that there should be at least an interval for full consultation, before any orders were given for further ship-building.

The old arguments against the Mission ship were repeated with greater emphasis than before ; and in the end those favourable to the building of a new vessel were induced to hold over their decision, until all the Churches concerned, as well as all the Missionaries on the Islands, had been consulted.

Bitter as was the disappointment of this delay to the aged Missionary, he settled down once more, as he had many a time before, to possess his soul in patience, and to exercise his never-failing confidence in God ; believing that, whatever the outcome of the consultation, it would be in accordance with God's Will, and he would abide by the decision. At the same time, he continued to urge upon all friends in Australia and in the Islands the necessity, in his opinion, for the construction of another vessel.

Thus matters were delayed. Circular letters were despatched to the various Churches. The



Committee in Britain sent an appeal to Australia urging that, on every ground it appeared to them to be desirable to have a vessel devoted to the interests of the New Hebrides Mission. Not only so, but the General Assembly of the Victorian Church cordially approved of the idea, and it looked as though, in God's good providence, another and larger vessel would be forthcoming. Matters, however, went on until the later months of the year 1898. There had been conferences on the Islands as well as in Australia. The Assembly in Australia resolved as follows: "This Assembly declares in favour of a Mission vessel, and resolves that, as soon as the opposition of the minority which now hinders the movement to secure it can be removed, a vessel ought to be obtained. Meantime directs the Committee to communicate with all the parties with the object of securing unanimity, and to retain in hand all monies raised from the New Hebrides Dayspring Insurance Fund."

The minority, however, continued their efforts to frustrate the idea, and induced Churches in Australia to stand by them in their opposition. The Victorian Committee felt it to be their duty without delay to try to secure unanimity, and for that purpose a committee was specially set apart, who circularised various bodies with a view of settling the matter once and for all.

In the end, at the Mission Synod of 1899, the question was finally put before the Missionaries, and after full consultation thirteen declared for a new vessel, while ten expressed disagreement.

Now the Missionaries of the New Hebrides are all men with the Godlike faculty of *Will* strong

within them—were it otherwise they would be failures in such a field ! Here, however, was a case where that high virtue proved a real stumbling-block—the minority refused to acquiesce.

In political and international affairs the path out of such a deadlock is *War*, and the endless evils that encumber so dread an arbitrament ; but happily the Christ Spirit is in the hearts of those who love and labour for God, and so a second resolution was brought before the Synod affirming that :

“ In view of the divergence of opinion among the Missionaries, as shown by the previous minute, Synod is of opinion that, *in the interests of Peace and Unity*, it would not be wise to proceed in the meantime with the building or purchase of a Mission vessel.” This resolution was passed unanimously.

The *Dayspring* question, therefore, sank out of sight, like the little vessel that lay buried beneath the Pacific. But there are deep places in hearts, as well as in oceans ; and hopes, unlike wrecked vessels, may arise to life again even from the dead.

In spite of his intense regret and disappointment, the aged Missionary felt that he had done his utmost to secure the fulfilment of his heart's wish ; and though he still adhered absolutely to the opinion that the course he had advocated all along was the only right and proper one, yet he was reluctantly driven to the conclusion that, in view of the strong feelings of the minority and the apparent impossibility in the long interval of four years of securing unanimity, there was nothing for it but to bow to the inevitable and decide that the idea of a Mission vessel must be set aside.

The gifts that had been so lovingly and

generously sent by the friends in Britain were thereupon offered to the donors. But here is a significant evidence of the strong feelings of sympathy and love towards the aged Missionary on the part of his many friends ; viz., that although £2,000 had been subscribed towards building a new vessel, not one farthing was recalled, but every donor expressed the desire that the money should be left in Dr. Paton's hands, for any purpose that he might think best in the circumstances.

As a result, the Missionary wished that the money should be invested in sound securities, and that the interest should be used towards planting and maintaining a new Mission Station (to be called the Dayspring Mission Station) at the north end of the island of Malekula, amongst heathen there who had not yet been reached.

Accordingly the Committee in Britain agreed to undertake the responsibility for the maintenance of such a Mission Station, and to do their best to secure any additional sums beyond the interest of the £2,000 that might be required. They were privileged soon afterwards to engage a Medical Missionary, Dr. David Crombie, to take charge of this new Mission Station on the island of Wala, off the coast of Malekula ; and already good service has been done in evangelising the natives there, and healing their diseases.

## CHAPTER X

### BACK TO TANNA, AND DEPUTATION WORK

THE Revd. Frank Paton, the Missionary elect for the West Coast of Tanna, was married on the 19th of February, 1896. On the 21st of April his young wife and he—accompanied by his heroic father—sailed in the Mission ship *Day-spring* for the New Hebrides.

The circumstances are of intense and pathetic interest in the history of the Mission. Prevented by a series of providences from fulfilling the dearest wish of his heart, in returning to Tanna to continue the struggle for capturing the Island from which he had been driven, Dr. Paton had sought, through his Christian converts on Aniwa, by visiting Tanna on every opportunity that presented itself, and by all his deputation work undertaken with the object of bringing new interest and financial help to the Mission, to win Tanna and every other island of the Group for Christ. But while other islands yielded, that small, rugged, mountainous island, with its ten thousand or more of fierce, but courageous and intelligent natives, still held out against Christ.

For seven years, following Dr. Paton's escape, Tanna was a closed field. But in 1868-9 the

Revs. T. Neilson and W. Watt—the former occupying the Port Resolution Station and the latter Mr. Mathieson's old Station on the S.W. side—took up the work. Mr. Gray followed at a later stage. But Tanna still remained even up to 1896 practically unconquered. The fight was never abandoned, but the long and trying struggle tested the spirit of the fighters. Few would have continued the weary siege as Mr. Watt did. The heroic tenacity of his stand and that of his like-minded wife—who died at her post of duty—is one of the most brilliant pages in the magnificent history of the New Hebrides Mission.

Here is Mr. Watt's report for 1895: "The work at these Stations (Port Resolution and Kwamera) has undergone no material change during the year. At both a new element has been introduced, viz., the drinking of European liquor. At Kwamera the effect was not so much felt, as those who openly indulged in the practice were not those who had been attending the services, but at Port Resolution it gave rise to the practice of their old heathen songs." Mr. Watt's statistics at that time were as follows: "Six Communicants, three hundred Church attenders, eight teachers, seven schools and sixty at the schools."

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Paton were accompanied by the Revd. Thomas Macmillan, M.A., the Missionary of the South Australian Church, who had been appointed to take up the Station on the East side of Tanna, formerly occupied by Mr. Gray, so that the Island was attacked simultaneously on the West and East coasts by young men who had newly devoted their lives to the Mission.

Mr. Watt still held on with his tremendous tenacity to the charge of the Station at the Southern end.

These were the circumstances in which—at the age of seventy-two—the beloved Missionary again returned to the New Hebrides. No task ever fell to him that so inspired his heart. That his beloved Tanna should have two new Missionaries, one his own son, called forth his deepest prayer that God would now win “Dark” Tanna for Christ.

Every letter that he wrote home was full of this one longing hope.

In May the *Dayspring* arrived off Tanna, and after a hurried visit to Port Resolution, the scene of so many tragic events, they sailed for the West Coast. At five o'clock in the evening, what was known as the Fijian anchorage was reached. After some careful boating a little sandy bay was found which could be reached through a narrow opening in the reef. Soon John G. Paton found his feet again treading the soil of Tanna. The party greeted the trader who lived near the boat-landing, and then turned to find the natives. They had not far to search, for there, a short distance away, fastening their eyes upon them, stood a small company of fiercely painted savages, armed to the teeth.

Carefully, a conference was suggested and agreed to. The next morning savages squatted on the sand with their guns about them, and the momentous talk began. Would they receive a Missionary or not? Hearts were lifted to God in that moment of anxiety, pleading that He would soften the hearts of those who, humanly speaking,

were to decide whether Christ's Gospel should come to save them, or whether they should be left in their savagery and misery.

Hope and fear alternated as the talk proceeded. The Chief of the savages maintained a dignified and independent attitude, and resented any attempt at undue pressure, but ultimately, to the intense delight of Dr. Paton, the savages agreed to receive the son of the white-haired Missionary to live amongst them and tell them of his father's God.

Writing on the 18th of June following, the Missionary says: "To me the work of the two and a half days spent this week on Tanna has been of the most intense and absorbing interest. After the savages had agreed to permit Frank and his wife to land, we unshipped the wood and began clearing the ground for the house. The Tannese were more gracious than I expected, and the trader and his wife living there, Mr. and Mrs. Worthington, were very kind.

"The natives are the same nude, painted savages that I have all along known on Tanna; women wear grass skirts, or aprons, and many girls of seven or eight years of age nothing. Sad indeed is it to see a noble race so extremely degraded. The trader told us that a few days before we landed, in a quarrel about a woman, two women were shot and two children murdered, and it is not long since they killed three persons and feasted on their bodies, near his house. But I do hope the Lord's day to favour poor Tanna is near now.

"Frank and his party live in tents till they can erect a house. Mr. Mackenzie, the carpenter

from the *Dayspring*, has been engaged for about two months to help them. He is a good Christian, deeply interested in our work, and will be a great help for the first two months to the young people.

“ The humane Commander of Her Majesty’s ship *Royalist* was passing Tanna, and seeing the *Dayspring* at anchor landing the material for the house, he came to anchor just as the *Dayspring* was leaving. The natives had been threatening the life of the trader, and boasted that no Man-of-War could call on this side of Tanna. This Providential call will do good. The Commander is going to call again on his return voyage in about a month, and may let the natives see some demonstration, and warn them against taking lives. We feel grateful for his kind call in the circumstances. It was hard to say farewell, but we had to leave, and my heart rose to God, pleading for His care and guidance in this new and hopeful effort.

“ I praise the Lord for having another son and his highly accomplished young wife so hopefully settled in our Mission. May they and all our young Missionaries have great success, and many converts for their hire in the Service of our dear Lord Jesus.”

After settling his son, the Missionary paid a series of visits round the Islands and subsequently returned again to Australia.

Some statistics and results of the work in the New Hebrides at that period were summarised by him at the time as follows :

22 European Missionaries and 5 Lay Helpers are now engaged in the work.



271 Native Teachers.

9,587 Natives attend Day School.

2,082 are Church members.

Outstanding signs of recent progress are shown in the fact that 1,120 Natives have renounced idolatry and placed themselves under Christian teaching, and 420 have been baptized and admitted into Church Fellowship. Further, there have been 296 candidates for baptism, and 148 Christian marriages.

In ten months on one island 200 were baptized. 72 adults were baptized in one day on another island, and another 200 on that island are candidates.

Sixteen native couples have volunteered for Foreign Service.

The liberality of the Native Christians is shown in the fact that on one island they raised £135 in support of their own Teachers, besides £548 subscribed for General Mission purposes.

After a Communion Service 186 Church members gave no less than £8 1s. 8d., or an average of 10d. each.

Six new Missionaries and four Lay Helpers have been added to the staff since May, 1895.

On his return to Australia he gave his every moment to the work of deepening interest in the Mission, but was ill for a time from shock, the result of having been run down by a bicycle in Melbourne, and severely shaken and cut about the knees and face.

It was his habit, however, to ignore any small ailment such as this, and not very long afterwards he was away in New Zealand on a tour extending over some months, and involving jour-

neys far and wide for the sake of the work that he loved.

So busy was he at this period that the news of him was more or less of the nature of scraps of information, such as the following from Mrs. Paton :

“My husband returned from New Zealand recently, and the folk are all saying he has been renewing his youth the last few months. He *runs* along like a boy, and seems far more active than some men not half his age.”

On March the 9th, 1897, Dr. Paton wrote : “I cannot write so often as I would, being burdened with work here after my return from New Zealand, to keep things going, but I hasten to send you a few lines in deepest gratitude for all your consecrated help and sympathetic letters, which are so comforting in all our anxiety in the work of our Mission. May Jesus more and more reward and bless abundantly all the dear helpers and friends of our Islands.”

The next glimpse that we have of the Missionary is connected with the arrival of Dr. J. T. Bowie, the Second Missionary sent out from Britain and supported by the John G. Paton Mission Fund.

Dr. Bowie sent word home of his meeting with the Missionary as follows :

“Dr. Paton has just arrived here from work in New Zealand in the interests of the Islands. How he did welcome us to Australia and to the New Hebrides ! Tears rolled down his cheeks for very joy, and the days spent with him made a profound impression upon my spirit such as I have never before experienced.”

Side by side with the gladness of this develop-

ment of the Mission, there appear in his letters every now and then expressions of apprehension at the pushful methods of the French.

"Evidently," he says in one letter, "France is rapidly preparing to annex the Group, and, as elsewhere, I fear this will mean the suppression of our Mission work. Britain and Australia will regret their apathy if France ever gets possession of the New Hebrides."

He kept in close touch with Aniwa through his son Frank, who had temporary charge of his father's island, which he could reach by boat—often a difficult and tempestuous journey of thirty miles or so from the West Tanna Coast. The people of Aniwa were greatly encouraged by these visits—especially as Mr. Frank Paton was able to speak to them in their own tongue—the language of his infancy having come back to him with wonderful ease.

It was curious that the Aniwans could not bring themselves to think or speak of the Missionary of West Tanna as other than "Faranke." That was the name of his childhood, and the boys and girls with whom he then played—now men and women—regarded him still as their "Faranke."

The Aniwans also kept up a correspondence with their Missionary, and some of the artless sentences in those letters revealed the depth of love they felt for him who was their father in God. "Doctor Paton, *my Missi*," was a favourite phrase in their letters.

A letter from one of the Aniwan Teachers stationed on the East Coast of Tanna may be cited as a sample.

It is addressed to the family—"Missi woman" is Mrs. John G. Paton, and "Minnie" Miss Paton.

"TANNA, WEASISI,  
"Dec. Sat. 19th, 1896.

"DR. PATON AND MISSI WOMAN AND MINNIE AND ALL OF YOU,—I rejoice if you are all strong, but cry greatly that Missi woman is very sick. It is good that she recovers and gets strong, that Jehovah helps her, and gives her strength and life and every good thing.

"This day Missi MacMillan and Seiragi went to Port Resolution and will stay there to-morrow, to worship on the Sunday 20. On Monday 21 they will go to Kwamera and stay there Tuesday 22, on Wednesday 23 they will take Mr. Watt's boat and bring to us some food, for ours is little this day.

"We all cry greatly this day that our steamer *Dayspring* is not! Faranke, and Missi woman [Mrs. Frank Paton], and Tousi and Seimata and Nakata they did come to us to Weasisi on Tuesday 22. We all rejoiced for them and for us. They stayed Wednesday 23, and Thursday 24 they went away. We stayed at Sirecla two Sundays, and there Anamtaiu sickened and there died on day 14 November. She died, and we buried her. December 6 Missi Forlong left Loanbukel and came in his boat, and were with us a little. Tuesday morning they returned to Loanbukel. The people there are strong for the worship of Jehovah this day. I heard that Pamu and Namaka died, but I know not this day if another is dead or not.

"I have stayed here long time and see not my

people. Many have died, Imolan, Tavake, Tasei, Nupalam, and Natu and Pamu and Namaka. I am sore in my heart lest any more should die like them and I see them not.

“I rejoice this day that God only is strong to help us all, in all lands. His Word and work are all good and He gives life and health, and one day when we are all dead He will bring us to His dwelling place so good, above in Heaven, and give life to our souls, life for ever and ever.

“I tell you of a foreign man who stays at Tyitsan—name Mister . . . —shot another young foreign man named ‘Alak.’ They drank grog—bad work very. Men who drink grog are bad only. Grog makes big talk and scolding and arguing and all bad work. It is good that all you great men should meet and forbid HARD the drinking of grog. It is good that we all hate this bad thing. This is my word.

“Doctor Paton my Missi, you and your Missi woman and all your children. My love to you all.

“I am,

“NATSHIA.”

## CHAPTER XI

### GIVING ANIWA THE COMPLETE NEW TESTAMENT

THE remainder of 1897 and the whole of 1898 were spent in constant journeys throughout Australia. The Missionary never rested. Not a day's holiday. He lost not a moment from the earliest streak of every dawn to the last hour snatched from often cheated sleep. Preaching, pleading for the Mission, writing to its supporters all over the world, championing the Islanders against their detractors and exploiters, encouraging his dear natives in the Service of Jesus. Thus he laboured unceasingly. This was the inspiring employment of his fast ripening years.

Nothing could stay him. The pleas of family, the advice of Committee, and the oft repeated argument to take a "well earned rest," all alike were just so much wasted breath. Nor did he yield to the seductive influence of old age.

"I am busy travelling by boat, rail, and buggy hundreds of miles in the interests of our beloved work," was his message.

Two streams fed and inspired his life, and intensified his consuming zeal.

One was the refreshment of the news from Tanna. Whenever word came that his Aniwans

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were proving to be light bringers to "dark Tanna" his heart rose to God.

Such a glimpse as the following was his diet of pure joy for weeks on his travels. "A boat-load of Tanna men have been to Aniwa to see what a Christian Community is like. The Aniwans feasted them (formerly they would have feasted on them), preached to them, gave them clothes; and, on returning, the Tannese went everywhere proclaiming what they had seen with their own eyes, and heard, and even tasted, of the effects of the religion of Jesus—immensely impressing their fellow-savages."

The other stream had its source in Britain, Ireland, and America. The John G. Paton Mission Fund by lectures and personal advocacy, and by the circulation of *Quarterly Jottings*, its little magazine, steadily developed. Every fresh number of the magazine gave the Missionary new food for praise and called forth "tears of gratitude for all your consecrated self-sacrificing work for Jesus."

"The Lord sustain and bless you is my daily prayer for you all." That was the ample reward, for surely no prayers, backed by such a life, could go unanswered.

At this time the Fund had sent out and was supporting three European Missionaries in districts that otherwise would have remained unevangelised, as well as two Assistant Missionaries, and many Native Teachers. God was thus fulfilling his aged Servant's prayer, and giving him to see, in his own lifetime, his heart's desire in the planting of one Missionary at least on every Island of the Group.

And yet, as an evening sky that ushers the

dawn of a better day is often banked by dark patches of clouds—clouds that appear darker because of the golden setting—so fear and anxiety intermingled with his joy. There was the long drawn out anxiety of the *Dayspring* controversy; the chill dread of French annexation; the threats of the withdrawal of the law which prohibited British Traders from distributing drink and firearms—a law, alas! sometimes more honoured in the breach than the observance, but yet a law which could be cited. Moreover, the Kanaka Traffic was not yet dead. It still sapped the best native life of the group, and thus hastened degeneration. And there were the land-grabbing propensities of unscrupulous French traders—led by a one-time Englishman who had become a naturalised Frenchman. These were the anxious forebodings that sent him daily to Jesus, his Only and All-Sufficient Resource in all his trials.

It is a strange reflection that John G. Paton's early life was spent in the endeavour to instil principles of love into the dark hearts through the Gospel, and thus to save savages from destroying one another; while his declining years were largely occupied in persistent efforts to save these same heathen from *other savages*—white and educated, and therefore, to their everlasting disgrace, more culpable than the rude native men.

Every fear and every note of encouragement from the Islands acted upon his large heart. Like a loving Mother towards her absent children, he wanted to be present to shield his own from threats of calamity, and again to be there to share with them the gladness of every triumph in the Gospel.



It is not too much to say that his pole star in all his wanderings was that little group of Islands which so strangely fascinated his heart. This revealed itself in countless ways. From his letters early in 1898, we select such paragraphs as these : " Before I started on another tour from Melbourne I was at the docks seeing the last boat away to Sydney in time to join the steamer leaving there for the Islands. I had been expecting to go for a two months' tour round the Islands, to attend the Synod, and to spend all the spare time I could on Awina among my dear converts. But I am exceedingly disappointed that, through Mrs. Paton's weakness and our son Robert's also, I was prevented from going. I have had perhaps too great a desire to go, and this sickness in our family has frustrated my plans. I will try to bow with resignation, as it is no doubt the Lord's will. We hope and pray that our dear ones may soon recover, and be spared to live and labour for our dear Lord Jesus Christ.

" Frank's work on Tanna has cheered my heart and filled me with deep gratitude and praise. The Gospel teaching of Jesus alone can enlighten and lift these cannibal savages above their cruel practices and shocking evils. And, adored be God, dark Tanna seems to be yielding to its power—the Power of God unto Salvation to every one who believes, black or white, savage or civilised. O, the Love and Power of Jesus ! "

Later on there came a little significant parenthesis in one of his letters. " As I go along in my journeys I am correcting the proof sheets of the complete New Testament in the Aniwan language."

And the sequel was quite to be expected. "On the 31st of January, 1899, Dr. Paton, with his daughter and his son Frank (returning after furlough), sailed for the New Hebrides!"

This visit to Aniwa is intensely interesting. He took with him the priceless treasure of the complete New Testament in the Aniwan tongue. Three hundred and twenty closely printed pages; a monument of tireless energy for the glory of God and Salvation of men; fruit of an inspiring and beautiful old age.

In the very rush of his ceaseless wanderings this great task had been accomplished. In trains—steady paper on the back of his hand, at junctions waiting for connections, in station waiting-rooms; late into the night and long before dawn, in houses where he was guest—often after two or three meetings—he never lost an instant. The manuscript went by post from all sorts of outlying villages, and the proofs came back and were read and checked in the same tireless journeyings. Such had been his life-long habit. This is how the Aniwan New Testament was produced.

And then he sailed in triumph to Aniwa carrying with him those humble boxes—packed with jewels rarer than the diamonds of kings—containing The Words that will Never Die.

On the eve of sailing he wrote a public letter to the friends of the Mission. "As I cannot write to you all individually, permit me in deepest gratitude to thank each member of the John G. Paton Fund Committee, and all collectors, and contributors, for their prayers and help in the blessed work of our New Hebrides Mission.

“The Missionaries, Lay Helpers, and large staff of Native Teachers, supported by the donations of God’s people, are doing good work on the Islands.

“My son, Frank, on West Tanna, has by the Divine blessing had phenomenal success. He was landed two and a half years ago among some four thousand nude painted cannibals. He did not know a word of their language. He has acquired and reduced it to a written form, translated thirty hymns, and taught many to sing them in their own language. He has also translated and bound in books, the Gospel according to St. Mark, and God has given them over six hundred attending schools and Church Services.

“But the good work on Tanna and elsewhere is much hindered by the cruel Kanaka Labour Traffic. Nearly two-thirds of the entire population of the Group have been swept away since I entered the field by this shocking traffic. All along its dreadful history it has been steeped in deception, in oppression, in mortality on the plantations, and in bloodshed and murder by sea and on the Islands. I hold that it is a devilish trade in men and women, and has been, and is, an unmitigated evil, a curse, and destroying plague to the defenceless Islands.”

“Gild it as they may, I call it slavery, to take children away from parents and parents from children, to take wives from husbands and husbands from wives, and all for the purpose of giving cheap labour to a few employers and planters in Queensland and New Caledonia.”

A noble and powerful protest came from the aged Missionary when the Federal Council of

Australia had the inhumanity to resolve and demand that, should France persist in her refusal to prohibit French subjects from selling firearms and drink to the natives of the New Hebrides, then the British prohibition should be withdrawn, so that British subjects might have "equal rights" with the French.

No doubt this resolve on the part of the Federal Council was made in the expectation that it would never have to be put into practice—in other words, that France would give way. But can any one imagine a more blindly insane, a more grossly immoral, proposal.

Here it is in effect: Our rivals persist in destroying defenceless natives with firearms and alcohol. We must try to stop this. If, however, we fail, then let us enjoy with them equal privileges of destroying the natives ourselves.

The Missionary's protest was printed and circulated among members of the House of Commons and leading men in Great Britain. From the Press we quote but one paragraph, that from the *British Weekly*:

"It is actually declared that the Victorian Government and the mercantile interest are demanding for the Australian shipping firms and traders the right to scatter firearms and alcohol over the Islands in competition with the destructive French methods. If the sale of alcohol and firearms is to be endorsed and extended by Imperial authority, the doom of the Kanaka and of the New Hebrides Mission is sealed, and Dr. Paton's gallant lifelong struggles against awful odds will have been rendered largely in vain. We hope the publication of these facts will rouse the

interest and stir the action of friends of Missions everywhere."

On March 13, 1899, the Missionary sent an apostolic letter from Aniwa :

"My intense desire to visit my dear converts once more, and give to each able to read (and all above infancy can read) the New Testament, has been granted, and I am again on Aniwa.

"We reached the West Coast of Tanna in the afternoon of Saturday. We had very little time ashore owing to a sudden hurricane, but at our first service two hundred and twenty decently dressed natives were present, whom I addressed, interpreted by an eloquent Tanna Christian chief. Each audience was very attentive. The people have the Gospels according to St. Matthew and St. Mark translated and printed, and after worship groups of them were reading and teaching one another to read.

"What a contrast to the nude painted savages carrying loaded rifles whom we met when, two and a half years ago, we left Frank and his wife and cousin among them. This time we did not see a naked man or woman, nor one carrying a rifle, except one powerfully built tall old chief.

"It seems as if God's time has come to give the light and joys of the Gospel to Tanna, after a resistance of fifty years, which proves that the Gospel is the Power of God unto salvation to all who believe, of every colour and country.

"When we reached Aniwa a great sea was breaking high in roaring foam all over that side of the Island. There is no landing place elsewhere, and I was informed that it was impossible for a boat to go on shore. In vain I pleaded that

I would risk it and guide the boat in. The opinion was that it could not be done, and I had to submit. The Captain said it is the worst and most dangerous landing in the Group. Judge of our disappointment when the ship had to turn back.

“I had my choice to go round the Group in the steamer and to be landed on her return, or to be put ashore on the East Coast of Tanna. The latter alternative I accepted in the hope of somehow getting over from there to Aniwa. But as our dear Lord Jesus ordered it, the steamer had to go first to Port Resolution, and as she was casting anchor Mr. Watt came on board. He was astonished to see us, and kindly invited us ashore, promising to take us in his boat to Aniwa the first fair wind. I cordially accepted. The next morning there was a fair wind and we sailed across to Aniwa.

“What a welcome we got! On the Sabbath we had a service of thanksgiving preceding the great event of the distribution of the complete New Testament. No one can realise my overflowing joy as I presented to each a copy of that Book, the Divine teachings of which had raised them from their former savagery. They were intensely delighted with their prize. For this they had prayed and wrought for many years to pay for the printing and binding, and I had been privileged to translate and to see the great work completed, and now I am here gladly reading and trying to help them to understand the Epistles and portions that are new to them. We study together three or four chapters (in Romans) each week. I have long had an intense desire to be spared to give this Blessed Book to my people, and now I hope by the Holy Spirit's sanctifying

power it will increase their light, love, and devotion to Jesus and His work.

"My daughter Minnie who is with me, has a school every morning with thirty-four little children, and in the evening another class of about seventy, teaching them to sing hymns. I have a class of big boys and girls to teach writing, and reading the Scriptures, &c. Since my return I have been chiefly occupied with the translation of new hymns."

Another pen continues the narrative just here. "I seized an opportunity," Mr. Frank Paton says, writing from West Tanna, "to visit Aniwa in my boat. As we got out from the shelter of the point we found that we had a head wind and a lumpy sea to contend with. The great waves broke around us, and it sounded eerie in the darkness. Our crew were getting a little anxious, when I reminded them of Jesus on the mountain-top watching His disciples through the darkness. This cheered them greatly, and we soon pulled into less troubled seas.

When morning broke we were still far away from Aniwa, and the wind was freshening every minute. At last we decided to try beating. Every tack brought us nearer, and presently we could see the fringe of white breakers round the reef. Lomai, after looking long and wistfully towards Aniwa, said, "The old man will be standing upon the rocks all the time, and his heart will be saying, 'My son is in the boat away out there,' and then he will be praying hard to Jesus to help us and bring us safe to land." And that is just what my father was doing all the long forenoon while we were plunging and beating out at sea.

“ In the boat with us was a little Aniwan lad named Tavo, a son of the late Chief Kamasiteia, who had come over to Tanna to help Numakai with the junior classes. ‘ Who is that, Tavo?’ I said, pointing to a woman far out on the rocks. Tavo’s eyes grew tender and his face lit up with a beautiful smile of love, but he could not speak. It was his mother, whom the little fellow had not seen for a year, and I loved him for the love he showed. One sees too seldom the ‘ love-light ’ in a native’s eye.

“ As we neared the boat-landing we could distinguish one white head among all the black ones, and I knew it was my father. Beside him stood my sister, and around them were gathered the faithful Aniwans, overjoyed to have their Spiritual father once more amongst them. A few more strokes, and fifty eager hands grasped the boat while I jumped out upon the rocks. What a welcome we got ! And how deeply, our hearts were stirred !

“ One of the most hopeful features of the work in Aniwa is the number of bright intelligent children. And they are so eager to learn. To see the delight of the Aniwans at getting the whole New Testament in their own tongue, and my father’s overflowing joy as he went from village to village, followed always by a crowd of happy children, and to watch the growing spirit of earnestness among the people, was surely a reward worth all the toil of the long years past.”

On the Communion Sunday on Aniwa, Lomai of Tanna gave an address of which the following is a condensed account :



“Our joy is great to-day, as we meet in God’s House and around the Holy Feast of Jesus.

“Long ago Dr. Paton, the aged, was a young man and lived in Scotland. The light came into his heart, and he said within himself, ‘I must not hide this light, I must let it shine!’ And so he left his own land and brought the light of Jesus to Aniwa. Aniwa was then a dark land, but now it is full of light. Men and women of Aniwa, don’t hide your light, let it shine. There is a dark land across the sea there (Tanna); take the light of Jesus there, and let it shine till that land is full of light like your own. This is what Jesus told us to do, let our light shine.”

And Aniwa was surely bearing its share in the conquest of Tanna by sending its best and bravest Teachers to help, by life and word, at lonely and dangerous out-stations, to lead the savages to God. In the year 1899 no less than five Teachers and their wives volunteered for Tanna.

The happy days passed all too quickly and the inevitable day of departure came. At the last service which the Missionary held before leaving Aniwa, every native on the Island, except seven who were infirm or dangerously ill, assembled at the Church!

A private letter gives a description of the farewell scene: “I went over in a trading steamer from Port Resolution to Aniwa, to pick up Dr. Paton and his daughter, where they had been since February. When I landed the old man came down to meet me, followed by a number of his people; he looked so happy among his beloved darkies; a perfect picture of a Missionary by reason of his venerable appearance. I was on shore for a few

hours giving them a hand to get their gear ready. It was pathetic to see the grand old man bidding goodbye to his people, some of them as old as himself, who were by his side when first he preached the Gospel among them. It was all the more touching as he does not expect to see them in this world again. He is, indeed, a 'Grand Old Man,' and will be sorely missed by the whole Mission when he is called to his Reward."

Well might the Synod, which about this time met on the Islands, give expression to their joy that "the Apostle of the New Hebrides is still enabled of God to undertake his arduous work, and wish him God speed in his future labours which will result in adding to the debt under which the Mission lies to him."

The pang of farewell was softened by a two days' stay at Mr. Frank Paton's Station on West Tanna, where the aged Missionary saw afresh with his own eyes how fast the conquest of his obdurate Tanna was being accomplished through the labours of his own son and the other Missionaries.

He gave a moving address to the natives gathered on the shore, and once more bade farewell to his loved Islands.

## CHAPTER XII

### ROUND THE WORLD AT SEVENTY-SIX

IMMEDIATELY on arrival in Melbourne in August, 1899, the Missionary was met by the announcement that he had been unanimously elected to represent Victoria at the World's Presbyterian Council to be held at Washington, U.S.A., in September.

The call to duty never came to John G. Paton in vain. For the sake of his beloved Mission a journey round the world at seventy-six was promptly undertaken, and in a few days he had bidden farewell to his loved ones and was on his way across the Pacific.

Prompt obedience to any clear leading of God was the fundamental basis of his life. It reminds one of the Moravian brotherhood. Zinzendorf asked a brother if he would go to Greenland. "Certainly," was the reply. "When?" "Tomorrow," promptly answered the consecrated Missionary.

Just at this time, also, the Revd. Fred J. Paton (Dr. Paton's second son), having completed seven years of his Missionary life among the cannibal natives of Malekula—an inhospitable and unhealthy island at the North of the New Hebrides Group—had started for Britain to undertake a campaign in the interests of the Mission.

Thus we have the picture of the Veteran at the close of his splendid life of service paying a last farewell to the land of his birth ; and, following in his footsteps, one of his Missionary sons, fresh from a life spent in labours and loneliness among cannibal tribes, borne with the same heroic fortitude, giving up his furlough with like devotion to the cause they both held so dear.

From the States the news came that the aged Missionary was furiously driving himself into the vortex of meetings. The fastest of trains and the most persistent of Churches could not outpace his zeal.

No connected report of his labours is possible. But hurried notes, written in trains, and posted at towns, central, west and south, showed (what a long acquaintance with his habits forecasted would be the case), that the spirit of consecrated energy was flooding his heart and driving his body to the last limit of its iron power and unyielding will.

Hurried notes came from Vancouver, Winnipeg, Fort William, Washington, Richmond (Virginia), St. Louis, Portsmouth (Ohio), &c.

Two extracts give some idea of the pressure at which he was working. From St. Louis on the 28th of November he wrote :

“ I have had a bad turn, chiefly with overwork ; but I feel quite well again.

“ Addressed eight meetings here on Sabbath and Monday last, and am just leaving for another. At one meeting five thousand people were present, at others two and three thousand.

“ The Ministers' Association here, which I addressed yesterday, has arranged a fortnight's daily meetings for me in the Churches.

“While the work so helps the Mission I will keep at it, and go north in about three weeks for Philadelphia, New York, &c., and after that for Canada.”

A later note says :

“Have not had time to write. I spent three nights last week chiefly in trains—288, 300, and 240 miles respectively—for next day’s meetings. Will write again as soon as possible.”

In a newspaper cutting of one of the meetings in Ohio, it is intimated that Dr. Paton was appealing again to the President and people of the United States to join Great Britain in prohibiting traders from selling opium, guns, ammunition, and intoxicants, to the inhabitants of the New Hebrides Islands.

At this time a startling paragraph appeared in the newspapers of an attempt on his son Frank’s life by the savages of Tanna. The attempt happily failed, though the bullet intended for the young Missionary, at prayer with hostile savages, found a fatal lodgment in the body of one of his devoted converts standing at his side. It seemed to those who saw John G. Paton immersed in the activities of his daily strenuous work, that there could be no room for thought and anxiety about aught else than the ever pressing campaign of each day, but those who knew the tender father heart realised how the heavy burden of anxiety accumulated and pressed upon him in thoughts of home, and of loved children away in the fore-front of the battle—a battle that he fought over again in all its bitter and tragic details in the lives of his sons. His only and all-sufficient answer to any expression of sympathy was : “I leave it all with my dear Lord

Jesus as He may order, and try to press on in His Blessed Service."

From Youngstown, Ohio, 26th of January, 1900, he wrote :

"I am kept very busy. In seven days lately addressed twenty-three large audiences. After three meetings on Sabbath, I had to start next morning at 6.40 for a meeting at Berne—1,200 or more present. Then to another town to address a meeting of ministers ; again on, to reach a third town at 7.30, and address a great audience at 8 p.m. Started immediately after that meeting by train, travelled all that night, and arrived at my destination at 2 p.m., for another large audience of students and people at Wooston University—having thus in two days travelled 543 miles in trains. I have arrived here for four services to-morrow. All is white with snow and hard frost, but as yet I am free from colds, and able to keep on in the Lord's work. I fear I will be out of work for some days this week, as one refusal has come and the others have not replied as expected. I have, however, been able to take in another place by telegram since the refusal. It is wonderful how the Lord opens up my way."

The anxiety at being "out of work" for a few days is extremely characteristic of this tireless Advocate of wellnigh four score years.

On March the 5th there came in a private letter the first intimation that he had been working under serious physical disabilities.

"I had feared my work was almost finished with a severe cold and attack of influenza and fever, yet I was enabled to hold on, and did not lose a meeting. In the midst of the pain I succeeded in

addressing on one Sabbath ten different audiences, on the next Sabbath eight, and on the third four, besides the week day meetings—one at least every day—all great crowded audiences filling and sometimes overflowing the largest churches.

“I get very tired, but this is probably my last chance, and I feel that I am deepening the interest of very many in Foreign Missions and in their own salvation.”

Such fervour surely breathes the spirit of the noblest of Apostles, whose life of ceaseless toil and travel in the same Great Cause was spent in like manner. Is not this true Apostolic Succession?

On the 24th of May, 1900, the Missionary had completed seventy-six years of his life. He was at Ploughkeepsie, and the Conveners of the Meeting discovered that the date of their meeting and his birthday synchronised. Quite an unsuspected event awaited him.

Some kindly heart realised that a world tour offered little chance of birthday greetings from home and loved ones, and it was decided to try to make up by public recognition what was lacking in private messages. It happened that the birthday of the good Queen Victoria fell on that day also, and, on stepping on to the platform, the Missionary found himself surrounded by flags and banners of his own loved land. Here is his description :

“I admired it all as I stood at the desk in the centre and addressed the congregation. I had no idea that it was in honour of my birthday, and like a loyal Briton I had the right to claim that it was all done in honour of the birthday of our beloved Queen Victoria, of whom I was proud to be a humble subject.”

At the finish of the address, Dr. Paton was greatly surprised when the Rev. W. P. Swartz, after a brief speech, presented him with a purse containing seventy-six dollars in gold, a dollar, that is, for each year of his life. As soon as he could find his speech the Missionary uttered his thanks with trembling voice and intimated that as the money was given to him to do with as he wished he should turn it over, as was his invariable custom, to the funds of his beloved Mission.

A writer in *Olive Trees*, a monthly Missionary Journal, published in New York, gave the following striking account of Dr. Paton's labours in the United States :

"Dr. Paton has been constantly travelling and speaking since his arrival in this country, pouring out of the choicest treasures of his heart to the great audiences that have hung on his words. But owing to his extreme modesty and unwillingness ever to consider himself (he never asks for, nor will he accept, any gift for himself, but only for his work), few of the many who have listened to him have realised the heavy burdens he is carrying. How he is working, and how little he spares himself, may be seen by any one who observes his movements. The story of his itinerary for one week, not told by himself, but by a lady who was able to know something of his work during that length of time, will perhaps help others to realise his tireless activity, despite his great age and feebleness.

"On a certain Sunday he spoke three times in the city of Brooklyn. On Monday he addressed a meeting of ministers which closed at twelve o'clock, and he took the one o'clock train, travelling

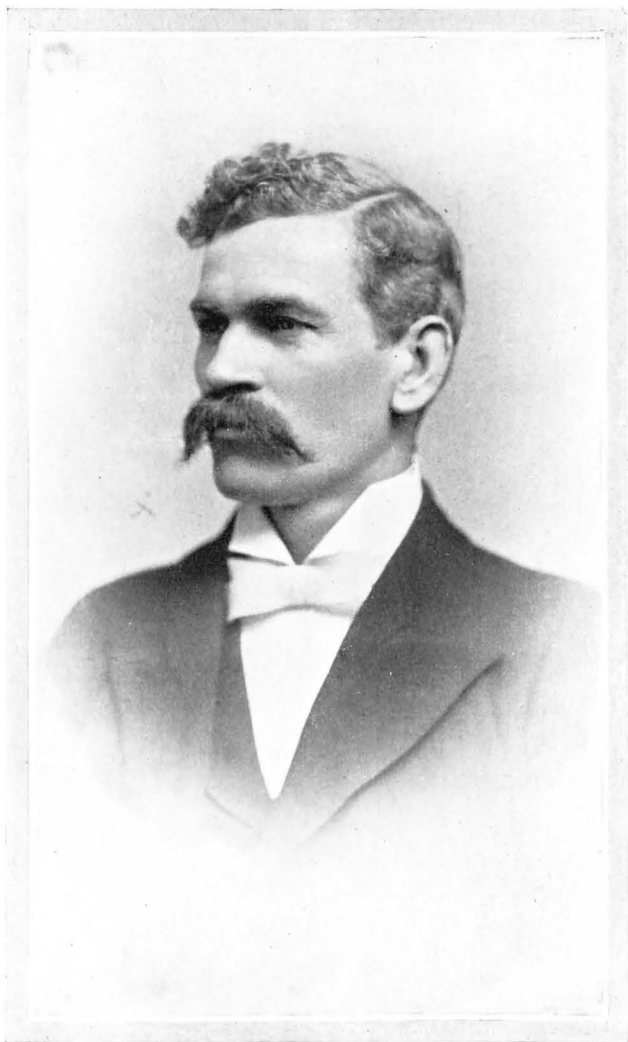


127 miles to Thompsonville, Conn., where he addressed a meeting that evening. The lady by whom he was entertained, noticing that he seemed very weary after the meeting, and learning that he was suffering from the headache, from which he sometimes suffers for a week at a time, suggested that he should rest as long as possible the next morning. But between five and six o'clock in the morning, as she was attending to her household duties, she caught a glimpse through the open door of the Doctor seated at his table busily writing. She said to him: 'You were so weary last night, could you not have taken a little rest this morning?' He replied: 'Dear madam, I am very glad to get up early in order to secure a little quiet to attend to my correspondence.' That morning he went to Springfield, Mass., addressed a large meeting in the Bible Normal College, and immediately after another in the French Protestant College, and as there was no time for food he went directly to the railway station and took the train for Hartford, Conn., where in the afternoon he addressed a large gathering of theological students and others, and spoke the same evening in Dr. Kelsey's Church, thus addressing four meetings in one day, and making two journeys, without taking any food. On Wednesday he spoke in the First Church in Hartford. On Thursday he went to Middletown, Conn., and spoke there. On Friday he went to Springfield, Mass., and addressed an evening meeting which closed at ten o'clock. From that meeting he went direct to the railway station, and sat there alone until two o'clock in the morning in order to take the night train to New York City. On arriving in New York on Saturday, he went to the house

of Dr. Sommerville, secured his accumulated letters, answered a few of the most pressing, and started the same day to Scranton, Pa., travelling 300 miles in all that day. He spoke in Scranton the Sabbath following.

“ Thus for two months he has been constantly addressing large audiences, making long journeys, meeting strange people, sleeping in strange beds, struggling to overtake his voluminous correspondence, receiving patiently and cheerfully numerous callers, and even autograph-hunters, to whom he never denies himself. The lady who entertained him at Thompsonville wrote to Dr. Sommerville, begging him to induce Dr. Paton to come to her home for at least one week of rest during this summer, as she observed that he was looking much more feeble than some months ago. Dr. Sommerville replied : ‘ I wish that Dr. Paton could be persuaded to do as you suggest, but the pressure of his work is so heavy that it will not allow him to rest.’ When this lady pleaded with Dr. Paton to spare himself, he replied, ‘ My dear Mrs. S., I will just work till I drop.’

“ It is the fear of those who have watched this self-forgetting soul from day to day, and who have noticed that he never says ‘ No ’ to a request for an address or an interview, but takes the perplexities and needs of every one who approaches him into his loving thought, that one day in our midst this great heart, over-weighted by its heavy burdens, will simply cease to beat, and that he who has escaped the knives and clubs of the savages, may fall a martyr to the thoughtlessness of American Christians. We want him to pour out incessantly the choicest treasures of his heart for us, but what



*Photo]*

*[Elliot & Fry.*

THE REV. FRED J. PATON (1900).

are we willing to do for him? If this great life should be prematurely cut short it would be a loss to the whole Church of Christ."

Just at this time the news came to him of the death on Aniwa of his little grandson, the first-born of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Paton, of Tanna.

His heart was deeply moved by the strange repetition on Aniwa of his own trials in the early days when he was there face to face with heathenism and sorrow ; and the burden fell heavily on his gentle spirit as he read the account of little Frankie's death.

After completing his tour in the United States, he yielded to urgent requests from Canada to go there for a series of meetings. So continuous, indeed, was the stream of applications for meetings in Canada, that six months would not have sufficed to overtake those already scheduled.

In June, 1900, shortly before his father finished his tour in the United States and commenced work in Canada, Mr. Fred Paton had to return to Australia—so that father and son could not meet in the Homeland after all. This was a trial to both, and a further and harder trial came subsequently (in November of that year) in the absence of the venerable father of the bridegroom from the wedding, which took place in Melbourne, of Mr. Fred Paton and Miss Nellie Robertson, of Erromanga.

In Canada the demands for meetings were keen and persistent, August and early September were marked by absence of news which was taken to indicate that there was not time even for the hurried notes that had during the American tour reached the

Homeland. His friends judged that, instead of slackening, the pace was quickening.

Presently the ominous news came that a break-down had come at last. Iron will and resolution notwithstanding, the body that had been so long driven to its last ounce of strength, and whose warnings of pain, weakness, and weariness had been so persistently set aside and denied, at last broke down. He still dragged himself on to platforms and into trains, and sat in pain and agony ; but at length the trouble could no longer be hidden or ignored. Medical aid had to be called, and an imperative demand followed to cancel everything or fatal results would immediately follow. There must be rest. Scores of affectionate and loving welcomes, and offers of tender nursing came to him from Canadian friends. But no, he had resolved that if he had to rest he would rest on board ship, where he *could not* work. He would go to the coast and book straight to his own beloved Scotland. He had to be almost carried into the train, and the long agony of that last journey was all but the end. However, he did get on board ship and lay down to rest—after sending a hasty note to Glasgow that he was coming “ home ” invalided. The letter announcing this break-down arrived only two days before the vessel was due at Greenock, and the anxiety of those two days can better be imagined than described. Would he survive or should we hear that, like Judson his great forerunner, the sea had covered him and he had gone to God?

At Greenock long before the hour of arrival, his youngest brother was pacing up and down the quay, peering into the distance, waiting and anxious. At last the vessel came slowly into sight, nearer

and nearer until faces on the deck could be seen, and lo ! at that earliest streak of dawn ((6 a.m.) there were the familiar white locks, and a bent form was pacing to and fro, and waving a welcome to the shore.

The brothers were soon embracing each other, and in response to the earnest inquiry after his health, a cheery voice replied, "Thank God, I am better—the voyage and the rest, and especially the last two days on board, have quite set me up."

## CHAPTER XIII

### THE LAST VISIT TO BRITAIN

A SLOWER step and a form bowed with age and fatigue told the inevitable tale that life must ultimately yield. At the first greeting on board the *Furnissa* at Greenock these indications were only dimly discerned, that keen steady eye and strong resolute yet gentle face then filled the vision. But a few hours in the house forced home the truth. The terrible sufferings in Canada had left their mark, and for once, protest notwithstanding, medical skill was insisted upon. "Absolute rest and freedom from all meetings, or I cannot be responsible for the consequences," was the unalterable decision of the doctor. But it required no little diplomacy to avoid a breach of the order. The necessity for answering letters at first proved a good excuse, but as the days passed, the Missionary steadily rebelled, and at length persuasion, threats, and orders were in vain. "I will no longer be a loafer. If I cannot work here, I must go home to Victoria and off to the Islands where I can live and die among my dear Aniwans!"

The Missionary meetings that signalled the union of the Free and United Presbyterian

Churches supplied the first "chance," and there was the aged Missionary on the platform for a ten minutes' speech for which the audience eagerly pleaded.

The ice was broken and now he yielded to none. The historic Union Meetings at Edinburgh next saw him, and though he was not down in the Official Agenda the voice of a well-known Minister was heard in the midst of the great audience: "If there is no room for Dr. John G. Paton to speak, at least let him stand up on the platform. There are thousands who want just to look upon his face."

There was no mistaking the desire of the immense assembly, and the Missionary was requested to come forward. He did so—much abashed—and bowed and retired, amid the acclamations of the multitude. One worthy ejaculated: "The face of the Missionary is a Benediction."

Meetings followed everywhere. Wm. Quarrier's orphans—with the two Grand Old Men standing side by side before the orphans—had the first Sunday; and, with a solemn warning from the medical adviser that at the least symptom of a recurrence of the trouble he must cease all efforts and sail for Australia, he started what proved to be a six months' tour of unexampled meetings. Crowding into the second Sunday (November 11th) twice the number of meetings that had been arranged for him, he returned to Glasgow in triumph "all the better for them," and rejoicing to have beaten his brother's cautious plans.

"No symptoms of harm, rather the reverse," was his verdict at the end of the second week of crowded services, and then he got into the



swing and forgot doctors' warnings and the advice of friends in the burning ardour of his work for God. The University again hung on his arresting testimony regarding cannibals won by the "Only Saviour," and so the circuit widened, radiating from Glasgow, till he had crossed the border, and started on an English tour of twenty-three days of incessant meetings and travelling.

One of the outstanding signs of the Blessing of God on the New Hebrides Mission was the number of devoted Local Helpers and Organisers—men and women of holy zeal, great hearts, and wise—whom God raised up to carry on the cause.

Moreover, God was keeping every one from a present-day weakness in Christian work—the pushful prominence of the letter "I." No names were published. God knew them—and He paid in heart joys and peace.

"Nothing, and no one else would fill this Hall," exclaimed an experienced local organiser after the magnificent meetings at Sunderland. At Halifax, Liverpool, Manchester, Derby, Birmingham, Bristol, Weston, Bath, Southport, he held on his triumphant way, rousing Missionary fervour to fever heat, and proving again and again from his own experience that the Gospel of Jesus can win from the lowest depth of human degradation, and save and make new creatures.

There came a few days' cessation of meetings at Christmas, time that was spent in quiet but continuous writing.

Meanwhile the political horizon was becoming overcast with clouds, and questions affecting the future of the Islands were adding their weight to his daily burden as he pressed on.

The French were undoubtedly actively engaged in securing, by every means, the lands of the natives of the New Hebrides.

French settlers were being granted free passages to the Islands in steamers highly subsidised by the French Government—and the French centres of activity were the two largest harbours in the Group, each sufficient for the whole Navy of France.

The galling point in all this was the fact that France had done practically nothing towards the pacification of the erstwhile cannibal islanders. That change had been brought about through the efforts of British men and women, who had carried the Gospel and their lives in their hands, for a period of over sixty years, and at an enormous expenditure of money.

Governments did not weigh this Civilising and Christianising effort at its proper value. It was looked upon more as *sentiment*. The only International Convention with France upon the subject of the New Hebrides—concluded in 1887-8—was a document which, while providing for a Joint Naval Commission to watch the interests of the British and French subjects respectively, and to punish any native violence towards them, *expressly excluded* the Naval officers from interference, or even inquiry, in regard to disputes respecting titles to land.

What an amazing and hopelessly short-sighted document it was ! The Convention *opened the way for any unscrupulous persons to steal the land of the natives, and actually precluded any inquiry into such matters at all!*

French settlers and traders had seized upon the

weak point in the arrangement, pounced down upon the land, made wholesale claims, and France would soon, it was to be feared, challenge Great Britain (in fact, French journals were already doing this) that, since most of the land of the Islands is owned by the French, the Group belongs by right to her!

A question and reply in the House of Commons proved the foregoing statement up to the hilt. Here it is :

HOUSE OF COMMONS,  
*Thursday, December 13, 1900.*

Mr. PARKER SMITH : " To ask the Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs whether he is aware that claims to land in the occupation of natives, and of British subjects, are being made by French subjects in the Islands of Epi and Efate, in the New Hebrides, and that disturbance has resulted; and, in particular, that the Revd. R. M. Fraser, a British subject, has been dispossessed from land bought by him in the Island of Epi, and his schoolhouse burnt by M. Beaulieu, a French subject :

" Whether the dispute was investigated by a French warship, without the presence of an English Officer :

" Whether the proper tribunal for investigating such a question is the Joint Naval Commission :

" And whether he will take steps to secure the impartial investigation of the matter."

VISCOUNT CRANBORNE said : " Complaints of the nature indicated in the first and second paragraphs of the Hon. Member's questions have been brought to the notice of Her Majesty's Government, and steps have already been taken for their due

investigation by one of Her Majesty's ships on the Australian station. I should, however, state in reply to paragraph 3, that the Joint Naval Commission had no power to interfere in disputes concerning the title to land."

A further burden was the anxious news from Tanna of the severe illness of Mr. Frank Paton. Private information had come which led to the fear that the continuous work in the tropics of the Missionary's third son was over. The constant fever appeared to have affected the vital organs, and a specialist in Melbourne, after an examination of the most searching character, had expressed the view that to go back permanently to the humid climate of Tanna would be slowly to sink and die!

Such were the burdens that weighed on the mind of the aged Apostle as he held on to his "one thing I do." He would say "The heathen are perishing and I am forced to remain idle," and a look of indescribable anguish would come into those deep blue eyes as they filled with tears, until, in spite of all the doctor's orders, another tour had to be arranged—this time to the West of England.

He was at Wellington in Somerset, and his friend had travelled there by midnight train to discuss future plans, &c. The kind hosts at Wellington allowed him to proceed to the Missionary's bedroom. It was soon after six in the morning, but the Missionary was up and at work. "Come in," said a tired voice in answer to the knock, but instantly the tone changed and the tired look vanished. "Hullo! it's you, dear brother. How glad I am. And you've been travelling all night.

The Lord bless and reward you." The hand grip that followed was worth all the night journey.

We travelled together to Plymouth and saw the fervour of the meetings there. Torquay, Bournemouth, Brighton, were the next stages in the rapid journeyings. The Grand Old Veteran from the South Seas was received with tender devotion and cared for lovingly in homes in England where Jesus is enshrined—than which the earth can show none more pure and peaceful. Ask John G. Paton what the Christian Homes of England are like. He knew better than most men, and he held that, in quiet out-of-the-way corners of the land, nestling among trees and glades, God had His Holy of Holies in the hearts and homes of thousands that had never bowed the knee to Baal. There, in the quiet and peace, they daily walk with God, and minister to His Servants, in the slums, in the cities of superstition and darkness, and to the uttermost parts of the earth.

On the last night of January, 1901, the Missionary was tucked away in a snug berth at Fleetwood to wake up in the land of hearts—dear old Ireland.

For whole-hearted fervour Ireland holds the first place among the peoples of the world. A drawing-room meeting in the suburbs of Belfast is a scene of zeal and animation, as different from the decorous and silent drawing-room meetings of the South of England as is the still lake from the rushing, singing brook.

If the Missionary were ever in danger of being killed by kindness, he was terribly near his end in Ireland this time! Quick glances marked the change that seven years had wrought. In the

bent frame, deeply-lined face, and sad, deep eyes—yet with that glorious crown of silvery hair—they saw that their hero was beyond the Delectable Mountains and on towards Beulah, and they loved him as never before. He would have been almost carried from place to place could they have overcome that strong will that *would* show itself still capable of prevailing over the tired body, forcing it to do its old duties and carry its master where he would.

Everybody wanted to see him and hear him, just this once more, feeling in their inmost hearts that this would be the last word, the last hand grip, the final farewell. And so he travelled and spoke, leaving an impression by his presence and burning words in thousands upon thousands of hearts. Belfast, Holywood, Londonderry, Armagh, Tullylish, Dundalk, and then Dublin—with its magnificent meeting presided over by the Archbishop. Then back northwards, taking, *en route*, Newry, Moyallon, Lurgan, Lisburn, Limavady, Ballymena, Ballymoney, and finally a great Farewell Meeting in the Wellington Hall, Belfast.

The visit lasted a month, and into that period he had pressed thirty-three meetings—a number that could have been more than doubled had it been possible to meet the pressing invitations that poured in upon his friend and devoted helper, Mr. William Watson.

On Saturday, March 2nd, the Missionary bade his last farewell to Ireland. Never did a hero leave her shores more grateful and more humble than John G. Paton. Henceforth he did not think of Britain as complete without the land that lies at her side, in whose magnetic influence and

enthusiasm for all that is inspiring and whole-hearted, her more stolid and formal fellow-Islanders across the Channel should find their complement and completion. None who really know Ireland can resist loving her people.

Rumours of French Annexation, or active steps to that end, still came with their burden of care. Newspapers, culpably negligent as to their sources of information, spoke of French claims to the land of the New Hebrides as "a normal extension of French influence, and not by any means an act of Aggression," and such false statements as the following were printed without comment. "Marists from New Caledonia have gained a complete ascendancy over the natives, mainly by their rule of celibacy, their self-denying lives, and the impressiveness of their ritual." And further "the Presbyterian Missionaries are totally at a loss to know how to hold their own against them."

Such utter distortions of facts—facts that could with the smallest care have been readily verified—were an amazing comment on the superficial work and neglect of some of the newspapers of the land.

After Ireland, England, with the prospect of more than seven weeks of the Missionary's unstinted time. "Give me work or I return," was the cudgel with which he belaboured his anxious helpers. "Take intervals of rest," they pleaded, but all to no purpose. Even his brother, than whom no one was better able to counsel the Missionary, failed to carry out his determination, that a brief interval of absolute abstention from meetings should intervene between the close of the Irish tour on March the 2nd, and the opening of

the English campaign on March the 10th. The Doctor had his way and his meetings !

The English campaign opened at Newcastle-on-Tyne. After a heavy Sabbath, a relative with whom Dr. Paton stayed, wrote : " He rested to-day, Monday (*i.e.*, *his* rest was starting at 6 a.m. to write letters and keeping at it until one o'clock)."

Then followed meetings in the suburbs of London, and afterwards Ipswich, Aldershot, Eastleigh, Southsea, Portsmouth, and Chatham. Soldiers, sailors, and railway men had their "share" of the Missionary in these visits.

The further meetings, in and around London, included a talk to the Students at Spurgeon's College and a visit to the grave of the great preacher at Norwood. Day by day, with the Metropolis as his centre of operations, he spoke at crowded meetings, attended Drawing Rooms, and gave his experiences. He also spoke at conferences and meetings called to consider the political aspect of the New Hebrides Question.

At Cambridge the audience included a good many undergraduates, and their presence lent force to his message, and set up a longing hope in his heart that some new impulse towards foreign Missions might result.

An incident that occurred attests to the all-absorbing thought of influencing men which was in the aged Missionary's mind. At one of the meetings some one placed in Dr. Paton's hand a small, but rather heavy paper parcel. He placed it in his pocket, and when the day's work was done went to the house of the kind lady who was his



hostess, full of solicitude for the "dear young men" present at the day's services.

Next morning before starting for London, the Presbyterian Minister who had kindly arranged all the meetings inquired: "By the way, Dr. Paton, what was in that parcel handed to you at the meeting yesterday?" "Oh!" said the Missionary, "I had forgotten all about it." There it was in his pocket, heavy and bulky, but never heeded! It was produced and opened, and lo, a lovely gold watch and chain! with a note that it was to be disposed of for the benefit of the Mission.

Scotland is the loadstone of her people. Age and long residence abroad had not worn off in the least the attractiveness of his native land, as any one could see by the sparkle in the Missionary's eyes, and the cheery hope in his voice and manner, that morning of the 30th of April, when he bade farewell to London on his way to Glasgow.

Into those fifty-three days spent in England he had actually crowded seventy-one meetings, travelling nearly 2,500 miles to and fro in fulfilling the engagements.

Who shall say what the harvest of this self-denial and devotion will be in the gracious Providence of God?

The month of May was given to Scotland. The great Glasgow Exhibition was being opened at the time; but any suggestion of formally visiting it was gravely set aside on the score of lack of time. First he went to Aberdeen, then Edinburgh, and then away to the borderland at Berwick, and *via* Hamilton and Airdrie, back to Glasgow.

The last Church service was reserved for his beloved brother's church, old St. Paul's. They

stood together in the pulpit, those noble men, eldest and youngest of a humble family, faithful to the covenant—each with a wealth of years wrought in the Service of God and man; and as that packed congregation saw the Missionary's gentle face and listened to his touching farewell, hundreds broke down into open weeping: and in Scotland too.

On Monday, May 20th, Lord Overtoun presided in St. Andrew's Hall at Glasgow's farewell to John G. Paton. The interest was intense, and the results most cheering.

The personal calls of farewell included a visit to Lockerbie. Here the two brothers and three sisters, out of eleven in all, met together and parted from around the family altar—that hallowed ground which always brought back with intense reality to their minds and hearts the picture of the "midroom" of their cottage home.

Edinburgh had a few meetings, down almost to the last moment, including a breakfast meeting on the Thursday, leaving Friday only for packing. On Saturday morning a few close personal friends bade the Missionary a last long farewell, and shed tears of love and sorrow, as the train steamed away to London.

There was a long-standing promise that the last Sabbath should be spent at Southend, and, true to his word, the Missionary travelled up from Glasgow on the previous day, June 1st.

The Sabbath, a day of comparative quiet and deep hallowed joy at "Aniwa," closed at even around the Communion Feast of The Saviour, at once the solemn pledge of Love to His Cause and Leave Taking at His feet.

The principal object of the Farewell Meetings in London was to give an opportunity to all the subscribers, helpers, and friends of the work to take personal leave of the Missionary. This was Dr. Paton's special wish.

Over a thousand of the invitations were accepted, and the smaller Exeter Hall was comfortably filled afternoon and evening.

The Revd. F. B. Meyer, ever the soul of kindness, presided in his own homely manner in the afternoon. The Missionary's farewell words to his friends who had so long prayed for him and helped him in the maintenance and development of the Mission were full of melting tenderness. He brooded with intense feeling over the crowning joy of his life, almost within sight, in the planting of a Missionary on every Island of the New Hebrides. Britain and America had united in holy bonds to help him accomplish this prayer of his heart.

As always, he gave the place of honour to the Churches of Canada and Scotland, the originators of the Mission. Nor did he omit to extol the splendid tenacity and courage of the Churches of Australia, upon whom the main responsibility for the Mission had so long rested. Yet the peculiar circumstances and difficulties of the Mission—among isolated Islands, and polyglot, savage, fever-stricken natives—seemed to render necessary some special assistance; and God had marvelously created the British Fund, instituted without the Missionary's knowledge, and called by the originators after his name.

To this Fund, to its Honorary Committee, and to the friends who had gathered around it, he

confidently left the future maintenance of their part of the Mission.

It was a message long to be remembered, and as the friends quietly and reluctantly withdrew, the Missionary stood at the door, and shook hands and said a parting word of gratitude and blessing to every one.

The audience changed in the evening, but the same spirit pervaded the meeting. With much diffidence the Missionary's brother consented to preside. No other selection could have been so happy and fitting.

Between four and five thousand people attended the two public Farewell Meetings on the 5th of June in the Exeter Large Hall. Sir Mark J. Stewart, Bart., M.P., had, with true kindness, travelled specially up from Scotland to preside at the afternoon meeting, and Mr. Frank Spence had taken the trouble to come up from Manchester to preside at the evening meeting.

The predominant note that sounded through the proceedings was one rather of triumph than gloom. The Missionary's heart was full of joy. He admitted that he was leaving with far firmer hope and gladness than when he took farewell of Britain seven years ago. He felt that his work was accomplished. All now rested, under God, with his helpers and friends at home. He had proved them worthy of absolute confidence, and he therefore left all in their hands. The momentary pang of parting was swallowed up in his triumphant confidence in the Great Cause.

He expressed, as his last word, his undying adhesion to the Grand Old Covenanting Truths of the Scripture, and added his deep and certain con-

viction, born of long experience of the marvellous power of the Gospel, that this was the one and only civiliser of fallen man wherever found. "Did the Church of God," he said, "but fully realise her wondrous heritage in the Gospel, she would send ten thousand fresh Messengers to the farthest bounds of earth to proclaim, by word and example, this glorious Gospel to the millions still in the thralldom of heathen darkness and superstition."

It was a clarion note that should sound through the length and breadth of the land—backed as it was by the noble example of the aged Apostle, starting forth again to the duty which he had so passionately urged upon the followers of the Saviour.

On the morning of Friday—June the 6th—the brothers took farewell of each other alone before they faced the world that day. The secret of that moment, is it not with the brothers still? In the brief half-hour at the train, a little later, thoughts of life and death were intensely real, too full for words, too deep for tears, too sacred for any outward expression in the public gaze.

The cross currents swirled into a whirlpool, and by the pressure of will were buried beneath, leaving only the placid stillness of sorrow. A few quiet words, a quiver of the lip, one last strong grip of hands that will never again meet, deep yearning looks of love, and the parting was over—

"Till we meet  
At Jesu's feet."

At the ship Dr. Paton found to his intense joy, that the Directors of the Orient Company had,

with the greatest kindness and consideration, abstained from putting a stranger with him in the little double-berthed cabin in the second class. It was to be his own quiet retreat for the whole voyage, and his heart went up in adoring praise to the Ever Loving Saviour who had so watched in tender kindness over every detail of his life.

The last sight was of a lone figure with face suffused with emotion, straining and waving at the little knot of his own on the fast retreating tender, and looking so "wae" and lonely, till a kindly form joined him, and tenderly taking his arm, led him away to his cabin, and his God.

At Southend Pier another knot of those who loved him gathered, the signal ran up a last farewell, and a fluttering handkerchief brought an answering signal from a figure, distinguishable even at the distance, by the noble white hair.

"Run up a signal for 'God bless you,' with your flags," pleaded one of the company.

"I can't, sir—God is not in the code-book!" replied the signalman.

But God was in the midst of His own that day. His consolations were their stay, though the code-book, like the world, was oblivious of His presence, and ignorant of His Blessing.

## CHAPTER XIV

### TO THE ISLANDS AGAIN

AN ocean voyage was to the aged Missionary just so much time, freed from the duty of public meetings, to be consecrated to steady daily writing. The pang of the last parting from those whom he loved in Britain was relieved by work. "I have got off 160 letters," was the toll from London to Gibraltar. From Naples the message ran: "I have gone carefully through the translation of the Shorter Catechism into Aniwan, and am beginning to write out a fair copy for the printer. I have also got posted 200 letters." Again: "I got a good sleep last night and was up at my writing at 4 a.m., and so managed to put a good deal of work into the day."

At Naples he was ashore to speak at the Harbour Mission. Here is the local comment on the meeting: "Never shall we forget the Veteran Missionary's simple and graphic story. One wonders if he is at all aware how brave a man he is."

On the 31st of July he reached Melbourne. His first note home confessed that he was unwell with a threatened return of the severe trouble that had attacked him in Canada.

No wonder he was weak and ill. He had travelled in trains and steamers 44,000 miles, and

had addressed 820 different meetings—much of the time that should have been given to sleep being devoted to writing and translation. Many a weary mile he had tramped, too, rather than take a public conveyance on the Sabbath. When urged to make use of tram or train on the Lord's Day he would reply, "No tramcar conductor, no railway porter, no busman will ever stand up in the Judgment and say, 'You robbed me of my Sabbath.'"

On arrival he handed over to the Victorian Foreign Missions Committee a cheque for £13,014—every penny, that is, that he had secured by his world tour. The Committee in a formal minute recorded their deep thankfulness to God for the Missionary's return, and for the splendid sum he had secured for the furtherance of the work.

Owing to the broken state of his health, the public welcome which had been arranged was delayed till November. A Committee, appointed for the purpose, proposed to the Australian Churches to mark in some significant and permanent way their appreciation of Dr. Paton's life-long devotion to the cause of Foreign Missions. They suggested "that the portrait of the Missionary be painted in oils and placed in the Assembly Hall, for coming generations to look upon the man whom God has so signally honoured." The response was hearty and widespread; and the portrait was presented amid sentiments of great impressiveness and hung in the historic place of assembly.

By November the Missionary had sufficiently recovered to attend the public welcome. When he rose, the whole great audience rose with him



and joined as one man in an unspeakably thrilling welcome, and burst into the singing of the Doxology. He found it hard to control his feelings, as he thanked the people for their love, and told what God had wrought through him in his world-wide travels.

A very striking indication of the unique influence of the Missionary was the fact that the Senate of the Commonwealth invited him to address them at a private sitting on matters affecting the New Hebrides.

In April, 1902, came the glad news that America had decided to prohibit Traders flying the Stars and Stripes from selling strong drink and firearms in the New Hebrides. The main object of his two visits to the States was thus secured, and his heart rose to God in adoring praise.

In the same month the Committee at last gave way, and allowed the Missionary to sail for his loved Islands. His joy knew no bounds, and he seemed young again at the thought of going among his spiritual children.

Of his landing on Aniwa he wrote :

“No person could conceive what were my mingled feelings of joy and anxiety as we approached the shore. All the natives, young and old, were at the boat-landing, and when, from the rocks, they saw Mrs. Paton and me in the boat, three ringing cheers of great joy arose, and they ran to greet us, many of them in tears.

“Our great thanksgiving service in the Church was an inspiration. To hear once again in the soft musical tongue of that little island, the hymns of God, and sentences of heart gladness for our return; to listen to their pleading for the Divine

blessing, and for more spiritual power and consecration and fruit to His glory, was like the benediction of Heaven.

“In our absence the Native Teachers have worked faithfully. Every child above infancy can read the New Testament fluently. We gave out the new hymnbook (of 153 hymns) and the new Catechism, which I had translated and got printed and bound in Melbourne. Their contributions of arrowroot in payment amounted to £54 sterling.”

We quote from Mrs. Paton’s journal of this visit:

“We were anchored in the moonlight, right in front of Frank’s house on West Tanna. But our Missionary boy was not there! Sickness had necessitated his temporary withdrawal. It was too late for us to land, but we had the joy of being welcomed on board by Frank’s first converts—the Christian Chiefs Lomai and Iavis. How eagerly they asked for their Missi’s health. The porthole of our berth was in full view of the empty home. Sleep was impossible. At daylight next morning we hurried ashore. Nicely dressed natives welcomed us, and there was Frank’s horse, and Lomai to take us up the hill. The horse did not seem to fancy the winding road up to the Mission House, so we got out and walked leisurely up. The natives came round with wistful faces to hear all about their beloved ‘Missies.’ What a magnificent work has been done, and what the separation must have cost poor Frank and his wife! I was thankful to get away alone to the study for a few minutes.

“The natives had the kettle boiling and two great jugs of fresh milk on the dining-room table, and gave us a delicious cup of tea. Lomai was

determined we should not walk back, and had the hand cart with ropes attached, himself in the shafts, and a score of natives holding on to the ropes behind. I would rather have walked, but it would have deprived dear Lomai of the great pleasure of helping Frank's father and mother down to the beach. The steamer's whistle warned us that time was up. Lomai accompanied us on board, and bade us goodbye. Frank has left grand Christians in Lenakel. I liked all I saw. But Lomai, bless him!

"My faithful old Litsi, of our early Aniwan days, came with us from Tanna, bringing her boy Somo. We were soon on our voyage across to Aniwa. The vessel came as near the shore as was safe, and we were transferred to boats, and our dear old Aniwan flock came into view. They were waiting on the beach to receive us, rigged out in all the colours of the rainbow, and a few rather dingy ones not in the rainbow. They waved hats till we came near enough for recognition; then a dead pause, while faces were eagerly scanned, and then they broke into three hearty ringing cheers. Our hearts were full, and oh! to have been alone!

"My pulses have quickened before now at honour paid to my husband, notably on two occasions—when he got his D.D. from Scotland's Capital, and last month when his portrait was unveiled by the Moderator of our Victorian Church; but this seemed a chord from Heaven.

"What a shaking of hands and 'alofa-ing' there was. Many of the old folks had gone, but a grand crop of youngsters is growing up. My old girls Sici and Cisali (staid widows now), and others, informed me that they were at my service,

and when I demurred at having so many about me, they asked rather reproachfully, and with dignity, were they not all my 'children'? Nothing could be said after that, and all was settled comfortably within half an hour of our landing.

"The old home is still standing, but it is crumbling into decay and hardly safe, plaster falling, and the white ant making great havoc with the wood. We have to step about very gingerly for fear of going down through the floor. I sat carelessly on a chair the first day and nearly found myself in the cellar! Rats, too, everywhere. The native children are highly amused at my horror of rats, and form themselves into a bodyguard to protect me every time I go into another room. We have caught twenty-one already in native traps. But mosquitoes are the most maddening part of our programme during the day. At night we are all right under the curtains, except for the heat. We have been in a vapour bath night and day since we arrived, and this is the cool season. I have conceived a sudden and profound respect for myself to think I reared a family in such circumstances!

"Every day I have writing, singing, and sewing classes, and the natives make it so pleasant in their eagerness to learn. Nalausī, the Head Teacher, keeps them up to their duty generally. We often are amazed that our Aniwans have stood firm so many years without a settled Missionary. You will be surprised to hear that I have struck out on new lines, and am teaching Nalausī and Kalagi the organ! Many a time I wished to try the experiment here in my young days, but was overburdened with more important work. Two natives at

Norfolk Island can play, and this revived my wish. When I proposed it to Nalasi and Kalagi, their eyes glistened with eagerness, and the upshot, so far, is that they are in the throes of the scale of C. major with both hands, and think it desperate work! They are both very musical and capable, and determined to persevere so that they may manage hymn tunes some day.

“I don't know what we would do without Nalasi, he is such a grand, hearty Christian, and having his head screwed on the right way, he is a mighty help. He keeps accounts as well as a white man, though not on book-keeping lines. A nice Christian Trader once stayed in our house for a time (we wish he could have stayed altogether). He left a few things to be disposed of among the natives, and, as a result, Nalasi brought £4 17s. to be transmitted. In a little bag he kept the Church collections, which they always take up after having sold their copra—a real example to richer Christians. He brought in an imposing-looking book in which he had kept a record not only of the names of the thirty-three women who keep the Mission premises in order (absolutely necessary in these climes of rank luxuriant growth), but of the number of days they had attended, and those they had ‘skipped.’ They do weeding once a week, and are paid once a year. They would willingly do this, as they do all Church work, free; but what's everybody's business is nobody's business, and by giving a certain number a small payment, we throw the responsibility on them and the work is done. Besides, it is a good way of earning the clothing, &c. sent by the Australian friends in the Mission boxes.

“We had a wedding of four brides, who ‘stood up’ with their bridegrooms in Church, at the Wednesday prayer meeting, and behaved splendidly. It was great amusement getting their little presents ready, also for the bridegrooms—who preferred new shirts to anything else, the sensible fellows.”

After the Mission Synod, Dr. and Mrs. Paton stayed a while on the little Island of Uripiv, off the coast of Malekula, with their only daughter, the wife of the Missionary of Uripiv, the Revd. J. Gillan. From Uripiv they visited by boat their son Fred’s Station at Pangkumu, Malekula, and all the Stations they could reach on the mainland of Malekula. “I have been able,” the Missionary wrote, “to address and urge the claims of the Gospel, through an interpreter, upon many hundreds of nude cannibals on Malekula and the adjoining Islands. Eleven men, all who remain of a tribe of over two hundred, sent for us to go by boat and preach to them. We went and found that an inland tribe had attacked them in war, and killed about thirty of their tribe. The rest had fled, and now only eleven remain, and they are in constant fear of being waylaid and killed by their savage foes. Tribal wars between the shore and inland people prevail here, and some tribes have been wholly wiped out. The pity of it is that the rifles and ammunition have been supplied by British, French, and other traders, in barter for copra, hogs, &c.

“The heathen castes and savage practices of the natives of Malekula sadly hinder the progress of the Gospel. Castes are so powerful among the men that some men cannot eat food unless cooked

by their own hands. No man would dare to taste food prepared or cooked by his wife, or by any woman, nor must any woman approach while men are eating food. In certain castes a mother cannot give her male children food which she herself has cooked. The father must cook every morsel that the boy or boys eat; and if the mother offends, she may be killed by her husband's club or tomahawk.

“Castes do not exist among girls and women, but men and women have their own separate and distinct plantations. The women are the slaves of the men, who use them as beasts of burden. A woman felt unable at her husband's order to go to a heathen dance; he sprang upon her and cut her head open.

“When a girl is about eight years old her front teeth are knocked out, and her father (or his nearest relative) visits villages to seek the highest bidder for the girl. Her price is from six to twelve boar pigs—female pigs they do not eat at all. The poor girl may weep and plead, but she has no choice. Her purchaser may have three or four wives already—he may be young or old. Under a guard, armed with loaded rifles, she is forced to go. If she runs away she is brought back. For a second desertion she is forced back, and punished by having fiery sticks burnt into her breast. For a third offence the punishment is horrible. Burning stones are placed behind her knees. Many are thus lamed for life.

“These poor heathen indulge in every excess of cruelty and heathen superstition. They strangle to death, or bury alive, the very aged, and the sick and feeble. The teaching of our Lord Jesus

Christ is the only cure for all these evils. That alone gives freedom, peace, and joy. How great a blessing to all, especially to girls and women, is the Gospel of Christ. Amidst difficulties and dangers, the Missionaries and their Native Teachers and converts are doing all they can to bring the thousands of surrounding heathen to receive Jesus as their God and Saviour and to love and serve Him."

In January, 1903, another letter came from Aniwa to the friends in Great Britain :

"As I write tears will suffuse my eyes at the thought of all the help and labour of love that you and others give so ungrudgingly to our beloved Mission. The Lord reward and bless you all.

"I greatly enjoyed our evangelistic work on Malekula and Uripiv. There is much to encourage us on these Islands. Schools and Teachers well organised, and the foundation laid for a blessed work in the conversion of the remaining heathen.

"The converts have built Christian villages in which they live. All are clothed. To these villages they welcome all new converts, teach them, and help to protect them ; and if they resolve to remain, all unite and assist in building a new house for them, observing straight street lines. Such cottages are a great contrast to the heathen hovels. They are homes of happiness. No day begins or ends without praise and prayer—a daily object-lesson to the heathen of the joy and peace that come through Christ.

"Since we have been back again on Aniwa, Mrs. Paton has had serious turns of weakness, and for her sake we go up to Australia some time this month. Were it not for her, I would risk all with



Jesus and remain on Aniwa. I have had a severe turn of lumbago, but am better of that now. Of course I am not fit for continued exertion as I used to be. I get more and more feeble on my legs, and sometimes my memory fails me, but I hope yet to be spared for the blessed work, if the Lord will. I have been able to conduct the afternoon school and all Church services daily.

“There has been a severe drought here for some time, and food is becoming scarce ; but our well, the old well of our early trials and triumphs, is still the unfailing source of water supply for the whole Island.”

Mrs. Gillan wrote from Aniwa a glimpse of her parents :

“It was November before my parents reached Aniwa again ; and I had the great joy of being with them. My father’s health, for his age, is wonderful. He always seems to take a new lease of life in the New Hebrides, although now unable to visit distant villages.

“My mother has suffered from the heat and strain of the work, and for a week gave us great anxiety. However, she was better and able to make the Christmas gathering for the natives a great success. Mr. and Mrs. Watt, with some Tannese, came over to visit us on the 17th of December, so we decided to hold what is called ‘Christmas’ on the following day. Being so far from civilisation we can make Christmas just when it suits us !

“When this was announced, after the afternoon prayer-meeting, the Aniwans, men, women, and children, were just like a lot of wild things let loose. The women rushed off and cooked native

puddings with yams, bananas, &c., and the men collected the pigs ready for slaughter. Mother gave her contribution of rice, tea, biscuits, plum-pudding, &c., and gathered all she could for prizes.

“Without any suggestion from us the boys quietly festooned the verandahs and principal points of the Mission House and grounds with the most delicate and exquisitely brilliant tropical foliage; and, long before dawn the following morning, we heard the pigs vigorously protesting against their fate.

“A short service was held in the Church, and a little later games began. How they entered into the races—egg and spoon, and Siamese running races, greasy pole, rope-walking, &c., ending with a tug-of-war. The last made the greatest merriment; even the old men and women ran to join the weaker side, as though they were boys and girls again.”

Early in 1903 the Missionary again bade farewell to Aniwa. The farewell always wrung his heart. The whole population gathered to weep, and to wave their last goodbyes. In those simple Islanders' hearts the aged Missionary was enthroned as the embodiment of all that is good. To him they looked up as their Father in God. And to Mrs. Paton equally, the women clung, as the one white woman who had first dared to live amid the savagery of their heathen days, and who had won their hearts and purified their lives.

Though she kept the thought as a secret of her heart, there is little doubt that Mrs. Paton knew that day, that this Farewell would be the last, and that she would never again look on the little Island that for so many years had been the home of her children and her first love.

## CHAPTER XV.

### THE LAST VISIT TO ANIWA

IN Melbourne the Missionary had the joy of welcoming no less than four new Missionaries and their wives *en route* to the New Hebrides. Of these, Dr. and Mrs. J. Campbell Nicholson and the Revd. C. E. Yates and his wife were sent out and supported by the John G. Paton Mission Fund. No heart could beat as his did at the strengthening of the ranks of the conquerors of the Islands for Jesus. He felt a fatherly interest and love for all new helpers, and followed their movements with prayer and solicitude ; but those sent out by the British Committee of the Fund were his peculiar joy, the children, as it were, of his travels and labours.

It is not surprising, therefore, that he earnestly longed to sail with these new Missionaries to the Islands in order to assist with their settlement. Mrs. Paton's health, however, precluded this at the time, and it was not until two months later that he was free to return again to the Group.

Shortly before his eightieth birthday he wrote :  
" I am to sail on the first of June for the Islands, and hope to be permitted to stay at least four months, and after assisting in settling the new Missionaries, to spend the remainder of my time

on Aniwa. I suffer a good deal through age, but rejoice to go back, trusting all to our Blessed Jesus."

On the 24th of May, 1904, the Missionary was eighty years of age. He was invited to a great Assembly at the Scots Church, met to celebrate the occasion and express their warm affection for him. It was practically the eve of his departure for the Group, and there was something intensely touching and pathetic in the sight of the brave old man, with his heart set upon his converts, again facing the discomforts of a voyage and period of residence on Aniwa. It touched the audience with deep feeling, and caused them to rejoice in the honour of possessing so faithful a Missionary. He himself was greatly moved at the kindness shown, and especially at the thought of what the meeting meant in interest in Foreign Missions in days to come.

The inconveniences and discomforts of a journey, at the age of eighty, in a little rolling tramp steamer, would have caused much younger—even if equally courageous—hearts to hesitate. There was not only the voyage, but the landing, with its concomitant of open boats, engineered through narrow passages in the reefs, often involving a plunge through boiling surfs, and a somewhat unceremonious dumping on the shore of harbourless Islands, such as Aniwa.

Further, there was, on Aniwa, little really to attract, except the natives, who were his children in God, and, therefore, his chief joy.

The Revd. Fred Paton was on Aniwa in January of 1904. "I am writing," he said, "from the old spot where I was born. Some one speaking of mosquitoes on his own island, said they were bad, but added, 'thank God, not as bad as on Aniwa!'

This is the worst spot for mosquitoes, both day and night, that I ever knew. The dear old thatch of the home of our childhood affords a nice damp breeding-place, and the cedar and other trees have so overgrown the place that the very natives cannot sleep at night for mosquitoes. I am writing under a curtain, and two little black children have obligingly crawled under it, and are killing off as many mosquitoes as they can catch.

“An Aniwan humorously described the mosquitoes of Aniwa. Calling to another black man, he said, ‘Hey, mate, suppose you and me *kaikai* (eat), you and me full up, we feel good. But that fellow mosquito he *kaikai* all the time, he fat, he no feel him good, he *kaikai* all the time,’ and he pointed to two huge mosquitoes that had fastened on to him vigorously sucking his blood.

“The mosquitoes made me very pessimistic for the first week. The natives used to come to school in the morning with red eyes. They sleep when they can, but a white man cannot sleep at will so easily. I get a little sleep under double curtains.

“Owing to successive droughts the yams have been destroyed. Only an occasional bread fruit is ripe, and the Aniwans are eating roots, nuts, and anything that will barely sustain life. A Malekulan native told me that they were eating what he should give to the pigs.

“The rain pours into the old house through the thatch, and the place is dark, damp, and dismal. I quite understand my mother being ill here, and I am surprised that the damp old place did not kill her.”

So uninviting a picture shows that the aged Missionary evidently did not go to Aniwa on account of its comforts, but solely because his spiritual

children were there, and his love for them was such that he regarded discomforts, to others intolerable, simply as not worth a moment's consideration or a word of comment.

Turn to the other side—the people of Aniwa. “Though they are in rags,” Mr. Fred Paton said, “the rags are clean, and on Sabbaths they are neatly and well-dressed. Their Sabbath clothes are kept in their houses with great care.

“In school all but the youngest can read. One Sabbath a little girl stuck at the name of Melchizedek, but they read two chapters in Hebrews without a mistake.

“There are about forty children under sixteen years of age, and quite a percentage of young married couples. One tenth of the people are absent on ‘Foreign Service,’ acting as Teachers, &c. Practically Aniwa has sent out a tenth of its population as Foreign Missionaries.

“The people see very little of outsiders, as the Island has no proper landing-place, but though naturally stolid, they are cheerful. They are warm-hearted, and they were sorely grieved that they had no native food to offer me when I landed. In the English class they were far smarter than the Malekulans. The Aniwans pay for their own teachers, as well as their Bibles and other school-books. Considering all this, and especially the mosquitoes, they can stand scrutiny as a Christian Island. On the whole, I am rather proud of being born an Aniwan.”

The Aniwans on “Foreign Service,” many of them on Tanna, always looked with longing eyes to their little island home. Tousi, one of the teachers on West Tanna, walking over the high mountains

of Tanna with his Missionary, saw beneath his feet, out in the ocean, a little flat patch of island almost on a level with the sea, and at the sight his face beamed with joy. It was his own Aniwa.

Mrs. John G. Paton writing about this time to the *New Hebrides Magazine* speaks of the past years spent on Aniwa, and says: "Satan has undoubtedly excelled himself on this fair island, and it takes nothing short of the Almighty to pluck them out of his hand. Years ago we wrenched ourselves from the Homeland and all that that meant. It was to feel at first that we might as well have stayed where we were; but after patient labour, as natives began to come by twos and threes, in the midst of our powerlessness and feeling of utter inability to cope with the work, our hearts became strong. And, looking back over twenty years, we see that the Christianity of Aniwa has proved thorough and lasting. Aniwa has sent out Native Evangelists who have done noble service among the heathen of the Group. Some of the most wayward boys and girls, who gave us the greatest trouble, have more than repaid by their devoted labours what they caused us to suffer. As a whole, our dear Aniwans are as noble and steadfast a band of Christians as I know, and their reception of us when we were there last, after a long separation, went to our hearts as no other public welcome ever could."

It was to this little island, with all its discomforts and drawbacks, but with its God-loving people, that the aged Missionary's heart ever turned with deepest longing, and his days there were to his spirit as days of Heaven on earth.

He spent not four months, but just over two only,

in the Group, some days of which were passed at the Mission Station of his son on Malekula, where he baptized thirteen new Church members.

The Aniwan's were delighted beyond measure in the return of their "own Missi," and loaded him with every kindness of which their hearts and means were capable. All too soon, however, the call of duty and family necessitated his departure, and once more he had to say Farewell.

His last letter from Aniwa is dated June, 1904. He had just concluded a visit to some of the other Mission Stations, notably West Tanna. The hospital there and other evidences of the steady inroad that was being made on the inveterate heathenism of Tanna greatly encouraged him. Also he saw the work just put into the hands of Mr. Yates at North Santo, and called it "a feast of real joy to see that my long-cherished prayer may yet be fulfilled—'the New Hebrides with its every island, tribe, and native for Jesus and His Glory.' We now occupy twenty-five of its thirty islands, and have 17,000 natives avowedly serving Jesus as their God and Saviour; of these 330 are consecrated to the work as Teachers and Evangelists.

"I was at Nguna on a Sabbath morning, and had the privilege of addressing an audience of 600 Christian natives in a Church built by the Revd. Peter Milne, their veteran Missionary. What a marvellous work God has enabled him to do on and around Nguna!

"While we were in Santo we had a meeting of our New Hebrides Mission Auxiliary of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and were delighted to remember that the centenary of this Noble Society



was honoured by our beloved Queen Victoria, the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Emperor of Germany, the President of the United States, and other of the Great Rulers.

“God has honoured Britain in making her stand higher than any nation amongst the Christian nations of the world. Friends of the Bible need not fear the effusions of the Higher Critics, Advanced-View-men, and Unbelievers. The Word of the Lord endureth for ever. It is God’s Word—man’s only infallible rule of faith and practice in all things. The Book that converts cannibals, and turns them into Servants of God, can change and convert any people.”

On West Tanna, where he was ashore, he baptized the little baby boy of Dr. and Mrs. Nicholson. Lomai—the Christian chief of Lenakel—assisted the aged Missionary up the hill to his house, and afterwards proudly said that he “had plenty good talk with that Good Old Man.”

Mr. Fred Paton went with his father to Aniwa. He says that the Medical Missionaries warned his father that he ought not to risk a visit to Aniwa. “My father was assured that with rest and care he might prolong his life a year or two more. He exclaimed, in surprise, what would he do with the extra years’ rest after a strenuous life till past eighty? As a matter of fact he has had very little sleep at night since landing on Aniwa, and has never taken rest during the day, and yet, wonderful to relate, he is far stronger than when he landed. When tired with letter-writing, or consulting with natives, he takes what he calls a little rest. This means chopping trees, building up stone walls that the pigs break down, &c. As a matter of fact,

pigs are the only things on Aniwa that have no respect for Dr. Paton, and in return he has no love for the pigs.

“The native boy who sees to the goats on Aniwa was given a holiday, and my father gave the goat a holiday also, so that she was missing at milking-time. A little later there was the Missionary’s white hair and beard moving in and out amongst the dense scrub, while he gave a plaintive ‘Ma-a-a,’ in the hope that the goat might mistake it for the cry of a long-lost relative. The Missionary’s two-year-old grandson wanted to join in, thinking his grandfather had invented a new game especially for him.

“The Communion on Aniwa was beautiful. Clean, neat natives, and every adult on the island but two, Church members. Of these two exclusives, one is eighty years old and cannot attend school, but has daily worship night and morning in his own house, and the other is a kindly old Christian, who only hesitates to join because of his age, and because he is shy of public appearance at baptism. At the same time he proves his Christianity in the fact that for twenty years he has cared for the orphans of his village.

“My father had to use his persuasive powers in delicate matters of engagements. For instance, a young widow was refused by a decent young native, and a man of forty was eager to become engaged to a native lassie of eighteen. The difficulty was that the girl of eighteen would have nothing to do with the middle-aged man, and the young man would have nothing to do with the widow. But my father had not earned his reputation for persuading people without good reason.

He saw the forty year old once only, and convinced him that the lassie of sweet eighteen was an utter mistake, and that no doubt he really loved the widow ! After two interviews, the widow agreed that, as she could not get the young man she cared for, she might as well take the man of forty, and so an exchange of engagements was arranged !

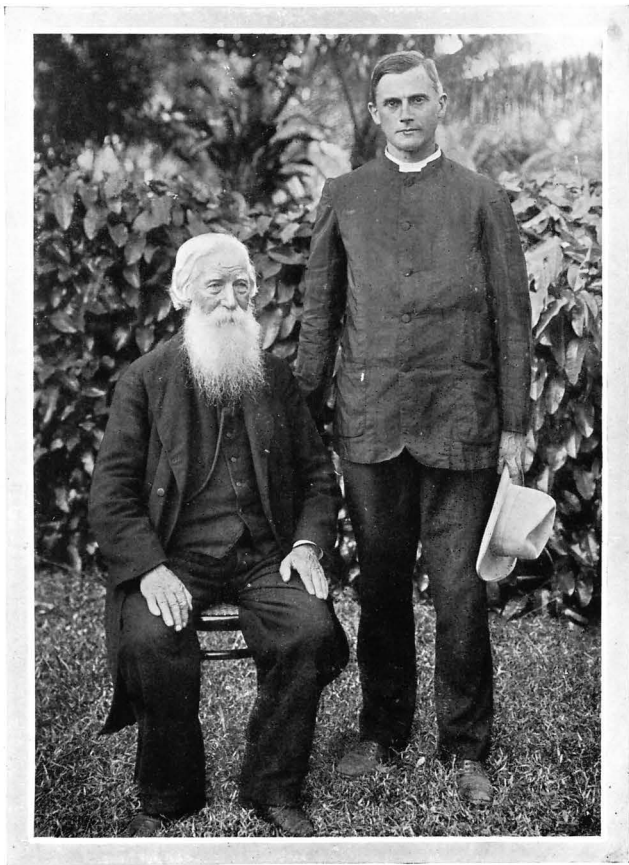
“ The dresses at the weddings, so my wife said, were made partly from an old dress of hers when she was a bridesmaid, but I was absorbed in the hat, trimmed for the occasion, a harmony of bright orange and purple, with a pink dress, cream lace, and a brunette complexion.

“ The native women keep their hats long and carefully. I was surprised to see one that my mother had worn and discarded twenty years ago, and it still looked well on the head of the wife of an elder.

“ The natives simply fly to help my father up and down steps and over rough roads, and in nearly every way show their love for him.

“ We see here, even in this little island, the diversity of tongues in our Group. A little baby girl was taken out by her mother on a fishing excursion, and died in consequence. I tried to comfort the heartbroken old grandfather, but ‘ pigeon English ’ and Aniwan did not go far. Suddenly the old man looked at my wife and poured out his grief in Erromangan—the language of her childhood—and so he got comfort. The old man was so thankful for the comfort that he crawled up a few days later with a fowl and two yams for my wife, as a token of his regard.

“ Every night except Saturday we have singing



*Photo by]*

*[Dr. Wm. Gunn.*

DR. PATON AND BISHOP WILSON OF THE MELANESIA MISSION.

of Sankey's hymns. One elder sings falsetto, and I tried it in one hymn, with variations on the tune. My success exceeded my wildest dreams, but my 'better half' stopped me, and whispered that I was to sing properly or hold my tongue. The natives stopped at the same moment, and, having heard the whisper, they all leaned back and laughed heartily.

"It is surprising how eagerly they come for singing. We announced that there would be no singing last night, but they turned up from the farthest villages, and when asked if they had heard the announcement of no singing, said: 'Oh, yes, but we are just walking about.' Of course we had singing.

"My father has had a happy time on Aniwa and renewed his youth. I caught him lifting forty-pound weight boxes. Then he was seen eyeing the roof with a few bits of old tin. He thinks that the old house would do even yet with a new roof and new flooring, and perhaps a new wall or two. I love the old home where I was born, but it has stood forty years nearly of hurricane, every room leaks, the foundations are going, and the house will soon have to follow."

Like himself, the natives were fully conscious that at the Missionary's advanced age every visit might in all probability turn out to be the last. This time they gazed upon him with deep reverence and devotion as they bade him Farewell, weeping most of all that they might see his face no more.

The return to Australia meant a return to the rush and turmoil of tours here and there, taking meetings with a view to infusing Missionary interest in hearts of those who, absorbed in the

ever-present needs of their Churches and neighbourhood, were apt to forget the Islands where the heathen, sunk in darkness, were living out their poor existence without the Knowledge of God. His most absorbing passion was to fan the little sparks into a flame of passion for the ingathering of souls. For this he left the quiet of the Islands, and the delightful work of teaching and developing the spiritual life of the natives, and again returned to the towns and cities of civilisation.

It was evident, however, by the halting step, and constant signs of weariness and pain, that his tours in the interest of the beloved New Hebrides were drawing towards a close. Again and again the Committee urged him to take rest, but, to him, inactivity was almost worse than death. His constant practice of ceaseless work had become a habit which held him as with a vice, and nothing, and no one, could induce him to rest. Even when he had intervals between various tours, he spent every moment from the earliest dawn till quite late into the night poring over his letters and translations.

One difficulty and anxiety was apparent, however, to his many friends, to his Committee, and must have been even to himself, namely, that driving in the Australian bush was almost more than he could bear. The jolting of the buggies in which he rode, and the effort of getting in and out often caused him to heave a heavy sigh. He would return from some long journey, and would be overheard by those closest to his heart to say: "Oh, but this is weary work. I wish they would let me go back to the Islands. I am not fit for driving

in buggies. I could do much more for my Aniwans if I were with them."

The medical advisers, however, were dead against his going back alone to Aniwa. Every one urged that it would be impossible to allow him to stay by himself on that little island—with an ocean journey between him and the nearest medical aid. And so he toiled on, in spite of the pain and weariness. All who knew him and met him wondered at the indomitable courage that enabled him thus at the end of his long and magnificent life to conquer his bodily infirmities and press on almost with the toilful eagerness of a young, strong man.

There were new anxieties also. One of the keenest trials to his father was the fact that the Revd. Frank Paton, his third son, the Missionary of West Tanna, had been obliged to finally resign, not only his Missionary life on Tanna, but even his Missionary deputation work in Australia, on account of a double breakdown of his health. There were also at this time a fresh crop of rumours of the determination of the French to annex the Group—rumours only, happily—but persistent, and having the stamp of apparent truth.

These were the heavy burdens that he carried in his heart in all his travels far and wide, but there was now added an ever-present and haunting fear that the health of his beloved wife was rapidly and seriously declining. This greatest of all trials was like to break his heart. He felt that at any moment a sudden call might come summoning him to her death-bed.

Bowed as was his heart and burdened his life, yet he never hesitated, but pushed on with every

ounce of vigour, conquering the anxieties, overcoming the infirmity and weakness of age, and forcing by sheer strength of will and determination of faith, the fragile body, often racked with pain, to do its work. As he often said: "I feel I am immortal till my work is done."



## CHAPTER XVI

### THE PASSING OF MARGARET WHITECROSS PATON

MRS. Paton's health was gradually failing. Her family noticed that she was getting thinner, and more frail, but none of them dreamed that the calm strong face was veiling such a growing intensity of pain. It was only when she became so weak and ill that even her strong will could no longer hide the facts, that they realised there was cause for alarm. They pleaded with her to see a specialist, and at last she agreed. Her son-in-law, the Revd. John Gillan, of the New Hebrides, went with her into Melbourne to consult Dr. Maudsley.

After a careful examination, the Doctor took Mr. Gillan aside and intimated that Mrs. Paton's condition was very critical. It was his intention not to tell Mrs. Paton the grave nature of her case, but a few direct, incisive questions from her brought everything to light.

"Then that means death?" she said, with disconcerting bluntness. And the only answer the Doctor could give was a quiet "Yes." The only outward sign of the shock was the fact that she dropped her fan and did not notice it. Mr. Gillan led her back into the cab. The whole world was changed for her now, but none could so judge from her calm and resolute face.

“That is pretty decisive,” was her first remark, and then she added quickly, “Mind, this must be kept from Minn” (her only daughter).

Nor would she allow Dr. Paton to be told. He was just on the eve of a three weeks’ tour of meetings, and she would not have the arrangements upset.

A trained nurse was immediately summoned, and the Doctor tried a special treatment in the faint hope that his diagnosis might be wrong. It was then decided to call in another specialist in consultation with the family Doctor. Her eldest son, the Revd. Robert Paton, had just arrived from Nagambie. To him she herself broke the news, and sketched in rapid outline the short stages of the crisis. She told how the first intimation of her hopeless condition had created a great hunger for the sympathy of her children, and how, in their absence, she had been driven to God and her Saviour. That thus she had passed through her Gethsemane alone, and that now all was over; and intensely as she had loved life, God had completely taken away all that desire, and in its place had planted a great longing for the Home beyond. That prospect to her now brought perfect peace and Heavenly joy.

An hour later the three Doctors arrived. After the examination, they retired to hold their consultation, and then called in Mr. Robert Paton and Mr. Gillan. Mr. Paton writes of that trying scene:

“We were called in to hear the decision. In calm tones we were told that there was no hope of recovery, but that the suffering to be faced could and would be palliated with drugs, to give relief and quietness. These men stood for human skill,

but the power of death was there, and they were beaten and helpless. After this interview that had chilled our hearts with its note of doom, the Doctors accompanied us into Mother's room. She was still bright and joyful. Nothing could alter her confidence and quietness of soul. When the Doctors had broken as gently as possible the news that the consultation left no room for hope, she said quietly :

"Well, I want to tell you, Doctors, that there is a Power above all your power, and it is the Power of my God. He can raise me even from this bed if it be His will, and it is in His Everlasting Love and Mercy that I am trusting. Long ago I committed my life to my Saviour, and now all is peace and joy."

Her face was lit up with the foreglow of victory. On that sick bed lay the conqueror, and these strong men could only stand and wonder at the triumph of it. "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him."

The diagnosis was that the disease must have been at work for at least twelve months, and one Doctor asked her in surprise :

"How is it, Mrs. Paton, that you were able to keep this to yourself for so long?"

"By sheer determination of will, Doctor," was her characteristic reply.

At first it was thought that life might be prolonged for some months, but the disease made rapid progress, and on Sunday, 29th of April, she became suddenly worse. It was now decided that her daughter Mrs. Gillan must be told; and in the anguish of grief, following that dread news, little baby Gillan was born. The Doctor kindly arranged for a motor to go up country and recall Dr. Paton.

It broke down, however, and instead telegrams were sent. Meanwhile, Mrs. Paton's brother-in-law, the Revd. James Lyall, of Adelaide, arrived, and his moving ministrations were very comforting and helpful in that hour of pain and weakness.

The following day the Missionary arrived with his two sons and their wives. It was an intense relief to Mr. Gillan to see them, and to share with them the responsibility and anxiety of watching. The family can never forget all that they owe to him in those sadly happy, solemn days.

Contrary to expectations, Mrs. Paton rallied a little, although the suffering was intense. She bore it all patiently, and every now and then flashes of humour played like summer lightning across the dark background of pain; and on her face there was always that look of Heavenly peace.

One day she was telling the Doctor that she wished to slip away quietly, without any fuss of farewell messages.

"But your whole life has been a message to your children," he said.

"Ah, no," she replied wistfully, "not a message, but a pure white-heat of love."

Speaking to her son one day about the same thing, she said, "My whole heart is beating with love for you all—every vein of it. What can paltry words express at such a time? I have made it right with my Saviour. I love Him, and He has forgiven all my sins as a thick cloud. Isn't it wonderful that He does so? Wonderful! We must look at things not from our sinful point of view, but from God's, and in His pure, pure light. I see that now, and would like to do many things over again in that light. But we don't get that

opportunity. And may be if we did, we would not do very differently after all. Life here is an apprenticeship for Eternity, and we'll do better there. I'll see the King in His beauty. And the wonderful thing is that we will become like Him. It takes wonderful love to do that."

There was an intensely touching scene when her daughter's little baby girl was placed in Mrs. Paton's arms. Her whole face lit up with joy as she wound her long gold chain about the baby's neck and laid her watch upon its little breast. The child was called Margaret Whitecross, that she might bear her Grandmother's name after she was gone. At her special request little Margaret was baptized in her room, and those present will never forget the moving pathos of that touching service. Mrs. Gillan could not rise to see her baby baptized, but her door was left ajar that she might hear. The family gathered in the hall between, and, at the bedside of his dying wife, Dr. Paton took the little babe into his arms and baptized her into the Triune Name.

That mother and daughter, who had been such close companions, were thus separated in these last precious days was a bitter drop in their cup of sorrow. But they bore it bravely as part of the Father's plan of love. "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter."

As the days passed the mother - heart yearned to see her medical son—then away in England, and her Missionary son in the New Hebrides—bearing his own dread sorrow as we afterwards learned. But she was thankful to have her husband and the rest of her children about her. She felt more and more vividly that death was only

an interval of life. "Won't I be watching for you all, each one!" she said, with eager face.

For six weary weeks the pain grew fiercer. All that human skill and tender sympathy could do to relieve the suffering was done by Dr. Cowen and Nurse Hunter, to both of whom the family owe an unpayable debt of gratitude. Her two sons, Robert and Frank, and Mr. Gillan, took their turns with the nurse in watching by the sick bed. It was a priceless privilege, and the inspiration of those quiet hours in that heroic presence will never leave their hearts.

It was Mrs. Paton's wish that she should pass away in sleep, and God gave her the desire of her heart. On the evening of May 16, 1905, she gently fell asleep, and those who stood round could imagine the joy of the Home-coming after the long and weary journey.

It was a fitting close to a brave and unselfish life. Long ago the cultured girl had given up home and country to go with the man she loved, and face the loneliness and the unspeakable horrors of savage lands. Something of the joy and sorrow, the humour and the pathos of that life, is vividly revealed in her book "Letters and Sketches from the New Hebrides." But the darker side is left untold. That long agony of pain was so bravely hid that even her children saw only a mother's smiling face. It would have been altogether unsuspected, even by them, had they not sometimes, when she thought them asleep, listened with awe to her strong crying and tears as she pleaded with the Father to take away the agony which was greater than she could bear. Yet in the morning the face was brave and calm again, and

because they could not speak of that which they had overheard, the memory of it was burned the deeper into their souls, and their reverence for their mother became a part of their very being.

Later on, when the time came to face that supreme trial of missionary life—the handing over of the little children to another's love and care—she so conquered the storm of passionate grief that raged within her own heart, that she was able to comfort her weeping children and smile bravely upon them at the parting. It was only when the night closed in, and there was none but the Father's Loving Eye to see, that she gave way to the sobs that shook her body, and the flood of tears that drenched her pillow.

Still later, when the call of duty came to her husband, and he had to make long journeys round the world, she bravely faced the loneliness which that separation brought, and bore alone the greater part of the responsibility of home and children.

Her influence over her children was deep and permanent. There was in her nature a rare combination of saintliness and humanness, that made the Christian life very real and winsome to all with whom she came into touch. Beneath all the naturalness and the sparkling humour there was an intense devotion to Christ, and a heroism that nothing could daunt. And with it all, her life was, in her own words, "a pure white-heat of love for her children." No wonder they loved her passionately, and with deep reverence sought to follow in her steps.

And now she was gone, and life was infinitely lonelier. They laid her to rest on the beautiful slopes of the Boroondara cemetery, "until the day break and the shadows flee away."

## CHAPTER XVII

### TWO HEROINES

FREQUENTLY during the later years of their lives the aged Missionary and his wife had been sundered far, by reason of his travels in Australia, and his tours round the world, but his heart was at peace in the knowledge of the welcome from her that awaited him, and the home always open to receive him. There he could rest in the love of the one who had shared with him the trials and anxieties, as well as the triumphs, of the early days of the Mission.

The shock and the loneliness following her death left a visible mark upon his life, and made him feel that the day could not be far distant when he, too, would be called away to his Lord. His letter home immediately following the sad event was more brief than any he had written for a long period. It was the word of a tired soul. "She fell asleep in Jesus, assured of Eternal Life with Him in Glory. She had no fear of death, but longed to be away, and to be for ever with the Lord. When our call comes, may we all have the same confident joyful assurance."

Immediately following the blow of Mrs. Paton's death, there came the terrible news that Mrs. Fred



Paton had suddenly fallen asleep, at Pangkumu, where she had lived for four years as the companion and helpmeet of her husband, the Missionary in charge of that Station on the Island of Malekula.

Thus a double burden of grief fell upon the aged Missionary. In his own sorrow he realised the poignant grief of his Missionary son, thus left alone in the forefront of the fight, shared with him by his heroic young wife, amid the depressing surroundings of a low-lying fever-stricken Island.

From the earthward side Mrs. Fred Paton's death was the sadder call. The Missionary realised that his beloved wife was at least nearing the confines of the Unseen ; Mrs. Fred Paton, on the other hand, was young and full of vigour, and had spent only four eventful years on Malekula. Undoubtedly, she yielded her life to the cause of the Gospel. The details of her death, when they came, left little room for doubt that, all unsuspected because skilfully hidden under a bright and happy disposition, Mrs. Fred Paton had used up her vitality in the strain of heathen surroundings, with their incessant calls for self-sacrificing devotion. Like her Lord, she had died for those whom her life had blessed.

The deep feeling that her death and burying called forth is seen in the fact that a French Trader—a Roman Catholic—risked his life to fetch the Doctor when he thought that she was dying ; and that around her grave Roman Catholics, Native Christians, and naked heathen were one in stricken grief. One touch of nature had made the whole of that little world kin. Trophies of her devotion stood weeping by in the shape of

saved women, rescued girl wives, and little black children whom she had nursed into life. It was no formal funeral. Everybody came because their hearts were touched. A French Trader with three women and two children faced and fought through a big sea for five miles, and, drenched with the waves, arrived in the darkness of night, to weep over one whom they had so learnt to love.

Thus died a heroine. The aged Missionary had known her from her childhood. Her mother was one of his wife's dearest friends. Her early home and native land—the Martyr Island of Erromanga—was the neighbouring isle to his own Tanna. But he loved her the more intensely because she was the wife of his Missionary son, and an ardent lover of the little Mission, which was to him the chief interest of all.

Writing of his daughter-in-law he speaks of her as “beloved by all who knew her, and now her husband and dear little son and all of us, are left in deep sorrow to carry on the work as best we may, bereft of the help of two who were, as we thought, so much needed. We mourn their loss, yet Jesus cannot err. He knows what is best, and we must be resigned and press on with His work while our opportunity lasts.” And then came the old oft-repeated sigh. “I wish I could now go back to my work on Aniwa and live once more among my dear converts.”

Among the messages of sympathy that came to him following Mrs. Paton's death, none touched him more deeply than the letters from his Aniwan converts. One of these, Titonga, was working as an Evangelist on West Tanna at

the time. He wrote for himself and his wife in terms of sympathy and appreciation, which the natives so naturally use :

“ We two, Litsi, and I, Titonga, send our love to you. We wept much when we heard that Mrs. Paton is dead. We remembered in prayer and loved her, and you who did so much for us poor natives of Aniwa. It was you who learnt and reduced our language to writing, and made us books, and hymns, and Catechisms. It was you who translated for us the New Testament, God’s Holy Word, and taught us to read and understand; and to sing hymns of Jesus, and Heaven, and Eternal Life with Him. Litsi says Mrs. Paton has left us all weeping, but she is now with Jesus.

“ With joy I tell you that the teaching of Jesus is powerful with the people of Tanna. Soon all the people of Tanna will worship Jesus only.”

The letter ends abruptly here, for Titonga died before he could finish his message to his beloved “ Missi.” Litsi his widow, and her son, Somo, finished the letter :

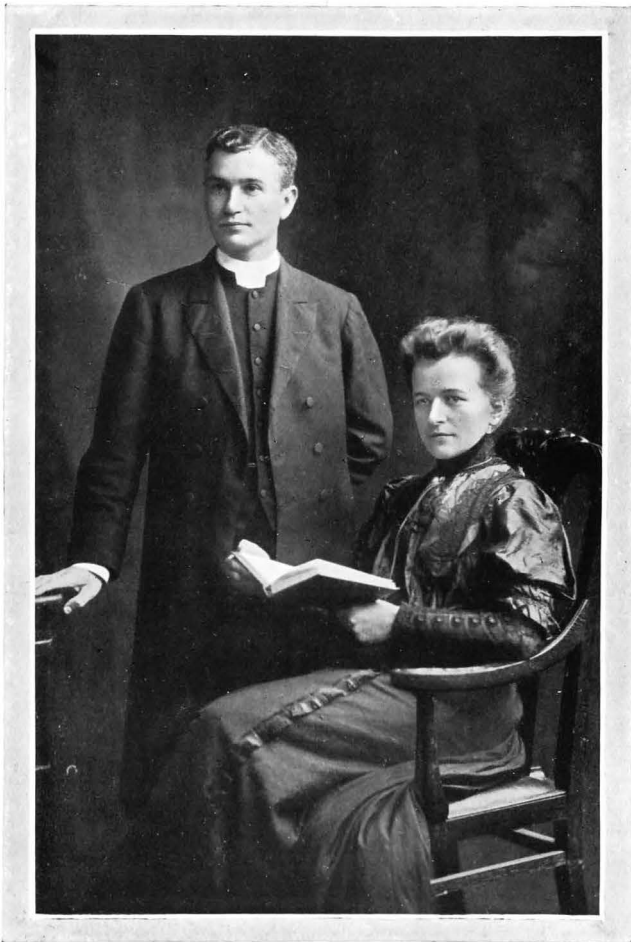
“ I, Somo, and my mother, Litsi, send our father’s letter to you that you may see how he loved Christ and you. But he has died, and will write no more. We wept much when we heard of Mrs. Paton’s death, and Mrs. Fred’s death, and now our hearts are sore and lonely, for father has gone.

“ Our love and thanks to you and all God’s dear people in Britain and Australia, for sending you to teach us and lead us to Jesus for Salvation and lasting happiness. Litsi, my mother, says

that when she was a little girl her mother died and Mrs. Paton took her and brought her up, and taught her to fear and know God; and now she thanks Him and prays for you."

These black heroes of the Cross, their record is on high, and we can only guess at the glory of it, from indications here and there of self-sacrificing devotion. Ten years only had passed since the Missionary and his son, Frank, were on Aniwa calling for volunteers to assist in founding the West Tanna Mission. Titonga was one of the first to step forward and offer. Litsi, his like-minded wife, seconded his vow, and together they sailed to take up their lives' task. Through the trials of the early Tanna Mission, Titonga's devotion and unsullied life was the daily encouragement of the young Missionary at Lenakel. As a boy he had played with Titonga, then a youth on Aniwa. It was Titonga who read into the listening ear of Lomai, the Tanna chief—then a heathen—the words of Jesus. It was he again, who, when Frank Paton, alone on Tanna, sank in sickness and distress of body, so nursed and cared for the son of his own beloved Missi, that under God's blessing he recovered his life. "It was due," Mr. Paton said, "to the tender faithfulness of the beloved Teachers, Tousi and Titonga, who nursed me and lovingly ministered to my wants, that I was spared."

One cannot help the reflection that, in being used of God for the conversion of Aniwa, after being driven from Tanna, Dr. Paton was really preparing for the ultimate conquest of dark Tanna through the agency of the converts of his own little island. Thus the Hand of God is once more



*Photo*

*[Lafayette, Ltd.]*

REV. FRANK L. PATON AND MRS. PATON (1907).

seen in turning apparent failure into sure success.

“God is His own interpreter,  
And He will make it plain.”

The death of Mrs. John G. Paton was deeply felt in Missionary circles in Australia. She was one of the foremost leaders of the Presbyterian Women's Missionary Union, and her literary gifts and wonderful power of organisation were always used in the sacred cause of Foreign Missions. To this great Cause she had consecrated her life, when she left home and friends in Scotland to face the ordeal of life amongst the cannibals in the dark Islands of the Pacific. Her "Letters and Sketches from the New Hebrides" are perhaps as clear and vivid a description of the inner and more personal side of life amongst sunken heathen as has ever been written; and the book, which has passed through many editions, has, in its way, proved to be wellnigh as fascinating as the Autobiography of her husband.

But Mrs. Paton was accomplished in many directions. As an artist she has left evidences of her skill which are cherished by her children. As a musician she was capable beyond most of her contemporaries; but her facile pen was the greatest gift of all. Her one book is all that is known to the general public, but she wrote letters to her large circle of friends describing a voyage round the world, which for terse, pungent English, and versatility of knowledge of history, places, and events, would be hard to beat.

She was also a capable and winsome speaker. Not long after her decease some notes of an

address that she gave to a Ladies' Meeting describing work in the New Hebrides, fell into the hands of the writer, from which a few sentences are culled :

“ Our New Hebrides Islands do not present the great attractions as regards vastness and population that India and China do, but for difficulty and dangers they will vie with any Mission field, and should tempt the bravest Christian spirits to go and give them the teachings and blessings of the Gospel. In their natural state, our savages seem hardly human, and we have often wondered how, amid such beautiful surroundings, they could be so degraded. The scenery of the New Hebrides is surpassingly beautiful; richly-wooded hills, with their brilliant tropical foliage and greenery down to the water's edge, and reflected back in all their shades of colour on lovely mountains in the background, seen through sunlights and hazes; gorgeous skies and seas of glass, clear to the very depths, showing caverns and grottos of rocks and coral of every hue.

“ There is also an indescribable charm and softness in the atmosphere that is felt only in the tropics. Yet all this does not raise or refine the natives one iota. It is left for the Gospel to do that, and it does do it. The transformation between a New Hebridean savage and a New Hebridean Christian, even in the expression of his face, is well worth labouring a lifetime to witness. Looking at our converts from the pits out of which they have been dug, we have a grander view of Christ's Transforming Power, and a keener joy than (I think) it is ever possible to feel in a Christian land.

“It is true they have never sufficiently advanced in Christian knowledge to be able to fight over the ‘ologies’ and ‘isms’ that occasionally occupy the attention of some of our white lands. They don’t understand nor quite see the use of them, their faith in our Lord Jesus being so direct and simple, and their Christianity taking a very practical turn. One of our Islanders, who was for many years in Sydney, acting as a Missionary to his sable brethren there, was met one day by a friend of ours, who said, ‘Well, Sam, where have you been to-day?’ He replied, ‘Oh, I have been to hear Mr. Hudson Taylor. I go every time.’ ‘And how do you like Mr. Taylor?’ ‘Oh, he grand fellow. He talk simple, and I can follow him! No bothering logity, about him!’ Sam meant bothering theology.

“Some of these native workers have inspired me with fresh faith and courage when I most needed both, just by their example. I well remember the day we landed on Aniwa, many years ago. I knew I was the first white woman that had ever set foot on its shores, and I am afraid I did not quite appreciate the privilege. You would need to see the savages as I did see them, in a state of nature unadorned, except with horrid paint, grasping their weapons of war, to understand the horror which overcame me as we left the boat, our last link with civilisation, and the wild hope that they would not allow us to land, and show fight while there was a chance of us getting back to the Mission ship. Their attitude, however, was entirely non-committal. They gazed stolidly and attentively at us, with not a ghost of a smile to encourage us. Just then I felt



my hand taken by another hand, and a bright, pleasant voice said in Aneityumese, 'My love to you, Missi.' On looking up I saw a nicely dressed woman in a clean print and broad-brimmed hat, and I stood still in utter amazement to see anything so civilised. Then it was as if an angel from Heaven had been sent to comfort me. She was the wife of the Aneityum teacher, whose existence I had entirely forgotten. I think I never clung to any one in my life as I did to that coloured woman, and I could walk along with a firmer tread as I realised that she too had given up home and kindred to live among and teach the heathen of Jesus and His love and Salvation. I feel the conduct of those native Teachers and their wives is beyond all praise, and they deserve even more sympathy than we do, being the real pioneers of civilisation and of the Gospel. It is as great a sacrifice for them in some respects as for us, yet they have not the same compensations, they have not the sympathy and backing, nor the resources within themselves that we have. Like us, too, they have to acquire and speak and teach in a foreign tongue, for the diversity of the languages on our Islands is such that Bishop Patteson declared, 'the New Hebrideans must originally have come straight from the Tower of Babel!' It seemed dreadful to hear them jabbering all round, and not to know a word of what they were saying about us.

"Some of the women came forward and returned salutations, examining me very carefully, and curiously feeling themselves at the same time as if to ascertain if we were alike. The men I at first cordially disliked—yes, detested—they

were so unbearably impudent, but even they soon won their way to my heart by their worship of my baby boy. Their love of children is a beautiful trait in their character, and drew us closely together very much sooner than we otherwise would. After we were able to talk to them a little, we found them much more companionable, and we had far more in common than we could have believed possible. They have like emotions with us, and are naturally a merry-hearted race, and have a keen sense of the ludicrous, often laughing so heartily that they roll on the ground through their sheer inability to stand.

“They are very demonstrative in their grief as well as in their fun, and give vigorous expression to it in their wailing over the dead. They are exceedingly fond of music, and often had their favourite hymns picked out for us to translate into their language, just by hearing us sing them in English at family worship. They were also eager helpers in the work of translation.”

To mark their love for Mrs. Paton the Presbyterian Women's Missionary Union raised a Memorial Fund amounting to £1,700. This sum was used for the double object of building a Memorial Church on the central island of the New Hebrides—Efate (Vila)—now the seat of the Government of the Group. The Church is named after her, “The Margaret Whitecross Paton Memorial Church.” A hospital in Chinju in Korea, also named after her, was erected with the remainder of the Fund; so that in both of the Fields in which the Australian Churches are interested, there are now reared monuments to the devotion and consecrated talents of the Helpmeet of The Apostle of the New Hebrides.

## CHAPTER XVIII

### INDOMITABLE TO THE END

THE old home with all its sacred and tender associations was broken up, and the Missionary found a warm and loving welcome into the home of Mrs. Brown of Canterbury, whose daughter is Mrs. Robert Paton.

His sons in Australia eagerly desired that their father should make their homes his own, in the intervals of his journeys between Australia and the Islands, but, ever intent on giving his every moment to the cause, he resolved that, while spared to journey on his missionary tours, he must be near the centre, that is, Melbourne. Thus, rather than cut himself in any way adrift from his work, he debarred himself from one of the chief blessings of old age, the presence of his beloved children, and the special delight of being surrounded by little grandchildren, who loved him, and in whom he took such endless and pathetic interest.

The long bush journeys were becoming extremely exhausting at his great age, but he refused to give in. Again and again his Committee pleaded with him to rest, but the call of the heathen was ever ringing in his ears. With his



*Photo]*

*[Alice Mills.*

DR. JOHN G. PATON'S GRANDCHILDREN.

cry, "The time is short and the heathen are perishing," he pressed on from place to place, till congregations wondered at the dogged endurance and power of the frail, white-haired veteran, who had almost to be lifted in and out of the conveyances in which he travelled where railways were not available.

Only those intimate with his early exploits in the bush in Australia were aware of the occasions on which he had been saved as by a miracle from being smashed in buggy accidents. He took little account of these dangers, never spoke of them unless questioned, and then gave only meagre details.

But at this time he met with an accident that nearly cost him his life. He was being driven from Cope Cope to Donald behind a powerful, timid young horse. The way lay along the side of the railway. The minister who was driving him had just turned to cross the line, when the shriek of an engine's whistle warned him that a train was rushing down upon them. Knowing his horse's fear of trains, Mr. Shallberg sprang out of the buggy and ran to its head, seizing the reins with both hands and endeavouring to control the plunging of the terrified animal. But with a wild bound the horse literally lifted his master off his feet, upsetting the buggy, and throwing Dr. Paton heavily on to his head. The Missionary lay there motionless. The driver of the train, seeing the accident, stopped, and with the guard ran to the place, feeling sure that the Missionary was dead.

Mr. Shallberg, who had escaped as by a miracle, also came to the scene, and he and the train officials

lifted the still body into the train. As they did so the Missionary revived. The train proceeded to Donald, and medical assistance was immediately obtained. Wonderful to relate, it was found that no bones were broken. There were cuts and bruises, but no more; and the Missionary believed that God was still sparing his life to work a little longer for his beloved Islanders.

No one dreamt that there would be a meeting that night, but he refused to cancel it. When his friend pleaded with him not to think of such a thing, the characteristic reply was, "What have I been spared for if it is not to use every remaining opportunity to plead for the perishing heathen?"—and so he had his way. To the amazement of the congregation, they beheld, being helped up into the pulpit, a white-haired man with his head swathed in bandages. Reaching there, he held on for support, and poured out his heart in earnest and thrilling appeal for the Islanders of the Seas for whom he lived, and in whose cause his spared life was yet further consecrated to God. The collection showed how deeply the listeners were touched.

The following day, in spite of the orders and warnings of the medical men, the Missionary drove on to Watchem, the next place to which he was planned, and preached there three times on the Sunday.

Every loving care and tenderness was lavished upon him by his friends, but from the effects of this last accident he never fully recovered. Still, holding on bravely—always praying that he might be permitted of God to work till the last—he buoyed others up with hopefulness, as for instance,

in his letter to the friends in Britain at this time, in which he said : " I feel greatly recovered, as if God were going to spare me a little longer for His work. No doubt we are all immortal till the Lord's work allotted to each of us is done. What a blessing that our lives are in the Loving Hands of God."

A later letter reveals the same iron tenacity of purpose : " I can assure you that, even at my weakest, I find happiness in working, in the hope of bringing some to accept Jesus and His Salvation. Happy, indeed, could I never be resting anywhere. I have always prayed that I might not be a retired Missionary, but might be permitted of God to work till the very end."

There was still in his heart the old longing to return to the Islands ; and ceaselessly he pleaded with the Committee in Melbourne to allow him to sail for Aniwa once more.

Early in 1906 his letters refer to his health. " Though I yet suffer a good deal of pain from the accident, I am slowly recovering. I had hoped to be by this time back again on the Islands helping my dear people, but I am detained here against my will for the present in the work of deepening interest in Foreign Missions, but it is weary work indeed compared with the delight of being in the Islands."

" Think," he added, " of the delight of one of our Missionaries who has, in six years, been honoured of God in bringing no less than 600 cannibal savages to avowedly give up their heathen practices and worship and serve the Living God. Another at his last Communion had the intense joy of baptizing and admitting to the Lord's Table

no less than 81 natives, while others throughout the Group were the means of leading numbers to Jesus.

“Surely any Missionary would submit to any hardship to be so used and honoured of God, and surely God’s people will still sustain and extend such work till not only the islands of the sea, but the whole world is filled with the knowledge of the Glory of the Lord, and experiences the peace and joy of His Salvation.”

A little later in 1906, with even greater fervency, he pleaded to be allowed to return to the New Hebrides ; but the medical advisers definitely and unanimously decided against it, and, in spite of all his pleading, his wish was not granted.

He wrote home on the subject : “The Committee and medical men here have again refused to allow me to return to the Islands. I am exceedingly grieved at this, but fear I must submit. They say I am too old and frail to be allowed to go alone, and yet the evidence of my strength is that I can still address a meeting daily, and three on every Sabbath, but I shall still keep agitating until they let me go!”

“It grieves me not to go now, however, as I know how sadly it will disappoint my dear Aniwans who expect to see me by the June vessel.”

In September of 1906, the Missionary visited Sydney to attend the meetings of the General Assembly of Australia, accompanied by his son Frank. They stayed with his old friend Mrs. John Macdonald of Balmain, whose house was always his Sydney home. He spent the Sunday with his medical son, Dr. J. Scott Paton, at Dudley, and returned on the Monday to address the Mis-



sionary meeting of the Assembly in the evening. All day long he was very ill with fever, but as the time of the meeting drew near, he insisted on getting up to fulfil his engagement. He felt that it would be his last opportunity of addressing the Assembly, and the responsibility weighed heavily upon him. With some difficulty and anxiety his son managed to get him across to the Hall, but once he was on his feet to speak, his weakness fell from him, and he spoke with vigour and enthusiasm. No one knew how intensely he was suffering all the time. The most significant sign of his growing weakness was the fact that he now took his companion's arm and leaned heavily upon it—a thing he would never do before.

The meeting proved such a heavy drain upon his strength that his friends became alarmed, and insisted that he should return to Melbourne without waiting for the close of the Assembly. This he at last agreed to do, and his life-long friend, the Hon. James Balfour, quietly changed his ticket from a second to a first-class, that he might travel with greater comfort through the long night journey.

A few days at Canterbury restored him wonderfully, and then, turning a deaf ear to all entreaties, he set out once more on his journeys, that he might rouse the Churches to more heroic efforts for the winning of the world. In his eagerness he still made use of every moment. He was always up at daylight, poring over his letters and translations till the breakfast bell drew him away. He grudged even the time spent at meals. With his one argument "The time is short and the heathen are perishing" he would beat down all opposition.

The last tour was through Gippsland. His pain and weakness now increased till it became a great source of anxiety and distress to his friends. They all felt that it was the last time they would see him. Specially touching was his meeting with the veteran Missionary, the Rev. F. A. Hagenauer of Ramahyuck, to whose place he was driven by his old friend Mr. Aird. Both Missionaries felt that it would be their last farewell, and they talked eagerly of the long way by which they had been led. When the hour of parting came they embraced one another and wept like children.

On the 30th of November, Dr. Paton was at Drouin, the first parish of his eldest son, and then ministered to by the son of his lifelong friend, the late Professor Macdonald of Ormond College. Mr. Macdonald writes of that visit :

“ I met him at the station and at once noticed his extraordinary physical weakness ; in fact his fellow-passengers had almost to lift him out of the carriage. He was to stay with Mr. J. C. Howatt, an old friend who was there to meet him. With great difficulty we got him into the pony cart—it took two of us to help him—and the task of getting him out at the journey’s end was distressing. He ate very little, and would not take his clothes off even at night, feeling, as he said, that once he took them off he would never get them on again. Yet he was indomitable in his refusal of any but the straightest backed of chairs, even when he had a severe spasm of pain.

“ His friends treated him most lovingly, and borrowed a pony phaeton to bring him to church on Sunday. We had seventy-two in church, more than I had yet seen since my arrival in October.

I took the devotional service—with some trepidation in the presence of one so Venerable—and then made way for him. I had to help him with some effort up the pulpit steps, for his weakness was very noticeable. As he prayed his voice was very weak and very low, but if I remember rightly, distinct. His address, however, was that of one in full mental vigour, and profoundly conscious of his special Mission. As he went on and sank himself in his theme, mind seemed to master matter—though he was in bad pain at the time—his voice grew in power, in volume and distinctness, and it seemed as if the years had dropped off him. It was a magnificent witness to the way in which love to Christ and His children can triumph over weakness and pain. He was driven to Warragul during the afternoon, and we felt that we had seen him for the last time.”

At Warragul Dr. Paton became very ill. A Doctor was called in and ordered immediate and absolute rest. But after a day's rest that indomitable will once more conquered bodily weakness, and in defiance of the Doctor's orders, he set out in pouring rain, for the next parish of Neerim, of which his second son, Fred, had been Home Missionary in his student days, and which afterwards became part of the parish of his eldest son, Robert, when Minister of Drouin and Neerim.

The journey to Neerim brought on the pain worse than ever, and he was so ill when he arrived that the Student in charge tried to dissuade him from attempting to preach. But he felt he had a message to deliver, and refused to give in. A great congregation assembled, and

they were deeply touched to see the aged Missionary in such pain and weakness, and yet so determined not to be conquered by it. He was helped with difficulty into the pulpit, and again as he warmed to his subject he seemed to shed his weakness and something of his old vigour returned.

In the afternoon he was driven six miles to Neerim South. By the time he arrived there he was in such a distressed condition that they urged him not to preach. But the vision of "the perishing heathen" would not let him rest, and so, for the last time, the brave Veteran was almost lifted into the pulpit. From sheer weakness and pain he supported himself at first, but once more as he began to plead for the heathen, the consuming passion of his life completely mastered his bodily weakness, and for over three-quarters of an hour he held the people spellbound by his graphic descriptions and searching appeal. It was his last message, delivered in the church where two of his sons had ministered in former days; and the whole circumstances made a profound and indelible impression upon the congregation.

## CHAPTER XIX

### THE HOME CALL

THE day after the Missionary returned from Neerim he had recovered sufficiently to attend the Quarterly Committee of the General Assembly in Melbourne. He took an unusually active part in the discussions, and his son left him on the Wednesday evening without any apprehension of immediate danger. By the same day's mail Dr. Paton posted what proved to be the last letter he ever wrote, to his beloved friend A. K. Langridge. It is here given as showing his indomitable spirit to the end :

“ I had a long letter written to you, but I cannot find it. I write this to say I feel considerably better. After three weeks' incessant work, and often travelling from 15 to 20 miles by buggies and not getting to bed till between 1 and 2 a.m., and up and away again next morning for other meetings, I broke down, as when last in Canada. For one day only I felt so pained and weak that I could not rise, but had to send for a Doctor. After careful examination, he told me he could do nothing for me but advise and order me to give up work, and rest. This I was forced to do for one day, but the next day I had a long drive to the train,

then a run of some three or four hours by train, followed by a seven miles' drive. Next day I experienced very much pain internally, but I addressed two large congregations, one a great crowded one. I have been since keeping better, but not strong or free from pain by night or day.

“In great haste,

“Your loving,

“JOHN G. PATON.

At the foot of the letter was the significant P.S. : “The post is about to close.”

Three days later the Missionary became so ill that the Doctor was called in, and ordered him at once to bed. This time he was too weak to disobey. The pain was overmastering. The Revd. T. W. Leggatt, of the New Hebrides, was in Melbourne, and nursed him tenderly till his son Frank arrived from Dunolly in response to a summons by telegram.

A pathetic circumstance was that the Missionary's eldest son, Robert, lay at this time dangerously ill at Nagambie. Intensely as he longed to come to his father's bedside, it was utterly impossible for him to do so. It was probably the sorest trial of his life that he could not share the holy privilege of ministering to his father's needs in those last precious days.

On the 27th of December, there came a sudden, terrible cable from Scotland, announcing the sudden death of the Missionary's youngest brother and Lifelong Helper—the Revd. Dr. James Paton, of Glasgow. Few brothers loved one another so intensely, and with such absolute devotion to each other's interests; and to few brothers has it been

given to bear so noble and self-sacrificing a part in the extension of the Kingdom of their Beloved Lord.

Very gradually and gently his son Frank broke to his father the dread news. The first shock of the message absolutely stunned him. He could not believe that God had really called away his younger brother in the very zenith of his power and usefulness. Apart altogether from the other great tasks which he had so splendidly organised, he felt that the New Hebrides Mission could not spare such an able and self-sacrificing worker. Then came other thoughts which brought rest to his troubled heart: "Dear Langridge is still alive, and the Lord will raise up other workers," and so he cast it all upon Christ, and a great peace filled his soul. He felt that soon he, too, would join his brother in the presence of his Lord. His one great sorrow now was for the lonely, broken-hearted widow of his brother James, with her hallowed memories of thirty-six years of married life.

From this time, all the roots which bound his great heart to earth were visibly loosened. The love first of his Lord, then of his sainted wife, and now of his departed brother, drew him irresistibly upward. It was only when he thought of his Aniwans that he longed for strength to be up and doing once more.

It was decided to call in Dr. Maudsley for a consultation. This was held on the 28th of December, and the result confirmed Dr. Andrew's opinion. As the specialist examined him, the Missionary asked a question that, better than anything, showed the bent of his mind:

"Do you think I will be well enough to go to the New Hebrides in January, Doctor?"

Dr. Maudsley looked up with a startled smile, and said : " I think we had better get you up first, before we talk about the New Hebrides."

A few days later his medical son, Dr. J. Scott Paton, arrived from New South Wales. It was a great joy to his father to see him, and it was an unspeakable relief to his brothers. His medical skill enabled him to do so much to soothe his father's pain. His coming also enabled his brother to take a run home to see his youngest child, whom he had left at death's door, but who was now recovering.

Among the many providences connected with the illness was the fact that his son Frank had arranged an exchange of pulpits for the month of January with a minister much nearer Melbourne. This set him free from his parish work during the week, and enabled him more easily to secure a substitute for the Sunday when it became necessary to do so.

At the end of ten days Dr. Paton's medical son was reluctantly compelled to return. He was sorely missed in the sick-room, and it was a heart-breaking sorrow to him that he could not remain to the end. The two sons Frank and John were now the only members of the family who could be with their father, and they shared the nursing between them, with the devoted help of the friends in whose house he was lying.

It soon became apparent that the Missionary was rapidly sinking. At times he suffered intensely, but his mind was clear and active almost to the last. Occasionally he became delirious, and all his wanderings were connected with the Islands and the Mission. At such times he was greatly troubled



about the French, and longed to get up and go to the help of his beloved natives. But as a rule he was quite conscious, and it was characteristic of him that as long as he could possibly bear the pain he refused the morphia, lest it should cloud his mind.

Even when he was weakest, his heart never doubted for a moment, and whenever any one came to see him he rejoiced to tell them how unclouded was the peace within, and how intensely real and comforting he found the promises of God's Word. He often used to say, "With me there is not a shadow or a cloud, all is perfect peace and joy in believing."

It was a holy privilege to be present when some aged minister, bowed under an almost equal weight of years, came to talk and pray with him. If any one spoke of past achievements as a theme of comfort it only pained him, but when some old white-haired saint spoke to him of the Sinner's Refuge, the look of pain melted into an indescribable glow of tenderness and love as he murmured, "Precious Jesus." It was in the Crucified Saviour that his heart rested in such unutterable peace.

Many ministers and friends came from far and near to see him, and their visits cheered him. He was always vexed when any one was allowed to go away without a brief look into the sick-room. When he was reminded that his pain and weakness were too great to allow him to see visitors, he would say :

"Oh, but it was so kind of them to come, and I would just like to shake hands. It will not do me any harm."

On the morning of the 25th of January, the Missionary thought he was dying. He asked his

son Frank to come nearer, and then poured out his heart in fervent prayer for all his children and their children, pleading that all might be gathered home to the Glory, "not one wanting." It was a patriarchal benediction, more precious than the wealth of the whole world.

On Sunday evening the patient became unconscious, and it was soon apparent that the end was drawing near. The watchers beside the bed bore him up in silent prayer. The final struggle was distressing, and it was hard to see one suffer for whom they would gladly have borne any pain.

Just after one o'clock on Monday, the 28th of January, 1907, John G. Paton passed away.

In a moment, as if by the Invisible Hand of the Great Father Himself, the lines of pain were smoothed out and a look of heavenly peace suffused the pale features. He had seen his "Precious Jesus," and the afterglow of that glorious vision was reflected in his face. The watchers felt that they were on holy ground, and a great tenderness and awe filled their souls, as they stood at the brink and beheld.

The next afternoon a few personal friends gathered in the house for a private service before the remains were removed to the Kew Presbyterian Church, where the public service was to be held. The funeral procession then wended its way from Canterbury to Kew.

When the cortège drew up at the gate of the Kew Church, there were many Ministers and elders in waiting. The body was followed by the Revd. Frank Paton and Mrs. Paton, Mr. John W. Paton and Mrs. Brown, and the Revd. G. Heyer (father of Mrs. Frank Paton), Revd. T. Watt Leggatt,

Dr. Macdonald and the Revd. T. Neilson, of New Hebrides. The Foreign Missions Committee were represented by the Moderator (Dr. Cairns) and Revs. A. Stewart and W. Fraser.

The assemblage included representatives from almost every Presbytery, and certainly from every denomination. The Anglican Church sent Archdeacon Hindley, the Methodist Church was represented by Dr. Fitchett, and the Congregational Church by one of its Secretaries, the Rev. A. H. Wallace. The presence of these and other brethren testified to the honour in which Dr. Paton was held, and once more showed that Christianity is something nobler than all our interpretations of it.

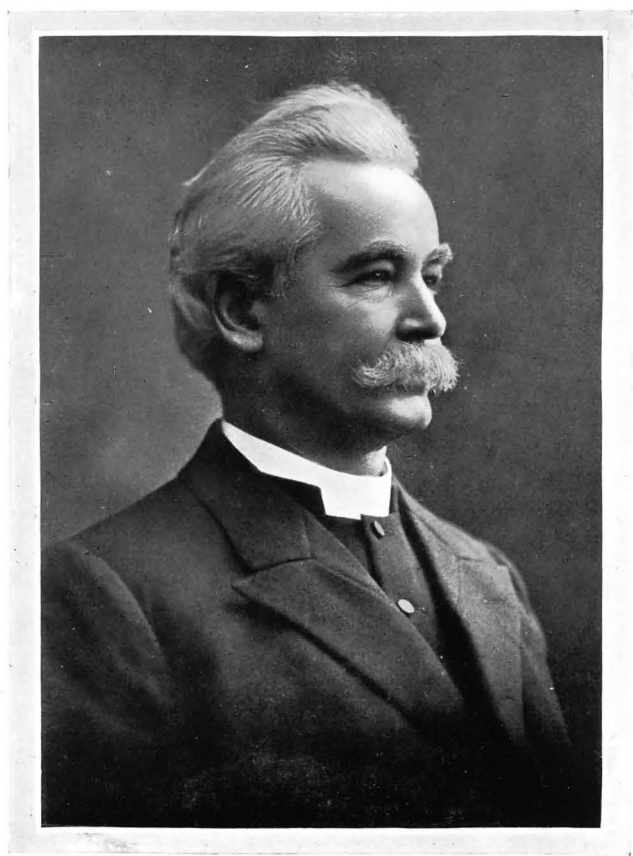
During the brief service the coffin, which was covered with wreaths, amid which lay the Doctor's hood, was placed in front of the pulpit.

A walk of five minutes and the cemetery was reached. Here but a few weeks ago Dr. Rainy had been laid to rest. The service at the grave was most impressive. Dr. Cairns announced that he had received a telegram from the Prime Minister of the Commonwealth deeply regretting his inability to be present, and expressive of his profound admiration for Dr. Paton.

So on the sunny slope of the Boroondara cemetery, with the bright blue Australian sky overhead, there was laid to rest the body of the most Venerable and Beloved Missionary of the Southern Hemisphere. It was not the time for mourning. He had done his work, and done it well. His Master had called him to his rest. There he lies till the Great Day, when, perfected, his Lord will present him in the Triumph, with his beloved children

from the sunny isles of the sea, and he will say,  
"Here am I, and the children Thou gavest me."

Farewell, holy and beautiful life—reflection of  
the lowly Saviour. Child of the Covenant; brave  
and faithful servant of God, Farewell.



*Photo*

*[Lafayette, Ltd.]*

THE REV. JAMES PATON, D.D.

## CHAPTER XX.

### JAMES PATON

JAMES PATON was the youngest son of a family of eleven children. He was born (in 1843) in the cottage home in Dumfriesshire—a home of which his inimitable pen has given us so absorbing a picture in his brother's Autobiography. The roots of James Paton's life were fastened in this deep rich soil.

Like his brother the Missionary, James Paton always spoke of his home with deep love and seldom without strong emotion. It was to him the sanctuary of his inner life, the place where his soul life had birth and was nursed and nurtured, till it dominated the other life and made him an Ambassador for God and a Saviour of his fellow-men.

Graduating B.A. at the University of Glasgow, to which he went as a boy of thirteen, he found honourable and important employment as a tutor while attending the University, and at the early age of twenty-two was ordained to the Ministry of the Reformed Presbyterian Church at Airdrie.

His strong character and magnetic personality at once found scope, and before very long he had gathered a communion of over five hundred

worshippers into a Church pulsating with life, and pushing out organisations in every direction.

A change of views on Ecclesiastical polity sent him in 1873 into the Established Church of Scotland, and practically his whole Church at Airdrie went with him. The Church was endowed and became Flowerhill Parish Church. From there he went to St. George's Parish Church at Paisley, in 1879. Here he remained only two years. His third and last step was to St. Paul's, an old City Church in Glasgow, in a locality once the centre of activity, but which had steadily suffered through the flow of life to the suburbs, and had been left almost high and dry in consequence. The new Minister had a genius for working up lost causes, and the life and energy he set in motion speedily began to tell. Youth found in him an open-minded, generous friend, and a wise spiritual guide, and his sympathy and optimism inspired hope in the aged. The tide soon turned. He actually succeeded in bringing the membership of "old St. Paul's" up to 1,100, and maintained it at that figure in spite of the steady drift to the outskirts and suburbs.

His best was for his Church. On Sabbath days he literally lived in the Church and its vestries—officiating at services, leading Fellowship Meeting and Sabbath School, interviewing and dealing personally with all who came, and never reaching home till late in the evening, tired and worn, but with the satisfaction of a day spent in the Workshop of God, moulding, shaping, correcting, and saving many a life for the Service of Christ's Kingdom.

He held the view that every Church should have

its own Mission Hall, and that every family in the Parish should be known to and visited by the agents of the Church. Very soon he had such organisations in operation—the Shuttle Street Hall, with a Missionary at its head, and a Parish Sister visiting among the poor and alleviating suffering. Night and day he was devising and planning how best to foster the growth of the souls entrusted to his care, and beyond his own Parish how to launch organisations for the advancement of the Kingdom in the land of his birth, his own loved Scotland.

Intimate knowledge gained from personal investigation burned into his soul a realisation of the dread evil of strong drink. In 1894 he was pressed to become Convener of the Church of Scotland Temperance Movement. The Convener-ship revealed his statesmanlike qualities. He was no vaporising teetotal advocate. Broad and deep he would lay the foundation for a National Movement against the gigantic evil of the day, by designing to unite all the Temperance Workers in Scotland and the United Kingdom in one great, strong, masterful policy for throttling the drink traffic. Known to few are his herculean efforts to secure the adoption by Parliament of what became known as his Three-Fold Option Scheme—a principle upon which future progress of the movement for freeing the nation from the drink evil will doubtless proceed.

“Heigho!” he wrote: “I am drafting a Bill on the lines of our Three-Fold Option plan—such jobs we get in this turmoil of a world. I haven’t time to breathe—several days at the Temperance Report. It has cost me sleepless nights and anxious days.” The fight was no walk-over.



Here is a revealing note in a letter : " All seems lost, and I go back to Scotland worried and out-worn." But hope revived. " I trust in God that some door of hope may yet be opened for practical and progressive reforms." And anon the tide turned. " My Temperance Embassy has been so far blessed of God. If matters move now as we unitedly think they must, my work of the last ten years may bear fruit. Our Three-Fold Option—regarding which I was almost cursed seven years ago—is like to be accepted. *Laus Deo!*"

Capacity and conspicuous success brought him honours. His speeches on Temperance held a chief place in the General Assemblies, and through his influence the Archbishop of Canterbury once took part in the Assembly of his Church. His masterly grasp, deep insight and sagacity, and large-hearted sympathy and influence led to wider recognition in the Honour of the Degree of Doctor of Divinity conferred upon him by his own University of Glasgow.

When the Church of Scotland resolved to enter upon social work, it was Dr. James Paton who was at once chosen to lay the foundation of the scheme as first Convener of the Committee. In pursuit of information that would help him to put this new venture on a business-like basis, he came to London and watched and examined into the operations of the Salvation Army's Social Work, and the similar effort of the Church Army and other agencies, and to-day, largely as the result of his initiative, the Church of Scotland has a network of Homes and Agencies established that have led to the salvation of many a poor broken life, and will in the future prove a yet further blessing.

These are some of the monuments of his devotion. Better far than the most magnificent and costly erection of stone, his influence still lives in two at least of the great undertakings of his own Church.

How it was possible for him to undertake these schemes, in addition to his literary work, the calls of his pulpit, parish, and Kirk Session, and yet to crush into his working days the oversight and direction of his Missionary brother's schemes and meetings, and the growing requirements of the John G. Paton Mission Fund—the outcome of the Autobiography—is a mystery to all but the very few who knew of his enormous energy and strength of purpose and will. A few revealing extracts from his letters let us into the secret :

“ Not a single stroke of my own work this week has been touched. From the first hour of daylight till bedtime I have toiled at Mission affairs and correspondence.”

Again : “ Wrist pained with too much writing. I feel like a man who has been hurled over the rapids and had tossed there for weeks and now saw a peaceful stream before me.” . . . “ Had to give in—utterly worn down. Doctor prohibits work and orders me to the country—no medicine, just rest.”

Body and brain thus driven to their utmost limit left an increasingly evident mark upon his health, and it was no wonder that one who knew him best was once overheard to say : “ I wish that Mission Ship and Mission were at the bottom of the Pacific ! They are just killing you ! ”

His literary talent and grace are best illustrated by his brother's Autobiography which he edited. What that book has done in the world will only be

known when the Record of all things is revealed. In Great Britain and the United States it had a phenomenal sale. It has been translated into French, German, Italian, and Welsh. It has been read in Asia and Africa. In Japan it produced a strong confidence in the Power of Christ. It has steadied the faith and overcome the scepticism of multitudes. It has proved to be one of the best books of Christian Evidence, and will admittedly live as a Missionary Classic.

Dr. James Paton revised and published the Popular Edition in one volume. He again revised and issued the Young Folks' Edition, and subsequently a further and cheaper edition, until, just before his death, the book was brought out at the low price of sixpence, so as to be within the means of all.

The story of the Penny Edition is worth relating. In 1893 Dr. John G. Paton was addressing large meetings in Great Britain and Ireland. By chance a lady discovered that an extremely poor, garbled, and unauthorised penny book on John G. Paton was being sold in the country. There was one effective way only of preventing the sale of such a book, and that was to issue an authorised Penny Edition. But there was little time, as the meetings were in progress. Dr. James Paton saw the need, and proved, as ever, the man of action.

Proceeding straight to his study, he wrote the live-long night, and next day at evening the manuscript was in the hands of the publishers, who had within a few days at disposal a worthy penny book, of which no less than 150,000 copies were sold. The book is now out of print.

He it was also who edited the charming book of Mrs. J. G. Paton's "Letters and Sketches from the New Hebrides."

His other literary productions included :

"British History and Papal Claims," two large volumes (compiled after a laborious perusal—extending over several years—of "Hansard"). The work is acknowledged to be the last word on the subject—clear, incisive, historically accurate, final.

"Castlebraes."—A study of Lowland Scottish character.

"Beautiful Characters."—A further study of the same subject.

His devotional works included :

"Last Hours with Jesus."

"Altar Steps."

"The Glory and Joy of the Resurrection."

All breathing a keen spiritual insight, and all typical of his own high purpose and devotion to God.

Reward and refreshment for his toils came to him through the tidings which he received of the work of his Lord in the dark Islands of the New Hebrides. That Frank Paton, his nephew (almost a son to him on account of the years spent in his home during his student days at Glasgow University) should be the first Missionary of West Tanna was to him a pure and holy tonic. Every letter from the Islands filled him with joy.

We quote again some revealing sentences from his letters : "In the midst of my depression and almost despair at the indifference and difficulties of progress in our own land, these letters from the Islands are as refreshing showers to my soul. I can truly say that my faith is renewed and my

spiritual confidence is deepened by every mail that comes. . . . I never read anything more intensely real and more soul gladdening. . . . It is my conviction, stronger than ever, that God is giving us 'shares' in the most interesting Mission at present on the face of the earth. . . . I cannot think there can be anywhere nobler or fairer spirits than those given us by God in the New Hebrides."

In theology James Paton was soundly Evangelical, and his spiritual vision keen and pure.

Such sentences as the following from his private letters are revealing glimpses of his soul rest: "We shall see Him as He is. What a glorious hope." "We must stand still and see the way of our God. He is evolving a plan wiser and better than any we could have schemed."

A letter from a lady, following the publication of his "Glory and Joy of the Resurrection" led to a clear and definite statement of his theological standpoint as follows:

"To show you at once my actual position, belief, and practice, I have ever condemned the offering of 'another opportunity' of Salvation to those who have died rejecting the Son of God; I find no warrant for a 'second' probation, as it has been called, after death; and I agree with you that those who preach it incur a very awful responsibility. Further, I quite agree with you that our teaching ought to be (and mine is) that of the Holy Spirit and of the Word of God—that 'now' is the day of Salvation, and that there is no hope of escape revealed to us for those who 'neglect,' much less for those who 'reject' the presently offered Salvation. I am as anxious to go on

' Bible lines ' as any Minister, in any Pulpit of the world—so far as I know my own soul."

His brother's success as a Missionary advocate was partly due to the advice of "dear brother James," as the Missionary loved to call him. James schooled John always to studiously avoid sermonising. A missionary preaching a sermon to a congregation to whom he came as a Deputation was to James Paton folly and disappointment. He ceaselessly urged his elder brother in these words: "John, you should just begin straight away and tell what you have seen and experienced in your work in the Islands, and what the natives say and do—that is what the people want to hear. They can get sermons every Sunday, but not living statements of the doings of the Lord in the Islands of the sea."

But we get closer to his heart when we speak of James Paton as a friend. Here he was peerless. Ever entering into others' joys and griefs, advising, helping, suggesting, and furnishing ways and means in all circumstances—never tiring and never vexed.

One of his firmest friends was the late General Wauchope, whose photograph always stood in a conspicuous place in his neat and business-like study.

"If he had been a soldier," General Wauchope used to say of James Paton, "he would have become a General. He would always have been at the head of his men. He had ardour and quick resolve in action, as well as sound judgment in all that he did."

When he learned the dread news of General Wauchope's death at the head of his brave

Highlanders at Magersfontein, James Paton was profoundly moved. "Awful, awful, awful, heart-rending war," he wrote. "To think of my dear General shot through and through like game. Oh! the horror of it all."

He would himself have made a prince of Missionaries. There was in him the spiritual force and power, the daring and ability to control, organise, and discipline, that are in the make-up of outstanding Missionaries.

In personal appearance he was of average height, firmly built, and erect of carriage. His fine massive head with its crown of silver-grey hair, flowing back from a noble forehead, gave completion to the whole. Instinctively, whether at first sight or in daily touch with him, the predominant feeling was that here was a man—an arresting personality. There was the firm set mouth and strong jaw, and eyes set as indicators of the soul, deep and living—at once tender and fierce, gentle and strong, diviners of the heart, piercing through and through as though reading the intents and motives.

God made James Paton what he was. His habit of Communion kept alight the Holy fires of his being.

We have spoken of his friendship, but woe to the man who incurred his righteous wrath. The lash of his denunciation and the expression of his piercing eyes and set face were a tribunal before which cant and fraud shivered in nakedness, and sin and lust were revealed dressed in the sordid rags of their horrible selves.

His will controlled him and gave him power over others. Slow and cautious to decide,

welcoming all suggestions, and open to all arguments, he would balance and weigh till the course of duty was clear; and then the door was locked, barred, and bolted on selfish ease, personal ties and the blandishments of every worldly-wiseman, and he brought to bear every faculty in carrying out what he regarded as his God-given duty. "If the devil has his fling we shall have our fling at the devil," was a saying of his that showed his spirit.

In company he was always a conspicuous and welcome guest or host. Full of life and bubbling over with fun and vivacity—he was the soul of every social function.

One who loved him filed every letter received from him—they are full of gems of literary grace and power. The fresh perusal of them—over 2,500 in number—has intensified the vision of his friendship.

Of his last parting with his brother the Missionary it is surely permissible to print the words he wrote in a private note to his friend:

"This morning in our own room in the hotel, ere we came out to face the world, we took farewell of one another, and the parting will never be forgotten by either of us. It was the fruit of all our childhood's years, of manhood, and now of age—all ripening into one moment of pain and ecstasy, the pain of Farewell and the assurance of seeing each other next in the Glory of the Lord."

It is not hard to realise that James Paton sacrificed his vital powers in all he did, and "died daily" for the good of his fellows. And thus came the end, that—to us—sad and bitter day



which marked the last fight, but ushered in for him the Vision Beatific.

He was leaving home for his Church on Sunday, the 16th of December, 1906; when a sudden paroxysm of internal pain seized him, so great that even his strong will could not ignore it, and he had to give in and allow a substitute to be hurriedly summoned for the Service.

Later in the day the pain had somewhat abated, but the following morning brought a renewal of the agonising experience, and three visits from the family medical man gave rise to uneasy fears.

On Tuesday a medical consultation was advised and agreed to, and a little later the quiet home was unnerved by the announcement that an operation for appendicitis was imperative and should be performed without delay.

The calmest spirit that day was that of the patient. When the preparations were complete the kind, strong voice without a tremor bade "good-bye" to all, and he was carried out from the house. The blood of the Covenanters ran in those veins; blood that never shrank from suffering or death in the old time and that still bore the quality of unflinching fortitude.

The operation was successful, so the Doctors said; but uneasiness was not allayed by the return of pain after only temporary relief. Throughout Wednesday and Thursday the battle continued. On Thursday permission was given to Mrs. Paton to go and see her husband, and even sit with him. Naturally, this gave her inexpressible joy, but it had quite the opposite effect in haunting fears for those who calmly weighed all these things.

Friday brought delirium, relieved on Saturday only by morphia. But consciousness and calmness came towards afternoon; and in the silent sick-room husband and wife—sufferer and watcher—lovers, as ever, waited the passing hours.

As the evening darkened a sigh, as of weariness, escaped the pale lips. Mrs. Paton bent over, whispering a soothing message, but a strange change in the face chilled her, and the nurse was called. A swift glance only and she hurriedly summoned another nurse. They turned gently from the bed to the watcher and whispered softly, "Come with us. Come away now. Dr. Paton is dead!"

Alas! for the dark valley. But, oh, the bitterest of all was for the door to close after one only had entered the glory—leaving the other weeping outside the gate—weeping, and wishing, oh, so longingly, that she might just be allowed to pass in too; so that in death they might not be divided.

Christmas night saw us speeding northwards to attend the last, sad ceremony in Glasgow. In contrast to the deserted streets, the busy highways of thought were crowded. Close upon each other they came, in a never-ceasing stream. The past journeys and the present in contrast. Whatever the time and weather, in the past, a cheery voice and loving hand had always welcomed us to Scotland.

"Oh, for the touch of a vanished hand,  
The sound of a voice that is still!"

We had come this time alone to pay our last poor tribute, till at the end of another journey,

on the shore of another country, hand clasps hand in indissoluble bonds.

The beautiful home was white without in the deepening snow, and white within with pure blossoms—tributes of real regard and love from high and low—from the Lord Provost down to the humblest Boys' Brigade. Telegrams too, and letters, had poured in in hundreds, and callers came from near and far.

First, at the house, those who loved him gathered to listen to the words of hope and strong confidence from the Only Book in which they are found, and to pour out their supplications together.

Then to the Church. Old St. Paul's—so soon to be taken down to make room for City improvements—where most of the strenuous years of the Minister's busy life had been spent. The Church was crowded with real mourners. Amongst these were the Lord Provost of Glasgow, Sir Samuel Chisholm, the Master of Polwarth, and representatives of the many organisations that Dr. James Paton had started or guided, such as the Church of Scotland Temperance Committee, Social Work Committee, Temperance Legislation Board, etc. The impressive voice of the venerable Moderator of the Church of Scotland, the Rev. Dr. MacLeod, rose and fell in a prayer of deep awe and sweetness.

In the teeth of a bitter gale and snowdrift the cortège drove to Cathcart Cemetery; and there we committed the mortal remains of our dearest friend to the earth.

But for God and the Eternal Life the desolation

would thus have been complete—darkness that can be felt, the frigid North Pole of utter hopelessness, but, thanks be to God, the sting of Death has gone. Jesus is the Resurrection and the Life. His Word sounds through the gloom, “In My Father’s House are many mansions, *if it were not so I would have told you*. I go to prepare a place for you.”

Farewell, best and dearest friend. Strong and wise guide, we shall miss thy counsel, oh, so sorely. Tender loving husband, true shepherd of the Flock of God—a kinder heart than thine never beat. We shall keep thy memory ever green in the inner garden of our hearts, and we shall meet thee in the morning.

## CHAPTER XXI

### REMINISCENCES AND CONCLUSION

THE Bible record of Abraham is true of John G. Paton. "He died in a good old age, an old man, and full of years." And he could truly have said of himself, as did the greatest Missionary who ever lived, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith."

His name will rank with the great Missionaries of the world. What Carey and Martin did for India, Brainerd for the North American Indians, Morrison and Hudson Taylor for China; what Judson did for Burmah and Moffat and Livingstone for Africa, that John G. Paton did for the Islands of the South West Pacific, and for the cause of Foreign Missions in general.

He had the boldness of a lion, and the heart of a little child. A rare combination of courage and meekness, of strength of will and gentleness of disposition; and—rarest of all—of Christ-like humility in the midst of, and in spite of, world-wide popularity. He had, in fact, the graces that bear the hall mark of Jesus Christ. Jesus alone preached and exemplified them in His life, and still produces such graces in the hearts and lives of those who walk closest to Him.

"This one thing I do," is the motto that befits him. His last letter, written from what proved to be his dying bed, is characteristic. What was his complaint? Not the pain, though he died in agony from an internal growth. His one complaint was, "Here am I lying, unable to work, and there is so much to be done."

Probably no Missionary of modern times has turned the thoughts of so many young men to the Foreign Mission Field as John G. Paton. One hears so often the phrase, "I received my first impulse for the Foreign Field from Dr. John G. Paton." No such life as his could be circumscribed by the narrow limits of the little group of Islands which were his special care. As the full river overflows its banks, bringing verdure to the valley and desert, so his message rose and spread till it compassed all lands and appealed to all peoples.

He regarded the work of Foreign Missions as the one great overwhelming need of the Church of God.

How much of this virtue came to him by heredity one is unable to judge; but he was a child of the Covenant. The God of our Fathers laid the foundations of future character in the stern, brave souls who dared and risked all for what they regarded as alone consistent with His truth. John G. Paton always gloried that he was the son of Covenanting forbears. Their unyielding determination was seen in his own dogged purpose.

When Claverhouse hounded and martyred the best life of Scotland he little thought that by that very act he was defeating his object. He

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had not reckoned that God would raise out of the sons of the Martyrs a seed to wage ceaseless war against the spirit of prejudice and bigotry which he personified, until Scotland should be free—till her sons should shake off for ever the bonds from the after generations of her God-fearing children.

At any rate it is the case that in that humble Cottage Home with its "But and Ben and Mid-room" lived the son of a Covenanter who had wedded a daughter of the same blue blood; and that the children of that holy wedlock, raised in the fear of God, never forgot their father's God nor his Covenant-keeping spirit.

The writer has heard the sainted Missionary speaking of his father and mother, and, watching the tears stealing down his furrowed cheeks, has felt instinctively that the memory of such parents was the Holy of Holies in his heart, and that the fire that burned in him was lighted by the torch of the men and women of the Covenant long, long ago.

We once saw the Missionary standing in the pulpit of a prominent church in London by the side of a giant American preacher and traveller—Dr. Pentecost—a man with keen, piercing black eyes surmounted by bushy and fierce-looking eyebrows—a man whose frame and look were a command, and whose voice and manner had the ring of "no denial." What a contrast with the small form beside him, with beautiful white hair and a face of melting tenderness—so quiet, so humble, that the little children came to the one with unquestioned confidence, and held back from the other in fear. And yet, if proved courage in

the face of danger and death is any criterion, the quiet man was equally the master man—albeit he would be the last to think so, and showed by deference and almost timidity, how little he regarded himself as a man of power.

James Chalmers and John G. Paton were men of different temperament. Chalmers told of his successful effort to save himself from the poised spear of a powerful savage by fastening his eye upon him—an eye of fierce power and strength—and shouting in a tone of stern command “Down spear.” John G. Paton never did that, he would stand with folded hands, always depending on God to act for him, and believing, as he so often asserted, that “he was immortal till his work was done.”

Which was the braver man it would be invidious to say, but one thing is certain, that meekness is not incompatible with courage. All things considered, the higher form of courage is, perhaps, shown when a weak man, depending on God, fears not to face death, than when a strong man, rejoicing in his strength (and rightly rejoicing) summons that strength and vigour to his aid in facing the last enemy fearlessly.

His memorable statement of his feelings during the night that he spent in the tree when he was being hunted by the Tanna savages is worth repeating: “Never in my life did I so realise the immediate Presence and holy joy of my Saviour as in that lonely tree—my heart was supported by Him, and I regard those hours as the most precious I have spent on earth.” Is this the secret of the martyrs on the rack and at the stake—did they thus sing their songs of triumph borne up in an ecstasy,



that overcame human agony? God knows ; but Dr. Paton seems to have brought us very close to a secret of the Lord—the upholding and infilling of Himself which is victorious over fear. Did Jesus live in the consciousness of such ecstasy as this, and could this be included in the meaning of His words, “That my joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full”? At least we may ask if this is not a sure Christian evidence, an added proof that Jesus lives, and that He stands by His suffering sons in their time of peril and extremity, with them “always,” in fulfilment of His unfailing promise.

The homes of the Aristocracy brought no change in his beautiful spirit. Servants high and low got as warm a hand-shake as host and hostesses.

It was in the house of ~~the present~~ Viceroy of Ireland that the Missionary met one of the under servants. “Good morning, dear friend, I hope you are well this morning, I trust you love the dear Lord Jesus.” And the poor maiden held the outstretched hand in wonder, and felt a thrill at her heart, as she watched the white head passing down the great staircase. It was the same with them all, and when the day of departure came, all the servants, men and women, high and low, begged permission to assemble at the Hall door and get a hand-shake and a “God bless you, dear friend” from a visitor whom they all regarded as “like unto Him” Whom he served. Many pressed money in the Missionary’s palm and would not be denied.

The writer will not forget two typical little incidents of one cold winter’s morning when he saw the Missionary off from London to Manchester.

A four-wheeled cab took us away from the home of a very dear friend of the Missionary's, long connected with Mildmay. At Euston as the Missionary stepped out he moved to the cabby, and, raising his hat to him, said in tones of regard, "Thank you, sir, thank you, good morning." The look on cabby's face was worth a fortune to any artist. Puzzled, astonished, and silent, he watched the bowed form, and, forgetting to criticise the fare offered to him, said eagerly, "Who is that gentleman, sir? It ain't been my fortune to get a salute like that afore since I've druv a cab." "That's Dr. Paton, the Missionary from the South Seas." "Thank ye, sir, and I shan't forget 'im in a 'urry."

Then we went on to the platform, and the writer, eager for a warm corner for his aged friend, ran forward and asked the guard kindly to find a good seat in the train to Manchester. As the Missionary and his friend advanced together up the platform, there was the guard at attention with the door of an inviting-looking first-class compartment held open.

"This is your seat, sir,"—to the Missionary. "Thank you, sir; is it third-class?" "No, sir, first." "Oh no, I want third, please. I'm a Missionary from the South Seas, and Missionaries never travel first-class—third please." And again the bared white head, and the tone of grateful recognition which made men—whether rich or poor—feel the better for meeting one of God's meek and lowly ones.

At the close of an address following a public breakfast at the Cannon Street Hotel, a breakfast to which one hundred of the most influential pro-

fessional men and merchants in the City of London had been invited, the Missionary stood to shake hands and wish his "God bless you, dear Sir," to his hearers as they passed out. One of those who had sat long and eagerly watching and listening (he was a wealthy shipowner), turned to the writer and said, "I hope it is not wrong to say so, but I always feel that the Lord Jesus must have spoken just in that tone when He was here on earth."

How the Missionary suffered from the persistent hand-shaking to which he submitted may be gathered from the fact that after his tour in the United States, in spite of the rest of the voyage to Britain, his right hand was so swollen and tender that to touch it gave him great pain. And yet when people pressed upon him at the close of meetings he allowed them to grasp his hand as they would, and never winced at the agony caused—all unwittingly—thereby.

Once the Missionary was caught unawares. He was calling on a family just to shake hands. An old lady present was a "gone" enthusiast about him. She cried and laughed and gesticulated about the joy of seeing him—and then, before he knew what was coming, gave him a right hearty kiss!

He rose at four and five every morning, and seldom, or never, retired till after midnight. He would beg his kind hosts to allow him to retire to his room immediately after returning from his meetings.

His little bag was at once his companion and his master. It contained his unanswered correspondence and appealed to him insatiably to reduce

the bulk that threatened to burst its well-worn sides.

In Glasgow with his beloved brother he was free to do as he willed, which meant that for the smallest number of minutes he would sit at meals, and beg to be permitted to get away to his desk the moment that the ever-indulgent hostess, who attended to his every wish, would set him free.

"Thank God! Thank God, here is a gift of £10. And another. And here is a dear servant girl sending 2s. 6d. for the Lord's work. The Lord bless and reward her. I must write a nice long letter to her," and such like exclamations generally followed the visit of the morning post-man.

And then he would begin with the 2s. 6d. gift and pour out his "heart's thanks" for the Love to Jesus that had inspired it, and so forth. Until one day his brother took charge and asserted that he must be appointed Chief Secretary to answer the growing correspondence, and immediately assuming control, amidst many protests from the dear "Missi," he swept together the great pile of letters, and started a series of kind but business-like answers.

Over seventy letters awaited replies one evening when the brothers arrived home late from a meeting. Dr. James asked the Missionary to sit down and read aloud the letters one by one to him, and he there and then wrote a swift note of gratitude. They sat thus till past two in the morning, and as they rose to go to their rooms, Dr. John said to his brother, "Thank you, dear James, for answering all those letters, but I have a fear that the replies are so short and business-like that they will

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bring no more help to the Mission. I must try to write all my own letters after this, or there will be no response."

Careful housewives, solicitous for the comfort of their Missionary visitor, constantly wrote asking for private information as to the food that Dr. Paton liked best. We could never tell them, except that he was very chary of fish, having once in the Islands been nearly choked by a fish bone. When asked, his invariable reply was "Anything that's going." "But is there nothing we can get, nothing you prefer?" "No thank you, dear friend, anything that is provided will do for me. Take no bother about food, a cup of tea and some bread and butter will be quite all I want."

He had one want, only one, the absorbing hunger for the salvation of the natives of the New Hebrides.

Often and often have we seen him alone before a meeting, tired and weary, bent over his table writing, writing, so laboriously and intently, and looking so wan and drawn, and our heart has sunk at the sight. But some question would be raised regarding the Mission, and instantly his eyes would brighten and his absorbed attention would captivate all who saw and heard him. Above all, when he had before him an audience ready to listen to the story of his dear Islanders, the glory and power and spirit of the man overcame the years and physical weakness, and transformed him into a pleader so powerful that thousands hung upon his words with rapt attention everywhere he went.

So far as our experience went, he never took a walk for the sake of exercise or recreation.

But there is one notable exception to be

chronicled. When he first visited the home of the writer, and had sat and chatted with the children, it was suggested that we should take a walk, a proposal to which the Missionary readily assented. We walked through the pleasantest ways, and after about half an hour the Missionary said, "And how much farther is it before we reach your house again?" "Only about half a mile, but why, are you tired, Dr. Paton?" "No, no thanks." But when we reached home the secret came out. In a tone of satisfaction, as though having discharged a long kept vow, he said: "*There*, I promised myself when I left Australia that when I came here I would go for a walk with you all, and I am so glad I have been able to keep my promise!"

No one ever guarded more sacredly money entrusted to them, than he. It was God's money, the consecrated gifts of His dear people, and to be used solely and only for His Cause. "We had better telegraph about that," we would say. "Why, dear brother," was the invariable reply, "won't a postcard get there in time. It will save the Mission money!" Until at last we had to cease telling him of these quick and necessary methods which had to be adopted, so as to save him the heart soreness that they brought.

To keep down the expenses of the Mission, as he went from place to place he would walk miles rather than spend a penny of the Mission money upon a vehicle. One of the letters received from Australia quite lately tells of a person meeting the aged Missionary, trudging along five miles of lonely road to a township where he had to give an address, "with his bag on his shoulder," rather than incur the expense of driving.

His food was a daily self-denial, a little loaf and a cup of tea, or a bun and a glass of milk, was his usual diet in places where, being unknown, he had no one to study. He eschewed all comforts and even necessaries in order to save every copper for the one cause which ever lay at the love roots of his heart. It was no hardship to him. He regarded these little acts as due to the Cause of his Lord, Who denied Himself to the bitter death for him, and to the poor cannibal Islanders in whose behalf Christ had sent him forth to plead.

His simple tastes and habits of abstinence resulted no doubt partly from his early experience in the Islands—in the days when his larder was frequently empty. Once the following question was put to him: "When you were in the Islands how did you manage to keep so well and vigorous, Doctor?"

"Well, I seldom took medicine. I got the impression that an occasional fast was the best cure for me—that my digestive organs required a rest—and I would abstain from all food for a time. Generally as a result I was more fit both mentally and physically after my little rest cure."

We saw him once put his gold watch chain in the collection plate, and on remonstrance, heard him say, "A piece of black braid will do as well, others give such gifts, and why should I wear gold when the Mission requires it for the salvation of the Islands?" As a pleader he had no equal. A Glasgow Clergyman intimated that the Missionary would preach on the following Sunday, and he hoped the people would give as liberally as possible for the *Dayspring*, "but," he added, "be sure and bring no more money with you than you intend to

give, else you will return home leaving all in the collecting plate ! ”

But that meek loving heart could be roused. Let some one try to injure the Cause or impugn his fellow-labourers or his Christian islanders, or let them assign wrong motives and actions to those who laboured in the Islands, and he would blaze forth in indignant denial, and never rest till the slander was laid.

Evil white traders in the Group knew him and many of them cursed him bitterly, because he would never leave his hold if once he fastened on to them on account of their wrong doings.

Constantly during his meetings in Britain people wrote and spoke of their disappointment that the Missionary confined himself to the account of the work of others rather than that of himself. So conspicuous was this habit that on more than one occasion the newspaper report of the meeting referred to him as the Agent of the London Missionary Society ! He would always say, “ But you know all about my work, it is in my book.” Now and again, to please some kind host or persistent Chairman, he would break from his rule and tell the story of some of his escapes and adventures in the early days of the Tanna and Aniwa Mission.

His love for children was very beautiful. Only once did we hear, in all the personal incidents of his meetings, of his refusing a request by any little child, and that was when he was asked for a lock of his hair. He regarded this as akin to idolising, and promptly and absolutely refused.

But to see him with a little child on his knee was a sight for any artist. We reproduce a photo of the Doctor and his little grandchild, which reveals



better than any words the tender childlike heart, so akin to the innocent babe that he presses to his face.

He seldom saw a large audience of children without weeping, while they regarded him with reverence and love.

A friend told us the following true incident which happened in his house while the Missionary was staying with him. His little daughter, a child of six, came into the room where the Missionary was sitting, and unhesitatingly obeyed his beckoning to come to him, settling down on his knee and looking up without the shadow of fear into his face.

"You are so good to come and talk with me, dear, it seems as though you know me, though I have only just seen you for the first time."

"Oh, yes, I know you, I know you quite well."

"How can that be? I have never been here before."

"But I know you all the same, I have often looked at your picture up in papa's bedroom, and now I'm so glad to talk with you."

"How can that be? I have no picture of myself, and I don't think your Papa can have one."

"Oh, yes, he has, and I often look at it."

"Well, now, who am I, since you have so often seen my likeness?"

"Oh, you are *Moses*! Only you haven't got the tables of stone in your hands now!"

The child had seen the well-known picture of the Law-giver, and doubted not that this was the original come at last!

The same confidence was shown by the children in the Islands. We have an old faded photo, taken



*Photo]*

*[Talma, Melbourne.*

DR. J. G. PATON AND HIS GRANDSON.

long before the era of Kodaks, of the Missionary at the gate of his Mission House on Aniwa, and there are the curly-headed little black children close around him, and one holding on to each hand.

Missionaries in the Islands have often discussed and expressed their views as to the secret of Dr. Paton's success in his Mission work. Some hold that his lovable disposition greatly won the hearts of the natives. We once sought his views on the subject, and he expressed the opinion that the two principal human means that secured success for him in dealing with natives were :

1. That he never forgot a native's name; and
2. That he could always associate a native's face with his name.

Names and faces implanted themselves in his memory, and on returning to an island or district, after even a long absence, he would recognise at once the Chief and the people whom he had previously met, and, shaking hands with them, was able to address them by their own names. Often this secured lasting friendliness, which otherwise might have been denied.

Few knew the fatigues, difficulties, and dangers that he encountered in his bush journeys in Australia.

On more than one occasion he was nearly killed in buggy accidents. One narrow escape that he had was on a lonely bush track when the two high-spirited horses belonging to and driven by a well-to-do squatter suddenly swerved and pitched out the owner, and the pair plunged away at a furious pace. The Missionary crouched down on the foot-board. The buggy, horses, and all were almost precipitated down a sharp bank; but eventually,

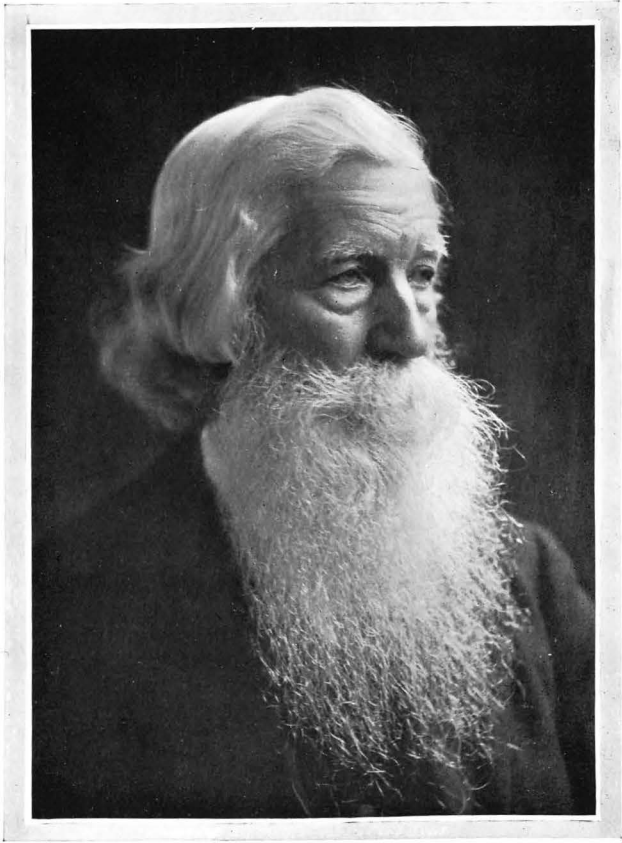
the Missionary managed by great exertions to pull up the somewhat wearied animals and was saved.

When touring in Canada Dr. Paton frequently rushed from pulpits to catch night trains that alone would enable him to keep to-morrow's engagements. Once he was "dumped" down by an accommodating conductor on a pouring wet and dark night, to wait on the lonely railroad track until, after repeated shouting, the buggy of a friendly Minister picked him up.

On another occasion he waded through flooded fields, and crossed a swollen torrent at great risk, to get to a Church and speak to the eight souls who alone had faith to believe that the Missionary would brave such conditions to tell his story. Tanna trials had hardened him to danger and fatigue, and he was there, true to his appointment—standing in damp clothes and with wet feet—and then, away again in the pouring rain to an evening meeting miles off: with the result that he reached his lonely room shivering in every limb with the dreaded ague, resigned, as he cried, "My work is done," and expecting there to lay himself down and die. But next morning he awoke refreshed and well, ready for his wonted toil! Surely the God of Israel still cares for and protects His own who confide in Him.

In the thousands of meetings that he addressed, he was never once late, except through unavoidable accident in travelling. Be the meeting large or small, influential or the reverse, he regarded the appointment as a call to his honour and a duty to his Lord.

So scrupulously did he follow all the directions given to him that now and then he incurred the mild



*Photo]*

*[Winter, Derby.*

DR. JOHN G. PATON (1901).

remonstrance of friends solicitous for his comfort and welfare.

The following is a typical instance. His itinerary gave the time of a train from the Midlands to London by which he should travel. Alterations had occurred, and a better and faster train arriving nearly at the same time was recommended by his host. But no, nothing would avail. "This is the train my dear helper has put down for me. I don't mind its being slow, I can work in the train. If you will please allow me, I must go by the train that is set down for me here." And go by it he did!

His oft repeated desire "It has been the dream of my life to see one Missionary at least, planted on every Island of the New Hebrides, then I could lie down and whisper gladly, 'Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace,' " was answered ere he died. He lived to see the staff of the Mission complete, with an Ambassador of the Cross on practically every Island of the Group.

But one wish remained that was not gratified. It was his secret and the writer's. As he left the shores of Britain on his last visit he put his arms about his friend and said, "I have one wish that I hope Jesus will gratify. I want to die and be buried on Aniwa with my dear people. It may not be His will, but I shall cherish the hope to the end."

Scotland has sent forth from lowly homes many pioneers, warriors and saints, and it is to her glory to add in the person of John G. Paton yet another illustrious name to the roll.

The lowland cotters lad cherished and guarded in his heart the spell of his father's habit of Communion with God, and the vision of his mother's

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absorbed passion to win her children to fear and love the Most High. These were his main equipments in life. No science can produce them; no money can purchase them. With these he hewed out for himself a place in the world's history, and left a noble heritage and example to this and succeeding ages.

He chose the Islands of darkness and cannibalism for his life work. Amidst heathen degradation and unspeakable abominations, he lived and preached Jesus and His Cross. Alone he bore the horror, and loved through it all the beings—human in spite of their corruption—till the Holy Beam lightened their dark hearts, and one and another came to feed him with Heaven's supreme joy in the plea, "Missi, tell me of Jesus, that I too may love Him."

And on to the end without turning a hair's breadth, loving these lost ones, fighting their foes, bearing their burdens; understanding, through their wistful eyes, the yearning of their dark hearts; sharing in their sorrows; pleading their cause. Thus he lived and laboured, wrought and travelled—"immortal," as he often asserted, "till his work was done."

Man of God, follower and imitator of the Lowly Jesus, we have travelled and talked with thee—we have gazed into the depths of those eyes of thine so melting in tenderness—we have knelt with thee before the Throne of thy Lord. Thy life has been the stimulus of ten thousand lives; thy faith has grasped what others do not touch or guess at. May thy lowly but indomitable spirit possess those of thy home who loved thee, and all who have read or heard of thee. We linger lovingly at thy

side in the hallowed memories of the past. Thou art not dead. Thy "people" are coming to thee where they shall walk with Him in white for they are worthy. Surely we shall one day greet thee on another shore. Till then, Farewell.

THE END.



## APPENDIX A

### APPRECIATIONS

BESIDES the many formal resolutions of representative bodies in Australia and elsewhere, and the world-wide press notices, it is no exaggeration to say that over a thousand letters of sympathy were sent to the British Committee following the news of Dr. Paton's death. A selection only from these numerous appreciations is here given. First in importance is the resolution of the New Hebrides Mission Synod—

MARTYRS' MEMORIAL CHURCH,  
ERROMANGA, NEW HEBRIDES,

*11th June, 1907*

At which time and place the New Hebrides Presbyterian Mission Synod met and was duly constituted.

It was unanimously resolved as follows :

Though Synod deeply feels and sorrows over the great loss that has been sustained in the death of the Venerable Dr. John G. Paton, one of the fathers and early pioneers of the Mission, yet it cannot but rejoice that to him, one of its own members, was granted the privilege of accomplishing so much on behalf of the advancement of

the cause of the Gospel in the New Hebrides ; and while we mourn for the Honoured Father who is no more amongst us, we feel that he has well earned his rest, full of years and of good deeds.

His life work is so well known that it is hardly necessary to go into much detail. Beginning his labours amongst the heathen of Tanna in 1858, he was not long permitted to remain on that island, but after serving the Master there through sorrow and in much tribulation for a brief time, he was eventually guided to labour on Aniwa, which, by the grace of God, he was enabled to win for Christ. But his influence was felt beyond Aniwa and the New Hebrides, and his pleadings in Christian lands were used of God in advancing the Kingdom, because, owing to his unique gift of arousing interest and enthusiasm in the cause that was so dear to himself, many a heart was touched to give, and to give largely, and to many the duty of giving came as a call to personal service in the Redeemer's cause.

His name is also closely linked with that of the *Dayspring*, for it was almost entirely due to his unflagging zeal that funds were raised for the purchase of the three Mission vessels of that name.

It was inevitable that Dr. Paton, feeling as intensely as he did, should sometimes meet with opposition, but however men might differ from him, all could love and honour him as a man, and admire his whole-hearted singleness of purpose.

To not many men is granted such a measure of personal influence as was his upon those who had heard him. The outstanding example of that remains in the John G. Paton Mission Fund, a fund that was the direct outcome of the interest he

aroused, and one which has grown to such proportions as to be able to support five Missionaries, two lay assistants, and numerous native teachers in almost every island of the Group.

He fought the good fight, he finished the course, he kept the faith. His is now the crown of righteousness, the "Well done, good and faithful servant."

To the bereaved relatives we tender our sincere sympathy and commend them to Him who is the Father of all comfort and consolation.

Extracted from the Minutes by

W. WATT (Clerk).

*Resolution of Melbourne North Presbytery on the  
Death of the Rev. John G. Paton, D.D.*

In view of the lamented death of our venerated father and friend, Rev. John Gibson Paton, D.D., on the 28th of January last, in his eighty-third year, the Presbytery is constrained to place on its permanent record its profound gratitude to Almighty God, the Alone Source of every good gift, that He gave and continued so long the life of this eminent man, not only to the Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church of Victoria, but also to the furtherance of the kingdom and work of Christ through the world. For it may be truly said that while Dr. Paton was distinctively a Presbyterian Missionary, his influence and his praise have been widespread in all the Evangelical Churches of Christendom.

The Presbytery recalls with special thankfulness Dr. Paton's unaffected simplicity of character and singleness of aim, his ready sympathy with

every good work, his loyalty to the simple heroic faith of our fathers, his courage, steadfastness, and self-sacrificing devotion in his own field of Christian enterprise through all vicissitudes, and the splendid influence which he wielded over uncivilised men in the New Hebrides Islands, and over Christians of both the northern and southern hemispheres, being greatly used by God for the promotion of Christlike zeal, and the progress of the evangelising of the world.

In all its aspects his life commands and will continue to command tributes of unfeigned admiration. As an advocate of native rights, his local knowledge and his transparent honesty gave him weight in the counsels of the nations, and evoked the encomiums of statesmen. As a Minister of the Gospel, at home and abroad, alike in youth and age, he was signally honoured in the persuasive efficacy of his pathetic eloquence. As a Missionary in the field, he won an entire island population to the profession of Christianity. As a pleader for his Master among the Churches, he moved not a few able and devoted men to consecrate their lives in the winning of the heathen, and kindled enthusiasm for the maintenance of Missions.

As a man and Christian, his winsome gentle courtesy and kindness endeared him not less to the young than to the more advanced in life. He created the place for Mission work in the Sabbath schools of Victoria. And the entire Church shares to-day the sense of bereavement that has fallen on his family. To them the Presbytery sends heartfelt condolences, and prays with them that God will speedily manifest Himself in raising up other apostolic men to continue and complete the

beneficent world-blessing enterprises so nobly originated and carried on in the life of their father and his contemporaries.

In name and by the authority of the Presbytery,  
 W. M. M. ALEXANDER (*Clerk*).  
 12th February, 1907.

*From the "Southern Cross Log" (Melanesian Mission).*

Dr. Paton, the most famous and most honoured of all Presbyterian Missionaries, the friend of Selwyn and Patteson, entered into his rest on January 28th. We give thanks for a long life nobly spent, a course finished with honours, a fight fought to the end. His name will long be remembered when tales of brave soldiers of the Cross in heathen lands are told, and the glory of his life will continue to inspire men to devoted and life-long service for their Lord.

*London Missionary Society.*

16, NEW BRIDGE STREET,  
 LONDON, E.C.,

March 2, 1907.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am desired to inform you that at the last meeting of the Board of Directors, held on February 12th, it was unanimously resolved, by the Directors rising from their seats, that the hearty sympathy of the Board be expressed to the New Hebrides Presbyterian Mission in the loss sustained in the death of Rev. J. G. Paton, D.D., and that the gratitude of the Directors be recorded for the stimulating influence

that his life and writings have exerted on the Christian Church.

Amongst the many tributes to the service rendered to the late Dr. Paton we shall be glad if you will give this a place.

Trusting that your Mission will continue to prosper, with best regards

Yours faithfully,

A. N. JOHNSON,

*Home Secretary.*

A. K. LANGRIDGE, ESQ.

*China Inland Mission.*

NEWINGTON GREEN, MILDMAV,  
LONDON, N.,  
31st January, 1907.

DEAR MR. LANGRIDGE,—At our Council Meeting, held last Tuesday, reference was made to the death of our honoured friend, Dr. Paton, and I was requested to write to you on behalf of the Council to express our very true Christian sympathy with you and others in connection with the Mission, in the great loss you have sustained. We, as a Mission, have recently passed through a similar experience in the death of our beloved Director, the Rev. J. Hudson Taylor, but we are thankful to say that we have had much cause for encouragement in the way the work has been supported since that time, and I trust you, too, will have a similar experience.

Not only was Dr. Paton's life much used for the salvation of those amongst whom he laboured in the New Hebrides, but he also stimulated Missionary interest in this country generally, and

we feel that the whole Church has suffered a severe loss through his death.

With Christian regards and sympathy, believe me,

Yours very truly,

F. MARCUS WOOD,  
*Secretary, C.I.M.*

*Pastor's College.*

TEMPLE STREET,  
NEWINGTON, S.E.,  
February 4, 1907.

DEAR MR. LANGRIDGE,—At a large representative meeting of the London Ministers belonging to our Pastor's College Evangelical Association, with the President, Pastor T. Spurgeon, in the Chair, it was unanimously resolved that we express to you, and, through you, to the relations of the late Dr. Paton, our keen sense of the great loss which has been sustained not only by our Society, but by the whole Christian Church through the home going of the veteran Missionary. We recognise with profound thankfulness the apostolic work which he was enabled by the Grace of God to accomplish; we gratefully remember his visit and address to our Conference a few years ago; we have all been inspired to fresh faith and devotion through reading the record of his wondrous life; and as we think of all that he has been and done "we glorify God" in him and rejoice in the triumphs of the Gospel which he was permitted to witness.

With heartfelt sympathy for his sorrowing family, and his bereaved Mission, yours, on behalf of the Brotherhood,

A. M. CAIG,  
*Secretary.*

CHRIST CHURCH  
WESTMINSTER BRIDGE ROAD, S.E.

1st February, 1907

DEAR MR. LANGRIDGE,—I was indeed shocked and startled by the tidings of Dr. Paton's death, or rather I should say of his translation, for surely he of all men must have gone to Heaven in a chariot of fire. It is such a pleasure to think that in any small way I have been associated with him. What a noble work you too have been permitted to do in alleviating his difficulties and doing such magnificent service for the Mission. May you still be spared and sustained.

With warm regards,

Yours very sincerely,

F. B. MEYER.

14, MACAULAY ROAD,  
CLAPHAM COMMON, S.W.,

February 4, 1907.

DEAR MR. LANGRIDGE,—Real grief was mine when I learned that the dear old Missionary had left us. What a glorious man he was, and what an inspiration his life work has been to thousands.

I have a distinct sense of loss—for I loved Dr. Paton in the Lord.

His spirit is with you and the workers, and he will continue to speak. May the Mission prosper amazingly.

In true sympathy,

Yours very sincerely,

THOS. SPURGEON.

*From the Right Hon. Thomas Sinclair, D.L., J.P.*

"I have received your card referring to Dr. Paton's death in Melbourne, which I was truly



sorry to see. I had the profoundest admiration for him, and shall ever cherish in my memory my meeting with him. The death of his brother in Glasgow is also a serious loss to the work of the Mission at home."

*From 'Robt. G. McCrum, Esq., D.L., J.P., Armagh.*

"In accord with every one who ever met Dr. Paton I feel that the loss to the Mission that has been caused by his death is incalculable. I never met any Missionary who so thoroughly stole the hearts of every one with whom he came in contact."

*From the "New Hebrides Magazine."*

Dr. John Mathie, who knew Dr. J. G. Paton and was associated with him in his early days of Mission work in Glasgow, says: "He had a wonderful faculty for impressing people into Christian work. His memory for the people in his district, the closes and flats where they lived, and all their circumstances, was remarkable. In those days he was greatly impressed by the lack of educational facilities in the Calton, and induced the congregation in Great Hamilton Street, in 1856, to begin a day school in their new Mission premises. The fees were the modest sum of one penny per week, and very often they came out of the Missionary's pocket. Beginning with eleven pupils under Dr. Mathie's tuition, the school has grown to be one of the largest in the East End of Glasgow, with a teaching staff of twenty-four, and a roll of 1,270 scholars."

Thomas Binnie, Esq., writes: "No wonder he succeeded; his labours were unwearied. He

answered the call of duty whenever it came, and often he was called out at midnight to visit the suffering and dying. The secret of his success was the same all through life. He never spared himself; he always put his best into everything he did; he had unbounded sympathy with those who sought his aid; and he had a persuasive power possessed by very few. He was often imposed upon, but that never prevented him from listening with the utmost patience to the next story of suffering which was poured into his ear. His unwearied labours, and his earnest, prayerful interest in the people brought forth abundant fruits during the years he spent in Glasgow, and they are bearing fruit still. Dr. Paton realised, as no other man I ever met did, the awful danger of the unsaved. He realised that salvation was possible, and that he might be the means of bringing the perishing to the Saviour, and that he must live for that, and that alone. If ever any man used to the full in the service of the Master all the talents he possessed, that man was John G. Paton. Now he rests from his labours and enjoys his reward."

The Rev. John Macmillan, M.A., stated that Dr. Paton's father, who had something of the prophet in him, and much of the prophet's instinct of knowing what human nature was, said of three of his sons that one would be a scholar and an author, one a saint, and another a hero. The prophecy was literally fulfilled. Dr. John G. Paton was the hero; the Rev. Walter Paton (who died in 1900) the saint (a man known throughout the world for his earnest evangelical views); while Dr. James Paton was the scholar and author.

## APPENDIX B

### THE JOHN G. PATON MISSION FUND

#### OBJECT

The Evangelisation of the Islands or Tribes in the New Hebrides Group that yet remain in Heathen Darkness.

THE Fund is now responsible for no less than five fully qualified European Missionaries of its own—three of whom are Medical men. New Mission Stations were thus established and manned on the West coast of Tanna ; East Santo ; Paama and S.E. Ambrim ; Wala, Malekula ; and North Santo. Three Mission Hospitals, with the necessary accessories, have been planted ; and Mission Houses, Schools, Churches, Mission Boats, etc., provided.

The Fund is also responsible for an Assistant Master at the Native Teachers' Training Institute, and for the services of a Mission Carpenter. It undertakes—through annual gifts of £6 each from interested friends—the support of nearly two hundred Native Teachers.

In the course of this growing assumption of responsibility the two Chief Workers have been called away—Dr. James Paton died in December,

1906, and Dr. John G. Paton in the January following. The loss of these great personalities has thrown upon their helpers and colleagues, Messrs. Langridge and Watson, the charge and care of the Mission Fund—a charge that had become sacred by long association and fellowship with the Beloved Brothers, and rendered more obligatory by the last written bequest of the Venerable Missionary, casting upon them the care and responsibility of the work.

Thus charged, these two friends begged Mrs. James Paton (Dr. James Paton's widow) to undertake the post of Honorary Secretary of the Fund for Scotland, and Mr. J. W. Douglas, Solicitor, of Glasgow (a long-standing and sincere friend in the work of the two brothers), to accept the post of Honorary Treasurer to the Fund.

The Fund thus reconstituted still continues in its God-given Mission, and is responsible for the following objects, to which it invites the attention and assistance of all lovers of the Cause and Kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ :

#### WAYS OF HELPING.

1. By taking one or more "Shares" of £6 per annum in one or other of the five Fund Mission Stations, receiving direct reports from the Missionary in charge.

2. By maintaining a Native Evangelist or Teacher at £6 per annum. The name of the Teacher thus supported is supplied, and half-yearly reports of his work are sent to each supporter.

3. By maintaining a bed in one or other of the three Mission Hospitals—at £5 per annum.

4. By Gifts to the General Fund, which is charged with the salaries of the Missionaries, the construction and maintenance of the Mission Houses, Schools, Boats, etc., etc.

5. A simple method of assisting the Mission is that of obtaining one of the Fund Missionary collecting-boxes—formed out of cocoa nuts sent from the Islands—or a collecting-card.

6. Auxiliary means of helping are the following :

(a) Receiving the *Quarterly Jottings* from the New Hebrides, sent regularly to each helper and friend of the Mission. A specimen copy will be gladly sent on application.

(b) Loaning the splendid set of Lantern Slides, with accompanying printed Lecture, giving in popular outline Dr. J. G. Paton's Life Story.

(c) Sending Gifts of cotton garments and material, bandages, etc., for the Hospitals ; and school requisites, etc. All such gifts are gladly welcomed and sent out to the Islands.

New Hebrides Arrowroot, prepared by the Native Converts, is on sale, and the proceeds go towards the cost of printing the Scriptures in the polyglot languages of the Group.

Communications will be welcomed by either of the Honorary Secretaries as follows :

For England : Mr. A. K. Langridge, Honorary Organising Secretary, Aniwa, ~~Westcliff,~~ ~~Southend-on-Sea.~~ *15 Highgate Road*

For Ireland : Mr. Wm. Watson, Rosslyn, Knock, Belfast.

For Scotland : ~~Mrs. James Paton,~~ 10, Leslie Road, Pollokshields, Glasgow.

The Rev. Frank H. L. Paton, M.A., B.D., of 10, Cotham Road, Kew, Victoria, is the Honorary Director of the Fund in Australia.

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