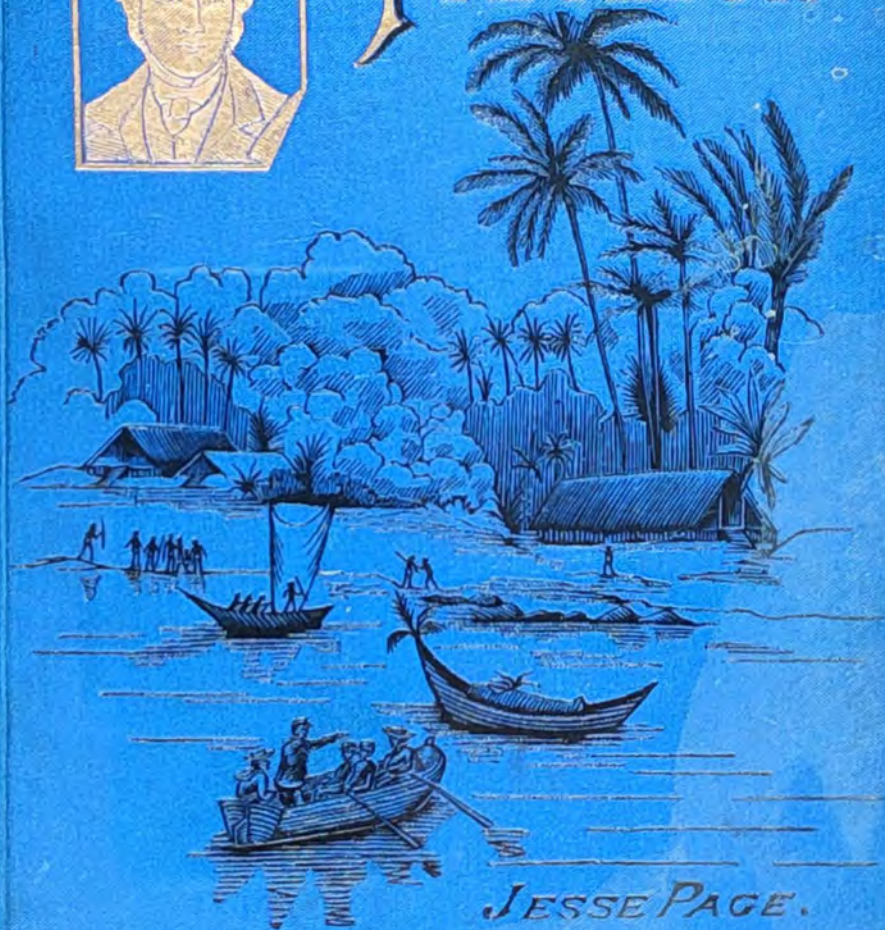



BISHOP PATTERSON



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"IT CARRIED NOT THE LIVING BUT THE DEAD." [p. 150.]

BISHOP PATTESON

THE

MARTYR OF MELANESIA

BY

JESSE PAGE

Be what thou seemest; live thy creed;
Hold up to earth the torch divine;
Be what thou prayest to be made,
Let the great Master's steps be thine.

HORATIUS BONAR.

THIRD EDITION. THIRTEENTH THOUSAND.

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P R E F A C E .

THE lives of some men are an atmosphere into which we cannot enter without feeling braced and invigorated for the battle of life. This tonic influence is not to be attributed to their intellectual gifts, still less to the wealth of their earthly honour and station; it is rather in the fact that we recognise in them the marks of a real manhood, the unswerving allegiance to the right, the singleness of aim in the path of duty, the human tenderness which links their hearts with ours, the peace which is born of faith, the courage which grows in quietness, the Christ-power transfiguring every detail of their life among us.

Such was John Coleridge Patteson. In tracing the steps of his years, one is constantly reminded that they tend upward; from a starting-point of no special advantage or even promise, it is the gradual and noble development of one of the purest and most heroic characters of our time. There is attraction in his thorough manliness, not merely in its embodiment of physical pluck and nerve, but in that large-hearted truthfulness which grasps your hand and compels you utterly to believe in him. He lifts you from a pitiful conventional level, with its compromises and unrealities, and bids you share with him that inspiring mountain air of God's grace and favour.

Patteson shows you that after all Christianity *is* a real vitalising and saving power in man. This is powerfully evidenced in the history of his own character, in which the natural preferences and tempting ambitions of a cultured and home-loving mind were entirely lost in the one absorbing and divine aim, which can best be expressed in the words of the great missionary Apostle, "For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." The praise of men counted as nothing with him; like every true worker he knew well enough what need there was for humility, and how vast and pressing were the duties yet to do. One is convinced irresistibly that this man through all held up because he was divinely upborne. His character is one of those which must compel the admiration of the unbeliever, a living epistle not to be gainsaid or disputed even by the enemies of the Lord whom he served. To the mere professional Christians it must be a revelation, almost startling, of a power of which they have absolutely no

experience. To those who have "the secret of the Lord," it is a precious testimony, the setting of a martyr hand to that seal which affirms that God is true.

The poor heathen for whose sake he gave up all, not sparing life itself, were perhaps the most unpromising material to be found in the wide world for conversion into citizens of the kingdom of heaven. What hope was there for a horde of cannibals, red-handed from the murder of white men who had ventured upon their coral strand? But "the things that are impossible with men, are possible with God," and the faith of Patteson was being constantly strengthened by witnessing the spiritual beauty and fidelity of those who in due time sat at the feet of Christ clothed and in their right mind. "Light is breaking over Melanesia," were his words of hope and thankfulness. It would be indeed difficult to question either the call to missionary enterprise or its record of grand victories in face of such a man and such a work.

The world wants more of such men, though possibly there are many unrecognised amongst us, the worship of whose grand service, the sacrifice of whose lives, is a perpetual martyrdom, known only to God.

In these pages I have striven to show Patteson as he was, in heart and mind, life and death; how imperfectly this aim has been achieved, and how blurred at best are the outlines of the portraiture, the writer knows only too well. In again and again going over the records of this life worth living, the subject has been a growing inspiration to me, and I shall be thankful if in even a smaller measure that inspiration may be shared by my readers.

I desire gratefully to acknowledge the kindness of Miss Yonge in giving me permission to make the extracts from the letters and journals of Patteson which appear in this volume. The perusal of that admirable biography of her illustrious kinsman, with which she has enriched our literature, has been a source of unspeakable pleasure and profit to me.

My thanks also are due to my friend Mr. H. B. Wilkins for the loan of several valuable books of reference, and to Mr. Herbert Williams, B.A., for sketches and interesting particulars of Patteson's Devonshire memorials.

I should like also to add that from the Church Missionary Society, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, and the London Missionary Society, I have received courteous attention.

JESSE PAGE.





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BISHOP PATTESON.

CHAPTER I.

THE BOY AT HOME AND AT SCHOOL.

“ Upon our childhood rests the glistening cloud
Of His sweet benison, the unseen Hand
Holds up our steppings in that way of years
Which leads through life to the eternal land.”

IT is Sunday afternoon, the thirty-first day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-one, and the slanting rays of the autumn sunset are falling through the windows of the parish church of New Windsor.

Within the sacred building every seat is occupied with a deeply attentive congregation, the crowd overflowing into the aisles. In the pulpit is one whose name has already become a household word among the English people, as a brave and successful standard-bearer of the Cross of Christ in distant lands. It is none other than George Augustus Selwyn, the newly-

consecrated Bishop of New Zealand, and he is there to plead the claims of the heathen on the other side of the world. The text he has chosen has the true

trumpet-tone of the missionary in every word of it: "Thine heart shall be enlarged because the abundance of the sea shall be converted unto thee, the forces also of the Gentiles shall come unto thee."

Amongst those standing in one of the aisles is a little Eton boy, in his spotless white collar and short jacket, looking steadfastly into the face of the preacher. A fair-haired lad and open browed, for him there is no seat-room in the vast congregation, yet in those up-turned blue eyes there is a look of rapt attention, which gives evidence that there is no heart in all the



THE GATEWAY, ETON COLLEGE.

throng which responds more fervently to the appeal. While the Bishop talks of sufferings undergone for Christ's sake, of victories achieved for the Cross among the benighted islanders, of the earnest cry

for helpers in that distant harvest-field, which sounds across the sea, tears run down the cheeks of the boy, for he is stirred to the very depths of his young nature. The service is presently concluded, and to the solemn strains of the organ the congregation begins to disperse, and no one notices the little school-boy who, with a beating heart, hurries away. He is full of what he has heard, and wants to tell somebody about it. So he writes a letter home, and in it occur these words,—

“It was beautiful when he talked of his going out to found a church and then to die neglected and forgotten. All the people burst out crying, he was so very much beloved by his parishioners. He spoke of his perils and putting his trust in God, and then, when he had finished, I think I never heard anything like the sensation, a kind of feeling that, if it had not been on so sacred a spot, all would have exclaimed, ‘God bless him?’”

That boy was little Patteson.

He who sows the seed of the kingdom of heaven can see nothing of the heart-ground upon which it falls; and the good Bishop, pouring forth his soul that afternoon, little guessed that, of all in that impressed and attentive audience, his truest listener, and most fruit-bearing in after-life, would prove to be that little Eton boy standing there in the aisle. Little would he imagine that the brave young face with its wistful gaze would, in the distant after-time, confront the dangers of which he had been speaking with a fearlessness and devotion equal to his own. There was no place it seemed for the lad in the crowd, and yet unto him, as truly as to St. Paul, came the word of the Lord that day, calling his young heart to a labour of devout self-sacrifice and to a martyr's crown.

In tracing the footsteps of John Coleridge Patteson we have started at this the most important turning-point of his young life, an impression which, stamped upon his young and plastic character, deepened day

by day as the years rolled on. But to rightly understand the inner working of these high purposes in the mind of the boy we must go back still further to his earliest years.

The saying may be trite in its happy frequency, but loses nothing in its significance, when we say that Patteson owed much, how much no words can fully gauge, to the advantage of a godly parentage and careful training. Better than ten thousand gifts of gold, of higher price than the rubies of intellectual lustre, sweeter than the scented air of the highest social position, Patteson had always in life the retrospect of a bright, pure-hearted Christian home. His childhood unfolded its petals under the influence of a loving sympathy, while it was directed and trained by that priceless discipline which best prepares for the buffetting gusts of life's storms.

His father, Mr. Justice Patteson, was a lawyer of no mean repute in his day, at a time, too, when the English bench was illustrious with many legal authorities of high degree. He was raised to the position of judge in the year 1830, and wherever he travelled on circuit he gained respect and made many friends. A man of sterling integrity, he was popular without swerving from the line of right to gain the good opinion of unworthy men. In the after-life of his son we shall discern, like veins of precious ore, these same solid qualities exhibited.

To the very end of his days his boy loved him with unflinching loyalty, and was always ready to acknowledge, with heartfelt thankfulness, how much of what was best in him was due to that honoured parent whose name he bore. From him he inherited that sturdy backbone of principle, that straightforward, brave manhood which, as we shall see, stood him in good stead in the history of his school-life and the heroism of his later years. And yet, to complete the character of Patteson, it needed another influence, and that was supplied by his mother's gentle love. It is so true to

human nature that it will cause no surprise to add that the boy partook largely of his mother's mind, was like her, and between the two were those infinitely strong links of mutual love and confidence which many waters cannot quench nor fire consume.

She came of a famous ancestry, her maiden name was Frances Duke Coleridge, and her line was distinguished by the poet and philosopher, Samuel Taylor Coleridge. To the future Bishop she gave her family name, and amongst those who knew him best, not only as a boy but afterwards when he had reached man's estate, he was known as "Coley." She too was proud of her son, and saw in him the promise of a future of honour and usefulness, though it was not granted to her to see the glowing sunset of his noble day. A gentle, wise and charming lady she must have been, one who with the cares of a large family to bear was not unskilful in handling the reins of authority. In the truest sense she swayed her household with the sceptre of love. There was in Lady Patteson a principle of firm government, and while she insisted upon her word being law with her children, they never loved her less because of this. In Coley's case one scarcely cares to predict what would have become of him had he been the victim of the "spoiling" process, for he had his moods of dogged obstinacy and sometimes even passionate outbursts. Besides these failings, his boyish inclination was to avoid application to his studies; this, what he called his "natural indolence," was indeed his dragon to be fought in the name of the Lord throughout his manhood's years. But, like most passionate natures, he was equally quick and sincere in his penitence. "Do you think God can forgive me?" was his earnest inquiry when, after some violent ebullition of temper, he begged pardon at his mother's knee. This sense of guiltiness marked his whole career, and in later years developed into a severe introspection. He was only six years old when he told his mother that of all

things he would like to be a clergyman ; and when pressed for his reasons, said "he longed to say the Absolution, because it would make people so happy." Judging others by himself, he conceived of no higher privilege than that of being the means of directing poor laden consciences to the source of forgiveness and peace. This idea of his greatly pleased his mother, who had doubtless early given him to God, and she greatly encouraged Coley in the purpose which as a child he had formed for his future life. Her ambition for her son coincided with his own ; she had never desired for him a high position in the world, or the acquisition of riches, but that Coley, her eldest born, "should be a good servant at God's altar was to her above price."

In the times of our childhood few events are so conspicuous as the birthday, the red-letter days which not only bring the welcome presents but mark that onward progress in the accumulation of years which is such a gratification then. Thus it was with the boy Patteson when, on his fifth birthday, he received as a present from his father a Bible. Such a gift, intrinsically invaluable, became all through his life the object of his jealous care. He had already become an eager reader of books, and this precious volume was not, in his case at least, located to the bottom of his box, or promoted to the region of ornamental and unstudied books on an upper shelf. This fact deserves an emphasis ; Coley read his Bible and loved it, and therein lay his strength as time went on. We are told by his biographer that in those early days he was mystified occasionally by Scriptural problems, such as what became of all the fish during the flood, and on one occasion when there were loud calls for him in the nursery, he asked for a few minutes more, just to "finish the binding of Satan for a thousand years."

It is a noteworthy fact that this little volume of the sacred Word on which his childish eyes glistened at five years old, was used again, after the lapse of

twenty-seven years, when he was solemnly consecrated to the office and work of a Bishop in Christ's Church.

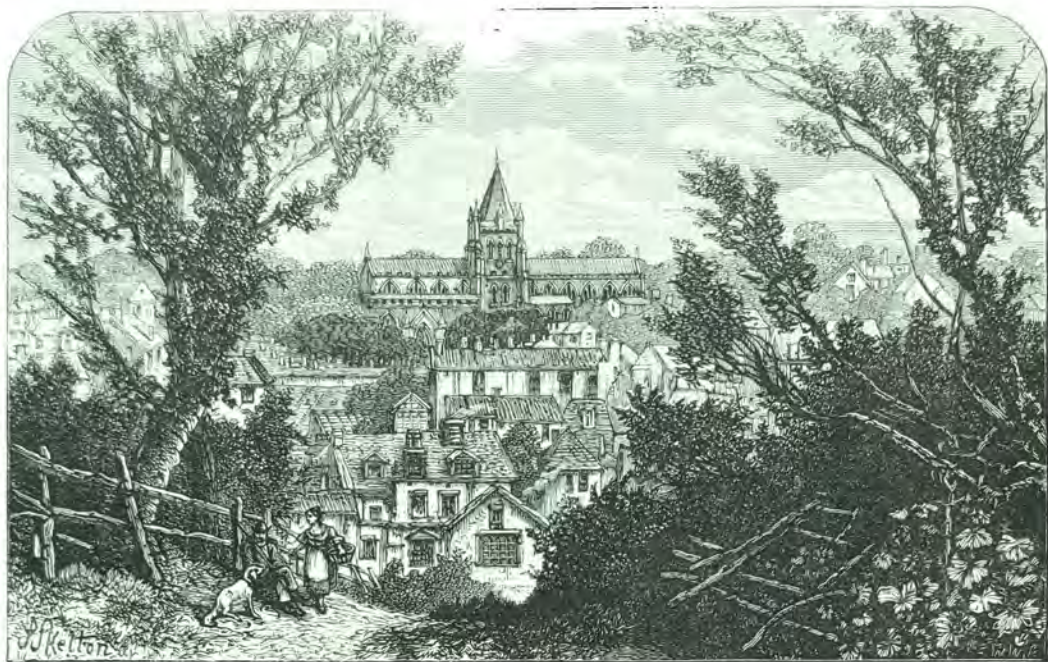
Another characteristic of Patteson's youthful days demands our special attention. That was his early and habitual reverence for sacred things. A childhood without reverence is a temple without a shrine. In Coley's case this precious and hallowing sense was chiefly due to a very distinct realisation of the presence of God. While having plenty of animal spirits, buoyant-hearted as any boy could be, he could not be careless, much less flippant, during times of religious worship. When the Judge gathered his family round him to read the morning and evening prayers, his eldest son was always a quiet and interested listener as the Psalms and lessons for the day were reverently uttered.

Here again we have a fragment of those days preserved for us to discern through the misty avenue of the years the devout boy: "His old nurse (still his sister's valued servant) remembers the little seven-year-old boy, after saying his own prayers at her knee, standing opposite to his little brother, admonishing him to attention with 'think, Jemmy, think.' In fact, devotion seems to have been natural to him."

When Coley had reached his eighth year he was sent to the old Foundation School at Ottery St. Mary, a place which will be for ever associated with his name. It was doubtless a great day to him, as it is to every boy, when the first going away from home takes place, and the eyes, still wet with the tears of a parting embrace, gleam with expectation of new scenes. The lovely scenery of Devonshire would charm him, and the old church of St. Mary, standing on a rise in the valley, would engross his attention. His was not the hard lot of being amongst strangers, for he went to live with his uncle, the Rev. Francis George Coleridge, and his grandparents had their ancestral home at Heath's Court, not far away. Still, boylike, he grew home-sick, and begins, in telling out

his heart to his mother, that series of delightful and interesting letters which flowed freely from his heart and pen all through his mortal life. But in the companionship of other boys, Coley soon found a new pleasure, and settled down with a fair amount of industry to his studies and a much greater modicum of enthusiasm to his play. For, let it be said, Coley was "a regular boy." He seems to have been singularly free from that priggishness which makes youngsters so extremely offensive, thinly glozing over their ignorance or insincerity. He went in for robust games, and was chiefly stimulated to special activity in his book-work by the prospect of cricket or football at the end of it. Full of pluck, he was always on the spot in the field where the greatest danger lay, and should he at any time get a knock or suffer a blow, he silently and bravely stood it like a man. As an instance of this we are told that he bore for three weeks with patient silence a broken collar-bone, until it was revealed by his mother's embrace on his return home, and when chided for not complaining before he simply said "he did not like to make a fuss." Prudence will shake her head at this, no doubt, and not without cause; it is only quoted here as an example of the nerve of the boy. He not only stood up for himself, but also acted the part of big brother to his younger one, who was with him at school.

It is a happy feature of this period of his life that while at Ottery his education was not merely book-learning. His uncle watched the lad with a judicious and observant eye, and spared no pains in seconding the admirable training which he had received in the home from which he had come. He made up his mind that Coley should be impressed with the value of truthfulness in every phase of action, and any divergence from this in the boy met with strict discipline and correction. Once, when something had occurred of this character, he gave Coley a serious talk, but confesses that he could hardly restrain his



OTTERY ST. MARY.

smiles when "he began to reduce by calculation the exact number of fibs he had told. He did not think it was more than two or three at the utmost, and when I brought him to book I had much to do to prevent the feeling that the sin consisted in telling many lies." But in due time the boy broke fairly down, made his unequivocal confession, and promised better things afterwards. Such a wise and helpful counsellor was of inestimable value to the boy, who very soon was to leave the pretty sleepy little town, with its old church, its quaint, irregular streets and leafy hills, for that school which has been associated with the early histories of so many of our greatest men. To be an Eton boy was doubtless one of the cherished ambitions of Coley's life, and he had not been long at the school, before he paid that visit to the parish church which we have already described.

Another voice, however, besides that of Bishop Selwyn, powerfully influenced the heart of the boy in the direction of Christian Missions. It was that of the Rev. Samuel Wilberforce, then Archdeacon of Surrey, afterwards to take his place as one of the ablest prelates of the Church. He also had lent his convincing eloquence to the cause, and young Coley had the advantage of listening to his appeal on the same day as the Bishop of New Zealand preached. Dr. Wilberforce's text is still preserved: "Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on Me through their word; that they all may be one; as Thou, Father, art in Me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in us: that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me." These words, and their exposition which followed, struck the keynote of that far-reaching, all-loving charity which characterised the mind of Patteson as he grew older. There was no narrow exclusiveness in him; a loyal son of the Church of England, he never failed, however, to recognise as brethren in Christ those who, outside her pale, were nevertheless members of His

body and partakers of the benefit of His grace and atonement.

The preacher on this occasion drove home into the hearts of his hearers the obligations of that consecration to God and His work which is the claim of the Holy Scriptures. Some might give themselves, others might make costly and acceptable sacrifices to enable them to carry on the work among the heathen. "As we are giving up of our best," said he, "as our Church is giving up of her best in sending forth from her own bosom those cherished and chosen sons, so let there go forth from every one of us a consenting offering, let us give this day largely in the spirit of self-sacrifice as Christian men to Christ our Lord, and He will graciously accept the offering that we make." So in response many doubtless that day cast in their gold, others with smaller gifts added the benediction of their prayers, but the little Eton lad gave himself, an offering with which the God of all grace was well pleased.

Not very long after this Bishop Selwyn left England, to resume the arduous and cherished work of his distant diocese, and called on the Pattesons to say good-bye. It was then that he significantly spoke to Lady Patteson about her son, asking the startling question, "Lady Patteson, will you give me Coley?" As we know, it was the inmost wish of that mother's heart that her boy should one day be a clergyman, but this appeal meant something far more—it implied that separation, perhaps for life, which is hardest of all trials. But she does not appear to have flinched from the sacrifice, for it is on record that when the boy came to her himself with a like appeal, she readily assured him that if as he grew in years the same desire kept in his heart she would let him join the Bishop in his work.

In his letters home the Eton schoolboy gives us a graphic and interesting picture of one of the most exciting events of the time. This was the marriage

festivities of her present Majesty the Queen. All England was jubilant, and nowhere, as might be imagined, was the joy so intense as in the Royal Borough of Windsor. The Eton boys of course entered into the fun with boisterous loyalty. Through the telescope of these boyish letters we see the sights and hear the shouts which are only now to be recalled by our grey-headed grandparents. They wildly welcomed the royal guests—as Eton boys know how.

“Then came the Queen’s carriage, and I thought college would have tumbled down with the row. The cheering was really tremendous. The whole five hundred and fifty fellows all at once roared away, the Queen and Consort nodding and smiling. Then F. and I made a rush to get up behind the Queen’s carriage, but a dragoon with his horse almost knocked us over. So we ran by the side as well as we could, but the crowd was so immensely thick we could not get on as quickly as the Queen. You may fancy we were rather hot running the whole way up to the Castle, besides the exertion of knocking over the clods, and knocking at doors as we passed, but I was so happy.”

We can believe that thoroughly. The feverish dash of these panting lads, the flutter of the countless flags, the jingle and glitter of the dragoons, how we see all this between the lines of this fragment! Whether the Queen or the clods were most gratified by these Eton attentions, young Coley does not inform us, certainly the latter would appear to have had equal cause to remember the day.

In the midst of all this excitement, our hero had a narrow escape of losing his life. It seems that the crowd pressed the boys close to the wheels of the royal carriage, and Coley was really getting underneath, when her Majesty, seeing his danger, stretched forth her hand and helped the boy to his feet again. By that timely and gracious act she unconsciously preserved a life which was destined to add another



ETON COLLEGE, FROM THE MEADOWS.

honoured name to the bead-roll of her illustrious reign.

His correspondence at this period teems with other pleasant sketches of state visits to the school. Again, after the lapse of half a century, the dimly discerned figures of those who have long passed into shadow-land, are instinct with life before us. King Louis Philippe with his Queen came to see them. The French monarch, we are told, "wore a white great-coat, and looked a regular jolly old fellow," and seems to have captivated Coley's mind somewhat. There was the usual cheering, stamping of feet and racket, but the principal object of their admiration was the old Iron Duke, and we get a glimpse of the Peninsular hero, left behind by his company inadvertently, and hemmed in by a crowd of boisterous boys. He seems to have taken good-naturedly the position of embarrassment, and giving the lads a military salute he said, "Get on, boys, get on." Coley is, if anything, rather more excited than ever; "I was half mad, and roared myself hoarse in about five minutes;" but it was an experience of unqualified delight, save that he could not manage to spell the name of the Grand Duchess who afterwards leaned on the arm of Wellington.

Thus his boyish days flew by, the frolics of his schoolfellows, the excitement of the cricket-field, the making of friendships, and the thousand and one little delights which combine to give radiance to life's early springtime; these filled up the happy hours. And then over his sky spread suddenly a dark and chilling cloud, slinging its shadow on his heart. His was the sorrow which, with few exceptions, all in turn must know, the unforgotten moment when we inherit the sacred territory of a mother's grave. In Patteson's case, this blow fell on his childish years, for the time, even with his bright and buoyant spirit, taking all the colour out of the landscape of his life. With others it breaks with undiminished misery into the

treasured love of a maturer age ; come when it may, however, the loss of his mother is an irreparable one to every true son.

This solemn event was preceded by those intimations which the human heart, passionately arguing against itself, will not believe to presage the end.

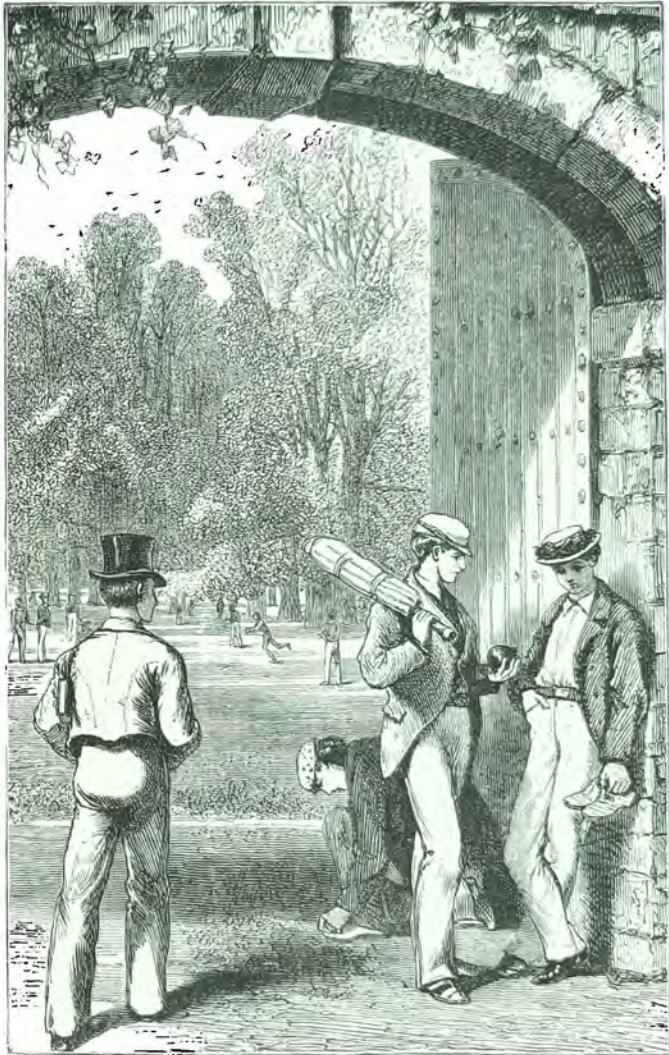
For some time Lady Patteson had been ailing, and the soft Devonshire air had only just preserved for a short time the flickering flame of life. Suddenly graver symptoms summoned hastily the Judge to her bedside. Then the boys were fetched from Eton. Coley, who was devotedly attached to his mother, was heart-broken at the news. He writes a few lines to his father, in which he says, "O papa, you cannot mean we may never, unless we come down to Feniton, see mamma again. I cannot bear the thought of it. I trust most earnestly that it is not the case. Do not hide anything from me ; it will make me more wretched afterwards. If it shall (which I trust in His infinite mercy it will not) please God to take our dearest mamma to Himself, may He give us grace to bear with fortitude and resolution the dreadful loss, and may we learn to live with such holiness that we may hereafter be united for ever in Heaven."

The needful grace was going to be given for the inevitable trial. The pathos of those last hours touch the heart with that sympathy of suffering which makes the whole world kin. With heavy hearts the boys entered that door through which so often they had bounded to receive their welcome home. That enforced silence, so painfully eloquent, which sealed the steps and voices of the house, rested on them like a spell of woe. Lady Patteson called her family to her bed to say farewell, caressing and blessing her sobbing boys. Then, throwing her arms round the neck of her husband, she thanked him for bringing them to receive her last embrace, and shortly afterwards passed gently into that sleep with which God closes the eyes of His beloved.

The letters which Coley writes from home just after the funeral are affecting in their simplicity, repeating again and again the sense of loss, and yet correcting himself by recalling his mother's pious teaching, that we should not grieve for those who die in Christ, for they rest from their labours and are in everlasting peace. He tells with much pleasure how well his father bears up in the midst of them all.

A few days more and Coley, with his brother, are back again at Eton, back to the old lessons and the old games, in which latter it is mercifully given to childhood so soon to forget its misery. Time passes, and Patteson, who is now among the bigger boys, makes a decided reputation in the cricket-field. His play was always good, and his proficiency raised him to the coveted honour of the captaincy of the college eleven. At the wicket none showed more patient endurance, and in one of the annual struggles with Harrow at Lord's, it was Patteson who broke the powerful bowling of the other side, and, by putting on fifty runs to the score, gloriously won the match. But his popularity brought in its train some temptations; the social gatherings of athletic fellows were not unmingled with moral risk then as now. But our young hero was not afraid to draw the line—not a wavy streak, uncertain with many expediences, but a straightforward demarcation over which nobody should force him to pass. In those days the moral conscience was not so quick as in these, and the manners of the time, as regards convivial meetings, were free in their conduct. For instance, it had been the custom for a long time at the annual dinner of the Eton eleven for certain offensive songs to be sung, but Coley, who in due course occupied the chair, gave a plain intimation that he would not tolerate anything of the kind. One of the boys, however, nothing daunted, essayed to sing some objectionable ditty.

“If that doesn't stop, I shall leave the room.”



PATTESON, CAPTAIN OF THE ETON ELEVEN.

And this he did ; following up his action by resigning his captaincy, to show that he was in earnest, until his comrades begged him with apologies to remain on his own honourable terms.

With this incident our sketch of his school-life shall close. His great fondness for athletics possibly excused his close application to study. Other boys surpassed him doubtless in the form, although his retrospective complaints of himself made in later life must be taken as from one who was quick at self-depreciation. But even this practice of physical exercises was an admirable preparation for the work to which God called him, for though in Melanesia there was no cricket, there was plenty of strong endurance and brave work on land and on sea. His fame as a batsman preceded him, however, to the Antipodes, and, when at Melbourne, one of the leading professional players, meeting him in the street, begged the favour of receiving a few balls from him "at five o'clock in the morning," to prevent giving offence to his Bishop.

The chapter of our school-life is a time to be remembered by all of us, and it is truly but a picture and foreshadowing of the greater school of experience which awaits us in after life. Here we part with Coley, the Eton boy, brave, generous, firm, his heart overflowing with the innocent gaiety of youth, and yet hallowed with the first toll of that bell of sorrow, which vibrates amid the undying memories of every human soul.





CHAPTER II.

THE STUDENT AT OXFORD AND ABROAD.

"What seekest thou, my soul?
To follow truth and falter never,
God leading me, and yearning ever
To do the right with pure endeavour;
His glory is my goal.

"But what if clouds arise?
Within their shadow shall I sing,
Trusting in my eternal King,
Faith cleaves the veil with joyful wing,
Into the sunshine flies."

WHEN Patteson, in the Michaelmas term of 1845, entered Balliol College, he came at once into contact with that remarkable quickening of religious thought which will mark an epoch in the history of the Church of England. The withdrawal of John Henry Newman from her pale had transferred at once the greatest mind and one of the noblest natures from the University to the Church of Rome. For years the shock of that secession was felt among the students, and the conflicts of opinion

upon doctrinal points waged hotly still. Something higher and more precious than controversial feud remained, in a new impulse to consecration and absolute allegiance to the Divine purpose, a deepening of heartlife—and a consequent fruitage of truer experience and better work was evidenced everywhere.

Although in his correspondence of after years, Patteson discussed these questions which so perturbed



BALLIOL COLLEGE, OXFORD.

the mind of the Church, it is a little disappointing not to find any letters which pourtray distinctly and specifically his impressions on entering Oxford in these days. That it did earnestly impress him, fresh from Eton in the bright springing forth of his young manhood, there can be no room for doubt. Of another fact there is equal certainty, that he, who

in subsequent times had to lead the van of missionary work among the heathen, was not hurt by the disturbing elements, the swaying to and fro to violent extremes, arising out of the Tractarian movement. Rather was he stimulated by all these to self-examination and a clearer assurance of duty. He made friends out of the worthy society of earnest minds; some who survived him have recorded of Patteson affectionate and interesting memories. Of these, perhaps the most complete is the testimony of

Professor Shairp on his fellow-undergraduate, of which an extract must suffice here,—

“ Patteson as he was at Oxford, comes back to me as the representative of the very best kind of Etonian, with much good that he had got from Eton, with something better, not to be got at Eton or any other school. He had those pleasant manners and that perfect ease in dealing with men and with the world which are the inheritance of Eton, without the least tincture of worldliness. I remember well the look he then had, his countenance, massive for one so young, with good sense and good feeling, in fact, full of character. For it was character more than special ability which marked him out from others, and made him wherever he was, whether in cricket, in which he excelled, or in graver things, a centre round which others gathered. The impression he left on me was of quiet, gentle strength, and entire purity, a heart that loved all things true, and honest, and pure, and that would always be found on the side of these. We did not know, probably he did not know himself, the fire of devotion that lay within him, but that was soon to kindle and make him what he afterwards became.”

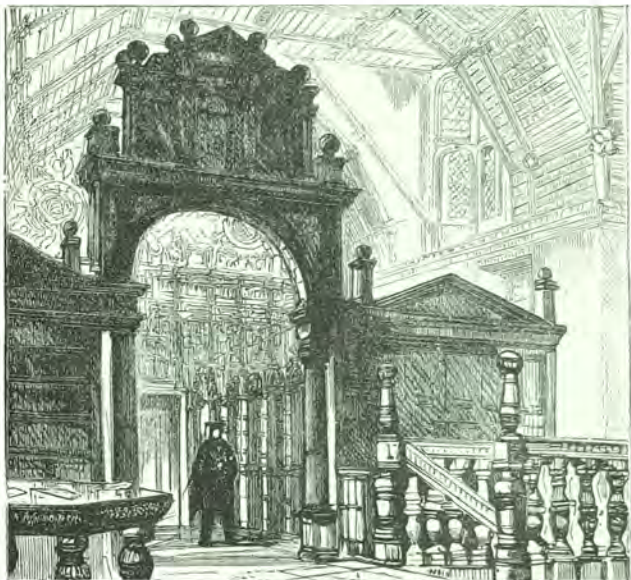
When Patteson commenced his studies at the University, he found that real hard work was before him, and with greater diligence and application he laid himself out to achieve success. For him, however, the laurels were not in store, and others, who were not perchance even his intellectual superiors, attained collegiate distinction before him. He worked hard for the Balliol scholarship, and twice failed, although the second time he was bracketed fourth with Mr. Hornby, who rose afterwards to become head master of his old school. Let it not be thought for one moment that this lack of success was in any way due to want of effort. He tells his sister Fanny, in a letter home, how, for the sake of his studies, he has refused a pressing offer to play in the University cricket eleven,

which would have been at once an honour and delight to such an enthusiastic athlete as he.

His work during the long vacation began to try him greatly, his constant reading affected the use of his eyes, and generally he sank more and more below par. He grew intensely introspective, and shrank from the gaieties of the University, becoming reserved, and avoiding the cheerful society in which it had been his wont to mingle. This may have been to a considerable extent due to over-work, and a slightly morbid condition, but it is quite possible that Patteson's avoidance of the old merry-makings arose from a more intelligent appreciation of their value compared with other things. In Patteson there was not a particle of the ascetic, but still as a rigid self-discipline he was constantly examining his line of conduct.

After three years, having secured a second class in *Literæ humaniores*, he set out for a much-needed holiday on the Continent. He was a capital linguist, indeed he had, in a providential degree, "the gift of tongues," and he soon found his French and German of practical use when he had left for a time the English shores. Of his travels in other lands his letters supply a host of delightful descriptions. In those days it was not the custom to whisk a party of tourists at breathless haste through continental cities, and Patteson, with his brother, and friend Mr. Hornby, were able to take their time, and fully enjoy and take in the wonders which on every hand met their eye. He breathed the mountain air of the Tyrol heights, and plunged into the Egyptian darkness of the Salzburg mines; everywhere his mind, full of inquiry, and capable of enjoying to the utmost the beauties of nature, revelled in the marvels of travel. After visiting Vienna he passed into Italy, and spent many never-to-be-forgotten days in the picture-galleries of her cities. Of Florence he speaks in glowing terms, and tells us that in the presence of those marvellous masterpieces of art, he

cannot understand how anyone can remain unchanged. The façade of Milan Cathedral, with its dream of glorious pinnacles, seemed to him as if every statue thereon was "a very beautiful martyr's memorial." Then reaching Geneva he attempts the risky crossing of the Col du Géant, and of this adventure he gives



THE LIBRARY, MERTON COLLEGE, OXFORD.

such a capital account that we are tempted to let Patteson tell the story in his own words,—

"On Monday at 4.15 a.m. we started from the Montanvert with our alpenstocks, plenty of ropes, and a hatchet to cut steps in the ice. We walked quickly over the Mer de Glace, and in about three hours came to the difficult part. I had no conception of what it would be. We had to ascend perpendicular walls of

icc, thirty, forty, and fifty feet high, by little holes which we cut with the hatchet, and to climb over places not a foot broad with enormous crevasses on each side. I was determined not to give in, and said not a word; but I thought that no one had a right to expose himself to such danger if known beforehand. After about three hours spent in this way (during which I made but one slip, when I slid about twelve feet down a crevasse, but providentially did not lose my head, and saved myself by catching at a broken ridge of ice, rising up in the crevasse, round which I threw my leg and worked my way up it astride) we got to the region of snow, and here the danger was of falling into hidden crevasses.

“We all five fastened ourselves to one another with ropes. I went in the middle, Couttet in front, then Payot. Most unluckily, the weather began to cloud over, and soon a sharp hailstorm began, with every indication of a fog. We went very cautiously over the snow for about three hours, sinking every now and then up to our middles, but only once in a crevasse, when Couttet suddenly fell, singing out, ‘*Tirez ! Tirez !*’ but he was pulled out instantly. We had now reached the top, but the fog was so dense that I could scarcely see thirty feet before me, and the crevasses and mountains of snow looming close around us looked awful. At this moment the guides asked me if I *must* make the passage. I said instantly that I wanted to do so, but that I would sooner return at once than endanger the lives of any of them. They told me that there was certainly great danger, they had lost their way, but were unwilling to give up. For an hour and a half we had stuck in the fog, among the crevasses, trying every way to find the pass, which is very narrow, wet to the skin and in constant peril, but we knew that the descent of the Chamouni side is far more difficult than that on the Courmayer side. At last all the guides agreed that it was impossible to find the way, said the storm was increasing, and that our only chance was to

return at once. So we did, but the fearful difficulties of the descent I shall never forget. Even in the finest weather they reckon it very difficult, but yesterday we could not see the way, we were numbed with the intense cold, and dispirited from being forced to return.

"In many places the hail and sleet had washed out the traces we trusted as guides. After about four hours we had passed the most dangerous part, and in another hour we were safely upon the Mer de Glace, which we hailed with delight; Couttet, who reached the point of safety first, jumping on the firm ice and shouting to me, '*Il n'y plus de danger, Monsieur.*' Here we took off the ropes and drank some more brandy, and then went as hard as we could, jumping across crevasses, which two days before I should have thought awkward, as if they were cart-ruts. We reached Chamouni at 8.30 p.m., having been sixteen and a quarter hours without resting. I was not at all tired; the guides thanked me for having given them so little trouble, and declared I had gone on as well as themselves. Indeed I was providentially unusually clear-headed and cool, and it was not till the danger was over that I felt my nerves giving way. There was a good deal of anxiety about us at Chamouni, as it was one of the worst days ever seen here. Hornby had taken all my clothes to Geneva, so I put on a suit of the landlord's, had some tea, and at 11 p.m. went to bed, not forgetting, you may be sure, to thank God most fervently for His merciful protection, as on the ice I did many times with all my heart."

The special and preventing Providence which attends the feet of those who are marked out for signal usefulness upheld Patteson amid these Alpine perils. The rope which linked him to the guides along those slippery places held also the fortune of those distant islands where the fringed palms waved over a darkened humanity. The fine English pluck and endurance which Patteson exhibited under those circumstances,

was an earnest of that heroism which enabled him in the days to come to do and to suffer so many things for Christ's sake.

Leaving the sunny mountains behind, Patteson next passed on to Dresden, where, not neglectful of the gift which was in him, he stays to study Hebrew under a German *savant*. He also began an intense application to Arabic, and determined to acquire a thorough mastery of Oriental languages, with the aim throughout of better understanding the Holy Scriptures, and fitting himself more perfectly for useful work.

In a second tour on the Continent, which he undertook immediately after Christmas, 1851, he reached again the lovely land of Italy, and wandered through the newly excavated ruins of Pompeii. Working northwards, he entered that great city which, on reaching Appii Forum, St. Paul saw and thanked God and took courage. To the great Apostle of the Gentiles it was the end of his painful wanderings, and was to form the scene of his martyrdom; to Patteson, who passed its gates an earnest visitor, it was peopled with many memories, not only of the classic sages and heroes of Rome's great history, but recalling the footsteps and presence of him who "there dwelt two whole years in his own hired house, and received all that came unto him, preaching the kingdom of God, and teaching those things which concern the Lord Jesus Christ, with all confidence, no man forbidding him."

Patteson found in Rome a perfect enjoyment among the statuary and architecture which makes the city of the Cæsars the centre of art and beauty. But to him, as to St. Paul, it had its other side, and although it was no longer under the shadow of heathen Nero, there lurked through all its ancient glories the gloomy and wicked spirits of Marian idolatry and Papal misgovernment. Rome then was far different from the Eternal City of to-day. The place was politically as well as religiously a scandal to the world. The mind of the young English student was shocked at the

worship of saints and images; the infamies of the confessional and the ignorant cupidity of the priests roused him to indignation. Possibly many things he had heard in Oxford came again to his mind, and in the very centre of its unchecked power he saw Rome as it really is. The impression produced on his mind was firmly fixed through all his after life, and made him treasure more tenaciously than ever the grand and saving simplicities of the faith once delivered to the saints.

When Patteson was at Venice on this second tour, he received intelligence in one of his letters from his father that he had decided to resign his judicial duties. He had been now a judge for twenty-two years, and would doubtless have continued his office some years longer, but a defect in his hearing became more and more a distressing burden to him in his important functions. At the same time his age of sixty-two was not an advanced one for a judge, and the prospect of his going from the Court was an unfeigned regret to all. His son wrote him an affectionate and admirable letter, expressing again and again that real and respectful love which he had for him.

He grieved over the fact that he was then in Venice and Florence, so many miles away, and not at home to take part in this trying event. However, we are able at a distance of years, as he at a distance of hill and dale, to call up the picture of that farewell to the Bar, which took place on the 10th February, 1852, at the Court of Queen's Bench. Sir Alexander Cockburn, as leading counsel and Attorney-General, spoke for those who had been working professionally under the guidance of the judge for so many years. The farewell speech of the venerable lawyer deserves, in some sentences at least, a record here. It portrays, at a time when the true character of a man is specially tested, a spirit of humility and pious recognition of Divine assistance which is worthy the father of the future Bishop. His voice is tremulous with emotion as he

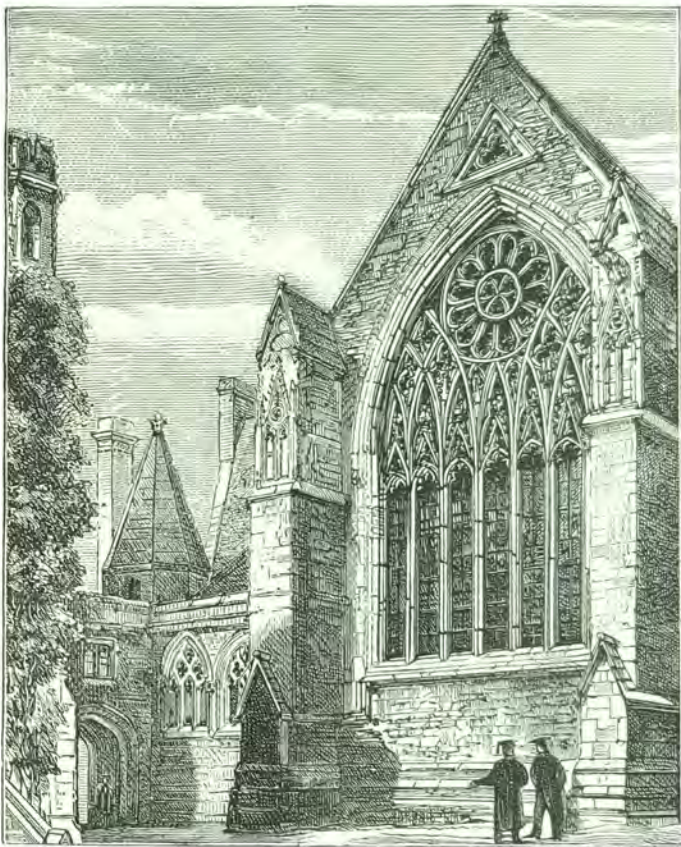
summons up his strength and nerve to utter these parting words,—

“Mine is one of the many instances which I know that a public man without pre-eminent abilities, if he will but exert such as it has pleased God to bestow on him honestly and industriously, and without ostentation, is sure to receive public approbation fully commensurate with, and generally much beyond, his real merits, and I thank God if I shall be found not to have fallen entirely short in the use of those talents which He has entrusted to me.”

In other words, he gracefully apologised for any inconvenience that his defective hearing may have occasioned, and for any hastiness of manner he might have displayed towards those who had so patiently borne with his infirmity. Then he bowed for the last time, and passed from a judgment-seat which he had made still more honourable by his integrity and ability, and from the presence of a troop of affectionate and appreciative friends. Afterwards he lingered still about the precincts of the halls of justice, and took chambers in King’s Bench Walk, where he might be consulted; for his elevation to the dignity of the Privy Council had enhanced, if such a thing were possible, the reputation he already possessed.

Meanwhile Patteson, returning from his journeyings, becomes a Fellow of Merton College, and throws himself with zeal into the movement for reforming the University, which at that time was in progress. It is seen, in following the thread of his life, that he had a strong business faculty, and could not only contribute his energetic spirit but also his practical common sense. One of those who knew him at this time points out that “Patteson, with all his reforming zeal, was a true-bred gentleman.” He had evidently solved the problem of doing strong and disturbing work with a gracious and kindly spirit, and while proposals were being made which would involve radical changes in the working of the University, it is

said that much of the absence of friction between the parties in opposition was due to the courtesy of the future missionary.



MERTON COLLEGE, OXFORD.

But the time was approaching when Patteson must leave the towers and spires of Oxford behind, and

therefore with redoubled zeal he worked away at his books in his room at Merton College. "I try to make up for lost time," said he; the resolution of so many earnest hearts who feel the rapid flight of opportunities and the ever-nearing moment when, for them at least, "time shall be no longer."

Preparing himself for ordination, a providential door opened, by which Patteson was able at once to taste the sweets of real parish work.

Within the parish of Ottery St. Mary lies the village of Alfington; and the church, parsonage and premises were built on a little hill from whence could be obtained a lovely view of the Vale of Honiton. The living was in the gift of the Coleridge family, and it was intended that Patteson should one day occupy the pulpit. In the meantime, however, a worthy clergyman, the Rev. Henry Gardiner, was labouring in the parish with much acceptance, until a severe illness laid him aside. So it came that, in the beginning of the year 1853, Patteson arrived to nurse him, and at the same time to assist in carrying on the work in his absence. Both duties he discharged with faithfulness.

This was his first experience of managing mankind; and in this neglected corner of English agricultural life there was space enough to exercise the energy of his character. His first work, therefore, was among the heathen at home. Such was the dense ignorance of these cottage people that he was startled to find that, under an English sky, the laws of God could be so little understood and so easily ignored.

In his letters to his sister, Patteson describes the scenes and conversations which attended his pastoral visits. In particular, we have the history of a boy, "a little savage," he calls him, who had been sent to school. This untrained child, like some ill weed, had already run to seed, and such a dangerous and violent temper had developed itself, that neither the parents who neglected him, nor the schoolmistress who did

her best with him, could induce him to obedience and good conduct. All through his life Patteson delighted in the education and regulation of a boy's mind, and very speedily he essayed to take this restive specimen in hand. His plan was straightforward and wise. First he reached the heart of the boy, that far-away object which seems to have been scarcely discovered before. Taking him on his knee, he asked him some questions, "Did he know who God was?" "Had he never been taught to kneel down and say his prayers?" The boy listened, was attracted, and saw something in the eye of the speaker which irresistibly commanded his respect. Then Patteson repaired to the cottage, and calmly but very forcibly talked to the parents upon their shocking neglect of duty. They had possibly never been so plainly spoken to before, and it is to be hoped that his earnest words were not uttered in vain. But though he was faithful to rebuke, Patteson did his utmost to encourage these people in habits of industry; and set on foot a variety of schemes and institutions to help the young and old to help themselves. To his mind this small group of cottages was a piece of ground for Divine tillage; with something of the practical spirit of Kingsley, he taught the peasants habits of cleanliness and thrift.

In the midst of these activities his mind was impressed with the prospect of his forthcoming ordination, and his correspondence shows how sharply he was proving the sincerity of his motives. In the Easter of 1853 he passed his examination, and says afterwards, as regards the service to follow which should give him the responsibility of a fully qualified clergyman, "It is not strange that the realising the near approach of what I have for years wished for and looked forward to should at times come upon me with such force that I seem scarcely master of myself, but it is only excitement of feeling, and ought, I know, to be repressed, not for a moment to be entertained

as a test of one's religious state, being by no means a desirable thing."

The ordination service was held in Exeter Cathedral on the 14th of September, 1853, the aged Bishop Phillpotts placing his hands upon Patteson's head. A solemn time,—and never had those grey old walls looked upon a more impressive event! It was the sacred consecration point of a pathway which was to lead to a martyr's crown. When, subsequently, Patteson preached for the first time in his church at Alfington, his relatives were sitting before him, deeply moved by the occasion. With a good deal of emotion, restrained as far as possible, he feelingly alluded to his parents and others, to whom he was indebted for prayers and counsel.

His text was, "We preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord, and ourselves your servants for Jesus' sake;" an assurance of which his whole after life was a confirmation and fulfilment.

That ardent nature of his, ever reaching forward to great things, to enlarged opportunities, and overcoming of strong oppositions, was at the same time seeking the lowliness of the meek in heart.

Since the cholera of 1832 had swept the villages on the sea coast and among the valleys of South Devon, there had been a real quickening of the religious life of the inhabitants, the people gathering in little groups for the study of Holy Scripture; though in some of the churches a deadness and apathy existed. Though not attendants at church, Patteson was too good a man not to recognise their right to worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience. His mind could never be cramped and fettered by narrow views of truth. As he says in a letter to his father, "I feel no tendency to latitudinarianism, but only to see much good in systems unrecognised by your seeming high-flyers." It is difficult to understand any man with the true missionary spirit being otherwise minded.

The position he held now and the future prospects

of his ministerial career were such as to encourage satisfaction, and make him settle down to the comfortable life of an English clergyman. It was expected that he would in due time take a cure of souls in one of the large manufacturing towns, where there would have been wide scope for his earnest ambitions. But this was not to be. He, in whose disposal and knowledge



JOHN COLERIDGE PATTESON, AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-SIX.

are the purposes of men, had marked out for Patteson a different path, and from time to time the cry of the heathen, which he first heard in the parish church at Windsor, rung again in his ears.

A thread of Providential leading, unseen to others, hardly understood in its significance even by himself, was guiding the young Alington curate to scenes far different from this quiet nook of Devonshire. The

impulse of this is felt in all his letters at this time. "I sometimes hope," says he, "in spite of my many back-slidings and broken resolutions, *some move is taking place within* where most it is wanted." It was in truth the crisis which comes to every faithful heart, the moment when the choice of duty is deliberately accepted, and the consequences taken in God's name.

Happily at this interesting point of his career we have from the pen of Miss Yonge a graphic and invaluable portraiture of the man himself,—

"He was tall, and of a large powerful frame, broad at the chest and shoulders, and with small neat hands and feet, with more of sheer muscular strength and power of endurance than of healthiness, so that though seldom breaking down, and capable of undergoing a great deal of fatigue and exertion, he was often slightly ailing, and was very sensitive to cold. His complexion was very dark, and there was a strongly-marked line between the cheeks and mouth, the corners of which drooped when at rest, so that it was a countenance peculiarly difficult to photograph successfully. The most striking feature was his eyes, which were of a very dark clear blue, full of an unusually deep, earnest, and, so to speak, inward far-away expression. His smile was remarkably bright, sweet, and affectionate, like a gleam of sunshine, and was one element of his great attractiveness; so was his voice, which had the rich full sweetness inherited from his mother's family, and which always exerted a winning influence over the hearers. Thus, though not a handsome man, he was more than commonly engaging, exciting the warmest affection in all who were concerned with him, and giving in return an immense amount of interest and sympathy, which only became intensified to old friends while it expanded towards new ones."

In his parish of Alington he had tasted some of the joys and not a few of the sorrows and anxieties of the

ministerial office, and now he is standing on the threshold of a larger destiny, looking out over the horizon of his present for some clear indication of the Divine purpose as to the next step he shall take in the path of duty.





CHAPTER III.

FROM DEVONSHIRE TO MELANESIA.

"Is there aught so dear to me
That I cannot spare for Thee?
In the casket of my heart
Do I hide from Thee a part?"

"All my treasures now I pour
At Thy feet for evermore;
Love and will and life are Thine:
Rich am I if Thou art mine."

IN the month of August, 1854, Bishop Selwyn, with his noble wife, returned again to his native land to give an account of his stewardship. To Bishop Selwyn, full of a new-born love for the souls of these poor heathen, their wretched state only excited sympathy and a desire to bring the Gospel to lighten their darkness.

A practical obstacle presented itself in those endless subdivisions of dialects, enough to try the patience and confound the linguistic capacities of any missionary. He therefore conceived the plan of inducing the native youths to leave their island homes, and undergo a course of instruction to fit them for Christian work among their fellows on their return. The Bishop pro-

posed, therefore, to utilise St. John's College at Auckland, which he had instituted for the education of young colonists, for the benefit of these young Melaneseans. Three successive visits to the islands in the Mission vessel soon furnished the material required, and it was clear that a thoroughly successful enterprise had been initiated; but what was wanted most was a man who should combine this double qualification of being able to "rough it" among the islands, and yet take up with spirit and ability the education and training of the islanders themselves.

In quest of such help, Bishop Selwyn revisited England again.

Wherever he went with his recital of Melanesian experiences, a strong interest was attracted to the work. When he reached Patteson the old longing of his childish heart flamed up with unquenchable devotion. In his mind Bishop Selwyn was a hero of sacred romance, a knight-errant of the highest and most glorious chivalry. It is easy, therefore, to imagine what a rush of feeling came over him when, paying a visit to Feniton, he met the Bishop and his wife again. We are told that after the first words of welcome and congratulation, Patteson hastened to find a place of solitude where he wept freely. The next morning found him back again to his parish work, but it was only to revisit Feniton once more, and this time to gain the ear of the Bishop with the subject of which his heart was so full.

They had walked about the garden together, talking generally about the work at Alington, when all at once the Bishop stopped and pointedly asked his companion whether the work really satisfied him. Yes, in many respects it did; of course it was no small advantage to be so near his father, whom he loved so fondly, in his declining years. But, for all that, he confessed that he had set his mind upon missionary work, his only present difficulty being the severance from his father. Still he meant, God helping him, to

go out some day. The advice of the Bishop was frank and explicit.

"But if you think about doing a thing of this sort, it should not be put off till you are getting on in life. It should be done with your full strength and vigour."

Then, the subject being fairly launched, a long conversation ensued, during which the Bishop sifted very faithfully the purpose and aim of his young friend. He was not disappointed with the result. It was clear that the early call was deepening every day in sincere and prayerful conviction.

The interview which followed between Patteson and his father is very touching in its simple pathos. It was the beginning of a trial of human feeling, sanctified by the grace of God, whereby the parent was to do his part in making a sacrifice, like the great patriarch of old, of the son of promise. When the subject was first broached to him, the old judge was taken aback; his presence of mind, trained by years of professional practice to steady itself in dealing with questions of moment, was seen in his reply,—

"You have done quite right to speak to me and not to wait. It is my first impulse to say no, but that would be very selfish."

Like a true son, Patteson begged his father to take time to judge the matter from all points, and not to think that in any way he was impatient or self-willed. A short time afterwards the old man had an opportunity of speaking to his daughter on the subject, and when he knew what had passed between his son and the Bishop in that garden conversation, he hastened to another room and cried out with passionate entreaty, "I can't let him go," but scarcely had the words escaped his lips when he recalled them with a reverent recognition of the Divine will, and added, "God forbid that I should stop him."

It is not difficult to see that this going away of Patteson would be an acute loss to his father. The

old judge had retired from public life with its enthralling interests and companionships, and now found in his son a great comfort in his declining years. The natural clinging of the aged to the affection and support of their children, the love which, loosing hold on so much in life, grasps with greater tenacity the vigorous arm which, with tender solicitude, supports their uncertain footsteps as the shadows thicken in the valley—all this Sir John felt in deciding the momentous question. He also knew his son, how entirely he loved him, how for his sake even this treasured intention would be abandoned. The responsibility, therefore, he felt lay so much at his door, and by that Almighty help which can alone strengthen us for such an act of self-repression, the father gave his son to God, and moreover resolved to do it in no grudging spirit, and without qualification.

“Mind,” said he, with energy, “I give him up wholly, not with any thought of seeing him again. I will not have him thinking he must come home again to see me.”

It now only remained for the Bishop to see Patteson again and tell him the result of his interview with his father. It was an immense relief to the mind of the young man, and the words which the Bishop then and there addressed to him were a solemn seal to his ministry and calling.

“Now, my dear Coley, having ascertained your own state of mind, and having spoken at length to your father and your family, I can no longer hesitate, as far as you recognise any power to call on my part, to invite you most distinctly to the work.”

Then he added, with fatherly affection towards this son of his in the faith,—

“God bless you, Coley! It is a great comfort to me to have you for a friend and companion.”

In his correspondence with his brother at this time Patteson opens his mind freely upon this crisis in his life. The spirit of the new missionary is revealed,

strong in faith and a manly purpose, but humbly trusting where alone the anchor of his soul could find security. The thought of those he would leave behind, and especially of his father, who, in thus giving his consent, had broken the alabaster box of a precious self-sacrifice, pressed much on his thoughts.

"Think of me," he says to his brother, in one of his letters, "think of me and pray for me, my dear old fellow, that God will give me more of your own unselfishness and love and interest for others, and teach me to act not according to my own will and pleasure, but solely with a view to His honour and glory."

Then he assures him that the step which he has taken is once and for all, and that, with a single eye to God's glory, he must press towards the mark. With his natural inclination to metaphysics, he finds himself analysing his mind to trace the working of this wonderful step in a new career, as it evolved itself during the past years; but he feels that he must put this aside, and now "forget myself and think only of the work whereunto I am called." To lose himself in his labours, to be nothing, that his Master's service may be well done, this was his resolve.

Indeed, through the lattice windows of these letters do we get at the heart of the man, a glimpse of human feelings, strong and tender, overruled and calmed by a Divine and perfect love. It is the old story, repeated again and again in the experience of all those who are the heroes of the Cross in any age: the sacrifice and self-renouncing which uproots and rends, and the soothing Gilead balm of that peace which passeth all understanding, and binds up for ever the wounds of the heart-broken for Christ's sake.

There are some men of strong fibre of character and rock-like firmness, who have not the tenderness of love which is the sweet undertone harmonising all life's jarring tones. But such was not the case

with Patteson. While, as we shall see in his subsequent career, possessed of a lion-hearted courage amounting almost to a venturesomeness, he who knew no fear knew also how to simply love. Had it not been for this affectionate and winsome characteristic of the future Bishop of Melanesia, he would not have been all he was, by God's grace, to his dusky flock. This is exhibited distinctly by a letter which he wrote to a little fatherless girl, eight years old, for whom, in her childish solitude, he had a tender regard.

As may be readily imagined, the news of his intending departure was received by his poor parishioners at Alington with unfeigned regret. During the seventeen weeks of his sojourn among them, Patteson had made friends of all, and it was hard for them to appreciate his reasons for leaving them for distant work in other lands. But of Patteson it might be said, by those who had a deeper insight into his largeness of heart and devotion, that, like Wesley, his parish was the world.

The hour of actual parting soon came. At Blackwall Dock the new Mission schooner, the *Southern Cross*, was being constructed for the special work of Melanesia. Patteson spent some days, in preparing his requisites for the voyage, in London, and then paid a last visit to Feniton. The country lay in its



A MAORI GROUP.

wintry garment of snow, and those days seem to have been brightened by the joyous bound of his animal spirits, as, with his accustomed relish for skating, he had a capital time on the ice. There was a large family party staying at the old house, and we read how one day, when out skating, he gave the old housekeeper a mingled experience of terror and delight by skimming her over the ice in a chair, flinging meanwhile nuts to the boys who scrambled after him.

His departure was a little delayed by the *Southern Cross* proving somewhat unsatisfactory, and it was not till the 25th of March that he really said good-bye. That word which is the hardest to utter broke away from his full heart, as, with his sisters and father at the door of home, he saw a last glimpse of faces he was never to look upon again. The sisters watched him as long as he was in sight, and then returned to find their father sitting in his room, his Bible on his knee. From that moment in the family prayers a special and tremulous reference was made in the supplication of God's blessing on the missionaries, "especially for the absent member of this family."

On the deck of the *Duke of Portland*, which was to bear him away, Patteson parted with his uncle and brother James, and was soon on his voyage. A last line had been, however, despatched to his father, telling him that he was, thank God, calm and cheerful, and adding, "I stayed a few minutes in the churchyard after I left you, picked a few primrose buds from dear mamma's grave, and then walked on."

At five o'clock in the morning the vessel had weighed anchor, and slowly drifted down the Channel with the tide, and Patteson, on the deck, looked with wistful eyes towards the lessening shore, feeling how he had, in a deeper sense, parted too from his moorings, and was now loosed from home and kindred, setting sail for a future of danger, triumph, and high endeavour.

One who was with him on this voyage has borne testimony to his impression of Patteson, as a worker who, having set his hand to the plough, was not likely to look back with any misgivings. He had left much of his heart behind him, but a great love was in the land to which every wave overpassed by the keel of the vessel bore him, and he yearned to see those black brothers of his who should henceforth be his constant care.

Leaving Patteson and his party, we will forerun the voyagers and glance at the islands which are to form the sphere of their work. The savage character of the natives we have already referred to; here truly was Heber's hymn an expression of fact, for, with a prospect of an almost prodigality of nature's loveliness, "only man is vile." Amid these coral islands, where the waving palms mirror themselves in quiet lagoons, and trailing flowers from branch to branch breathe exquisite perfumes, the only visitors from the civilised world were unscrupulous traders, who sought at the risk, and often at the cost of their lives, the rich supplies of sandal-wood, or, on the coral strand, the *bêche de mer*, both for the Chinese markets. The natives had not formed a very high opinion of the character of white men, and, until the visit of Bishop Selwyn, had never heard of that message of peace which is for every soul for whom Christ died. After his first visit in the *Dido*, the Bishop again landed from the deck of the *Border Maid*. While the islands of Melanesia had been untouched by missionary enterprise, the Polynesian Islands and those of Fiji were better off, being already nobly worked by the London and the Wesleyan Missionary Societies respectively, and at Tanna, in the New Hebrides, the Presbyterian Mission had a flourishing station. Attention had already been excited at home to this part of the Mission-field by the death of John Williams and his companions at Erromanga; but the interest then awakened had begun to diminish when Bishop Selwyn came into the

field. He did his best to conciliate the natives, touching at the Loyalty Islands, New Caledonia, and the Isle of Pines, and was successful in persuading a few youths to accompany him on his return. The greatest nerve and good-humour was needed in the work, for the people had been aggravated by several recent collisions with the traders, some of them attended by massacres and dreadful scenes. But one of the strongest features of the Mission party was its utter absence of arms, a trustfulness which, without means of defence, throws itself upon that sense of honour which is found in the most degraded and ignorant. Sometimes the present of a few fish-hooks, combined with a kindly demeanour, would bring round a crowd of naked fellows, to reach whom the Bishop had waded alone a considerable distance from the ship. Then would follow words and signs, more of the latter perhaps, but at any rate distinguishable to the natives. The aim of course being always to get them to let a few of their younger companions come on board and accompany the ship. The following will represent one of these addresses,—

“No fight, no bow, no spear, ship very good, plenty food, plenty yam, plenty cocoanut, plenty clothes, all same as this (pointing to his own old garments dripping with sea water), very good! these boys away, stop with me—my land very good, no fight, ten moons we come back, by-and-by plenty talk—boys come, I hear boys talk by-and-by, plenty man go to my land, my land New Zealand—you say New Zealand.”

In most cases such an appeal succeeded; at any rate no insult was offered to the visitors, and a ground of confidence, however slight, was established to be worked upon at a future visit. But it was not always so.

For instance, when the *Border Maid* touched at Mallicolo in 1851, the natives were very threatening, and the Bishop and his party, who had landed, were,



NATIVE VILLAGE, NEW ZEALAND.

humanly speaking, only preserved from being massacred on the spot by great presence of mind, which enabled them to walk down to the boat surrounded by an angry crowd, armed and brandishing all their weapons.

One of the most promising of the young converts was Siapo, a chief from the island of Nengoné. When this young fellow was brought to the college at New Zealand he exhibited great aptitude in his studies, but health failing from the change of climate, he had to return to his genial native air. Soon he recovered and longed to go back again, begging that his betrothed, the gentle Wabisane, might be his companion. To this the Bishop consented, and contrived on the voyage, by a skilful manipulation of his own counterpane, to array the dark maiden and her attendant native girl with petticoats decorated with scarlet ribbon. A missionary Bishop has to do and endure many unconventional things, but this is possibly the only instance on record of an episcopal dignitary being successfully engaged in the mysteries of the dressmaker's art. But the instance exactly illustrates the practical and unselfish character of Bishop Selwyn, of whom it is recorded in his admirable biography, that on one occasion, being refused the shelter of a hut by an inhospitable chief, he had to content himself with a pig-sty, in which he passed the night with that content and patience which sweetens the hardest lot.

In this brief retrospect of the work which Patteson was presently to take up, another young Melanesian must find a space. He was a little boy called Umao, who had been for a long time the attached and unwearied nurse of an English sailor of no high type, for throughout his sickness he seems to have treated the lad with great roughness. This little fellow was picked up at Tanna, and carried back to Sydney with the sailor, dying in the arms of the Bishop while in the act of being received, by the rite of baptism, into the Christian Church. He was one of the firstfruits of the

Mission, and led the way to heaven. The mortality among these young Melanesians when brought to New Zealand for education, forced upon the mind of Bishop Selwyn the necessity of finding a spot where the air was congenial; and as it had just been decided by the English Government to transfer the famous mutineers of the *Bounty* from the old home at Pitcairn's Island to Norfolk Island, he determined to establish a sort of sanatorium at the latter place. It was just at this time, in face of the increased expense such a change must involve, that Bishop Selwyn returned home, and begged for that assistance which found its highest embodiment in the young Oxonian who was returning with him now in the *Duke of Portland*. In the great war in the Crimea, the nation was spending lavishly the costly price of her treasure and her sons. At the University of Cambridge twelve hundred young men volunteered to fill up the gaps in the field. Such patriotism was splendid, but the Bishop made his appeal for a higher service, and, in words as follows, begged the undergraduates to enlist in a yet nobler enterprise,—

“Let the Head of our Church have about Him, as His staff and on His list of volunteers, a body of young men who are ready to go anywhere and do anything. If but fifty men in each University would every year renounce the hope of quiet residence in a college, or of domestic comfort in a rural parish, there would be men enough at the disposal of the Church to officer every outlying post of her work. We want men of mind and faith to mould the institutions of our infant colony; above all, we need men who can stand alone, like heaven-descended priests of the most high God, in the midst of the lonely wilderness.”

In yonder vessel, slowly making her way through buffeting waves to New Zealand, is a beating heart full of inspiration to spend itself for God in “the lonely wilderness.” He is the “man of mind and faith” for whom the Bishop asked so urgently, a mind with

capacities of inestimable value to the work approaching, a faith deep, simple, implicit, which rests unshaken on the Rock of Ages.

Henceforth we shall follow his footsteps in this narrative till they stop at a martyr's grave.





CHAPTER IV.

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE AND THE FIRST CRUISE.

"And other sheep have I, where fringed palms
Wave over islands in a sunny sea.
I am their Shepherd too; these outstretched arms
Bid them a loving welcome unto Me.
Tell them My name of Love, and call them home
From sin's dark distance where they blindly roam."

"*RATHER* hot. It is very fine to see all the stars of the heavens almost rise and pass overhead and set—Great Bear and Southern Cross shining as in rivalry of each other, and *both* hemispheres showing forth all their glory. Only the Polar Star that shines straight above you is gone below our horizon; and One alone knows how much toil and perhaps sorrow there may be in store for me before I see it again. But there is and will be much happiness and comfort also, for indeed I have great peace of mind and a firm conviction that I am doing what is right, a feeling that God is directing and ordering the course of my life, and whenever I take the only true view of the business of life I am happy and cheerful."

These words Patteson writes in his journal when in latitude 4° N., longitude 25° W., on the great sea. They speak the mind made up, tell of the great peace which has settled like a soothing cloud of blessing upon the heart, sensitive and tried with the sorrow of farewell. He has begun already to bury the past, so far as its interest might impede the full-heartedness of his future; and, standing on the deck in that starry night, girds himself as a strong man to run the glorious race.

He was delighted to find that his would be the congenial occupation of accompanying the Bishop on his visits to the islands, and few men were more naturally in sympathy with the sea than he. He was a born sailor, and this fact greatly pleased the Bishop, who knew so well how important a qualification it would prove for the life before him. In the voyage these two had many happy opportunities of converse, getting to know each other better every day, and laying out plans for the future. Bishop Selwyn writes to a friend at the time, and gives this emphatic testimony to the worth of his new yoke-fellow,—

“Coley Patteson is a treasure which I humbly set down as a Divine recompense for our own boys.”

Two things made Patteson busy on the way; first, an attempt to master the Maori language; and, secondly, the practice of navigation. In the former we have already seen that he had the gift of tongues; in the latter he showed an equal proficiency, entering into its minutest details with the same zest as if he had been the stroke oar in the University boat.

At last they arrived at Auckland, which he describes in one of his letters as a small seaside town, composed chiefly of roughly-built houses, among which the Wesleyan Chapel, the Roman Catholic Chapel, and the Episcopal Church of St. Paul stand out with a look which reminds him of home.

He finds that his work will lie at the college in the neighbourhood of Auckland, where there is a resident

clergyman, and after he has been there a little time he hopes to go on his first cruise with his Bishop. At present, however, it is essential that he should master the language, and this he will do chiefly by constant contact with the Maoris at St. John's.

As he might have expected, Patteson soon found that he would be in "labours abundant," and in the midst of his new surroundings he would have "to endure hardness as a good soldier of Christ."

"I clean, of course, my room in part, make my bed, help to clear away things after meals, etc., and am quite accustomed to do without servants for anything but cooking."

He is delighted with the little chapel, with its accommodation for about seventy people; and on his first Sunday there, is deeply moved by hearing the old Psalms chanted by the worshippers. Then he walks six miles and preaches his first sermon in Maori, and is so successful that a native afterwards remarked to the Archdeacon, who usually conducted service, "Why do you not speak like ze Pattihana?"

He is struck with the different shades of complexion among the natives, varying from a light brown to an intense black, and some of them elaborately tattooed from top to toe. He speaks of one man whose face was so covered with a regular pattern that scarcely a spot remained untouched, each cheek being marked with a corresponding pattern. There seems to be a distinguishing mark for each tribe, some being known at once by the design on the face. He makes strange acquaintances here; one a young chief whose father had the honour of a presentation to George IV.; a doubtful character, however, this ancestor was, for he boasted that he and his braves had put to death an entire tribe which formerly lived on the land where the college buildings stood. There was, however, this more satisfactory phase of the incident, that this young fellow, the scion of such an evil stock, was the first New Zealander who had, as an infant, been baptized.

So in the midst of these strange scenes, Patteson begins to make himself at home in his new work, to love the dark-skinned men who looked to him for light and teaching, to taste the elixir of that sacred ambition which was a new life to him. In a very true sense, he had turned his back upon his old self, buried it, in fact, with the sacrifice he had made in leaving the English shores.

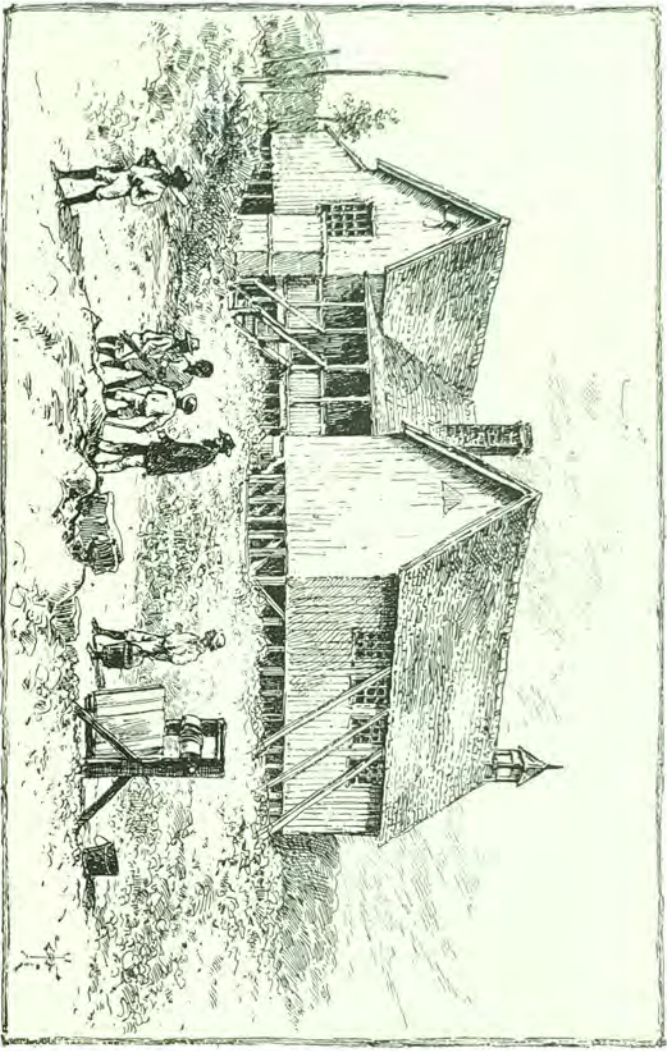
We find him and the Bishop, with trousers rolled up, helping to release some cart-horses on the beach. "This is your first lesson in mud-larking, Coley," was the remark of Selwyn over their respective appearances.

Mud-larking such as this certainly is not usual with eminent Church dignitaries; but Patteson, the crack player at cricket and tennis, is quite in his element in this practice of muscular Christianity. A strong-hearted, hard-headed, brave man, alike physically and spiritually fit for the Master's use in such a work. And yet none had a tenderer clinging towards the home and loved ones he had left behind.

He tells his sister Fanny, "I do not doubt that I am where I ought to be; I do think and trust that God has given me this work to do, but I need earnest prayers for strength that I *may* do it."

He sees in these native fellows splendid qualities, which only need a little judicious and patient training to bring out. Certainly the untamed heathen is not very nice company, dirty to an unimagined extent, but for all that "he is probably intelligent, hospitable, and not insensible to the advantage of hearing about religion."

Two texts, he tells us, are specially before his mind at this time; the first, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," a word to stimulate him to exertion and enterprise; the other, "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof," a caution against bearing the burden of to-morrow. Patteson, in the midst of the flood of manifold duties, holds on to that stake of



PATTESON'S HOUSE AT ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, NEW ZEALAND.

safety—the grace and constant presence of his God. “I hardly dare look forward,” he says, “to what my work may be on earth; I cannot see my way, but I feel sure that He is ordering it all, and I try to look on beyond the earth, where at length, by God’s mercy, we may all find rest.”

His daily intercourse with the natives drew him into deeper sympathy with them. In teaching them the truths of Scripture and Christian doctrine he found them apt scholars, ready with questions which showed their intelligent interest in the subject in hand.

His great gifts in language made him very popular among the poor heathen. He was so thorough in studying the niceties of the dialects, so patient in acquiring every chance word or expression which might qualify him more completely for preaching with effect and success. When it was known that he meditated a cruise among the islands, about thirty or forty of the natives gathered round him, begging him to stay.

“We want *you*, you speak so plainly we can understand you!”

“No, I am going to the islands, to the blacks there.”

The Maories always speak of the blacks with a certain contempt.

“You are wanted *here*, never mind the blacks!”

“Ought not the Gospel to be preached to them too? They have no teacher. Is it not right they should be taught as you have been?”

“*Ak ra e tika ana.*” (Yes, yes, that is right.)

During one of his visits to the islands of the neighbourhood, he met with a hospitable reception from some rather festive mourners.

It was in the Chatham Islands, which lie at a little distance from the New Zealand mainland. The occasion was a funeral feast of the Maories, the deceased being an old sea-captain, and his widow a diminutive Chinese woman. When Patteson arrived at the place, he found a large cloth spread over the grass, and upon it a profuse show of native dainties, pork, potatoes, and

so forth. The people welcomed the English clergyman very heartily, and somewhat embarrassed him by their insisting on his partaking of their provisions. However, he seems to have graciously escaped these civilities, and immensely delighted them by shaking hands with each in turn after dinner, an operation not without its disadvantages, as the company had dispensed with knives and forks in their repast just concluded. It is characteristic of him, that on leaving the place he was attracted to a decrepit old man, striving to get a glimpse of the visitor from his hut. Patteson went back and shook hands and talked to the white-headed Maori, leaving behind him an impression of gratitude and pleasure which could not fade for many a day.

There was one thing about Patteson which made the natives greatly respect him, especially the young fellows who were in the college. This was his readiness to do anything, his ability to do almost everything, and his industry in being always at it. It mattered not whether the duty was making a sermon or mending a kettle, sweeping a room, or cooking the dinner, nothing came amiss to him. There was a proverb in the Maori tongue with respect to their white lords and masters, "Gentleman-gentleman thought nothing that ought to be done too mean for him; pig-gentleman never worked." It is needless to say that Patteson stood high in the former class of gentry.

With intense anticipation he waited for the approaching day when he should sail with the Bishop to cruise among the isles of Melanesia.

That moment came at last as the month of May, 1856, came round. He had reached his twenty-ninth year, was in capital health, and ready for anything. The trim little schooner, *Southern Cross*, waited for them, and the party went on board on Ascension Day, the first of that month. Bishop Selwyn and his devoted wife, Mr. Harper, a son of the future Bishop of Lyttelton, and five men to act as crew, formed, with Patteson, the party. They partook of Holy Communion in the

College chapel before starting, and their hearts were buoyant with faith in God.

Their first experience was of such a storm as St. Paul met with on his voyage in Adria, but providentially, in their case, the good ship stood the gale. Patteson had never seen the sea in such magnificent fury, and as he kept his footing on the wave-washed deck, his heart was stirred with the sublime sight.

Out of this awful tempest, however, they rode safely, and the *Southern Cross* entered smoother seas, bearing as its precious freight the ambassadors of Him, who "maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still." Fifteen days after their start from Auckland they arrived at Norfolk Island, the Bishop and Patteson rowing into Cascade Bay. Here they leaped ashore in the surf, and walking amid the rich and beautiful vegetation of the tropics, met with a man, a convict, who had been left behind with eleven others when the prison establishment had been broken up. The Pitcairners had not yet arrived at their new abode. Embarking once more, they had a fair passage to Sydney, into which harbour they entered on the 10th of June, and were heartily welcomed.

Patteson had said in one of his letters, written on board to his sister, how much he missed the services of the English places of worship. With all the glorious luxuriance of natural beauty which crowns these islands, his thoughts looked back wistfully to the association of sacred occasions and scenes at home, never to be forgotten. "One often loses the spirit," says he, "when the form is withdrawn, and I still sorely long for the worship of God in the beauty of holiness, and my mind reverts to Ottery Church, and College chapels, and vast glorious cathedrals." The sight of Sydney with its churches upon the eye of one "who for fourteen months had scarcely seen anything but a small wooden church," was refreshing indeed. In a letter to his little correspondent, "darling Pena," he tells of the beauty of the flowers, the magnificent trees, and how

glad he was to see this fine harbour of Sydney, while to his sister he expressed the fulness of his joy in the enjoyment of a real English Sunday ashore.

During the stay of the *Southern Cross* a large and influential missionary meeting was called in Sydney, summoned by the Australian Board to consider the pressing question of the extension of its work in the islands of Melanesia. The Bishops of Sydney, Newcastle, and New Zealand spoke eloquently on the call to labour which so unmistakably appealed to the Christians, and Patteson, who was introduced to the meeting by Bishop Selwyn in terms full of genuine feeling, had his word to say for the work to which he had now resolutely set his hand.

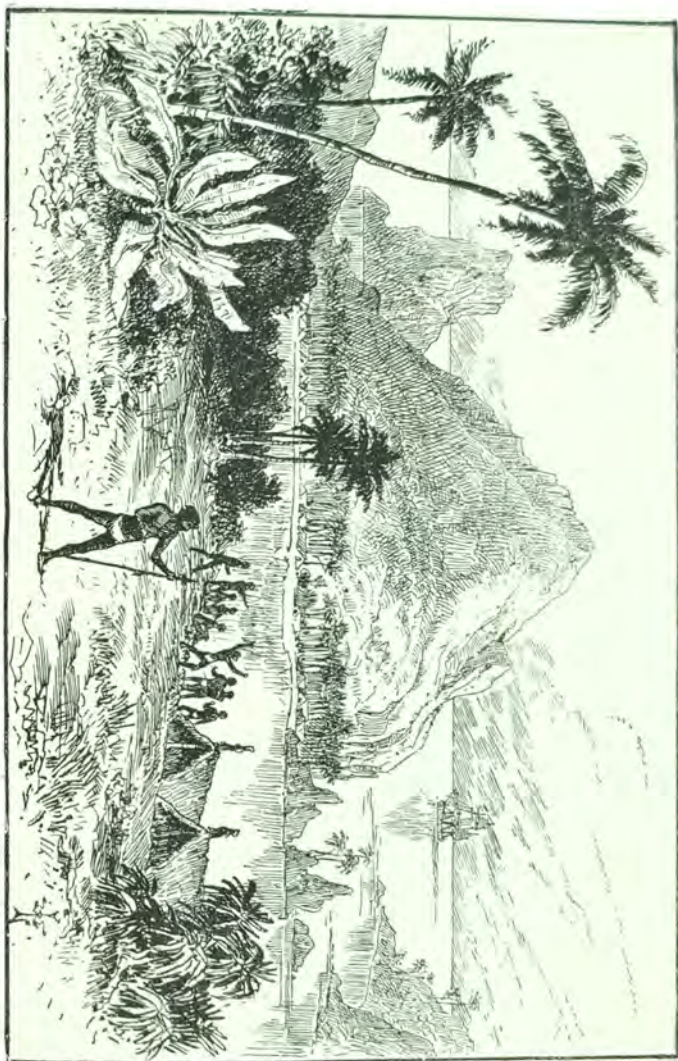
In tracing the missionary journeys of this vessel of peace, it is delightful to mark the brotherhood and charity with which the Bishop and Patteson greeted those who, already labouring for the same Master, were attached to other branches of His Church on earth. Selwyn and his faithful coadjutor were of one heart and mind in this, that wherever the work was being done they would never intrude themselves, visiting such places only to wish their brethren Godspeed, and passing on to the yet untouched fields, where the dark and evil harvest of sin and ignorance waited the golden sickle of the Gospel of Christ. While the Church at home was being torn with violent controversies, the echoes of this clamour scarcely reached their ears; faced by a common foe, their faith and patience tested everywhere by a like experience, these standard-bearers of the Cross were drawn together by a loving sympathy, and in their struggle knew none other name under heaven but Christ and Him crucified.

When the *Southern Cross* reached Aneityum in July, it was to visit the excellent work which two noble missionaries, Messrs. Geddie and Inglis, had carried on for some years under the auspices of the Scottish Presbyterian Missionary Society. So successful had they been, that out of a population of four thousand

natives, only three hundred could be counted as remaining in heathenism. Mr. Geddie was absent at another island just then, but the canoes which came to welcome the ship brought a Tahitian native teacher, a Futuma man, and several Christian natives. While Patteson was being rowed to land by these individuals he was immensely entertained by the peculiarity of costume which they affected. The Futuma gentleman had apparently bestowed upon his hair an undivided attention; frizzed and curled like a poodle's coat, it was trained to stand up for several inches above his head by the aid of a plaster of coral-lime and fibre bands. The total absence of any other adornment in the shape of raiment showed how thoroughly this dark-skinned Beau Brummel was a man of one idea. The neat and attractive appearance of the Mission residence, the boarding-houses established for young men and women, the excellent school-work in progress, and the intense affection expressed by the natives for the missionaries, all greatly encouraged the visitors.

Bidding their friends farewell, the ship sailed again, passing Erromanga, the scene of the martyrdom of John Williams, and arrived at Faté—an island of very evil repute, as the natives were cannibals, and had already murdered their Samoan teachers. Landing here was out of the question, but from the canoes which surrounded the ship they took two fellows to accompany them on their cruise. Referring to these visitors, Patteson writes home, speaking of them as "Alsoff, a man of perhaps forty-five, and Mospa, a very intelligent young man, from whom I am picking up words as fast as I can. F. would have laughed to have seen me rigging them out in calico shirts, buttoning them up. Mospa gave me his wooden comb, which they push through their hair as you ladies do coral or gold pins at parties. Another fellow, whose head was elaborately frizzed and plastered with coral-lime, departed with one of my common calico pocket-handkerchiefs with my name in Joan's marking.

SAN CRISTOVAL ISLAND.



This is to adorn his head, and for aught I know is the first, and certainly the best, specimen of handwriting in the island."

Shortly afterwards they came in sight of the magnificent range of mountains which rise four thousand feet on the Island of San Spirito. The aspect of these beautiful tropical gems of the ocean greatly pleased the eye of the new missionary. He tells us how the waters were limpid with a crystalline clearness, and that on the land the flowers were radiant in the sunlight. In the shallows ran and played a crowd of children, romping just as their little white brothers and sisters do at home, and evidently knowing nothing of the fear and distrust which had been engendered in the minds of their elders. They came round him affectionately, and were full of curiosity to examine the pockets of his coat, and note in his various garments what was to them the appearance of successive skins.

The women here do all the work, but this is not much, for the food of the people grows within reach of their hands, plenty of yams and cocoanuts being provided by Nature with very little, if any, cultivation. The men spend their time when not at war in lying on the warm coral, enjoying the sunshine and the wafted airs from the blue sea, a life of natural idleness and inertia which proves a stumbling-block in the lives of young converts to Christianity. The cottages on this island are of a very primitive pattern, made of cocoanut fibre and leaves by way of thatch, and perfectly open at either end. Patteson noticed a curious method these people employ in procuring water for their use. They slice a number of bamboo canes and join them together, so making a long channel, which is supported at intervals by uprights, and conducts the water for miles from the hills beyond. He tasted this water, and found it very cool and refreshing, and observed that they also utilise the bamboo still further by stopping up one end of its long

tubular cane, and filling this like a bottle to carry into the village.

There is a wild beauty everywhere, and nothing is wanting to perfect the picture of these island glories. They form a galaxy of glorious stars in the firmament of the azure sea. Amid their wealth of gleaming colour and flashing life it seems almost inconceivable that behind the screen of this beauty there lurks the darkest crime and all the murderous cruelty of the savage heart. To Patteson, whose mind was quick to appreciate the artistic beauty of such a scene, the glow of pleasure which flushed him would pale down as the stern reality of the shadow, the crouching sinfiend, demanded the utmost heroism of his soul.

But of the loveliness which met his gaze he gives us living pictures, and this chapter shall close with a delicious little sketch of San Christoval,—

“Oh the beauty of the deep clefts within coral reefs, lined with coral—blue, purple, scarlet, green, and white! The little blue fishes, the bright blue starfish, the white land-crabs walking away with other people's shells! But who can show you the bright line of surf breaking the blue of this truly pacific ocean, and the tropical sun piercing the masses of foliage which nothing less dazzling could penetrate? How lovely it was! There were the coral crags, the masses of forest trees, the creepers, literally hundreds of yards long, crawling along and hanging from the cliffs, the bananas and palms, the dark figures on the edge of the rocks looking down upon us from among the trees, the people assembling on the bright beach—coral dust it may be called, for it was as fine as sand—cottages among the trees, and a pond of fresh water close beside them, winding away round the cliff till hidden by a bank of wood.”





CHAPTER V.

HOW THE HEATHEN HEART WAS WON.

“ The Name that is above every name,
Hath still its mighty power to save,
Gleams through our life its living flame,
And flings its radiance o'er the grave.
Fulfil the promise of Thy word,
' Thy kingdom come,' O Christ our Lord.”

AMID the wild solitudes of the Dark Continent Livingstone found that the white man in the guise of the Arab slave-trader had preceded him, and step by step the intrepid explorer had to battle with this natural enemy of the coloured race. It was this vile traffic which blighted those African villages, and forced from this noble heart the dying prayer that others might help “to heal this open sore of the world.”

In like manner Patteson was forestalled by the same vicious influence, and eventually paid the forfeit of his life in his endeavours, in his Master's name, to win the wronged confidence of the Melanesian.

His first acquaintance with the traffic was when gliding through the gleaming waters off the coast of

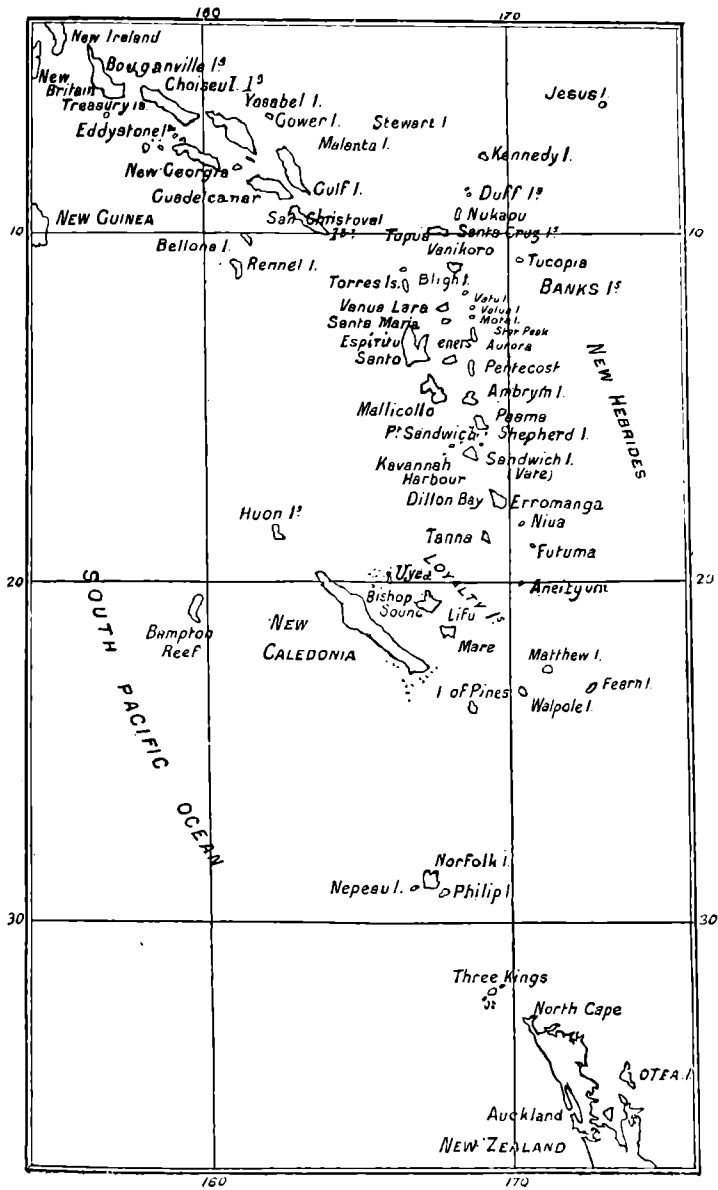
Espiritu Santo, the *Southern Cross* sighted another vessel at anchor off the shore. This brig was no Mission ship with its messengers of peace and goodwill, but commanded by a notorious villain who had already carried desolation enough into these scenes. His career of kidnapping had aroused in the deceived islanders many attempts at reprisals, which in each case he met with cruel revenge. Patteson affirms that at Nengoné this man shot three natives who swam to his ship, and at Mallicolo killed eight others. Fortunately, for these crimes he had been brought to justice and tried for his life at Sydney, and now on his good behaviour was resuming his work as a sandalwood trader in the district. The presence of Patteson doubtless had its effect in restricting the outrages of this and other scoundrels who disgraced the English name, but subsequent events showed that this snake in the grass of this Mission field was scotched, not killed.

The distrust engendered among the natives made the visits of the missionaries to these islands very perilous. As an instance of this they had a narrow escape in touching at the isle of Bellona. The reef prevented their boat coming near to the land, so the Bishop and Patteson, throwing off their coats, took a header and swam to the shore, carrying axes and adzes as presents in their hands. At first the beach seemed quite deserted; some really beautiful canoes, however, showed the intelligence of the people. About to place their gifts in these canoes and return, they suddenly saw some men watching them, and to these Patteson walked with friendly confidence. Then came the usual but not very congenial Maori salutations, the rubbing of noses and pleasant greetings. A chief armed with a spear was now amongst them, and Patteson says, "I had my straw hat fastened by a ribbon which my friend coveted, so I let him take it, which he did by putting his adze (my gift) against it, close to my ear, and cutting it off—not the least occasion to be afraid

of them." But the Bishop, with his quick eye, saw danger lurking in the manner of the men, and whispered to Patteson to be on the alert, "We are not on the beach at Sidmouth." And yet with these people, as with those bereft of reason at home, a sign of fear means weakness and loss of control, so the missionaries had to present a firm and confident demeanour while inwardly recognising the gravity of their position. Reaching the water again at last they plunged in and swam for their lives to the boat, on gaining which, like very schoolboys, they dived under its keel and splashed about the warm waves with relish and satisfaction.

When they landed at Bauro their reception was more pleasant; here, at one of the villages, they met with an old chief, whose acquaintance Bishop Selwyn had made on one of his previous voyages. After visiting the native boat-building establishment, they were conducted to the council-chamber of the chief. Here a startling sight presented itself, for hanging from the roof of the long hut were a large number of human skulls, many of them black with the smoke fumes, and others from their whiteness evidently but newly added to the display. The chief and his people crowded into the place, and then, amid these dreadful testimonies of the brutality of heathen darkness, Bishop Selwyn brought out a book in their language and preached to them on the sinfulness of cruel war, and how the great God loved them, and would have them abandon such awful customs. A strange but fitting place for such a sermon; and while these poor ignorant fellows listened to the words of good news, the two Englishmen were profoundly impressed with the scene.

When they left, five native boys returned with them to the ship; and the chief, as a mark of special favour, waded through the surf up to his waist to bid them adieu. Their pleasure, however, was a little dashed with disappointment on finding that a former convert,



MAP OF MELANESIA.

by name Diddimang, had lapsed into his old ways again.

The *Southern Cross* reached Guadalcanar or Gera, and immediately a number of natives leaped into the sea and swam towards it, bringing yams and other produce for barter in their hands. The absence of arms showed that their intentions were friendly, and a number of them were allowed to come on deck. They seemed to have been a rather aristocratic race, and were adorned with fantastic arrangements of shells, frontlets, girdles, bracelets extending far up the arm; and although not tattooed like the other islanders, they had branded their skin in a peculiar fashion. Their noses, as usual, came in for much elaborate decoration, small skewers of wood being thrust therein, and sticking out on either side like the whiskers of a cat. The mother-of-pearl which abounds in the district hung about them in the shape of nose-rings of various dimensions. Fortunately the boys from Bauro could talk a little to these fellows, and two young men were persuaded to remain with the ship.

The Solomon Islands Group, which next claimed the missionaries' attention, is associated with Spanish history of three centuries ago. Alvaro de Mendana had, in the course of a cruise of discovery in 1567, lighted upon these isles, and after some conflict with the natives began to establish a colony on Santa Cruz. Difficulties, however, soon arose, the old chief Malope was murdered by the Spaniards, the leader of the expedition soon followed; and finally his wife with what was left of the colonists departed. Certainly the scenery of this island is grand enough to tempt any to brave the savage character of its denizens. Its magnificent volcano, the actual cone being alone visible, towering 2,000 feet high, pours forth a constant stream of molten lava.

An intense and melancholy interest attaches to the visit the party next made to the island of Nukapu, where the people came crowding in their canoes with

apparent friendliness. Patteson does not appear to have landed on this occasion. The next time he crossed that coral reef it was to die. So in that ignorance of to-morrow our eyes are holden by His infinite mercy, and the faithful servant who sees only his working-place, little dreams that there he will one day find the threshold of everlasting rest and peace.

Patteson showed an eager readiness to approach these doubtful natives, swimming ashore from the boat and fraternising with them, using abundant gesture where he found words not understood. The wisdom and carefulness of his companion the Bishop, however, were constantly required ; and on one occasion when he had been hastily recalled by some unseen danger, he was warned that, unknown to him, many of the younger natives were hiding in the bush with their arms prepared to shoot. In several cases as they touched at these islands they became aware of visits from Europeans many years before—shipwrecked crews never since heard of, and discoverers perishing on those unknown shores. Nearly a hundred years before two French vessels had, during a tour of observation in the Pacific, fallen into the hands of the Samoan natives, at that time untouched by the blessings of Christian teaching. The crews were supposed to be all massacred. It afterwards transpired, however, that the vessels were wrecked on the reef, and many who escaped the arrows of the natives were devoured by the sharks which abound in the shallows. Others appear to have entrenched themselves for a while, but of their fate not a trace was ever afterwards heard.

On this gruesome shore the Bishop and Patteson landed, but saw no human creature. Walking a little further into the interior they were horrified to discover undoubted evidences of cannibalism, and this first introduction of Patteson to the most awful phase of heathenism greatly impressed him. A half-hearted

worker, in whom there is not the stamp of a genuine missionary, would, in face of such abominations, find some excuse for at any rate limiting his endeavours to more agreeable surroundings; but with a heart like Patteson's, beating high with the real heroic spirit, the denser the darkness and the deeper the difficulty the more he felt urged to fearless zeal. For himself he cared nothing, as no true servant of God ought or need; he had given his life to the work, and, like his Master, he felt straitened until it was accomplished.

The *Southern Cross* passed on, and arrived at last at Nengoné, at the beginning of September. On this island the Melanesian Mission had already made a beginning of settled work. Mr. Nihill, a valued clergyman, after living on the island two years with his wife, had passed away in the midst of his labours, and Mrs. Nihill returned to New Zealand. The people had become deeply attached to their missionary, and the native teachers whom he had instructed in the doctrines of the faith were bravely carrying on the work still. When the *Southern Cross* came in sight it caused great joy on shore; and Mark, a baptised teacher, lost no time in coming on board to welcome the Bishop and his party. When they landed, taking the two Bauro boys with them, they found the converts and teachers all assembled before the house where Mr. Nihill died, to receive them. The Mission buildings, its little church made of coral-lime, the draped bodies of the natives, above all the pure happiness which shone in their faces, all gladdened the heart of the visitors after what they had witnessed elsewhere, and was evidence of the change wrought by the touch of the hand of Him, who causeth old things to pass away and all things to become new in the heart and life of sinful man.

Before they departed an impressive and tender incident took place. Bishop Selwyn had brought from Auckland a memorial cross to place over the grave of his devoted fellow-helper, and in the presence of a

multitude, moved with simple and loving regret, he erected the sacred emblem. Upon it, in their own language, was written the immortal words, "I am the Resurrection and the Life."

Returning to Norfolk Island they had an opportunity for some rest; Patteson employing it in part in writing letters to his relatives at home. To his brother he gives a full account of the voyage, and, speaking of the character of these islanders, says, "They are generally gentle, and seem to cling to one, not with the very independent goodwill of New Zealanders, but with the soft yielding character of the child of the tropics. They are *fond*, that is the word for them. I have had boys and men, in a few minutes after landing, follow me like a dog, holding their hands in mine as a little child does with its nurse." This shows these poor heathen in another light; how, beyond their cruel rites and wild ferocity, they had hearts to be touched with the fellow-feeling which links the brotherhood of men, and were ready to receive tidings of the compassion of a Saviour. To Patteson these dusky figures moving in crowds on their coral shores were so many men; "savages" he would never allow them to be called. After recounting the incidents of this his first voyage, after visiting sixty-six islands, and landing eighty-one times, he assures us, "All were most friendly and delightful, only two arrows have been shot at us, and only one coming near—so much for *savages*. I wonder what people ought to call sandal-wood traders and slave-masters if they call my Melanesians savages?" he asks with a touch of indignation. Patteson, in common with Gordon and Livingstone, had that "enthusiasm for humanity" which sees and loves the good in the most despised. It is simply the spirit of Him who came into the world "to seek and to save that which was lost."

Patteson made up his mind that these poor fellows should trust him. He knew no fear, and took every occasion to put himself frankly in their power, while

chasing away all their anger with that good-natured and assuring smile of his. When at Gera, he landed amongst a crowd of suspicious natives, and walked inland in the midst of them, then passed the night in a hut where a score of them lay, and the experiment seems to have been crowned with the success its courage deserved. They treated him kindly; and we can imagine that in the darkness of that night, surrounded by strange companions, Patteson had words of a gracious message to deliver from One who sought their confidence with a love far higher than his own.

He was resolute in keeping his undivided interest in the work. Thoughts of home and the sweet associations there must not tempt his heart away from the stern realities before him. Of course he does not forget them; writing to his sister on her birthday, he says, "I think of all your daily occupations—school, garden, driving, etc.—your Sunday reading, visiting the cottages, etc., and the very thought of it makes me feel like old times. When occasionally I dream, or fall into a kind of trance when awake, and fancy myself walking up from the lodge to the house, and old forms and faces rise up before me, I can scarcely contain the burst of joy and happiness, and then I give a shake and say, 'Well, it would be very nice; but look about the horizon and see how many islands you can count!' and then, instead of thoughts of home for myself, I am tempted to induce others to leave their homes, though I really don't think many men have such a home to leave, or remain so long as I did—one of the home fireside."

Thus ends his first voyage, full of meaning to him, enriching him with experience, inflaming him with an increasing devotedness to the work. He was not in such good health as when he started; an inflamed leg had given him much uneasiness, and he was glad to return to St. John's College, at Auckland, with his new consignment of native youths to train and teach for Christ. The letters which awaited him were a

glad surprise to him. Great was his delight to be back amongst his old pupils once more. Then the new consignment of young natives called for unremitting attention, in training them in Christian doctrines and civilised habits, and not less in acquiring the various languages which they represented. His pride in and affection for these Melanesian lads was unstinted: "I would not exchange my position with these lads and young men for anything. I wish you could see them and know them; I don't think *you* ever had pupils that could win their way into your heart more effectually than these fellows have attached themselves to me." These words he wrote to his uncle, the master at Eton; and they speak his heart. In his teaching, Patteson finds, as is generally the case, a special pleasure in leading the thoughts of these young disciples through the Lord's Prayer. He tells us how solemn and touching it was to see these boys kneeling around him, and repeating the words, "Our Father, which art in heaven;" not, perhaps, understanding it all fully, but quite as much, possibly, as the average Christian at home. He is almost as watchful over their physical as of their spiritual interests. The climate tried them terribly; and Patteson gives up his own bed to the use of these shivering and fever-stricken boys, and is night and day watching and tending them. He is charmed with their patient suffering, and cheered by the unfeigned gratitude they express.

Perhaps the only thing which tries his patience is the words of praise which from time to time reach his ears from the outside. He cannot be persuaded to believe that he is either a great or good man. He says he "can't bear the things Sophy said in one of her letters about my having given up, etc. It seems mock humility to write it, but, dear uncle, if *I* am conscious of a life so utterly unlike what all you dear ones fancy it to be, what must it be in the sight of God and His holy angels?"

When General Gordon entered the desert on his

last journey, he begged for prayers at home on his behalf; and Patteson, in all his letters as he moves onward in this grand work, to which he had given himself wholly, asks all who love him to pray that he may have grace and strength for this undertaking.

His missionary journeyings over for the present, Patteson settled down to mould and inspire the minds of his young pupils at the College of St. John's, Auckland. He was himself so thoroughly in earnest that his spirit was unconsciously diffused among those poor islanders. To them he was a father, a friend, an adviser, a playmate, a great heart embracing theirs, a strong will leading them forward and upward every day. He had them up when the day began to dawn over the sea, and as early as half-past seven they were gathered in the little chapel for morning worship. Then, after breakfast, came the domestic work—cleaning, sweeping, making beds, and so forth—in which, as usual, Patteson never failed to do the duty first himself, so that none of these lads should fancy anything beneath them. After their studies, they all dined together in the orthodox college fashion, and the afternoon brought healthy recreation and activity. Patteson taught them cricket; but we have not any record of remarkable scores made by these colts of Melanesia. Besides this, however, other occupations of a more useful character, such as printing, weaving, and so on, held their attention. Many naturally preferred at times to lie in the sunshine and recall as day-dreams the plashing of the warm waves on the coral reefs in the balmy atmosphere of their native home.

They seem to have shown a marvellous eagerness for knowledge, and labouring like the smallest English children at the mysteries of the alphabet, they made their studies such a merry and enjoyable exercise that anything like it would be an uncommonly rare spectacle in the schools at home.

Of course in all this there was the controlling idea

of making from this plastic and virgin material native missionaries for future work. It was therefore essential that the doctrines of the Christian faith should be engrafted in their opening minds. Patteson could not bring himself to consider the poor unenlightened heathen as under special condemnation, rather he rejoiced in hope of the glory of God, fulfilled in them when the light of the Gospel shall shine in their hearts. He gladly recognised whatever was good in them, their clinging, affectionate nature, the yearning for love and leading, the good impulses which underlay their wild and cruel nature. He was a believer in the love of God.

The youths from Nengoné, who had had the advantage of Mr. Nihill's previous instruction, were very promising, and on one occasion said to Patteson,—

“Sir, may we stay with you always? We see this teaching is right; may we be always with you at Norfolk Island or here? By-and-by we might be able to teach some other people.”

There is a beautiful simplicity in the utterances of these youths. One, Howine, a lad of seventeen, on one occasion wrote the following prayer, entirely of his own accord,—

“O God, Thou strengthenest us, Thou lovest us. We have come from a distant land, and no evil has happened to us, for Thou lovest us. Thou hast provided us with a Missionary to live here with us. Give us strength from Thee every day. We are men who have done evil before Thee, but Thou watchest over us, and savest us from the hands of Satan. We do not wish to follow him, but to be Thy servants, O Jesus, and the servants of Thy Great Father, and of the Holy Spirit, who givest us life for evermore!”

Thus fruit was being manifested of that good seed which Patteson was sowing in the hearts of his adopted children. The blessed truths of the Gospel were taking hold of their mind, the Spirit of God was already moving over the face of the dark waters of

their heathen natures. And He who breaketh not the bruised reed, and quencheth not the smoking flax, accepted these yearning cries for light and mercy, giving to these natives of the dark places of the earth the benediction of His love and peace.





CHAPTER VI.

IN THE MIDST OF HIS BOYS.

“ Sower of the immortal seed,
Faint not in thy sacred toil,
Leave results to Him who knows
Both the sower and the soil.

“ In that day, God's harvest home,
Thou shalt at the Master's feet
Lay thy sheaf of gold and hear
His ' well done ' thy labour greet.”

ONCE more the *Southern Cross* set her sails to the breeze, and carrying Bishop Selwyn and Patteson steered for the group of islands of the New Hebrides. In most cases they seem to have met with a friendly reception. In fact, at Whitsuntide Island, the conduct of the chief exhibited a politeness similar to that shown on a former occasion, which Patteson was always ready to recognise and appreciate when met with among these heathen. This man, Mankau by name, walked into the water to meet them, and presented the Bishop with a branch of bright hue as a token of peace. This act of welcome the Missionaries were, of course, not slow to reciprocate ; a hatchet was given in exchange for the offering, and the three waded to shore together.

By signs, the dark-skinned crowd on the beach were persuaded to sit down, and the chief taking charge of the yams and fruit they had brought for barter, conducted the exchanges with marked civility. Ignorant these poor natives were, and in their habits and impulses brutish too, but only those who persistently refuse to admit any virtue in the coloured race could deny much that was noble in these representatives of it. The foliage and volcanic beauty of these islands struck the visitors. In the case of Sugar-Loaf Island, the crater of the extinct volcano was covered with lovely creepers, festooned from point to point.

Many of the places had already been visited by the Bishop before, and Selwyn eagerly sought for the chiefs who had promised well in times past. A most encouraging feature was the desire for teaching, and the readiness to accept the good news on every hand exhibited. Reaching the island of New Caledonia, a large and important place upon which the French had recently formed a colony, a visit was made to Basset, the chief of Yenen, who had already years before asked very earnestly for an English missionary. Bishop Selwyn took a boat and rowed up the river to where this potentate held his court, and found Basset lying before his house, surrounded by his men. On every hand signs of industry were apparent; the yams were being carefully and regularly cultivated, and the habitations appeared well built and orderly. The chief greeted his visitors heartily. "Ah, Bishop, long time you no come see me, you see plenty house here all ready, all men want to learn, what for no man come to teach?"

Surely the broken English of this chief, in its simple earnestness, was as truly an appeal as, when in the vision of the man from Macedonia, the prayer was "Come over and help us."

Here was an open door, but no man was ready to enter therein. Bishop Selwyn had to tell Basset that

he had better come to Auckland to plead his own cause, for he had failed hitherto in trying to find a pastor for his country. Instead of this, however, the chief could only send a little orphan boy to be trained in the Auckland school. Afterwards the French, mistrusting his loyalty towards them, took the chief a prisoner to Tahiti, and he was heard of no more.

The presence of the French in the island of New



THE COURTEOUS CHIEF.

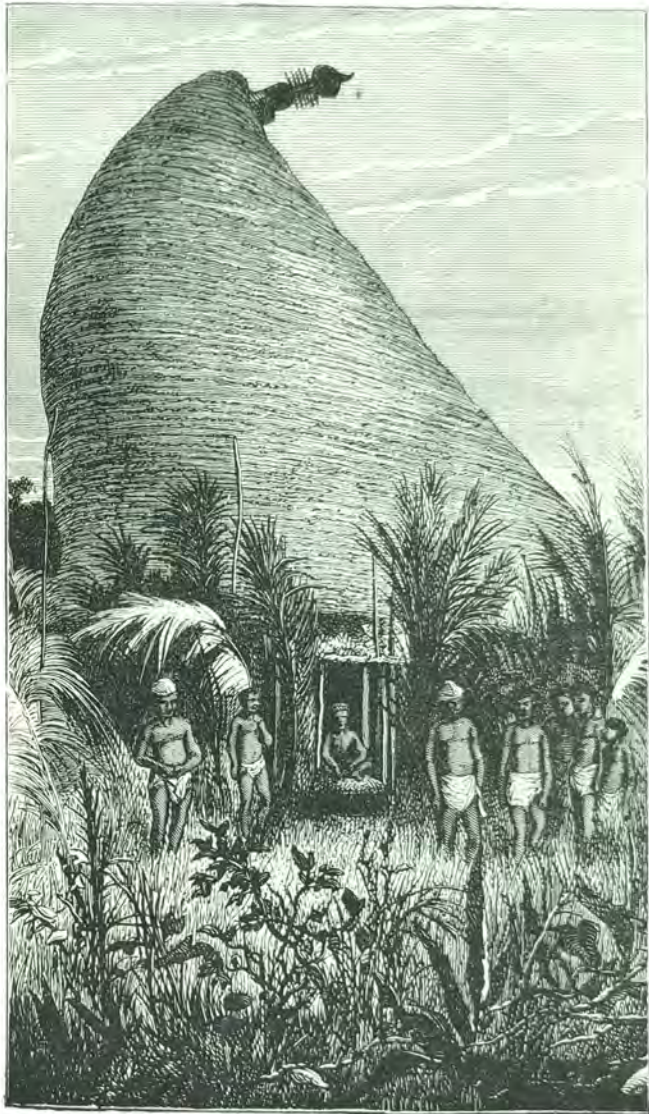
Calcedonia introduced a new element into the difficulties in the way of the Melanesian Missions. They had not only established themselves on the larger island, but claimed a right to interfere with the natives of the Loyalty group adjacent. The Romish priests were imported into the midst of these people, and, backed up by the men-of-war afloat and the soldiers ashore, they endeavoured to make converts by coercion. It has been seen that wherever Bishop Selwyn and

Patteson travelled on their missionary work, they found themselves in cordial sympathy with the labours of other Protestant Christians ; but the Roman Catholic Mission would have no fellowship with them, and persisted in opposing them everywhere.

It was evident that with all their material and warlike support, the work of the priests did not make much headway among the natives ; they had heard tidings of a better Gospel, and were disposed to resent the intrusion of a distasteful religion presented to them at the point of the bayonet. And yet they were so entirely at the mercy of the French, that Patteson, fearing a serious outbreak, hastened to negotiate with the principal priest, Père Montrouzier, who was a man of considerable experience in this work. He thoroughly distrusted the natives, and was determined to let them feel his authority. At the same time, Patteson found him a highly intelligent man ; and their discussion of the rights of teaching the heathen was not altogether unsatisfactory. "He knew his power," says Patteson in his journal, "but he behaved, I must say, well ; and if he is really sincere about the liberty of religious questions, I must be satisfied with the result of our talk."

Strange it seems to find these two men meeting here, the astute French ecclesiastic and the zealous Englishman, talking together under the waving cocoanut palms, and afterwards sleeping together in one of the rough dwellings close by. Let us hope that while on the matter under consideration they came to a satisfactory understanding, and did not fail to discover that behind their theological differences they could touch mutually in a grasp of real sympathy, and recognise in each other a unity of loyalty to the service of a common Master.

Patteson characteristically tells us in his journals his experiences over these negotiations. How, when it was over, the black people who had been anxiously watching the palaver, formed a circle round them,



NATIVE HUT, NEW CALEDONIA.

offering yams in abundance, as a testimony of their respect and, to Patteson, as a sign of their gratitude. And how he stood up and made a speech to the people in the Lifu language, which to the French missionary was Greek indeed, saying,—

“Be kind to the French, give them food and lodging. This is a duty which you are bound to pay to all men; but if they try to persuade you to change the teaching which you have received, don't listen to them. Who taught you to leave off war, and evil habits, to build chapels, to pray? Remember that, trust the teachers who have taught you the Word of God.”

After this, Patteson returned to talk the matter over with John Cho, his native minister. He shows us that this kind of travelling was no child's play. “Walked twenty miles back to We, where I am now writing. Went the twenty miles with no socks; feet sore, and shoes worn to pieces, cutting off leather as I came along. Nothing but broken bottles equals jagged coral. Paths went so that you never take three steps in the same direction, and every minute trip up against logs—coral hidden by long leaves and weeds trailing over the path. Often for half a mile you jump from one piece of coral to another. No shoes can stand it; and I was tired I assure you. Indeed, for the last two days, if I stopped for a minute to drink a nut, my legs were so stiff that they did not get into play for five minutes or so.”

The delicacy of the youths who were being gathered for training at St. John's College became again a pressing question, and necessitated the establishment of a school in one of the islands which should be sufficiently sheltered for a winter residence. Lifu was decided upon, and Patteson remained here over three weeks, teaching his class of twenty-five young fellows. His letters show how absorbed he was in his work—felling trees, building houses, doctoring his patients, earnestly engaged all round.

The next incident to be noted was the establish-

ment of the headquarters of the Mission at Kohimarama, a small bay on the New Zealand coast, about two miles away from Auckland. From thence Patteson, accompanied by Mr. Dudley, Mr. Kerr, Rev. B. E. Ashwell, and a number of native scholars, sailed on a cruise about the islands. They came in sight of Erromanga, and here, on the site of the martyrdom of the devoted John Williams and his companion, Mr.



A MELANESIAN STREAM.

Harris, they were hospitably entertained by the Scotch missionary, Rev. Mr. Gordon. He told them how scandalously the sandal-wood traders had treated these poor natives, burning their villages, and enraging them against all Europeans. The missionaries had been driven off, and the work of God stayed by the persecution of the vindictive chiefs. After joining in prayer, Mr. Gordon accompanied his visitors, under the midnight moon, to the spot on the beach where

Williams was murdered, and related how it occurred. Bishop Selwyn, with a Samoan teacher, was the first to visit the isle after this dreadful occurrence and tells how, when they came, they knelt reverently on the spot where the faithful missionaries fell, and prayed that the blood of the martyrs might open a path for the spread of the Gospel.

While other men were filled with ambition to make a name, Patteson was supremely content to live again in these Melanesian lads, to watch the kindling of the Divine grace in their natures, to recognise that Christ-love which was so precious to his own heart, irradiating the experience of these for whom the Saviour died. Like the messengers whose feet were beautiful on the mountains, he had brought to them the good tidings of peace, the evangel which cast out the devil from them, and led them in quietness and humility to sit at the feet of Jesus. It was the one great purpose of his life, he had no time nor any inclination to think about other matters. He felt the immense relief of being at such a distance from the sphere of contention and theological difference. He says in one of his letters home,—

“My dear father writes in great anxiety about the Denison case. O dear! what a cause of thankfulness it is to be out of the din of controversy, and to find hundreds of thousands longing for crumbs which are shaken about so roughly in these angry disputes! It isn't High or Low or Broad Church or any other special name; but the longing desire to forget all distinctions, and to return to a simpler state of things, that seems naturally to result from the very sight of heathen people. Who thinks of anything but this: ‘They have not heard the name of the Saviour who died for them,’ when he is standing with crowds of naked fellows round him?”

Many instances could be cited of the success of his teaching. One of his Nengoné boys named Wadrokala was very promising, and it was clear that

his heart was full of deep and sincere musings on spiritual things. He came to Patteson one night for a little talk, and to tell his teacher what thoughts had passed through his mind. "I have heard," said he, "all kinds of words used—faith, repentance, praise, prayer—and I don't clearly understand what is the real great *thing—the chief thing of all*. They used these words confusedly, and I feel puzzled. Then I read that the Pharisees knew a great deal of the law, and so did the Scribes, and yet they were not good. Now I know something of the Bible, and I can write; and I fear very much, I often feel very much afraid that I am not good, I am not doing anything good."

Shortly afterwards this youth was unintentionally hurt by remarks made as to his new clothes, inferring that he cared too much for them. But he replied, "One thing only I care for, that I may receive the Life for my spirit, therefore I fear, I confess and say to you, it is not the things for the body I want, but the one thing I want is the clothing for the soul, for Jesus Christ's sake our Lord."

From the evidence of eye-witnesses we are able to see what interest the pupils of St. John's took in the lessons of their friend and pastor. The evening services were conducted in several languages, so that the prayers might be entered into by the natives from Bauro, Gera, and other islands. Patteson, with his marvellous command of the most difficult dialects, also expounded the lessons from Holy Scripture, so that each and all might understand. It was noticed that where he only knew a few expressions he would throw into those few words such an intense and heart-stirring earnestness that few could remain unaffected by what he said. So much would the lads enjoy his discourses, that while their habit was to take notes of what he said, they often laid down their pencils and listened with rapt interest.

The teaching they received was of a really practical

nature, which was indeed specially required for these young converts, and went judiciously to show how Christianity must influence and exalt the humblest duties of their life. Patteson urged this point home. It is on record that at one time some of the married men had been greatly attached to the pleasure of a draught-board, and this while their wives were doing all the domestic work, fetching the water and so forth, which their husbands ought to have felt it their bounden duty to do. Here then was a state of things which required the interference of Patteson, not direct, because that would be neither becoming nor wise. So one evening he preached to them from the text, "If thy hand or thy foot offend thee," etc., and was evidently worked up by his subject so that his face shone with excitement. His audience drank in every word, the earnest force of his loving message entered every heart. Upon those for whose profit it was specially intended, the sermon had a marked effect; they walked away afterwards silently and deeply moved, and the one who had chiefly offended in the matter lay awake all night meditating upon it. Finally he rose with a mind fully made up, and fearing lest the temptation should again overcome him, promptly pitched the draught-board into the fire.

Just about this time, Patteson says in one of his letters, "My father writes, my tutor says 'there must be a Melanesian Bishop soon, and that you will be the man,' a sentence which amuses me not a little."

But those who had watched his career and his splendid grip upon the work, were convinced that he was the man when the time should come. Already the question was being mooted at home, the Mission had made such strides that the need of more effective organisation and larger support was pressing on the minds of the friends in England.

Anyway, whatever his future status in the work should be, Patteson had fully decided to stand by Melanesia. His heart was there, and the spell of its

claims had quite overcome any lingering desire to return to his native land. There had been some suggestion that he should revisit home to plead the cause of the work ; but the idea had no attractions for him. While few men had perhaps a closer family affection,



NATIVE OF ANEITYUM, NEW HEBRIDES.

his sense of duty always recalled his thoughts to the land of his adoption. He had not been long away when, in one of his letters to his sister, he spoke of the pain of parting from her, and begged her to have "a perfect assurance that God is ordering all things for our good, so let us struggle on to the end." He bids her

look forward, as he does, to a coming day when in the infinite mercy of God they will be united again, and then to part no more for ever. But how much he felt himself is evidenced by a touching passage in that same epistle. He says, "I read on in your letter till I came to 'Dear Coley, it is very hard to live without you,' and I broke down and cried like a child. I was quite alone, out in the fields on a glorious bright day, and it was the relief I had longed for. The few simple words told me the whole story, and I prayed with my whole heart that you might find strength in your hour of sadness."

Here again his thoughts are for his sister, the pang which he felt found its relief in tears and cries to the God of all comfort, that she might be consoled. Throughout his correspondence the same spirit is always manifested, and he tells his father that not even the desire he naturally has to see him would induce him to leave his boys even for a short time. The aged judge had already anticipated his son's feelings, and urged him certainly not on his account to think of returning home. Patteson assures his father that he is happier out there than he would possibly be at home.

He was in the right mood for labour, a heart humbly stayed on God and fearing nothing. He closes his farewell note with the sentence, "I think I see more fully that work, by the power of God's Spirit, is the condition of us all in this world; tiny and insignificant as the greatest work of the greatest man is, in itself, yet the one talent is to be used."

Touching at Norfolk Island he finds his old friend John Cho in very bad health, sick unto death; he told him he knew he was sustained by the presence of Christ. Patteson had much conversation with him, and also with the other converts, who were full of solicitude at the prospect of losing their native teacher. Then passing on to Tanna, where the Presbyterians had their mission, he called to say an encouraging word to Mr. Paton, the missionary there. The position

of this faithful servant of the Cross was pathetic, his wife had died recently, and the great grief of his loneliness was aggravated and intensified by the unkindness of the natives. Worn himself through fever, it was only the strength of his spirit, resting on God, which held him to his post; as Bishop Selwyn remarked, "He was one of those weak things which God had chosen."

Patteson felt humbled in sight of such noble heroism, "I know he made *me* feel pretty well ashamed of myself," is his comment on the interview.

After visiting several other islands, swimming ashore, preaching to the people, and preparing new ground for the reception of the truth, Patteson returns to his school-work again. Especially now are all his exertions put forth for the completion of the new college, which had been transferred from Auckland to the more desirable situation at Kohimarama. Here houses were to be planned, farms arranged, and a multitude of schemes carried into shape and utility by his industry and skill. The result is perfectly satisfactory, and so happy is he that his letters home are full of glowing accounts of the progress of the mission. He is working very hard, and sometimes fears lest these many duties should steal from him the privileges of prayer. He tells his father of this difficulty as he finds it: "I find from time to time that I wake up to the fact that while I am doing more than I did in old times, yet that I pray less."

Thus he examines strictly his own heart-experiences, and realises, as all must who do this aright, that all suffering is of God, and that He who alone is able will show us His salvation in due time. These words, however, show the man in his simple, sincere nature, looking within to examine himself as to the work of grace in his own soul, and then lovingly and earnestly looking outwards upon the faces of these "boys" of his, plucked here and there from the abodes of darkest evil, and transplanted in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

This chapter shall close with his own feelings as he stands in the midst of this happy labour,—

“I have the jolliest little fellows this time—about seven of them—fellows scarcely too big to take on my knee and talk to about God and heaven and Jesus Christ, and I feel almost as if I had a kind of instinct of love towards them, as they look up wonderingly with their deep, deep eyes, and smooth and glossy skins, and warm, soft cheeks, and ask their simple questions. I wish you could have seen the twenty Banks islanders, as I told them that most excellent of all tales—the story of Joseph. How their eyes glistened! And they pushed out their heads to hear the sequel of his making himself known to his brethren, and asking once more about ‘the old man of whom ye spake, is he yet alive?’

“I can never read it with a steady voice nor tell it either.”





CHAPTER VII.

THE BISHOP OF MELANESIA.

"A path ascends from e'en the lowliest life,
Winding through shadows up the mount of God:
Behind them leaving all the din and strife,
The meek in heart walk oft this heavenly road:
In light divine the happy spirit sings,
And holds sweet converse with the King of kings."

JUST five years to a day from the date of his leaving home, that is, the 26th of March, 1860, Patteson had to witness the departure of one of his most faithful converts. This native youth had come from Nengoné, and had been named at his baptism George Selwyn Simeona, in memory of the good Bishop. The heart of Patteson seems to have been greatly set on this young man, and he was encouraged by seeing how wonderfully the power of the Gospel had transformed his character. That he would one day go forth to preach to his fellow-islanders and be a shining light burning for Christ, where in the dense darkness His salvation was most needed, this was the hope of his teacher; but the great Master of the vineyard had ordered it otherwise. The delicacy of his lungs had succumbed to the rigours of a New Zealand

winter, and he was slowly dying of consumption. Patteson nursed him with the tenderness of a woman, and would have taken him back to his native air if he had been willing to go, but he had no wish to do so.

“Heaven is no farther from New Zealand than Nengoné.”

This was his answer, and when they were ready to set sail he ran down the beach, ill as he was, and begged to be allowed to go with them. His end soon began to draw near; and taking the Holy Communion from the Bishop and Patteson, he passed away, the latter holding his hand and praying for his boy all the time. In his journal he makes the following brief note of his feelings at this moment,—

“The clear bright moon was right over my head as, after a while, and after prayer from his friends, I left his room; the quiet splash of the tiny waves on our sheltered shore, and the little schooner at her anchorage; and I thanked God that one more spirit from among the Melanesian Islanders had gone to dwell, we trust, with JESUS CHRIST in Paradise.”

In passing among the islands, the chief difficulty in many cases lay rather more with the superstitions of the idolatrous religions, already established, than with the natural ignorance and wildness of the people. The instinct of worship had preceded Patteson everywhere, that universal sense of shrinking fear of a power unseen and able to injure, which makes the heart of the boldest savage tremble at the shiver of a leaf. The priests, medicine-men, and other visual representatives of the evil spirit, had already enthralled the minds of the people in a miserable bondage. Amongst the natives of the island of Mota there existed a belief in a deity styled *Ikpat*, and this god was constantly being tricked and annoyed by his relatives. Great was the fear of this evil spirit. It was supposed that he had disappeared seawards.

Then these poor deluded people were tortured with the thought of dead souls straying about at night, and touching with insanity any who came within their grasp. When Patteson and other white men appeared, they concluded in a terrible horror that these were the ghosts of their dead friends. Such an idea, while it may have surrounded the visitors with a certain supernatural reverence, was hardly helpful to bearers of the good news of the Cross.

On one occasion, when Patteson had been paying a visit to a place called Tasmate, where the scenery



AN ARMED MOTA NATIVE.

was very beautiful, this village being hidden away among the palm-trees, he had heard that a religious feast was to be held in the neighbourhood, so he made his way thither. He had already come in contact with the superstitious influence which pervaded the minds of the inhabitants, for one morning an old native had come solemnly up to the place where Patteson and his party had established themselves, and had stuck in the ground a branch of a red flowery tree. This simple act had caused the greatest dismay among the native boys, and had forced them, evidently

with much reluctance, to take to flight. Patteson had had of course an earnest palaver with the medicine-man, and had at last persuaded him to remove the fear-inspiring fetish, which had brought the lads back again.

He speaks of the spot where this festival was being held as very lovely in its surrounding foliage, and within sight of the glittering sea. There seems to have been the usual "tom-tomming," of the native drums, which are formed out of the hollow trees, and the drum-sticks which are plied so vigorously are wooden mallets. The women and children were sitting in a circle by themselves, and the principal performers appear to have been sundry fellows decked out with red leaves and feathers waving above their heads. Patteson noticed that there was a sacred stone in the centre of the group, and upon this lay some pig's jaws with their tusks remaining, presumably as a sacrifice. He was also struck with the behaviour of an old man, whose costume consisted of a red handkerchief which had been given him by the missionary on a previous occasion, and who travelled about with a boar's skull.

This performance, which appears to have lacked the virtue of variety, might have continued for an indefinite time had not a sudden shower of rain driven the people, priests, and all into the shelter of one of the big huts near. Patteson adds,—

"In the long room afterwards I had the opportunity of saying quietly what I had said to those about me during the ceremony, the same story of the love of God, especially manifested in Jesus Christ to turn men from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God."

With these idolatrous ceremonies and worship Patteson would make no truce, although he might by a little concession have possibly gained a temporary popularity. It required no little pluck to act as Patteson did towards many of the chiefs; as, for

instance, with one who brought him offerings of fruit, etc., which he refused, and ordered him to take away, as his teaching and example were injurious to the young natives. It must be remembered that Patteson, when acting thus, was alone, unarmed and unprotected in the midst of a large population of uncivilised heathen, and that a slight offence might, humanly speaking, have cost him his life. But the fearless heart was supported by a sense of the Divine presence, and he felt, "that as the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so is the Lord round about them that fear Him."

Every true missionary carries his life in his hands ; but while it would appear that the odds are so much against him, one poor human creature defenceless against a thousand, it is really God and that one, and this makes all the difference.

About this time Patteson made a cruise in an open boat to Saddle Island, but met with much stormy weather, the heavy tropical rains pouring down ; and once, for lack of a shelter, two days and a night had to be spent on the sea. The hardships and exposure, to which he so freely exposed himself, at last began to tell upon him, he suffered from a painful tumour in the ear, and much sleeplessness. From both these, however, he happily soon recovered.

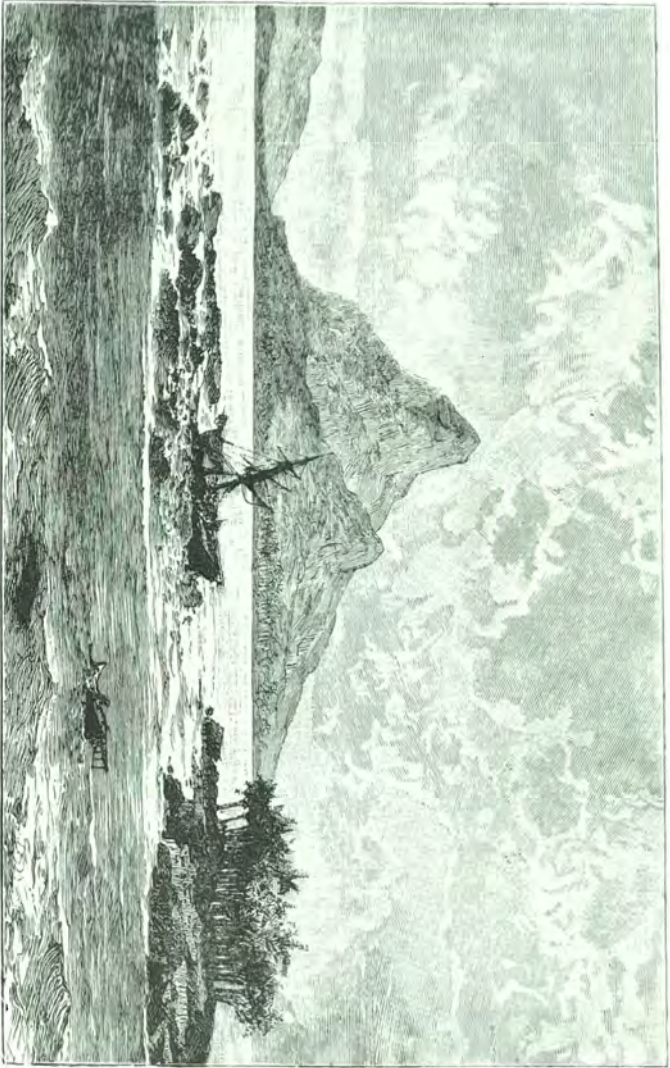
Just off the coast of New Zealand was a dangerous shoal of rock, known as the Hen and Chickens, and this place was destined to see the loss of that brave little schooner, the *Southern Cross*. She had just come back from a visit to the islands, and was passing this perilous spot in the darkness of the night of the 17th June, when she struck, and her passengers were only saved by clinging to the rigging until timely help arrived. She had settled in the sand, and might have been got off had there not been such a scarcity of labour. Bishop Selwyn had to obtain another vessel, the *Zillah*, which seems to have proved unsatisfactory. The loss of the old vessel was keenly felt ; she had

splendid sea-going qualities, which were likened by Bishop Selwyn to the mettle of a thoroughbred steed. Then the associations of the *Southern Cross* were very precious to the Bishop and Patteson. She had carried them through their missionary wanderings in fair weather and foul, her decks had received the first converts to Christianity from these islands, and the flutter of her white sails had been as of a welcome messenger of peace to the natives wherever she had gone a second time. Her mission they knew was not to kill, but to make alive, not like the traders to enslave their sons, but to bring them word of the liberty wherewith Christ shall make them free.

That perennial enemy of the faithful missionary in tropical latitudes, ill-health, began to lay aside the workers. Mr. Dudley, the excellent volunteer and co-worker with Patteson, fell ill with sunstroke on the arrival of the *Zillah* at Auckland, and for a time needed careful attention.

He had accompanied Patteson in his cruise to Mota, and in the journal of the Rev. B. E. Ashwell, who formed one of the party, we have many interesting details of the work among the Melanesians. He had a good knowledge of the language, and was able therefore to second Patteson in speaking to the natives. On their visit to Mai, where they left some Melanesian lads, we find the people running in crowds to meet the missionaries; and when the chief had enjoined silence, Patteson spoke to them of "the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world." Mr. Dudley followed with an earnest address and prayer, while the vast congregation knelt on the ground with unaffected solemnity.

It was now the duty of Patteson to nurse his sick brother, and at the same time perform a like office for several of his native pupils on board. Mr. Dudley recovered, and has placed on record how assiduously and tenderly Patteson watched over his patients. His



THE WRECK OF THE "SOUTHERN CROSS."

was in truth a character in which great gentleness was blended with strong vigour.

One of the sufferers died on the voyage, and was buried at sea. He begged Patteson to forgive him for any trouble his fretfulness had occasioned, and, greatly soothed by the best of all comforting, died, repeating after his pastor the words of the Lord's Prayer. The weather, too, seems to have been very unpropitious; now distressed by contrary winds, they were at other times not less troubled by enforced delay in calm seas. But Mr. Dudley tells us that through all Patteson was the life and spirit of the ship, and his voice, with such a pathos in it, repeating the sublime words of the morning and evening services, fell upon their ears with a power never to be forgotten.

He was not free himself from pain. In one of his letters to his uncle Edward, he speaks of being laid aside for six days.

Mr. Dudley tells us how he used to walk to and fro all night, while suffering agonies from the tumour in his ear, having to bear also the intrusion of curious and idle natives into his apartment, who seemed to have taken possession with no little familiarity, some of them stretching themselves on his table. His friend records how at such times he came upon these individuals with the greatest good-humour, and bundled them all out.

With the opening of the year 1861, came an incident which is conspicuously a red-letter day in the history of Patteson. He had served his six years under the guidance and supervision of Bishop Selwyn, who had for some time past left him wholly responsible.

If ever there rested upon any man the burden of a Divine call, Patteson was that man. He had given himself to the work, and God had given the work into his hands, prospering his labours with a gracious blessing. His heart, his love, and his life were in Melanesia, and so loyal was he in the humility of true service, that when the earthly crown of his

ministry was in sight he had no ambition to take the highest place. He was quite willing to take the second position, but it became clearer every day that he must acquiesce. His words at this time were,—

“And yet there is no one else; and if this separation of New Zealand and Melanesia is necessary, I see that this must be the consequence. So I regard it now as a certainty. I pray God to strengthen and enable me; I look forward, thanks be to Him, hopefully and cheerfully. I have the love and prayers of many, many friends, and soon the whole Church of England will recognise me as one who stands in special need of grace and strength from above.

“Oh! the awful power of heathenism! the antagonism, not of evil only, but of the Evil One rather. I mean the reality felt of all evil emanating from a person, as St. Paul writes, and as our Lord spoke of him. I do indeed at times feel overwhelmed as if I were in a dream. Then comes some blessed word or thought of comfort and promised strength and grace.”

It was at first suggested that the three consecrating bishops should perform the ceremony on one of the islands, under the waving palms and the blue cloudless heaven above, but it was afterwards decided to hold the service at Auckland.

We have seen Patteson as a little Eton boy in the crowded Windsor church giving his young heart to the work of Christ among the heathen; the time has now come when we again look upon him, a grown man of thirty-three, receiving in a house of God thousands of miles from his home and friends the solemn setting apart to the office and ministry of Bishop of Melanesia. What a wonderfully providential history has bridged these two events! He has had his prayer answered, and like St. Paul, in perils of waters, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the wilderness, in weariness and painfulness, in watchings

often, and through many infirmities, the mighty God of Jacob has been his refuge and strength.

Of the scene in St. Paul's Church, Auckland, we have several accounts from different witnesses, and from his own pen some graphic and pathetic touches. Whatever of architectural effect was lacking, there was about the service a powerful and suggestive interest which gave to its simplest details a special solemnity.

Ten native boys, his spiritual children, sat close to Patteson, behind him knelt the young Melanesian deacon, Tagalana, holding the book from which the Primate read the service. The sermon was preached by Bishop Selwyn from the text, "Now, Lord, who knowest the hearts of all men, show whether of these two Thou hast chosen." He reminded his hearers of the fitness of the season, St. Matthias' Day, and urged upon them the necessity for support and prayer in carrying on this glorious work of evangelising the heathen. "Is the promise yet fulfilled," he asked, "that in Abraham and his seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed? Has Christ already received all the heathen for His inheritance, and all the uttermost parts of the earth for His possession?"

"Is there no wilderness which has still to blossom as the rose? No islands that still wait for the Lord? No kingdoms that must become His? Are all idols utterly abolished? The vastness of the scope of the prophetic visions at once humbles and enlarges the mind. However little a work may be, it is part of that purpose of God which can never fail. We pray for our little one in fear and humility, and while we pray it becomes a thousand; it is but a drop in the ocean, but that ocean is the fulness of God."

As might be expected, the preacher, who had been so intimately associated with the work and the present worker, now to receive his consecration, in closing made some personal references. These have a special

interest, and deserve to be placed on record. "We were all," and here he looked round on his fellow-bishops Abraham and Hobhouse and then upon the upturned face of Patteson, "we were all trained in the same place of education (referring to Eton), united in the same circle of friends; in boyhood, in youth, in manhood, we have shared the same sorrows and joys and fears.

"I received this my son in the ministry of Christ Jesus," said he, "from the hands of a father, of whose old age he was the comfort; he sent him forth without a murmur, nay, rather with joy and thankfulness, to these distant parts of the earth. He never asked even to see him again, but gave him up without reserve for the Lord's work."

Not less appropriate and touching were the words of this good man's charge to his son in the Gospel. They speak not of earnest wishes merely, nor even the advocacy of a fervent prayer, but are almost prophetic of his future and honourable career. They came from one true heart to another, a flowing together of a mutual sympathy in a work to which both had entirely and sacredly given their lives. Before the speaker sat the dark-skinned boys, close by the side of their teacher and friend. In that little group the Bishop saw the first-fruits of that mighty harvest of souls which should one day be reaped, as the work should, by Divine grace, go on, though worker after worker should in turn exchange the sickle for the crown. Here are some of the Bishop's earnest commendations,—

"May every step of thy life, dear brother, be in company with the Lord Jesus.

"May Christ be with thee as a light to lighten the Gentiles; may He work out in thee His spiritual miracles; may He, through thee, give sight to the blind, to give glory to the God invisible; and open the ears of the deaf to hear and receive the preaching of His word; and loose the tongues of the dumb to

sing His praise; and raise to new life the dead in trespasses and sins!

"May Christ be with you when you go forth, in His name and for His sake, to those poor and needy people, to those 'strangers destitute of help,' to those mingled races who still show forth the curse of Babel, and wait for the coming of another Pentecost!

"May Christ be ever with you; may you feel His presence in the lonely wilderness, on the mountain-top, on the troubled sea! May He go before you with His fan in His hand to purge His floor! He will not stay His hand until the idols are utterly abolished.

"May Christ be ever with thee to give thee utterance, to open thy mouth boldly to make known the mystery of the Gospel! Dwelling in the midst of a people of unclean lips, thou wilt feel Him present with thee, to touch thy lips with a live coal from His own altar, that many strangers of every race may hear in their own tongue the wonderful work of God.

"May Christ be ever with you; may you sorrow with Him in His agony and be crucified with Him in His death, be buried with Him in His grave, rise with Him to newness of life, and ascend with Him in heart to the same place whither He has gone before, and feel that He ever liveth to make intercession for thee, 'that thy faith fail not.'"

Bishop Selwyn was not, however, satisfied with speaking thus publicly to Patteson; when afterwards he went across to him and took his newly-consecrated brother by the hand, there was a world of meaning in the broken whisper, "I can't tell you what I feel—you know it—my heart is too full."

When they were alone, the ceremony being over, these two spent some time together in loving converse, and once more Selwyn embraced him, with the assuring words,—

"I feel no misgiving in my heart; I think all has been done as it should be."

Referring to his fellow-bishops in the consecration, he added,—

"Many days we three have discussed the matter. By prayer and Holy Communion we have sought light from above, and it is, I believe, God's will."

Then once more, in an affectionate outburst, he kissed Patteson.

"God bless you, my dear Coley. I can't say more words, and you don't desiderate them."

"No," was the answer, "my heart, as yours, is too full for words. I have lived six years with you to little purpose if I do not know you full well now."

Patteson was a man of remarkable nerve, but it is a beautiful touch of heart-feeling which makes him, though calm throughout most of the service, break down in tears when the Bishop spoke those words about his aged father at home giving him up to the work. And in his letters it is clear his mother was not forgotten; at such a time, the thought of her seeing him and rejoicing at the fulfilment of her prayers must have deeply stirred his heart.

The Bible which his father gave him on his fifth birthday was used on this occasion—a touching link between the earlier and these later days.

His formal installation took place in the little chapel of St. Andrew's College, Kohimarama, in the presence of all his boys; and afterwards there were suitable rejoicings of an English character, the new Bishop and his young fellows dining together off roast beef and plum-pudding in the College hall.

Patteson was at last Bishop of Melanesia, and, looking over the blue waves, he could, in imagination, see the islands of his diocese dotted over the sea, and upon each of them groups of wild, dark men under the palm-trees, who henceforth must be his children, committed to his loving and unremitting care.

"May God strengthen me for the duties of the office

to which I trust He has indeed called me!" Such was his prayer, to which the Lord hearkened, and gave to His servant the assuring promise, "My faithfulness and My mercy shall be with him; and in My name shall his horn be exalted."



NORFOLK ISLAND.



CHAPTER VIII.

THE FATHERLESS HEART.

“There is an hour in every human life
When in its inner chamber the soul sits
And rocks its silent grief uncomforted.
From that closed door of woe they turn away
Who come with fragrant sympathy and tears
Amazed and sad. Then He who hath the key
Divinely loving freely enters in,
Binds up the broken heart, and gently bids
The mourner be at peace.”

As the shadows of the clouds chase the sunshine on the hill, so our life is alternately chequered with gleams of light and the passing shade. The consecration of Patteson to the new bishopric had been as a season of Divine effulgence, a joy which made his heart glow with a shining which, like the exceeding brightness of the Apostle's revelation, left him humbled in spirit. To him the solemn service had been intensely real, it had ratified a call which he had always accepted as the voice of God, and his cup of happiness was full as, in the midst of his boys, he received the higher office and the exercise of a wider influence.

But a trouble was coming, which should break another link of golden attachment to his home love.

Few men who know anything of the sacred and pure clinging of filial love fail to feel, when the time inevitably draws near, the keen loss of a parent. As we have seen, in Patteson the love of his mother lay very deep in his heart; her death was a wound beyond human skill to heal, and on the anniversary of her departure to the rest that remaineth, it was his wont to specially cherish her memory and renew his grief. Not less dear to him was the aged man who had so nobly given him up for Christ. His correspondence with his father was constant and delightful, just the kind of letters which a son should write who feels, though matured to man's estate, he is still his father's "boy."

The news of his consecration had reached home, and filled the household at Feniton with a thrill of satisfaction. When the hour of family prayer drew on, although increasing weakness had compelled him to depute this duty to his daughters, Judge Patteson insisted for once upon leading their devotions himself. Then we read how a strong emotion overcame him as he prayed for the missionaries, and added in a fervour mastering his feelings, "especially for John Coleridge Patteson, Missionary Bishop."

In truth the old man was rapidly breaking up, and in his letters to his son he frankly prepares him for the probable consequences of his indisposition. His son had written him, immediately after the ceremony, a letter full of tender feeling, telling him all about the work before him, and praising God for the encouragement he had already received. But it seems unlikely that this ever reached the Judge, who was about the same time writing a letter to his son which he evidently thought might be his last. He describes with all the calm minuteness of his professional style the progress and nature of his throat complaint, and adds significantly, speaking of the success of a certain treatment, "My own impression is that it will not succeed, and that it is highly improbable that I shall last very long."

Then he refers to his trust in the Redeemer, and very humbly seeks that fuller peace and satisfaction which at the close of a long life he feels he may enjoy. His language is so simple, his thoughts on these increasingly pressing subjects so sincere, that they prove again, that underneath the outer life with its self-control and undemonstrative profession there lies hidden in such men, after all, the same deep and intense simplicity of heart towards God. Judge Patteson, watching the nearing shadows of the valley and the gradually receding objects of time and sense, finds strength, peace, and courage in the presence of the Saviour of men. His prayer is for more light.

"As the time approaches, it may please Him in His mercy to give me a warmer heart and a more vivid perception of all that He has done for me. If I were to say that I am not a sinner, the truth would not be in me, and if I am washed in His blood and cleansed, it is not by any efforts or merits of my own, but by His unlimited mercy and goodness. Pray for me, that when the time comes I may not for any fears of death fall from Him. You know that so far as regards this world and its enjoyments, save the love of my dear good children, they have sate but lightly upon me for some time ; but it is not because we have nothing that we are unwilling to leave, therefore we are prepared for that which is to come. Perhaps it may please God to give me still a short time that I may strive more strenuously to prepare myself. We shall never meet again in this world. Oh! may Almighty God in His infinite mercy grant us to meet again in His Kingdom, through the merits of our blessed Redeemer."

This was not, however, to be his last letter, for by the next mail he sent another to his son, this time evidently rejoicing in a blessing of grace and faith he had not possessed so fully before. There is the same humility of mind which we see again and again repeated in the new Bishop.

The father and the son alike realised their own unworthiness, and the need of a bountiful supply of God's pardoning love. We must give a brief extract from this further letter to Patteson, which bears date "Feniton Court, April 24th, 1861." He is speaking very humbly, with a trembling faith in the merits of the Saviour,—

"No other hope have I ; and, in all humility, I from my heart feel that any apparent good that I may have done, has been His work in me, and not my own. May it please Him that you and I, dear son, may meet hereafter, together with all those blessed ones who have already departed this life in His faith and fear, in His kingdom above."

The foregoing letters were written before the news of his son's consecration had reached home.

The illness of the old Judge grew more and more serious, he could not now stand the fatigue of a service, but still managed to attend the church to receive the Holy Sacrament. The news from the other side of the world almost overcame him ; with what must have been a shaky hand he forthwith pours out his loving congratulations to his son.

As these are the last words which it was Patteson's privilege to receive from his father, no apology is necessary for inserting a few of them in this place.

"Oh ! my dearest, Right Reverend, well-beloved son, how I thank God that it has pleased Him to save my life until I heard of the actual fact of your being ordained and consecrated, as I have said more than once since I heard of it.

"May it please Him to prolong your life very many years, and to enable you to fulfil all those purposes for which you have been now consecrated, and that you may see the fruit of your labour of love before He calls you to His rest in heaven ! But if not, may you have laid such foundations for the spread of God's Word throughout the countries committed to your charge, that when it pleases God to summon you hence,

you may have a perfect consciousness of having devoted all your time and labour, and, as far as you are concerned, have advanced all the works as fastly and as securely as it seemed fit to your great Assistant, the Holy Spirit, that they should be advanced. Only conceive that an old judge of seventy-two, cast out of his own work by infirmity, should yet live to have a son in the Holy Office of Bishop, all men rejoicing around him; and so indeed they do rejoice me, mingling their loving expressions at my illness and approaching death."

A short time after penning these lines the good old man peacefully passed to his rest.

To Patteson the news came as a great shock, although he was prepared for it somewhat by the letters from his father, quoted above. When he read those words in which his father spoke of his approaching end he was on board the *Cordelia*, and forthwith wrote a letter of passionate love, saying how thoroughly he was upset by the news. "Oh! how much more sorrow and heavy weight is on my heart! I am quite worn out and weary. It will seem as if the light were taken from me, as if it was no longer possible to work away so cheerily when I no longer have you to write to about it all, no longer your approval to seek, your notice to obtain." This was all true of him who wrote it, and the death of his father left a mark upon his heart and life never to be effaced. He flung himself more earnestly into his work, but his grief dragged like an ever-lengthening chain. Brave, true-hearted man, he who knew no fear and had a lion's courage, cannot now write about his dead father, without a rain of tears. The very thought of him is at once an inspiration and a sorrow. He counts his words, and stores up his old letters as sacred things. One cannot read without emotion such expressions as these from one of his letters to his sister,—

"How I treasure up many, many of his words and actions!

“What a history in these words, ‘All times of the day are alike to me now; getting near, I trust, the time when it will be all day.’

“Those are the things which break me down. I see his dear face, and hear him slowly and calmly saying such words of patient trust and faith, and it is too much. Oh! that I might live as the son of such parents ought to live!

“And then I turn to the practical duties again, and get lost in the unceasing languages and all the rest of it.”

And this is the record of the rest of his life, a tender-hearted man brushing away the rising tear and working with unflagging energy, trusting in the Lord his God.

His own health was beginning to lose ground, and he gladly accepted the offer of Captain Hume, of H.M.S. *Cordelia*, to go for a cruise among the islands of his diocese. The voyage comprised a visit to the Solomon group; the Island of Ysabel, nearly one hundred and twenty miles in length, having their special attention. Here he found, to his great satisfaction, that he was able to add a large number of fresh words to his knowledge of the native dialects; a considerable acquisition to him. He also persuaded two of the boys to come on board and return as scholars, but here he was doomed to disappointment, for on the ship putting back for water a few days afterwards, they gave way to the beseechings of their friends, and elected to be left behind. The rainy season had commenced, the Bishop was down very soon with a bad attack of fever and ague, and on his return he found many of his most hopeful pupils in the same or indeed a worse condition. It was a great comfort, however, to him to observe that one or two of those who succumbed to the disease died in full trust in the merits of their Saviour, and he relates how after their triumphant death he went outside to the crowd of Mota natives, and spoke to them of Him who is

the Resurrection and the Life Everlasting. In this island of Mota the work of God was making substantial progress. This was evidenced by many little changes in the manners of the people, as, for instance, when they came to their Bishop one day bringing food, which they consumed in his presence with the women. This was important, because it had been hitherto an established custom of their religious life never to touch anything cooked by a woman.

In October, a vessel especially chartered for the purpose, came to take the Bishop and his party back to St. Andrew's College, Kohimarama, where work was again taken up with increase of scholars and redoubled spirit.

The avidity to learn was a marked feature in the Mota lads, as it had been in those from Nengoné, and the books were quite inadequate for the claims for instruction made upon the teachers. Any little scrap of paper found lying upon the ground with a few words upon it was eagerly seized upon by these bright young natives, and carried off as a treasure. The excellent order in the classes, and the docility and gratitude of the pupils were most encouraging, considering that these youths represented islands where their relations and friends lived a wild and cruel life, and had, as in the case of the Banks group, actually shot arrows at the missionaries.

Special attention was given by Bishop Patteson to the work of translating into the different languages, a task for which he had a special aptitude. At this time they were printing several works for the use of the scholars, of which Mr. Dudley gives an interesting list. They comprised, " 1, A Scripture History in the Mota language from the Creation, with a brief account of all the Old Testament characters, whose histories more especially serve as types, etc., in illustrating the Christian teaching to the time of our Lord and His Apostles; 2, A full set of questions on the same for the use of teachers, especially those taken from among the

first-class scholars ; 3, A short primer containing the Creed, Lord's Prayer, Ten Commandments, and some hymns, and one or two parables from Holy Scripture ; 4, The Catechism in full ; also great numbers of elementary cards, and others containing stories suggested by the natives themselves, about the new and strange things they had seen in New Zealand, the habits of the people there, etc."

With restored health, Bishop Patteson, waiting the rebuilding of a new vessel, fairly settled down again to his congenial labour of instructing and shaping the intelligence of his interesting pupils. Lady Martin has told us how pretty the place looked with its trim hedges, verdant meadows, and cattle grazing therein just as in England. Down on the sunny beach the boys diverted themselves in their hours of play, swimming fearlessly on the blue waves, or going to and fro thereon in their canoes. Everything about their life was free, and all were happy.

From another eye-witness, Mr. Whytehead, we have a charmingly graphic picture of the college and its occupants, showing what sort of an attachment existed between the Bishop and his boys. He says, "On proceeding down to Kohimarama to join the vessel, I found her moored off the station, and preparations being made for the voyage. Spars were being set aloft, gear was being rove, and sails bent. All day the boats, manned by pupils in charge of teachers, were bringing off stores, personal effects, etc. It was then that I first saw some of the natives of the Western Pacific. Very intelligent-looking, bright-eyed little fellows were these boys, and exceedingly nice they looked in their loose shirts, straw hats, and canvas trousers. They worked heartily, too, and seemed to enjoy the bustle of preparation, no doubt anticipating the joys of once more seeing their friends and homes, and relating the wonders they had beheld in the white man's country.

"The first time I saw Bishop Patteson I was struck

with the wonderful power of attraction which he seemed to possess. It was not in his face alone, but in his whole manner that this force was to be found. I was walking on the beach one evening after working hours, a day or two after joining, when he came out of his rooms, which formed part of the main building of the school. The boys were all playing on the grass before the doors, but his appearance was the signal for them all to leave off their various little amusements and run clustering round him. Some seized his hands, others the skirts of his coat, and all had a word of happiness at seeing him. The scene reminded me of nothing so much as a hen gathering her chickens under her wings. He passed each arm round the neck of one of the taller boys, and with the rest tripping along like a body-guard on all sides of him, he slowly advanced towards the beach. I stood smiling at the spectacle. The group neared me, and the Bishop, remarking my expression, said he supposed I had never seen anything of the kind before. I confessed that I had not, but that it was very delightful to see such intelligent and affectionate-looking boys. He asked me how I liked the place, if things were comfortable on board the vessel, and other questions, showing that he took a kind and lively interest in the comfort and happiness of every one of his party. It was this kindness in little matters of detail which always gained for Bishop Patteson the love of those with whom he came in contact. I do not believe that there was a man belonging to the ship's company who would have hesitated at anything to serve the Bishop. He was thoroughly respected and looked up to, and yet at the same time he was loved by those around him in such a way as few men ever have the happiness to be."

In the fall of the year 1862, the Bishop started on a cruise in the *Sea Breeze* among the islands comprised in the New Hebrides and Solomon groups. This was in many respects an important voyage; he was able to open up communications with many places where

hitherto the natives had proved inaccessible, and as he saw with a wider vision the needs of these poor heathen his heart burned with a greater inspiration for the work. The history of his missionary cruise abounds in interesting and exciting incident. Again we see portrayed his cool intrepidity under circumstances of peril which would have naturally unnerved most men.

The inhabitants of the important island of Santa Cruz had an evil repute for acts of cannibalism and murder; but the Bishop eagerly seized upon the advantage of landing at many places, and making himself known to numbers of the natives where his face had hitherto been unknown. He found them with some artistic idea in the carving of their arrow-heads, which, however, were always tipped with some deadly compound which ensured the death of the enemy. He passed fearlessly among them, made them presents of fish-hooks, etc., and in return, as an expression of goodwill on their side, they gave him almonds and other food. He tells us how one bright-eyed little fellow took from his neck a circlet of shells and put it round his own, showing by many signs and a few words that he would like one day to go with him in the missionary ship. All this was a crowning mercy to the heart of Patteson. His first great aim was to win the confidence of the natives, to make them quite understand that he was their friend, and then, having established a good feeling between each other, there was a way opened for giving his message of a Saviour's love.

When he reached the New Hebrides Islands the *Sea Breeze* touched at several places where, six years before, he had made acquaintance with the natives for the first time. One of these isles, which had been discovered by Captain Cook, was called the Three Hills, and the interior of it was the Mai district, from which Patteson had already drawn some promising boys. Here he was once more recognised and welcomed by old friends, and he made special

inquiries after two men who had spent a short time at his college in New Zealand. About one of them there was evidently bad news which the natives were reluctant to communicate, and at last Patteson was told that Peteré had died of dysentery. Still, as the Bishop moved into the interior surrounded by a crowd, there was manifestly something wrong, and the conduct of the men was, if not unfriendly, decidedly suspicious. The welcome on the beach was sinking into coolness and avoidance. At last one of them, a man who had been a former scholar of the Bishop, told him that knowing how much he loved Peteré, they had not told the whole truth, his old pupil had been killed by the white men, shot in the head by a man in a ship. The greatest excitement prevailed among the people, and doubtless not a few made up their mind to avenge Peteré's death. After many full inquiries Patteson returned to the boat, where his two companions, Mr. Dudley and Wakrokala, waited his arrival with nervous expectation. Just as they were ready to push off a number of men were seen armed with bows and arrows standing in a menacing attitude on the reef, but presently some of those to whom Patteson had been speaking hastened to them, giving away "Kava," that is the leaves of the pepper plant, and at this signal they changed their manner at once. Thus the boat was allowed to pass away unharmed, but Patteson explained on their return that their only safety lay in the fact that they were known and respected, for if any white stranger had appeared under such circumstances he would have been immediately sacrificed in revenge for the murder of poor Peteré. How little Patteson thought at this moment that he was forecasting his own martyrdom!

On the north side of Santa Cruz is a fine harbour, called Graciosa Bay, where the Spanish colonists under Mendana cast anchor. From the time of their unsuccessful effort to settle there, three hundred years before, to this moment, no Europeans seem to have

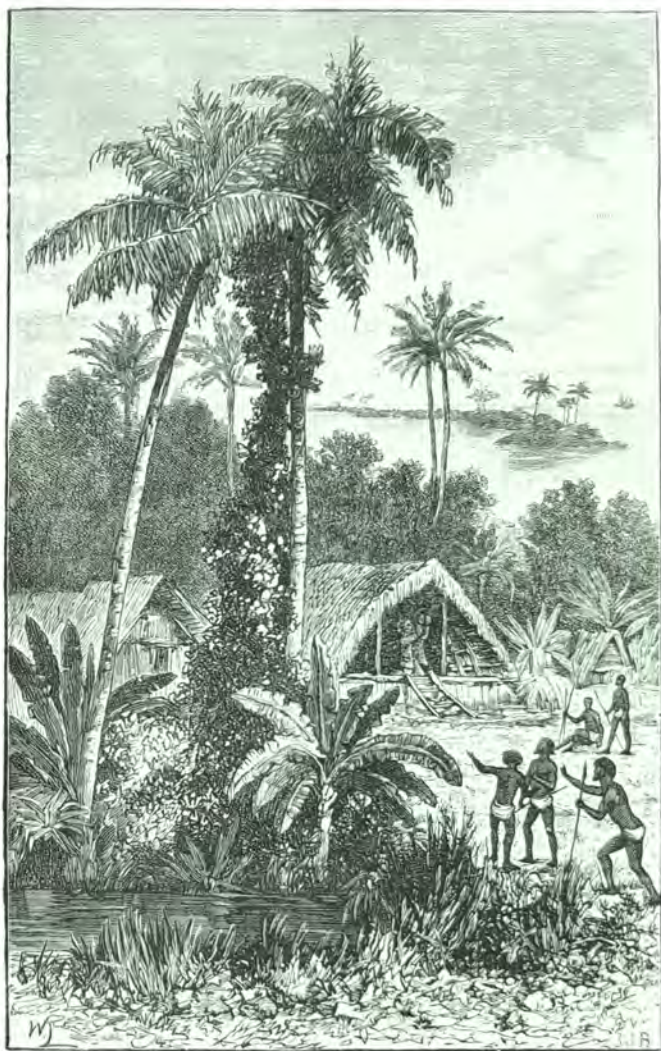
effected a landing, and here Patteson waded to land through the surf, and accepted their invitation to visit their habitations. He met with a cordial welcome, almost boisterously so, from the natives of Vanikoro, big fellows they were; "no men have I ever seen so large," he says, "huge Patagonian limbs and great heavy hands clutching up my little weak arms and shoulders. Yet it is not a sensation of fear, but simply of powerlessness, and it makes me think, as I do when among them, of another Power present to protect and defend."

He is now in the full earnest of his labour, wishing that it could be possible for him to be in fifty places at once, so that the Gospel might be introduced more speedily among these teeming thousands of heathen. That God will send some good men and true to help or succeed him he does not seem for one moment to doubt; but in some of his letters he warns off any who have not the physical fitness for the work. This, he says, is the question perpetually before his mind: "By what means will God provide for the introduction of Christianity into these islands?"

He is speaking of one of these islands stretching away for sixty miles, a field waiting the sower,—

"I know that hundreds are living there ignorant of God, wild men, cannibals addicted to every vice. I know that Christ died for them, and that the message is for them too. How am I to deliver it? How find an entrance among them? How, when I have learned their language, speak to them of religion so as not to introduce unnecessary obstacles to the reception of it nor compromise any of its commands?"

"Thank God, I can fall back upon many solid points of comfort. Chiefest of all, He sees and knows it all perfectly. He sees the islands too, and loves them; how infinitely more than I can! He desires to save them. He is, I trust, sending me to them. He will bless the lowest endeavours to do His will among them. And I think how it must all appear



"HE FELL ON HIS KNEES AND PRAYED."

to angels and saints, how differently they see these things. Already, to their eyes, the light is breaking forth in Melanesia, and I take great comfort from this thought, and remember that it does not matter whether it is in my time, only I must work on. And then I think of the prayers of the Church ascending continually for the conversion of the heathen, and I know that many of you are praying specially for the heathen of Melanesia. And so one's thoughts float to India and China, and Japan and Africa, and the islands of the sea, and the very vastness of the work raises one's thoughts to God, as the only One by whom it must be done."

Undoubtedly, in some cases, he only narrowly escaped with his life.

One day, in conversation with the Bishop of Newcastle, Patteson told him the history of one of these trying moments. He had been visiting an island for the second time, and on landing freely placed himself under the guidance of some natives who promised to take him to the chief's house. On the way, however, he gathered from their conversation and gestures that they intended to take his life.

He was entirely at their mercy, and humanly speaking there was no possible escape for him. He felt, however, that even there he was not alone, and resolved to commit himself to the care of Him in whose service and name he had placed himself in such jeopardy.

Begging permission to go for a little while to the shelter of a hut from the intense heat of the sun, he fell on his knees, and feeling his end near prayed earnestly for the souls of these poor benighted people. He asked that if it were possible his life might be spared, but commended his soul to the will of the Almighty. Possibly not one word of this earnest and pathetic prayer was understood by the natives, but when he rose and told them he was ready, there was a look in his face which touched and awed them, and

with great courtesy they conducted him safely back to his boat, and bade him good-bye.

A remark he overheard made clear what had been the cause of their conduct. "He does not look like a murderer," they said; "he cannot have been a party to our brother's death, therefore we will not hurt him."

In the March of 1863 there was great rejoicing at the Melanesian College in consequence of the arrival from England of the new missionary ship, the *Southern Cross*. Patteson is full of thanksgiving to God and the kind friends at home who had been the means of fitting out this successor to the old vessel. She seems to have had admirable sea-going qualities, and was destined to become of the greatest service in the work. The Bishop and his boys hailed her appearance in the harbour with joy, and the radiance of this new blessing filled with sunshine their new home at St. Andrew's.

But God had another experience before them; His providence was to cast a shade of suffering and trouble over the place and its inmates. An epidemic of dysentery fell on the young Melanesians, and the hall of the college had to be transformed into a hospital. This affliction was distressing, and tried the faith and patience of Patteson and his fellow-helpers. We have seen how, on a previous occasion, he could with such fidelity and tenderness act the part of a nurse to the sick, and now he absolutely spent himself night and day in watching, tending, and doing services, however repulsive, for his dear sick boys. Death after death occurred, and it was the hands of the Bishop which prepared the bodies for the grave and afterwards carried them out to burial. He wrote a brief and touching set of prayers to be used in the Burial Service, and whenever warranted he baptized the poor fellows before they passed into eternity.

Of all these labours and distresses we find no complaining in his letters home; a noble self-repression as to his part in the sad experience, plenty of praise of

his fellow-helpers, and thanksgiving and glory to God for the faithful witnessing of those blessed dead who had died in the Lord. Although Patteson escaped the contagion which was all around, it greatly reduced his strength. He speaks of being too worn out to kneel and pray, though surely all his work was worship and his labour Divine.

But God had deeper lessons in store for Patteson to learn: such moulding of the spirit as is only possible when the heart is softened and subdued by severest trial. To see his native boys suffering called forth his tenderest solicitude; then the whole affliction was a trial of his own faith, which like gold came out of the fiery trial clear and shining. A sense of his own unworthiness seemed ever present with him, and with it a knowledge beyond the reach of a tinge of doubt that God stood by him, helping, strengthening, teaching His servant, and otherwise supplying all his need.

In the very midst of the darkest hour, too, there arose a light of encouragement and comfort in seeing the faith and resignation of these young disciples of the Lord, whom he had been permitted to lead unto Him.

It was indeed to the whole Mission a baptism of fire, a cleansing and consecrating experience which brought out the finest qualities of the workers, the patient endurance of the sick, and the spiritual advancement of them all. When the severer symptoms began to abate, and to the poor haggard faces and wistful eyes there came a gleam of strength and improvement, the heart of the Bishop knew a fresh joy, and praised God.





CHAPTER IX.

FIRST FRUITS IN EARTH AND HEAVEN.

"Flow on, O stream of Life!
Here by sweet primrose banks thy ripples glide,
There through dark gorges swirls thy rushing tide,
Now calm, now dashed with strife.

"O Christ, my life is Thine!
These quickening waves one day will reach the sea,
A touch of shock and then eternity,
The deeps of Love Divine."

THE necessity for a complete change and rest at last forced itself upon Patteson, and so in the following February we find him on board a mail steamer going to Sydney. In his amusing way he draws a picture of the Bishop of Melanesia reclining on soft sofas in the state cabin, being fed and waited upon with the greatest care and respect. Quite a strange experience for a man who had been in the habit of "roughing it" at sea and on shore, whose companions had been naked savages, and their huts his dwelling-place.

After being so long away from the civilised towns he feels himself scarcely at home as, reaching Melbourne, he walks the crowded streets. He had been accustomed to cordialities expressed by cocoanuts and yams presented by black hands on the coral beach, but here he gets back to something of the old London environment, and is somewhat embarrassed. His quick discernment soon disgusts him with the make-believe manners of some in the society in which he now finds himself. "It is the vulgar, uneducated fellow that beats me. The Melanesians, laugh as you may at it, are naturally gentlemanly and courteous and well-bred. I never saw a 'gent' in Melanesia, though not a few down-right savages. I vastly prefer the savage." In this observation the reader will heartily concur.

His visit to Australia was, however, designed "a double debt to pay," to not only recruit his lordship's health, but bring funds to the inadequate exchequer of the Mission. Of course everywhere he went the interest of the islands lay deep in his heart, but Patteson could not bring his mind to beg for his people. He told the plain truth about the work, gave incidents of his own experience, and explained the simple and effective plan of operation. This greatly commended itself to the hard-headed business colonists, who were quite ready to help forward an enterprise which aimed at and achieved really practical results. Thus at Adelaide the interest excited in his services produced offerings amounting to £250, and at Victoria the sum of £350 was speedily raised. The meetings everywhere were crowded to excess; a special feature was the presence of so many children, to whom the speeches of the Bishop were delightful. In the hearts of the young listeners he scattered the seeds of an earnest and abiding attachment to the work of the Gospel among the poor benighted islanders.

One point he especially enforced upon his hearers wherever he went, that was to demonstrate the intel-

ligence and sterling qualities of these Melanesians, and explode those lingering fallacies about the inferiority and hopeless character of the black races. Never had the dark-skinned brother such a friend! His sermons, generally delivered extempore for want of time to prepare, were earnest and devout.

Though Patteson was not specially qualified for either pulpit or platform work, his downright and intense wholeheartedness held the attention and stirred the hearts of the audience. "I did feel it a blessing," he tells us, "and a privilege too, to stand up there and speak out, and I did speak out, and told them their plain duties, not appealing to feelings but aiming at convincing their judgment. I told 1,500 people in church at Sydney, 'I speak as unto wise men, judge ye what I say.'" Thus appealed to, the men of wisdom responded, as we have seen, with liberal offerings, and a new branch establishment was formed on Curtis Island off the Queensland coast.

When Patteson returned to his work his strength was renewed, and he gladly rejoined his old companions; but it was evident that he had overtaxed himself in those previous years of work, for he complains of feeling much older and having lost some of his spring. After a short stay at his college, Patteson started again in the *Southern Cross* for a cruise among the islands. He revisited Mota, and found the ravages of the heathen and of the epidemic of dysentery had wrought much mischief in the little mission settlement he had formed there.

At Tariko the Bishop and his party had a narrow escape. They had landed Patteson, and as usual remained a little from the shore in the boat, while he talked to the people and purchased their yams. It soon appeared, however, that unconsciously he had taken his position on a piece of neutral ground which divided two hostile parties, and as a result was soon in the midst of the fray. The arrows flew fast in dangerous proximity to him, and when he turned

round to return to the boat, one of them was sent after him, and struck the side of it. The people were not unfriendly to him, but Patteson stood in great peril at this time.

His own account of the incident shows what need he felt there was for nerve and steadiness under the circumstances. He tells us,—

“I was in the middle, one man only remained by me, crouching under the lee of the branch of a tree, and shooting away from thence within a yard of me. I did not like to leave the steel-yard, and I had to detach it from a rope with which it was tied to the tree, and the basket too was half-full of yams and heavy, so that it was some time before I got away and walked down the beach and waded to the boat, shooting going on all round at the time, no one shooting *at* me, yet, as they shot on both sides of me at each other, I was thankful to get well out of it. I thought of Him who preserves from ‘the arrow that flieth by day,’ as He has so mercifully preserved so many of us from the ‘sickness.’”

A far more terrible scene, however, was enacted at Santa Cruz, where Patteson landed on the 15th August. The natives were very fierce, and on a previous visit they had shown some opposition. The Bishop was very anxious to get an entrance here; to him the vindictive and dangerous character of the people only acted as an incitement to greater self-sacrifice and devotion on their behalf. In the boat with the Bishop, in addition to Atkins, were three or four of his most promising Norfolk Islanders, Pearce, Hobbs, Young, and Christian, young men who loved him with a disciple-love, and had become imbued with his noble spirit. All seemed to go well until Patteson returned to the boat, when a shower of arrows was shot from the shore. The Bishop was at the stern, holding the rudder up as a shield to ward off the murderous shafts. Pearce presently lay transfixed at the bottom of the boat, an arrow through his chest, another had entered

the cheek of his companion Hobbs, and a third pierced the wrist of the other man, Young. It was a critical moment, and scarcely a chance seemed to exist of any of the party escaping alive. As soon as they gained the schooner, chased to its side by the canoes of the natives, the Bishop lost no time in attending to the urgent need of his wounded comrades. Fortunately



TATTOOED NATIVE AND CLUBS.

the arrows were not poisoned, so this dreadful element of danger had not to be considered, but the consequences were no less serious. He withdrew the one which was still sticking in the breast of Pearce, who eventually recovered, though by a miracle. A far more difficult case was the extraction of the arrow head from the wrist of the other man; failing to get it back by ordinary means, Patteson had to lay hold

of its point on the other side and pull it through the arm.

His worst fears were soon realised, for lockjaw began to set in. What followed can never be told in words more simple in their tragic pathos and tenderness than those in which Patteson records the incident to his sister, "Then my heart sank down within me, and I prayed earnestly to God. I talked to the dear lad of his danger, night and day we prayed and read. A dear guileless spirit indeed. I never saw in so young a person such a thorough conscientiousness as for two years I witnessed in his daily life, and I had long not only loved but respected him.

"We had calm weather and could not get on. By Saturday the jaws were tight locked. Then more intense grew the pain, the agony—the whole body rigid like a bar of iron. Oh! how I blessed God who carried me through that day and night. How good he was in his very agonies, in his fearful spasms, thanking God, praying, pressing my hands when I prayed and comforted him with holy words of Scripture.

"None but a well-disciplined, humble, simple Christian could so have borne his sufferings; the habit of obedience, faith, and patience, the childlike unhesitating trust in God's love and fatherly care, supported him now. He never for a moment lost his hold upon God. What a lesson it was; it calmed us all. It almost awed one to see in so young a lad so great an instance of God's infinite power, so great a work of good perfected in one young enough to have been confirmed by me.

"At 1 a.m. (Monday) I moved from his side to my couch, only three yards off. Of course we were all (I need not say) in the after cabin. He said faintly, 'Kiss me. I am very glad that I was doing my duty: tell my father that I was in the path of duty, and he will be so glad. Poor Santa Cruz people!'

“‘Ah, my dear boy, you will do more for their conversion by your death than ever we shall do by our lives!’ and as I lay down, almost convulsed with sobs, though not audible, he said (so Mr. Nihill afterwards told me), ‘Poor Bishop!’ How full his head was of love and peace and thoughts of heaven! ‘O what love,’ he said. The last night when I left him for an hour or two at 1 a.m., only to lie down in my clothes at his side, he said faintly (his body being then rigid as a bar of iron) ‘Kiss me, Bishop.’ At 4 a.m. he started as from a trance; he had been wandering a good deal, but all his words even then were of things pure and holy. His eyes met mine, and I saw the consciousness gradually moving back into them. ‘They never stop singing there, sir, do they?’—for his thoughts were with the angels of heaven. Then, after a short time, the last terrible struggle, and then he fell asleep. And remember all this in the midst of that most agonising, it may be, of all forms of death. At 4 a.m. he was hardly conscious, not fully conscious, there were some fearful spasms; we fanned him and bathed his head, and occasionally got a drop or two of weak brandy and water down. Then came the last struggle. Oh! how I thanked God when his head at length fell back, or rather his whole body, for it was without joint, on my arm; long-drawn sighs, with still sadder contraction of features, succeeded, and while I said the commendatory prayer he passed away.”

The death of this young fellow, his son in the Gospel, was one of the greatest troubles which befell the heart of Patteson. He loved the boy with an intense affection; and when he returned to his old quarters at Kohimarama, everything reminded him of the beloved dead, and his heart was well-nigh broken.

In the summer of 1865 the Bishop visits Mota again, and works hard to carry out his cherished idea of founding on the island a Christian village. The people were curious but friendly, and his excellent

coadjutor, Mr. Palmer, had done good service in his absence. Well disposed to listen, the natives gave Patteson little trouble in obtaining lads to go back with him to New Zealand; but he saw that it would be expedient to take some of the girls this time, so that when his scholars returned to the island they would not have to marry a heathen wife.

Certainly this place seems to have been rich in tropical beauty, and the eye which, with its fine sense of loveliness, enjoyed so much the masterpieces of the Italian galleries, was constantly delighted in the midst of these scenes of natural magnificence. The cathedral of his episcopate was seen in the columns of the glorious palms with their gracefully waving fringe overhead, the trailing creepers, the lustrous flowers, among which flew birds of surpassing plumage, filling the air with their songs, while close by boomed the diapason of the sea as it fell on the coral shore.

We have a picture of the Bishop as he lived in, what to him, was luxury indeed. The tent is old and out of repair, and only really weather-tight in one portion. The meals of his party are somewhat disturbed by having to chase a number of lizards, which have a habit of crowding on the roof and dropping down on the table. Fruit, and that of a quality to vie with our best hot-house specimens, forms their principal diet. The natives stand round in a crowd, marvelling as they see the Bishop, dressed in an old flannel shirt and trousers, writing those scraps of paper which have preserved for us the precious records of his life and work.

Soon he lays down his pen, and standing under the shade of a large banyan-tree tells them of a God who in His love has made all things beautiful, and wants them to love Him with all their hearts. Then he asks them questions, and here is revealed more and more the density of their ignorance, and even in those who have been influenced by the Gospel there



TREE-HOUSES IN THE ISLAND OF YSABEL.

is need of a teaching of a deeper kind. They tell him that no longer do they fight, they have ceased to be quarrelsome, they do not steal anything like what they used to do. "We are all right now," is their confident remark.

"Are you? I never taught you to think so. You tell me that you believe that the Son of God came down from heaven. What did He come for? What is the meaning of what you say, that He died for us?"

Thus the Bishop searchingly examined them. He was not the man to be satisfied with a superficial gloss, which means no real work of God within. It was this thoroughness which, in no haste for results, but seeking rather that the foundations should be well and truly laid, marked the value of Patteson's labour among the heathen.

Neither did he forget the deepening of his own spiritual experience. In addition to the Word of God, his constant study and stay, he never went about without some book which might refresh his spirits. Here, in Mota, we find him closing the weary day with a quiet chapter from Vaughan on the Revelation; at other times we find Newman's Sermons in his hand; and, like most heroes of the faith, a little volume of Thomas à Kempis was indeed a means of frequent and sweet communion. In relation to this latter book, it is recorded in one of his letters with what peculiar joy he received from the sister of Bishop Mackenzie his copy of the "Imitation," blotted with the waves of the Shiré in Central Africa, where he spent himself in his Master's service. With the saintly author of the *Christian Year* he was on intimate terms, and in many of his letters we find how again and again those songs of Zion were sung by Patteson while far away in a strange land.

He had his favourite books, therefore, and some of them seemed strange in the midst of such scenes. Thus he tells us how delighted he is with "Tom

Brown's School-days," which, somehow or other, has reached his hands, and brings back his Eton days very vividly. "What a useful book that is!" he says; "a real gain to a young person to have such a book. That is very much the kind of thing that would really help a boy—manly, true, and plain."

During his visit to the Solomon Islands, the Bishop and his party landed at Bauro, and made their first acquaintance with the curious tree-houses of the natives. It appears that, some years previously, there had been a war between the Ysabel Islanders and another tribe; and, as an act of vengeance, the inhabitants of this district were almost killed to a man. The few who had managed to elude massacre by hiding away in the bush crept forth to find desolation and ruin. They therefore began to build their houses in the tallest trees, ascending thereto by long ladders, sometimes reaching over sixty feet from the ground. Up these dangerous and uncertain means of approach the natives ran with ease, a woman heavily laden climbing carelessly up without even attempting to steady herself with her hands. Patteson declined to attempt the experiment. "I can't go up there. I am neither bird nor bat, and I have no wings if I fall," said he.

After careful consultation, the headquarters of the Mission were removed to Norfolk Island, and soon the establishment was sufficient to house a hundred Melanesians. On the transfer of St. Andrew's to this place, a new name was resolved upon, and henceforth the Norfolk Island building was known as St. Barnabas' Mission School.

The consolidation of the work here is a history full of interesting incident; and the heart of Patteson was much cheered by the growing success of the mission. From here, however, some of his native converts exchanged earth for heaven.

One of these, Walter Hotaswol, rapidly weakened

by consumption, entered into his rest on the eve of the Epiphany, 1868.

A simple-hearted, blameless youth, he was very dear to the heart of the Bishop, and gave good evidence of being a true disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ. One day after he had received the sacrament for the first time, he seemed lost in thought as the Bishop sat by his side. Presently he said,—

“Very good.”

“What is very good, Walter?”

“The Lord's Supper.”

“Why do you think so?”

“I can't talk about it. I feel it here” (touching his heart). “I don't feel as I did.”

“But you have long believed in Him?”

“Yes, but I feel different from that; I don't feel afraid of death. My heart is calm” (*me masur kal*, of a calm following a gale). “I do believe that I am going to Him.”

Then, after a pause, he said earnestly, “Bishop, last night, on the night before I received the Lord's Supper, I saw a man standing there, a *tanum liana*” (a man of rank or authority). “He said, ‘Your breath is bad; I will give you a new breath.’ I thought it meant, ‘I will give you a new life.’ I thought it must be Jesus.”

Doubtless it was. The last words of this young disciple were, “Better to die here with a bright heart than to live in my old home with a dark one.”

A lingering attack of fever among the new colony on Norfolk Island once more engrossed the Bishop's attention. This illness assumed the more dangerous form of typhus, and was believed to have been carried to the island by some infected vessel. Here he had the advantage of the skilful assistance of Mr. Hobbs, who on a subsequent occasion treated Patteson when prostrate with sudden illness; the labour of watching and applying remedies was incessant, the cheerful presence of the Bishop being everywhere felt.

It is a significant remark which occurs in a letter from Mr. Codrington at this time, that "It is a characteristic of Bishop Patteson that I never heard him say a word that I remember of religion to one of the sick. Of such things he would not, unless he was obliged, speak except to the patient alone."

It was indeed an indication of that delicacy of feeling which in all things distinguished him. That he was always about his Master's business, and had the fitting, earnest, helpful word ready to utter when occasion demanded, we have abundant evidence throughout his work.

Patteson from a boy held with deep reverence those spiritual experiences which lie deep in the heart of man. The respect which he claimed for himself he extended to the poorest native lying dying under his tropical sky, and it was his custom at times to ask the retirement from his congregation of his European helpers when he wished to pour out his heart unrestrained to these black boys. He could not speak freely before others, he had a wholesome horror of being praised for anything he might say. Few men regarded with such jealous care the solemn responsibility of his spiritual office.

We can well imagine with what pleasure Patteson baptized those converts who, as fruits of his ministry, were prepared from time to time to receive the symbol of entry into Christ's Church on earth; but a still fuller joy was reserved for him when the first Melanesian received ordination as a Christian minister from his hands. This interesting service took place in the little college chapel at the end of the year 1868, and the subject of it was George Sarawia, the newly appointed deacon.

Afterwards, when Patteson had his natives round him, he spoke thankfully of the present, and urged them by God's grace to fulfil the hopes of the future.

"This is the beginning," said he, "only the be-

ginning, the first *fruit*. Many blossoms there are already. I know that God's Spirit is working in the hearts of some of you. Follow that holy guidance. Pray always that you may be kept in the right way, and that you may be enabled to point it out to others, and to guide them to it."

A letter which came with his correspondence from England, was like a cloud floating in the azure of his happy work. It was from his old friend Bishop Selwyn, to tell him of his translation to the see of Lichfield. The intimate relations existing between these two men were close and tender, more as of an elder and younger brother. Patteson feels keenly the severance which is to be made, and with his customary self-depreciation writes, "Indeed I do thank God that I have been taught to know and dearly love you; and much I reproach myself (not now for the first time) that I have been wilful and pained you sometimes by choosing for myself when I ought to have followed your advice." He is convinced, however, that Bishop Selwyn has done right in accepting the position.

The day of Bishop Selwyn's departure from New Zealand was one of public solemnity and regret. The shops in Auckland were closed, the streets were crowded with a concourse of colonists and natives, anxious to see the last of their Primate.

It was the trying task which fell to Patteson to take a prominent part in the farewell ceremony at St. Mary's Church; and now, standing on the wharf, these two men, so alike in noble qualities displayed in the same glorious field of service, said farewell. Four simple sentences from one of Patteson's letters tell with touching force what it was to him.

"Then choking words, and stifled efforts to say 'God bless you!' and so we parted." "It is the end of a long chapter. I feel as if 'my master was taken from my head.'"

"Ah, well! they are gone; and we will try to do what we can."

"I feel rather no-how, and can't yet settle down to anything."

As a consequence, he was really unfitted for active work for a time.





CHAPTER X.

THE MARTYRDOM AND AFTER.

“Oft had the angel unto others come,
And borne while yet he prayed the spirit home,
At last the white-robed messenger one day
Knocked at his heart and beckoned him away.

“The Master calls for thee:’ he quickly rose,
The work is ended, comes the sure repose,
The Cross so bravely borne at last laid down,
Above him glitters the unfading crown.”

THE year 1870, amid its record of unflagging toil, is marked by the serious illness of Bishop Patteson, which compelled him to take an interval of complete rest. He had borne up as long as possible without complaint, but at last a painful malady which had before afflicted him quite laid him aside in utter weakness. Universal and heart-felt was the solicitude of his fellow-workers and Melanesians at Norfolk Island, and night and day they tended him with loving care. It became necessary, however, for him to consult skilled advice, and therefore he returned on the *Southern Cross* to Auckland, and became the

honoured guest of his friend Lady Martin. A great change was noticed in his appearance since his last visit, a loss of vital power and a different look on his face, his hair was also turning grey. He had of course to be carried in the arms of his friends to his home of rest, and for a long time afterwards could only sit in an easy chair, in a kind of dreamy doze, waited on by his faithful Melanesian attendant. For a time his extreme weakness made him perfectly willing to adhere to his physician's instructions as to absolute rest and quiet, but as soon as ever the pulse of life began to quicken, the old spirit of activity and undauntable energy reasserted itself. At other times his mind, dwelling constantly on his beloved work among the islands, saw in the future many things to imperil the permanent success of the Mission. He longed to be back again, and to introduce, amid these growing dangers, the strength of his presence and advice to the faithful few.

In due course this prayer was granted, and he sealed his devotion to Melanesia with his blood.

What this evil influence was which, creeping among the coral reefs, wrecked the prospects of the Mission, and caused the murder of its Bishop, must now be again and more fully referred to. In a word it may be said that slavery slew Patteson.

It is a story of the white man's cruelty, of his greed of gain, of native confidence wronged and finally destroyed, of the innocent suffering for the guilty.

The sugar and cotton plantations of Fiji and Queensland were much in need of native labour, and to secure this trading-vessels plied among the islands to enlist the natives, and persuade them to come back with them. In many respects this plan commended itself to the missionaries, and thus they, with mistaken and fatal collusion, became unconscious instruments in the wrong which followed. The demand for workers, however, soon exceeded the voluntary supply, and these sandal-wood traders, in whose hands the inter-

course with the natives rested, soon resorted to unscrupulous means for getting a human cargo. They tried to coax them on board their ships under promise of presents, and having succeeded, would fasten the unsuspecting natives under hatches till they had got them safely away. Where opposition was met with, the crews freely shot down the poor islanders, canoes were deliberately sunk, and these outrages were committed with impunity. The consequence was that a deadly and implacable hatred was established between the white and the black man, and reprisals on the part of the outraged natives were of common occurrence.

One of the worst features of this vile kidnapping was the use freely made of Patteson's name as a decoy by these traders; they told the blacks that the Bishop was on board, and wanted to see them; that he had broken his leg, and had sent the vessel to fetch them; and in some cases fixed his effigy to the prow of the vessel, dressed in a black coat, with a book in his hands. So degraded were these men that it is stated they assisted one tribe in war against another in order to capture slaves. Thus their ships had got to be known as "kill-kill" vessels or "snatch-snatch" ships.

It will be readily seen from this state of things that a danger of the most fearful character threatened with injury, if not extinction, the Melanesian Mission. The islands were being rapidly depopulated, and the remnant that remained were only exasperated with murderous revenge against the white man.

The news of all this brought the Bishop back to his sphere of work as soon as ever he was convalescent. He addressed a strong memorandum to the New Zealand Synod, hoping thereby to get the English Government to take steps for the suppression of this wicked trade in slaves. As he passed from island to island he warned the natives against these sandal-wood traders, with their specious promises, and was grieved to find in so many cases that the young men had been

carried off already. He found that the planters in Fiji and Queensland did not wish these natives to be kidnapped, and would have preferred to receive such, for whom they had paid as much as twelve pounds in some cases to the traders, upon their plantations without this evident distress and ill-humour. Everywhere he was struck with the shyness of the people, and how few now came to meet him, where in previous voyages the beach would have been crowded with hundreds of natives. In some instances his old friends cautioned Patteson against visiting certain places, where the people were in a very exasperated state, and had already, out of revenge, intercepted and destroyed the boats and their crews sent off from the trading-vessels.

Several times he met with these ships, and boarded them to make inquiries. He found the captains actually provided with a Government permit, countersigned by the missionaries on the island, and everything superficially quite in order, but below under hatches were the poor fellows. Once as he parted from one of these ships, one of the black cargo piteously cried to him, "Bishopy! Bishopy!" but was quickly silenced.

After a time he returned to Norfolk Island, and for a space his letters are full of his work there, translating into the various languages, a Babel multitude; preparing his catechumens, arranging plans for extended operations; and amidst it all finding time to make elaborate and most valuable comments on the condition of the Church at home. His heart is full to overflowing with thankfulness at what he calls the "almost visible victory over powers of darkness." In sight of this evidence of the blessing of God upon his long and patient labours, he remembers again his old text, "Thine heart shall fear and be enlarged."

These poor natives, he tells us, now come to him and talk with him in words like these,—

"I *do* see the evil of the old life, I *do* believe in

what you teach us. I feel in my heart new desires, new wishes, new hopes. The old life has been hateful to me, this new life is full of joy. But it is so *mana* (weighty) I am afraid. What if after making these promises I go back?"

"What do you doubt—God's power and love or your own weakness?"

"I don't doubt His power and love; but I am afraid."

"Afraid of what?"

"Of falling away."

"Doesn't He promise His help to those who need it?"

"Yes, I know that."

"Do you pray?"

"I don't know how to pray properly, but I and my wife say—'God, make our hearts light. Take away the darkness. We believe that you love us because you sent Jesus to become a man and die for us; but we can't understand it all. Make us fit to be baptized.'"

"If you really long to lead a new life, and pray to God to strengthen you, come in faith, without doubting."

Thus at Norfolk Island we have this last glimpse of the good Bishop in the midst of his people. His letters show a deepening seriousness, and he talks more freely than ever about his inner experiences. There is a tremulous tenderness, a chastening of spirit in every line. In some cases we can discern a dim foreboding of the end; it is certainly significant that on setting out he speaks of the Santa Cruz group with anxious yearning. He means to go to Nukapu, he says, and adds, "You can enter into my thoughts how I pray God that if it be His will, and if it be the appointed time, He may enable us in His own way to begin some little work among these very wild but vigorous, energetic islanders."

The closing scene draws near, the last entry is

made in the journal, the last words being said to his faithful friends.

When the sun rose on the morning of the 20th of September, 1871, the *Southern Cross* was by the Bishop's orders headed for Nukapu. He gathered his young Melaneseans around him on deck, and talked to them with mysterious and unconscious appropriateness of the death of Stephen. In tones never to be forgotten he read in their hearing the words of the Gospel, "Therefore, whatsoever ye have spoken in darkness shall be heard in the light, and that which ye have spoken in the ear in closets shall be proclaimed on the housetops. *And I say unto you, my friends, Be not afraid of them that kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do.*"

Then in due time the ship stood off the coral reef, and several canoes filled with natives were seen cruising about. Taking with them a few presents, the Bishop and his party got into a boat and pulled towards the island. Although the people recognised him there was a strangeness in their manner. To disarm any suspicions they might have, he went into one of their canoes, and then Mr. Atkins, his companion, thought he caught the word "Tabu," which refers among this race to the offering of presents to an intended victim. Some yams and fruit were at the same time placed before the Bishop. The canoes were now dragged over the reef into the deep lagoon, and the friends of the Bishop saw him land and then disappear in the crowd. With intense anxiety they waited his return. Presently a man in one of the canoes began shouting, "Have you anything like this?" and a shower of arrows followed, with cries of vengeance. "This for New Zealand man! this for Bauro man! this for Mota man!"

The shafts flew with fatal accuracy, and the boat with difficulty was pulled back to the ship filled with wounded men. Some of the arrow-heads, of poisoned bone, were extracted, and Mr. Atkins, who had been

dangerously struck in the shoulder, insisted at once on returning to look after the Bishop. The native boys and two sailors quickly volunteered to accompany him; and at last as the tide rose their boat was able to cross the reef. Two canoes were being rowed to meet them; one shortly went back leaving the other to float forward. In it was apparently a heap, and at first one of the sailors, thinking it might be a man in ambush, prepared his pistol.

But it carried not the living but the dead!

"Those are the Bishop's shoes." Then this funeral barge reached them, and one thrilling whisper passed their lips—"The body!" With breaking hearts and trembling hands they lifted out the body of Patteson. It was wrapped carefully in a native mat, and upon the breast was placed a spray of native palm with five mysterious knots tied in leaves; and when they unwrapped him, beneath the spray of palm were five wounds there.

The explanation of this was that the Bishop had been killed in expiation of the outrage on five natives who had died at the hands of the white men.

A yell of triumph rang along the distant beach as the precious burden was borne away; and it is supposed that the reverent treatment of the body, and its restoration to the Bishop's friends, was due to some of his native friends ashore.

His face was calm, and full of peace; he had not suffered from the spear wounds in his breast, for a murderous blow at the back of the head must have at once deprived him of life.

The next day, with breaking hearts, the little company committed the body to the deep, to lie until that great Day when the sea as well as the land shall restore her dead at the Almighty summons.

The mournful voyage back to Norfolk Island was attended by the death in great agony of the two wounded Melanesians, and of Mr. Atkins, the truc-hearted companion of the Bishop in so many perils.

When at last, on the 18th October, the *Southern Cross* came in sight, her ensign flying half-mast high, the effect upon those who waited its arrival was deeply distressing. Mr. Hobbs tells how when he saw the ship with such sad evidence of loss and disaster, "my heart grew faint;" and adds, "but to the yacht as soon as she came near enough, one of our boats, manned by an eager crew, went off, and long before she returned all hands, men, women and children, were anxiously assembled on the pier. Scarce a word was spoken. Well, the boat is returning, plenty of curly heads appear above the gunwales and by the sides of the rowers, several sitters are in the stern sheets—but who are they? Once or twice both the Bishop and Mr. Atkins were perceived there, then again doubts arose. Then we thought we could discern a body covered with a blue ensign or other dark pall, and many other conjectures were formed, for in our excitement we had forgotten to bring a telescope. However, the boat approaches rapidly, she rounds the head of the pier. The sitters aft we recognise—Mr. Brooke and Captain Jacobs. The boats are now within hail. One of our people on shore calls out 'All right?' 'No, sad news,' is the almost inaudible answer.

"Then all are silent, and the fact reaches us that Bishop Patteson and the Rev. Joseph Atkins (the name of the Melanesian martyr who received his death-wound at the same time was Stephen Taroaniara) had been killed by the natives of Nukapu Island, a place little better than a rock, adjacent to Santa Cruz, where Fisher, Young, and Edwin Webb received their death-wounds seven years before. It is a sad blow to the Mission, humanly speaking, but 'The Lord is a God of judgment; blessed are all they that wait for Him.'"

The testimony to the place which Patteson held in the hearts of these people may be gathered from the affecting earnestness of words like the following,—

"Dear, kind, good, loving Bishop! how full of sadness our hearts are at his loss! We know that they

are at rest, and their works do follow them. May the remembrance of the sweet, Christlike character of our dear Bishop help us to strive to follow him as he followed his Lord. Often I say to myself, Why was he so lovable? and why was there a greater fascination and influence for good about him than any one I ever met? and the truest answer seems to be that he partook so greatly of the spirit of Christ. His sole object seemed to be to do all for the glory of God, to feed the sheep in the wilderness of his sojourn."

The subsequent history is soon told, and will be read with feelings strangely mingled. The news of his death caused dismay, and even indignation, among those who had not for these poor natives the considerate love and pity which warmed Patteson's heart. An English war-vessel, the *Rosario*, proceeded to Santa Cruz to make inquiries, but before leaving Norfolk Island the whole community protested against any reprisal being made for the Bishop's death, and to this the Captain gave his promise as far as he was able. It appears, however, that when a boat was lowered at Nukapu with a flag of truce, the crowd of natives only understood the visit as one of vengeance for the murdered Englishman, and sent a volley of arrows at the boat, killing at once a sergeant of marines.

The result was that the men of the *Rosario* opened fire on them, and many natives fell. This is just what Patteson would have *not* liked to take place; he was a man of peace and forgiveness, and, like his great Example, doubtless prayed in dying for mercy on his murderers.

As if forecasting the likelihood of this lamentable event, he said in his earnest memorandum read to the Provincial Synod of Sydney, "I desire to protest by anticipation against any punishment being inflicted against the natives of these islands who may cut off vessels and kill boats' crews, until it is clearly shown that these are not done in the way of retribution for outrages first committed by white men." If this was

his view as regards trading-vessels, placing himself between the vengeance of civilised might and the enraged natives, how much more would he have rebuked and repudiated the vengeance of British gun-fire for the death of one whose life was a constant sacrifice for the Master's sake. That coral strand strewn with dead natives, whose ruined villages were smoking behind them, was a sight which a Christian must recall with mingled grief and shame.

A visit of a very different character took place here some years afterward, when Bishop John Selwyn had succeeded Patteson in his great work. Accompanied by Mr. Lister Kaye, who belonged to the Santa Cruz Mission, he landed at Nukapu. They were received by Moto, the old chief, and one of the survivors of the men who were kidnapped, and for whom the life of the Bishop was taken in expiation. They took the visitors to a hut where Patteson sat and spoke to the people, and looking across to the sea must have seen the arrows fly across at the boat. It was then and there that he received his death-blow on the head from a club, and the five wounds were afterwards inflicted as a mark of vengeance for the five Nukapu men taken away before. When, however, the other people knew of his murder, they were greatly incensed, and drove the guilty actors of the tragedy from the island, the man who struck the first blow being compelled to wander from place to place, until finally he gave himself up to the old chief, who forthwith shot him dead.

With feelings which can be well imagined Bishop John Selwyn and his friends listened to this recital, and then proceeded to place a cross on the very spot where Patteson was supposed to have been killed. They desired to put it in front of the hut, but acceded to the wishes of the natives that it might stand in sight of the sea, and there on a little eminence, beneath which the blue waves dashed on the coral shore, they reverently uplifted this touching memorial of the sainted dead. It is a cross twelve feet high, of galvanised

iron, with a burnished copper disc thereon. The simple inscription runs as follows,—

In Memory of
John Coleridge Patteson, D.D.,
Missionary Bishop,
Whose life was here taken by men for whom he would
gladly have given it.



PATTESON MEMORIAL CROSS ON THE WAYSIDE NEAR EXETER.

Then, the monument having been raised, the Bishop and his party solemnly knelt on the very ground where the martyr fell, and repeated that beautiful collect for All Saints' Day, "O Almighty God, who hast knit together Thine elect in one communion and fellowship, in the mystical body of Thy Son Christ our Lord; Grant us grace so to follow Thy blessed Saints in all virtuous and godly living, that we may come to those unspeakable joys, which Thou hast prepared for them

that unfeignedly love Thee ; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

So in the sight of the dusky islanders, they reverently consecrated the memory of their brother in the Lord.

In his native land, it need hardly be said, other memorials by loving hands were erected. One is put up at Sperne Cross, near Exeter, the name given to a spot where the cross roads meet near Alfington, and was erected by his relative Lord Coleridge.

On each of the four faces of the cross is an inscription, and on the side pointing to Feniton in addition are the words, "A kinsman desires thus to keep alive for after-time the name and example of a wise, a holy and a humble man."

The principal inscription on the base of the memorial is as follows,—

In Memory of

JOHN COLERIDGE PATTESON, D.D.,

MISSIONARY BISHOP,

Born in London, April 1st, 1827.

Killed at Nukapu, near the island of Santa Cruz,

20th September, 1871,

Together with two fellow-workers of our Lord, the Reverend Joseph Atkins and Stephen Taroaniara (in vengeance for wrongs suffered at the hands of Europeans),

By savage men whom he loved,
And for whose sake he gave up
Home and Country,
And friends dearer than his life.

LORD JESUS,

Grant that we may live to Thee like him,
And stand in our lot with him
Before Thy throne,
At the end of the days. Amen.

But undoubtedly the noblest memorial of this character is the magnificent pulpit erected in Exeter Cathedral at a cost of £700. It is in the richly decorated style, and is the product of the genius of Sir Gilbert Scott. The yellow Mansfield stone of which it is composed has been sculptured in exquisite beauty of tracing and outline. The front panel shows the friendly natives bringing the body of the Bishop to the boat, folded in the native mat. On either side are the bas-reliefs representing the martyrdom of St. Alban, and the departure of St. Boniface from Britain to Germany; besides the figures within the niches of St. Paul, St. John the Baptist, and St. Stephen.

Upon the side of the pulpit are these words,—

“This pulpit is placed here in memory of JOHN COLERIDGE PATTESON, D.D., Missionary Bishop, ordained in this Cathedral: Deacon, 25th September, 1853; Priest, 24th September, 1854; Consecrated Bishop on the Feast of St. Matthias, 1861. Killed 20th September, 1871, together with two fellow-workers for the Lord, at Nukapu, in the South Pacific Ocean, whilst doing the duty for which he gave up himself and all that he had.”

His character and life are thus eloquently summed up by Mr. Gladstone,—

“In him were singularly combined the spirit of chivalry, the glorious ornament of a bygone time; the spirit of charity, rare in every age; and the spirit of reverence, which the favourite children of this generation appear to have combined to ban.

“It is hardly possible to read the significant but modest record of his sacrifices, his labours, his perils, and his cares, without being vividly reminded of St. Paul, the prince and model of all missionary labourers, without feeling that the Apostolic pattern is not even now without its imitators, and that the copy in this case well and truly and not remotely recalls the original.”

Thus from the very midst of his field of labour



PATTERSON MEMORIAL PULPIT, EXETER CATHEDRAL.

passed this hero of the Cross to his well-earned rest. He gave the best of his life, his manly strength, his intellectual abilities, his loving affection, to the service of the black men of Melanesia: at their hands he laid that life down. Little did they dream when they dealt the deadly blow, and when the five expiating wounds were inflicted, how great a soul, how true a friend, their murderous club set free. The martyrdom on the reef of Nukapu was a personal bereavement to every islander in Melanesia, an irreparable loss which is felt even unto this day.

Realising the spirit and heart of the man, one cannot help the conviction that he died just where he would have chosen. His work just finished, he lay down in the midst of it. Much more he would have been willing to do, but suddenly the Voice, which had often whispered the comforting assurance of Divine love, spoke the authoritative word which flung open the door that we call death, and he entered into the joy of his Lord.

His blood was spilt in sight of the fronded palms, which like stately Gothic columns hung their tresses against the blue arch of a cloudless sky; he fell in glorious martyrdom,

"Upon the world's great altar stairs
Which slope through darkness up to God."

His burial, too, was like his death. For him none of the mournful pomp of a public funeral was to be. A few sad-hearted and loving fellow-workers, some stricken too with the arrow's poison and ready to die, committed him to the waters of that sea, in which many a time he bravely swam with his message of peace and love, and which now enfolds him to keep among its secrets till the sea gives up its dead.

But being dead he yet speaketh; and surely to him the language of the Apostle to the Gentiles may be fitly applied,—

"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith : henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day ; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love His appearing."

He has passed from our sight, but stands in the presence of the Master he loved so well, and forms one of that glorious company of the redeemed of whom St. John in Patmos speaks,—

"And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth : Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours ; and their works do follow them."

A sweet singer has thus described the closing scene,—

"On Southern seas afloat,
There drifts a lonely boat ;
Far from the waves that guard his English home,
Therein a dead man lies,
Beneath these glorious skies,
A palm branch telling of his martyrdom.

"In perfect peace the while,
Death-fixed that holy smile
That rests till doom upon the sleeping face ;
He lies beneath the sun,
Slain for the foul wrong done
By white barbarians of the self-same race.

"No slanting sunset road,
Our childhood's way to God,
Gleams on those waters like a path of light.
The glow of noontide there,
Broods, like the hush of prayer,
Upon that boat with its heaven-guarded freight.

"Those whom, in love, he sought,
To whom God's peace he brought,
Saw in him but another of the race
Who, for their simple faith,
Had wrought them woe and death,
And slew him for the fairness of his face.

“ God’s curse is on the land
That shields a murderous hand
Beneath the shadow of the Christian name:
Who own the Christ of peace,
Yet make not wrong to cease,
Shall reap for all their boasted glory, shame.”

E. H. KERR.

THE END.

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