Patteson of Melanesia

A Brief Life of John Coleridge Patteson, Missionary Bishop

BY

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TO

MY WIFE

PREFACE

THE Life of John Coleridge Patteson has been told so well and so fully by Miss Yonge that it requires some courage to tell it again. The only justification for attempting to do so is that this missionary classic has largely passed out of the ken of this generation, and we sorely need the spiritual uplift and inspiration which it never fails to bring to those who read it. Patteson was one of those rare souls who are God's great gift not to one generation but to all; and, although it is well over fifty years since he laid down his life on the islet of Nukapu, amid the "great wide waste" of Melanesian waters, the message of his life is as living today as it was to the men of his own age. It is a message and an influence which we cannot afford to miss.

It was the conviction that there was room for a short sketch of Patteson's life to serve as an introduction to Miss Yonge's great Biography, as well as to pass on some of its inspiration, that led the writer to attempt the task. The present Biography adds nothing new: the writer has simply used the rich material available —both biographical and historical—to try to present a vivid impression of the real Patteson. The repeated

reading of his self-revealing letters has been a wonderful delight and a spiritual inspiration for which the writer desires to express his profound gratitude. If this little book succeeds in leading others to steep their souls in the larger work, then it will have been well worth while.

FRANK H. L. PATON.

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PATTESON OF MELANESIA

CHAPTER I

THE LURE OF THE PACIFIC

Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
  When a new planet swims into his ken :
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
  He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Looked at each other with a mild surmise—
  Silent upon a peak in Darien.

JOHN KEATS.

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
  The furrow followed free ;
We were the first that ever burst
  Into that silent sea.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

Cannot the love of Christ carry the Missionary where the love of gain carries the Trader ?—DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

LONG before the people of Europe knew of the existence of the Pacific, in A.D. 1245 Pope Innocent IV. sent Friar John, a disciple of St. Francis, as an envoy to the Great Khan in Mongolia. Eight years later another Franciscan followed as a representative of the king of France. These men reported that China was bounded on the other side by sea. They believed this to be the same ocean that washed the shores of western Europe. Indeed, Roger Bacon thought that

the distance from the coast of Spain to the eastern shores of Asia could not be very great. It was only when the Turks closed the old overland route to the East and compelled the European merchants to seek a new way by sea, that they discovered their mistake.

The Portuguese mariners were the first to set out on this quest. They sailed down the coast of Africa in the hope of finding a way to India. It required great courage to face these long voyages with such frail ships and such crude instruments of navigation. The sailors, too, were full of superstition: some thought that if they went too far south they would reach the burning zone where no human beings could live; others were afraid that if they went too far beyond the horizon they would descend so far that it would be no easy task to climb back again. But these explorers, being men of courage and resource, overcame all their difficulties.

Prince Henry of Portugal, their leader in these early days, built up a wonderful school of navigation and map-making. The men trained there were the pioneers of the Age of Discovery. In 1486 Bartholomew Diaz sailed round the south end of Africa. He named it the Cape of Storms, but this was afterwards changed to the Cape of Good Hope, because of the promise that it gave of a new way to India.

When the way round Africa proved such a long one, Columbus thought that a shorter route might be found by sailing due west across the Atlantic Ocean.

When Queen Isabella of Spain agreed to provide him with ships, he vowed that he would devote the

wealth that he hoped to gain to the sacred task of freeing the Holy Sepulchre from the desecrating control of the infidel Turk. Columbus set out on his great adventure in 1482 with three small vessels and a very mixed crew of 290 men. The days lengthened into weeks, but no land appeared. His men threatened to rise against him in mutiny, but by his fearlessness and wonderful personal ascendancy he persuaded them to keep on. At last, when they reached land, a great revulsion of feeling took place. The officers embraced him and kissed his hand, while members of the crew threw themselves down at his feet and begged for pardon and favour.

Columbus thought that he had discovered the islands on the fringe of Asia. He left forty men to found a colony at a place which he named Hispaniola, while he returned to Spain for more ships and men. When he got back again he found that the whole colony had been wiped out. In spite of this disaster he made a new beginning and carried on further explorations. But he did not find the riches of the East, and some years later in poverty and neglect he died without knowing the great discovery he had really made.

Meanwhile, Vasco da Gama, following the old Portuguese route round the Cape of Good Hope, had actually reached India, and the riches which he brought back established his reputation.

The first sight of the Pacific was gained by a Spanish adventurer, Vasco Nuñez de Balboa. He was exploring the mainland at the Isthmus of Darien, when,

from the top of a hill, on the 25th December, 1513, he suddenly discovered the broad expanse of the great western ocean far below him, stretching away out to the horizon. His first act was to kneel down and thank God for allowing him this discovery. His next, when he reached the shore, was to wade into the sea, clad in full armour, and with drawn sword claim it for his sovereign, and vow to defend it with those arms against all who disputed that claim.

Balboa in his actions unconsciously represented two very different ways of regarding the Pacific. In kneeling to thank God he acknowledged His purpose and leading; and in claiming it with drawn sword for the king of Spain he asserted the right to exploit it. The story of the Pacific ever since has been that of the struggle between these two motives—service and exploitation.

While these western explorers were thus making it clear that the land discovered by Columbus was not the east coast of Asia but a new continent separated from it by a vast ocean, the Portuguese mariners, following the South African route, pressed on beyond India, and reached Canton in 1517. One of these sailors, Ferdinand Magellan, determined to open up a second sea way to India around the south of the new continent, as America was then called. Indeed, he conceived the gigantic adventure of sailing right round the world. The king of Spain agreed to help him, and on the 20th September, 1519, Magellan set out on the greatest and most daring voyage in all history, with a tiny fleet of five old vessels, the largest of which

was 120 tons, and a motley crew of 280 men, including one Englishman from Bristol.

After a stormy voyage across the Atlantic, Magellan and his party sailed down the coast of South America till they reached Port St. Julian, where they decided to winter. Next morning three out of the five ships mutinied, but Magellan took such swift and energetic measures that the mutiny was quelled within twenty-four hours. In the spring they continued their perilous voyage, and on the 21st October they entered the Straits which were named after their leader. Here one of the ships deserted, but the indomitable Magellan pressed on with the others. On the 28th November, 1520, they saw a broad expanse of water stretching away to the horizon in every direction; the sailors shouted, "The Ocean! The Great Western Ocean." Magellan, weeping for joy, exclaimed: "Thank God our Lord! It is true, Señores, that we have lost two vessels, that our provisions are wasted, and that we may have many more hardships yet to endure. But even if we are reduced to eating the leather of our ships' yards, we will go on!"

And go on they did: those marvellous men! In spite of incredible hardships they sailed across the vast and trackless ocean, which they named the Pacific because it was so calm. Their provisions ran out, and they were actually reduced to eating leather soaked in the sea. A number of them fell sick and died. At last the remnant, loyal to their commander, reached a group of islands hundreds of miles north of the Equator and as far west as Australia. Here they were able to

replenish their supplies of food and water, but they found the natives such expert thieves that they called these islands the Ladrones or Thieves' Islands. Then they sailed on to Manila in the Philippine Islands. Here a terrible tragedy befell the expedition: Magellan was killed in a fight with the natives; but he had so inspired his followers by his incomparable leadership that they refused to accept defeat, and pressed on. Further disaster met them; they were reduced to one ship and forty-seven men; yet they carried his plans to a triumphant issue and reached home by way of the Cape of Good Hope.

The next adventurer to sail across the Pacific was Francis Drake. While worrying the Spaniards in the west, he caught his first glimpse of the Pacific from the top of a tree on the Isthmus of Panama. He was at once filled with an ambition to sail across it in an English ship, and for this he prayed. Returning to England, he fitted out an expedition, and sailed for the Pacific with a small fleet of five ships, but by the time he reached the Straits of Magellan his five ships had been reduced to one. Nothing daunted, he sailed up the west coast of South America, where his sudden appearance struck dismay into the hearts of the Spaniards, who dreaded the very name of Drake. After privateering to his heart's content, and filling his little vessel with Spanish treasure, he sailed right across the Pacific and reached Plymouth in 1588—the first Englishman to sail round the world. For this great achievement he was knighted by Queen Elizabeth on the deck of his little ship, the *Pelican*. Others

of the same spirit followed Drake and explored the Pacific.

But nearly two centuries passed before Captain Cook, the greatest of them all, sailed from Plymouth in 1768. He made three long voyages in the Pacific, discovered many islands, and thoroughly explored and charted many of those already discovered. Captain Cook was a writer as well as a sailor, and the narratives of his voyages aroused the keenest interest. His descriptions captured the imagination of his countrymen, and to him we owe it that Australia and New Zealand were added to the great family of British nations.

On one of his voyages Captain Cook came to Tahiti in the Society Islands, which lie about half-way between Panama and Australia. When he landed he found a cross which marked the site of a deserted mission station. It had been founded by Roman Catholic priests from Peru. Though they failed to obtain a permanent footing, they were the pioneers of those who entered the Pacific, not to exploit it, but to serve its people in the spirit of Christ. If they failed in their attempt, they failed gloriously. But the great navigator did not see the vision which they saw; the symbol of their faith and sacrifice merely drew from him the remark that it was unlikely that any measure of this kind should ever be seriously thought of, as it would neither serve the purpose of public ambition nor private avarice, and that without such inducements he might pronounce that it would never be undertaken. He had given himself with splendid devotion to the task of exploring the Pacific, but the thought of sharing

with its people the Christian faith had never dawned upon his mind. Yet he, more than any other man, opened up the Pacific and prepared the way, and his vivid and fascinating story inspired others to give their lives without stint for the spiritual uplift of these island races. Within less than twenty years after his tragic death, the *Duff* sailed from England for the Pacific, carrying a band of men and women, who were moved by neither "public ambition nor private avarice," but by an unselfish desire to share with the natives of the South Seas all that was best in English life. They believed that the only way in which they could do this was to carry to them the knowledge of Jesus Christ. They were the vanguard of a great army who sought to conquer the Pacific by love, and their lives make up some of the most glorious pages in the history of our race. One of the noblest of these Heralds of the Cross was John Coleridge Patteson, whose story we are now to tell.

CHAPTER II

THE BOY AND THE MAN

A great saint of God is more worthy of study and admiration and imitation and love than any other study or admiration or imitation or love on the face of the earth.—ALEXANDER WHYTE.

THE memory and the inspiration of home were with Patteson all his life. His father, Sir John Patteson, was a distinguished judge, a man of wide culture, noted for his sound judgment and broad common sense. Moving in the best intellectual and spiritual circles in England, he commanded universal respect for his learning and character. He was a deeply religious man, but there was nothing austere about his religion. On the contrary, it made him winsome and gentle, so that his children looked upon him as a comrade and were never happier than when in his company.

His mother was the daughter of Colonel James Coleridge, and a niece of the poet, Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Frances Coleridge inherited a warmly affectionate nature that made her an ideal wife and mother. She had a gentle personality and ruled her children by love: not that indulgent kind of love that shirks the unpleasant duty of discipline, but a wise, tender, holy love that led her children to see the evil of selfishness and the nobility of living for the highest. She was their chum as well as their mother, and their

unfailing obedience was prompted by love. Like her husband, she combined strength with tenderness, and together they taught their children the beauty of Christlikeness.

Their son, John Coleridge, was born on the 1st April, 1827; they called him Coley for short. His half-sister Joan and his sister Frances were already on the scene, and later the birth of his younger brother, James, completed the family circle.

Miss Yonge describes Coley for us: "A fair little fellow with deep blue eyes, inheriting much of his nature from his mother and her family, but not by any means a model boy. He was, indeed, deeply and warmly affectionate, but troublesome, through outbreaks of will and temper showing all the ordinary instinct of trying how far the authorities for the time being will endure resistance; sufficiently indolent of mind to use his excellent ability to save exertion of intellect; passionate to kicking and screaming point; and at times showing the doggedness that is such a trial of patience to the parents."

Being a son of such parents, there was within him a constant urge to play the game; and when he realized that he had not done so, he was always genuinely sorry and had the courage to acknowledge it. This invariably led to the resolve to keep a tighter grip on himself in the future.

Lady Patteson believed that nobleness of character is inspired by the love of God, and she kept the religious training of her children in her own hands. While she taught them of the purity and the majesty of God,

she also brought home to them His fatherly love and friendliness. She did this as much by the spirit of her life as by her words. There was no gloom about their Sundays, and they always looked forward to the thrilling stories which she read them from the Bible. By the time Coley was five years old he could read these stories for himself, and it was a proud day in his life when his father presented him with a Bible of his own—that was on his fifth birthday, and it was this Bible which was used years afterwards at his consecration service as Bishop of Melanesia.

Coley, like other boys, had his day-dreams. Sometimes he thought he would like to be a clergyman because pronouncing the absolution must make other people very happy. At other times the thought of becoming a judge like his father carried the day. But when a letter came from his uncle, who was a bishop in the West Indies, his vivid description of a hurricane appealed to Coley's imagination, and he decided that a bishop's life would be much more interesting and adventurous !

When he was eight years old, Coley had to face the first break in his home life, for the time had come for him to go to school, and he was sent to Ottery St. Mary in the beautiful Devon country. His grandparents and his Uncle Francis lived in the neighbourhood, and some of his cousins attended the same school. It was inevitable, however, that the home-loving child should suffer keenly from home-sickness. He wrote pathetic letters home, and sometimes was so lonely that he invented invitations from his relatives ! When his

Uncle Frank pointed out that telling lies was not playing the game, Coley was filled with remorse, and determined to be truthful at all costs in the future.

Coley revelled in sport and loved to be out of doors. Indeed, if the truth be told, he was far more deeply engrossed in athletics than in study, though he always tried to do his duty by his books. His wholehearted enthusiasm, his keen sense of justice and his overflowing friendliness made him a great favourite with his schoolfellows. He hated anything like fuss, and once endured the pain of a broken collar-bone for three weeks rather than tell anyone about it.

After three years of apprenticeship at Ottery St. Mary, young Patteson went on to Eton, his father's old school. Eton had become one of the great formative influences of all that was best in English character. From its walls there came a noble succession of men who served their day and generation faithfully, and each in turn added to the tradition and influence of the school. The spacious playing fields teemed with young life, and shady trees fitly framed its venerable buildings.

The headmaster in Coley's time was Dr. Hawtrey, an old schoolfellow of Sir John Patteson. He ruled by love rather than by fear, and he stimulated the boys by encouragement rather than by fault-finding. He loved his boys, and he drew out the best in both masters and pupils. "Living here," he said, "I cannot feel the sadness of growing old, for this place supplies me with an unfailing succession of young friends."

There was much in Eton to make young Patteson

feel at home. Apart from Dr. Hawtrey's interest in the son of his old schoolfellow, he was placed in the house presided over by his own uncle, the Rev. Edward Coleridge, and some of his cousins lived in the same house. Later his younger brother joined him. He grew to love Eton with an intense devotion, and threw himself into the life of the school. Eton made a big contribution to the development of his character, while he in turn became a great force for good among his fellow-students.

Eton's nearness to Windsor intensified its spirit of loyalty, and many distinguished personages came in touch with the boys as they passed to and fro. On one occasion the visit of the young Queen, accompanied by the Prince Consort, aroused the whole school to a white heat of patriotic fervour, and Patteson was so carried away by his enthusiasm that he nearly fell under the wheels of the royal carriage. It was only the quick action of the Queen in seizing hold of his arm that enabled him to regain his balance. Next to the Queen the Duke of Wellington seems to have captured the imagination of the boys, and they gave him such a rousing welcome that the old Duke smiled with delight.

Patteson had not yet awakened to a love of learning for its own sake, but his sense of duty and his desire to please his father kept him faithfully plodding on. He had solid ability, and he always did well, and sometimes brilliantly, but he still worked below his full capacity. Any hint of disappointment from home sent him delving into his books again with renewed

doggedness. He did well in languages and shone at Latin verse, and often won high praise from his teachers. He was frequently disappointed with his examination results, but he gradually built up a reputation for solid scholarship.

It was, however, on the playing fields at Eton that Patteson won his greatest fame. By diligent practice he developed his natural aptitude and demonstrated the fact that he possessed a sound mind in a sound body. He was a true sport in the best sense of the term, and his unselfish team work helped to win many a victory for his school. He gained the coveted distinction of being elected captain of the cricket eleven, a position which he won by his brilliant all-round play, as well as by his generalship. Again and again he roused the whole school to the wildest pitch of enthusiasm. In one famous match against Harrow he went in first, and by splendid batting broke the power of the bowling, carrying out his bat for 50. It was a fine exhibition of coolness, judgment, endurance, and deftness. In the field he was equally reliable, and a wonderful catch on his part brought the Harrow innings to a close, and the victory to Eton. In the last match of his school life he had the great joy of leading his college eleven to an overwhelming one-innings victory over Harrow—a match that lived long in the memory of Eton boys.

In spite of his extreme popularity Patteson retained his modest spirit and charming ways. He had a genius for friendship, and the finest spirits in the school gathered round him. He was full of fun and took his

full share in the social life of Eton, but he was the uncompromising foe of anything that was not absolutely clean and wholesome. Once at the annual dinner of the cricket eleven and rowing eight, one of the boys began to sing an objectionable song. Patteson at once rose and asked that the song should be cut out, but when the chairman allowed the singer to proceed he left the table and walked out of the room, followed by a few others whom his moral courage had inspired. He refused to return to the eleven until an apology had been tendered, and as he was too good a member of the team to lose, the apology was made. His moral courage created a deep impression on the school, and helped to purify and sweeten its social life.

There was another aspect of school life into which Patteson helped to bring a better spirit. There were two distinct classes at Eton: the Collegers, who were dependent on the school endowments, and the Oppidans, whose parents were wealthy enough to support them entirely. The Oppidans looked down on the Collegers, and there was little love lost between the two classes. Patteson, of course, was an Oppidan, but he refused to recognize any class distinction, and some of the Collegers were among his most intimate friends. His influence did much to break down division and ill-feeling and to develop the spirit of unity and comradeship throughout the whole school. He himself was the embodiment of brotherhood and goodwill, and his personality was too big to tolerate the faintest suspicion of snobbery.

Patteson was a prominent figure in the college

debating society, and he worked his way up into the chair. He inherited from his father the power of marshalling his facts and expressing his thoughts lucidly and convincingly. His speeches were marked by sanity and breadth and moral earnestness. His judgment carried great weight in the counsels of the school, and he occupied a position of very great influence.

Coming from such a home, Patteson could not be indifferent to the deeper things of life, and the spiritual forces worked silently and unobtrusively within him. He hated any approach to cant or unreality, and he was healthily shy of giving publicity to his religious feelings. At the same time, he was not ashamed to stand for all that was best in the spiritual life of the school. He faced his preparation for Confirmation in a spirit of deep earnestness; and when the time came, he took the step as expressing a life decision to follow Christ. Communion was to him an act of true allegiance to his unseen Leader. He carried into his religion what he brought into all his activities, a whole personality. He loved reverent and fitting expression of devotional feeling, and he revelled in beautiful music and stately forms of worship.

The spiritual side of Patteson's character was deepened by the death of his mother. It came as a terrible blow to the whole family, and Patteson felt her loss irreparably. But his father's strong faith in the continuity of life in the light of the perfect Fatherhood of God helped his son to see in death, not the King of Terrors, but the shedding of all human

limitations and the dawning of the new day of perfect service and everlasting fulness of life. His own sense of loss merged into a deep sense of his mother's gain. She was not merely a holy memory, but a living personality. The communion of saints came to have for him a reality that brought joy and inspiration into his life. To become worthy of such a mother and father was one of the powerful motives in the development of his character.

As the end of Patteson's school life drew near his mind was filled with wistful regret that he had not worked harder, but he was cheered by winning the school Theme prize and by an understanding letter from his father, which sums up the best results of his school-life.

You have gone through Eton [he wrote] with great credit and reputation as a scholar, and what is of more consequence, with perfect character as to truth and conduct in every way. This can only be accounted for by the good Spirit of God first stirred up in you by the instructions of your dear Mother, than whom a more excellent being never existed. I pray God that this assistance may continue through life and keep you always in the same good course.

It was a big thing for a father to be able to say of his son, and Patteson deserved every word of it. Eton had done much for him, but he had also left his impress upon Eton, and in later years he added undying lustre to her name.

From Eton Patteson went on to Balliol College, Oxford. His fame as a cricketer gave him an assured

place in university life, and he was at once invited to join the eleven. It was a tempting offer, and it must have caused the young sportsman a tremendous struggle to refuse it. But he wished to give himself with complete concentration to his studies, and he was afraid that playing for the university would involve too great a sacrifice of time and energy.

Patteson appreciated to the full the wonderful opportunities of life in Oxford, but the university never gripped him as Eton had. His old school never lost its supreme place in his affections, and he turned to it again and again in his dreams. At Oxford he read intensely, and withdrew more and more from social life. He revealed a tendency to become self-conscious and introspective. This rather grew upon him till his whole-hearted and self-abnegating life of service for others gave him less and less time to think of his own feelings. Close reading affected his eyes, but he persisted in his studies and made good progress.

Fortunately he retained his genius for friendship. His charming personality gathered round him a group of men whose fellowship was one of the stimulating joys of university life. Long walks gave the opportunity for discussion, and this clarified his thinking and broadened his outlook. It also helped to take him out of himself. We owe to one of that group a vivid portrait of Patteson as a university man.

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.

There were strong religious influences working through Oxford at this time. Dr. Pusey was one of a distinguished group of men who sought to deepen the life and strengthen the authority of the Church of England in the hope that it would develop sufficient vitality to resist the subtle influences of the rationalistic spirit that was working such havoc in Germany. Other leaders of what became known as the Tractarian Movement were Newman, who afterwards joined the Roman Catholic Communion, and Keble, the author of *The Christian Year*, which made such a profound mark upon the devotional life of the Church. Keble afterwards became one of Patteson's most valued correspondents, but it was Pusey who so strongly influenced him in his Oxford days. All this confirmed Patteson's decision to enter the Christian ministry,

and he gave himself with enthusiasm to read for Holy Orders.

It was foreign travel, however, that kindled Patteson's imagination and awakened his mental powers to their keenest activity. He was charmed with the beautiful scenery, and enthralled by the stately cathedrals of Europe. The picture galleries with their works of supreme genius called out all his latent love of beauty and of art. Rome stirred him deeply, while Milan opened up a new world to him. At Florence he bought a copy of the Madonna del Cardellino; he thought it the most beautiful picture he had ever seen. Switzerland brought him thrilling experiences of mountaineering, and he proved himself a man of iron nerve. At Dresden he studied German in order to avail himself of the fruits of German scholarship.

On his return to England Patteson became a Fellow of Merton and took up rooms there. But the lure of the Continent was irresistible, and he returned to Dresden with his cousin, Arthur Coleridge, to make a deeper study of Hebrew and Arabic. It was at this time that he discovered his extraordinary gift for languages, and laid the foundations of a rare mastery of linguistic principles. His teacher was amazed at his insight and progress. Patteson could not help contrasting his present eager pursuit of knowledge with the old days of weary toil at Eton. He loved to probe deep into the structure and connections of languages.

One language helps another very much [he wrote], and the beautiful way in which the words, ideas, and the whole structure, indeed, of languages pervade

whole families (*e.g.*, the Indo-Germanic Semitic races) is not only interesting but very useful.

When he returned to England his friends at once became conscious of the great change that had come over him. As one of them wrote, "The moral and spiritual forces of the man were now vivified, refined, and strengthened by the awakening of his intellectual and æsthetic nature." He supplemented his private reading by discussion with other scholars and also by quiet times of prayer and meditation.

Immersed though he was in his studies, Patteson did not neglect his public duties. He took a leading part in the reform movements of his day, and his rare tact and sound judgment combined with his innate courtesy won the respect even of those who clung fast to the threatened traditions. It was a difficult time, but it was largely due to Patteson's fine personal qualities that so large a measure of reform was achieved without bitterness.

On leaving Oxford Patteson took up the duties of curate in the parish of Alphington, close to Feniton. He entered upon his new duties with characteristic zeal and never spared himself. He studied conditions of living and sought to make life happier and healthier for his people. He organized a home for farm lads and helped them with their education. Occasionally he found himself up against human nature of a very primitive type. One boy, at the village school, only three and a half years old, "was really like a little savage, kicked, dashed his head against the wall, and at length with his nose bleeding violently, and ex-

CHAPTER III

MEETING HIS HERO

Here am I, Lord, send me: send me to the ends of the earth; send me to the rough, the savage pagans of the wilderness; send me from all that is called comfort on earth; send me even to death itself, if it be but in Thy service and to promote Thy Kingdom.—DAVID BRAINERD.

ON the playing fields of Eton Patteson learned the value of loyalty to his leader. No one knew better than he how to play the game in sport. His home influence developed in him the spirit of loyalty to his father, his king, and his God. And so he learned to play the game in life. But there were great deeps in his personality not yet stirred: latent capacities for loyalty and service awaiting the touch of the leader big enough to call them forth. That leader came into his life when he was a lad of fourteen.

It was in the parish church at Windsor one Sunday afternoon. The big building was crowded to its utmost capacity, and the aisles were packed with Eton boys. There was a hush of eager expectation, and every eye was riveted on the face of the preacher. He was a young man of splendid build and noble presence, and when he began to speak, the upturned faces of the congregation betrayed the deep emotion of their hearts. For he was their beloved curate, and he was leaving them to go to the ends of the earth in

the service of his Church and of his God. Among those who listened with rapt attention to every word of the sermon was young Patteson. There was something about the preacher that stirred his imagination and appealed to the heroic within him. It was a case of "deep calling unto deep," and before the service was over the preacher had won the heart's allegiance of one of Eton's noblest sons. Patteson had met his hero.

The preacher was George Augustus Selwyn, the idol of the Eton boys. He had come, like Patteson, from a cultured Christian home, and his father was a distinguished member of the legal profession. He had done a brilliant university course and was marked for swift promotion in the leadership of the Church. But what appealed to Eton most was his marvellous reputation as an athlete. His deeds were emblazoned on the records of the school. He was a renowned cricketer, and had rowed for Cambridge against Oxford in the first inter-university boat race held in England. It was through his influence that the ban was lifted from rowing at Eton—which added another thrill to school sport. As for swimming and diving, they all knew "Selwyn's Bush" on the bank of the Thames and how he used to leap over it and end his jump in a graceful dive into the river. When his friends asked in wonder how he managed it, he would say with a smile, "Fancy yourself a dart, and you will do it with ease!" And they had all heard of his tremendous walks, and how he used to run across ploughed fields to strengthen his "wind." They knew, too, that he was one of the most daring cross-country riders in England. No horse

hausted with his violence, fell asleep." Naturally, he was sent home, but his mother sent him back to school with curses, and told the teacher that she could kill him if she liked. Patteson then turned his attention to the boy's parents, and astonished them by an unvarnished account of what he thought of them !

As the time for his ordination drew near, Patteson was filled with a deep sense of the responsibility of holding a " ministerial commission." His downright honesty led to much heart-searching. He took counsel with those who knew and loved him best, and gave himself to earnest prayer for grace and guidance. He found great comfort in his father's understanding sympathy, and thanked God again and again for his home influences. He faced this great step as he faced all others, in a spirit of deep humility and complete acceptance of the will of God for his life.

His work at Alphington provided scope for his great energy for the time being. He loved his people, and they loved him, and his influence upon them was extraordinary. But while he loved his work at Alphington, he felt that it was too easy and pleasant. He looked upon it as a training ground for something more difficult.

could throw him, and neither fences nor ditches had any terror for him. He would pick out a church spire for his goal, and ride at full gallop in a straight line towards it, jumping any obstacle that came in his way. He was also a lover of Eton, and often persuaded the authorities to make innocent concessions, to the huge delight of the boys. How could they help regarding him with idolatrous feelings !

But Selwyn was a man of vision as well as a great athlete. Like the knights in olden days he believed that wrongs were meant to be righted, and that the strong were given their strength for the protection of the weak. He had the courage of a lion and the gentleness of a lamb. His duty took him one day into an unsavoury part of Windsor, known as Beer's Lane. A notorious bully stood across his way and ordered him back. Selwyn attempted to pass him, but the bully attacked him fiercely—suddenly Selwyn's fist shot out from his shoulder, and the denizen of Beer's Lane found himself sprawling in the middle of the road. After that the young curate was granted the freedom of the city.

This brilliant scholar, renowned athlete, and courageous knight regarded himself as a servant of the Church, and when the authorities asked him to go to a far-away outpost of the Empire, he at once agreed to go. It had been decided to appoint bishops to take charge of the Church's work in the colonies over seas, and the choice for New Zealand fell upon young Selwyn, because of his outstanding gifts. His wife was like-minded, and together they consecrated themselves to the new task.

It was all this that gripped young Patteson and thrilled him to the core as he stood in that great audience—here was the idol of the school, the biggest personality he had ever met, scholar, athlete, turning away from all personal aims, setting aside all thoughts of a great career at home in order to go to the ends of the earth to see fair play come between a strong and a weak race. He was going to face exile and hardship that he might organize scattered settlements into a great Church. He was accepting the humanly impossible task of transforming ferocious savages into peace-loving followers of Jesus Christ. He was setting out to extend the boundaries of the Kingdom of God by bringing a new province under the sway of Jesus Christ. What a vision ! What faith ! What courage ! What a spirit of adventure !

Patteson was moved to the very depths of his being. He had found his leader, and the vision was kindled within his own soul. All his latent capacity for loyalty was fanned into a flame. A few days later, when Selwyn called at Feniton to say good-bye, he said, " Lady Patteson, will you give me Coley ?" The abrupt question rather startled her, but she pondered quietly over it, and when Coley himself confided to her his keen desire to follow the Bishop in his great adventure she replied that if the wish were still with him when he grew into manhood, she would send him forth with her blessing. There the matter was left, and Patteson resolved to fit himself for service under his new leader. It was thirteen years before he met him again.

* * * * *

New Zealand was discovered by Tasman in 1642, and surveyed by Captain Cook in 1769. The number of sailors massacred upon its shores gave it a frightful reputation for bloodthirsty cannibalism. Gradually, however, whalers and other adventurous spirits from Australia effected scattered settlements. In course of time some of the Maori young bloods made their way in trading vessels to Sydney, where they found a warm friend in the Rev. Samuel Marsden. From him one of them learned something of the Christian faith, and returned to New Zealand as a voice crying in the wilderness. He prepared the way for Marsden, who followed in 1814, and held the first service in New Zealand on Christmas Day.

This was the beginning of the great adventure whose growing success so amazed Charles Darwin that he exclaimed, "The lesson of the missionary is the enchanter's wand." Meanwhile white settlement grew so rapidly that the British Government was compelled to send out a representative to maintain law and order. In 1840 the Maori chiefs very reluctantly agreed to accept British Rule, but only on the pledged word of Britain that the natives would be guaranteed undisturbed possession of their land.

It was at this stage that Selwyn was appointed as the first Bishop of New Zealand, to take charge of the work of the Church both among the settlers and the Maoris. The bounds of his diocese were fixed so as to include the whole of New Zealand and its islands, but by a clerical error in the Letters Patent the northern boundary was written as 34° N. instead of 34° S.

This gave him charge of the island races scattered over the "wide waste of Melanesian waters" as well as New Zealand. Selwyn decided to accept responsibility for these islands as a trust from God.

During the long voyage to New Zealand Bishop Selwyn mastered the principles of navigation so thoroughly that he became one of the ablest and most fearless sailors in the South Seas. But even this great achievement was not enough to absorb his energies, and he also learned the Maori language from a native sailor. He made such progress that he was able to preach to the Maoris in their own tongue on the first Sunday after his arrival.

They dropped anchor at the mouth of the Auckland Harbour one midnight, and the Bishop and his chaplain rowed ashore before daylight. Selwyn's first act on landing was to kneel down on the sand and give thanks to God for bringing him safely to his new field of labour, and dedicate himself afresh to his great task. Surely that dawn ushered in a new and brighter day for New Zealand.

The Bishop received a warm welcome from Chief Justice Martin, who became his intimate and life-long friend. When the Governor heard of his arrival he exclaimed, "A Bishop! What on earth can a Bishop do in New Zealand where there are no roads for his coach!" But as soon as he saw the Bishop he came under his spell, and hailed him as the right man for the post.

Within the first few months he made a complete tour of the North Island, covering nearly 3,000 miles,

of which he walked close on 800. He met with many difficulties, but he was equal to every emergency. He thought nothing of swimming flooded rivers, or if he had too much luggage he inflated his air bed and used it as a raft ! Once when Mr. Abrahams was his companion he said, " Just go on and I will catch up in a moment." But as the " moment " lengthened into minutes, Mr. Abrahams turned back and found his leader cutting proud flesh away from his heel with a pocket knife !

The Bishop set himself to organize an independent, self-governing, and self-supporting Church, and one of the first steps he took was to establish St. John's College at Waimate North for the training of ministers. A year later he transferred the College to Auckland and grouped around it quite a number of subsidiary institutions. Thus St. John's included a school for religious education, a temporary hostel for new arrivals from overseas, and a refuge for the sick, the aged, and the poor. White settlers and Maoris met on equal terms in the unity of one family. All alike, both teachers and students, took part in the manual and industrial work of the College, and the Bishop used to say : " The only real endowment of St. John's is the industry and self-denial of all its members."

The main anxiety of these early days was the growing friction between the settlers and the Maoris. The Bishop did his utmost to bring about reconciliation, and insisted on the moral obligation of the British to respect the treaty rights of the Maoris. Standing between the two races, and seeking to restrain injustice on either

side, he often suffered great unpopularity, but he loved both peoples and held the scales of justice even.

The great Maori chief, Hongi Ika, had visited England in 1819, and years afterwards he gave this dying charge to his people:

My children, attend to my last words. If ever there should land on this shore a people who wear red garments, who do no work, who neither buy nor sell and who always have arms in their hands, beware! These people are called soldiers, a dangerous people whose occupation is war. When you see them, fight against them! Then, O my children, be brave! Then, O my children, be strong! Be brave that you may not be enslaved! Be strong that your country may not become the possession of strangers!

These words sank deep into the minds of the Maoris, and when British soldiers landed to guard a flag that had been cut down twice, Hongi's nephew, Heke, shouted to his followers: "Come, stand at my back; the Red Garment is on the shore. Let us fight for our country. Remember the last words of Hongi!" and so the tragic war began. The Maoris showed military skill as well as conspicuous bravery and a rare chivalry.*

At one time three hundred Maoris were completely surrounded by British troops. They were offered their lives if they would surrender, but their heroic answer was, "Enough! we fight for ever and ever and ever." Then the British commander offered to give a safe conduct to their women, but they refused to leave their husbands. Then suddenly, like a whirlwind, the Maoris

* The following incidents are taken from the *Life of Bishop Selwyn*, by F. W. Boreham.

charged the British lines and broke through, leaving half their number dead upon the field.

Another time it was the British who were hemmed in by a powerful cordon of Maoris on the bank of the Waikati river. Supplies were running short, and the outlook for the British had become exceedingly grave. One day the sentinels reported that several large Maori canoes were being paddled down the river. A party was sent out to reconnoitre, and to their astonishment the Maoris landed on the British side and unloaded fresh supplies of food. When asked the meaning of this extraordinary action, the Maoris replied, "We heard that you hungered. The Book which the missionaries brought us says: 'If thine enemy hunger, feed him!' You are our enemies, you hunger; we feed you; that is all."

The chivalrous spirit of the Maoris was still more strikingly revealed by Henare Turatoa, a former student of St. John's College. He was now in charge of a Maori fort which was besieged by a superior force of British troops. Henare succeeded in beating back a fierce onslaught that almost carried the earthworks, and several British officers were left wounded in the hands of the Maoris. Henare sat up all night with one of these officers who was severely hurt. In the morning the sick man begged for water. There was no water left in the fort, and the nearest spring was beyond the British lines. The Maori military orders for the day—surely the most extraordinary and the most Christian ever issued—began with a prayer, then detailed the plan of campaign to be followed, and

closed with the words, "If thine enemy hunger, feed him. If he thirst, give him to drink." Henare, true to the spirit of the order, scorned to allow personal danger to hinder him from giving water to his enemy. He crawled out of the fort, stealthily worked his way right through the British lines, drew water at the spring, and crawled back again to the fort. As he gave his wounded enemy that reviving drink of cool spring water, he gently told him the story of their common Saviour who had given His life to bring them the water of life.

All through the war Bishop Selwyn went about with stricken heart, tending the wounded on both sides, utterly regardless of personal safety. They were all his beloved children, and he gave himself to the utmost in the ministry of healing and reconciliation. He was often reviled by both sides as a friend of the enemy, but he accepted all indignities in the spirit of an unquenchable love, and in the end that love was irresistible. When the nightmare was over, his influence was simply invaluable in healing the wounds caused by war and in building up again the spirit of brotherhood.

Meanwhile the Bishop had not forgotten the island races whom he had accepted as part of his care. In 1853 he went back to England to secure official approval of the constitution which he had worked out for the Church of England in New Zealand, and also to get a new ship for his work in Melanesia. The wonderful story which he had to tell aroused the keenest interest throughout the country, and he soon gathered both men and means for a great forward movement.

In due time Selwyn arrived at Feniton. The sight of his hero moved Patteson to tears and fanned into a blaze the smouldering fires of missionary enthusiasm that Selwyn had kindled in Patteson's soul thirteen years ago at Eton. They had a heart to heart talk one morning after breakfast. The Bishop asked him if his work satisfied him, and he replied that it did for the present, because it enabled him to be near his father, but that ultimately he hoped for a larger sphere, and that his deepest desire was to join in the great adventure of winning the world for Christ. The Bishop urged him not to put this purpose off till he was past his best, but to go out at once in the full vigour of his young manhood. Patteson was deeply impressed, and afterwards talked the matter over with his sister. She advised him to consult his father and leave the decision to him, adding, "He is so great a man that he ought not to be deprived of the crown of sacrifice if he is willing to make it." Patteson then sought his father and told him everything, and said that he would leave the decision to him and to the Bishop. The judge was deeply moved, but he said quietly, "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." It was only when he discussed the matter with his daughter that he revealed how deeply moved he was; his conflicting feelings found utterance in the cry of his heart, "I can't let him go! God forbid that I should stop him." When he was calmer, he faced the whole question with all the detachment of mind that he could command, and then discussed it with the Bishop.

As he thought and prayed about it, the vision of a Pacific won for Christ broke in upon his soul, and the completeness of the sacrifice which he made rings out in his final answer:

Mind, I give him wholly, not with any thought of seeing him again. I will not have him thinking that he must come back again to see me.

And God accepted the sacrifice in its completeness: for after he sent him forth with his blessing he never saw his face again on earth.

Patteson responded to the call with all his heart, and the Bishop gripped him by the hand as he said, "God bless you, my dear Coley. It is a great comfort for me to have you as a friend and companion." This call came to Patteson as a fresh incentive to heart-searching self-examination that his motives might be pure. He felt unworthy of so great a life work, and he prayed for cleansing and power. He also prayed that God would comfort his aged father and the home folk whom he was leaving. He knew how hard it would be for them.

Among the many parting presents which Patteson received was a cross from his old governess, Miss Neill, now a confirmed invalid, and his letter of appreciation is so characteristic of the man that room must be found for an extract:

Your cross I have now round my neck, and I shall always wear it; it will hang there with a locket containing locks of hair of my dear father and mother, the girls and Jem.

I must repeat that your example is constantly before me as a witness to the power that God gives of

enduring pain and sickness. It is, indeed, a great comfort it gives one. He is not, indeed, keeping you still in the world without giving you a work to do, and enabling you from your bed of sickness to influence strongly a circle of friends.

God bless you for all your kindness to me and watchfulness over me as a child, for your daily thought of me and prayers for me, and may He grant that I may wear your precious gift not merely on but in my heart.

There was a severe frost during the last few weeks of his stay at Feniton, and Patteson was the life of the house party. He took the old housekeeper's breath away by racing her chair madly over the ice, threw nuts to be scrambled for by girls and boys, and then crashed through a thin spot into the ice-cold water! His clothes froze as stiff as boards, but he only laughed and went on with the fun.

The final parting came on the 25th March. The family gathered at the door of dear old Feniton, where he had spent the happiest years of his life. It was a hard parting, bravely carried through, and then the old judge retired to his study to be alone with his God and to find peace in communion with Him who had given His own Son for the world's salvation. The sisters stood and watched till their brother passed out of their sight for the last time. Patteson entered the church grounds and spent a few moments alone beside his mother's grave; then he stooped and picked a few primroses and passed on. And so father and son fought out their battle, each in his own way, and turned a smiling face to the world.

The last good-byes were said on board, and then his

brother and a little group of relatives watched the vessel cast off and slowly pass out of sight. That night, as he paced the deck, Patteson looked up into the heavens, and the stars filled him with wistful thoughts of home and loved ones. But in his soul there was a great peace, and he faced the future in quietness and confidence, for he was sure that he was doing the will of God, and he had found a leader whom he could follow with his whole heart.

CHAPTER IV

THE WIDE WASTE OF MELANESIA

I see my way as birds their trackless way.
I shall arrive! What time, what circuit first,
I ask not: but unless God send His hail
Or blinding fireballs, sleet or stifling snow,
In some time, His good time, I shall arrive:
He guides me and the bird. In His good time!

Are there not, Festus, are there not, dear Michal,
Two points in the adventure of the Diver,
One when, a beggar, he prepares to plunge,
One when, a prince, he rises with his pearl?
Festus, I plunge!

ROBERT BROWNING.

IN the month of December, 1847, His Majesty's ship *Dido* was riding at anchor outside the reef of a lovely coral island. The long Pacific swell which lifted the warship with a gentle heave as it passed, gradually mounted into a great green wall and then curled over as it hurled itself upon the edge of the reef with a deafening crash, and poured over it in dazzling foam. Out of the calm waters of the lagoon beyond the reef rose the pearly beach of pure white sand and beyond that the brilliant green of the tropical foliage that covered the hills and valleys of the island. Along the lower reaches the feathery tops of the cocoanuts added to the grace and beauty of the landscape. The captain and his chaplain

stood on the quarter-deck in animated discussion. The older man had a worried look on his face; but the chaplain was full of eagerness, and the spirit of fearless adventure was stamped on every line of his body. He was pleading for permission to go ashore, and the captain was trying to dissuade him: "That is the Isle of Pines, and it has an evil reputation for the treachery of the bloodthirsty savages that inhabit it." "But, captain, it is my job to establish points of friendly contact with these islanders: it is only fear that makes them fierce. I will go alone, and I will be very careful." And so Bishop Selwyn, who had joined the *Dido* as chaplain on a voyage to Melanesia, carried his way. A few minutes later he was pulling steadily towards an opening in the reef. Once through that, he made rapid progress over the still waters of the lagoon. As he rounded the next point, he was amazed to see a schooner lying at anchor close to the shore, and a white man stretched out on a deck chair smoking in peaceful meditation. Instead of landing as he had intended, the bishop rowed alongside and was cordially welcomed on board by Captain Paddon. After mutual introductions they settled down for a chat. The Bishop asked the captain how it was that he could smoke so calmly when anchored inside the reef of such a notoriously savage island. The captain replied that he had nothing to fear, as there was a complete understanding between the natives and himself. He always treated them kindly and gave them full value for their sandalwood, while they on their part cut ample supplies of wood and brought it out to his vessel. He was greatly

interested in the Bishop's spiritual venture, and out of his own rich and varied experience he gave him invaluable counsel. It was a momentous meeting, and showed how fruitfully missionary and trader could work together for the welfare of the Pacific, for both are essential elements in its redemption. The tragedy of it is that they did not always pull together, and Captain Paddon warned the Bishop that his greatest danger would be in landing where evil whites had left a trail of blood and bitterness behind. This betrayal of his trust by the white man has been the most sinister influence at work in the Pacific, and the story of it contributes some of the darkest pages in the history of mankind. Such men as Captain Paddon stand out in vivid relief against that unhappy background, and in their growing numbers and closer co-operation with the spiritual movement lies the true hope of the future.

His first glimpse of Melanesia set the Bishop thinking furiously. He felt keenly the lack of the spirit of daring and of sacrifice in the Church, and he took the blame on himself, although he deserved none of it. His burning words come home to us as we compare our sacrifices for the Kingdom with those which others make for gain:

> While I have been sleeping on my bed in New Zealand these islands have been riddled through and through by the whale fishers and traders of the South Seas. The odious black slug, the bêche-de-mer, has been dragged out of its hole in every coral reef to make black broth for Chinese Mandarins, by the unconquerable daring of English traders, while I, like a worse black

slug as I am, have left the world all its field of mischief to itself. The same daring men have robbed every one of these islands of its sandalwood, to furnish incense for the idolatrous worship of Chinese temples, before I have taught a single islander to offer up his sacrifice of prayer to the true and only God. Even a mere Sydney speculator could induce nearly a hundred men from some of the wildest islands in the Pacific to sail in his ships to Sydney to keep his flocks and herds, before I, to whom the Chief Shepherd has given commandment to seek out His sheep that are scattered over a thousand isles, have sought out or found so much as one of those which have strayed and are lost.

Dr. John R. Mott has defined a missionary call as "the knowledge of a need, and the ability to meet it." With Selwyn, to hear a call was to make the whole response of which his great soul was capable. The thought that was continually in his mind was "where a trader will go for gain, there a missionary ought to go for the merchandise of souls." The same motive inspired David Livingstone as he plunged deeper and deeper into the heart of Africa: "Cannot the love of Christ carry the missionary where the love of gain carries the trader. . . . I will open up a path into the interior of Africa or perish in the attempt." The same constraining love moved Tapeso to sweep away his friends' objections to his adventuring his life among ferocious cannibals with the words: "That will do: wherever there are men, missionaries are bound to go." A reckless love and a daring faith unite all true pioneers of the Kingdom of God in a living fellowship with Jesus "the pioneer and the perfection of faith."

Many of these daring pioneers of the Kingdom of God had already entered the Pacific, and some of them had made the supreme sacrifice. The early attempt of the Spanish priests to conquer Tahiti had failed, but the pioneer band of the London Missionary Society followed in their wake and laid siege to these lovely islands in the far eastern boundaries of Polynesia. Their early success was followed by persecution and disaster, and many of them abandoned the attempt in despair. But a few held on with the tenacity of a faith that refused to accept defeat and a love that would not let go. Such faith and love proved irresistible, and when reinforcements arrived, the whole outlook changed. Men like John Williams carried the glad news from group to group, and they were supported with conspicuous courage and devotion by the native Christians, many of whom laid down their lives in the great campaign.

The Church Missionary Society sent its pioneers to New Zealand, where they were afterwards joined by Methodist missionaries. The American pioneers sailed across the Pacific to Hawaii, midway to Australia, and found a people whose young king had abandoned idolatry and who were ready for Christ's message. The Methodists occupied Tonga and Fiji, and added a thrilling chapter to the history of the Pacific. Gradually the eastern half of the Pacific, inhabited by the Polynesian race with a common language and similar traditions, was brought under the transforming influence of the Gospel.

Melanesia lies in the western half of the Pacific and

consists of a chain of island groups lying between the Equator and the tropic of Capricorn, and running parallel to the coast of Australia about a thousand miles away. At the south end of the chain is the large island of New Caledonia and the smaller group of the Loyalty Islands, now under French rule. To the north-east are the New Hebrides, which now have the distinction, and the misfortune, of being the only islands of the Pacific under joint control. Next comes the little group called the Banks Islands, destined to play such an important part in the development of the Melanesian Mission, and away to the north the ill-famed Santa Cruz Islands which brought such yearning and such anguish to Patteson's soul. The Melanesian chain is completed by the Solomon Islands away to the north-west of Santa Cruz, and stretching out into the Bismarck Archipelago off the coast of New Guinea.

Unlike the Polynesians, the Melanesians are split up into numberless tribes, each speaking an entirely different language from the others and with ideas and traditions that have very little in common—a people of a much lower type of civilization. The problems of mission work among these savage cannibals were enough to daunt the bravest souls. But even here a beginning had been made, and Melanesia had received its baptism of blood in the martyrdom of John Williams and Mr. Harris on Erromanga. Native teachers, too, had sealed their testimony with their blood; but the greater part of Melanesia was still untouched.

These island races lay as a heavy burden upon the heart of Bishop Selwyn. One thing was clear from the

beginning: the field was big enough to make anything like overlapping unnecessary, and he resolved to confine his energies to the unoccupied portions of Melanesia—the other missionary leaders were like-minded, and the main societies have been loyal to their principles of comity, with the happiest results, and nothing could exceed the brotherliness of their relations. But the real problem was how to bring these scattered tribes under the influence of the Christian message. Their island homes were so many and so isolated, the stretches of ocean that separated them were so vast; their languages were so innumerable and differed so radically, that it would take a huge army of missionaries to occupy them even on a minimum scale. There seemed not the slightest hope that the Church would be willing to spare so many volunteers or provide the means to equip and maintain them. Besides, the climate was so unsuitable for whites, that the cost in life would be a terrible responsibility. After much prayer and prolonged thought a clear and definite policy gradually shaped itself in his mind. Why not gather some of the brightest youths from each group, and bring them to New Zealand and train them there as missionaries to their own people? Who could preach the gospel more effectively to the island races than their own kith and kin? But there were humanly insuperable difficulties in the way. Would their parents trust them to his care? Would the lads be willing to come? And if they did, could they stand the cold New Zealand climate? They certainly could not stand the winter, but perhaps with care they might stand the summer months. And so the Bishop

worked out his own distinctive method, and determined to put it into operation. He would seek to persuade as many lads as he could to come to New Zealand with him, keep them at school there during the summer months, and then return them in the autumn to their warmer island homes. He would bring them back again in the spring for another six months' training. He hoped that once the scheme got fairly started the students themselves would become his most effective recruiting force.

Of course such a plan involved the necessity for a suitable vessel, and he possessed only the *Undine*, a little ship of 21 tons. Besides, he had no charts to guide him through the dangers of reef and shoal. But it would have taken bigger difficulties than these to daunt a man like Selwyn, and in 1849 he sailed out of Auckland harbour in his little *Undine* and set his course for Melanesia, covering 1,000 miles in ten days. At Aneityum, the most southerly island of the New Hebrides, he joined Captain Erskine of H.M.S. *Havannah*, and they cruised in company among the southern islands. The Bishop, while always careful of the safety of his fellow-voyagers, took great risks himself. Frequently he dived over the side of his little ship and swam ashore to the evident amazement of the savages, who crowded round him and clicked their tongues in admiration of his tall and commanding figure. His fearless attitude and engaging smile disarmed suspicion, and a few presents drawn from the inside of his hat or out of the depths of his capacious pockets completed the conquest of their hearts. Sometimes he rowed himself ashore in

his little dinghy, and the people waded out to meet him. Everywhere he established points of friendly contact and prepared the way for future visits. Even at Dillon's Bay, Erromanga, where Williams and Harris had been so treacherously murdered, he allowed the natives to come on board, although he had no weapons of defence. Captain Erskine was amazed at his daring, and attributed his success to his dignified bearing and presence of mind. He describes his last glimpse of the Bishop in these feeling words:

At 5 p.m. we weighed and ran out of the roads admiring, as we passed and waved adieu to the *Undine*, the commanding figure of the truly gallant Bishop of New Zealand, as, steering his own vessel, he stood surrounded by the black heads of his disciples.

These black heads were those of five young fellows whom the Bishop had actually succeeded in persuading to accompany him to New Zealand. More wonderful still, he had won the consent of their parents. It was a triumph of personal influence, and it was with a deep thrill of thankfulness to God that the Bishop set out on his homeward voyage of a thousand miles in his tiny craft. A splendid run of ten days brought him to Auckland at midnight on a bright moonlight night. He at once took his young Melanesians ashore. It was a new world for them, and they were constantly exclaiming in amazement. When they reached the College, the Bishop rushed into his wife's room and woke her with the joyful news," I've got them !"

All through the summer months these lads were

patiently and lovingly taught in St. John's College, and they responded with affection and enthusiasm. The time passed too quickly, and when they were returned to their island homes in the autumn, they could not speak highly enough of the kindness they had received in New Zealand. A new force had come into their lives, and a new movement had begun in Melanesia that was destined to transform it from a wilderness into a garden of the Lord.

It was a great day for the Bishop when his old Cambridge friend, Bishop Tyrrell, arrived from Sydney in the *Border Maid*, a vessel of 100 tons, which friends in Australia had provided for the work in Melanesia. At the same time his old Eton friend, the Rev. J. C. Abrahams, came out to relieve him of the charge of St. John's College. With a perfectly contented mind, he set out with Bishop Tyrrell and his Melanesian students on a voyage through the islands. The most tense and thrilling experience of the weeks that followed was at Malekula. When they dropped anchor the canoes came round the ship with things to sell, and the Bishops landed and met with friendliness on all sides. Next morning Bishop Selwyn went ashore with two of the ship's boats to fill their water casks. They landed some distance up the bay and then climbed a hill to the spring. Presently the Bishop felt that there was a strained atmosphere among the large number of natives who had collected. One man approached him with hostile intent, but he quailed before the fearless and commanding eyes of the Bishop and shrank away crestfallen. The Bishop quietly told his men to shoulder

their casks and walk down to the boats and on no account to show any fear. A few stones were thrown and some arrows were shot—but not at the Bishop's party. They found one boat surrounded by savages, gesticulating with their clubs in a threatening way, but on the arrival of the Bishop they fell back. Meanwhile, Bishop Tyrrell was having an anxious time on board. Canoes filled with big men heavily armed had surrounded the vessel, and repeated attempts were made to board her—but Bishop Tyrrell firmly refused to allow anyone to climb on deck. After two hours they brought their canoes together and held a council of war. Then they filled several canoes with armed men and paddled swiftly towards the boats, which were close inshore awaiting the Bishop and his water carriers. Seeing the boats completely at their mercy, and divining their purpose, Bishop Tyrrell felt sick with suspense, but just at the critical moment the Bishop reached the shore, and his fearless bearing and personal ascendancy overawed the would-be murderers, who allowed his party to pass in safety. It was one of those tense moments when a false step or the slightest betrayal of fear might have cost the whole party their lives. As it was they lifted their hearts in thanks to God and continued their voyage, reaching Auckland with thirteen Melanesian students for St. John's.

The very success of the work brought home to Bishop Selwyn the necessity of securing a colleague with the right gifts and the right spirit to whom he could entrust this part of his unwieldy diocese. He had never forgotten the Eton lad who had been so thrilled by his

farewell sermon in Windsor Parish Church, and his mind had often reverted to him as the type of man he wanted, and he determined to seek him out when he went to England. How he sought and found him has been told already, and we now go back to the story of their voyage out together.

CHAPTER V

PIONEERING WITH SELWYN

Something hidden. Go and find it. Go and look beyond the Ranges—
Something lost beyond the Ranges—lost and waiting for you. Go.
RUDYARD KIPLING.

It's the biggest adventure I know of, Bill, an adventure that more than satisfies me, body, mind, and spirit; and it's great to find oneself in such a rare and goodly company of fellow-adventurers.—*Doctor Robin.*

SELWYN was delighted with his new colleague. He was a man after his own heart, gentle, cultured, deeply spiritual, fearless, adventurous, and prepared to put his whole heart into the humblest task. Selwyn's heart was sore for his own sons whom he had left in England for their education, and Patteson's companionship was to him as healing balm. It was a great joy to initiate him into the study of navigation and of the Maori language. He proved an apt pupil, and by the time they reached New Zealand he could sail a ship and speak the Maori language. "One great point is decided," exclaimed the Bishop, "that you are a good sailor. So far you are qualified for Melanesia." He also declared that Patteson "possessed the three indispensable requisites for his special task: the sailor's gift of enduring hardness; the priest's gift of drawing men by cords of love and retaining them by gentle

discipline; the linguist's gift of quickly mastering many tongues." Patteson always felt the cold excessively, and he loved the sea and the warmth of the tropics. He looked forward with the greatest delight to spending his winters cruising through Melanesia on a mission vessel.

They sailed into Auckland in the early morning. An old captain sent a message to St. John's College that the Bishop had arrived, for he was sure that no other sailor could have threaded his way through the difficult passages in the darkness without a pilot. "It is either the Bishop or the devil," the captain said, as he watched the ship through his glasses. Patteson was deeply interested in the Maoris who met them on the beach. He greatly astonished them by greeting them in their own tongue. The beauty of the roses, the fragrance of the air, and the singing of the birds made the walk up to Judge Martin's house a very delightful one, while the warm welcome at the end of it filled him with happiness. He and the judge had much in common, and it was the beginning of a friendship that enriched his whole life. Both men were great linguists, and both were interested in all the things that mattered most; but perhaps the deepest bond of union was the fact that the judge and Lady Martin were friends of his father, and their home became to him a New Zealand Feniton.

He spent his first three months at a Maori College. Two of the Maoris had walked from Rotorua, 150 miles away, to bring a gift to Selwyn from their tribe, because they heard that the Queen had stopped his salary! Their weird tattoo marks were a source of never-ending

interest. It seemed to him that each tribe had a pattern of its own, "so that they wear their coat of arms on their faces." It all seemed so strange to him, and the future opened up such unaccustomed tasks that he sometimes trembled; but he was sure of God's leading, and he knew his home folks were praying for him.

A fortnight after his arrival the *Southern Cross* sailed into Auckland Harbour. Patteson helped the Maoris to row the Bishop out to inspect the new vessel. They were delighted with her appearance, and the captain gave a good report of her sailing powers. The next day Selwyn gave his young colleague his first lesson in what he called "mud-larking." At low tide there was a long stretch of muddy sand between the shore and deep water, and the only way to get goods ashore was by driving a horse and cart across this mudbank. On this particular day one of the horses lost its footing and plunged frantically till it got its head under water and was in imminent danger of drowning. Selwyn and Patteson jumped in after it and at last succeeded in getting the horse on to its feet again.

He had a very different kind of experience a few days later when a schooner arrived from the Loyalty Islands. She had been sent to bring back a missionary family, the Nihills, and as Mr. Nihill had been in such poor health, its return had been awaited with great anxiety. When the boat was lowered, those on shore watched through their field-glasses. First came a woman with a little child, but no one else followed except the crew, and their worst fears were confirmed. Patteson went down to the beach to meet them—the pouring rain

and wild gusts of wind chimed in with the storm that was raging in his own soul. It was his first close contact with the real cost of missionary service. Very gently he led the young widow to the judge's house, and left her with Lady Martin.

Patteson served his apprenticeship as a sailor on the rough seas around the coast of New Zealand. In time he became as much at home with a sextant as he was with a bat, and it was not long before Selwyn felt that he could entrust the *Southern Cross* entirely to his command. He had no hesitation now in letting him go for long voyages by himself. The *Southern Cross* became Patteson's home, and when his old governess wrote and asked him where he was stationed, he replied:

Why, settled I suppose I shall never be; I am a missionary, you know, not a stationary. But, however, my home is the *Southern Cross*, where I live always in harbour as well as at sea, highly compassionated by all my good friends here, from the Governor downwards, and highly contented myself with the sole possession of a little cabin nicely furnished with a little table, lots of books, and my dear father's photograph, which is an invaluable treasure and comfort to me. It is hung round with barometers (aneroids), sympiesometers, fixed chest for chronometers, charts, etc. Of course, whenever the *Southern Cross* goes, I go too, and I am a most complete skipper. I feel as natural with my quadrant in my hand as of old with a cricket bat. Then I do *rather* have good sea water baths, and see glorious sunsets and sunrises, and starlight nights, and the great many-voiced ocean, the winds and waves chiming all night with a solemn sound, lapping against my ear as I lie in my canvas bed, 6 feet by 2½, and

fall asleep soundly, and dream of home. Oh ! there is much that is really enjoyable in this kind of life; and if the cares of the vessel, management of men, etc., do harass me sometimes, it is very good for me; security from such troubles having been anxiously and selfishly pursued by me at home.

Patteson found that taking charge of a mission vessel involved much more than mere knowledge of sailing. He had to lay in supplies of food and supervise their distribution, inspect pots and pans and hammocks, keep all accounts, and take charge of raw colonial youths and supervise their lessons while on board. Perhaps the hardest thing he had to do was to settle quarrels among the men and keep the whole machinery of ship-board life running smoothly.

It was always a joy to him to spend a few hours with Chief Justice and Lady Martin. He loved to talk with them about music and art and Feniton. It helped to satisfy the hunger of his heart for the fellowship of his family. The trained mind and ripe scholarship of the judge also helped him greatly in his language studies.

At last the great day came when Patteson was to start on his first voyage to Melanesia. It was Ascension Day. Before boarding the *Southern Cross* the little party partook of Holy Communion together in the College Chapel, and then they set out on their momentous adventure. They were met almost immediately by a hurricane, which severely tested the seaworthiness of their little vessel, but she came nobly through the ordeal.

The whole sea was one drift of foam [Patteson wrote], and the surface of the water beaten down almost flat by the excessive violence of the wind, which cut off the head of every wave as it strove to raise itself, and carried it in clouds of spray and great masses of water, driving and hurling it against any obstacle, such as our little vessel, with inconceivable fury. As I stood on deck gasping for breath, my eyes literally unable to keep themselves open, and only by glimpses getting a view of this most grand and terrible sight, it seemed as if a furious snowstorm was raging over a swilling, heavy, dark mass of waters. When anything could be seen beyond the first or second line of waves, the sky and sea appeared to meet in one cataract of rain and spray. A few birds were driving about like spirits of the storm. It was, as Shakespeare calls it, a regular hurly. Add to this the straining of the masts, the creaking of the planks, the shrill whistle of the wind in the ropes and cordage, the occasional crash of a heavy sea as it struck us with a sharp sound, and the rush of waters over the decks down the companions and hatches, that followed, and you have a notion of a gale of wind.

A run of 600 miles due north brought them to Norfolk Island, whose wooded hills rise to a height of a thousand feet. They feasted their eyes on the beautiful Norfolk pines, and found it difficult to believe that this was once a convict settlement of notoriously evil repute. Those days of unspeakable brutality had long passed, and the island was now being prepared for the advent of the Pitcairn islanders, whose home it was to become. These people were the descendants of the mutineers of the *Bounty*, who cast their captain and eighteen men adrift in mid-ocean. The mutineers returned to Tahiti, and then sailed for Pitcairn Island with six Polynesian

men and twelve women. They ran the ship ashore and burnt it, and then settled down together on this lonely island. They were an ill-assorted company. One night the Polynesian men stole upon the white men in the darkness and murdered all but one of them. The Polynesian women then turned upon the murderers and massacred every one of them. This frightful series of tragedies sobered Alexander Smith, the only survivor of all the men, and he set to work to teach the women and children the Christian faith. It was the descendants of these mutineers who were being brought to a more spacious and less isolated home on Norfolk Island.

As the new inhabitants had not yet arrived, the Bishop filled in the time by sailing to Sydney, where Patteson and he addressed many meetings. The Bishop did not succeed, however, in the principal object of his visit, which was to obtain the Governor's permission to make Norfolk Island the headquarters of the Melanesian Mission. The Governor was afraid that the Norfolk islanders might be contaminated by the Melanesians, and so the matter was postponed for the consideration of the Home Secretary.

When they got back to Norfolk Island, they found the Pitcairn islanders settling down in their new home. Undert he pastoral care of their clergyman, Mr. Nobbs, they gave every evidence of a real spiritual life. The Bishop suggested that the whole population should be confirmed by him on his way back from Melanesia. Mr. Nobbs was delighted with the suggestion, and heartily welcomed the offer of the Bishop to leave Mrs.

Selwyn to help him with the unique task of preparing so many.

Another run of 600 miles to the north brought the *Southern Cross* to Aneityum, the most southerly of the New Hebrides group. It was Patteson's first glimpse of Melanesia, and he revelled in the beauty of it all. Aneityum is a mountainous island rising like an emerald out of the still waters of a lagoon, surrounded by an outer reef which forms a rugged barrier to protect it from the furious battering of the tireless breakers. As soon as the ship appeared, the natives launched their canoes and paddled out to meet them, filling the air with chatter and laughter and snatches of song. They were woolly haired, lightly clad, graceful people—brown children of the Pacific who at once won their way to Patteson's heart. Presently a boat glided alongside, and a dignified, splendidly built Samoan teacher came on board with an invitation from the Rev. John Inglis and his wife. As the Bishop was anxious to take the *Southern Cross* around to the other side of the island for fresh supplies of water, he suggested that Patteson should go ashore in response to the invitation and walk across the island to rejoin him next day. Patteson received a warm welcome from the Presbyterian missionaries and from the natives. He was amazed at the change that Christianity had already wrought amongst the people. He rose at 4 o'clock next morning, and Mr. Inglis and a party of natives convoyed him across the island. He was greatly interested in the irrigation system, which enabled the natives to grow such splendid taro. When at last he descended to the other side, he

gazed upon a scene of indescribable beauty. Through the trees he could see the dazzling white sand of the beach and the *Southern Cross* riding at anchor in the smooth waters of the harbour, which was enclosed on one side by two exquisite islets. The other side of the harbour was protected by the outer reef, leaving a deep passage between it and the islets. On reaching the beach he found the Bishop sitting on the sand, and not far away the white walls of Dr. Geddies' mission station gleamed through the green foliage. It had been established eight years previously: so great was the success of the work, that sixteen years later they were able to erect a tablet with this unique inscription:

When he landed in 1848 there were no Christians here, and when he left in 1872 there were no heathen.

As the green hills of Aneityum faded into blue, they found themselves sailing along the coast of "Dark Tanna" with its lofty mountains and hostile savages. Thirty miles further north they passed Dillon's Bay, Erromanga, where John Williams and his young colleague had been murdered and eaten by the treacherous savages—not in reality more treacherous than the sandalwood traders whose outrages they were avenging on the innocent. Seventy miles further on they reached Efate, an island notorious for the massacres perpetrated by whites as well as natives. There native teachers were living amongst these ferocious people and laying the foundations for a living Church.

The *Southern Cross* lay to while a number of natives paddled out in their outrigger canoes. They were

wild-looking fellows with girdles of cocoanut fibre round their waists, and wreaths of leaves and flowers around their heads, while their ears and necks were ornamented with beads and mother-of-pearl. Two of them indicated their desire to accompany the Bishop on the voyage and were welcomed on board.

Continuing their voyage through the New Hebrides, they sailed past Epi and Malekula, and did not stop till they reached Santo, the northernmost island and the largest in the group. There they came across a brig, which proved to be that of a sandalwood trader—a notorious ruffian, who had now turned respectable. The Bishop thought it would do no harm to let him know that Patteson had come to spend a large part of his time cruising about among the islands! On shore they were surrounded by merry-hearted little children, who felt their clothes, and wondered at the strange beings whose bodies were covered by so many layers of skin! Fortunately there was a Nengone man among the people, and Patteson managed to talk a little to him. The man was overjoyed and seized him by the arm, and they walked along together, the Oxford graduate arm in arm with a naked savage. The native eagerly asked about Mrs. Nihill and her child. One of the little fellows determined that the Nengone man should not have it all his own way with the big white man, and so he seized Patteson's free hand and dragged him inland through the bush to the village. Patteson's heart went out to the laughing children of the wilds; he longed to have them with him at St. John's. They were quite sorry when the time came to go on board. Patteson

on his part was more convinced than ever that the Bishop was on right lines when he sought to gather such lads away from their heathen surroundings and train them as evangelists and teachers to win their own people.

From the New Hebrides they sailed away to the north-west, and in due time reached the Solomon Islands. At Bauro they were grieved to find that one of their former students had lapsed into heathenism. It was inevitable that some of these raw recruits should find the backward pull of the old life too strong for them. They had only had a few months of Christian teaching, and it was the first real test to which they had been subjected. The wonder was that so many of them stood fast. Even the few who fell away for a time ensured a warm welcome for the Bishop and his party, for the story of the kindness they had received on board and at St. John's disarmed the suspicion of the people and called forth their confidence. Besides, they had taught the Bishop some of their language, and the people yelled with delight when he spoke a few words in their own mother tongue.

The Solomon Islanders paddled out in exquisite canoes, light and elegant, beautifully carved and inlaid with mother-of-pearl. Patteson was fascinated by the tangle of tropical vegetation, the brilliant colour of the coral reef with bright blue fish darting here and there in the little pools, the little land crabs " walking away with other people's shells, " and the dazzling sparkle of the white foam as the huge rollers crashed upon the reef. The chief, an old friend of the Bishop's, welcomed them with dignity and courtesy. When he led them

to his hut, Patteson was rooted to the spot with horror as he came face to face with twenty-seven fresh skulls grinning at him from the ridge pole of Iri's house. The chief was proud of them, for they were the harvest of his latest raid, and he could not even dimly enter into the horrified feelings of his guests. The Bishop earnestly pleaded with him to give up fighting, with all its cruel practices, and accept the Gospel of Peace which he had come to bring. Iri was impressed by the Bishop's earnestness and friendliness, but thought him hopelessly behind the times, and wondered that a man so splendidly equipped physically should be insensible to the thrilling glory of war. However, he good-humouredly tolerated his weakness for the sake of his friendship and his presents, and he raised no objections when five of his young men expressed a desire to go with the Bishop to New Zealand. This was the real object of the Bishop's visit; he knew that these young fellows would bring back a new dynamic that would burst the shackles of heathenism. At another island there was no opening in the reef, and as landing by boat was impossible, the Bishop and Patteson dived into the sea to swim ashore. The natives watched them with mingled feelings of admiration and amazement, and crowded into the sea to meet them as they waded ashore. They had brought a few presents with them, and presently the leading savages were strutting about showing off the tomahawks, adzes, and fishhooks which they had just received. One of them was so taken with a piece of ribbon with which Patteson's straw hat was tied on that he made signs that he would like

to possess it. Patteson nodded his consent, and stood without a tremor while the powerful cannibal cut it off with his adze close to his ear! The natives were gaily decorated with armlets, frontlets, bracelets, and girdles of shell, nose rings and plugs of wood and mother-of-pearl. Having established a friendly point of contact, and prepared the way for a future visit, they sailed away to the Santa Cruz Islands.

On the way to that fateful group, they touched at four little islands covered with cocoanuts, and they were amazed to find the people Maori-speaking and English-swearing! It spoke volumes as to the character of the whites they had come in touch with.

At Santa Cruz the people crowded round the vessel in their light and swift canoes and offered baskets and mats and yams for sale. They were quite friendly, and chattered away at such a rate that the din was deafening, and it was very difficult to distinguish the individual words. Even Patteson's quick ear found it impossible to get hold of any kind of starting-point that would enable him to pick up the language. But for all their friendliness they would not let any of their young fellows volunteer as students. Towards evening they sailed away from Santa Cruz, with its teeming population, and drew near to a volcanic island with a cone 2,000 feet high. It was an awe-inspiring sight, with the lurid glare of the clouds above, and the molten lava boiling over the edge of the crater and flowing in broad rivers of fire down the sides of the mountain to plunge into the sea with a scream of hissing steam.

The next morning they arrived at a little islet called

Nukapu. It was completely encircled by an outer coral reef, and presented a scene of great beauty in the contrast between the seething waters of the ocean breaking into foam as they hurled themselves upon the reef, and the calm inner waters in which the little island seemed to float like a green emerald edged with white.

The people came out to them in their canoes, and as they understood a little Maori, friendly communications were opened up with them. The Bishop and his colleague were well pleased with the success of their first visit to Nukapu, and though they failed to persuade any young fellow to go with them, they eagerly looked forward to their next visit. At the island of Tubua they went ashore, but the experienced eye of the Bishop noted signs of unrest, and he hurriedly got Patteson into the boat and off to the ship. He afterwards explained, "I saw some young men running through the bush with bows and arrows, and these young gentry have not the sense to behave well like their parents." They had an experience of a different kind at Vanikoro. The natives decamped when they saw the boat coming, and not a glimpse of them could be got; but they had left gruesome traces behind them in the shape of the unfinished remains of a cannibal feast.

Sailing due west from Santa Cruz, they arrived at the Banks Islands. The natives were delightfully friendly and trustful. At Mota many natives swam out to the ship, while others came in canoes. At Vanua Lava a large canoe full of natives approached the vessel, but kept at a little distance, evidently too shy to come

alongside. Patteson took a header into the sea and swam across to the canoe and clambered into it. When they had recovered from their amazement, they exclaimed with delight and took the big Englishman to their hearts as a lifelong friend.

On arriving back at Norfolk Island, they found the whole population above sixteen duly prepared for confirmation. It was a memorable and unique service, and the bishop put his whole soul into the glad task of confirming these simple islanders. It was a day of rejoicing for the whole island, and a fitting climax for the wonderful voyage of the *Southern Cross*. It filled the minds of the missionaries with visions of a similar ingathering on the far scattered islands of Melanesia, so they pressed on to Auckland with their precious freight of fourteen students to prepare the way for that great day.

CHAPTER VI

CREATING A NATIVE LEADERSHIP

Blessed is the man who has found his work. Let him ask no other blessedness.—THOMAS CARLYLE.

PATTESON's special task was to shape the boys gathered in their island voyages into Christian leaders. This was a humanly hopeless task, but the Spirit of God was a living reality to Patteson, and he wrought in simple faith that miracles of grace would happen, and they did.

On the first Sunday night after their arrival, he gathered seven Bauro lads around him and tried to teach them the meaning of the Lord's Prayer. Then they knelt down and prayed with him. It was their first prayer to the Great Father, and though they hardly knew what they were doing, they were dimly conscious that they were speaking to a mighty Being who had sent His Son to bless them. How Patteson loved those young lads! With all the tenderness of a mother's heart, he taught them day by day, praying "for the grace of God's Holy Spirit to touch the hearts and enlighten the understanding of these heathen children of a common Father."

It was a great and holy work to which he had set his hand, and he gave himself to it with a love and a devotion that have rarely been equalled. He was

intensely happy with his boys around him. None of them enjoyed more than he did the vain efforts of the boys to stay on the back of a wild little donkey as it dashed through the scrub, or jarred their legs against a wall, or suddenly bucked and threw them far over its head. They always fell, "like cats, on their legs amid cries of laughter."

But they had their times of sore anxiety too. One day a lad was playing with an arrow when he accidentally pricked his arm. It was a mere scratch, but when his arm began to get stiff twelve days later, and then to twitch, the Bishop realized that the dreaded tetanus had set in. In spite of the utmost love and devotion with which they tended him, he passed away. Patteson's grief found expression in the prayer: "I pray God that all my omission and neglect of duty may be repaired, and that his very imperfect and unconscious yearnings after the truth may be accepted for Christ's sake."

The situation of St. John's College was rather exposed, and Patteson selected a more sheltered spot in a little bay at the entrance to the Auckland Harbour, opposite the high island of Ragitoto. It was open to the sea, and yet protected from the south and west winds. A timely donation from Miss Charlotte Yonge, supplemented by a large sum from his own private resources, enabled him to erect new buildings and transfer his whole school to the new site, which was called Kohimarama, or "Focus of Light." Here the Melanesians were warmer and happier, with plenty of bathing, boating, and fishing in their native element. "College

too cold," they would exclaim, "Kohimarama very good; all the same Bauro, Mota," etc. Patteson also enjoyed the change, for he could look out from his study window and see his beloved *Southern Cross* riding gracefully at anchor. He loved the boys, and they in turn responded with a tropical warmth of affection. His letters are full of the joy and wonder of it all as he watched the change being gradually wrought out in their characters and in their habits. "I have the jolliest little fellows this time," he writes, "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 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, or tell it either."

And yet he did not spoil them. When one of the boys, who was dying of consumption, unreasonably demanded that a pupil teacher should be set apart to sit with him all day and another to catch fish for him, Patteson gently but firmly pointed out to him how wrong it would be to upset the work of the school in that way. Simeona, the sick lad, saw the justice of this, and he faced the situation bravely in a Christian spirit.

He comforted himself with the thought, "Heaven is no further from New Zealand than from Nengone."

There were many things besides book-teaching involved in the training of a native leadership. The boys had to be taught how to cook, and how to keep their rooms clean and tidy, and how to grow food for the College. While his assistants did as much as they could to leave him free for the spiritual and intellectual work, Patteson kept his kindly eye on every department of College life. He rose at 5 o'clock in the morning, set the two cooks for the day at work, and started the whole machinery of the College going smoothly, and then got in as much reading as possible before breakfast. When free from lectures and other duties, he spent his time in his little "snuggery," as he called it, doing intensive study, prayerfully thinking through the many problems that beset him, or writing wonderful self-revealing letters. In the evenings he moved into the schoolroom, where he had a huge table covered with open books and papers for the comparative study of Melanesian languages. In this work he was absolutely at home, and his extraordinary facility for languages amazed all who knew him.

But the time which Patteson liked best of all was well on in the evenings, when one and another of his dusky pupils would steal in and sit down on the floor beside his chair, and shyly seek his help in their difficulties and problems. Sometimes it was a passage of Scripture which they found it difficult to understand. Sometimes it was a moral problem on which they sought his guidance. Whatever their special need was, Patteson

entered into their experience and led them step by step into a deeper understanding of Christ and the purpose of His coming and the meaning of His call to them.

At last one of them, Tagalana, strangely moved by his father's death, gave himself up entirely into the Bishop's hands, " and then he went on to confess his faith in God and in Jesus Christ and in the life everlasting. One soul won to Christ, as I hope and believe, by His love and power, and if in any degree by my ministry, to God be the praise." Some time later Patteson was profoundly moved by the baptism of six of his scholars—the firstfruits of his work in Melanesia: " Everything in one sense is done, how very little in the other and higher sense! May Almighty God pour the fulness of His blessing upon them. I sit and look at them, and my heart is too full for words. They sit with me and bring their little notes with questions that they scarcely dare to trust themselves to speak about." It was a wonderful joy to have Christians around him who could really understand what he said and join him at the Lord's Table. It filled his soul with a vision of Melanesia won for Christ, for in these young lads, consecrated to Christ and His service, he recognized the entrance of a new dynamic that would burst the bonds of ignorance and superstition and set the people free. He felt that his heart was not large enough for it, nor his life worthy of so great an honour, but even his deep self-abasement was lost in the joy of heaven.

He had now a new incentive to bring to bear upon them: they must seek Christ's help to overcome tempta-

tion within their own lives and to grow in purity and spiritual power, that they might be worthy leaders in the great enterprise of establishing the Kingdom of God in Melanesia. He pointed out the certainty that the devil would make fierce assaults upon their faith and character in order to weaken and hinder them in their work for their fellows, but that in Christ they had limitless spiritual resources. He taught them that they had only begun the Christian life, and that they must grow daily in knowledge and in grace.

Yes [they said], we see that man does not know that his room is dirty and full of cobwebs while it is all dark, and another man whose room is not half so dirty, because the sun shines into it and shows the dirt, thinks his room much worse than the other. That is like our hearts. It is worse *now* to be angry than it was to shoot a man a long time ago. But the more the sun shines in, the more we shall find cobwebs and dirt, long after we thought the room was clean. Yes, we know what that means. We asked you what would help us to go on the straight path, now that we are entering at the gate. We said prayer, love, helping our countrymen. Now we see besides, watchfulness, self-examination, and then you say we must at once look forward to being confirmed, as the people you confirmed at Norfolk Island. Then there is the very great thing, the holy and the great, the Supper of our Lord.

No wonder Patteson called such times his great relaxation, "for this is the time when they are like children with a father." And so this great soul poured the riches of his love and wisdom into these young Melanesians, and worked with God to transform them

into devoted Christian leaders. He felt keenly the tremendous responsibility of being their teacher, lest by any mistake on his part he should give a wrong direction to the faith of those whom they won for Christ. Sometimes, indeed, he was absolutely overwhelmed by the solemnity of the thought that the training of the future missionaries of Melanesia was in his hands. But these thoughts only drove him into closer dependence upon God, and led him to give himself to the uttermost that he might not fail them in this great trust. Believing in the value of united intercession, he sought the help of his family and other friends in this most potent of all ministries.

God has already been very merciful to you [he said], in that He has called you out of darkness into His marvellous light. He has enabled you to receive the knowledge of His will, and to understand your relations to Him. He has taught you to believe in Him, to hope for salvation through the merits of His Son's death and resurrection. He has made you feel something of the power of His love, and He has taught you the duty of loving Him and serving your brother. He calls upon you now to rouse yourself to a sense of your true position, to use the gifts which he has given you to His glory and the good of your brethren. Don't suppose that you are unable to do this, as you are unable to believe and love Him by yourselves, but He gives you strength for this very purpose that you may be able to do it. You can do it through Christ, who strengthens you. Our fathers were not more able to teach their people once than you are to teach your people now.

And so he sought to rouse them and inspire them with his own vision, and spur them on to the great adventure

of winning Melanesia for Christ. It was no easy task, and it could only be achieved by Divine Grace. But there slowly emerged new Christian leaders, glaringly imperfect and subject to terrible lapses here and there, but earnest and consecrated, rich in devotion and in the spirit of martyr-faithfulness.

CHAPTER VII

BARRIER REEFS

Faith has a genius for mountain climbing.—DAVID ROSS.

WHOLE mountain ranges of human impossibilities rose between Patteson and the achievement of his great task. The lads whom he was trying to shape into Christian leaders had been digged out of a "horrible pit, out of the miry clay," and they bore many traces of it. He could only keep them for a few months at a time, and then they had to go back into the putrid atmosphere of heathenism for the winter. The minds of the students were so steeped in heathenism, with all its vile imaginations and outlook, that it was difficult for them to see God in His holiness, and enter into His horror of sin. Even when trained they had to stand up against the down-dragging influences of heathenism, and their task was made infinitely harder by the influence of selfish and unprincipled white men. In addition to all this, their lack of physical stamina made it extremely difficult to maintain a sufficient supply of trained teachers. These are but a few of the difficulties, and only a man with a living faith in a living God would have had the courage to face them. But Patteson was not afraid of the difficulties that threw him back upon God. He never for one moment wavered in his faith that even out of such unpromising material God would

fashion the men who would usher in a new era for Melanesia.

One of his greatest problems was to get men of the right stamp as missionary colleagues. He refused to accept anyone in whom he could not place implicit confidence, and so he tested them out in the actual work of the field. He did not want half-educated men, nor rejects from the home field. He wanted men who were wholly free from the silly delusion that the white man is essentially superior to the black man, men who were big enough to love the Melanesians as brothers, men who had "strong religious common sense to adapt Christianity to the wants of Melanesia without compromising any vital truth or principle," men who could penetrate through the tangled growth of superstition and find a point of living contact with the soul of the people, men who were prepared to put their whole strength into the study of the language and the customs of the people. "There must be many fellows," he wrote, "pulling up Surly tonight who may be well able to pull together with me in the Pacific—young fellows whose enthusiasm is not mere animal spirits, and whose pluck and courage are given them to stand the roughnesses (such as they are) of missionary life."

Such men were not easy to find, but by degrees Patteson gathered round him a devoted band of like-minded men, who grew to love and revere their leader, and worked with him in complete harmony.

Another wellnigh insurmountable difficulty was the climate of New Zealand, which, even in summer, was far too cold for the tropical lads. In spite of the utmost

care, they were always catching cold or ailing in some other way. As a rule Patteson's constant care kept the little community from serious illness, but in 1863 they were overwhelmed with a fearful epidemic, and he had to wage a long and often hopeless battle with death. His letters are full of the horror and suffering of those days. The dining-hall was turned into a hospital and the quadrangle into a convalescent ward—with eleven patients in each. Those not yet attacked were sent on board the *Southern Cross* for safety. For weeks Patteson hardly slept, and was completely exhausted, though he was splendidly backed by many helpers, including the Melanesian staff, who showed a fine spirit of devotion. The medical men did their best, but the virulent plague in many cases defied every form of treatment. One after another the young lads died, with their teacher at hand to comfort them. Then Patteson tenderly closed their eyes, and wrapped them in their shrouds of white linen. He marvelled at the heroism with which they bore their suffering. The sixth one to pass away was little Sosamen, and Patteson writes:

Sosamen died at 9 a.m. this morning, a dear lad, one of the Banks islanders, about ten or twelve years old. As usual I was kneeling by him, closing his eyes in death. I can see his poor mother's face now! What will she say to me? She who knows not the Christian life in death! Yet to him, the poor unbaptized child, what is it to him? Yes, the names he heard on our lips were the names of real things and real persons! There is another world! There is a God, a Father, a Lord Jesus Christ, a Spirit of Holiness, a Love and Glory.

So let us leave him, O Father, in Thy hands, who knowest him who knew not Thee on earth. Thy mercies never fail. Thou hast created all things, and for Thy pleasure they are and were created.

At last the epidemic spent its force; the light of health came slowly back into the faces of these sorely tried Melanesian lads. Patteson was worn out, and yet his letters breathe the calm peace which God's healing mercy brought.

His thoughts went out to the parents of the six lads for whose return they would look in vain. They each came from a different island, and in some cases were the first lads entrusted to his care. He knew that he would have to be very careful when he went back among them without their boys. But they still trusted him, and still allowed their sons to go with him. When he returned to Mota, he took Paraklois' father by the hand and told him the terrible news. His own eyes were streaming with tears, and the father trembled all over, but when he could control his voice he said, "It is all well; he died well. I know you did all you could; it is well."

Patteson was worn out, and when sickness again threatened the community of Kohimarama, he transferred the students to Kawan Bay, kindly lent for the purpose by Sir George Grey. Leaving them there to recuperate, Patteson crossed over to Australia to consolidate the interest and co-operation of the Australian Church in the Melanesian Mission. Even this voyage and the complete change failed to restore him to his wonted vigour, and he had premonitions that he could

not stand the strain of life in Melanesia for any great length of time.

Another barrier reef was the treacherous character of the natives, and this was intensely aggravated by the brutal outrages of white men. Living as they did under constant fear of evil spirits and of their sacred men, they were constantly at war among themselves, and this added to his perils as he landed amongst them. A great deal of the trouble, he felt, was due to the lack of occupation. Not being able to read, they lay about talking scandal and hatching mischief, with the inevitable result that quarrels arose and fighting ensued. On one island he found the people living in houses built high up in the branches of trees for safety. They were reached by ladders constructed out of saplings and cross-pieces, with double strands of supplejacks for hand ropes. They cordially invited him to " step in," but his reply was: " I can't go up there, I am neither bird nor bat, and I have no wings if I fall !"

However, he did make the ascent, accompanied by Joe Atkin, and found the houses crowded and filthy.

Sometimes he unwittingly put himself in extreme peril by landing on no man's land, across which contending parties hurled their spears and shot their arrows at each other. On one such occasion both parties brought him yams for sale. Each watched the other with alert suspicion, and suddenly one party drew off and began shooting arrows at their foes. One man took cover behind Patteson, and from the shelter of his ample body poured a fusillade of arrows into the enemy. When the parties standing around

the boat, which was lying a little way out from the shore, heard the shouts and saw the arrows flying, a panic seized them, and they fled helter-skelter, glancing nervously over their shoulders to see if any arrows were following them. One of the men on shore fired at Patteson but missed him, while another arrow shot at the boat hit it without wounding any of the crew. It was a tight corner, but Patteson got his party away safely, with an inward prayer of thanksgiving.

Again at Leper Island Patteson had a narrow escape from death. He was sitting on the beach talking to a group of savages, when they suddenly sprang to their feet and bolted. He glanced around and saw a man rushing at him with uplifted club. With his wonderful self-control he calmly ignored the threatening aspect of the man and offered him some fishhooks. What would have been the result no one can say, for several other men sprang forward and seized hold of his assailant. Patteson found out that not long before a white man had shot a native for stealing a bit of calico, and this poor fellow was simply trying to follow out the tribal law of revenge, which was the Melanesian's idea of justice. The wonder was, not that he tried to murder the next white man to call, but that there were savages who had learnt to discriminate between the ruthless adventurer and the missionary.

It was to Santa Cruz Patteson's heart turned with peculiar intensity, and it was there that he passed through the most tragic experience of his life. He referred to this as the deepest sorrow he had ever known, and the most wonderful realization of God's presence.

He arrived at Santa Cruz full of eagerness to follow up the advantage he had gained by his friendly reception three years before. He pulled ashore with Joe Atkin, a young New Zealander, three Norfolk Island lads named Edwin Nobbs, Fisher Young and Hunt Christian, and a sailor called Pearce. All were greatly beloved by their leader, but his affections gathered most tenderly round Fisher Young, a lad of eighteen, who had proved himself a kindred spirit. He landed at several places, and met with friendliness on all sides. At the third place he waded over the reef and entered a native house, and spent some time amongst the natives. A great crowd followed him as he returned to the boat. Some of the natives held on to the boat and swam alongside. It was with difficulty he detached their hands. Suddenly the crowd standing on the reef only 18 yards away began to shoot their arrows at the boat, and Patteson held up the rudder to protect the lads. On looking round he saw that the boat was heading straight into a bay in the reef where they would have run aground and been at the complete mercy of the savages. But the scene that met his eyes in the boat made him sick with horror: "I saw Pearce lying between the thwarts with the long shaft of an arrow in his chest, Edwin Nobbs with an arrow as it seemed in his left eye, many arrows flying close to us from many quarters. Suddenly Fisher Young, pulling the stroke oar, gave a faint scream: he was shot through the left wrist. Not a word was spoken, only my 'Pull! port oars, pull on steadily.'"

The wounded Edwin called out to his leader, "Look

out, sir, close to you." Atkin took Pearce's oar, but the other two men pulled on in spite of their wounds, while Hunt pulled the fourth oar. It was a stern chase, and the canoes pursued them till they reached the vessel. The savages in the canoes which were clustered round the ship made off as fast as they could when they saw the blood flowing from several of the white men.

When they got on board Patteson attended to his wounded friends. Pearce appeared to have the severest hurt, and he gave Patteson directions and messages in case he died. Next he turned to Fisher Young, whose wrist was bleeding freely. The arrow had broken off, and Patteson had to cut deep to find the point of it, as the only way to get it out was to pull it right through. The young lad stood the ordeal well, and after he had been bandaged, Patteson joined Atkin in cleaning up Edwin's wound. The arrows were not poisoned, but the great danger was that tetanus might set in. The sufferers, however, were patient and cheerful.

All went well for the first few days, but when Fisher Young said one morning, " I can't make out what makes my jaw so stiff," Patteson knew that the worst was to be feared. He lifted his heart to God and told the lad how serious the outlook was. But he was amazed and inspired by the calm courage with which Fisher received the news and the quiet confidence with which he faced the ordeal. Patteson loved him dearly, and they had wonderful spiritual fellowship together in these last few days before the fearful spasms made speech impossible. Day and night Patteson tended

the wounded, hardly taking a moment's rest, comforting them with words of inspiration from Holy Scripture, and praying with them. He writes of Fisher Young:

None but a well disciplined, humble, simple Christian could so have borne his sufferings; the habit of obedience and 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 on God. What a lesson it was! It calmed us all. It almost awed me 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.

Among his last words were: "I am very glad that was doing my duty. Tell my father that I was in the path of duty, he will be so glad. Poor Santa Cruz people." Patteson's comment was: "Ah! my dear boy, you will do more for their conversion by your death than ever we shall do by our lives." "Oh, what love!" exclaimed Fisher, evidently thinking of the Good Shepherd who had laid down His life for the sheep, and then turning to his leader he said, "They never stop singing there, do they?" Then after the last fearful spasms his head fell back upon the arm of his father in Christ, and he was at rest.

By this time they had reached Port Patteson in the Banks group, and there they buried Fisher Young, and with him part of Patteson's heart.

But the deep waters were still far from receding. A few days later Edwin showed unmistakable signs of tetanus. With heavy heart Patteson tended him day

and night. He was a young fellow of splendid physique and fearless courage. He was the pride of Norfolk Island, and all looked forward to the time when he would succeed his father as their minister. Patteson thought he might pull through, but it was not to be, and after a brave fight he too passed away, and was buried at sea. The one bright gleam was the recovery of Pearce.

Patteson felt utterly crushed when he thought of the earthly side of all this dark tragedy, but he realized amid all his sorrow that the short sharp road through these days of physical agony led into the everlasting habitation of perfect joy and perfect service. Patteson grieved most of all for Fisher Young, and his letters are full of his tender, wistful thoughts.

Fisher most of all supplied to me the absence of earthly friends. He was my boy. I loved him as I think I never loved anyone else. I don't mean *more* than you all, but *in a different way*: not as one loves another of equal age, but as a parent loves a child.

I can hardly think of my little room at Kohimarama without him. I long for the sight of his dear face, the sound of his voice. It was my delight to teach him, and he was clever and so thoughtful and industrious. . . .

Edwin and Fisher were beginning to understand thoughtful books, and how I did delight in reading to them, interspersing a little Pitcairn remark here and there. Ah ! never more ! never more ! But they don't want books now. All is clear now, they live where there is no night, in the Glory of God and of the Lamb, resting in Paradise, anticipating the full consummation of the life of the Resurrection. Thanks be to God, and it may not be long—but I must not indulge such thoughts.

And then he thought of their relatives. Fisher's parents had returned to Pitcairn Island, but his other relatives were at Norfolk Island, and Edwin's father and mother were eagerly looking forward to their son's return. Patteson went about his work with a " weary heartache."

The meeting at Norfolk Island was a trying ordeal. It was a bitter blow to the parents, but they bore it in a truly Christian spirit, and their hearts went out in loving gratitude to Patteson for his kindness to their boy. Their common sorrow drew them together, and all of them found relief in the service of others. And their service had a deeper quality as they entered more fully into fellowship with the sufferings of Christ.

CHAPTER VIII

THE GREATEST THING IN THE WORLD

It is better not to live than not to love. . . . To love abundantly is to live abundantly, and to love for ever is to live for ever.—HENRY DRUMMOND.

PATTESON once said that *the* qualification for a missionary was that there must be real love in his heart for those to whom he went. Patteson was strong in faith, patient in hope, but greatest of all in love. Beginning life as a somewhat passionate and stormy personality, he was gradually mellowed and disciplined by love. In early life when his mother appealed to his heart she never failed to evoke a response. Fear of disappointing those who loved him often kept him at his studies when he was tempted to allow the playing fields to absorb his time. Later on his love for Christ kept him patiently and doggedly pursuing lines of study that would best fit him for the service of His Church. And when the love of his father kept him chained to a little country parish so as to be near him, the deeper love for Christ made him willing to leave all and go to the uttermost part of the earth. Even his love for his family circle was so spiritual and so deep that it triumphed over bodily separation and kept them united in a communion so unbroken that even death merely intensified

it. The Communion of Saints was a living reality to Patteson.

He was a great lover, and because his love was denied the ordinary human channels of wife and child, it poured itself unstintedly into the lives of his Melanesian people and enriched and uplifted them unspeakably. They were his spiritual children, and with his whole soul he loved them. They loved him in return, and in their love he found exquisite joy. Captain Tilly, of the *Southern Cross*, was deeply impressed by the way in which Patteson gazed at the savages on the beach with " a look of such extreme gentleness and of yearning toward them." It was that look of yearning love that drew the young lads to his side and inspired their parents to let them sail away with him. Even raging savages, with the glare of murder in their eyes, could not resist the appeal of that love. And when sometimes it fell to his lot to bring back the sad news that their sons had died, his own deep anguish of heart took all the bitterness out of their sorrow, and they still trusted him. Clement Marau, a Melanesian deacon, wrote a little book which Mr. Codrington translated, and in it he tells a touching story.

The occasion of my first leaving my native land was this. The month of planting was near, and we all of us, with my father, had gone to clear the garden ground, and were chopping away the trees, when, in the middle of the day, we heard the people shouting for a ship. We asked where it was, and they said, " Look out there, full in the midst of Mota !" We looked, and saw that it was the Besope's (Bishop's) vessel. Father and all of us ran down at once; we thought nothing of our work,

but ran straight down to the shore, because the ship was close at hand; and there we waited for a boat to pull in to us, all of us looking out eagerly in expectation to see those two twins who had gone with Besope, and thinking that we should see them with joy. But when the boat came to land we saw that there were other people in her, there were R. Pantutun of Mota, and W. Qasvar of Roua and two others, and Besope at the stern, with the rudder lines in his hands, but we looked in vain for the faces that we knew.

Then father asked the question, "Where are those twins?" and Besope said that they were dead. But when he so answered that they were dead, such a weight of grief came down upon the minds of all the crowd of people there upon the rocks, that in the silence it was as if no crowd was there at all, because everyone was sorry for those two, and we all of us thought so much of them and loved them. But presently the whole crowd broke into wailing for them—those two, my brothers. And oh! I cried loudly for them myself. But before long I composed myself enough to go near the boat and see Besope, and I crept down by my father's side and stepped over into the boat, and R. Pantutun took hold of me, while the crowd of people were thinking of nothing but their lamentations. Then Besope stretched out his arms and put them round my neck, and then he untied the handkerchief from his own neck and tied it round me. After some time had passed, and the wailing was quieter, the people for the first time observed that I was in the boat. Then my second father (my uncle), when he saw that I was in the boat already, was filled with rage, and this is what he said: "Ha! he has taken away those two, and they are dead, and now he wants to finish by killing this one, the best of all!" Then he clutched his bow and ran down, with a handful of white poisoned arrows in his hand and one already fixed on the bow-string,

and with his bow full drawn, ready to let fly and kill Besope, R. Pan, and all in the boat; but Pan saw him and cried, "Besope, they are attacking us." The Besope said to him, "Wait a bit," and then he threw open his hand, as if he would make a sign to them to be quiet and let him know what was the matter, and he said, "If you want to harm me, shoot me, but take good care of these others, that they are not hurt." When he said this he drew down the people's anger; and when there was a little silence Besope asked the man, "What do you want? What shall I do for you?" He answered, "I am angry because of those two sons of mine, and this is the third; you want to make me lose every one." So Besope took out an axe to comfort him, and he was pacified, but it was a near thing that he did not shoot and kill everyone in the boat. That man was not really my father—he was my father's brother; and he was a famous fighting man. And my own father all the while was sitting quiet, all his thoughts lost in weeping for his sons whose faces he should never see again; and as he wept he cried, "Alas, my sons! Your eyes, that were the food of my life, are lost and gone from me! Alas, my sons!"

Then Besope begged my father to let him have me, and to let me go with him; and all the people pitied me, and advised my father to let Dune go too, that we might be together—and so it was. And the evening was drawing on, the sun was sinking towards the west, as we rowed off to the ship, and the people went up the steep paths into the island, weeping as they went.

What a triumph of love! Clement Marau goes on to tell how Besope "used to go ashore and buy cooked native food for Dune and himself until they could manage the ship's fare, and they wondered at such love."

Patteson's love was like that of the Good Shepherd.

for his heart went out in special yearning to the boys who wandered into the far country of sin.

One serious and heart-breaking case was that of a student who had been a communicant for three years, and who fell into grievous sin in spite of repeated warnings. He was startled and terrified at his own wickedness. "Oh! don't send me away for ever," he cried. "I know I have made the young ones stumble, and destroyed the happiness of our settlement here. I know I must not be with you in chapel or school or hall. I know I can't teach any more, I know that, and I am miserable, miserable. But don't tell me I must go away for ever. I can't bear it."

Like Joseph with his brothers, Patteson restrained his deep feelings, and spoke almost harshly to the lad to test his penitence. But the lad replied:

"I know. It is terrible! But I think of the Prodigal Son. Oh! I do long to go back. Oh! do tell me He loves me still."

After praying with him, Patteson sent him away. Not until he was absolutely sure that he realized the enormity of his sin and was truly penitent, did he speak the gracious and comforting words that he knew so well how to speak, and that were the true expression of his own feelings towards the erring lad. He reminded him of Christ's tender dealings with Mary Magdalene and with Peter, and he assured him that the Lord would forgive and restore him in the same way. The boy's feelings found relief in tears.

Ah! it is very sad [writes Patteson], but I do think he will be a better, more straightforward man:

he has learned his weakness, and where to find strength, as he never had before, and the effect on the school is remarkable. That there should be so much tenderness of conscience and apprehension of the guilt of impurity among the children of the heathen brought up in familiarity with sin, is a matter of such thankfulness.

Patteson invited the male communicants to decide what punishment should be meted out to the offender. He bore it in a contrite spirit, recognizing its justice. After a time of probation he was readmitted to full membership. Patteson had suffered intensely all through this tragedy, and it was his sacrificial love that won his scholar back to self-respect. It helped the Melanesians to realize how sin hurt God, when they saw how it wounded their teacher. It deepened their resolve to live pure lives, and it drove them back on prayer to God for help.

He loved his colleagues as he loved his scholars, and he was particularly rich in the response which his love evoked in them. He was always so humble and so considerate that the whole staff entered into his plans and caught his spirit. He drew out the very best in them, and their fellowship in the work was a joy to them all.

CHAPTER IX

"STICKING IT"

My imagination would never have served me as it has, but for the habit of commonplace, humble, patient, daily, toiling, drudging attention.—CHARLES DICKENS.

Nothing makes the soul so pure, so religious, as the endeavour to create something perfect; for God is perfection, and whoever strives for it strives for something that is God-like.—MICHAEL ANGELO.

PATTESON had another quality that was akin to love, and perhaps grew out of it—and a quality most vividly expressed by our men at the Front in the words "sticking it." Those two words conveyed a world of meaning to all who knew anything at all about the conditions our soldiers had to endure in the Great War. At times it seemed more than flesh and blood could stand, but they "stuck it," with superhuman courage and tenacity. They loathed it all, and called it "Hell," but they went through it, and nothing stopped them till they were carried off the field wounded or dead. Patteson was richly endowed with this splendid tenacity of purpose. He had to turn his back on many things that were dear to his soul, and he had to do things that jarred on every nerve he had, and yet he "stuck it," and disciplined himself into doing it with a will. This quality revealed itself even in his Eton schooldays, for it enabled him to

hold himself to his studies, when his whole being cried out for the fresh air and the sunshine of the playing fields. In spite of the irksomeness he felt in close study, he "stuck it" and gained a solid reputation for scholarship. When he went to Oxford he was so determined to concentrate on first things that he refused an invitation to join the eleven. This was a tremendous sacrifice for Eton's most brilliant cricketer to make.

Patteson was a man peculiarly wrapped up in his own family circle, he was prepared to put the claims of the family far before any personal consideration; but when he believed God called him to go abroad as a missionary, he not only faced the separation involved, but persistently refused to leave his work even for a flying visit to his old home. When his father died and his sisters planned to come out and see him, he put away from him the alluring prospect, and wrote to tell them not to come. It was almost more than he could bear, and he passed through anguish of soul at the thought of never seeing them again—but for the work's sake he "stuck it." And in this he was the son of his grand old father, who gave him up so completely that he did not wish to bring him home again even for one last glimpse before he died. There were no half-measures in the consecration of either father or son, and only God knows what it cost them to make the sacrifice.

Patteson was a man who loved stateliness and beauty in church architecture and church music devoutly rendered. He sorely missed all this when he left England. During his few brief visits to Australia he

revelled in a return to the kind of worship he had been accustomed to. And yet he believed that less ornate and simpler forms of worship were more suitable for the Melanesians, and so he cheerfully did without the things he loved, and found in the simple forms of these untutored islanders the channels through which his own richly endowed devotional nature found expression. His æsthetic soul would have found pure delight in that most exquisite memorial chapel so fittingly erected to his memory on Norfolk Island—the loveliest church of its size in the Southern Hemisphere. But though he worshipped in far other buildings during his life, he found God in them all, and no man ever enjoyed more intimate or joyous communion with the Unseen who dwelleth not in temples made with hands but in the humble and contrite heart.

Patteson hated teaching; it was absolute drudgery to him. He would far rather have spent his time studying languages and translating the scriptures, or preaching the glorious message of God's everlasting and all-embracing love. But he knew that the only foundation upon which solid and permanent work could be built up was a trained native leadership, and so he put his best work into teaching and spent most of his life at it. The work he really loved had to be put into odds and ends of time, or done early in the morning and late at night. But he always put the interests of the Kingdom first, even when it meant spending so large a part of his life doing distasteful work.

Patteson loved the sea. He was quite at home in

all that had to do with navigating a ship. But a skipper's duties on a mission vessel were multitudinous and varied. He was called upon to do the work of a housekeeper, and take charge of the ordering and distributing of provisions. He had to inspect the ship and see that she was kept scrupulously clean, or else it would soon have been overrun with pests and insects that would have made sleep impossible. Officers and men are not angels even on a mission vessel, and Patteson was frequently called upon to settle disputes, remove misunderstandings, and keep the little community in perpetual good humour. All this was very irksome, and made terrible inroads into his time to the detriment of apparently more important duties. But he "stuck it" nobly, and his officers and men loved him and would have followed him to death. Lady Martin noted this side of Patteson's nature when she was a passenger on the *Southern Cross*. No sooner had he settled down to solid study than someone came to ask his help in some tangle, and after a momentary look of annoyance the book was laid aside, and he went off with resignation if not cheerfulness. He felt it was good discipline for his soul, and often blamed himself for feeling such duties irksome.

Patteson loved the society of his intimate friends. The Chief Justice and Lady Martin were like a second father and mother to him, and their home was the next dearest spot on earth to Feniton. Bishop Selwyn he loved with peculiar veneration, and the thought that he was lightening the labours and cheering the heart of his leader inspired him to face many an hour of

loneliness and depression. But when it seemed best in the interests of the work that Norfolk Island should be made the headquarters of the mission, Patteson faced the separation and the isolation it involved without a moment's hesitation. It meant not only cutting himself off completely from *all* his old friends and the social fellowship for which his whole soul yearned, but putting himself beyond the reach of regular communication with the dear folks at home. There was no one with whom he could drop the official relationship, and just be his old unfettered self and talk of the old days and the old friends, and revel in the joys of pure friendship that had its roots deep in the past life.

All his life Patteson shrank from responsibility, not because he was afraid of the work it involved, but because he always thought that other men were more fitted to carry it. His self-depreciation cost him many a bitter hour of depression, but he always found relief in confession and supplication, and then lost all sense of his own unworthiness in the all-sufficiency of God, who had called him to this work. When the Primate of New Zealand and all other men looked to Patteson as the one man chosen of God and equipped for the leadership of the Melanesian Mission, he shrank back with genuine horror. He offered to stand behind the Primate or any other man who might be chosen, but he could not think of accepting the high office of a Bishop: he felt altogether unworthy and unfit. But when his leader and his father combined to convince him that this was the will of God for the mission and

for him, he braced himself and accepted the responsibility, trusting to God and to the prayers of his Primate and his intimate friends. And he persisted in spite of much introspection and self-humiliation, putting his whole soul into his new office, and carrying its responsibilities in such a way as to win the utter confidence of all concerned in the mission.

In the latter years of his life bodily infirmities made it extremely difficult for him to continue his long voyages and endure the privations of island life, but, though he shared as much of his responsibilities as he could, he persisted in his voyages to the end. When his soul was wellnigh overwhelmed by the sorrow and desolation created by the Kanaka Labour Traffic, he even contemplated vastly extending the sphere of his travelling that he might visit the plantations in Fiji and keep in touch with the Kanakas. Personal comfort never entered into his consideration—it was only and always the interest of his beloved Melanesians that determined the issue. He was ever true to his definition of his own life as "missionary, not stationary." His courage, his self-denial, and his tenacity were simply magnificent, and will remain for all time an inspiration to all workers in the Kingdom of God.

CHAPTER X

FATHER AND SON

And Jesus answered and said, Verily I say unto you, There is no man that hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my sake, and the Gospel's, but he shall receive an hundredfold now in this time, houses, and brethren, and sisters, and mothers, and children, and lands, with persecutions; and in the world to come eternal life.—*Mark* x. 29-30.

FROM his earliest years Patteson regarded his father with peculiar veneration, and this feeling persisted to the end of his life. The loss of his mother in early boyhood threw him more and more upon his father's company and counsel, and their common grief drew them together. He had immense confidence in his father's judgment, and he sought to order his life according to his principles and wishes. When he came short of his father's expectations in anything his whole soul was filled with remorse. His father, on the other hand, understood his son with the insight of a true and unselfish love, and the letters which he wrote him were a far-reaching influence in the building up of his character. He taught him not to worry over disappointments that were not due to any lack of honest work on his part, and to find his deepest peace in a clear conscience. He instilled into the eager, responsive soul of the young lad a deep sense of honour and the noblest ideal of life. He taught him also to

rely on God, not in any lazy way as a substitute for hard work, but as a wise and loving Father who stood behind all earnest and whole-hearted effort. His was a sane and healthy faith that led to honest work and looked to God to make it fruitful.

But if the father understood the son and entered into all his aims and ambitions with rare sympathy, the son also understood the father and entered into his trials and problems with the keenest interest. Both were greatly gifted in the ability to express their thoughts in beautiful literary form, and their letters are intensely interesting and self-revealing. The son especially lays bare his very soul in his long letters to his father, so that it seems almost sacrilege to read them. They wrote to each other every mail when separated, and they discussed all sorts of problems, from intimate personal matters to the great spiritual, intellectual, and political movements of the time. The son always deferred with deep humility to his father's views, and found great help and guidance in his comments on life and books.

When studying on the Continent, Patteson's letters reveal deep concern about his father's increasing deafness. He realized that his colleagues would regard the inconvenience as a small price to pay for the sound mind and eminent legal qualities of so distinguished a judge. But, on the other hand, the son knew how intolerable a burden it would be on his father's high sense of honour if he thought that the course of justice was in any way made more difficult by his deafness. The son's understanding sympathy was a great comfort to the judge in his perplexity.

Patteson had never forgotten the stirring call of Bishop Selwyn's farewell address in the parish church at Windsor, but he could not bear the thought of going very far away from Feniton while his father was beset with growing infirmities, and so he settled down in the small country parish of Alphington. There he was within easy walking distance of his old home, and he kept in close touch with his father.

He was supremely happy in the work, though in his heart of hearts he knew it could not be his life work. He was made for bigger things, and the spirit of adventure was only lulled to sleep by the great desire he had to be a comfort and support to his father in his old age. His father, on his part, accepted all this as part of the ordering of God's Fatherly Providence, and he rejoiced in the companionship and love of his son. How long this might have gone on none can say, but the return of Bishop Selwyn stirred the old banked-up fires in the soul of the younger man and awoke once more the sleeping spirit of adventure.

The struggle for both father and son was terrific. They had grown so deeply into one another's lives that the very roots of their being seemed to be inextricably intertwined. The younger man could stand transplanting, but would the aged father survive the shock of separation? There was an intense conflict between the call of the Kingdom and the call of nature. At last Patteson followed his sister's advice of laying the whole matter before his father and leaving the decision in his hands. The old judge had seldom faced a more difficult decision, and even his judicial attitude of mind

had to fight down the cries of his own heart, before he could face the issue in the light of duty only. But he was too great a servant of Jesus Christ to allow personal considerations, however noble, to influence his judgment, and he decided clearly and irrevocably that his son should accept Selwyn's invitation as a call from God. It was a solemn decision, for both men knew that they would never meet again on earth. It was a terrible uprooting, but its only ultimate effect was to purify and spiritualize their love so that it transcended all limitations of bodily separation, and grew into a communion of spirit that was completely independent of outward circumstances. Behind the friendship on each side was a character absolutely free of any taint of selfishness. Both men lived in the atmosphere of God's presence, and their whole ambition in life was to do His will. There were, therefore, no reserves in their communion, and they shared with each other the great deeps of their consecrated personalities.

In the crises of his life it was to his father that Patteson turned. In communing with his father, thousands of miles away, he found comfort and guidance and inspiration. It became part of his very life to discuss not only his wonderful work and the problems that arose out of its unique nature, but the inmost thoughts and spiritual yearnings of his own soul.

The first home mail that reached him after his arrival in New Zealand threw him into a transport of joy: " Oh what a delight it is to see your dear handwriting again ! Father's I opened first and read his

letters, stopping often with tears of thankfulness in my eyes to thank God for enabling him not to be over anxious about me, and for the blessing of knowing that he was as well as usual." In another letter he writes: "You may be quite sure that I am not at all likely to forget anyone or anything connected with home. How I do watch and follow them through the hours of the day or night when we are both awake and at our work. I turn out at 6.45, and think of them all at dinner or tea; at ten I think of them at evening prayers; and by my own bedtime they are in morning church or busied about their different occupations, and I fancy I can almost see them."

Lady Martin tells how Patteson loved to talk about his home and his father, and of the struggle it cost to leave him. When Lady Martin told him one day about their contemplated visit to the old country, he said delightedly, "Why, then you will see my dear father, and will tell him all about me." When they returned from their visit, he eagerly drank in all they could tell him about his father and his old home. And yet he refused even to consider any suggestion that he should leave his work long enough to take a run home and see his father before he died. They were so one in soul that neither felt that the sacrifice involved for the work was justified. His father's letters approving this decision drew from Patteson a grateful reply:

I thank you, my dear Father, for writing so fully about yourself, and especially for seeing and stating so plainly your full conviction that I ought not to think of returning to England. It would, as you say, humanly

speaking, interfere most seriously with the prospects of the Mission.

Of course it is useless to speculate as to the future, but I see nothing at all to make it likely that I shall *ever* revisit England. I can't very well conceive any such state of things as would make it a duty to gratify my constant inclination. And, my dear Father, I do not scruple to say (for you will understand me) that I am happier here than I would be in England, where, even though I were absent only a few months, I should bear about with me the constant weight of knowing that Melanesia was not provided for. . . .

And if you could see the thankful look of the Bishop, when he is again assured that there is no item of regret or desire to call me home on your part, you would feel, I know, that colonial work does require, especially, an unconditional, unreserved surrender of a man to whatever he may find to do.

Patteson always looked forward to his home letters, at the end of a voyage, and yet when he got them he almost dreaded to open them, for so much could have happened in the long interval. It was always to his father's letter that he turned for real help, though he found great joy in all of them.

One of the questions upon which Patteson found it most difficult to give a definite answer was that of the Bishopric of Melanesia. He was the man selected by Bishop Selwyn, but he was overwhelmed by a sense of his own unworthiness and by his natural shrinking from responsibility. He would have much rather worked under another man, but it was to his father that he turned, as ever, for counsel and guidance. His father understood exactly how he felt, and wrote to the Bishop

that he believed his son's sole desire was to be made as useful as his powers enabled him to be, "whether in a high or in a subordinate position." It was his father's letters that turned the scale in favour of accepting the high responsibility of the Bishopric, and the thought of his father was with him all through the momentous days that followed. It was the Bible that his father had given him on his fifth birthday that was used in the ordination service.

The news that his son had actually been consecrated as Bishop of Melanesia was the crowning joy of the old judge's life. He had been in failing health for some time, and had written freely to his son that the end was drawing near. His letters breathe the quiet confidence of a sincere and humble Christian, who had served his day and generation faithfully, and was quietly awaiting the Home-call. His last letters to his son are full of the joy of his consecration:

Oh, my own dearest Coley, Almighty God be thanked that He has preserved my life to hear from you and others of your actual consecration as a missionary Bishop of the Holy Catholic Church: and may He enable you by His grace and the powerful assistance of His Spirit to bring to His faith and fear very many who have not known Him, and to keep and preserve in it many others who already profess and call themselves Christians. . . .

May it please Him to prolong your life very many years, and to enable you to fulfil all these purposes for which you have been 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 through

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 so far as you are concerned have advanced all the works as fastly and as securely as it seems fit to your great Assister, 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 round him, and so indeed they do rejoice around me, mingling their loving expressions at my illness and approaching death.

It was the judge's "Nunc Dimittis." That night he asked to be allowed to read family prayers once more, and after praying for absent members of the family he added, "especially for John Coleridge Patteson, Missionary Bishop." That was the last time he was able to conduct their family devotions. His cup of happiness was overflowing, and on the 28th June, 1861, the Home-call came and found him ready.

Patteson was at Mota when H.M.S. *Cordelia* brought the letters containing the news of his father's illness and approaching death. The captain offered to take him for a cruise among the Solomon Islands, and it was in the merciful privacy of the little cabin on board the warship that he read the letters that brought such poignant anguish to his heart. Once more he turned as of old to his father for comfort.

It may be that as I write, your blessed spirit, at rest in Paradise, may know me more truly than ever you did on earth, and yet the sorrow of knowing how

bitter it is within may never be permitted to ruffle your everlasting peace.

I may never see you on earth. All thought of such a joy is gone. I did really cling to it (I see it now) when most I thought I was quite content to wait for the hope of the great meeting.

I pray God to make me more desirous to follow the holy example you leave behind. Oh that the peace of God may be given to me also when I come to die! though how may I dare to hope for such an end, so full of faith and love and the patient waiting for Christ?

I must go on with my work. This very morning I was anxious, passing shoal water with the captain and master beside me, and appealing to me as pilot. I must try to be of some use on the ship. I must try to turn to good account among the islands this great opportunity. Probably elasticity of mind will come again now for every pain of body. Oh, how much more sorrow and heavy weight upon my heart! I am quite worn out and weary. It seems as if the light were taken from me, as if it were no longer possible to work away so cheerfully when I no longer have you to write to about it all, no longer your approval to seek, your notice to obtain.

I must go on writing to you, my own dearest Father, even as I go on praying for you. It is a great comfort to me, though I feel that in all human probability you are to be thought of now as one of the blessed drawn wholly within the veil. Oh that we may all dwell together hereafter for His blessed sake who died for us! Now more than ever your loving and dutiful son.

Mr. Dudley gives us a pathetic glimpse into the depth of Patteson's anguish at this time. He recalls how at times he used to talk to him about his father, and especially on one occasion when he said that his

friends were concerned about his health, and thought that he ought to take more care of himself, but that it was really the anguish that he endured, as night after night he lay awake thinking of his father gradually sinking, and craving for him, and cheerfully resigning him, that really told upon him. Mr. Dudley adds:

> I know that I obtained then a glimpse of his affection and a depth of sorrow such as perfectly awed me, and I do not think I have witnessed anything like it at all either before or since. It was then that he seemed to enter into the full meaning of those words of our Lord in St. Mark x. 25-30—*i.e.*, into all that the leaving there spoken of involved.

The news that his father had actually passed away came to Patteson somewhat abruptly at Norfolk Island. Mr. Nobbs, thinking that he had already heard of it, said in deep sympathy, "We have seen in our papers from Sydney the news of the death of your revered father." Then he was covered with confusion, for he saw by Patteson's face that he now learned the sorrowful news for the first time. Patteson hastened to reassure him: "I thank God. Do not be distressed at telling me suddenly, as you see you have done inadvertently. I knew he could not live long. We all knew that he was only waiting for Christ." He found great comfort in the knowledge that his father had been spared any prolonged suffering. On reaching Auckland the Chief Justice and Lady Martin received him as a son, and their loving sympathy was as balm to his wounded spirit.

His letters at this time reveal a great soul grappling

with an overwhelming sorrow and triumphing over it through his living faith and consecration. In one of his letters he writes:

What his letters are I cannot ever fully say to another, perhaps never fully realize to myself. How I read that magnificent last chapter of Isaiah last Sunday. I seemed to feel my whole heart glowing with wonder and exaltation and praise. The world invisible may well be a reality to us whose dear ones there outnumber now those still in the flesh. . . . What a history in the words "All times of the day are alike to me now, getting nearer, I trust, to the time when it will be all day. . . ." Oh that I might live the life that a son of such parents ought to live.

CHAPTER XI

SELWYN'S MANTLE

No really great man ever thought himself so.—HAZLITT.

And Moses said unto God, Who am I that I should go unto Pharaoh, and that I should bring forth the children of Israel out of Egypt? And he said, Certainly I will be with thee.—*Exodus* iii. 11-12.

I am heartily glad that the principle of consecrating missionary bishops will be thus affirmed and acted upon; but, oh, if someone else were to be the bishop! And yet I must not distrust God's grace and the gift of the Holy Spirit to enable me for this work.—JOHN COLERIDGE PATTESON.

BISHOP SELWYN had long looked forward to the time when Patteson would relieve him of the responsibility of Melanesia. His work in New Zealand had increased enormously, and he felt that he could no longer do justice to it and to the islands as well. He was absolutely convinced that Patteson was the right man for the post. His wonderful linguistic gifts, his splendid qualities of seamanship, his love for the Melanesians, his ability to adapt himself to the native mind and to Island conditions of life, his absolute devotion and entire consecration to the will of God, as well as his solid intellectual powers—all marked him out as pre-eminently qualified to be the first Bishop of Melanesia. Those who knew anything of Patteson and his work

enthusiastically approved of the choice. The only stumbling-block in the way of his immediate appointment was Patteson's unwillingness to accept the position, due to his sense of unworthiness. He urged the Bishop to shed his responsibilities in the south of New Zealand, and retain the episcopal charge of the North Island along with Melanesia. He was quite willing to act under him in the oversight of the work among the islands. He hoped that in time men of the right stamp would volunteer for Melanesia, and that from among them one would be found qualified and worthy to be appointed Bishop. He himself was willing to serve in any capacity under any other man whom the Bishop might select.

Selwyn would not listen to any suggestion of this kind, and continued to urge on Patteson the duty of accepting the responsibility for which God had clearly endowed him mentally, physically, and spiritually, as well as by training and experience in the actual work itself. Indeed, he despatched a letter to the Colonial Secretary, "asking permission to appoint and consecrate John Coleridge Patteson as missionary Bishop to the Western Pacific Isles." When Mrs. Selwyn informed Patteson that her husband had committed himself in this way, he still pleaded for delay, but Selwyn urged that he wished to make the appointment at once, while he could still control the matter. After further consultation with his father, and much deep heart-searching and prayer, he finally agreed to leave himself in the hands of the Bishop.

Patteson now realized that it was clearly the will of

God that he should accept the tremendous responsibility of becoming the first Bishop of Melanesia. There was no sense of exaltation, but a humble turning to God for grace to prepare himself, and strength to carry out the great task about to be laid upon him. It was characteristic of his loyalty that once the will of God became clear, he accepted it without any reservation and threw himself with all eagerness and enthusiasm into the doing of it. He was under no illusion as to the human impossiblity of the task he was undertaking, and he writes of the awful power of heathenism which sometimes almost overwhelmed him till he remembered the wonderful promises of God.

Patteson laid so little stress on the outward emblems of office that he was rather amused at his sister's anxiety to provide suitable outward expressions of the dignity of his office.

As for my work, it will be precisely the same in all respects—my external life altered only to the extent of my wearing a broader brimmed and lower crowned hat. Dear Joan is investing money in cut-away coats, buckles without end, and no doubt knee-breeches, and what she calls "gambroons" (whereof I have no cognizance), none of which will be worn more than (say) four or five times a year. Gambroons and aprons and lawn sleeves won't go a-voyaging, depend upon it. Just when I preach in some Auckland church I shall appear in full costume, but the buckles will grow very rusty indeed.

While not in any way undervaluing the grace of consecration, he believed that the only right way to prepare for it was by relying on "earnestness of pur-

pose, prayer for peace and for increase of simplicity and honesty and purity of heart."

On the eve of the consecration, which was fixed for St. Matthias' Day, 24th February, 1861, the Bishops of New Zealand, Wellington, and Nelson, together with a little group of his most intimate friends, united in special prayer in the little chapel at Taurarua. After the service Selwyn took Patteson's hand in both of his, and with a look of deep affection said:

"I can't tell you what I feel. You know it—my heart is too full."

Patteson was too profoundly moved to reply, and the two men stood facing one another with the memory of six years of the happiest and holiest fellowship and co-operation. That evening they spent some time together reviewing the past and discussing the future.

Selwyn said:

"I feel no misgiving in my heart. I think all this has been done as it should be. 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, as they parted, Selwyn took both Patteson's hands in his, and solemnly kissed his forehead and said:

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

"No," replied Patteson; "my heart, as yours, is too full for words, and I have been six years with you to little purpose if I do not know you full well now."

The day of consecration was a memorable one for all concerned. The three bishops took part in the

service, and the clergy present included Hohua, the Maori, while a group of Melanesian students and their wives added vividness to the significance of the event. At the imposition of hands, Tagalana, half-sitting, half-kneeling, held the book for the Primate to read from. In his address Selwyn said:

In this work of God, belonging to all eternity and to the Holy Catholic Church, are we influenced by any private feelings, any personal regard? The charge which St. Paul gives to Timothy, in words of awful solemnity, to lay hands suddenly on no man, may well cause much searching of heart. "I charge thee before God, and the Lord Jesus Christ, and the elect angels, that thou observe these things, without preferring one before another, doing nothing by partiality." Does our partial love deceive us in this choice? We were all trained in the same place of education, united in the same circle of friends, in boyhood, youth, manhood, we have shared the same services, and hopes, and joys, and fears. I received this my son in the ministry of Christ Jesus 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 to the Lord's work. Pray, dear brethren, for your bishops, that our partial love may not deceive us in this choice, for we cannot so strive against natural affection as to be quite impartial.

The Bishop of Wellington was deeply impressed with the wonderful development that had taken place in Patteson's character since he left England, and his words are worth quoting:

Anything more conscientious and painstaking cannot be conceived than the way he has steadily

directed every talent, every hour and minute of his life, to the one work he had set before him. However small or uncongenial or drumdrudgery-like his occupation, however hard or dangerous or difficult, it seemed to be always met in the same calm, gentle, self-possessed spirit of love and duty, which I fancy that those who well know his good and large-minded, large-hearted father, and his mother, whom I have always heard spoken of as saintly, could best understand. Perhaps the most marked feature of his character is his genuine simplicity and humility. I never saw it equalled in one so gifted and honoured and beloved. . . . Certainly he is the most perfect character I have met.

On the last day of February Bishop Patteson was installed in the Chapel of St. Andrew's College, Kohimarama. The Primate and he planted a Norfolk Island pine in the middle of the quadrangle, and then the whole party moved into the chapel, where Selwyn spoke the words of installation, and the new Bishop took the oath of allegiance.

His elevation to the supreme leadership of the Melanesian Mission filled Patteson with an intensified sense of responsibility for the island races. His letters are full of unutterable yearning, and he spent long hours in earnest intercession. A few extracts will do more than anything else to reveal the spirit in which he faced the great task which God had laid upon him through the call of his Church:

Those nights when I lie down in the long hut among forty or fifty naked men, cannibals, the only Christian on the island, that is the time to pour out my heart in supplication that they—these dark, wild heathen about—may be turned from Satan unto God.

And now to me it is committed to "hold up the weak, heal the sick, bind up the broken, bring again the outcasts, seek the lost"—those wonderful words! How I held tight my Bible that dear Father gave me on my fifth birthday, with both hands, and the Bishop held it tight too, as he gave me that charge in the name of Christ, and I saw in spirit the multitudes of Melanesia scattered as sheep amidst a thousand isles. . . .

How I think of those islands! How I see those bright coral and sandy beaches, strips of burning sunshine fringing the masses of forest rising into ridges of hills, covered with a dense mat of vegetation! Hundreds of people are crowding them, naked, armed, with uncouth cries and gestures; I cannot talk with them but with signs. But they are my children now! May God enable me to do my duty to them!

He had not long to wait to receive the assurance that his prayers were being answered, and that the Spirit of God was working deeply in the lives of his spiritual children. He was profoundly moved to find that Tagalana, who had held the book for Bishop Selwyn at the consecration service, had entered into a true understanding of the message of Christianity, and that he had entered into a living faith of his own. He had come into his hands as an absolute heathen, and now he not only had an accurate knowledge of the facts of the Gospel story, but showed by his humility and loving spirit that he had truly received the Spirit of Christ. His very face had the light of a new hope upon it. But the Bishop probed deeper to satisfy himself that there was indeed a new life beneath it all.

"But, Tagalana," he said, "if I should die you used

to say that without my help you should perhaps fall back again: is that true?"

"No, no," replied the Melanesian. "I did not feel it then as I do now in my heart. I can't tell how it came there, only I know that He can never die, and will always be with me. You know you said you were only like a signpost to point out the way that leads to Him, and I see that we ought to follow you, but go altogether to Him."

And Patteson humbly lifted up his heart to God, for he knew that this was God's seal set upon his consecration.

CHAPTER XII

A SKIPPER IN THE PACIFIC

They that go down to the sea in ships,
That do business in great waters;
These see the works of the Lord,
And his wonders in the deep.

Psalm cvii., 23-24.

Not only the mantle of Selwyn, but also that of the daring sailors who opened up and explored the Pacific, had fallen upon Patteson. He loved his ship; he loved the warm climate of the Pacific; he loved the brown children of Melanesia. He combined great skill and caution with absolute fearlessness and a daring spirit of adventure. He was equally at home on the deck of the *Southern Cross*, in the stern of the little boat, or swimming through the surf to effect a landing among savages too treacherous for him to risk any other life but his own among them.

With all his skill and daring, however, Patteson could not have sailed the Pacific, like a modern White Cross Knight, but for the help of quiet folk in the Homeland, who provided him with the money to build his mission vessels. When the first was wrecked, they provided him with another, larger and more suited for the work. Mr. Tilly, who had come under the spell of Patteson's personality during that voyage in the *Cordelia*, and had given up his career in the navy for

a greater one in the missionary fleet, supervised her construction and sailed out in charge of her.

When the *Southern Cross* arrived, and Patteson had been shown over the ship by Captain Tilly, he made only one criticism: they had made his own cabin too comfortable. But his cabin became a hospital for many sick natives. The very beams and rafters of that white-winged ship were redolent with the fragrance of his sacrificial love. Of course it was not always sailing care-free in summer seas. The Pacific Ocean, in spite of its name, could be lashed into a wild fury that threatened to engulf him in a watery grave, and there were treacherous currents, and sunken shoals, and hidden rocks, and ugly reefs.

Sometimes the trouble was a dead calm, when the ship rolled from side to side and idly flapped its sails while the skipper searched the horizon for signs of a breeze. Perhaps there were sorely stricken natives on board whose lives seemed to depend upon reaching medical facilities ashore. Perhaps treacherous head-hunters were slowly gathering around the becalmed vessel with thoughts of plunder and lust of blood and the lives of the whole ship's company were imperilled.

No wonder even a consummate sailor like Patteson felt the need to pray for deliverance from rock and tempest, fire and foe.

Sometimes in a single voyage he would land seventy or eighty times. That would be nothing remarkable in these modern days, but there were very few charts then, and at every new place the Bishop took his life into his hands when he went ashore unarmed except

with the invisible Presence. It is a nerve-testing moment when armed savages, yelling with excitement and ready to take fright and strike in panic, crowd around you as you wade up out of the water, and feel your arms, and then half drag you into a still denser throng standing on the beach. The blanching of a face, the quiver of an eyelid, the slightest look of distrust, and no human power could hold back the highly strung and ignorant crowd from swift murder. But the love that looked out at them from Patteson's eyes, and the faith that saved him from a moment's fear, calmed these wild children of nature, won their confidence, and in many cases evoked their love. Instead of falling upon him and doing him to death, they actually entrusted their choicest lads to his care. Hardly less amazing is the fact that these lads were willing to go with this man whom they had never seen before, and with no other guarantee of personal safety than his face.

And even where he did not get as far as this, the mere fact of his landing and gaining their confidence was solid success, and prepared the way for future developments. There was no need to risk the sharks and swim ashore the next time—unless, indeed, some brutal outrage in the meantime had been committed by white men. At Mai, for example, he landed one day without any thought of danger, quite unconscious that since his last visit Petere, one of his former pupils, had been shot dead by a white savage. The people were still under the power of the native law of revenge, and by it Patteson should die. There were stealthy

movements, and fierce anger in their hearts, but many had come under the spell of Patteson, and all of them had heard Petere's glowing accounts of his love and kindness to the Melanesian boys at Kohimarama. For some time the Bishop's life hung in the balance, and then love triumphed over the law of revenge. The tension was relieved, and the people crowded around him in a revulsion of friendliness.

At another island an old chief seized the Bishop's hand and entwined his arm around his neck, and drew him along the path that led to his village. Externally they were an ill-asorted pair, but they were both children of the same Father. After making friends with many keenly interested warriors, he made his way back to the sea. It was youth's turn now, and a bright young lad walked on each side of him, and, moved by a common impulse, they each took a hand of his in theirs.

They led him through crowds of natives, and when he entered the water to wade out to the boat, they waded in with him. He was deeply moved by this touch of boyish affection, but when they clambered into the boat and sat one on each side of him, he lifted his heart in thanks to God. Eagerly he scanned the faces of the watching relatives ashore, but no one raised a protest, and they all pulled back to the ship. So the two lads set out with their new leader on a voyage of spiritual discovery. Neither they nor their heathen friends realized how momentous an event had taken place that afternoon. As they sat down around their fires that night and talked about the tall stranger with

the gentle ways, and wondered how long it would be before the lads came back, and what treasures they would bring with them, they little dreamt that their coming would mean the dawning of a new day. Patteson realized it that night as he paced the deck long after the black woolly heads lay dreaming in their sleep.

There was one spot on the vast Pacific to which Patteson's thoughts always turned, and that was the beautiful Santa Cruz Islands, with their vivacious and elusive people. Again and again he returned to them and went away disappointed. At every fresh visit he made new points of contact, but he could never persuade any of their lads to come with him. Sometimes a few of the more daring spirits would clamber into the boat, only to be roughly pulled out again by their relatives. Once several of them actually persuaded their parents to let them go, and Patteson pulled away from the shore with a lighter heart than he had ever had at Santa Cruz. But his joy was short-lived, for suddenly the lads became seized with panic, and jumping overboard, swam ashore. Once more baffled love filled Patteson's soul as he lifted his heart in prayer that God would have mercy upon these people and enable him to find a way into their hearts. He thought of Christ weeping over Jerusalem, and entered more deeply into communion with Christ in His sacrificial love.

A few days later, as he scanned the hills of Malanta through his glasses, and watched them growing nearer and more lovely with their glorious vegetation, his

attention was attracted by an unusually large war canoe approaching the vessel. He could not help admiring the rhythmic swing of their bodies as the strong men plunged their paddles into the sea and sent their beautiful craft skimming like a bird over the calm waters. When they came nearer, he counted thirty-six strapping men—some of them mere youths—noble specimens of humanity; and yet he was saddened to think that they were out on a head-hunting expedition. Before the next day dawned some unsuspecting sleeping village would suddenly be plunged into frantic terror by their blood-curdling yells as they rushed upon them in a whirlwind of massacre. His heart ached to lead those fine fellows into a new thought of God that would transform their blood-lust into heart's love. He simply could not let them pass, and so he hailed them. They paused, and he jumped into the dinghy and rowed across to them. Thirty-six pairs of keen eyes gazed into his face as he sought in broken words to tell them of the Father's love. Most of them listened as those who do not understand, but two of the most attractive lads fell under the wonderful spell of his love. Without a word they climbed over the side of the war canoe into the mission boat with Patteson. He could hardly believe his senses, but with such a glow about the heart as he had not felt for many a long day, he rowed back to his floating citadel. The new day was about to dawn for Malanta, and he prayed that it might dawn soon.

One morning as he approached the New Hebrides, the great ramparts of Santo's mountains rose in front

of him like a challenge. When he got near enough to launch the boat, he saw that there was a heavy surf breaking upon the shore, an effective barrier to any landing. But there were natives on the beach, and his heart cried out for them, so he got into the boat and pulled along, vainly searching for a place where there was a possible hope of landing. Finding none, he took off his coat and tightened his belt, and was just about to plunge into the sea for an adventurous swim through the breakers, when suddenly a canoe was successfully launched from the shore, and shot out through the foaming surf. Eagerly Patteson awaited its arrival, and when it came alongside, his heart gave a great leap of joy as one of the lads sprang into the boat and took his seat beside him, leaving his companions to make their way back without him. And so Santo was added to those islands which Patteson saw in vision transformed in life through the coming back of that little lad as an ambassador of Christ.

Back he sailed to the Solomons, and with great caution approached the shore at Florida. It was a new island, and he landed alone on the reef, leaving the boat to stand by in case of emergency. He was at once surrounded by about eighty men and lads—all armed, of course, and on the *qui vive*, ready for any eventuality. But the fearless bearing of this unarmed stranger disarmed them of their fears, and his face won their hearts. A few simple presents completed his peaceful conquest. He signalled to the boat and was just getting into it, well satisfied with having established a point of friendly contact with a new island, when to

his astonishment and huge delight a lad jumped in with him. That moment was worth living for ! Again his heart was flooded with joy and thanksgiving. What were all the hardships and discouragements of life compared with such thrilling experiences, so far-reaching and abiding in their results, and fraught with such everlasting joy for others ? And again that night as he stood by the rigging and gazed up into the stars, he entered into still deeper communion with Christ in the joy of His redeeming love.

Not long afterwards this astonishing skipper, who called himself " missionary, not stationary," found himself again in the north of the New Hebrides, this time off the coast of Pentecost. Some years before, Selwyn had rescued a little lad who had been blown out to sea in a frail canoe. It was evening, and little Taroniara was exhausted with his long day's hopeless battle against wind and sea. The Bishop took him on board and gave him food and water, and soon the little fellow was fast asleep, though every now and again he started up and felt for his paddle to resume his unequal struggle, and then with a huge sigh of relief realized that he was safe. Early next morning Selwyn sent him ashore with presents of good will, praying that out of this rescue might come a still greater day of liberation for the whole island. When Patteson landed that morning, Taroniara, now grown into a lithe, strapping youth, welcomed him with demonstrations of joy. He would not leave his side, and still clung to him when he went on board. And so Patteson reaped where Selwyn had sown, and they rejoiced

together in after days at the wonderful fruitage that was that day gathered in.

Another day he returned to Ysabel in the Solomons, " where he had landed with Captain Hume of H.M.S. *Cordelia* on that memorable voyage when he was passing through such anguish at the news of his father's mortal illness. As soon as they dropped anchor, a young chief came on board with a white cockatoo on his wrist, and with that inimitable grace which is so characteristic of Nature's gentlemen, presented it to Patteson in token of his friendship. At the same time he inquired after the welfare of his good friend Captain Hume." The chief of another island took a still deeper interest in Patteson, and after watching him for some time, and no doubt being duly impressed by his presents, came to the conclusion that he would make a very useful son-in-law. He took him by the hand and led him away from the crowd to his house and introduced him to his wife and family. Patteson was considerably astonished and amused, and yet deeply touched, when he offered him his daughter in marriage, and pledged himself to protect him if he would only come and live with him ! The old man was keenly disappointed that his advances were not so successful as he had hoped, but he was mollified when Patteson assured him that though his work would not allow him to settle down anywhere, he would come and see them as often as he could, and they entered into a real bond of brotherhood.

No wonder Patteson loved to roam over the Pacific, searching for lads whom he could train for leadership,

and through whom Christ would come to His own in the Pacific. How he loved those wild people, wild only because their ignorance of God made them slaves of fear; and how they loved him when he awoke within them the slumbering instincts of sonship. It was God-like work, and it helped to make Patteson a God-like man.

CHAPTER XIII

A MISSIONARY SANDHURST

The fostering of such an indigenous Church depends on the building up of its spiritual life through communion with God in prayer and in public and private worship; through the knowledge of the Bible in the vernacular; through a sense of Christian stewardship; through an indigenous leadership of men and women who will share their religious experience with others; and through adventure in service and self-expression.—JERUSALEM MISSIONARY CONFERENCE.

The conquest of the world for Christ will never be made by the free lance but by the regular army, the Church which Christ founded and against which the gates of hell shall not prevail.—D. S. CAIRNS.

AFTER much anxious thought Bishop Patteson decided to remove the headquarters of the Melanesian Mission from New Zealand to Norfolk Island. It was six hundred miles nearer to the islands, so that he could make more frequent voyages and build up a larger school, and the climate was so warm and equable that the Melanesians could live there all the year round without running any risks to their health. Equally important was the fact that most native foods could be grown there, and conditions of life could be kept much nearer to those which obtained in their own islands.

For the Bishop, however, the change would bring loss as well as gain. On the one hand, the freedom from the social and ecclesiastical demands which New

Zealand made upon his time and strength would enable him to concentrate on his supreme task. On the other, separation from those glorious kindred spirits, whose love and friendship had meant to him more than could ever be put into words, would involve cutting something deep and vital out of his life. It meant also that he would lose that close and constant touch with his own beloved home circle at Feniton, for Norfolk Island was so isolated that mails reached it only at rare and uncertain intervals. But for Patteson there was only one consideration, and that was the interests of the mission.

The transfer was made in 1867, and proved a great step forward in the history of the Melanesian Mission. Amongst those who accompanied the Bishop to Norfolk Island was young Atkin, the son of a New Zealand farmer, who had already proved himself in the work. As his sister Mary watched the little boat that carried him away with the advance party fade into the distance, she could not restrain her tears, and the Bishop's tender heart went out to her in understanding sympathy. He told her of the anguish of his own heart in the day of uprooting when he went out from the old home never to return, and of the joy that fellowship with Christ in His suffering brought to all earnest souls. A letter which young Atkin wrote to his mother revealed how deeply he had already entered into the spirit of his leader. He reminded her of David, who said, "I will not offer unto the Lord my God of that which doth cost me nothing," and spoke of the value God set upon such a sacrifice as she was making.

When Patteson arrived at the site of the new College, he was amazed at the wonders already wrought by Mr. Palmer and the advance party, and at the flourishing gardens full of tropical produce. As the site had been selected on St. Barnabas' Day, the local people had adopted the happy thought of calling it St. Barnabas' College. The Bishop approved of the name, and so it was fixed. Then he wrote a beautiful letter to Miss Charlotte Yonge, whose generous gifts had meant so much to the College, apologizing for not having consulted her before approving the change of name.

The site was in every way suitable. The ground sloped down to the wooded banks of a little stream, and then climbed up 1,000 feet to the pine-covered summit of Mount Pitt. The Bishop's house consisted of two rooms for his own use, a spare room for sick lads, and a large dormitory which could serve as a hospital in time of need. It was built well up off the ground, with a wide verandah, and commanded a glorious view. The flight of steps that led up to it looked so like a broad ladder that the Mahaga lads called it his " tree-house "! He made his own rooms as remindful of his old home at Feniton as he could, adorning his walls with large pictures of his father and mother, and Bishop Selwyn. The desk he used was the one made sacred to him by the fact that it was his father's. Even the inkstand came from Feniton, and the morning tea or coffee was served in vessels that brought memories of home crowding in upon his heart. Over the fireplace was his favourite Leonardo da Vinci. Growing flowers within,

and sweet honeysuckle and other creepers at the steps and verandah posts, made his home a veritable bower of beauty. The one real "luxury" that he allowed himself was a private entrance from his room into the chapel through red baize swinging doors. But like all the Bishop's so-called luxuries it was shared with the students. Indeed, it existed chiefly for them, for it was through these baize doors that shy students slipped in to lay bare their souls before him and ask him about the things that lay deepest. It was the holiest and happiest time of the Bishop's varied day, and it was in these quiet heart-to-heart talks that he reaped the harvest of his own sowing. The lads delighted him by revealing their capacity for spiritual reality, and he led them into a living communion with Christ. When they asked him about prophetic and spiritual vision, and he explained that it was something really seen, but not with the eye of the flesh, they replied:

"Yes, our minds have that power of seeing things. I speak of Mota, it is far off, but as I speak of it, I see my father and my mother and the whole place. My mind has travelled to it in an instant. Yes, I see. So David, so Moses, so St. Peter on the housetop, so St. Paul caught up into the third heaven, so with his mind."

"But was it like one of our dreams?" asked the Bishop, and they quickly answered:

"Yes and no. Yes, because they were hardly like waking men. No, because it was a real vision that God made them see."

The chapel was always open to the students, and

there they often went to secure the privacy which they could not get in their rooms, where so many slept together. The lectern and small prayer desk were made of sandalwood from Erromanga. The velvet altar-cloth was a gift of Melbourne ladies, and the white linen came from Sydney. The beautiful communion plate was his own.

The Bishop loved St. Barnabas: "I like the quiet and rest, no railroads and no daily post, and, above all, no visitors, mere consumers of time, mere idlers and producers of idleness. So without any post, and nothing but a cart on wheels, I get on very happily and contentedly. The life here is to me, I must confess, luxurious, because I have what I like, great punctuality, early hours, regular school work, regular reading, very simple living; the three daily meals in hall take about seventy minutes all put together, and so little time is lost; and then the climate is so delightful."

He simply revelled in the opportunity for concentrated work, and owing to his efficient and devoted staff and complete organization, he was able to devote himself more and more to the senior students and give them advanced teaching. He also took under his special care the Solomon Islanders whose language he spoke so well, and the second set of boys from the Banks Islands. He found great joy in guiding the studies of the younger members of his staff, and in preparing those who were looking forward to ordination. Indeed, Mr. Codrington thought that this was the most fruitful of all the Bishop's many activities, and he regarded the education he had given to Joe

Atkin as lifting him considerably above the average of young English clergy.

Nor did the Bishop neglect the spiritual welfare of the Norfolk Islanders. He taught their young people, conducted a confirmation class, and preached frequently in their church.

He went to vast trouble in preparing his lectures, but frequently read far beyond the immediate points at issue, and left little time for any complete and permanent literary work. The Mota students made great progress and responded to his lead by hard reading. Mr. Codrington refers to this as a time when the Bishop was altogether happy in his work and in the response of the students; while the Bishop refers to the great pleasure and profit he found in the companionship of Mr. Codrington. It was such a help to discuss plans and problems with a congenial and like-minded fellow worker.

The students on their part loved the Bishop and put their whole souls into the work. The secret of his influence over them is well expressed by Clement Marau, already quoted in another connection:

> Oh, this Bishop Patteson, he was a wonderful character: his loving disposition was beyond all thought. Every single boy of us he loved entirely, he took the hand of one and another, and snapped his finger to say good-morning, as if he thought himself no greater than the boys, and he was full of kindness. He would put his arm around the neck of one of us black fellows here, and call him "my son," and sometimes he would put his nose to one of us boys as if he were his own child, or as if he were of no more consequence than ourselves;

and he was truly bountiful towards us as if we were his own children. . . . He was skilful in managing the character of black people, because at the first it was a good deal more difficult than it is now. I think he tamed the ignorant with love like that.

The Bishop always insisted on absolute equality between black and white. He made this a fundamental principle of the Melanesian Mission. He allowed no distinction between English and Melanesian members of the mission as such. Offices of trust were open to Melanesians, and there was no classification of work as befitting one colour more than the other. All members of the mission worked together. "The senior clergyman of the mission labours most of all with his own hands at the work which is sometimes described as menial work, and it is contrary to the fundamental principle of the mission that anyone should connect with the idea of the white man the right to fag a black boy." Nor did these principles in any way spoil the students; for they would come to the Bishop or any other worker and say:

"Let me do that. I can't write the language, or do many things you and Mr. Pritt and Mr. Palmer do, so let me scrub your floor, or brush your shoes, or fetch some water," and so they did these things as a privilege and not in any sense of inferiority.

The whole school was organized for the domestic and industrial work of the College, and they soon took such a pride in their own gardens that St. Barnabas became very beautiful to look upon. This growing sense of the dignity of labour, and their deepening

appreciation of the beauty of nature, became a very important factor in the development of their character. To inculcate habits of industry is one of the biggest contributions anyone can make to the life of a native race, for idleness is one of their most insidious and mortal enemies.

Besides his teaching and preaching and general administrative work, the Bishop was always grappling with the baffling problems of the multitudinous languages of Melanesia. It was so difficult to get words to express even dimly the great spiritual truths of Christianity, and much of the New Testament could only be paraphrased, and even then native words had to be filled with a new meaning, and that new meaning fixed in its association with them. Patteson had gifts probably unique in linguistics, but even he was often baffled. However, he amassed a knowledge and erudition rarely equalled, and what he wrote he did well. Unfortunately, through lack of time, and probably through lack of systematic habits of study and literary work, he left little more than fragments—mere finger-posts to guide those who followed after. It was left to Dr. Codrington to do more systematic and permanent writing on the languages of Melanesia. What Patteson did was to open up channels of communication with the native mind, and lead these Melanesian workers into a real experience and a true understanding of the faith of Jesus Christ. He fashioned living characters and set them to work digging out their fellows and bringing them under the transforming influence of Christ. And after all, this was the biggest thing.

Still, even his fragments were epoch-making, and opened up a new world to the Melanesian mind. "I finished my last chapter of St. John's epistle in the Mota language," is an entry in his journal. What new vistas stretching away out into the life of eternity it opened out for these lads of the Pacific and for their fellows. Only another translator of the Scriptures into a new tongue can enter into the full significance of that simple sentence.

No man could fail who brought such faith and hope and love into his work, and it soon became evident that there was a deep movement of the Spirit of God in their midst. Little groups gathered round some leader to seek spiritual help from his larger experience. In the evenings they stole into the Bishop's room through the red baize doors, and sought his counsel and his prayers. The Bishop's heart was very full, especially when Taroniara said in one of these quiet moments:

"Bishop, why is it that I now think as I never thought before? I can't tell quite what I think. You know I used to be willing to learn, but I was easily led away on my own island; but I *think* that I shall never wish again to listen to anything but the word of God. I know I may be wrong, but I think I shall never be inclined to listen to anything said to me by my people to keep me from you and from this teaching. I feel quite different, I like and wish for things I never really used to care for, I don't care for what I used to like and live for—what is it?"

"What do you think it is?" asked the Bishop gently.

"I think—but it is so mava (great)—I think it is the Spirit of God in my heart."

And so it was. And the Bishop's heart was filled with "thankfulness and wonder and awe," for he knew that this was the beginning of a movement that would not stop till all Melanesia had a new vision and entered upon a new evolution. This movement of the Spirit was evident in other lives as well, and the Bishop became absolutely convinced that he was working on right lines, and that, with a few really first-class missionaries in general charge, these Melanesians would make the most effective evangelists, teachers, and leaders. Even dark days of sickness and anxiety were lit up for the Bishop by the faith and real heroism of the students. One of them exclaimed as he lay dying:

"Better to die here with a bright heart than to live on in my old land with a dark one."

It was a great day for St. Barnabas and the mission when the first Melanesian was ordained deacon in their little chapel. George Sarawia was by no means one of the most brilliant of the students, but he was one of the most solid and reliable. He had been with the Bishop for ten years, and his character won him universal respect and gave him a real authority. His fellow students looked up to him as their leader, and he formed the link between them and their teachers, and the Bishop entrusted many a delicate piece of work to his faithful and capable hands. To the Bishop his ordination was the crown of all his past prayers and travail, and the pledge of a long succession of native missionaries for these lovely islands of the sea—under-

shepherds of the Good Shepherd to gather in His lost sheep and feed the flock over which He would make them overseers. Now and again he felt the uneasiness of anxious thoughts, but all that was swallowed up in the deep sense of the abiding faithfulness of God. He knew in whom he had believed, and was persuaded that He was able to keep those whom he committed to His care. That evening in his chapel the Bishop said to his students:

This is the beginning, only the beginning, 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 in it.

The ordination of George Sarawia was followed by the admission of Stephen Taroniara to the Holy Communion, "the first and only communicant of all the Solomon Isles." The Bishop's cup of happiness was full to overflowing. He felt happier and more at home now at Norfolk Island than he had felt since leaving England. His students were his crown of joy, and his colleagues greatly strengthened his hands. Joe Atkin was a wonderful comfort and help to him, and the outlook was full of joyous anticipations.

CHAPTER XIV

FROM CANNIBALISM TO CHRISTIANITY

Those who deblatterate against missions have only one thing to do: to come and see them on the spot.—R. L. STEVENSON.

The Church exists for the worship of God, for Christian fellowship, for training its members in spiritual and daily life, for active service for the good of our fellow-men and for propagating the Christian message. The need that the Church should become indigenous is simply the need to become capable most efficiently to perform those functions.—DR. CHENG CHING-YI.

As the sun rose into a cloudless sky one morning Patteson saw before him the island of Mota surrounded by a rampart of solid coral that defied any would-be visitors. The very impossibility of landing challenged him to attempt it, and he sailed on round the island. Suddenly the great wall of coral opened, just for one narrow space, and a lovely little cove invited the friendly disposed to come ashore. There was no doubt about the friendly feelings of those on board, but whether these were shared by the concourse of savages that yelled and gesticulated on the beach was quite another matter. Patteson threw off his coat, tightened his belt, and was about to dive into the sea and swim ashore to settle the problem, when Selwyn, who was with him, advised delay. Just then some natives dived off the rocks, and soon their woolly heads rose to the surface, and with much shouting and laughter, they

swam out to the *Southern Cross*. Others, more fastidious and deliberate in their movements, came out in canoes, and soon the *Southern Cross* was surrounded by chattering and excited natives. They appeared so friendly that there was no hesitation in allowing them to come on board. It was not often that so good an understanding was so quickly obtained with an entirely new people, and the missionaries were greatly attracted to these open-hearted friendly folk.

Well content, they sailed away to seek other points of contact and gather the lads who were to be first themselves transformed and then lead their fellows into the Kingdom of God. Two years later they revisited this charming natural redoubt, and this time they received a hilarious welcome. Before they left they persuaded two boys to go with them, Sarawia, who was called George, and another. They took them to Lifu, where a winter school was conducted. The lads were not merely passive recipients, for they taught Patteson the Mota language, and when he returned to their island he spent a night ashore with them—talking to them in their own mother tongue. They shouted and danced with glee, and claimed him as their own. Patteson, on his part, was overjoyed with their confidence and friendliness. "Such boys!" he wrote. "Bright-eyed, merry fellows, many really handsome; of that reddish-yellow tinge which betokens affinity with Polynesian races, as their language also testifies."

The island was fertile and seemed in every way suited for a base for missionary operations—a spiritual citadel from which to conquer the islands for the King-

dom of God. So it was decided to make this the island centre of the Melanesian Mission. The frame of a building and boards for flooring it were landed, and the natives vied with each other in carrying the timber ashore. Their delight knew no bounds when they found that the missionaries were going to settle amongst them. Now and then they would be so overcome with excitement that they would drop their loads, to the imminent danger of the toes of the unwary, and embrace each other, and then make the green hills ring with their shouts. They willingly sold the site selected, and a formal deed of sale was drawn up. The trees as well as the land had to be paid for. One hundred and twenty owners discovered that they had an interest in that particular site, and each one received his payment and then touched the pen as his mark was made. The jabbering was incessant and deafening, but at last all were satisfied. Willing workers cleared the ground, and the walls of a new Zion were erected within the ramparts of that natural citadel of the Pacific.

It must not be thought that the joy of the people had any spiritual basis: they were not hungering and thirsting after righteousness, but after the material benefits of having a foreign settlement all to themselves. While the friendly smile of the missionary disarmed their suspicions, and even touched their hearts, his presents and his mythical wealth opened up to their minds great hopes of enrichment. Of his real purpose they knew nothing, and of his spiritual message they were sublimely ignorant. They did not even know

that his teaching would run counter to their cherished beliefs and practices.

Patteson was too experienced a man to be deceived either by their friendliness or their apparent happiness. Others might talk about the noble savage, and talk glibly about leaving him alone in his natural conditions. But the insight of love penetrates through all outward masks, and sees the seething horror of heathen life. For the Melanesian is only happy when he forgets his god. The thought of Him whose presence brings us such peace and strength and courage plunges the native into abject terror. We have looked into the heart of God through the face of Jesus Christ, but they have not seen deeper than the distorted features of their sacred men who tell them that the spirits are evil and malignant, and that unless they placate them with gifts they will blast their lives with fearful curses.

When the storm blows, the savage cowers in terror. When sickness comes, he seeks out the sacred man and implores him to intercede. He backs his request with costly presents, and it may be human sacrifices. If recovery comes, more presents follow. If death results, revenge must be taken on some enemy whose witch-doctor has brought about the death. A party is organized, and the warriors travel by night and surround the village or its water springs. The natives who rise with the sun are met with a volley. Some fall silent to the ground and lie in the stillness of death. Others fall with groans and writhe upon the ground. Others run with shrieks of terror into the bush, while the braver spirits, their faces pale beneath the black

and contorted with rage, pick up their guns and fire into the bush. The firing party have already fled, and the bullets bury themselves in the intervening trees. For a few moments all is silence, and then the blood-curdling death wail fills the welkin with piercing and prolonged shrieks of hopeless despair. A few weeks later the conditions are reversed, and a fierce onslaught is made upon the offending tribe. This goes on till both sides are wearied out with sheer exhaustion, and then a peace is patched up. But beneath the surface the fires of hatred and revenge lie smouldering till the breath of suspicion fans them once more into a blaze of uncontrollable fury. This vendetta only really ends with the extinction of the people or the coming of the missionary.

Even the tender mercies of the heathen sometimes turn to cruel forms of expression. In some cases when extreme old age or wasting disease has overtaken a member of the family, and the inconvenience of nursing becomes too troublesome, a family council is held, and it is decided to bury the unfortunate relation alive. It is a crime to be "such an unconscionable time in dying." The clan gathers, and all arrangements are made for the funeral obsequies. No detail must be left out—even to the wailing for the "dead." The officially dead one watches the whole proceedings with the keenest interest, but when it comes to the actual burial her pathetic and frantic appeals fall on dea ears, and her cries and struggles are muffled and stifled as the earth is trampled down by two of the men as the others throw it into the grave. The family

life then resumes the even tenor of its way, and no one would dream that the laughing faces of these brown children of the Pacific hid such cruel hearts—yet not cruel except through lack of touch with the great Father.

Again the crowds gather into the village square. They come from far and near and from every quarter. Many of them bring presents of food—yams, bananas, cocoanuts, or, if they come from a shore village, strings of fish. Some carry their children in their arms to see the great sight that has drawn them together. Look at it: it hangs from yonder banyan tree. Oh, the horror of it! A human body ready for the oven. A little distance away a group of women are busy preparing the oven, which consists of a hole dug in the ground, in which a fire has been kindled to heat some round flat stones. They are busy scraping out the fire and lining the hole with the hot stones. Others are preparing the leaves and condiments in which the body is to be wrapped up. Soon all is ready, and the body is put into the oven and covered with leaves and hot stones and earth. By the time all the guests have arrived the body is cooked, and the earth is once more scraped away, and the leaves are opened out. The body is then cut up and distributed along with other food.

It requires a stout heart and a living faith to keep a man hopeful amid such surroundings. Yet Patteson never for a moment doubted that these cannibals would become transformed into Christian men and women, and that out of such material would come

great and Christlike leaders. And so he raised the walls of his little Zion, and filled the gaps between the studs with bamboo. A few boxes and a rough table were all the furniture they possessed, and they found the wooden floor quite comfortable to sleep on—provided they were tired enough. Later on forms were added, and another table which served as a bed as well. By drawing it into the centre of the room he escaped the rain, though sometimes lizards dropped on him instead, and their bite took his attention off other things for a while. He enjoyed this simple life, as his letters show:

At daylight I turn off my table and dress, *not elaborately*—a flannel shirt, old trousers, and shoes; then a yam or two is roasted on the embers, and the coffee made, and (fancy the luxury here in Mota!) delicious goats' milk with it. Then the morning passes in reading, writing, and somewhat desultory talking with the people, but you can't expect punctuality and great attention. Then at one a bit of biscuit and cheese (as long as the latter lasts). Mr. Palmer made some bread yesterday. Then generally a walk to meet the people at different villages and talk to them, trying to get them to ask me questions, and I try to question them. Then at 6 p.m., a tea-ation—viz., yam and coffee, and perhaps a crab or two, or a bit of bacon, or some good thing or other. But I forgot! this morning we ate a bit of our first full-grown and fully ripe Mota pineapple (I brought some two years ago), as large and as fine as any specimens I remember in hothouses. If you mention all these luxuries we shall have no more subscriptions, but you may add that there is as yet no other pineapple, though our oranges, lemons, citrons, and guavas, etc., are coming on. Any-

one living here permanently might make a beautiful place indeed, but it becomes sadly overgrown in our absence, and many things we plant are destroyed by pigs.

Two schools were conducted every morning—the first for the regular students in training, and the second for any of the people of the island who could be persuaded to come along. In the afternoons they toured the villages, and talked and preached wherever the people would listen. Sometimes Patteson left his colleagues to carry on the work at Mota while he made long journeys by boat among the surrounding islands. It was a rough life, and he was constantly exposed to severe hardship, but it was real life. Often he would sleep on the sand with forty or fifty naked savages sleeping round him. A thin mat served for a bed, and he rolled up his coat for a pillow and slept soundly. A bit of yam or a cocoanut was often all that he had for food. This kind of life soon told upon his health, and for some time he suffered great pain from a tumour in his ear. When he got back to Mota he found a good deal of sickness among the natives as well as the students. His anxieties were not lightened by the actions of a man who planted a red flowering branch in the mission clearing. At once all Mota natives left the station, and all who approached it stopped dead and then turned back. It was a "tabu," and no heathen dared to ignore it. Patteson sought out the culprit, and persuaded him to lift the ban, after which the natives came and went as before. The *Southern Cross* was long overdue, and supplies had run very low. Their anxiety

deepened day by day as they scanned the horizon in vain. At last the "sailo" cry was raised, and the people manned the coral ramparts to look for the ship. It was the *Zillah* which had been sent to relieve them, and she brought the sad news of the wreck of their beloved *Southern Cross*. It was a great blow. But their leader cheered them on in the faith that God would supply their need, and send along a bigger—a better vessel to take the place of the one that had been wrecked.

Of course this work was sadly interrupted and kept back by the long absences of the Bishop and his staff at the central school in Norfolk Island. But they always received a rapturous welcome in the autumn as they returned, and in spite of all breaks the work steadily forged ahead.

One morning a party of men and women came and asked to be taught. They had decided to accept the new "worship," and in token of their sincerity they ate their food, men and women together, thus breaking with heathen practice. Fighting had gradually died away, and cruel practices had practically disappeared. The people had dropped their hitherto invariable habit of carrying arms. Large numbers of them now attended school regularly. While the Bishop was deeply encouraged, he knew that the most difficult stage of the work had now been reached—the transition period between abandoning heathenism and entering into a living experience of Christian faith and power. Merely dropping out heathen practices would not get them very far, for it might only mean more time for talking scandal and inflaming passions. They had yet

to be led into a positive experience of what is involved in following Christ. Evil hearts had to be cleansed, darkened intellects had to be illumined, foul imaginations had to be filled with new images, old habits had to be transformed into new ones, low passions had to be transfigured into love, the old carnal mind had to be made spiritual. In other words, the savage had to be transformed into a saint—not an English or a Western saint, but a Melanesian saint, who retained all that was true and good in his own customs and traditions. It was a humanly impossible task, but the missionary's faith was equal to it, and the unseen inner forces of the Spirit worked on quietly but surely and irresistibly.

There were many setbacks, and some bitter disappointments. How could it be otherwise? The wonder is that there were so few! It was inevitable that old quarrels should break out now and again, and on one occasion heated words led to blows and one man was wounded by an arrow. In a few days the dreaded tetanus set in, and all hope of saving his life had to be abandoned. But even this outbreak showed how real and deep the work of the Spirit had become, for the wounded man showed no feelings of anger or revenge against the man who had shot him, and he drank in eagerly the story of Christ's love. He prayed so earnestly and spoke so clearly about his faith in the living Christ, that the Bishop had no hesitation in baptizing him.

George Sarawia had now become the Bishop's right hand in the work on Mota. The natives looked

up to him as their leader, and his influence was wholly good. He had been thinking deeply about the work, and during the summer school at St. Barnabas he had talked things over with the Banks Island students. After much prayer he opened up his mind to the Bishop, who has preserved the following conversation:

"Bishop, we have been talking together about your buying some land here, near your present place, where we all can live together, where we can let the people see what our mode of life is, what our customs are, which we have learnt from you."

"Capital, George, but are you all willing to give up your living in villages among your own particular relations?"

"Yes, we are all agreed about it. You see, sir, if we live scattered about we are not strong enough to hold our ground, and some of the younger ones fall back into their old ways. The temptations are great, and what can be expected of one or two boys amongst eighty or ninety heathen people?"

"Of course, you know what I think about it. It is the very thing I have always longed for. I did have a general school here, as you know."

"Yes, but things are different now. People are making enquiries. Many young fellows want to understand our teaching and follow it. If we have a good large place of our own there, we can carry on our mode of living without interfering with other people.

"And so we can, actually in the midst of them, let them see a Christian village, where none of the strange practices which are inconsistent with Christianity will

be allowed, and where the comforts and advantages of our customs may be actually seen.

"By-and-by it will be a large village, and many will wish to live there, and not from many parts of Mota only."

And so a great new venture was decided upon. The Bishop explained the whole project to the people, and they agreed to sell him ten acres of land with all the trees that grew upon them. Indeed, so great was their enthusiasm that they begged him to accept both trees and land as a gift, but he thought it wiser to buy them outright. In planning the settlement he decided to have it thoroughly native in its main features, so that native life should be disturbed as little as possible, except to make it clean and wholesome and Christian. It was to be an ideal native village community which might serve as a model for the ordinary village life in the island. Simple rules were drawn up as to cleanliness of person and life as well as house and village, and George Sarawia was appointed head of the village, which was called "Kohimarama"—Focus of Light—after the old college at Auckland. The name expressed exactly the whole purpose that lay behind it. The main room was 48 feet by 18, with a nine-foot verandah on both sides. The ends were subdivided into sleeping-rooms for George and his wife and Charles and his wife. The large central room and verandahs were used for classes. The ground, which was fertile and abounded in native fruit trees, provided ample scope for gardening. About twenty young men joined the village, and about forty attended the daily

school. The Bishop was greatly encouraged at the wonderful success of the new venture. He sought from the beginning to ensure that all forms of worship should be the expression of a real inner life, and not a mere outward form. He dreaded anything like cant or unreality.

While I love the beauty of the outward form when it is known and felt to be no more than the shrine of the inward spiritual power, while I know that for highly advanced Christians, and for persons trained in accurate habits of thought, all that beauty of holiness is needful; yet I think I see that the divine wisdom of the Gospel would guard the teacher against presenting the formal side of religion to the untaught and ignorant convert. "God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth," is the great lesson for the heathen mind, chained down as it is by things of sense.

The equipment of the station at Mota was greatly strengthened by the arrival of a small harmonium, and Mr. Bice had to play nearly all day, as successive crowds of people arrived and begged to hear the "box that made music." Then the women summoned up courage to come, but when the organ notes rang out their excitement became so wild and uncontrollable that the harmonium had to be shut up till calmness was restored!

All this time the Bishop had been feeling the need to provide his young men with better trained wives. He mentioned it from time to time, and at last persuaded the Mota people to let some of their daughters go with him to Norfolk Island as students. The Bishop himself

cut out dresses of white calico, and the young men made them up quite creditably. Then the Bishop stood with the garments over his arm, while the prospective brides were brought to him one by one to be clothed and added to the little group who were to form the advance guard of Christian civilization on Mota and far beyond it.

The Bishop was in his element among those Mota people. The shy recluse gave place to the alert, sociable companion who would talk all day to the people who followed him, and who in spite of heat and rough roads could outwalk any of his companions. And he found growing satisfaction in the faithfulness and ability with which George Sarawia carried out his duties as head of the Christian village.

This sense of satisfaction grew into the wonder and awe of a holy joy as the Bishop saw the fruit of the deep working of the Spirit of God in the lives of the people. George, in spite of all his limitations, had led the people into a living experience of Christ, and, when the Bishop invited those who desired to be baptized and really follow Christ in all things, the response was amazing. The Bishop examined and prepared them thoroughly. People poured into the Christian village. New houses were rapidly built, but they could not keep pace with the demand. Every nook and cranny in the cooking-house, shed, and verandah was crammed with natives. The Bishop could hardly get any sleep for those who crowded around him to learn the way of life. Even when he fell asleep on his table, he would suddenly wake up to find a native patiently waiting

for him to explain the meaning of baptism! It was almost impossible for him to snatch even a few minutes daily for his special classes with George and the other leaders. How earnestly he prayed for those new believers! His old text recurred again and again to his mind: "Thy heart shall fear and be enlarged!" For he trembled lest this should be a mere mass movement and not a deep personal work of the Spirit in each individual.

I never had such an experience before [he writes]. It is something quite new to me. Classes regularly, morning and evening, and all day parties coming to talk and ask questions, some bringing a wife or child, some a brother, some a friend. We were 150 sleeping on the Mission premises, houses being put up all round by people coming from a distance. . . .

I can hardly believe it all yet. It is good to be called away from it for a month or two. I often wish Codrington, Palmer, and the rest could be with me; it seemed selfish to be witnessing by myself all this great happiness—that almost visible victory over the power of darkness.

There is little excitement, no impulsive, vehement outpouring of feeling. People come and say, "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 become hateful to me; the new life is full of joy. But it is so mawa (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."

And so, having thoroughly satisfied himself that this was a genuine work of God, the bishop baptized several hundred men, women, and children. Upon the living rock of faith in Jesus Christ as the Son of the living God, the Church was founded in Mota, and the gates of hell have not prevailed against it. And they never shall.

CHAPTER XV

BROTHERS ALL

Who is my mother? and who are my brethren? And he stretched forth his hand toward his disciples and said, Behold my mother and my brethren! For whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven, he is my brother, and sister, and mother.—*Matthew* xii. 48-50.

IT is a big thing to carry the knowledge of Jesus Christ to any people, but it is a still bigger thing to train members of their own race to be their evangelists and ministers. No foreigner can ever speak to their heart and mind so effectively and so persuasively as one of their own kith and kin. Nor can any but their own fellow-countrymen ever fully understand their way of life and the temptations which beset them. They look upon white men as really belonging to a different realm of being, and their answer to his appeal to them to let Christ transform their lives is, "Yes, that is a beautiful word, and it is quite true for the white man—but not for the black man, for he is different." But when any of their own people, lifted out of the thraldom in which they themselves are enslaved, preaches the Gospel to them, his transformed life gives an irresistible momentum to his words. He is for them a living demonstration of the truth and reality of the message which he proclaims. That the missionary should live a Christlike life is to be expected, but when a cannibal

becomes a Christian the incredible change in his life involves a degree of power quite beyond their previous experience. It is a miracle so stupendous that it can only be accounted for on the assumption that the Gospel is true and has within it a divine dynamic.

And yet what a daring experiment it was to put men and women, after a few years' training, back into the maelstrom of heathenism! It demanded a big faith to believe that they would not revert to type.

Patteson made the great experiment, and he made it without the shadow of a doubt about the result. Of course there were disappointments, just as there are among ourselves. Even Christ suffered the anguish of bitter disappointment in one at least of His chosen band. But there were extremely few who went back, and some of them, like John Mark, proved by their after-life of devoted service that their fall was really a fall upwards. The vast majority rendered faithful and lifelong service, and some of them have a distinguished record as deacons and priests. Not a few of them sealed their witness with their blood, and are now numbered among the confessors and martyrs of the faith.

For dauntless courage, for absolute devotion, for persistent endurance, for utter disregard of selfish interests, for sheer faith and faithfulness even unto death, for unquenchable hope in the face of apparent failure, for sacrificial love, the record of these native workers stands unsurpassed in the annals of the Church. There is no more unanswerable apologetic for the truth and power of the Christian religion. No wonder

Bishop Patteson and his fellow-workers were proud to belong to such a brotherhood. Even when they were students Patteson found abounding joy in their fellowship. Writing to his old tutor at Eton, he says: "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 effectively than these fellows have attached themselves to me. It is no effort to love them heartily." This affection deepened as the years passed, and these lads entered into a real fellowship with the Bishop in his love for Melanesia and in his sacrificial service. Some of them followed him the whole way and laid down their lives for the winning of their fellows.

One day Bishop Selwyn, in his little *Undine*, dropped anchor off the rocky coast of Nengone, in the Loyalty group. On shore he found a faithful Samoan teacher who was holding the fort till a white missionary could be found. The fierce heat of the sun made him tired and thirsty, and a graceful young chief, called Siapo, dropped down into a coral pit to fetch some water. As the Bishop peered over the edge he found himself looking into the upturned face of the young Melanesian. Their eyes met and they looked into one another's souls. As the Bishop received from Siapo the cooling draft of Nengone water, he prayed that God would let him share with the lad the living water of life, that he in turn might share it with his fellows. His prayer was answered, for Siapo and four of his young companions volunteered to go back to New Zealand with him. No

words could express the joy that filled the Bishop's heart as he embarked with the first-fruits of his work in Melanesia—the earnest of that huge multitude which no man can number which followed them into the Kingdom of God.

Siapo became an able and most promising scholar, and his influence was altogether wholesome. It looked as if this princely lad would become a great missionary to his own people, but God had other plans for him, and he passed into the realms of higher service a few years later. In his last moments he pleaded for his native land, and he left behind him a gracious memory and an abiding inspiration.

Wadrokala, one of the original group that accompanied Siapo, proved himself a keen student with distinct powers of leadership. He soon became dissatisfied with mere negative goodness and yearned for a living experience of God and a definite place in His service. It was not surprising, therefore, that when the scholars were returned to the islands for the winter so as to escape the rigours of the New Zealand climate, instead of idling away his time with his own people, Wadrokala helped the Bishop in his great work at Mota. Later on he was settled at Savo, where his energy and courage made a deep impression on the people. From Savo he was moved to Nuro in the island of Ysabel, where he had to endure much hardship and face many dangers. Headhunters kept the people in constant terror and turmoil, but Wadrokala kept on fearlessly at his post, greatly encouraged from time to time by the response of the natives. His indomitable

spirit made such demands upon his strength that the inevitable breakdown came at last, but he refused to go to Norfolk Island, and spent his convalescence among his people. It was while he was in the midst of this great work at Nuro that Wadrokala was ordained as a deacon. His earnest preaching won over the chief and many of his followers, and when the chief lay on his deathbed he forbade his people to kill anyone for him or to worship him after his death, and then he asked one of the teachers to pray. His peaceful and happy death made a deep impression upon the whole village. In all his work Wadrokala was ably assisted by his wife, Carry, who was an efficient teacher and a capital housekeeper. When Bishop Selwyn paid them a visit, Carry gave him " clean sheets to sleep in, stewed pigeon for tea, and chocolate at six o'clock in the morning," to say nothing of scent for his handkerchief!

Meanwhile the long prayed-for opening in the Santa Cruz group came in a most remarkable way. Two of the natives from that group were blown out to sea, and after a perilous voyage of 160 miles in a frail canoe, were forced to make a landing on Malanta in the Solomons. The cannibals at once seized them, but as their condition was very poor they kept them for a while to fatten them. On learning this, the Bishop tried hard to persuade the chief to sell the two men to him, but nothing that he could offer was sufficient to induce the chief to forgo his prospective cannibal feast. At last the chief yielded to his persistence so far as to sell one of the men, who had got so low that he was covered with sores and was not so appetizing

a morsel as the other. With that the Bishop had to be content for the time being. Even so the natives planned a rescue, but fortunately the captain noticed the stealthy movements of the canoes making for the mouth of the harbour, where they would be able to cut off the *Southern Cross*. Not a moment was lost, and Captain Bongarde at once weighed anchor and put out to sea. The rescued man belonged to Nufiloli, one of the Reef group of islets off the mainland of Santa Cruz, and the Bishop took him back to his home, where he was received as one come back from the dead. When the Bishop next called at this island one of the Nukapu men actually kissed him as an expression of friendship !

The other captive on Malanta was duly fattened, and the day actually fixed for the feast, when again the unexpected happened. The night before the appointed day the prisoner lay in a native hut heavily guarded. He tried in vain to sleep, and soon he noticed by the heavy breathing of the guards that they had fallen into a deep sleep. Seizing so unlooked-for an opportunity, he crawled out of the hut, and made his way noiselessly to the beach, where he found canoes in plenty, but alas ! there was no paddle. To take to the bush was only to be tracked down and recaptured. So he deliberately went back to the village, re-entered the hut and secured a paddle without waking the sleeping guards. It was a risky venture, and it was with a feeling of exhilaration that he launched the canoe and struck his paddle into the calm waters. For many miles he paddled swiftly along the coast, and then he landed, as it would not be safe to proceed by sea in

daylight. He carefully broke up his canoe and hid it in the undergrowth, and then plunged into the jungle. Some days later he arrived at Saa, but, finding that his enemies were watching for him there, he fled into the bush again. At last hunger and failing strength compelled him to return and give himself up to the chief at Saa. This man protected him, and when the Bishop arrived, agreed to give him up for £2! The Bishop was overjoyed at this happy issue to all his toil and prayer on behalf of the two intended "joints" at the cannibal feast. With a thankful heart he took him back to his own people. This confirmed their friendship, and opened up the way for a settlement at Santa Cruz.

When Wadrokala heard of this possibility he at once volunteered, and pressed his claim on the ground that he was one of Bishop Patteson's earliest students and therefore entitled to the honour of being the first to take up the work where he laid down his life. To his great joy his request was granted, and this heroic man, glowing with fiery energy, was landed on the barren little islet of Nufiloli, off the main island of Santa Cruz, and not far from Nukapu itself. Conditions of life were so rough that he sent his wife and daughter back to Norfolk Island until things became more settled. He was thus set free to move about as he liked, and he found ample scope for his restless energies in the surrounding islands. When the population of the Reef Islands dwindled down, he asked to be transferred to the main island. As the *Southern Cross* approached Santa Cruz a fleet of canoes gathered shyly round

them, keeping at some distance away, but when they caught sight of Reef Islanders on board they paddled swiftly alongside and scrambled up on deck in great glee. They hailed with delight the proposal that Wadrokala should settle amongst them, and so he landed at a spot midway between the bay where Commodore Goodenough had fallen and the place where Fisher Young and Edwin Nobbs had met their death. The Bishop then sailed away with the first-fruits of Santa Cruz in the persons of Nufiloli youths who returned with him to St. Barnabas, leaving Wadrokala and his wife standing together on the beach among the hitherto dreaded Santa Cruz people. At last its day of visitation had come, and the harvest of the seed sown in blood and tears was to be reaped.

Charles Sapibuana was recruited by Bishop Patteson in the Solomons in 1867 as a lad ten or twelve years of age. He proved a keen student with such a decided talent for music that for two years he was the College organist. In the winter months he evangelized among his people, always returning to St. Barnabas with fresh zest for his studies. He was high-spirited and at first undisciplined, but his love for Christ gradually developed in him a strength of character that gave him growing self-control. On the eve of his marriage some students from an unfriendly island wrote insulting words about him on a slate. On reading them Sapibuana's anger blazed out, and, as his fellow-islanders took his side, there was an ugly cleavage in the ranks of the students that threatened to end in tragedy. But Sapibuana's true Christian spirit conquered his pride,

and he had the wonderful grace to express regret and ask forgiveness for the heat which he had displayed. This unexpected manifestation of the spirit of Jesus "drew down the wrath" of the offenders, and peace was restored. Indeed, a new bond of love was forged between the different island races. There never was a happier marriage than that which followed, and Bishop Selwyn's own daughter acted as bridesmaid along with two Melanesian girls.

On the completion of his college training, Sapibuana and his wife settled at Gaeta, his native place. In the face of great personal danger they overcame all difficulties and won the people for Christ. They showed rare tact and unflinching courage in all their work, and they passed through many rough experiences. One day the chief's son, accompanied by four others, tracked a man-of-war's boat along the coast, and when it landed remained in hiding till Lieutenant Bower and his men were scattered along the beach, some bathing and some strolling along the sand. With a sudden rush the natives captured the boat and cut off the men from either escape or means of defence. It was only a question of time till all the unfortunate sailors were shot down. Captain Bruce arrived in the *Cormorant* to make enquiries, and he demanded that the chief should hand over the murderers. After much persuasion on the part of the Bishop and Sapibuana, he agreed to do this. Some days later he produced the real ringleader in the massacre, but withheld his own son. At last Sapibuana induced him to surrender his son on the assurance of the captain that his life

would be spared. The chief trusted him and took his son on board, but the people surrounded Sapibuana and told him that if the chief's son did not return they would massacre him and his family. It was a tight corner to be in, but Sapibuana had complete faith both in the sacredness of a British officer's word and in the protecting care of God. The issue justified his faith, and greatly impressed the heathen.

His musical talents were put to good use, and he helped the Bishop to make a new translation of Adeste Fideles and the other Christmas hymns, and he trained the people to sing them with expression. The Bishop was now quite satisfied as to Charles Sapibuana's learning, character, and ability, and in 1882 he ordained him as the first Deacon of the Solomons. He was surrounded by a large company whom he had won from heathenism—his joy and " crown of rejoicing," and the indisputable proof of God's seal upon his ministry. A year later Kalikona, the chief, gathered his people together and asked them to join with him in giving up their sacred objects and abandoning heathenism. The people agreed, and they brought their " tindalos " from their secret places and sank them into the depths of the sea. The chief and his party now became regular attenders at church and school.

When Kalikona died two years later, Sapibuana's influence was such that that none of the usual tragedies followed, and the work continued to make good progress throughout the whole district. The chief at Hogo, a head-hunting, slave-hunting savage called Tabukoro, had for years kept all his neighbours seething with

turmoil. Sapibuana bravely faced him with the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and in the end persuaded him to give up his murderous habits. He became a changed man and grew into a humble and faithful follower of Jesus Christ. Soon after this the Home-call came to Sapibuana. He had served his day and generation faithfully, and in the words of St. Paul he could have said in all sincerity, "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."

One of the outstanding examples of faithful and fruitful service by men whom Patteson won and trained was Clement Marau, whose story of his own life has been quoted in another chapter. He was the youngest son of the high chief of Merelav, a volcanic cone 3,000 feet high in the Banks group. His two elder brothers were twins, and were so alike each other, Dr. Codrington tells us, that their own father could not tell the difference between them, and once gave one of them breakfast twice under the impression that he was feeding his brother! The twins studied under Bishop Patteson at Kohimarama and St. Barnabas, and he had high hopes of their future work in Melanesia. But all these hopes were dashed to the ground when both boys died in the plague that swept over Norfolk Island in 1868. It required courage to go back to Merelav and tell the expectant father that he would never see his sons again in the flesh, and it cost Patteson deep anguish of heart

to have to do it. But he never shrank from any duty, however painful, and Clement Marau's artless and beautiful description of that meeting has already been told in these pages. He tells us how his father let him return with the Bishop, and how terrified he was at first among the foreigners on board till their gentleness and kindness drove away his fears. He tells us that his motive for coming away from Merelav was to see the grave of his twin brothers, enrich himself with fish-hooks, axes, and clothes, and then return home again. But the beautiful peace and brotherliness and joy of the life at St. Barnabas filled him with wonder, and out of that wonder was born the desire to stay and share it. Soon all thought of going back was abandoned, and he threw himself into the life of the College with enthusiasm. He became intensely interested in all his studies, and revealed an ability far above the average. Gradually the light began to break in upon his soul, or as he expressed it in his own vivid way: "Then it was that an opening for light was cut through within me, and I could plainly discern the truth of this religion." The thought of seeing his two brothers again filled him with joy, and the example of Bishop Patteson's life of sacrificial love led him to consecrate his own life to Christ and His service. His words are worth pondering:

Therefore let none of us ever say, I can't leave my father or my friends, or my native food, or all my property on land, or my place of honour; or say of another island that it is worse than my own country, and the people there utterly heathen, or that I shall

be all alone there, and all these things that one thinks of—nothing of that. But let us look at our Lord, and look at our Bishop, and at this second one that now is, and all those who can help us now. If we all of us are of this mind, this work we have to do will succeed. And, above all things, don't let us think much of ourselves; let that be done by others, if it must be done. This is a little of what I have observed. . . . The right thing for us, when we want to help those who are not yet eager to follow our belief and way of life, is to give instruction that is correct, and to do ourselves what we bid them. It is this that will make them stick to this religion; but if this is not done, all our pains are wasted.

Clement Marau's description of his own spiritual pilgrimage is intensely interesting:

Let everyone of us men, who have been the first to believe, and every woman of us also, take the lead of our fellows and set them a good example. For my own part, I give thanks to the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. I know very well that I am one who was in bondage as a child of death, but by the mouths of those who explained what is said in the Holy Scriptures about the loosing of the bonds of sin, I have been taught, and I have, by the grace of God, come to see plainly that God is not far off from anyone who sincerely seeks for righteousness; and it is quite certain that He has very greatly helped, me to turn away from all the filthy and evil ways into which I was born from my forefathers, as I have been educated and enlightened. Yet I am still standing, and still have to stand, in the midst of a road where many paths branch off. There is the danger of turning aside from the right road, and I have not yet reached the end, but I can reach it if God helps me with His gift of grace. Not that it is entirely done by God

giving grace; we have our part to do in seeking to know and to do His will, in which He will always help us.

It was very strongly borne in upon his mind that those who were born in heathen ignorance "ought to be able to clear away from the minds of the heathen a great deal that we knew more about than our white fathers did, who did not yet quite understand what our evil customs really were." He felt that their job was to open a path for the white missionary, and then he makes this great declaration:

I am sure that God can give spiritual power and every grace with corresponding character and heart, as He sees fit, whether the man be a Roman or an Englishman, or a Solomon Islander.

His views of prayer are very penetrating:

But we can only succeed in this through prayer. Ah, how sure is the prayer of faith, when you pray earnestly for what you eagerly desire, and what God will help you in. We know what it does. Your thought comes to a point in your belief and sticks fast in the thing that you desire; He will help you, and you cannot fail. It is not making up our minds that makes the grace of God of no effect with us.

Clement Marau was as good as his word, and when the call came to go to Ulawa in the Solomons, he turned down a much more attractive call to Fiji, and volunteered for the lonely outpost that involved peril and hardship and unhealthy conditions of life. The Rev. A. Penny took him there, and when they landed the people met them heavily armed with spears and

clubs and guns; but they were friendly enough, and carried up their belongings to the village in the pouring rain. The people "were crying (over the returning boys) with loud voices just like cows; the whole place resounded with the deafening noise of their crying, and my mind was a good deal confused." When the time came for Mr. Penny to leave Clement Marau, he put his hand on his shoulder and said, "My brother, I have to leave you; take care of yourself, and God be with you; if we live, and it be His will, we shall see each other again." Clement Marau knew only four words of the language, but as the people crowded into the canoe house out of the rain, they asked one of the returned Solomon Island boys what he had come for. When he was told of this, he asked the lad if he would interpret for him, and on his agreeing to make the attempt he said to the people:

This is the reason why I am come here: it is that I may tell you of a new religion as I have heard it myself, and in this way I wish to help you. For I myself have heard of One Spirit better than the spirits that we ignorantly believe in. He is God, He is creator of heaven and of earth, the maker of everything that is, of men whether white or black, whether natives of this place or travellers or guests. He is the Father of us all, and He still takes care of us and of all things.

For four days the men gathered round him to hear his message, and then he persuaded the people to let him teach their boys. He carried on this school for three months, till the time came to return to Norfolk Island. The following year he returned to Ulawa,

and within twelve months he mastered the language. He had crowded audiences as well as a crowded school. After three years, however, they fell away completely, and he was left severely alone. "Then I was in perplexity and great grief, as if death or something as bad were upon me—indeed, I was utterly depressed with anguish." He went out after them and pleaded with them to tell him why they had left, but he could get no satisfaction out of them. This threw him into still deeper depression, and he writes: "At that time I could not eat my food with pleasure or take pleasure in my work, while things were so there was but weeping and grief deep down in my heart." But the boys still came to school, and after much patient waiting he won the friendship of their leading spirit. When the Bishop came Clement Marau told him with tears of his failure, and begged to be transferred to another island. The Bishop told him that the work was God's and not his, and reminded him of the parable of the barren fig tree and the extra year of digging and manuring that was granted before extreme measures should be taken. Then he knelt down and prayed with his discouraged worker, who agreed to stay on another year.

Clement Marau now concentrated on the lad whose friendship he had won, and got him to stay with him every other night for a long talk. At last he won him, and the boy joined him in seeking to win his parents—often he visited them in the night while the rest of the village was asleep. For a long time the parents hesitated for fear of ridicule, but at last they came boldly

out. The whole village poured floods of derision upon them, but the support of their son and Clement Marau gave them courage to stand fast. Then they persuaded the man who lived in the next hut to join them with his wife and children. Next they concentrated on a young fellow who lived near, and he also joined the little party of worshippers. This group of eight people cleansed their houses of all relics of heathenism, and then early one morning when the people were gathering from all quarters for the great feast, they cut down the sacred grove and turned it into a garden. The people were aghast and expected condign vengeance to be meted out to the profaners of the holy place, but when nothing happened their wonder became intense. Some thought they should massacre the worshippers, while others hesitated to take extreme measures lest the Christians had behind them a greater Spirit than their local gods. However, the heathen gathered in great force and challenged Clement Marau to come before them. He and his followers accepted the challenge, and the moment they appeared they were met by yells of rage and dire threats of violence; but they went steadily on into the midst of the savages. This courage nonplussed their enemies; but one man rushed madly at his son, who had joined the worshipping party, and began to thrash him. Clement Marau quietly gathered the lad up into his arms and took him away. The people were amazed and let the school party depart unharmed, while many of them believed in their hearts that the new religion must be true. Clement Marau and his people desecrated another sacred grove near

the beach, and still no calamity overtook them, with the result that the Christian party grew from three persons into sixty-two within a few months. Clement Marau's thoughtful comment on this great change is interesting. "All this I have seen to be right, because at first I began wrong, beginning with a great number of people at once and failed entirely: whereas afterwards I came to see that it is a good thing to begin with one person rather than with many. I believe also that it has been God's doing, who helped me when I prayed to Him day after day."

And so this brave and Christlike man gave himself to the winning of Ulawa, constrained by love and sustained by his unquenchable faith in God. Many others throughout Melanesia wrought like him in the fellowship of sacrificial love. They were brothers all—Christ's brothers.

CHAPTER XVI

THE SCOURGE OF MELANESIA

And man whose heaven-erected face
The smiles of love adorn,
Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn.

ROBERT BURNS.

The Carl case, which was tried in Melbourne, sent a thrill of horror not only through the Australian Colonies, but far beyond. . . . At Malekula they kidnapped twelve or thirteen, at Santa Anna about the same number was obtained, at Ysabel they got ten, and at Florida four or five; but at Bougainville, an island densely inhabited by warlike natives, they obtained eighty, whom they secured in the hold. After being forty-eight hours on board, the Bougainvilleans, impatient of restraint and conscious of their strength, began to fight. . . . They were fired on with guns and revolvers by the whites. . . . There were about seventy killed and wounded. The dead natives were at once thrown overboard. . . . The twenty wounded were thrown into the sea while still alive.—JOHN INGLIS.

All I can say in my solitude is, May Heaven's richest blessing come down on everyone—American, English, Turk—who will help to heal this open sore of the world.—DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

THE title of this chapter may seem uncharitable, but no lover of his fellows who has come into contact with the Kanaka labour traffic in the Pacific can find words strong enough to express his abhorrence of the callous brutality which it has inflicted on the natives. It left a trail of blood and bitterness everywhere, and was one

of the main factors in the depopulation of the islands. The worst evils connected with it were not on the plantations, but in the islands; our complaint is not with the planters so much as with the manner in which the Kanakas were recruited. Many planters were Christian men, and treated their Kanakas well; some even sought to advance their spiritual interests. But behind it all their real motive was not the good of the native, but the securing of cheap labour for their plantations. They willingly did what they could for the Kanaka, provided it did not interfere with the main purpose of making money out of him. When the terrible facts of kidnapping and brutal treatment at the island end were proved beyond the shadow of doubt, they still persisted in paying the recruiter for bringing Kanakas. They salved their consciences by insisting on stringent regulations to safeguard native interests. Government agents were appointed to accompany the recruiting vessels and see fair play. But alas! the unspeakable evils continued, and the planters knew it. Even under the most favourable conditions indentured labour is wrong in principle, because it makes a fellow-man a means to an end instead of an end in himself. If anyone desires proof of this, he has only to look into the New Hebrides Condominium, where the natives still suffer grave wrongs at the hands of recruiters and many planters, in spite of the fact that the British and French flags float proudly together over the group. On paper the safeguards are most elaborate and stringent, but both Powers know that they have been more honoured in the breach than in the observance—at

any rate by the nationals of one of the "high contracting parties."

It was in 1867 that rumours of this traffic first reached the Bishop. He fully appreciated the necessity of providing the natives with an incentive to work, but he at once realized the danger of taking them away from their own islands under the indenture system. How could men, ignorant of the native language, make clear to the natives the nature of the contract to which they were committing themselves? But the Bishop was never hasty in his judgments, and he made careful and exhaustive enquiries into this new method of exploiting Melanesia. He was assured by those interested that the traffic was properly conducted under the personal supervision of the Consul at Ovalau. Indeed, they insisted that the Christian influence of the plantations would send the recruits back to their islands as ardent helpers of the missionaries. The Bishop was by no means convinced by these specious arguments, but he suspended judgment until he could see the labour traffic actually at work in the islands.

As soon as he got to Mota his worst fears were realized and even exceeded. The Queensland labour vessels had already been there, and more than a hundred natives had been recruited from the neighbouring islands, though Mota's coral ramparts had saved it for the time being. These recruits had been obtained by fraud, for the recruiters said that the Bishop had sent them to bring the natives to him. They told them that he had broken his leg and could not come himself.

Many natives believed them and went, but others were suspicious, and at least one fight had taken place between the natives and the boat's crew. It threw a great shadow over the Bishop's life, a shadow that deepened as time went on. He felt keenly the fact that it was their trust in him that was being exploited by these brutal men, and he realized at once that this traffic was the most terrible scourge that had ever visited the islands. His letters are full of burning denunciations.

Hindrances there must be always in the way of all attempts to do some good. But this is a sad business and very discreditable to the persons employed in it and the Government which sanctions it, for they must know that they cannot control the masters of the vessels engaged in the trade; they may pass laws as to the treatment the natives are to receive on the plantations, as to the food, pay, etc., the time of service, the date of their being taken home, but they know that the whole thing is dishonest. The natives don't intend or know anything about any service or labour; they don't know that they will have to work hard, and any regular steady work is hard work to South Sea islanders. They are brought away under false pretences, else why tell lies to induce them to go on board?

One can quite understand how news of the wonderful way in which the Bishop treated his students would spread among their relatives and friends in the islands. The natives would naturally take for granted that all who went away in vessels would meet with similar kindness. Hence the fiendish cunning with which the recruiter used the Bishop's name and exploited his

high-souled altruism in the interests of their brutal and selfish trade. Indeed, it was the Bishop who had made landing safe for the white man on many of these islands, and their reward was to render future landings dangerous for him or any other member of their own race.

As the traffic became better known and its conditions more fully understood, it grew more difficult to persuade natives to recruit of their own free will, and it was then that more violent methods were resorted to, for the recruiter had his eye on the £8 per head which the planter paid him for Kanakas. A favourite plan was to induce the natives to go on board to trade, and while their attention was occupied with the tempting array of goods, the hatches were fastened down and the vessel got under way. If the natives were too suspicious to come on board, the recruiter upset their canoes, and his men picked up the natives as they struggled in the water. Resistance was met with violence, and all attempts at rescue were beaten off with firearms. But let the Bishop speak:

They were swept off in such numbers, that small islands lost almost all their able-bodied inhabitants, and were in danger of famine for want of their workers. Also the Fiji planters, thinking to make the men happier by bringing their wives, desired that this might be done; but it was not easy to make out the married couples, nor did the crews trouble themselves to do so, but took any woman they could lay hands on. Husbands pursued to save their wives and were shot down, and a deadly spirit of hatred and terror against all that was white was aroused.

There was an even more degraded variety of white fiend in the Pacific at that time. Their specialty was not Kanakas but tortoiseshell, and their ships were called "kill-kill" as opposed to the "snatch-snatch" vessels of the recruiters. Their method was to help the head-hunters to swell the numbers of their victims, and they were paid in tortoiseshell. Such depths of devilishness seem incredible unless one has lived in the Pacific and seen the unfathomable degradation to which the lust of gain can reduce a white man.

The Bishop at first pleaded for regulation rather than suppression of the labour traffic. He drew up a number of suggested regulations and embodied them in a memorial which he sent to the Government through the Governor, who was an old Oxford friend—Sir George Bowen. Nothing came of it, however, and the traffic went on from bad to worse. Even when the *Rosario*, under Captain Palmer, actually brought a vessel to Sydney, a conviction could not be obtained, though the evidence of guilt was very strong. Indeed, a Fiji planter told the Bishop that such seizures would only lead a lower type of recruiter to enter the business, and that it would always pay to run "cargoes of natives." He added quite frankly:

"I can't talk to them; I can only point to what they are to do; and if they are lazy, I whip them."

No wonder the Bishop was profoundly depressed. It affected his health, and he had to go to New Zealand to recuperate. Lady Martin tells us that his mind was constantly dwelling on the rapidly growing evil of the labour trade:

He grew very depressed one day, and spoke quite despondingly of the future prospects of the mission. He told us of one island, Vanua Lava, I think, where a few years ago 300 men used to assemble on the beach to welcome him, now only thirty or forty are left. He saw that if the trade went on at the same rate it had been doing for the last year or two, many islands would be depopulated, and everywhere he must expect to meet with suspicion or open ill-will.

When he returned to the islands, the Bishop found that the Banks Islanders were becoming very shy of the recruiter, but that their vessels had now reached the Solomons. They were still clapping men under the hatches and making off with them before they knew that they had been kidnapped. As he sailed from island to island and learned of their constant atrocities the weight upon his heart became a settled anguish. It was intolerable to watch the deliberate destruction of those for whom he would willingly have died—and yet he was helpless to prevent it; and the Government, which had the power, turned a deaf ear to all his entreaties.

At Whitsuntide Island they had carried off a number of natives, and Star Island had lost heavily in population. At Florida the "snatch-snatch" vessels had carried off natives who had come on board to trade. They had upset the canoes that hovered round them, and seized the natives as they tried to swim away. Mr. Atkin estimated that one-half of the population of the Banks Islands over ten years of age had been taken away. He also refers to the terrible toll all this was taking of the Bishop's health:

He is not at all well; he is in low spirits, he has lost almost all his energy. He said, while talking about the deportation of the islanders to Fiji, that he didn't know what was to be done; all his time has been spent in preparing teachers qualified to teach their own people, but now, when the teachers are provided, all the people are taken away.

The Bishop's mind was working ceaselessly on this terrible problem, and the only thing he could see for it was that he should give up his ordered life in Norfolk Island and follow the Kanakas to the plantations in Fiji. He planned to go there about the end of September for a couple of months, with the twofold purpose of ministering to the spiritual needs of the Church of England settlers and caring for the interests of the native labour. The great difficulty was to find teachers enough to reach Kanakas from so many different islands and speaking so many distinct languages. It seemed that no one else but himself could get over this language barrier. He was quite willing to face the hardships involved, but he knew in himself that his strength was not equal to the task: "These are notions, flying thoughts, most likely never to be fully realized. Indeed, who can say what may befall me?"

Meanwhile the labour traffic went on doing its deadly work. At Mai the Bishop saw only three men on the beach where hundreds used to congregate. Wherever they went they found the labour vessels at their nefarious practices. One recruiter sent a message to the Bishop that he might come and talk to the natives and find out whether they came willingly or not, but weighed anchor as soon as he saw the Bishop

coming. A captive native sprang on to the rail and called " Pishopa ! Pishopa !" but he was immediately pulled back on to the ship, and the vessel showed a clean pair of heels. Two natives from Santo told the Bishop that the natives had overpowered a small schooner and killed the crew in revenge for an outrage committed by another ship. The massacre was followed by a cannibal feast.

Mr. Brooke reported a similar condition of affairs in the Solomons. Some of the vessels had Government agents on board, and recruited by fair means, but there were also " the snatch-snatch which only inveigled and did not kill without necessity, and the kill-kill which absolutely came headhunting." A Sydney vessel had killed nine natives. He had boarded another vessel reported to be a " kill-kill," but which turned out to belong to a Scotch settler from Tanna looking for recruits. Not realizing that Mr. Brooke was a missionary, he was quite frank about his methods :

" If I get a chance to carry a lot of them off, I'll do it, but killing is not my creed."

" That's only a few of them," he said as Mr. Brooke pointed to six muskets and suggested that the natives might attack him. " Let them come, we'll give it them pretty strong."

On discovering that Mr. Brooke was a missionary, he said in an injured tone, " Well, wherever you go nowadays there's missionaries. Who would have thought you'd got so far down?" And then he added wistfully as he noted the fine body of natives in

Mr. Brooke's party: "Ah, my fine fellows! if your friend was not here I'd have the whole lot of you. What a haul!"

When Mr. Brooke got back from the vessel, he found the two chiefs Takua and Dikea cleaning some guns they had got from someone in the *Curaçoa*, and preparing for an attack on the vessel—but, of course, he dissuaded them. Just then a native called Sorova came rushing up to report another terrible outrage. He and a friend had gone out to a vessel, accompanied by three men in another canoe. A white man sat on the prow of his canoe talking quietly, and then suddenly upset both canoes. He grabbed Sorova's belt as he struck out in the water, but the belt broke and Sorova got away. His mates were not so fortunate, for a boat with four men on board came round from the other side of the vessel and savagely attacked them with oars and tomahawks. They captured them all, cut off their heads and took them on board after throwing their bodies "to the sharks." Sorova's report threw the whole island into a transport of helpless rage, and yet when another vessel appeared a few days later, five men went out to trade. Two boats ranged alongside their canoes, and when the people on the shore saw this they yelled with fury and launched their war canoes. But before they could reach the vessel, it weighed anchor and sailed away, leaving no trace of the men they had come to rescue.

When the Bishop reached the Solomons, he saw for himself what havoc the traffic had already wrought.

The deportation of natives is going on to a very great extent here, as it is in the New Hebrides and Banks Islands. Means of all kinds are employed: sinking canoes and capturing the natives, enticing men on board and getting them below and then securing the hatches and imprisoning them. Natives are retaliating. Lately two or three vessels have been taken and all hands killed, besides boats crews' shot at continually. A man called on me at Mota the other day, who said that five out of seven in the boat were struck by arrows a few days before. The arrows were not poisoned, but one man was very ill. It makes even our work rather hazardous, except where we are thoroughly well known. I hear that a vessel has gone to Santa Cruz, and I must be very cautious there, for there has been some disturbance almost to a certainty."

In spite of all the indisputable evidence, the Bishop felt he could not obtain a verdict in a court of law, and even when the islanders survived he dreaded their return. They brought back guns, " which enable them to carry out with impunity all kinds of rascality." They learned only evil and came back " to run riot, steal other men's wives, shoot, fight, and use their newly acquired possessions to carry out more vigorously all heathen practices."

Even in modern days when recruiting is confined to inter-island traffic, its effect is still bad. Even under the best conditions it tends to depopulate the islands. Dr. Speiser, an anthropologist of note, who spent two years in the New Hebrides doing scientific research work, says:

The present system is based on entirely wrong principles, for it protects outlaws on the one hand, and

encourages lawlessness on the other. Many boys are not happy in their own homes, because for some reason they do not fit into the village life. Others are not safe, because they are continually running foul of native laws and customs. Often a boy recruits with a woman, perhaps because of some quarrel of hers with her husband, perhaps because he has wronged her. . . .

On the one hand we have the Government administering law and the missions trying to pacify the islands, and on the other a body of men who benefit by every unlawful act and every trouble and disorder in native life. It is no wonder that these two parties are opposed to each other, and that the progress of civilization is tardy.

That disorder is the best friend of the recruiter is shown by the fact that his vessels collect where there is least civilization and where there is discord and strife. If there is peace and order they must perforce create trouble—*e.g.*, they must distribute alcohol and firearms, and be on the spot to collect fugitives from native justice."

Dr. Speiser then goes on to deal with the fact that the number of recruits who return to their homes is very small, and estimates the death-rate on one plantation at 40 per cent. He declares that the natives recruited are lost for the production of children, and that in some cases all the youths recruit, leaving only the aged and the children to keep the home fires burning.

The late Dr. W. H. R. Rivers, Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, gave a great deal of thought and time to the study of native races, and he makes some interesting comments on the labour traffic. Speaking of the early days he says:

It would be difficult to exaggerate the evil influence of the process by which the natives of Melanesia were taken to Australia and elsewhere to labour for the white man. It forms one of the blackest of civilization's crimes. Not least among its evils was its manner of ending, when large numbers of people, who had learned by many years' experience to adapt themselves to civilized ways, were, in the process of so-called repatriation, thrust back into savagery without help of any kind. The misery thus caused and the resulting disaffection not only underlie most of the open troubles of the recent history of Melanesia, but by the production of a state of hopelessness have contributed as much as any other factor to the decline of the population.

Dr. Rivers then goes on to estimate the effect of recruiting under modern conditions when " its grosser evils have been removed, at any rate in those parts of Melanesia which are wholly governed by Great Britain, though it would appear that there are still very grave defects in those parts of Melanesia under the control of the Condominium Government." He believes that even under the best conditions the labour traffic continues to be one of the direct causes of depopulation. In this he agrees entirely with Dr. Speiser. He also declares that the traffic tends to spread disease " and to undermine an influence which I believe to be at the present time the most potent for good in Melanesia, the work of the missionaries." It also tends, he believes, to lessen the interest in life which is an essential element in maintaining the health of the people.

If all this is true of recruiting under modern safeguards and control, how much more was it true of recruiting as it was conducted in the early days. No

wonder the Bishop, who approached it with an open mind and hoping great things from its regulation, came to despair of any possibility of eliminating its abuses. It darkened the closing years of his life, and rendered his great task more difficult and more dangerous. It entirely destroyed all trustfulness in the relations between the native and the white man, and it was responsible for fearful massacres on both sides. For all this the chief blame rests upon the whites, who shamelessly exploited the natives for the sake of gain; but the innocent suffered as well as the guilty, and often instead of them. One of the saddest tragedies of this blood-stained traffic remains to be told in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XVII

"GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN THAN THIS"

Except a grain of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit.—*John* xii. 24.

O Cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to flee from Thee;
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be.

GEORGE MATHESON.

LIKE his Master, Patteson carried in his heart the sorrow and the suffering of Melanesia. The terrible desolation caused by the labour traffic, together with his life of toil and exposure, made him an old man at forty-three. Every now and again in his letters one comes across the premonition that this life could not last long. He seemed to sit more and more loosely to the ties of earth, and his most intimate friends noted the growing spiritual beauty of his face. The inevitable breakdown overtook him in February, 1870, though the end was not to come in that way. For a time he thought he had reached the last valley of the shadow, but his colleagues and his Melanesian children tended him with such love and skill that they drew him back from the very gates of death. A visit to New Zealand and Lady Martin's motherly care completed his restoration.

Dr. Goldsborough found that the Bishop was suffering from a chronic ailment which, though not exactly dangerous to life, made any kind of violent exertion inadvisable. Indeed, the doctor warned him of the possibly fatal effect of a sudden jolt or fall. But pain or suffering, like all the other hard experiences of life, only drew Patteson into closer communion with God, and were thus transformed into means of spiritual growth. Of this illness he writes:

The pain has been at times very severe, and yet I can't tell you of the very great happiness and actual enjoyment of many of these sleepless nights, when, perhaps at 2 a.m. I felt the pain subsiding, and prayer for rest, if it were His will, was changed into thanksgiving for relief; then, as the fire flickered, came restful, peaceful, happy thoughts, mingled with much, I trust, heartfelt sorrow and remorse. The Psalms seemed to have a new meaning, and prayers to be so real, and somehow there was a sense of a very near Presence, and I felt almost sorry when it was 5.30, and I got up, and my kind Melanesian nurse made my morning cup of weak tea, so good to the dry furred tongue. Well, all that is past and gone, and now the hope and prayer is, that when my time is really come, I may be better prepared to go.

He realized that the days of reckless adventure were over, and that while he would still sail the seas as before, he must exercise greater care in avoiding undue exposure. He felt that all this was an indication that he must delegate more work to others, and he accepted it as the leading of God, and was completely satisfied.

Lady Martin writes about him:

His face, always beautiful from the unworldly purity of its expression, was really as the face of an angel while he spoke of those things and of the love and kindness he had received. He seemed to have been standing on the very brink of the river, and it was yet doubtful whether he was to abide with us. Now, looking back, we can see how mercifully God was dealing with His servant. A time of quiet and of preparation for death given to him apart from the hurry of his daily life, then a few months of active service, and then the Crown.

The Bishop returned to Norfolk Island in wonderfully improved health, and then set off once more on his Melanesian voyages. The fearful ravages of the labour traffic threw him into deep depression, but he was uplifted by the abiding fruitfulness of the work on Mota under Sarawia's devoted ministry. Then his thoughts turned with inexpressible yearning to Santa Cruz and its people, and always there mingled with his yearning an undertone of anxiety. This comes out in the letters he wrote in September, 1870, and again in September, 1871, when he was approaching Nukapu for the last time. Taken together they make pathetic and prophetic reading:

September 19th, 1870.—We are drawing near Santa Cruz, about 100 miles off. It is more than eleven years since we sought to make an opening here, and as yet we have no scholars. Last year I went ashore at a large village called Paiva, about seven miles from the scene of our disaster. Many canoes came to us from the spot, and we stood in quite close, so that the people swam off to us.

They are all fighting among the various villages and neighbouring islets of the Reef Archipelago, twenty miles north of the main island. It is very difficult to know what to do now to try to make a beginning. God will open a door in His own good time. Yet to see and seize the opportunity when given is difficult. How these things make one feel more than ever the need of Divine guidance, the gift of the Spirit of Wisdom and Counsel and Ghostly Strength. To human eyes it seems almost hopeless. Yet other islanders were in a state almost as hopeless, apparently. Only there is something about Santa Cruz which is probably very unreal and imaginary, which seems to present unusual difficulties. In a few days I may, by God's goodness, be writing to you again about our visit to the group, and if the hour be come, may God grant us some opening and grace to use it aright,

Don't think that I am depressed by this. I only feel troubled by the sense that I frequently lose opportunities from indolence and other thoughts. I am quite aware that we can do very little to bring about an introduction to these islanders, and I fully believe that in some quite unexpected way, or at all events in some way brought about independently of our efforts, a work will be begun here some day, in the day when God sees it to be fit and right.

A few days later he actually landed on Nukapu, and was delighted by the people asking him:

"Where is Besambe?"

"Here I am," he replied.

"No, no," they said, "the Besambe tuai (of old), your matua (father). Is he below? Why doesn't he come up with some hatchets?"

He found a man called Moto, who remembered

Selwyn and himself in 1859 and reminded him of the one-eyed man who had piloted them ashore.

Patteson writes:

I went here also into the houses. Here is a quaint place, many things, not altogether idols, but uncanny, and feared by the people. Women danced in my honour, people gave small presents, etc., but *no volunteers*. I could talk with them with sufficient ease, and took my time, lying at my ease on a good mat with a cane pillow, Aneityum fashion. I told them that they had seen on board many little fellows from many islands, that they need not fear to let their children go, that I could not spend time and property in coming year by year and giving presents when they were unwilling to listen to what I said; but they only made unreal promises, put boys in the boat merely to take them out again, and so we went away ἄπρακτοι (without success).

It seemed as if at last the Bishop had really won their friendship, and it was with high hopes, and yet again with a strange premonition of possible disaster, that he approached Nukapu a year later. In view of what actually took place, his letter is full of thrilling and pathetic interest:

September 16th.—Off Santa Cruz group, some twenty miles distant. Tomorrow, being Sunday, we stay quietly some way off the islands, and on Monday (D.V.) we go to Nukapu, and perhaps to Piteni too, wind permitting. 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. I am fully alive to the

possibility that some outrage has been committed here by one or more vessels. The master of the vessel that Atkin saw did not deny his intention of taking away from there or any other islands any men or boys he could induce to come on board. I am quite aware that we *may* be exposed to considerable risk on this account. I trust that all may be well, that if it be His will that any trouble should come upon us, dear Joseph Atkin, his father and mother's only son, may be spared. But I don't think there is very much cause to fear; first, because at these small Reef Islands they know us pretty well, though they don't understand as yet our object in coming to them, and they may very easily connect us white people with the other white people who have been ill-using them; second, last year I was on shore at Nukapu and Piteni for some time, and I can talk somewhat with the people; third, I think if any violence has been used to the natives of the north face of the large island, Santa Cruz, I shall hear of it from the inhabitants of the small islets to the north, Nukapu and Piteni, and so be forewarned.

If any violence has been used it will make it impossible for us to go there now. It would simply be provoking retaliation. One must say, as Newman of the new dogma, that the progress of truth and religion is destroyed, no one can say how long. It is very, *very* sad. But the evil one everywhere and always stirs up opposition and hindrance to every attempt to do good. And we are not so sorely tried in this way as many others. . . .

September 19th.—Here we are becalmed, for three days we have scarcely made ten miles in the direction we want to go. It is not prudent to go near the large island, unless we have a good breeze and can get away from the fleet of canoes if we see reason for doing so. We may have one hundred and fifty canoes around us, and perhaps sixty or eighty men on deck as we had

last year; and this year we have good reasons for fearing that labour vessels have been here. Many of the people here would distinguish between us and them; but it is quite uncertain, for we can't talk to the people of the large island, and can't therefore explain our object in so doing.

Yesterday, being becalmed, a large canoe, passing (for there was occasionally a light air from the north) from Nupani to Santa Cruz, came near us. It could not get away, and the *Southern Cross* could not get near it, so we went to it in the boat. I can talk to these Nupani people, and we had a pleasant visit. They knew my name directly, and were quite at ease the moment they were satisfied it was the Bishop. They will advertise us, I dare say, and say a good word for us, and we gave them presents, etc.

I shall be thankful if the visit ends favourably, and oh, how thankful if we obtain any lads! It seems so sad to leave this fine people year after year in ignorance and darkness, but He knows and cares for them more than we do.

It was now the 20th September, and the Bishop was busy with his students as the *Southern Cross* slowly drifted towards Nukapu. The Bishop's heart yearned over its people as the heart of his Master yearned over Jerusalem. Every now and then, as he lectured for the last time to his students, he lifted his eyes and gazed at Nukapu with that look of love that had so profoundly moved the heart of Captain Tilly. He was schooling his students on the early chapters of the Gospel according to Luke and on the Acts of the Apostles, and he ended up with an earnest talk on the martyrdom of Stephen. By this time they were so near the island that they could see four canoes drifting

about near the edge of the reef. They did not come out to the ship, and the Bishop thought that the movements of the ship might be puzzling them and that they were afraid to come out. So he ordered the boat to be lowered at 11.30, and he took with him Joe Atkin, Stephen Taroniara, James Manipa, and John Nonono. He took his usual seat in the stern, and asked Mr. Brooke to tell the captain that he might have to go ashore. All was now ready, and, at a quiet word from the Bishop, the oars dipped into the water and the boat sped on its way towards the canoes. The natives showed great hesitation, as if uncertain whether to remain or fly; but as the boat drew near they recognized the Bishop, and he was delighted to find among them Moto and Taula, two chiefs with whom he had made friends on a previous visit. Two more canoes joined the others, and the natives suggested hauling the boat up over the reef as the tide was too low for it to row across. The Bishop, however, did not consider this wise, and so two of the natives invited him to come ashore in their canoe. He at once accepted their invitation, hoping in this way to disarm their suspicion. Mr. Atkin thought he heard the word " tabu " muttered as they offered a basket of fruit to the Bishop, and it is just possible that a friendly native was trying to warn him that the fruit was " tabu," which meant that touching it would incur the death penalty; but this, of course, is all conjecture. After a delay of about twenty minutes the Bishop's hosts paddled shorewards, accompanied by two other canoes. Even these light craft had to be dragged over the reef into the still

waters of the lagoon. The men in the boat watched the Bishop land and then disappear with the natives among the trees. What would not the whole Christian world give to know just what took place behind that screen of green leaves!

For half an hour the boat drifted about with the remaining canoes. Now and again they tried to talk to the natives, but they were taciturn, ill at ease. Suddenly a man stood up in one of the canoes only ten yards away and called out, "Have you anything like this?" and as he spoke he shot an arrow at them. This was the signal for a general attack, and the men sent a whole shower of arrows into the boat, calling out as they let the arrows fly: "This for New Zealand man! This for Bauro man! This for Mota man!" The crew maintained their presence of mind and pulled for their lives. It was a stern chase, but gradually the boat outdistanced the canoes and got beyond the range of their bows—"but not before three out of four of the rowers had been struck; James only escaped by throwing himself back in the seat, while an arrow had nailed John's cap to his head, Mr. Atkin had one in his left shoulder, and poor Stephen lay in the bottom of the boat 'trussed,' as Mr. Brooke described it, with six arrows in the chest and shoulders."

They reached the ship about two hours after they had left it, and as they came alongside Mr. Atkin called out, "We are all hurt." The wounded were helped on board, and the arrows were pulled or cut out. As soon as the sharp bone-headed arrow had been drawn out of Mr. Atkin's shoulder, he insisted on returning

in the boat to look for the Bishop, as he alone knew the passage through the reef. Stephen was too far gone to go with him, and as Mr. Brooke pulled the arrows out of his body he said quietly, " We two Besope," meaning that he and the Bishop were meeting their death together.

As he got into the boat Mr. Atkin called out to Joseph Wate, his godson, a Malaita lad, sixteen years of age, and another boy:

" We are going to look for the Bishop; are you two afraid?"

" No," Wate replied. " Why should we be afraid?"

" Very well," answered Mr. Atkin. " You two go and get food for yourselves, and bring a beaker full of water for us all, for we shall have to lie on our oars for a long time today."

They were accompanied by Charles Sapibuana, a sailor, and the mate, Mr. Bongarde, " who carried a pistol for the first time in the records of the *Southern Cross*." They had to wait till half-past four before the tide was high enough for the boat to cross the reef. Meanwhile they kept anxiously scanning the shore through glasses, but they could see nothing but natives. That green screen still kept its dreadful secret.

Suddenly two canoes put out from the shore, one towing the other. After a while the leading canoe cast off the other and returned to the shore. Mr. Atkin and his party rowed across the reef and made for the drifting canoe. As they drew near they could see something lying in the middle of it. Wate became suspicious and said to Mr. Atkin, " If there is a man

inside to attack us, when he rises up we shall see him." The mate was on the alert with his pistol ready, but the sailor said, " These are the Bishop's shoes."

Alas ! it was only too true, for the bundle was the body of their beloved Bishop wrapped in a mat. Reverently they lifted it into the boat, and as they did so a wild yell arose from the natives on the shore ; but instead of pursuing the boat across the reef, they secured the drifting canoe and paddled back with it.

As the boat came alongside the *Southern Cross*, all that was said was, " The body," and in silence the grief-stricken men lifted it on board and laid it upon the skylight. It was wrapped in a native mat, which was tied at the head and the feet. Whatever the pangs of dissolution might have been, there was no sign of struggle on the Bishop's face, but the smile of a heavenly peace. The Nukapu natives had laid a cocoanut palm leaf over his breast, with five knots tied in its long fronds. There were five wounds on the body—two on the head, apparently inflicted by clubs, and three arrow stabs elsewhere. Thus they told in symbol that they had taken the Bishop's life in revenge for five Nukapu men who had been killed or kidnapped by a labour vessel. The natives had mingled mercy with judgment, for they had treated the body reverently, and sent it back to his friends across the still waters of the lagoon, and the marks upon it were " the marks of the Lord Jesus."

On the following morning the little company gathered at the ship's side, and Mr. Atkin, suffering from his own wound, read the solemn ana impressive words of

the beautiful burial service as they committed his body to the deep. And there it rests, in the " wide waste " of Melanesian waters, amid the islands whose people he loved and for whom he gave himself, " until the day dawn and the shadows flee away."

In a letter to his mother Mr. Atkin reveals the feelings of the men who sought to carry on in the spirit of their fallen leader:

We have had a terrible loss, such a blow that we cannot at all realize it. Our Bishop is dead, killed by the natives at Nukapu yesterday. We got the body and buried it this morning. He was alone on the shore, and none of us saw it done. We were attacked in the boat too, and Stephen so badly wounded that I am afraid there is small hope of his recovery. John and I have arrow wounds, but not severe. Our poor boys seem awe-stricken. Captain Jacobs is very much cut up, and Brooke, although not at all well, has quite devoted himself to the wounded, and so has less time to think about it all.

It would be selfish to wish him back. He has gone to his rest, dying, as he lived, in his Master's service. It seems a shocking way to die, but I can say from experience that it is far more to hear of than to suffer. In whatever way so peaceful a life as his is ended, his end is peace. There was no sign of fear or panic in his face—just the look he used to wear when asleep, patient and a little wearied. What a shock his death will be to hundreds ! What his mission will do without him, God only knows, who has taken him away. His ways are not our ways. . . .

Stephen is in great pain at times tonight; one of the arrows seems to have entered his lungs, and it is broken in, too deep to be got out. John is wounded in the right shoulder, I in the left. We are both maimed

for the time, but, if it were not for the fear of poison, the wounds would not be worth noticing. I do not expect any bad consequences, but they are possible. What would make me cling to life more than anything else is the thought of you at home, but if it is God's will that I am to die, I know that He will enable you to bear it, and bring good for you out of it.

The following days were an anxious time for the forlorn watchers on board the *Southern Cross*. Wogale and Brooke suffered a good deal from ague, and Mr. Atkin carried on bravely in spite of his wound. But while he was celebrating Holy Communion on the 24th September, he suddenly felt his tongue becoming stiff. As the others noticed his difficulty in pronouncing the words, their hearts sank, for they knew that the dreaded tetanus was claiming him as another victim. Mr. Atkin knew it too, and after the service he said to his godson, Joseph Wate:

"Stephen and I are going to follow the Bishop —and they of your country, who is to speak to them?"

"I do not know," said Wate.

"It is all right," answered Mr. Atkin soothingly; "don't grieve about it, because they did not do this thing of themselves, but God allowed them to do it. It is very good because God would have it so, because He only looks after us, and He understands about us, and now He wills to take away us two, and it is well."

And so this brave spirit joined Stephen in the throes of tetanus, and up that steep ascent they climbed

together to meet the dawn. Once more the stricken company gathered at the ship's side, and to the music of the same glorious words they committed their bodies to the great deep.

The *Southern Cross* reached Mota on the 4th October, and landed John Nonono, who was now recovering, and then they sailed on to Norfolk Island with their burthen of sad tidings. Mr. Codrington sighted the vessel in the offing, and the whole College shouted for joy. But as she drew near they saw the flag flying half-mast, and the gloom of a terrible suspense fell upon them. Suspense gave way to anguish as the message came: "Only Brooke has come!"

The responsibility of assuming the leadership of the Mission fell upon Mr. Codrington until a successor should be appointed, and the *Southern Cross* hurried on to Auckland, where she arrived on the 31st October. The news of the Bishop's death created a feeling of profound sorrow throughout New Zealand, and later on through all Christendom. But it was a fruitful sorrow, for it inspired many young men to dedicate their lives to Christ for His service abroad. Among them was John Selwyn, the son of Bishop Selwyn, who afterwards succeeded Patteson as Bishop of Melanesia.

Henry Tagalana put into simple words the thought of many Melanesian hearts when he wrote about their Bishop:

As he taught he confirmed his word with his good life among us, as we all know, and also that he perfectly

well helped anyone who might be unhappy about anything, and spoke comfort to him about it; and about his character and conduct, they are consistent with the law of God. He gave the evidence of it in his practice, for he did nothing carelessly, lest he should make anyone stumble and turn from the good way; and again he did nothing to gain anything for himself alone, but he sought what he might keep others with, and then he worked with it: and the reason was his pitifulness and his love. And again he did not despise anyone, nor reject anyone with scorn; whether it were a white or a black person he thought them all as one, and he loved them all alike.

Another voice from Melanesia reaches us in the words of Clement Marau:

And at the last he gave himself up to death for us black people; never for any other thing did he break off his love for us, neither in his own country or in his place of power; it ceased only in his lowly place of death in one of our heathen islands, but indeed his honour is surely great in heaven. . . .

And how should it be now when we think of his character and all he did for us! How he turned his back once for all upon the things of this world, and father and mother and brothers, according to the word of our Lord, who said, "There is no man that hath left home, or parents, or brethren, who shall not receive manifold more, and in the end everlasting life!" Indeed, if we are to think of him we should see that there was a true part of the example of our Lord in him; and moreover, it is well for us black people to think very much of him, and to thank God above all for him, because he laid down his life entirely on our behalf. And if it may be so, let us all lay down our lives for those who are still in ignorance.

A simple cross marks the place where he fell, and the words inscribed upon it tell the whole story of his life in a single sentence:

IN MEMORY OF

JOHN COLERIDGE PATTESON

MISSIONARY BISHOP

WHOSE LIFE WAS TAKEN BY MEN
FOR WHOM HE WOULD GLADLY
HAVE GIVEN IT

September 20, 1871.

Long ago the Master said: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." And many years after His death upon the cross, His disciple wrote: "Hereby perceive we the love of God because He laid down His life for us; and we ought to lay down our life for the brethren."

And is not this the message that comes to us across the Melanesian Sea from the sands of Nukapu?

It is for us to dedicate ourselves to the unfinished task.

EPILOGUE

THE CHALLENGE OF THE PACIFIC

I

THE romance of the Pacific has grown into a challenge that thrills the imagination and calls out the spirit of adventure. It has always appealed irresistibly to men of eager spirit, in commerce, science, and religion. It may be that Balboa and Magellan and Cook thought mainly in terms of material gain, but they were vaguely conscious that God was behind them, and that they were furthering His purpose. Can any of us for a moment believe that God inspired those wonderful men with such faith and courage and indomitable will merely that they might open up the way for the white man to exploit the Pacific? Surely they were the unconscious pioneers of the Kingdom of God preparing in that great ocean a way for the heralds of the King. Their sacrificial faithfulness to the task that God gave them is a challenge to us to set up the Kingdom of God where they opened the way.

II

And how shall we answer the challenge that comes to us from the men and women whose souls were aflame with a vision of the Pacific won for Christ, and

who gave their lives to make that vision real? By the winsomeness of their lives, and by the love that extended to the broken body and the shed blood they brought home to savage cannibals the love of God so irresistibly that they arose and came to their Father. Do they not challenge us to complete the task which they also left unfinished?

III

There is also the cry of Melanesian blood shed by men of our own race in their lust for gain. Surely that blood challenges us to make atonement? Not only out of the dim past do these unspeakable horrors rise like accusing ghosts, but from many an island in these modern days the cry goes up, "How long, O Lord, how long?" We have allowed the worst elements of our Western life to sow the seeds of death among the brown children of the Pacific. Shall we not also give them the best we know—the Gospel of Life?

IV

Doors have been opened everywhere by a cost that is beyond all price, and the living power of Christ's message has been demonstrated in every group of islands. Yet the task begun in 1797 is still lamentably uncompleted. More missionaries and better equipment are urgently needed, and this in spite of the fact that countless millions of money are held by men and women who profess to be followers of Him who said, "He that would come after me let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow me." How is it that we

are so dull of hearing that we cannot hear the pathetic appeal of the unreached tribes? Meanwhile the missionaries who are there are each trying to do the work of three, and the number of white coral graves that mark the last resting-places of their worn-out bodies is increasing at a fearful rate. It is a challenge to the dedication of money as well as life. It is a challenge to reality in our Christian profession.

V

There is also the challenge of the Infant Church. They lack the wisdom that only comes through experience. New habits have to take the place of old ones, and a new spirit has to be implanted at the centre of their life. They have become learners in the school of Christ, but they have a long way to go, and they need much help. They have abandoned heathenism, but they are only beginners in the new life. They need patient teaching and sympathetic leadership. They are often perplexed by the new problems which white settlement brings. They are moving upwards, but how often they are kept back by the very people who should help them most. What sinks of iniquity these are where the white and coloured races meet! That the native Christians remain Christian at all is wonderful evidence of the reality of their faith. There is a double challenge here: a challenge for more missionaries, and a challenge to Christian men to enter the trade and commerce of the Pacific in the spirit of Christian service. It is a challenge to Christianize our impact on the child races.

VI

One of the most distressing problems of the Pacific is the growing depopulation of the islands. Many keen minds, both missionary and scientific, are concentrating on the solution of this problem. Two sets of causes are revealed: those which increase the death-rate, and those which lower the birth-rate. The labour traffic, the introduction of foreign diseases, alcohol, and firearms are among the admitted causes of depopulation. Dr. Rivers of Cambridge believes that the main cause is loss of interest in life, due to undue interference with native culture and institutions. He pleads for a more sympathetic study of native customs, that what is good may be retained and what is wrong may be gradually supplanted by something better. He admits that the thoroughgoing acceptance of Christianity provides a new interest in life strong enough to preserve the native race.

The problem is economic as well as religious, for while Christianity provides a new motive and a new power, there is also need of the opportunity for work. Indentured labour fails, because it is unnatural, breaks up family life, and impoverishes the community. The only real economic solution is to train the native to farm his own land, on which he can live his own family and social life. Experience proves that this can be done, and that it is as good for the white man as it is for the native.

The problem of depopulation is also a challenge to medical men. Researches and experiments by missions,

governments, the Rockefeller Institute, and other bodies are proving that natives can be so strengthened against the onslaught of disease that their preservation as a race can be assured. This fact constitutes a challenge to science as well as to governments and the Christian Church.

VII

The Edinburgh World Missionary Conference in 1910 declared that missions are the supreme business of the Church. It also asserted that it was possible to evangelize the world in this generation if the Church would face the new standard of sacrifice that the accomplishment of the task demanded. It declared further that it could not imagine God speaking more clearly unless through some great calamity.

But the Church refused to face the sacrifice involved, and the selfishness that prevented her from doing so rendered her incapable of controlling the selfish materialism of national and international life that made the Great War absolutely inevitable. To save civilization itself from complete destruction, blood and treasure had to be poured out without stint. Personal and family interests were loyally subordinated to the one all-dominating purpose of carrying the war to a successful issue. Men gave their lives, parents gave their sons, women gave their husbands and lovers to the bitterness of death that the tyranny of militarism might be broken.

It was a war to end war.

But the vision of a warless world, in which all nations work together for the common good in the spirit of goodwill, can only be realized through the love and the Spirit of Jesus Christ. The world can only be liberated from the fear of war when we are willing to make the Kingdom of God the one all-dominating purpose to which we subordinate all personal and family and national considerations. The issues in this spiritual war are vaster and more vital even than those which were involved in the Great War, and we are not worthy of those who laid down their lives for us unless we put our whole strength into it.

VIII

Out of the war came the League of Nations and its Covenant. It is a sincere attempt to substitute arbitration for war, and to promote goodwill among the nations. It also declared its adherence to the Christian principle that the backward nations are a sacred trust committed to the stronger nations, whose duty it is to lift them to their own level. Neither objective can be achieved unless the spiritual forces of Christendom get in behind the League.

In the way of universal brotherhood stands the evil spirit of inter-racial antagonism—perhaps the most baffling and the most momentous problem facing the world today. It is a problem created largely by the white man, who used his mastery of the forces of nature to exploit the coloured races for his own gain instead of serving them or even working for the common good.

He failed to recognize the day of opportunity, and now he is facing the day of retribution.

The victory of Japan over Russia sent a thrill through the whole of the coloured races, and the sight of Christendom divided against itself in the Great War completed the shattering of the white man's prestige. The white man and the coloured races now stand face to face, uncertain whether to let bygones be bygones and work together for the common good, or measure their strength against each other. They cannot long remain undecided. Tremendous forces of racial pride and selfishness are working for war. The Christian forces and the League of Nations are working for peace and brotherhood. Only the complete acceptance of the principles of Jesus in international practice can solve the problem. Only the Spirit of Jesus is strong enough to eradicate human selfishness and the spirit of inter-racial antagonism.

IX

These are some, at any rate, of the elements that enter into the challenge which the Pacific makes to the men of today. General Smuts believes that the problem of the Pacific will be the world problem of the next fifty years or more. It is a tremendously urgent and insistent problem, and its solution challenges the reality of our Christian faith. Do we really believe in the power of the Risen Christ to enable us to put His principles into practice? Are we prepared to follow Him in absolute obedience? Are we really willing

to seek first the Kingdom of God and honestly subordinate to its interests all personal and other considerations? This is the real challenge of the Pacific. This is the challenge that Patteson met. Are we willing to meet it as he did?

Are we?

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