

"Then," I continued, "you must become a Christian, and give up all your Heathen conduct, or he will just grow up to quarrel and fight and murder as you have done; and, O Nasi, he will curse you through all Eternity for leading him to such a life and to such a doom!"

He was very much impressed, but made no response. After we had sailed, a band of our young Native Christians held a consultation over the case of Nasi. They said, "We know the burden and terror that Nasi has been to our dear Missi. We know that he has murdered several persons with his own hands, and has taken part in the murder of others. Let us unite in daily prayer that the Lord would open his heart and change his conduct, and teach him to love and follow what is good, and let us set ourselves to win Nasi for Christ, just as Missi tried to win us."

So they began to show him every possible kindness, and one after another helped him in his daily tasks, embracing every opportunity of pleading with him to yield to Jesus and take the new path of life. At first he repelled them, and sullenly held aloof. But their prayers never ceased, and their patient affections continued to grow. At last, after long waiting, Nasi broke down, and cried to one of the Teachers, "I can oppose your Jesus no longer. If He can make you treat me like that, I yield myself to Him and to you. I want Him to change me too. I want a heart like that of Jesus."

He rubbed off the ugly thickly-daubed paint from his face; he cut off his long heathen hair; he went to the sea and bathed, washing himself clean; and then he came to the Christians and dressed himself in a shirt and a kilt. The next step was to get a book,—his was the translation of the Gospel according to St. John. He eagerly listened to every one that would read bits of it aloud to him, and his soul seemed to drink in the new ideas at every pore. He attended the Church and the School most regularly, and could in a very short time read the Gospel for himself. The Elders of the Church took special pains in instructing him, and after due preparation he was admitted to the Lord's Table—my brother Missionary from Tanna baptizing and receiving him. Imagine my joy on learning all this regarding one who had sullenly resisted my appeals for many years, and how my soul praised the Lord who is "Mighty to save!"

During a recent visit to Aniwa, in 1886, God's almighty compassion was further revealed to me, when I found that Nasi the murderer was now a Scripture Reader, and able to comment in a wonderful and interesting manner on what he read to the people! On arriving at the Island, after my tour in Great Britain (1884-85), all the inhabitants of Aniwa seemed to be assembled at the boat-landing to welcome me, except Nasi. He was away fishing at a distance, and had been sent for, but had not yet arrived. On the way to the Mission House, he came rushing to meet me. He grasped my hand, and kissed it, and burst into tears. I said, "Nasi, do I now at last meet you as a Christian?"

He warmly answered, "Yes, Missi; I now worship and serve the only Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Bless God, I am a Christian at last!"

My soul went out with the silent cry, "Oh, that the men at home who discuss and doubt about conversion, and the new heart, and the power of Jesus to change and save, could but look on Nasi, and spell out the simple lesson,—He that created us at first by His power can create us anew by His love!"

## CHAPTER LXXXIV

## THE APPEAL OF LAMU

My first Sabbath on Aniwa, after this tour in Great Britain and the Colonies, gave me a blessed surprise. Before day-break I lay awake thinking of all my experiences on that Island, and wondering whether the Church had fallen off in my four years' absence, when suddenly the voice of song broke on my ears! It was scarcely full dawn, yet I jumped up and called to a man that was passing, "Have I slept in? Is it already Church-time? Or why are the people met so early?"

He was one of their leaders, and gravely replied, "Missi, since you left, we have found it very hard to live near to God! So the Chief and the Teachers and a few others meet when daylight comes in every Sabbath morning, and spend the first

hour of every Lord's Day in prayer and praise. They are met to pray for you now, that God may help you in your preaching, and that all hearts may bear fruit to the glory of Jesus this day."

I returned to my room, and felt wonderfully "prepared" myself. It would be an easy and a blessed thing to lead such a Congregation into the presence of the Lord! They were there already.

On that day every person on Aniwa seemed to be at Church, except the bedridden and the sick. At the close of the Services, the Elders informed me that they had kept up all the Meetings during my absence, and had also conducted the Communicants' Class, and they presented to me a considerable number of Candidates for membership. After careful examination, I set apart nine boys and girls, about twelve or thirteen years of age, and advised them to wait for at least another year or so, that their knowledge and habits might be matured. They had answered every question, indeed, and were eager to be baptized and admitted; but I feared for their youth, lest they should fall away and bring disgrace on the Church. One of them, with very earnest eyes, looked at me and said, "We have been taught that whosoever believeth is to be baptized. We do most heartily believe in Jesus, and try to please Jesus."

I answered, "Hold on for another year, and then our way will be clear."

But he persisted, "Some of us may not be living then; and you may not be here. We long to be baptized by you, our own Missi, and to take our place among the servants of Jesus."

After much conversation I agreed to baptize them, and they agreed to refrain from going to the Lord's Table for a year, that all the Church might by that time have knowledge and proof of their consistent Christian life, though so young in years. This discipline, I thought, would be good for them; and the Lord might use it as a precedent for guidance in future days.

Of other ten adults at this time admitted, one was specially noteworthy. She was about twenty-five, and the Elders objected because her marriage had not been according to the Christian usage on Aniwa. She left us weeping deeply. I

was writing late at night in the cool evening air, as was my wont in that oppressive tropical clime, and a knock was heard at my door. I called out, "*Akai era!*" (= Who is there?)

A voice softly answered, "Missi, it is Lamu. Oh, do speak with me!"

This was the rejected candidate, and I at once opened the door.

"Oh, Missi," she began, "I cannot sleep, I cannot eat; my soul is in pain. Am I to be shut out from Jesus? Some of those at the Lord's Table committed murder. They repented, and have been saved. My heart is very bad; yet I never did any of those crimes of Heathenism; and I know that it is my joy to try and please my Saviour Jesus. How is it that I only am to be shut out from Jesus?"

I tried all I could to guide and console her, and she listened to all very eagerly. Then she looked up at me and said, "Missi, you and the Elders may think it right to keep me back from showing my love to Jesus at the Lord's Table; but I know here in my heart that Jesus has received me; and if I were dying now, I know that Jesus would take me to Glory and present me to the Father."

Her look and manner thrilled me. I promised to see the Elders and submit her appeal. But Lamu appeared and pled her own cause before them with convincing effect. She was baptized and admitted along with other nine. And that Communion Day will be long remembered by many souls on Aniwa.

It has often struck me, when relating these events, to press this question on the many young people, the highly privileged white brothers and sisters of Lamu, Did you ever lose one hour of sleep or a single meal in thinking of your Soul, your God, the claims of Jesus, and your Eternal Destiny?

And when I saw the diligence and fidelity of these poor Aniwan Elders, teaching and ministering during all those years, my soul has cried aloud to God, Oh, what could not the Church accomplish if the educated and gifted Elders and others in Christian lands would set themselves thus to work for Jesus, to teach the ignorant, to protect the tempted, and to rescue the fallen!

## CHAPTER LXXXV

## WANTED! A STEAM AUXILIARY

IN December 1883 I brought a pressing and vital matter before the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of Victoria. It pertained to the New Hebrides Mission, to the vastly increased requirements of the Missionaries and their families there, and to the fact that the *Dayspring* was no longer capable of meeting the necessities of the case,—thereby incurring loss of time, loss of property, and risk and even loss of precious lives. The Missionaries on the spot had long felt this, and had loudly and earnestly pled for a new and larger Vessel, or a Vessel with Steam Auxiliary power, or some arrangement whereby the work of God on these Islands might be overtaken, without unnecessary exposure of life, and without the dreaded perils that accrue to a small sailing Vessel such as the *Dayspring*, alike from deadly calms and from treacherous gales.

The Victorian General Assembly, heartily at one with the Missionaries, commissioned me to go home to Britain in 1884, making me at the same time their Missionary delegate to the Pan-Presbyterian Council at Belfast, and also their representative to the General Assemblies of the several Presbyterian Churches in Great Britain and Ireland. And they empowered and authorised me to lay our proposals about a new Steam Auxiliary Mission Ship before all these Churches, and to ask and receive from God's people whatever contributions they felt disposed to give towards the sum of £6000, without which this great undertaking could not be faced.

A few days after my arrival I was called upon to appear before the Supreme Court of the English Presbyterian Church, then assembled at Liverpool. While a hymn was being sung, I took my seat in the pulpit under great depression. But light broke around, when my dear friend and fellow-student, Dr. Oswald Dykes, came up from the body of the Church, shook me warmly by the hand, whispered a few encouraging words in my ear, and returned to his seat. God helped me to tell my story, and the audience were manifestly interested.

Next, by kind invitation, I visited and addressed the United Presbyterian Synod of Scotland, assembled in Edinburgh. My reception there was not only cordial,—it was enthusiastic. Though as a Church they had no denominational interest in our Mission, the Moderator, amidst the cheers of all the Ministers and Elders, recommended that I should have free access to every Congregation and Sabbath School which I found it possible to visit, and hoped that their generous-hearted people would contribute freely to so needful and noble a cause. My soul rose in praise; and I may here say, in passing, that every Minister of that Church whom I wrote to or visited treated me in the same spirit throughout all my tour.

Having been invited by Mr. Dickson, an Elder of the Free Church, to address a mid-day meeting of children in the Free Assembly Hall, I was able, by all appearances, greatly to interest and impress them. At the close, my dear and noble friend, Principal Cairns, warmly welcomed and cheered me, and that counted for much amid all anxieties; for I had learned that very day, at headquarters, that the Free Church authorities were resolved, in view of a difference of opinion betwixt the *Dayspring* Board at Sydney and the Victorian Assembly as to the new Steam Auxiliary, to hold themselves absolutely neutral.

Having letters from Andrew Scott, Esq., Carrugal, my very dear friend and helper in Australia, to Dr. J. Hood Wilson, Barclay Free Church, Edinburgh, I resolved to deliver them that evening; and I prayed the Lord to open up all my path, as I was thus thrown solely on Him for guidance and bereft of the aid of man. Dr. Wilson and his lady, neither of whom I had ever seen before, received me as kindly as if I had been an old friend. He read my letters of introduction, conversed with me as to plans and wishes (chiefly through Mrs. Wilson, for he was suffering from sore throat), and then he said with great warmth and kindness:

"God has surely sent you here to-night! I feel myself unable to preach to-morrow. Occupy my pulpit in the forenoon and address my Sabbath School, and you shall have a collection for your Ship."

Thereafter, I was with equal kindness received by Mr. Balfour, having a letter of introduction from his brother, and

he offered me his pulpit for the evening of the day. I lay down blessing and praising Him, the Angel of whose Presence was thus going before me and opening up my way. That Lord's Day I had great blessing and joy; there was an extraordinary response financially to my appeals; and my proposal was thus fairly launched in the Metropolis of our Scottish Church life. I remembered an old saying, Difficulties are made only to be vanquished. And I thought in my deeper soul,—Thus our God throws us back upon Himself; and if these £6000 ever come to me, to the Lord God alone, and not to man, shall be all the glory!

On the Monday following, after a long conversation and every possible explanation, Colonel Young, of the Free Church Foreign Missions Committee, said, "We must have you to address the Assembly on the evening devoted to Missions." Thus I had the pleasure and honour of addressing that great Assembly; and though no notice was taken of my proposals in any "finding" of the Court, yet many were thereby interested deeply in our work, and requests now poured in upon me from every quarter to occupy pulpits and receive collections for the new Ship.

At the meeting in the Assembly Hall of the Church of Scotland, which, along with others, I was cordially invited to address, the good and noble Lord Polwarth occupied the chair. That was the beginning of a friendship in Christ which will last and deepen as long as we live. From that night he took the warmest personal interest, not only by generously contributing to my fund, but by organising meetings at his own Mansion House, and introducing me to a wide circle of influential friends.

Nor, whilst the pen leads on my mind to recall these Border memories, must I fail to record how John Scott Dudgeon, Esq., Longnewton, a greatly esteemed Elder of the Church, went from town to town in all that region, and from Minister to Minister, arranging for me a series of happy meetings. I shared also the hospitality of his beautiful home, and added himself and his much-beloved wife to the precious roll of those who are dear for the Gospel's sake and for their own.

Her Majesty's Commissioner to the General Assembly for the year was that distinguished Christian as well as nobleman,

the Earl of Aberdeen. He graciously invited me to meet the Countess and himself at ancient Holyrood. After dinner he withdrew himself for a lengthened time from the general company, and entered into a close and interested conversation about our Mission, and especially about the threatened annexation of the New Hebrides by the French.

There also I had the memorable pleasure of meeting, and for a long while conversing with, that truly noble and large-hearted lady, his mother, the much-beloved Dowager-Countess, well known for her life-long devotion to so many schemes of Christian philanthropy. At her own home, Alva House, she afterwards arranged meetings for me, as well as in Halls and Churches in the immediately surrounding district; and her letters of interest in the work, of sympathy, and of helpfulness, from time to time received, were amongst the sustaining forces of my spiritual life.

When one sees men and women of noble rank thus consecrating themselves in humble and faithful service to Jesus, there dawns upon the mind a glimpse of what the prophet means, and of what the world will be like, when it can be said regarding the Church of God on Earth,—"*Kings have become thy nursing fathers, and their Queens thy nursing mothers.*"

## CHAPTER LXXXVI

### MY CAMPAIGN IN IRELAND

My steps were next directed towards Ireland, immediately after the Church meetings at Edinburgh; first to 'Derry, where the Presbyterian Assembly was met in annual conclave, and thereafter to Belfast, where the Pan-Presbyterian Council was shortly to sit. The eloquent fervour of the Brethren at 'Derry was like a refreshing breeze to my spirit; I never met Ministers anywhere, in all my travels, who seemed more whole-hearted in their devotion to the work which the Lord had given them to do.

I addressed the Assembly at 'Derry and also the Council at Belfast. The memory of seeing all those great and learned

and famous men—for many of the leaders were eminently such—so deeply interested in the work of God, and particularly in the Evangelising of the Heathen World and bringing thereto the knowledge of Jesus, was to me, so long exiled from all such influences, one of the great inspirations of my life. I listened with humble thankfulness, and blessed the Lord who had brought me to sit at their feet.

On the rising of the Council, I entered upon a tour of six weeks among the Presbyterian Congregations and Sabbath Schools of Ireland. It had often been said to me, after my addresses in the Assemblies and elsewhere, "How do you ever expect to raise £6000? It can never be accomplished, unless you call upon the rich individually, and get their larger subscriptions. Our ordinary Church people have more than enough to do with themselves. Trade is dull," etc.

I explained to them, and also announced publicly, that in all similar efforts I had never called on or solicited any one privately, and that I would not do so now. I would make my appeal, but leave everything else to be settled betwixt the individual conscience and the Saviour—I gladly receiving whatsoever was given or sent, acknowledging it by letter, and duly forwarding it to my own Church in Victoria. Again and again did generous souls offer to go with me, introduce me, and give me opportunity of soliciting subscriptions; but I steadily refused—going, indeed, wherever an occasion was afforded me of telling my story and setting forth the claims of the Mission, but asking no one personally for anything, having fixed my soul in the conviction that one part of the work was laid upon me, but that the other lay betwixt the Master and His servants exclusively.

"On what then do you really rely, looking at it from a business point of view?" they would somewhat appealingly ask me.

I answered, "I will tell my story; I will set forth the claims of the Lord Jesus on the people; I will expect the surplus collection, or a retiring collection, on Sabbath; I will ask the whole collection, less expenses, at week-night meetings; I will issue Collecting Cards for Sabbath Scholars; I will make known my Home-Address, to which everything may be forwarded, either from Congregations or from private donors; and I will go on, to my utmost strength, in the faith that the

Lord will send me the £6000 required. If He does not so send it, then I shall expect He will send me grace to be reconciled to the disappointment, and I shall go back to my work without the Ship."

This, in substance, I had to repeat hundreds of times; and as often had I to witness the half-pitying or incredulous smile with which it was received, or to hear the blunt and emphatic retort, "You'll never succeed! Money cannot be got in that unbusiness-like way."

I generally added nothing further to such conversations; but a Voice, deep, sweet, and clear, kept sounding through my soul—"The silver and the gold are Mine."

During the year 1884, as is well known, Ireland was the scene of many commotions and of great distress. Yet at the end of my little tour amongst the Presbyterian people of the North principally, though not exclusively, a sum of more than £600 had been contributed to our Mission Fund. And there was not, so far as my knowledge went, one single large subscription; there were, of course, many bits of gold from those well-to-do, but the ordinary collection was made up of the shillings and pence of the masses of the people. Nor had I ever in all my travels a warmer response, nor ever mingled with any Ministers more earnestly devoted to their Congregations or more generally and deservedly beloved.

## CHAPTER LXXXVII

### SCOTLAND'S FREE-WILL OFFERINGS

RETURNING to Scotland, I settled down at my head-quarters, the house of my brother James in Glasgow; and thence began to open up the main line of my operations, as the Lord day by day guided me. Having the aid of no Committee, I cast myself on Minister after Minister and Church after Church, calling here, writing there, and arranging for three meetings every Sabbath, and one, if possible, every week-day, and drawing-room meetings, wherever practicable, in the afternoons. My correspondence grew to oppressive proportions, and kept me toiling at it every spare moment from early morn till bedtime.

Indeed, I never could have overtaken it, had not my brother devoted many days and hours of precious time, answering letters regarding arrangements, issuing the "Share" receipts for all moneys the moment they arrived, managing all my transactions through the bank, and generally tackling and reducing the heap of communications, and preventing me falling into hopeless arrears.

I printed, and circulated by post and otherwise, ten thousand copies of a booklet, "Statement and Appeal,"—containing, besides my Victorian Commission and my Glasgow address, a condensed epitome of the results of the New Hebrides Mission and of the reasons for asking a new Steam Auxiliary Ship. To this chiefly is due the fact, as well as to my refusing to call for subscriptions, that the far greater portion of all the money came to me by letter. On one day, though no doubt a little exceptional, as many as seventy communications reached me by post; and every one of these contained something for our fund—ranging from "a few stamps" and "the widow's mite," through every variety of figure up to the wealthy man's fifty or hundred pounds. I was particularly struck with the number of times that I received £1, with such a note as, "From a servant-girl that loves the Lord Jesus;" or "From a servant-girl that prays for the conversion of the Heathen." Again and again I received sums of five and ten shillings, with notes such as—"From a working-man who loves his Bible;" or "From a working-man who prays for God's blessing on you and work like yours, every day in Family Worship." I sometimes regret that the graphic, varied, and intensely interesting notes and letters were not preserved; for by the close of my tour they would have formed a wonderful volume of leaves from the human heart.

I also addressed every Religious Convention to which I was invited, or to which I could secure access. The Perth Conference was made memorable to me by my receiving the first large subscription for our Ship, and by my making the acquaintance of a beautiful type of Christian merchant. At the close of the meeting, at which I had the privilege of speaking, an American gentleman introduced himself to me. We at once entered into each other's confidence, as brothers in the Lord's service. I afterwards learned that he had made

a competency for himself and his family, though only in the prime of life; and he still carried on a large and flourishing business—but why? to devote *the whole profits*, year after year, to the direct service of God and His cause among men! He gave me a cheque for the largest single contribution with which the Lord had yet cheered me. God, who knows me, sees that I have never coveted money for myself or my family; but I did envy that Christian merchant the joy that he had in having money, and having the heart to use it as a steward of the Lord Jesus!

Thereafter I was invited to the annual Christian Conference at Dundee. A most peculiar experience befell me there. Being asked to close the forenoon meeting with prayer and the benediction, I offered prayer, and then began, "May the love of God the Father——" but not another word would come in English; everything was blank except the words in Aniwān, for I had long begun to *think* in the Native tongue, and after a dead pause, and a painful silence, I had to wind up with a simple "Amen"! I sat down wet with perspiration. It might have been wiser, as the Chairman afterwards suggested, to have given them the blessing in Aniwān, but I feared to set them a-laughing by so strange a manifestation of the "tongues." Worst of all, it had been announced that I was to address them in the afternoon; but who would come to hear a Missionary that stuck in the benediction? The event had its semi-comical aspect, but it sent me to my knees during the interval in a very fever of prayerful anxiety. A vast audience assembled, and if the Lord ever manifestly used me in interesting His people in Missions, it was certainly then and there. As I sat down, a devoted Free Church Elder from Glasgow handed me his card, with "I.O.U. £100." This was my first donation of a hundred pounds, and my heart was greatly cheered. I praised the Lord, and warmly thanked His servant. A Something kept sounding these words in my ears, "My thoughts are not as your thoughts;" and also, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He will sustain thee."

During my address at that meeting a coloured girl, not unlike our Island girls, sat near the platform, and eagerly listened to me. She was apparently about twelve years of age, and at the close she rose, salaamed to me in Indian fashion, took

four silver bangles from her arm, and presented them to me, saying, "Padre, I want to take shares in your Mission Ship by these bangles, for I have no money, and may the Lord ever bless you!"

I replied, "Thank you, my dear child; I will not take your bangles, but Jesus will accept your offering, and bless and reward you all the same."

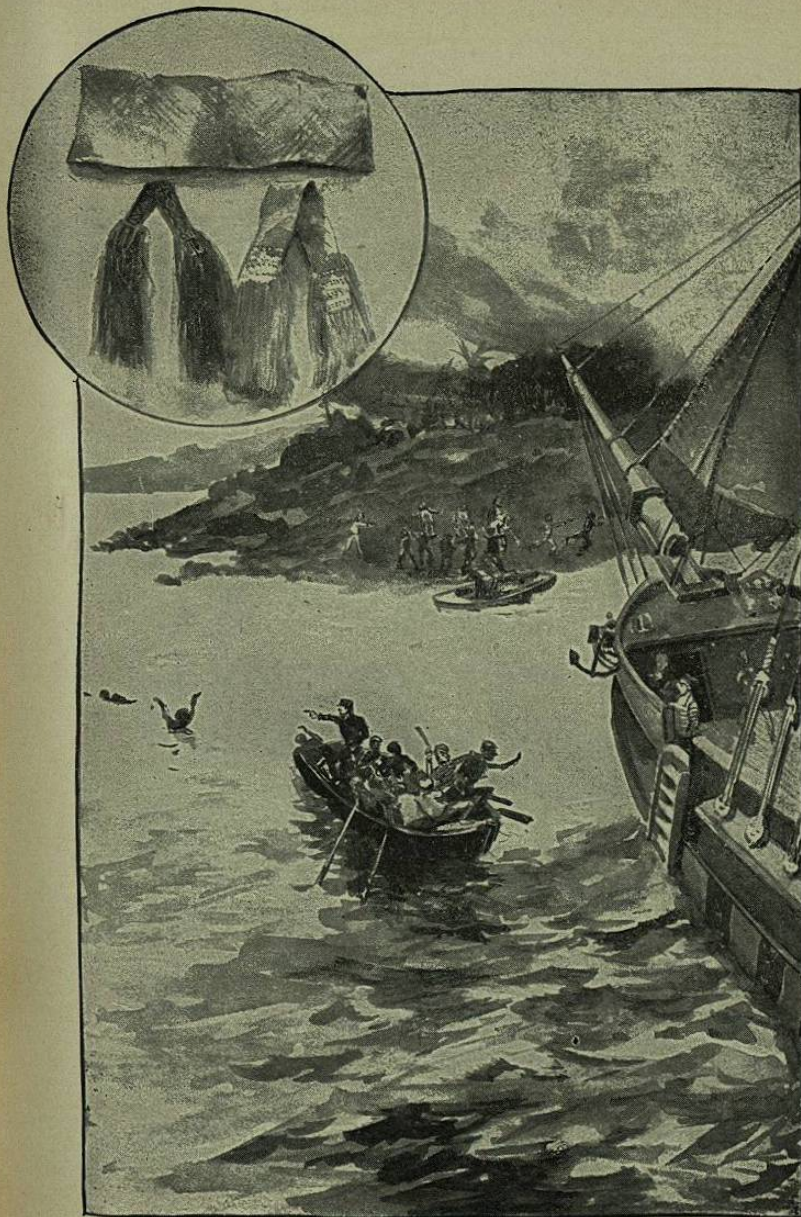
As she still held them up to me, saying, "Padre, do receive them from me, and may God ever bless you!" a lady, who had been seated beside her, came up to me, and said, "Please, do take them, or the dear girl will break her heart. She has offered them up to Jesus for your Mission Ship."

I afterwards learned that the girl was an orphan, whose parents died of cholera; that the lady and her sister, daughters of a Missionary, had adopted her to be trained as a Zenana Missionary, and that she intended to return with them, and live and die to aid them in that blessed work amongst the daughters of India. Oh, what a reward and joy might many a lady who reads this page easily reap for herself in Time and Eternity by a similar simple yet far-reaching service! Take action when and where God points the way; wait for no one's guidance.

The most amazing variety characterised the gifts and the givers. One donor sent me an anonymous note to this effect "I have been curtailing my expenses. The first £5 saved I enclose, that you may invest it for me in the Bank of Jesus. I am sure He gives the best interest, and the most certain returns."

In Glasgow a lady called at my brother's house, saying, "Is the Missionary at home? Can I see him alone? If not, I will call again." Being asked into my room, she declined to be seated, but said, "I heard you tell the story of your Mission in the City Hall, and I have been praying for you ever since. I have called to give you my mite, but not my name. God bless you. We shall meet in Heaven!" She handed me an envelope, and was off almost before I could thank her. It was £49 in bank-notes.

Another dear Christian friend came to see me, and at the close of a delightful conversation, said: "I have been thinking much about you since I heard you in the Clark Hall, Paisley. I have come to give a little bit of dirty paper for your Ship.



THE KANAKA TRAFFIC, No. 1.—“ Recruiting for the Queensland Labour Market.”

God sent it to me, and I return it to God through you with great pleasure." I thanked her warmly, thinking it a pound, or five at the most; on opening it, after she was gone, it turned out to be £100. I felt bowed down in humble thankfulness, and pressed forward in the service of the Lord.

## CHAPTER LXXXVIII

## ENGLAND'S OPEN DOOR

THE time now arrived for my attempting something amongst the Presbyterians of England. But my heart sank within me; I was a stranger to all except Dr. Dykes, and the New Hebrides Mission had no special claims on them. Casting myself upon the Lord, I wrote to all the Presbyterian Ministers in and around London, enclosing my "Statement and Appeal," and asking a Service, with a retiring collection, or the surplus above the usual collection, on behalf of our Mission Ship. All declined, except two. I learned afterwards that the London Presbytery had resolved that no claim beyond their own Church was to be admitted into any of its pulpits for a period of months, under some special financial emergency. My dear friend, Dr. J. Hood Wilson, kindly wrote also to a number of them, on my behalf, but with a similar result; though at last other two Services were arranged for with a collection, and one without. Being required at London, in any case, in connection with the threatened Annexation of the New Hebrides by the French, I resolved to take these five Services by the way, and immediately return to Scotland, where engagements and opportunities were now pressed upon me, far more than I could overtake. But the Lord Himself opened before me a larger door, and more effectual, than any that I had tried in vain to open up for myself.

The Churches to which I had access did nobly indeed, and the Ministers treated me as a very brother. Dr. Dykes most affectionately supported my Appeal, and made himself recipient of donations that might be sent for our Mission Ship. Dr. Donald Fraser, and Messrs. Taylor and Mathieson, with their Congregations, generously contributed to the Fund. And so