

and that the moral and religious tone of the people had greatly improved. It was now Mr. Williams's duty to translate portions of the Bible into the popular dialect, the books heretofore known to the missionaries being in the Tahitian language. He accordingly reduced the Raratongan dialect to a written form and a grammatical system. At his instance also a church was built. The design and arrangement were after his plans, and the chiefs and natives helped him so cheerfully and willingly that the building was finished in two months. It was completed without a single nail or any iron-work whatever. The chapel furnished accommodation for about three thousand persons.

In the course of executing the work a curious circumstance occurred. One morning Mr. Williams came without his square. He took up a chip of wood, and with a piece of charcoal wrote upon it a message to his wife, desiring her to send the square by the bearer. He called a chief, and asked him to take the chip to Mrs. Williams. He took it, and asked, "What am I to say?" "You have nothing to say; the chip will say all I wish." The chief went away, thinking himself a fool. On giving it to Mrs. Williams, she read it and threw it away; then she brought the square and gave it to the chief. He caught up the chip, and ran along shouting, "See the wisdom of these English people! They can make chips talk!" He tied a string to the chip and hung it round his neck. For some days he was seen surrounded by a crowd, who listened with intense interest to the wonders which the chip had performed.

No ship appearing at the island by which Mr. Williams might return to his station at Raiatea, he proceeded to make the most of his time. He built schools, wherein he taught the people to read. They were, however, very slow learners compared with their sprightly brethren in Society Islands. The language at first taught was Tahitian, but it was like a foreign language to them. It was not until he had translated the Gospel of St. John and the Epistle of Galatians into Raratongan that the people began to learn in their own dialect; and after that they made rapid progress.

A conspiracy was formed by some wild, dissolute young

men to murder Williams and his colleague, and throw their bodies into the sea, while passing from Raratonga to the neighboring island of Tahaa. Fortunately the conspiracy was discovered. The chiefs held a meeting, and determined to put the four ringleaders to death. Williams interfered, and implored the chiefs to spare their lives. In the course of conversation the chiefs inquired what would the English people do under such circumstances. They were told that in England there were established laws and judges, by whom all offenders of every kind were tried and punished. "Why can we not have the same?" the chiefs asked.

It was accordingly determined to establish a code of laws, as the basis of public justice. Mr. Williams and Mr. Threlkeld prepared it in plain and perspicuous language. At the same time they included the greatest barrier to oppression—trial by jury. In the mean time a judge had been nominated, *pro tempore*, before whom the criminals were tried. They were banished for four years to an uninhabited island.

After waiting for months and months at Raratonga, and seeing no vessel passing within sight, Williams determined upon adopting a most extraordinary course—that of building a ship with his own hands. He was much in want of tools, and had none used for shipbuilding. His first step was to make a pair of smith's bellows. There were four goats on the island, one of which was giving milk; the other three were sacrificed, and with their skins he succeeded, after three or four days' labor, in making a pair of smith's bellows. But instead of blowing the fire, they drew it in. The bellows soon came to grief. During the night the rats set to work and devoured every particle of the goat's skins, so that next morning there was nothing left but the bare boards. Still bent upon accomplishing his object, it struck Williams that, as a pump threw water, it must, if completed on the same principle, of necessity throw wind. After many difficulties, he at length constructed a machine which answered the purpose.

With this wind-pump he did all his iron-work, using a perforated stone as a fire iron, a large stone as an anvil, and

a pair of carpenter's pincers as his tongs. For coals he used charcoal, made from the cocoanut and other trees. As he had no saw, he split the trees with wedges, and then the natives adzed them down with small stone hatchets. When he wanted a twisted plank, he bent a piece of bamboo to the required shape, or sent into the woods for a crooked tree, and by splitting this he obtained two planks suited for his purpose. Having but little iron, he bored large auger-holes through the timbers, and through the outer and inner planks of the vessel, and drove in wooden trenails, by which the whole fabric was held firmly together.

Cocoanut husk was used for oakum. The bark of the hibiscus was used for ropes and cordage, for which purpose a rope machine was constructed. The mats on which the natives slept were used for sails; and they were quilted together to resist the wind. A lathe was constructed, and the aito or iron-wood was turned for the sheaves of blocks. The anchor was of wood, and a cask full of stones was also used. The vessel was of between seventy and eighty tons burden. After about fifteen weeks' labor the Messenger of Peace was launched. The rudder was then attached. This important work occasioned much difficulty. Having no iron sufficiently large for pintles, these were made from a piece of a pickax, a cooper's adz, and a large hoe. With these promiscuous pieces of iron-work the rudder was mounted, and the wonderful ship was ready to sail.

Thinking it might be dangerous to run for Raiatea in the Tahitian islands, which was about 800 miles distant, it was determined, in the first place, to sail for Aitutake, which was only about 170 miles distant. Makea, the king of Raratonga, accompanied the expedition. The vessel was found seaworthy. The voyage to Aitutake was accomplished without any more serious casualty than the breaking of the foremast, through the inexperience of the native crew; and yet the ship encountered a strong wind and a heavy sea. Fortunately, Mr. Williams had a compass and quadrant; and these enabled him to make the voyage without much difficulty. Nothing appeared to strike the king so much as to be told in what direction the land was first to be seen.

His inquiries were unceasing as to how it was possible we could speak with so much precision as to that which we could not see. One of his expressions was, "Never again will I call those men warriors who fight on the shore; the English only, who battle with the winds and waves of the ocean, are worthy of that name."

The Messenger of Peace remained at Aitutake for eight or ten days, and shipped a return cargo. It consisted principally of pigs, cocoanuts, and cats! The native pigs of Raratonga were very diminutive and difficult to be reared; and seventy of a superior breed were now imported. The reason why cats formed part of the cargo is easy to be explained. Rats abounded in Raratonga. They were like one of the ten plagues of Egypt. They snatched away eatables. They ran over the table among the pieces of meat and bread. They sat on the chairs. They slept in the beds. "When kneeling at family prayers," says Mr. Williams, "they would run over us in all directions."

"Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,  
Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,  
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,  
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,  
Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,  
Families by tens and dozens,  
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives."

In fact, the rats ate up half the food of Raratonga. They ate up Mr. Williams's bellows. They ate up Mrs. Pitman's shoes. And when other food failed them, they became cannibals, and ate up their infant rats. The cats were therefore a welcome addition to the population of Raratonga. They soon made a clearance of the rats, helped by the newly-imported pigs, which became very voracious, and helped to clear the island of the intolerable nuisance.

Mr. Williams was not contented to settle down in his mission at Raiatea. Everything was going well there. But there were more islands to conquer, and he determined to conquer them. He was full of life, full of vigor, full of courage. There were several groups of islands to the westward which had never been visited by the missionary—the

Hapai, and Samoan or Navigator's groups. He made a round among them in the Messenger of Peace, and accomplished the same objects as he had done elsewhere. He destroyed idolatry and established the worship of the true God.

"Christianity," said Mr. Williams, "triumphed not by human authority, but by its own moral power—by the light which it shed abroad, and by the benevolent spirit it had disseminated; for *kindness is the key to the human heart*, whether it be that of savage or civilized man. When they were treated with kindness, the multitude immediately embraced the truth; for they naturally attributed this mighty transformation on these formerly sanguinary chieftains to the benign influence of the Gospel upon their minds." "There are two little words in our language which I always admired—Try and Trust. You know not what you can or cannot effect until you *try*; and if you make your trials in the exercise of *trust* in God, mountains of imaginary difficulties will vanish as you approach them, and facilities will be afforded which you never anticipated!"

At length Mr. Williams resolved to revisit England. Having sent the Messenger of Peace to Tahiti to be sold, he took passage in a homeward-bound whaler for London, which he reached in June, 1834. He laid his manuscript of the Raratonga New Testament before the British and Foreign Bible Society. It was ordered to be printed. He also wrote an account of the most important circumstances connected with his extraordinary missionary career.\* The appearance of the narrative excited the deepest interest. He spoke at numerous meetings in all parts of the country. He made the friendship of many of the dignitaries of the Established Church, of men eminent for their scientific attainments, and of many of the nobility. Donations were made to him in aid of the general object of the mission. The corporation of the city of London unanimously voted

\* "A Narrative of Missionary Enterprises in the South Sea Islands." With remarks upon the Natural History of the Islands, Origin, Languages, Traditions and Usages of the Inhabitants. By the Rev John Williams, of the London Missionary Society.

a sum of £500 toward its support. In all, £4000 were subscribed. With this the missionary ship Camden was purchased; and on the 11th of April, 1838, she sailed from Gravesend with Mr. and Mrs. Williams on board, and sixteen other missionaries and missionaries' wives, who were to be left at their respective stations.

The Camden reached the South Sea islands in safety. After making a round of the Society and other islands in which missionaries had already been established, Mr. Williams proceeded to visit the islands farther westward, where nothing had as yet been done for the instruction of the savages. The expedition was proceeding satisfactorily when the Camden at length reached Erromanga, in the New Hebrides group. A party from the ship landed at Dillon's Bay. It seems that the natives had been irritated by the barbarous treatment they had received from the crew of a vessel that had previously visited the island. In revenge they attacked the missionaries who had just landed. Mr. Williams and his friend Mr. Harris were killed and eaten.

Thus perished, in the forty-fourth year of his age, one of the noblest and most self-denying of men. With him duty consisted in doing good. He scattered broadcast the seeds of Christianity and civilization. He was a man of unswerving perseverance. Nothing deterred him from doing works of mercy; and yet he could wait patiently. He knew that the time would come when the seeds he had sown would spring up and flourish. His works lived after him. Even the cannibals of Erromanga at length abolished idolatry, and received the truths of Christianity with gladness.

Other noble workers followed the example of Williams. The Rev. George A. Selwyn was consecrated first Bishop of New Zealand in 1841. He at once proceeded to perform the duties of his mission.\* After seven years of unremitting

\* Sydney Smith, in his bantering way, said in one of his letters: "The advice I sent to the Bishop of New Zealand, when he prepared to receive the cannibal chiefs there, was to say to them, 'I deeply regret, sirs, to have nothing on my own table suited to your tastes, but you will find plenty of cold curate and roasted clergymen on the sideboard;' and if, in spite of this prudent provision, his visi-

work on the mainland of his diocese, the Bishop deemed that, in fulfilment of the charge committed to him by the English primate, the time had come for attempting the evangelization of the five groups of islands between New Zealand and the Equator, to which the name of Melanesia had been given; and for the next twelve years this missionary work occupied much of his time. At first opinions were divided as to the prudence and expediency of the enterprise, which sober people might be pardoned for thinking too romantic to be practical.

To the remonstrances of his friends as to the personal danger it involved; he replied with the axiom, "that where a trader will go for gain, there the missionary ought to go for the merchandise of souls;" and to his father he wrote, "It is the duty of a missionary to go to the extreme point of boldness, short of an exposure to known and certain danger. In those islands something must be risked if anything is to be done."

The risk was certainly considerable, especially as he would never permit a weapon of any kind on board his little vessel; and on one occasion, at Malicolo, in the New Hebrides, it seems that nothing but "his perfect presence of mind and dignified bearing (to borrow Captain Erskine's words) saved him and his party from a fate which a few years before had befallen Williams at Erromanga, and a few years later befell Patteson at Nukapu."

To an objection of another kind, that he would be neglecting his diocese proper, and have too many irons in the fire, he opposed his persuasion that he could undertake the personal inspection and supervision of the whole of Melanesia, not only without injury, but with the greatest possible benefit to his own work in New Zealand. His heart was in those distant islands, yearning over their dark inhabitants with a brother's love; and he felt as if God, by lead-

tors should end their repast by eating him likewise, why, I could only add, 'I sincerely hoped he would disagree with them.' In this last sentiment he must cordially have agreed with me; and, upon the whole, he must have considered it a useful hint, and would take it kindly." ("A Memoir of the Rev. Sydney Smith," i. 386.) ●

ing him in His Providence to become such a thorough sailor, had "marked his path upon the mountain wave, his home upon the deep."

The Rev. John Coleridge Patteson went out to the help of Bishop Selwyn. This was another noble and self-denying man. He might have obtained honorable promotion at home, but he preferred giving himself up to the missionary cause. He went out to New Zealand in 1855. He was appointed to missionarize the natives of a group of islands which had rarely been visited since their discovery by Captain Cook. The reputation of cannibalism hung about them. They formed a third group round the north-eastern curve of Australia, and consisted of the New Hebrides, Banks Islands, Solomon Isles, and the islands of Santa Cruz. The inhabitants were called Melanesians or Black Islanders, from having much of the negro in their composition and complexion.

After remaining for some time at New Zealand, learning the native languages, and learning navigation for the purpose of managing the Southern Cross, the missionaries' schooner, Mr. Patteson set sail for Norfolk Island, accompanied by the Bishop. Then to Aaiteum, occupied by the Scotch Presbyterian Mission. They then passed Erromanga, where Williams was killed—a wooded island, beautiful beyond description. Then to Fate, where the Samoan teachers had been murdered. The ship passed the splendid island of Espiritu Santo, with its mountain chain about 4,000 feet high. The ship next touched at Remael Island, when the Bishop and his fellow-priest swam ashore and made friends with the natives, who were Maoris. Several boys were taken from the island, to be educated as teachers at St. John's College, New Zealand.

The ship next touched at Mara, in the Solomon Islands, where it was found that, though Maori-speaking, the sailors had given them a knowledge of the worst and most abominable parts of the English language. The next group sighted was the large island of Santa Cruz. The natives came off in their canoes with yams and taro; but the numbers were so great that no quiet work could be done. They

sailed quite round the island, and saw the fiery appearance of the great volcano. They went on to Nukapu—now full of melancholy memory, as Bishop Patteson met his death there. The natives came off in canoes and brought bread-fruit and cocoanuts. After a much longer cruise—to Tubua, to Vanicora, and to the Banks group of islands—the Southern Cross returned to New Zealand.

This, then, was the missionary field in which Mr. Patteson was to work. In writing home, he said, "Don't believe in the ferocity of the islanders. When their passions are excited they do commit fearful deeds, and they are almost universally cannibals—that is, after a battle there will always be a cannibal feast, not otherwise. But treat them well and prudently, and I apprehend there is little danger in visiting them—meaning by visiting, merely landing on the beach a first time, going, perhaps, to a native village the next time, sleeping on shore the third, spending ten days the fourth, and so on."

He described his fundamental method of teaching the natives. He held fast to the fact of man having been created in the image of God. While preaching at Sydney, he said, "This love, once generated in the heart of man, must needs pass on to his brethren. . . . Love is the animating principle of all. In every star of the sky, in the sparkling, glittering waves of the sea, in every flower of the field, in every creature of God, most of all in every living soul of man, it adores and blesses the beauty and love of the great Creator and Preserver of all."

"My dear father," he says, "writes in great anxiety about the Denison case. Oh, dear! what a cause of thankfulness it is to be out of the din of controversy, and to find thousands longing for crumbs which are shaking about so roughly in these angry disputes. It isn't High or Low or Broad Church, or any other special name, but the longing desire to forget all distinctions, and to return to a simpler state of things, that seems naturally to result from the very sight of these heathen people."

Patteson went on his visit to the Melanesian Islands hoping everything and fearing nothing. He was made much

of by the men and by the women. When the women were present he knew he was safe. He did everything by trusting the people. He went to Futuma, wading ankle deep to the beach. Then to Erromanga. Then to Fate Isle, where the people were said to be among the rudest in those seas. They were cannibals, and had killed the whole crew of the Royal Sovereign when it was wrecked upon the island; they had eaten nine men at once, and sent the other nine as presents to their friends.

In 1861 John Coleridge Patteson was consecrated Missionary Bishop of the Melanesian Islands. He went on with his work as before. He was often in danger of death. He went among the natives alone and unarmed. They might have finished him off at once with a poisoned arrow. Yet he was always cheerful and zealous. "Thank God!" he says, "I can fall back upon many solid points of comfort—chiefest of all, He sees and knows it perfectly. He sees the islanders too, and loves them, how infinitely more than I can! He is, I trust, sending me to them. He will bless honest endeavors to do His will among them. The light is breaking forth in Melanesia; and I take great comfort for this thought, and remember that it does not matter whether it is in my time; only I must work on."

Again he says, when speaking of the men who were to be sent out to help him: "A man who takes the sentimental view of coral islands and cocoanuts is worse than useless; a man possessed with the idea that he is making a sacrifice will never do; and a man who thinks any kind of work 'beneath a gentleman' will simply be in the way, and be rather uncomfortable at seeing the Bishop doing what he thinks degrading to himself. And if the right fellow is moved by God's grace to come out, what a welcome we will give him, and how happy he will soon be in a work the abundant blessings of which none can know as we know them."

It was not for money that these ordained clergymen left England. It was only for a hundred pounds a year, afterward increased to a hundred and fifty pounds. But they taught the natives everything—habits of economy, attention,

punctuality, tidiness and such like. How much character comes out of these homely virtues! The Bishop established schools and colleges wherever he went. He got the island boys to accompany him on his voyages, in order that he might understand their language, and they his. At Santa Cruz, in 1864, the Bishop and his party were shot at. One, Pearce, received the long shaft of an arrow in his chest; and Edwin Nobbs received an arrow in his left eye. An oarsman, Young, was shot through the left wrist. The Bishop took out the arrows—the one in the chest after a long operation. Fisher Young died of tetanus. When dying, he said to the Bishop, "Kiss me; I am very glad that I was doing my duty." Nobbs died of the same disease. Pearce, though his wound had been the most severe, recovered.

He next visited Norfolk Island, Pitcairn Island, the New Hebrides Islands, the Fiji Islands, the Solomon Islands, the Tahitian Islands—everywhere doing good and enlisting new members of the Church. He had the New Testament printed for them in their own language, and abstracts of the books of the Old Testament. When at Norfolk Island one Christmas Day he was awoken by a party of some twenty Melanesians, headed by Mr. Bice, singing Christmas carols at his bedroom door. "How delightful it was!" says he; "I had gone to bed with the Book of Praise by my side, and Mr. Keble's hymn in my mind; and now the Mota versions, already familiar to us, of the Angels' song, and of 'the Light to lighten the Gentiles,' sung too by one of our heathen scholars, took up, as it were, the strain. Their voices sounded so fresh and clear in the still midnight, the perfectly clear sky, the calm moon, and the warm genial climate! I lay awake long afterward, thinking of the blessed change wrought on their minds, thinking of my happy lot, of how utterly undeserved it was and is, and losing myself in God's wonderful goodness and mercy and love."

We must hasten on to his last voyage to the Santa Cruz archipelago. The kidnapping vessels from Queensland were haunting the islands for the purpose of forcibly taking away the natives to work at their plantations. Some of the

islands were nearly depopulated. Five men had been taken from Nukapu by the Queensland men. As the Bishop's vessel approached the island, they saw four canoes hovering about the coral reef. The Bishop, feeling a regard for these poor people, ordered the boat to be lowered. He entered it with four other men. On approaching the canoes, the Bishop entered one of them, in which there were two chiefs, who had formerly been friendly to him. The canoe made for the shore, on which the men in the ship's boat saw the Bishop landed, and then lost sight of him.

The boat remained with the other canoes. A native suddenly started up from a canoe and shot off one of his yard-long arrows at the men in the boat. Others did the same. The boat was pulled back rapidly, until it was out of range; but not before three out of the four men had been struck. But what had become of the Bishop? He had been murdered on shore. Two canoes were observed approaching; one full of natives, the other apparently empty. The natives went back in their canoe, the other, with a heap in the middle, drifted onward. The boat from the ship met it, and the sailor, looking at the canoe, said, "Those are the Bishop's shoes." The canoe was brought alongside, and the body was taken up, rolled in a native mat. When the mat was taken away, there was the Bishop, with the placid smile upon his face. There was a palm-leaf fastened over the breast, and when the mat was opened there were five wounds, and no more.

"The strange, mysterious beauty," says Miss Yonge, "of these circumstances almost makes one feel as if this were the legend of a martyr of the Primitive Church." There were none of those who loved and revered him who did not feel that such was the death he always looked for, and that he was always willing to give his life for doing his duty. It was certain that he was killed from revenge. Five men had been stolen from Nukapu by the wretched Queensland freebooters; and this was the result!

The sweet, calm smile of the Bishop's face preached peace to the mourners who lost his guiding spirit, but they could not look on it long. On the next morning the body of John

Coleridge Patteson was committed to the waters of the Pacific. He went to his rest, dying, as he had lived, in his Master's service. His end was peace.

Not many years after, in 1875, the island of Santa Cruz was visited by Commodore Goodenough, of Her Majesty's ship Pearl. He was anxious to see the scene of the Bishop's death, though he was warned against doing so on account of the treacherous character of the natives. Nevertheless, he landed on the island. The people appeared at first to be friendly. He landed again, but their behavior appeared so suspicious that he ordered his men at once to the boats. In a letter—the last he ever wrote—he describes the scene. "I saw a native to the left fitting an arrow to a string, and in an instant, just as I was thinking it must be a sham menace, thud came the arrow into my left side. I shouted, 'To the boats!' pulled the arrow out, and leaped down the beach, hearing a flight of arrows whiz past me. On reaching the boats the surgeon came at once and dressed the wound, burning it well with caustic." Five days after, he adds, "I am exceedingly well; my only trouble is a pain in my back, which prevents me sleeping. I don't feel—" Here the words cease. He could not end the letter.

He was seized with tetanus, and all hopes of his living were relinquished. He received the intelligence of his dangerous state with the perfect calm of a man whose whole life had been one long preparation for death. He caused himself to be carried on deck, and while his men gathered around him in speechless grief, he spoke to them lovingly and tenderly, and besought them to follow in his footsteps. He passed away to his rest peacefully and quietly, and his body was committed to the deep. Thus perished a man whom England could but ill spare. He was a noble specimen of a true sailor and a Christian gentleman.

We have not space to mention the heroic deeds of other Christian missionaries—of the Jesuits in Japan, China, and North and South America; of the Moravians in Greenland, the United States, and Africa; of John Elliot, the first missionary among the American Indians, and of David Brain-

erd, and Jonathan Edwards,\* who followed him: of Martyn, Heber, Carey, and Marshman, in India; of the Judson family in Burmah; of Charles Frederick Mackenzie, the martyr-missionary of the Zambesi; and of Samuel Marsden, the patriarch of Australian Christianity.†

All honor to you, noble Christian heroes, known and unknown; to all who give their time and their labor to spread abroad the knowledge of that which alleviates, comforts, and saves; to those who give their lives for the faith, and to all who help the poor, the struggling, and the uncivilized to reach to higher blessings than those of this very transitory life!

\* When President Edwards was driven from his church at Northampton, Massachusetts, because of his attempt to reform the morals of his congregation, he went on a mission to the Indians at Stockbridge, to preach to them the Gospel. He remained among them for six years, greatly helped by his wife; and during that time he composed his profoundest and most valuable works. The reason of his dismissal was as follows: Some young persons of his flock had procured some obscene publications, and propagated them for the infection of others. Edwards called the leading members of his charge together, and told them of these doings. He mentioned the names of the persons who were implicated. It appeared that almost all the families in the town had some relation or other concerned in the matter. The heads of the congregation set their pastor at defiance with the greatest insolence and contempt; and he was eventually dismissed by a majority of two hundred against twenty. Such was the cause of his missionary life among the Indians.

† An admirable account of these missionaries is to be found in Miss Yonge's "Pioneers and Founders."