

WRITTEN FOR THE YOUNG



THE STORY of the
SOUTH SEAS
by George Cousins



LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY

Presented to
Robert Lawson.

BY THE
LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY,
FOR COLLECTING THE SUM OF *6/4*
FOR PAYING OFF THE DEBT
ON THE STEAMER "JOHN WILLIAMS,"
AND FOR THE
NEW YEAR OFFERING FOR SHIPS,
JANUARY, 1895,
IN CONNECTION WITH

*Abbe Congregational
Sunday School*



CAPTAIN JAMES WILSON, COMMANDER OF THE "DUFF."

THE STORY OF THE SOUTH SEAS

Written for Young People

BY
GEORGE COUSINS

*Editorial Secretary and Assistant Foreign Secretary of the London Missionary Society
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WITH MAPS AND MANY ILLUSTRATIONS

Special Centenary Gift and New Year Offering Edition

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Dedicated to
THE MEMORY OF MY ELDEST SISTER
(THE WIFE OF AN OLD FELLOW-STUDENT)
WHO DIED
AT LEONE, SAMOA, JULY 16TH, 1864
AFTER A SHORT BUT HAPPY
MISSIONARY CAREER

PREFACE

THIS book is the outcome of the revived interest in the South Seas which the effort to build the steamer, *John Williams*, has created. In reading old books descriptive of the early days of the mission I came across so many striking facts unknown to the young people of to-day that a desire to put these facts together in a short connected story grew strong within me. It seemed also only right that those who had worked so nobly in raising money for the steamer should possess a volume that would clearly show them the greatness of the enterprise which they were helping forward.

The first few pages repeat what appears in the opening chapter of "From Island to Island," but in an altered form. The remainder is newly written. The books to which I am specially indebted are: Ellis's "Polynesian Researches," Williams's "Missionary Enterprises," Buzacott's "Mission Life in the Pacific," Turner's "Nineteen Years in Polynesia," Murray's "Western Polynesia," and "Forty Years' Mission Work," Gill's "Gems from the Coral Islands," Dr. Steele's "New Hebrides and Christian Missions," "The Night of Toil," by the author of the "Peep of Day," and an article entitled "Christian Work in Polynesia," which appeared in "The Missionary Review of the World."

I have to thank my friends the Revs. S. J. Whitmee, F.R.G.S., formerly of Samoa, and A. T. Saville, formerly of Huahine, for their valued help in reading through the proofs.

That the reader may have as much happiness in perusing this wonderful record of God's power and grace as I have had in writing it is my most earnest wish.

GEORGE COUSINS.

July 14th, 1894.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
I.—THE GOOD SHIP "DUFF" AND HER STRANGE CARGO	I
II.—"THE NIGHT OF TOIL"	17
III.—THE OVERTHROW OF IDOLATRY.. . . .	26
IV.—SPREADING OUT	47
V.—CARRYING THE LIGHT TO OTHER GROUPS	69
VI.—THE "MESSENGER OF PEACE" AND HER USEFUL WORK	96
VII.—THE MARTYRED MISSIONARY AND WESTERN POLYNESIA	125
VIII.—FURTHER EXTENSION.	148
IX.—TEACHING AND TRAINING HEATHEN CONVERTS.	165
X.—JOINING HANDS TO SAVE NEW GUINEA	183
XI.—OTHER LABOURERS IN THE SOUTHERN OCEAN.	202

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE		PAGE
1. CAPTAIN JAMES WILSON, COMMANDER OF THE "DUFF" (<i>Frontispiece</i>)		30. A SAMOAN HOUSE	123
2. THE REV. DR. HAWEIS	2	31. A NATIVE OF WESTERN POLYNESIA	133
3. CAPT. COOK	6	32. NATIVE FISH-HOOKS	139
4. CAPT. COOK'S VESSELS AT ANCHOR	8	33. A BEE-HIVE HUT	143
5. THE "DUFF" IN THE PACIFIC	9	34. REV. A. W. MURRAY	145
6. CEDING MATAVAI TO THE MISSION	13	35. CANOES GOING OFF TO A VESSEL	151
7. OFFERING A HUMAN SACRIFICE	22	36. HOUSE OF THE REV. JOHN JONES AT MARÉ	155
8. A BRIDE ADORNED FOR HER HUSBAND	28	37. A SAMOAN GIRL	157
9. NATIVES FISHING	31	38. A WESTERN POLYNESIAN DANDY	159
10. POLYNESIAN DEITIES	35	39. A VILLAGE CHAPEL IN SAMOA	167
11. A TATOOED WARRIOR	38	40. SOLOMON ISLANDERS DRESSED IN MASKS	172
12. POLYNESIAN WEAPONS	39	41. LEVUKA, THE CHIEF PORT OF FIJI	176
13. POLYNESIAN CANOES	43	42. LEULUMOEKA (UPOLU) HIGH SCHOOL BOYS ENGAGED AT MANUAL WORK	178
14. POMARE'S IDOLS	45	43. CHAPEL AT MARÉ BUILT BY THE REV. JOHN JONES	181
15. POMARE II.	48	44. DUGONGS, A SMALL KIND OF WHALE	187
16. A CORAL ISLAND	55	45. NEW GUINEA VILLAGE BUILT INTO THE SEA	189
17. POMARE'S ROYAL CHAPEL	58	46. SOUTH SEA ISLAND TEACHERS AND NATIVES OF NEW GUINEA	191
18. FARE HARBOUR, HUAHINE	63	47. TAURAKI	195
19. INTERIOR OF NATIVE HUT	65	48. RUATOKA AND HIS WIFE	198
20. REV. JOHN WILLIAMS	70	49. THE BARQUE "JOHN WILLIAMS" LEAVING SYDNEY ON HER LAST VOYAGE	200
21. AITUTAKI	81	50. MAORI WOMAN AND CHILD	203
22. THE BRAVE TEACHER, PAPEIHA	87	51. BISHOP PATTESON	206
23. HEATHEN CEREMONIES ON THE RETURN OF THE PLEIADES	92	52. KING THAKOMBAU	209
24. THE "MESSENGER OF PEACE"	98		
25. HEATHEN REVELRY	102		
26. THE FRENZIED OLD CHIEF	109		
27. A SAMOAN CHIEF	114		
28. THE REV. HENRY NOTT	117		
29. NATIVES OF SAMOA IN PAST AND PRESENT STYLES OF DRESS	121		

MAPS

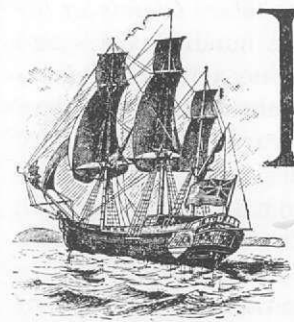
	PAGE		PAGE
1. SOCIETY ISLANDS	52	4. WESTERN POLYNESIA	129
2. HERVEY ISLANDS	77	5. NEW GUINEA AND SOUTH-EAST NEW GUINEA	185
3. SAMOAN ISLANDS	112		

THE STORY OF THE SOUTH SEAS

CHAPTER I.

THE GOOD SHIP "DUFF" AND HER STRANGE CARGO.

"And He spake to His disciples that a small ship should wait on Him."



IN August, 1796, a ship was sailing down the river Thames. As she passed along crowds of people were to be seen lining the shores at certain points, who waved their hats and shouted out "God-speed," while those on board sang hymns, especially one which was then a great favourite:—

"Jesus, at Thy command,
We launch into the deep."

The sailors in other ships that they passed could not make them out. Had they been singing coarse songs, they would have joined in, but who these hymn-singers were puzzled them much.

Leaving the river, the ship got out into the channel, and a man-of-war that was stationed there hailed them with the usual questions: "What ship is that?" "The *Duff*." "Whither bound?" "Otaheite." "What cargo?" "Missionaries and provisions." Missionaries and provisions! what could they be? Such a cargo had never been heard of before; so thinking perhaps that this answer was meant to deceive him, the captain of the man-of-war ordered an officer to take a boat, and board the *Duff* at once. Pulling alongside, the officer clambered up on deck, was met by the *Duff's* captain, who showed him his papers, and finding nothing more than a party of peaceable men and women on board, who were on their way to a far-

away island of the Pacific, the king's officer could say no more. The ship was allowed to pass as "all right," and went on her voyage to that distant ocean.

In those days a missionary ship was quite a new thing, and we must explain how it was that such a vessel was sailing to Otaheite. Twelve months before, a number of earnest ministers and other good Christians had joined together to send the gospel to heathen nations. They founded what at first they called the "The Missionary Society," but is now known as the London Missionary Society, and on the very day that they did so (September 25th, 1795), made up their minds to begin by sending missionaries to *Otaheite or some other islands of the South Seas*. Those were the words they used. A hundred years ago maps were scarce, and what few there were could not tell their owners what our maps tell us. Much less was known about the world than is known now. A school-boy to-day can easily learn more geography than grown-up people who were fond of books could then. That accounts for the want of clearness in speaking about the islands. One thing only was certain, and that was that the first place to which



THE REV. DR. HAWEIS.

to those islands, and through her chaplain, Dr. Haweis, who was a

the newly-formed Society was to send missionaries was an island of the South Seas. But why choose a small island when large continents were without the light? Partly because those larger lands were closed against them; partly because the voyages of Captain Wallis, Captain Cook, and others, had aroused much interest in "Otaheite" and "other islands" of the Southern Ocean; partly because a noble Christian lady, Selina, Countess of Huntingdon, was one whose heart was drawn

director of the new Society, was led to use her influence on their behalf. So it was settled: India, China, Japan, Africa, were not yet open to the servants of Christ, but the islands were open, and to them therefore would they send.

The next step was to fix upon a plan for doing this. An offer from a gentleman named Captain James Wilson made it easy. Captain Wilson had passed through strange adventures. His father was captain of a Newcastle collier, and he himself grew up a rough and reckless sailor-boy. For a time he served as a soldier in the American war. Then, leaving America, he went to India, became captain of a vessel, and served the East India Company. After a time he was taken prisoner by the French, but managed to make his escape by jumping down from the prison walls, a height not less than forty feet. It is a wonder that he did not break his legs. In his flight he came to a river full of alligators, but not knowing anything about this he plunged in and swam across to the other side. No alligator had seized him, but when he climbed up from the river's bank to some high ground near, he was seen and again taken prisoner! not, however, by the French, but by Hyder Ali's soldiers. Hyder Ali was at that time fighting against the English; so Wilson was stripped naked, and with his hands tied behind him, and the rope held by one of the soldiers, he was driven into camp. When asked where he had come from he simply told the story of his escape, but at first was not believed. "No mortal man had ever swum across the Coleroon," said the chief, "and if he had but dipped his fingers in its waters, he would have been seized by the alligators." Upon learning, however, that Wilson spoke the truth, they looked upon him in wonder, and Hyder said: "This is God's man."

Still he was a prisoner of war, and was therefore chained to a common soldier, and driven, naked, barefoot, and wounded, a distance of 500 miles. He was at length loaded with irons of thirty-two pounds weight, and thrust into a horrible prison called the Black Hole; and, while there, so great at times was the raging of hunger that his jaws snapped together of their own accord when his scanty

meal was brought to him. Often the dead body of the man who had been chained to him was unchained from his arm in the morning that another living sufferer might take its place to die in the same way. That he should have lived through such misery for twenty-two months was next to a miracle. But at length the monster Hyder Ali was subdued, and the doors of the Black Hole were thrown open, when—worn to a skeleton, naked, half-starved, and covered with ulcers—with thirty-one companions, who alone remained to tell the dismal tale of their sufferings, Captain Wilson was set free.

Having made enough money to live upon, he resolved to return to England. With this in view he embarked in the same ship in which the excellent Mr. Thomas, one of the Baptist missionaries, was returning to England. Mr. Wilson, who boasted that he did not believe in God, had frequent disputes with Mr. Thomas, who one day remarked to the chief officer of the vessel that he should have much more hope of converting the Lascars to Christianity than Captain Wilson. But what man cannot do God can, and at length, by a series of most interesting incidents, he was induced to abandon his unbelief and became an eminent and devoted Christian. After some years of quiet life at home a copy of the *Evangelical Magazine*, announcing the purpose of sending missionaries to the South Seas, fell into his hands and at once set him thinking that here was work God was giving him to do. He resolved that if his services were either needful or acceptable, he would give up ease and embark once more upon the stormy ocean.

Captain Wilson offered to take charge of any ship that the Society might buy, and in it convey the missionaries to their far distant home. In these days of rapid travel there is neither difficulty nor hardship in reaching the Pacific. A voyage by steamer to Australia, a second by another steamer to the special group of islands to which he is bound, or a short passage to America, a railway journey across the prairies, followed by a second voyage from San Francisco, and in a few short weeks a missionary is at his work. But a hundred years ago it was very different. The only way in which missionaries could be taken to Otaheite was by buying a special vessel, and sending them out in that.

Accepting Captain Wilson's noble offer, the directors bought the good ship *Duff*, the first missionary ship that ever sailed the seas, for a sum of £4,800, while a further sum of £5,000 was expended in fitting her out with all needful supplies. That was before the days of Sunday schools. It was to the general public, not to the children, that the directors looked for help in collecting the money; but so heartily did people take up the scheme, that the money came pouring in from all quarters. The name of Captain Wilson did much to win support; but besides this, deep interest was felt by many in the novel undertaking. To us, sending missionaries to the heathen has become almost a matter of course, but to our grandfathers and great-grandfathers it was quite a new thing. Most people laughed at the idea. It seemed to them the veriest "wild-goose chase." "Why trouble oneself about South Sea Island savages?" said they. "The chances are that the missionaries will be killed and eaten at a cannibal feast, while as for converting such people, the thing is impossible." Others thought it *wrong* even to attempt this. "If God wishes to convert them," they said, "He will do it without our aid." On the other hand, many were full of hope about the plan; above all, they felt that the command of Jesus Christ was clear and must be obeyed. "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature," Christ had said, and yet the greater part of the world had never heard the gospel. "We have neglected them too long," said the earnest ones; "let us now be up and doing."

So, on August 10th, 1796, a party of thirty missionaries embarked at Gravesend. While Captain Wilson and his friends had been busy preparing the ship, others had been at work all over the country receiving offers of service from those willing to go. There had been a stirring farewell meeting the evening before in the Haberdasher's Hall, in the city of London, at which they were commended to the loving care of the Lord of the Harvest, in whose name they were setting forth. In that party of missionaries there were men of "all sorts." Four of the thirty were ministers; the rest belonged to various trades. There were six carpenters, two shoemakers, two bricklayers, two tailors, two smiths, two weavers, a surgeon, a hatter, a shop-

keeper, a cotton manufacturer, a cabinet maker, a draper, a harness maker, a gentleman's servant who had become a tin-worker, a cooper, and a butcher. Only six of them were married. There were also three children.

This was the missionary party that sailed down the Thames as described on the first page.

Otaheite, to which they were bound, is the principal island of what



CAPTAIN COOK.

is sometimes called, after King George the Third, in whose reign Captain Wallis of H.M.S. *Dolphin* landed and hoisted the British flag, the Georgian, but more commonly, the Society group. It was discovered by a Spaniard in 1606, and was visited, not only by Captain Wallis but also by Captain Bligh in the *Bounty*, and also several times by Captain Cook between the years 1769 and 1778. The island lies in 17°45' S. lat., and 149° 30' W. long., is thirty-five miles long, and consists of two peninsulas. Captain Cook called it by its native name Otaheite, or O Tahiti. The O, however, is no

real part of the name, and was soon dropped.¹ A smaller island, Moorea, or Eimeo,² is situated about ten miles from the mainland. Tahiti is well known now, and is much admired by all who visit it as one of the loveliest spots ever seen. Travellers of all nations join in its praise. Its beauty is most striking. The island is of volcanic origin, and its lofty sharply-cut mountain peaks, its deep thickly

¹ The *O* is an article used before proper nouns. For instance, the natives speak of O Beritani = (Great) Britain, and O Viriamu = (John) Williams. When Captain Cook and others asked the name of the island, the reply was "O Tahiti," and this misled them.

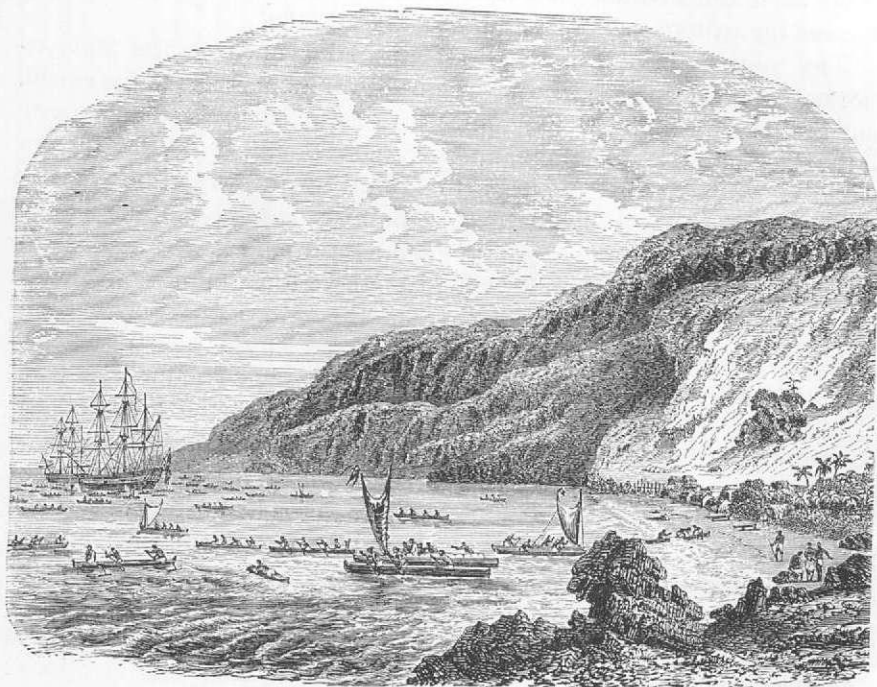
² So called in all the earlier records, but on what authority is unknown. Its only native name is Moorea.

wooded valleys, and its rich fruits and beautiful flowers make it quite a gem of the ocean. Many additions have been made to what were found in the island when Europeans first settled there, and to-day bananas, oranges, cocoa-nuts, bread-fruit trees, yams, sweet potatoes, sugar-cane, pine-apples, and many other fruits abound. A coral reef serves as a breakwater, and shuts out the swell of the Pacific. Inside the reef the water is as quiet and smooth as a lake.

The natives belong to the light-skinned branch of the Malayo-Polynesian race, a people who have spread over many parts of the world, and are to be found in the Malayan Archipelago, in many parts of the Pacific, in New Zealand, and, strangest of all, in the far distant island of Madagascar. Visitors to Tahiti are always struck with the merry, light-hearted, laughing, rollicking character of the inhabitants. They are an easy-going, good-tempered folk. This has its pleasant side, but, on the other hand, has made them morally weak and vicious. In the days of their barbarism they were about as corrupt and impure in thought, speech, and conduct as any nation ever heard of; and even to-day, in the ports, there is gross vice and wickedness.

But we are going too fast, and must return to the *Duff* and her strange cargo. It was not until the 23rd of September that she actually started on her voyage. She had been detained for three weeks at Spithead, waiting for a British man-of-war to see her safely out of the reach of French frigates, for England and France being then at war with each other, it was not safe for a ship to sail alone. A week later she had got far enough away to do this, so she parted from the man-of-war and steered for Rio Janeiro, the capital of Brazil, in South America, which she reached in seven weeks. After a stay of a week she again set sail. Captain Wilson intended to take her to the Pacific by the nearer route round Cape Horn. Once round that terrible Cape, he would have steered to the west, and reached Tahiti in three or four weeks; but so fierce were the gales he met with that his plan had to be given up, and, turning the ship's head, the longer voyage to the east taken instead. This added seven thousand miles to the distance. For ninety-seven days the *Duff* sailed on over the dreary

waste of waters, seeing neither land nor ship. How weary all on board became! How eagerly did they long for the sight of land! One evening the captain bade them be of good cheer, for if the wind changed a little during the night, he thought they would be near an island the next morning. The captain was right, and as soon as

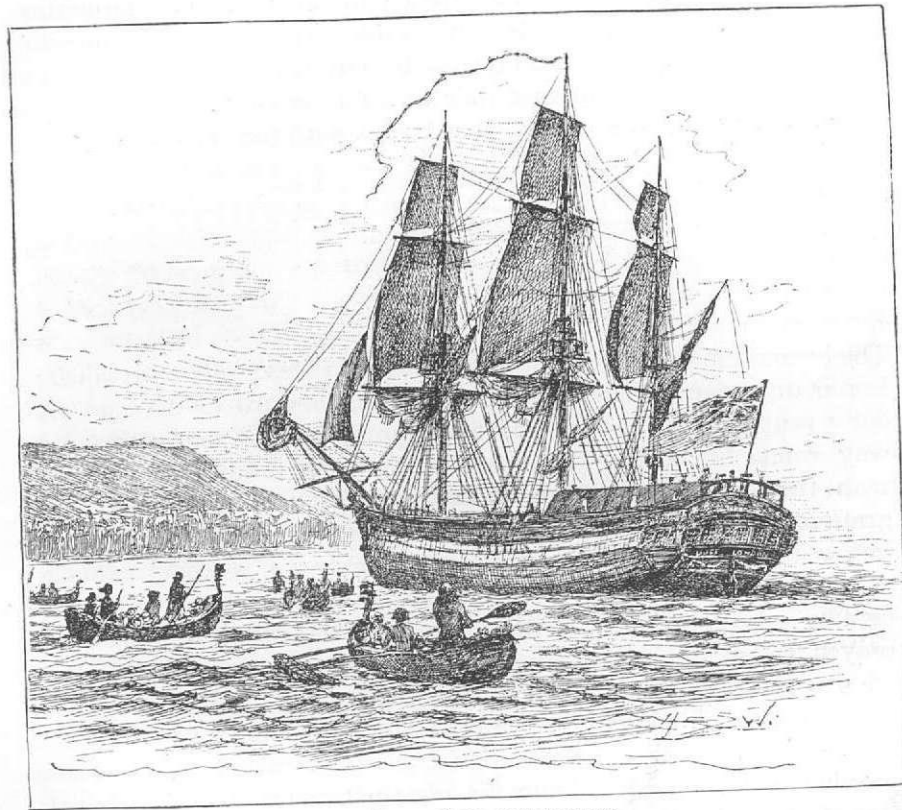


CAPTAIN COOK'S VESSELS AT ANCHOR.

it began to grow light the following day there came the welcome cry from the man at the masthead: "Land, O!" The land proved to be Tubuai, one of the Austral Islands; so passing it the *Duff* still sailed northwards until, on Saturday, March 4th, the lofty peaks of Tahiti came in sight, and the hearts of all were made glad. The next morning, which was Sunday, the ship entered Matavai Bay, on the

north side of the island, and dropping her anchor, ended her long and wearying voyage. That was a red-letter day in the history of missions, a day to be held in grateful memory to the end of time.

As soon as she came to anchor the ship was surrounded by natives.



THE "DUFF" IN THE PACIFIC.

Some in canoes, some simply swimming, they swarmed about her, and were speedily climbing up on to her deck. They were not in the least afraid; indeed, being now used to the visits of foreign vessels, they had come bringing pigs, fowls, fish, and fruit, which they offered for

sale in exchange for knives, axes, and other things they liked. But as it was Sunday no one would buy. Chattering, laughing, and dancing, they roamed all over the vessel, seemed to feel quite at home, and took great interest in all they saw. The missionaries held Sunday service on deck. This seemed greatly to surprise and amuse their heathen visitors, who, of course, were quite unable to understand what they were doing. The singing was the only part of the service that seemed to impress them: that they evidently enjoyed. The hymn the Englishmen sang was the one that begins with the verse:

"O'er the gloomy hills of darkness,
Look, my soul, be still and gaze;
All the promises do travail
With a glorious day of grace!
Blessed jubilee,
Let thy glorious morning dawn."

The hearts of those Christian men and women were full to overflowing. For many months they had been looking forward to that day and daily praying for its arrival, whilst slowly sailing more than half-way round the earth. At last they were off Tahiti, face to face with the people they were to teach the way of salvation. With gratitude to their loving Father, who had had them in His safe keeping, with a yearning desire to lead these degraded, ignorant islanders to His feet, with inward fears, perhaps, as the difficulties of their task became clearer to their minds, they poured forth both praise and prayer, thanking God for His many mercies, and beseeching Him to bless and "establish the work of their hands."

Two Swedish sailors, Peter and Andrew by name, who were able to speak both English and Tahitian, coming off in a canoe, it became possible to let the natives know for what purpose the *Duff* had come. One of these Swedes had been shipwrecked on Tahiti, the other had been left there by a passing vessel. Though white men, they were living just as the natives lived. Several chiefs had come on board. One of them, an old man to whom the others paid much respect, named Haamanemane, was of high rank and great power. He was an aged

chief of the neighbouring island of Raiatea, and high priest to the idol gods of Tahiti. In writing home the missionaries often had something to say about this old man. He was very anxious to make Captain Wilson his "taio," or special friend. This was a custom in Tahiti. People chose one another as friends, made presents to them, and looked for presents in return. Haamanemane thought that the captain of a ship would be a friend of the right sort, from whom he would easily obtain many useful gifts. To humour him, Captain Wilson agreed, and became his "taio." With the help of Peter the Swede and Haamanemane, messages were sent to the king and queen, and arrangements made for a formal landing. This took place on Tuesday, March 7th, though Captain Wilson and one or two of the missionaries had been on shore the day before. A large crowd awaited the party, the king and queen being among them. As the boat neared the shore some of the natives rushed into the water, seized the boat, and hauled her aground; then, taking the captain and missionaries on their backs, carried them dry to the beach. The king and queen were riding on men's shoulders, as they always did when out of their own abode. Whenever they left their house they were carried, and in changing from the shoulders of one man to another were not allowed to touch the ground. The reason for that was very simple. All land that they touched became their own, and as their people did not wish to lose their lands or houses, they were willing to carry them about. The king welcomed the new comers. He and his people were greatly pleased to learn that these white visitors had come to stay. We may be sure that they hoped themselves to be the gainers, that they would often be able to beg and steal, and their island grow richer at the white men's expense. Then, knowing already how much wiser and more skilful than themselves the white men they had seen were, perhaps some of the more thoughtful natives expected to profit by this wisdom, and make it their own. But there was one thing they, at that time, knew nothing about. They did not know that it was from a desire to lead them to God, to bring them "out of darkness into light," and to make them "new creatures in Christ

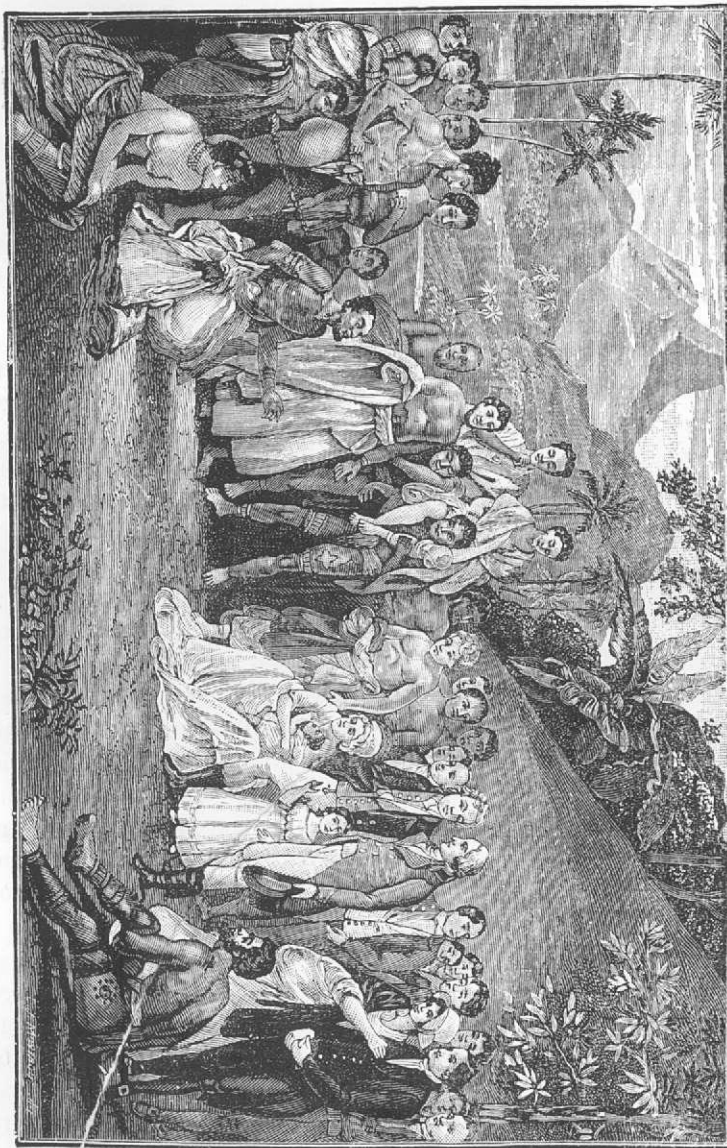
Jesus," that these strangers had left their homes and come so far. For the present that was hidden from their eyes.

To show his goodwill and pleasure, the king, through Haamane-mane, the high priest, granted to the missionaries the use of a large and roomy house, and also handed over to them the whole district of Matavai in which they had landed. The house was 108 feet long by 48 feet broad. It had been built by the king for Captain Bligh, of the *Bounty*, on his visit a few years before, and was called Fare Beritani, *i.e.* British House. A few days later this grant of land was formally ratified, and the event was afterwards made the subject of a painting, an engraving of which appears on the opposite page. Thus the mission in Tahiti, the first of many which the London Missionary Society has had the honour and joy of founding, was fairly begun.

The first week was a busy one, for the house had to be got ready, boxes to be landed, and many things to be done, but by Saturday, March 11th, exactly a week from the day they first sighted the island, the missionaries' wives and children were taken on shore to spend their first night in Tahiti. They were rowed to land in the largest boat the ship had, and a very large crowd had gathered on the beach to see them land. For the first time in their lives the natives saw white women and white boys and girls. They were greatly delighted. At first the king and queen were afraid to come near or to speak to the women, but after a time went with them into their house. The crowd remained outside, and every now and then shouted out a request that the ladies and children might be brought to the door for them to have another peep at them.

The king Otu, his wife Idia, and his father, Pomare, went in their canoe to visit the ship nearly every day. Pomare was very fond of eating and drinking. Once when he dined with the captain he ate the whole of a fowl and two pounds of boiled pork, besides drinking a great deal of wine. The wine was poured down his throat by his servants. He was also a very greedy man, and untruthful. When he made presents it was always with the hope of getting larger ones in return. The first day he went to the ship he took with him four large pieces

CEDEING MATAVAI TO THE MISSION. (From an old engraving.)



of cloth, made of bark, and wrapped them round the captain, also four more as a present from his wife. A few days afterwards he came again with another piece of cloth, but bringing also a large chest. The captain knew that Pomare meant him to fill this chest with presents, but pretending not to know, asked him what it was for. Pomare felt ashamed to tell the truth, so made an excuse, and said that the lock wanted mending. "Take it back to the shore then," said Captain Wilson, "and one of the missionaries, who is a blacksmith, will mend it for you." Poor Pomare was in a fix, but at length, with a smile, confessed: "It is for the presents that you will give to me and my wife. Will you take it to your cabin, that my people may not see what I receive." In the cabin he asked for ten axes, five shirts, eight looking-glasses, six pairs of scissors, six knives, fifty nails, and five combs for himself, and the same number for his wife, besides an iron pot, a razor, and a blanket for his own especial use. The captain gave him all these things, and locked them safely in the box (for there was nothing wrong with the lock), but as he walked about the ship Pomare saw many other things that he wanted, nor was he too modest to beg for them.

Captain Wilson was much cheered by his success, and leaving eighteen missionaries in Tahiti, went on in the *Duff* to other islands. He was absent three months, during which he visited the Friendly Islands, and landed ten missionaries on Tongatabu, an island of that group. There the islanders laid a plot to seize his ship and murder all on board. One night, when the weather was thick, four natives paddled off in a canoe, intending to cut the ship's cable, so that she might be wrecked upon the reef, which was only half a mile astern. But they kept quiet, at a distance from the *Duff*, until midnight, no doubt fancying that they had not been observed. Happily, however, in this they were mistaken. Through the gloom the man on watch had caught sight of the canoe. The crew thereupon prepared to receive the visitors in a way they did not expect. For this purpose a number of cocoa-nut husks were piled up at the ship's bow, and sentinels with quick eyes and brawny arms were

stationed there, eagerly awaiting the expected visit. Bending down, and watching in silence, at length they saw the canoe begin to move towards the *Duff* stealthily and softly, like a crouching tiger. On came the savages, nearer and nearer to the ship, thinking all the time that they were unseen, until the canoe was under the bow, and they were within reach of the cable. Instantly the signal was given to the sailors; up they sprang, and poured down a terrible volley of hard husks upon the unshielded heads and naked bodies of the natives. Though more frightened than hurt, the next moment these all jumped overboard, swimming for their lives, and leaving the canoe a prize to the conquerors. The issue was amusing; but had these men cut the cable, it was Captain Wilson's opinion that nothing could have saved the ship.

From Tongatabu the *Duff* went to the Marquesas Isles, which lie to the north-east of Tahiti, and having surveyed several of these, and placed one missionary on shore, returned to Tahiti. Captain Wilson's intention was to leave two missionaries in the Marquesas, but one of them, it is sad to record, lost heart, and refused to stay. Nothing daunted, his companion, a noble young fellow of thorough missionary spirit, resolved to remain alone. He trusted in God, and God was with him. First at Santa Christina in the Marquesas group, subsequently in Tahiti, this young man—Mr. Crook—did good service for his Master, and as the earliest example of a man willing for Christ's sake to live alone among barbarous idolaters in a small island, his name deserves to be held in esteem.

A nine days' voyage brought the ship back in safety to Matavai Bay, and it was a joy alike to those on board and those on shore to meet once more and report all well. The natives had been friendly, the supply of food ample for all needs, and the health of the entire party all that could be wished. Captain Wilson therefore decided to land the iron, tools, and general supplies for the mission he had brought out with him, and then set sail on his homeward journey. While this work was in progress, his nephew, Mr. W. Wilson, who had come out from England with him, made a tour of the island. A

month thus passed, and then bidding one another an affectionate farewell, the missionaries parted from their kind and honoured friend, the captain, whose face they never saw again. Dr. Graham, the doctor of the mission, made up his mind to return to England. The rest settled down to their new life, and prepared themselves for the serious tasks that awaited them. As the *Duff* sailed away and slowly faded from their sight, they felt cut off from the outside world, and cast upon the guidance, protection, and support of their Heavenly Father. Captain Wilson first coasted along the picturesque island of Huahine, then made for Tongatabu, where he spent nearly three weeks with the missionaries he had stationed there, and finally sailed for Canton in search of a cargo. Successful in this, he returned in safety to the Thames, in which he came to anchor on July 11th, 1798, a little less than two years from the date of his departure for "Otaheite." "We have not," writes Mr. W. Wilson, the captain's nephew, who compiled an account of the voyage, "lost a single individual; we have hardly ever had a sick-list; we landed every missionary in perfect health; and every seaman returned to England as well as on the day he embarked." So ended the first voyage of the first missionary ship.¹

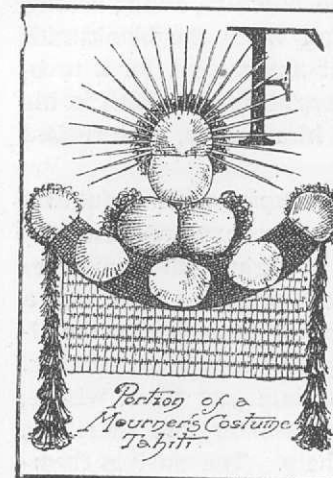
¹ "The return of the *Duff* was hailed by thousands with gratitude and delight. In London and elsewhere special services were held to render public thanks to Him whom wind and waves obey; and it was immediately resolved again to equip and send forth the good ship upon another errand of mercy to the same promising sphere of labour. Many earnest men offered their service as missionaries; and an appeal from the Directors met with such a response, that money and stores came pouring in upon them from all parts of the country. As good Captain Wilson's health would not permit him to undertake this second voyage, he was succeeded by one of the officers of the ship, Captain Robson. So prompt and energetic were the preparations, that on the 19th of December, 1798, the *Duff*, with about thirty missionaries for Tongatabu, the Marquesas, the Society, the Samoan, and the Fiji Islands, under the convoy of the Amphion frigate, set sail from Spithead."—*Missionary Ships*.

The second voyage proved as disastrous as the first had been prosperous, for on February 19th, 1799, when off the coast of South America, the *Duff* fell an easy prey to the French privateer, the *Buonaparte*, and was taken into Monte Video as a prize. After enduring many privations, the missionaries eventually got back to England.

CHAPTER II.

"THE NIGHT OF TOIL."

"Dark places of the earth . . . full of the habitations of cruelty."



OR a time all went smoothly with the missionary party at Matavai. Pomare, the king's father, Otu, the king, Haamanemane, the high-priest, Paitia, the chief of the district, and other men of island renown, vied with each other in showing friendliness and in liberally supplying them with such food as the island produced. As soon, therefore, as the missionaries had made their house comfortable, they began in different ways to fulfil their mission, some at the bench and the forge, others by attempts to learn the language. The former could begin at once. When the Tahitians saw them use their carpenters' tools, cut with a saw eight or ten boards from one tree—two being the largest number they had ever been able to obtain themselves—they were loud in their praises of the skill of the workmen. When from these boards they made tables, chests and other articles of furniture, their delight increased, and they hung around watching, and chattering to each other, their faces beaming with surprise and pleasure. Their pleasure and surprise were greatly increased when to other tasks that of building a boat twenty feet long and of six tons burden was added. Day by day they watched its progress with keen interest. But what amazed them most was the

blacksmith's shop, and their first insight into the mysteries of anvil and forge. They had long been acquainted with the uses of iron, having procured some from a neighbouring island, where it had been obtained from a Dutch vessel that had been wrecked; but they had no idea how it was worked. When, therefore, the heated iron was hammered on the anvil, and the sparks flew among them, they fancied it was spitting at them, and were frightened, as they also were by the hissing caused by plunging it into the water trough; yet great was their delight to see the bar of iron turned into hatchets, adzes, fishing spears, and hooks. Pomare, entering one day when the blacksmith was busy at the forge, after staring in silent amazement for a time, was so impressed by what he saw, that he caught up the smith in his arms, all dirty and hot as he was, hugged him fondly, and rubbed noses with him.

While some of the missionaries were thus occupied with useful arts which at once won the hearts of the natives, others explored the surrounding district, planted the seeds they had brought with them from England, and sought to gain a mastery of the language. This was a difficult thing to do, for they had no books to aid them—even the alphabet had not yet been formed; nor had they any competent teacher. Peter, the Swede, knew a little, and could interpret their wishes, but he was a man of low education and bad character, and therefore, in some ways, more of a hindrance than a help. The natives themselves were the most useful teachers, for, being fond of talking, they would patiently repeat words, tell the names of things the missionaries touched, correct their mistakes, and try to make themselves understood. But, though gradually adding to their knowledge of words and construction, it was not for several years that the missionaries saw their way to settle how to write the language, fix its alphabet, and so, for the first time, reduce to writing one of the many different tongues which South Sea Islanders speak.

In the meantime important changes had occurred. Friendliness on the part of chiefs, and even on the part of the people, did not check their evil habits. They looked with wonder upon their foreign

neighbours, but mingled with wonder were thoughts and feelings of another sort. They were terrible thieves, from the king downwards. His servants were obliged to steal as a part of their daily duty. And others were like them. One day the clothes of a missionary were stolen while he was bathing. The thief was caught, brought to the house, and chained to a pillar with a padlock; but he managed to get away, and, clever rogue that he was, stole the padlock by which he had been made fast. Seeing that the missionaries had so many more things than they had themselves, the people began to carry off all that they could lay hands on, and even went the length of digging holes underneath the walls of their shops, and right through to the inside, in this way making a passage by which they could "break through and steal." Clothing, tools, anything and everything made of iron, were the greatest attraction; but the culprits were not over-nice in their choice, and it was only by keeping a very strict look-out that the missionaries were able to retain any of their property. There was also a threat to attack them. Even Peter, the Swede, was found plotting against them, and their troubles grew thicker as the days went on. So sad at heart did this make them that in March, 1798, a year from the date of their landing, more than half of them left the island in a passing vessel that called, and on reaching Sydney gave up the work.

The rest, however, held bravely on, though their faith and patience were sorely tested. It was two years after they left home before they received their first letters. That was but one of many trials they had to undergo. By no means the least of these was found in the terrible nature of Tahitian heathenism. As this became more clear to the missionaries, their hearts were filled with grief and horror. There was one god who was supposed to protect thieves; and when they were going to steal, they often promised to give him part of what they should get. A man who had been stealing a pig in the night would bring a piece of its tail to Hiro next morning and say: "Here is a piece of the pig I stole last night; but don't tell anybody." There was a large stone in the island, behind which they said Hiro

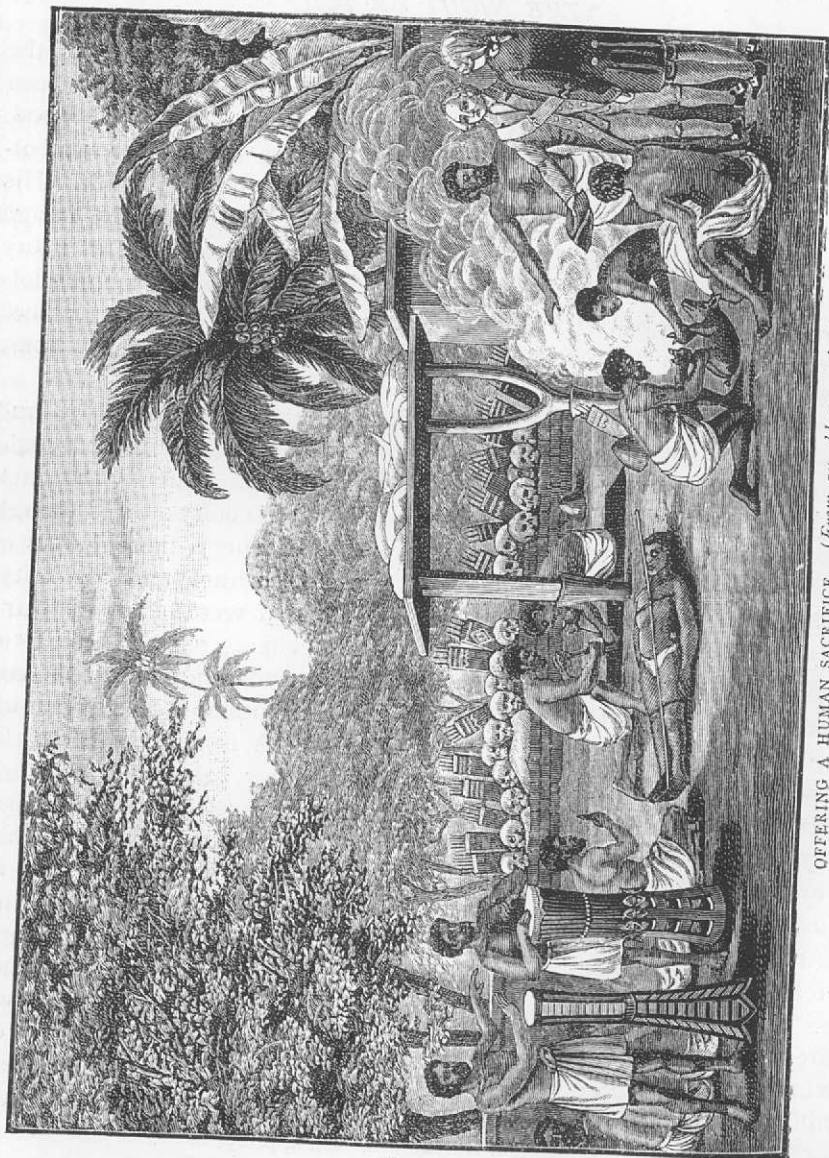
hid himself when he was caught stealing, and was ashamed. With such a god, no wonder that the people were thieves. Then the missionaries found out that many cruel customs prevailed, especially the killing of infants, and the offering of human sacrifices to Oro, the chief god of war. War was supposed to be the favourite pursuit of this deity. Nothing gave him such pleasure as the sight and smell of blood. Victims laid at his feet were always besmeared with their own blood, for only when thus presented would Oro accept them. When war was about to be undertaken, the first act was to offer a human sacrifice to Oro. The image of the god was brought out, the victim slain and presented, and a red feather taken from the idol given to the offerers, who carried it in triumph to their companions, as the symbol of Oro's favour and sanction to the fight. During the war similar sacrifices were made, the number being fixed by the importance of the undertaking in hand, or by the strength of the enemy's forces. Another special ceremony was the building of a house for the gods and spirits, who were supposed to be fighting on their side, to live in. The work was begun and the house completed in a single day, which was sacred to the one task of building it. Nobody was allowed to touch food, no fire was lighted, no canoe launched until the work was finished; and at the foot of the central pillar the body of a man offered in sacrifice was laid. Into this house the images of the spirits and gods were sometimes taken, but more commonly they were left undisturbed in their "maraes" or temples, and only feathers taken from their images placed in the house.

And what were these images? As a rule, the idols of Tahiti, and of the Pacific generally, were shapeless pieces of wood, from one to four or more feet long, covered with cinet of cocoa-nut fibre, and adorned with yellow or scarlet feathers. Oro was a straight log of hard casuarina wood, six feet in length, uncarved, but decorated with feathers. The supreme deity of the island was Taaroa, the creator of the world, the former and father of gods and men. His image, together with many another Polynesian god, has long been a trophy in the museum of the London Missionary Society, and is now exhibited

as a permanent loan from that Society in one of the galleries of the British Museum. It is nearly four feet high, and twelve or fifteen inches broad, carved out of a solid piece of close, white, hard wood. His face and body are studded with small figures intended to symbolise the multitudes of divine and human beings he has made. His body is hollow, the back being in fact a door; and when the image was taken away from the temple at Rurutu, in which for many generations Taaroa had been worshipped, a number of small idols were found lying in the hollow. Most likely they had been placed there in order to receive supernatural powers before removal to some new shrine.

The object of man's worship affects the thoughts, feeling, and character of the worshipper, and such gods as those described could not but darken and degrade the Tahitian mind. "Verily the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty;" and though charming to the eye and marked by beautiful scenery, these jewels of the Southern Seas were the home of gross ignorance and barbarity. Adult murder was sometimes heard of; many were slain in war, others were, as already stated, offered in sacrifice; but the sum total of deaths from these causes combined was altogether over-balanced by those who were killed while young. The practice of slaying infants was general through the South Seas. A few weeks after the missionaries landed Pomare's own wife killed her baby, and was very angry when they let her know that this grieved them. Whether they liked it or not, she said, she should follow the custom of her country. As a matter of course, without shame or any attempt to hide the deed, children were destroyed at the birth. Writing many years later, Mr. Ellis¹ states that the early missionaries reckoned, and later research had confirmed the correctness of their figures, that not less than two-thirds of the children born were killed by their own parents. In many homes the first three infants were killed. Of twins one was always slain. In the largest families only two or three children were to be found, while the numbers that were made away

¹ "Polynesian Researches," vol. i., p. 251 ff.



OFFERING A HUMAN SACRIFICE. (From an old engraving.)

with were twice or three times as many as those that were spared. At the end of thirty years' service as a missionary Mr. Nott gave as his experience that he had not known a single mother brought up in the old heathen customs who had not been guilty of baby killing. But we will not further enlarge upon such horrible and unnatural conduct. It sprang from the evil that belongs to heathenism. The marriage tie was a very loose one, and husbands and wives often left one another; many men had several wives; and men and women alike had no rule of life but their own selfish desires.

Struggling with the difficulties of a language that had never been put into writing, face to face with corrupt and enslaving idolatry, compelled to witness scenes and hear sounds that filled them with sorrow and many misgivings, the band of missionaries faithfully toiled on. In 1800 the building of a chapel was commenced with the king's consent, and Messrs. Nott and Jefferson soon began to give public addresses. This was the first building ever erected on a South Sea Island for the worship of the living God. When it was nearly finished Pomare sent a fish as an offering to Jesus Christ, requesting that it might be hung up in the building, so little did he understand its true character. Two or three small schools were also started. A year or two later some of the missionaries took a tour round the island, and visited all the different villages. They were received with hospitality, and Mr. Nott preached to about three thousand people. But fighting between rival chiefs was frequent, and many of the islanders were in great distress, yet the efforts of missionaries to bring the strife to a peaceful end seemed in vain.

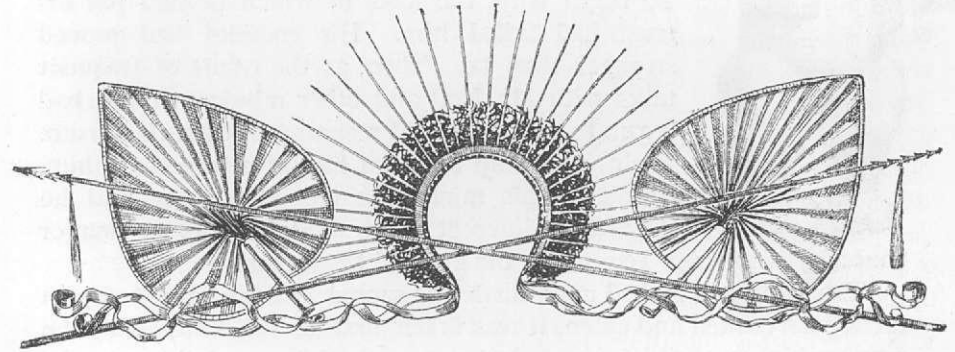
In the meantime they had been anxiously awaiting the return of the *Duff* with letters, supplies, and more missionaries. At the end of 1799 a ship called, from which they heard of her capture, and it was not until July, 1801, that they were cheered by the arrival of the *Royal Admiral*, the vessel which the directors had chartered in her place. The same ship that brought them the disappointing tidings about the *Duff* carried also a letter telling them that three of their brethren on Tongatabu had been murdered, that the rest had been obliged to

flee, and that the mission there was broken up. In after years the work was begun once more, and under the Wesleyans, carried on with success; but for a time Tonga seemed closed against the gospel.

By the year 1805 the brethren in Tahiti knew enough about the language to enable them to settle how to write it, and to prepare a reading primer; they had also made a small vocabulary. Still they were in the greatest difficulty. None of the natives seemed to care for the message of salvation, while, owing to war between Great Britain and France, no letters or boxes of clothes and provisions reached them. *For five years they had neither!* Indeed, it looked as if the first mission of the London Missionary Society were about to end in complete failure. Some catechisms and spelling books had been prepared, and were sent to England to be printed. But in 1808 war again broke out between King Pomare and other chiefs, whereupon about half of the remaining missionaries left Tahiti, thinking it useless any longer to stay. To make matters worse, Pomare was defeated, and the rest of the missionaries, who had taken refuge in the camp, fled to the neighbouring island of Moorea for safety. The mission buildings at Matavai were then burnt by the rebels, their gardens and plantations were destroyed, their cattle seized, and all the property which they had been unable to carry away with them was stolen. Some of the brethren left Moorea for Huahine, where others had previously gone, and there carried on work for a time; but most of them sailed for Sydney on the first opportunity. Several then gave up the work. Mr. Nott, however, remained with Pomare. Mr. Hayward also joined him from Huahine.

The night was at its darkest in 1810. Seemingly all the efforts put forth had been in vain. But it was not so. "Be not weary in well-doing; for in due season ye shall reap, if ye faint not." So wrote the Apostle Paul, and his words are true for all ages. In 1811 the first streaks of dawn began to appear. Mr. Bricknell, who had been to England, returned to Australia, bringing a wife with him. He also brought four ladies, three of whom soon married missionaries. These then went back to Moorea, and by the beginning of 1812 there were in

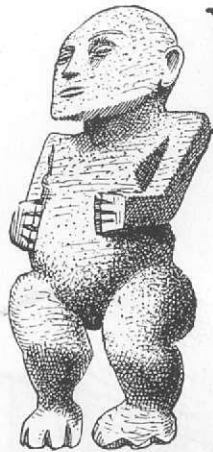
the island Mr. Nott, Mr. and Mrs. Bricknell, Mr. and Mrs. Hayward, Mr. and Mrs. Davies, Mr. and Mrs. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, and Mr. Henry. Not only was there a good staff of workers, but the work itself was about to grow greatly. The night of toil was ending; the dawn of a new day was about to set in.



CHAPTER III.

THE OVERTHROW OF IDOLATRY.

"And the idols He shall utterly abolish."



KING POMARE, that is Otu, son of Pomare I., more generally known as Pomare II., was in trouble. As we have seen, many of his subjects were in open revolt against him, and as an exile from his own island he was living in Moorea. His troubles softened his heart. To begin with, the idols in which he had put his trust had failed him. His enemies had proved stronger than he. Then, as the result of frequent talks with Mr. Nott and other missionaries, he had begun to grasp the real meaning of Christian truth. Their friendship for him had also impressed him. Gradually his mind was receiving light, and he showed in different ways that he was no longer bound by his former regard for the gods of his fathers.

The Tahitians looked upon turtles as sacred animals, and before a turtle was cooked and eaten, it was taken first to the king and then sent by him to the idol temple to be roasted with sacred fire. In the spring of 1812 a turtle was caught, and the king's servants were for carrying it to the temple as usual; but Pomare called them back, and told them to cook it in his own oven, just as they cooked other food, and said that he would have it for his dinner. The servants thought that he was either out of his mind, or was joking; yet, finding him to be in earnest, they were obliged to obey. As the king eat the turtle, the servants and others stood round in great terror, expecting him to be seized with a fit, or to drop down dead. Pomare asked them to join

him at the feast, boldly telling them that the gods could do them no harm; but they were all much too frightened to do so, and still expected to see him punished for his conduct. He was, however, none the worse for what he had done, and his faith in the power of the idols was still further weakened.

On the 18th of July, 1812, Pomare had a serious talk with the missionaries, which filled their hearts with praise to God. He came to them of his own accord and began in this way: "You do not know the thought of my heart, nor I yours, but God does." He then went on to say that he wished to be baptized, as he had made up his mind to serve Jehovah and to follow the guidance of Jehovah's servants, and he finished with the words: "I want you to pray for me." That was welcome news for the missionaries to hear, but they "rejoiced with trembling." One of them at once made answer: "We have never ceased to pray for you, and it would indeed make us happy to see you give your heart to God. As soon as we feel sure of this we will gladly baptize you." Pomare again fell back upon the thought that God knew what was in his heart: "You do not know my heart, nor I yours; but he who made men, knows their hearts and whether they speak truth or falsehood to each other." When, however, the missionaries pointed out to him that it was not the custom to baptize heathen people until they had first been carefully taught, the king agreed to wait and to leave it with them to say when they thought he might be baptized.

But as a token of his earnestness he begged that if he could not be baptized, he might be allowed to build a large chapel to take the place of the one they were then using, which was certainly too small. He said too that he had been speaking to Tamatoa, the king of Raiatea, and to Tapoa, the leading chief of Raiatea, urging them also to give up their idols and turn to the living God, but that they had refused, saying: "You may do as you like; as for us, we mean to keep to Oro." Pomare seemed to be thoroughly sincere, and the missionaries "thanked God and took courage." Still they thought it wise to wait for a time and watch for the signs of a true change of heart. The

new chapel was hardly begun before Pomare was called back to Tahiti. Two chiefs came over and told the king that, if he returned, they would try to get the dispute between him and his people settled, and a lasting peace secured. When the missionaries heard of this, and saw Pomare depart, they feared lest he should yield to evil habits once



A BRIDE ADORNED FOR HER HUSBAND.

more and forget his promise to obey God. Happily, their fears were groundless, for the letters that the king wrote to them showed that the Spirit of God was working in his mind and making him feel that he was a sinner needing pardon at the hands of his Maker. He grew anxious also about the things he had to do as king. At one time he had been ready to kill any one who made him angry; now he began to wonder whether it was right to kill even thieves who had been caught stealing cloth and books. Nor did he in any way

try to hide the fact that he had given up faith in idols, and had become a worshipper of Jehovah. Many of his followers laughed at him for becoming a Christian; others told him in scorn that this was the cause of all the trouble they were having in the island. The gods were angry, they said, because he had ceased to treat them with proper

respect. As the missionaries heard of these things they could no longer doubt that Pomare was a "a new creature in Christ Jesus," that "old things had passed away and all things become new." The king had lived a very wicked life in the past: he had been a bad man; but Christ had come to save sinners, and Pomare was feeling the power of His grace and love. Not only so; others were coming to the light. God's faithful servants had thought that their past labours had all been in vain, but were now learning that they were mistaken. Their words, and more powerfully still their godly lives, had set many a Tahitian thinking. They had "sown in tears," now they were to "reap in joy."

The people in Moorea, where they were for the time living, were quite ready to listen to their teaching. Tidings also came over from Tahiti that there too men were beginning to seek after God. This joyful news made them decide to send two of their number across to see whether the report was true. Mr. Scott and Mr. Hayward were chosen for this mission. Landing in Tahiti, they spent the first night in a native hut. Early in the morning they rose and each walked into the bush near to find a quiet spot in which to pray. Native houses had but one room, and privacy was unknown. As Mr. Scott was thus engaged, to his great surprise he heard the voice of a native speaking as it seemed to him in prayer. Quietly drawing near to listen, he heard a Tahitian lifting up heart and voice in praise to the only living and true God. It was the first time that on Tahiti itself he had heard a native pray, and tears of joy filled his eyes as he listened. At first he wanted to rush out and throw his arms around the Tahitian's neck and claim him as a Christian brother; but checking himself, he allowed him to go away, and then, kneeling down himself, he poured out his soul in adoration and thanksgiving to the great Father above, whose Spirit had at last brought a Tahitian to Himself. Afterwards they found out that this man's name was Oito (subsequently it was changed to Petero), and that he and another called Tuahine,¹ who had acted as his teacher,

¹ Tuahine became one of the most devoted and useful of native Christians. He helped Mr. Nott in his work of translating the Bible into the Tahitian, and afterwards

both of whom at one time had lived with the missionaries as servants, were known to have given up idols and many evil habits. Several more had joined them, until there was quite a band of them, chiefly lads and young men, who without any missionary to guide them, were wont to find their way into lonely valleys and woods, and there spend their Sundays in prayer and quiet talk together about God.

Mr. Scott and Mr. Hayward went round the island of Tahiti preaching the gospel to the people. But before they started they wrote to their brethren in Moorea, to tell them the joyful tidings about these young men. "Behold he prayeth" were the words with which the Lord sought to show Ananias that Saul, the persecutor, was a changed man; and this letter telling of young Tahitians who were praying to God sent a thrill of gladness through the hearts of good Mr. Nott and his companions when they received it. For sixteen weary years some of them had been longing for such a token of God's presence and power. Tears of happiness rolled down their cheeks as they read the cheering words. God had heard their cry, and at last was sending them the very answer for which they had prayed. After their tour of the island the two missionaries went back to Moorea; and as Tahiti was a very wicked place and greatly disturbed with rumours of war, and as they wished to give their newly-found converts fuller teaching and guidance, they asked them to return with them to Moorea and there attend school. Tuahine, Oito and the rest were only too glad to follow this good advice, and so the entire party set sail.

Very soon after this a great move forward was made. For some time the missionaries had known that there were a good many of the natives who were desirous of turning from "dumb idols" to serve the living God, and they thought of a plan by which they might find out who they were. The chapel which Pomare had ordered to be built was ready for opening, and although the king himself was in Tahiti and could not join in the opening services, it was set apart for the worship of God on Sunday, July 25, 1813. The missionaries had did the same for Mr. Williams. He was for many years Mr. Williams's right hand at Raiatea.

built a small chapel for their own use soon after their arrival at Mata-vai, and of course had always kept up Sunday services, to which some of the natives came, but the chapel at Moorea was the first ever raised in the South Seas for native use. There are hundreds of such chapels all over the Pacific to-day connected with the different missionary societies which are at work there; but that at Moorea, built by the express desire of Pomare II., was the first; and although many later ones



NATIVES FISHING.

would put it to shame for size, style, and appearance, its honour is all its own.

On the day of opening, at the close of the evening service, Mr. Davies gave notice that a meeting would be held the next morning for all who were willing to cast away their idols. These were specially invited to come and have their names written down in a book. Forty natives came on the Monday morning. After singing and prayer, Mr. Nott gave them an address explaining yet more fully what the object of the

meeting was; and why they wanted them to give up idolatry and boldly show that they had done so. Each native was spoken to personally, and thirty-one of them agreed to have their names recorded. Among the first of these were Tuahine and Oito. Others said that they no longer trusted in idols, indeed that they had given them up, but that they did not wish to have their names written down. The thirty-one were asked to come together often for further teaching, and thus the foundation was laid for a South Sea Island Christian Church. Eleven others soon joined the thirty-one, among them being the young chief of Huahine, and another man, who, as chief priest of Huahine, had been one of the chief pillars of idolatry.

A few months later, on January 16th, 1814, one of the greatest enemies of the gospel died. This was Idia, the king's mother. She had always been friendly to the missionaries themselves, but was bitterly opposed to their teaching. Heathen thought, heathen worship, heathen customs were her delight, and her power over the people was very great. Her death made a great difference to many. While she lived they had been afraid to confess themselves Christians, but as soon as she was dead they came out boldly. That same year (1814) Mr. Nott and Mr. Hayward paid a second visit to Raiatea, Huahine, and Borabora. They had been there once already, but that was several years before. A change was now manifest. Then they had sown the seed of truth, but the ground was hard, and none of the seed seemed to spring up. They had great difficulty too in getting hearers. On their second visit they were received with marked interest and favour. The Raiateans and their neighbours gladly came together to hear them, and listened to them with the greatest willingness and attention. Indeed it was becoming clearer every day that the islanders at length were beginning to understand and care for that message of mercy and love, of goodness and truth, which the missionaries had come so far to deliver. Later on in the same year, after Mr. Nott and Mr. Hayward had gone away, a brig, which had on board as one of its passengers another of the missionaries named Wilson, drifted to Raiatea, Tahaa, and Huahine, and was kept among these islands for three months by

contrary winds. Mr. Wilson thus had a grand opportunity for preaching to the people. Large crowds of people gathered to hear him. Pomare was on board the same vessel and added his influence to that of the missionary in an endeavour to persuade the islanders to become Christians.

But we must hurry forward. To relate all the incidents of those early days would be a pleasure, if we had space in this little book for such a long story. There are, however, two events that must be narrated, namely, the burning of idols in Moorea, and the victory of Pomare over all his foes, followed as this was by his public baptism.

The people of Moorea were more and more anxious to be taught the Word of God. More than three hundred had now given in their names, and there was a school with three hundred scholars, most of whom were grown-up people. These met every day. None had as yet been baptized; indeed Pomare was unwilling to have any of them baptized before himself. That was selfish on his part. After an absence of two years he had returned to Moorea; but while in some ways a convert to Christianity, he did not fully satisfy the missionaries, so they still waited.

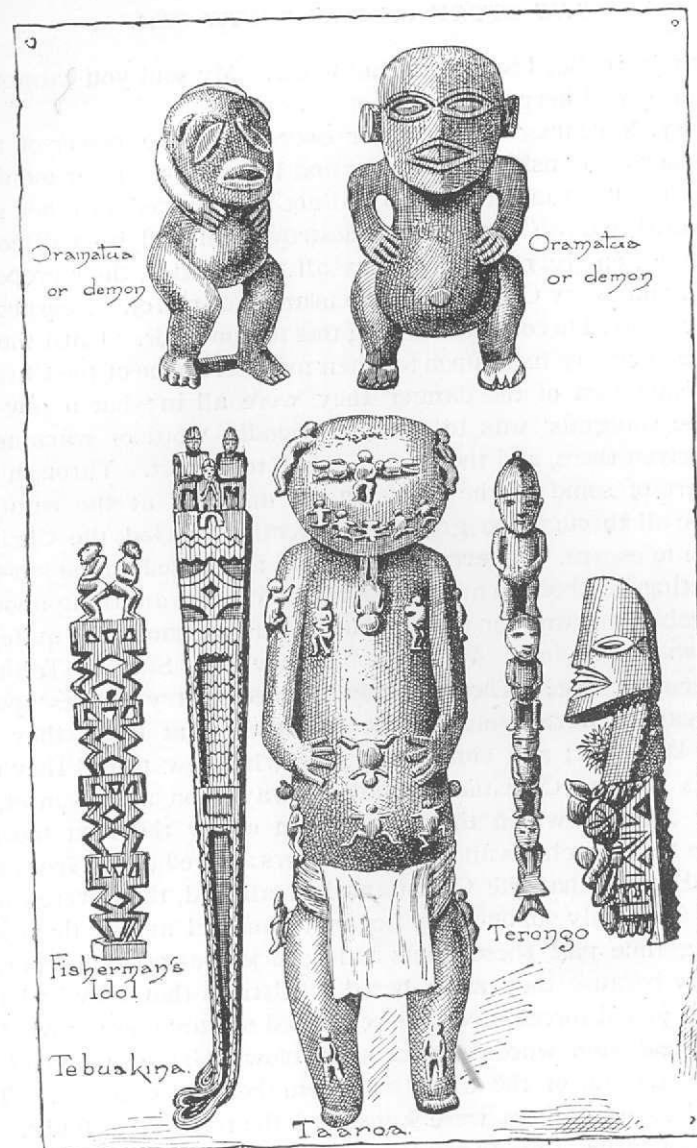
Just then a wonderful thing took place. This was in the year 1815. Coming home one evening along the sea-shore after a visit to a chief, to whom with his people he had been preaching, Mr. Nott was followed by a priest named Patii, who had charge of the idol temple in the district of Moorea in which the missionaries were then living. This priest had been listening to Mr. Nott's sermon, and now seemed anxious to speak to him about something. To the missionary's great surprise Patii said: "To-morrow evening I shall burn the idols under my care." Mr. Nott made answer: "I am afraid you are jesting with me. You know that we wish to have the idols burned, and you speak thus because you think it will please me. I can scarcely believe what you say." "Don't be unbelieving," said Patii, "wait till to-morrow, and you shall see." After this they talked all the way home about Jesus Christ and His salvation. When Mr. Nott met his brethren, he told them of what the priest had said. They

were filled with gladness; at the same time they doubted whether Patii would dare carry out his purpose, and feared that if he did the heathen might attack him and the Christians.

Patii, however, meant what he had said, and the next morning, with the help of some of his friends, was busily occupied collecting wood near the sea-shore. In the afternoon they split the wood up and then piled it in a great heap near the temple in which the idols were kept.

By evening a large crowd had gathered together, for everybody had heard of what the priest was going to do. Missionaries, native Christians, some of them filled with fear lest the heathen should kill them, idolaters from the whole district round, and Patii himself—all were assembled near the heaped-up fuel. Just before sunset Patii ordered some of his helpers to light the fire. Then, going into the temple, he brought out the idols. This he had often done before, but for a very different purpose. He had no words of praise for the idols now, nothing to ask in their honour. Spreading them in a row, he stripped off the fine fibre and mats with which they were bound, and tore off the red feathers by which they were adorned. Then taking the idols one by one in his hand and calling out its name, giving a short history of its supposed power, and saying how sorry he was that he had ever worshipped such blocks of wood, he threw them one after another into the flames. Just as the sun went down the last of Moorea's heathen gods was burnt to ashes by the very man who had been their keeper, but had found out what helpless logs they were.

The heathen were awed. Some of them still thought that the gods would quickly punish Patii for his wickedness, but most of them felt convinced that those gods had no power at all. Others followed the priest's example and burned their own family idols. On the other hand, many of the heathen grew very bitter. They saw that the religion of Jesus was becoming strong, and wanted if possible to check its progress. They began therefore to ill-treat the native Christians, some of whom lost their lives. One young man died most bravely, saying to the crowd of angry idolaters who had resolved to offer him in sacrifice and were thirsting for his blood: "You may be allowed



POLYNESIAN DEITIES.

to kill my body, but I am not afraid to die. My soul you cannot hurt; Jesus Christ will keep it safely."

Sunday, November 12, 1815, for ever broke the power of the old heathen party and ushered in a new and better day. Four months before the Christians in Tahiti who had not already fled to other islands were obliged to do so, for a plot to destroy them had been discovered. At midnight, on July 17, they were all to be killed, their property to be seized, and every Christian in the island got rid of. Neighbouring chiefs were asked to come and help in this foul murder. Until the evening of the very day fixed upon for their massacre none of the Christians had the least idea of the danger they were all in; but a few hours before the slaughter was to begin a friendly word of warning was secretly given them, and they knew what to expect. Through delay on the part of some of the chiefs in not arriving at the right time, and above all through the gracious protection of God, the Christians were able to escape. At eventide they had assembled on the sea-shore. This meeting had been arranged before they knew anything about the plot. Probably it was for prayer, but of this we cannot be quite sure. No time was to be lost. What should they do? Stay in Tahiti and be murdered, or flee? They quickly decided to try and escape, and as their canoes were lying on the beach close at hand, they were instantly launched; and simply carrying what few things they could lay hands on, the Christians paddled away soon after sunset, and made for Moorea, which they reached in safety the next morning. When the heathen chiefs and their followers arrived at the spot agreed upon, and found that the Christians had all fled, they were greatly enraged. Not only so, but they began to quarrel among themselves. For a long time past these chiefs had been jealous of each other, and it was only because they alike hated Christians that they had for a brief space joined forces. Now they blamed one another for what had happened, and from words soon came to blows. Those who had proposed the slaughter of the Christians were the chief sufferers. Their leader and several others were killed and the rest put to flight. For some weeks after this there was continual fighting between the

different districts, and Tahiti appeared to be farther from peace than ever.

Those weeks were like the darkest hour before the dawn. The missionaries in Moorea welcomed the Tahitian Christians who had joined them. Their work had grown. Four hundred people had given in their names as Christians, and there were between six and seven hundred pupils in the school. But for the want of books there would have been many more. Tahiti alas! was still in darkness, but God had heard their prayers before, and would hear them again. So they set apart a day for fasting and prayer, and besought the Lord to turn the hearts of their enemies. They had often appointed days for the like purpose when there were no natives to join them; now hundreds of natives gladly spent the day with them. Together they pleaded on behalf of Tahiti, and entreated God to save it from its ignorance and wickedness.

The answer came sooner than any of them expected. It came first of all from Tahiti itself, for some of the heathen, growing tired of the tumult and disorder, sent across to Moorea to beg the chiefs to come back. They went; Pomare went with them; and a number of Christians from Huahine, Raiatea, and Borabora joined them. There were about eight hundred of them in all. When they reached Tahiti they saw a crowd of people drawn up on shore, armed with spears and guns, who forbade their landing and fired several shots. Pomare would not allow any guns to be fired in return, but instead of this sent a flag on shore with an offer of peace. Messages passed to and fro, and at last the king and those with him were permitted to land. It was at best but a patched-up peace that had been arranged. Pomare knew this quite well, so kept careful watch.

On Sunday morning, November 12, as Pomare and his friends and followers were gathered together for worship, his old enemies once more came forward and attacked him. He was not unprepared for this, for although he did not know that that particular day was fixed upon, he knew that there would be another battle, and that most likely it would be upon a Sunday. He had therefore placed watchmen at

different points to keep a sharp look-out. Just as they were about to begin the service, shots were heard, and looking out of the building, they saw an army of heathen people approaching, carrying a flag in honour of the idols. "It is war, it is war!" the Christians exclaimed.

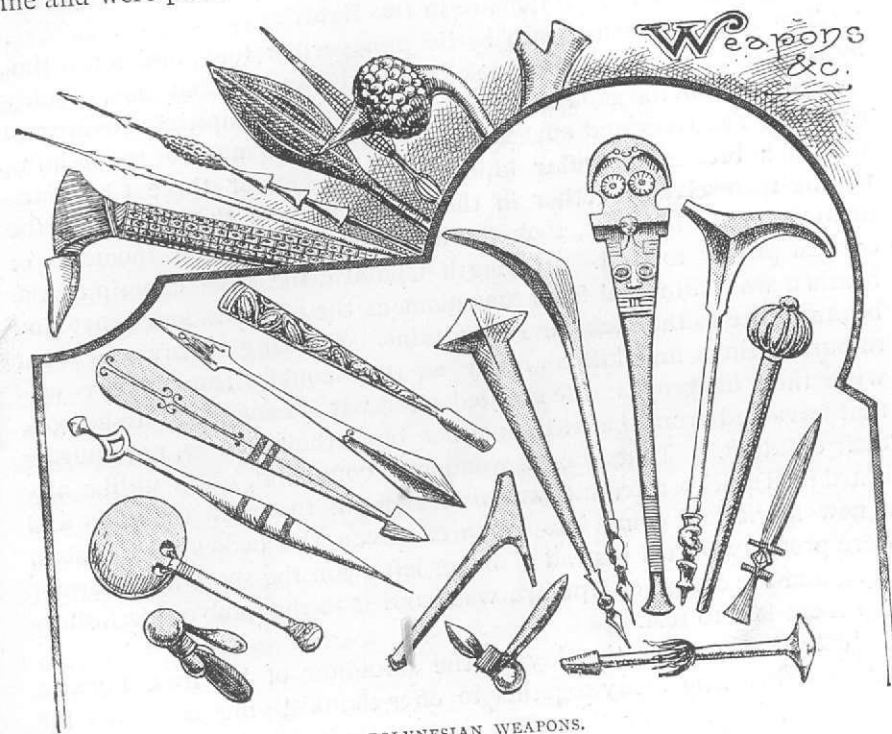


A TATOOED WARRIOR.

Some of them had brought their arms with them to the service; others began to rush off to fetch theirs. But Pomare stopped them. He begged them all to remain quietly in their places until the service was finished, at the same time assuring them that God, in whose name they were gathered together, would certainly protect them. A teacher named Auna gave out a hymn, which all joined in singing. He then read a passage of Scripture from one of the small books the mission-

aries had got printed—that was long before the Tahitian Bible that has since done so much for the islanders was in their hands—and after that a prayer was offered to the King of kings in whom they put their trust. The service over, the people who were unarmed went to their tents for their weapons.

The fight took place on the sand of the sea-shore and among the trees that grew on its edge. Many of Pomare's followers had not yet become Christians, and not knowing how these might act, he placed them in the centre or at the rear. His trusty men formed the front line and were posted at other points of danger and importance. Con-



POLYNESIAN WEAPONS.

spicuous among the warriors was Pomare Vahine, the queen's sister, a tall strong woman, who wore a curious helmet covered with plates of a beautiful spotted cowrie shell, and a kind of armour made of twisted cords of native flax. On one side of her was her faithful Christian servant Farefau; on the other a tall manly chief who was related to her,

a chief whose wife in her heathen days had killed no less than twelve or thirteen of her own children. Pomare took his station in a canoe with a number of men armed with muskets, who fired into the enemy on the flank. Near the king was another canoe in which was a swivel gun worked by an Englishman called Joe, who had come up from Raiatea specially to help Pomare in this fight.

The heathen rushed into battle in a perfect fury, and for a time by the force of their onset shook the Christian line, but this, quickly rallying, stood its ground firmly, and finally completely overcame the foe. The trees and bushes were so thick that much of the fighting was of a broken irregular kind, and often two or three Christians finding themselves together in the woods, none of the enemy for the moment being in sight, took the opportunity for a few moments of earnest prayer to God. At length Upufara, the chief captain of the heathen was slain, and from that moment the idolaters lost heart and began to flee to the rocks and mountains. The king's army was about to pursue them and kill as many as they could. But Pomare was wiser than his people. He shouted out: "It is enough. Pursue none that have fled from the battle, neither burn their houses, nor murder their children." That was a wonderful command, quite unlike any heard in Tahiti before, and was a clear proof that new thoughts and a new spirit had come into Pomare. Even the bodies of the slain were properly buried instead of being left upon the shore as in former days, and the corpse of Upufara was carried to the tomb of his fathers and there laid to rest.

Instead of ending the day in the slaughter of his foes, Pomare gathered his little army together to offer thanksgiving unto God for His protection, and for the great victory He had granted. Then he sent a chosen band of followers, among them being Farefau, to destroy the idols. They were ordered to go straight to the temple of Oro, and destroy it and all that belonged to it. They did as they were commanded, and on reaching Oro's temple at Tautira told the keeper for what purpose they had come, and also of the result of the war. No one dared stop them, so first of all firing at the small house in which

the idols were kept, and shouting out: "Now, ye gods, if ye be gods, and have any power, come forth and avenge the insults which we offer you," they next pulled the house down, and cast the idols into the fire. Oro himself was not destroyed, but only his trappings. This god, to whom so many victims had been offered, was but a pole of hard wood, about as thick as a man's leg, and rather longer than a man's height. The pole was carried in triumph to Pomare and laid at his feet. And what did he do with it? Why, he had it fixed up in his kitchen as a post into which he fixed pegs for hanging his baskets of food upon! Finally, it was chopped up for firewood. In this way did idolatry come to an end in Tahiti and Moorea.

Pomare's clemency did as much to subdue his enemies as his bravery and skill in battle. The people who had fled to the mountains sent secretly at night to see what had been done to their wives and children. They expected, as a matter of course, that they would all be slain, and at first could not believe the news brought back to them that they were alive and unhurt, and that none of their houses had been destroyed. Getting bolder, they found their way back to their homes, and were allowed to settle quietly in them. They went to the king and begged for mercy and forgiveness, and they had not to beg in vain. They now saw how good the God that Pomare served must be. "We had done everything to offend the king," they said, "and yet when he had it in his power to destroy us, he freely forgave us." By common consent, and with a heartiness never before shown, the entire island now made Pomare king, and found true pleasure in obeying him.

As soon as possible after the battle, Pomare sent a messenger in a canoe to tell the missionaries in Moorea of his great victory. The man he chose for this duty was formerly a priest and a great warrior. When his canoe drew near to the shore of Moorea the missionaries and their pupils hurried towards him, hope and fear struggling together in their minds. The chief was seen standing on the prow of his light skiff-like craft, which came dashing through the spray and gliding along upon the crests of the waves until it touched the shore. Leap-

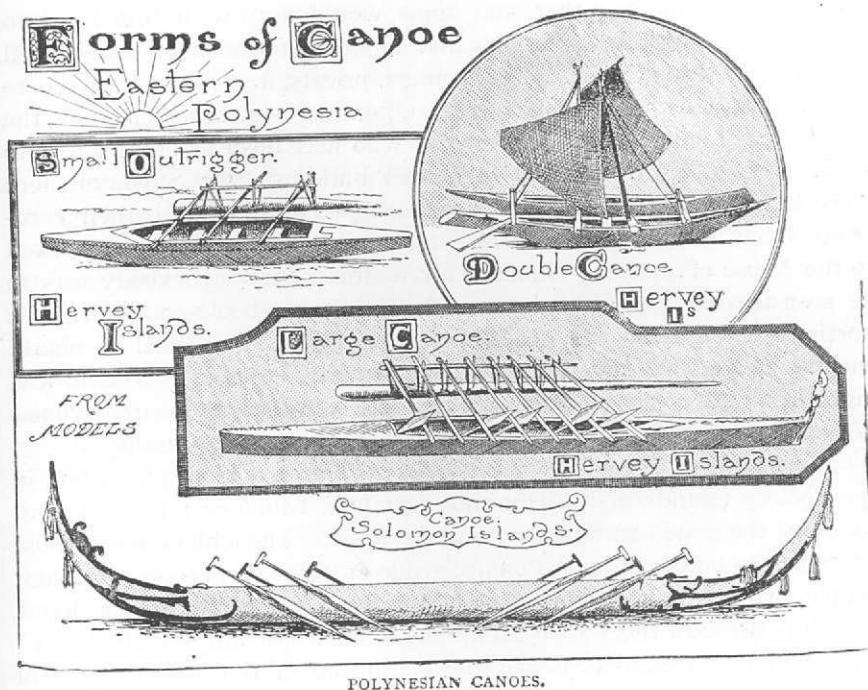
ing to the sand, spear in hand, before a question could be asked, he exclaimed: "Ua pau! ua pau! i te bure anae"; "Vanquished! vanquished! by prayer alone!" At first his hearers could scarcely believe the news, but as he related at length the story of what had happened they burst into grateful praise to God for this wonderful conquest of His enemies.

The chief idols had perished; the smaller ones met with a like fate. A time of great excitement followed. Family gods, gods belonging to special districts, gods of all sorts, were destroyed. "Maraes," or altars, temples, sacred stones, were pulled down, and in a few months not an idol was to be seen. The very men who had been loudest in their praise set to work to demolish them, and, not content with this, sent messengers to the king and his Christian friends asking for instructors who would teach them to read and how to worship the true God. Schools and chapels were built; the Lord's Day was kept as a day of rest and worship; three services were held each Sunday all over the island; and some of the worst heathen customs, such as child-murder, were given up. The preachers were all too few for the work to be done, so at many of the services the people usually only prayed, or listened to passages read from one of the Scripture readers the missionaries had prepared. Some were unable to pray themselves. For their guidance prayers were written out. Here is one which Pomare himself wrote and often read in the different chapels he visited:—

"Jehovah, Thou God of our salvation, hear our prayers, pardon Thou our sins, and save our souls. Our sins are great, and more in number than the fishes in the sea, and our obstinacy has been very great, and not to be equalled. Turn Thou us to Thyself, and enable us to cast off every evil way. Lead us to Jesus Christ, and let our sins be cleansed in His blood. Grant us Thy good Spirit to be our sanctifier.

"Save us from hypocrisy: suffer us not to come to Thine house with carelessness, and return to our own houses and commit sin. Unless Thou dost have mercy upon us, we perish; unless Thou dost save us, unless we are prepared and made meet for Thy house in heaven, we are banished to the fire, we die. But let us not be banished to that unknown world of fire. Save Thou us through Jesus Christ, Thy Son, the Prince of life; yea, let us obtain salvation through Him.

"Bless all the people of these islands, all the families thereof. Let every one stretch out his hands unto God and say: Lord, save me; Lord, save me. Let all these islands, Tahiti with all the people of Moorea, and of Huahine, and of Raiatea, and of the little islands around, partake of Thy salvation.



"Bless Britain, and every country in the world. Let Thy word grow with speed in the world, so as to grow faster than evil. Be merciful to us, and bless us, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen."

That was Pomare's prayer. He had learned both how to pray and what to pray for. Of course he still knew but little about the new re-

ligion he had accepted, but he did understand that he was a sinner, and that God alone could save him. The missionaries came over from Moorea and went round the island of Tahiti to see with their own eyes what changes had taken place. Mr. Nott was the first to go. Five years before he had been obliged to flee from the place for his life. Now wherever he went he found the people eager to hear. Of their own accord they came together, and some would stay with him far into the night asking him questions and listening to what he had to tell them about Jesus Christ. Aged chiefs, priests, and warriors were to be seen seated, spelling-book in hand, on the school benches, by the side of some happy-faced boy or girl who was busy teaching them to read. Others were engaged in chapel building. On Sundays there were larger gatherings, not of men alone, as at the old heathen ceremonies, but of women also. Mothers, wives, sisters, daughters flocked to the house of prayer. In fact, for a time nearly everybody was to be seen there. The difficulty was to find lesson-books and Scripture portions enough for the needs of the crowds who wished to obtain them. There were two thousand seven hundred spelling-books in use, eight hundred copies of Scripture passages, and many *written* copies of the Gospel of Luke; but what were "these among so many"?

Not in Tahiti alone was this glorious change taking place, but in the Society Islands also. Huahine, Raiatea, Tahaa and Borabora all followed the good example that had been set. The chiefs from those islands who had fought on Pomare's side either sent messages to their people, or, on their return home, themselves took the work in hand, and thus through the entire group the idols were "utterly abolished." The destruction of idols is but the beginning of the difficult task of bringing heathen nations out of darkness into light; still, it is a beginning, and should therefore beget gratitude to God.

Pomare sent most of his family idols to the missionaries, giving them liberty either to burn them, or to send them home to England. They decided to ship them to England. With the idols the king sent a letter, of which the following is a translation:—

"FRIENDS,—

"May you be saved by Jehovah and Jesus Christ our Saviour.

"This is my speech to you, my friends.



POMARE'S IDOLS.

"I wish you to send these idols to Britain for the Missionary Society, that they may know the likeness of the gods that Tahiti worshipped. These were my own idols, belonging to our family from of old, and when my father died he left them to me. And now, having

been brought to know Jehovah, the true God, He is my God, and when this body of mine shall fall to pieces in death, may the Three-One save me. This is my shelter, my close hiding-place, even from the anger of Jehovah. When He looks upon me, I will hide me at the feet of Jesus Christ, the Saviour, that I may escape.

"I feel pleasure and satisfaction in my mind; I rejoice, I praise Jehovah, that He hath made known His word unto me. I should have gone to destruction if Jehovah had not interposed. Many have died, and are gone to destruction, kings and common people; they died without knowing anything of the true God, and now, when it came to the small remainder of the people, Jehovah hath been pleased to make known His word, and we are acquainted with His good word, made acquainted with the deception of the false gods, with all that is evil and false. The true God Jehovah, it was He that made us acquainted with these things. It was you that taught us; but the words, the knowledge, was from Jehovah. It is because of this that I rejoice, and I pray to Jehovah that He may increase my abhorrence of every evil way. The Three-One, He it is that can make the love of sin to cease; we cannot effect it; it is the work of God to cause evil things to be cast off, and the love of them to cease.

"I am going a journey around Tahiti to acquaint the people with the word of God, and to cause them to be vigilant about good things. The word of God does grow in Tahiti, and the people are diligent about setting up houses for worship; they are also diligent in seeking instruction, and now it is well with Tahiti.

"That principal idol, that has the red feathers of the Otuu, is Temeharo; that is his name. Look you, you may know it by the red feathers. That was my father's own god, and those feathers were from the ship of Lieutenant Watts;¹ it was my father that set them about the idol himself. If you think proper, you may burn them all in the fire; or, if you like, send them to your country for the people of Europe to see them, that they may satisfy their curiosity and know Tahiti's foolish gods!

* * * * *

"May you be saved, my friends, by Jehovah and Jesus Christ, the only Saviour by whom we sinners can be saved.

"POMARE, KING OF TAHITI, etc., etc.

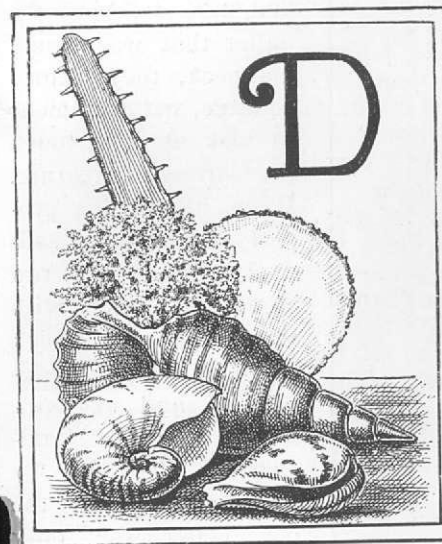
"TAHITI MOTU TA,
February 19th, 1816."

¹ The *Lady Penrhyn*, which visited Tahiti in 1788.

CHAPTER IV.

SPREADING OUT.

"The isles shall wait for His law."

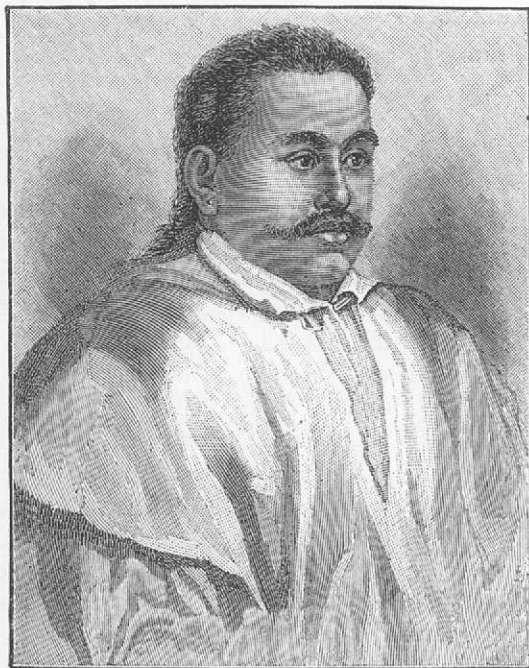


URING the year 1817, and at the very time that throughout the entire group there was a willingness to listen to the Christian teacher, eight new workers reached Tahiti. It thus became possible to scatter among the islands and so spread the light of the Gospel. The first to arrive was William Ellis,¹ then a young man of twenty-two. With him was his wife, their baby, and the child's nurse. Later in the year came the seven others. Among them were three missionaries who in one case for forty-three, and in the two others for forty-eight years, were spared to labour through a long career in attempting to raise the islanders to a better and higher life. These were David Darling, Charles Barff, and George Platt. Last, but by no means least, was the large-hearted,

¹ Mr. Ellis did not long remain in the South Seas. The serious illness of his wife compelled him to return home at the end of seven years. But though his stay in the Pacific was a short one, he has, through his writings, done more than all his brethren to provide us with a record of the early history of the mission. Were it not for his carefulness in observing, inquiring about, and narrating facts, the story would have been almost lost. In later life he rendered like service to the Madagascar mission.

enterprising man, John Williams, about whom these pages will have much to relate.

The ship which brought Mr. and Mrs. Ellis, brought also a horse as a present to Pomare, the landing of which caused great alarm. Many of the people fled in terror, hid behind rocks, or climbed up trees, to get away from the terrible animal. But seeing a sailor go



POMARE II.*

quietly up to the horse and take hold of the halter that was round his neck, they gained courage, and drew near to look at and touch the strange creature. When, after being properly bridled and saddled, the horse ran along the beach with the captain on his back the Tahitians were delighted, and at once called him "a land-running pig," and "a man-carrying pig," the pig being the only four-footed animal with which they could compare him. Pomare came on board, and Mr. Ellis gives us the following

description of him—"I was struck with his tall and almost gigantic appearance; he was upwards of six feet high, and seemed about forty

* From a portrait taken by an artist attached to two Russian ships of discovery that visited Tahiti shortly before Pomare's death, and excepting a little undue prominence in the forehead, stated by the Rev. W. Ellis to be a good likeness.

years of age. His forehead was rather prominent and high, his eyebrows narrow, well defined and nearly straight; his hair, which was combed back from his forehead and the sides of his face, was of a glossy black colour, slightly curled behind; his eyes were small, sometimes appearing remarkably keen, at others rather heavy; his nose was straight, and the nostrils by no means large; his lips were thick, and his chin projecting. He was arrayed in a handsome *tiputa* of native manufacture. His body was stout, but not disproportioned to his height; and his limbs, though well formed, were not firm and muscular."

The ship, having touched at Tahiti, went on to Moorea, where a hearty welcome awaited the new comers. Not the missionaries only, but the chiefs and people also, received them with great gladness, bringing presents of food, which they piled in three heaps, one for Mr. Ellis, one for Mrs. Ellis, and one for the baby! The school-house was early visited. The first Sunday on shore was much enjoyed. A prayer meeting at sunrise, at which not fewer than four or five hundred people were present, began the day; morning service followed, then English service; and, later on in the day, a second native service. All of these were well attended, and the quiet behaviour of the people was everything that one could wish.

One great need of the mission was a printing press. A few copies of the spelling book, printed in England, had been taken to the island six years before, and others, as already mentioned, together with brief summaries of the Old and New Testament, had been obtained from Sydney since; but some hundreds of the natives who had learned to read were still without a book of any kind. Many had learned the little books by heart, and could repeat them correctly from beginning to end. These naturally longed for some new specimen of the printer's wonderful art. In dozens of families, where all were scholars, there was but one book in the house. People living in the other islands were even worse off. Some of them wrote out the whole of the spelling book on sheets of writing paper; and others, unable to get paper, prepared pieces of native cloth with great care, and then, with

a reed dipped in red or purple dye, wrote out the alphabet, spelling and reading lessons on these pieces of cloth which had been made from the bark of a tree. In the same way they wrote out texts of Scripture, and carried them about with them.

In view of this need the directors had sent out a printing press, and one of the first things Mr. Ellis did was to arrange for setting up this press and getting it to work. A site for a printing office was chosen, a building erected without delay, and to secure the firm flooring necessary for working the heavy press, one or two "maraes," or heathen altars, were pulled down, and the great slabs of smooth basaltic rock found in them dragged to the new building, and there laid side by side as a part of the printing-office floor. Pomare was greatly interested in the progress of this building, and specially begged that, when they were ready for making a start with the wonderful new machine, he might be sent for. He came from the other side of Moorea, where at the time he was staying, and with him came a crowd of chiefs and their followers.

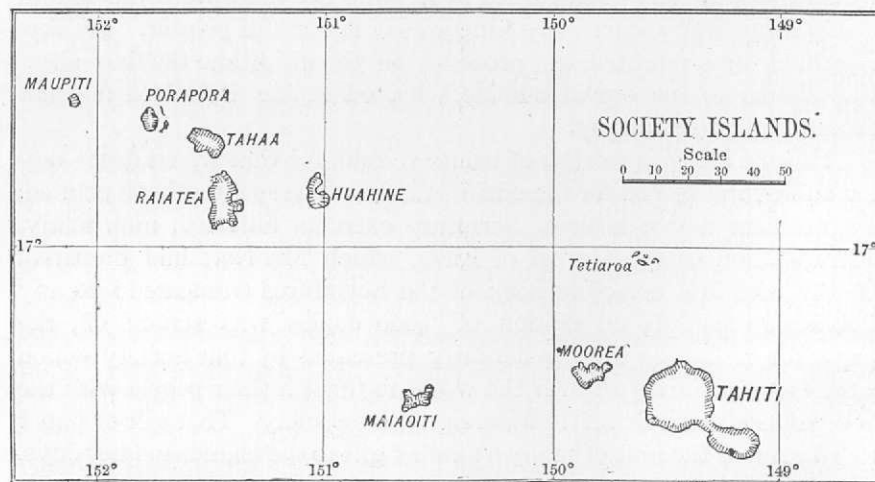
Taking the composing-stick in his hand, Mr. Ellis, seeing how earnestly Pomare was looking at the shining type, asked the king if he would like to set the letters. Yes, it was the very thing he wanted to do. The first book to be printed was the spelling-book, which the Tahitians called the Ba-ba. Pomare, composing-stick in hand, began with the capitals A B, and got through the alphabet; then set up the same in small letters, taking each letter out of its own compartment in the type case, and finished the first page with a few lines of single syllables. He was delighted with his work, and was eager at once to print the page; but when it was explained to him that not until the other pages to complete the sheet had been set up could this be done, he arranged that he should again be summoned when the sheet was finished. For nearly three weeks he had to wait, but almost every day came to see how things were going on. At last, on June 30, 1817, the first sheet was pulled off. Pomare was attended by only two of his favourite chiefs, but crowds of natives, who had heard of what was to happen, had gathered about the doors. These made way

for him. The door was then closed, and one of the windows darkened, so that he might not be overlooked by the people outside. He carefully examined the form as it lay on the press, and was told by Mr. Ellis exactly how to go to work. The printer's ink-ball was placed in his hands and he struck it two or three times upon the face of the letters; he then placed a sheet of clean paper upon the parchment; this was covered down, turned under the press, and Pomare pulled the handle. It was all a mystery to him and his companions. What would that pull do? All rushed to see, and lo! there were the letters black, large, and clear. The king was a successful printer. He was delighted, and repeated the process. In the meantime the first sheet was shown to the crowd outside, who, on seeing it, raised a great shout of surprise and joy.

This old story is worthy of being re-told, for that was a great day for Tahiti, and indeed for the entire Pacific. The spelling-book printed, a catechism and a book of Scripture extracts followed, and, lastly, a translation of the Gospel of Luke, which Mr. Nott had prepared. Of this, the first complete book of the Scriptures translated into any Polynesian tongue, an edition of 3,000 copies was struck off, the paper for it having been generously presented by that Society which enables missionaries all over the world to furnish their people with the Word of God—the British and Foreign Bible Society. That gift of paper to Tahiti was the first of many a similar gift to the islands in later days.

The fame of the printing press spread rapidly, and from all parts of Moorea, and even from other islands, strangers flocked as to a fair. The beach was lined with their canoes, the native houses were crowded to excess with visitors from a distance; temporary huts had to be built as the houses were too few for their accommodation, while as for the printing office it was daily crowded. Thronging the doors, climbing upon one another's backs, blocking up the windows, there the strangers were, all eager to see with their own eyes the marvellous machine of which they had heard. Book binding was a yet more difficult task than book printing, for the missionaries had brought with them only a small quantity of boards or skins. But an old pro-

verb says that "necessity is the mother of invention," which means that when people are in difficulty they think of ways for conquering their difficulty; and so it was in this case. The bark of a tree, the skins of any and every animal (dogs, goats, cats) to be found in the island, and everything else that could be used, were sought out, and very soon the natives were clever enough to bind their own books. The eagerness of the islanders to obtain copies of the Gospel of Luke was most striking. Often from thirty to forty canoes were to be



seen lying on the beach, each of which had brought five or six persons intent on buying a Gospel. It was impossible for a time to keep pace with the demand, and some would-be buyers had to wait patiently for five or six weeks before they could get their copies.

One evening, about sunset, Mr. Ellis saw a canoe arrive from Tahiti with five men in her. They landed on the beach, lowered their sail, hauled their canoe up on the sand, and then came straight towards him. Meeting them at the door of his house, Mr. Ellis asked them what they wanted. *Luka*, or "Luke," *Te Parau na Luka*, or

"The Word of Luke," was their prompt reply, and pointing to some bamboo canes filled with cocoa-nut oil, they said they had brought these as payment for the books. Mr. Ellis told them that he had none ready for them that night, but that if they would come to him in the morning, he would give them as many as they needed. "Go," said he, "to one of the houses near, and seek shelter for the night, and come back to me to-morrow." Bidding them good-night, he retired thinking, of course, that they would do as he had suggested; but on looking out at sunrise the next morning, what was his astonishment to see these five men quietly lying on the ground in front of his house, their only bed being a few cocoa-nut leaves, their only covering their large native cloth. He hastened out and asked them if they had been there all night. Yes, they had, for said they in explanation: "We were afraid that, had we gone away, some one might have come before us this morning, and have taken what books you had to spare, and then we should have been obliged to return without any." Mr. Ellis at once took them into the printing office, and as soon as he could put the sheets together gave each one a copy. They then asked for two copies more, one for a mother, the other for a sister, for which also they had brought payment. He gave these also. Each wrapped his book up in a piece of white native cloth, put it in his bosom, wished Mr. Ellis good-morning, and without, he says, either eating or drinking, or calling upon any one in the settlement, hastened to the shore, launched their canoe, hoisted their mat sail, and steered for home. That, he adds, was but one of many such examples of eager desire to become the possessor of the Scriptures.

For a long time the missionaries in Moorea had been at work building, with Pomare's aid, a seventy-ton fore-and-aft schooner, but until the advent of the party of fresh helpers, especially John Williams, they had not been able to finish it. The iron work had baffled them. The new arrivals set to work with a will, the more so as it was decided that they should not separate to the different islands until the schooner was finished. In a few weeks the vessel was ready for launching. She was named the *Haweis*, in honour of Dr. Haweis,

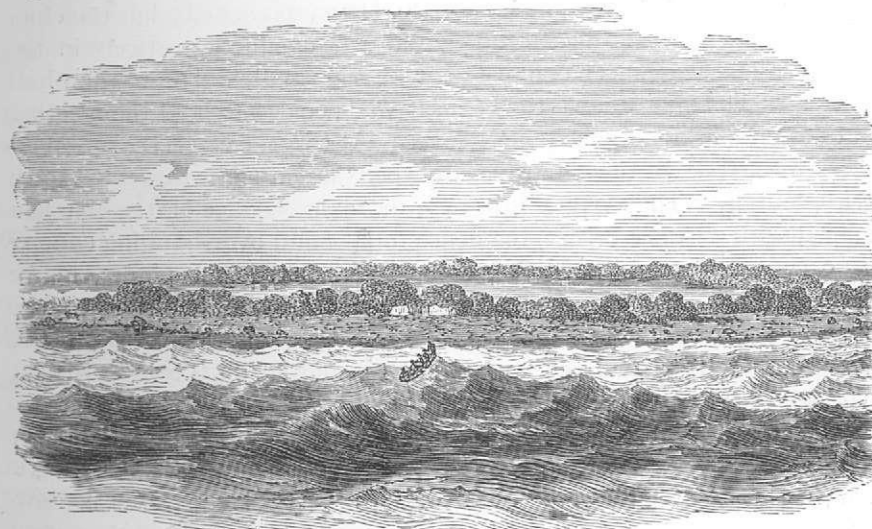
the steady friend of the mission, and one most of all responsible for its establishment. A slight accident made the first attempt to launch her a failure. Pomare, in naming her, so startled the natives on one side of the vessel that they let go of the ropes, and she fell over on her side. She was, however, got into position once more, and was then safely and successfully launched. The *Haweis* was rigged and used for carrying the missionaries and their families to their stations, but after one or two voyages to Australia she was sold, being altogether too costly for mission purposes, and eventually became a trading vessel between Sydney and Tasmania.

The missionaries were about to scatter. Other islands needed their guidance and presence: they were ready to go and settle in these. But before separating they had one important duty to fulfil. They clearly saw that if the gospel was to spread throughout the Pacific Ocean, the natives who had already heard its joyful sound must themselves be taught to spread it. Unless the islanders could be made to feel that it was as much their duty to share the blessings of salvation with those not yet enjoying them, as it had been the duty of British Christians to share those blessings with themselves, the work would advance but slowly. They therefore wished in some special way to bring this thought home to the hearts and consciences of their converts. In this they were wise. More than that: looking back upon the history of the South Sea Mission, as we are able to do, we can easily see that that band of faithful missionaries were verily "taught of God," and acted under the direct guidance of God's Spirit. The tree they planted in 1818 has borne the richest fruit, and in no part of the world have Christian people shown a truer missionary spirit, a greater readiness to give to missionary collections, or a more constant desire to hand on to others the good news of salvation than in the mission stations of the Pacific. The Christian natives have freely given themselves, their sons and their daughters, the produce of their plantations, and their money, so that the heathen not yet reached might receive the Word of God.

After talking the matter over among themselves, the missionaries

took Pomare into their confidence, and asked him what he thought of starting a native missionary society. The king at once approved, and lost no time in speaking of it to others. This was how he set to work. Among his chiefs was a godly man named Auna. Addressing him one day, Pomare said:

"Auna, do you think you could collect five bamboo canes of oil in a year?"



A CORAL ISLAND.

"Yes," was the prompt reply.

"Do you think you could afford to give so much for sending the Word of God to the heathen?"

"Yes," was again the answer that Auna gave.

"Do you think that those of us who value the gospel would think it a great labour to collect so much oil every year?"

"No," answered Auna, "I do not think we should."

"Very well, then," said Pomare, "think the thing over, and perhaps we can form a society for this purpose."

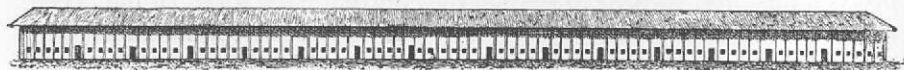
Shortly after this a private meeting of the king and missionaries was held for drawing up rules for the new society, and on May 13, 1818, on the very day that the London Missionary Society was holding its annual meeting in England, a large public assembly gathered at Papetoai in Moorea to found a Tahitian Missionary Society. Two prayer meetings, one in the English language, and one in the native, had been held in the early morning; these had been followed by an English morning service, at which Mr. Henry preached; but the chief meeting was held in the afternoon, and was conducted entirely in the Tahitian language. The chapel proving too small, and more than half of the people being unable to get in, it was decided to hold the meeting out of doors in a neighbouring grove. At three o'clock the missionaries walked down to this grove, and there saw a sight that filled them with delight. The clear bright sky, the calm surface of the sea just ruffled with a gentle breeze, the dense foliage and over-hanging canopy of cocoa-nut and other trees, creepers, and tropical plants, many of them in full bloom, the carpet of ferns, all lent a charm to the scene. Seated on trunks of trees, on blocks of wood, or on the ground, were thousands of natives decked out in native or European clothing. Near one of the large cocoa-nut trees, whose fine trunk looked like a pillar supporting the roof of interlacing branches above, was a wooden stand upon which Mr. Nott took his place. Before him, in a large arm-chair, sat Pomare, dressed in a fine yellow tiputa, stamped over the left breast with a rich and elegant scarlet flower instead of a star. A chief sat on the king's right, his secretary on his left. A number of the chiefs, with the queen and leading ladies of the court, sat near. Most of them wore native garments, the ladies, however, having added a sort of bonnet made from the leaves of the cocoa-nut, and being ornamented with wreaths of sweet-scented flowers round their necks or garlands of the same in their hair.

A solemn and earnest service followed, Mr. Nott, the preacher of the day, taking as his text the words of Philip to the eunuch, and the eunuch's reply: "Understandest thou what thou readest?" "How

can I, except some man should guide me?" (Acts viii. 30, 31.) Pomare followed with a vigorous speech, urging the people to form a society for spreading the gospel, but warning them against agreeing to do so unless they were in their hearts convinced that this was right, and were further prepared to give of their own free will. As he drew towards the close of his address he asked those who from their hearts agreed to his proposal to raise their right hand, whereupon between two and three thousand naked brown arms were at once lifted up. The sight of those uplifted arms, raised now on behalf of peace and goodwill as formerly they had been on behalf of war and evil, greatly affected the missionaries, and filled their hearts with thankfulness to God. Indeed as the sun sank to rest that evening and the assembly broke up, missionaries and natives alike were deeply impressed with the day's proceedings, and seemed to realize that a great step forward had been taken. And they were right. The example then set was followed elsewhere, not perhaps in the formal founding of societies on an English model, but in spirit and general aim, and has made South-Sea missions to a large extent self-supporting and self-propagating.

Before leaving Tahiti for a time to follow the workers in their removal to other islands, we had better here refer to one or two incidents of special interest connected with Tahiti itself. For many months Pomare had been busy building an immense new chapel at Papao, which was only four miles from Matavai, where the missionaries first settled. This building, called the Royal Mission Chapel, was so large that the missionaries were sure that it would be of little use, and they did their best to dissuade the king from his purpose to build it. But all in vain. Pomare was ambitious. He had read of King Solomon's temple, and wished to have a house of prayer something like that. Besides, as he argued, their heathen altars and idol temples had cost them much in hard work, time, and self-denial, and why should not a Christian chapel cost the same? He therefore kept to his plan, made his chiefs and people cut and carry timber, gather and prepare leaves for thatching, coral, pebbles, and other material for the walls, make the doors and windows, and build, thatch, and ornament the building.

Mr. Ellis, in describing it, says that when he remembered how little training in such work the Tahitians had had, how rude their tools were, and how great the quantity of material required was, he could not but be astonished at the result. The chapel was 712 feet long, by 54 feet wide, proportions which of course spoiled the effect that the size might otherwise have given. Added to this the roof was low; so that as regards appearance the chapel was a dismal failure. There were 36 large bread-fruit tree trunks supporting the centre of the roof, and 280 smaller pillars supporting the wall plates. The walls outside were made from planks of the bread-fruit tree fixed in square frames, and either planed or rubbed smooth with coral and sand. For windows there were 133 openings provided with sliding shutters, and the number of doors was 29. The roof was thatched with pandanus leaves,



POMARE'S ROYAL CHAPEL. (From a model in the Society's Museum.)

the rafters being bound together with braided cord, coloured with native dyes. The ceiling was covered with fine matting, and the floor with dried grass. From end to end the building was furnished with simple rough forms. Two very strange things were to be seen in this royal chapel: the first, a stream of water five or six feet wide, flowing across it in a slanting direction; the other, three pulpits, placed nearly 260 feet apart. The stream, which flowed down from the mountains to the sea had not been noticed when the chapel was begun. To have turned it aside in another direction would have given the people so much extra labour and trouble that they left it as it was, contenting themselves with placing a grating at each side under the walls, through which it might flow. The three pulpits were required because of the chapel's great length, and on the opening day—Tuesday, May 11, 1819—were all used at the same time. Great crowds of visitors from all the neighbouring islands had flocked to the ceremony. Their tents lined the beach for a distance of four miles. Seven thou-

sand people gathered in the chapel, and these grouped themselves as three distinct congregations around the three pulpits, leaving a space between. A minister stood in each of the pulpits. Mr. Darling, who was in the middle pulpit, gave out a hymn in a voice that all could hear, and the three congregations joined in singing it. Then each minister read Luke xiv. to the people around him, and afterwards prayed; and though three voices were speaking at the same time, the size of the chapel was so great that they did not interfere with one another. The three sermons began at the same time. Mr. Darling's text was, "I will make them joyful in my house of prayer" (Isa. lvi. 7); Mr. Platt chose "And yet there is room" (Luke xiv. 22); while Mr. Crook preached from, "In all places where I record My name I will come unto thee and bless thee" (Exod. xx. 24). The three sermons ended, the entire congregation joined in another hymn, then a short prayer from each minister brought the service to a close.

The next day the people met together again to hear three sermons on behalf of their Missionary Society. In the afternoon they heard three more. Gifts of different kinds poured in—pigs, arrow-root, cocoa-nut oil, matting, and fibre. Pomare put his name down as *a yearly subscriber of eight hogs!* One other meeting in the Royal Chapel was held that week. It was for the purpose of proclaiming the laws by which in future Tahiti was to be governed. The chapel seemed to be the most suitable place for gathering the people together, and as their new laws were intended to be in accordance with the teaching of Scripture, they thought it right to have them proclaimed in the house of prayer. The missionaries were present, but beyond opening the meeting with reading and prayer, took no part in it. Pomare standing in the central pulpit and looking around upon his assembled people, began by putting a question to a chief named Tati, brother and successor of the man who had been the leader of his enemies four years before.

"Tati," said the king, "what is your desire? what can I do for you?"

Tati, who sat nearly opposite the pulpit, rose and said: "Those are what we want, the papers you hold in your hand, the laws: give them

to us, that we may have them in our hands, that we may regard them and do what is right."

Pomare put a like question to a good chief named Utami, and in an affectionate manner said: "Utami, and what is your desire?"

"One thing only is desired by us all," was the reply, "that which Tati has said—the laws which you hold in your hand."

After questioning the other chiefs and receiving from each a similar answer, Pomare read eighteen laws against murder, theft, rebellion, and other kinds of wickedness; and after each law had been distinctly read and explained, he said to the chiefs: "Do you agree to this law?" and the chiefs made answer: "We heartily agree to it." The king then asked the people also if they agreed to it, and told them if they did to lift up their right hands. They instantly obeyed, and so great was the number, and so prompt the action, that a rushing sound was made by the arms thus suddenly raised. When the king came to the law about people who rebel against the sovereign, he stopped as if he would pass it over, for he remembered all the trouble he had had with his rebellious subjects in days gone by. Yet when he had read the law, Tati, who had been one of the greatest rebels, quite a ringleader among them in fact, jumped up from his seat, and not satisfied with holding up one hand, raised both and asked the people to follow his example which they promptly did. What a change had come over the islanders!

On the following Sunday Pomare was baptized. He had long desired this, but in spite of his zeal and evident earnestness he had so many serious faults that the missionaries had hesitated. Now, however, they felt more satisfied about him, and agreed to baptize him. Three sermons were preached that morning from the same text: "Go ye, therefore, and make disciples of all nations," etc. (Matt. xxviii. 18-20), and after the sermons the eight missionaries present gathered around Pomare who was seated near the middle pulpit. A hymn was sung, special prayer offered, and then Pomare standing up, Mr. Bicknell, one of the first missionaries brought by the *Duff*, mounting the pulpit stairs in the sight of all the people, poured water on his head

and baptized him. The venerable missionary then addressed the king, and in feeling tones and words urged him to walk worthy of his high calling, and to remember that the eyes of men as well as the eyes of angels and of God were upon him.

Pomare's example was quickly followed. Throughout Tahiti, Moorea and the rest of the group some hundreds soon sought baptism. These were carefully taught the meaning of the rite, and on giving satisfactory proof of their sincerity were baptized together with their children—parents with their boys and girls, some of whom were old enough to run about, being received together. "So mightily grew the Word of God and prevailed."

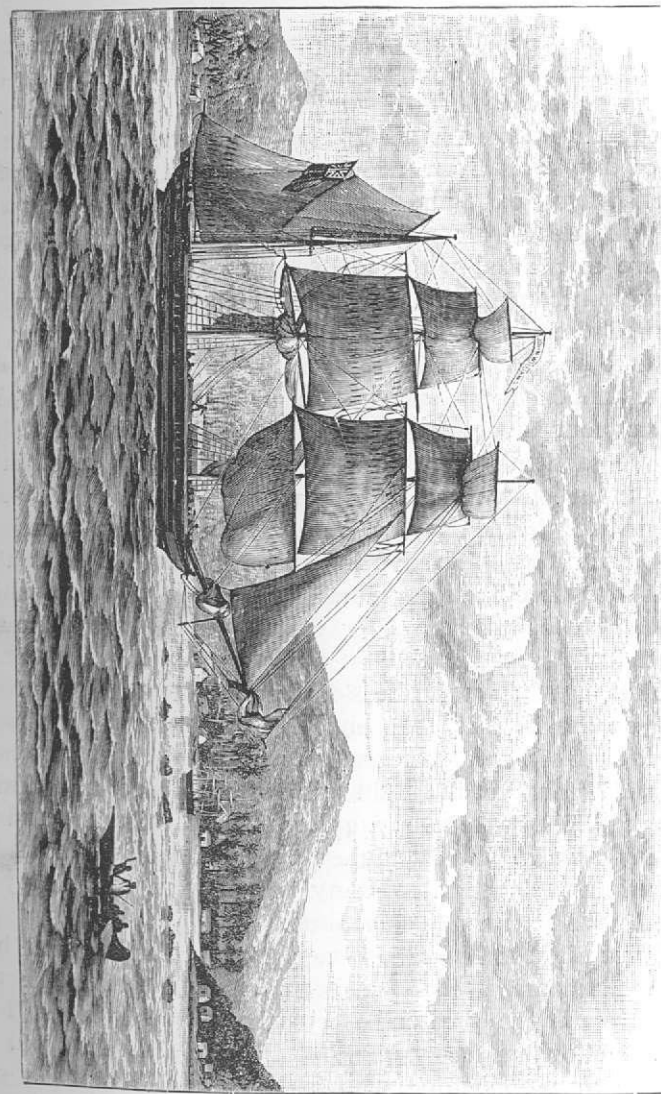
Two years and a half afterwards Pomare died from dropsy and elephantiasis, at the age of forty-seven, and his death plunged all Tahiti into grief. Missionaries, chiefs, and people alike mourned his loss. He was very far from perfect, indulged in low vices at times, was jealous, exacting, and treacherous, and yet in many ways showed his sincere regard for Christian teaching and his true friendship for the missionaries who taught him. He had stood by them in times of great darkness, and to him the mission owed much of its success. God used Pomare, weak and sinful though he was, for bringing great blessing to those picturesque yet degraded islands, and his name will be honoured for many a long day yet to come.

To return to our story and to retrace our steps to the year 1818, we have now to tell of the progress made in the Leeward or Society Islands—Huahine, Raiatea, Tahaa, and Borabora. On June 18, the *Haweis*, having taken on board the printing press and all belonging to it, the goods of the missionaries who were leaving, and some cattle, finally received as passengers Mr. Davies, Mr. and Mrs. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Orsmond, Mr. and Mrs. Ellis, and a number of the leading chiefs, and then set sail. On the evening of the next day she safely reached Huahine. Some of the party landed, but the rest remained on board. Nine years before, when the times were troublous, some of the missionaries had lived in that island for nearly a year, and since that time idolatry had come to an end, and a native chapel had been

built by the islanders, who wished to imitate the people of Tahiti, although ignorant of the true nature of Christianity. On the morning of the next day, June 20, the *Haweis* dropped anchor in Fare Harbour, a beautiful spot which charms all visitors. Lofty mountain peaks in the background, richly wooded valleys and the low-lying ground fringing the shore, rich with groves of stately bread-fruit, graceful cocoa-nut and various flowering trees, the gleaming white coral rock, fine sand and delicate shells upon the beach, the bright blue sky reflected upon the peaceful waters of the bay—who can wonder at the praise freely poured out in Fare's honour by those who have witnessed its loveliness! To-day it contains many good houses, and its inhabitants are civilized men and women, but when the missionaries first landed it was very different. A few native huts were visible; there were not more than a dozen in the district, and guiding their light canoes, or leisurely strolling beneath the shade of the branching trees, their owners might every now and again be seen. They were still rude and untaught, their only clothing a girdle of cloth loosely bound around the waist and a wreath of leaves to protect their heads from the sun.

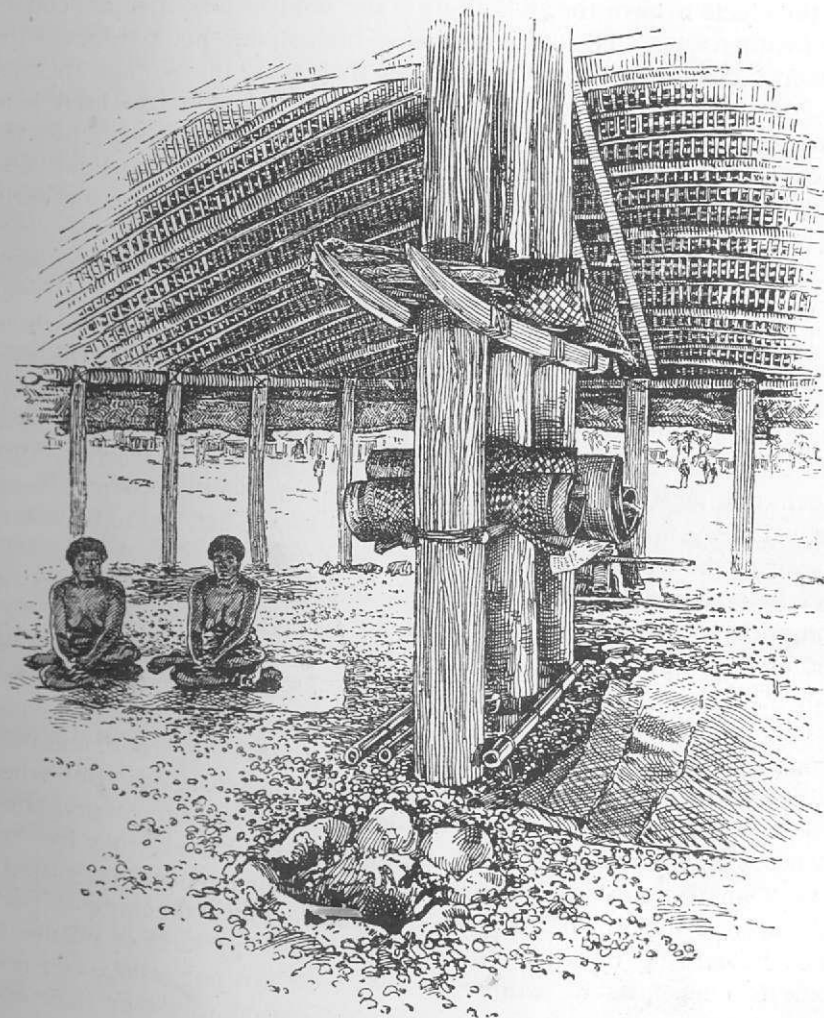
The first night on shore was spent in a primitive fashion. Two houses belonging to chiefs were freely placed at the disposal of the missionaries; but as these were simply oval sheds, without either outside walls or inside partitions, consisting indeed of nothing more than a roof resting upon three large pillars in the centre and smaller pillars round the sides, they were open alike to the winds of heaven and to the easy entrance of visitors, both two and four-footed. Boxes had been landed, also some cattle, a young calf, and two or three milch goats. These arrivals were soon quite happy cropping the grass that grew among the rocks; so too were the children, one of whom Mr. Ellis describes as smiling in the lap of its native nurse, while the other played on the dry grass by the side of the boxes just landed from the ship. Dinner was prepared in a homely way. The chiefs sent a present of bread-fruit and fish. A native youth, fourteen or fifteen years of age, leaving the crowd of spectators who had gathered

FARE HARBOUR, HUAHINE. (The *John Williams* entering.)



to see this novel company of white men, white women, and, more strange still, white children, stepped forward and asked if he should cook them some bread-fruit. His kind offer was gladly accepted. Fixing two large stones in the ground for a fireplace, and bringing a bundle of dry sticks from the bushes near at hand, he made a fire between the two stones, and soon had the tea-kettle boiling, and dishes of fried fish, bread-fruit and plantains ready for the strangers' meal. They were so pleased with his first success as cook that Mr. Ellis asked him to become their servant, to which he agreed, and he faithfully served them until they left the island. Dinner over, the next thing was to prepare for the night, as the sun was already sinking in the west, and darkness would soon be upon them. Some natives readily cut four stout sticks from neighbouring trees. These were fixed in the earthen floor, and with sheets and native cloth fastened from one to the other formed a bedroom. A couple of sheets were carried inside this enclosure, and the bed spread upon them, a smaller bed for the children being made by the side. With only a twist of cotton fibre fixed in the half of a cocoa-nut, into which some cocoa-nut oil had been poured, for a lamp—and this soon blown out by the breeze from the mountains—it was necessary to retire to rest early. All was strange; it was like sleeping out of doors; the surf was moaning on the beach; dogs and pigs came prowling about to see what new kind of household arrangements these foreigners had set up in their midst; and yet the night was passed in peace and comfort, and the morning light broke upon a grateful party, refreshed and fitted for another day's work. Not a single article had been stolen under cover of the darkness, although so many things were temptingly exposed and might have been easily carried off.

That first night in Huahine was a good beginning, and helped to cheer the missionaries. But they soon found that although the idols had gone, by far the greater part of the natives were still heathen at heart. Following the example of Pomare in Tahiti and Moorea, Mahine, the king of Huahine, who had fought on Pomare's side, had sent down Vahaivi, one of his leading men, to Huahine with directions



INTERIOR OF NATIVE HUT.

to the chiefs to burn the idols, destroy the temples, and put an end to all heathen rites. His commands were obeyed, and not only were the uncouth images in which they had put their trust thrown into the fire, their altars pulled down, the houses in which the idols had been kept burnt to the ground, and idol-worship no longer practised, but the rude stills, in which native rum had been made from sugar-cane and various berries and fruits, were either broken to pieces or carefully buried. Drunkenness, child-murder, and similar vices were also forbidden. The higher chiefs had taken these steps out of respect to Mahine, but many of lower rank objected, and at first threatened to fight in defence of the old customs and the gods of their forefathers. Gathering themselves together, they made ready to attack the men who had destroyed their idols; but either from fear of them, or from some faint impression of the power of the new religion which was effecting such changes in Tahiti, they did not come to blows. After much talking they broke up, having agreed together to await the arrival of the missionaries, and from them hear what had to be said in favour of the worship of Jehovah.

The missionaries found the people of Huahine in a very ignorant and uncertain state of mind. With the exception of one or two, they had all given up idolatry, but they knew little or nothing of Christianity, and their hearts were still untouched by its power. Some, including a few who had been in Moorea, had learned to read, or had committed to memory the lessons given in the spelling book, and they had set apart a building for the worship of the true God. But when Sunday came round the missionaries did not find a large congregation gathered together to hear them; indeed for many weeks they had but a very small number of hearers, and the schools too were very thinly attended. All sorts of excuses were made for not coming. They said: "Learning to read makes us feel tired"; "it is of no use to come to chapel, as we cannot read"; "we are not scholars"; and "we are not praying people." The real reason was that they still loved sinful ways and were unwilling to give these up. Gradually, however, a change for the better began to take place, and this was

much increased by the return to Huahine of a number of chiefs and people, who for several years had been living in Tahiti and had shared in the glorious awakening that had there taken place. These returning emigrants came across in three large boats and quite a fleet of smaller canoes. The missionaries knew many of them, and welcomed them as friends, and as these new comers began to tell their neighbours of what their eyes had seen and their ears had heard, and as the power of the Word of God was shown in their own lives and character, the chapel was soon filled with worshippers, while scholars flocked to the schools. A demand for lesson-books sprang up, and the dawn of a brighter day appeared.

The plan which the missionaries had in view when they reached Huahine was to remain together on that island, making that the one station for the Society or Leeward group. For a while the study of the language would occupy much of their time, and when they had mastered the language they hoped to feel strong enough to manage the mission without further aid from their seniors in Tahiti. But this plan was laid aside. They had not been many weeks at Fare before Tamatoa, the king of Raiatea, with his brother and a number of chiefs from Raiatea, Tahaa, and Borabora, arrived with an earnest request that the missionaries should divide their forces and some of them accompany them back to Raiatea. Mai, the king of Borabora, who was also at Huahine, had before this written a touching letter to the missionaries, in which he reminded them that Jesus Christ and His apostles did not remain in one place, but visited many different cities and countries, so as to give larger numbers an opportunity for receiving the light. The arguments of these chiefs were so forcible that Mr. Williams and Mr. Threlkeld felt it to be their duty to go back to Raiatea with Tamatoa. True, they knew as yet but little of the language; but said the chiefs when this was urged: "Never mind that; you possess enough now to teach us more than we know, and we will make it our business to teach you our language."

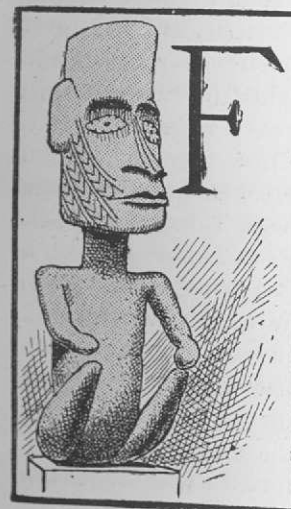
So it was settled, and Raiatea was added to the mission stations of the Pacific. That island is a lovely spot. It is thirty miles distant from Huahine and a hundred miles to the N. W. of Tahiti, is

the largest of the Leeward Islands, and the cradle and centre of Tahitian mythology. It was sacred as the birthplace and home of Oro, as the spot to which the spirits of the dead took flight when they left the body, as the place at which Oro had to be consulted as an oracle, and as the abode of the priests who had him in charge. Raiatea is famous for its lofty mountain peaks, which, rising abruptly from the sea, tower aloft to a height of 4,500 feet. Between the mountains are beautiful valleys, clothed with luxuriant tropical vegetation. Enclosed with it by the same coral reef, and distant only four miles, is the little island of Tahaa. Fruit is very plentiful. Before Europeans settled on the island there was a rich supply, while in these days oranges, limes, mangoes, bananas, papaw-apples, pine-apples, barbadines, guavas, and cocoa-nuts abound, as do also sweet potatoes, bread-fruit, plantains, taro, and yams. Some of the valleys are nothing but orange groves: the oranges fall in thousands, and are left to rot, or to be eaten by the pigs. In race, language, character, and general habits the people of Raiatea are like the Tahitians. Tamatoa's request for teachers was the outcome of a sincere desire to lead his people forward. He and other chiefs of Raiatea had gone over to Tahiti in 1811 in order to aid Pomare in his struggle against his rebellious subjects, and while there had learned much concerning Christianity. On returning to Raiatea in the autumn of 1815 they were welcomed by the heathen priests and idol-keepers. But Tamatoa and his companions declared that they were Christians, and no longer believed in idols. Moreover, they urged others to follow their example. The priests were very angry at this, and stirred up their followers to attack Tamatoa. War broke out, but the victory was with the Christian party. Tamatoa was conqueror. Still, like a wise ruler, he tempered judgment with mercy, and his clemency so impressed his former foes that they readily listened to his counsels. The people generally destroyed their idols and idol temples, and became nominally Christians. They knew but little as yet, it is true, and in heart and life were scarcely any better than the heathen; the only thing they seemed clear about was that their gods were no gods. Hence the need of further teaching and the urgent pleading for missionaries.

CHAPTER V.

CARRYING THE LIGHT TO OTHER GROUPS.

"To whom He was not spoken of, they shall see."



ULL of promise though the work was, it was still very limited in extent. Twenty years had gone by since the *Duff* landed her unique cargo in Matavai Bay, and thus far only the eastern edge of Polynesia had been touched. In two groups of little islands the people had seen "a great light," and were trying to walk in its beams; they felt the throbbings of a new life, and under its impulse were bent on attempting "great things for God." They little knew for what they were being prepared. From them was the Word of God to "sound forth" to other groups, and with their aid island after island was to receive the message of salvation and be won from savage darkness, bloodshed, and wickedness to a life of peace, friendliness, and in many instances of genuine goodness and virtue. The romance of missions was on the point of being seen on a large scale. Moreover, whilst the distant islanders were being prepared to receive instruction in the ways of God, their Father in heaven, of whose goodness and love they had been so sadly ignorant, had drawn to Himself, had called to His service, and was about to send forth as their guide and teacher one eminently fitted for this high duty. This was the large-hearted, enterprising, capable man whose name stands enrolled in the annals of missionary fame as John Williams, the Martyr of Eromanga, and whose arrival in the South Seas and decision to go to Raiatea were mentioned in the last chapter.

Mr. Williams was still quite young. Born at Tottenham High Cross, near London, on June 29, 1796, he was only a little over twenty when, in company with his young bride and his fellow-missionaries, he sailed down the Thames on his way to the Antipodes. But he came of a good stock, had received excellent training from a godly mother, and



REV. JOHN WILLIAMS.

though for a time thoughtless and even hostile to religion, had, while in his eighteenth year, been brought to Christ by a sermon preached in the Moorfields Tabernacle by the Rev. Timothy East, of Birmingham. John Williams was at that time an apprentice to an ironmonger and founder in the City Road. By the terms of his indentures he was to be taught the commercial rather than the mechanical side of his master's business. His work was to be, not at the forge or the bench, but at the counter and the desk.

But natural tastes and desires proved stronger than written agreements, and rapidly mastering the details of his own special department, "John" was constantly leaving the counter to loiter near the smiths' shop, where he watched with keen and intelligent interest every movement of their hands, every stroke of their hammers. During the intervals for meals too, and after shop hours, he was often busily

engaged at the bellows and anvil. In this way he soon became a skilful workman, and Mr. Tonkin, his master, found it to his own advantage to employ him on any tasks that demanded more than ordinary exactness and delicacy of touch. How little did the young mechanic then realize for what strange exploits in far-off lands he was in this way being trained and qualified.

A few months after he had given his heart to Christ he joined the Moorfields Tabernacle church, of which the venerable Rev. Matthew Wilks was at that time the minister. This step at once gave him opportunities both for self-culture as a member of the Youths' Class, and for entering upon Christian work in connection with the Sunday School, alms-house and poor-house visitation, and tract distribution—all of which forms of service were at that time carried on with great earnestness and vigour. It also brought him into intimate relations with a minister whose whole soul was aflame with missionary ardour and enthusiasm. Mr. Wilks was a prominent member of the Board of Directors of the London Missionary Society, one of that Society's most eminent "fathers and founders." He it was who, when the discouraging news of the capture of their ship had filled the hearts of not a few with fearfulness, and had made some waver as to the further prosecution of the mission, exclaimed: "Give it up! I would rather sell my coat from my back than give the mission up." Nor did Mr. Wilks content himself with personal interest in the work, but as the minister of an influential church spared no pains to interest his people also. In this he was most successful. The thoughts of young Williams were thus early directed towards the heathen, and it was not long before he conceived the desire to devote his life to work amongst them. Encouraged by his revered pastor, he offered himself to the Society; and an arrangement with his employer having been effected, he was released from his apprenticeship, and after a brief and scanty training, sadly too short as it would seem to many, but all that in the pressing claims of the work could be allowed him, he was set apart as a missionary, and appointed to the South Seas.

Thus it was that when the work was growing and spreading in

different directions made possible, God had raised up a man of the right stamp for extending it. Mr. Threlkeld remained in Raiatea for six years only, but for fifteen years this charming island was the home of John Williams. Not that he remained there the whole time. No; as he himself said, "he could not content himself within the narrow limits of a single reef." But Raiatea was for many years the centre from which he worked and enlarged his sphere of influence. The reception given to him and his colleague was most gratifying, and at once they set to work. They soon found that the Christianity of the Raiateans was only skin-deep. Their moral condition was simply abominable, and their laziness most distressing. It was difficult to get at them; for, instead of living together in towns or villages, the people were scattered all over the island, each family residing by itself. A change for the better, however, was quickly seen. Good substantial houses for the use of the missionaries and for the chiefs were built, also a large chapel; and young men began to acquire skill as carpenters, smiths, and boat-builders. Two years after their arrival the missionaries had the joy of baptizing the first converts. A code of laws was prepared. Schools were established, and in these schools all classes were gathered, from the king to the little child. Portions of the Scriptures were also translated, and an auxiliary missionary society was started after the example of Tahiti.

To this they had been moved by the wonderful story of what had happened in Rurutu, a small island lying 350 miles to the south of Raiatea. This island had been visited by a terrible epidemic, which had carried off so many of the people that the rest became alarmed. One of the gods, they thought, must be angry with them, and was punishing them for some wrong thing they had done. Anxious to escape before this angry god had "devoured" them all, two old chiefs made up their minds to flee. Each of them determined to build a large canoe, and in this, with as many of their people as the canoe would hold, to sail for some happier land. If they failed to reach such a land, they could but perish at sea, while to remain where they were was to await certain death. Auura was the name of one of these chiefs. His

canoe ready, away he sailed with a large party of his friends. They safely reached the island of Tubuai, where, for a time, they stayed. Recruited in strength and spirits, they at length made up their minds to return to Rurutu, thinking that by that time the plague must have stopped; but scarcely had they lost sight of the mountains of Tubuai, when a violent storm overtook them, swamped one of the canoes, and drove the other out of its course. For three weeks Auura and his followers were tossed about upon the ocean, they knew not whither, while their sufferings for want of food and water were dreadful. But God in His mercy preserved them, and guided their storm-beaten craft to Maurua, the most westerly of the Society Islands. Here they were received with much kindness by the natives, who, however, told them that they formerly worshipped the same deities as themselves, and had a like fear of evil spirits; but that now they prayed to the One living and true God. They also pointed to the overthrown "maraes" as proof of what they had said.

Hearing that white men had come in ships to bring these good tidings, and that they were living quite near, Auura thought it would be wise to go and see them before returning to Rurutu. A westerly wind setting in, he and his friends again set sail in his canoe, intending to stop at Borabora on the way; but missing the entrance in the reef at that island, they were carried on to Raiatea. Landing there, everything they saw filled them with surprise. The missionaries and their wives, the natives dressed in European fashion and wearing hats and bonnets, the neat white cottages that had been built, the workshops and other novelties, astonished them beyond measure; and when on Sunday they were taken to the house of God, saw the immense congregation, heard them sing songs of praise, and listened to the preaching of the gospel, they at once felt convinced that the Christian religion was the true one, and were even thankful for the perils and hardships that had brought them to Raiatea. Their one desire was to learn how to read, and the deacons of the church undertook to teach them. Auura especially showed great zeal and made rapid progress. In a short time he had mastered the spelling-book, could repeat most

of the catechism, and was able to read in the Gospel of Matthew. These Rurutuans were only in Raiatea for three months, but before they left several of them could read, spell, and write correctly; and yet until the day they landed there they had never seen a letter. Auura's great wish now was to return as quickly as possible to his native isle that he might tell his relatives and neighbours of the love of God, his only fear being that most of them would be dead before he reached home.

A ship, having a cargo of cocoa-nut oil, which native Christians were sending as the first of many generous gifts to the London Missionary Society, coming into harbour, Mr. Williams had no difficulty in persuading the captain to take them back. Auura, however, was unwilling to go unless he had with him some one who could teach him and his people; for, said he, "it will never do to go to the land of darkness without a light in my hand." Calling the members of the church together, the missionaries asked for volunteers for this work, and two of the deacons, who were among the very best men in the church, readily came forward and said: "Here are we; send us." They were then set apart to their special mission in a solemn and impressive service. This was the earliest ordination service of South Sea Island missionaries to distant heathen islands of which we have record, and the greater part of the night before they sailed was spent by the people in providing some article for their missionaries to take with them. Every member of the church, says Mr. Williams, from whose "Missionary Enterprises" we take the story, brought something: one a razor, another a knife, a third a roll of native cloth, a fourth a pair of scissors, and others various useful tools. The English missionaries supplied them with lesson-books and a few copies of Scripture portions in the Tahitian language, which closely resembles their own.

As Mr. Williams and his native helpers were anxious to hear quickly how these men were received, they sent a boat of their own with a native crew to bring back word; and after an absence of little more than a month, they had the great joy of seeing this boat return laden with the trophies of victory—the gods of Rurutu, which the

islanders had readily given up. With the idols there came letters, and as these were read the hearts of God's servants were moved with gratitude and confidence in His power to overthrow the kingdom of darkness. A meeting was called, and the people crowded into the large chapel to hear the letters read and to join in praise to Him who had so signally manifested His power. This meeting was held in the evening, the chapel being lighted up with ten chandeliers made of wood neatly turned, cocoa-nut shells taking the place of lamps, and must have been wonderfully affecting. The rejected idols had been carried into the chapel, and during the meeting were publicly exhibited from the pulpit. One in particular—Aa,* the national god of Rurutu—excited much interest, for besides being covered with little gods outside, it was found that he had a door in his back; and on opening this door, twenty-four small gods were taken from the inside, and one after another held up to view. He was supposed to be the ancestor from whom the island of Rurutu was peopled, and who after death was regarded as a god.

Several stirring speeches were made that evening. Tuahine, the deacon, of whom we have heard before, spoke of the idols in these terms: "Thus the gods made with hands shall perish. There they are, tied with cords! Yes, their very names are also changed! Formerly they were called '*Te mau Atua*,' or the gods; now they are called '*Te mau Varua ino*,' or evil spirits. Their glory, look! it is birds' feathers, soon rotten; but our God is the same for ever." Tamatoa, the king, also made a striking speech. "Let us," said he, "continue to give our oil and arrowroot to God, that the blind may see, and the deaf hear. Let us not be weary in this good work. We behold the great deep: it is full of sea; it is rough and rugged underneath; but the water makes a plain, smooth surface, so that nothing of its ruggedness is seen. Our lands were rugged and rough with wickedness and godless customs. The Word of God alone can make these rough places smooth. Let us all be diligent in this good work, till the rugged world is made smooth by the Word of God,

* Aa of Rurutu was the same as Taaroa of Tahiti and Tangaroa of Rarotonga.

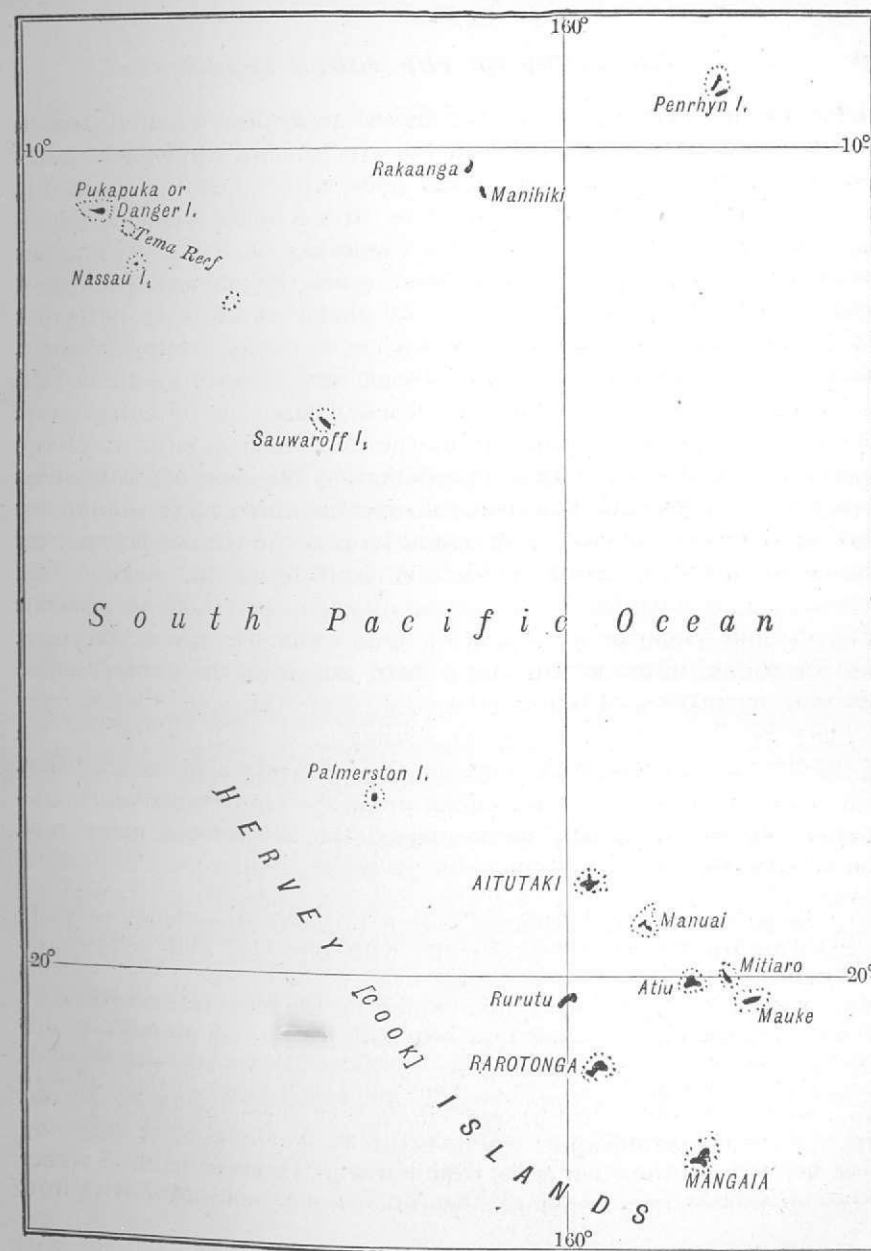
as the waters cover the ruggedness of the great deep. Let us, above all, be concerned to have our own hearts washed in Jesus' blood; then God will become our Friend and Jesus our Brother."

Well might the Raiatean church be stirred with deep emotion as they listened to such words, as they reflected on the great change that had taken place in their own island, and as they pondered this new token of the mighty power of God. Nor must we think that Rurutu had simply given up its idols. No: from that day forth its people began to live a quiet and sober life. Some time afterwards the master of an American whaler, Captain Benjamin Chase, who often called at Raiatea for provisions, made up his mind to touch at Rurutu on his way back to the States, but in attempting this was unfortunately wrecked. The natives, however, treated him with great friendliness, and before Captain Chase left he handed a paper to the native teacher, signed by himself, in which he had written these words:—

"The natives gave us all the assistance in their power from the time the ship struck to the present moment. The first day, while landing the things from the ship, they were put into the hands of the natives, and carried up to the native mission-house, a distance of half a mile; and not a single article of clothing was taken from any man belonging to the ship, though they had it in their power to have plundered us of everything that was landed, which fully proves the honesty of the natives of this island. Since I have lived on shore, myself, officers, and people have received the kindest treatment from the natives that can be imagined, for which I shall ever be thankful. Myself and officers have lived in the house with Puna, who, together with his wife, have paid every attention to make us comfortable, for which I return my unfeigned thanks, being the only compensation I can make them at present.

(Signed) "B. CHASE."

Mr. Williams had already begun to long for greater usefulness, and this story of Rurutu stirred anew his desire to get outside the "single reef," and visit other islands. His people also were feeling the throbbings of the missionary spirit. In 1821, Mrs. Williams being in feeble health, and he himself suffering from a disease common in the Pacific, a voyage to Sydney was thought desirable; but combining with family



duties his ardent wish to take the Gospel to groups yet unvisited, he arranged to commence forthwith the special work upon which his heart was set, and utilise his voyage in search of health for visiting, and, if possible, stationing teachers in a fresh centre.

Six or seven hundred miles to the south-west of Tahiti lies a group of islands, which, discovered by Captain Cook (Rarotonga, the largest of them, excepted), were by him named the Hervey Islands, in honour of the Honourable Captain Hervey, one of the Lords of the Admiralty, and to that group of islands did the Gospel next spread. Aitutaki, the third in size, was the first of the Hervey Islands to be enlightened. Two native Christians, members of the church of Raiatea, had been selected by that church for the new effort. Convened for the solemn purpose of choosing from among themselves those most suitable for taking the news of God's power and love to the regions beyond, the Raiateans, like the mother-church of Antioch in the days of the apostles, were directed by the same all-sufficient Guide to separate Papeiha and Vahapata for the work unto which He had called them. Both were well fitted for the duty,—more especially the former, whose graphic narratives, carefully preserved in the pages of "Missionary Enterprises," are both deeply interesting in themselves, and at the same time a remarkable evidence of their heroism and consecration. On the arrival of the vessel at Aitutaki, she was immediately surrounded by native canoes, the occupiers of which were a noisy, wild set of savages.

"Some," says Mr. Williams, "were tattooed from head to foot; some were painted most fantastically with pipe-clay and yellow and red ochre; others were smeared all over with charcoal; and in this state were dancing, shouting, and exhibiting the most frantic gestures. We invited the chief Tamatoa on board the vessel. A number of his people followed him. Finding that I could converse readily in their language, I informed the chief of what had taken place in the Tahitian and Society Islands with respect to the overthrow of idolatry. He asked me very significantly where great Tangaroa was. I told him that he, with all the other gods, were burned. He then inquired where Koro of Raiatea was. I replied that he, too, was consumed with fire;

and that I had brought two teachers to instruct him and his people in the word and knowledge of the true God, that he and they also might be induced to abandon and destroy their idols, as others had done. On my introducing the teachers to him, he asked me if they would accompany him to the shore. I replied in the affirmative, and proposed that they should remain with him. He seized them with delight, and saluted them most heartily by rubbing noses, which salutation he continued for some time. On the chief promising me that he would treat the teachers with kindness, and afford them protection, taking with them their little store, they got into his large canoe, and the natives paddled off to the land, apparently greatly delighted with their treasure."

In such a simple and primitive manner was the kingdom of God extended. A third evangelist, who took with him a supply of lesson-books and other aids to progress, was soon sent to help Papeiha and Vahapata, so that when in the second year of the new mission's history Mr. Williams (whose stay of eight months in Sydney had greatly refreshed him), accompanied by his fellow missionary, Mr. Bourne, and sailing in the schooner *Endeavour* (which, while in Sydney, he had bought for such service), again visited them, he found wonderful changes already effected. A large chapel, nearly 200 feet in length, and about 30 feet in width, had been built of wattle and plaster, also a neat house for the teacher, containing five rooms; heathen temples had been destroyed, and their idols gone; they who only eighteen months before had been sunken in superstition and gross idolatry were now busily occupied chanting the praises of God, singing Christian hymns, or repeating passages from a catechism, while Sunday was observed by the entire people as a day of rest and worship. Of course the change was, to a large extent, external only; but making all deductions, it was enough to fill the hearts of native and English missionaries alike with thankfulness and hope. The next day the ceremony of opening the chapel took place, when a congregation of between 1,500 and 2,000 people were present. Mr. Williams preached from the words, "God so loved the world," etc., and as he did so, was much moved by reflecting how different were the Aitutakians on this his

second visit from what they were on his first—then cannibals, now with one accord bending their knees in prayer to God.

And how had this been brought about? By a slow process during the first twelve months, and then very rapidly. On landing Papeiha and Vahapata were taken to the heathen "maraes," or altars, and there given up to the gods. Little did the Aitutakians then think that in a few short months the two strangers they were thus placing under the care of their gods would have turned their little "world upside down," and brought them all to understand that these gods were lifeless blocks of wood and stone. Yet so it was. But not all at once. For a time the teachers had much difficulty, and were badly treated. Fighting broke out among the islanders three distinct times, and this led to rioting and robbery of their goods. Still they never lost heart, but were confident that God would soon overthrow the idolatry of the land.

A tour of the island, which the two teachers made together, was the first thing to make a definite impression upon the heathen. They stayed a few days in each district, and while there took every opportunity that offered for getting into conversation with the natives. They also taught them to repeat the Lord's Prayer and the alphabet. In one district, in the presence of a large crowd of natives, they had a discussion with an old priest, who, by shouting and bluster, did his best to refute their teaching. "Te-erui," said the old man, "made all lands: he made Aitutaki; and after he had made it, he gave it its present form by moulding it with his hands." "No," answered the teachers, "God alone has power to create, and He made Aitutaki and all other lands." But the old priest would not be silenced, but continued to shout out that Te-erui was great, and that he had been the first man. "Indeed! then who was his father?" asked the teachers. "Oh, Te-tareva." "Where did Te-tareva come from?" was their next question. "From Avaiki." "Where is that?" "It is down below the earth: Te-tareva climbed up from it; and because he reached the top, was called by that name." Quickly seeing that they had the old priest in a corner, the teachers asked: "This land, then, was made before Te-tareva arrived?" "Most certainly," was the prompt reply.

"Then," continued the Raiateans, "how can Te-erui be the maker of a land which, you say, was made before his parent, Te-tareva, came up from beneath?" This was a poser for the old man, and he was silent; but the teachers went on to tell the crowd about the true God, who made heaven and earth and all that is therein, and so interested them, that if any one made the least noise, there was at once a cry of: "Be still, be still; let us hear what they say." From that time many began to listen thoughtfully to the new teaching.



AITUTAKI.

Two other events helped to deepen the impression. The first was the arrival of a ship which had called at Aitutaki for the express purpose of finding out how Papeiha and Vahapata were, and to bring them presents and greetings from their friends. The heathen had spoken of them as "two logs of driftwood, washed on shore by the waves of the ocean," and would not believe that any one would come to visit them, when lo! here was a vessel come for that very purpose! Besides which the captain made gifts of axes and other things the

Aitutakians were very glad to get, and the teachers presented to the king's grandfather some pigs and goats which had been sent to them. A few days after the ship had sailed away there was a general wish on the part of the people to give up their idols, and seek instruction at the hands of the two teachers. One man stood in the way; this was the king's grandfather, who declared that he would never give up the gods he had always served. But a great sorrow led him to alter his mind. While he was busily engaged in certain heathen customs, a daughter of whom he was very fond was taken ill. The priests at once began to invoke the help of the gods. Offerings were freely laid before them, and from morn to eve, day after day, they were entreated to restore the sick child to health. Instead of getting better she grew worse, and at last died. So enraged was the chief that in wild grief and anger he wreaked his vengeance upon the gods who had been deaf to his cries by sending his son to set fire to the "marae." Two other "maraes" near also caught fire and were destroyed. Going to another larger one, before which people were at the very moment making offerings, he tried to burn that too, but was held back by the party of worshippers.

The death of this young princess and the act of her father and mother roused the entire island, and when Sunday came round the people from several districts brought their idols and laid them at the teachers' feet. Many did the same during the following week, and by the next Sunday, just fifteen months after the teachers had landed, not a single person was left in Aitutaki who professed to have any faith in idols. On the Monday a large meeting was held, when it was agreed first that every "marae" in the island should be destroyed, and next that they should at once set to work and build a house of prayer. That very evening several temples were overthrown, and by the Tuesday morning not a single one remained. With equal ardour did the people begin the more difficult task of building the chapel. They were quick to learn, but some things astonished them beyond measure, especially their first experience of lime-burning. The foreigners were "roasting stones," they said. Then when they found

the "roast stone" turned to a beautiful soft, white powder, they were so pleased with the powder that they whitewashed their clothes and hats, and strutted about the village as proud as peacocks. Their surprise reached its highest point when, mixed with sand and carefully plastered over a piece of the wall and protected for the night by matting, by next morning the soft powder had turned to hard cement. That beat everything. They gently touched it, smelt it, scratched it, and finished up by saying: "Wonderful, wonderful! The very stones in the sea and the sand on the shore become useful in the hands of those who worship the true God and obey His good word." In these ways had Aitutaki been brought out of the heathen darkness that had hitherto enslaved her.

Mr. Williams had brought six additional teachers, and their wives, to whom, with the three already at work, the task of rescuing the Hervey Islands from idolatry was to be entrusted. Some were intended for Rarotonga, of which island reports had often reached the missionaries, and natives from which were then at Aitutaki. These Rarotongans had become Christians during their stay in Aitutaki, and were eager to return home and tell their countrymen of what the Lord had done for them, and to the missionaries this seemed a clear sign of the guiding hand of God. But the exact whereabouts of the island was still unknown, and the first thing to do was to discover it. Taking the Rarotongans on board, and having Papeiha to help them in their efforts to get on friendly terms with the people, who were reputed to be of most fierce character, treacherous, bloodthirsty, and thorough cannibals, the missionaries sailed in search of the island. After more than a week's unsuccessful cruise backwards and forwards, however, they had to give up the attempt and steer for Mangaia instead. Their reception there was not encouraging. At first they could not induce the natives to approach them, and when, after repeated failures, one man, by a liberal offer of knives and pearl ornaments, was persuaded to come on board, the poor fellow, though a very Hercules in build, trembled with terror at finding himself on a white man's ship, and eagerly seizing the first chance to descend to

his canoe, paddled off to the shore as if for his life. Unwilling to sail away without first landing and trying to make friends with the people, and yet feeling the difficulty of doing so, the missionaries and teachers consulted together as to what should be done. Brave Papeiha was equal to the emergency, and at once offered to venture on shore alone. No opening in the reef, available for the entry of a boat into the lagoon, was to be seen, but that was no trouble to Papeiha; he was ready to leap into the sea and swim through the surf to land. He was taken in a boat to the reef, and getting out upon the coral rock, prepared to dive; but noticing that the natives were all armed, some with slings in which stones were already placed, others with spears which were poised for hurling at him, he began to address them. He told them that he wanted to come on shore, that he came unarmed, that he was a man of peace and not of war, and begged them to tie their spears in bundles with the slings, for unless they would do this he could not venture. The Mangaiaans readily agreed to do as he asked, when, diving into the surf, he was borne on the crest of a wave to the beach. He was so well received that he at once explained to the chiefs what the missionaries wished to do, and arranged with them for the landing of the teachers. Swimming back to the boat, he reported his success, and gave as his opinion that the people would prove quiet and were to be trusted. In this, unfortunately, he was mistaken, for on their landing they met with gross ill-treatment. Both they and their property were forthwith seized. A box which one of them carried was pounced upon, broken into three pieces, and then hung from the savages' ears as ornaments. A box of bonnets was dragged through the water. Bamboos of oil were tapped, and the oil poured over their naked bodies till the skin shone as they stood in the sunbeams. Strangest of all, two pigs, an animal which had never before been seen in Mangaia, were seized by a chief, dressed by him in his own royal feathers and decorations, and sent in procession to the temple of the island gods. The teachers' wives were carried off bodily into the woods, and there treated with great brutality and cruelty, their clothes being torn into shreds, and they themselves

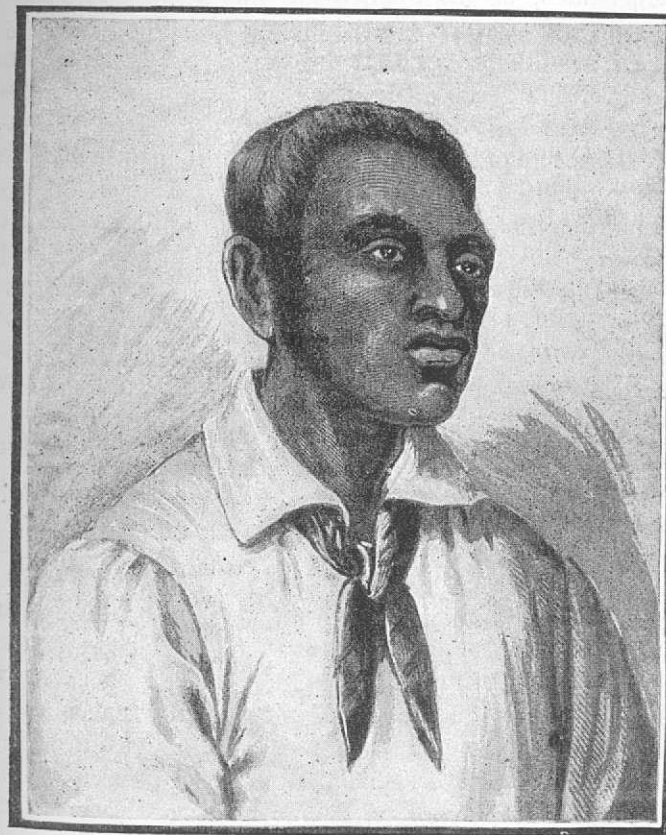
dragged through mire and water, while their poor husbands, being bound hand and foot, were powerless to help them. Papeiha himself was marked for slaughter, and but for his presence of mind would have suffered death from strangling. A tiputa was thrown over his head for this purpose, but managing to get his hand into the opening, he saved his neck from the tightening pressure. Happily these proceedings could be seen from the vessel, so a small cannon was fired to frighten the natives, and at the sound of its report they fled to the bush in great haste. Their flight made it possible to send a boat on shore and effect a speedy rescue. The teachers returned in a most bedraggled and woe-begone condition. In such disastrous fashion did the first attempt to win over Mangaia end.

But less than two years later (1825), when Messrs. Tyerman and Bennet, who, as a deputation from the Directors, were going the round of the missions, were returning from Tahiti to Australia, the attempt was renewed, and with thorough success. Two young men, Davida and Tiera, both of them members of the church at Tahaa, were on board, ready to land on any island that might be found prepared to receive them. Reaching Mangaia, friendly intercourse was easily opened with the people, who had come to a better frame of mind, and were now quite willing to receive teachers. This was chiefly due to the terrible sufferings the islanders had been called to endure. Very soon after the visit of Mr. Williams and their harsh treatment of the teachers disease had broken out among them, and, spreading rapidly, had killed many. Men of rank and the poor, grown-up people and children, were alike its victims, and the hearts of the people "became as water," while the one thought that fixed itself in their minds was that the plague was a punishment to them for their own misdeeds. Having nothing with them but the light calico shirts which they wore, and a portion of the Tahitian New Testament tied tightly across their foreheads, these two devoted missionary pioneers, leaping into the sea from the canoe, swam to the shore, and became the honoured instruments of overthrowing the idolatry of the island, and of laying the foundations of the kingdom of Christ.

Atiu, Mauke, Mitiaro, and other islands were also welcoming the light, and at last Rarotonga was added to the number. Once again John Williams set out to look for it, and when provisions were failing, the captain's patience almost worn out, and a promise made that if not found within an hour the search should be given up, lo, there came a shout from the masthead: "Here, here is the land we have been seeking." The morning clouds had lifted with the rising sun, and Rarotonga lay within sight. Though previously observed and even visited by one or two passing vessels, in a sense it was discovered by Mr. Williams. Papeiha and one of the Rarotongans, who had been brought away from Aitutaki, landed in a canoe, and easily persuaded Makea, the king, a light-skinned, handsome man, six feet high, whose stout body was beautifully tattooed and slightly tinged with orange by the use of a mixture of turmeric and ginger, to return with them to the vessel. There he met with a most hearty welcome. He was much rejoiced to see his people back again, and especially to find his own cousin among them. Teachers with their wives, Papeiha, and all the Rarotongans were taken ashore, and it was hoped that all would go well. But, as at Mangaia, appearances were deceitful. The licentious habits of a powerful chief led to sad trouble. This man was already the husband of nineteen wives, but wishing to add a twentieth, came with a number of his followers to seize a teacher's wife and carry her away by force. This he would certainly have done but for the courage of one of the Christian Rarotongans who had come in the *Endeavour* from Aitutaki. This Christian woman—Tapairu by name—who was a cousin of Makea's, and had been welcomed home by him an hour or two before with much nose-rubbing and like tokens of delight, a woman of influence and of great bravery, defended her friend from the wicked chief. She argued, wept, and fought to save her from disgrace, and to her alone, under God, the woman's rescue was due. Early the next morning the entire party came off to the ship, their garments tattered and torn, and with a truly piteous tale of woe to tell.

What was to be done? Again did the courage of Papeiha solve

a difficult problem. "Let me remain alone," said he, "at any rate until you can send me a colleague from Raiatea," naming one of like spirit with himself. "Let the savages spare me or kill me, I will



THE BRAVE TEACHER, PAPEIHA.

land among them; Jehovah is my shield, I am in His hand." So it was settled. Leaving his little property on board, and bidding farewell to his friends, this devoted Polynesian apostle got into a canoe

and made for the shore, carrying nothing with him but the clothes he wore, his native Testament, and a bundle of elementary lesson-books. With the six Rarotongans who, while still in Aitutaki, had become Christians, as his sympathisers and helpers, Papeiha was about to commence a work of real magnitude. Earnest prayer was offered on his behalf—prayer that was heard and answered—and four months later, when Tiberio, the chosen colleague, arrived, many additions to the little flock had been made. A year later Messrs. Tyerman and Bennet found the whole population nominally Christian. They had renounced their idols, feathers, hideous images, poles swathed in endless coils of native cloth, and similar emblems of ignorance and superstition, and were busily engaged erecting a place of worship six hundred feet long. Some fifteen hundred wild, almost naked people, gathered together to listen to the preacher. They were not Christians in any true sense of the word. Their hearts were unchanged. But they were quite sure of one thing, and that was that the God of the Christians was mightier than their own gods. It was indeed a marvellous thing. Two native teachers, themselves born heathen in an island seven hundred miles away, landed on Rarotonga, and in less than two years and a half the worship of idols was at an end!

A heathen woman had prepared the way. Her story is so strange that it must be told once more. She had been brought either by a canoe or in some passing vessel from Tahiti to Rarotonga, and proud of her travels and knowledge of other lands, lost no time in telling the natives of all she had seen. "Don't think that you are the only people in the world," she said, "for there are many others, and some of them are white all over. They are called Cookies."¹ She then told of Captain Cook's visit to Tahiti, and that after he left some "servants of Jehovah and Jesus Christ, the white man's God," came and were now living in the island. These white men, she said, had brought many new things. The people no longer used

¹ A name, derived from that of Captain Cook, at that time given by the natives of the South Seas to all English people.

stone axes for hewing trees, but sharp things with which they could cut down timber with the greatest ease; they no longer used tools made of men's bones for scraping out their canoes, or when making posts for their houses, for the same foreign teachers had brought sharp hard things, made of iron, with which one could do the work much more quickly and better; the children did not now cry and scream when they had their hair cut, as they formerly did when it was sawn off with sharks' teeth, for the Cookies had brought them bright things which were so sharp that they cut the hair without hurting; and they had no need now to go down to the water's edge if they wanted to see what their faces looked like, for these wonderful visitors had brought with them some small shining things, which they could carry about with them, and in which they could see themselves as plainly as they could see each other. So impressed were the Rarotongans with all that this heathen Tahitian woman told them that the king, Makea, called one of his children "Tehovah" (Jehovah) and another "Jetu Terai" (Jesus Christ). An uncle of the king built an altar to Jehovah and Jesus Christ, to which sick people were taken to be healed, and so famous had this "marae" or altar become that the power of Jehovah and Jesus Christ was already famous.

But Papeiha for a time had an uphill struggle and very little to cheer his heart. On reaching the shore to which he had so bravely swum, he was at once taken to the house of the old chief Makea, father of the one then in power. He was followed by a great crowd of natives who threatened to steal his clothes. "I'll have his hat," said one; "I'll have his jacket," said another; "I'll have his shirt," said a third. But they did not carry out their threats, for the chief called out: "Speak to us, O man, that we may know the business on which you have come." Papeiha told them that he had come to tell them about the true God and the way of salvation through Jesus Christ, so that they, like the people of Tahiti and other islands, might burn the idols of wood, of cloth, and of birds' feathers which they had made with their own hands, and ignorantly called gods. These bold

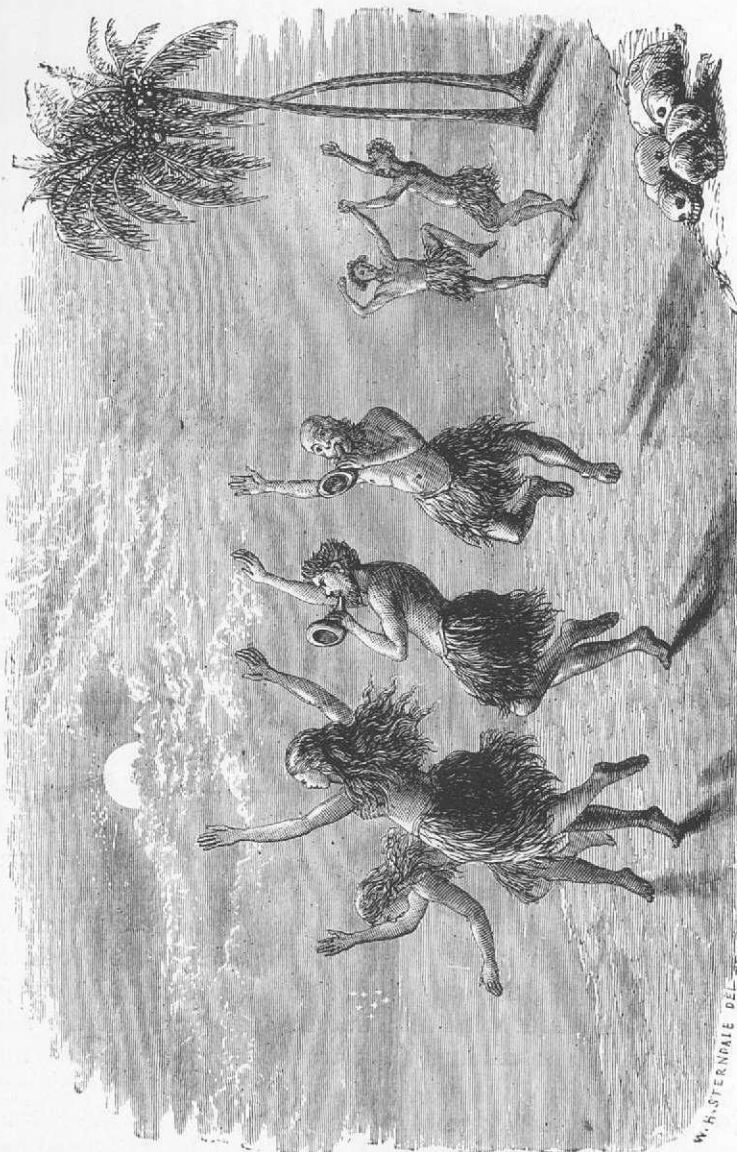
words startled the crowd, who burst out in horror and surprise: "What! burn the gods! what gods shall we then have, and what shall we do without the gods?" The wonder is that Papeiha's blunt outspokenness did not cost him his life. But God graciously protected him.

Morning and evening worship, and Sunday services, which about a score of persons, more or less friendly, attended, were regularly carried on. Among those who came was a young man, the eldest son of the chief, who was afterwards baptized with the name Davida, and became a true friend and a sincere Christian. Up in the mountains of Rarotonga there lived a chief, called Tinomana, where with his clan he was forced to live by the more powerful chiefs, who dwelt near the shore. Weaker than his neighbours, Tinomana had to endure unfair and cruel treatment. He was not allowed to come down to the sea to fish: all the fishing his people could do had to be done by stealth at night. His plantations were often robbed; and, worse still, when the gods were supposed to want a victim, or a large offering of food, it was one of his followers who had to be slain, or it was from him the present for the gods had to be obtained. Now Tinomana was the first chief to burn his idols. He sent for Papeiha, and the zealous Raiatean teacher at once obeyed the call, and went to see him. He had a long talk with the chief, and fully convinced him that the idols were powerless. He also pointed out to him the great blessings which the Gospel would bring. Fighting would cease. Instead of being driven up into the mountains, he would be allowed peacefully to settle near the shore, and both he and others would gain greatly. At nightfall, when Papeiha was about to lie down to rest, Tinomana brought his native mat, the only bed he used, and spreading it by Papeiha's side, begged him to teach him how to pray to Jehovah. Papeiha commenced a short prayer, which the chief repeated after him. Wearied with his journey and the long talk, the teacher dropped off to sleep; but scarcely had he closed his eyes before Tinomana in great distress awoke him, saying: "I've forgotten it; go over it again." After making him repeat it many times, he again fell asleep; but once

more was he aroused with the same touching plea: "I've forgotten it; go over it again"; and this occurred several times during the night. As he was leaving the next morning, the chief accompanied Papeiha part of the way, repeating his prayer as he went, and thanking him again and again for what he had told him. A few months afterwards, as we shall find, Tinomana went a step further and burnt his gods.

In private and in public alike Papeiha spoke out boldly. Numbers did not in the least terrify him. Soon after his visit to the mountains he attended a large gathering held at a heathen "marae." Hundreds had come together to make a specially great offering to the idols. Many priests were moving about among the crowd shouting like madmen. This was to show that they were inspired. Some of these priests had one side of their face and body blackened with charcoal; others were painted with stripes of all the colours they could find; while others were arrayed as warriors with large head-dresses, white cowrie shells and feathers. Without a trace of fear, the teacher walked into the midst of these frenzied men and began to point out the folly of bringing presents of food to mere pieces of wood which their own hands had carved and ornamented, and were only gods because they who made them gave them that name. A priest stood up to defend their customs, and a long discussion followed. Papeiha told the crowd that the day would soon come when their gods would be "fuel for the fire," and though his hearers seemed to be struck with horror as he said this, they allowed him to go on and preach to them at great length. He did not, however, make any new converts that day. His New Testament was a puzzle to the Rarotongans. He always carried it with him, and as he walked about the people would say: "There! there's the god of that man! What a funny god it is; he carries it about with him, but we leave ours at the marae." When they saw him reading, they would say that he and his god were talking together.

After working for five months alone, Papeiha was cheered by the arrival of Tiberio, for whom, as a co-worker, he had specially asked.



HEATHEN CEREMONIES ON THE RETURN OF THE FLEIAGES.

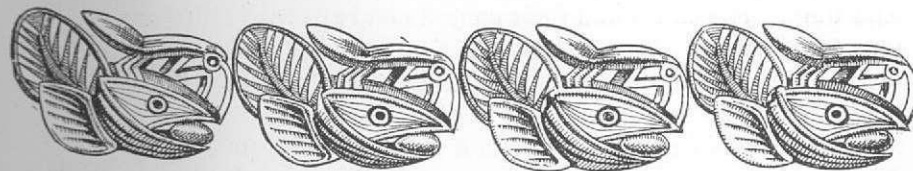
The two men soon decided to go all over the island, and whether treated ill or well, to speak out fearlessly. Shortly after this a priest came to say that he meant to burn his idol, and also to place his son, a boy about ten years old, under their care, lest the gods in their anger should kill him. Leaving his boy, he returned home, and the next morning came bending under the weight of the heavy rudely shaped image he was bringing to be burned. A crowd followed him, saying that he was mad. He threw the idol down before the teachers, and one of them, fetching a saw, sawed off its head. The people fled in terror, but coming back saw the god rapidly turning to ashes, while some bananas were being cooked over the fire its burning body made. Papeiha and Tiberio ate of the bananas, but none of the Rarotongans could be induced to touch one. Thus perished the first of Rarotonga's idols. Others quickly followed. Within three days fourteen of them met with a like fate. Then came Tinomana's decisive act. Sending for the two brethren, he told them that after careful thought he had made up his mind to become a Christian, begged them to be his teachers, and inquired what was the first step for him to take. To this they answered that he must destroy his maraes, and burn his idols. "Come with me," said the chief, "and see them destroyed." A man was bidden to set fire to the temple, and two great wooden figures were then stripped of their wrappings and cast to the flames. This deed of Tinomana's made some of his clan very angry. They said he was out of his mind. The women especially seemed mad with rage and grief. They cut their heads with sharp shells and sharks' teeth, then ran about smeared with the blood which flowed from their wounds, dolefully crying out: "Alas! alas! the gods of the madman Tinomana, the gods of the insane chief, are given to the flames." Others blackened themselves with charcoal and joined in the same wild cries. But all to no purpose. Very soon all through Rarotonga the work of destruction was going on, and every idol had either perished in the fire or had been handed over to the teachers to be sent to Raiatea.

A few of the heathen for a time tried to stem the torrent. One man, a priest, who pretended to be inspired by the god Tangaroa,

came to the house of a chief named Pa, where the two teachers were seated talking to him about the true God. He spoke in a gruff unnatural voice, twisted himself about, and made hideous grimaces just to frighten those who saw him and to show that Tangaroa had indeed entered into him. Coming close to the house, he shouted out: "Pa, Pa, give me those two men! Why do you keep two rotten sticks driven on shore by the waves? Why do you listen to the froth of the sea? I am the great Tangaroa! give them to me, and I'll eat them." This greatly amused Papeiha and Tiberio, who, taking out their knives, jokingly said that when he entered the house they would make a hole in his body and look for the great Tangaroa, who he said was inside him. Overhearing this, Pa went out and told the priest what they were going to do. That was enough. Away the silly man ran, as fast as his legs could carry him, and no more was heard of him or his nonsense.

Papeiha tells another amusing story about a cat, an animal never seen in Rarotonga before. A favourite cat had been taken on shore by one of the teachers' wives, but not feeling at home, had fled to the mountains. There it lived a wild life of its own for a time. One night, the wife of a priest, who had that day destroyed his idol, was sitting on her mat by her husband's side, he being fast asleep. She was thinking of the strange things that had happened, when, looking up, she saw near the doorway two bright, sparkling lights, and heard a mysterious voice. In great alarm, and thinking that the burnt god had come back to torment them, she aroused her husband, crying: "Get up and pray, get up and pray." Opening his eyes, the man looked up, and saw the same glaring jets of fire and heard the same unearthly sound. (It was only pussy's eyes and friendly mew, but this he then knew nothing about.) Not knowing what to do, the poor fellow began repeating the alphabet as loud as he possibly could, using this as a sort of prayer to God; and such a noise did he make, that the cat became frightened and ran away. On another occasion Tom took up his abode in a "marae" which was in a quiet spot surrounded by trees. Approaching this "marae" with a number of

people to bring an offering, what was the astonishment of the priest on opening the door to see a living creature come walking towards him, mewing as it came! "Here's a monster from the deep," he shouted, and rushed away in terror, the whole party close at his heels. Reaching his house, the priest summoned his neighbours to come and help him slay the monster. Several hundred men came together, war-caps on head, sling, or club, or spear in hand, face and body blackened with charcoal, and marching in a body, made ready for the attack. Hearing the noise, and himself thoroughly frightened, poor Tom awaited the opening of the door, then darting forward, nimbly slipped through the warriors' legs and fled to the bush. They, in turn, terrified out of their wits, turned in dismay and hurried pell-mell in all directions. Later the same day, the cat gave them a second fright and again escaped; but at night, trusting foolishly to man's good nature, he stole into a house, and nestling himself under a man's coverlet, began to pur. That pur cost him his life; for it awoke the man, who, closing the door, roused all in the house, and then, aided by their clubs and spears, set upon the wretched cat and killed him. And these warriors felt quite proud of themselves for putting an end to "the monster from the deep!"



CHAPTER VI.

THE "MESSENGER OF PEACE" AND HER USEFUL WORK.

"He hath filled him with the spirit of God . . . in all manner of workmanship."



IN May, 1827, John Williams himself landed in Rarotonga for the first time. His wife and children were with him, also two new helpers—the Rev. Charles Pitman and Mrs. Pitman, who had come out from England two or three years before, and after gaining a little experience in Tahiti, Raiatea, and Tahaa, were now appointed to settle in Rarotonga. For thirty-one years that island became their home. Once they were absent for a few months, and at another time for two years; but with these exceptions, though often far from strong, they faithfully kept at their post and did noble work in training the rough Rarotongan people, in building them up in Christian

knowledge, and in leading them forward in newness of life. It was no easy duty. The chiefs and their subjects had got rid of their idols, it is true, but that was about all they had done, and the much more difficult task of inducing them to give their hearts to God had yet to be undertaken.

Mr. Williams intended to remain three or four months only, but was detained there, through lack of a vessel, for a whole year, during which time he rendered invaluable service to the mission. Among other things was the work of chapel-building. The ambition of the

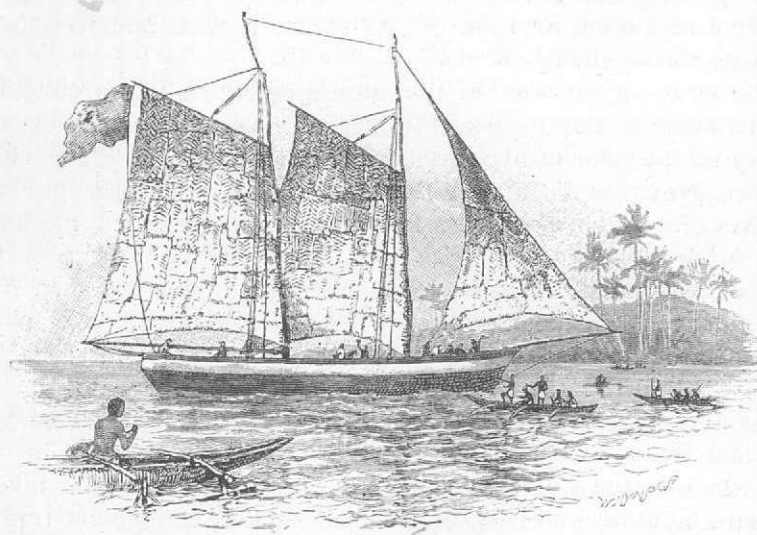
THE "MESSENGER OF PEACE" AND HER USEFUL WORK 97

native teachers had over-shot the mark, and their absurdly large chapel proved both inconvenient and frail. Mr. Williams came to their aid, and helped them to build a really handsome edifice, 150 feet long by 56 feet wide, with a thatched roof, supported on either side by seven iron-wood pillars twenty-five feet high, and containing well-made doors and windows, the latter fitted with Venetian blinds.¹ He further assisted the chiefs to frame and put into writing laws for the future government of the island, and in that way sought to get rid of cruel and corrupt practices, and secure a wise and merciful administration of justice.

But the one great event of that year's detention in Rarotonga was the building of the *Messenger of Peace*, a vessel of from seventy to eighty tons, unlike in appearance any other afloat. Nothing showed the real greatness of John Williams more clearly than the building of this vessel. Pluck, cleverness in overcoming difficulties, mechanical skill were alike seen. With sleeves turned up and wearing a curious apron made of native cloth he worked with his own hands, and managed to make other people work too. The project of making a ship of his own had been maturing in his mind for some time. Whilst still in Raiatea he had thought of it, hoping thus to extend the mission to the Navigators (Samoan) and New Hebrides Islands, but had laid the plan aside because of the strong opposition of his wife. She not unnaturally objected to a proposal which would take her husband a voyage of 1,800 or 2,000 miles, keep him absent from her for six months, and expose him to frequent danger among rude and savage islanders. But a serious illness she had in Rarotonga led Mrs. Williams to think that she had been selfish in her thoughts. She even urged her husband to undertake the work. Nothing loth, though surprised at the change in her views, he decided to begin without delay. His first purpose was to build the keel only in Rarotonga, and then complete the vessel on his return to Raiatea; but finding Makea and the other chiefs—indeed, the whole people—eager to aid him, and

¹ It was during the erection of this chapel that the oft-quoted incident of the *talking chip* occurred.

prepared to give time and strength to the task, he modified his plan and determined to finish the work in Rarotonga. In less than four months from the date of her commencement, the *Messenger of Peace* was afloat. Timber was cut in the mountains, dragged to the shore by hundreds of strong arms, and there, large saws being wanting, split in halves by wedges, adzed down to the requisite thinness with small hatchets, and then pinned together by means of great wooden



THE "MESSENGER OF PEACE."

pegs driven through auger-holes. Bent planks were obtained from crooked trees, and by like devices every difficulty was conquered. For iron Mr. Williams was chiefly dependent upon a rusty chain cable. This had been left on the island by a ship whose crew had hastily fled in terror from the wild natives they found there. For oakum he used cocoa-nut fibre; for ropes the bark of the hibiscus; for sails the mats on which the islanders slept, simply quilting them to make them strong enough to resist the force of the wind. His

bellows being destroyed by rats, who held high carnival one night and devoured the goat-skin of which its leather sides had been made, he was for a time in dire straits; but, nothing daunted, set to work and devised a wonderful wind-making box as a substitute, and this, whatever its defects, accomplished its special purpose. The natives were deeply impressed with all this mechanical ingenuity and skill, especially with the pumps. Indeed, the king was so much interested in them that he frequently had his favourite stool carried on board, and amused himself for hours in pumping out the bilge-water. The hanging of the rudder gave some difficulty, for, having no iron sufficiently large for pintles, Mr. Williams had to make these from a piece of a pick-axe, a cooper's adze, and a large hoe.

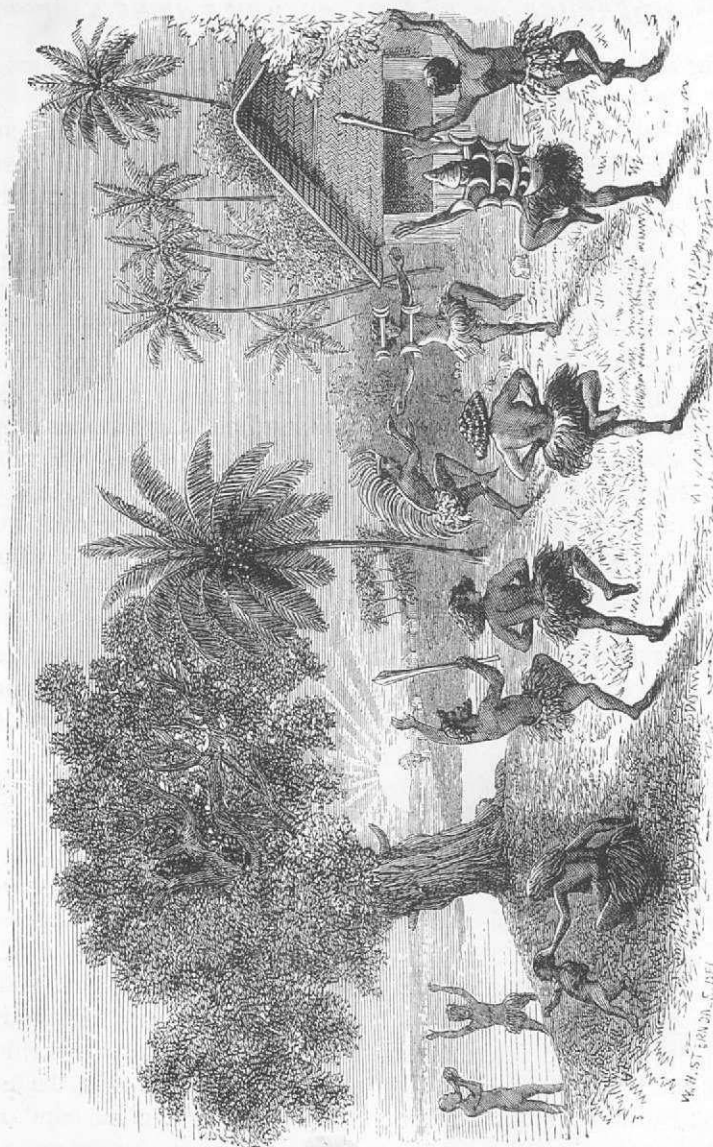
Before this wonderful schooner was quite finished, her builder was greatly cheered by the arrival in Rarotonga of another fellow-worker, the Rev. Aaron Buzacott, a missionary whose name will ever stand high in the annals of the South Seas. Mr. Buzacott was a native of South Molton, Devonshire, in which town his father was in business as an ironmonger and whitesmith. After three years spent in learning farming, to which out-of-door life he had been sent on account of his poor health, the son learned his father's trade, and on reaching Rarotonga was at once glad to turn his knowledge of the smith's craft to good account. While on the farm he had given his heart to Christ, and when sixteen years of age a visit to South Devon from the Rev. Richard Knill set him longing to be a missionary. Relating his own story first of all, Mr. Knill turned to the gallery and exclaimed: "There is a young man in that gallery who is now saying: 'Here am I, send me.'" The words were but "a bow drawn at a venture," but they went straight to the mark; for young Buzacott was at that very moment using these words in the silence of his own heart. Indeed, so startled was he, that he could hardly refrain from calling out from that gallery seat: "Yes, I am that young man." Not for three or four years, however, was the way opened for him to obey the prompting of God's Spirit; but at length God made it plain to parents, ministers, and other friends that He had called this young man to serve Him in

the mission field. A full course of study followed, and then, in his twenty-seventh year, well prepared for his life's work, he set sail for Rarotonga. Before sailing he had married a Miss Hitchcock, a lady belonging to a remarkable family. She was one of three sisters who married missionaries, one becoming the wife of the Rev. Charles Hardie, of Samoa, the other the wife of the Rev. James Sewell, Bangalore, South India, while her brother was none other than the late widely known and highly respected Mr. George Hitchcock, of St. Paul's Churchyard, London. Mr. and Mrs. Buzacott's voyage to the Pacific was a most trying one, thanks to the coarse, harsh behaviour of the ship's captain and crew. Among their fellow-passengers was Mr. Nott, of Tahiti, who after twenty-eight years in the islands had been home for a short change. On reaching Matavai Bay, canoes in great number put off from shore, and seeing their old friend on board, their owners raised loud shouts of joy: "Noti has come!" "Noti has come!" The excitement became intense. Yet, as the people looked at him, they were much puzzled. When he left them to go home, he was quite bald; now he had a fine crop of hair on his head. How had that come to pass? was the question everybody was asking. So to satisfy their curiosity Mr. Nott inquired in the Tahitian language: "When the thatch of your houses is worn out what do you do?" "We thatch them again," they replied. "Just so," said he; "I have had my head re-thatched in England." With that answer they had to be content.

Mr. and Mrs. Buzacott spent five months in Tahiti before they were able to go on to Rarotonga. Most of the time they spent at Taiarapu, Mr. Crook's station, where their first child was born, and so pleased were the Tahitian people with their new visitors that they actually tried to steal them! There was a district on the east side of the island that had no missionary, the chief of which, who was Pomare's uncle, had long wished to have a teacher all to himself. Trying bribery first, he made large promises. "If you will only consent, the whole of the people shall be your servants; we will build you a chapel, a school-house, and a dwelling. We will fence in a garden without payment, and do everything else you require. All the bread-fruit and cocoa-

nut trees shall be yours. All the pigs and poultry you may want shall be given. Indeed, you shall be our king and our priest." Very tempting; but Mr. Buzacott was firm: "I came for Rarotonga, and to Rarotonga I must go." Then they tried to prey upon his fears by telling him that the Rarotongans were cannibals and might eat him. Finding those attempts also useless, they next laid a clever plot to carry the missionary off by force. He was to return in a boat from one station to another. Knowing this, these strangers contrived to secure places as boatmen; others were hidden away in the bush armed with stones to prevent a rescue; and when Mr. Buzacott took his seat the boatmen tried to row him off in the direction of their own village. But their plot was quickly seen through, and although stones began to fly about and the rowers did their best to get away, they did not succeed. After a while the chief, seeing that his plan was a failure, himself came off in a canoe and told his men to row the boat back to shore. It might be wrong to steal other things, but that it would be wrong to steal a missionary, the chief and his companions were quite unable to see. The next plan was to steal the baby; "for," said these Tahitians, "if we can carry off the baby, Mr. and Mrs. Buzacott will soon come after it." It was only by constant watchfulness that they were able to defeat such wild schemes and get safely back to Matavai Bay.

While there they gathered together as many useful things as they could. Among other articles Mr. Buzacott bought at an auction sale a quantity of old iron which proved of more value than gold, for with it, on reaching Rarotonga, they were able to complete the *Messenger of Peace* and build a new mission house. After long delay a vessel called on her way to the Hervey Islands, and on January 22, 1828, they sailed in her. Eight months had passed since Mr. and Mrs. Williams and Mr. and Mrs. Pitman had landed there, and nothing had been heard of them since. The new comers naturally felt anxious, but on arriving found all well. The ship's boat was lowered, and the captain took Mrs. Buzacott and her infant on shore while her husband stayed behind to see their goods sent off. On nearing the beach, and seeing



HEATHEN REVELRY.

THE "MESSENGER OF PEACE" AND HER USEFUL WORK 103

crowds of men wearing long hair and having their faces, arms, legs, and even the entire body in some cases tattooed, men and women alike only half-clothed and the children perfectly naked, the missionary's wife may be forgiven for being a little alarmed, the more so as the natives pressed around the boat as it grounded. But Mr. Williams came hurrying down, and soon set her mind at rest by assuring her that there was no danger. For thirty years Rarotonga was to be the home of Mr. and Mrs. Buzacott, and his work there, especially in translating and printing the Rarotongan Bible, in which he took a leading part, bears fruit still.

From the first day of meeting Mr. Williams and Mr. Buzacott were drawn to one another, and their friendship only ended with death. As soon as boxes had been opened and the house put a little straight, the young missionary came to the older one's aid. Appearing, the very first morning after landing, with his sleeves already rolled up, and wearing a proper English workman's apron, he surprised the latter by asking what he should do. Handing him some tools, Mr. Williams said: "Make me a few nails." With ease his young colleague forged nails and bolts in a neat and practised style. The eyes of the older man filled with joy, for he could not do the work better himself, and, turning to the chief, who was looking on in mute astonishment, he said, putting his hand on Buzacott's shoulder as he said so: "This is the man for us; this is the man for us"; to which Makea said Amen.

Successfully built, launched, and fitted up, the *Messenger of Peace* made her trial trip to Aitutaki, which was only 170 miles away. Her arrival there caused immense excitement. She returned in safety to Rarotonga, and then, in April, 1828, sailed to Tahiti, a distance of from 600 to 700 miles. "There can be little doubt," says Mr. Buzacott, when telling the story years afterwards, "that they owed their safe voyage quite as much to the special care of the Lord of winds and waves as to the sea-worthiness of the schooner. God gave them a fair and moderate wind until they cast anchor. Had the weather been rough, she must have foundered; for when they reached safe anchorage, the caulking was hanging from the sides of the ship in long

strips. The straining caused by rough weather would have released the caulking completely, and the vessel must have filled rapidly and sunk to the bottom." Her strange uncanny build and rig greatly puzzled the crews of the ships that happened to be in Papeete harbour at the time. "Some," says Mr. Williams, "took us for South American patriots; others for pirates; and others could not tell what to make of us." From Tahiti the vessel went on to Raiatea, where, after a year's absence, a most cordial welcome awaited Mr. and Mrs. Williams. Postponing for a time his projected voyage to Samoa, he remained among his own people, doing his utmost to counteract the evil effects of their old heathen habits, and to strengthen their Christian principle and practice. In the meantime the temporary rig of his "yacht," as her builder called her, had been replaced by proper masts and sails, and when she was thus properly equipped, Mr. Platt accompanied Messrs. Pritchard and Simpson to the Marquesas in her, afterwards visiting the Hervey Islands. The ship thus gave ample evidence of her usefulness.

At length she set out on that mission of extension for which she had been specially built. On the 24th of May, 1830, Messrs. Williams and Barff¹ sailed for the distant Navigators, or, as we generally call them now, the Samoan Islands. On their way they called at several of the islands in which the gospel was already gaining ground. First Mangaia, then Atiu, whose beautiful green hills always delight the eye, Mauke, a low-lying little islet some fifteen miles round, Mitiaro, which is even smaller, and lastly Rarotonga and Aitutaki, were visited one after the other, and at every station but Rarotonga there was much to fill the heart with gladness. The new converts, though still very backward, were making good progress. In dress, in behaviour, in knowledge, in their treatment of women, and in missionary zeal they

¹ From Captain Turpie we learn that Mr. Barff had many an amusing story to tell about this and other trips. The *Messenger of Peace*, he said, sailed faster on one tack than she did on the other, and it was very difficult to get the anchor to hold, and no wonder, for it was nothing but a sort of barrel filled with stones, while the two sides of the ship were not alike.

were showing pleasing signs of real advance. Aitutaki especially was doing nobly. The natives of this island, only recently rescued from idolatry, had already begun to exercise a spirit of liberality towards others, and a longing to extend the kingdom of Christ. To Mr. Williams's great surprise and joy, the native church brought him the sum of £103 as an offering to the London Missionary Society. They had "bought" this money from the captains of passing ships, they said, with pigs and other island produce. "This was the *first* money they ever possessed," says Mr. Williams, "and every farthing of it was dedicated to the cause of Christ!" Nor did they give their money alone; they gave themselves also. Four embarked as missionaries to distant islands.

The visit to Rarotonga was a sad one, for the people of that island were in sore trouble. Mr. and Mrs. Pitman, at Ngatangia, on one side of it, Mr. and Mrs. Buzacott, at Avarua, on the other, and faithful Papeiha, at the third station of Arorangi, were one and all plunged in sorrow. For several months an outbreak of ague and dysentery had raged all over Rarotonga, and had carried off about nine hundred of the natives. The island was turned into a house of mourning. The few natives who had strength to come and see Mr. Williams had piteous stories to tell him. An enquiry after any one whom he did not see was almost always followed by the answer: "He is dead." Some who were too weak to walk were carried on mats to their doors just to take a last look at their good friend before they died. It was a truly painful experience. Nor were disease and death the only trials of God's servants in Rarotonga. In one sense these proved a means of blessing, for they had brought to an end the wicked plots and purposes of a number of reckless men who had almost ruined the mission by their bitterness and violence. As related in the last chapter, the Rarotongan idols had all been swept away. Perhaps Papeiha had been too eager to get this done and would have been wiser if he had not urged it so strongly, but had waited for the truth to sink more deeply into the minds of the natives. At any rate, it soon became clear that many were longing for the old days and the old customs. Not the chiefs

They were tired of constant fighting and of the famines which fighting always caused, and they longed for quieter times. They therefore did their best to persuade the people to obey the new teaching. But a band of thoroughly bad men, angry at finding themselves checked in their evil practices by the laws which that new teaching gave rise to, set to work to crush both laws and teaching, and, sad to say, Papeiha's fellow teacher yielded to temptation and was guilty of a great sin which made the heathen more bitter than ever. That was a terrible grief to the missionaries. "Seventy of them vowed a vow over their sacred fires," we read, "and in the names of their dethroned gods, to die rather than submit" to the religion of Jesus. First they tried to stir up the tribes to another war. As this failed, they next took to setting fire to buildings. They burnt down the chapel, the school-house, and no less than twenty-eight houses of people favourable to the new religion. One stormy night Mr. Buzacott was roused at dead of night by a messenger bringing the following note from Mr. Pitman:

"DEAR BROTHER,—Our chief judge's house is burnt to ashes; the chapel is now in a blaze, and if the wind shift a point, our own house must go too.

"I remain, etc.,

"CHARLES PITMAN."

So cleverly was this work of house-burning done that it was most difficult to find out who did it. "A piece of native cloth, twisted into the shape of a small rope, with a live coal inserted in the bend of it, was thrown upon the thatch, on the windward side of the house. This cloth is like tinder, and once alight and fanned by the wind, the spark would soon burst into a flame, and before the inmates could be well aware of their danger the whole roof would be in a blaze. Glad to escape with their lives, they often abandoned their little property to the fury of the flames. The one thing people seemed most anxious to save was any book they possessed. One man rushed into a blazing chapel, at the risk of his life, to save the pulpit Bible from destruction and got out again in safety, bearing the valued prize, amidst the shouts of those who were

standing by."¹ There was even a plot to kill all the Christian chiefs and missionaries, but as no one chosen by lot to make an attack upon Makea could be persuaded to undertake this serious business, the plot fell through. A flood, followed by the outbreak of disease, however, put a stop to all this wickedness, and everybody was struck with the fact that most of the rebels were victims of its ravages, and saw in this fresh evidence of the power of the Christians' God.

Midway between the Hervey Islands and Samoa lies the low, rock-bound, unromantic-looking island called by the natives Niué, but named by Captain Cook Savage Island, so fierce did its inhabitants appear to him to be. To this spot the *Messenger of Peace* next sailed.

Two young Aitutakians and their wives, who had been specially set apart for missionary work, were on board, and these it was hoped would settle on Niué. Seeing a break in the cliffs, with a stretch of sandy beach, and some natives moving about, they waved a white flag as a sign of friendliness. In the usual way that would have led the islanders to launch their canoes and paddle off to the vessel, but instead of doing this, they waved a flag in return. A boat was therefore lowered and rowed ashore. No white man was in the boat, as it was thought wiser for none but Polynesians like themselves to go in the first instance. The natives were all armed, and when the boat drew near to the beach they were seen ranged in line as if to repel invaders, each man holding three or four spears and carrying a sling and a beltful of stones. Resting on their oars for a few moments, the boatmen lifted up their hearts to God in prayer, and then, advancing slowly, made signs to the natives to put down their weapons. This at length they did, and coming to the edge of the reef, made an offering of bread-fruit, a piece of cloth, and the sacred cocoa-nut leaf, at that time the common token in the South Seas of goodwill and peaceful purpose. A small present was made in return, after which a few launched their canoes and paddled towards the ship, yet cautiously keeping at a distance.

After much coaxing an aged chief was persuaded to go on board. He was a terrible-looking old man. About sixty years of age, tall in

¹ "Mission Life in the Pacific Islands."

person, with high cheek bones and a forbidding face, he was enough to startle any one, the more so as his whole body was smeared with charcoal. His head and beard were long and grey, and the beard was plaited and twisted together and made to hang from his mouth like so many rats' tails. He wore no clothing except a small band of cloth round his waist, which he used as a sling for his spear or anything he wanted to carry. The moment this strange-looking creature got on deck he began to dance about and shout at everything he saw. It was useless trying to get him to talk, for he would not stay still for a single moment, but moved from place to place. Some of the native Christians tried to wrap a little clothing round him, but in a towering passion the old savage tore it off, threw it upon the deck, and stamped upon it with his foot, saying as he did so: "Am I a woman, that I should be covered up with that stuff?" He then set to work to show them what a brave fellow he was, by dancing a wild war dance, poising and shaking his spears, running to and fro, leaping up, and yelling like a madman. Next he made the most horrible grimaces, stretching open his mouth, gnashing his teeth, staring until his eyes seemed as if they would come out of their sockets, and finishing up by thrusting the whole of his long grey beard into his mouth and gnawing it with all the ferocity of a wild beast. Through the whole of this performance, he kept up a loud and hideous howl.

This wretched heathen was kept on board for a time while some of the *Messenger of Peace's* people went on shore. They were allowed to land and had food given them, but the islanders were far from friendly, and kept their weapons within easy reach. After a time a man who seemed to be a leader came and told the teacher that he must take the ship round to another part of the island. They therefore got into the boat and rowed back to the vessel. Before the wild old chief left the ship he was presented with a hatchet, a knife, a looking-glass, and a pair of scissors, for none of which, however, did he care, as he knew nothing of their use; but a mother-of-pearl ornament he saw took his fancy, so seizing this, he became almost frantic with delight. Much to his own relief, he soon found himself back on land.

Disappointed, the vessel drew off for the night. The next day a



THE FRENZIED OLD CHIEF.

second landing was made at another part of the island. There the teachers and the natives from the ship who had gone with them were

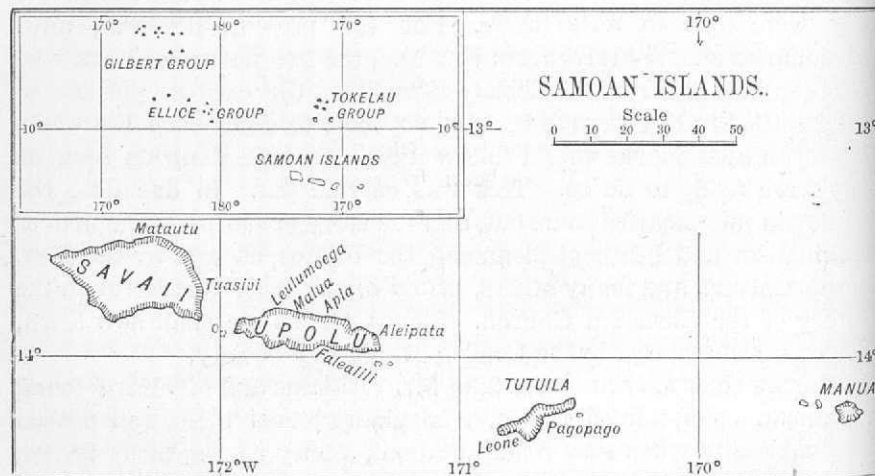
handled, smelt, and all but tasted by the people. Presently a large crowd, armed for fighting, coming in sight, the ship's party returned to the vessel. Another chief came on board. He, and in fact all the men, were quite naked, and did not seem to have the slightest sense of shame. The women kept out of sight in the woods. To station teachers among such unfriendly savages hardly seemed right; indeed, the Aitutakian teachers were afraid to stay and begged to be taken on to Samoa. This request was granted. Before sailing away, the missionaries tried another plan, and that was to induce a couple of young Niuéans to go with them to Raiatea. After great difficulty they managed to do this. But as soon as the two youths saw that they were passing out of sight of their home, they tore their hair and howled with grief. This performance they kept up for three or four days, during which time nothing would induce them to eat, drink, or sleep. When meat was offered them, they turned away from it in disgust, thinking that it was human flesh, and that they themselves would soon be killed and served up in the same way. So things continued until one day a pig was slaughtered. Seeing piggy cut up into joints, they began to understand that the meat brought to them was the flesh of hogs and not of men, and from that time grew quiet and reconciled to their lot.

From Niué the *Messenger of Peace* made for Tongatabu, in which island the Wesleyan Missionary Society had been labouring since 1822. Two missionaries of that Society—Messrs. Turner and Cross—who, with their wives, were living there, received Mr. Williams and Mr. Barff with great heartiness as their guests. These four brethren, representing two great Societies, spent a very pleasant fortnight together at Tongatabu, talking over plans of work and arranging which islands each Society should take charge of. In this way they hoped to prevent clashing. The visitors were much pleased with all they saw and heard. One thing greatly cheered them. They learned that the station at which they had happened to call was commenced by some of their own Society's native missionaries, who, sent from Tahiti to open a mission in Fiji, had in some way been detained in Tongatabu. There

one of them had succeeded in winning over a chief with about four hundred of his people, and had built a chapel. Hearing that there were white missionaries on the opposite side of the island, and knowing nothing of differences between one society and another, this teacher had invited Mr. Turner to come over to his station, which he readily did. It was gratifying to find that the Wesleyan missionary had nothing but praise for the devotedness and consistent character of the Tahitian teacher. The friendly division of labour agreed upon was that the London Missionary Society should take charge of the Samoan Islands, whilst Fiji should be left to the Wesleyans as soon as they were able to settle there. For the present, however, until missionaries should arrive from England, the two native teachers who had been brought from the Society Islands for the express purpose of being settled in Fiji were to be sent on there to commence the work. Wesleyan missionaries might follow them and take it up as soon as they were ready to do so. This was carried out. In due time the Wesleyan missionaries came out, and the story of Gospel triumph over cannibalism and heathenism among the Fijians, as told by the Rev. James Calvert and many others, is one of the most wonderful in the history of the Christian Church. Samoa too, as we shall now learn, yielded a rich harvest to the London Missionary Society.

During their stay at Tongatabu Mr. Williams and Mr. Barff found a Samoan chief, named Fauea, who gladly joined them, and proved a valuable ally when they reached Savaii, a lofty mountainous island, the largest of the Samoan group. On the voyage Fauea had been greatly exercised in mind about a native named Tamafainga, a man in whom the spirit of the gods was supposed to dwell, and whose influence among the people was very strong. Were that man to oppose, urged Fauea, no Samoan would dare to become a Christian. To Fauea's intense delight, one of the first things he learned from the Samoans who came out in their canoes to meet the ship was that Tamafainga had been killed some ten or twelve days before. Greatly relieved by this news, he came bounding along the deck towards the missionaries, shouting as he came: "The devil is dead, the devil is dead! Our work

is done." As the naked Samoans crowded around their visitors, staring at them in wonder and curiosity, Fauea began to harangue them in true native style. "Can the religion of these wonderful foreigners be anything but wise or good?" he asked. "Let us look at them, and then look at ourselves. Their heads are covered, while ours are exposed to the heat of the sun and the wet of the rain; their bodies are clothed all over with beautiful cloth, while we have nothing but a bandage of leaves around our waists; they have clothes upon their very feet, while ours are like the dogs'; and then look at their axes,

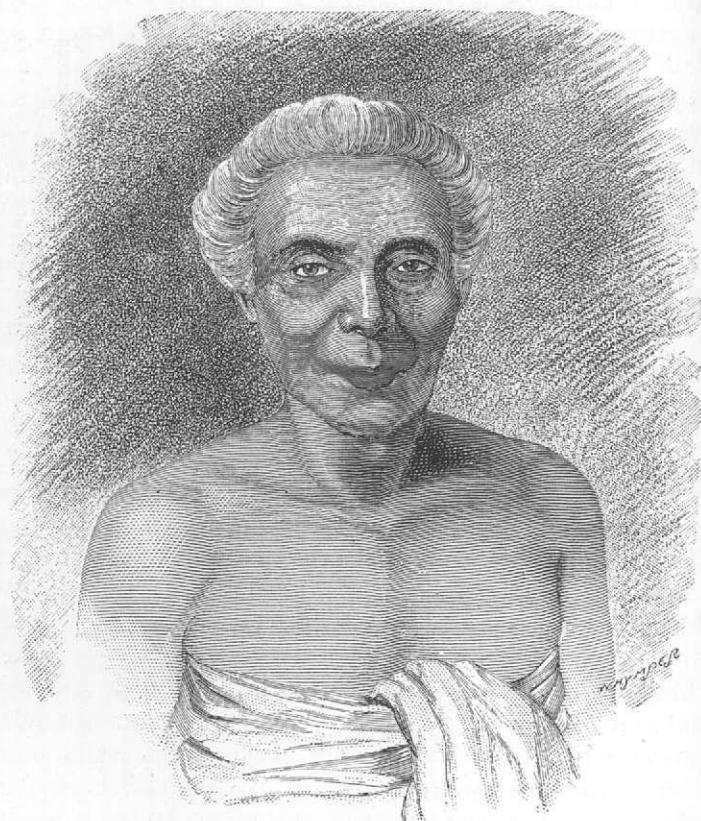


their scissors, and their other property, how rich they are!" Fauea did not use the very highest arguments, but he used those which the Samoans easily understood and felt the power of. Noticing the missionaries' shoes, one man knelt down and pulled a shoe off to see what a white man's foot was like; but when he saw the stockinged foot he whispered to Fauea: "What wonderful people these foreigners are; they have no toes as we have!" "Oh!" said Fauea, "did I not tell you that they had clothes upon their feet? Feel them, and you will find that they have toes as well as ourselves." The man felt, and,

on finding that the toes were indeed there, was quite proud of his clever discovery. Others then came round, and very soon both Mr. Williams and Mr. Barff were sitting with bare feet, while the natives handled and examined them with the greatest interest.

None of the Samoans seemed in the least shy or afraid. They climbed up on deck, peeped here and there, and made themselves quite at home. A good impression was produced, and all seemed glad to hear that some *lotu* (or religion) teachers were to land and settle on their islands. The work of God in Samoa was in this way begun. Eight Tahitians, with their wives, were taken on shore. As the canoes in which they and their goods were being placed lay alongside the ship the mountains of Upolu, the island next in size to Savaii, were seen to be wreathed in smoke and flames. Wondering what this could mean, the missionaries asked the Samoans what the fire was. To their sorrow they learned that a battle had been fought that very morning, and that the conquerors were busy burning the houses, plantations, and—will it be believed?—the women, children, and old people who had been taken prisoners! That was the usual practice in Samoa after a fight, and nobody seemed in the least surprised or troubled. They took it as a matter of course. Thus, as Mr. Williams forcibly puts it, at the very moment that the messengers of peace were being landed on one island of the group, a cruel heathen custom was being followed on another a few miles distant. Later the same day Malietoa, one of two leading chiefs or kings of Samoa, came on board the *Messenger of Peace*, and was received with due respect and kindness. Though a king, and a really handsome man of about sixty-five years of age, he wore no clothes beyond a girdle of leaves, and his body was cold and wet with rain that was falling; still Fauea bent and kissed his feet with deep reverence, and also bade his little son stoop down and kiss the soles of the great chief's foot. Malietoa was glad to receive a present of a roll of Tahitian cloth, which he at once wrapped around his naked body. When questioned about the war and its cruel ways, he proudly told of his success that day, and said that he was obliged to fight, and that unless he did so, and burned his enemies, his followers

would not respect him; but he added that he would take care that there should be no more fighting in Samoa, once the war then on hand (which the death of Tamafainga had occasioned) was over. Alas!



A SAMOAN CHIEF.

how often since that August afternoon in 1830 has turbulent Samoa been troubled with war and bloodshed, and how hard has it been to teach her sons to live at peace with one another!

After a few days' stay, during which they saw a great deal of the

king, paying him a visit, and being everywhere treated with marked favour, even dances and feasts in their honour being got up, the missionaries prepared for the return voyage to Tahiti. The teachers were comfortably settled, four of them being at Malietoa's own village, and four under the care of his brother. Their property, though sent on shore in different canoes, had all come safely to hand, not a single article having been stolen. The only missing things were some of the Tahitian children, who did not reach their parents for several hours after landing. Though anxious at the time, the parents afterwards found out that it was the kindness of the Samoans that explained the children's absence. Each Samoan who had had the good fortune of bringing a child to land had felt so proud of this honour that he first carried the little one to his own house, and there killed a pig, "made an oven," and gave the youngster a good "feed" before handing him over to the anxious father and mother. The prospects of the new mission were bright, and it was with thankful hearts that the two missionaries sailed away. The Tahitians were sorry to part with them, for they had known them for eight or ten years. Indeed, some of the women and children shed tears when the moment for parting came. But commending them to God in special prayer, and with strong assurance that the new venture would be greatly blessed, Mr. Williams and Mr. Barff bade them and their Samoan friends farewell.

Only for a time, however. To teachers and people alike they promised soon to return. A stalwart chief, whose name was Matetau, one of the largest and most powerful men Mr. Williams had ever seen, was very eager to obtain a teacher for Manono, the island on which he lived. For the present that could not be, but both on the ground of his rank, which was equal to that of Malietoa, as well as on that of his great longing for a teacher, a promise was given that when the ship came back one should be sent to him. With that promise, and a present of axes, knives, looking-glass, scissors and beads, Matetau went off in his canoe quite happy. Leaving the Samoan group, the *Messenger of Peace* steered for Savage Island, with the intention of

landing the two youths who had been brought away. But the wind failing, this plan had to be given up, and it was not for some months after the vessel's return to Raiatea, when she was on her way to Sydney with Mr. and Mrs. Crook, of Tahiti, on board, that they could be taken back. Poor young fellows! they had learned much during their absence, and hoped to be the means of doing good to their savage countrymen; but shortly after their landing they were attacked, their property was all stolen, and they themselves were both brutally murdered. Not for some years yet was Niué to be conquered by the grace of God.

With a fair wind to speed her on the way, the ship made a quick passage back to Tahiti, covering 1,700 or 1,800 miles in fifteen days. She called at Rarotonga and Rurutu on the way. The former island was once more free from special disease. "You carried it away with you," said the people, when asked what had become of it, "for we began to recover as soon as you had gone, and now Rarotonga is again Rarotonga." The old chief Tinomana, who, it will be remembered, was the first chief to burn his idols, sent a pressing message begging Mr. Williams to visit him, which, though anxious to reach home, he did. Papeiha and Tinomana together had made a beautiful settlement a mile long, with a good wide road down the centre, regularly built cottages and well-arranged plantations at the side, and a large chapel and school-house in the middle of the settlement. A sight more pleasing to a missionary's eye it would have been hard to find. Mr. Williams was simply delighted. Rurutu, too, was growing. Tuna, the teacher, had left for Tahiti six months before in a large boat, but Auura,¹ the chief, carried on the services. During the year these simple islanders had given seven hundred and fifty bamboos of coconut oil to the London Missionary Society. Reaching Moorea, the two pioneer missionaries, like Paul and Barnabas at Antioch, "gathered the Church together and rehearsed all that God had gone with them, and how He had opened the door of faith unto the Gentiles" (Samoans). During the past few years Tahiti had been making steady progress

¹ See page 72.

On the death of Pomare II. his infant son, then only four years old, was made king with the title Pomare III.; but at the age of seven he died, and his sister Aimata, who was fourteen, became queen. She had a long, and at first a very troubled reign, yet throughout her long life showed herself to be a true Christian and a sturdy Protestant. In stating that, however, we are anticipating what in 1827, when she came to the throne, was still the distant future. The missionaries in Tahiti were busy preparing a dictionary, translating the Bible (at which Mr. Nott was the chief worker), teaching, preaching, training native teachers, building, printing, and doing other mission work. They were full of hope and joy. Not that all went smoothly, or that heathenism died easily. There were several attempts to revive idolatrous customs. The evil influence of foreign sailors was often a serious hindrance, and vice and drunkenness a constant source of trouble. Many professing Christians yielded to the temptations that assailed them. Still there was decided advance in the right direction.



THE REV. HENRY NOTT.

After an absence of nearly four months, Messrs. Williams and Barff reached Raiatea, and found their wives and families in health and safety. The greater part of the next year—1831—spent at Raiatea, was an anxious and trying time. Tamatoa, the aged chief, of whom there has been frequent mention, a remarkably fine man, six feet eleven inches high, formerly addicted to drink, but for many years an abstainer, and a diligent scholar at the adult school, passed away, and in consequence of his death war broke out. The outbreak of this war, together with the delicate state of Mrs. Williams's health,

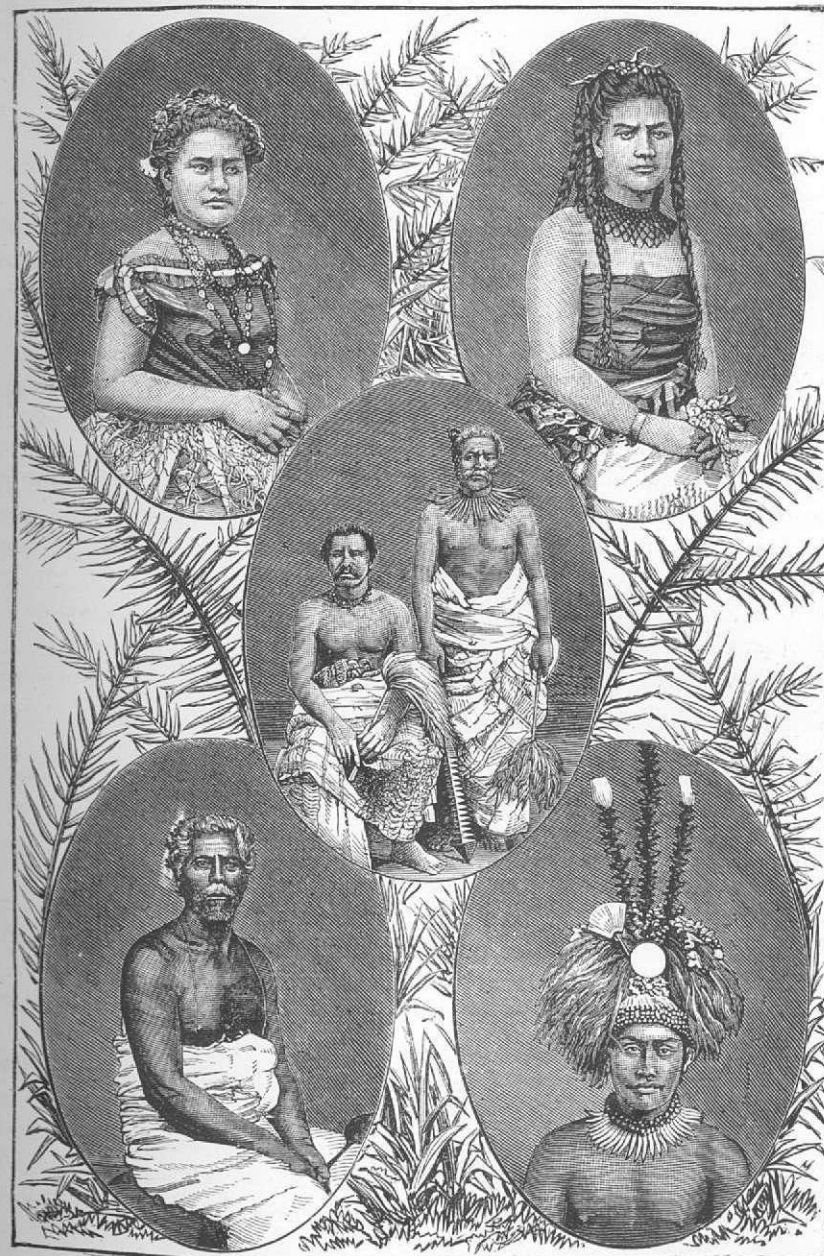
made her husband decide to go for a time to Rarotonga. Two other reasons moved him to this step: the one being that the *Messenger of Peace* needed thorough repair; the other, that the Rarotongan missionaries and he had been at work on a translation of the New Testament, and found it desirable to meet in order to revise it together. Mr. Pitman had translated *Mark, Luke, The Acts*, and from *Ephesians* to *Philemon*; Mr. Williams, *John, Romans, Galatians*, and from *Hebrews* to *Revelation*; while Mr. Buzacott, who was newer to the work than the others, had translated *Matthew* and *1st* and *2nd Corinthians*. (In translating the Old Testament he took a much larger share of the burden, dividing it with Mr. Pitman.) A warm welcome awaited them, and a start was made without delay. The vessel was hauled up on the beach to be lengthened six feet and repaired. Half the day was given to ship-building, half to Bible translation. In the month of December a fearful hurricane swept across Rarotonga, the sea rose to a great height, and flooded the low land on the coast, whilst rain fell in torrents. Chapels, school-buildings, mission dwellings, the houses of the chiefs, and the ordinary huts of the people were swept away, trees were blown down, and plantations laid waste. Only after great peril and effort in wading through swamps and climbing hills did the missionaries and their families escape. The *Messenger of Peace* was lifted up and down by advancing and receding waves, and at last was carried bodily many yards inland, yet, marvellous to say, did not suffer any serious injury. A famine quickly followed the hurricane, as the food supply was destroyed, and for months the Rarotongans did not know what it was to have a good meal.

The repairs completed, and one or two shorter trips over, on Thursday evening, October 11, 1832, the second voyage to Samoa was begun. Two years had not yet passed since his first visit, but Mr. Williams was to find that in the interval great changes had taken place. He had on board with him a godly Rarotongan, named Teava, specially intended as teacher for the giant chief of Manono, and Makea, the chief of Rarotonga, was also with him. Approaching from the eastward, Mr. Williams determined to call at each island of the group

one after the other, and, if possible, make friends in them all. Five days from that of leaving, and without having once shifted sails, he reached Manua, the most easterly islands, on October 17. Manua, which consists of three small islands—Taū, Olosenga, and Ofu—is two hundred and fifty miles from where the teachers had been placed, yet, as the ship drew near, what was the missionary's joy and surprise to hear the natives, who quickly paddled out in their canoes to meet him, shout out as they got within hail: "We are Christians, we are Christians"—at least, that is what they meant, though what they actually said was: "*We are sons of the Word, we are sons of the Word*"—"we are waiting for a religion ship to bring us some people they call missionaries to tell us about Jesus Christ. Is yours the ship we are waiting for?" A fine, strapping fellow then clambered up on deck. He begged hard for a teacher, and on being told that the ship had brought only one, and that he was already promised to Matetau, of Manono, seemed much disappointed. A few lesson books and a promise to send a teacher as early as possible were all that could be given, and with this the man had to be satisfied. Just as the ship was leaving, a young man stepped on board and begged for a passage to Tutuila. He said that he was a Christian, and that he wished to take the good news he had heard to his own island.

More wonderful still were the surprises in store at Tutuila. Olosenga and Ofu had been called at before reaching Tutuila, but an old chief who came off from there in his canoe knew nothing about the new religion. Still he listened with great astonishment to all that was told him, and, like him of Manua, begged for a teacher. Off Tutuila the ship was beset with canoes, in one of which was an Englishman, who gave his name as William Gray, and said that he had been in the island about three years. The request of these visitors was not for missionaries, but for muskets and gunpowder: a struggle between two rival chiefs was about to break out, and they wished to be ready for the fight. In reply to questions, Gray said that many people on Savaii had given up idolatry, but that on Tutuila only a few had followed their example. Coasting along, and admiring

the beauties of the scenery as he passed, Mr. Williams reached Leone, where the young man he had taken on board at Manua lived. A beautiful bay here opened out to view, into which the vessel was steered. In a very short time, a man came out in his canoe. He announced himself as "a son of the Word," and said that there were about fifty others in the district, and that they had built themselves a chapel. This touched the heart of the missionary, and made him decide to land. A boat was lowered, and pulled towards the shore. When still about twenty yards from land, Mr. Williams, thinking that the natives who lined the beach looked formidable, ordered the oarsmen to stop rowing for a moment, that they might join in prayer to God, this being his usual practice when landing among unknown heathen. Seeing the boat stop, and concluding that the visitors were afraid to land, the chief bade his people sit down under the fruit trees, while he himself waded into the sea nearly up to his neck, and clutching Mr. Williams's hand, said: "Son, will you not come on shore? will you not land amongst us?" To this the missionary replied: "I have heard a very sad account of you in this bay, that you have seized two boats, and are very savage; and perhaps when you get me into your power you will either do me hurt or demand a ransom before setting me free again." "Oh!" he shouted, "we are not savage now; we are sons of the Word." "You sons of the Word!" Mr. Williams said; "where did you hear of the Word?" "Oh!" he exclaimed, "a great chief from the white man's country, named Williams, came to Savaii, about twenty moons ago, and placed some 'workers of religion' there, and several of our people who were there began on their return to teach their friends. There they are," he said, pointing to a group of about fifty seated by themselves (not those he had ordered to sit down), each of whom had a piece of white cloth tied round the arm, as a badge to show that they were Christians. "I am the Mr. Williams of whom you speak," said the missionary. That was enough. At a signal, the natives rushed into the sea, and carried boat and all to land. The Christians received Mr. Williams with great delight, and showed him their chapel, a neat little building that would hold about eighty or



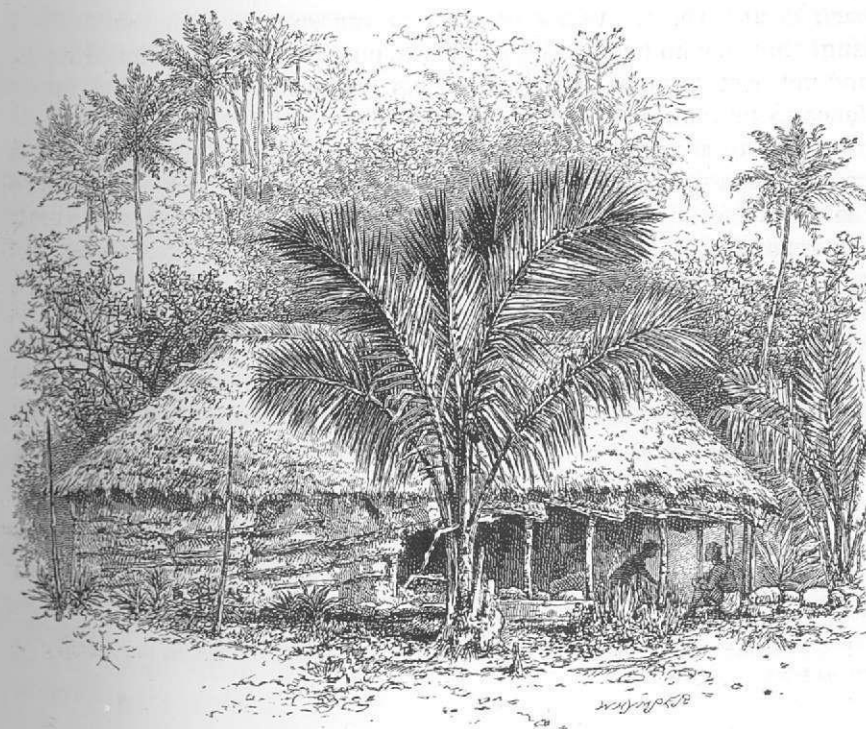
NATIVES OF SAMOA IN PAST AND PRESENT STYLES OF DRESS.

a hundred worshippers. All this was very strange. Yet more strange was the story the chief had to tell about his way of instructing these "sons of the Word." Pointing to his small canoe, he explained that every now and again he started away in that frail bark, and rowing himself down to Savaii, there "got some religion" from the Tahitian teachers, and, returning, retailed it to others. "But now that you have come," said Amoamo (that was the Samoan's name), "give me a man full of religion, so that I may not expose my life to danger by having to go so far to obtain it." Imagine the real grief of the missionary when he had to tell that eager petitioner that he had no man "full of religion" to spare! Yes, and how many thousands, myriads—even millions,—are there in the world who are waiting, like Amoamo, for some one to tell them the message of God's love! "How shall they hear without a preacher? and how shall they preach except they be sent?"

While Mr. Williams was absent on shore, Makea and those on board had been busy with some natives from another part of Tutuila, who also said they were Christians. On the missionary's return, the chief saluted him with great respect, and told him that he had lately come from the teachers and had built a large chapel, in which he taught his people. Finding the missionary a little doubtful as to the correctness of what he said, the man soon showed that he was speaking the truth; for, placing his hands before him, as if they were an open book, he repeated from memory a chapter out of the Tahitian primer, partly in the Tahitian dialect, and partly in the Samoan; then, to crown all, he said, "Let us pray," and kneeling down upon the quarter-deck of the missionary schooner, repeated the Lord's Prayer in broken Tahitian. There was a simplicity about the poor fellow which won all hearts.

Many pages might be filled with such incidents. Manua and Tutuila were the outposts, Savaii and Upolu the citadel, and in these, the chief islands of the group, the most striking progress had been made. When missionary and teachers met, their feelings were deeply moved: the one had so much to hear, the others so much to tell.

A chapel capable of holding a congregation of six or seven hundred people had been built, and was always full when services were held; the Gospel had already been introduced into more than thirty villages; better still, the natives were only awaiting the return of the missionary ship openly to renounce idolatry. The power of their



A SAMOAN HOUSE.

superstitions had been put to the test by the Tahitian evangelists, and the principal idol pronounced impotent and sentenced to destruction by drowning; but, at the urgent request of the teacher, it had been allowed to remain until Mr. Williams should arrive. To him it was

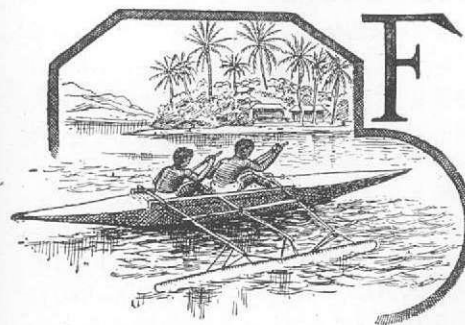
handed over, and by him was carried to England and placed in the Missionary Museum.¹ Not that the teachers had been without difficulty. The Samoan women were not only themselves unwilling to cover the upper parts of their bodies, but had also done their utmost to persuade the teachers' wives to go half naked too. Many of the natives laughed at the Tahitians for thinking that the ship would ever come back to visit them. Worst of all, two ignorant and thoroughly bad Englishmen, who had settled in Samoa, taught the people wicked ways, and yet, just because Christianity was in favour, had had the impudence to pretend to baptise them, by rubbing a little water on their foreheads in the form of a cross, reading at the same time an English prayer, not a word of which could the natives understand. These were the trials and difficulties. The encouragements were many and great. The second visit of Mr. Williams added to them. Makea's presence and speeches made a very favourable impression. Tall and stalwart, dressed, too, in European clothing, he was a striking figure, and his words were both wise and earnest. Malietoa was most friendly, and publicly declared that he meant to give his "whole soul to the Word of Jehovah." Matetau was delighted beyond measure with Teava and his wife, who lost no time in getting to work. Indeed, there was a movement throughout the entire group, and the way was now open for the settlement of European missionaries in Samoa, and for evangelizing and instructing its many thousands of inhabitants. With a very full heart, therefore, did Mr. Williams close his second visit to the Samoan Islands.

¹ See the author's articles on "The Past and Present of Samoa" in the *Sunday at Home* for June, 1889.

CHAPTER VII.

THE MARTYRED MISSIONARY AND WESTERN POLYNESIA.

"Neither count I my life dear unto myself."



FROM the islands of the great Southern Ocean we must now turn our eyes for a short time to our own side of the globe. In 1834, after an absence of nearly eighteen years, Mr. and Mrs. Williams revisited England. The missionary's wife needed a complete change of air and scenery, to restore her worn and weary frame to health and strength; the missionary had nobly earned a little rest. This he obtained on the voyage home, which in those days took much longer than now; but once back in the old country, Mr. Williams, like many another missionary returning to Great Britain after a long term of service abroad, quickly learned that in change of work alone would he be able to find any rest. One duty he came ready to undertake. He brought with him in manuscript the New Testament in the Rarotongan tongue, and this, with the liberal help of the Bible Society, he helped to carry through the press. But other duties soon began to crowd in upon him, and he became a very busy man. He was little known when he arrived. The directors of the Society of course had watched his career with deep interest, and highly valued his practical energy and his far-seeing and large-hearted plans; to the outside public, however, he was still a stranger. Not so when, after a stay of almost four

years, he went back to his station. During that time he travelled far and wide, in all parts of the United Kingdom, as a missionary deputation, and by the subtle charm which a man who believes "through and through" in what he is saying exerts over others and by the freshness of his stories, was everywhere welcomed. The wonderful things he had to relate, the power of his speeches, the influence of the letters he wrote to men of all ranks and classes, and still further the publication of his book "Missionary Enterprises," which was at once well received and eagerly read, as a book of thrilling interest like a new chapter of the Acts of the Apostles (to quote the Archbishop of Canterbury), made John Williams one of the most popular Englishmen of his day. The recital of his adventures and the issue of his book, followed so soon by the news of his murder, produced a deep and lasting impression upon the British public.

Ever intent on advancing the work, on entering new fields, and on bringing the entire Pacific and even distant New Guinea under the influence of the Gospel, he determined, if possible, to obtain a new missionary ship. First he tried to raise the funds by securing thirty subscribers of £100 each. Failing in this, he next applied to the British Government for the loan of a vessel; but though his application received the support of the Duke of Devonshire, of Lord Minto, Lord Glenelg, and other leading statesmen and gentlemen, it was wisely declined. Finally, an appeal was made to the general public, and £4,000 was soon forthcoming. With this he purchased a two hundred ton brig, called the *Camden*, and procured needful stores. Among other contributors to the fund was the Corporation of London, which voted a sum of £500. The donations of the rich were generous, those of the poor not less so. Some of these greatly pleased Mr. Williams. "He often spoke of a cabman who drove him home from Clapham after a public meeting at which he had pleaded for the ship, but would not receive his fare, and when it was pressed upon him, sprang upon his box and rattled away. And few things pleased him more than the offer of the pilot to take him out of port free of charge, and the refusal of a pious man, who supplied her with filtered water

for the voyage, to receive a penny, though entitled to more than £20."¹

On April 11, 1838, the *Camden* set sail. Captain Morgan was in charge of her. Mr. and Mrs. Williams and a large party of new missionaries were on board, among them Mr. and Mrs. Royle, who for a long course of years were to do a most unselfish and noble work upon Aitutaki. Mr. and Mrs. William Gill were also passengers. They were the first bearing the honoured family name of Gill, whose service to the Hervey Islanders can never be forgotten. Many friends were present on the day of sailing to say good-bye. After a touching farewell service, the parting took place at Gravesend, and the *Camden* unfurled her sails and made for the Channel. She soon showed her good sailing qualities by passing every vessel she saw, even though twice her size. At the end of ten weeks she was at anchor at Cape Town, and seven weeks later had reached Sydney. Good news from the Hervey and Samoan Islands there awaited Mr. Williams, and it was with a joyous heart that at the end of a month he again set sail. By the 24th of November they were off the island of Tutuila, one of the Samoan group.

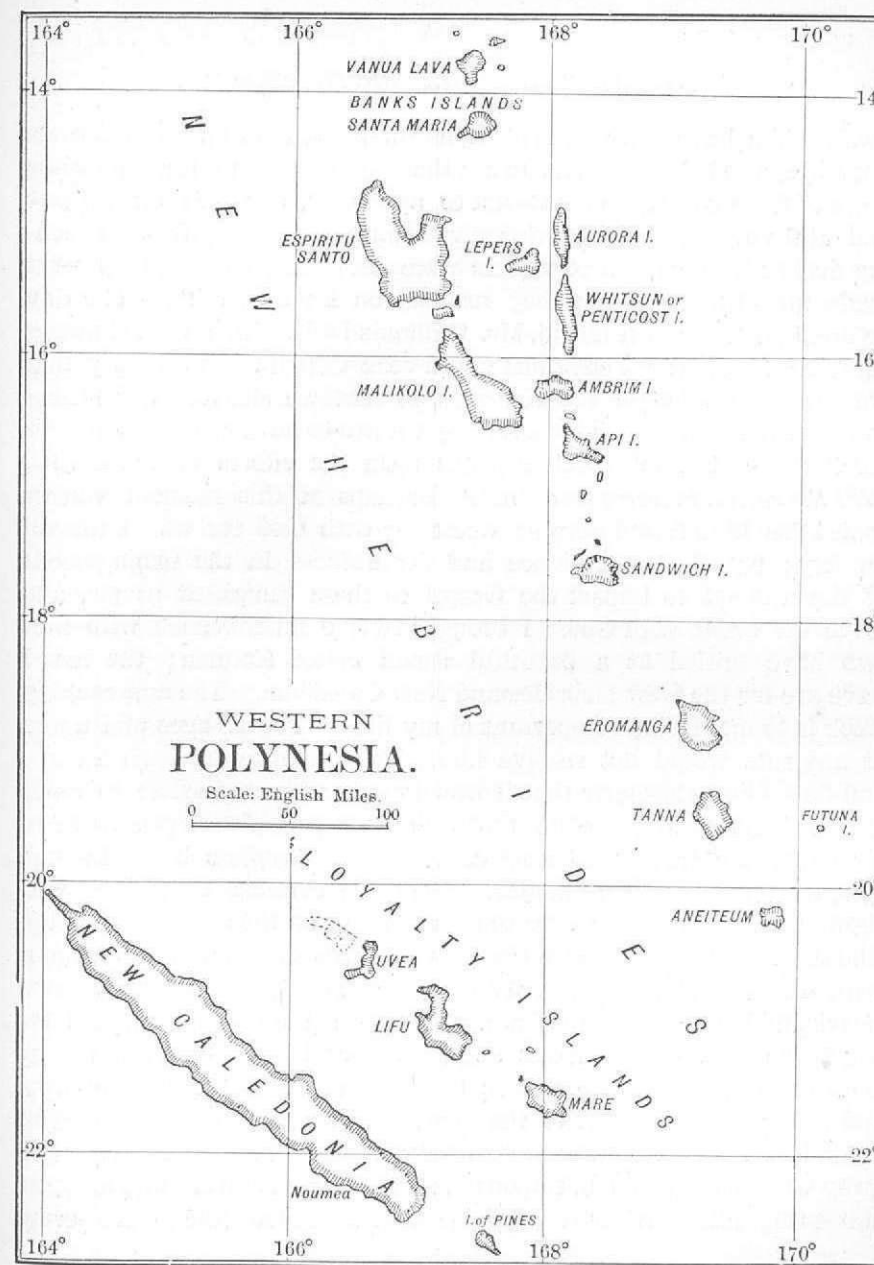
Samoa was entering upon the second stage of progress. Native teachers had led the way and been the means of overthrowing idolatry and some of the grossest customs of heathenism. Missionaries were now following this up by earnest Christian teaching and so laying the foundation for the spiritual building they hoped to raise in their place. These brethren and sisters had been sent out the very year after Mr. Williams's return home. Two of them deserve special mention. One of the party was Charles Hardie (already referred to as marrying one of the sisters of Mrs. Buzacott). His twenty years' work in Samoa, especially in connection with the Training Institution for native pastors at Malua, of which large and useful "school of the prophets" he and Dr. George Turner were the founders and first tutors, was work of a wide-reaching and most fruitful kind. His widow, the sole survivor of that earliest group of Samoan missionaries, is still living in Sydney. The last man of the party died two years

¹ "From Island to Island."

ago. This was the Rev. A. W. Murray,—“old Mr. Murray” as he was often in his later days called. For forty years he had rendered active and varied service, chiefly in Samoa, but finally in New Guinea, and by many and long missionary voyages, and by the free use of the pen, had done much to advance the cause he loved so well. When no longer equal to the strain of duty in the mission field he devoted the seventeen years of his retirement to efforts of different kinds for deepening and extending interest in missions. In July, 1892, the venerable and godly man was laid to rest by a large gathering of sorrowing friends.

But to return to the past. On the arrival of the *Camden*, bringing more helpers, the hearts of the missionaries were greatly cheered. They sorely needed reinforcements, for the entire people of Samoa, about fifty thousand in number they thought, but afterwards found to be much less, were willing to be taught. Island chiefs, districts, and single villages were vying with one another in eager desire to possess a missionary of their own, and all were ready to advance. The new comers landed and were soon settled at chosen stations on the larger islands. Mr. Williams also intended to make Samoa his head-quarters. Both for size and for central position this group seemed marked out as more suitable for that pioneering work which he hoped to carry on than his old station Raiatea in the Society Islands, or Rarotonga in the Hervey group. His first duty therefore was to build a house in which his wife might reside, while he was away in distant parts of the Pacific. That done, he lost no time in sailing to Rarotonga. He took with him a consignment of 5,000 New Testaments in the language of the people. Had he been a prince, he could not have received a more enthusiastic welcome. Whilst in Rarotonga he founded the institution in which ever since a succession of young men have been trained for pastoral and missionary service. He also visited the other stations of the Hervey and Society groups before returning to his new home in Samoa.

The time had now come for fulfilling his long-cherished purpose of visiting the New Hebrides. Little dreaming of the tragic end that



awaited him, he bade wife and child, fellow-labourers and native friends good-bye, and hoping shortly to see them again and to have glorious news of fresh conquests for Christ to announce, departed on his last and fatal voyage. The *Camden* started on November 5, 1839. Touching first at Rotuma, where vessels were constantly calling, they next made for Futuna, which they reached on November 17. The day before, in a letter to a friend, Mr. Williams had written the following significant words: "I have just heard dear Captain Morgan say that we are sixty miles off the Hebrides, so that we shall be there early to-morrow morning. This evening we are to have a special prayer meeting. Oh! how much depends upon the efforts of to-morrow. *Will the savages receive us or not?* Perhaps at this moment you or some other kind friend may be wrestling with God for us. I am all anxiety; but desire prudence and faithfulness in the management of the attempt to impart the Gospel to these benighted people, and leave the event with God. I brought twelve missionaries with me; two have settled at a beautiful island called Rotuma; the ten I have are for the New Hebrides and New Caledonia. The approaching week is to me the most important of my life." The savages of Futuna at any rate would not receive him. They manifested such a fierce and forbidding character that it was found quite impossible to enter into friendly relations with them. The ship therefore proceeded to Tanna, where she arrived next day, and the reception being favourable, three teachers were landed. The same evening Eromanga was sighted, but the *Camden* hove to for the night on the south side of the island. Next morning she drew in towards shore, and lowering a boat, Captain Morgan, Mr. Williams, a young missionary named Harris, and a Mr. Cunningham, with four sailors to row, pulled towards the land. The natives seemed shy and very reserved, but at length were persuaded to receive beads, and also to bring cocoa-nuts and water from the shore to the boat. Mr. Harris asking permission to land, Mr. Williams made no objection. The natives at once ran away when he did land, but upon his sitting down returned and brought him cocoa-nuts. After a time the others landed (the boat's crew

excepted) and walked along the beach. A few minutes later there was a yell, and Mr. Harris, who was farthest off, was seen running, pursued by natives. These catching him, felled him to the ground with their clubs. Mr. Williams and Mr. Cunningham also ran, the latter escaping with Captain Morgan to the boat; but the former stumbling when he reached the water, was immediately clubbed to death and pierced with arrows. It was all the work of a few moments. The bodies of the dead missionaries lay upon Eromanga's beach; the missionary ship was turned into a place of sorrow and mourning. Unable to secure the bodies, which the natives dragged off into the bush, Captain Morgan reluctantly withdrew from the island and made sail for Sydney. The intelligence he conveyed caused the deepest distress. We will however draw a veil over the next few sad months, over the sorrow of the bereaved widow, of the mission circle, of the native Christians, of the directors and thousands of British friends. The work of God in the South Seas had received a terrible blow, under which for a long time it staggered; and yet perhaps nothing in the history of that mission bore richer fruit or had more glorious results than that martyrdom upon savage Eromanga of the noble pioneer missionary whose name became inseparably connected with it.

"The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church." In all ages that proverb holds good. The death of "the martyr of Eromanga" in bravely attempting to enlighten Western Polynesia only served to arouse others to follow in his footsteps. From that sad day in November downwards, for more than half a century, devoted men and women, Europeans and natives alike, have freely, joyously consecrated their lives, yea, have many of them laid down their lives in such attempts. Nor have they laboured in vain. But their work has been full of peril, difficulty, and trial. To a large extent this has arisen from the character of the people, who are much more savage than those of the East, from whom in many ways they differ. In the shape of the head and nose, in height and build, in their hair, and in many of their customs they are quite unlike them. There is a difference also in language, but this is much less marked; indeed the

differences lie on the surface chiefly, and some scholars think that in reality the language is one. This, however, is doubtful. Eastern Polynesians belong to the light-skinned Malayan family. Whilst given to stealing, terribly impure, fond of quarrelling, and at times very cruel, they were, even in their heathen days, a mild, easy-tempered race as compared with those in the West. But these latter—Melanesians¹ as they are now generally called—are a dark, treacherous, murderous people, great cannibals and skull hunters, scarcely owning any chief, and ready at any moment to fight against their neighbours. Mixed up with them here and there are a few small colonies of Eastern Polynesians, the descendants of people who have lost their way at sea, or been driven by adverse winds away from their own part of the ocean; but from Fiji westwards the islanders are Melanesians. This must be borne in mind if we would understand the story of work among them.

Six months after the death of John Williams,² the brig *Camden* returned to the scene of his murder. The Rev. Thomas Heath, one of the earliest band of Samoan missionaries, who had been living on the island of Manono for five years, was on board. Tanna was his first place of call. The Tannese were a very fierce people. Fighting was their constant occupation, and a land without war was quite beyond the grasp of their mind; they could not understand how such a land could exist. Captain Cook says of them: "The women of Tanna are not very beautiful, yet they are certainly handsome enough for the

¹ Melanesian means the black island, or black oceanic, race. They are also called Papuans, or woolly-haired.

² The Governor of New South Wales had in the meantime sent a ship of war to Eromanga, Mr. Cunningham being on board, and recovered some of the bones and the skulls of the murdered missionaries. Their bodies had been eaten by the wretched natives. Later on the very club by which Mr. Williams had been felled was handed over to a missionary by the chief who had wielded it and dealt the fatal blow. This chief's own son, it was found, had been killed by foreign sailors a short time before, and he was resolved to have his revenge on the first white man that he came across. Mr. Harris's pocket-handkerchief, marked with his initials, was at the same time given up by the chief's wife.

men, who put them to all manner of drudgery. Though both men and women are dark-coloured, they are not black, nor do they bear



A NATIVE OF WESTERN POLYNESIA.

any resemblance to negroes. They make themselves blacker than they really are by painting their faces the colour of blacklead. They use a sort of pigment, which is red, and a third sort which is

brown; all these, especially the first, they lay on with a liberal hand, not only on the face, but on the neck, shoulders, and breast. The women wear a petticoat made of leaves, the men nothing but a belt and wrapper." They pay great attention to their hair. They part it into small locks, which they wind round with the rind of a small plant to within about an inch of the ends. Each of these is about the thickness of whip cord; they are bound together, and hang down behind like a parcel of small string. Mr. Heath found the three Samoan teachers—Lalolangi, Salamea, and Mose—all well. They were trying to learn the language, and to win the goodwill and confidence of the natives, but could not tell of any success. Two more Samoans—Pomare and Vaiofainga—were taken on shore to join them, and then the ship sailed for a little island called Niua, or Niwa, now so well known, through the "Life of John G. Paton," as the scene of that missionary's labours. It was to this island—Aniwa, as Dr. Paton calls it—he went after his withdrawal from Tanna. Sorrow and suffering only were his portion on Tanna, but on Aniwa, after first "sowing in tears," he soon began to "reap in joy." Two teachers were landed there by Mr. Heath, and for several years remained at their post, others also joining them. But they could make no impression upon the wild, godless natives, and after a time were withdrawn. Others from Aneityum followed them, and at last, Dr. Paton had the joy of seeing the island with its four or five hundred savage people brought to Christ.

From Niwa the *Camden* made for the Isle of Pines, which lies to the east of the important island called New Caledonia. There also Mr. Heath was able to station teachers. Lastly a visit was paid to Eromanga, and the same was done there, not, however, at Dillon's Bay, where the murder took place, but on the opposite side of the island. Rejoicing in the good beginnings thus made, the missionary returned to his station in Samoa.

To make the after-history of the work in the New Hebrides clear, it may be well to point out here that by a friendly arrangement others interested in missions were coming to the help of the London Mis-

sionary Society. When Mr. Williams was at home, he entered into an agreement with the United Secession Church in Scotland (now merged in the United Presbyterian Church). It was settled that the London Missionary Society, by means of native Christian teachers from Eastern Polynesia, should try and open the door and gain an entrance to the New Hebrides group, and that done hand over the work to Presbyterian missionaries who were to follow Mr. Williams to the Pacific. Money for helping Mr. Williams to carry out this plan was placed in the Society's hands by these Scotch friends. For forty-six years now the New Hebrides mission has been under the care of Presbyterian missionaries, the first of whom, though born in Scotland, came from Nova Scotia, and all their native teachers are now trained by themselves. But long after the missionaries had settled in the group they were thankful to receive the help of native teachers from the islands under the care of the earlier Society, which help it was glad to supply.

The year following Mr. Heath's visit to the west Mr. Murray set out in the *Camden* on the same round, and after calling at the stations already occupied was able to start work on fresh islands. But he found some of the teachers in great distress. On Tanna there had been sorrow upon sorrow. At first the arrival of the new workers, making five in all, set the islanders thinking, and there seemed to be a willingness to listen to them. For a time all went well. Then a change took place. All the Samoans became ill, so ill that no one was able to help his brother. Some natives, who had shown much friendliness before their illness commenced, still acted with wonderful kindness, and did all in their power to befriend them. When we remember what these natives were their conduct is all the more striking. At the end of six weeks, Pomare and Salamea died. Poor fellows! their death was a sad one. To the last the friendly Tannese were good to them; and as their companions were still too weak to do anything, buried their dead bodies. But they would no longer pay any attention to what the Samoans had to tell them, even though they had recovered their health. They concluded that the anger of their

chief god, whom they named Alema, must have caused the illness to come; and as the God, about whom the Samoans talked, was not able to cure them, clearly Alema was stronger than He. They also kept away from them, lest Alema should kill them too, so that for several months the teachers were left in great straits for want of food. They just managed to struggle along, had planted yams and taro themselves so as to be able to supply their own wants, and by the time that Mr. Murray arrived had got over the worst of their troubles. Besides which a few of the Tannese had again begun to come and listen to what they had to say.

At Eromanga things were much worse. Reaching that island on the morning of the 5th April, the brig stood in close to the bay where the teachers had been left by Mr. Heath the year before, yet no sign of them was to be seen. A few canoes put off from the shore, but would not come near, and their shy manner made those on board growingly anxious. Finding that no one would approach the vessel, the captain lowered a boat, and pulled towards the beach. In a few moments a canoe was seen coming off, in which sat Lasalo, one of the teachers. With him was the chief under whose care and protection he had been placed. Both chief and teacher came into the ship's boat. This seemed to promise well, but when a request that Taniela, the second teacher, should also be allowed to come out from the land, the natives would not agree. "No," said they, "you must come on shore." To have done this would have been madness, for the entrance to the landing-place was a narrow inlet between two high cliffs which were covered with crowds of armed savages. The boat's crew would have been completely at their mercy, and it looked as if they meant mischief. All efforts to persuade them either to bring Taniela or to let him come alone were in vain. The chief had become uncomfortable at this deadlock, so watching his opportunity, he sprang into the sea, and began to swim to shore. But that would not do so long as Taniela was in their power. Immediate chase was given, and soon the chief was overtaken and again came on board. He trembled for his life, poor fellow! Kind treatment and

gentle words having put him a little more at ease, and finding himself a prisoner, he joined his voice to that of the visitors in asking for Taniela. After a long time of weary waiting, a canoe was seen with the Samoan seated in it. Still unwilling to give him up, however, the natives would not bring the canoe near. They kept it at a distance, and when the boat rowed towards them paddled away themselves. By a bold stroke Taniela brought this tantalizing game to an end. Suddenly springing into the sea, he swam towards the boat, on seeing which the crew pulled swiftly to him, and got him on board before he could be captured by the Eromangans. He fainted as soon as he reached the boat. The chief was then allowed to go. Before he left presents were given to him, but for the time the door of hope for blood-stained Eromanga was closed, and the light which had feebly flickered on that dreadful island was put out.

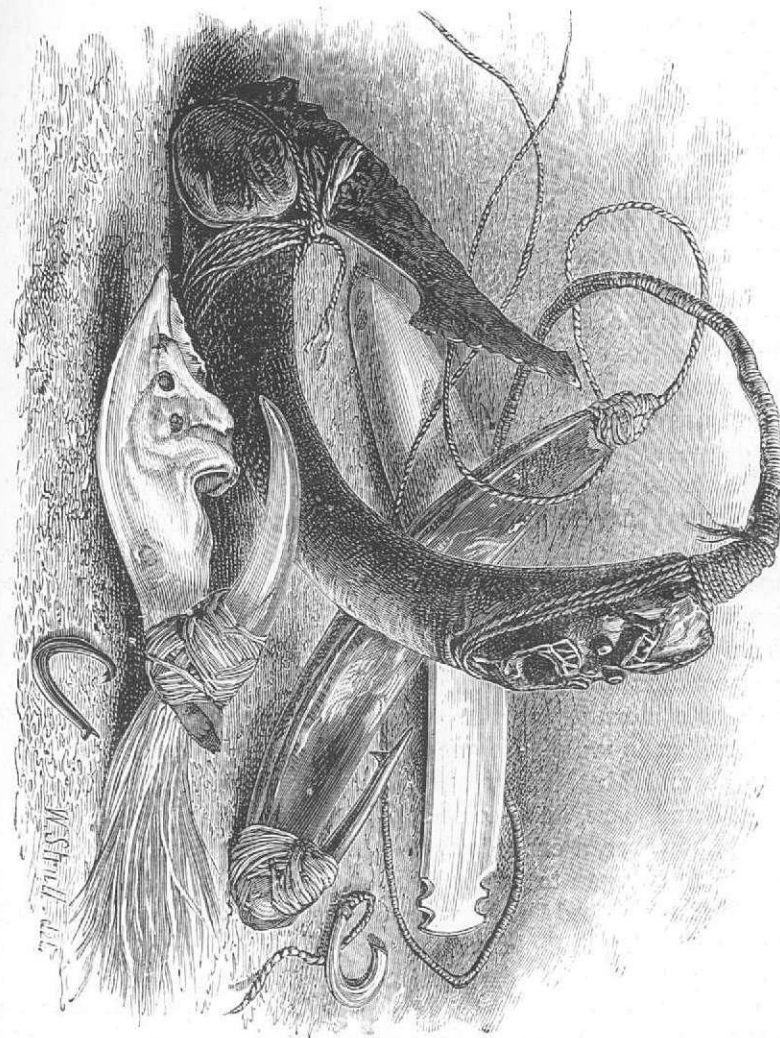
The teachers had a doleful tale to tell. The chief who had promised to supply their needs had sadly neglected them, and his people only too closely imitated his own example. Had it not been for a party of Niwans, who, having relations on Eromanga, were there on a long visit, the Samoans must have died of starvation. These strangers took pity on them, and gave them food. But after they left, the teachers were in great destitution. They were ill, were without food, yet no one was allowed to go near them. The chief's aim clearly was to starve them to death, and it looked as if he would succeed in his cruel plot. But God was better to them than their fears, and in a most unlikely quarter raised up a friend for them. Who would have thought that among such a savage set of beings there would be a kindly soul that, moved by pity, would come to the help of these suffering strangers from afar? Yet so it was. A man named Vorevove, a native of the island, took compassion on them. Day after day, week after week, for five months, did this Eromangan bring them a daily supply of food. He was obliged to do it secretly, for, had the chief got to know it, his kindness might have cost him his life; so, creeping quietly down to the hut in which the teachers lived, he used to lift up the thatch, and hand in their "daily bread." In

some way which we cannot explain, God touched Vorevore's heart and prompted him to that merciful conduct. That is all we can say, but the story is one of the most marvellous we have ever read.

At other islands during the voyage Mr. Murray had more success. Futuna, the first to be called at, is the most easterly of the New Hebrides group. It is peopled by a race speaking indeed the language of Eastern Polynesia, yet resembling in all other respects their Melanesian neighbours. They are a fierce, savage-looking people, and, like the islanders round about them, treacherous and cruel. The visit of Mr. Williams to this island in 1839 had paved the way for the landing of teachers. He had given presents to the natives, and to a certain degree had won their favour. They were therefore willing to receive two Samoans—Apolo from Tutuila and Samuela from Upolu. At first these men were well treated; indeed, for two years the prospects of the Futuna mission were bright. They then suddenly changed, and a foul crime brought it to a mournful ending, as we shall have to narrate further on.

Leaving Futuna, the *Camden* called the next day at Aneityum, a beautiful island with lofty hills and mountains of all shapes and sizes. It possesses also a fine harbour. The Aneityumese are a mixed race, small in stature, and not at all good-looking. Some of them are woolly-haired, some straight-haired. According to their own traditions, in the remote past a canoe from Savaii in Samoa brought people to their island, and these strangers had stayed with them and married natives. The men wore no clothing, but had long hair; the women, on the other hand, were decently dressed, but wore their hair cropped short. Many of their heathen customs were awfully cruel. War and murder were very common, and the slain were eaten at cannibal feasts. When a man died his widow was strangled, and children left orphans were brutally killed. One chief god and a host of lesser ones were worshipped by these people, and to them offerings of cooked food, of the fat of pigs, and sometimes of human beings, were often made. Kotiama, a Futuna chief, had offered to go to Aneityum in the mission brig to help them in settling teachers. As

NATIVE FISH-HOOKS.



the vessel drew near canoes came off towards her, but no natives would come on board. This arose from fear, as the last time a vessel had called there had been a fight between themselves and the crew. Finding all attempts to get them on board useless, Captain Morgan lowered a boat, and he and Mr. Murray rowed towards the shore. Beads were held up to entice the natives near, and at last one, bolder than the rest, snatched this prize, and then at once began to back away from the boat. Coming a second time, he grew more confident, and, learning from Kotiama the purpose for which the ship had come, agreed to receive and protect the teachers. A more bloodthirsty looking savage the missionaries had never seen, and yet this man became guardian of the messengers of peace. The teachers were taken on shore, and large numbers of people gathered together to welcome them. This they did by waving green boughs. Another beginning was thus made among the degraded Melanesians.

To the south-west of the New Hebrides lies a group of three larger and several smaller islands, called the Loyalty Islands. They form a natural line of outposts to New Caledonia, from which they are distant some sixty or seventy miles. To one of these islands—Maré or Nengone, to give it its native name—did the mission brig now make its way. Maré is an island of coral formation, somewhat uninviting in appearance as seen from the sea. The vessel lay off the coast the whole morning, on the watch for canoes or some other sign of natives, but in vain. No one was to be seen. Lowering a boat, Capt. Morgan and Mr. Murray were pulled towards the shore, which was rugged and bare, and seemed to be without villages or people. At length, however, a canoe was noticed, and as it rapidly drew near the missionaries began to feel hopeful. Coming within hail, the man who was in it astonished the party in the boat by shouting out: "I know the true God." Who could this stranger be, and how could one knowing the true God have found his way to a heathen region like that? His name was Taufu, and he was a native of one of the Tonga or Friendly Islands, who with seven companions had lost his way at sea and been carried to Maré. There they had been living for seven

years. In this wonderful way did God provide His servants with a ready helper, who took them on shore, acted as their interpreter with one of the chiefs, and easily persuaded him and his people to receive two Samoan teachers, Tataio and Taniela by name. The chief, Jeieue, went on board, and showed a thoroughly friendly spirit. But he and his people were the slaves of gross darkness, and it was a long time before they yielded to the light of truth. They had a dim notion of a superior Being. No carved images were to be found in the island, but sacred stones, and sacred wooden posts and pillars, were common; the relics of dead relatives or famous natives were also greatly prized. When a priest, or a warrior, or a clever canoe paddler died, the hair of his head and his eyelashes were carefully cut off, and stored up as a precious treasure. The body was then buried, and for ten days allowed to rest in the ground. At the end of that time, the priest of the district, accompanied by the family of the dead man, went to the grave, and, with much ceremony, removed the finger-nails, toe-nails, and certain bones of the arms and legs. These were religiously guarded, and passed down to the next generation as a sacred heirloom, by means of which the blessing of the unseen God was secured. In the same way skulls were preserved, and the woman who had her mother's skull to place in the centre of her yam or taro plantation regarded herself as a very fortunate being. Before beginning to plant she would make an offering to this skull, then casting herself on the ground before it say: "O mother, let thy power be seen, and pity us thy children; see thou that the rains descend, and that the sun shine on this our work. Let our food be abundant, and thy fame, and the fame of thy family, shall be great in the land." In times of drought the entire skeleton of some one recently buried would be carefully put together, "bone to his bone," until the skeleton was complete, and this skeleton was relied upon for bringing down the much needed rain. With such illustrations to guide us, we can easily understand how terribly degraded the people of Maré must have been. They were born thieves too. As the teachers were being landed, one after another of the natives tried to steal. This man walked off with

a sailor's jacket, that with a boat-hook; but when told to bring them back, the rogues brought them with their own hand, as if neither ashamed of the theft nor afraid of punishment.

New Caledonia was the last island visited. It was discovered by Captain Cook, in 1774, when returning to New Zealand after his survey of the New Hebrides; and being the last link in the long chain of islands that stretches across nearly five thousand miles of ocean, occupies a position of great strength and importance. Indeed, in many respects New Caledonia is without a rival among the isles of the Pacific. Two hundred miles long by twenty-five miles broad, it excels them all for size. The centre of the island is formed by a lofty rocky ridge; the low-lying flat land near the coast contains many woods and plantation grounds watered by streams from the hills; while girdling the shore, but distant from it some ten or twelve miles, is a barrier coral reef, through which there are numerous entrances to the inner channel, and to a splendid anchorage for the largest vessels. Since 1853 New Caledonia has been under French control, and become a place of greater importance than ever. But when the *Camden* paid her first visit in 1841 it was but little known. The natives, who are a mixed race, had been described by Captain Cook as strong, active, well-made people, very similar in colour to the Tannese, but better looking, taller, and stouter. They lived in a sort of bee-hive hut (such as our missionaries have since found used on Darnley Island, New Guinea) very much like a hay-rick to look at, with a low door which could only be entered by stooping, but without window or outlet for the smoke. They did not tattoo their bodies, nor colour themselves with ochre, as some islanders did; but instead of these ways of making themselves look grand, daubed their bodies over with white sand, and so became a kind of dark drab or grey. By means of washes and dyes they also contrived to change the colour of their black woolly hair to different shades of brown, and even to white. Some of them painted their faces jet-black, so that what with grey body, white hair, and black face they were very strange-looking gentlemen. Their ornaments were made from shells, especially pearl

shell. As in many heathen lands, the women were the slaves of the men, and were made to do all the hard work. Their lot was to drudge and toil from morn to night, while their lords and masters loafed about, did a little fishing perhaps, or went to a big dance or feast. The canoes of the New Caledonians were much larger than those usually found in the South Seas, more like some that are seen to-day on the southern shores of New Guinea. They were in fact two canoes, thirty or forty feet long, lashed and fixed together by means of cross spars, with planks laid upon these to form a platform or deck. On this platform a house was built, with fireplace for cooking purposes, and space for weapons or for articles for barter. A mast, with a large mat sail, being rigged up upon the platform, the canoes, when favoured with a good breeze and a calm sea, managed to sail well, but in rough weather they were awkward and dangerous.



A BEE-HIVE HUT.

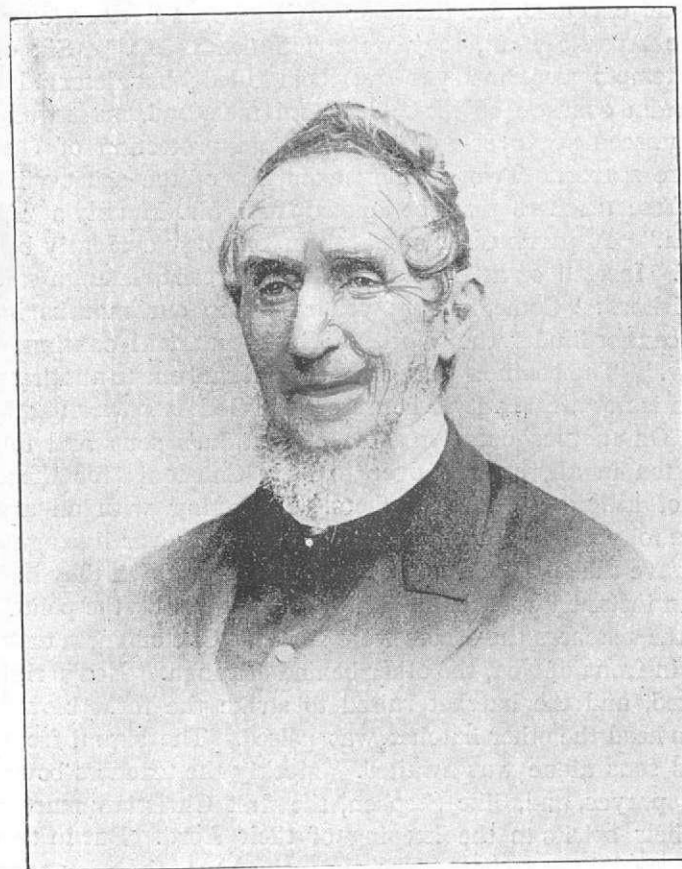
As already mentioned, Mr. Heath, when he called the year before, had landed teachers at the Isle of Pines, near to the south-east coast of New Caledonia. Mr. Murray arranged to call at this small island before proceeding to New Caledonia, in order that the heathen might be visited. One of them was taken on board, together with a young man, a native of the larger island, whom the missionaries found staying at the Isle of Pines. Both of them were of great use in

gaining the goodwill of the New Caledonians. But Matuku, the chief of the Isle of Pines, was jealous and angry at the thought of sending teachers to his neighbours, and did his utmost to prevent this being done. Of course Mr. Murray could not yield to such unworthy suggestions, but with guide and teacher on board, made for the great island, and in a few hours was off its shore.

Crowds of natives were seen gathering together on the beach, excited and wondering at the sight of the white man's ship. Seeing no opening in the reef, the boat was lowered and pulled towards this barrier, alongside which the boat lay to. At first no one would venture near, but after a time, and by dint of friendly signs and coaxing, one after another was induced to wade and swim towards the reef; and very soon the boat was surrounded with a crowd of noisy visitors, who, seeing one of their own kith and kin on board, quickly became eager to join him—so bent, indeed, on doing so, that it was hard work to keep them from swamping or capsizing the boat. Happily among those who had swum out was the very man they wished to get hold of—the son of the chief on that part of the island, who had lately been in the Isle of Pines and had there seen and talked with the teachers. He was got into the boat, and with his help, and a rather free distribution of presents, all but three or four were persuaded to return to the land, the boat with these three or four being then rowed back to the brig for the night. The next morning the boat went in again and brought off the chief himself. This man, Nathotha by name, on hearing of what the missionaries wished to do, readily agreed to their plans, and promised that he would treat the teachers kindly, provide them with food, and protect them from harm to the best of his power. All being arranged, the landing of the teachers followed. A crowd of islanders lined the beach all of whom seemed to be immensely pleased at the thought of having teachers settling in their midst. This was on 15th April, 1841.

A good beginning was thus made, and for a time all went well; but a year or two later the sky became overcast, and first on the Isle of Pines and then on New Caledonia, bloodshed and cruelty took the

place of kindly treatment. Matuku, the jealous yet powerful chief, foully murdered his own teachers; then, handing the very hatchet



REV. A. W. MURRAY.

with which he had slain them to Nathotha, told his partner chief with shameless brutality of what he had done, and charged him to kill all the Samoans and Rarotongans he had living on his island.

Nathotha did not obey the charge, whereupon the enraged old savage sent word that if he did not kill the teachers he would come across and kill and eat *him*. Neither this threat nor the command given was executed, but the poor teachers had a terrible time of it. Like the Apostle Paul, they were "in deaths oft." Six or seven times attempts were made to get them killed; but deterred by fear, by the calm courage of these Christian men, and, must we not add, by the unseen yet ever-active power and protection of God, their lives were spared. Two striking examples of the spirit which animated these teachers may be quoted from Mr. Murray's "Western Polynesia." A party came upon them one day evidently bent upon mischief. Instead of attempting to flee or resist, Taunga said to his crafty visitors: "Come, kill us; you may stop our mouths in death, but you cannot hinder the Word of God: that will continue to live and grow." The heathen were amazed, and said one to another: "See, that man is not afraid; it is because their God is powerful; let them alone." On another occasion some of Matuku's sons and followers, nine or ten in all, crossed over to New Caledonia for the express purpose of killing the two teachers. Beginning with an argument about the folly of thinking that dead men could ever live again, they at last gave the sign to commit the murder for which they had come. Four men instantly rushed into the house, where by the polite invitation of the teachers the others were seated. One of them took up his position in front of Noa, the other behind Taunga. Noa's right arm was seized, and the hatchet raised to strike the fatal blow. Over Taunga's head the other hatchet was poised. The signal from one of Matuku's sons alone was awaited. Meekly the teachers bowed their heads in prayer, and, like Stephen, the first Christian martyr, committed their spirits to the keeping of their Lord. But in their case the weapons did not strike. The sign given was the very opposite of what was looked for. "Don't strike," was its meaning, and shortly afterwards the savages dispersed, leaving the two teachers almost speechless with wonder at their escape. God's ways are "past finding out." In many an instance He has permitted the murderous blow to

fall; in many has stayed the murderer's hand. Mission work in the Pacific abounds with illustrations of both the one experience and the other. White and dark-faced missionaries alike have been "taken," alike have been "left." Yes, difficult though it is to understand why one devoted servant of the Lord escapes while another is laid low, we may rest assured that in each case the will of God has been done, and that that will has been guided by wisdom and love.



CHAPTER VIII.

FURTHER EXTENSION.

"Them also I must bring."



FOLLOWING the course of the sun, the light of truth in the Pacific has spread from east to west, but slowly. In 1841 its first rays were beginning to touch the peaks of the islands that fringe the Australasian side of the great Southern Ocean. Those rays have grown stronger year by year, and in places have shone with marvellous brightness; but even to-day, after more than fifty years, in not a few of those western lands gross darkness still reigns. The missionary's task has proved a hard one: the demands upon his faith, courage, endurance, and that love which "suffereth long and is kind," have been terribly severe. Still the footing once gained has never been yielded to the foe. Tried, baffled, and for a time perhaps forced to retire, the servants of Christ have refused to be beaten, and, returning to the attack, have, in the end, conquered again and again.

Annual voyages were made by the mission vessels, but to describe these in detail would occupy more space than this volume affords. A selection of incidents only can be given. The story of Lifu and its native apostle is one which we must find room for. Lifu is the largest and most populous of the Loyalty Islands. In 1842 the Rev. A. Buzacott—"that model missionary," as he has often been described—who that year was on board when the ship *Camden* went her round, left two

Rarotongans on Maré, another island of the same group, with the distinct understanding that after spending a little time with the teachers there, they should be taken on to Lifu. One of the two was a young unmarried man, who, having made several voyages on board a whaling ship, had seen a little of the world and knew something of white men's ways. After his last voyage, Pao, for that was the Rarotongan youth's name, began seriously to think about the deeper things of life; and, giving his heart to God, became a member of the native church, and offered to go forth as a pioneer teacher to the heathen. A few months' study in the institution at Rarotonga was the only special training he received. He was then appointed to labour in Lifu, but was first of all landed at Maré.

Lifu, not Maré, was written upon Pao's heart, and to Lifu he was eager to sail with as little delay as possible. He was a young man of brave spirit, of earnest character, and blessed with a fund of common sense. With these to help him, and with strong confidence in God, Pao decided at once to proceed to Lifu. What a picture he presents! Seated in his little canoe, with one or two Maré teachers and friends as companions, his Bible and a few clothes carefully wrapped in a bundle, his tiny mat sail spread to the breeze, the bold young fellow steered for the island he had fixed upon as his future home. A mere speck upon the ocean at first, the land gradually rose higher and higher, loomed more largely upon the horizon, and at last grew distinct and clear to his view. As his frail bark drew nearer he could make out villages, houses, natives—yes, and natives who were rushing about in search of weapons, and who soon drew themselves up in armed array upon the beach. Did Pao's heart fail him? Did he haul down his sail and hang about the reef waiting for some friendly signal before venturing to land? Not at all. Taking his life in his hand, he skilfully guided his canoe over the surging breakers of the reef, and on the crest of a wave dashed right on to the shore, and placed himself at the mercy of the islanders.

His bravery so impressed the natives that no one attempted to kill him. Another thing worked in his favour. On Lifu, as on many

other islands of the South Seas, the people were in the habit of choosing special friends whom they called *enemu*s. An "enemu" feels that it is his duty to provide his friend with food and lodging when he comes to see him; he must also protect him, and in every way possible try to assist him. The chosen friend has to do the same in return. Now it so happened that Bula, the old chief of Lifu, was so much taken with Pao that there and then he made him his "enemu." His life was thus made secure, and he at once became a popular man. Not that the people were willing to listen to his teaching; that they had no desire to do; but they were glad to have him in their midst.

Pao's conduct is worthy of all praise, but what shall we say of a young Englishman, boasting of the name "Cannibal Charley," whom Pao found living on Lifu and who also was an "enemu" of the chief Bula? About the very time that the heathen-born Rarotongan youth had been "coming to himself" and was finding his way to the Saviour, this Christian-born lad was deliberately stripping himself of all decency, and of his own free will becoming a heathen. There he was on Lifu, living as a native, delighting in bestiality, going to greater lengths in wickedness than the heathen themselves, and even boasting to his fellow-countrymen, as he afterwards did, of his liking for human flesh. This young Englishman, the son of respectable parents, was for a time the greatest hindrance to Pao's missionary work. As long as the Lifuans continued heathen, "Cannibal Charley" not only remained on this island, but by word and by deed, by evil speaking and by open persecution, sought to check the good man's influence. It was only when the Gospel was winning its way, and heathenism on the decline, that this godless Englishman, whose "glory was in his shame," got tired of his former friends, and left them for Fiji, where he died. Many sad tales of wicked conduct on the part of Europeans in the Pacific are on record, but we know of none so painful or so disgraceful to our country as that of this young man.

Bula had a rival chief on the other side of the island, and between the two there was constant fighting. Pao had to accompany Bula wherever he went—even to battle. He had no home of his own, but

lived with the chief. They ate, slept, worked, and played together, and while fishing, planting, or engaged in native games, Pao found many a chance for speaking "a word in season," which he eagerly seized. By making himself a thorough friend of the people, he soon acquired great power over them; for he was quick-witted and thoroughly intent upon leading them to the knowledge of God. His presence with Bula's party at a fight in which they came off victors



CANOES GOING OFF TO A VESSEL.

seemed to convince them that Pao's God must be powerful. They therefore chose Him to be their own God, and in doing so thought that they would be able to keep Him to themselves, and turn His power against their enemies. This was the fruit of sheer ignorance, selfishness, and hypocrisy. To yield to the moral restraints of Pao's religion was far enough from their thoughts. Such things they left to him alone. Their liking for human flesh was terribly keen. Indeed, it was no uncommon thing for them to stay away from evening worship which the teacher had started, and whilst Pao was praying, go to a hut and

quietly indulge in a cannibal feast. In heart the Lifuans were still what they always had been, and at last they let this be clearly seen. Old Bula became blind! Now to a heathen mind every such calamity means either that some ill-natured person has brought it about by the use of witchcraft or charms, or that the gods are angry and have sent it as a punishment. The wretched cannibals on Lifu quickly made up their minds that Pao's God was angry with them because He knew of their misdeeds, yet instead of turning to Him in penitence and asking forgiveness, they decided to kill Pao. Five men were chosen to carry out this murderous scheme. The teacher was busily engaged mending his canoe upon the beach. The men arranged to join him, get into conversation with him, and then at a given signal brain him with their tomahawks. They went towards him, closed around him, began their talk, and gave the signal; but not a single hand was raised! As described by one of the men himself in after years, their arms were paralysed. Fear, or some better feeling, seized them, and they could not strike the blow.

Other teachers came to Pao's help, but none of them gained much power; but he did, and his name will ever be held in grateful memory.* Not that he had an easy task in Lifu. On the contrary, for years the issue remained doubtful. His first genuine converts were some Tongan settlers, children of people who had been carried away in their canoe by adverse winds. Of kindred origin with the teacher, and hearing that Tonga had "received the word," these colonists from afar gladly listened to the gospel message, and two of them eventually became teachers. A few natives joined them, but Bula and the people generally were as yet untouched. After five years the old chief died, a heathen and a cannibal to the last. War at once broke out between rival claimants for his place. Disease also appeared and rapidly spread through the island. This gave the heathen the opportunity for which they had been longing. Blaming the teachers as the cause of both epidemic and war, they drove them from their island. Again Pao was to be seen in his canoe, this time sailing from, not to, Lifu.

* An obelisk has been raised in his honour.

He was returning to Maré, sad at heart, as he thought of his scattered flock and of the troubles that had overtaken them, but hopeful still and already looking forward to the day when he could go back.

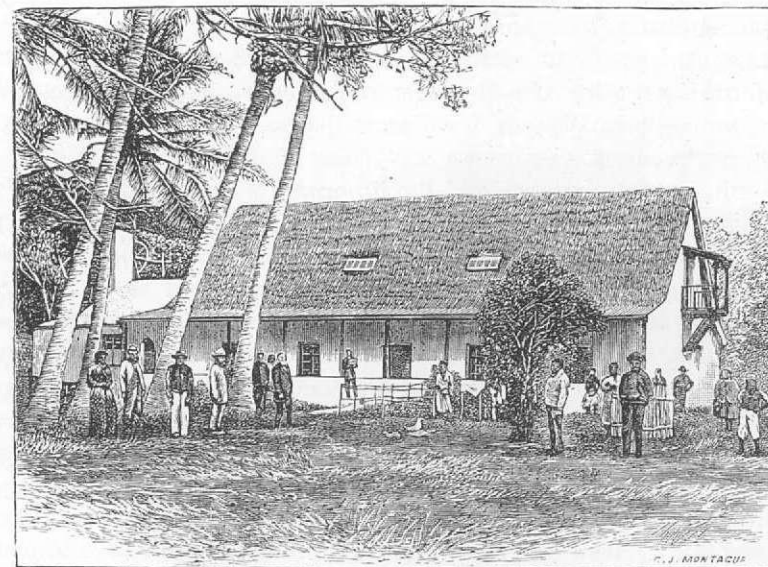
That day quickly came. Once before he had returned on a short visit, but finding party feeling still strong, had not thought it wise to stay. The seed he had sown, however, had taken root and was springing up; in one and another it was beginning to bring forth fruit. These spoke boldly to their neighbours and sought to convince them that bloodshed, cannibalism, idolatry, and heathen practices were wrong, while what Pao had taught was indeed the truth. The example of Maré was also quoted. Maré had given up its idols and was rapidly becoming a land of light and peace; when would Lifu do the same? Such earnest words were not without effect; besides which, it was now seen that Pao's consistent life and character had produced a much deeper impression than either he or the Lifuans had been aware of. All at once, just as with the walls of Jericho centuries before, to employ an illustration used by those on the spot, the opposition to Christian teaching gave way, a desire for guidance and knowledge took its place, and messengers were despatched to Maré to beg Pao and his companions to return. With what alacrity and joy did the Rarotongan once more embark! Launching his canoe, and spreading his mat sail, he again made for the shore of Lifu, where he was welcomed with every sign of rejoicing. Food in abundance was presented to him and his fellow-teachers, and from that day downwards their work rapidly grew. Chapels sprang up, schools were started, and before long there were natives who astonished themselves and their neighbours alike by learning to pick out from Pao's Bible the letters of the alphabet. This fact seemed to the Lifuans to be the most signal of all; and many, coming from distant villages to see and hear this wonderful thing for themselves, were so struck with the proof thus given of the power of the new religion that they there and then made up their minds to accept it. Happy in the possession of the alphabet carefully written out on a piece of paper and pasted on a board, these visitors returned to their homes eager to learn more.

Pao was equal to the fresh demands upon his strength, and passing from village to village, preached with great point and fervour. The Gospel spread to the western side of the island, and there, at a place called Amelewet, the first Christian station was formed.

Two or three years later, when the Revs. A. W. Murray and J. P. Sunderland visited Lifu, they were greatly cheered by the progress made. Pao and his flock were busy building a coral stone church 100 feet long by 40 feet wide, the walls of which were already about nine or ten feet high. The church contained a good pulpit and reading-desk, was supplied with windows and Venetian blinds, and was being furnished with seats. The boards used in its erection had been sawn and prepared by the natives of Maré, which is distant thirty miles, and brought over in canoes. Near to the church, and in keeping with it, was a neatly plastered house for the teachers to dwell in. Idolatry was given up; so too were cannibalism and by many polygamy also. There was a class of three hundred people who were being taught the real meaning of the religion of Jesus, and on Sundays more than double that number came together for Christian worship. Many were already able to read. Very many more were learning—those who had themselves mastered the difficulties of this new art readily becoming the instructors of their neighbours and friends. All was ripe for the settlement of a white missionary, and the uppermost desire of the people was to secure one. Most earnestly did they plead for such a helper, but it was not until seven years afterwards that their request could be granted. Then the Rev., now Dr., S. McFarlane, went to take up the work. Truly this is a wonderful story. It reads more like poetry than history, and is a South Sea Island illustration of the saying that "truth is stranger than fiction." Added to which, when we remember that the change effected in Lifu was the fruit of the devoted life and practical wisdom of a native teacher, himself only lately brought out of heathenism, we cannot but see in that fact a fresh proof of the power of Christ's Gospel.

We must now retrace our steps a little to narrate other events that marked the passing years. On the same voyage as that on which

she conveyed Pao to Maré, as a stepping-stone to Lifu, the *Camden* carried the Rev. George Turner and the Rev. Henry Nisbet, with their wives, to Tanna. These missionaries had recently come out from England for the express purpose of settling upon that island, where, the reader will remember, teachers had been living for several years, but without as yet any sign of real success. The new arrivals were entering upon a dangerous work. They were aware of this, though



HOUSE OF THE REV. JOHN JONES AT MARÉ.

the worst was mercifully hidden from their eyes. The Tannese were a savage race, whose hearts were hardened against the new teaching, and who were ready to turn against their visitors at very short notice. In no island of the Pacific have the servants of Christ had to wait longer or with greater patience for fruit than upon Tanna. At first all went well. The ship sailed away, leaving the missionaries upon the island, and with much zeal they gave themselves to their work.

For three or four months the prospect looked bright, but after that clouds began to gather. Faith in the power of their "gods many and lords many" has ever been a strong point in the character of the people of Tanna, and their priests were very skilful in tracing the origin of all disease, death, and other woes to the ill-will of some one or other of these deities. Quickly seeing that, should the Christian teachers gain ground, their own greedy trade would be at an end, they set to work to combat their influence, and an epidemic breaking out, seized that as a favourable opportunity for getting them killed, or driven out of the island. But the missionaries were not without friends who for a time were able to avert the danger that threatened them. They were, however, too few, and, themselves attacked, could no longer protect their visitors.

So bitter did the priests and the ignorant natives under their control become, that, after much anxious thought and prayer for guidance, the missionaries decided to attempt an escape in an open boat. To do this was most dangerous; still there seemed to be no other way; so on a dark and stormy night they committed themselves to the gracious care of their Heavenly Father and started on their voyage. For the moment God's hand seemed to be against them, for He did not suffer them to get away. By a strong head wind the boat was driven back, and wet, cold, weary, the sad fugitives had to land once more. What a night of misery and disappointment that must have been! But though "weeping may endure for a night, joy cometh in the morning." With the dawn a ship appeared in the bay, and in this vessel the entire party escaped to Samoa.

In after years two fresh beginnings were made upon Tanna, but with the same result. The first of these attempts was in 1842. Disease among children breaking out, the teachers were accused of being the cause. Their dwelling-house was burnt to the ground, and one of them was foully murdered when returning from the bush whither he had gone for evening prayer. The others were removed. Similar treatment befel those who for the third time sought to conquer these stony-hearted people. Then followed the Rev. John G. Paton and his

colleagues, who fell one after another, till at last Mr. Paton, worn out with sorrow, illness, and the treachery of the natives, had also to flee for his life. Not until 1868 was it found possible to secure a permanent footing upon Tanna, and even then it was years before any converts were made.

Another painful story is that of the massacre of all the teachers upon the island of Futuna (see page 138). When after an unusually long interval the mission vessel revisited Futuna in the year 1845, sad tidings awaited those on board. They were anxious to know how their native brethren and sisters had fared, and were prepared to hear of trial and loss, but did not in the least expect to find that the little light that had been burning was quenched in blood. Yet so it was. An outbreak of disease which rapidly spread among the islanders was in this as in many other cases the cause. Some one must have brought this disease into their midst, argued the people, and who so likely to have done this as the Samoans? On the morning of the massacre, the two teachers, with the little daughter of one of them, had gone



A SAMOAN GIRL.

to work in the plantation grounds. Samuela's wife remained at home alone. A party of savages waylaid them on their way back, and killed Apolo and Samuela's little girl. Finding that Samuela was still at work in the plantation, they hurried to the spot and murdered him also. They then made their way to the mission house and surrounded the sole survivor, Samuela's wife, now a widow, though ignorant of the fact. The leader of the band entered the house and asked the Samoan woman to become his wife. The poor creature was horrified at the proposal, and to buy him off offered him some of her property; but instead of taking it he raised a shout, the murderers rushed into the house, and soon Samuela's wife had followed her husband and child to the unseen world. The wretches then divided among themselves whatever they could lay their hands on. They also burnt the house to the ground, handed over two bodies to be cooked and eaten, and cut the two others into pieces, the child's being one of these, and threw them into the sea as an offering to the angry gods. So ended the first attempt to win Futuna for Christ. Another attempt was made ten years after, and now, through the Presbyterian Mission, steady work is carried on in the island.

The same year that saw Tanna re-occupied added Vaté, or Faté, to the list of islands upon which teachers were stationed. This lovely and fertile spot, which lies about sixty miles to the north-west of Eromanga, was discovered by Captain Cook, and called by him Sandwich in honour of the Earl of Sandwich, then First Lord of the Admiralty. Possessing spacious land-locked harbours, an indented coast with many bays, a rich soil, and abundance of native fruits, Europeans now think highly of it. But half a century ago no white settler would have been allowed to live there. Indeed, the island was most carefully shunned, the natives being notorious cannibals. Shipwrecked sailors landing on Faté were ruthlessly killed and eaten. A whole boat-load on one occasion met with this awful fate. Ten were cooked on the spot, and the bodies of the rest distributed among the villages near. Another horrible custom prevailed on Faté, namely, the constant slaughter of new-born children. The women were

treated as slaves, and as the care of infants interfered with their work in the plantations, they were not allowed to nurse them. Some women were only permitted to keep one child alive; very few could save more than two. As soon as a baby was born it was cruelly buried alive. In the same way old men and women, feeble folk, and all whose minds were affected, were got rid of. Such were the ways of the "innocent children of nature" that some writers talk of!

As described by Captain Erskine, who visited them in 1849, the Fatése were black like the natives of Tanna, but larger and finer in stature, with more regular features, good foreheads, and heads of a moderate size. In dress, too, they were more decent. The men wore a broad belt of matting, seven or eight inches wide, very neatly worked in a diamond pattern of red, white, and black colours. Many had their skins covered with raised figures, especially the arms and chest. This was done by a special kind of tattooing. Then the cartilage of the nose was pierced and filled with a round piece of stone,



A WESTERN POLYNESIAN DANDY.

while from the lobes of the ears large shell ornaments hung. Armlets, bracelets, anklets, made of small rings like chain-armour, neatly strung together in black and white rows, together with garters of green leaves, served further to adorn these New Hebrides dandies. The women, says Captain Erskine, were generally tall and thin, their hair cropped close to the head, and the skin occasionally marked with figures, as on the men's bodies. Their dress did not differ much from

that of the males. The waist-belt they wore was broader than that worn by the men, but they added a square mat in front, and a curious loose fringe of grass or matting behind, about a foot and a half long, which looked exactly like a tail. They wore no girdle of leaves, and the upper part of the body was left bare. The Fatése women were clever in paddling canoes, and clambered up the side of a ship without difficulty or fear.

For many years now Presbyterian missionaries have been living upon Faté and other islands of the same group, and the number and power of the native Christians been growing. But for a long and wearisome time it was a trying field, and the brave Samoan, Rarotongan, and other evangelists who laboured there, together with Fatése youths taken to Samoa for teaching, and then carried back to their own island, had to endure all kinds of hardships, and in many cases had to seal their life's work with their blood. At first there was success. Sickness and death followed. One of the earliest party of four teachers died, and a chief wishing to make the widow his own wife, the poor woman became so excited that she rushed into the sea and was drowned. Two other teachers were taken ill, one of whom died. The other, becoming delirious with fever, was killed, that being the custom of the country. Then followed the massacre of shipwrecked sailors mentioned a page or two back. In justice to the natives it must be said that the cruelties of sandal-wood traders were the chief cause of this massacre. The Fatése were simply taking revenge upon white men for the evil deeds of other white men. A British man-of-war visited Faté after this savage and wholesale murder, and for a while the work of teachers made good progress. Chapels were built, and at one place about two hundred people attended worship, while at another village even more were found gathered together by the visiting missionaries, and from these people came an earnest request for a resident European missionary. Yet shortly after this, when a fresh party of native workers and the Fatése youths who had been in Samoa were landed, the unchanged wickedness of the islanders quickly showed itself, for within nineteen

days of their arrival the whole band of new teachers and their wives had been brutally murdered. Two others died, and for about three years the mission was given up.

As elsewhere, however, the seed sown had taken root, and a good many of the people kept up the forms of Christian worship and were anxious to have teachers settled among them once more. Their request was granted, and another start made, but it was sixteen years after the first landing before Messrs. Murray and Geddie, who called at Faté in the *John Williams*, had the joy of baptizing ten natives, eight men and two women, and of forming a Christian church upon that island of bloodthirsty and awful notoriety. All honour to the brave and faithful pioneers, the Christian native teachers, who at such terrible cost of trial and suffering, won that and many another spot in the Pacific for humanity and Christian light and liberty. We at home only faintly realize the debt the world owes to these noble men and women.

The stories here recorded are but samples of many that might be given: the history of one island was the history of many others. In the face of fearful ignorance, savagery, and treachery the messengers of the Gospel held on their way, and island after island was brought under the power of the truth. To one other only, however, can we refer. Savage Island, or Niué—an island now so dear to the friends of the London Missionary Society—was still without the light. John Williams' visit in 1830 we have already described: the sullen groups of armed men on the beach, the violent conduct of that naked, giant-like, aged heathen chief, the terror of the two youths whom Mr. Williams persuaded to go with him on board the *Messenger of Peace*, and the terrible fate that overtook those youths when they returned home, are not likely to be forgotten by those who have read of them. But Savage Island could not be left to perish in its barbarism and darkness. It must be rescued. That was the settled conviction of the servants of Christ living in eastern Polynesia.

Why were the Savage Islanders so unwilling to receive teachers? For a long time it was thought that their only reason was dislike to

them and their teaching; but the real cause was fear. They had a perfect horror of disease, and with some past facts in their history to guide them, had come to believe that if they allowed strangers to settle in their midst, whether white strangers or natives of other islands made no difference, they would bring some new disease which would kill them all off. The missionaries longed to gain an entrance among them, that they might confer great blessings upon them; but the people thought they would introduce nothing but evil. Besides which they were of a very proud and haughty spirit. Rather than submit to an insult or to anything that wounded their pride they would put an end to their lives. A deformed person would do this rather than bear the disgrace of being imperfectly formed. Lovers who could not gain their heart's chosen one, people who had the worst of it in a quarrel, and others who thought that a laugh might be raised at their expense, killed themselves to escape shame. The people of other islands have done such things, but not to the same extent. In the same way they sought to rid themselves of all who were ill. These were treated in a very barbarous fashion. They were hurried off to a hastily built hut, and there left to get better or to die. Food was taken to them, but relatives would not stay with them lest they too should become ill. Children born to people not properly married were killed. Their way of disposing of the dead was also strange. Instead of burying them, or throwing them into the sea, as was the custom in other islands, they placed them in caves which are found in the centre of the island. A like custom prevailed in Lifu.

Ten years after the visit of Mr. Williams a missionary sailed to Niue in a small schooner of about twenty tons burden. He went from Samoa, and had a number of Samoans with him on board. On nearing the shore, armed natives came off in their canoes in large numbers, and could easily have seized the vessel and murdered passengers and crew. But its smallness seemed to make them regard it without alarm. The missionary was not allowed to land teachers, but the people showed themselves to be a little more friendly than before, and readily sold their weapons of war. Better still, three natives were

willing to go back to Samoa, one of whom afterwards helped to make it possible for Christian teachers to settle on Niue.

It was not until 1846, six years later, however, that a real hold was gained. In the October of that year the Revs. William Gill, of Rarotonga, and Henry Nisbet, of Samoa, visited the island and placed on it a native named Peniamina (Benjamin), who several years before, at his own urgent request, had been taken to Samoa by the captain of an American whaler, and there placed under the care of the missionaries. While in Samoa Peniamina had joined a Christian church and had been for a time in the training institution at Malua, and it was hoped that he would prove a sincere and faithful teacher. But he disappointed these hopes. For a time he was in great peril. When he landed the cry was at once raised: "Let us kill him." Some objected, and he escaped, but was left to wander about in the rain all the first night without shelter or food. The next day his goods were stolen. Still his life was spared, and two years later, when the missionary ship called, he was well, but did not seem to be doing any Christian work. The following year, a man of a different spirit—Paulo, a Samoan Paul—whose wife was a devoted Christian like himself, joined him, and from that day solid progress was made. Not without difficulty of course. The heathen at times became restless, and wondered to what this new doctrine would grow; but the tact, patience, and Christian conduct of the teachers gradually overcame their feelings of hostility; and when in 1852 another visit was paid, there were between two and three hundred natives who had given up their heathen practices, and were trying to walk in the light of the Gospel. They had family prayer, began to clothe themselves, ceased to steal, shook themselves free from the fear of invading sacred places, and, last but not least, had built a chapel and a house for their teacher.

The work of building that chapel was heavy, the more so as the heathen party tried to prevent its being erected on the ground that it would offend their island gods. As no trouble came upon Paulo and his friends after the building was finished, a change of feeling in their favour took place, and the power of Christianity was recognised.

More natives who had been living in Samoa for several years, and had become used to Christian teaching, were now brought back to help on the good work. At the end of ten years a great change had taken place; the native pioneers had carried the people as far forward as they could, and the time had come when a white missionary with fuller knowledge and wider outlook was needed to take them yet farther still. The Revs. George Stallworthy and George Gill then came to visit the five Samoan teachers, who at five different villages were carrying on work, and were greatly pleased with all they saw. With the exception of some thirty or forty people, the entire population of Niué had renounced heathenism and regularly attended Christian worship. A new chapel with room for six hundred hearers had been built, and in this the teachers conducted service. A number of natives who had been previously taught were carefully examined by the two visiting missionaries and baptized. The first Christian church on Niué was thus formed. Including the Samoans and their wives, there were sixty-five members, their names all being duly enrolled in a book which was left in the teachers' hands.

Savage Island was thus conquered by the power of Christ's grace and truth. Much prayer had been offered on her behalf, and that prayer was being answered. The later history and glorious advance of the island under the guidance of the two brothers W. G. and F. E. Lawes are well known. That Niué should have progressed so much, furnishes another wonderful example of the value of the help rendered by native missionaries. They deserve to be held in high esteem both for their own and for their work's sake, and it is a pleasure to record one's grateful thanks for their faithfulness and zeal.

CHAPTER IX.

TEACHING AND TRAINING HEATHEN CONVERTS.

"And He gave some to be . . . pastors and teachers."



THE kingdom of heaven," said Jesus Christ, "is like unto a grain of mustard seed": from small beginnings it grows into something large, something that every one can see, that is useful to the world. Such growth in the Southern Ocean we have been tracing in the previous chapters. But our Lord has also taught us that "the kingdom of heaven is like unto leaven": it is a power that works within, and by virtue of a wonderful inner change alters character, life, and habit. It takes much longer, however, and is far more difficult to effect the change within than to produce that which is merely outward. This we need to remember when we think of the South Sea Islands. To

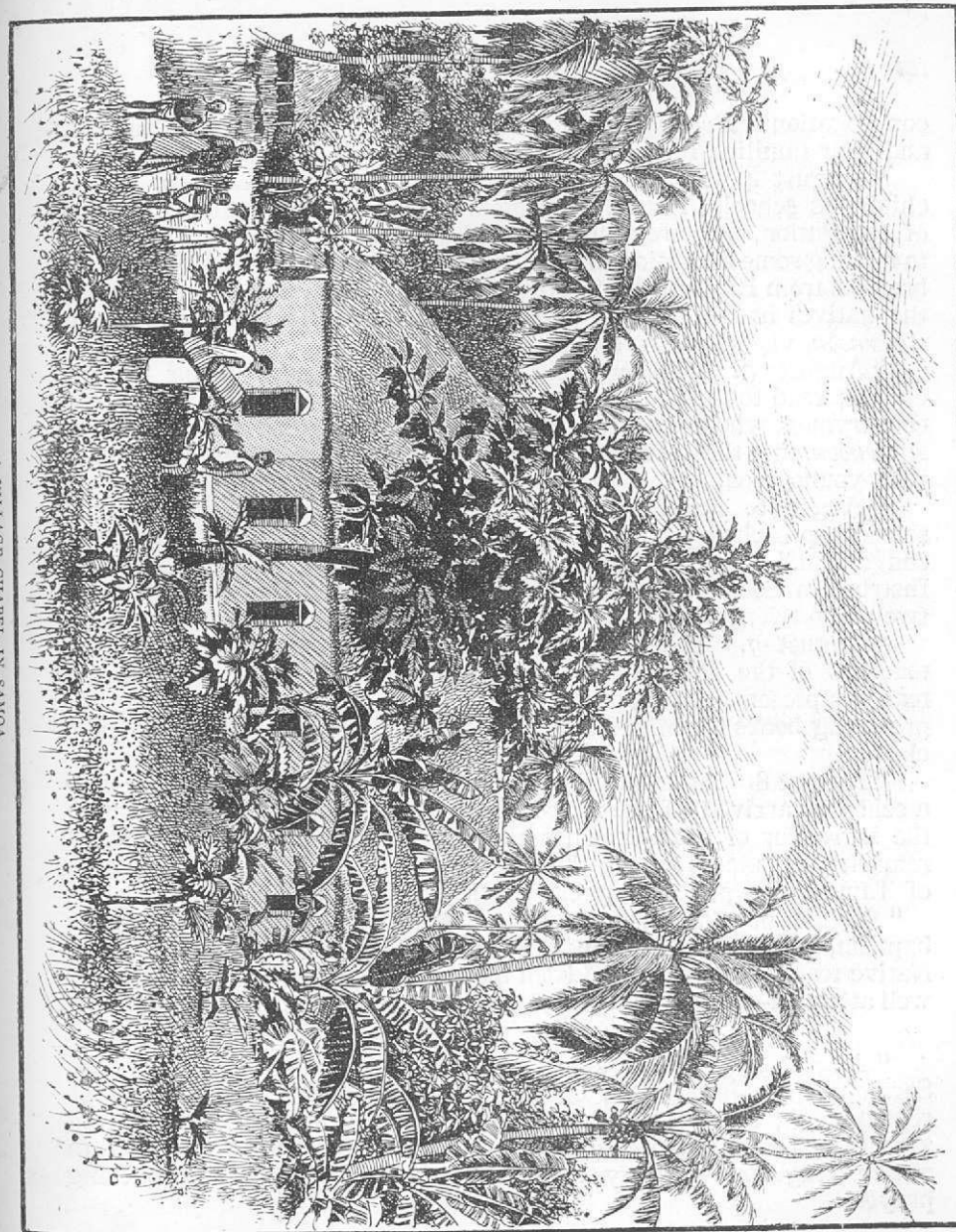
destroy false gods is much easier than to gain right thoughts about the only true God; to build Christian chapels instead of heathen "maraes" is a much simpler task than to allow one's heart to become "a temple of the Holy Ghost"; to give up planting, weaving, or fishing on Sundays and spend the day in the worship of God than to yield oneself, body, soul, and spirit, to serve the Lord; to refrain from terrible customs, such as eating human flesh, killing little children as soon as they are born, leaving old and sick persons to die uncared for and

alone, and similar cruelties described in this book, than to cease from the evil thoughts, emotions and desires that prompted them.

And yet all true and lasting work for God must touch the sources of life within. Men's minds, men's hearts, men's wills must be moved, or the progress they seem to be making will prove worthless. The English missionaries in the Pacific have fully understood this. For many years now they have prayed and toiled and striven to make the islanders clear and sound in knowledge, robust in faith, earnest in purpose, and consistent in life. In some groups two, in others three generations of "pastors and teachers" sent out from the old country for this very purpose have been engaged in building up the native churches and leading them forward in "the way of life." They have shown marvellous patience in this work, have spared no pains to make it successful, and, speaking generally, have had a rich reward. Being in many ways so far above the natives and so different in race, character, knowledge, experience and custom, they have sometimes seemed almost too strong and in danger of over-topping and overpowering the natives. Indeed there was a time when the wonders which a white man had at command—his ships, his clothes, his tools, his furniture, his books, his medicines, his watches and clocks—made him a sort of demigod to the people. That day is now past and gone as regards most of the Pacific, but the European missionaries are still needed, and are regarded with esteem and affection.

Their efforts on behalf of the islanders have been most varied. Anything and everything that would uplift or benefit them has been cheerfully undertaken, and all-round usefulness been aimed at. Perhaps an illustration of this will serve to make the point clearer. In the second volume of his "Gems from the Coral Islands" the Rev. William Gill gives the following extracts from his diary :

"August 3, *Lord's Day, Morning*, preached in Oneroa chapel. 2,000 persons present. Text Deut. xxxiii. 25, 'Shoes of iron and of brass, or Divine grace appropriate and sufficient to daily labour and trial.' *Afternoon*, public administration of the ordinance of the Lord's Supper to more than 300 church members in the midst of the great



A VILLAGE CHAPEL IN SAMOA.

congregation. *Evening*, united prayer meeting with native preachers, and their families, in the class-room of our house.

"August 4. *Morning*, at adult early school. *Forenoon*, at the children's school. Held a meeting with some of the principal people of the station, who are desirous to build a stone chapel. *Noon*, assisting in making some alteration in mission house, the new missionaries having brought from England some *glass windows*. This was the first glass the natives had ever seen, and it caused no little wonder to them. *Afternoon*, visited one or two sick persons.

"August 5. *Morning*, held missionary prayer meeting in the chapel; read to the people letters just received from two of their own countrymen, who are native teachers on the distant island of Tanna. *Afternoon*, met the teachers of the adult classes. *Evening*, Bible class with young men.

"August 6. *Forenoon*, at the children's school. *Afternoon*, a public service—preached John iii. 8, "The influence of the Holy Spirit in conversion." *Evening*, a meeting with the visitors of the Christian Instruction Society. Increased their number for that village from twelve to twenty.

"August 7. This *morning* a monthly prayer meeting of the teachers of the Oneroa schools: 48 male teachers and 51 female teachers present. *Noon*, assisting natives in mission-house work and preparing books for inland stations. *Evening*, church members' Bible class.

"August 8. Attended the teachers' class this *forenoon*. At *noon* a schooner arrived off the island from Tahiti—brought information of the surrender of the Queen [to the French], which occasioned much remark and sadness among the people. *Afternoon*, went to the village of Tamarua; 5 p.m. held public service in the chapel there.

"August 9. *Morning*, attending to the sick; met candidates for baptism, and had private conversation with the deacons of the village. Native teachers' labours had been blessed to the people—schools were well attended—and upwards of *fifty* candidates for church communion."

* * * * *

"August 17. *Lord's Day*. Public services were well attended. Sermons from Job xlii. 5, 6, 'Knowledge of God necessary to true repentance'; and from Isa. v. 20, "Delusions and punishment of sinners." The young missionary made his first attempt to speak in native language publicly by reading the Scriptures and offering prayer.

"August 18. Attended children's school, and took our return journey to the settlement of Oneroa.

"August 19. *Forenoon*, had private conversation with Maretu [native minister] about texts he had selected for sermons. *Noon*, a little girl having fallen from a precipice, was brought with fractured limbs to be dressed. *Afternoon*, church prayer-meeting. *Evening*, young men's Bible class. At *night*, a little boy was brought, whose stomach, while he was asleep, had been dreadfully mutilated by a savage pig. It was dressed, but the poor fellow died.

"August 20. Drawing plans for proposed new stone chapel. *Afternoon*, married Tangiia, the native teacher, to Miriama. *Evening*, preached from Genesis xxviii., 'Jacob's journey, trust and vow.'

"August 21. After attending to children's school was with natives marking out the foundation of new chapel, 90 feet long by 62 feet wide, which was partly dug out in the afternoon. *Evening*, church-members' Bible class.

"August 22. Teachers' classes in arithmetic and geography. *Noon*, conversation with candidates. *Afternoon*, with carpenters who have commenced window and door frames for new chapel. *Evening*, public service. *Night*, conversation with one of the native teachers.

"August 23. Preparation for Sabbath services."

A constant round of duty thus kept the missionary fully occupied from Sunday morning to Saturday night. Preaching from the pulpit took the first place, and, as shown by the above quotations, closely resembled the like work here at home. Far too closely, some say, especially as the example set by the missionaries has been slavishly copied by native pastors and pioneer teachers. As a consequence, sermons with divisions into *firstly*, *secondly*, and *thirdly* have become the rule throughout the islands. Sometimes indeed we hear of men sent to out-stations, or to New Guinea, who seem unable to preach even to the heathen in any other way than by long sermons carefully arranged on the regular model. At the same time we must bear in mind that this faithful setting forth of Scripture teaching Sunday by Sunday, and at week-day afternoon or evening services, has done much to make Polynesian Christians thoroughly familiar with Bible truth and well able to give an account of the hope that is in them. They are

firmly grounded in knowledge of the Word of God, and their fondness for sermons has borne rich fruit both in strengthening and clearing their minds, and in educating and guiding their consciences.

Pulpit instruction was followed up by adult Bible class teaching, a most helpful agency wherever used. In these classes different methods were adopted. Some were held immediately after the sermon and took the form of an earnest talk over its different points. Conducted by natives, one class being for men, another for women, an attempt was made by means of question and answer to find out how much of what had been heard in the chapel was really understood. Difficulties were cleared up and good impressions deepened by these after-sermon talks. Other classes were held during the week and were relied upon for giving connected Scripture teaching, chapter by chapter. Others again were for the instruction of church members, and others for those who wished to be baptized and to enter into Christian fellowship. Sometimes the members of the class would relate to one another their own personal history, and tell of what God had done for them. Many interesting things were as a matter of course referred to in such gatherings. Native ideas about the sky and the earth, about eclipses and storms, about disease and death, and a hundred similar matters, furnished topics for discussion.

Eclipses, for example, filled the people with terror. In many islands they thought that their gods were angry for not being properly fed and had therefore come forth to make a meal of the sun, or the moon, as the case might be. The first time there was a total eclipse of the sun after the settlement of missionaries upon Rarotonga, the natives came running to them in wild excitement. Tangaroa had been destroyed, and they had taken for granted that he would not trouble them any more; but there he was at his old tricks again, they said. Mr. Buzacott was called out to see him in the act of devouring the sun. The eclipse had just begun. A small part of the sun's disc was gone. "Look," said the Rarotongans, "that is the first bite; and he will not be content till he has swallowed the whole." "But," replied Mr. Buzacott, "if the sun had been eaten before by Tangaroa, how did they manage to get it

back again?" The answer was: "By giving him so much food that he was made sick and had to vomit the sun up again." Seeing the missionary smile at this, they asked him if he could explain the mystery, and were greatly surprised to hear that the eclipse was caused by the moon. A simple illustration as to how this was brought about was given them by placing the heads of three of them of equal height in a row, to represent the earth, the moon, and the sun. On moving the middle one (the moon) to and fro they were made to see how it covered the outer one (the sun) when viewed from the third (the earth), and their fears ended in a hearty laugh at their own ignorance. One of the old priests was so struck with the superior knowledge of Mr. Buzacott that he asked him in all seriousness and simplicity if he had ever been up to the moon and seen with his own eyes how she performed the operation.

The work of preaching and teaching was in many cases carried on for years before the missionaries could feel satisfied that the islanders, who had given up their idols and become nominally Christian, were men and women whose hearts had been truly changed; but as soon as signs of such a change appeared, even if in only a few of them, they gladly banded them together in Christian fellowship. In a former chapter we told about the baptism of Pomare and others in Moorea and Tahiti. The same sort of thing took place elsewhere. In Rarotonga, twelve years after the first teachers landed, there were four natives who seemed to be truly on the Lord's side and became the nucleus of the church. So in other islands. But once founded, native churches as a rule quickly grew. The entire congregation would stay to watch the baptismal and communion services; and a general interest being excited, many began to express a desire to join the first few. Indeed the missionaries had to exercise great caution lest, with little understanding of what they were doing, people should come forward and seek admission to the church. When chiefs set such an example, their followers were apt to imitate them as much perhaps from an unworthy desire to curry favour with them as from a nobler wish to be like them in well-doing; while chiefs, on the other hand, seeing their

people eagerly accepting the new teaching, were tempted to fear the



SOLOMON ISLANDERS DRESSED IN MASKS.

loss of their own power, if they did not do the same. Mixed motives

influenced the natives and made constant pastoral oversight necessary. Added to this, the old heathen spirit and vices frequently burst out anew. Like the Hydra—the fabulous monster of the ancient world, which was said to dwell in the marshes near a certain part of the Grecian coast—heathenism had many heads, which grew up again as quickly as they were cut off. An outbreak of disease or any similar trouble served to frighten some, and gave others the opportunity they were only too glad to have for saying that the old ways were better than the new, and the gods of their forefathers more to be trusted than the God of the white man. Many too longed for the heathen dances, drinking festivals, and midnight revelries, and now and again broke through all restraints, and gave themselves up to all manner of license and impurity.

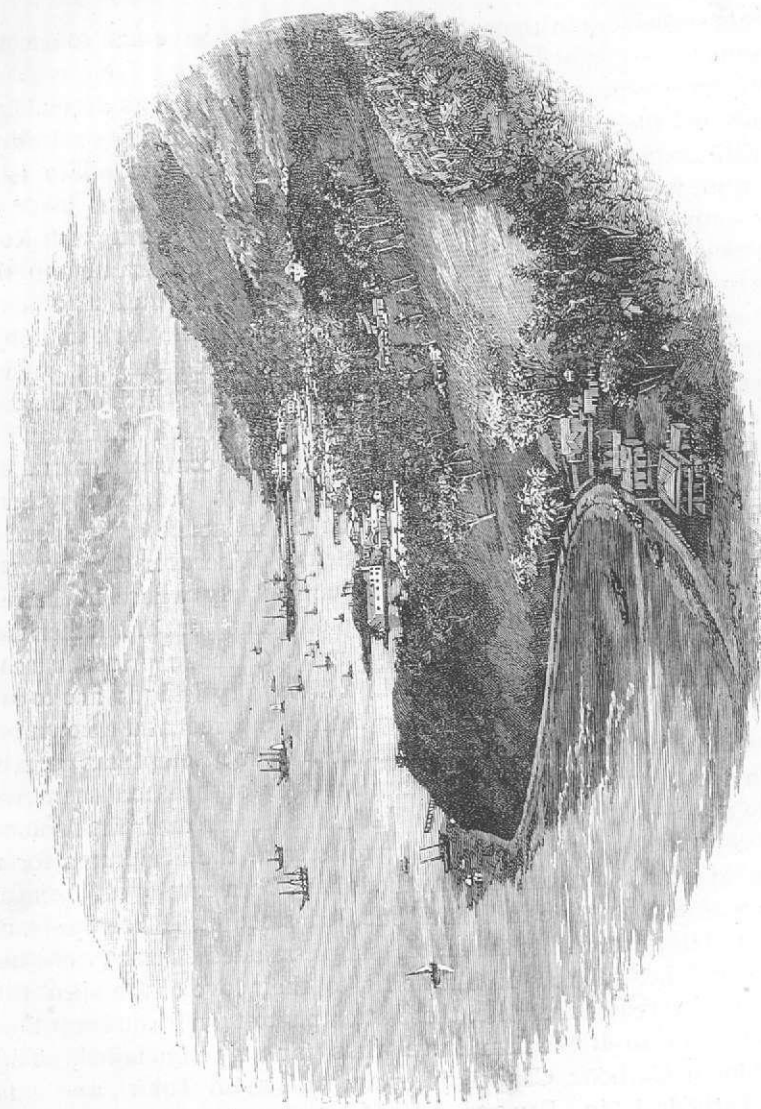
One great trouble the missionaries had was in reference to amusements. All of us, and especially young people, need amusements. But there was hardly a single native game or sport that was not so bound up with wickedness as to make it quite unfit for modest or pure-minded men and women to countenance or take part in. The native Christians themselves felt this. They knew too their own weakness, and feared to expose themselves to the temptation which indulgence in the frolic of former days would surely offer. They therefore joined with the missionaries in trying to put an entire stop to native games, and after a time succeeded. Heathen amusements died out. But, unfortunately, others did not take their place; and as “all work and no play”—and much more, as was the case in the South Seas, where life is taken easily, *little* work and no play—“makes Jack a dull boy,” the missionaries now in the Pacific often regret the loss of those old amusements. By introducing cricket and other games of our own they try to supply the lack, but they cannot help wishing that some more native to the soil could, after wise pruning, have been retained. In some groups this has been done to the advantage of all concerned.

Another difficulty the missionaries had to deal with was caused by their own fellow-countrymen. In the early days runaway sailors and escaped convicts from Sydney gave much trouble. Several of these

men set up business on their own account as religious teachers. This they did in islands on which native teachers only had been landed. Being Englishmen, they could of course astonish the ignorant islanders by a show of knowledge and power which left the teacher at a disadvantage. Some of these sailors settled in Samoa, one of whom erected a rough pulpit in a native hut, and upon this placed and kept some old books he had with him. He called them "sacred books," and would not allow them to be uncovered except on Sundays, on which day he gathered the people of the district together. The service consisted of bowing to the sacred books on the part of the people, and listening to a paragraph read by the sailor out of one of them. He read in English, without attempting to explain what he had read, so that no one but himself, and perhaps not even himself, was a bit the wiser. Yet by his impudence and knavery he established a reputation as the high priest of his *lotu*, or religion, and received from his followers a liberal supply of food. To this man's credit, however, it must be mentioned that on the arrival of English missionaries he yielded to their arguments and counsel, and not only frankly confessed his errors, but even went round among the villagers with them, informing them that his *lotu* was nothing but a sham and that these were the true teachers. Then as the islands have been gradually brought into touch with the outside world, traders and merchants have spread all over the Pacific. Chinamen are found in most of the islands. White men also abound. In some instances traders have proved good friends, who have helped the people to advance. A respectable, honest, industrious European, in sympathy with efforts to raise the natives, can greatly aid the teacher and the missionary in their work, and happily men of this type are no longer rare, a fact for which all lovers of the Polynesians should be most thankful. For the opposite has too often been the case, the trade carried on being of questionable character, and the trader, the same, "only more so." Instead of proving a help, he has been a hindrance, and by his personal life, and sometimes by his open antagonism, he has done his best to make Christianity a thing of contempt. "In perils from my own countrymen," wrote the great Apostle of the Gentiles,

and his successors in the great Southern Ocean have had to encounter the same.

In some respects a sadder and more serious trial has overtaken the islands and their infant Christian communities. This has arisen from the deliberate intrusion of Roman Catholic missionaries into islands that were well cared for, and attempts to turn the natives aside from their simple faith in the Bible. No friendly arrangement with Roman Catholics seems possible. They on their part are trained to think of their own church as the only church, to discredit all teaching but their own, to regard other Christians as people in the dark and objects of pity. We, again, on our part are apt to look upon Romanists as Christians who have no loyalty to Jesus Christ, as haters of the Bible, and as preachers of another gospel than that which Christ and His Apostles have given us. Consequently there is no common ground upon which to meet and make a division of territory. Seemingly there is no remedy for this state of things. But the influence of the feud has been a serious hindrance in the South Seas. Wherever the Protestant missionary has found his way, and particularly where he has succeeded in bringing an island or a group of islands out of heathen darkness into Christian light, there the Roman Catholic priest is nearly sure to follow. In Tahiti, and later in the Loyalty Islands, not to mention Samoa and others, the work has been hampered and thrown back for years in consequence of such tactics. The attempt has been, not to win fresh converts from heathenism—for of heathen there were next to none—but to induce the islanders to desert their first teachers and accept the new comers instead; to forsake the Scriptures for the missal. Mean and contemptible methods have been employed. Long and severe was the struggle in Tahiti, but God stood by His servants, and thanks to His grace and to the heroic, simple-minded character of Queen Pomare and her subjects of like spirit, to their love of the open Bible and an unfettered church life, these attempts to turn Protestant South Sea Islanders to Romanism have thus far signally failed. There is a Roman Catholic Chapel in every village in Tahiti, and a fine stone cathedral in Papeete, the chief port. A few only have

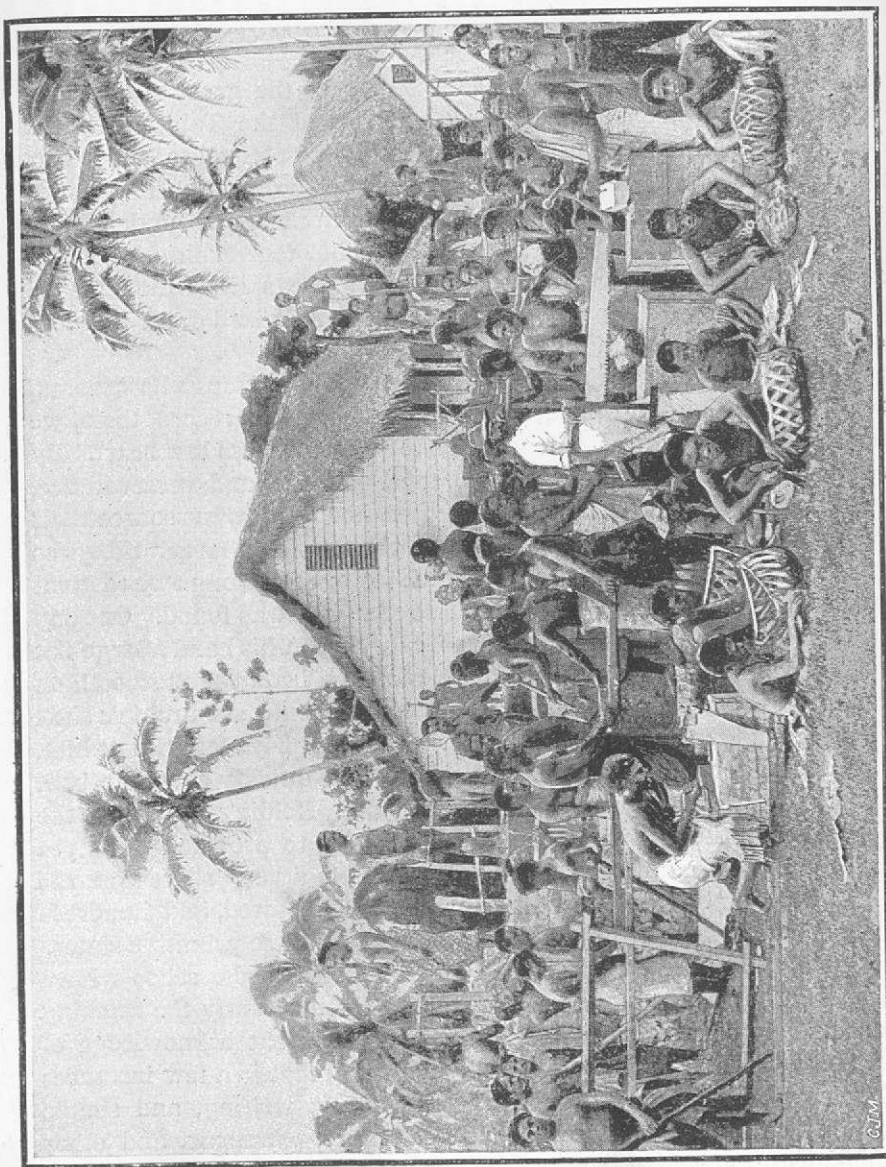


LEVUKA, THE CHIEF PORT OF FIJI.

yielded to the various inducements held out; the great majority of the people have stood firm. The attachment of the Tahitians to the Scriptures is so great that the priests have been obliged to adopt and use the Protestant Bible in the schools belonging to the Romish Church. Still the waste of strength, the trouble, the anxiety, and the crop of discord, suspicion, and other ills that such experiences produce might all have been spared, if only the spirit which moved the Apostle Paul had prevailed, and men had refrained from building on "another man's foundation."

Difficulties have to be reckoned with. They cannot be ignored, but they can be overcome; and though obliged to record them, we must not allow our readers to imagine that the workers lost heart. By no means. With unfailing courage, tact, patience, and perseverance, they pursued their great task, and, no matter from what source their difficulties arose, bravely grappled with them. As in larger things so too in smaller. For example, the want of slates in Rarotonga was a great drawback. Quite unexpectedly a source of supply was found. One day a bright intelligent boy came to school carrying in his hand a large flat stone which he had found in the mountains and had ground smooth on one side. For a pencil he had brought a spike from a sea-urchin's shell which he had picked up on the beach. The other boys laughed at him, but the monitor took him to Mr. Buzacott, who quickly saw that both "pencil" and "slate" would serve the purpose. Holding them up to the whole school, the missionary urged the children to provide themselves with the same kind of stones and spikes, and in a very short time the school was amply provided with as many as it required, and hundreds of scholars learned both to read and to write on these primitive slates.

From the earliest days of the mission downwards, schools have formed an important branch of the work. Until recently the teaching was entirely carried on in the native language, but a knowledge of English is in these days found to be so valuable that in a few instances it is now also taught. For subjects, reading, writing, and simple arithmetic for a time sufficed, but geography, grammar, and other things were added. Scripture knowledge always took a prominent



LEULUMOEGA (UPOLU) HIGH SCHOOL BOYS ENGAGED AT MANUAL WORK.

place in the school programme, and many a little Polynesian would compare favourably in that branch of study with those of like age here at home. Primers, catechisms, and lesson books of different kinds were provided from time to time, partly by means of mission presses on the islands, partly through editions printed in England and sent out by ship. A change is taking place in the Pacific to-day, and in the future much more attention will probably be paid to sound elementary education, and to the use of the English language. Books too in much greater variety will have to be prepared and circulated. It is by such methods alone that the rising generation of islanders can be fitted to hold their own against the new forces that are coming into contact with them.

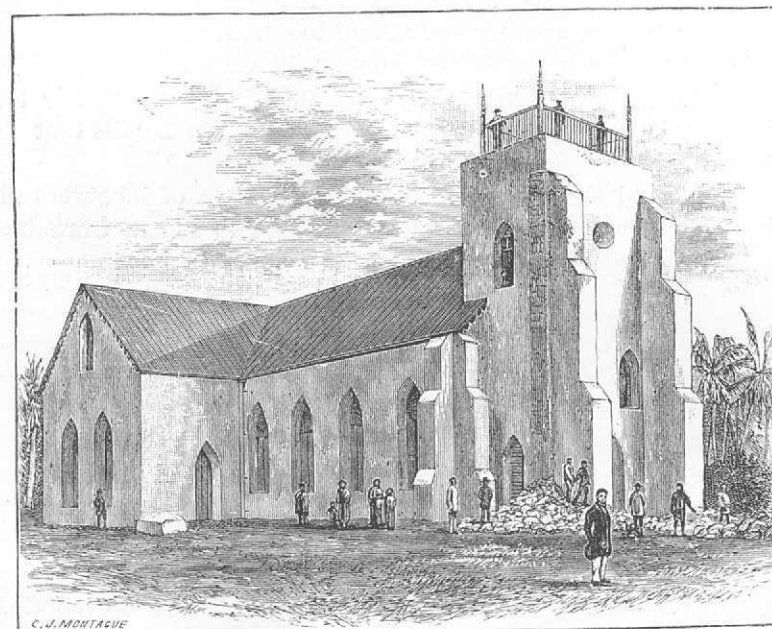
Again and again in these pages we have had the joy of describing the labours of the devoted native teachers to whom the Pacific owes so much. We must now briefly refer to the plans adopted for securing and training a constant supply of these teachers, and of others of like spirit and capacity, able to undertake the charge of native churches. A succession of faithful pastors for ministerial duties in the Christianized islands, and of pioneer teachers for heathen islands, was needed, and the missionaries set themselves to work to try and secure such a supply. This they did by establishing training institutions or colleges in which young men and their wives could be gathered together and taught. The plan usually adopted was to build a central class-room or class-rooms for teaching purposes, and surround this with rows or squares of cottages in which the students lived, each married couple having a cottage to themselves. By a judicious admixture of manual and mental labour the students have been able to build the cottages and keep them in repair, make desks and other furniture, and grow enough yams, taro, bread-fruit, and cocoa-nuts to keep themselves well supplied with food. In this way the cost of maintaining an institution is kept at a low figure, and the young men have an opportunity of acquiring other knowledge than that to be gathered from books. Many of them become skilful in the use of tools, in raising fruit and vegetables, and in managing a boat.

House and chapel building necessarily occupies much of a missionary's thought and time, but in all such work he is willingly assisted by native helpers. Under his guidance many large and handsome places of worship have been erected all over the Pacific. At first, rush or wood and plaster sheds served as chapels, but these soon gave way to others made from coral stone, with proper windows and doors. Pulpits in some instances were added. One striking feature of a South Sea church is the tasteful fibre-plaiting by which pillars and roof timbers are lashed fast together. By means of coloured fibres worked in curious geometrical patterns, very pleasing effects are produced. A chapel opening or dedication is a grand gala time with the natives, and usually associated with a big feed. On one such occasion no less than four hundred pigs were killed and cooked, an immense quantity of fruit and vegetables was provided, and some five thousand guests sat down to the feast. The pigs were served whole. Amazed at the number of pigs, a man who was present greatly amused the missionary by vainly trying to count them. Determined not to be beaten, the man at length hit upon the device of cutting off the tip of each pig's tail; then arranging these, he made out that there were four hundred. Immense puddings also graced the feast in some islands.

The islanders enjoy such gatherings and have them at least once a year, not exactly for setting apart a new chapel, but for what they call their "Me" (May meeting). Following the lead of the Society at headquarters, an annual meeting for receiving contributions for missionary purposes, and for stirring one another up to greater interest in missionary service, is held. No matter in what month the meeting takes place it goes by the name of "Me," and a most useful institution it is. Polynesian Christians are wonderfully generous. Each one gives—husbands, wives, children, even down to the baby in arms, who is often carried up to the table holding a coin or some article in its chubby little hand as its contribution to the collection. If English Christians gave as generally and as liberally as the swarthy sons and daughters of the Pacific Islands, there would be no lack of funds in the missionary treasury, and by giving money they would

learn how also to give themselves to the work. In this respect also they are quite out-distanced by many a little island, more than one per thousand of whose population goes out into the Oceanic world as a missionary to islanders still lying in darkness.

There was a time when it was necessary for missionaries to help the natives to frame codes of laws and advise them in political as well



CHAPEL AT MARÉ BUILT BY THE REV. JOHN JONES.

as religious questions, but that day is now past. Official representatives of European Governments were then rarely seen. In 1837 the visit of the *Conway* the first British man-of-war that had been seen in Samoa, created quite a sensation. But visits of the kind are a common occurrence now. Consuls also and residents abound, and to them naturally and rightly political matters are left; but it was not always so, and by the force of circumstances those who would gladly have kept themselves

to strictly religious teaching, of necessity became the guides of the chiefs as they sought to bring their rule into harmony with Christian principle and practice. Medical work also engaged and still engages the attention of not a few. This is unavoidable in lonely islands. Either the missionary or his wife, whichever has the greater fitness for it, is bound to listen to the appeal for help from suffering islanders, and to the best of his or her skill to minister to their needs. They must also doctor one another and attend to the ailments of their children. One room in a South Sea mission house, therefore, is sure to look something like a small druggist's shop, with a row of bottles and jars, "pills and potions," remedies for the various "ills that flesh is heir to."

By these and similar methods, one generation of labourers after another has been seeking to establish South Sea Island Christianity upon a safe and solid foundation.



CHAPTER X.

JOINING HANDS TO SAVE NEW GUINEA.

"To turn them from darkness to light."

TO the north of Australia, and brooding over it like some huge bird, lies the island of New Guinea. It is the largest island in the world, unless we include Australia itself among the islands. But to do that would be to rob that great country of her dignity. Though an island in reality, Australia now ranks among the continents, and to her northern neighbour graciously yields the leading place as an island of the sea. New Guinea was discovered and named by Portuguese and Spanish sailors nearly four hundred years ago. The natives of other islands called it Tanna Papua, or the land of the woolly-haired people, but its European visitors, thinking they saw some resemblance

to the Guinea coast of West Africa, sought to indicate this by calling it Neuva (New) Guinea. For many years the Dutch have had trading stations on its north-west coast. Dutch missionaries have also done a little for the natives on that side of the island, but to all intents and purposes Papua and its people were unknown to Europe until the year 1871, when the London Missionary Society decided to commence work upon its south-eastern shores. Since then our knowledge of it has increased, and we have learned that it contains lofty snow peaks 17,000 feet high, noble rivers, immense forests, and dense tropical vegetation, and that its inhabitants belong to different races, speaking a great

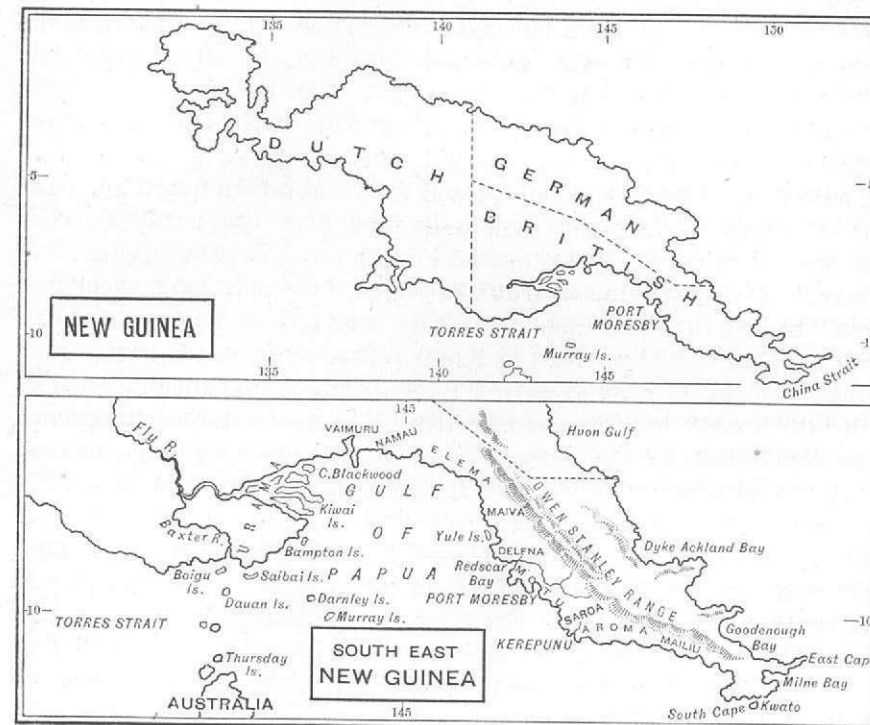


*Head of
a Canoe
N. Guinea.*

variety of dialects and distinct languages. The savage character of the natives was found out by their earliest visitors, and to a large extent remains unchanged to day. Indeed, although we are adding to our knowledge of New Guinea and the New Guineans day by day, we must even now confess that most of it is still unknown. The Western half of the island belongs to the Dutch, and ten years ago an arrangement was made by Germany and Great Britain, by which the south-eastern portion came under the control of the latter power, the north-eastern under that of the former. For the purposes of this volume we shall have to content ourselves with the British side of New Guinea.

As far back as 1837, when John Williams was planning the evangelisation of the entire Pacific Ocean, he thought of this great island as the goal to which his efforts should be directed. That fact helps us to understand the wide sweep of his mind, for thirty-five years went past before it was possible to carry out his scheme. But at length the day came when the attempt must be made. As already stated, that was in the year 1871, five or six years before the British Government turned its attention to New Guinea. A new method of working was determined on. Readers of this "Story" will easily remember that one method adopted was first of all to send European missionaries, and then for native converts gradually to become their helpers in the work. Another method, and one the most often tried, was to station pioneer native missionaries who led the way, but were followed in a few years by European missionaries. New Guinea seemed to require special treatment. Its size gave the promise of a long line of stations, at each of which a teacher might be placed, while the number of posts to be occupied, their distance from one another, the wild and barbarous character of the people, the difficulty of finding food supply, and similar considerations, all showed that the work must be a joint work. White and coloured missionaries must undertake it together: a few carefully chosen English missionaries to guide, to care for, and to encourage their native brethren and sisters, and with them as many of these native workers under their superintendence as they could

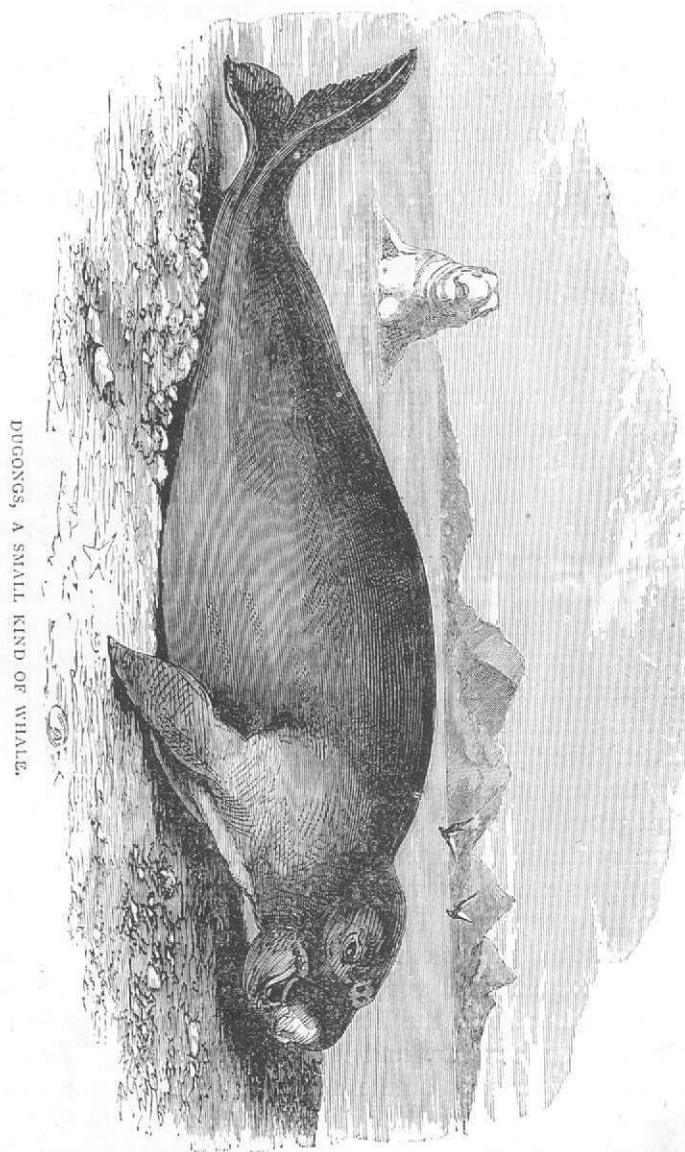
possibly find suitable stations for. Not only so, but all the Christianized islands, from Tahiti on the east to the Loyalty group on the west, were to share in the arduous yet glorious task of trying to win this stronghold of heathenism for the Lord. That was the special method and plan agreed upon for attacking and conquering New Guinea.



Thus it was that twenty-three years ago a schooner named the *Surprise* was found coasting along its southern shores. On board were the Revs. A. W. Murray and S. McFarlane, and eight native teachers from Lifu and the other Loyalty Islands. As the vessel passed along they were examining with anxious eyes the islands, bays, and creeks,

and wondering where a beginning should be made. The proposal to start the new mission had been received with great enthusiasm all through the islands. Lifu, which led the way, was full of eager zeal. The band of missionaries was sent forth with many benedictions. Earnest prayers were offered on their behalf and stirring parting words were spoken in their hearing. One popular and powerful speaker, using an illustration from whale-fishing, which many of the Lifuans take part in year by year, exhorted them in the following graphic manner: "New Guinea is the whale. It is sighted. We are going to chase it. You are the first boat, remember. Take care and make fast" (that is drive the harpoon well into the whale so that it will remain fixed and firm); "and we will follow and help to tow in. The consequences of any mismanagement on your part may be very serious. You may only wound and irritate the whale, and drive it away." Only by living as true Christians, he urged, would this "first boat" be able to "make fast." Looking back upon those days, one sees that they did indeed "make fast," and reflecting upon the noble spirit manifested not only by them, the forerunners, but by their successors after them, one's heart rejoices greatly. The first station occupied was Darnley Island, in the Papuan Gulf, and Mr. Murray tells us that, speaking of another island, the Darnley natives tried to alarm the teachers and prevent them from going there. "There are alligators there, and snakes, and centipedes——" "Hold," said one of the Lifuans, whose name was Tepesó; "are there men there?" "Oh, yes," was the reply, "there are men; but they are such dreadful savages that it is no use your thinking of living among them." "That will do," responded Tepesó; "wherever there are men, missionaries are bound to go." A truly Christian answer, worthy of a disciple of Him who commands His followers to "go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." Tepesó was a strong, healthy, young fellow when he thus spoke, but his work soon ended, and he was the first of the party—yes, and the first of a long roll—to succumb to the fever which has proved so fatal to the Polynesians.

On that first voyage, besides Darnley Island two other islands—

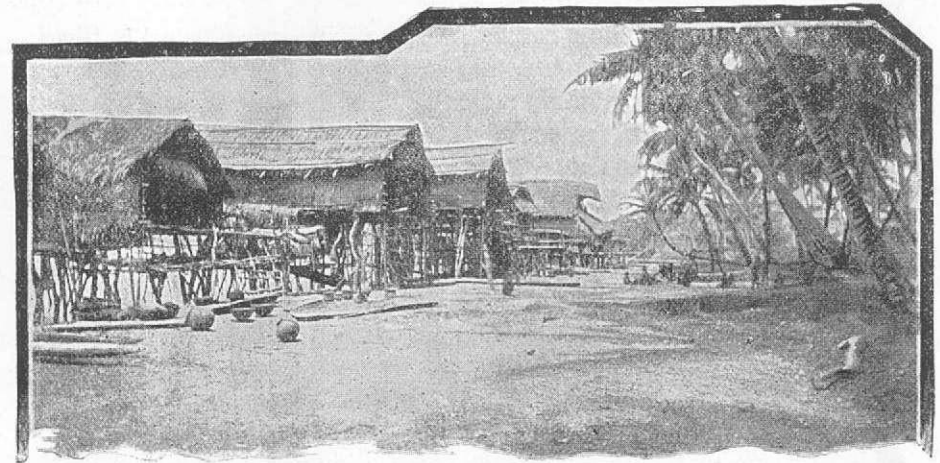


DUGONGS, A SMALL KIND OF WHALE.

Tauan or Dauan and Saibai—were occupied, but by the Lifuans only, no English missionary being then able to remain. Next year Mr. Murray returned in the missionary ship *John Williams*, having with him thirteen more native teachers. He himself settled at Cape York, at the extreme north of Queensland, and from that point for the next two years superintended their efforts. Early in 1874 he was joined by the Revs. S. McFarlane and W. G. Lawes, who had been appointed to take permanent charge of the new mission, Mr. McFarlane on the western side, Mr. Lawes on the eastern. At the same time, through the generosity of Miss Baxter, of Dundee, a small steamer, the *Ellengowan*, was placed at their service. Three years later the Rev. James Chalmers, a host in himself, was added to the staff; and with such a trio of tried men as McFarlane, Lawes, and Chalmers, each of whom had shown marked ability and influence in dealing with natives, the first on Lifu, the second on Niue, the third on Rarotonga, the new mission had a group of leaders second to none anywhere. Moving from Cape York to Murray Island, Mr. McFarlane made that island his head-quarters for superintending the western branch of the work. He relied chiefly upon an institution and an industrial school, hoping to touch the mainland through the young people trained in these. Mr. and Mrs. Lawes were the first white missionaries to settle on New Guinea itself. Port Moresby was their station, and in a frame house put together by the united crews of the *John Williams* and *Ellengowan*, and on that ground christened "the house that Jack built," they underwent some remarkable experiences. The New Guineans greatly admired the house and its many strange contents. To admire was to covet; to covet to steal. Theft became the order of the day. The clever rogues hooked things out of the windows, and by other ingenious devices sought to possess themselves of everything that pleased their fancy. How different is the Port Moresby of to-day from the Port Moresby of 1874, when Mr. and Mrs. Lawes landed! The curious native huts raised on piles on the shore and at high tide surrounded by the sea, the picturesque little island of Elevara, with houses of the same build, the native canoes passing to and fro between the shore

and this island—these are still there. But added to them the visitor now sees substantial houses belonging to the mission, imposing government buildings, the stores of different traders, first-class whale boats and gigs; while lying at anchor a British gun-boat, the governor's steam yacht, or perhaps the mission barque *John Williams*, furnishes a further proof of change and progress.

Mr. and Mrs. Chalmers went eastward to South Cape, where they underwent terrible hardships. So severe were these that Mrs. Chal-



NEW GUINEA VILLAGE BUILT INTO THE SEA.

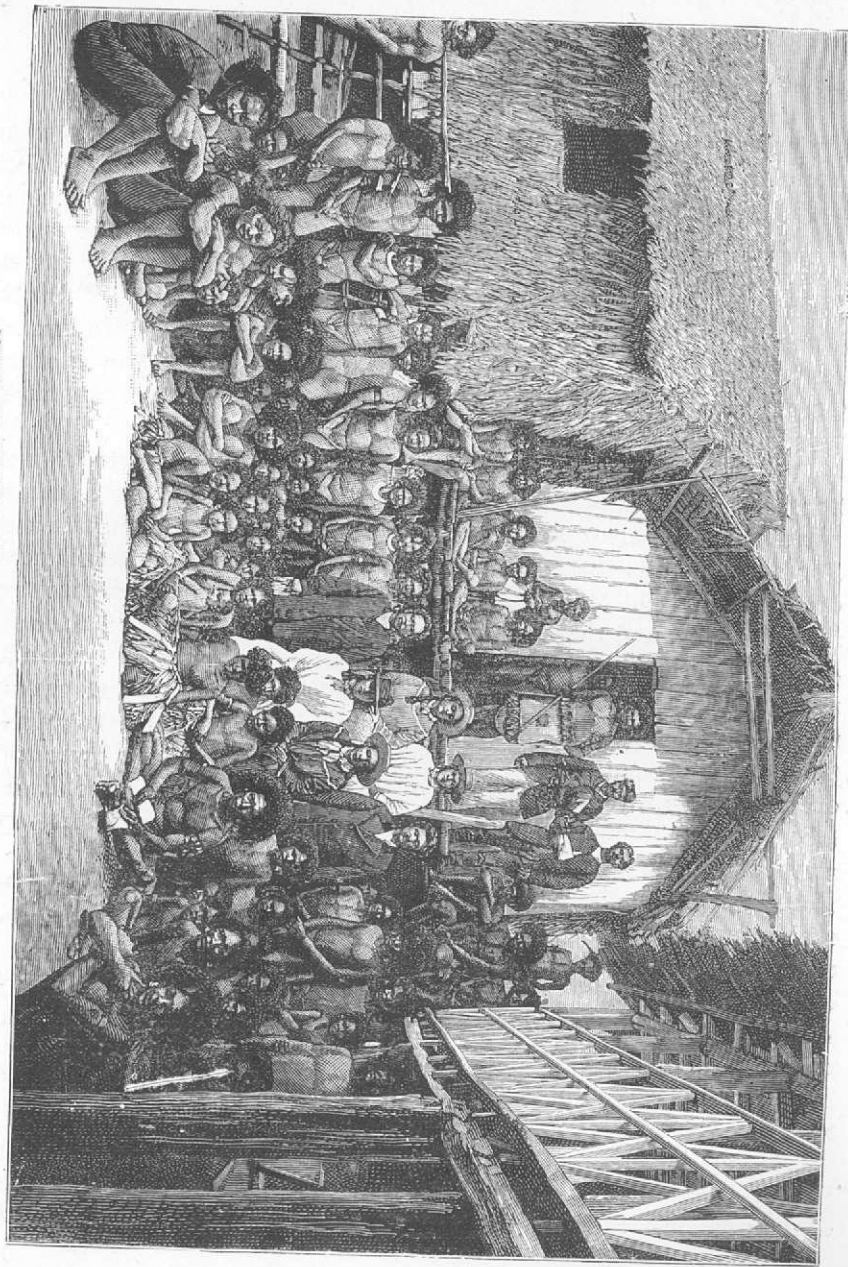
mers sank beneath them, and in 1879 was laid to rest. Joining Mr. Lawes at Port Moresby, for many years Mr. Chalmers shared the work with him, the one remaining at his station busily engaged in translating the New Testament, preparing books, training teachers, and looking after Port Moresby itself, while the other gave himself chiefly to exploration and visitation of the tribes along the coast. Under his native name of Tamate (the nearest approach they can make to the pronunciation of Chalmers) he is better known along the south-east coast of New Guinea than any living man, native or

foreigner. By his happy, fearless spirit, his quick prompt ways, his real love for men, however degraded, and by a subtle personal influence which all who know him quickly feel, he has done wonders.

Until the year 1886 the welfare of New Guinea mainly depended upon these men. Others joined them, but unable to bear the strain of the climate or the work, had to retire. In 1886 Mr. McFarlane withdrew, but Messrs. Lawes and Chalmers are still in harness, and reinforced by the Rev. Albert Pearse, formerly of Borabora and Raiatea, and a band of recruits from the old country, the mission is now well manned with strong and earnest workers.

The natives of the great island belong to many races, some of them resembling the aborigines of Australia, others the people of Western Polynesia, and others again the Malayo-Polynesians of the eastern side of the Pacific. Driven out of their course by the wind, or forced by war or by hunger to flee, parties of islanders from all quarters of the great Southern Ocean appear to have found a dwelling-place in New Guinea. This increases the difficulty of teaching them, for every district seems to have its own peculiar language, and to be unable to understand the speech of its near neighbours. Cut off from others, always ready to attack the next district, or to defend itself against attack, each little clan lived its own wild, rough life. Fighting was, and in many parts still is, constant, and skull hunting a favourite pastime. Every man had to be prepared at any moment to rush to arms, to seize his club, his bow and arrows, his darts and spears; and at night, instead of peacefully resting in their own huts, the able-bodied warriors used to huddle together in large houses, *dubus* (as some of the houses which had a semi-sacred character were called), and other convenient spots, so as to be able at the first alarm to hurry out and repel the foe. The fear of treachery, or of being repaid by enemies for his own misdeeds, robs the savage of his rest, and makes him long for the morning light. At the same time, so great is his temptation to attack those weaker than himself, or any who can be caught napping, so keen, too, the appetite for human flesh among all man-eating races, that nothing in heathenism itself can check the

SOUTH SEA ISLAND TEACHERS AND NATIVES OF NEW GUINEA



tendency to perpetual strife. Only missionaries, or others who come into close contact with savages, who learn their language, gain their confidence, and so obtain some insight into their thoughts and feelings, can have any idea how wretched their lot is. Always on the watch, always afraid, suspicious, and expecting evil; or constantly indulging in cunning, devising mischief, planning murder and bloodshed—for the savage there is no security, no rest of mind, no peace or quietness. No wonder that when they find all this changed by the power of the Gospel, they should burst forth into praise and thanksgiving at its wonder-working power.

We have no room in this short chapter to describe the villages, houses, canoes, pottery, weapons, and native life of the New Guineans, nor to trace the history of the different stations formed along its coast. For these details the reader can turn to the books written by Mr. Chalmers and Dr. McFarlane. There is, however, one thing we must find space for, and that is to raise a memorial in honour of the noble army of South Sea island missionaries and martyrs, who have given their lives for the salvation of its people. During the past twenty-three years nearly three hundred Christian teachers and their wives from the Society, the Hervey, the Samoan, and the Loyalty Islands, or from noble little Niué, have willingly, even eagerly, gone forth to labour there. Some have been spared to work on for many years—conspicuous among them Ruatoka, the greatly respected teacher of Port Moresby, who has been at that station since its commencement; but others have been obliged to leave broken in health, aged before their time; and, sadder still, no less than a hundred and twenty of them have died of fever, or have been poisoned, or brutally killed. Well may a missionary express his conviction that though perhaps lacking the polish and culture of Europeans, these faithful native teachers will bear comparison with Christians anywhere for strong, sincere, and whole-hearted devotion to Christ.

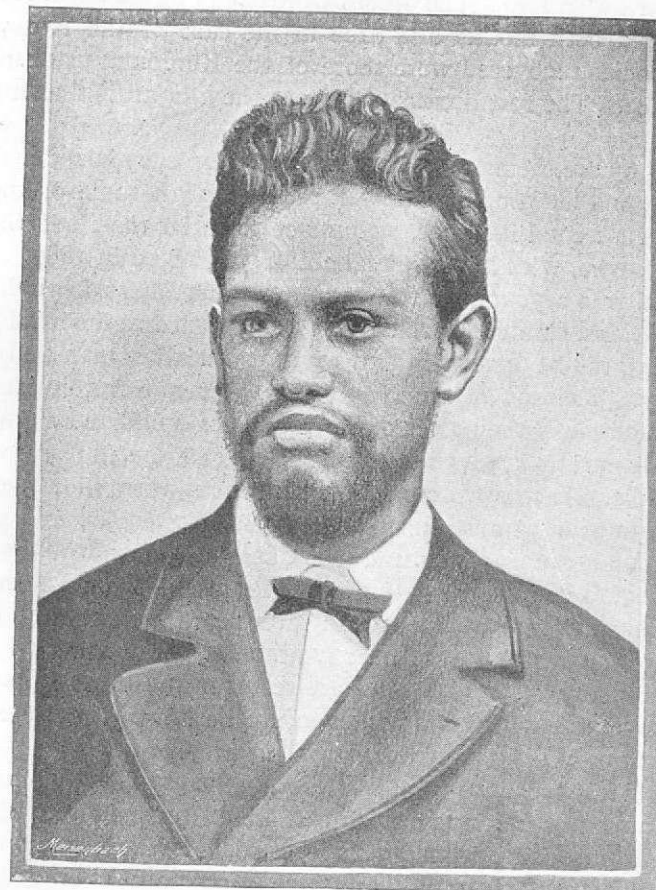
At times the hearts of some of them failed them for a moment. Dr. McFarlane relates an incident that occurred in the earliest days of the mission. Standing near the door of a grass hut one morning

where the teachers' bundles and boxes had been landed, and all was ready for him to leave them and start for the next spot at which teachers were to be stationed, he heard one of the women crying most piteously. She was the wife of a man named Gucheng, and was to stay behind with her husband while the ship went on. "Oh, my country!" she sobbed, "why did we leave our happy home? Would that I were back in Lifu again! I told you I did not want to come to New Guinea! These people will kill us when the mission vessel leaves, or they will steal all we possess." To this her husband gently replied: "We must remember for what we have come here. Not to get pearl shell, or trepang, or any earthly riches; but to tell these people about the true God and the loving Saviour Jesus Christ. We must think of what He suffered for us. If they kill us, or steal our goods, whatever we have to suffer, it will be very little compared with what He suffered for us." Unknown to the speakers, the missionary overheard this conversation, which so touched his heart that he had to move away to hide his emotion. After a few minutes he entered their hut, and talked, and prayed, and wept with them, seeking in this way to strengthen their hearts. Shortly after the moment for parting came, and as Dr. McFarlane pulled off to the ship, and saw the weeping little group upon the beach, surrounded by naked, noisy savages, he could not help thinking how little the world knows of its truest heroes. That happened when the work in New Guinea was just beginning. But the same spirit is shown still. Only last year a Samoan teacher named Toma, who reached Kwato, the station at the eastern extremity of the island, two years ago, lost his wife. She had been ill for a long time, but had borne her sickness bravely. Had she been spared, she would have done good work for Christ; but He has seen fit to call her home early in her day of service. Sad to say, too, one of the new men, named Telini, who had only recently gone from Samoa, died of sunstroke on December 27th, another lost his little girl, and another a new-born infant. This made four deaths in as many weeks. Mr. Walker, the missionary in charge, was absent at the time, but on his return immediately sought out the teachers, and

endeavoured to revive their drooping hearts. He was greatly struck with the noble spirit they evinced. In conversation with Maanaima, when he was trying to find from him how they all felt in the face of these terrible losses, Maanaima said to him in a quiet, unassuming way: "We are not afraid to die for Christ. If it is His will that we should live, it is good; if it is His will that we should die, that also is good. We have come to New Guinea to do His work, and we give ourselves to Him."

Change of food and climate have caused the death of some, but most of the losses have been due to fever. The coast is low and swampy, the vegetation dense, the heat tropical, and these things always breed fever. Still, not a few have fallen victims to the cruelty, treachery, and greed of the natives. In 1881 there was a terrible massacre at a place called Kalo, a village at the head of Hood Bay, near the mouth of the Kemp Welch river. The people killed their own teacher, his wife, and two children, also two other teachers, the wife and three children of one of them, and two boys who were with them—a party of twelve in all. It is a sad story, and for a time filled the minds of the workers with misgiving. As related in the *Chronicle* of the Society, it seems that Taria, the Hula teacher, and Matatuhi, a fine young Society Islander, who was teacher at an inland station, left Port Moresby together to visit the Kalo teacher, Anedrea by name, from whom they hoped to obtain some native medicine. Reaching Hula the same evening, they heard a rumour that the Kalo people intended to murder their teacher and his family. This made them hasten to Kalo the next day, but Anedrea would not credit the rumour, and the chief, when questioned, declared that there was not the slightest truth in it. Two days afterwards, however, Taria, having with him five Hula boys, went by boat to Kerepunu, intending to bring the teachers and their families to Hula, on account of their ill-health. He called at Kalo on the way, and promised to look in again on his return journey. At Kerepunu he took on board Materua, the teacher, his wife, two children, and a native youth. The party then rowed back to Kalo. While waiting there the chief and pretended friend of the teacher

got into the boat for a chat. When Matatuhi and Anedrea, with his wife and two children, came down the bank and stepped into the boat, the



TAURAKI.

chief stepped out. That act was the signal arranged with his followers, who at once attacked the party. Four of the boys who were with them jumped overboard, and swam across the river; but the mission

party were so cooped up in the boat, and the spears flew so thick and fast, that escape was impossible. Taria resisted for a time, but a fourth spear killed him. The others were easily despatched. A single spear pierced both mother and babe in the case of the two women. The only bodies recovered were those of the Kerepunu teacher's wife and her babe. The rest became a prey to the alligators that infest the coast.

This massacre seems to have arisen from jealousy, the chief thinking that he and his people got fewer presents than some of the other tribes. As a second instance, we cannot do better than tell the story of Tauraki, who, with his wife and child, was killed in 1887.

Tauraki was a young Rarotongan. Mr. Chalmers knew him as a little boy. Mrs. Chalmers trained him, and with her husband had the joy of seeing the boy grow into an earnest Christian man and faithful missionary. The son of a savage, this young Rarotongan was a striking example of the power of the Gospel to uplift and ennoble. A glance at his portrait, given on the previous page, will show what his face was like. He was not content to remain in his small native island, but longed to be of as much use in the world as possible; and when his old friends and teachers—Mr. and Mrs. Chalmers—went to New Guinea, Tauraki set his heart upon going too. He joined the Eastern branch of the mission. He was bright and intelligent, could read and speak English well, and was full of energy and tact. Mr. Lawes says that he was in many respects their best teacher, and that he had great influence over the wild, rowdy natives; while Mr. Chalmers loved him as if he had been his own child.

He was teacher at a place on the south-east coast, called Motumotu. Some of the Motumotuans had killed some Moviaivians—that is, people from a large inland village called Moviaivi; and one day as Tauraki, his wife, his child, and five Motumotuans were making arrowroot on an island about half-way to Movlavi, a number of Moviaivians suddenly attacked them. They did not wish to kill Tauraki. Indeed, they liked him, and would have spared him. They only wanted to kill the Motumotuans; and they pressed the teacher

to take his wife and child out of the canoe, and leave the Motumotuans to be slain in revenge. But he refused to do this. He felt that it would be a mean and cowardly act, and would not hear of it. The enemy then began shooting arrows.

The wife, says Mr. Chalmers, wished to fire off a shot, but the husband said: "No; you must not; you have not yet been wounded." She was, however, soon wounded in the side, and so was the child. She fired, frightened the natives near her, and got overboard with the child, and in between the double canoe. (There is generally a space left between canoes when lashed together.) Tauraki, standing up, severely wounded, tore his shirt down the middle, a mark of distress amongst savages, and then began firing his rifle to frighten them. They were frightened, and sprang into the water, when those who were hiding between the canoes got on board, and they then paddled away. Five were dead—the three women and two of the men. The child was dangerously wounded; so also were Tauraki and his wife. Getting to one of the creeks, they were met by friends who had come to look for them. The water in the creek was salt, and terrible was the thirst they had to endure. The poor child cried bitterly for water, and all that could be done was to wet its mouth with salt water. When they reached the landing-place at the village of Motumotu, the child died. The teacher and his wife were very weak from loss of blood, and were taken to the house of a white man, who had been at Motumotu for some months, with his wife, an English woman. There they were kindly treated, and it was hoped the teacher would live, but on the Saturday he died. The woman lived and was soon well. Tauraki died because he would not forsake the crew, and it was of that Mr. Chalmers wrote: "'Twas nobly done, and I am proud of it. Such an act by one of us Britons, and the Empire would echo and re-echo with it! Grand deed! and by a native whose father and mother were savages in my life-time."

The South Sea Island teachers can bravely die; they can show equal courage in living simple Christian lives. What more striking testimony could be borne than the following account of Ruatoka, of

Port Moresby, already mentioned? Of him Mr. Lawes, his daily co-worker and friend, said, nine years ago, and would repeat with yet greater emphasis to-day:—

“One of these teachers at Port Moresby may be regarded as a very fair specimen of these South Sea Island people. He was taken to Port Moresby by Mr. Murray a year before my own arrival, and he has been there eleven years steadily working. He has an amazing influence over the people, and has proved himself not only the friend of the natives, but of the white man also. About seven years ago there



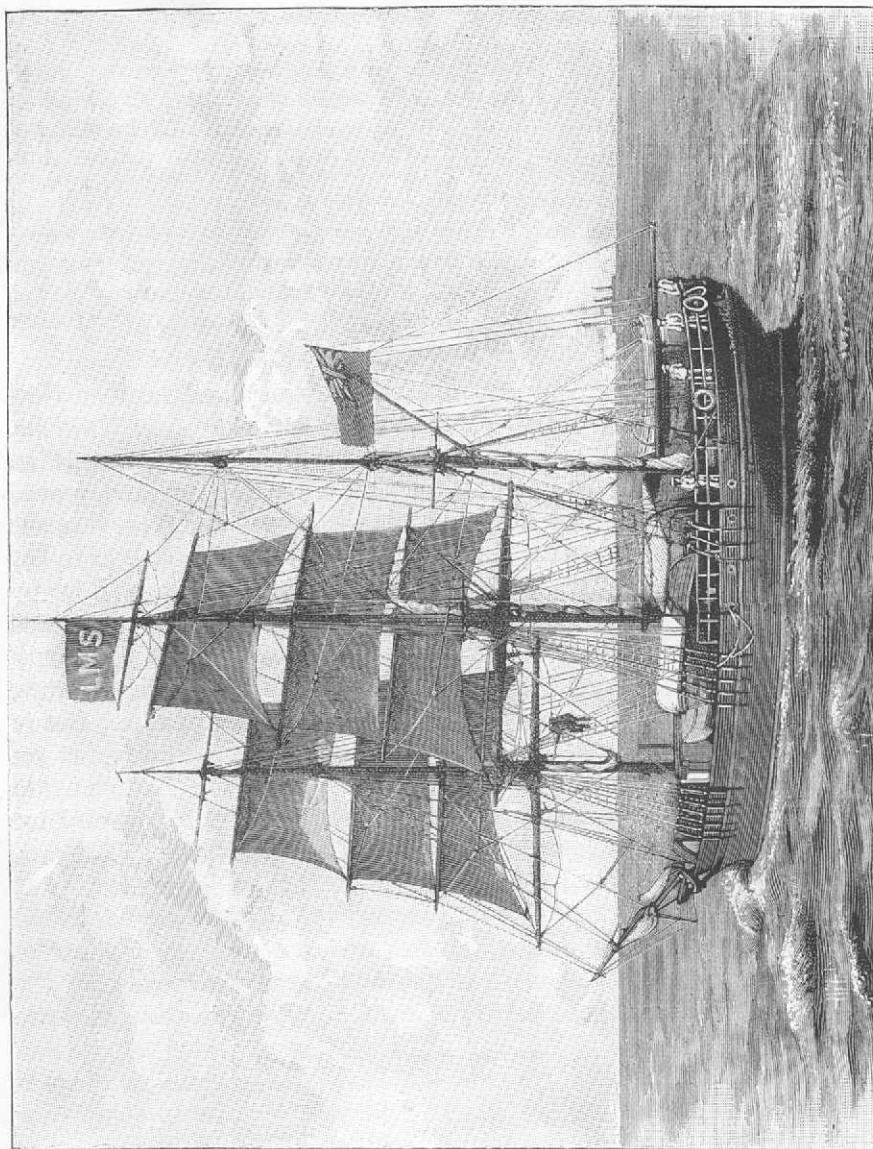
RUATOKA AND HIS WIFE.

was an influx of diggers to Port Moresby, and some of them were stricken with sickness. This native teacher attended to these diggers, and watched over them most tenderly, and he carried one on his back from the place in which he was stricken down, and took him to his own home.

“About that time a German had a store at Port Moresby, and a Scotchman was associated with him in the business. One Sunday, the Scotchman was hammering away and working while the native teacher was conducting service close by. The teacher got his Bible, and opened it at the twentieth chapter of Exodus, and going to the

Sabbath-breaker, put the Bible before him, and pointing to the fourth commandment, said: ‘See that.’ The white face from the land of Bibles looked up at the face of his dark visitor and saw he was not to be trifled with; for this native teacher was not only a Christian, but a very muscular Christian. Then the white man looked, and saw the long-forgotten words: ‘Remember the Sabbath Day, to keep it holy.’ And the native said: ‘What for you make me liar? You send me the Bible, and the Bible tells me not to work on Sunday. But you come here and work all day. What for you make me liar?’ So the white man has learned to fear, respect, and honour the native teacher as much as the natives of the place do.”

The connection between Christianized Polynesia and heathen New Guinea is kept up by means of the missionary ship *John Williams*. Four vessels have borne this name. The *Camden*, in which Mr. and Mrs. Williams returned to the Pacific after their sojourn in England, proved too small for her work; so in 1843, after five years’ useful service, she was sold, and a barque that was almost ready for sea bought in her place. The new ship was called the *John Williams*, was paid for by money raised by Sunday School children, and for twenty years sailed to and fro among the islands. Crossing and re-crossing the South Seas in all directions, and returning to the Thames four different times, this missionary barque sailed in all nearly half a million miles. But in 1864 she was wrecked on Pukapuka or Danger Island. A new and yet finer vessel was forthwith built to carry on her work, the children again raising the money; but she soon came to grief, being wrecked off Niue on her first and only voyage. That was the second *John Williams*. The third, which closely resembles her, was sent out in October, 1868, and for more than a quarter of a century has continued her useful mission. But she is no longer young; and, now that the number of out-stations to be visited is so great, and yet more, because of the growing demands of the mission in New Guinea, she is about to retire and make way for the steamer *John Williams*, which the young readers of this book have had built and sent forth, and will have paid for before the book is in their hands. For many years to come New Guinea will need South Sea Island teachers, and this, together with



THE BARQUE "JOHN WILLIAMS" LEAVING SYDNEY ON HER LAST VOYAGE.

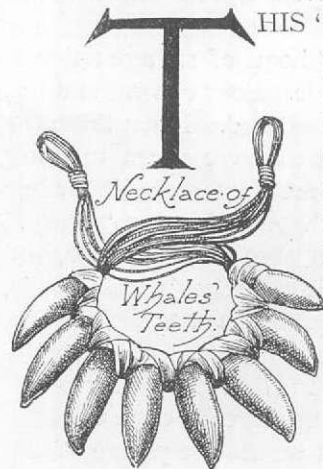
her rounds among the smaller islands, will keep the steamer constantly on the move. Samoans, Manganians, Rarotongans, Aitutakians, Niueans, who have broken down in health, or who need a change and a year's rest among their friends, will be taken home; others who have been home, or new ones going to the great island for the first time, will be carried to their work. Supplies of all kinds also will be conveyed to them and to the missionaries. By means of the steamer the links of connection will be kept, and New Guinea and all who labour for her be the gainers.

Much yet remains to be done before that home of savage tribes is Christian, but a good beginning has been made. Four central stations and about a hundred out-stations have been opened. From these the light is spreading. Many villages on the coast have given up their idols and their most heathen customs, and are undergoing the same change as that described in the earlier chapters of this "Story." There are more than a thousand natives who have been baptized, and some hundreds of children are being taught in the schools. Still it is, as yet, but the day of small things, and we may have to pray, work, and give for a long time before we see the island rescued from its barbarism and brought to God. Our hope is in Him. He has wrought mighty changes in other islands; indeed, He has already done wonders in New Guinea itself, and in past victories we see the pledge of the greater and more signal triumph yet to come.

CHAPTER XI.

OTHER LABOURERS IN THE SOUTHERN OCEAN.

"Each as the Lord gave to him."



HIS "Story of the South Seas" might easily be enlarged. Not half of what might be told has found its way into these pages. There is room for a second volume, recounting the adventures, the trials, the sufferings, and the successes of other missionaries, who, following those of the London Missionary Society, have been honoured to do a like work in different parts of the Pacific. A few pages only can be given to such a record here, yet this book would mislead, and would be sadly incomplete, were it to close without frank and grateful recognition of the labours of other societies. The fruits of a hundred years' toil are more than enough to convince any candid mind that the religion of Jesus Christ is suited to the most degraded races and tribes; and as these fruits have grown upon different trees, they further show that in no one way, and by no single set of men, does God carry forward His gracious plans, but that a Paul, an Apollos, and a Cephas, alike has his own special share, both of duty and of reward.

First, in order of time, came the mission to the Maoris of New Zealand. A Church of England chaplain, stationed at Paramatta, in the infant colony of New South Wales, the Rev. Samuel Marsden by name, became greatly interested in these brave, intelligent, but savage



MAORI WOMAN AND CHILD.

people, and encouraged their chiefs to visit him. The Maoris belong to the Malayo-Polynesian race. Mr. Marsden hoped that, by means of a colony of emigrant artisans, he might tame and civilize the uncouth and ferocious natives, and so prepare them to receive Christian teaching; but in this he made a serious mistake, as he himself afterwards found out. He was beginning at the wrong end. A Maori sailor, to whom he was kind on board ship when returning from England to Sydney, became the instrument in God's hands for opening the door to New Zealand. This man, whose name was Tuatara, remained with Mr. Marsden for six months, and was so touched by the chaplain's goodness and gentleness that his heart was completely won. On his return home he took such delight in repeating the story of Mr. Marsden's helpful friendliness that that clergyman's name was soon widely known as "the friend of the Maoris." Shortly after, at the invitation of Tuatara and six chiefs, who came over to visit him, the convict chaplain himself sailed to New Zealand. A band of naked warriors, armed with clubs and spears, awaited him on the beach, and with wild but genuine heartiness welcomed him. By yells, war dances, the brandishing of clubs and spears, terrible contortions of the face, and violent movements of the body, the savage fellows tried to show him how glad they were to see him. Even Tuatara was alarmed at their fierceness, and urged his friend not to land; but Marsden was as full of courage as of gentleness. Without fear he stepped on shore and placed himself at the mercy of the barbarous throng. He spent a few days with them, one of which, being Christmas Day, was marked by a special gathering for Christian worship. A large number of chiefs and warriors assembled. They did not understand what it all meant, but Tuatara did his best to explain. That was in 1814, and from that time onwards for a quarter of a century Samuel Marsden lovingly watched over "his beloved Maoris." Seven different times did he visit them, and on each occasion he either opened a new station, arranged tribal disputes, compiled a grammar, or in some other way conferred fresh blessings upon the people. In 1819, for the first time, an ordained missionary

went out from England to take up the work. Others joined him, and fresh districts were from time to time occupied. For some years no converts were made, though large congregations gathered. Then a change took place, and the missionaries had the joy of seeing Maori Christians walking in the way of the Lord. After a time New Zealand became a British colony, and with this came many changes, among them the appointment of Bishop Selwyn to organize and guide the native church. This bishop ranks second only to Marsden as a Christian worker on behalf of New Zealand. A clergyman of noble type, cultured, earnest, Christian to the very core, apostolic in zeal and fervour, a man, too, of strong muscles and of fearless spirit, he was well fitted for the task he was called to undertake. To that task he gave himself without reserve. Maoris and Englishmen alike held him in the highest esteem and affection. The Maoris are dying out, but no less than 18,000 of them are in fellowship with the Church, and some fifteen or sixteen Maori clergymen are at work as fellow-labourers with English clergymen. The Wesleyan Methodists also have a mission among the Maoris, nearly all of whom are now under Christian instruction.

One outcome of Bishop Selwyn's work is what is generally known as the Melanesian mission, a mission to the black oceanic races found in the Northern New Hebrides and the Banks, Torres, Solomon, and Santa Cruz groups of islands. Going first himself, he made friends with the islanders, and induced a number of youths to go with him to New Zealand. There he educated and trained them. Next he secured a man of like spirit with himself to become the missionary-bishop of these hitherto neglected islands. Bishop Patteson was the man of his choice, and was a true hero of the cross, who laid down his life as a martyr. He was killed in revenge for the slaughter of five of their own number by the natives of Nukapu, one of a cluster of small islands twenty miles north of Santa Cruz, which had recently been visited by a labour vessel. Previous to his death, Bishop Patteson had made Norfolk Island the headquarters of his work. A steamer called the *Southern Cross* passes from island to island, and

renders similar service to that rendered by the *John Williams*. Patteson was succeeded by Bishop John Selwyn, a son of the founder of the mission, but he has recently had to retire on account of his health. There are about 9,000 Melanesian Christians, and nearly 5,000 scholars are under the care of Christian teachers.

On the northern side of the Pacific lies a cluster of islands called Hawaii, or the Sandwich Islands. In 1820 a band of American Congregationalists, sent out by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, a Society very much the same in basis and history as the London Missionary Society, began work in these islands. At first they received cool, not to say hostile, treatment from the king, who was under the influence of some godless white settlers; but after a few years' faithful labours, the American missionaries began to reap a rich harvest. They reduced the language to writing, prepared lesson books, and gathered both children and adults into schools. Among



BISHOP PATTESON.

the scholars was the king himself. On the conversion of the king, a law was passed insisting on the strict observance of the Lord's Day. This naturally led to a large increase in places of worship and the number of those attending them. The Bible was as quickly as possible translated into the Hawaiian tongue. One striking feature in mission work in the Sandwich Islands were the religious revivals which from time to time occurred. From 1836 to 1838 one of these

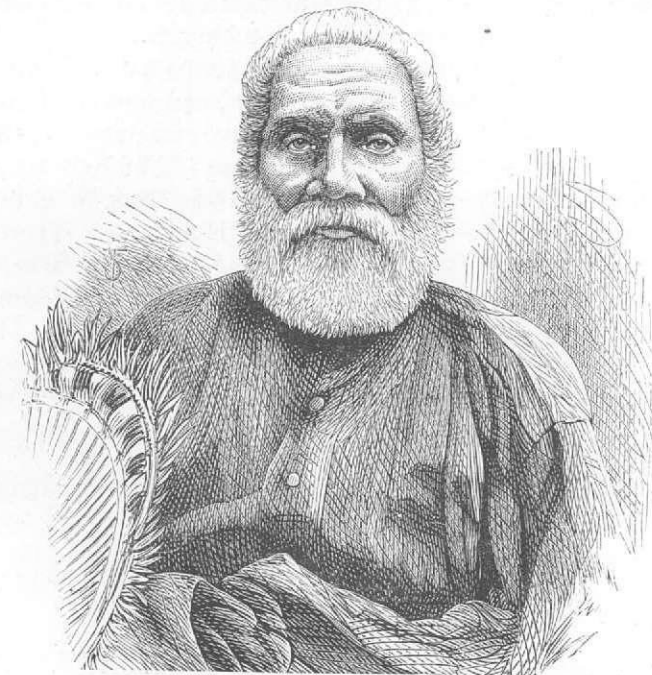
brought in large accessions. Immense crowds of natives came together to hear the Word of God. Dr. Titus Coan was especially blessed at that time. In one year he baptized 5,000 converts, and 1,700 of them in a single day! Altogether this warm-hearted missionary baptized no less than 13,000 people. Books were written, native ministers trained, useful agencies of all kinds started. Indeed, in no part of the world has a more thorough-going work been done than in the Sandwich Islands. The entire life of the natives has been changed, and these islands are both civilized and Christianized. Happily, too, they have thus far retained their independence.

From Hawaii the light has spread to some of the Gilbert Islands, on others of which same group Samoan teachers are stationed. In 1857 the Rev. Hiram Bingham, son of one of the Hawaiian missionaries, settled among the Gilbert Islanders and reduced their language to writing. For thirty-four years this devoted missionary and his no less devoted wife gave time and strength to the translation first of the New and then of the Old Testament. Together, we are told, they went over "every letter, every word, every point, in writing, transcribing, proof-reading, and it was a joyous occasion on April 11th, 1893, to add the finishing touch to their labours. It is not often that one man has done all in translating the Scriptures; but in Mr. Bingham's case it has been accomplished."

In many respects the Wesleyan Mission in Tonga and Fiji is the most wonderful of all. These islands were the home of savage cannibalism, and of everything bad in South Sea island heathenism. We referred in a former chapter to the friendly arrangement entered into by John Williams and the Wesleyan brethren. At the risk of their lives Messrs. Cargill and Cross settled in Fiji. To quote a summary written by the late Dr. Steel, they "had a painful struggle amid a people with such reckless disregard for human life and its tenderest ties, and with an appetite for human flesh never excelled even among the Maoris. The Gospel at length gained influence, natives were converted, and women were saved from strangling on the death of their husbands. In 1857 Thakombau, the great cannibal

chief and conqueror, was baptized before a congregation, many of whose wives he had dishonoured, widows whose husbands he had eaten, women whose brothers he had murdered. He learned to read, he learned to rule, he protected the missionaries, he aided the advancing cause of Christianity, and when white settlers were pressing into the islands, he voluntarily offered them, with full consent of all the chiefs, to the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland. The Scriptures were translated partially at first in fifteen dialects, and finally in one, now known and read by all Fijians. Mr. Calvert, who went to Fiji in 1838, three years after the mission began, lived to see a glorious result in the jubilee of the Fijian Church in 1885. The Rev. John Watsford, his colleague, still alive in a green old age of faith and holiness, witnessed alike the horrors of heathenism, the strangling of widows, and the marvellous triumph of the Gospel of Christ in Fiji. In 1835 there was no Christian native there, and in 1885 there was not an avowed heathen Fijian in eighty inhabited islands. There are only 10 white missionaries, but there are 65 native ordained ministers, 41 catechists, 1,016 head teachers and preachers, 1,889 local preachers, 28,147 accredited communicants, and 4,112 on trial, 3,206 class leaders, 1,824 schools, with 40,000 pupils, and 106,000 people attending public worship. There is a college at Navuloa with 100 students in the higher departments of education. Governors, naval officers, travellers, and colonists, have all testified to the thorough work of transformation wrought by means of the Wesleyan Methodist mission. Miss Gordon Cumming, after two years in Fiji, says: "You may pass from isle to isle, certain everywhere to find the same cordial reception by kindly men and women. Every village in the eighty inhabited islands has built for itself a tidy church, and a good house for its teacher or native minister, for whom the village also provides food and clothing. 'Can you realize,' she asks, 'that there are 900' (she might have said 1,100) 'Wesleyan churches in Fiji, at every one of which the frequent services are crowded by devout congregations; that the schools are well attended; that the first sound which greets your ear at dawn and the last at night is that of hymn-singing, and the most fervent

worship rising from each dwelling at the hour of family prayer?' Well may we exclaim, 'What hath God wrought!' The Scriptures in Fijian have been largely circulated—10,000 of the whole Bible and 50,000 of the New Testament. The *Pilgrim's Progress*, Christian theology, catechisms, and hymns have been printed for the people



KING THAKOMBAU.

Many have been the triumphs of the Wesleyan Methodist missions, but Fiji is the gem of their crown. The sphere of missions has been extended thence to New Britain and New Guinea. To the former the Rev. George Brown, now D.D., led a band of self-denying native teachers among desperate cannibals. The wife of one of these teachers, when warned of the perils, said: 'The outrigger must go with the canoe; I go with my husband!' In the face of difficulties,

bloodshed and trials, the missionaries persevered, and now there are in New Britain 3 European missionaries, 2 native ministers, 45 local preachers, 900 communicants, 1,300 Sabbath scholars, and 6,000 people worshipping in 41 churches they have built. In New Guinea, more recently commenced, there are 4 ordained missionaries, 1 lay and 1 lady missionary, 26 teachers, 44 communicants, 8 schools, 240 scholars, and 5,790 attendants at public worship in 8 churches."

The earliest attempts to take the Gospel to the New Hebrides have been described at great length in these pages, and also the agreement entered into with the Presbyterians. Native teachers in the first instance, and afterwards European missionaries, had to bear great privations, and in many instances to lose their lives, in gaining an entrance among these treacherous and cruel islanders. Where could one find a more pathetic inscription than the following, which is to be seen on a wooden tablet in the native church at Dillon's Bay, Eromanga?

Sacred to the memory
of Christian Missionaries, who died on this Island.

JOHN WILLIAMS,

JAMES HARRIS,

Killed at Dillon's Bay by the natives,

30 November, 1839.

GEORGE N. GORDON,

ELLEN C. GORDON,

Killed on 20 May, 1861.

JAMES McNAIR,

Who died at Dillon's Bay 16 July, 1870; and

JAMES D. GORDON,

Killed at Portmia Bay, 7 March, 1872.

The death of his brother George served only as a call to James Gordon to take his place, and, as the sequel proved, to meet the same fate. But in spite of all opposition and difficulty, amid many perils and hardships, John Geddie held on bravely on the island of Aneityum for twenty-four years, and his colleague, John Inglis, for twenty-five

years, and through the blessing of God won the entire island for Christ. John G. Paton, and others, joined in the work, and now in thirty islands of the group there are stations, and twelve of the islands are Christian.

Thus "the little one" becomes "a thousand, and the small one a strong nation"; thus "mightily grows the word of the Lord and prevails." Savagism, cannibalism, barbarism, are not yet at an end; the Pacific is not yet wholly Christian. But the promises of God and the history of the past hundred years alike assure us that the day will surely come when this shall verily come to pass, and the isles with their dusky inhabitants all be gathered into the Kingdom of Christ.

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