

PEARLS FROM THE PACIFIC

BY

FLORENCE S. H. YOUNG



"Again, the kingdom of heaven is like unto a merchant man, seeking goodly pearls: who, when he had found one pearl of great price, went and sold all that he had, and bought it," Matt. xiii. 45, 46. "Ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold . . . but with the precious blood of Christ," 1 Peter i. 18, 19. "Who gave HIMSELF for us," Titus ii. 14.

*Yours in glad service
Florence S. H. Young.*

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Dedicated to the memory of my beloved sister, Emily Baring Deck. "Her children rise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her, saying: Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all." Prov. xxx. 28, 29. Also to my dear fellow labourers, past and present, "whose names are in the book of life."

And to Him whose Name is above every name.

"They cast their crowns before the throne, saying: Thou art worthy O Lord to receive glory and honour and power."

"To HIM be the glory for ever. Amen."

FOREWORD

THE following pages form a thrilling account of God's work in the far off Islands of the South Seas, written by one whose own record of service is honourable and enviable. She tells the story of God's grace with characteristic modesty and clear intention of ascribing all the glory of that which she recounts to Him. Christians in Great Britain know all too little of the work of the Kingdom in the more remote fields such as this one, of which these chapters tell. And thus to be brought face to face with the claim and challenge of such a story as is here unfolded cannot fail to bring the blessing of enlargement of heart and sympathy to every reader. For no privilege is more enriching than that of sympathetic and prayerful fellowship with those who are spending their treasure of life in Christ's service on the furthestmost frontier. Very heartily do I commend the perusal of what my friend, Miss Young, has written to the generous response and appreciation of the people of God in every land. They will surely read it with pleasure and profit; and rise with, I trust, newly-strengthened desire to share to the utmost in all that the Lord of the Harvest is doing through His surrendered servants.

J. STUART HOLDEN.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH,
PORTMAN SQUARE, W.

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CHAPTER I.

BIRTH.

"Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee." *Deut. viii. 2.*

"We spend our years as a tale that is told." *Ps. xc. 9.*

THE years roll by so fast, and how soon we reach the bounds of life. Looking back, sometimes it seems but yesterday—fifty—sixty years ago.

If I could only tell the story as it might be told, I think it would be worth while. Friends have often urged me to do this, for truly it is a record of great things God has done.

But the only way I can write a book is to let memory hold the pen, and, for the sake of the younger generation, tell as I would by voice to a dear one sitting by the fireside, of memories, just memories—some maybe small and trifling—and yet who shall say from what tiny seed God has brought forth His purposes?

My first dim recollection is of a gabled house in the little village of Motueka, near Nelson, New Zealand. In this house was born, to the intense delight of the fourteen-year-old sister and three brothers, a baby girl, on October 10th, 1856. The day was always kept with special honours, for it was my father's birthday, and that of his first child who died in infancy.

Sixteen months later our youngest sister, Constance, was added to the band; and in 1859 our father sold his sheep-run at Culverden in the province of Canterbury, and determined to go Home and educate his five younger children in England.

We sailed from Sydney in the old "Star of Peace," and had an eventful voyage. It was during the days of the gold fever. The first and second officers had forsaken their posts. No substitutes could be obtained, so the third officer was promoted, and to him fell the task of navigating the vessel.

We met heavy weather, and the Captain ran far south to escape the gale, and got amongst field-ice. For three weeks he was scarcely off duty, and he died before we

rounded Cape Horn. I can remember the intense cold—icicles hanging from the rigging.

It must have been a fearsome journey, a heavy charge for our sister Emily. We had no nurse, and my mother was always more or less an invalid. The baby sister was taken very ill in Sydney, and needed constant nursing. Three active boys, of nine, six, and four-and-a-half, and I a three-year-old, were a further charge. The passengers, too, were a rough and quarrelsome crowd, and beyond the mate's control. He was thankful for help in this direction from my father. However, England was reached at last. The boys went to school in Bath, and Emily also had a short time at school.

PARENTAGE.

"Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life. *Ps.* xxiii. 6.

Yes, indeed! goodness and mercy, for, "all the ways of the Lord are mercy and truth."

First and foremost of these mercies is the heritage that comes of godly parents.

My father, Henry Young, was born at Masulipatam, India, in 1803. He was the third son of Sir Samuel Young, Bart., of Formosa, near Cookham. At the age of nineteen he went to India, in the service of the Honourable East India Company. He was a keen scholar, endowed with unusual gifts, and he rapidly gained promotion till he became the youngest Judge in India, with every prospect of a brilliant and successful career.

And then—he heard the call of One to whom he had yielded himself in full allegiance, to leave all and follow Him. "And he arose and followed him."

Very simply and very literally he and some of his friends in India accepted the teaching of Christ, and gave themselves up to His service. The offence of the Cross was a very real thing; but the Lord has fulfilled His word, and He is still giving the promised "hundred-fold," "good measure, pressed down . . . and running over."

After twelve years in India, my father returned to England, and spent some years in preaching the Gospel. I have often heard him speak of the joy of this ministry, and of the blessedness of entire dependence upon God for

the supply of daily needs. Having resigned his post in India, he thought it would be inconsistent to accept the large pension to which he was entitled.

In 1838 he married Catherine Anne Eccles of Plymouth. She was the eldest daughter of a family of seven. Her mother was a true saint of God, who through much tribulation had learned deep lessons of God's love and faithfulness. She used to claim for her children the fulfilment of the promise given to Israel in Isa. liv. 13, "All thy children shall be taught of the Lord; and great shall be the peace of thy children," a promise handed down and fulfilled to the third and fourth generation of her descendants.

My father and mother both had a wealth of relatives in the old country. My father had five brothers, and three sisters. His eldest brother, Capt. Sir George Young, Bart., was in the Navy. He died early, leaving his widow to bring up a daughter and five talented sons. One of these sons had a long and honourable career in India, and, as Sir Wm. Mackworth Young, became Lieut.-Governor of the Punjab. His four sons, and those of his elder brother, Sir George Young, have all distinguished themselves.

The family home of Formosa is on the loveliest reach of the Thames, between Maidenhead and Cookham. It was built by my great-grandfather, Admiral Sir George Young, on naval lines! The basement windows were immense port-holes, the original staircases narrow and steep like a companion ladder, and the flat roof resembled a quarter deck. Across the river are the famous Cliefden woods planted by the Duke of Sutherland. A backwater of the Thames divided Formosa Place from The Fisheries, the charming home, built by my grandfather for his eldest son. This house, afterwards known as Formosa Cottage, was the home of my aunt, Lady Young, a very clever, charming old lady of the old school.

Children in those days learnt to read at a very early age. I was three years old when I began my first reading lesson, but *ab, eb, ib*, etc. made no appeal to me, and I flatly refused to learn until a visit to Formosa. Aunt Susan was horrified at my ignorance.

"A great girl of four years old, and cannot read!"

I was much ashamed, and the promise of four volumes of *The Seasons*, by Mrs. Marcet, if I could read before my

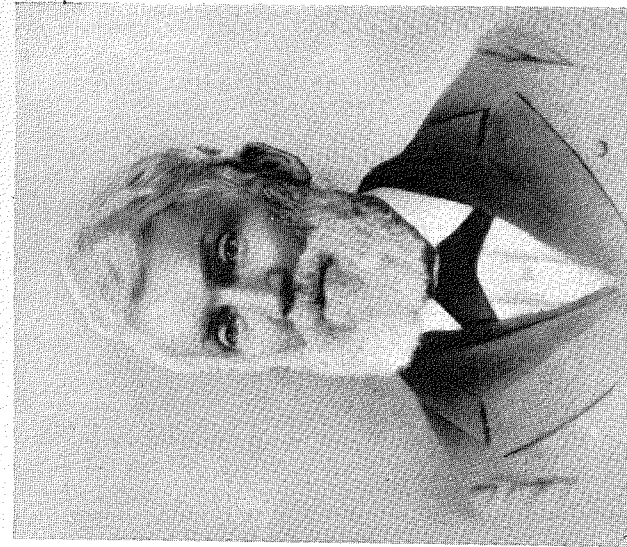
fifth birthday proved a powerful incentive, and the prize was won. I have them still, the "Willy books" as we called them, bound in marbled paper boards with red leather backs. It was the opening to me of a realm of delight. From that time on I read everything I could lay hands upon, and was never so happy as when absorbed in a book.

My father's second brother, Charles, was a partner in the great mercantile firm of Baring Brothers, and became a wealthy man, with a beautiful home at Oak Hill, and a house in Hyde Park Terrace, London. His eldest son, Charles, purchased Daylesford, the estate of the famous Warren Hastings. Here he built and maintains a number of beautiful Homes for destitute Boys, who are rescued, educated, and started in life, some in Canada, others in various trades in the homelands.

Horatio, a younger brother of my father, was like his grandfather, an Admiral in the Navy. As the bachelor Uncle he was much beloved by all his nephews and nieces, for he married late in life, and his five children were contemporaries of the following generation.

My mother's parents lived in Devonshire. She had two brothers and four sisters. They were with one or two exceptions amongst the early "Brethren." My father was also one of the early "Brethren."

In those days they were simply Christians gathered together in loving obedience to the Word of God, and devotion to the Lord Jesus Christ. There was never a question as to the Divine inspiration and authority of the Scriptures; and amongst them were giants in the faith, men of high culture and learning, who pondered and studied and fed their own souls upon the living Word; and then expounded that Word by lip and pen. "The entrance of thy words giveth light." They taught and practised separation from the world; "looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ; who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a people for his own possession, zealous of good works."



MY FATHER.



MY MOTHER.

RETURN TO NEW ZEALAND, 1860-1865.

Business troubles made it necessary for our father to return to New Zealand in 1860, and prepare a home for the family. He took with him his eldest boy, Arthur, and a nephew, William McAdam.

When he landed in Melbourne the greater part of one side of Collins Street was offered to him for a mere song! He might have made a fortune, but he was afraid of speculation, and kept his small capital to purchase horses for his property in New Zealand.

In 1861 we all followed, sailing to Melbourne in the "Anglesea" and then on by a small steamer to Dunedin and later to the Bluff at the far south end of the Island.

I well remember, as a child of five, the arrival at Erme Dale. Our new home was ten miles from the pretty little village of Riverton, and thirty-two miles from the town of Invercargill.

Thirty-two miles in these days can easily be covered in an hour by train or motor car, but it was a formidable, long day's journey then. The main roads leading to newly-discovered gold fields were seas of mud, covering deep and dangerous holes. I have seen a waggon with a team of eighteen bullocks hopelessly bogged. Beyond the main road there would merely be three narrow wheel-and-horse tracks through endless white tussocks or flax bushes. It was easy to miss the way. There were few fences in those days, no made roads, and no bridges. The swift and dangerous rivers had to be forded, or crossed by punts; and many fatal accidents occurred. Fords were liable to shift after every downpour of rain. I can still feel the thrill of fearful uncertainty as we drove down to a ford, and the relief when the river was safely crossed.

But on that February day, 1862, the sun was shining, the crisp air delicious, and to our childish imagination the drive was full of exciting adventure and expectancy.

We reached our destination and rushed into the house. It was unfinished. The square hall was filled with shavings, and only three steps of the staircase completed. Some one was trying to light a fire in a stove in the dining-room. The room was filled with blue smoke. That stove always did smoke! Cartage of bricks for a chimney was impossible.

Cooking was done in the open air that first winter—with snow on the ground too. Our diet consisted of rice, American dried apples, salt beef and pork pickled in great casks which had been round the world. Butter, milk, fresh meat and vegetables were unobtainable.

My mother brought from England an old family servant, Elizabeth, who had been nine years at Hereford with her sister, Mrs. McAdam. She came out as our nurse, but domestic help was scarce, and she soon drifted into the kitchen as cook. She was quite a character, and dressed very quaintly. Her leghorn bonnets came from England. They were very large, with a straw curtain behind, and a poke in front. A broad ribbon was tied under the chin, and inside were worn net caps with a quilling of net round the face. A shepherd's plaid shawl was fastened with a cairngorm brooch, and quite straight short skirts took the place of the wide crinolines worn at that time. She would often take the "little girls" for an afternoon picnic. Delightful excursions they were. The Dripping Well was close by, a limestone cave at the head of a gully, with a pool of clear, sparkling water, fringed with exquisite ferns. Then there was St. Ann's Well; the Second Island Bush; but best of all, Rocky Island Bush. This hill was covered with New Zealand flax and bracken. Here and there were great rock-boulders which to our vivid imagination could be castles or ships.

Those years of stress and trial for our elders were full of delight to us. My little sister was a timid, delicate child, fond of sewing and of her dolls, while I followed my brothers whenever I could, and loved to climb trees, and ride the cart-horses, or cows, and oh! how I hated sewing. We had to hem pocket handkerchiefs with tiny stitches. Our fingers were sore with pricks, and the fine thread *would* knot and break in our hot little hands!

There was no school within reach, and our morning lessons were often interrupted, for there were many calls upon my dear elder sister. She was the unfailing comfort and sunshine of our home, sharing every burden and sympathizing in every trial; and both father and mother leant upon her.

My father would come to the dining-room door: "Send the little girls away," and out we would rush into the

pleasant garden; or on a hot day, into the cool shade of a wood behind the house. In New Zealand the trees die when the underbrush is cut away, and there is either open country with no trees, or thick forest. Here and there are what we called Island Bushes—little woods with a few tall trees, thick underbrush, ferns, moss, and scrub, through which paths can be cut. My mother filled the wood near our house with English primroses and violets. There was a big tree with broad, shiny leaves, and lovely spreading branches, from one of which hung our swing.

With much persuasion, threats and coaxing Connie would suffer herself to be pulled up into the lower branches, till we were safely out of sight. By-and-by Emily would come along looking for her pupils, and they, naughty little girls, would keep quiet till she had passed. I think she was often glad to miss finding us; but in after days when she had married and left us, I could never think of that special bit of naughtiness without bitter tears.

From my earliest childhood I was, of course, familiar with the Gospel story, and the Way of Salvation, but only occasionally did I trouble about the future. There was one subject that filled me with dismay, and that was the Lord's Return. If He should come to take His people, and I be left behind!

A dear old man, Mr. Honore by name, a missionary to the Maoris, visited us occasionally. He was always asked to conduct prayers, and he always prayed fervently for the Lord's speedy return. Oh, how I disliked that man! I thought it was such a selfish prayer. *He* was safe, but what about any of us who were not "ready"?

I would go to bed shivering with fear, and hide under the bed-clothes. I was so glad when he left, and, like an ostrich, *felt so much safer*, forgetting that he would pray the same prayer wherever he was!

When I was eight years old my sister, after an engagement lasting four years, married Dr. John Feild Deck, and went to live in Invercargill. From that time it was my part to sit at the end of the table, pour out the tea, and take my mother's breakfast to her room.

MY MOTHER.

Our dear mother! She was always in frail health—never got up to breakfast. But she would rise quite early, put on a dressing-gown and go round to each room, calling every one, sometimes doing a little gardening or sewing. Then she would go back to bed, and get up about 10 or 11 o'clock.

She was a tender, loving mother, who prayed much for her children. Her very frailty drew out their best qualities. My brother Ernest often said his greatest incentive to high endeavour was the ambition to make home comfortable and easy for that dear mother.

She had an intense love for all that was beautiful. The softly rounded hills and slopes of that limestone country; the sweet little dells with clear sparkling springs; the glorious birch forest extending for miles and miles; the sunshine and flowers; a beautiful sunset, each and all brought to her keen enjoyment. She had been a great reader, and had a well-informed mind, and she took care to supply us with good books. Birthday presents always included these.

But her chief delight was in her big Bagster's Bible. She read and re-read it through and through, daily reading her "chapters," and her three little text-books. There was no church within reach; no Sunday School, and no day school. I think our education principally came from intercourse with the cultured minds of our parents. We listened to their conversation, for in those days young people did not obtrude their opinions on every occasion. We had no near neighbours; no "society"; no modern "amusements"; but not for a moment did we miss these. Life was full of delight and interests of many kinds.

Birthdays were always great occasions. First, there was the delicious excitement of opening the mysterious parcels on one's plate. Then at morning prayers we always read our birthday Psalm (Ps. ciii.).

Then came a picnic to some beautiful spot. Perhaps into the Longwood Forest. This was to us a kind of fairy-land, carpeted with fallen leaves and soft mosses; and lovely ferns on every side. You could sit on a fallen log, and the New Zealand robins with their fat bodies, grey

My Mother

breasts, and slender legs, would come hopping about you. Or the fantails would dart about, flashing their tails like some fine young lady with her fan. Inquisitive brown wood hens with their queer tailless bodies would appear running quickly through the underbrush, all so tame and friendly. There were miniature forests of the delicate little palm moss, each stalk an inch or more high supporting a round flat top of soft green. And the red flowering *rata*, and delicate clematis with starry white blossoms, twined round the trunks of giant trees, or over the prickly *lawyer* bushes. Then there was an immense fallen tree spanning the Pura-kino River. One side was completely covered with lovely ferns, and it was an unwritten law amongst us that not one of these should be picked. The "Mediterranean Bridge" we called it. My brothers of course used to run across, and I perforce followed their example, but with fearful and beating heart, for the trunk was apt to be slippery, and there was the cold, cold river below.

We children never dared to enter the Forest alone. Had not our father's overseer been lost in it for five days? The beautiful Pura-pura-kino, with clear ice-cold water, flowed through the forest, rushing noisily over the shallows. Here and there were pools twenty to fifty feet deep. Some bends of the river came near to the edge of the forest. This man crossed the river three times. Under a mistaken notion that he was making for the open, he plunged further and further into the forest, and completely lost his bearings. He had no matches and no fire. His only food was the tame little robins and wood-hens which he knocked over with a stick. The whole countryside was searching for him, firing guns, etc., but all in vain. At last, in his ceaseless wanderings, he happened to walk in the right direction, and came out!

Birthdays ended in games. The dining-room was cleared for these, and it was our special privilege to make the elders take their full share, especially in active games like the old-fashioned Blind Man's Buff, Spin the Trencher, and The Old Family Coach.

Journeys to the town of Invercargill were few and far between, but sometimes attended with danger and excitement.

On one occasion my mother was returning from Inver-

cargill, the wagonette laden with purchases, including books and a double slate for my coming birthday. My cousin, Willy McAdam, was driving, and had considerable trouble with a jibbing horse. By-and-by they reached the Oreti, which was crossed by a punt. It was difficult for my mother to get in and out of the high vehicle, and she wanted to remain in her seat, but Willy reminded her of my father's rule that all passengers should alight before driving on to the punt; and mercifully she did so. They drove on board. Blackbird, the jibbing horse, was thirsty, saw the water ahead, and plunged forward. Poor Blossom tried to hold back. My cousin vainly attempted to cut the traces. Horses, carriage and luggage disappeared in the river. The horses were drowned and most of the luggage lost, but the wagonette was recovered, and my presents were in a box with some corks, and floated ashore. For years they were mementoes of my mother's narrow escape. After this accident the punt was provided with a rail.

On another occasion my mother and I, Willy McAdam, and my youngest brother, Ernest, left Erme Dale for Invercargill. It was a fine morning. We called on some friends in Riverton, and then drove on to the ocean beach. The road for fourteen miles followed the beach, crossing the Waimatuku River about half-way. At low tide the sand was smooth and hard, and the river a shallow stream; but at high tide it was necessary to make a detour of two miles through heavy sand to the upper ford; and at half-tide the river was very dangerous from quicksands.

Another traveller had started an hour before us, and his wheelmarks glistened in the hard wet sand as we bowled along. There had been a heavy storm the previous night, and great ocean rollers were breaking into foam on the beach, and sea birds stalking on the sand. A few rare and iridescent shells were also glistening in the sunshine. We crossed the Waimatuku with ease, and by-and-by looked for the signboard which marked the turn-off from the beach between the low sand-hills. After driving on for a long time, we began to wonder if we could have missed it. We drove back a few miles—No sign of the turn-off. The wheel-marks still continued along the beach, and we followed them again till we were sure we had gone too far. It was dark by this time, and at last my cousin said he would

walk back amongst the sand-hills until he came to the road or the river. It was hours before we heard his returning shouts: "The turn-off is six miles back!" We did not reach it till 11 p.m., and it was 3 o'clock in the morning before we rattled down the streets of Invercargill. The storm had blown down the signpost, and the earlier traveller, Mr. Instone, was driving thirty-six miles along the beach to the Bluff and not to Invercargill!

INVERCARGILL AND VICTORIA, 1866-1871.

In 1866 Erme Dale was sold, and we moved to the town of Invercargill to be near my sister. Great was the pride and delight of the two small aunts when her first child, little Kathleen, was born.

Shortly after this, my mother took us both to Wellington, and left us for a few months with Miss Mary Deck, who had a school there.

Meantime my father and brothers had gone to Melbourne, and in March, 1868, we joined them there. I had a severe illness, and my chief memory of Melbourne was of hot winds, dust, and a narrow room in a brick terrace house, in which I was confined for three months.

I think it was the same year that we moved to Dromana, forty-five miles from Melbourne, on the shores of Port Philip.

Our father purchased a property named Gracefield, with a vineyard of twelve acres, and a large orchard. His sons, young as they were, were beginning to prove valuable helpers; and they threw themselves heartily into the new enterprise.

Connie and I hated the place, and would see no beauty in the scenery, though it resembled the famous Bay of Naples. We were always longing for our beloved New Zealand. We hated the hot weather; we hated the snakes and insects and reptiles; and still more we hated that vineyard. There were so many tasks that children could do. Nipping off young shoots, killing caterpillars, picking grapes; all back-breaking work in the hot sun, and the vineyard was on a hillside in the eye of the sun, and the ground was powdery and filled our shoes. I do not think, however, that we were often pressed into service; and there certainly were compensations.

First, half a mile from our house there was a steep sand beach, perfect for bathing, with a thick fringe of *ti-tree* on the shore, which provided famous dressing-rooms.

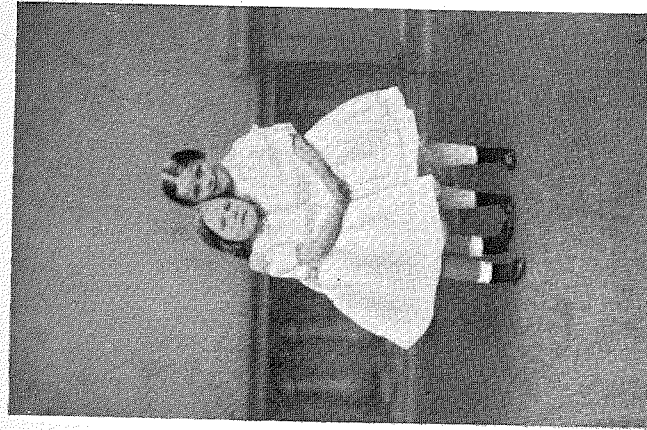
Then I had my garden—two gardens—and everything grew luxuriantly. Plants seem to recognize their lovers. I used to pull up my cuttings with impunity to see if they were rooting properly; and I watched with intense interest each bud opening and the seedlings sprouting. Then I had charge of more than a hundred fowls, and loved them.

But our chief joy was to visit a dear old lady named Mrs. Evans, at the Red Hills. She lived with her son some four or five miles away, and was like a fairy godmother to us. She lent books to my brothers; big volumes with small print, each containing two or three of Sir Walter Scott's novels. My mother thought I was rather young to read these, and they were always carefully hidden away from me. But I never failed to find them; and they were read with keenest delight. I often climbed a tree with my treasure to read it undisturbed. Of course, it was naughty to disobey, but Sir Walter Scott appeals to a young girl far more than in later life, and I am glad not to have missed this feast.

Mrs. Evans and my mother were close friends, and as often as possible we would make an expedition, starting quite early to spend a long day with her. The drive was not without excitement. There were many tracks, and all but the latest one were impassable, so that it was easy to lose the way. Sometimes the deep ruts or slippery mud threatened a capsize. I was the driver, and it was rather a relief to reach the farm in the forest safely. But then what joys awaited us. Was there ever such Devonshire cream? And Mrs. Evans showed me how to scald the milk, and let me skim the great thick folds of rich cream off the pans. And then the garden! I always returned laden with plants and cuttings and seeds. She gave us white rabbits too, and canaries, and lent me ponies for six months at a time. So I learnt to ride, and to catch and saddle the horse too, of course.

There was still no school available, but a neighbour's daughter was persuaded as a great favour to come to us three times a week from 11 a.m. to 4 p.m. At least that was the

To face p. 22.



THE "LITTLE GIRLS."



MRS. EVANS.
OUR "FAIRY GODMOTHER!"

arrangement, but she never came more than twice, and sometimes only once a week ; and she usually arrived some time after twelve, and left soon after 3 p.m. She was a gentle, sweet girl, and quite ready to do anything her pupils suggested, so we were not over-burdened with lessons.

In 1870 my sister and her two children came from New Zealand to visit us. Unfortunately she was taken ill with typhoid-fever. Her husband came across and took her and little Kathleen to Melbourne in an invalid carriage, while my brother Arthur and I followed by coach with the seventeenth-months old baby. We started at 5 a.m. and how proud I was of my charge! I hoped every one would think it was my very own baby—(I was thirteen at the time). But my arms ached considerably before we finished the eight-hour journey.

SCHOOL IN ENGLAND, 1871-1874.

In the year 1871 many changes took place. Dr. Deck moved from Invercargill to Dunedin. Gracefield was sold, and the family returned in instalments to New Zealand. Through the generous gift of Uncle Charles, our father's brother, Erme Dale became the property of my brothers, and Arthur took delivery and managed the place. About the same time my father's run at Otapiri, on the Hokonui Hills, came into his hands again through the failure of the mortgagee, and Horace and Ernest assisted our father in the management of the run.

My mother's brother, Dr. Eccles, decided to take his family to England, and he offered to take me with them to go to school with his daughters. Pleased at first at this proposal, my heart failed as the time drew near to leave all my dear ones.

The steamer service from Melbourne was disorganized, and we reached the Bluff on April 5th, too late I hoped to catch the "City of Dunedin" at Port Chalmers. She was a wool-ship, and had already been delayed for weeks, and was to sail at daybreak next morning. But alas for my hopes! We reached Port Chalmers, and found the vessel still anchored in the bay. My uncle boarded our steamer. He was going to Dunedin for some last items of business, and said there was still time. He would get Emily to

bring down anything that was needed. Meantime I had better go straight on board the vessel with my mother and Connie.

My sister had less than an hour to procure the outfit for England, and for a three months' voyage. She threw bedding into a cab, drove to several shops, purchased necessaries, and brought them all loose in the little harbour steamer which conveyed passengers to the Port before the railway was built. The steamer came alongside; hasty greetings and farewells were exchanged, and in a few minutes I was on my way to England!

It was a fairly quick, but unpleasant journey of eighty-four days. Two cousins near my own age, and their small step-sister and I shared a cabin. Our old Elizabeth had two more children under her care, but she was ill herself, and a week before we landed she was needed to nurse my aunt and a new-born babe.

We were all thankful when the voyage ended. Woolships were not luxurious. Passengers furnished their own cabins. The food was indifferent and the water supply scarce. We were allowed only one quart each per day of rusty water for washing purposes, and there were no ports of call. However, we became learned in nautical terms, the sailing of the ship, and how to box the compass, etc., and then there was the great joy of seeing land at last. Our first sight of old England was Start Point; and the Isle of Wight, with its vivid green grass and trees looked like Paradise.

Two greatly-beloved maiden aunts, Miss Annie Eccles and Miss Julia Pollock, gave us a loving welcome. They had rented for my uncle a charming furnished house at Sydenham, and engaged a staff of excellent servants, whom they supervised during our nine weeks' stay; and we enjoyed everything to the full.

Then came school at Blackheath. Here I spent two exceedingly strenuous years. The teaching was good, principally lectures of which we took notes, and had to give written reports. I was of course very backward, and the work was all new to me; but I was determined to make up for lost time, and literally worked night and day. The three "silence hours" for preparation were quite insufficient for my needs; so I got up in the dark all through

the winter, made my bed, tidied up everything, and waited for the first glimmer of light to study.

Apart from the teaching, the school was rather Spartan in arrangements, and after the free life in New Zealand and Victoria, school rules and restrictions were extremely galling and unpleasant to me; but the discipline no doubt was needed. By sheer hard work I reached the head of the school the first year, and kept my place there to the end of the time. One prize was hardly won. To my bitter chagrin many marks were lost, and too often "writing execrable" was appended to my best efforts. My surprise therefore may be imagined when the prize for writing was awarded to me. It was, however, accompanied by the doubtful compliment: "Not that your writing is good, but it shows great improvement."

People often remarked that school days were the happiest days of one's life. I always scornfully replied that that could never be, as I had already spent far happier days. The lessons were interesting, but everything else a pure matter of endurance. Except the holidays. Ah! yes, they *were* happy days. Only they were so quickly over.

Most of those delightful holidays were spent with my father's people, or with our dear "little Aunts" in London. They were all exceedingly kind to me, as they had been to us when we were tiny children.

After the privations and discomfort at school I revelled in the luxury of those beautiful homes, though I suffered acutely from shyness, and was over-awed by the men-servants at Oak Hill and Hyde Park Terrace. Part of each holiday was spent at Formosa Cottage, and visits were also paid to my father's sisters at Mellow and Kingsworthy, to Uncle Horace at Beckenham, and occasionally to my mother's people in Devonshire.

When the joyful time to return home came at last, it was very hard to leave these kind relatives whom I had learned to love so dearly.

My passage was taken in "The Lord Warden," and we left London on October 6, 1873. I travelled with Mr. Thomas Maltby and his sister, and shared a roomy and comfortable cabin with Miss Maltby. We each had our travelling chest of drawers, deck chair, and strip of carpet. The ship was well found and kept in spotless condition. But it was a

long journey of 106 days. We were becalmed in the English Channel, and took eleven days to clear it. And all the way we continued to meet with light winds and calms, and never sighted land. How we envied one or two steamers which passed us at twelve knots an hour.

Melbourne was reached on January 20, 1874, and the journey was continued by steamer to the Bluff, where my brother Arthur met me. We went on by train to Invercargill and Winton, and by coach to Flint's Crossing. Here Horace met us with riding horses, for the last thirteen miles over the hills to Otapiri.

We had to ford the river. It was nearly three years since I had ridden, and I was rather dismayed to hear that my horse had an unpleasant habit of sitting down in a river, and must not be allowed to stop for a moment.

There was only a tiny station-house on the hill-side at Otapiri. Two small rooms and a lean-to kitchen and bedroom behind, while a narrow and very steep staircase led to two attic bedrooms. The sloping walls of these were papered with pictures from the *Illustrated London News*.

But from the little verandah in front a glorious view could be seen. Sixteen to twenty miles across the rolling Waimea Plains were bare hills of wondrous colouring and fantastic shapes, brown and purple and red. Behind these hills rose range upon range of snowy mountains.

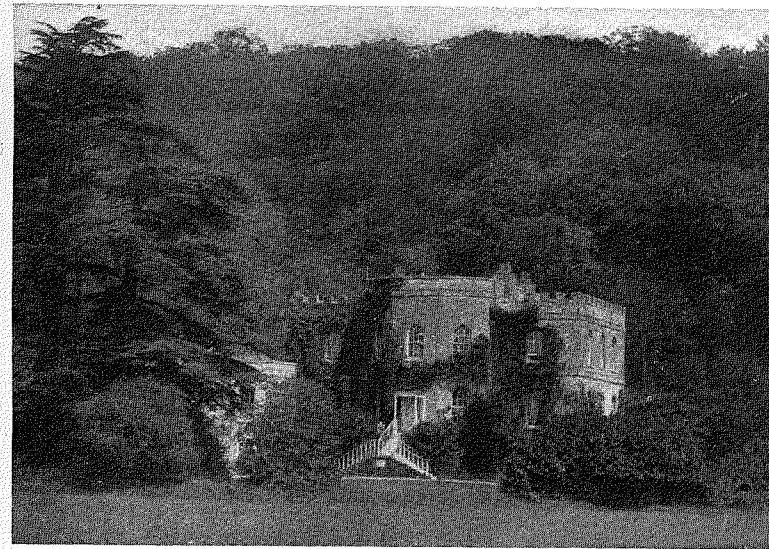
We were not far from the Lake country, and the air was so clear and bracing that it was a joy just to be alive.

Our dear mother was very happy in the simple little home, and she enjoyed having first one and then another of her grandchildren while my sister Connie was at school in Dunedin.

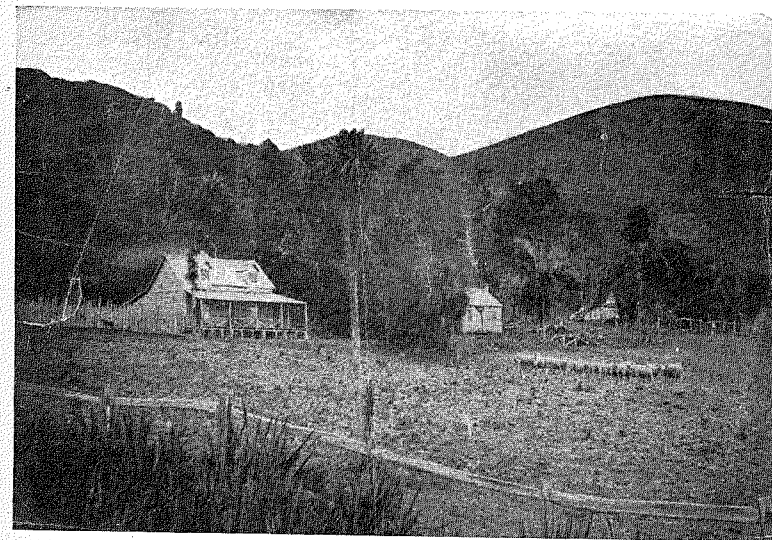
We had a happy reunion, and a visit too from my eldest sister. How young and how pretty she looked! I wish I could paint her portrait as she stood beside my father one day at Otapiri. My mother and I were on the verandah watching them pace up and down the little grass paddock in front, and we said at the time: "She looks more like a slender girl of seventeen than the mother of four children."

I can see her still. Fair skin and lovely complexion, broad and open, but thoughtful, brow, blue eyes, sunny brown hair in the old-fashioned curls which were so becoming, and a sweet expression. No wonder an old friend

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HOME IN ENGLAND: FORMOSA.



HOME IN NEW ZEALAND: OTAPIRI.

once said to her: "My dear, you ought to *thank God for your face!*" It was not only natural beauty, but the peace of God which shone in her countenance and in her life of loving service.

It must have been early this year that my brother-in-law met with an accident. He was kicked by a horse on the knee, and the trouble became so serious that he had to give up his practice and take a complete rest.

It was therefore arranged that we should join Arthur in the large house at Erme Dale, and receive them all there for the winter.

Prolonged rest and treatment of various kinds had little effect, and in the spring it was decided that John must go to England for surgical help. His wife and two children, Kathleen and Constance, were to accompany him, and Emily and Harry were to stay with us.

In September I went with my sister to Dunedin to help her in the heavy task of breaking up their home, and disposing of, or packing the furniture and effects.

CHAPTER II.

FROM DARKNESS TO LIGHT, 1874.

AND NOW I have reached the great crisis in my life. I cannot say with certainty when I really "passed from death unto life," for all my life by fits and starts I had greatly desired to be a child of God. I knew this could only be by "birth," as the Lord Himself had clearly taught Nicodemus, and I knew that that heavenly birth was wrought in the soul by the Holy Spirit through faith in Christ.

"But as many as received him, to them gave he the right to become children of God, even to them that believe on his name: which were born . . . of God." John i. 12, 13, R.V.

Yes—but what is it to "believe on his name?"

This was my great difficulty. I had always believed, at least I had never disbelieved; and yet I had no peace, no assurance of salvation. I used to wish I could hear the story of redemption *for the first time*. I would go anywhere to hear the Gospel preached, and would listen eagerly, but with bitter disappointment. They all said the same thing in various terms. It was so simple, they said, so easy to "come" to Christ. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."

But that was the one thing I could not do. I *tried* to come to Him. I prayed with bitter tears; I tried to believe. Sometimes I persuaded myself that I really was a Christian, but the old doubts soon returned. How I envied my youngest brother and sister who had been brightly converted years before at Dromana. Every one tried to help me. I used to pour out the longings of my heart in letters from school to my dear mother, and tenderly she pointed me to Christ.

And still Cowper's lines were wrung from the depths of my soul:

"'Tis a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought.
Do I love the Lord or no?
Am I His or am I not?"

From Darkness to Light, 1874

The first Saturday evening in Dunedin, September 19th, 1874, my sister took me to a prayer-meeting in Farley Hall.

It was often the custom to remain seated when singing. Presently a hymn was sung about the Lord's Coming.

All my old fears and trouble surged upwards. Oh! no, I dare not think of the Lord's Return. *I did not want Him to come yet*. I sat there in utter misery and despair; and as I sat in silence, the well-known, oft-heard words, came to my troubled heart:

"I, even I, am he that blotteth out thy transgressions for mine own sake."

It was like a flood of electric light turned on in a dark room.

"For mine own sake." Those four words brought peace, abiding peace, to my soul.

Not *my faith*, but *His faithfulness* is the Rock which can never be shaken.

The meeting closed. My sister introduced me to the leader, Mr. Alfred Brunton. Those who have read Frank Bullen's *With Christ at Sea*, will remember the little dark man at the meeting at the Sailors' Rest, Port Chalmers. It is to me a vivid picture of a familiar scene.

Mr. Brunton was a warm friend of my parents, and my mother had often read to him my letters; so he knew more about me than I did of him. Yet I am sure he was divinely led in speaking to me. I have never ceased to thank God that he did not, as perhaps is usual, ask me probing questions, for I might have been thrown back to the old questioning and introspection.

The Holy Spirit had done His blessed work: *HE knew* that I was truly united to Christ, and that my real need was the confession of the lips which must accompany heart belief. So He guided His servant in a rather strange fashion.

After a few friendly greetings, Mr. Brunton said: "Would you like to break bread with us to-morrow?"

I was astonished—Break bread! How could I?

Falteringly, I stammered out: "I—I, have never been baptized."

"Oh," he said, "but you love the Lord, don't you?"

Half an hour before I could not have replied with any certainty; but *now* I answered confidently: "Yes, I do."

"Then would you not like to meet with us at His Table?"

"Yes, *I would*, if I may."

And so I came in glad obedience to the Lord's command, "Do this in remembrance of me."

It was the beginning to me of days of heaven upon earth. On the following Wednesday there was a baptism service, and Mr. Brunton baptized me with several others. He was a God-given, true pastor, and lovingly he watched over, shepherded, and taught the young Christians.

There were meetings every evening except on Thursday, when he went to Port Chalmers; and we never missed one. We were working hard all day, and it was a long walk in the evening from the house of our dear friend, Mrs. A. W. Smith. There were no 'buses or trams; it poured with rain, too, the whole six weeks, with the exception of three days. But I thought the weather was lovely. My heart was singing every moment of every day, and everything was beautiful:

"Heaven above is softer blue,
Earth around is sweeter green!
Something lives in every hue
Christless eyes have never seen.
Birds with gladder songs o'erflow,
Flowers with deeper beauties shine,
Since I know, as *now* I know,
I am His, and He is mine."

My dear father was with us part of the time, and he too rejoiced greatly. He gave me on my eighteenth birthday a beautifully bound copy of Bagster's Bible, which is my treasured possession still.

We returned to the Bluff, in a small steamer of 300 tons, the "Wanganui," and had a fearful passage.

There were some fifty saloon passengers and sixty immigrants on board. The ladies' cabin had four berths, and contained eight ladies and the stewardess, and the only ventilation was through the door into the saloon, where the rest of the fifty passengers slept (?) on the benches, tables and floor.

We left on Wednesday and should have arrived at daylight next morning. But we met a furious gale and had to take shelter behind a reef at Waikawa, thirty-five miles from the

Bluff. Twice an attempt was made to go on, and so much coal was used that we could not steam back to Port Chalmers. Food supplies soon failed. The cargo was broached and flour obtained to make damper. We were exposed to a heavy sea all the time, and two anchors were needed to keep the vessel off the reef. A deck cargo of kerosene was leaking, and the kerosene and rain swished backwards and forwards across the decks. I was a hopeless sailor. The cabin was dreadful, and they made a shelter for me on deck among the cases of kerosene.

On Saturday the Captain said he must sail back to Port Chalmers if the wind did not soon change. A passenger in delirium tremens threw himself overboard, and was rescued with great difficulty. Then one of the anchor chains parted. We were in grave peril, and some of the passengers became hysterical. I shall never forget the calm and hush as my sister prayed, and then repeated that wonderful passage in Psalm cvii. 23-31, "Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he bringeth them out of their distress. . . . So he bringeth them unto their desired haven."

The wind did change, and we reached the Bluff in safety on Sunday morning.

The "Halcione" by which John and Emily journeyed to England, was delayed from week to week, and left at last in November, to reach London, after a voyage of 107 days. And the next day their second son (now Dr. Northcote Deck) was born at Norwood, in the home of our cousin, Dr. William Eccles.

Early in 1875 we made a delightful three-days' journey across country from Erme Dale to Otapiri. Connie and the nurse and little Harry were sent round by the usual route of coach and train, *via* Invercargill. The rest of the party made up a camping expedition.

My brother Arthur drove a covered waggon with our mother and little Emmie. The waggon carried our bedding and provisions. A girl friend, Mary Smith, and I rode alongside. We camped beside rivers for meals, and at night slept in the waggon, and my brother underneath it. We had a royal time. Beautiful scenery, and delightful weather until the last afternoon, when the rain came down in sheets. I made Mary take shelter in the waggon, and leading her

horse, tore across the plain, to arrive triumphantly, but drenched to the skin.

We commandeered a cottage for the nurse and children, and had a very happy visit to my brothers.

Then my mother and I were recalled to Erme Dale to nurse my father. He had no sooner recovered, than an urgent message came from Otapiri. Horace was dangerously ill with pneumonia—"Come at once."

We left that evening, Arthur driving us by night in the same covered waggon to Invercargill. (We had no buggy). We caught the train next morning for Winton, and rode from there to Otapiri. I do not know how my mother stood the long and tiring journey, but we were full of anxiety about this dear brother. On arrival, Ernest and Connie met us with the glad tidings that our dear one was rejoicing in Christ. All night they had been pleading with, and praying for him. He was scarcely able to speak, but his face reflected the joy and peace into which he had entered.

A doctor from Invercargill came up twice for a week each time, and then said the invalid *must* be moved to town.

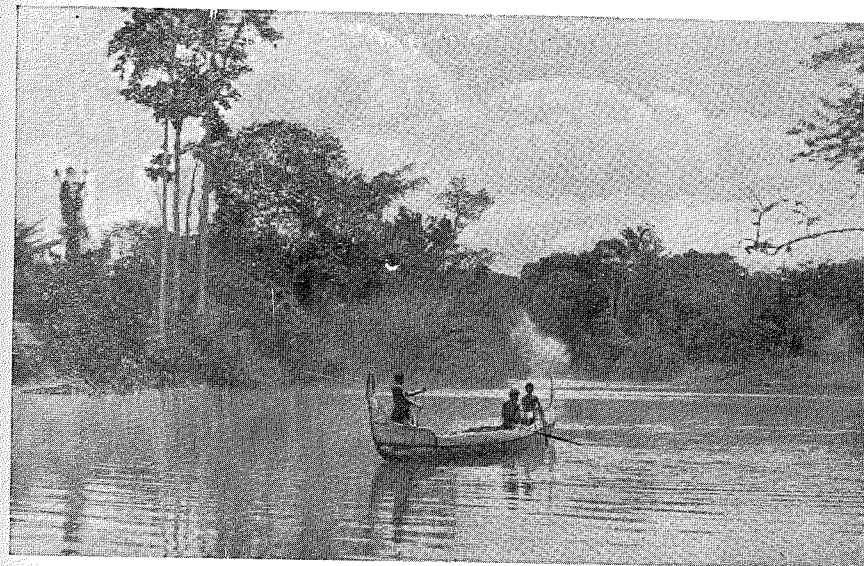
There was no road, and he had to be carried over the hills in a litter for thirteen miles. Half-way they stopped for the night at the house of a neighbouring run-holder, and were snowed-up for three days. The railway contractor on the line to the Lakes kindly brought a truck as far as the rails were laid. This saved a coach journey, and our invalid reached Invercargill safely.

It was a cold, wet winter, and there were many deaths from pneumonia.

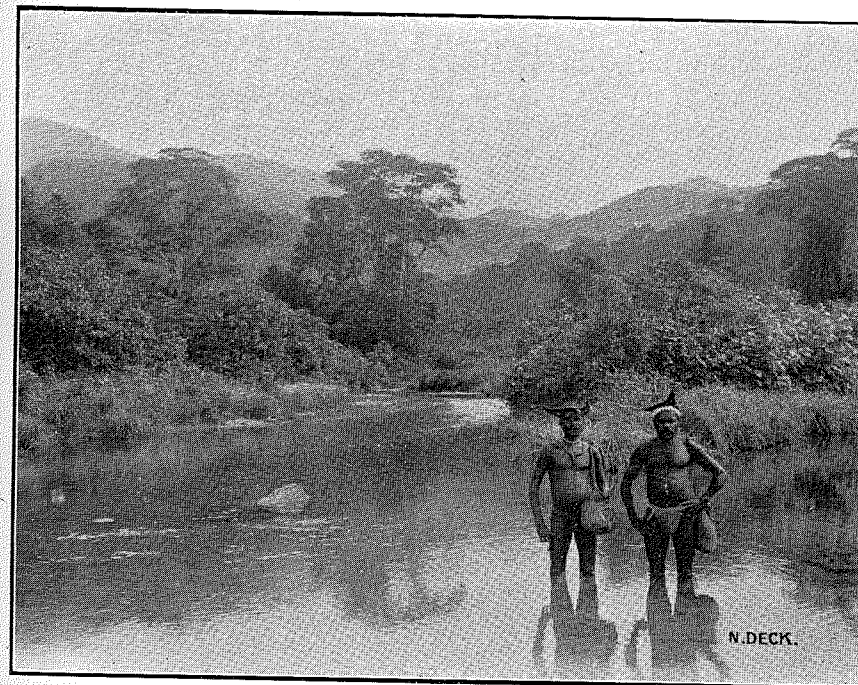
In the boarding-house, my brother's sick room was the only bedroom with a fireplace, and our dear mother developed the same complaint. She had always been subject to severe colds, and it was with great difficulty we persuaded her to see the Doctor.

In the afternoon we had canvas partitions made near the fireplace, to enclose a portion of a ball-room, and moved her into this. The doctor did not come till 8 p.m., and then said she had pneumonia, and that she had no strength to combat the disease, and would probably not live through the night.

My father told me this, but I could not believe him. I thought it only meant a long illness and slow recovery.



MANABA, MALAITA.



A RIVER SCENE, GUADALCANAR.

longed for the dear ones so far away, and it was a great relief to me when my father and brothers decided to sell both properties and go to Australia.

There were many anxious problems for men on the land in New Zealand. Thousands of acres were devastated by rabbits, and wealthy run-holders were ruined. The cost of rabbiters and dogs was in any case a heavy charge. On cultivated land there was also a constant fight against Cape weed, thistles, gorse, and other such pests.

SYDNEY, ENGLAND AND CONTINENT, 1878-1881.

It was in 1878 that we left New Zealand for Sydney. My brothers spent some eighteen months in search of suitable investments. After visiting Fiji, and inspecting Station properties in New South Wales and Queensland, they with my father decided to enter the sugar industry.

Land was purchased in Queensland, near Bundaberg, some 200 miles north of Brisbane. My brothers had the benefit of our father's theoretical knowledge, and could themselves supply agricultural experience. There were endless consultations and discussions.

Then Arthur and Horace went to Queensland in 1880, to start operations at Fairymead; and my father and Ernest and I left for England. We travelled by the P. & O. Co.'s SS. "Deccan" calling at Point de Galle. There most of the passengers were transhipped; but we went on to Bombay. The "Deccan" stayed one week there; and we had a deeply interesting visit to some of my father's old haunts.

We went to the Kar-li Caves, on the Bhor Ghauts, and he showed us the spot at Khandala where he shot his first tiger.

We also visited the Hill Station of Matheran, and my brother and I galloped round from one Point to another to see all the sights.

Plymouth was reached in May, 1880. My sister Connie joined us, and we had a delightful summer, visiting friends and relatives.

We also attended the Mildmay Conference both in 1880 and 1881. Wonderful gatherings they were. I have never forgotten two beautiful addresses by M. Theodore Monod on:

Sydney, England, and Continent, 1878—1881 35

"Christ Glorified in the Unity of the Church."

"Christ Glorified in the Service of the Church."

His opening sentence in the former address was a weighty one; "Unity is not uniformity"—an important distinction.

We visited Edinburgh and Glasgow and the machinery for Fairymead was ordered from Messrs. Mirrlees, Tait & Watson.

In the autumn my father and I went to Hyères, in the South of France, for three delightful months. After this we spent a month in lovely Santa Margharita, on the Italian Riviera, a few miles south of Genoa. Connie could not be persuaded to leave England, but my brother joined us, and we visited Cannes, Nice, San Remo and Mentone, staying a week in each place. Then we went on to Rome for Easter, staying nine days there, and a fortnight in Florence.

Ernest and I were indefatigable sightseers, but our performances pale before those of an American we met in the Vatican Gallery. He was rushing through the Gallery at a pace of four or five miles an hour, turning his gaze from side to side to see the priceless pictures. Breathlessly he told us he had only "three days to do Rome." I forget how many scores of Churches he had already "seen."

From Florence we went to Milan. During our stay there the King of Italy arrived, and the illuminations in his honour were very beautiful. We next went to the Italian Lakes, and from thence back to England, *via* Turin and Paris.

During the following summer I was laid up with typhoid fever. Our father was suffering a good deal, and Ernest nursed him devotedly, but he did not improve, and Dr. Wm. Eccles advised a consultation with a specialist, who ordered a course of treatment at a sanatorium at Norwood.

Gradually our dear one failed, and the Home-call came on October 14, 1881. He had just passed his seventy-eighth birthday.

We were glad he had had that happy re-union with the Home friends and relatives. They all showed him much affection, and he was laid to rest in Cookham Churchyard, where his forefathers are buried. It was strange that the one member of the family who had travelled so far and so

long should return from the ends of the earth to rest in that quiet and lovely spot, close to the home of his boyhood.

After our father's death, Connie decided to make her home in England, amongst a very large circle of friends and relatives, while I returned to Australia with Ernest. We left in December, journeying across the Continent to catch the P. & O. mail steamer at Brindisi. *En route*, we stayed at Cologne, Munich, Innspruch and Venice. At Venice we heroically did our duty in the way of sight-seeing, but it was piercingly cold in the gondolas, and the white fog never lifted during our three days' stay.

We spent a week also in Cairo, climbed the great Pyramid, and went for a seven-hour ride on desert dromedaries.

On reaching Sydney, the desire of my heart was fulfilled in the arrangement that I should make my future home with Dr. and Mrs. Deck, at Ashfield. A room in their house was specially furnished for me. There were at this time eight nephews and nieces, who were almost as dear to me as to their mother. So I settled down with great content.

But God had other plans in view.

"For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts." Isa. lv. 8, 9.

CHAPTER III.

FAIRYMEAD, 1882-1886.

THE earlier and rougher pioneering work at Fairymead was now over. My brothers had built and moved into a new house. It was therefore suggested that I should pay them a visit, and see what a sugar plantation was like.

One day, a Mrs. Arthur Brown called on my sister. She was an earnest Christian worker, and interested in the Bundaberg district. Indeed it was from Messrs. Alfred and Arthur Brown that the land at Fairymead had been purchased.

On hearing that I was shortly going to stay with my brothers, she said she hoped that I would be a blessing there. I agreed. It was a very proper sentiment, although I saw no way in which the hope could be fulfilled. I had never done any definite Christian work; never thought I *could* do anything; partly, I suppose, because we had lived so much in the country.

After a little further conversation, Mrs. Arthur Brown suggested that we should have some prayer. I willingly and gladly agreed. We knelt together in the drawing-room. She prayed. My sister prayed. Then, of course, I was going to rise.

But Mrs. Brown put her arm round me, and whispered to me to pray.

Pray! before you! *Never*. I thought.

But still she kept her arm round me, and waited. The Holy Spirit was striving with me. I really *wanted* God to do what they had asked, but I was *not willing* to make a fool of myself. Then came the conviction that I could not expect God to work for me unless I yielded.

I opened my mouth to pray, but no words came. And still my friend would not let me rise. At last in agony I cried to God inwardly to open my mouth—and He did. I do not know what I said. It was probably incoherent, and I know I was too nervous to finish. Mrs. Brown had to take up and close the prayer. I was covered with confusion—wished I could sink through the floor.

But oh! how I have thanked God ever since for dear Mrs. Brown's persistence. It was the breaking of the ice. The beginning of all that followed.

A few days later I left for Bundaberg, taking with me a ten-year-old nephew, Harry. It was a week's journey by sea, including stoppages at Brisbane and Maryborough.

My three brothers and two other gentlemen were living together. Every one was working at high speed, for there was still much to be done before the first crop of sugar-cane could be harvested. We had breakfast by lamplight at 6.20 a.m. (really 5.50 a.m., for plantation time is half an hour ahead of the sun). All day long the clangour at the mill continued, as the erection of heavy machinery and buildings was pushed forward. The garden was a ploughed field, dotted with wooden barrels to shelter the tiny plants, which have now grown into graceful and shady trees.

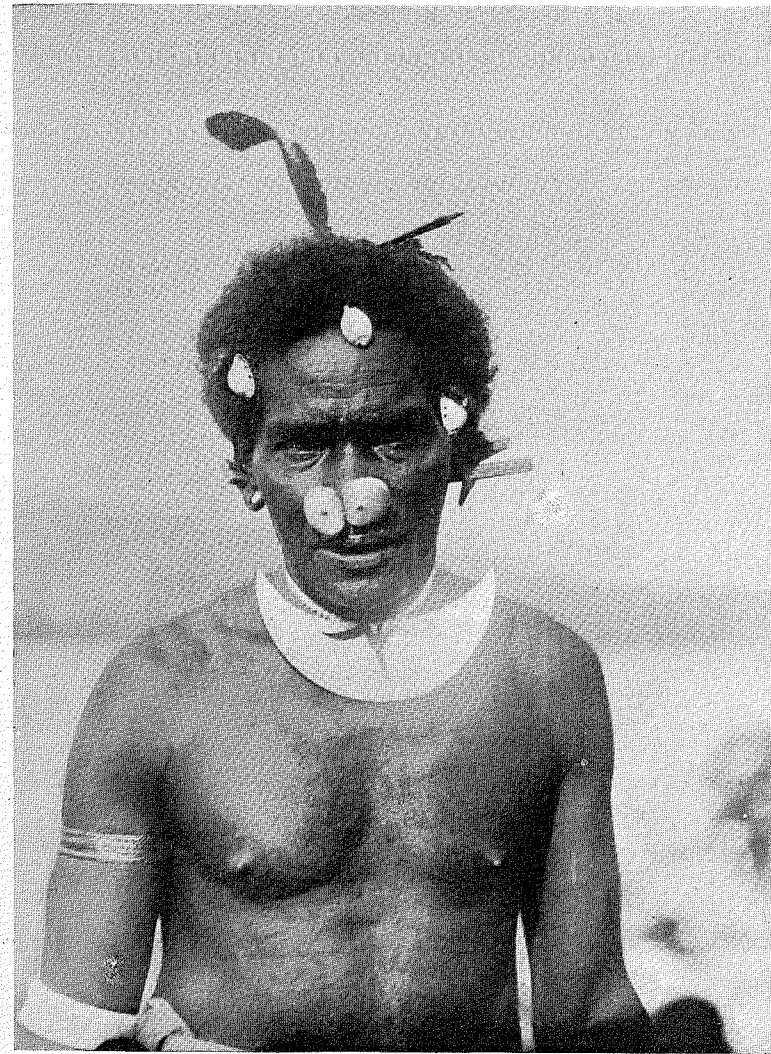
My only hope I felt, was to begin work for Christ at once. Such tiny beginnings they were.

Family prayers with the house-keeper; a Sunday School class for four or five white children; a little meeting on Sunday evenings, to which I invited the mothers. They did not like coming to the kitchen. Would I hold the meeting in one of the cottages? Then—could not their husbands come? How could one refuse? There was nothing else for them on Sundays. We were five miles from Bundaberg. A sandy road, five gates to open each way, and the Burnett river to be crossed by punt. But with what desperate quakings of heart each step onward was taken.

We were employing at this time some eighty Kanakas, South Sea Islanders from the New Hebrides and the Solomon Islands. They came under a three years' agreement to work on the sugar plantations in Queensland.

I am ashamed to say that I had never taken the smallest interest in missions to the heathen. I thought the people in the Homelands were far more important. Yet, like many others who hold this view, *I did nothing for the people at Home.*

But now God brought me for the first time into contact with men and women who had never heard of Christ, and for whom nothing was being done to teach them the way of



AN ISLAND BEAU.

Note woven grass armband, ear-sticks, shell ornaments in nose and hair, and mother-of-pearl crescent worn by chiefs.

salvation. And it seemed dreadful. I soon learned to love them. There is something very attractive about these South Sea Islanders. Merry, warm-hearted, and very responsive to kindness. Yet there was another and darker side. For they were men, not children. Men with fierce passions, who came from lands where savage murders and cannibalism were freely practised. They acquired only too readily the white man's vices. Drinking, gambling, swearing and fighting were almost universal.

The only common language was a smattering of pidgin English, partly acquired from one another, and partly from the overseers in their daily work. It was not a hopeful medium for spiritual instruction. Yet surely God expected us to do *something*.

After much prayer and searching of heart, I went to our head overseer (a Roman Catholic, but a kind-hearted man), and asked him if I could have a class of "Boys" on Sunday.

"Oh, certainly," he replied, "I'll send you some Boys next Sunday."

And the next Sunday they came. Ten stalwart men, and the house-girl, La-as-si, formed the first class. It was held in an old wooden humpy, which had once been occupied by Messrs. Brown.

I did not know how to teach, nor where to begin. But I remember taking a chrysalis that first Sunday to try and explain to them the fact of the resurrection and of a life beyond the grave; a fact which, perhaps, more than any other takes hold of Boys.

Inexperienced, keenly feeling my own impotence, and with no human helper, I was cast utterly upon God for guidance. And He taught the teacher and the scholars.

From the beginning He led us to use *the Word of God*—and for forty-two years we have been proving the living, life-giving, mighty power of that Word.

Truly it is "the sword of the Spirit."

"Quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit." Convicting, regenerating, cleansing, and building up the believer.

Another lesson God taught us in those early days was to put first things first; salvation before education or civilization. In simplest possible terms we taught, with the help

of coloured pictures the facts of the Creation, the Fall, and God's remedy for sin in the atoning death of His well-beloved Son.

No spelling or reading-books were used. John iii. 16 in bold type was fastened to the wall.

Pointing to the first word, the teacher said, "God"; the whole class repeated the word—"God"; "So," "So"; "loved," "loved." Three words were enough to begin with. We would go over and over the same words till the scholars were quite sure of them. The first clause was read by the class. Then followed an attempt to explain this one clause in pidgin English. Sentence by sentence the whole verse was thus taught. Each scholar was given a large-type New Testament, and the verse was underlined with red ink.

Romans vi. 23, and other Gospel texts followed; the aim being to teach, not reading, but the truths contained in the texts. To our surprise, however, we found after a few months that it was a very successful method of teaching reading.

The Boys not only pored over their Testaments in their spare time, but taught the marked texts to their friends, so that by-and-by it was no longer necessary to begin with John iii. 16. A new-comer had learnt that before he came to school.

The class, begun in such weakness, increased in numbers and interest; and it soon became evident that Fairymead, and not Ashfield, was the home of God's choice for me.

In November, my brother Horace married Miss Ellen Thorne, and they went to England for their honeymoon. I attended the wedding in Sydney, and returned to Fairymead to carry on the work amongst the Boys.

Eighteen months later my brother Horace and his wife returned from England with their little son, six months old. My sister-in-law was well accustomed to Sunday School work, and she gladly took her share in teaching the Boys.

A very dear friend, Miss Florence Buchanan (afterwards Deaconess at Thursday Island) also began classes on her brother's plantation.

Once a week she and I met at the North Bundaberg State School, to give the children a Bible lesson; and here we began a branch of the Young People's Scripture Union.

We became Central Secretaries for Queensland, and established branches of the Union far and near, until we had over 4,000 members. To all of these we sent the monthly letter through local secretaries.

The work amongst the Boys needed faith and patience. We were laying foundations, and were anxious to avoid mere surface work. In the miracle at Cana the waterpots had to be filled, before *the Lord* turned the water into wine.

Sometimes for months it was as if one were dashing oneself against a stone wall. Stolid, unmoved faces, without a sign of interest. Nothing seemed able to penetrate the gross darkness. And then—in answer to many prayers, we would see the Holy Spirit opening the fast-closed doors. A look of intelligence would begin to dawn on those dark faces. The awakened interest would grow and grow, until the listeners would lean forward, literally drinking in the Word of Life.

It was not till 1885 that the first sheaf was gathered.

One Sunday afternoon the lesson on Romans vi. 23 had been given to about forty Boys. I had been speaking of the "two masters"—Satan, and the "wages" he gave—wages which could not be refused; and of the contrast between the "wages of sin" and "the gift of God." After the lesson was finished, one man, Jimmie Aoba, stayed behind and came to me with an anxious look on his face.

"What you want, Jimmie?"

He was very shy, but after further questioning, he fixed his eyes upon me, and said earnestly:

"Missis, me want!"

"What do you want?"

"Me want to *belong God*," with great emphasis.

I had some further talk with him, and then he said: "Missis, me come along school along Sunday, then me lose-im six fellow-day. Me want to learn *quick*."

"Very good, Jimmie, suppose you come every night along house, I teach-im you."

And so the evening class was begun. Every night Jimmie came, bringing with him one or another of his friends. We had no schoolroom, and we met in odd places—verandah, wash-house—anywhere we could find a quiet spot.

Dear Jimmie soon learned to trust in Christ, and showed in many ways that he had truly "turned . . . from the power of

Satan unto God." Not many months later he developed consumption and died on November 2, 1885, rejoicing in his Saviour. He used to pray so earnestly—"Teach all my Boys to know Thee." Meaning the Boys at Fairymead from his own Island.

Within nine months from the time of his death, twelve of these Aoba friends had been converted and baptized.

Rev. W. Morris asked if there were not some of the Boys ready for Baptism. I knew some of them were truly converted, but was not sure how far they understood "doctrines." However, Mr. Morris came and examined them, and he was amazed to find how clear they were. So on April 11, 1886, he baptized eight converts, and on September 5 in the same year nine more.

THE QUEENSLAND KANAKA MISSION—1886-1887.

It was during this year, 1886, that a great desire came to us to extend the work to other plantations. Between two and three thousand Kanakas were employed in the Bundaberg district within a radius of about thirty miles. There were 10,000 altogether in Queensland.

We were, of course, only reaching the Boys at Fairymead. But by this time we had an average attendance of eighty on Sundays, and forty every evening.

If we could only get a man to visit the different plantations in the evenings and on Sundays, and have classes on each. But every one threw cold water on the suggestion.

"The planters would not allow classes to be held."

"The Boys had no desire to be taught."

"We could never find a man willing to do such slow and elementary work." It is, of course, harder for a man than for a woman to come down low enough. A woman has not so far to come down!

And the funds. Where would the funds come from?

Even Christians thought it was impossible to impart divine truths through the curious jargon of pidgin English, which, as already explained, was our only medium of communication.

The answer to all and every objection we knew to be—"With God all things are possible." "Have not I commanded thee?"

Two things were certain:

First, it was God's will that the Gospel should be preached to these people.

Secondly, His power and His grace were sufficient for every need.

God can and does use "weak things." The weaker the better. There is more room for God to manifest His power.

We were much encouraged and helped by the sympathy and prayers of Mrs. Ben Dowling, and her daughter Ella, who were spending the winter at Fairymead. Miss Ella Dowling had been a great sufferer for five years. During her illness she had originated and carried on the Police Mission in Victoria. It was hoped that a winter in Queensland would benefit her health, but God called her Home to Himself during that visit. The memory of her short life—twenty-two years only—is fragrant still. Eternity alone will reveal how fruitful that life was.

After much prayer we printed a circular letter covering the facts and need in Queensland, and sent this to all the Christians of whom we had heard.

Mr. George Müller, of the Orphan Homes in Bristol, was visiting Sydney at the time. He was a man who "walked with God"—a man God had raised up to demonstrate to the whole Church, and to the world, that God is indeed the living God, who *answers prayer*. In answer to believing prayer, and without a single appeal for funds, Mr. Müller had received for the Orphan Homes over a million pounds.

To this man of faith, my sister, Mrs. Deck, showed the above letter. He read it in his slow, quiet way.

Then he said:

"I think the Lord wants me to help this work."

Giving her two guineas, the first contribution to the Queensland Kanaka Mission, he added:

"Tell your sister to *expect great things from God*, and she will get them."

The gift and the message were a great joy and encouragement. They came as a token that God was setting His seal upon the Mission. Funds began to come in, until we had enough for the first quarter's expenses. But there was no "man" in sight. One whom we had hoped would offer, was dissuaded by his friends in Victoria. They thought it

a waste for a capable Evangelist to spend his life in teaching black fellows.

By this time our Christian Boys had a prayer-meeting once a week. I told them of the need, and in their broken English, they prayed earnestly that *God* would send some one to teach their countrymen.

One week later (and in those days mails took nearly a week from Sydney to Bundaberg), came a letter from a Mr. C. F. Johnston, offering himself for the work. He and his wife were Swedes, and he had been in the Congo Mission in Africa.

I read the letter to the Boys. Oh! how they thanked God for the answer to their prayers. Then they prayed that he might come—if *God* were sending him.

And when they heard he was really coming, they prayed “*Teach him how to teach altogether Boy.*”

He arrived in January, 1887. Together we called on the various planters. They were all very kind, and quite willing for classes to be held.

We promised that there should be no interference with work on the plantations. The missionary would come in the evenings. We would never ask for schoolrooms to be provided, or for money to support the work. The only thing we did ask, was for permission to teach the Boys. This was freely granted. “Anything to amuse the Boys—hope you will have plenty of singing, etc.”

In some cases the employers frankly told us that of course they did not expect any results. “Mission-boys are always the worst Boys on the plantation.”

There was just a small grain of truth in this charge. If a Boy had attended a mission school in the Islands, and had received a smattering of education, even if he made no profession of faith in Christ, he would be labelled a “mission boy.” Yet having experienced no change of heart, his familiarity with white men sometimes only led to a certain “cheekiness” of behaviour or self-conceit which was objectionable. Where the Boys had been truly converted, it was of course a different matter. We explained this to objectors, and sometimes added:

“You let us have the classes, and we will show you results. *We expect results because we believe in God.*”

A Mission Hall in North Bundaberg was supplied by my brother Ernest, and a house rented for Mr. and Mrs. Johnston

in the same street. The Boys gathered on Sundays in the Hall, and every week-evening Mr. Johnston rode to a different plantation.

It was at first uphill work for the Missionary. He said he felt as if he might as well try to teach the pony he rode! But, at our weekly prayer-meeting at the Mission-house, we soon received more cheering reports; “Better and better,” he would say, each time we met.

On August 28, 1887, seventeen more converts were baptized. We had a beautiful service on the banks of the river, and then met in the Mission Hall for the Lord’s Supper.

In October, 1887, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Eustace, from Victoria, joined the Mission, and the district was divided, Mr. and Mrs. Eustace taking the classes in the Woongarra district, and Mr. and Mrs. Johnston the work on the north side of the river.

Testimony as to the effect of the teaching soon began to come in freely. This testimony came from employers and townspeople, in the Press and from the Bench. It was found that the Boys attending the classes became quiet, well-behaved and peaceable.

On one plantation we arranged for a class on Saturday afternoon. The employer freely expressed his disbelief in mission work, and he then said: “It is useless for you to have a class on Saturday, you won’t get a single Boy. We stop work early, and they all go off to town, and get drunk.”

We knew it was not a good time, but all the evenings were already filled.

A few months later we were re-arranging some of the classes, and offered to alter the day for this plantation. To our surprise, the reply was: “Oh! no, thank you. I find the class keeps the Boys on the plantation, and we already have far less trouble with drink.”

Later on, the same employer said:—

“When you began this work, Miss Young, I told you I did not believe in any results. But I can’t help seeing them. Some of the worst and most troublesome Boys on the plantation have been completely changed.”

Then he added:

“You said you would not ask for money.”

“No, and I never will,” I replied.

“But it is *worth money* to me. My Boys do better work,

and I think we planters ought to contribute to the cost of the Mission."

"Oh, yes, I think so too," said I, "but I shall never ask for your help."

"Well, how much do you think I ought to give?" he asked.

"Oh! that is for you to decide," I answered.

It ended in his promising to contribute a certain sum for each Boy he employed. And this he did voluntarily for some years.

From the first we taught the converts that they were "saved to serve," and that God expected them to win souls.

They generally chose one friend, brought him to school, prayed for and taught him until he was converted. Then they chose another.

In the early days a dull, though very sincere Christian, named Caleb, was asked why he had not thus brought a friend to school.

"Oh, Missis, we want him that one Tara-vaga, but he no want-'im school—me try him, try him, all the time, but he no want-'im."

"Well, Caleb, I think very good you pray first time; then you ask-him Tara-vaga. I think he come."

Next evening Caleb appeared, and sure enough, Tara-vaga was with him.

After the class, Caleb stayed to have Tara-vaga's name entered in the class-book as under his care. Presently he said:

"Me buy-'im that one along school, Missis."

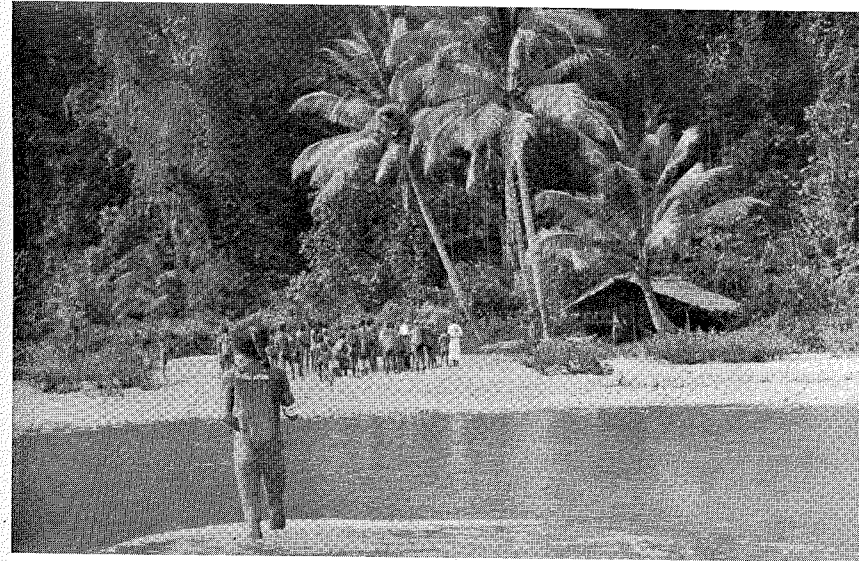
"You do *what*?" in astonishment.

"Me *buy* him along school—me ask him all the time come along school; he no want-'im; he no savee school. So me tell him, 'Suppose you come along school one month. Missis put-'im name along book. You come every night, you no stop away one night—me give you sixpence!'"

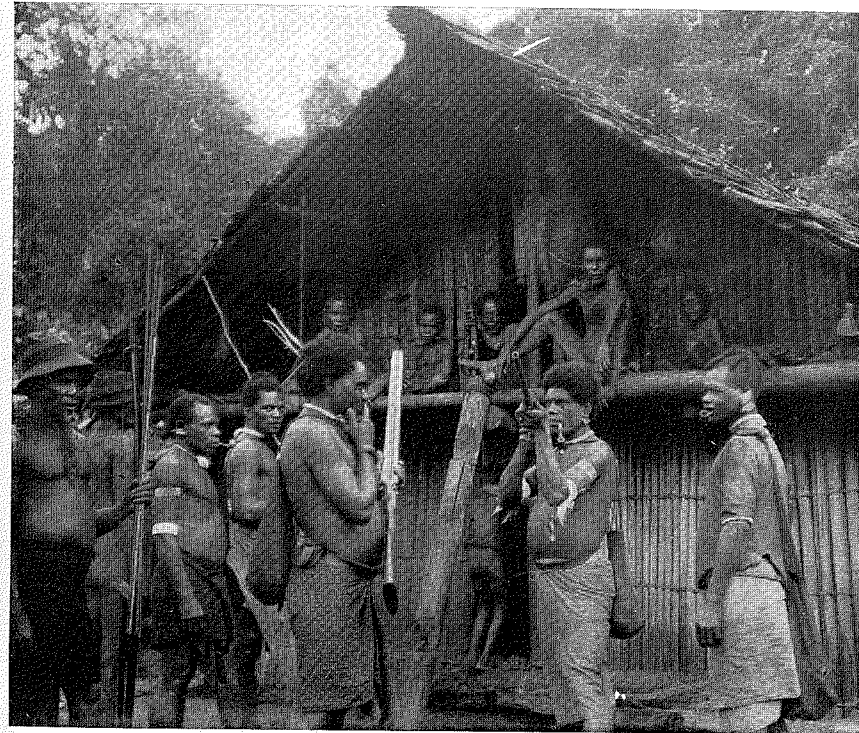
He added, "He no like-'im school, because he no savee. By-and-by he like-'im plenty, he come all the time."

Poor old Caleb. He was determined to get Tara-vaga somehow. And Tara-vaga not only came to school, but to the Lord Jesus. So Caleb will have at least one star in his crown.

The Boys were often seen dragging a friend with a handker-



RETURNED PLANTATION LABOURER LANDING AT SINORANGO.



WILD BUSHMEN, MALAITA.
Note old men on platform and notched stick ladder.

chief tied round his arm, or otherwise literally compelling them to come in.

On one occasion a man was being thus "compelled"; he pulled back, and his shirt-sleeve gave way.

In fierce and angry tones he demanded:

"What for you break-'im shirt belong me?"

Then louder and faster he shouted:

"Me no want-'im school. Suppose me come along school, by-and-by me no savee fight. Me go home along Island, man he kill-'im me. Along Island altogether man he row, row, ROW all the time. Man he go sleep along bed, he hold 'im spear, bow and arrow, gun, along hand. Suppose he no got-'im gun, some-fellow man he come, he kill him quick."

But it was just such men as this who were finally reached and won. And they would love to tell in after days how one or another "been pull-'im me along school."

With the first annual report were published the "Object and Principles of the Newly-formed Queensland Kanaka Mission." Briefly these were as follows:

THE AIM of the Mission—that God might be glorified in the salvation of many souls for whom He gave His only begotten Son.

THE CHARACTER of the Mission. Evangelical and unsectarian. Workers might belong to any denomination if they were true and faithful followers of the Lord Jesus, and willing to work with other Christians on the common ground of faith in our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

FOR SUPPORT, and for the supply of every need in connection with the work, we depended entirely upon God, confident that He would never suffer it to fail for want of funds, but would incline His people to give whatever was needed.

OUR COMMISSION, "And Jesus came and spake unto them, saying, All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world" (Matt. xxviii. 18-20).

The following requests for prayer more fully emphasize the purpose of the Mission, and still stand as our earnest desire and petition before God:

- 1st. That God may be glorified, in and through this work.
- 2nd. That God would direct, and guide, and control, so that the whole work, and every detail concerning it may be according to His Will.
- 3rd. That all who are engaged in the work may be endued with the power of the Holy Spirit, that they may be "sanctified and meet for the Master's use"; and that the blessing of God may rest upon their labour.
- 4th. For definite conversion; that many may be turned "from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, that they may receive forgiveness of sins, and inheritance among them which are sanctified by faith that is in Christ."
- 5th. For real, deep, heart-work; and that those who profess to belong to Christ may "walk worthy of the Lord unto all pleasing, being fruitful in every good work, and increasing in the knowledge of God," and so "adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things."
- 6th. That God will provide workers after His own heart, and incline His people to give the funds needed, "a willing offering unto the Lord."

ENGLAND AND INDIA, 1888-1889.

A break came in 1888, when it became necessary for me to go to England, and Mrs. Horace Young carried on the direction of the work during this absence.

My younger sister had accompanied my brother Horace and his wife when they returned from England in 1884, and during her visit to Queensland a great sorrow befell her. She became engaged to Mr. Willoughby Smith from Ballynanty House, Bruff, Co. Limerick. They were looking forward to an early and happy marriage, when he was taken ill with pneumonia at Mon Repos plantation.

His death was a crushing blow to our little sister. She went home to see his people, and stayed in Ireland; there she became very ill, and it was decided that some one must go and bring her out to Australia. Accordingly, at nine days' notice, I left by the P. & O. SS. "Britannia" in May, 1888.

I found my sister, Connie, had set her heart upon a little

home in Ireland. She hoped to find an interest in receiving poor children from Dublin for a week or fortnight at a time.

While we were together, her health improved greatly, and after a round of visits to friends in England, I helped her to furnish and settle into her new home at Leighlin Bridge near Bagnalstown.

My cousin, William Mackworth Young, and his wife and daughter, were returning to India after short furlough. He kindly pressed me to accompany them, and visit India on my return journey to Australia. A delightful and interesting trip it proved to me.

We left London in February, 1889, for Bombay, and from thence travelled by train to Lahore and on to Rawal Pindi, as my cousin had just been appointed Commissioner there.

I visited a Mission Camp near Amritsar, and stayed with friends of my cousin at Lahore and Amritsar.

During my three weeks at Rawal Pindi, the Duke of Connaught, then Commander-in-Chief of the Indian Army, visited Rawal Pindi and reviewed the troops there. For several days there was an "Assault at Arms," at which wondrous feats were performed by Indian and British troops.

My cousin arranged for me a deeply interesting itinerary, staying everywhere with his friends, who showed me all the sights.

First I went to Peshawar, on the borders of Afghanistan. Here I stayed with C.E.Z. missionaries, the Misses Mitcham, Wertmuller and Phillips. I thought these ladies heroic indeed. They were the only British residents inside the turbulent city. British cantonments were two miles away. And every night when the gates were locked, they were shut in, and all other foreigners shut out. I little thought the day would come when I should be a missionary myself, and *alone* in a Chinese city!

From Peshawar I travelled across India to Calcutta, stopping *en route* at Agra, Delhi and Benares.

A visit to the native state of Kapurthala was a unique experience. Leaving the train at a wayside station I found a carriage with a fine team of mules awaiting me, and a fast drive of eight miles brought me to the Residency.

The Resident, Major Massey, his wife and daughter, his secretary, a doctor, and the Rajah's tutor were, I think, the only Europeans in the city. I was charmed with the gardens.

Immense rose trees, carrying thousands of blossoms, shady trees, and lawns kept in perfect order by an army of gardeners. The stables, too, with about forty beautiful horses, were a sight.

The young Rajah's palace was furnished with oriental splendour, but it was amusing to see the slates and globes and school-books in his study. And in the Rajah's bedroom on the floor, beside a gorgeous bedstead with rich silken hangings, was spread the *duvet* upon which he really lay.

He was then sixteen years of age, and weighed sixteen stone. So he was encouraged to take much exercise, including tennis, and early morning rides. A boar hunt was arranged for my benefit. We drove at daylight a few miles in a four-in-hand drag to the rendezvous. Here eight elephants with shooting howdahs awaited us. We each had a native servant seated behind us to load the guns. I didn't shoot, though. About fifty native troopers with magnificent horses and accoutrements formed a long line, and circled round to beat up the game. It was a sight not easily forgotten.

From Calcutta I went by train to Darjeeling for a few days, and then left for Colombo. Here the Australian passengers tranship, and we had to wait eleven days for the outward-bound steamer to Australia. I was kindly entertained by Mr. and Mrs. John Ferguson, whose hospitality to missionaries and other Christian workers was unbounded.

I reached Sydney and returned to Queensland in May, after just twelve months' absence.

CHAPTER IV.

CALL TO CHINA, 1890-1891.

IN the initial stages of the work in Queensland God dealt very graciously with us. He knew we might have been easily discouraged, and so, although there were plenty of difficulties to be faced and overcome, God gave wonderful success and blessing.

Now that the work was fully established, came a time of sore testing. It seemed as though the work was being shaken to its very foundations.

It is not necessary to give particulars of the trials that beset our path. As some one has said: "There is no need to advertise the doings of the enemy."

But we learned in a deeper sense to take refuge in God, and to lean upon His faithfulness.

"When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee, . . . When thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burned. . . . Fear not, I am with thee."

How precious and full of comfort is God's sure Word of promise. How blessed to prove His faithfulness.

In the year 1890, Mr. Hudson Taylor, of the China Inland Mission, visited Australia. Facing as we were various mission problems, we felt it would be a great help to obtain advice from such a veteran in the faith. As Mr. Taylor proposed to stay only one day in Brisbane, I begged my sister to let me know his movements, so that I might meet him in Sydney.

There came however an unforeseen delay. The steamer from Rockhampton grounded on a sandbank. On reaching Brisbane I found I should arrive in Sydney one day before Mr. Taylor left; so I waited for him in Brisbane.

And then the China steamer was delayed, and they spent nine days in Brisbane and Ipswich. It was all part of God's plan, for He was about to lead into a strange and unknown path.

A united Conference was being held in Brisbane. I do not remember the subjects, or the speakers. But in the middle of one of the meetings, the Rev. John Southey appeared on the platform with a stranger.

Surely, I thought, that cannot be the great Mr. Taylor.

A little man—short at least; in a rather shabby and dusty greatcoat—for he had come straight from the train. His hair was unusually long in preparation for the return to China and Chinese dress. There was nothing to attract attention, until he came forward and began very quietly to speak.

"Isn't it *all in Christ?*" were his first words, and every word just went straight into my heart, and stayed there. He seemed to bring one right into the presence chamber of the King of kings. We lost sight of Mr. Taylor, and saw only his Master, heard only His voice.

Those days were days of rich blessing. Christ became so near and so real, that there seemed no need to ask advice of His servant.

One evening, as I listened to the speaker, the fearful condition and need of the millions of unreached heathen in China came home to my soul for the first time in my life.

"It is dreadful," I cried inwardly. "But *why* do not Christians go to them?"

Instantly a voice spoke to me:

"Why don't *you* go?"

"I! Oh! I could not leave the Boys."

For dearly I loved the work amongst the Boys in Queensland. I had never once thought of leaving them.

But I heard no more of the address that night. It was as though the Lord Himself stood before me, and spoke to my heart:

"*If I want you in China*, do you think you will be any use in Queensland?"

And looking into that beloved Face, I could only answer: "Lord, I am Thine. I will go, if it is *Thy* will."

The call grew stronger and stronger. I told Mr. Taylor next day, and he said I must be very sure of God's leading before I left the work He had so clearly given me in Queensland. He was deeply interested in the Q.K. Mission, and made me tell the story at one of his meetings.

He told me of the trials to be faced in China, but added that, if God really sent me, they would give me a warm welcome.

It was during this week that a cablegram brought to Fairymead the news of the sudden Home-call from heart

failure of my younger sister. Before the tidings reached me, our dear Boys were praying that I might "not be too sorry." A prayer abundantly answered. Heaven seemed nearer to me those days than Ireland, and I could only rejoice in our darling sister's joy. For her it was a fulfilment of Isaiah xxxv. 10: "They shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away." And for me, a loosening of a tie to the homelands.

Mr. Taylor and Mr. Beauchamp left Brisbane with the first Australian party of eleven workers for China, and I returned to Bundaberg.

For the next three months one unceasing cry arose to God from my heart: "Shew me Thy way, Lord. What wilt *Thou* have me to do?" Heart and flesh shrank from all that was involved, and from the untried path in China. Then—Was it right to go? Was this insistent "call" truly from God? Or was it a subtle suggestion of the enemy?

One morning, feeling specially burdened with the longing for guidance, I opened my Bible. The daily portion began at the bottom of the page—"In the year that King Uzziah died."

I was not familiar with the chapter, and thought: "Oh, it is one of those historical chapters in Isaiah, and I *must* have a more direct message."

I was about to turn to another portion, when I remembered Mr. Taylor's lesson on Numbers vii, and the thought came: Perhaps the Lord has a special message for me in this chapter. Before turning the pages I knelt down, and prayed earnestly that God would give me some word from Himself.

And then I read that wonderful vision.

The Holy Spirit lit up every verse till I came to the climax: "Also I heard the voice of the Lord, saying, Whom shall I send, and who will go for us? Then said I, Here am I: send me. And he said, Go and tell this people . . ."

It was remarkable that this same chapter came two or three days later in the Young People's Scripture Union. One of the Christian Boys took a class of seventy beginners every evening at the "big school" while I had, in a class-room near the house, first the candidates for baptism, then a Bible lesson for the young Christians, and then Joseph, who came for his own special lesson and read with me the Scripture

Union portion. As I tried to teach him the meaning of these wonderful words, they came home to my own soul with deeper force and power.

In January, 1891, Mr. Southey came to Bundaberg for some farewell meetings before leaving for China. His address on Rev. iii. 7, 8, brought to me rest of heart in the certainty that God would guide aright.

"These things saith . . . he that hath the key of David, he that openeth and no man shutteth; and shutteth and no man openeth . . . behold I have set before thee an open door. . ."

There are times when the only way to prove what is God's will is to "go forward," trusting Him to "open" or "shut" the door.

When the missionaries were told how God was leading, they said:

"We knew you would go to China, but we thought you would wait until the Boys left Queensland. And yet, of course, there is no reason why the work here should not go on if you do go."

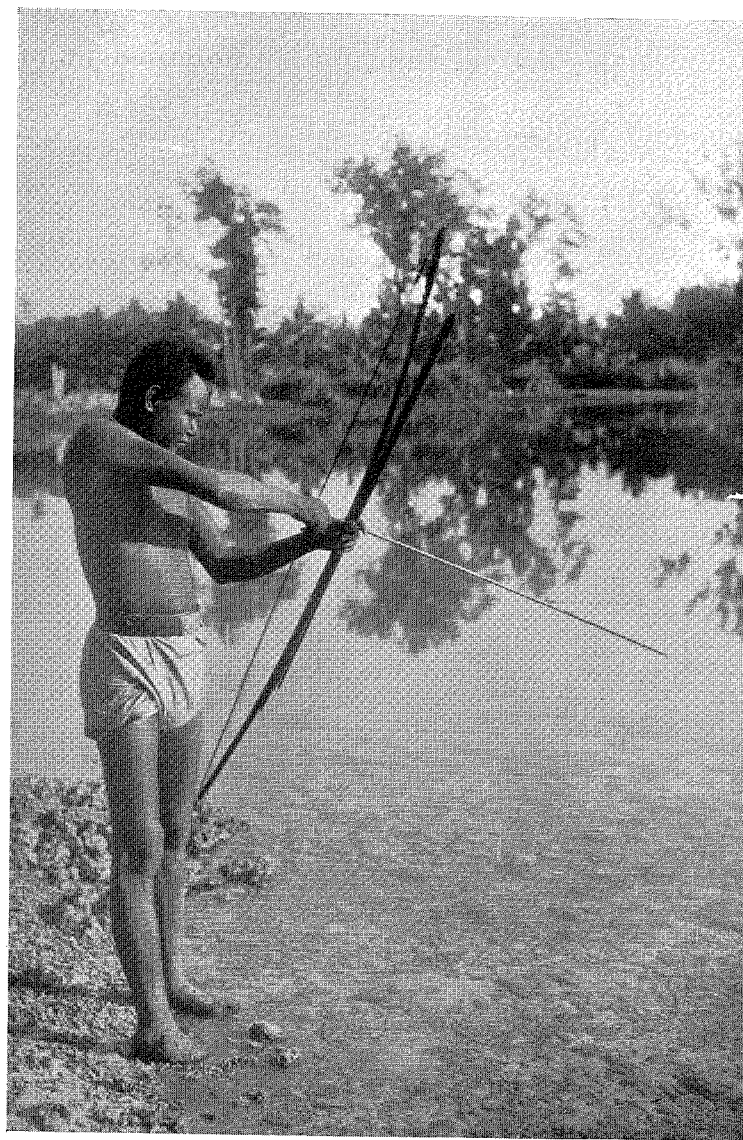
The Mission was fully established, and Mrs. Horace Young and Miss Florence Buchanan were ready to take up my share of the work.

The Queensland Government under pressure from the Labour party had passed an Act to stop further recruiting; and it was expected that all the Boys in Queensland would be sent back to the Islands at the end of three years.

After further consultation and prayer with the workers and with Mr. Southey, I sent in my application to the China Inland Mission. The letter was acknowledged, and there apparently the matter ended. For I heard no more.

Meantime, my dear brother, Ernest, found a companion and helpmeet in Miss Margaret Adam. He went to Sydney in January, and was engaged, married, and off with his bride to England by February 24.

In March the China party (with whom I had expected to leave, if accepted) passed through Sydney. They were accompanied by the Rev. Samuel Chapman, a member of the C.I.M. Council. I called upon him and asked for an answer to my letter. It had never reached the Council. As soon as Mr. Chapman returned to Melbourne the Council sent for me.



SHOOTING FISH, ONE PUSU.
Note coral below clear water.

Extracts from letters tell of my acceptance and of God's gracious dealings. The suspense, delay and everything that followed were all part of God's training.

MELBOURNE,

March 30, 1891.

" E. B. D.

" I have just come from the Council meeting, and, darling, it is decided that I am to go as soon as can be arranged. There is no one else ready at present. Of course, I should have liked a companion, but perhaps the Lord's presence will be a still greater reality, and we can never need more than Himself. . . .

" I went with Mrs. Griffiths to the Service on Good Friday. The special Lessons and Psalms came home so to my heart. My Lord gave up everything for me, and whatever the future has in store, it can be nothing beside His Sacrifice. He bore it all alone, but we are never forsaken, for His command to 'go' is immediately followed by the precious assurance: 'Lo I am with you always'. . . .

" I know so little of what lies before me, but I know Him whom I have believed. I am going with Him and I am content to go; 'not knowing,' but trusting Him. John x. 3, 4, has been much on my mind. It guarantees so much. 'He calleth . . . and leadeth them out . . . He putteth forth . . . He goeth before.' 'The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want . . . Yea, though (even if) I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me.' I am just resting in Him, and know it is well both for me and for those I am leaving. There is nothing to fear, for we are in His wise and strong and loving Hands. May He lead us step by step all the way till we see His Face and 'know as we are known.'"

A few days in Melbourne were followed by a fortnight with my sister in Sydney to purchase outfit, etc. Then came the farewell to the dear ones in Sydney and I returned to Queensland to hand over the mission work in Bundaberg.

BRISBANE,

April 20, 1891.

" E. B. D.

" . . . How shall I tell you of the Lord's faithfulness. I feel almost awed in finding how literally He is keeping me, and I want you to know how He is answering prayer . . . First of all, about your coming with me to Fairymead. I had so set my heart on having you, that, when I found myself willing for you not to come, I knew it must be the Lord's doing, and so I could not persuade you. And then the parting! I was afraid to think of

it. I felt I should break my heart when the time came; but the Lord literally kept me in perfect peace. I did not try to do anything. There was no effort. It seemed as if His arms were round me and He kept me from the thing I feared. I did not ask Him to do it. I never thought it was possible to leave so easily; but I could not feel sad. . . . Nothing but the Lord's sustaining power could have robbed that parting of its bitterness, and He took it all away. I am not looking forward to a long separation. We do not know what lies before us. It is only a day at a time, and each day we have the Lord's own presence to keep and sustain us. We need not take up the burden of years. . . ."

To a niece.

" . . . Never be afraid to undertake anything the Lord wants you to do. His grace is sufficient, and the more *impossible* it seems, the more surely you will find that He is faithful to His promise, 'As thy day so shall thy strength be.' Go forward leaning on Him. He will not and does not fail us. . . . He is keeping me from everything I feared. I have no ecstatic sense of His presence; no apparent realization of His special nearness. Only it is peace, perfect peace and rest, and of course, I know this is entirely by His keeping power. . . ."

After farewell meetings in Bundaberg and Brisbane, I left for China from Moreton Bay by the SS. "Airlie" on May 26. All through that voyage God gave perfect rest and the "peace which passeth all understanding." The storm was coming, but not yet.

Our last sight of Australia was beyond Port Darwin. The passengers were at dinner in the saloon below. I stood alone at the stern, gazing rather wistfully across the still waters at the fast disappearing land. It seemed as though the last links with the past were being snapped, as we launched out into the unknown.

"By faith Abraham, when he was called . . . obeyed, and he went out, *not knowing* whither he went." Then, as the land faded from sight, one looked beyond the separation and pain to the "blessed hope," and softly sang:—

"Rejoice, rejoice, our King is coming,
And the time will not be long,
Until we hail the radiant dawning,
And lift up the glad new song
Oh, wondrous day, oh, glorious morning
When the Son of Man shall come,
May we with lamps all trimmed and burning,
Gladly welcome His return!"

TESTING, 1891.

Calling at Dilli on the Island of Timor, and passing through the Straits of Sunda, Hong Kong was reached on June 18, 1891.

We carried a number of Chinese passengers, and as we approached the anchorage, junks crowded with boarding-house touts, surrounded us. Shouting, screaming, fighting, they scrambled on board the moment the anchor dropped, and pandemonium ensued. I was dismayed. Was this China?

Then came newspaper reports of the Wu-su riots, in which two Europeans had been murdered. Lurid descriptions were given of an infuriated mob attacking mission premises; of ladies and children rescued in their night-attire; of foreigners fleeing for their lives to the coast. War was imminent. All Europeans would have to leave China for two years at least. And so on. I pictured poor Mr. Taylor in Shanghai, with 400 missionaries pouring upon him like an avalanche. And then hearing of the arrival of another unwanted worker.

HONG-KONG,
June 18, 1891.

"To E. B. D.

"How strange have been the experiences of this day—my first sight of China. What will the unknown future bring? God knows, and He will order what is best. Don't be troubled or anxious, even if tidings of disturbances and dangers reach you. To-day's paper is full of the serious riots in various places, and of the possibility of further troubles. It has been rather a testing time to me. Do you remember our walk at Woolloomooloo, when I told you how easily frightened I am? Well, I am a coward, and I confess my heart and flesh have felt very much like shrinking from what might lie in store for us. Only, 'God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever'; 'Under his shadow we shall live among the heathen.' 'I sat down under his shadow with great delight,' and 'He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.'

"I have been reading the ninety-first Psalm with the Captain this evening, and it comforted me. The Lord has pledged His Word that 'there shall no evil befall thee.' So, darling, whatever He does permit must be only good. Death is not 'evil.' If the Master has need of any of His servants *there* instead of here, why should we doubt His wisdom or love? I have wanted to

say one thing, and that is, that in going to China, I do desire that 'Christ shall be magnified in my body, whether it be by life or by death.' Of course, one does not expect to be called Home for many years, but if the Lord does see fit to call me to that perfect service above, then I want to say that He doeth all things *well*, and it is for Him to choose.

"Just what Thou wilt! No choice for me.
Life is a gift to use for Thee.
Death is a hushed and glorious tryst
With Thee, my King, my Saviour, Christ."

"... I hoped to have heard from Mr. Taylor, but he is probably away from Shanghai. He must greatly need counsel and help from God just now, and all the missionaries also. For no one but God can keep them in safety and peace at a time like this. Faith must be real and no mere profession. We must literally have faith in a *living* God. I expect that is one of the greatest blessings in store for us. We learn to know our God, and really to rest in Him."

Captain Ellis kindly invited me and a lady with five children, to stay on board the "Airlie" until our respective steamers left for Shanghai and Japan. He also took me sight-seeing in Hong Kong. It is a remarkable island—like a jewel set in the azure sea, rivalling Colombo in tropical colour and interest. The European quarters on the hillsides are approached by shady avenues, wide enough only for the rickshaws and chair-bearers; and the roomy bungalows are surrounded by beautiful gardens. A cable-tram ascends 1,200 feet to the Peak, and the view *en route*, and from the Peak, is quite extraordinary. The many islands and headlands, and the harbour dotted with hundreds of ships and steamers lie spread out beneath like a painted toy, and the difference of temperature is refreshing on a hot day.

But, alas! I was to pay dearly for that refreshment. Captain Ellis took me to *tiffin* at a friend's house. It was a scorching day in the town below and I was thinly clad. A heavy mist arose on the Peak, and with the punkah going, I caught a severe chill.

Next day the ship was coaling, and we were forced to go ashore. We went by rickshaw to visit "Happy Valley," the most beautiful cemetery, I suppose, in the world. By this time I was feeling very miserable, and that Saturday night grew worse.

The Captain sent next day for Dr. Thompson, of the

L.M.S. His verdict was, "Hong Kong fever, and of course she cannot go on to Shanghai to-morrow." The "Airlie" was going into dock. What was to become of me? Dr. Thomson most kindly solved that problem. "My wife and a party of missionaries are at the C.M.S. Sanatorium at the Peak. You must take her there. It is the best place for her."

Accordingly kind Captain Ellis took me ashore on Monday. I was carried to the railway station, and the Captain took me to the Sanatorium. But I had been pretty heavily drugged. Forty grains of quinine, and big doses of salicylates. I was quite dazed, and unable to stand.

Dr. Thomson was kindness itself, but he left each morning at 8 a.m. for his hospital work. Mrs. Thomson was overburdened with house-keeping cares, and I was distressed to be adding to these. A very thick fog enveloped the Peak for the whole eight days of my stay; and it was difficult to obtain supplies.

The other missionaries (of various Societies) told me weird tales of the hardships in the China Inland Mission. Mr. Taylor, they said, was a good man, but unpractical. It was not possible for Europeans to live on Chinese food, etc., etc. The enemy, of course, took full advantage of weakness of body, and homesickness came over me like a flood.

We all left the Peak the following week, and I went on to Shanghai by the "Empress of India," arriving on July 3.

What joy it was to meet dear Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, and all the other friends in Shanghai, and to receive their kind welcome. The China Inland Mission Home was like a fair haven to a storm-tossed mariner. Such an atmosphere of loving service prevailed. I doubt whether any missionaries are so well cared for as in the China Inland Mission. Every want seems to be anticipated, and provision is made in every direction.

Of course the Hong Kong rumours of war, and of foreigners fleeing to the coast were unfounded.

I had twelve days in Shanghai, with some return of fever, and was rather a wreck before I went on to the training home at Yang-Chau. In Shanghai Chinese dress was adopted. For women it is certainly a distinct gain. Cool in summer and warm in winter, very comfortable, and I think becoming

to the majority. There was also a sweet and solemn sense of separation unto the Lord in wearing Chinese dress, because it was done for His sake and the Gospel's.

SHANGHAI,
July 3, 1891.

"To E. B. D.

"This has been an eventful day to me. A day full of heart-searchings. It is so strange, so different to all one's previous life, and I have so much to learn . . . I know they are right in the principles which go to the root of things. . . It is easy to sing consecration hymns, and to think we mean them, but it is rather a different thing to put them into practice. I thought I loved my Master more than I do. But anyhow *He loves me*, and He will manifest Himself; and the 'love of Christ constraineth.' So shall we be drawn near to Himself. I do thank Him that He has brought me here. Just now, darling, I feel there is more need for me to *learn* than to work for Him. It is a blessed thing for our own sakes, to come to China. We find out our poverty and need; and surely we shall not stop there . . . I think the Lord will teach me what He is, and it will be knowledge perhaps one never could have gained at home. The Lord has been very good to me, very pitiful, as He always is. . .

"Mr. and Mrs. Taylor gave me a warm welcome. Indeed they are all so kind, so loving. The atmosphere in this China Inland Mission Home is really beautiful. It was just like balm to my sore heart. For my heart is very sore with the longing for you all. The fever in Hong Kong, and I daresay the medicines too, have taken all the strength out of me. . . Everything is beautifully arranged here. I have a most comfortable room, with a little balcony, a spring bed, gas, table, chest of drawers, etc. The food, too, is excellent."

YANG-CHAU AND KAO-IU, 1891-1892.

Mr. John McCarthy escorted the party with whom I journeyed to Chin-kiang and Yang-chau. One of the privileges of wearing Chinese dress was (at that time) that we were allowed to travel stearage with the Chinese, paying half a dollar instead of twenty dollars. We ladies had a large and airy cabin to ourselves. We carried our own bedding, and the indispensable and useful "food-basket," which carries many things besides food. In fact there is not much need for food. The steamer supplies beautifully-cooked rice, steaming hot; boiling water for tea, and chop-



ARRIVAL IN CHINA.

sticks. I once, by mistake, gave the compradore twenty cents, worth about ninepence. And in his gratitude he supplied us with all kinds of delicacies to eat with our rice.

Passengers for Yang-chau leave the river steamer at the treaty port of Chin-kiang, 212 miles up the great Yang-tze.

At Chin-kiang a river-boat was hired. We left at 9 a.m. and took more than an hour to cross the Yang-tze. At the entrance to the Grand Canal were hundreds of native boats and queer-looking junks of all shapes and sizes. The muddy, yellow waters of the Canal looked like pea-soup. No wonder it is necessary to boil all drinking water.

Yang-Chau was reached at 2.30 p.m., July 17. Leaving Mr. Frank McCarthy to see to the luggage, his sister and I perched ourselves on a wheel-barrow and set off for the Training Home, a ride of about twenty minutes. My first experience of this novel method of travelling was drastic. It is quite an art to accommodate oneself to a barrow. Later on I learned to bind a *pukai* on the seat in the most approved fashion, and I greatly preferred a barrow to a chair, and often took long journeys of fourteen hours without undue fatigue. On this first occasion I wrote: "They are simply instruments of torture. There is a big wooden wheel in the centre, protected by a frame-work. On each side of the wheel is a shelf of wooden bars upon which you sit. With one arm you cling to the centre frame and with the other you try to keep an umbrella over your head, a difficult matter in the crowded, narrow alleys. And words will not describe the bumping. The alleys, I can't call them streets, are paved with lumps of stone, you go bump, *bump*, BUMP, all the way. After two or three minutes you are thankful to get off and walk a few steps to relieve your back; but, not having a Chinese woman with us, this was not proper . . ." After describing the Home, the letter continues: "It is so hot—90° last night, and 94° in the day. It is a damp heat too, but we sometimes have a nice breeze, and the house is very airy, because it is above all the one-storied native houses."

In the Training Home for ladies at Yang-Chau beginners are helped for six months in studying the Chinese language and customs; while still more valuable lessons were learned

through the teaching and the high standard set by Miss M. Murray's devoted and Christ-like life.

Few people in the homelands realize the warfare that must be faced in heathen countries. It is no light thing to attack Satan in his strongholds, and spiritual conflict is certain. At Yang-chau this was not forgotten. Five hours' hard study in summer, and six in winter were given to the Chinese language, but the day began with a quiet hour alone with God and His Word. Our dear little housekeeper, Miss F. McCarthy, used to get up at dawn, and serve sundry cups of tea at 5.30 a.m. She was like a bit of sunshine in her merry, unselfish service, though she did not call herself a missionary.

To most of the young workers it was a new and blessed experience, but their joy and enthusiasm found no echo in my heart. They said they had never felt the Lord so near. To me He had never seemed so far away. They spoke of the *dear* Chinese, of how their hearts went out to them. I thought they were dreadful. Thank God, it was not long before I did learn to love the Chinese, but not at first. No doubt the conflict through which I was passing was partly caused by physical weakness, for every bit of buoyancy had been drained out of me by fever and lowering drugs; but it was a dark, dark valley of humiliation. All the more so because I was bitterly disappointed. I did so *want* to give the Lord a glad and joyful offering.

One of the girls one morning confessed that she had rather hurriedly chosen a text from *Daily Light* to repeat at breakfast instead of giving a message received from the Lord. With an aching heart, I said to her afterwards, "I always give a nice, comforting promise. If I were to give the verse that fits me, it would be, 'O thou afflicted, tossed with tempest and not comforted.'" It was a wilderness experience indeed, a time of testing, emptying, and stripping of all human sufficiency. But ever with a gracious, loving purpose in view, as I discovered later.

Twelve weeks only were spent at Yang-chau, as I went to Chin-kiang for five weeks to nurse a fellow-student with rheumatic fever. After her recovery the winter arrivals from England filled up the Training Home, and I was sent with several others to Kao-iu, where we continued our studies on much the same lines as at Yang-chau.

GRAND CANAL,
en route KAO-IU,
Nov. 30, 1891.

"E. B. D.

"The above address tells its own tale, I am really on my way to my first station, though not a permanent one. The house at Kao-iu is used as a kind of overflow Home in the winter, and those who have been at Yang-chau for a short time make room for the new-comers.

"On Friday we had a special gathering to present Mr. McCarthy with a Bible, and a present from the Kiang-si and Kiang-su workers towards his outfit. The dining tables were all put together and looked so pretty, with lovely chrysanthemums and dark green leaves. We sat down thirty-six for tea . . .

After tea we gathered in the sitting-room and sang hymns; while Mr. Hutton was closeted with Miss Murray in her study, putting the finishing touches to the inscription to the Bible, which was the only part Mr. Hutton could present. Being in China, as often happens, the parcel had *not arrived*. The texts chosen were:

"The hearts of the saints have been refreshed through thee, brother,' Philemon 7, R.V.; and 'Thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just,' Luke xiv. 14. They were very appropriate. I wish Mr. McCarthy were going to Australia instead of to Canada. I should like you to know him, though you could only know what he is to us, by being in the same circumstances. Far away from home and friends, and harassed by the devil. In heaviness through manifold temptations, and then—a brother's hand held out to lead one to the only refuge for our tempest-tossed souls is very precious. Dear Mr. McCarthy! He spoke beautifully on Friday, so simply and humbly. He told us how he felt he must practise what he had been preaching to us; how he had thought he was willing to go anywhere, and do anything the Lord wanted, but yet, when he was asked actually to start for America he found it *was very hard to go*. He was a good deal burdened, and then he just gave it all up to the Lord. Now he is going *gladly*, with one great desire above all others that he may be used of God to lead souls to Christ, saints or sinners; that all whom he meets may be brought nearer to Christ through his ministry.

"E— dear, *thank* God for the China Inland Mission. I honestly believe that it is a great privilege to have anything to do with it; that no one can touch the work without themselves receiving blessing. I have never seen any such work, nor such workers. . . Those who have the direction

of the work are wonderfully taught of God, and like their Master. . .

"We are having a beautiful day for our journey, but we shall hardly reach Kao-iu to-night. It is only thirty-five miles from Yang-chau, but it is slow work being towed against the stream, and now they are poling which is still slower. . ."

KAO-IU,

Dec. 21, 1891.

" . . . It is rest, and not unrest that comes from Christ. I think in much of this teaching about consecration there is a danger of getting into a fog of unreality, while tremendously in earnest. I find I am obliged to fall back upon the simple fact that Christ is *my Saviour*. Again and again, I have been tossed about and perplexed with some of these questions, and I can only come to Him *as I am*.

"Behold me, Saviour, at Thy feet,
Deal with me as Thou seest meet;
Thy work begun, Thy work complete,
But take me as I am!"

"All love is of God. I like the R.V., 'We love, because He first loved us.' I have been thinking a good deal this week of this subject, for I am taking it with the women to-morrow evening in Chinese. 1 John iv. 7-11.

"My text this morning was Zech. viii. 13, 'So will I save you, and ye shall be a blessing; fear not, but let your hands be strong.' It dawned upon me the other day that when the Lord said 'Be strong,' it is in the same sense that He said, 'Let there be light, and there was light.' 'Be strong, yea, be strong; and when he had spoken I was strengthened.' 'Where the word of a king is there is power.' It is much more than a command. 'He spake, and it was done.' Perhaps we have been thinking when such words have been spoken to us, 'Be strong,' 'Be of good cheer,' etc., that it is something *we* have to do, but is it not rather the utterance of what *He* is doing? . . . 'He said unto the sea, Peace be still . . . and there was a great calm.' 'Be thou clean. And immediately the leprosy departed. . ."

"If people at home only realized what it means to be utterly hopeless in this world and the next: if they understood the awful, pressing *needs* of the heathen, surely they would wake up to do not 'a little,' but *all* they can; and for some that would mean a good deal. Have you read Mr. Horsburgh's *Do not say?* If not, be sure to get and read it, and distribute it. It is splendid, and very solemn too. . ."

After ten weeks at Kao-iu, a letter came one Saturday

evening from Mr. Taylor, asking me to go to Kuei-k'i, in the province of Kiang-si. I packed up all my possessions that night, and left at daybreak on Monday for Shanghai to join the Kiang-si party there.

"LIGHT AFTER DARKNESS, GAIN AFTER LOSS," 1892.

"O thou afflicted, tossed with tempest and not comforted, behold I will set thy stones in fair colours, and lay thy foundations with sapphires." (Isa. liv. 11).

"For the Lord hath comforted Zion; He hath comforted all her waste places, and hath made her wilderness like Eden, and her desert like the garden of the Lord;" (Isa. li. 3).

Another crisis had come. The promises quoted above are not for Israel only. They were blessedly fulfilled to us in Shanghai in March, 1892. Early in the year many of our China Inland Mission workers had entered into a deeper experience of the fulness of the Holy Spirit, and their shining faces told of a new joy and a new power in their lives. It is easy to use mistaken terms and thus to discredit the glorious truth of God. But rightly or wrongly expressed, certain tremendous facts remain.

God has given to us in Christ an almighty and perfect Saviour. One who is able to "save his people from their sins." But how sad a difference there is between God's provision and our experience. As one speaker said: "We do not like to put it into words, but is it not something like this? You have a powerful crane. It can lift tons with ease, and your load weighs but a few hundredweight. You do not question the power of the crane, yet, somehow, *you are not lifted.*" Ah, is there not a missing link? God has given to us the Holy Spirit that *HE may make Jesus Christ to us all that He is for us.* This is the specific work of the Spirit.

Our life in Christ begins when we accept Him as our Saviour, and are "born of the Spirit."

Abundance of life, the life of joy and victory, of power in service, depends on the measure in which we are "filled with the Spirit," and "led by the Spirit."

The Holy Spirit, it is true, dwells in every believer; but He must possess and control us fully if we are to know the fulness of salvation in Christ.

A wonderful Mission, with enduring results, was held in

Sydney (and other places) by the Rev. George Grubb and party in 1891-2.

Christians revived and set on fire through this mission went forth to win souls in every direction. My dear sister and her family entered into a new and glorious life of victory through the indwelling power of the Holy Spirit, and her eldest daughter, Kathleen, received a call from God to work amongst the S.S. Islanders in Queensland.

On Tuesday, March 8, a prayer-meeting was held at my sister's house which was continued until after midnight in earnest intercession for themselves, and especially for the absent one in far-off China. The *very next day* the Lord brought me into the same blessed experience. It is a good thing to keep a record of dates. "Whoso is wise and will observe these things even they shall understand the loving-kindness of the Lord."

Once a month the missionaries of all Protestant Societies in Shanghai met at the Union Church for united prayer, and it had been arranged that the special subject for March should be the "filling" of the Holy Spirit.

The Church was packed with an expectant throng. A veteran missionary of many years' service in China gave a learned and lengthy but barren discourse. Alas, there was nothing to satisfy aching and hungry hearts like mine. At the close the speaker apologized for taking the whole of the time on the ground of the importance of his subject, and proposed to close the meeting. Some one rose and said the subject *was* important, more important than any engagements. Could not the meeting be prolonged for prayer? A motion to continue for another *quarter of an hour* was actually put to the vote and carried! But during that quarter of an hour Mr. Walter Sloan spoke a few weighty words: "*There is a life of full satisfaction and joy and peace for those who are 'filled with the Spirit' and who 'walk in the Spirit.'*"

A deep hunger in many hearts was met when Mr. Evans offered the use of his Missionary Home for prayer. "You can come when you like, and stay as long as you like, for as many weeks as you like." As we left the church another veteran remarked that he did not like this haste and urgency. "Why not meet once a month and arrange for a series of addresses, etc.?" "Oh, no," replied a younger missionary;

"We don't want to hear addresses *about* the Holy Spirit. We want to *receive Him.*"

Mr. Sloan had been asked to lead the meetings, and a large company gathered at 7 p.m. There was not much teaching, not even many audible prayers, but longing, hungry souls silently crying to God, and waiting upon Him. It was 11 p.m. before we left, and for three weeks every night except the week-ends the meetings continued. The following letters tell of how God met and satisfied my heart and put "a new song in my mouth."

SHANGHAI,
March 10, 1892.

"O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together."

"For he that is mighty hath done to me great things."

"He hath filled the hungry with good things."

"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name."

"Three weeks ago I arrived in Shanghai expecting to leave for Kwei-k'i in a day or two, but the Lord has graciously kept me here to receive a blessing I have been hungering for all these seventeen years since I first knew Christ as my Saviour. . . .

"Every night this week we have had meetings to definitely seek the filling of the Holy Spirit; and last week there was much prayer that God would prepare our hearts for great blessing. I was hungry—scarcely knowing what my need was, but longing for rest and deliverance. One night I had some conversation with Mrs. Hudson Taylor, and as we prayed together, she asked me to say, 'Thou wilt, Lord,' after each petition. I could not do it. I came upstairs to face the question of my own unbelief. 'I came to Jesus as I was,' weary of self and of unbelief, and I asked the Holy Spirit to take possession of my whole heart; and by faith accepted His indwelling Presence. But the next day was not very satisfactory, and the following day still less so; and I was hungry still—restless.

"Then came the meetings on Monday and on Tuesday evening. I would have liked them to go on all night, for I was craving rest—trying to believe, and to persuade myself that I did believe. Then on Wednesday I had a little talk with Mr. Sloan, and he showed me several passages about our death to sin—God's testimony that we are crucified with Christ; that it is for us to accept the position God gives us, and by faith reckon ourselves to be dead indeed unto sin; and then he reminded me of how the Lord said to Jairus, 'Thy daughter is not dead. . . . And they laughed him to scorn, knowing that she was dead.'

"The Holy Spirit used that illustration to bring light to my soul; and as I thought upon it, the light grew brighter and clearer. I saw two mistakes that Jairus might have made, which I have been making all my life. He might have said, 'I can't believe the Lord's word, because I know she is dead; there she lies before us—dead.' Or he might have said, 'The Master's words must be true. He says she is not dead. I believe Him, so I will make her sit up.' He might have tried every kind of device to prove to himself and others that she was alive, and he would have been woefully disappointed. I have done just that over and over again: tried to make the Lord's words a fact, tried to believe they had been fulfilled, and all the time there was a dreadful sense that it was only make-believe. What a ghastly failure it would have been for poor Jairus to prop his child up, and persuade himself that she was alive. The Lord's words *were true*, blessedly true; but He who spoke the words, 'Who quickeneth the dead, and calleth those things that be not as though they were,' He only had the power to verify His word, to make that a fact in experience, which was already a fact because He said so. And so I take the place He has made possible by His own death. 'I am crucified with Christ,' 'dead to sin,' and, taking that place on the authority of God's Word, I look to Him alone to make that fact a literal reality in my daily life. I hand it over to Him. . . .

"There is no remedy for self, no way of deliverance, except in death. Oh! the rest that has come, the glorious possibility of self being utterly cast down, and Christ reigning. I have so shrunk from crucifixion. Now it seems the most blessed position—rest and victory, praise God! No words can express the difference. I feel like a new-born babe. All life is changed, the Bible is a new Book, the promises are real. The Holy Spirit has become to me a living, bright Reality. Oh, how could I grieve Him, and ignore His blessed work and Person for so many years? . . . As Mr. Taylor said last night, God has not merely given us a blessing—that would soon become stale; but He has given us the Blessor; and it is always the present tense; 'Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst.'

"Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness and for his wonderful works to the children of men."

"For he satisfieth the longing soul and filleth the hungry soul with goodness."

"O taste and see that the Lord is good, blessed is the man that trusteth in him."

KIU-KIANG,

March 22, 1892.

"To Mr. Taylor.

"This is only a note to tell you of the Lord's goodness thus

far. It is 'loving-kindness and tender mercies' every day. I don't know how to thank Him for all He is doing for me, for the new joy and rest—new life—He is giving. . . . I long for every one to know this blessed freedom. My heart is filled with sympathy for those who are burdened as I have been all these years and years. Oh, I never thought deliverance was possible. How it must grieve the tender heart of our Saviour that we do not understand the full salvation He has provided for us—the perfect provision for every need. The Holy Spirit has been given to reveal Christ to us in all His fulness, but because so many of God's children are not filled with the Spirit they remain in the condition of the disciples; 'I have yet many things to say unto you'—many things you need—'but ye cannot bear them now.'

"We read that absurd article in one of the Shanghai papers. It is a pity people cannot know how fully we members of the C.I.M. honour and trust our maligned Director. I would just like to say, what you well know we all feel, that from the bottom of my heart I thank God for the privilege of being a member of the China Inland Mission. The more I see of the principles of the Mission and the carrying out of those principles, the more convinced I am that they are of God. And just because we find God is honoured in all the arrangements, we have the fullest confidence in those who are guiding and directing the Mission. "The fire shall ever be burning upon the altar, it shall never go out."

Perhaps a word of warning is here needed. God deals in present tenses. "Thou anointest my head with oil." "I shall be anointed with fresh oil." The need cannot better be expressed than in the weighty words of the Rev. Charles Inwood:—

"Let me ask you to remember that there is no such thing as a once for all fulness (of the Spirit).

"It is a continuous appropriation of a continuous supply from Jesus Christ Himself:

"A moment by moment faith in a moment by moment Saviour for a moment by moment cleansing, and a moment by moment filling."

"As I trust Him, He fills me; so long as I trust Him, He fills me.

"The moment I begin to believe, that moment I begin to receive; and so long as I keep believing, praise the Lord, so long I keep receiving."

CHAPTER V.

INLAND CHINA, 1892.

AT Kiu-kiang a missionary is stationed to act as local Secretary for the province of Kiang-si. He transacts all business for the missionaries, and forwards letters, goods, and cash to the various stations.

The journey across the P'o-yang Lake and up the Kuang-sin river is made in covered boats. In some of these the bamboo roof is so low that travellers cannot stand upright. Miss M. J. Brown and I begged Mr. Rough to secure for us a good roomy boat, as we were to pick up seven Swedish sisters from the training home at Ta-ku-t'ang, and would then be a party of eleven.

Next day Mr. Rough triumphantly announced:

"I've got a big enough boat for you this time—a very large one, returning to Kuei-k'i."

An agreement was duly drawn up and signed. Then came a hitch. The owner had no money to clear the Customs. Would we be willing to advance enough money to meet this claim?

Oh, certainly, if our advisors approved.

The money was handed over. Another hitch.

The owner could not engage his crew without the usual *ting-ts'ien*—earnest money. Nor could he purchase food for the trip. He would give us a mortgage on the boat, and repay the loan on arrival at Kuei-k'i. It seemed a curious method of doing business, but we were assured that the agreement would be binding, and after all, the whole sum for the journey was only about four pounds.

This difficulty overcome, Miss Brown and I took chairs to go across country to Ta-ku-t'ang, while Miss Mackintosh, who was escorting our party, and Miss Eva Palmer went round in the boat with our baggage.

It was a beautiful journey over the hills to Ta-ku-t'ang. Here at the head of the P'o-yang Lake was an auxiliary Training Home opened specially to receive large parties of Associate Swedish workers from America. Miss McFarlane



HOME OF SALT-WATER MEN, MALAITA.
See p. 147.



A TYPICAL HEATHEN.
Note ornaments, bead belt, canoes and fish-net.

and Miss Anna Lang were in charge ; and we had a very happy visit to them.

TA-KU-T'ANG,
April 1st, 1892.

E. M. D.

" . . . Miss Brown and I came across from Kiu-kiang by chairs to Ta-ku-t'ang nine days ago. We brought nothing with us, save necessaries for one night, thinking the rest of our party would arrive by boat the next day. However, here we are still, and they are waiting at Hu'k'eo, only ten miles distant ; delayed by contrary winds. To-day is glorious, the mountains looking so lovely, and the air so fresh and clear after yesterday's heavy rain. There is sunshine and beauty without, and, praise God ! it is a picture of the sunshine within. Daily I am learning more of the glad reality of the full salvation in Christ which the Holy Spirit is revealing to me. . . My heart is just full of gladness and singing. He has taken all the 'ifs' out of my life. . . The blessed Holy Spirit is taking of the things of Jesus Christ and revealing Him to me as I never knew Him before. Making Him to be *to me* what He is for me. Of course, we are only beginning to learn the depths and heights of the love which 'passeth knowledge.' But it is so different ; I feel just like a bird that has been beating against the bars of its cage, ever and anon making frantic struggles to get out ; and now—soaring up in the perfect freedom of the sunlight of heaven. 'For the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death.' Rom. viii. 2.

" We have had such a good time here. . . Several of the Swedish sisters are rejoicing in the fulness of the Spirit. It is so sweet to see their bright faces, and hear them praying, for this had been a stumbling block to them. Not knowing much English, they shrank from opening their lips either in prayer or testimony, and with each one God seemed to make confession the test. When they confessed, He filled them with 'joy in the Holy Ghost.' We have all found the need of confession. 'With the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation.' 'Let the redeemed of the Lord *say* so, whom he hath redeemed from the hand of the enemy' . . ."

Day after day passed, and where was our boat ? It was only about thirty miles by water from Kiu-Kiang to Ta-ku-t'ang, but they did not arrive for twelve days. Our fine boat was big certainly, but it had no ballast, and could not tack at all, so nothing but a fair wind was of any avail. A light wind would not move her, and a strong wind blew her

over. And at every turn of the river they had to wait for a change of wind.

However they arrived at last. We all went aboard, and next morning started off with a beautiful wind. The first day we made fine progress, and thought our delays were ended. Alas! the hope was premature. We struck a sand-bank, and stayed there for a week.

A fresh start was made, and then we were almost wrecked in a storm. When we reached the southern end of the Lake another difficulty arose. At the entrance to the Kuang-sin River is the anti-foreign city of Shui-hong where it was unsafe for us to land or to be seen. After we had anchored for the night, the boatman came with a sad tale. His men *refused* to go beyond Shui-hong—what *could* he do? Our sympathy was somewhat restrained by the fact that he owed us twelve dollars! Needless to say, in spite of many protestations we never saw him again.

Three small boats were secured; and our party was secretly and hurriedly transferred to these in the night. In addition to our own belongings we were carrying stores for the stations, and had over 100 cases, so it was a tight pack. Another six days brought us to my destination at Kuei-k'i, the rest of the party going further up the river.

The work on the Kuang-sin river is unique. It is carried on by single ladies, assisted by Chinese pastors and evangelists. This combination has proved peculiarly effective. It gives the Chinese workers fuller scope and responsibility; and yet provides the oversight, teaching and direction which is so necessary. The plan was initiated at Yüh-shan under Miss Mackintosh, and Ho'k'eo under Miss Gibson. A little later Miss Marchbank succeeded Miss Annie Say at Kuei-k'i. Work on the same lines was afterwards established at An-ren, Ih-iang, Kuang-feng, Kuang-sin Fu and other places. In all these centres many converts were gained. Vigorous native churches were formed; schools opened for boys and for girls; a home for old women at Kuei-k'i; and in the country districts many out-stations were opened.

To this successful, but strenuous work, I came in April, 1892. Besides Miss Marchbank, there were, Miss R. Power, Miss K. Fleming, Miss Bavin, and two Swedish sisters

designated for Shang-ts'ing. Misses Fleming and Bavin and I were studying for our first examination in the language, which left little time or strength for anything else.

KUEI-K'I, 1892

Home letters give some insight into the inner life of those eight months at Kuei-k'i:

KUEI-K'I,
April 25, 1892.

E. B. D.

"... Here I am at last, in my own room at Kuei-k'i; and after studying all day (the first time for ten weeks) I am now free to write to you. . . I do so rejoice with you in the showers of blessing you are having. And the same God is mighty to save in China and in Queensland. . .

"This is a roomy and large house, but Chinese houses are not airy. The people sleep outside in hot weather, and do not depend on windows for ventilation, but we are obliged to sleep upstairs on account of malaria. . . The people come in and out very freely, for we are right on the street, and being a Chinese house, there is nothing to scare them. Kuei-k'i is an old station. I think it has been open for fourteen years, and there is a great deal of work in the villages. . ."

July 20, 1892.

"... I could not finish this on Monday, for I was so longing for your letters, and thought they must surely come before the next post left. However, another mail day has come, and still no letters. The last few days have been a continual fight. It has been very, very hot, and the devil has been busy. I think whenever we definitely make our boast in the Lord, the devil takes up the challenge, and tries to make us falsify our testimony. But 'thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!' His Word stands firm, and we rest there, and not on our own feelings or experience. I wanted to realize the Lord's presence, as it were to see His face, all the day: for His presence satisfies, does really satisfy. It is only when we cannot see Him that other things touch and hurt us. I think He is testing us to see if we can be quite content and happy without our letters and I cannot bear to disappoint Him. Yet all the time one's heart is just longing for them. Dear Edna said she felt as if she could not bear it any longer; and this morning she went away to tell the Lord about it, and He gave her this word, 'I am with you, isn't that enough?' It just

touched her heart, and when we remember His tender love, it seems dreadful to wound Him. *Daily Light*, for July 20, is my portion. 'We *will* offer the sacrifice of praise to God continually.' 'Although . . . yet *I will* rejoice in the Lord' . . .

" . . . I have not been outside the door for eight days, and am going with Miss Marchbank at 6 a.m. to-morrow for a walk. It is too hot later, and unhealthy in the evening, but I am sure we need to get out more. We get no fresh air, and are so shut in that it is depressing. Only it is not always easy to go out. Sometimes it is raining, and other days we can't get a companion, and sometimes we are too tired, etc. . . The temperature has been 95° by day, and 92° by night since Monday; and not a breath of wind."

August 12, 1892.

" . . . There is a great deal of sickness amongst the people, and so many deaths. Every night we hear the wailing for the dead, and the people calling the spirits of those who are sick. It is supposed that a sick person has lost a spirit which cannot find it's way back. So the friends make journeys in different directions calling, calling the spirit to lead it home. It is so sad to hear them, and the hopeless bitter wailing for the dead. And that cry is going up from every city in China. God hears. Oh! that the cry may reach those who have the Gospel entrusted to their charge. Death is a fearfully hopeless thing to the heathen; no comfort, no hope. I went into the city temple the other day. It is dreadful. On either side are painted numbers of figures undergoing the most fearful tortures. Their faces contorted and drawn. Fiendish looking figures applying every kind of torture. . .

"Those thoughts you sent me on Matthew xiv, 'It is I' have been a great comfort to me. They are lovely. To have all the 'its' turned into 'Him.'

"It is strange how one can read a passage hundreds of times, and then see it illuminated by fresh light. . .

"Our superintendent, Mr. Orr Ewing, suddenly made his appearance last Saturday, having walked from Kiu-kiang . . . It was refreshing to have him here. His Bible readings are most helpful, and he is so kind and thoughtful. We each had an interview with him, and he told me he thought it would be well for me to go out to a village for a week at a time with a Christian woman; that there was nothing like being alone amongst the Chinese for learning the language, and I am sure this is true.

"You cannot realize how helpless one feels sometimes. The country *patois* is so different from Mandarin. It is only the Lord Himself who can keep us from discouragement, for the diffi-

culties are great. . . I did a little too much yesterday, I suppose. You cannot go beyond a certain point in China, just like a clock that suddenly runs down and stops, and won't give another tick without re-winding. . .

"Oh trust thyself to Jesus
When thou art *wearied* sore,
When head or hand *refuses*
To *think*, or labour more;
Then is the hour for resting
In His sweet love for thee;
Then is the hour for singing
He thinks, He prays for me."

KI-KIA,
October, 1892.

"I am thy shield and thy exceeding great reward."
"The Lord is the portion of mine inheritance."

"It is the Lord himself, not His gifts and not His work, but He Himself, and so we may follow on and count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus our Lord.

"To-day is to me a new experience in China, for I have come out for ten days with Mrs. Hong to a village 25 *li* (8 or 9 miles) from Kuei-k'i. We had a very pleasant barrow-ride. It was a great pleasure to be out of doors in the fresh air, to see the hills and the country sights, and enjoy the fragrance of flowers and trees.

"We arrived here about 3 p.m. and were hungry enough to enjoy a real Chinese meal, consisting of rice, a little stewed melon, and some salted vegetables. If you could only see our dining room! Really it is a funny sight. I am quite one of the family here, and they all come—the old grandmother, the daughters and their children, and a son-in-law, etc., and we are all fishing with our chopsticks from the same basins in which are peculiar looking concoctions! Then the fowls are running about under our feet to pick up anything thrown down. Of course, the floor is earthen and very uneven, the walls are mud, and the tiled roof blackened with smoke. On one side, across a narrow passage, is the pig-sty, and on the other the kitchen; next to that is our bedroom.

"They cleared out the rubbish for Mrs. Hong and me, and there is a big wooden bedstead on which they put some clean straw with our *pukais* on top, so we are very comfortable. We tried the *leo-shang* (attic) over the *t'ang*, but were afraid to venture, for it was so very shaky and none of the boards nailed, and it seemed doubtful if they would bear our weight.

"These country houses are really more like mud-built stables

than anything else. It is curious how different things are, viewed from different stand-points. While we are feeling thankful for our good fortune, and comparing it most favourably with what might be, I suppose the poorest people at home would think it miserable.

"We have had a good time so far, the people seem to understand and are very bright; Mrs. Ki was very hearty in her welcome, though I could not understand her well, she speaks so fast and so loud, dear woman" . . .

To a friend who had offered to the C.I.M.

" . . . I have been thinking of you so much since I heard that you had offered again for China, and praying that the Lord will guide. 'His way is perfect,' so, however this matter is decided, we will rest about it. . . If you knew what an awful thing it would be to be in China without His choice, you would thank Him from the bottom of your heart for His interposition where it is not His will. And if you are coming, you can rest just as certainly; but you will need to rest in Him. Nothing short of His all-sufficiency will sustain you, for I tell you, flesh and heart will fail, but it does not matter if they do, for 'God is the strength of our heart,' 'And they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength . . . they shall walk and not faint.' But, 'I had fainted unless I had believed.'

"That is one side. It is very real. So real that I would not dare to lift a finger to persuade any one to come to China—so real that my very heart cries out for those I love; 'Lord, choose Thou. Thou knowest; they are Thine, let Thy will be done.' And then there is the other side. 'Whosoever will lose his life for my sake, the same shall save it.' We let go one thing after another, the strings that have twined so closely and bound us to earthly treasures are loosened. Our hopes and plans and expectations perhaps unrealized, and we have—Christ. It is all in that one word, and all we need. But HE must be to us more than His gifts, more than His work, more than success, more than our own plans or will. And we know He is worth ten thousand times more than all we can lay at His feet. He does sustain. He does satisfy. He has promised 'an hundred-fold,' and He keeps His word. So the more you have to give up, the more you have to receive.

"I write this to you, —, because I want you to come fully equipped, as you may if you choose. God does not want us to lack anything. He has given us Christ, and in Him 'all things,' and He gives to all who are willing to receive Him, the Holy Spirit in His fulness to dwell in them, and to reveal Jesus Christ, to make Christ to us all that He is for us. That wondrous prayer

in Eph. iii. 16-21 all hangs on the first clause; 'that He would grant you . . . to be strengthened with might by His Spirit in the inner man.' The rest all follows as the result of the indwelling fulness of the blessed Holy Spirit. . .

"The first six months in the mission field is often a time of great trial. The devil tempts in unexpected ways, and perhaps for those who are not very young there are special trials. Does this seem a sad view of missionary life? I do not mean it as such, but I think you often hear only the bright side, and there is a very bright side, and all the cost has a still brighter side. *It is for Him.* 'I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us.' 'For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.' I do thank the Lord for all the way He has led me.

"We'll praise Him for all that is past,
And trust Him for all that's to come."

SHANG-TS'ING, 1893.

In January, 1893, Mr. Orr-Ewing paid another visit to our river. Shang-ts'ing was again vacant. The two Swedish sisters had contracted malarial fever so severely that they had to be sent to the coast. Who was to take their place? We did not talk about it, but we knew the choice lay between three of us, and I, for one, confess to many "searchings of heart." Why must Shang-ts'ing be occupied? It was certainly a strategic point. The headquarters of Taoism—practically devil-worship—for the whole of China. But every worker, both native and foreign, had become saturated with malaria, and one after another broke down. Were there not thousands of equally needy towns and cities which could be worked with less risk of losing one's health?

Sunday evening came, and a little company met together for a Communion service in English, a rare privilege. Mr. Orr-Ewing's message was from John xii. 24-28, "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die it bringeth forth much fruit, etc." The Master Himself stood in our midst. "He that loveth his life shall lose it . . . if any man serve me, let him follow me; and where I am, there shall also my servant be." Every word meant—Shang-ts'ing—to me, and all doubt and hesitation departed.

An interview with Mr. Orr-Ewing followed. "What about Shang-ts'ing?" With glad assurance I could reply, "Ah! I knew you would ask that. The Lord has been saying that to me all the evening." So it was settled. There was no companion available. Miss Bavin was not strong, and Miss Fleming was needed at Kuei-k'i. People sometimes object to missionaries being alone amongst the heathen. It was the Lord's method, they say, to send His disciples "two and two." "Two are better than one." Just so. But what are you to do, *if one of the "two" stays at home?*

A few days later Miss Marchbank escorted me to my new home. Shang-ts'ing is a long day's journey by wheelbarrow from Kuei-k'i. In spring time and summer a lovely journey. The path leads over hills ablaze with red azaleas. Honey-suckle and wild roses scent the air; and ferns and mosses luxuriate in cool nooks beside streams hurrying over their stony beds to empty themselves into a clear and sparkling river. A certain high hill forms the dividing ridge, and for the last ten *li* the track descends a valley terraced and irrigated for rice-fields which gradually widens out to the city of Shang-ts'ing on the banks of a river. There are hundreds of temples, and scarcely a single house in the city in which the devil is not daily worshipped.

Our mission premises were outside the city. The household consisted of a young evangelist and his wife; a dear little Biblewoman, over seventy years of age, frail and nearly blind from past tears, but loving and faithful to the core; an equally faithful woman servant; and her son as barrowman. My instructions were to push on with study of the language in order to take the second examination as soon as possible. I had plenty of practice in the use of my small stock of Chinese, for there was not one person within a long day's journey who could understand or speak a syllable of English.

The first Sunday after my arrival at Kuei-k'i eight months previously, a large company gathered for the afternoon meeting. Without warning Miss Marchbank called upon me to give my "testimony." I had never done such a thing in English, but in Chinese! However, we had learned an unwritten law—never to refuse to do what was asked. So I did my best. A very poor best it must have

been, for the people all *laughed*. This was bad enough, but worse was to follow. Probably Miss Marchbank did not realize that my time of study had been broken into by nursing and journeys. I had only had five months' study of the language. Be that as it may, when the company knelt for prayer, to my dismay, Miss Marchbank asked me in Chinese to pray. I knew what her words meant; but surely I must be mistaken. The Biblewoman kneeling alongside touched me, "Ma Kiao-sī ts'ing liao ni tso-tao-kao," "Ma Kiao-sī asked you to pray." I did pray, and they laughed again. Oh, how humiliated I felt. But that evening one of the Bible women, dear Mrs. Hong, with loving words tried to comfort me: "Let your heart rest. If you eat our rice, you will soon speak our words." Then she asked if I would like her to pray with me, and every night she came hobbling up to my bedroom on her tiny feet, and we prayed together.

When I went to Shang-ts'ing the evangelist always asked me to pray at the daily morning service. It is peculiarly difficult for a new-comer to pray in Chinese. For one thing the use of pronouns is irreverent. I have known missionaries with far more knowledge and fluency in the language than I possessed, who yet found prayer a difficulty. But like everything else, prayer comes by practice. It soon became easier to me to pray in Chinese than to talk. Sometimes I did not know whether I was praying in Chinese or in English. And what a help and blessing this became later. For the very best way to deal with perplexities and problems is to *pray* with the people.

The French saying is so true, *C'est le premier pas qui coute*, and I often thanked God for that first step at Kuei-k'i.

The evangelist, Chen-ping, took the morning service each day, to which passers-by would often come. In the evening I gathered the household in my tiny attic study; and together, with great delight, we studied the book of Joshua.

I had expected sickness and trial. I thought the Lord was asking me to lay down—health. *But I never had one touch of fever* in the five months I spent at Shang-ts'ing. And oh, the joy the Lord gave. It was, I think, the happiest five months in my whole life.

Pearls from the Pacific

LETTERS, 1893.

SHANG-TS'ING,
Jan. 14, 1893.

C. E. Y.

"It is three weeks to-morrow since I came out to Shang-ts'ing, and I am so happy here—not one bit lonely. Is it not always so? God's will is so much better than ours. I dreaded coming to Shang-ts'ing, i.e., before it came to the point . . . and the Lord just 'meant it for good.'

"O Will that willest good alone,
Lead Thou the way, Thou guidest best.
A little child I follow on,
And trusting, lean upon Thy breast."

"Since Saturday we have had a heavy fall of snow. All Sunday it was snowing fast and everything looks lovely to-day, but oh! it is cold. Everything is frozen. . . The only substitute for fires here is a *ho-chong*, which is really a great comfort. They put red-hot cinders in it with ashes on the top, and then use it as a footstool, and with a rug round you it is very comfortable. . ."

SHANG-TS'ING.
Jan. 18, 1893.

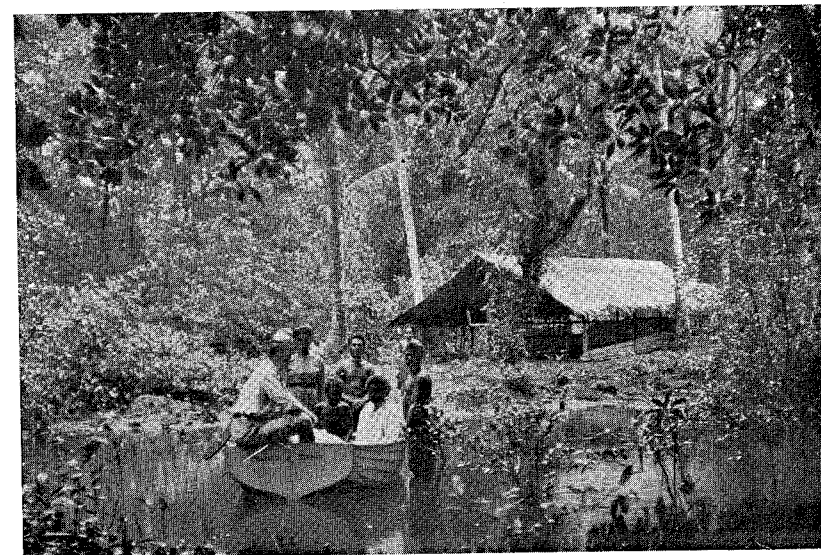
To a nephew.

" . . . You are all growing up so fast. When I come back on furlough, I shall be quite shy of my big nephews. I suppose you will be leaving the Grammar School soon, and I wonder what the next step will be. It is a good thing to make no false steps—to start life fairly, and run straight to the goal. I fancy you are like your pigeons. Don't they whirl round at first before settling on the straight course? I think I have read somewhere that they fly round and round for a few minutes and then fly straight as an arrow to their destination. Anyhow, the sooner we settle to our straight course the better, and that is, always, in everything, everywhere to please God—to do His will, to yield ourselves utterly to Him. And oh! what a life of gladness and success this secures. Dear old —, may God teach you Himself. Other people may talk, but He can make you know for yourself that it is not just talk, but downright fact.

"We must each one find out for ourselves and each one must choose what we will do with our lives. You are at the threshold of yours, and these next few years are tremendously important. They are moulding your whole future life and character. You must reap what you sow. Even as Christians we cannot undo the past. For instance, if you are careless, and waste your time and opportunities now, you must suffer for it.



BOY CLIMBING COCONUT AT ONE PUSU.



UP A MANGROVE CREEK, S. MALAITA.

The habits we form stick to us, and bad habits give no end of trouble. On the other hand seed can be sown which will bear good fruit right through life. Form the habit of seeking God, of living in His Presence, searching His Word, very simply and literally obeying Him, and just as simply and freely speaking for Him, and it will lead on to *good* things.

"I wonder whether any of you will come to China. Don't come unless the Lord sends you, but He wants labourers here, and I think He often looks in vain for those whom He can send, because so few are willing to go. I should not like to be anywhere else but just where I am, and that is at a place called Shang-ts'ing, seventy-five *li* from Kuei-k'i (about twenty-five miles). It does not sound far, does it? But you try wheeling Olive on a wheel-barrow over hills, and sand, and stones, and slippery places for twenty-five miles, and you will conclude that it is a good day's journey. There is no post here, and my only link with the outside world is a messenger whom Miss March-bank sends out once a week or ten days with letters and bread and anything I send for. I sometimes try to imagine what I should have thought of being alone like this before I left home. I am sure I could not have imagined being so perfectly happy and peaceful. It is nice to know that God has this little household under His protection. We are here for Him, and with Him, and He cares for us day by day."

SHANG-TS'ING,

Jan. 27, 1893.

E. M. D.

"He shall not fail nor be discouraged."

"I will not leave thee, until I have done that which I have spoken to thee of."

"I do love that verse in Genesis xxviii. Put with it 1 Chron. xvii. 23, 25-27, R.V.; Ruth iii. 18; Phil. iv. 6; Ps. cxxxviii, 8; Num. xxiii, 19; Josh. xxiii. 14 and Matt xxiv, 35, etc. It is so good to know that we are in His hands. How much He had to do for Jacob, but He never gave him up. And the God of Jacob is our God. Hallelujah!... We are so quick to be discouraged with ourselves and others. Remember, darling, all discouragement—every bit—is from the devil. So whenever he uses that fiery dart, just hold up the shield of faith. As long as we have a mighty Saviour who 'shall not fail nor be discouraged' *we* need not be discouraged. I was much struck the other night with something Andrew Murray says about faith, in *The Spirit of Christ*. Look at page 266—'taking God at His word.' 'Faith takes God at His word.' Too often we take God's word, and try by our faith or our efforts to fulfil it, but

we must take GOD—the living mighty God—‘It is God must do it all with a divine doing.’ And He will. What Andrew Murray says of the danger of attempting to carry on in the flesh what has been begun in the Spirit is so true. This is no doubt the reason we come short of the glorious purpose and will of God concerning us, the divine possibilities for those who ‘walk in the Spirit’ . . .

“Shang-ts’ing is just fit for God’s divine power to be manifested. As one comes more in contact with the people one finds how utterly they are entangled in the meshes of sin, and their thoughts are ‘of the earth, earthy.’ The love of money in China is the curse of the nation—engrained into them, and there is so much poverty, that it is not strange.

“ . . . It is eight weeks since I had a letter from —, my only dependable correspondent in Queensland, and I am hungry for letters, but it is good to find how the Lord can satisfy our hearts, and keep us resting and content without things we are yet longing for. The love for all at home does not lessen, though the gap there closes up, and the Lord understands just what it means to accept that. But,

“Thou hast made Thyself to me
A living bright reality.
More dear, more intimately nigh,
Than e’en the sweetest earthly tie.”

And we are glad to break the alabaster box, and pour out for Him the costly ointment. We don’t want to offer Him our burnt offerings without cost.

“How good He is! I do love being here. Every day one has fresh opportunities of proving His loving-kindness—and every night too. I don’t mind telling you that it is only by His keeping that I am kept night by night in perfect peace. He is literally fulfilling the promise in Prov. i. 33, ‘Whoso hearkeneth unto me shall dwell safely, and shall be *quiet from fear* of evil.’ I do not know that there is anything to be afraid of. There might be many dangers, besides the unreasoning fears of darkness which you can understand. I do not have to fight any such thing, and I do thank Him for this. One night a thief broke into the back yard and began making a hole near the back door (the wall is only mud). But Siao mu-mu’s dog was sleeping inside, and his furious barks drove the man away.”

SHANG-TS’ING,
Jan. 28, 1893.

E. B. D.

“I know you will be glad to hear how the Lord is satisfying me with favour here. I am just as happy as I can be, and have not once been the least bit lonely, praise the Lord! It is very

nice having a little home of one’s own for a time, and the evangelist, Chen-ping, is a comfort. He is so simple and humble, and I think the Lord is leading him on. To-day is snowing fast. I have to look out every now and then, it is so beautiful. There is a tree I see from the window, every twig hanging with icicles. I have also had to leave my writing to make scones. No messenger has come from Kuei-k’i for ten days so I am out of bread, but I have made two batches of very nice scones which will last till Monday. Of course we have no foreign flour or milk, and the oven requires management. It is just a kerosene-tin set at the side of the fire-place. We put red-hot charcoal inside, and coax the fire at the side to give its heat to the oven, and it answers very well. . .

“I can well understand how matters are between Mr. — and the others, and I do not think anything but God’s power can put them right. ‘The love of God which is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost’ is needed to draw them together and make them one. ‘There is nothing too hard for the Lord,’ and it is His work, so I am not going to be anxious.

“A man came in this afternoon from Kuei-k’i. No letters again. They must be delayed somewhere on the way. Praise the Lord, He satisfies. He wants us to prove this is true, and it would be no proof if we did not want our letters. We do want them, and we are quite happy without them. It is sweet to find that He is sufficient and is fulfilling His word day by day.”

March 7, 1893.

“ . . . How wonderful it is that the Lord does really love us. I think Satan knows the power of that constraining love and so he tries very hard to give us a bad conscience, that we may not be free to live in the sunshine of unclouded fellowship with our Beloved. One cannot but feel that He must see so much that grieves Him. This past year has not been all it might have been. And yet it is a good land the Lord our God has brought us into. Your letter is so precious. I like that very much; ‘Go your way—he goeth before you—there shall ye see him.’ . . . Do pray much for more workers to be chosen of God, and sent to the Northern plantations. . . The time is short, and the Lord has so manifestly owned the work in Bundaberg, that I am sure He will do the same if we go forward. I know there are many difficulties, but not nearly so many as when the Kanaka Mission was begun. . .”

SHANG-TS’ING,
April 8, 1893.

C. E. Y.

“ . . . We have been praying for a long time that God would

extend the work amongst the Kanakas. It must be His will that the Gospel should be preached to the 'Boys' in other centres as well as in Bundaberg. . . . I want you to send one (or two) workers up North. I know this is easier said than done. Funds are the very smallest part of the need. God has never failed us yet, and He will continue to supply *all* our need. He can choose and fit and send labourers whom He can use, and He will. . . . If you take up this work in dependence on Him He will not fail you. Only don't take one step without Him.

"Without me ye can do nothing."

"With God all things are possible."

We are called to be God's fellow workers, 'Working together with him' (R.V.). It is such wonderful grace,—undeserved favour—as Paul says in Eph. iii. 8."

SHANG-TS'ING,

April 21, 1893.

E. B. D.

"It is better to trust."

"Let not your heart be troubled."

"I am glad your dear letter of March 13th came to-day, for being Friday I have finished study for the week, and can write to you at once, which is much nicer than waiting, or writing when one is tired out. I was tired out to-day, for I have been studying very hard, and yesterday and to-day could only keep on by sheer force till this afternoon at four o'clock, when I gave it up and went for a walk, hoping the fresh air on the hills would clear my brain. It was lovely, just as the day you wrote, 'Clear shining after rain,' and the fresh spring foliage and beautiful hills, and the river, and green grass and flowers all were as food and medicine. I love beautiful scenery. Do you remember how our mother used to say it soothed and rested her more than anything? I feel just the same. I like to sit and just drink it in, and it always refreshes me. I do hope the people will not take alarm at my walks on the hills. I get out of sight as quickly as possible, for it is such an extraordinary thing to the Chinese that any one should go for a walk at all, that they invent absurd reasons to account for our doing so. . . .

"Shang-ts'ing is really a hard place. One after another of whom we have been hopeful, turn back, and so far there are no outward signs of any real success. Of course I have not been able to do much direct work. Knowing little of the language, and with this examination to prepare for, it seems best to study first, and by-and-by to give more time to visiting the people. . . .

"I have had such a happy time here that I shall be very glad

to stay if it is God's will. He is keeping me in perfect health, which the natives declare is a proof that He wants me here. This spring weather is a better test than the winter. Last week we had some very hot days, with a temperature of 92° in my room. . . .

"I can follow you fully in your last letter. Oh, E——, it is true; having once tasted what it is to be led of the Spirit, we cannot do without abiding communion. Just lately it has seemed that one could only cry, 'Deliver me, save me from the snare of the fowler.' As if somehow, or by some means, the devil was binding his snares and cords round one just like a spider does; and as if one were powerless to escape. 'Mine eyes are ever toward the Lord, for he shall pluck my feet out of the net.' And to-day's Psalm says, 'For he spake and it was done.' We are fearfully helpless apart from Him, and it is a bitter thing to be left to oneself, which in a sense we are when the Spirit is grieved. Not forsaken, for God is faithful, 'He cannot deny himself,' and nothing, not even our own foolishness or failure can separate us from the love of God. There is a constant danger of living on the memory of past blessing and communion. It is the living touch day by day; divine life in us and flowing out of us that is needed. Not truth rightly held about the indwelling Holy Spirit, but the Spirit Himself in possession, ruling and working in us. . . .

"It is manifestly of the Lord that K—— is at Fairymead. He does not mean His work to suffer, and she is doing more than I would. Fancy 115 on the daily class roll. . . ."

SHANG-TS'ING,

May, 1893.

K.D.

" . . . You are the answer to many prayers darling. I am thankful the Lord has put you into His vineyard in Queensland. You know never for a moment have I thought work in China more important than the work in Bundaberg. The souls there are just as precious, and in some ways you have a wider field, and greater results—far-reaching results too. We may be only able to reach twos and threes where you get hundreds, and the Boys are heathen as much as the Chinese. The Master's command for them is every bit as binding as for China. But for each of us it is a simple matter of obedience. If the Lord wants me in China, and no one else does, I choose the place of His choice. Not where we can do most, but where He appoints. . . .

"K——, darling, don't you think you upbraid yourself when the Lord doesn't? We have put everything into His hands, and He is doing His work, though sometimes we do not see it. Satan

is the great accuser, and he tries to make God's children share his work, not only by picking holes in others, but even in themselves. It may not be a temptation to some people, but I believe it is to me, and perhaps to you. You see when the devil brings these wholesale accusations against us, we are tempted to be cast down and discouraged; our communion with our Master is hindered, and He loses the praise He ought to get. The remedy is to turn from self to the Lord. If I am a failure, well then, all the more room is there for Christ to triumph and show His all-sufficiency. The Lord gave me a message of comfort in Leviticus xxvii. this morning, 'If he be poorer than thy estimation, then he shall present himself before the priest, and the priest shall value him; according to the ability of him who vows shall the priest value him.' That just fits me. Our Priest will set His own value upon us, and had we not better let Him do it instead of other people or ourselves? And, K——, He values us very highly. We are worth a great deal to Him, 'His peculiar treasure.' And the dear Lord makes no mistakes. He does not find fault with the bud because it is not a flower; nor the promise of fruit because it is not ripe in a day. I suppose when His work is finished in us He will gather the fruit, but meantime we may be well pleasing to Him—a healthy, fruitful tree, though there is still pruning and training and staking needed. Remember 'My Father is the Husbandman.' 'Ye are God's husbandry,' or, 'God's tilled land.' Have confidence in Him, and believe that He will do—nay more—*is doing*, what He has promised. What He has undertaken, He is well able to accomplish. Have faith in—not the reality of your surrender, not in your own faith, but in GOD. . . . Just tell the devil he is a liar, as he is. Christ is your Advocate, let Him answer the taunts of the accuser."

HO-K'EO, 1893-1894.

And now came another change. Looking back, it is easy to see why God gave me such a varied experience in China. China was God's training-school for an unimagined future sphere of service. It was this varied experience, and the lessons learned in the China Inland Mission which, later on, made possible that for which God was thus preparing His child.

I was singularly blessed in the native helpers at Shang-tsing. Nothing could exceed their loving and faithful service. When the hot weather came, and appetite failed, dear Mrs. Fan would stand hobbling on her poor deformed



ON A CHINESE WHEELBARROW.
See page 61.

little feet behind my chair right through a meal, fanning me and exhorting me to eat.

The barrow-man, T'ong-li, was Mrs. Fan's son. He did not profess to be a Christian; but he was most grateful for special teaching given to him. On a certain Monday I sent him to Kuei-K'i for a supply of bread, etc. He found Mr. Orr-Ewing had arrived, and Miss Marchbank was sending a message that night to ask me to come in the next day. T'ong-li immediately declared he would go back himself and bring me in. Miss Marchbank naturally objected. "You have already walked seventy-five *li*" (twenty-five English miles). T'ong-li insisted. He would not allow any one else to *t'ui long kiao-si*, they would not be careful enough in choosing the smoothest tracks. Miss Marchbank hired another man, but T'ong-li accompanied him. They arrived at 4 a.m. in pouring rain. We tried to hire a chair, but the bearers would not face the torrents of rain, nor could another barrow-man be secured. Mrs. Fan came to me. "T'ong-li wants to wheel you. He says no one else is to take you." To all my protestations, she answered, "He is young and strong; he *wants* to go; he does not want any one else to wheel you." He had walked twenty-five miles on Monday, and twenty-five miles on Monday night, and now, to save me some extra jolting, he was determined to wheel me another twenty-five miles on Tuesday. And he did it too. We set off at 6 a.m. with T'ong-li wheeling, and the Kuei-k'i messenger towing the barrow. We were soaked through and through, and found the Kuang-sin river in flood. It took us an hour to cross the river, and I think we were the last passengers before the ferry-boat stopped.

The language examination (second section) was over, and I looked forward to more direct work at Shang-ts'ing, but the following letter tells of the call to Ho-k'eo. The story is continued in further extracts from letters.

KUEI-K'I,
June 2, 1893.

E.B.D.

"When he putteth forth his own sheep he goeth before."
"My presence shall go with thee."

"I wrote to you last from Shang-ts'ing and came in this week to see Mr. Orr Ewing, quite expecting instructions to stay on

there permanently, but the Lord is leading in another direction. . . . It seemed a big step to go alone to Shang-ts'ing, but now Mr. Orr Ewing wants me to take charge of the work at Ho-k'eo while Miss Gibson goes to Japan. There is a large church at Ho-k'eo and four out-stations—a particularly difficult post for many reasons. If I did not think it was the Lord's choice, I should say it was impossible. . . . Miss Gibson is the best Chinese speaker in the Province, and perfect in etiquette, etc. . . . But the Lord can use an earthen vessel, and a weak and stammering tongue. Do pray for the anointing of the Holy Spirit for this special service. I have no fear as to His sufficiency, only lest one should fail to lay hold of that sufficiency. . . . One never knows what a day may bring forth, but 'Thy servants are ready to do whatsoever my Lord the King shall appoint.' There is no need to look at the mountains of difficulty. I am just putting my hand in His. If He leads me to Ho-k'eo, then He Himself must do the work there, for He knows I cannot. It is easy for people at home to assent to this teaching theoretically, but can you realize the helplessness of one who *cannot understand*, and *cannot say* what is needed?"

HO-K'EO,
June 16, 1893.

E. B. D.

" . . . These changes are not easy. . . . I did not feel the least bit lonely in going to Shang-ts'ing, but it is different here.

" Ho-k'eo is two days' journey from Kuei-k'i by barrow. . . . The house is right on the river bank, and the front rooms very airy, the back ones the reverse. The view of the opposite shore is not half so pretty as at Kuei-k'i as the rocks are rounded, nearly bare, and a dull colour, and they shut out the view of the mountains. But the breeze is delightful. . . . Miss Gould has gone to see her brother at Kiu-kiang. Miss Morrow is the only other English sister here, a Bible woman for many years in Glasgow.

" I have not a bedroom yet, and my luggage is to come by boat next week. A verse from yesterday's chapter has been coming to me all day, 'The King also himself passed over the brook Kedron,' taken as typical of John xviii. 1, 'He went forth with his disciples over the brook Kedron'—to Gethsemane. If we are to follow our Master, there must be the fellowship of His sufferings. And in all times of trial and sorrow, in untried paths, *we* may not have passed this way before, but He has, and so He understands, and still goes 'forth with his disciples.'"

[Written in an unused room, sitting on the floor by the window, looking across the river to the opposite side. The house being

rather in confusion from a heavy flood in the river a fortnight before.]

July 3, 1893.

"He faileth not."

" . . . It is two years to-day since I landed at Shanghai. . . . A good deal has been put into these two years. . . . My heart is glad to-night, because of the Lord's fulfilment of His promise in a difficult case here. Did I tell you how He gave me Prov. iii. 5, 6 before coming to Ho-k'eo? I paid a short visit to An-ren, and on the road all day the Lord was speaking to me, 'Trust in the Lord with all thine heart,' that is, Don't be afraid to let yourself go—to trust Him utterly. You *will be insufficient*, the need will be even greater than you think. Nevertheless 'trust in the Lord with all thine heart, and lean not unto thine own understanding.' Don't in anything think you do know how to act. 'In all thy ways *acknowledge* him,' refer everything to Him, and ask Him in each matter what to do. Let every one know that you are depending on His guidance, 'and he shall direct thy paths.' Well, darling, I mean to do this. Ask the Lord to help me to make a habit of walking thus, for one is so apt to forget to look up first before even thinking what to do or say. He has been very gracious since Miss Gibson left, but, of course, it is not easy. It is especially trying when people come to me about one thing or another, and I do not understand what they are saying. My confidence is that even in the dark the Lord can guide one aright. I was perplexed in a case about which the Lord is showing us the right path and making it clear also to the woman concerned. She has decided to refuse to do what one felt was sin against God, though permitted by Chinese law. . . .

" You cannot think how many difficult questions there are in a heathen country, and, oh! it is hard for Chinese women. But God is a living, mighty Defender. He can and will provide for those who trust in Him, and anyhow it is better to follow the Lord at any cost. The spirit of the three young men is what Chinese (and English) Christians need; 'our God whom we serve is able to deliver us . . . and he will deliver us . . . *but, if not . . . we will not, etc.*'

" There are a good many matters to cast one on the Lord, and His Word to me these days came in our chapter in Jeremiah xvii, 'Thus saith the Lord, Take heed for your life's sake (R.V. mar.) and *bear no burden* on the Sabbath day' (see Hebrews iv), and 'Cast thy burden' (or 'that he hath given thee') 'on the Lord, and he shall sustain thee.' Let us do this, darling, with all He gives us from day to day; difficulties to be overcome by Him;

temptations to be resisted in Him; anxieties and perplexities and sorrows to be borne by Him, 'and he shall sustain thee,' and me."

To a niece.

HO-K'EO,

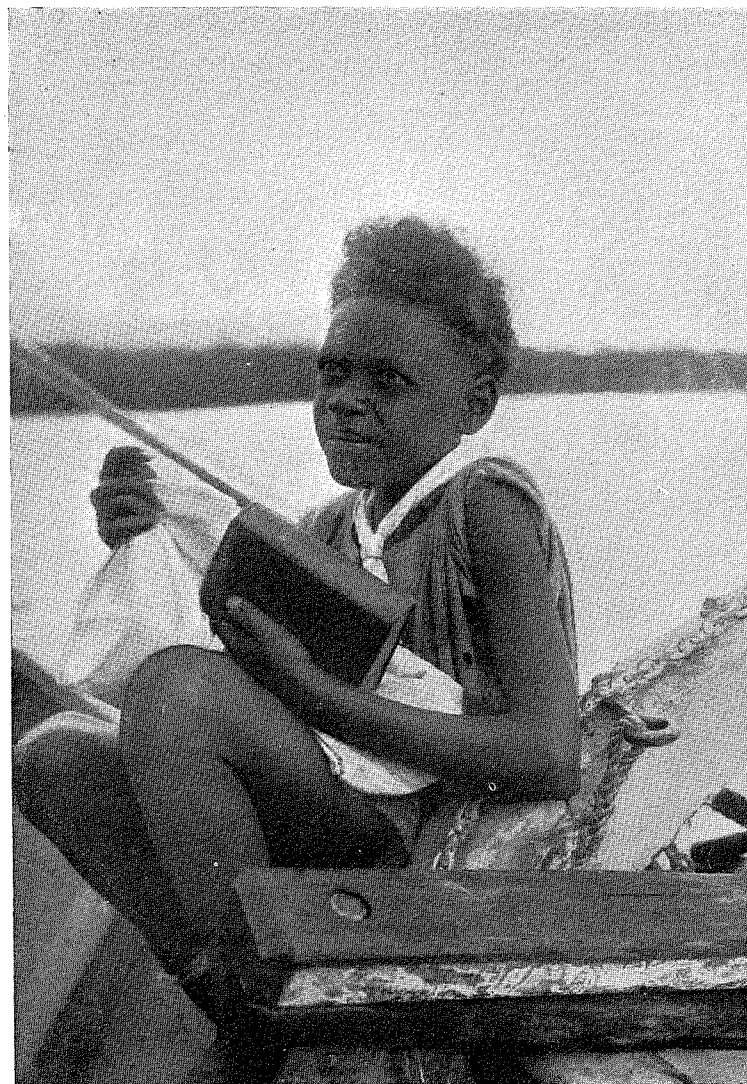
Aug. 15, 1893.

"... You have fallen into a common fault and that is, seeing only the failure in yourself, and not the triumphs of God's grace. The Lord has been taking a great deal of trouble with us, and He has subdued and triumphed over many foes. Now it is not fair to ignore His victories, and talk as if all were defeat. I think it hurts Him. And a good many of the bitter things we think and say of ourselves are nothing but the lying accusations of the devil. I do think, darling, we are meant to forget the things that are behind, and just press on, gazing at Christ, and not at self. Remember past failures are covered by the Blood, and perhaps what you are mourning over as failure, is the reverse in God's sight. He did use you in B——, and made your visit there an immense blessing, and you ought to be glad, and thank Him.

"I am not sure that we are always to expect the 'sunshine' of Christ's presence. It is very, very blessed, and there is the sight of faith, but there is also the blessedness of faith without sight. I think we must take whichever He sends, and believe through light or through darkness—'He changes not'—and He is with us always.

"But flowers *need* night's cool darkness,
The moonlight and the dew.
So Christ from one who loved it,
His shining oft withdrew.
And then for cause of absence
My troubled soul I scanned,
But glory, shadeless, shineth
In Immanuel's land."

"... The Lord will guide you, darling. Don't be afraid. Hasn't He promised to do it? 'Commit thy way unto the Lord.' Well, you have done that, but there's one thing more, '*Trust also.*' 'Trust in the Lord with all thine heart, and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge him and he shall direct thy paths.' That word is so real and precious to me now—true, every letter of it. It is a good thing to be in a place like Ho-k'eo. A good thing to be *insufficient* and find He undertakes for us. But not by making one strong or wise. The sense of insufficiency perhaps increases, and it is not pleasant, but then if He is glorified, we can rejoice. . . The Swedish sisters have now returned to the out-stations, and



HEMAN MUNDI.

A small boy who kept the School going for 18 months at Nalikabara.

Miss Morrow and I only are left, but lots of natives. . . Last Saturday was the seventh month festival, and we gave our household a feast, which, thanks to young Li's cooking, was very grand. That young man does everything he touches beautifully. Chang S.S. and his wife and child from Kuei-k'i arrived just in time for the feast, and they stayed over Sunday and went on to Yüh-shan on Monday. The pastor looks tired, and Miss Marchbank specially asked me not to let him take any meetings, but it was very nice to see them. It was such a relief to talk to Mrs. Chang about some matters, and I felt—Oh, dear, I wish I had some one like her, or the pastor here, and then felt rebuked—'No good thing will he withhold.' And the thought came, that it is a privilege to do without helps the Master withholds. It is as if He were asking us to prove for ourselves and others that He is sufficient. Praise the Lord, it is true, and I just thanked Him that I had *not* anyone like Chang S.S. or his wife.

" . . . The emptying from vessel to vessel is all love. We want to be cleansed and purified, and the process is needed to get rid of the 'lees,' but it is not easy. Young Li. S.S. this morning was speaking on Rom. ix. 21, of all our Potter is doing for us. We do not want to stay His hand, and the vessel that does not stand the fire is not much use is it ?

" . . . It is never true that work is dependent upon any particular servant of God, except so far as God chooses to work through them, which brings the matter into its right light, that of simple obedience. And, my darling sister, I am glad I came to China. I want you to know that I have never once regretted coming, never for a moment doubted that it was God's will. My experience has often been that there was no clear light on the path until it was entered, and then I have known surely that that path entered in faith was His choice. . . The Lord does not lead every one in the same way.

"Do you remember the Jenolan Caves, and in how many different ways the guide led us ? Sometimes a flood of light so that we could see the way for ourselves ; sometimes careful directions ; sometimes the light of a torch only ; sometimes he just took our hands and led us ; and there was one place where in the dark he took hold of our feet and placed them step by step with his own hand in the spot prepared for them. (That has often been the way the Lord has led me.) And then there was one place, dark and dangerous, where he just lifted us bodily and carried us across. And we had no fear, for we knew he was a trustworthy guide, and he had charge of us ; his reputation was at stake. *It was his business to see that we were guided aright. . .*

"Did you see Dr. Elder Cumming's address at Keswick on

the 23rd Psalm? It is lovely. The present tense throughout—even the last verse—'Surely (or 'only,' R.V.) goodness and mercy are following me all the days of my life, and I am dwelling in the house of the Lord for ever.' Only living in the nursery or the schoolroom may be, yet in my Father's house. . . . The time will come when a knock will be heard at the nursery door, and the message will be, The Master wants His child, and the messenger will take the little one by the hand through the dark corridor . . . into the great room where the family have met, to leave it no more. . . . 'I dwell,' and I will dwell, 'in the house of the Lord for ever.' Thank God, thank God again! . . .

"Yesterday was a dull, wet day, and I felt as if the weather was the same inside. He giveth 'songs in the night.' If we did not go through darkness, we should not know what sunshine is. . . . 'He shall not fail nor be discouraged,' so it is stupid for us to be cast down. The enemy has been tempting me sorely, to be discouraged, and so of course all our portions have been about praise. 'I will sing,' 'Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy: when I fall I shall arise; when I sit in darkness, the Lord shall be a light unto me.' And how much better that is than the sparks we would kindle for ourselves (see Isaiah l. 10, 11). . . . Yes, I am glad to be here—just when it is hardest I am glad—'Unto you it is given in the behalf of Christ (as a high privilege) not only to believe on him, but also to suffer (loneliness) for his sake.'"

ANOTHER CHANGE, 1893.

HO-K'EO,
Nov. 3, 1893.

E. B. D.

"The Lord appointed other . . . also and sent them . . . before his face into every city and place whither he himself would come.

" . . . Thou wentest after me in the wilderness in a land that was not sown."

"You could not know when you wrote that first verse at the head of your letter just how it would comfort my heart as the Lord's message. By the same post came a note from Mr. Orr Ewing, saying that he thinks it would be well for me to go to Ien-shan Hsien when Miss Gibson returns. . . . Miss Gibson is still on the road. I hope now she will not arrive for a few days, for we have such a sick house, and everything is dirty for want of hands to do the work. . . . You must pray that God will choose the right workers for Ien-shan. Our native workers are scarce, and some of them not very capable. . . . I am writing rather

disjointedly, between the intervals of making beef tea, attending to sick folk, looking after my marmalade, etc. . . .

"Nov. 9. . . . I have been for a little trip to An-ren, hoping the boat journey would help me to get rid of some troublesome boils, etc., but have come back no better. . . . I am very tired, with apparently no cause. Tell E—— I can so well understand the consequences of being run down, and then getting discouraged, but remind her that whatever we are, 'we have such an High Priest' who is 'touched with the feeling of our infirmities,' and who is 'able to save.' That verse in Hebrew viii. 1, R.V., is a great comfort to me, 'Now the chief point is this,' we *have* such an High Priest, and then, 'Be content with such things as ye have.'"

To K.D.

"Take my yoke upon you and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls, for my yoke is easy and my burden is light."

"Those two verses have come to me in a new light, and have been such a blessing. I am not sure that the Greek bears this sense, but does not the Lord mean, 'Take my yoke'—not so much the yoke He lays on us, as *the yoke He himself had borne*, the yoke of perfect submission to the will of Another, even His Father? See John v. 19, 30; viii. 26, 28; xii. 49, 50, etc. 'Take my yoke upon you'—and then, as though speaking from His own experience, He says, 'Ye shall find rest unto your souls, for my yoke is easy,' *I have found it easy*. 'I delight to do thy will, O God.'

"Then there is the joy of remembering that a yoke is for *two* (in our country at least.) So He says, 'Come . . . take my yoke upon you'—be yoked together with Me—be My yoke-fellow. If we are thus yoked together, it can only be in that path of perfect submission from which He will never swerve for an instant. When we want to turn aside, the yoke hurts, but not otherwise. 'That good and acceptable and perfect will of God.' I am thinking of you, darling, with your desire to go to Queensland, and our desire to have you there. The Lord is holding you back for a time. Shall He not do what He will with His own? There is no higher service than just from the bottom of our hearts to say, 'Yes, Lord,' and always to say, 'Yes,' to Him . . .

"I do think with you it is right to tell out what the Lord has done—to make our boast in the Lord, but it means conflict with the enemy. Katie Fleming said she had been noticing how Paul rejoiced over his converts, said he was 'bound to thank God' for them, etc. Yet, if they were like some of the dear

Chinese Christians, there were a hundred ways in which next day they might put him to shame, and some of their falls were terrible ones, too. . . .”

HO-K'EO,
Jan. 23, 1894.

E. B. D.

“When I think of the Kanaka Mission, it just humbles me so, every bit of blessing has been such *grace*—free and undeserved favour—royal bounty. And one longs to be more and more at His disposal. Lord, do with us what Thou wilt, for we are Thine. . . . This morning we had that lovely chapter about Eliezer. What a faithful servant he was, and how he gloried in the word ‘My Master’! I know this is taken as a picture of the Holy Spirit’s work in bringing the Bride to Christ, but I find such a pattern in Eliezer of what we ought to be. No other thought but his master’s interest; and then the bowing before God in verses 26 and 52. Do we not feel constrained to do that when we see how the Lord is working? Like Peter, who cries out, ‘Depart from me, for I am a sinful man O Lord.’

“I am sorry to hear of K’s illness, just when the way seemed clear for her to go to Queensland and she was needed there so much. But we know God’s way is perfect, and He has a wise and loving purpose in this trial.”

IH-IANG,
Feb. 23, 1894.

E. B. D.

“Our darling Connie’s birthday to-day, and three years ago I said good-bye to M—. How well I remember that day and the lesson I learned from her radiant face. She was leaving home, leaving father and mother and all her dear ones, all her home ties—yet she was perfectly happy because she was going with one who had become dearer to her than all others. I believed then, and I know now, that the love of Christ—of our Beloved—is just as real and satisfying. We have only tasted His preciousness, but His divine love is better—more enduring—than any earthly love. We are with Him, so we can never be alone. But I think He gives us to rejoice even when ‘flesh and heart fail.’ There is such a thing as being lifted right over and out of sorrow. Such a realization of His presence and love that there is *no room for pain*. I have known that. And there is too, such a thing as going right *through the sorrow and the pain*—consenting to suffer, and perhaps the Lord is most glorified then.

“Did you ever think that *once*, and only once, was the will of the Lord Jesus not the will of the Father; and then He prays,

‘Not my will but thine be done’? When all His being *shrank* from the cup, and His own will would have put it from Him; then He puts His will aside, and prays that it may be put aside—Not my will—‘Not my will, but thine be done.’ ‘When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee.’ ‘For thou O God hast proved us, thou hast tried us as silver is tried . . . we went through fire and through water and thou broughtest us out into a wealthy place’: but that last clause is the ‘afterward’ . . .”

HO-K'EO,
March 19, 1894.

K. and E.

“I only returned to Ho-k’eo from Ih-iang yesterday. After waiting twelve days for a fine day, I gave it up, and came in the rain by chair. The bearers were so good, and I did not get wet, as the chair was well covered. But we came slowly as the road was bad. I kept praying that the Lord would keep the men from falling. Their feet slipped at every step, and the last mile, after crossing the river, we crept along in the dark. It took nearly an hour, but the Lord brought us safely here, and when we entered the city, He sent a lad with a lantern, who walked just in front of us to the door of the mission house. The streets, of course, are unlighted and pitch dark, and I prayed that, if needed, a light might come. It was sweet to see the answer. I was quite dazed by the time we arrived, but it was nice to get into my own little room; and, after a month of doing without all one’s things, it is very comfortable to get back. It is such a pleasure to me to see my photographs again. . . I do like pretty things. And I have so many of them. I hope it is not wrong to be affected by these things, but you cannot think how it rests me to have a cheery room, and things ‘handy,’ as Dinah says. Only it does not do to be dependent upon such things, especially in China. . . .”

HO-K'EO,
April 21, 1894.

E. B. D.

“ . . . Mr. Chapman says it is one thing to trust while we keep our eyes open—then we are troubled if we do not see the Lord working, or at any rate see the way He can work. But it is quite safe to trust Him *with both eyes shut*. To lie down in His arms, for He has undertaken all our concerns. . .

“My throat is still quite useless, a poor prospect for Ien-shan. The hot spring weather is very trying, and I suppose I got a touch of malaria at Ien-shan. . . Miss Swanson and I went there for the week-end. I never felt the immediate effects of

malaria so strongly. . . I am glad that Miss Gibson has decided to make the other house habitable at once. . .

"No doubt the enemy does all he can to hinder the opening of new stations, and one effectual way is to discourage, so you may be sure he has not left me alone. . . But the Lord loves, and He just takes the imperfect service, and purifies it. It passes through His hands and is perfected there, and then presented 'a sweet savour.' He has sent me to-day many messages of comfort. One is dear wee Joan's words to K—— about the texts she made for me. 'When they wake up very troubled some morning in China, they will look at my text, and I shall say, "Look to Jesus."' Dear little child! Truly 'out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise.' 'A little child shall lead them.'"

IEN-SHAN, 1894.

The next move was to Ien-shan. This was the Hsien, or governing city, of the district. Mr. Orr-Ewing proposed that I should open up work in this city in November, when Miss Gibson returned to Ho-k'eo. A house had previously been occupied by a caretaker; but it was damp and unhealthy and in a bad position.

As usual, in China, there were many delays in securing other premises, and it was not until May that we were able to repair and take possession of part of an old and ramshackle Chinese house. On one side was an opium-den, and on the ground behind the little attic bedroom was the neighbour's pig-sty. One roof covered both of these and our rooms, and opium fumes and other odours came up freely between the rafters; as also the clamour of a noisy crowd of opium-smokers and thieves who congregated nightly in the opium den. The unlined roof was covered with loose tiles. One night I lay on a mat on the floor close to some wooden bars under the eaves to get a breath of fresh air. I heard steps on the roof and thought, "cats of course." But presently the tiles were pushed back and a light carried by the thief shone into the room. He decamped quickly enough of course when the alarm was given. Next day the women washing at the river were heard discussing the poor thief's failure. "Next time we will light a fire in the yard, and when they come out we can get any thing we want."

The house was, however, in a convenient position; and all day long it was thronged by people who heard the Gospel; and some believed. Amongst this number was a man named Liao. This man, a basket-maker by trade, was a confirmed opium smoker. Such a poor, miserable object he was. Old and thin, a few scant hairs in his queue, and a grey, cadaverous face. His wife told him what she had heard at the *Iesu T'ang*, and he came and listened with a hopeless look on his face. He asked if we had medicine to cure him from opium. No, we had no medicine; but we knew of One who could save him. One who had power to deliver him from the opium curse.

"Can He save me?" he said.

"Yes, He can save you. He can save you now," we assured him.

Over and over again he was told the story of this wonderful Saviour, and feebly he laid hold of the Mighty One. Each time the craving for opium came upon him he came to the Chapel, and we prayed with and for him. It was all we could do, for we had no remedies to use. But the Lord laid hold of this poor, trembling sinner, and He delivered the captive completely. His whole appearance was changed, his health restored, and his face shone with new-found joy. One day, as the Gospel was presented to some strangers, Liao broke in:

"Yes indeed, this Saviour is a great Saviour, He saved me from my opium." And, pointing to his face, he added: "Look at me, am I not *hao-k'an*, beautiful to behold."

I looked at his beaming face, and thought: "Yes, indeed, you are beautiful."

Later on, when the Mandarin's wrath was stirred against us, Liao returned from the country. With glowing face he told us how the doctrine prospered. He wanted to stay in Ien-shan, but we knew he was in great peril, and told him that his name was included in a list of "Jesus disciples" compiled by the Mandarin. His face fell. No wonder he trembled, for the Mandarin hated the foreign religion, and might order him to be beaten unmercifully. He was dismayed, but gradually regained courage, and in a firm and resolute voice, he said: "No matter. *If he cuts off my head I shall still believe and go to Heaven.*"

IEN-SHAN,
May 14, 1894.

E. B. D.

"My first letter from Ien-shan must be to you. I suppose that the people are taking advantage of the fine day to wash their clothes; for on Saturday and Sunday there was not a moment's interval from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m., the rooms full almost all the time. I came up with Miss Gibson on Friday, and she went back next morning. Mrs. U is doing very well, and we have had a good time, though it was *hard* work to keep on so long. I had eighteen and twenty people even when having my dinner, and some listened well. But how helpless we are. Only God can make the words of any effect. I have been pleading the promise. 'And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me.' So if we lift up—Jesus, He Himself will draw them. One does long for wisdom to win souls.

"May 22. Iang S.S. came last week. I believe this is God's appointment, and He is sufficient, but we are none of us able workers. . . Iang needs much Bible teaching. He knows very little, and is not the kind of man we should have thought suitable for the scholars of Ien-shan. They think so much of etiquette, etc., and I don't know enough of this to teach Iang S.S. However the promise is, 'My God shall supply all your need,' and the *fact*, 'My grace is sufficient for thee.' . . My heart has been strangely full to-day, *glad* and *sad*. We were studying the resurrection this morning from the allusion in Acts i. 3, which I have begun with Iang S.S. and the Lord has been very near all day. It was such joy to talk about Him to the women. Then came a letter about the difficulties in the Kanaka Mission, with the request that I would return. . . I could only cry to God as I read the letter, 'Lord, it is not me they want, but *Thee*.'"

"May 28,

"There they dwelt with the King for his work."
"And I will bless thee there."

"Here's a plan of my house. . . We had such a good day yesterday. Fully 150 women. Our little rooms were crowded all day, so I could not leave the people till 3 p.m. and just had a raw egg between the services. We had three services between 9 a.m. and 3 p.m. and were talking all the rest of the day until 5 p.m. and after the praise meeting in the evening, I was tired out. I am glad to-day is wet, so that I can rest and write my letters. But, oh! it is joy to tell of the Lord Jesus, and many listen. For three Sundays, an old beggar woman, and a rich lady have come, whom I specially want to win. They both seem

interested. Mrs. Liao comes every day with her husband too. He has not taken opium since Saturday, praise God! . . ."

"June 13. . . God is good, and though earthly happiness is uncertain, yet it is a foretaste of the eternal good things to come, where there will be no touch of anxiety. Earthly joy is so mixed with pain, or at least the fear of such, that one rejoices with trembling. See 1 Cor. vii. 29-31.

"The same post brought sad details of the K.M. difficulties. They are not worse than the devil can stir up in any work. . . There is only one remedy—Jesus Himself, as revealed by the Holy Spirit. . . I have been tried, and greatly tempted to discouragement. Ien-shan is not the same as Shang-ts'ing, for there I had a united, helpful household, the natives all so loving; and in Kuei-k'i a sympathetic base. Dear Katie and Edna still help much by prayer and letters, but they are far away, and I confess I have been rather lonely. It is not the lack of companions, but because I cannot see the King's Face. When one realizes His presence one cannot but be satisfied, but at times it is as though He hid His face. Nothing makes up for that anywhere, but in some circumstances you are bereft indeed. Only it is 'seeming,' not reality, for He *is* with us. He never forsakes, even if all the enemy's worst charges were true. 'Himself hath said, I will in no wise fail thee, neither will I in any wise forsake thee. So that with good courage we say, The Lord *is* my helper; I will not fear.' It is at just such times as these that the hymn is true, 'Then is the time for *trusting*.' God is true, and faith is not sight.

"It was 92° yesterday, and the 'heat' has not begun, according to Chinese reckoning. . . Iang has gone to Kuei-k'i on his home affairs, so I have no one but the old lame caretaker to help this week, and many people are coming. . .

"I am grieved to hear of — continued illness. It is very, very trying. Especially as you say that with the weakness of body comes a spiritual cloud. But though the cloud overshadowed He is with us in it. 'They feared as they entered into the cloud,' but 'there came a voice out of the cloud,' and when it was past, 'they saw no man save Jesus only.' That voice and that sight are worth a great deal, are they not?

"I wrote to — about the K.M. and I do not know what more to say, the Lord alone is able to meet the need; and I have committed all to Him. He will guide."

IEN-SHAN,
July 5, 1894.

K. & E.

" . . . The K.M. needs some one to give their whole time and interest to it. I dare not think much about the conditions of

things. Being unable to help I can only trust Him who is well able, not merely to 'help' but to come 'as Captain of the Lord's host' and undertake the whole control of work, workers and directors. . .

"Shall I tell you a verse that has been on my mind? 'What I tell you in the darkness, speak ye in the light.' There are lessons we can only learn in the dark, and sometimes in the darkness of *not seeing* His Face. 'We walk by faith, not by sight.' 'Have faith in God,' darling. Whatever you are 'He abideth faithful, he cannot deny himself.' He is *all that He is* whether we believe or not. That is my sheet anchor. 'Thou remainest.' 'I *am* that I am.' Have we been doubting or failing? It does not touch the glorious, blessed fact, that this faithful, mighty, all-sufficient Jesus is *our* Saviour. So, when He calls you into the valley of the shadow, then is the time for trusting. . .

"If we want to be His messengers, we must be willing to learn, even in the darkness, what He has to say. I know you will say, 'Yes, if we *are* learning, but at such times we do not seem to hear His voice.'

"I cannot hear Thy voice, Lord. Dost Thou still hear my cry?
I cling to Thine assurance that Thou art ever nigh.
I know that Thou art faithful; I trust, but cannot see
That it is still the right way by which Thou leadest me.

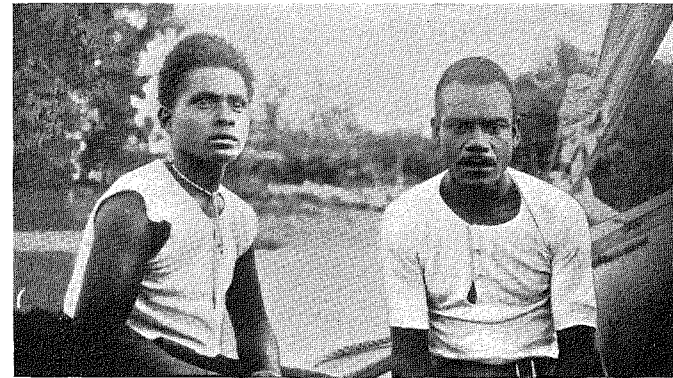
"Is this Thy chosen training for some future task unknown?
Is it that I may learn to rest upon Thy *Word* alone?
Whate'er it be, Oh, leave me not, fulfil Thou every hour
The purpose of Thy goodness, and the work of faith with power.

"I lay my prayer before Thee! And, trusting in Thy Word,
Though all is silence in my heart, I know that Thou hast heard.
To that blest city lead me, Lord, (still choosing all my way),
Where faith melts into vision, as the starlight into day."

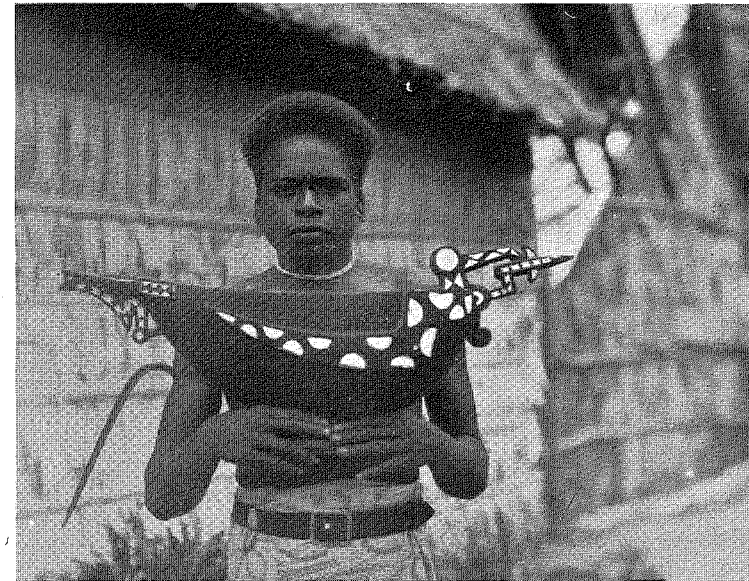
CONFLICT, 1894.

All through the summer of 1894 distressing tidings came of trouble in the Q.K. Mission. When I left home, Kanaka labour was to cease in three years, but the following year the Queensland Government passed another Act re-introducing the labour, and this meant (apparently) a permanent need for the Mission in Queensland.

Meantime Miss Buchanan had left Bundaberg through severe illness, and Mrs. Horace Young, with increasing home ties, felt the burden too great. She kept urging me to return; but in face of the needs around, how could I leave China?



TWO TEACHERS.



BOY WITH FOOD BOWL.
Carved out of solid block of wood. Note inlaid mother-of-pearl.

There was no available worker to help, far less to relieve me at Ien-shan.

The conflict reached a crisis one Saturday at Ien-shan. I felt desperate—torn to pieces. It was impossible to get quiet with the constant crowds of people.

At the back of the premises was a tumbledown old shed. A few rough boards, grimy with smoke and dirt, were laid on the rafters. I climbed up into this loft, and spent the whole day there alone with God, crying to Him for guidance. But no light came. When I thought of the Boys in Queensland, I felt I *must* go to them. When I remembered the need and the opportunity in China, it seemed impossible to leave. Night came. Worn out with the contest I could only cast myself upon God. "THOU knowest. Shew me Thy way. Lead me to do Thy will."

On Sunday we had crowds of people all day. In the evening I was called away from the meeting to interview our landlord. He was a difficult and troublesome man; but I found him in the kitchen trembling with fear.

The Ien-shan Mandarin was strongly opposed to foreigners. He had always boasted that he would never allow a *Iesu T'ang* to be opened in his city. We had wondered why we were left in peace for three months. It appeared that his wife had been dangerously ill. He waited till after her death, and then turned his attention to the hated foreigners. His first move was to send ya-men runners to arrest the landlord at his home thirty *li* from Ien-shan, intending to beat him until he got rid of us. The runners, in true Chinese fashion, sent warning to the landlord, and gave him time to escape. I sent him on to Ho-k'eo with a letter to Miss Gibson; and he was kept in hiding for three weeks.

On Monday I wrote as follows to my sister:—

IEN-SHAN,

July 30, 1894.

" . . . Since your letter came on Saturday morning, I have had a fight such as had not come before. . . You ask if I could possibly come for two months. But if I come at all, I shall have to stay much longer, and perhaps altogether. . . The K.M. will not easily be righted, and oh!—do you realize how helpless I am, how worse than useless except as God's channel? It would seem strange if we consider China as well as the needs of the K.M. that God should choose to work through me rather than through one of His children who cannot come to China.

"Still the thought has come, that He might want to send me back; and all I can say is, 'Lord I am Thine, do what Thou wilt; only cause me to know and do Thy will.'

"Of course I have no liberty to leave the C.I.M. without six months' notice, but if Mr. Taylor thinks I ought to go, he can give me leave of absence at once.

"But now,——, think solemnly what it means to recall a worker from China. I have been learning the language for three years and am just beginning real work—able to tell perishing souls of Christ. The Kanaka work is just as important, but have you not others who can do that? God save us from thinking our own thoughts, or following our own way. I have been tempest-tossed for a time, torn with conflicting thoughts and now have come back to the haven of trust, and am, please God, going to stay there. . . I do not *see* where or how the Lord is going to provide what the K.M. needs, but that's nothing. Abraham did not see the ram; the Children of Israel did not see the way through the Red Sea, etc. God can easily raise up and fit those whom He needs. But, as I said, for the first time the question has arisen—Does He mean to send me? And I do want to be 'willing and obedient' either to go or stay. Either way I need your prayers."

The end, however, was nearer than I imagined. As the Mandarin declared, he had ten thousand devices by which to drive us out. He tried to incite the people to riot; sent runners to hack the "characters," off our gates; threatened the city fathers with a thousand blows each if they did not lay charges against us; finally he arrested the landlord's wife.

Miss Gibson came up with the Ho-k'eo evangelist, but the Mandarin would listen to no reason. We could not leave the landlord's wife at the mercy of the prison authorities, and had to obtain her release by promising to leave next day.

Three weeks after that day of prayer in the shed, my hands were empty. The work at Ien-shan was closed indefinitely, although we were allowed to retain the house with a caretaker in charge.

I had already received permission to go to Shanghai in the autumn, to meet my brother Arthur from England, who, however, went home by another route. Miss Bavin needed change, and we travelled to the coast together via Yüh-shan and Hang-chau.

I showed my home letters to Mr. Taylor. Two days later he told me he believed it was God's will for me to go. Dear

Mr. Stevenson playfully remarked: "We will give you three months, a month for the journey, a month there, and a month to return."

"Ah, no," said Mr. Taylor, "if she goes, it must be *to be at the Lord's disposal.*"

His words have never left me. "At the Lord's disposal." He alone has the sovereign right to control His servants. The Roman centurion understood the meaning of authority: "I say to this man, Go, and he goeth; and to another, Come, and he cometh; and to my servant, Do this, and he doeth it." "*All authority hath been given unto me in heaven and on earth,*" said our Lord to His disciples, "Go ye, therefore."

CHAPTER VI.

RETURN TO AUSTRALIA, 1894-1895.

It was decided that Miss Bavin should also return to Australia for a time. We left together on September 21, by the SS. "Airlie." An interesting week was spent at Kobe in Japan, and I also visited Osaka, where Rev. Benjamin Baring-Gould was holding a conference with the C.M.S. missionaries.

We reached Brisbane in October, and I went straight to Fairymead.

By Mr. John Southey's suggestion, a Council of Advice, with my brother Ernest as Hon. Secretary, and Mrs. Horace Young as Hon. Treasurer had been formed for the Queensland Kanaka Mission.

The members of this Council were: Mr. Theo. Kitchen, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Young, Dr. and Mrs. J. Feild Deck, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Young, Mr. Thomas Kidd, Miss K. Deck.

To this Council were added later: Rev. Rainsford Bavin and Dr. Thomas Porter.

Three months' strenuous work was needed to gather up and disentangle the threads; and a rather serious breakdown followed. But God heard and answered prayer. Mr. and Mrs. J. McKenzie, from Melbourne, arrived in January, 1895, to fill Mr. C. F. Johnston's place; and Miss K. Deck returned the same month to the work she had learned to love so dearly during her previous visit of fifteen months in 1892-3. She took charge of the Fairymead classes, and also became Central Secretary for Queensland of the Young People's Scripture Union.

My sister carried me off to New Zealand, and we were accompanied by Miss Bavin and my brother, Horace. Pleasant visits were paid to Motueka, Dunedin and Invercargill; but the first relief came during a month spent with Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Deck at Stewart Island.

It was an ideal haven for tired brain and unstrung nerves. A tiny cottage set in a sunny, sheltered spot far from the noise and bustle and unrest of the busy world. A wealth of old-fashioned, sweet-scented flowers filled the garden, and

the New Zealand bush was a continual delight. We wandered along paths formed of the trunks of tree-ferns laid across the path. These sprouted at the ends and grew into avenues of tree-ferns. Mr. S. Deck took us sailing in his boat to lovely little bays and islets with strange names, "Abraham's Bosom," "Glory," etc., etc.

Before this visit Miss Bavin and I had both felt a strong desire to hold a series of missionary meetings in Otago. There was so little missionary interest at that time that we received no encouragement. Friends assured us that it was not possible to obtain an audience. We felt, however, that the call to this bit of service was from God. Before going to Stewart Island we enlisted in Invercargill a band of young men as helpers, and put all arrangements into their hands.

A small hall to hold 300 was available. Much *too large*, thought the pessimists. Mr. C. Rout enquired if he should engage this hall. The only other place was the Theatre at four guineas for the night, and this would seat 1,500. My sister did not hesitate for a moment. "Engage the Theatre. Advertise free seats, and no collection."

Whether it was the novelty of "no collection," or the further novelty of lady speakers in Chinese dress which, in answer to prayer, drew the crowds, I do not know. But when we reached the theatre it was packed to the doors and every inch of standing room filled. The terrifying fact that we were the speakers dawned upon us, and we both felt desperate. I shall never forget how my dear sister quieted our fears as she prayed with us in the dressing-room.

God gave the message, and carried it home to many hearts. Miss Bavin began, and won all her listeners as she told very simply and graphically of missionary life in China. I followed with the story of the China Inland Mission. It is a wonderful story. An object-lesson of God's faithfulness and sufficiency.

From that night wherever we went it was the same. Big halls and little halls, churches or schools, they were all alike filled, even in the most unlikely places.

At one small country town we were kindly entertained by the Presbyterian Minister. His wife tried to prepare us for the small audience she expected: "Our people *never* come to a missionary meeting. The country people do not know. There was so short a notice, etc."

In the afternoon we walked round to look at the hall. It contained a platform and a gallery at the opposite end. A row of eight or ten chairs faced the platform. My sister said to the caretaker :

“Where are the seats ?”

“Oh,” he said, “you’ll not want more than *them*.”

“But, where are they ?” she asked.

“Under the platform,” he replied.

“Well, get them out, please, every one of them.”

We went up to the gallery. It was thick with dust.

“You must get this cleaned,” said my sister.

The caretaker thought we must be daft ; declared that it was *never* used. My sister held to her point, reminding him that we had paid for the hall, and this included the seating accommodation. Grumblingly he consented and promised to get it ready.

In the evening, as we walked down the grassy street with our hostess, we saw two people enter the hall. She gave a sigh of relief—“There *will* be *some one* there !” As elsewhere, however, the building was packed to the doors. Perhaps this very fact impressed the audience, and prepared them to listen, as listen they did.

In some places we had suffered from the long-drawn-out remarks of chairmen, especially when these took a personal form. To save us from this trial, my sister begged the presiding ministers to give us all the time. As we walked home from this particular meeting, the minister apologized for his very curt introduction, and he looked rather amazed, when, out of the fulness of my gratitude, I exclaimed with great emphasis : “Oh, Mr. — you *were* good—*You said nothing at all ! !*”

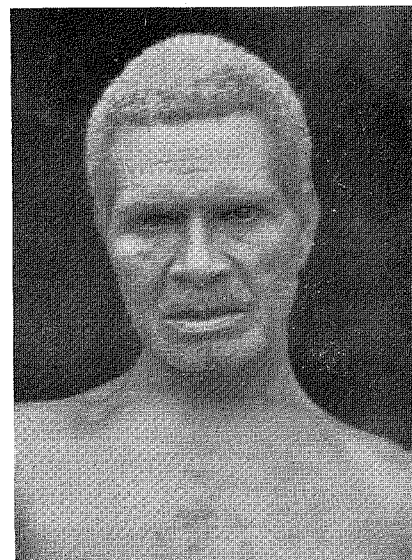
On our return from New Zealand we had meetings in Victoria, New South Wales and Queensland ; over seventy altogether, including those in New Zealand.

“NOT IN VAIN,” 1896.

During this visit to New Zealand the work in Queensland went on steadily, with Miss K. Deck at Fairymead, Mr. and Mrs. Eustace at Kalkie, and Mr. and Mrs. McKenzie at North Bundaberg.

In the year 1896 Mr. W. W. Lindsay, acting editor in

To face p. 106.



MATTHEW MATAI,
the faithful teacher at
Santa Anna.



LITTLE HAHE.

London of *China's Millions*, visited Fairymead; and by his advice and assistance we issued an illustrated report under the title of "Not in Vain," giving a bird's-eye view of the first decade of the Queensland Kanaka Mission.

The title of this and subsequent reports came to us at the graveside of a Boy named David Aoba. He was taken ill at Fairymead. Hoping he might recover if he went home, he was sent back to the Islands. The ship met with a hurricane and had to return to Bundaberg. The Captain said that David gathered the Boys together for services every day, and when the storm raged he was not the least afraid, but was praying with the others. On reaching Bundaberg he said he would rather come back to the plantation. "Me like to be planted along Fairymead," he said, using their beautifully significant term for burial, and so he came back to us and calmly and peacefully awaited the Home-call.

"By-and-by me see Jesus, me thank Him plenty," he used to say, and the last night of his life Benjamin Aoba leant over him, and asked him if he was trusting in Jesus.

"Yes, yes. Directly [soon] me see Him. Me *thank* Him plenty."

Next day a little company gathered round an open grave, all lined with boughs of green. The trees waving in the cool breeze, the blue sky and bright sunshine spoke of our Father's love, and of that glorious Home where David was even now praising Him. As we "planted" the mortal body until the resurrection morn we seemed to hear his glad song of praise, and like a chime of bells, the beautiful words of the burial service rang out in silvery peal: "Therefore my beloved brethren be ye steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord."

No, thank God! Not in vain, *not in vain*. "They that sow in tears shall *doubtless* come again with rejoicing, bringing their sheaves with them."

The following sermon in pidgin-English was given by a Solomon Islander in Kalkie mission school. He took for his text 2 Cor. v. 17, "If any man be in Christ he is a new creature; old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new."

"Friends," said he, "Me want to speak to-day of what

God say here. One time along Island we like bad things—bows and arrows, spears and *taku* [shield]. We like fight, we like *kill* plenty. We plenty fright along devil-devil, but we no savee God. By-and-by we come along Queensland, we like all-same, fight, swear, drink grog; because heart belong us *black*, bad altogether—these '*old things*.'

"By-and-by we come to school. Master teach us God savee we poor sinners. God love us. He send Jesus to save us, to die along cross for us, and we must believe in Him.

"Now, very good *you* come to Jesus. You take Him. *You no good*, but suppose you trust in Him, He wash heart belong you. He forgive you because He die for you. He come, stop along your heart. He make you altogether *new man* by His Holy Spirit; then you no fight and drink and swear. You love one another. You like pray to God and read His word. '*All things are become new*.'

"One thing more. You think suppose you come to school you all right? Suppose you *savee about* Jesus, that save you? No. Plenty white man savee Jesus along head, that no good—*We must believe in Jesus along heart*, we must trust in Him, and take Him for our Master. Jesus He good-fellow Master. We no strong, but Jesus, He plenty strong. He keep us. He no lose us—we belong to Him. We ask Him teach us to please Him and do what He say. We ask Him teach us catch men, and bring them to Jesus. He love us plenty, and we love Him.

"We no see Him now. By-and-by He come again, and then we see Him. Mrs. Deck, she stop along Sydney. We no see her, but all same we savee she stop there. By-and-by she come here, we look along face belong her, we very glad. All-same Jesus. We no see Face belong Him yet, but we savee all-same He stop along Heaven—by-and-by He come, we look along Face belong Him, and then we *plenty glad!*"

During this year we had a memorable Baptism Service of 115 converts, of which Mr. Southey wrote as follows:

"Sitting in the North Bundaberg Hall, with over two hundred eager happy faces in front, one had a glimpse of what the joy and satisfaction of the Lord will be when His bride shall have made herself ready and shall be presented faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy. The faces which we looked upon were literally, '*black, but comely*,'—comely, with the beauty of God, for they had seen through a glass darkly, and

the King had shined upon them and spoken comfortably to them; and glad faces told of glad hearts, and black faces reflected as in a mirror the glory of the Lord.

"Some present had already been baptized, and one hundred and fifteen had come that day to publicly profess their faith in Him who died for their sins, and was raised again for their justification. As the morning services went on—now a hymn, then prayers, then again a few words of exhortation—we did seem to get into very close communion with the Lord, and the presence of rejoicing angels, and the gladness of the Lord's own heart became so real that at times it was difficult to keep back the tears of joy, and at others one could not restrain a joyful '*Hallelujah*.'

"The morning service was to a certain extent preliminary, and at its conclusion the Boys had dinner, and shortly after noon we re-assembled on the bank of the river. A large number were present. For, besides the candidates for baptism, there were many Christians and school Boys (who were noticeable by their quiet, reverent behaviour), and a number of Boys who had come along out of curiosity, with a sprinkling of whites.

"The hymn, '*I'm not ashamed to own my Lord*,' was heartily sung, followed by prayer, and a few words from Dr. Porter, after which the Doctor went into the water and the candidates going out to him one by one were baptized into the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. It was a most solemn service.

"After the baptisms a long and deep procession was formed, and singing the hymn, '*We are marching to Zion*,' we proceeded from the riverside to the little church.

"Among other good things, Dr. Porter reminded us that the narrow way was always wide enough for two, the Lord and the believer, and the narrower the road the closer we were pressed to the Lord. And as we had fellowship one with another and with God in partaking of the Lord's Supper it made us long exceedingly for the time when the whole Church shall be gathered out from the east and from the west and shall sit down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob in the kingdom of God.

"May God help us to do our priestly work, and bear up these dear Boys and their teachers frequently before His throne, so that at His coming, which surely draweth nigh, we may have a full share in the joy of the Lord."

During the year 1896 Mr. and Mrs. Eustace retired from the Mission, and the work at Kalkie was taken up in October by Mr. and Mrs. Fricke from Ballarat. Miss Deck's health failed again, and the Fairymead classes were carried on by Mrs. Horace and Mrs. Ernest Young, and Miss C. Deck.

A great sorrow and loss came in April, 1897, when Mr. James McKenzie was drowned while bathing. Always bright, active and intensely earnest, he had endeared himself to every one in his two years of incessant labour. His life was one of unswerving faithfulness to God. When the service on earth ended, and the call came to enter into the presence of the Lord, one seemed, as his wife said, to hear his glad "Amen" across everything. Prayer was graciously answered for Mrs. McKenzie, who took up her husband's work with the assistance of Mr. Purdy from Ballarat.

BACK TO CHINA, 1897.

In August, 1897, Mr. Fricke was appointed Superintendent under the direction of my brother, Mr. C. E. Young, and of the Council of Advice. The way was thus opened for my return to China. Health had been restored, though the breakdown of 1895 had left its mark.

This second going forth was harder than the first. Looking back a year later, I wrote: "The Lord does not always lift us over the deep waters, but He does fulfil His word, 'When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee.' I have been reminded of this time a year ago. Thank God it is over. Those last days I dared not let myself think; and when we steamed away it seemed as if billow after billow rolled over one. The first time I left home God carried me; the next time one came through the deep; but HE FAILETH NOT. . . Over my door at An-ren are written on white calico three 'characters' which I like so much: '*Uei Chu Ming*' — 'For His name's sake.' That sweetens everything; for His is worthy to receive."

I left Sydney for China the second time on October 28, 1897, with ten new missionaries (eight for the C.I.M.). We had persuaded the Melbourne Council to let us travel second class, and as we occupied the whole of the second cabin in the SS. "*Tsi-nan*," we had free use of the saloon for Chinese lessons, Bible readings and prayer meetings. At Hong Kong we transhipped into the SS. "*Bayern*," and had a stormy voyage to Shanghai, arriving on November 21, 1897.

After a short visit to Yang-chau, I travelled with Miss Hetty Fleming back to Kiang-si. Her sister Katie had been at An-ren for a year; but she was needed in her old

station of Kuei-K'i, and I was appointed to relieve her at An-ren, where I remained till August, 1900. My fellow-workers were Miss Emma Forsberg and Miss Christine Muldoon.

It was no easy task to take charge of the work at An-ren. I had rather a scanty knowledge of Chinese. Three years in China had been followed by three years' absence; and the speech of An-ren was to me a strange tongue. Every place has its own local patois, differing considerably from every other district. The Evangelist, Mr. Iao, came from the province of Cheh-kiang, and his speech was so difficult, that, after nine years at An-ren, the people frequently failed to understand him. At times the temptation to discouragement pressed hard.

One day I remember vividly. Young Mr. Wang and I were visiting the nearer villages. The people were unfriendly and uninterested. The Gospel was to them an oft-told tale which found no response in their earth-bound hearts. Everywhere we failed to obtain a hearing. Mr. Wang looked his disapproval, "What kind of a *Kiao-si* is this?" And my heart sank. I thought how dear little Katie would have gained an entrance: how she could sit and chat with the women about all their daily affairs until they were ready to listen to the message she brought, and I was so wooden, so helpless. As we walked along the narrow path, Peter's words to the lame man came to mind: "Such as I have I give thee," and oh, what relief they brought to my heart. "I can't do this, and I can't do that, but such as I have, Lord, such as I have, I give Thee." Back like a chime of bells came instantly the gracious answer: "It is accepted according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not." The dark cloud of discouragement disappeared, and the sun shone out once more. How often since then have those same words brought relief and joy in times of trial. The offering we bring to our Lord seems so poor, so unworthy; but He does not break the bruised reed nor quench the smoking flax.

An-ren was the first of the chain of mission-stations on the Kuang-sin river, and had been opened by Misses Grabham and Cowley in 1889. There were in 1897 forty-eight church members, and two out-stations.

The front wall of the house was built three feet back from

Pearls from the Pacific

the narrow and busy thoroughfare to give more air. This ledge, however, made a convenient vantage ground upon which our neighbours' quarrels could be conducted unhindered by the street traffic. The noise immediately under our bedroom windows was frequently deafening. The bedrooms also opened at the back into the *k'eh-t'ang*, or guest hall, where the women were received. Into this *k'eh-t'ang* would burst a crowd of Chinese women all shouting together, each one trying to shout louder than her neighbours. Beyond the *k'eh-t'ang* was the boys' day-school, where from fifteen to twenty boys were also shouting their lessons from dawn till dark. If a Chinese scholar lowers his voice the teacher concludes he is lazy and beats him! The resulting din can be better imagined than described.

Many efforts had been made to secure more suitable premises without avail.

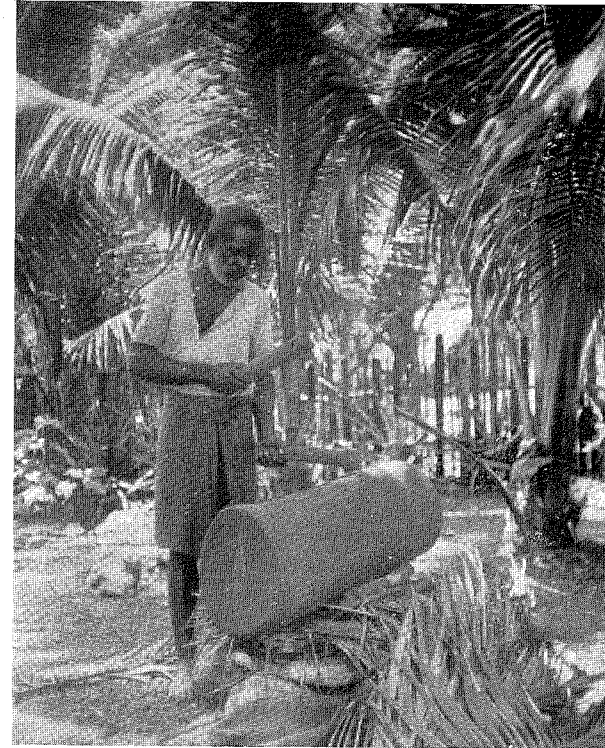
Shortly before my arrival, however, a large piece of ground adjoining the house had been purchased.

My first battle was the building of a stone wall seven feet high round this site. Mr. Orr Ewing had committed the oversight of this work to the church Elder, old Mr. Wang. To me was merely entrusted the money required. I have forgotten the exact sum. I think it was about \$280.

Mr. Wang engaged two master stone-masons to begin at opposite corners, thinking they would each try to get the lion's share of the job. This object was immediately frustrated, as they at once joined forces. Some thirty or forty workmen were employed, a rough shed erected, and here the slabs of sandstone were dressed. Dear old Mr. Wang's chief concern was to preach the Gospel to the workmen, and, being paid by the day, they were more than willing to sit in the cool chapel as long as Mr. Wang chose to preach. But the wall made little progress. Meantime the dollars were fast disappearing. I knew nothing about building, but I began to examine other walls, and concluded that the foundations of our wall were more fit for a fortress than for a simple garden wall.

I consulted our evangelist, Mr. Iao. "Well," he said, "If Iong S.S. [Mr. Orr Ewing] had put *me* in charge, I could have built the wall for \$600.

"How much then do you think it is going to cost?" I asked.



BEATING CHURCH DRUM AT MAKIRA.
Note hollow log with slit on top. The sound carries for miles.



SCHOOLROOM AT BAUNANI.
See pp. 194 and 202.

"A thousand dollars, at least," he replied.

It seemed high time for me to take over the work in spite of my inexperience. I sent Mr. Wang on a preaching tour to Rao-cheo Fu. Then I asked Miss Carlyle if she could let the Evangelist at P'eh-Kan come to my help. He was a young man, and biddable. I explained to him how I wanted the wall built, and he agreed, and interviewed the stone-masons. He came back almost in tears. They told him the wall would fall down before it was completed. Of course this foreign teacher knew nothing about Chinese walls and Iong S.S. would be very displeased with Fu-meo. I assured him that I would take all responsibility and blame, and that all he had to do was to see that the men carried out my orders.

We had many contests of one kind and another. I found the men were dressing stones by day, and stealing them at night. We hired a watchman, but he decided that it was a safer plan to go to sleep at the far corner, and refrain from troublesome interference. Then one of our schoolboys offered to keep watch in the shed. Sure enough the first night at 2 a.m. young Hu-li gave the alarm. Miss Muldoon's room overlooked the shed. She hastily flung on her tunic, rushed through the house and on to the street in pursuit. She caught the thief by his queue and dragged him back to the chapel. Before I could descend from my attic over the chapel the whole household was aroused, and an exciting scene followed. However, a strong warning and exhortation had good effect and put an end to that trouble. God heard and answered prayer and the wall was built and finished at a cost of under \$400.

HOUSE BUILDING, 1898-1899.

The next problem was the building of the new house. For this the help of a foreign "brother" was promised. But foreign brethren were scarce. Time went on, and there was no sign of assistance. I drew a plan to scale of the house we wanted. This was approved in Shanghai. Still no move was made; and we sorely needed relief from our cramped and noisy premises.

Mr. Pearse (the acting Superintendent) advised me to proceed without further delay. A Chinese helper was found

in Mr. Iao's son, T'ai-ho. Four separate contracts had to be drawn up with carpenters, stone-masons, plasterers, and tile-makers. Glass for the windows was purchased *by the pound* from Nan-ch'ang Fu, and windows designed to fit the glass, as we had no means of cutting it. A builder was called, and with him every part of the building was fully discussed, and the size and shape of every beam, etc., determined. The specifications were then written down in Chinese characters. The main walls were to be of sandstone, plastered inside; partitions, lath and plaster; wooden floors; glass windows; and tile roof. The roof was supported by wooden pillars and frame-work. There were to be nine rooms and a large classroom downstairs, and eight rooms upstairs, two verandahs and a balcony.

The very first step in building is to decide the length of a foot! For there is no standard in China. Having chosen one of the varying lengths called a foot, the builder marks off two sticks each five feet long. Both parties write their names on these, which are now the standard of measurement for the building.

We reckoned that the woodwork should cost about \$600. The first contractor, a man named P'eng, tendered for \$1,200, and next morning he sent a message to say he did not intend to take less than \$1,000. We therefore invited another man to tender. He made a complete model of the proposed house with tiny bamboo sticks and peas, and "opened his mouth" at \$750. This seemed near the mark, but next morning *he* sent a message to say he would not take the work at any price. Evidently P'eng had brought pressure to bear, and would do the same with any other contractor in An-ren.

We knew of a builder in the country. Two Chinese helpers were secretly despatched to go as far as they could before night, while I went by wheel-barrow in another direction to P'eh-kan, and met them next morning at T'eng-kia-pu. They arrived at 6 a.m. to find our desired contractor just starting off on a long journey. After two hours' discussion he had "opened his mouth" at \$615 when I arrived. Warned by our previous experience we kept our man till every detail of the specifications had been fully discussed; the agreement signed by both parties and the middle-men; and the *ting ts'ien*, or earnest money, paid over at 10 p.m.

After this there could be no withdrawal on either side. But our builder had to bring all his labourers from T'eng-kia-pu. He could not hire a single man in An-ren.

It would take too long to tell the story of the next ten months; of the ceaseless vigilance required; of the battles that were fought; of strikes innumerable; of perplexities and difficulties.

Here is a single instance. On November 9, 25,000 tiles were ordered to be made to a certain size and pattern. Half of these were to be delivered at Ing-t'eng on the river on December 3, and the remainder on December 22. On December 13 the tile-maker came to An-ren. He apologized for being behind time, but said the whole 25,000 tiles were now ready. He could not deliver at Ing-t'eng. Would we send wheel-barrow and take delivery at the tile-works? He pressed hard for payment on account. It was the "custom" to pay at least half the money, etc., etc. I replied that we would pay as soon as we received the tiles. He used one argument after another, but the Kiao-si was adamant. Prompt payment on delivery, not a cash before was our foreign custom. I sent T'ai-ho and our teacher to Ing-t'eng to hire barrows there and to bring the tiles down by boat. They reached the tile-works with eight barrows, when, lo! *no tiles were to be seen*. "Where are the tiles?" they exclaimed.

A little shuffling, and then the man admitted that he had *not yet made one*, that he had no tiles on the premises, and no men to make them. His son had offended the workmen and they had all gone off on strike. Moreover, it was now too late in the year to make tiles. We would have to wait till they could be made in the spring. Poor T'ai-ho and Mr. Kuei were in great distress. However, they prayed for help, and by-and-by discovered that the man's brother had some tiles. After much trouble these were secured and brought safely to An-ren.

One more scene:

T'ai-ho appears at my study door: "The *lao-p'an* [master] wants you to pass the joists for the floor upstairs." I go out with my well-worn and much-used foot-rule (taken from the standard 5-foot *chang*). The builder stands with flushed face. Two workmen bring forward a beam. The *lao-p'an* praises it freely. I measure the diameter. Of

course it is below size, but perhaps near enough to be passed. I write my initials on it. Great satisfaction. Another beam is brought forward. Again the *lao-p'an* points out its excellence, and pleads for acceptance. But this one is too weak, and is rejected. No protest is made. "Take it away; the *Kiao-si* [teacher] won't have it!" cries the *lao-p'an*. It is carried to a distance. We go through the whole pile; and I return to multifarious other duties, charging T'ai-ho to overlook the work.

By-and-by the men have gone to their dinner. I go out to see what progress has been made. The joists are all in position fourteen feet above the ground. I look at them suspiciously, and send for T'ai-ho.

"Did you see those joists put up?" I ask.

A very hesitating assent is given.

"Did you see them put up with your own eyes?"

"The *lao-p'an* said they were all right," he replied.

"Well, just go up, and see if my name is on every one."

By this time the builder and his men have returned. Eagerly they assure me they would not think of using any of the rejected timbers. But every one of these had been used, and of course they had to come down. It is due to the workmen to mention that none of them had worked for foreigners before, and with their own people it is not expected that specifications should be followed literally.

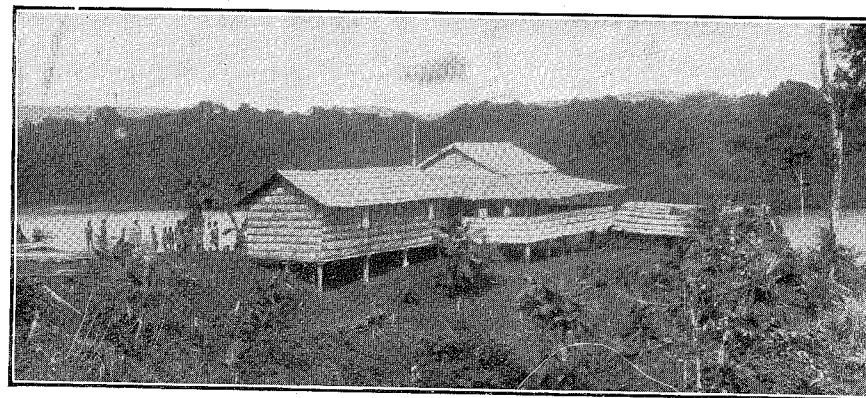
Building under such conditions was no easy matter; but the house was completed at last, and proved an immense boon. We moved into it in July, 1899.

Meantime the ordinary mission work had prospered. Two new out-stations were opened and Loh-p'ing Hsien was visited and work begun there. An entrance was also gained at Rao-cheo Fu, which city was afterwards occupied by Dr. and Mrs. Judd.

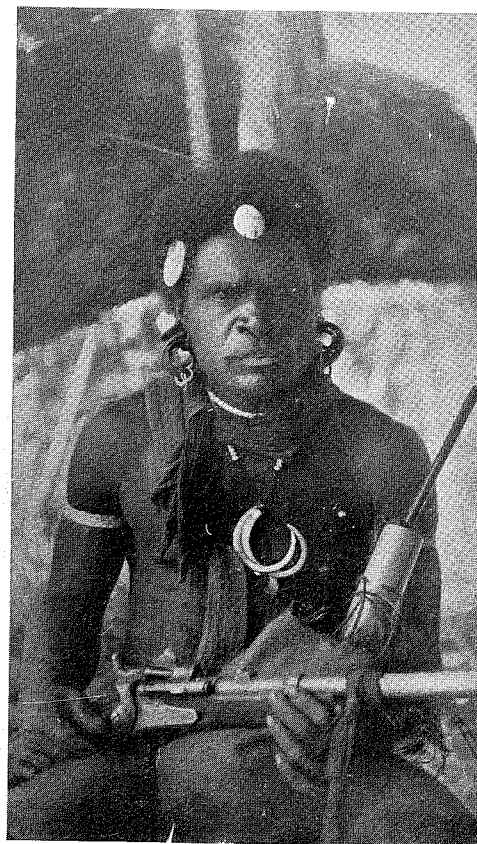
In May, 1899, seven converts were baptized at our new out-station, Shih-chen-kiai, and seventeen at An-ren.

The following letter tells of these baptisms:

"... On Monday the candidates here were examined. They came one by one into our little sitting-room where Mr. Orr Ewing, Mr. Iao, Mr. Wang and the three *Kiao-si* were assembled. Mr. Orr Ewing questions, and is pretty stiff with some of them. Should there be any weak or doubtful points, we question further on these. . . One of the most interesting cases was



MISSION HOUSE, WAI-SU-SU. See p. 237.



A HEATHEN WARRIOR.
No clothes. Note bag, lime-box, shell ornaments and gun.



WOMAN AND BABY, GUADALCANAR.
Note native umt rella on head, and grass skirt.

Mr. Hsiong, teacher of the boys' school. . . I believe he will be a strong Christian; and the enemy is fighting every inch of the ground. Bit by bit the Lord is triumphing; but it has been a battle all along. Mr. Orr Ewing put him through a searching examination for forty minutes. He was rather beyond his depth and very nervous; but he answered well. Then came the Sunday question. We are feeling strongly the importance of this. . . Mr. Hsiong keeps Sunday himself but lets his men work on his farm. Would he arrange for them to rest on Sunday? No, he could not do that. Next year perhaps. He was told that he could not be received, unless he would arrange for his household to keep Sunday; that he must consult his mother, and give his decision at the Church meeting in the evening. . . Much prayer was made for him, for we knew there would be a battle. But when he was asked for his decision, and he quietly answered that he could not give the required promise, it was dreadful. His mother, sister, old Mr. Wang, and others pleaded with him in vain. *He was not willing to face loss for Christ's sake.* It seemed such a terrible decision; but he would not yield. 'Next year perhaps, not this year.' . . The other candidates were accepted by the Church. I could not rejoice—could not bear that Mr. Hsiong should turn his back on Christ for the sake of such paltry gain. After the meeting I brought his mother into my room, and told her how she was responsible for this. Her example had not been helpful. She is sometimes very earnest, but at other times she lets the world turn her aside, and grows hard. We had prayer together, and later with his mother, sister, aunt and two other women we continued pleading with God for San-li (as we call him). . . At 6 a.m. old Mr. Wang came in saying, 'San-li has decided to keep Sunday with his men!' You can imagine how glad we were. Every one was beaming. . . Praise the Lord! He is mighty to save—'stronger than the strong man armed.' . . Five men were taken to be with the Lord last year. Now twenty-four have been added to the little An-ren Church of forty-three members. . . It has all been *the Lord's* doing. Do ask Him to perfect what He has begun, and to make each one of these to be a *praise to His Name.* I care far more for that than for numbers. . . 'One soweth, and another reapeth,' but 'it is *God* that giveth the increase.'"

THE BOXER OUTBREAK, 1900.

In the summer of 1900 the Boxer trouble broke out in North China. We were far removed from the seat of the disturbance, but the whole of China was seething with unrest. Secret Societies abound; and these are always ready to

make trouble. Wild rumours filled the air. Posts were delayed ; and we did not know what to believe. The people in our Province had fearful memories of the great T'ai-p'ing rebellion. They came in crowds with scared faces to the mission house, and went away somewhat comforted when they found us quietly going on with our usual work. "The foreign teachers would know if there was any trouble coming," they would say.

One Sunday morning (July 15) a greater crowd than usual thronged the premises. I was taking a class for beginners in the old mission-house, when I saw two men enter the *k'eh-t'ang*. They had evidently come from a distance ; and a crowd from the street surged behind them. Asking one of the Christians to give out a hymn, I greeted the strangers, invited them to have some rice, and led them to the kitchen. As we passed through a narrow passage one of the men slipped a note up my sleeve. I warned them not to speak of their errand, and read the message quickly. It was a short and hastily written note from Dr. Judd of Rao-cheo Fu. The *Fu-t'ai* (provincial magistrate) said he had received an Edict from the Empress ordering the extermination of all foreigners and offering a reward of money or official position to any who helped to kill them. The *Fu-t'ai* said he could keep this edict secret for three or four days only, and urged Dr. Judd to leave immediately, and to warn all other missionaries to do the same.

Our first care was, of course, to avoid a panic amongst the natives. With an upward appeal for guidance, I returned to the classroom and continued the meeting. After this came the *T'ai-li-pai*, or Church service, conducted by the Evangelist. Giving the other workers a hint to get the people seated and then meet me in our sitting-room upstairs, I invited two barrow-men to have their rice in the kitchen. While the service proceeded we consulted and prayed together over Dr. Judd's warning. We determined to be guided by the decision at Kuei-k'i. The Mandarin there was friendly. He would have received the same instructions as the *Fu-t'ai*, and would, if necessary, advise the ladies to leave. Messengers were quietly despatched to Kuei-k'i and P'eh-kan before the service was over, and the excitement of the natives gradually quieted as we continued the usual routine.

That night Misses Carlyle and Collins came in from P'eh-kan, and with them a visitor, Miss McFarlane. On Monday Miss Brown (another visitor) arrived from Kuei-k'i. We had already decided to send away our two new workers, Miss Coxon and Miss Wood, and the visitors, and had prepared a boat. Miss Collins and two Christians natives escorted the party, and we saw them off on Monday evening.

I wrote to my sister on July 27 :

" . . . It was a great relief when they were gone. The responsibility of other people's lives is very heavy. Miss Carlyle returned to P'eh-kan on Friday. Rumours and threats are flying about. We go to bed each night with everything prepared for sudden flight. We have a ladder by the wall, and a few clothes entrusted to a friend of Siu-li ; but we are so hemmed in, that it is impossible to do anything secretly in China. . . . If we are attacked, everything must go. I cannot write more now ; and perhaps it is as well. 'It is better to trust,' and better to praise ; and we have been doing both. . . . Poor China ! The people are full of fears and lying reports. If it is so here, so far from the scene of real conflict, how terrible it must be in North China."

The Empress' infamous Edict was pasted up in the street at An-ren, and many excited comments and discussions were overheard. Some one suggested that our new house would not be easily burnt. "Oh, there will be no difficulty about that if every one brings a bundle of brushwood and some kerosene," was the reply, "It will burn all right." Another time they were discussing the best method of dealing with the foreigners. "We will take care," they said, "to shut the city gates, so that they cannot escape. The best thing to do will be to *shai* them," (i.e., expose to the scorching sun). An unfortunate Roman Catholic priest had twelve months earlier received this treatment at Ing-t'eng, and nearly died from ill-usage.

But though a section of the populace spoke thus, many others were on our side. Indeed the ladies on the Kuang-sin river were on such friendly terms with the people, that we were probably safer in our own stations than journeying to the coast. Armed bands of robbers were abroad ; and the *juh-t'ien* or "great heat" made travelling still more dangerous.

The Lord kept us in such perfect peace that we sometimes reached the point of thinking there was no danger. Then

some fresh happening would remind us of the fact that God's will for us might mean not only the loss of everything but much suffering and a short road Home.

On July 21 the Roman Catholic premises at Rao-cheo were burnt. Then the mob attacked the C.I.M. Station. Dr. and Mrs. Judd escaped with their lives only, the mandarin sending them away in a small launch. Their native helpers were in hiding for some days, and then found their way one by one to An-ren.

July 23 our own out-station at Shih-chen-kiai was attacked. To avoid danger to the neighbouring houses every stick of the mission house was pulled down, carried away and burned outside the city. Mr. and Mrs. Li and their children were rescued; but they too lost all their worldly possessions.

A local rebellion, under the name of the Black Flags, broke out. The rebels laid siege to Yüh-shan where nine lady missionaries were stationed. Hundreds of soldiers from Nan-ch'ang Fu passed through An-ren on their way to Yüh-shan to quell this rebellion. The Yüh-shan officials said that *the prayers of the foreigners had saved their city*. The siege was raised. But thirteen missionaries and children were murdered in the neighbouring stations of Ch'ang-shan and Kiu-cheo—a fate which would probably have overtaken all the stations on the Kuang-sin had the rebels been successful at Yüh-shan.

On Friday, August 3, a letter came from Mr. Orr Ewing. He had made every effort to come to us, but the *Tao-t'ai* (Provincial Governor) had absolutely forbidden him to leave Kiu-kiang. In a hasty postscript he added that permission had just been granted and he was coming overland. We felt very anxious. He was coming through the specially disturbed and dangerous pottery district, and there was always more danger for a foreign man. Women are not suspected of being foreign agents; and we had free entry into the homes of the people, which is denied to men.

However he quickly followed his letter, arriving next day. It was proposed that two senior ladies only should remain in each station. My fellow-workers could not stay. All American subjects were ordered to leave by their Consul. I knew that Miss Hetty Fleming would be anxious to remain. Her sister was in charge at Kuei-k'i, as Miss Marchbank was

in Scotland for her first furlough after twelve years of strenuous service in China. Miss Elofson would stay with Miss K. Fleming, and I invited Miss H. Fleming to remain with me. The same thought occurred to her; and our messengers crossed each other.

But two nights later a special messenger arrived from Kiu-kiang at midnight with an urgent telegram from Shanghai. All the ladies on the Kuang-sin river were to come to the coast. Mr. Stevenson had just heard of the Cheh-kiang murders; and he feared to let us stay longer. Probably no one realizes the burden of responsibility carried by the leaders at that time. An overwhelming burden it would have been but for God's sustaining grace.

On Saturday and Monday Mr. Orr Ewing interviewed our mandarin, who was unfriendly to foreigners. He bowed however to the authority of a letter from the *Tao-t'ai*, and promised to provide a boat. For by this time the people were so frightened that boats were privately unobtainable.

Half an hour after Mr. Orr Ewing left for Kuei-k'i a message came from the mandarin, "It would not be convenient to provide a boat beyond Shui-hong"—at the entrance to the P'o-yang Lake.

All that afternoon messages went back and forth, with the ultimatum that we could take our choice between Shui-hong—dangerous for foreigners in quiet times—or Taku-t'ang, where the mission premises had just been rioted and destroyed.

Word was sent that night to Kuei-k'i. A boat was secured for us there, which came down the river on Thursday morning, August 9. The same day the nine Kuei-k'i ladies started in another boat.

Those last few days were indescribable. We were leaving all our work behind, the people we had learned to love—as sheep without a shepherd. We knew not what would befall them. One consolation was that our presence might be an added danger to them. But oh, it was *hard to go*. We could have no open farewells, of course. There was much excitement in the city; and any moment a riot might have arisen. We went aboard the boat with smiling faces, and would-be cheerful words, but with breaking hearts.

The Good Shepherd cared for His sheep. Those dear people carried on the work of God. They never missed

Pearls from the Pacific

holding a single meeting, though these were sometimes held with closed doors. Faithfully, too, they guarded our possessions. We left with barest necessities to lessen the danger from robbers. And when, months later, the missionaries returned, not one thing was missing.

All the ladies from the Kuang-sin eventually reached the coast in safety. Our An-ren party had a remarkable journey to Kiu-kiang. Travelling by night as well as day, and favoured with fair winds, we reached Kiu-kiang in three days. An escort of soldiers had been supplied. After travelling a few miles, I sent these men back with my card and a polite message to the mandarin. We thus saved long and frequent delays, as an escort is changed at every city.

At Kiu-kiang I sent a reply to my brothers' cable, thinking thus to allay their fears. Was not Kiu-kiang a treaty port, with a gun-boat, too, lying in the river? Unfortunately a few days later, through an error in spelling, the Australian papers published a cable stating that all the foreigners at Kiu-kiang had been murdered.

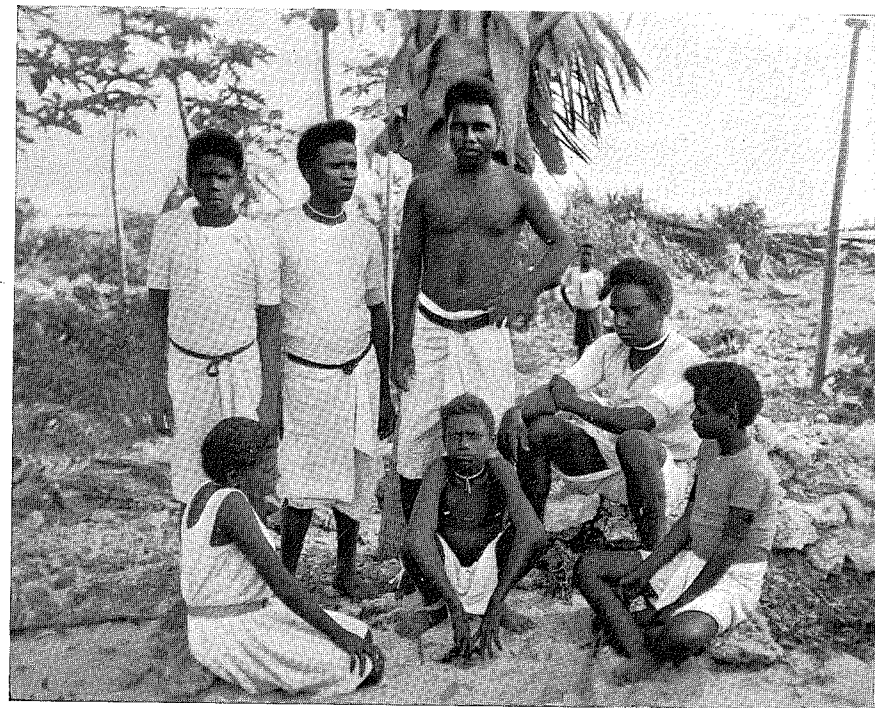
In great anxiety my brothers cabled again. To this a reply was sent saying that I was coming home.

After a week's delay at Kiu-kiang passages had been secured in a river-steamer to Shang-hai. Here hundreds of missionaries had gathered. It was difficult to provide accommodation. Houses were rented and furnished with bare necessities. Quiet and privacy were impossible. Fifty people sharing one sitting-room, nine in a bedroom. And all the time terrible anxiety for those still in peril; and sorrow upon sorrow, as tidings came in of awful sufferings, and the loss of many precious lives.

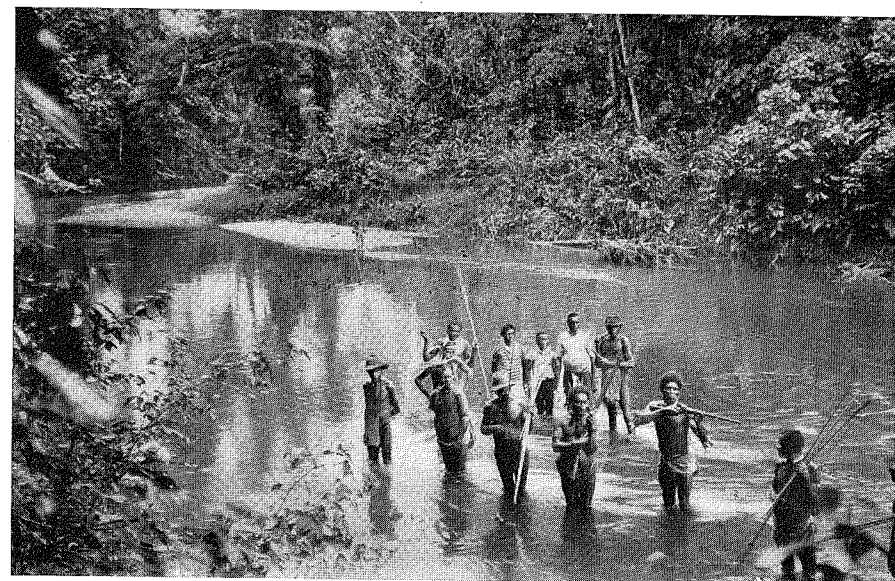
I had never fully recovered from the breakdown in 1895, and the conditions in Shanghai were too great a strain for tired brain and nerves. It was thought best for me to return to Australia for at least the next few months, until we could get back to our stations. Accordingly, I left with a party of other missionaries, and reached Brisbane on October 25.

ENGLAND AND SWITZERLAND, 1901-1902.

My dear sister had been dangerously ill with heart trouble. She prayed earnestly that her life might be spared till I



SCHOOLBOYS FROM MAKIRA.



INLAND IN MALAITA.

arrived from China ; and she was so much better that it was decided she should pay a visit to England with her daughter Olive ; and I was urged to accompany them.

Our passages were taken by the SS. "Cuzco." Before leaving, I made a rapid visit to all the newly-opened mission stations in the Bundaberg district, and in North Queensland. When I returned, I found to my dismay that my sister was not well enough to leave. But they all pressed me still to go with my niece. The doctors said I could not return to China for a long time. The strain of the past three years had been so great that complete and prolonged rest was essential. So we left on March 27th, 1901.

The summer was spent in England, visiting many friends and relatives. I went from place to place vainly seeking the much desired quiet. The English country in all its peaceful loveliness was surely all that could be desired. But the birds sang and twittered, and the hum of bees and insects, any and every sound, distressed the tired head. A great conflict too was ever present. On that visit to the Queensland Kanaka Mission stations, the need of further superintendence of the work had been impressed on my heart. The work had grown and prospered. The opportunities were great ; but the time was short. For a third Act had been passed by the Queensland Government to stop recruiting ; and the Boys in Queensland were to be sent back to the Islands as soon as their term of service expired. On the other hand—there was *China*.

I went to the Keswick Convention with one great longing—to hear the Master's voice—to know His will and His purpose. At the great missionary meeting I was asked to tell of the work in Queensland. *Five minutes* for the story of eighteen years ! But God gave a message which was still remembered on my second visit to Keswick eleven years later. No definite guidance came at this time, but on one point Mr. Walter Sloan of the C.I.M. comforted me : " One thing at least is clear, Miss Young, you cannot go back to China as you are. Until the Lord restores your health, China is impossible."

After Keswick, further visits were paid, and five weeks spent at Crowborough, 700 ft. above the sea, and seven miles from Tunbridge Wells. I wrote to my sister :

" The air is beautiful. It is said to be the most bracing in

England. . . We have had such a fine summer, hardly one wet day! My head is much better since I came to Crowborough. Alice [a cousin] and I are out nearly all day. . . We walk miles without being tired; and there are such lovely walks. Yesterday we went through the Beechen woods to Eridge under a leafy canopy nearly all the way, and grass under foot. We saw a dear little squirrel, and passed hop-gardens with the pickers looking so picturesque; bits of bright colour in the shape of shawls, etc. Other walks are over moors ablaze with heather and edged with pine and fir woods. On Wednesday we went to Lye Green, and stayed out for eight hours! So we ought to be laying in a store of health. . . To me the country is a continual joy, and England is lovely! I have heard of a charming place in Switzerland, at Château D'Oex, where a niece of Mrs. Barker (the Bishop's widow) has a *châlet*, and receives two or three visitors. It is quiet, bracing and sunny. . ."

Another attraction at this Swiss resort was that Mr. and Mrs. Hudson Taylor were spending the winter there.

It was a great joy to be near them. They were in a Swiss pension not far from our *châlet*. Every day we took walks together. The beautiful snow lay deep over roads and hills and mountains. It was so hard and dry that walking was pleasant, and the air was deliciously crisp and invigorating. Mr. Taylor and I dabbled in photography together; and in the evening, when the reading aloud of our friends at the *châlet* tried my head, I would slip on a warm wrap, and walk round to spend the evening with the Taylors.

Mr. Taylor was very frail, unable to read, or study, or think deeply; but his acceptance of God's perfect will seemed to me the crown of that consecrated life. The final test of obedient trust. *There was no fret*, no questioning. And this very freedom from care enabled him from time to time to give valuable advice in important questions. His dear wife read all correspondence, and as Mr. Taylor was able to bear it, she would quietly mention some matter. The man who had lived a life of prayer could no longer give himself to prayer, but like a little child, he would look up for a moment, then quietly answer, "I think, darling, you might write so and so." He would walk up and down the room, and in the very simplest, most childlike fashion commit cares and needs to the Heavenly Father.

I suppose this time of weakness and ill-health was God's gracious provision for the future carrying on of the work

of the China Inland Mission. There were many workers in the field who trusted Mr. Taylor, and were perhaps unprepared to transfer that trust to an untried leader. Had Mr. Taylor continued in full control of the work until he was called Home, there might have been difficulty. But very gradually it became known that Mr. Taylor's hand was no longer on the helm; and by that time confidence in his successor had been established.

My niece, Olive, threw herself with great enthusiasm into the winter sports, luge-ing, skating, etc. Her exuberant life and spirits made me feel by contrast old and worn out. I wondered if Psalm ciii. 5, and Isaiah xl. 29-31 could be fulfilled for me, and the following (irregular) lines came from rather a sore heart.

Lord, Thou hast said—and I believe Thy Word.
Thou givest power to the faint—To him
That hath no might Thou dost increase Thy strength;
And they who wait upon the Lord shall mount
With wings as eagles in untiring might,
Shall run and not be weary, shall walk and not faint.

And Lord, Thou knowest all, my heart does faint
I have no strength to fight, my flesh *has* failed.
I am so weary, and my heart shrinks back
Like any craven from the toil of strife.
As Thou hast said of those whom we count strong,
"Young men shall faint," with weariness and fall.

"Withered like grass," "our souls cleave to the dust,"
Ah! sure no earthly power can give back
The spring and joyousness once known in youth,
When hope and courage nerved the heart with strength.
But this *Thy* power *can* do, for Thou hast said
Thy youth as eagle's strength shall be renewed.

Then Lord, I come to Thee. Hear Thou my prayer.
No plea I bring with me beyond my need,
"And Thine exceeding grace to meet that need."
Help me to wait on Thee, and then do Thou
According to Thy word. Renew my youth.
Let me not faint O Lord, be THOU my strength!

Written on board SS. "OROYA," April, 1902.

Very gradually the conviction grew that it was God's will for me to return to Queensland, for a time at least.

On January 9, 1902, I wrote to my sister :

" . . . It is such a joy to think I shall see you again my darling sister, and all the dear ones at home. I felt, if God wanted me back in China, it might be right to go straight from England. Partly to be in time to set Emma free for her furlough in the spring, and partly because I could hardly face all it means to go from home. . .

" The K.M. has enlarged its borders on all sides under Ernest's management, in spite of his being a busy man, etc. GOD is the worker, and it is safe to 'go' when HE says 'Go!'

" The chief point for each one is really and literally to be 'at HIS disposal.' Then we shall be in the place of His appointment, and He will accomplish His purpose in us and through us. Mr. Southey's letter was a great help to me. I am so *afraid* of turning out of God's path of service. But since the New Year the Lord has made His way clear as to the next step. Katie Fleming going to An-ren meets the immediate need there; and if God wants me in Queensland for a time, He will make that clear too. It does seem important to do all we can for the Boys while we have opportunity.

" Mr. Taylor is very good. He has never once urged the claims of China; only he felt very strongly about K——. That if it is right for one worker to leave China because of the pressing need of the K.M., it cannot be right for another worker to give up the K.M. merely to keep house for a brother. He is rather doubtful about my taking up either work yet. But if my head is still troublesome, you would let me go into retreat at Culverden, which would be as good as Switzerland."

My niece and I joined the SS. "Oroya" at Marseilles, and arrived in Sydney on April 11, 1902. I went on to Queensland and took up the work there again; and health gradually returned.

God did fulfil His gracious word, and by-and-by another verse was added to the lines above.

Lord, Thou didst hear and answer this my prayer
When human help had left me in despair,
What seemed impossible Thou didst for me.
My youth Thou hast renewed, and now once more
'Tis joy to live and serve Thee hour by hour,
And I would *praise* and *thank* Thee, blessed Lord.

CHAPTER VII.

PROGRESS IN QUEENSLAND, 1899-1900.

I MUST go back a little to tell how God had prospered the Kanaka work.

My brother Ernest was now Hon. Secretary of the Mission. His wife as well as Mr. and Mrs. Horace Young took a warm interest in the work. The two married ladies did what they could in teaching at Fairymead, and especially when the health of my niece, Miss Kathleen Deck, necessitated her absence.

We had long felt the need of extending the Mission to other districts, and especially to North Queensland.

There were 10,000 Kanakas employed on the sugar plantations. Of these between two and three thousand were in the Bundaberg district, and nearly all under instruction. To the three centres of Fairymead, North Bundaberg and Kalkie, had been added Hapsberg, Gin Gin and Avondale.

In 1899 Mr. John Southey and Mr. Fricke visited North Queensland to report as to the need and possibilities. They took with them three Christian teacher Boys.

No mission work had been attempted at Cairns, or on the Mosman and Johnstone Rivers. Employment was found for one of the teachers in each of these three districts, so that they might teach their countrymen in the evening and on Sundays. Good and faithful work was done, as shown by the following figures. July, 1899, to June 30, 1900 :

Mosman (Port Douglas) Charley Aurora;

132 classes; 3,103 total attendances.

Nelson (near Cairns), Jack Aoba;

115 classes; 4,776 attendances.

Geraldton (Johnstone river), Thomas Sandwich;

128 classes; 2,522 attendances.

In June, 1900, Mr. Fricke went North again to establish Mr. Purdy at Nelson, near Cairns; and two new workers, Mr. and Mrs. O. C. Thomas from Western Australia, at

Geraldton. There were now twelve missionaries on the staff including seven new workers, stationed as follows :
Fairymead, Miss K. Deck and Miss Hedges (afterwards Mrs. Harrington).

North Bundaberg and Gooburru Mrs. McKenzie.

Kalkie, Mr. and Mrs. Fricke.

Gin Gin and Bingera, Mr. Lumsden.

Hapsberg (Isis), Mr. and Mrs. Douglas.

Avondale and Kolan, Mr. Schwieger.

Nelson (Cairns), Mr. Purdy.

Geraldton, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas.

Mosman, Native Teacher, Charley Aurora.

When Mr. Fricke reached Geraldton on this second journey to North Queensland he found Thomas Sandwich and seventy others gathered for the first service. This was held in a weather-board building 21 x 13 ft., erected by two Boys at their own expense for school purposes. Many had been the prayers of the Boys for missionaries to be sent to this district, and now that they saw the answer to their prayers, their hearts overflowed even to tears with gratitude and praise to God for His goodness.

After much waiting on God, it was decided to purchase two houses in a central position. One of these was enlarged for the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas, the other being converted into a schoolroom.

At Cairns the classes established by Jack Aoba were in a flourishing condition, and a warm welcome awaited the visiting missionary. It was touching to hear the prayer of a Boy who had formerly been in Bundaberg, but had returned to his Island, and had then come back to the Cairns district.

" Oh God, one time we live on our island, we live in darkness, we never know Thee. Thou been send missionary along Bundaberg, and he bring the Gospel and tell us about Jesus, the Light of the world. We take Jesus in our hearts, and that darkness go finish, and now light stop—we *thank* Thee! We come to this place and we have no one to teach us; we pray; Thou been send our brother Jack; we *thank* Thee! We no have any school to worship in; we pray; Thou give us this house; we *thank* Thee! We no have any missionary—we pray; and now Thou send our two friends, we see them to-day—we *thank* Thee!"

At the opening of the new school, the following testimony was given by one of the Boys, who said :

" One time I stop along my island, no missionary stop. I live in darkness, I never knew Jesus. Then I go to Samoa. Plenty missionary stop there, but I never go to school because I love sin. I drink, I fight, I swear, I no want to go to school. I hear some men talk about Jesus, but I no want Him, I want my sin.

" I come to Queensland eleven year now. First time I live in darkness, I love my sin. I like fight all the time. By-and-by I hear about school. Then I go and hear about Jesus—how He love me. I been give my heart to Him nine year, and now I no more want sin, but I want to know more about Jesus.

" Oh friends, plenty man he like to think about altogether thing, but I only want to think about one thing—*God's love is wonderful*. No matter what I do; I work, I walk about, I think all the time, God's love is wonderful! I remember when I stop along Island, and live in darkness—God love me then; I think *that* wonderful. I think about that time I stop in Samoa. I hear about Jesus because missionary stop there, but I love my sin—God love me then; I think *that wonderful*. And I think about that time when I came to Queensland, I run about in sin—God love me still; God's love is wonderful. Then I trust in Jesus, I think more, God's love is wonderful. Oh, friends, I no want to think about plenty everything, I think one thing all the time—GOD'S LOVE IS WONDERFUL!"

At the Mosman, where Charley Aurora was working, good work had been done, classes being held at five plantations, and as a result there were over twenty-five Boys who showed clear evidence of conversion.

One secret of the fruitfulness of this work has already been mentioned. The converts were taught that they belonged to Christ, and that He expected them to tell others of the Saviour who had saved them. In addition to individual work, many of the Christians took regular classes under the supervision of the missionaries. On nearly every plantation a Bible-class, or "school," as the Boys called it, was held every night—4,776 such classes were held by these (unpaid) native teachers in the year 1900-1. Dear Charley Aurora held on alone at Mosman for eighteen months, winning the

Pearls from the Pacific

respect and esteem of the employers who spoke highly of his work.

This Boy had come to Queensland like so many others, a raw heathen with no knowledge of God.

Here is his story as told to 200 of his countrymen :—

“ Well, my friends, I want to tell you how God first speak to me, and how I been give my heart to Christ. When I come to Queensland first time, I no savee anything about God. I no savee any God stop. My heart dark. I heathen man.

“ I work along Hummock plantation. All the time I hear good-fellow noise along one house. I can't make out what this noise about. I ask my mate. He say 'Missionary come, hold class.' But every time missionary come I go outside. I fright to go inside.

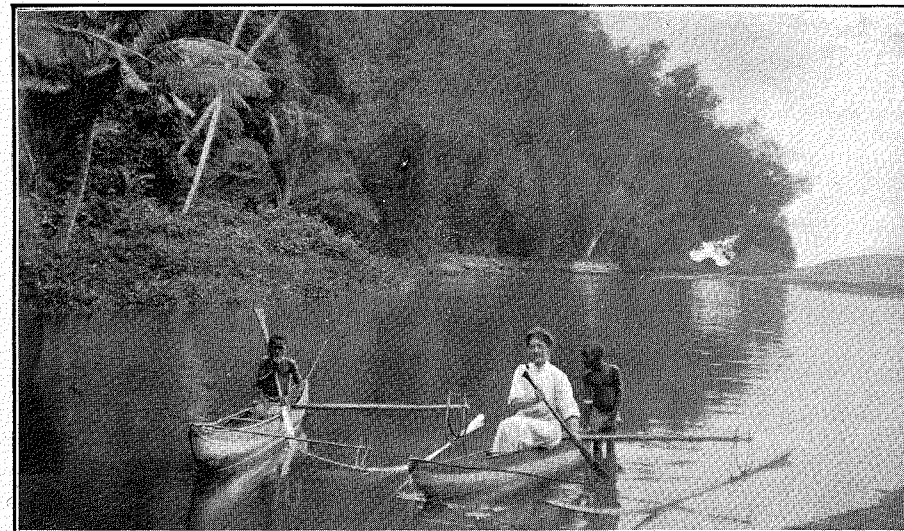
“ By-and-by every one go inside. Now I come up along door. I no make any noise. I come along my toes. I look through hole along door. I see something hang along wall. *One Man with kind face hang up along piece of wood!* I fright to move. My heart shake too much.

“ By-and-by one man, Dick, see me. He say, 'What you look at?' 'I look along that Man hang up there.' Then this man, Dick, he put his arm round me, he take me close up along that picture. He tell me: 'This—Son of God. He come down from Heaven to die for you-me, sinner-man. He take punish belong you-me.' I look, look, along this picture. I can't stop look along this picture. God speak to me through this teacher-man, and there that very time *I take this Man Jesus for my Saviour.* I give my dark heart to Him and He save me.

“ Now I praise God more and more for His power to save a poor dark, heathen man like me.”

The Isis is a rich and beautiful district some fifty miles from Bundaberg. About 900 Boys were employed there, the majority of whom had been many years in Queensland. Some had farms of their own, and their children attended the Government schools.

A mission house and school were built at Hapsberg and occupied first by Mr. and Mrs. Douglas, and then Mr. and Mrs. Lancaster. Many converts were gained and there were great gatherings for the Baptism services.



AN EKKA (OUTRIGGER CANOE) AT MATA.



BAPTISM AT INAKONA. See p. 202.

At the close of one of these wonderful days the tired missionaries, glad to see the last of the blazing sun, returned to the mission house for a rest and a quiet cup of tea. As they drove into the compound, however, two wild Malaita men entered to get a drink of water from the tank. They were very shy and ill at ease but were persuaded by Mr. Douglas to walk round and look at the flowers. Upon hearing of the baptism of eleven of their own countrymen that very day they were not a little awed. A peep at the school was suggested.

"Oh," they said, "we fright along school, suppose we come along school we get sick and die."

Nevertheless ten minutes later they were examining its bright interior. A large picture of the Crucifixion was brought outside, and by the fading evening light the story of the Cross was told in simplest language. Forgetting for the moment their fears, they drew near, gazing long and asking many questions.

"Who this man hang up there? What for He die? What name belong Him? Jesus! He die for me!" They repeat in wondering tones.

Then the light failed, and Mrs. Douglas came to call the party to tea.

"You have supper yet?" she asked the men.

"Not yet, I think we go now along farm get our supper," said one.

But his friend, Manferah, replied decisively, "Never mind supper, plenty time," and settled himself down, thoroughly interested, to hear more.

If he could afford to wait for supper so could the missionaries. Lifting up their hearts to God, they waited for the next move. Manferah began to hum a tune.

"Oh," said they, "you want us to sing?"

"Yes," he replied.

"Where you hear singing?" they asked.

"Me listen outside school sometime."

So hymn after hymn was sung in the darkness, and before leaving each bought a hymn book.

Many trophies for the Master's crown were won by just such methods.

FURTHER TESTIMONIES, 1901-1903.

A visit from Dr. Harry Guinness in October, 1901, enlisted his full sympathy and warm approval.

The testimonies of friends from distant lands are valuable, giving as they do the unbiased impressions of men and women of wide and varied experience. Dr. Guinness writes :

"Most unexpectedly, in the midst of a mission I was conducting in Geelong came an invitation from Bundaberg, Queensland, to be present at the baptism of a number of Islanders, and although the journey involved was over 3,000 miles, I was convinced the invitation was a call from God. The time at my disposal was just sufficient, and the journey enabled me to visit both Sydney and Brisbane *en route*, and conduct important Gospel services in both of these centres.

"On arrival at Bundaberg, I was met by my kind host, Mr. E. Young, who drove me to his pleasant home on the large sugar plantation called Fairymead, about six miles from town. . .

"I had the privilege of seeing many phases of Kanaka life, from the day of the arrival of a ship-load of 'new chums' hailing from a variety of Islands, and speaking a babel of languages, to the day when some of these raw savages had, through the power of God, become evangelists among their own people.

"The Queensland Government has taken every precaution to prevent the objectionable element of slavery from creeping into this employment of volunteer workers; and as far as I could see the objections that have been raised in this connection were baseless. . .

"I boarded the 'Lochiel' when she came up the river with a number of new Boys, and instead of finding any evidence of misery, I saw a lot of jolly, smiling, tobacco-smoking natives, who could only understand an odd word or two of pidgin English with the exception of some who had come back for a second or third period of service. Several missionaries began making friends with these swarthy fellows, and I doubt not that as a result of even that first service some of those men, with puzzled, interested faces, caught a gleam of the true light. Just as we teach little children, by constant repetition, so the singing of a simple chorus, over and over again, until the men could speak the words and join in the song, may become the means of conveying the truth of a Saviour's dying, and yet undying love to these darkened souls.

"I had the pleasure of meeting several of the missionaries belonging to the Queensland Kanaka Mission, and they seemed very devoted to the Boys. Only a baptism of the love of Jesus

can fit for such work. What patience and tenderness is needed to teach in broken English, with all its limitations, the Gospel of redeeming love, to minds which have never understood what true love is, and who have no conception of sin. . .

"And what a wonderful tribute to the power of the Gospel, that, even when inadequately spoken, it should have the power of renewing these debased heathen and lifting them into the image of Jesus.

"On Sunday, October 6, I was present at the baptism of thirty-seven of these natives. On the previous evening those who had given evidence of the new birth were examined in their knowledge of Christian doctrine, and I was very pleased to see how clearly they seemed to grasp the main outlines of the history of redemption. On Sunday morning, in sight of a very large gathering that crowded the river bank, the shore, and one of the wharves of the Burnett River, these thirty-seven coloured Christians were buried with Jesus, by baptism into death, that 'Like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father,' even so they also 'should walk in newness of life.' The service was simple and beautiful, and the reverence of these men was most impressive. With clasped hands they entered the river, one by one, and were immersed in its flowing tide by Mr. Fricke. With hands still clasped, and lost in prayer, not seeing any of the crowd around them they slowly came up out of the water, having received the new name by which henceforth they will be known.

"'How long will you follow Jesus?' asked Mr. Fricke. 'For ever,' answered the group of young Christians, and then their voices were lifted in the grand old hymn tune, Aurelia, to the words, 'O Jesus I have promised to serve Thee to the end.'

"I shall never forget the scene. The music of the water lapped the sand at my feet, and the tropical sun poured down its burning rays, while the newly arrived 'Lochiel' was swaying at anchor in the stream. The reverence of sincerity was there, as these strong men—babes in Christ—witnessed a good confession.

"After several years of individual effort on the part of Miss Young, in which Mrs. Horace Young joined, this mission was formed in 1886, the earliest missionary being Mr. C. F. Johnston, who for a while had previously worked on the Lower Congo, in connection with the Livingstone Inland Mission, of which my beloved mother was the Hon. Secretary.

"And thus, gradually as the Lord opens the way, this blessed movement extends its helpful influence wherever native labourers are employed in these tropical regions. . ."

Mrs. Lancaster gives a glimpse at the work through new eyes, as follows:—

“ It is little wonder that new missionaries, their hearts burning with zeal, see all the encouragements first. Old labourers smile at their eager praise, and tell them to wait a little.

“ When I arrived in Bundaberg and first saw the work, ‘ Wonderful ! ’ was an exclamation often on my lips. The first freshness is passing off now, and in some cases things are not all they seemed ; so, while I write of first impressions, they will be mingled with sobered thoughts.

“ The Boys themselves filled my heart with delight. Such bright faces ! So attentive ! Then the spirit of reverence was a source of wonder to me. Finding only the closest attention enabled me to understand I often fixed my eyes on the faces of Boys engaged in prayer. It was quite safe to do so, not one eye ever met mine ; all were closed, though some earnest faces were raised as though looking into the Face of Jesus. Indeed it takes an extraordinary noise to make them turn their heads. Again, how heartily they sing, and how greatly they enjoy the hymns ! They have good ears and voices, but only two modes of expression—double forte when they know a hymn, pianissimo when they do not ! It was double forte the days I first heard them.

“ New workers have to face a great difficulty at the outset. They must know the terms the Boys use. It is not the slightest use to call a spade a spade if the Boys do not, and choice anecdotes and illustrations must, alas ! be shelved, and new ones sought from the habits, surroundings and pursuits of the Boys. Before my first week closed I began to think pidgin English was not so hard as I had feared. It was only necessary to churn the English up and well sprinkle the jumble with pet expressions such as ‘ plenty,’ ‘ which way,’ ‘ what name,’ and ‘ fellow ’ ! Alas ! when I gave my first address a few days later I found there was a right and a wrong way to churn, and my way did not turn out the language. Never did my vocabulary seem so full of big, hard-sounding words, and ‘ simple ’ ones would not come. It was some months before I realized how absurd many of my sentences must have sounded to my fellow-missionaries. It was good of them not to laugh.

“ Now the first glamour is wearing off, I find the faces are not all as bright as I thought ; the way is not all smooth. The Boys vary according to their Islands ; some are quick, others distressingly dull. It is easy to lead the singing and to give an address, but what about the hard plodding work of getting facts into minds unaccustomed to think, and teaching them to read



LIFTING FISH-NET, ONE PUSU. Man paddling to retain balance.



OFF TO SEA IN A FOOD-BOWL : SANTA ANNA.

God's Word, line upon line, here a little and there a little, and yet how all important this is."

NORTH QUEENSLAND, 1902-1903.

In November, 1901, Mr. Lumsden took over the work begun by Charley Aurora at Mosman Port Douglas, a thousand miles up the coast of Queensland.

The following year, in 1902, Mr. Rendall began work on the Burdekin River and in February, 1902, Mr. Lumsden moved to the Herbert River.

The Mission thus covered every sugar district in Queensland with the exception of Mackay, where the Presbyterian Church had carried on a successful work since 1888 under the Rev. J. McIntyre and his wife.

Soon after my return from England in 1902, Mr. Fricke had to leave by doctor's orders. He and his wife had given six years of faithful labour, and they always referred to this service as the happiest time of their lives. This was indeed the experience of all who worked amongst the Boys.

Few people realize the extent of this great country nor the distances to be travelled in journeying from one district to another.

Before leaving for England in 1901 I had visited our five Mission stations in North Queensland, and on my return another tour of two months was made.

On Saturday morning, July 25, 1902, I left Bundaberg by train to join the SS. "Barcoo" at Gladstone. The four hours' run was fully occupied in writing notes and letters about the work left behind, and an hour in Gladstone gave time to see the Scripture Union Secretary there. Fortunately we were behind the Great Barrier Reef, so with smooth seas and a fast and comfortable steamer, the journey to Townsville was a pleasure. Mackay passengers were put aboard a tender at Flat Top Island on Sunday morning, and mails picked up at Bowen on Sunday evening. Townsville was reached at daybreak on Monday.

Northern passengers and mails were here transhipped to the small steamer which calls at the River ports, and at 10 a.m. we left Townsville for the Herbert River, reaching Lucinda Point at 5.30 p.m. on Monday.

Here Mr. Lumsden was waiting, and a steam tram took us to Halifax, six miles from the Point. There was just time for a hasty cup of tea before the evening class, when sixty-three Boys gathered from the different farms around Halifax and we had a very happy meeting.

On Tuesday we rode to a class on a farm some five miles distant, and forded the river at Macknade with some qualms, as alligators are not unknown. We had to return by another route and cross in a ferry-boat, leaving our horses in a paddock, as the tide was high. The ferryman needed prolonged shouts, for, after the class, we had been detained a long time pleading with some white people, and it was 11 p.m. before we reached home.

On Wednesday evening a class of eighty-four Boys was held in the verandah of the Government School at Ripple Creek, no classroom being available. The wind was keen and the dew heavy, but the delight of the Boys was very great. A drive of seven miles after the class took us to the town of Ingham. Next day we drove to Victoria and had a good class there in a large grass house which the Boys had built for school. A twelve-miles' drive after the class took us back to Halifax, but, alas! not without my having contracted a severe cold, which made it impossible to visit the Macknade class on Friday. On Saturday night 196 Boys gathered in the hall at Halifax. Sunday began with a class of 217 in the morning. Then came the baptism of six men at the river; then another large meeting in the hall, followed by the Lord's Supper, and in the evening a service for Europeans.

On Monday the Northern journey was continued, and Geraldton was reached early on Tuesday. A week was spent here with Mr. and Mrs. Thomas. Rain fell as usual almost every day, but neither rain nor mud daunted our friends. The missionary rarely missed a class, and the Boys came in all weathers to school. On one pouring Sunday eighty-four Boys were at the service! . . . Tuesday evening, August 11, quite a number of Boys came to say "good-bye" to us on the wharf, and many hymns were sung in the darkness as we waited for the launch to start. Travelling in the North had its drawbacks. The launch transhipped us at the pilot-station in darkness and rain to an open boat, which in turn carried us through a rough sea to the steamer,

and we were thankful to clamber on board and find our belongings. We journeyed past Cairns to Port Douglas, arriving at mid-day on Wednesday in time for the afternoon train for Mosman.

Here we stayed a week with Mr. and Mrs. Ruddell. There were only about 300 Boys at the Mosman, but it was quite a missionary district; the Christian Boys had taken a deep interest in the work on the Herbert river, to which they gave their own missionary and several Teacher-Boys at the beginning of the year. For four weeks they carried on the Mosman classes themselves, and then Mr. R. Ruddell went to them. Mr. Hugh Paton was holding a mission at Mosman, and we had some refreshing seasons of prayer, and a very happy day on Sunday, when ten men were baptized.

On August 19 we left Mosman for Nelson near Cairns. Another busy week was spent with Mr. and Mrs. Purdy visiting their classes, and on Sunday six meetings were held, including the baptism of five men and a service for white people in the evening. In some of these northern districts the scenery is beautiful. Both at Nelson and Mosman the baptisms were in a lovely reach of the river, with a convenient bridge on which the people gathered while the service was held on a strip of sand below. Hymn after hymn rang out in the clear air, and the sweet sounds ascended straight through the blue vault above to the throne of God, till we seemed to hear our Lord saying again, "Rejoice with me . . . There is joy in the presence of God."

September 1 had been set apart as a day of intercession throughout the Mission, and we joined Mr. and Mrs. Purdy at Nelson, returning to Cairns in the evening, and leaving next day by the "Palmer" for the south. One night was again spent at Geraldton, Townsville being reached on Friday.

On Saturday, September 5, I went on by train to Ayr, Lower Burdekin—Mr. Rendall had a hard fight in this district, but God answered prayer gloriously. The work was deep and far-reaching, and although the attendances at the classes were not large, we had the joy of seeing ten men baptized, and many others decided for Christ.

Feeling the urgent need of prayer, we again set apart a whole day for waiting upon God, and we shall not soon

forget the class that followed. A drive of some seven miles brought us to a farm, where in a small bark hut with earthen floor were packed about twenty-five men and women. The seats were mostly pieces of wood and a few boxes, and on the rough table were four or five kerosene lamps without chimneys, smoking furiously. Yet in that dim, smoky hut the Holy Spirit gave us such a vision of the risen Christ that the place seemed to be filled with His glory. Our hearts overflowed as He showed us His hands and His feet pierced for our sins, and then we saw Him crowned with glory and honour, living, reigning for us! Every one was deeply moved, and eight men and women accepted Christ as their Saviour.

Every night we had good classes. The last evening was very dark and wet; we had six miles to go, and the roads were slippery, but that night five men and women came out clearly for Christ. "Then was our mouth filled with laughter and our tongue with singing: then said they among the heathen, the Lord hath done great things for them. *The Lord hath done great things for us whereof we are glad.*"

CHAPTER VIII.

THE REGIONS BEYOND, 1900-1904.

GOD had enlarged our borders. The eager response of simple and hungry souls was truly inspiring, but the time was short. Soon, too soon, this unique opportunity would be gone. The Boys were to be driven out of Queensland. The majority must return to Islands or places where darkness reigned supreme. The Christians were so bright, so earnest. But after all they were but "babes in Christ." *Would they stand* when, with no human help, they would be exposed to the dangers and temptations of heathenism?

Our hearts were sorely burdened. The missionaries redoubled their efforts, not only to reach the unsaved, but to build up and equip the Christians; and prayer, unceasing prayer, was made for the enduement of the Holy Spirit. Mrs. Lancaster wrote from the Isis: "The suggestion that the Christian Boys should join with us the Circle of Prayer for world-wide Revival (begun at Keswick 1902), was a happy one. The Christians were invited to "make agreement" to pray each day for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit throughout the world. Contrary to expectation they held back, as if afraid of this new thing. But gradually, as if impelled by the Holy Spirit, one and another gave in their names . . . 'Missis, you been send-'im name finish belong man who promise to pray?' 'No, Daniel.' 'Well, me want agreement too; me want do-'im before, but something hold me back.'"

Throughout the Mission whole days were set apart for united intercession. God was preparing us for a work HE had "before ordained" for us. It was not yet in our thoughts. Work in Queensland—Yes! But in the Islands! That was beyond our vision—Impossible, too.

In 1900, Mr. C. Pillans had responded to Peter Ambuofa's appeal for help, and had gone to Malu, unattached to any missionary society. He had no boat and no stores; and he lived on such food as the natives could supply. This was insufficient for a European, and after five months he died. He had written to ask Mr. R. Ruddell from Bundaberg to

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join him, but when Mr. Ruddell reached Gavutu, it was only to find that Mr. Pillans had already laid down his life. Mr. Ruddell was kindly received by Archbishop Comins of the Melanesian Mission at Siota on the island of Florida. They asked him to take charge of their station for a few months, and lent him a whale-boat. In this he paid a short visit to the little church at Malu.

The following extracts are taken from his diary :

SIOTA,
Dec. 8, 1900.

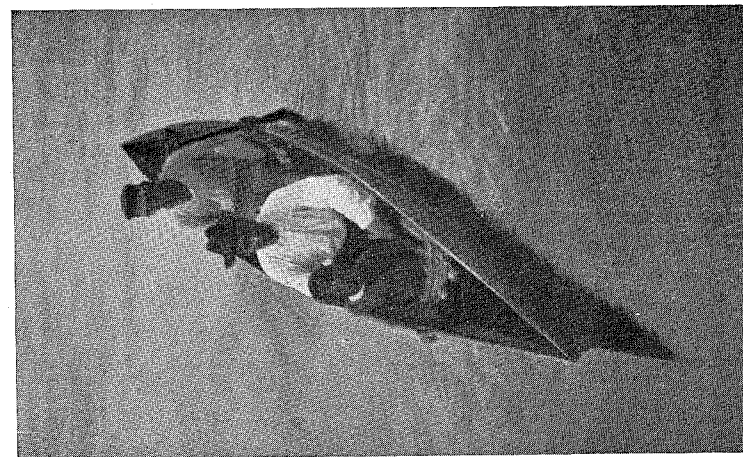
"In an open boat we travelled at night across the sea, our picked crew pulling by turns. Two nights and part of a day we were on the waters; the intense heat made it impossible to do much by day [8° S. of the Equator], but we made a good trip and arrived at Malu early on Thursday morning.

"We despatched a messenger in search of Peter and the other Christians, and meanwhile an old heathen chief came and opposed our landing. We could not pacify him until we handed him a fine specimen of sugarcane, upon which he began operations at once, muttering and growling at the same time, till the Christian men appeared. What a contrast they were! Peter, Charley, Silas, Fred, John, and several followers and converts of these faithful ones came hastily over the hill at a run, all clothed and decent, and oh, so eager to welcome us, while a few paces away sat the still discontented, miserable old chief, who did not want a missionary himself, and did not want any one else to have one either.

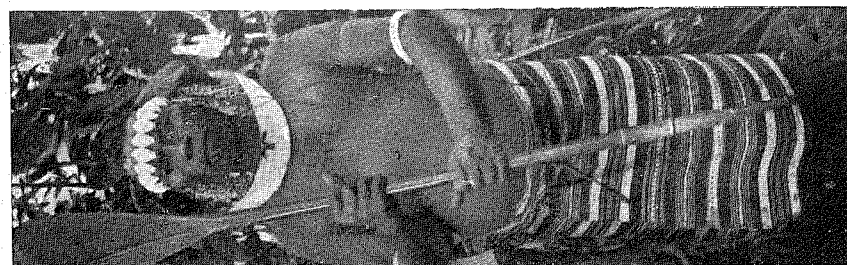
"Uphill, a quarter of a mile away, is their little village, and we were taken at once to the house so lately occupied by Mr. Pillans, and then to the grave of the devoted missionary, and here again, quietly and sorrowfully, they told us of their great loss. We were so glad to have come to comfort them in this very dark hour. Next they led us to the little church, of which they were justly proud, built of leaf and wood; porch and windows all so neatly made, and inside, comfortable seats and platform. The walls were hung with texts and hymn-sheets such as are used in Bundaberg. We had much to talk about, and they were most eager for news from Queensland.

"Friday was market day, which occurs every third day; hostilities are laid aside, and bushmen bring their yams to barter for fish from the salt-water men. Men, women, and children gather for the business of the day. It was a grand opportunity for us, and we made the most of it. John spoke splendidly. Many of the people were suffering from sores and sickness of all descriptions. Malu is a dreadfully barren place, no waving

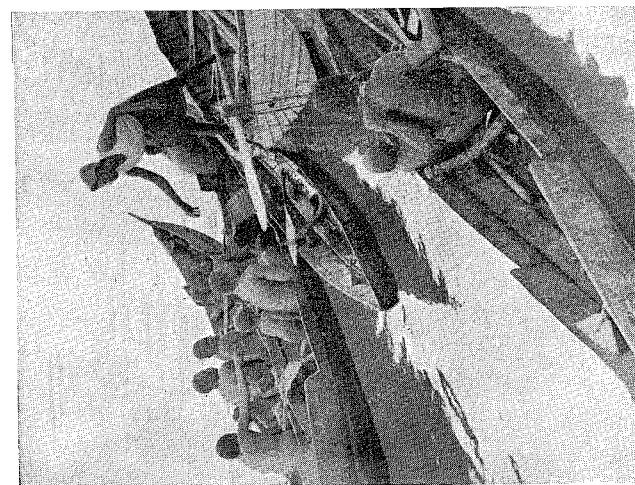
To face p. 140.



NATHANIEL WITH HIS FIRST CONVERT
AND LITTLE NORMAN.



CHIEF AT WANONI.
See pp. 188 and 192.



BARTERING FROM CANOES.

coconut palms with their wonderful food supply. The Boys were really hungry in many places, and were living on small nuts. They spoke regretfully of days in Queensland, and of the regular rations received there. Here they work hard and no mistake to produce the small supply of yams and taro, and anything they get is by the sweat of their brow, as the soil is poor and sterile. . .

"Sunday was a very full day. We began at 8 a.m., and I was delighted to find the classes carried on in the same way as they had been taught in Queensland. I was astonished to see the eager youngsters sitting in front able to sing lustily, 'Jesus loves me,' 'What can wash away my stain,' and other familiar hymns, finding the places in their own books, and in those of others less advanced. The women were also allowed to attend, and sat together on one side. . .

"Wednesday we had to leave at dawn, hoping to reach Fiu before the intense heat, and rest there. The Christian men gathered round to see us off, and after prayer together, we left them greatly cheered and comforted to know they were not forgotten, but that much prayer was being made for them continually."

Mr. Ruddell returned to Queensland, and in August, 1902, became a member of the Queensland Kanaka Mission.

In the same year two more unattached workers, Mr. Fred Schwieger and Mr. Joseph Watkinson, from Mr. H. Martin's Missionary Training Home in Sydney, went to Noumea New Caledonia. Finding no opening there for missionary effort, they went on to Vila in the New Hebrides. Here they earned enough money to purchase a boat and outfit, and continued their journey to the Solomons, determined to go to Peter's help. They reached Malu, and wrote enthusiastic reports of the work done by Peter and other Christians from Queensland.

But Mr. Schwieger also laid down his life within five months. Mr. Watkinson suffered severely from malaria; and the Commissioner sent him back to Australia, and refused to let him return, unless supported by an organized Mission. He visited our stations to tell the Boys of the work at Malu, and eventually joined our Mission.

Pathetic appeals for help reached us from Peter Ambuofa, and from other Christians who had returned to the Solomon Islands, had built schools, and were bravely witnessing for Christ.

The Queensland Kanaka missionaries were of one mind,

feeling intensely both the need, and our responsibility. Unitedly we waited upon God, and sought for His guidance and direction.

The burden grew insupportable, more and more insistent the call; until the conviction became clear that this call was from God, and not of man.

It was only after many months of united prayer that the decision was made.

Then, during the Katoomba Convention,* in January, 1904, the Solomon Island branch of the Queensland Kanaka Mission was formed, with a separate Council of Sydney and Melbourne friends. The Mission was to be, like the Queensland Kanaka Mission, evangelical and unsectarian in character, and on what is called faith lines, no appeal being made for funds, although the expenditure would, of course, be considerable.

It was at the mountain home of my dear sister, Mrs. Deck, that this decision was made.

Mr. Theo Kitchen was there, and Mr. John Southey and others. The first Council meeting was held on a rocky prominence near Eagle's Crag, overlooking the magnificent Jamieson Valley. Everything around was as it were a voice, telling out the might and majesty and sufficiency of our God. EL SHADDAI—the God that is enough. "He taketh up the isles as a very little thing."

The members of the new Solomon Island Council were:

Dr. and Mrs. J. Feild Deck, Mr. John Southey, Mr. Theo Kitchen, Mr. James Nicholson, Mr. T. Wills Pulsford, Mr. W. H. Dibley (Hon. Secretary of Council), Miss F. S. H. Young (Hon. Secretary and Treasurer of Mission).

It was intended that these friends should act as an executive Council. This they were willing to do, if I undertook the superintendence of the work; and it was arranged that I should accompany the first party to assist in establishing the Mission, and to gain fuller information about the Islands.

The question was raised as to possible accommodation for women at Gavutu. After my Chinese experiences,

* This Convention was organized and begun in 1899 on Keswick lines, by Mr. and Mrs. C. Ernest Young, and has been held annually at Khandala, their Katoomba home. It has brought spiritual uplift and refreshment to many of God's children from far and near.

however, I felt sure that I could go wherever men could! It would at least be possible to screen off a corner somewhere amongst the cases in Captain Svensen's store!

Three missionaries were appointed:

Mr. O. C. Thomas from Geraldton, Mr. J. St. G. Caulfeild from Bundaberg, and Mr. A. H. Abbott from Ballarat.

A framed house was ordered, provisions for six months purchased, and a ten-ton ketch built to order. This was to be called the "Daphne" in memory of little Daphne Sango.

On hearing that I was going with the party, Mrs. Fricke wrote from Ballarat offering to accompany me. While deeply touched by this offer, I did not at first feel free to accept it. The risks seemed too great for the mother of five children, and a most devoted mother too. We knew not what dangers and difficulties were before us; but we did know that the climate was unhealthy and that it was considered unsafe to land on Malaita. Mr. and Mrs. Fricke, however, both renewed the offer. No other companion was available. There was not at that time a single white woman in the Eastern Solomons; so at last I very gratefully did accept her help. And what a comfort she was! God wonderfully sustained her. I don't think she had ever been absent from her children for a night, and she left a baby of two years and four other children under the care of grandmother and aunt. She had no news, not one single line from home, for eight weeks; and yet God kept her in such perfect peace that she was able to say she never had one anxious thought!

SOLOMON ISLANDS, 1904.

We left Sydney on March 1 in the SS. "Moresby" and steamed straight into a raging sea. Four days of misery for bad sailors followed. The weather was so stormy that the steamer had to lie-to for four hours one night, fearing that the "Daphne" might break loose from her tackle on the deck. Green seas swept across the main deck upon which our tiny cabin (5 ft. x 6 ft.) opened. We were nearly swamped out, and all our belongings were soaked. The weather improved after reaching Lord Howe Island; but the "Moresby" was not built for comfort, nor for the tropics. Badly ventilated, exceedingly dirty, no ice or cooling chamber, the decks cumbered with cargo and boats, and

forty-six pigs on the main deck outside our cabin! The journey lasted twenty-six days.

We had a delightful day ashore at Norfolk Island, and landed also at Noumea, Aneiteum, and Vila. A pleasant visit was paid to the Presbyterian missionaries at Vila; and to Mr. and Mrs. Mansfield, who had worked at Ambrym with Dr. Lamb. They gave us cheering news of many of our Boys, and some of these we saw.

Mr. Mansfield could not speak too highly of dear George Da-te-man and Albert Li-sa, who were teaching most faithfully on Ambrym. When George returned home in 1892 he began building a school. Li-sa, an old friend of his, and a village leader, stopped him. By-and-by a labour vessel appeared. George came to Li-sa, gave him his books, and said, "You go along Queensland along Miss Young and learn this what I tell you. Suppose you no find-'im true, when you come back I all-same you. I wait, no build-'im school till you come back." Li-sa went; was convinced, converted and baptized; and returned at the end of his three years to throw himself heart and soul into the work.

Captain Rason invited us to luncheon at the Residency. When he heard we were on our way to Malaita he smiled a smile. "*I don't think you will be permitted* by the Government to land there!" "Oh," I replied, "I have already obtained Mr. Woodford's consent. I called on him in Sydney and he gave us permission to go to Malaita." Captain Rason still shook his head: "You will not be allowed to go. It is too dangerous. . ."

I now follow my diary letter:

"*March 25, 1904.* Our first sight of Malaita! See *Daily Light* for the wonderful promises the Lord is giving us to-day. 'I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee. So that we may boldly say, The Lord is my helper and I will not fear what man shall do unto me.' 'Behold I am with thee and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest, etc.' 'Be strong and of a good courage, fear not, nor be afraid of them; for the Lord thy God, he it is that doth go with thee; he will not fail thee, nor forsake thee.' See, too, the evening portion.

"At 6 a.m. we were passing the SW. coast of San Christoval. At 8 a.m. we sighted Guadalcanar, and 10.10 a.m. saw Malaita. Since then we have been steaming all day past San Christoval, Marau Sound, and the NE. coast of Guadalcanar, with Malaita clearly visible in the distance. . ."

"Gavutu, *March 28.* Please read *Daily Light*, morning portion. Every word fits our need exactly. The Lord is gracious and gives messages of strong encouragement all the way. He knows how helpless we are, and *will not let us faint!* We are full of praise and gratitude. Goodness and mercy are following us all the way. Everybody is so kind and ready to help. . . Dr. Welchman says we have some rough experiences before us, that we probably do not realize how rough! People all talk like that, and then *God* says, 'Fear not, I am with thee. I will not fail thee. Be strong and of a good courage.' 'If God be for us who can be against us?' 'The Lord is on my side, I will not fear, what can man do unto me?' 'Arise therefore and be doing, and the Lord be with thee.'"

Gavutu is a small island off the coast of Florida. It was at that time a trading station owned by Captain Svenson. It was also a coaling and watering station for the British Navy. There were eighteen big water tanks, unprotected, alas! and swarms of anopheles mosquitoes made it one of the worst places for fever in the Solomons.

There was only one house belonging to the trader. This consisted of a single gable with unlined iron roof. The ground-floor was a store. Above this were three rooms with partitions some seven or eight feet high. Wide verandahs all round in which the men slept. Captain Svenson kindly gave us the use of the end room and verandah, a table and some chairs. The room was quite bare save for one long shelf. The floor was covered with a thick coating of red lead to prevent leakage to the store below. We spread newspapers under our mattresses, and found the floor comfortable enough after the hard and narrow bunks on the "Moresby." A wooden case shielded our primus lamp from the wind, and on this all our cooking was done. The native kitchen with earthen floor and tables quite black from pots and grease was uninviting, to say nothing of its distance from the house, and a long flight of steps to be traversed in the frequent teeming rain.

The "Daphne" had suffered from exposure to sun and wind on the "Moresby." Seams had started, and the decks leaked. She had also to be rigged; and all this meant strenuous work for our three men. Fortunately, in Mr. Thomas, we had an enthusiastic and capable yachtsman, and in Mr. Abbott a skilled carpenter and builder. It is

a good thing for missionaries to be able to use their hands—an essential thing for pioneers.

The Commissioner, Mr. Woodford, had just returned from Sydney, by the "Ysabel," a direct steamer carrying mails and passengers to the Marshall Islands.

I had a memorable interview with Mr. Woodford. As predicted by Captain Rason, he objected to our proposed visit to Malaita. Having already in Sydney given me permission, he could not withdraw this, but he declared that Mrs. Fricke must go straight back by the "Moresby." "And if you insist upon staying, you can wait here for six weeks, and then I will send you across to Malaita and back in the Government schooner." I felt like Nehemiah before Artaxerxes, and I too "prayed to the God of heaven." With an inward and urgent cry to God for help, I put our case before Mr. Woodford, and reminded him also that it would be rather awkward for me if he sent away my chaperone. Gradually he thawed and ended by giving us all permission to go across to Malaita in the "Daphne," on condition that we took with us as pilot a certain recruiter. To this I assented. But the man had an unenviable reputation as "the biggest liar in the Solomons!" So we were considerably relieved when he refused to go; and Mr. Woodford made no further difficulty. He himself was going on by the "Moresby" to the Western Solomons; and we made all haste to get away before his return lest he should change his mind. We just succeeded in sailing out of the harbour a few hours before the steamer reappeared.

FIRST JOURNEY TO MALAITA, 1904.

The following picture tells of our first landing on Malaita :
"Give glory unto the Lord, and declare his praise in the islands."

It is one of these "islands" we are approaching. The little mission vessel carrying the pioneers of the Queensland Kanaka Mission left Gavutu yesterday, and a fair wind this morning has brought us across to the important and populous island of Malaita. It is a hundred miles in length, densely wooded everywhere, even to the summits of mountains 4,000 feet high. Mountains running from north to south, attract the abundant tropical moisture so that heavy clouds



AN ARTIFICIAL ISLAND IN LAGOON.



AUKI ISLAND IN LANGA-LANGA LAGOON.

gather above, marking at a distance the position of the island.

We enter behind a chain of islets forming the Langa-Langa Lagoon, and before the anchor can be dropped our little vessel is thronged with natives, all clamouring for "toback." Clothing is conspicuous by its absence, with the exception of one Boy from Tulagi. We look in vain for signs of civilization. Some of these men have been in Queensland for years, but—there are no Christians amongst them.

The two ladies excite great interest, and we are pressed to visit the tiny islands where these salt-water men have taken refuge from their enemies, the bushmen. On one of these islets the natives reckon there are five hundred people. The dark and filthy huts are crowded together, no windows of course, or chimneys, and small holes for doors. As we pass along the muddy alleys, two feet wide, we step over children and pigs. The poor women, degraded and diseased, crowd round us, and our hearts sink—we can hardly wonder that unbelievers talk of these poor creatures as having no souls. Is it possible that they can be raised?

Wait, the dark picture gives place to another.

We have sailed fifty miles up the coast of Malaita, stopping at villages here and there. Drenching rains and fierce tropical sun as we lay becalmed, remind us we are only 8° from the Equator. At last, however, we have rounded Cape Astrolabe, the northern extremity of Malaita, have passed through the Straits of Basokana, and Malu is in sight.

A large canoe approaches. Are they friends from Malu, or strangers?

Doubt is soon at an end, for they are all *clothed*. We know how to signal to them—across the water with all our might peal out the strains:

" Oh ! for a thousand tongues to sing
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The glories of our God and King,
The triumphs of His grace."

The response to the well-loved hymn is instantaneous. Great excitement in the canoe! Spray flies from their paddles, and in a few minutes the canoe is alongside. We find it is a party of Malu Christians taking rations to the workers at their newly-opened out-station of Taravania,

and they continue their journey, delighted to have been the first to greet and welcome us.

Two hours later we land at Malu, and a throng of bright young people press round us, all eager to shake hands. What a contrast to the savage, raw material at Langa-Langa. Here all are clothed, clean, and intelligent-looking. The whole community escort us through the forest, and up the steep hill to the Christian village, established by our dear Peter Ambuofa, who for ten years has been working so faithfully for the Master.

Immense trees festooned with orchids meet overhead, and keep the ground continually moist. We stumble across great roots and logs, gasping for breath as we join the natives in their songs of praise. Surely never were there sweeter strains. How our hearts thrill as they burst into the simple little chorus :

“ Oh ! we all belong to Jesus.
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, Amen ! ”

The result of Peter's work at Malu is a glorious proof of the mighty power of God—HE IS ABLE to lift even savages out of the horrible pit of sin, though bound by chains of witchcraft, ignorance, and cruelty.

Away up on the hills inland, the fierce, wild bushmen of Malaita are practically inaccessible. They live in the dense forest in fear and dread of one another, for murder stalks abroad, and enemies are on every side. There is no open warfare—men, women, aye, and little children too, are shot, or speared, or clubbed by hidden, treacherous foes, who have no personal grudge against them, but are hired by others to do the dark deed, and rewarded with pigs or strings of native shell money.

High up on the mountain above Malu lived one of these bush chiefs. Seven sons were born to him, the eldest, Gosila ; the second, Peter Ambuofa, who heard in Queensland the wonderful tidings of a God of love and of a Saviour who gave His life to redeem sinful men.

It was at Kalkie, Bundaberg, that Peter first heard the glad news, and became a follower of the Lord Jesus Christ. He was baptized on August 28, 1892, and in April, 1894, he left Queensland to carry the message of salvation to his people.

He meant to land at Urasi, on the east coast, but the chief

said he would kill him as soon as he set foot on shore. The captain therefore refused to land him and took him back to Queensland, trying to persuade him to re-engage for another term of three years. This, Peter refused to do. He had set his face like a flint—God had given him the message of Life, his people were dying in sin without that message—he could not accept defeat, and the next vessel carried him again to the Islands.

He went ashore this time near Urasi with another Christian named Robert, who proved unstable and added to his difficulties. The chief there received them very unwillingly, and told them to sleep underneath the house with the pigs.

Peter said to himself : “ My Jesus He been come down along place belong stable—me all right—thank you.” “ So I pull-'im out rubbish, I sleep there.” Then the chief told them to move on or they would be killed. Peter says he thought about the hymn, “ Jesus of Nazareth passeth by,” and, “ I cry, and I go out from that place. I go away, catch-'im Malu along one o'clock on Sunday.”

And so he came to his own people. On the beach at Malu a market is held every few days, to which the salt-water men come in their canoes with fish to barter for the yams and taro brought down by the bushmen.

Peter's people sorely needed a deliverer, but they were fast bound in superstition and sin, and they would have none of his Saviour or his teaching.

So for four years he stood alone, living in a little hut on the seashore. No one came to learn, he suffered much from fever, and again and again his life was threatened by armed men, but he held on and never lost faith in God.

On one occasion a party armed with muskets came to kill him. He told them he was not afraid to die, they could not hurt him unless God permitted. “ Suppose you kill-'im me, I go Home along Heaven.” As he stood facing the guns levelled at him, a violent thunderstorm came on, and the rain wet their powder ! The men went off, convinced that some Power protected this man. The Lord was “ a wall of fire round about ” His servant.

Peter told us how God cared for him in those early days.

“ When I come home first-time I make-'im garden, but I no got-'im *kai-kai* (food).” Then he added, pointing to

an old gnarled tree: "This fellow-tree he carry fruit and I eat-'im that fruit. By-and-by my garden he grow, this tree he no more carry fruit."

He told us how he wrote John iii. 16 on a piece of paper and fastened it up on a tree. We asked him what use that could be, seeing the people could not read, and very few of them could speak English.

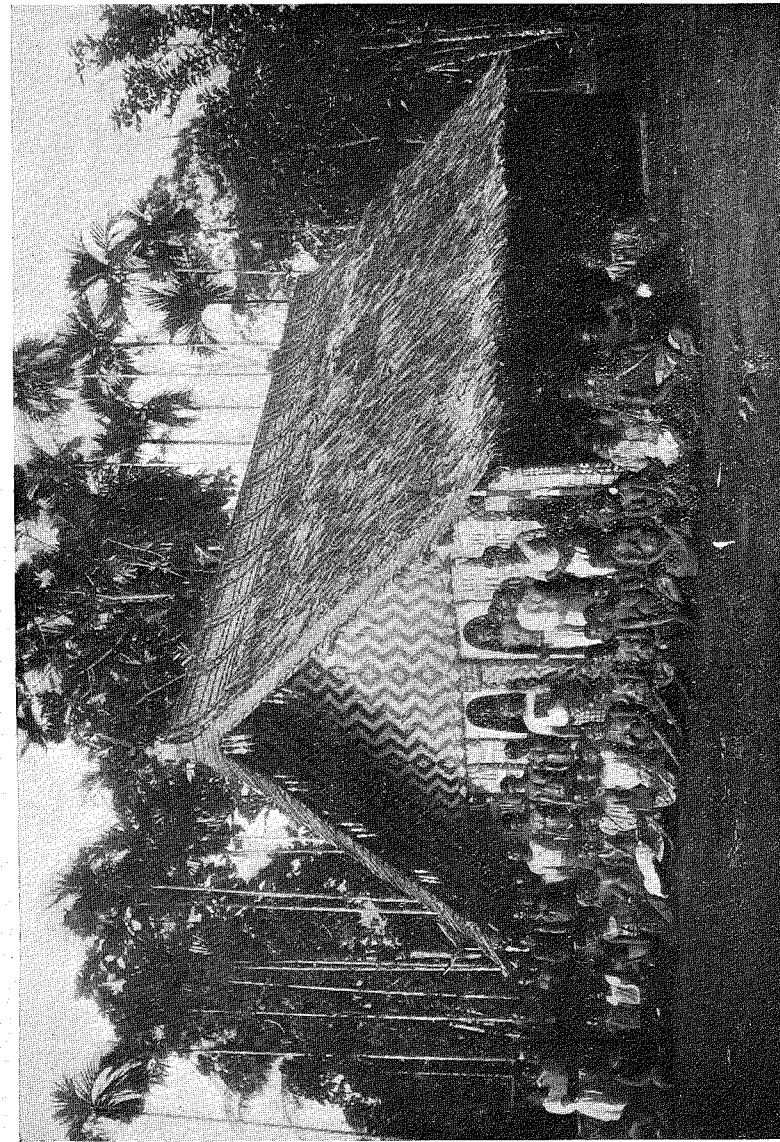
"Yes, I know," he replied, "but I think—might God He see, and—might devil he see—and, might he say, 'Eh, man belong God here, more better I clear out!'"

Poor old Peter! The devil certainly did not "clear out"—but God worked. Here was a man dead in earnest—a man willing to do anything to reach his people—a man who prayed, and worked, and went on praying and working.

God tried his faith, as He always does try the faith of those whom He trusts and honours, and then He opened the way. After four years there came a time of drought. The gardens failed, but Peter's garden flourished. The people began to think he was better off than they were, and they let the children come, and then the women; and the men followed.

Peter wrote to Bundaberg asking for a missionary to come and help him. In response to this appeal several Christian Boys went to his assistance, and in 1900 Mr. Pillans joined him at Malu. The first white teacher was welcomed with overflowing joy, and the Boys set to work with a will to finish the school and rough house they had already begun. Silas Dindi drew an apt lesson from Mr. Pillans' sudden arrival. He said the appearing of the Lord Jesus would be just the same to those who were not expecting Him. The Boys had prayed, and written for help, and when the missionary came the school and house were not ready to receive him.

On the hill behind the school at Malu may be seen a clump of gaily-coloured crotons. It is the little graveyard in which are "planted" the bodies of several Christian Boys. In the centre lie Charles Pillans and Frederick Schwieger, awaiting the glorious resurrection. Both succumbed to the malarious climate after a few short months of service for Christ. "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and



SCHOOL AT BINA, LANGA-LANGA LAGOON.

die, it abideth alone ; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit."

When we arrived in 1904 Peter had 200 people coming to school on Sundays, and had carried the message far and near.

Of course, he tried hard to reach his own family, and one after another they were won. His old father and mother, Tommy, Aupil, Maito, and a young brother (these last three have since died) and two only remained heathen, Gosila and Ratalo, and they fiercely resisted every effort.

They lived apart in a mountain fastness, fortified with a stone wall, and became noted all over the district for murder and violence. It was Gosila and Ratalo who arranged and paid for the murder of dear Charley Lofia at Malu, and they were responsible for many other murders. Gosila once decoyed a lad away into the bush and sending him up a tree for nuts, coolly smashed in his skull when he was at a convenient height ; his little son finishing off the boy, his own playmate ! To our short-sighted eyes he seemed outside the pale of salvation, for he had so long hardened his heart and refused to repent.

But God's mercy is boundless. That same man is to-day sitting at the feet of Jesus, becoming more and more like a little child—"born from above."

How did it come about ? The story may be told here though it belongs to a later date. The enemy overreached himself as he often does.

Some relatives were threatened with murder. They took refuge with Gosila and Ratalo. Ratalo arranged to betray them to their common enemy. Some one overheard and warned them. Three escaped. In the morning the fourth came out of the house and was shot. Peter heard of the trouble and came to see what he could do. He found Gosila very angry with Ratalo for having betrayed these people to his own enemies. He said he would leave the place and go with Peter to school at Malu.

In the Malu district for a man to go to school means a complete break with the heathen. But Gosila came and brought his family and a number of people with him. At first he gave no testimony, except that he said he had come to school, and when his children all became ill he held on. A heathen salt-water chief said to him, "It is a terrible sight

to see a man like you giving up all your power and living in this poor style," etc.

Gradually the man became completely changed, and his face was changed, too. It began to mirror the strange new joy and peace within. What memories such a man must have as his conscience awakens! But "all manner of sin shall be forgiven," for "him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out."

The Christians all look upon Gosila as a miracle of God's grace, and so he is.

Mr. Caulfeild well said, as he gave the above particulars: "Only one explanation is possible of facts here. There is a personal devil who gains command over men and seems bent on using them on purpose to violate God's law. And men are *born again*, delivered from the power of Satan, and given an entirely new nature by the indwelling Spirit of God."

INITIATORY DIFFICULTIES, 1904.

And now at last God had sent to the little band at Malu their own missionaries from Queensland. How great was their rejoicing, and ours. And yet, in spite of their joy and their welcome, we met with an unexpected check.

The Boys had greatly resented the Act of Deportation which drove them out of Queensland. They had their own point of view, and determined to keep the white men out of their Islands. Missionaries? Yes, they would receive them, but *they would sell no land* to white men.

With some show of reason they argued: "White man he go along Queensland, he take-'im country belong black-fellow, now by-and-by he say, 'Altogether coloured man, you clear out. This country belong white man!'"

They offered to let us live on their land, but they would sell no site for a mission station. After a time they said they would let us have a small piece of ground for £1,000!

Other difficulties arose. We could not obtain a crew. The Boys had been getting high wages before they left Queensland, and the current rate in the Islands seemed too low. Yet it was bad policy for missionaries to raise the rate of wages. There were many other tokens of the opposition of the enemy. "For our wrestling is not against flesh and blood, but against the principalities, against the powers,

against the world-rulers of this darkness, against the spiritual hosts of wickedness in the heavenly places."

The fever germs caught at Gavutu soon laid us low, and one after another of the party developed malarial fever. We wanted to visit some of the harbours on the eastern side of Malaita before deciding on the best position for a head station. Christians in Queensland from Sinorango had urged the claims of their "passage" amongst other possible places. But we could not go without a crew, and for some days no one was willing to engage. At last some salt-water men from Ata'a came to the market at Malu, and they offered to "sign on" the next day. That night I could not sleep, and spent most of the night in prayer for guidance. Before morning I felt sure the Lord did not mean us to attempt the journey to the east coast. Mr. Thomas agreed that we should give this up, and go back to Gavutu, where Mrs. Fricke and I hoped to catch the "Ysabel" on her return to Sydney. A little later, an old Christian named Charley Lofia came to me. He said he had heard the Ata'a men talking, and he understood enough to know that they were planning to run our boat on to the reef on the other side of Malaita, to murder the white people, and loot the vessel. Charley, too, had been unable to sleep. He said, "God He been talk along my heart. He been say, 'You go along "Daphne," look out Miss Young.'" So poor old Charley signed on, and another Christian. They were both bushmen, and did not know one rope from another, but we had one man, Peter Rai-ia, with some seafaring knowledge.

And so, after a stay of eight days, we sailed away from Malu. It was a mercy we had not attempted the east coast. A few miles out from Malu Mr. Thomas went down with fever suddenly as if he had been shot, and lay quite helpless at the stern.

We called at Taravania to see the out-station opened by the Malu Christians. Mrs. Fricke and I had a refreshing bathe in the river, while the girls kept watch. We afterwards met on the beach a group of tall bushmen armed with spears and guns. They were highly delighted to see two white women. They laughed, and laughed and laughed. "Very good two-fellow 'Mary' come along Island. You teach-'im altogether *salt-water man*. *He no good*. You make him quiet." We told them we wanted to teach the

bush-men too. "Oh! you leave-'im bush-men, he all right. You teach-'im salt-water man."

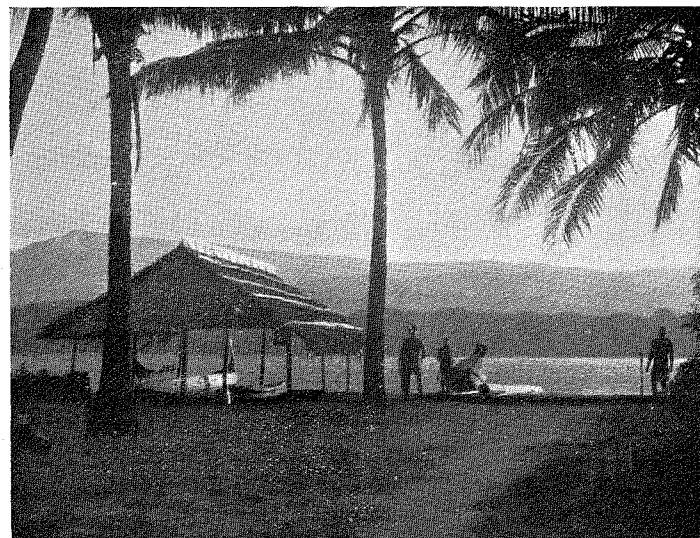
But we received exactly the same instructions (reversed) from the salt-water men. "Very good you teach-'im bush-man; He *no good*. You make him quiet. Salt-water man he all right, you leave him."

From Taravania we sailed across to Florida; but it was a fearful journey.

We were becalmed from time to time, exposed to the merciless rays of a scorching tropical sun, for we dared not lower the sail to put up an awning. Every puff of wind was needed to stem the currents which might sweep us on to dangerous reefs. The glare from the sea added to the heat; and on the deck were two nail-cans set in boxes of sand, in both of which fires were burning all day to cook rice for the crew, and boil the drinking water, etc. Our tiny craft had so little free-board that we could dip our hands in the sea over the low bulwark.

We were a helpless party indeed. Neither Mr. Caulfeild nor Mr. Abbott had had any experience in sailing boats. In the partial shade of the cabin deck-house lay Mrs. Fricke with a temperature of 106°; Mr. Abbott on the other side, 104°; Mr. Thomas helpless at the stern; and both Mr. Caulfeild and I very shaky and tottering. Thus as the sun was setting on the fifth day from Malu we approached the entrance to Gavutu harbour. There were no guiding lights, and we did not know where to anchor; so we crept slowly on, keeping to the right side of the harbour where there was less danger from reefs.

By-and-by we asked Peter if the sails ought to be lowered. "Ask Mr. Thomas." We tried to rouse him, but he was half unconscious and only muttered, "It doesn't matter." So we still went on. Fortunately there was only the faintest breath of wind, for presently we crashed gently into the causeway between two islands. This effectually roused Mr. Thomas for a few minutes, and his remarks were not complimentary to the duffers in charge! However, no harm was done, and with painful efforts we got the sails down, and moored the boat alongside the wharf by 10 p.m. Next morning Mr. Caulfeild endeavoured to take Mrs. Fricke to the house, a few yards from the wharf, while I tried to gather together the clothes and utensils we needed.



CANOE HOUSE, NONGOSILA.

See pp. 172, 194, 237.



NORMAN DECK IN CANOE, NONGOSILA.

Note mainland of Malaita behind.

Presently I thought I had better see how the others were getting on. I found Mrs. Fricke in a fainting condition half-way up the wharf. Mr. Caulfeild and I together half led and half carried her to the verandah upstairs, and for two hours one faint succeeded another.

The trader left in charge of the store had been drinking heavily. He saw the "Daphne" approaching and took a heavy dose of chlorodyne to pull himself together, with the result that delirium tremens came on. That night his Boys came to Mr. Caulfeild for help, as he was missing. He was found on the reef without any clothes, and raving. We sent a note to Mr. Woodford at the Government Station at Tulagi, three miles away, asking him to take charge of the man. Poor fellow, he had been so kind to us before we left for Malaita; but none of our party were able to take care of him, and the second night he rushed round the house looking for knives, and for the two ladies! So we were thankful when Mr. Woodford took him to Tulagi, and that another of Captain Svensen's employees arrived in a small cutter and took charge of the store.

Seven long weeks were spent at Gavutu. Mr. Caulfeild and Mr. Abbott recovered, but without Mr. Thomas they could make no use of the "Daphne," and he was still helpless. H.M.S. "Pylades" came in for coal; and the surgeon saw Mr. Thomas, and advised his return to Australia. Day after day passed. No sign of the "Ysabel"; until at last her whale-boat arrived with the tidings that she had lost her propeller. They had reached Baso-kana, near Malu, and were waiting there for assistance. Later on the "Southern Cross" towed the "Ysabel" across to Gavutu and we waited on for the "Moresby." She brought our mail, and after ten days in the Western Solomons picked us up, and took the "Ysabel" in tow. We were able to secure a competent seaman from the steamer to take charge of the "Daphne," and Mr. Thomas returned with us. He quickly improved on the voyage, which lasted sixteen days. Mrs. Fricke and I had been taking turns in having fever at Gavutu; but the last week we were both down together; and our friends were rather shocked at our appearance when we reached Sydney on June 22. Mrs. Fricke was still having severe attacks of fever with a temperature of 106° every day, and I had lost two stone in weight.

Dr. Deck took us both in hand and treated us so effectually that Mrs. Fricke was soon able to return to Ballarat.

Dear Mr. Theo Kitchen was in Sydney, and his counsel and help were invaluable. Like Jonathan of old, he strengthened our hands in God; and when the storm of trial and distress threatened to engulf the Mission barque before it was fairly launched, he *stood by* till the tempest was over, and the Mission safely floated.

A change was made in the constitution of the Mission. The Council became an advisory one, and the following names were added :*

In Sydney.

Rev. Rainsford Bavin.

Rev. Dr. Porter.

Mr. T. H. Norrie.

In Melbourne.

Dr. J. Kitchen.

Mr. H. Hannah.

Mr. E. Dimant.

It was during this time that one thanked God for every bit of experience gained in China. The inspired Psalmist knew the depth of human need when he wrote, "My flesh and my heart faileth, but GOD is the strength of my heart and my portion for ever."

I knew that we could not expect to escape conflict if God had called us to attack one of the strongholds of the enemy. Conflict means suffering. "The redemption of their souls *is costly*." This thought was burnt into my soul in days of shrinking and weakness. "But thanks be to God which *giveth us the victory* through our Lord Jesus Christ!" "Who is sufficient for these things?" Ah! thank God! HE IS EL SHADDAI, and "our sufficiency is of God."

In the mail received at Gavutu came a letter from Miss Marchbank in China, and in the letter a pink satin ribbon with a precious message worked upon it in Chinese characters: "*O isi ni tih en-tien keo-liao*." It lies in my Bible still, and again and again it has brought strength and comfort to my heart. "I bestow-upon-you-grace—*enough*."

The following lines came to me in this time of weakness and suffering.

* In 1908 Mrs. Roberts and Miss Deck joined the Advisory Council. Rev. W. Lamb took Mr. Nicholson's place in 1916. Rev. J. D. Mill joined in 1920, and Dr. N. Deck in 1922. In 1924 Rev. H. Robinson and Dr. H. Baring Deck were added to the Council.

"THE REDEMPTION OF THEIR SOUL IS COSTLY."

"God . . . gave His only Begotten Son." Christ "gave Himself."

The heathen die in deep darkness,
"Go preach to them every one."
"We cannot, 'twill prove too costly
Perchance even lives laid down."

"The climate is so unhealthy,
The people are so debased,
And funds are so hardly gathered,
The trials cannot be faced."

Oh! Christians, thrice shame upon you,
Who count any cost too great
To carry the Gospel message
To those who in darkness wait.

Have ye never counted the value
Of one human soul in God's sight?
Nor what it has cost to redeem you
From the enemy's grasp of might?

Costly! aye, costly redemption,
Thy soul is precious indeed—
It cost more than all earth's treasures,
No price could that cost exceed.

God counted the cost, He spared not,
But gave for thy soul His Son,
The Brightness of Heaven's glory,
His Delight, His Only One!

Oh the wealth of love that centred
On the blessed Son of God!
The Father's Well-Beloved
Was the price of thy soul to God!

And what was the cost to thy Saviour?
Ah! think what it meant to Him,
What loneliness, sorrow and suffering
Filled His earthly cup to the brim.

He laid down His Heavenly Glory,
Obedient to death He became,
He suffered and bled for the sinner,
That death of deep sorrow and shame.

His life He thus gave to redeem thee,
And now He is seated above,
He dwells there to save, and to bless thee
With infinite, marvellous love!

To Him can we bring a burnt off'ring
 In response to His loving call,
 A burnt off'ring which *costs us nothing*,
 To Him who is worthy of all ?

"The way of the Cross means sacrifice,"
 We're *called* to this fellowship deep
 To share in our Lord's toil and suff'ring,
 To seek for His wandering sheep.

Oh ! thanks be to God for this calling,
 This glorious partnership here.
 To whom it is given to suffer,
 They too in His glory shall share !

During my absence on this Island trip my brothers had built for me a seven-roomed cottage, a mile from their own houses at Fairymead. This was a great boon to Miss Deck and to me. It was in the "Bush paddock," near the Boys' houses, and was a very pleasant and restful home. We were saved all the fatigue and difficulties of getting backwards and forwards every night and on Sundays to our classes ; and we were also better able to concentrate time and strength upon the mission work.

Mr. Caulfeild and Mr. Abbott found great difficulty in obtaining a crew for the "Daphne." Whenever Boys were available, Grant, the seaman in charge of the vessel, would declare that the weather was unfavourable. Time went on, and they were still detained in Gavutu.

We left in June. Mr. Abbott had a severe attack of fever, and came to Sydney by the August steamer but returned immediately. After this they crossed to Bitama, and Mr. Caulfeild went round by dinghy to Anta-gege to see the chief Kwai-su-lia who returned with him to Malu. They had a long discussion with Peter about land at Bitama. Nothing came of this, and Messrs. Caulfeild and Abbott returned to Gavutu.

It was not till December 13 that they succeeded in reaching Malu again, and then on Grant's account they went back to Gavutu for Christmas. Peter, however, had offered a site for a mission station, and in January this was inspected and purchased, and a goods-shed and boathouse were built near the beach. A two-roomed semi-native house was built on the edge of the cliff ; and three more trips to Gavutu filled

up the time till March 24, when they started on their first trip to the east coast. Calms and squalls alternated ; and after beating against the SE. trades for four days and three nights, the "Daphne" put into Sinorango Harbour and a welcome rest was enjoyed. The beautiful little Island of Ai-io was reached on April 1, and the return journey to Malu occupied only twenty-four hours. On the 8th of April they left again for Gavutu to catch the "Moresby," the Council desiring to confer with Mr. Caulfeild about the work,

Mr. Abbott had an opportunity of visiting Santa Cruz, San Christoval and the south end of Malaita in a recruiting vessel. They called at Wai-si-si (Royalist Harbour) amongst other places, and here he met Samson Mai-niu-ta and Barnabas A'asu. They greeted him with great joy and told him of work begun at One Pusu seven miles above Wai-si-si. From many places came the cry, "Send us a teacher."

Mr. Watkinson joined Mr. Abbott in May. With characteristic energy he threw himself heart and soul into the work at Malu, and also built a mission house at Taravania.

Meantime Mr. Abbott made a rapid journey of thirteen days right round the main island of Malaita back to Malu.

CHAPTER IX.

THE SPIRIT OF PRAYER IN QUEENSLAND, 1905.

IN the early part of this year of 1905, God worked in Queensland in a remarkable way, creating a deeper hunger for spiritual blessing; and a veritable baptism of prayer came upon the whole Mission.

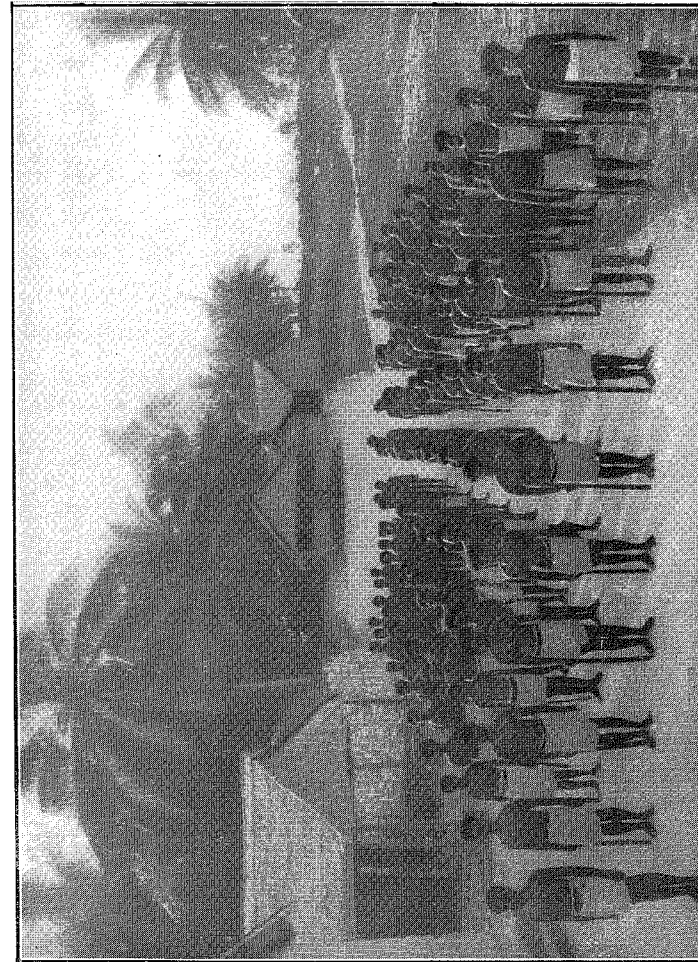
This began in Mr. Lancaster's district at the Isis, where there had been a lack of appetite for spiritual things, and no zeal for God's work. It was not a case of open backsliding, but the Boys, with one or two exceptions, would spend their spare time in making gardens or in playing cricket and football, so that prayer and the reading of God's Word were neglected. One Boy mournfully reported, "Altogether Christian along Isis too sleepy, they no work for God, they only have meeting when missionary come."

One evening at Hapsburg plantation, the whistle sounded for school, but only two Boys appeared, "little" Charley Pentecost and Jimmie Tongoa, both earnest Christians and faithful teachers.

Charley said, "Never mind Jimmie, you teach me, and then we pray. I believe God is going to work here through this meeting." So they prayed.

How did the answer come? The Christians became convicted of their deadness. Feeling their need of quickening, the Boys began having prayer meetings amongst themselves. One of the teacher Boys who had been in Melbourne during the Simultaneous Mission, and had attended cottage prayer meetings there, began with others to go from humpy to humpy holding meetings in like manner. But this was resented, one Boy saying, "I think you cross along me, that why you come to pray along my house." Prayer meetings were held at 5 a.m. and three times these meetings were begun and discontinued for lack of interest; but the faithful ones held on. Then prayer meetings followed the night classes. At first these were dry and heavy and only a few persevered, but gradually one and another joined the band.

A few weeks later, in a prayer meeting at the mission



NATIVE TEACHERS DRILLING AT ONE PUSU.

house, God's Spirit so fell upon the six or eight present, that one after another fell on their knees and poured out their souls to God, laughing and crying for very joy. Several now began to ask God to search them and help them to lay aside every weight. They also asked Him to wake them early for prayer. How things changed! Before, every one slept till the rising bell rang, and it was time for breakfast, or else they got up to dig in their gardens. Now God wakened them morning by morning before daylight for prayer. Again, in the dinner-hour, they had a season of prayer. One of the leaders of this revival of prayer having finished his time, left the district, and the taunt was made, "Oh, now you lose-'im Thomas Sandwich, everything will go down," but increased prayer still kept the fire burning.

I shall never forget my visit to Hapsberg at Easter that year. I had taken Mr. and Mrs. Gates (new workers on their way to Geraldton) to see the work at the Isis.

It was Sunday evening; a full and happy day had been spent at the mission hall. In the evening the workers went to different classes, and now we stood at the door of a large grass house on Hapsberg plantation. Within, a bright light lit up the faces of twenty-five men, gathered for the evening meeting. Mats on the earthen floor, and a neat cloth and a bunch of flowers on the table gave an air of comfort; but these were hardly noticed, for a strange sense of the presence of the Holy Spirit laid hold of us. As we entered the room we were conscious of an atmosphere literally charged with divine power. We had come by the Boys' request, to give a lesson on the Lord's Second Coming, the closing one of a series, but so strong was the sense of the presence of God that one could only let go everything in utter abandonment to the control of the Holy Spirit. An hour followed of intense prayer, then, while still on our knees, God's message came. Another hour was spent in the eager reception of the lesson, and in appropriating prayer. There was such a keen appetite for prayer that before closing we asked if some of the Boys would like to spend the following day, a holiday, in waiting upon God. The suggestion was eagerly adopted.

We met on Easter Monday at 10 a.m. in the same little grass house—four missionaries and thirteen South Sea Islanders. For half an hour the enemy made a desperate

attempt to block our access into the Holiest, but praise God, he was defeated, and great liberty was given. The hours passed rapidly, and with a short interval at mid-day, we continued in prayer until 4 p.m.

One dear Boy, bubbling over with gladness prayed: "O Lord, we thank Thee we no get Master's letter before. Suppose we hear about holiday in time for train on Saturday, might we been go along Bundaberg, then we lose-'im this *beautiful* day." The burden of prayer throughout the day was for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit. It was prayer such as we had never heard from Boys in all the years of our work amongst them—literally praying in the Holy Spirit.

Such prayer must prevail. No human teaching can produce it. God was working; and thank God this prayer continued. One Boy wrote that the Lord had been wakening him sometimes at three, and sometimes at four o'clock in the morning, for prayer. Another Boy told with joy how three of them, after the ordinary meeting, remained in prayer all night, till 3 a.m.

The blessing at the Isis soon spread.

From Bingera six Boys left to witness for Christ in Malaita. Their testimonies were touching:

... "Only one thing I take with me to my country—Jesus! I know Jesus died for me. My country, heathen country—When we go speak to them, they mock us, but praise God, we take Jesus there. . ."

"I thank God I come to Jesus—Jesus our Saviour came down to die for our sins. He died for my sins. . . Every Christian must go, do something. God, He asking us, and He give us power. . . My brothers you no fright suppose you hear news from our country that we six-fellow been killed. You rise up quickly and take our place."

One Boy prayed: "O Lord, we not strong to do this; and yet I believe Thou art Almighty, able to do everything for us. Keep us strong along Thee. Only one thing we want. Fill us with the Holy Spirit, so we can serve Thee. . . We need Thee. Make the way clear and plain. Walk before us and do everything for us. We just leave ourselves to Thee. Not my will but Thine be done. . . O Lord, give us one heart and one mind that we can do one thing and do one way, and let us have one heart to love Thee and serve Thee. Keep us steadfast. We are hanging on Thee.

Teach us what is best for us to do. O Father, hear me when I call upon Thee. Keep me in the faith. Hear us and bless us. We ask it in the Name of Jesus our Lord. Amen."

From the Burdekin: . . . "The Master's blessing is continuing with us; and He is manifesting His power. . . At almost every class souls are turning to the Lord. . . At Kalamia last Monday three Malaita men 'signed'*—big hard cases; and three others were restored. 'There was great joy in that city.' . . There is a spirit of prayer and expectancy everywhere. . . The powers of darkness are strong; but our Captain knows no defeat: oh! may we live in intercession. We feel it is only as we wait upon God that we can have victory—not in despairing cries, but in cries born of the knowledge of the great opportunities and need, our own impotence, and God's almighty power. We rejoice as we see the walls of Jericho beginning to crumble, and we are preparing for the shout of victory. 'He is able,' 'God will,' 'Hallelujah!'"

From Cairns: . . . "The key-word for the latter part of the year is Revival. We hear of floods of blessing in other lands, and 'a sound of abundance of rain' is in our midst. . . Mrs. Purdy has told you of the fish which have been landed, but we want a 'very great multitude of fish'" (Ezek. xlvii. 9).

From the Herbert River: "'O Lord, revive Thy work' is the cry everywhere. . . It is a joy to go from Bundaberg to Mosman and see in every station what God has wrought. But revival means more than blessing; the Boys are learning this, and we hear the cry, 'O Lord, bend us to prayer; bend us to Thy power; bend us to Thy Holy Spirit.' The question is, are we willing to be bent, made pliable to Him in every detail and corner of our lives? It will cost, yes, it will cost more than we at present know, but with our eyes on Calvary, shall we not gladly pay the price, and for His sake go forward?"

"Revival means first, surrender. The Lord has shown us

* This expression "Signed" stands for a decisive acceptance of Christ as Saviour and Master. It meant a change of Masters—a turning from Satan to God, and the term was familiar because a Boy who wanted to move from one plantation to another had to "break agreement along old master and sign along new master" before the Government Inspector, and so they would say they had come to "break agreement along Satan, and sign along Jesus."

that if He is to work amongst us mightily, His children must get right with Him and surrender all; doubtful things must be laid aside and Christ followed fully.

"A young teacher, Joseph, whom I have for some years looked upon as a good, faithful teacher, and a great help in open-air meetings, suddenly, some months ago received a special anointing of power. There were conversions in the class he was teaching, and much blessing all round. One day I questioned him as to the secret of the blessing. He said:

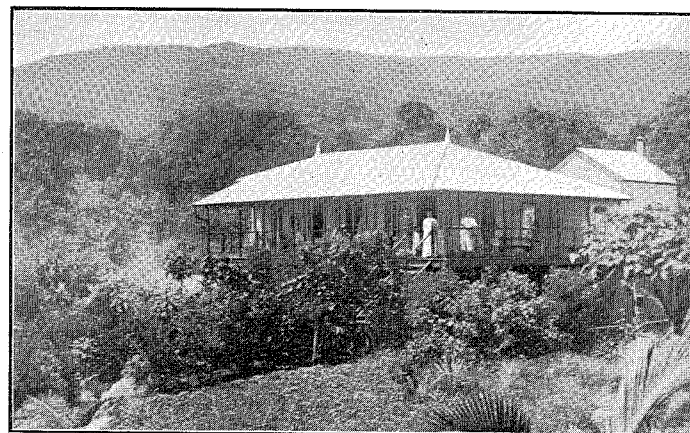
"When I come here I found this place where I work very hard; then I begin to pray and I start school in my house. I pray for one man, and God bring him to me; then for another, and another, until my house was full; we have to build a school-house.' (There were some drunkards and gamblers amongst them.) 'Then they come to school and we have good meeting, plenty sing, and they like lesson along Bible; but one thing—I see them go out from school and they not saved. I run about along other class and preach in other place, but I not win man for Jesus. One thing spoil my blessing—my pipe. Plenty time God speak to me about this thing, but I say, 'This not sin, what for I want to leave it?' When I come home at night I want to read my Bible, but then I want to smoke; when I smoke, I no more want to read my Bible.

"One night after I take meeting I go home and cry and cry along my house, 'O Lord, what's the matter, I can't win these man for Jesus? Suppose my fault and something wrong with me, then You show me.' And God speak to me again and show me *my pipe*. That time I throw it away and oh, big joy and blessing come into my heart, and I no more want to smoke!'"

In May and June, 1905, Miss Deck accompanied me on a visit to our northern mission stations. Of this journey she writes:

Nelson, Cairns.

"... Monday was spent in waiting upon God. In the morning He gave a solemn message from Ezekiel xlvii—the possibilities of faith, when the child of God is really abandoned to the control of the Holy Spirit—a measuring line,—that means faith... all things in the kingdom are measured by faith... Let your faith go ahead for further possession... when your faith measures up



MISSION HOUSE, WANONI.



VIEW FROM VERANDAH.

Nurse Clarke and Miss Spedding, who carried on the School after Mrs. McMillan's death.

to the possibility, you will soon come up to the reality.' We saw the ever deepening experience of the Spirit. The water to the ankles—the daily walk ; to the knees—the life of intercession ; to the loins—the family life and affections ; and at last the river which could not be passed through, a river to swim in—nothing seen but the Head ! It was truly a day spent in the courts of the Lord, and we found it very good. ' In Thy presence is fulness of joy.'

" In the evening, Mr. Purdy skilfully piloted us over corduroy roads and little creeks to Green Hill, where a company of Chinese merchants have a store and plantation. The class is held in a clean and airy kitchen ; the Chinese know how to treat their Boys well, and they look very comfortable. Miss Young had a little talk to the intelligent young Chinese storekeeper, who turned over his Chinese hymn-book with delicate, white, taper fingers to point out the hymns he could sing. Quite a number of Chinamen came to the Boys' service, and forty-two Islanders were seated round the square Chinese tables, eager for the Lord's message. Two Boys who had been baptized the previous day were there, looking radiant, and their joy overflowed as the Spirit of God laid hold of us all. Eight men yielded themselves to the Saviour after the service. . . .

" At the Herbert river two native Christians gave splendid addresses. A Malaita man, a Christian of only one year's standing, lifted up Christ as a full and sufficient Saviour. His clear young voice rang out with a note of triumph.

" ' I was down, down, down in sin ; but Jesus the Son of God came near and lifted me up, and up, and up ; and I am going to sit with Him in glory ! Jesus is wonderful, wonderful Saviour. . . I cannot read much, but Jesus He been light His fire in my heart. . . .'

" His whole address was—Jesus the Son of God, crucified for us, glorified, at the right hand of God ; this wonderful Jesus stooping to pick up vile sinners, and save them with a mighty and perfect salvation. It made one almost dance for joy to hear this man, rescued from heathendom, thus exalt Christ. The Lord's Supper followed at the Hall, and the 126th Psalm expressed the glad experience of our hearts. . . .

" On Thursday Miss Young arrived from Geraldton, and we had a united meeting in the evening at Macknade ; eighty-four were present, and the power of God was manifested, as the message ' Prepare ye the way of the Lord ' was pressed home. . . .

" We had now completed our tour round the five Queensland Mission stations in North Queensland ; but before we returned home we had the further joy of seeing the Rev. J. McIntyre's grand work at Mackay. He had been in charge of the Pres-

byterian Mission to South Sea Islanders there for seventeen years. We spent Saturday and Sunday with them, and had most delightful meetings amongst their Boys. Our only regret was that we were obliged to hurry away, as Miss Young was leaving for the Islands ten days later."

SECOND JOURNEY TO MALAITA, 1905.

In July, 1905, I paid my second visit to the Islands. Miss Foster, who years before had gone to Thibet with Miss Annie Taylor, very kindly agreed to accompany me, and Mr. Caulfeild returned by the same steamer. We picked up Mr. Abbott at Aola, and found the "Daphne" with Mr. Watkinson and Grant awaiting us at Gavutu. The trim little vessel was in beautiful order, with many improvements; a stove fixed in a tiny galley, a ventilator in the cabin, etc., and the crew resplendent in red calicoes.

Mr. Woodford had gone to England on furlough. He left a Deputy Commissioner in charge, who had been called away to Sydney, leaving his Secretary as Deputy-deputy Commissioner. The Secretary was in delicate health, and he had obtained the assistance of a young Lieutenant from a warship as a Deputy-deputy-deputy-Commissioner! It was understood that the only instructions these two officials had received were to *do nothing!* This was fortunate for us, for there was no one in authority to control our movements.

A certain Captain — who had been appointed Inspector of returning Islanders, interviewed me on arrival, and very strongly urged us not to go to Malaita. "We hear of most disturbed conditions." "The people are worse than ever, killing all the time. It is thoroughly unsafe to go. . . . At any rate, don't go south of the Langa-Langa Lagoon, and whatever you do, don't go to the other side of Malaita."

"But," I said, "that is just where we are going."

I thanked him for his kindly warning, but quoted a saying of Mr. Hudson Taylor's, which fitted our case exactly.

Strong exception had been taken by European residents in Shanghai to the practice of sending single ladies to live alone in inland China. "Yes," said Mr. Taylor, "there may be danger, but you see *they have the Lord of Hosts with them, and that makes all the difference.*"

On another occasion a clergyman in rather frail health

had offered for China. Was it "safe" for him to go? Mr. Taylor weighed the pros and cons carefully, but he ended up with the naïve remark: "After all, suppose the Lord should accept five years' service in China instead of ten years' service in Queensland—after all, *Heaven is not such a bad place to go to!*"

"Our God whom we serve is able to deliver us . . . and He will deliver us . . . but if not"—If God's will for us should be the laying down of life on earth for His sake and the Gospel's, can we not say with the Apostle: "I go . . . not knowing the things that shall befall me . . . but I hold not my life of any account as dear unto myself, so that I may accomplish my course, and the ministry which I received from the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God."

Before leaving Gavutu we had an unpleasant experience which was "turned to the contrary."

The open liquor bar on the steamer frequently led to heavy drinking. Our seaman came aboard the "Daphne" in a fighting mood. Mr. Watkinson offended him over a trifle, and he knocked him down, and with great difficulty was restrained from throwing him overboard. Knowing he had concealed a supply of spirits in his cabin, we felt unwilling to go to sea with a man in this condition. We tried to replace him without success. However, next morning, the man was thoroughly ashamed of himself, and the strong reproof to which he had laid himself open had an excellent effect in more ways than one. From that day on he became most attentive, respectful, and willing to do whatever was required.

The following is quoted from my journal:

"We had a fine run through the Mbolli Pass to Siota. The scenery is very pretty; and it is much pleasanter than being at sea.

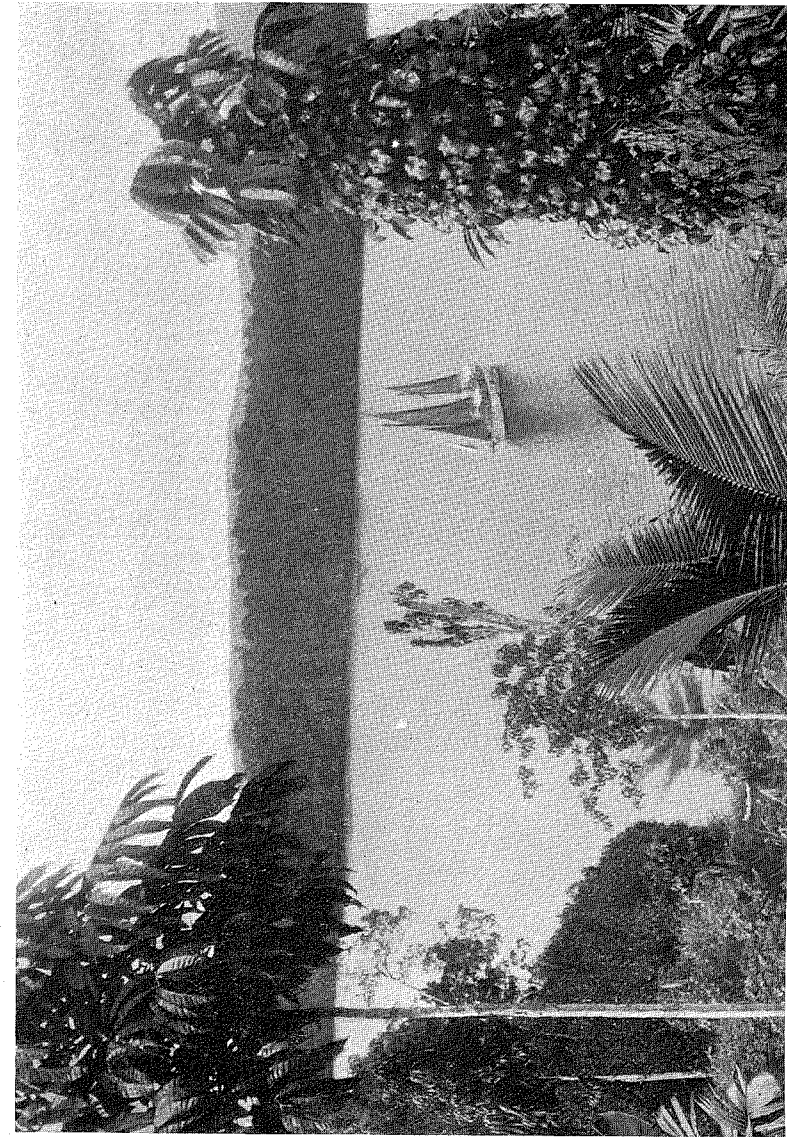
"July 20. We left Siota at 3 a.m., and in a few minutes were tossing on a very rough sea. The cabin was an abode of misery. Two sea-sick passengers clinging frantically to the berths, and a perfect bombardment of tins, pannikins, bottles, etc., flying about! Provisions, trade-goods, and crockery are all stored in the cabin . . . swarms of cockroaches abound. Every now and then Mr. Abbott's cheery whistle or few words of encouragement came to our help; but we were thankful to reach Bia-kwa in the Lagoon. It was some consolation that the

trip was reckoned a very rough one. One sea splashed to the top of the mainsail and the jib carried away; so we stayed at Bia-kwa to mend the sail and rest. Mr. Watkinson made a batch of bread. He acted as *chef* throughout the voyage, and was untiring in providing for our comfort.

"July 24. Left again at 5 a.m., and made good progress in spite of a strong head wind, as the "Daphne" sails very close to the wind. We reached One Pusu at noon. . . The entrance is very narrow; so we anchored outside till the wind lessened, and then rowed into a beautiful harbour, perfectly sheltered from all winds. The Christian village on the northern end of the peninsula contains only three houses with a canoe house and a tiny church, all built under young coconut trees. Barnabas was soon on board. He and George have been working here for four or five years, and have won the friendship of some of the bush people, who have built a village on the mainland just opposite to protect them. It seems a suitable place for the head station; only 35 miles from Aola (where the steamer calls), and well exposed to both NW. and SE. winds. . . About four acres have been cleared for two years which will save time and health, as the sun and air have sweetened the ground. The land is low, and the soil broken coral, suitable only for coconuts. But sweet potatoes can also be grown."

Three days were spent at One Pusu inspecting and purchasing the land. We left on July 27. Passing Si-ua and Royalist Harbour, we entered the Uhu Lagoon at Rohineri, landed at Samson's little island of Ai-nio, and anchored at Wai-ro-kai. Next day we started at 3 a.m. A strong wind and rough sea made this day a very trying one, and Mr. Abbott had fever. We might have anchored at the southern end of this Lagoon at Uhu at 11 a.m.; but it was only nine miles further to the Maramasike Passage. Surely we could make this before the daily SE. trade failed. But, alas! the wind died down at 1 p.m. and we were becalmed in a heavy swell. This meant extreme discomfort. The little vessel rolled from side to side, spars and sails and gear slapping and banging horribly. At best it would be a dreadful night, and unless we could get off the land we might easily be swept on to the cruel reef-bound shore. We prayed together, and continued silently crying to God for succour.

Presently there came a gentle stir in the air. We prayed on. The sails steadied. "It's nothing," from Grant. We continued praying. The boat began to move through the water, "Only a cat's paw!" said he. But the wind



THE "EVANGEL" AT WAI-SU-SU, MARAMASIKE PASSAGE.

freshened into a beautiful breeze, and soon we were spinning along, to reach a safe anchorage in the Passage at 4.45 p.m. With what joy and deep thankfulness we praised God, and sang together, "I have proved God answers prayer."

Next day we sailed with a fair wind at last through the beautiful Maramasike Passage. The first part is very narrow, with precipitous hills on either side clothed with tropical verdure. Under the trees could be seen fitting from tree to tree the brown, naked forms of the natives, armed with spears, bows and arrows and guns; others were standing on the coral rocks fishing. Further on the Passage widens, and becomes difficult to navigate on account of mud flats. We grounded once; but the Lord answered prayer, and a strong puff of wind freed us. We wanted a man named Ho-ma to pilot us up the coast, but there was no anchorage at An-u-ta, where he lived. Again we prayed. As we approached the little island, a canoe shot out. Homa was on board, and pleased to go with us!

On Saturday afternoon we anchored at Taka-taka (Deep Bay) filled up our water casks, and had a grand wash of our clothes. There was an ominous note on the chart, "Natives here very treacherous and dangerous." We were, of course, entirely defenceless; not a single gun on board. At night signals and calls could be heard across the still waters; but no attack was made and we spent a peaceful Sunday. "Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day." A number of Boys came aboard to inquire for friends in Queensland and some begged for teachers to be sent to them.

On Monday we anchored in Mana Kwoi for two hours. A heathen chief here had been at Fairymead. He said, "We want-'im school very much—Suppose man come, teach us, we look out along him, give him tucker, make house for him. Me want-'im school *very* much!"

Ai-io was reached at 5 p.m. This is a small island with a lovely little harbour exactly like a horse-shoe. Graceful coconuts adorn each point of the two arms. Across the opening can be seen the wooded hills of the mainland, and in the blue, still waters are mirrored the fleeting clouds, and a wealth of tropical foliage behind the fringe of clean white sand which surrounds the bay. The weather coast of Malaita is exposed to the full force of winds and sea, and is seldom

free from a heavy swell. There are many fine harbours, but none more welcome than Ai-io. How often, and with what thankful relief has our storm-tossed little vessel turned suddenly out of raging wind and turmoil and distress into this quiet haven.

Unfortunately behind the harbour lie fresh-water swamps, with mosquitoes galore. The land is too low for drainage, so a site purchased for a mission station has been unused except for a native teacher.

A gentle breeze the following day carried us across to Ulimburi (Double Bay). Here again we found friends from Queensland; amongst others the four sons of a man at Fairymead.

It was proposed that we should pass Sinorango and anchor at Uru. We were particularly anxious to see a man named Sam Faralati, and were told that he was now at Uru. As we journeyed up the coast, I was praying for the Lord's guiding hand to lead us. I felt loath to pass Sinorango, a place of which we had heard from so many Boys in Queensland. It is an immense harbour, surrounded by mountains, and with a narrow entrance. There is room and deep water for a fleet to anchor. We decided to stay the night there, and dropped anchor at 2.15 p.m. As usual there was no house in sight. No sign of life, save a single one-man canoe, which came alongside. The occupant was a man who had once been at Fairymead. He was half-witted, but pleased to see us.

We questioned him about Sam Faralati.

"Sam, he stop," [is here] was the unexpected reply.

"Where he stop?" we asked eagerly.

"He stop along another side. He been come down three day ago."

Within an hour Sam was on board. He was, of course, delighted to see us, but he needed help, as we could see by his appearance. His hair was decked with feathers, and he wore many rings and shells in heathen fashion. He was clothed in a chapter of Jonah!!

Mr. Thomas at Geraldton had given his Boys a series of lessons on the book of Jonah, and had printed each chapter with rubber type on sheets of white calico. Some of these he gave to Sam. When he went home he tried to teach his people, and made a brave stand for two years. He met,

however, with great difficulties. His people refused to listen to him. His boat was destroyed by cobra; and when he was ill the people stole all his clothes; but they left the wall-sheets. All this so disheartened him that he followed his brothers to Felambo, some distance from Uru. They had all come down from the mountains to a feast three days before—and when they returned, *Sam stayed on the shore* at the other end of the harbour.

It was pathetic to see how glad he was to come back to the Lord, and to hear his confession:

"I can't lose'im Jesus, but I no been keep close up." He came on with us, and after some months at One Pusu, he returned to Sinorango, and did a fine work there.

After leaving Sinorango we called at Uru, a salt-water Island, and reached Nongosila and Kwai at 2 p.m. These are two tiny islands connected at low tide by a sand-ridge. There is a large population of salt-water people on both. We purchased land at Kwai; and later Mr. Watkinson obtained a site, and built a mission-house on Nongosila.

Calling also at Leili Island, we went on with a strong fair wind and heavy sea which made it difficult to land elsewhere, came round Man-Aoba, and made a rather perilous entry into Malu harbour at 9 p.m.

Twelve days were spent there; and it was a great joy to see Peter again and the other Christians. We were delighted with the site for the mission station, some 300 feet above the sea. Heavy work had been done in clearing the land, making the road and steps up the steep hill. On our last Sunday, twenty-five men and women were baptized in the river, and two hundred were present at this service. Then we returned to the church on the hill, and seventy shared with us the Supper of the Lord, for Mr. Schwiieger had baptized fifty converts, the fruit of Peter's labours and of other Christian Boys who had joined him.

On August 15 we left Malu, taking with us eleven natives to help in forming the new station at One Pusu. One of these we called "the wild man of the woods." He was in imminent danger of being killed, as his hereditary foes wanted to exterminate the whole family, and had already murdered his father and mother, brothers and sisters, all except himself and one sister. The Christians had rescued

Pearls from the Pacific

these two, but it was not safe for them to stay at Malu, and we were asked to take them with us.

Some hours were spent at Bitama, then we called at Taravania, saw the new house and village there, and had a meeting with the three teachers and sixty-six natives on the site of the new Church, of which as yet only the posts were erected.

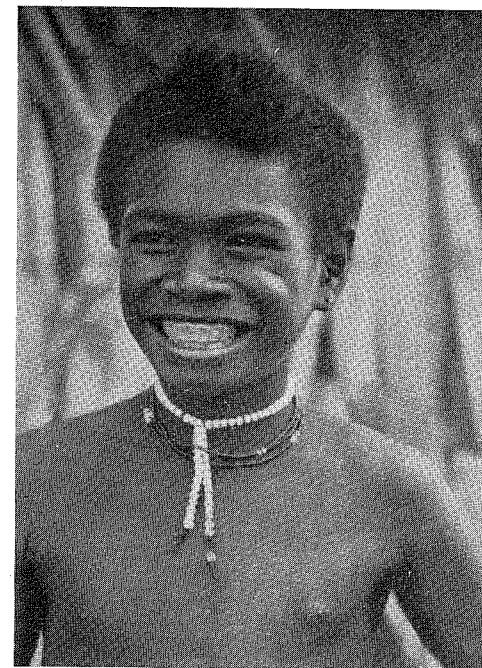
After a night at Fiu, we left for Gavutu. A strong wind and heavy sea arose, and we were well tossed and drenched in crossing Indispensable Straits.

I was securely lashed on the top of the low hatch over the hold. Miss Foster was shut up in the cabin. She insisted upon having the ventilating cowl turned towards the wind, for, indeed, it was otherwise stifling below. Presently we shipped an immense green sea. Grant was at the wheel. He saw it coming and dived into the stern cabin where the other men were. An avalanche of water poured down upon poor Miss Foster. She called for help, but there was no one within sight or hearing except me, and I could not move. She succeeded after a time in pushing back the sliding entrance to the cabin, and in agitated tones and with rather a scared face she demanded the reason of this deluge. I could only assure her that I was wetter than she was, but there was no danger.

We reached the haven of Siota safely at 3 p.m., and next day arrived at Gavutu just in time to catch the steamer for Sydney. I was able to arrange with Captain Svensen to deliver at One Pusu the materials for the mission-house which had been stored at Gavutu for twelve months. Mr. Abbott and Mr. Watkinson went across to One Pusu, and there built the house for our main station.

In February, 1906, Mr. Caulfeild relieved Mr. Abbott and Mr. Watkinson at One Pusu, and they went round to Nongosila and built a mission-house there as headquarters for Mr. Watkinson, who also visited in his whaleboat the whole of the east coast.

Frequent murders and deeds of cruelty were reported. In one letter from Malu Mr. Caulfeild said, "Hardly a week has passed lately without a murder." Men, women and little children were killed or wounded, and in some cases eaten, for cannibalism was commonly practised.



A HAPPY SCHOOLBOY AT ONE PUSU.

MARY, HOPE AND RUTH AT ONE PUSU.
Hope (Jessie) and Ruth are Rhoda's Children, pp. 189, 227.

REVIVAL IN QUEENSLAND, 1906.

Christmas, 1905, to Easter, 1906, was a time of spiritual refreshment amongst the South Sea Islanders at Fairymead, and prayer again became deep and fervent.

The Christmas gatherings were held at Fairymead in Mr. Davidson's immense tent, kindly lent for the occasion, and erected in a beautiful spot on the river bank.

All the week there was a spirit of expectancy, and on December 31 God's message came with power from 2 Chron. xxix. 7, 17, 27—the Temple doors shut up—closed to God's will; hence darkness, silence, dirt. On the first day of the first month they began to open the door and to sanctify. Then, "when the burnt offering began, the song of the Lord began also."

The Boys gathered for a Watch Night Service at 7 p.m., and continued without a break till 1.30 p.m. It was a time of real confession, real prayer, and real praise. On New Year's Day a little company gathered at the mission house for an hour's intercession before Miss Deck left for the Katoomba Convention. It was a wonderful meeting, and it seemed as if the heavens were opened. The Boys were left to carry on the classes alone, with the assurance that God would do great things for them. So He did, as the following letter from Charley Aurora testifies:

FAIRYMEAD,
January 11, 1906.

"DEAR MISS DECK,

"We see Jesus."

"Thank God for answering prayer. . . Praise His Holy Name, the Lord Jesus has done all things well. The blessing here has been going on, God is with us. Last Tuesday we did have wonderful, wonderful time in our prayer meeting; God's power has been working mightily, the whole meeting was full of joy. Dear old John . . . stood up and gave himself over again to God while every one pray. Oh it is so wonderful to be in the blessing.

"All Christian brother here pray one way: that they want to know the power of God. Daniel, he more happy now than before. Every one they say to us that they never feel something like this before, praise God. I believe that this year going to be year of God's wonderful working power. Yes I believe . . . I do believe.

"Charlie Pentecost still with us at Fairymead, so we make

'fire' together. Friday, Saturday, a few Christians who want to be on fire for Jesus come over and we have little time of prayer together in schoolroom. Dear old Moses Malaita he bright now; I think he want man to teach him all the time, like boy's father and mother lead them by the hand.

"I must tell you about — in one prayer meeting. He stand up and hold his two hands up high, and give himself and his money and everything to God—praise God!

"Yours in Jesus,

"CHARLIE TARASUL AURORA."

At Avondale also God was stirring Thomas Sandwich to believing prayer, and he writes as follows:

AVONDALE,
Jan. 1, 1906.

"DEAR MISS DECK,

"I want to let you know that our prayer-meeting last night was like the rice boiling up, really good time with every Christian. God give me lesson about belief and unbelief, and prayer and fasting. *It will be possible to be done* to them that believe on Him!

"To-night we have really good time of prayer. Isaac [previously a shallow Christian] can hardly pray, too full with his crying. He say, 'O Lord, I been forsake You in my life, but to-night I come to Thee, take me now, now to-night, not waiting for to-morrow, but now.' I just been praying for him, I want Holy Spirit break his heart. Praise God for He do it.

"I been spend all night in prayer, I want this year may be good year. Our Father show me it will be good year. God made promise to me by His Word. Last night God show me He going to work in Avondale.

"I wishing you a happy New Year. Pray that our God will pour Revival upon us. . . What God promise must be done—beautiful! Tell all Christian friends to dig the ground ready, for big rain will come this year, not rain only, but it will be a big flood, only we must ready for it. [Alluding to the lesson in 2 Kings iii. 16-29.]

"Thanks be to God for this New Year. We have our Watching Night Service; God give us happy time. We have three times of prayer:

"*First prayer.*—We asking God to bring us back, to show us what we no been leave, or what we no been give Him. Praise and thank Him, He show us what ought to be done.

"*Second Prayer.*—We say 'Yes' to the Lord. We let everything go and we give Him all praise and thank Him.

"*Last Prayer.*—at one o'clock. We ask God for new thing

in our life. . . Pray hard for me so God make me live true for Him. I want you ask God to give me new power and Revival.

"Your truly faithful friend in Jesus,

"THOMAS SANDWICH."

. . . For two months an intense spirit of prayer prevailed, real expectancy of Revival, and then came an element of resistance and check. Some one well remarked, "Satan is evidently fighting hard for every inch. Is the Lord allowing reverses in the campaign to show that Victory is not to be easily won? More and more we see that in this battle we must *advance on our knees.*"

These times of refreshing led to the outgoing of a band of New Hebrides teachers, who went to Malaita. It must be remembered that they went to a strange land, to a people speaking a strange tongue, and that their lives were in greater danger than were those of the European missionaries.

THE YEAR OF JUBILE, 1906.

In May, Mr. and Mrs. Ruddell and five native teachers accompanied me on my third visit to the Islands. We had a very difficult journey from Gavutu to One Pusu lasting seventy hours. Poor Mrs. Ruddell was a dreadful sailor and had suffered much on the steamer. She was quite pleased with our clean, trim little vessel as, with a fresh breeze, we gaily sped across the harbour. But, alas! when the harbour was left behind, and we were tossed up and down, and to and fro, it was another matter. We crossed to Guadalcanar and anchored for a few hours to give her a rest. Starting again at 3 a.m. we battled against wind and tide all day, but could not round the first point. At 7 p.m. it was decided to abandon the attempt to reach Aola, and instead to make for Malaita across the Straits. What a night that was! Mrs. Ruddell and Louisa retired to the cabin. I preferred the open air, and lay on the deck securely lashed to the bulwarks. A tarpaulin covering from the rain was not much use seeing that we were constantly shipping green seas over the stern! Morning found us near the coast of Malaita some twenty miles north of One Pusu. All that day we were tacking backwards and forwards, but failed to reach an anchorage. During the night the current carried us miles past One Pusu, and on

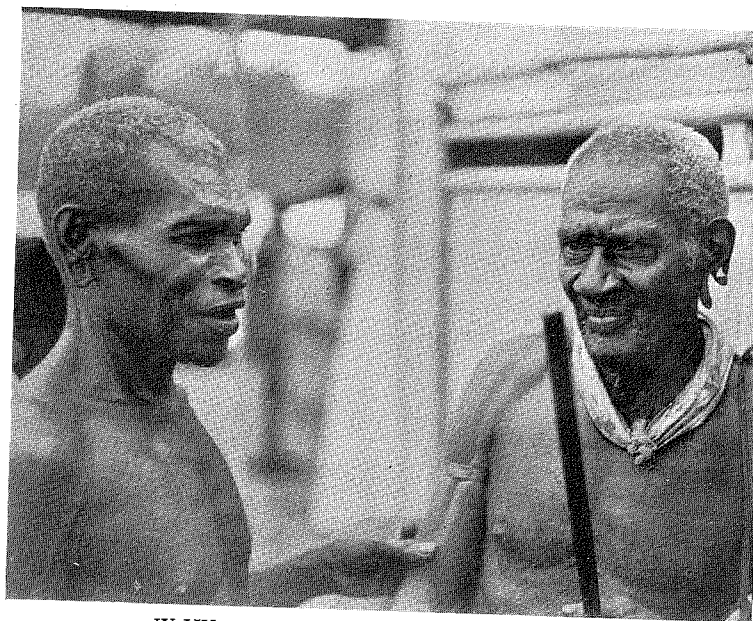
the third day we sailed back before the wind, arriving about mid-day. Mr. and Mrs. Ruddell took charge of the work at One Pusu and after a short stay there I went on in the "Daphne" round Malaita.

Thomas Sandwich, one of the prayer leaders at the Isis, was left at Nongosila to go a few days later to Ai-io. He stood on the shore beside Mr. Watkinson as we sailed away, with the tears rolling down his face. How much it meant to this dear man to stand alone with God in this dark land! Charley and Louisa were stationed at Taravania, and Thomas Nguna went a little later to Supaina.

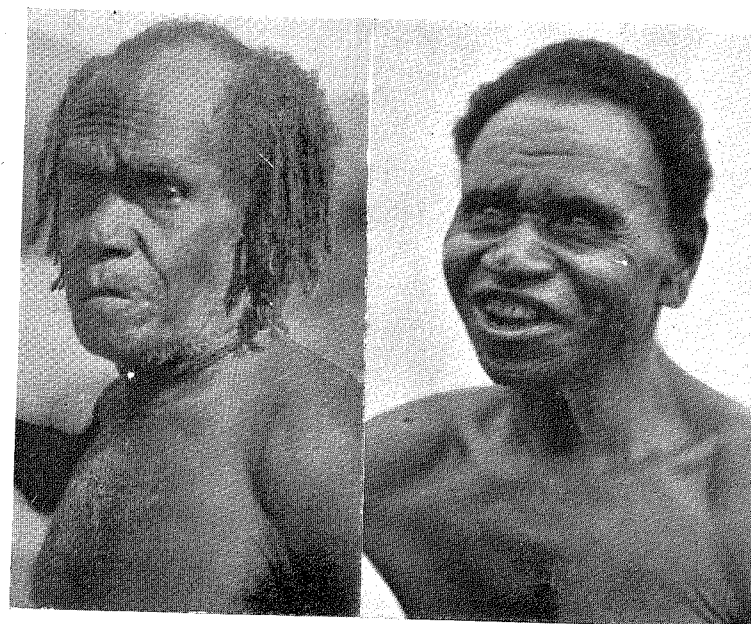
Miss Dring arrived at One Pusu in July, and she and Mrs. Ruddell began school and medical work, while Mr. Ruddell superintended the clearing of the land and planting of some fifty acres of coconuts. This work enabled us to provide a refuge for many returned Islanders who were afraid to go back to their own passages, and the proceeds from these coconuts are now helping to support scholars at the One Pusu Training School for teachers.

Many returned Islanders were murdered. Others died of sickness or from lack of nourishing food to which they had become accustomed in Queensland, and all suffered more or less from fever.

Some Boys had gone to Queensland to escape from their enemies, and the blood feud continued, so that they were in deadly peril when they returned. The chief incentive to murder is the belief that all deaths are caused by witchcraft. When a man dies his friends consult a witch doctor; "Who has caused this death?" The witch doctor goes through some incantations and fixes the guilt upon some unfortunate man, who of course is quite innocent. The relatives either kill this man or offer a reward for his murder. If the accused man cannot be found, any man of the same line may be killed in his stead. If they cannot kill a man, a woman will do, if not a woman, then a child. The consequence is that for almost every death some one is murdered. The people are often afraid to sleep in their houses at night, but hide somewhere in the dense scrub and sleep by day. A refugee named Julienne at One Pusu was employed as a house servant. She was killed 300 yards from the house on July 31, but we believe she had accepted Christ as her Saviour. Dear Barnabas opposed all thought of retaliation



IN-MU.



INDOAKALO.

FOUR OLD CHIEFS, MALAITA.

and the little band of Christians prayed instead for their enemies.

I returned this year *via* New Guinea and North Queensland, and was able to see the splendid work at Kwato carried on by Mr. and Mrs. C. Abel and Miss Parkin of the L.M.S. From New Guinea we steamed across to Cooktown and I visited our five mission stations in North Queensland. Miss Deck joined me at Cairns and we both paid a second visit to the Rev. J. and Mrs. McIntyre at Mackay and had happy fellowship with them and with their Boys.

"The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad."

A perfect day—the sun shining after heavy rain—rain which had tested faith right up till Sunday morning; and all nature seemed to be rejoicing with us. God had never failed to answer prayer for the Baptism Services held year after year in the open air. Not one had ever been hindered by the weather, and now for the ninety-second time we had made our boast in the Living God. The heathen Malaita men taunted their Christian countrymen, "Too much rain this time, my word, you see!" But they replied with great confidence, "God will do it for us—He is Almighty." And once again "*We have proved God answers prayer.*" . . . The service at the river was over. The eleven candidates had been baptized by Mr. Lancaster. Dr. Grattan Guinness (father of Dr. Harry Guinness) had given a powerful message to the onlookers, some two hundred Boys and forty or fifty white people, and now almost the whole number were streaming back to the Fairymead mission school where the morning meetings had been held. What a happy company they were! Every one seemed in high spirits. Mrs. Horace Young and John Mao led them in hymn after hymn along the embankment, past a field of waving cane, then through the gate under the beautiful trees and across the grassy sward to the school in the corner. "What should we do? We could never get them all in. Should we have an open-air meeting?" No, it would take too long to get the seats arranged, and the ground was still damp from the late rain. Every one was willing to squeeze, and what with packing inside, and on the platform, and groups at the windows outside, every one was accommodated. A small nephew, who had just returned from a voyage round the world with his parents, climbed up the joists, and nailed

up a big map of Malaita, Solomon Islands, on the wall. On it were sixteen red flags, marking the three mission stations and thirteen out-stations where the Gospel banner had been unfurled during the past two years. The faces of some of the listeners shone with delight as they heard of visits paid to their own passages; others were very sad because "No flag along my passage." Deep interest was shown throughout the story of my last visit to Malaita. Indeed the speaker wondered why her audience was so extremely appreciative and sympathetic. A hidden excitement was evident. What did it mean?

The story finished, Mr. Lancaster rose, and every one beamed as their loving secret was disclosed—a Jubile gift to be presented to me on my fiftieth birthday, in memory of twenty-four years' service, and of the twenty years' work of the Queensland Kanaka Mission. £416 towards the purchase of a vessel with oil engine for the work in Malaita. In kindest terms Mr. Lancaster referred to the past years of service and presented a beautifully illuminated address, containing also the 500 names of the donors.

The kind thought had first come to Mrs. Thomas and Miss Butler, and was warmly welcomed by the little band of workers. The friends thought my absence in the Islands a splendid opportunity to prepare the gift, and right heartily they all worked. God prospered their efforts, friends from all quarters sent contributions, and the Boys also eagerly joined in the scheme.

No gift could have given greater pleasure, and the recipient felt quite overcome with gratitude, both to the kind friends who had prepared this offering, and above all to God for His marvellous loving-kindness.

Scene after scene passed before me.

I saw again the deserted tumble-down old building with its shingle roof, the first dwelling on Fairymead, built long before it became a sugar plantation. There were the ten stalwart men from the New Hebrides (one of them present this day) and little La-as-si, who formed my first class twenty-four-and-a-half years ago. I knew nothing then of missionary work, but the Master had said, "Preach the Gospel to every creature," and these people had never heard the good news.

What a tiny, insignificant beginning! But, oh, thank

God, *thank God*, the beginning was made, and through His grace the work *has gone on* to this day.

Then came the memory of how those Fairymead classes, having proved for four years the possibility of real spiritual results, the Queensland Kanaka Mission was formed twenty years ago. How many objections were made! How difficult it seemed! And how, when no one else would take up the work, Mrs. Horace Young and I were encouraged to go forward by two beloved friends—a mother and daughter. Their prayers and sympathy that winter of 1886 were woven into the texture ere the daughter was called into the presence of the King. For eighteen years the mother, Mrs. Ben Dowling, laboured in India as a missionary, and now God had brought her to Fairymead for the closing months of the Queensland work, and she was taking part in that day's joyful service.

A further crisis in the Mission was emphasized by the presence of Mr. John Southey. For thirteen years the Mission worked in the South of Queensland only, but in 1899 the spiritual destitution of the North was pressed upon us, and Mr. Southey accompanied Mr. Fricke in a visit of inspection, which resulted in the extension of the work to the five sugar districts in North Queensland.

And then the Islands of the Sea. How wonderfully God was working there! Only two and a half years since that first visit in the little "Daphne," and there were now six missionaries on the wild and savage Island of Malaita, three mission stations, and thirteen out-stations.

Then I saw the little ten-ton boat, in which we recently visited those stations, tossing on the Pacific Ocean, making its laboured way against wind and sea round the reef-girt coasts of Malaita to visit the native teachers at their lonely posts, the deck crowded to excess with native crew, teachers, refugees, etc.

One more scene—A missionary's wife, herself too bad a sailor to face the five weeks' tossing on the "Daphne" round the Island, pleading with God at One Pusu, Malaita, for a vessel with an oil engine, which would rob the long and trying journey of half its terrors.

And so GOD works.

"Whoso is wise and will observe these things, even they shall understand the loving-kindness of the Lord."

"Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy Name give glory."

"For of Him, and to Him, and through Him are all things."

RETROSPECT OF WORK IN QUEENSLAND, 1882-1907.

"He answered all my prayer abundantly,
And crowned the work that to His feet I brought,
From With blessing more than I had asked or thought—
A blessing undisguised, and fair, and free.
1882 I stood amazed, and whispered, 'Can it be
That He hath granted all the boon I sought?
How wonderful that He for me hath wrought!
How wonderful that He hath answered me!
to O faithless heart! He *said* that He would hear
And answer thy poor prayer, and He *hath* heard
And proved His promise. Wherefore didst thou fear?
1907. Why marvel that thy Lord hath kept His word?
More wonderful if He should fail to bless
Expectant faith and prayer with good success!"

F. R. Havergal.

"There failed not aught of any good thing which the Lord had spoken . . . all came to pass."—*Josh.* xxi. 45.

"This work was wrought of our God."—*Neh.* vi. 16.

In closing the record of twenty-five years' work in Queensland, certain great facts call for emphasis:

GOD ANSWERS PRAYER.

GOD HONOURS HIS WORD.

JESUS CHRIST—CRUCIFIED, RISEN, EXALTED—IS
ABLE ALSO TO SAVE THEM TO THE UTMOST
THAT COME UNTO GOD BY HIM.

In these days unbelief is rampant—not only in the world, but in the Church. Yet God is giving continual proofs of His Presence and Power. We believe His work among these Islanders should be an object-lesson to many, and we ask for an honest recognition of undeniable facts.

Let the difficulties first be considered: Most of these people were raw, ignorant savages, without the smallest desire for religious instruction.

The only possible method of reaching them in Queensland was in the jargon known as "Pidgin English," as they spoke so many different languages. How could deep spiritual



ROLL-CALL, ONE PUSU.



A SCHOOLROOM AT ONE PUSU.

truths be taught, when the only words available were those used in the crudest necessities of daily life ?

Much prejudice against missionary work was felt by the European population, and, in most cases, absolute incredulity as to any good result. It is true that in later years this gave place to the statement that "Kanakas were naturally religious," but only when the results were so apparent that they could no longer be denied.

And what were the results? Statistics are dry things, but surely the following figures are worthy of notice :

Eleven Mission centres covering the whole of the sugar districts in Queensland.

A staff of nineteen European missionaries who devoted all their time and energies to the work under frequently trying and difficult circumstances.

A weekly average attendance of from six to seven thousand at the Bible classes.

Two thousand four hundred and eighty-four men and women converted and baptized in the Name of the Lord Jesus.

Over one hundred native teachers (unpaid) taking regular classes under the missionaries' supervision.

And above all, a spiritual growth and knowledge, which could only be the work of the Holy Spirit, and which had deeply impressed all who came in contact with the converts.

The reality of God's work was shown chiefly in *changed lives*. The Christians were not free from failings any more than Europeans, but their faith and earnestness often put us to shame. Faithful service to their earthly masters, intense love for Christ, prayerfulness, Bible reading, and singing of hymns took the place of ignorance, drink, gambling, fighting, and evil talk.

The Christians became soul-winners, many of them untiring in their efforts to lead others to Christ.

They were "cheerful givers." For nine years these Christian Boys supported a missionary in China, an Englishman, besides freewill offerings to the work of God in the Islands.

Surely this was the work of God! And therefore we confidently expected He would perfect that which He had begun.

There is not much to tell of the closing months—farewell-

meetings everywhere. Each steamer carried hundreds of Boys away till the lessening numbers in each district led to the closing in 1906 of one Mission centre after another.

The Fairymead classes were continued without a break to the end of December, and many of the Christians were almost desperate for extra teaching, as they realized their time was fast slipping away. Some Boys who had finished their agreements would bring their own food, and beg for lessons all day long till the teacher's brain whirled, and a large staff of helpers were kept busy giving lessons, singing, mounting pictures, etc., etc. Mr. Lancaster, Mr. Lumsden and others cared for the Boys waiting in Bundaberg for steamers. They sorely needed shepherding, for they were unsettled and distressed, and the devil found plenty of tempters to drag them into sin.

It was a remarkable fact that, for the first time in the history of the Mission, rain fell on December 23 during the Baptism service. Open-air meetings at the riverside had been held at all seasons of the year, and, however threatening, the weather had always cleared in time. On this occasion rain fell fast, although it proved no hindrance to the meetings as we again had the loan of Mr. Davidson's great tent, which was pitched a few yards from the river, right on the river bank. Some one suggested that Nature itself wept with us in the partings to follow our last Christmas gatherings. There was, in any case, a sorrowful mixture of joy and pain in many hearts those days. Only those who had worked for years amongst the Boys could understand how hard it was to part, knowing too, the fierce temptations awaiting them. We especially longed to be able to shield and care for the babes in Christ. The only comfort was in committing them to the Good Shepherd's care.

The Bundaberg railway station became the scene of many farewells. Miss Deck's sister was going to England, but would not leave before the Christmas and New Year gatherings. So, on the evening of January 1, nearly two hundred Boys crowded the platform to "shake hand along Miss Phyllis," and hymn after hymn was sung till the train disappeared. The officials looked rather amazed, and when they found the scene was repeated every time a missionary or teacher left for the South, the platform doors were closed, and the meeting had to be held outside.

Many Boys were waiting in Brisbane for the steamers to carry them back to the Islands, and an arrangement was made with the Brisbane City Mission to set one of their workers, Mrs. Eustace, free to visit the Government Depôt, and hold meetings there daily. She and her late husband were some of the earliest Q.K.M. workers, and she was therefore peculiarly fitted to help the Boys at this time.

CHAPTER X.

"COME OVER AND HELP US," 1907.

THE Jubile gift towards the cost of an auxiliary vessel eventuated in a ketch-rigged yacht fifty-five feet in length, built to order in Sydney with a 20 h.p. Gardner oil engine.

House-building in China was an arduous task, but the anxieties, perplexities and difficulties of ship-building were still greater.

The vessel however was finally built and launched. A little company of praying friends were present and dedicated the boat under the appropriate name of the "Evangel" to the service of God. The well-known hymn seemed peculiarly suitable.

"Speed away! speed away on your mission of light;
To the lands that are lying in darkness and night.
'Tis the Master's command; go ye forth in His name,
The wonderful Gospel of Jesus proclaim.
Take your lives in your hand, to the work while 'tis day,
Speed away! speed away! speed away!

"Speed away! speed away with the life-giving Word,
To the nations that know not the voice of the Lord;
Take the wings of the morning, and fly o'er the wave,
In the strength of your Master the lost ones to save.
He is calling once more—not a moment's delay!
Speed away! speed away! speed away!"

Julia Sterling.

Another dedicatory service was held by Canon Jones on the trial trip in Sydney Harbour, and the vessel left Sydney on the 11th of June, calling at Bundaberg *en route* to Malaita.

There had been many delays, and it was feared that the "Evangel" could not reach Gavutu in time to meet the steamer by which Miss Deck, Mrs. Ruddell and I were travelling. But again prayer was answered, for our little vessel came triumphantly into Tulagi, after a nine-days' passage from Bundaberg, just in time to receive the party and take them across to Malaita.

It was rather a hazardous venture to take Miss Deck to the Islands. Since 1892 she had with intervals of ill-health



KATHLEEN DECK,
MY CO-WORKER
FOR 32 YEARS.



MY SISTER, EMILY B. DECK.

devoted herself to the work, and now that the Boys were driven out of Queensland she longed still to help them. Perhaps no missionary society would have accepted such a frail and suffering worker. But she loved the people, and had been a great blessing to them in Queensland. At first we only thought of occasional visits, but God has enabled her, in spite of weak health, to continue to this day, and her long experience, sympathy and powers of organization have been invaluable.

She accompanied me in the journey round Malaita, visiting all the out-stations and thus meeting many old friends from Queensland.

At one of these out-stations we heard the tragic story of three refugees whom we had met on our arrival at Tulagi.

A certain chief in the Uhu Lagoon died. As usual a witch-doctor was consulted as to the cause of his death, and he fixed on a couple named Piri and Polly who had lately returned from Queensland, and Piri's old father. They were living with a little company of Christians at the southern end of the Lagoon.

A big canoe-load of heathen warriors came down the Lagoon. They lit fires on the mainland for the cannibal-feast to follow, and crossed to the small island opposite demanding their victims.

Poor Barnabas, the Christian teacher, had no means of defending his flock except by urgent prayer to God. While he was praying a labour vessel entered the Lagoon and anchored. Barnabas took the three frightened victims on board and they sailed away. But the heathen were furious. They threatened to destroy the whole village, and the chief (himself still heathen) in an agony of fear threw out his young daughter, a girl of fourteen or fifteen, to pacify the murderers, and she was killed and eaten that night!

When we reached Malu we found the whole community in great trouble over the murder four days before our arrival of dear Charley Lofia, the man who helped us on the "Daphne" in 1904.

His life had been threatened ever since the death of Aupil, Peter's brother, a year before, and he had taken refuge with the Christians at Ainiuke, but had just returned to Malu. He went down to the creek with his little two-year-

old daughter. As he stooped to wash her face, five men surrounded him and shot him four times. They clubbed the child with the butt-end of a musket, and shot a woman who ran to see what was the matter. The child and woman were recovering, but the gloom was very heavy, as Charley was the spiritual father of so many, being Peter's first helper from Queensland, and a teacher at Malu for many years. He had also been much blessed in the outlying districts.

It seemed best for Mr. Caulfeild to go to Tulagi in the "Evangel" to report the murder at once to the Commissioner, while Miss Deck and I stayed with the people at Malu.

The house at Yerobule was in a beautiful situation on the edge of a cliff, a two-roomed shanty, built of bamboo and lined with skrim. The village of Malu was half a mile distant, but old John Kwaala and his family in their log-house close by kept us company. Some of the Christians came for a prayer meeting in the evening, and after they left we opened the doors and windows to freshen the atmosphere. John Kwaala came to us in great excitement. "What for you open-'im window, open-'im door when you got-'im light inside? *Plenty* heathen man all round; he shoot you too easy!" And then he told us stories of how the heathen trick people to show a light, so that they can see to shoot. Every night the old warrior came in to pray fervently for our protection, and at daylight every morning to return thanks for preservation from the perils of the past night.

We had to be up betimes to get our breakfast and reach the school in time for the service at 6.30 a.m. The church was well filled with men on one side and women on the other; nearly every man armed with musket, axe or spear. There was a strange solemnity in our gatherings, for we were amongst a people who were living under the shadow of death, many very much afraid through the threats of the heathen. Psalm xlvii and Proverbs i. 33 were echoed in many hearts. The new church was a fine, airy, comfortable building, seating over three hundred. After service came the children's school, and then dressing the sores of the people in the village. We did not get back to Yerobule till past eleven and were very ready for lunch and a rest. In the afternoon the sick were visited, and then came the five

o'clock meeting, which was mostly for prayer. Of course, we had a constant stream of visitors at the house between the meetings.

One day a little company lingered, but after the fashion of natives, they spoke of everything except their real errand. At last—"John he got something he want to tell Miss Young."

"Well, John, what is it?" And then he delivered his message.

He had been working as a boat's-crew on board the "Malekula" landing Boys from Queensland. They came to Wanoni Bay in Makira (San Christoval), and there he found two Christians returned from Queensland trying to teach their countrymen. The people were "hungry for school," John said, and they implored him with tears to go to Malu, to wait there until I arrived, and to beg me to send some one to help them.

When the "Malekula" reached Malu, John wanted to go ashore, and was prepared to forfeit his five months' wages, as he had not completed his time. He said, "Those two men they pray very strong about this thing, and I got this news. I must wait Miss Young. Suppose I no go ashore, might 'he come." The Captain kindly gave him his discharge, and he waited at Malu for eight weeks. Twice every day a band of Christians had met together to pray, and now six men were ready to go as teachers. We told them of the difficulties and trials they would have to face, but they were steadfast in their desire, and in their conviction that God had called them for this work.

When we left Malu these Boys accompanied us to One Pusu, and after ten days there we started on a trip to South Malaita and San Christoval.

For four days we were weather-bound in Port Adam. It seemed as if the enemy was determined to hinder, for the more we prayed the stronger the wind blew!

The time was drawing near for me to return to Australia, and we could not delay longer. That last night the howling wind banished sleep and one took refuge in prayer. About midnight I heard murmured voices on deck. Going forward I found our six teachers crouched in the bows of the vessel having a prayer-meeting together. They were much concerned lest there should be some hindrance in their lives,

Pearls from the Pacific

and we spent an hour together in pleading with God to overcome the opposition and power of the enemy.

By daybreak the weather had moderated sufficiently for us to start in faith, and outside the harbour the wind changed two or three points to the east, thus enabling us, using both sails and engine, to reach an anchorage at the north end of Makira before night. We left again at 3 a.m., and battling against headwind and sea, reached Wanoni Bay a little after 4 p.m., but too battered to go ashore that night.

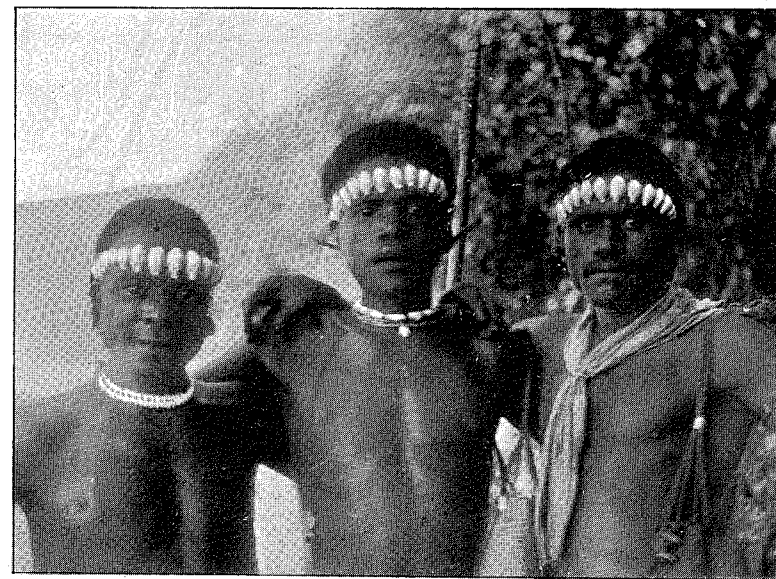
Next morning we landed, and Peter Wetigo met us. He was quite crazy with delight, and rushed us along the beach to see the "school"—a few bare sticks only! However, we had an open-air meeting with a big crowd, then went back to the beach past a friendly old chief's house.

The chief was delighted to receive the teachers, and graphically made signs to show us how well he would care for them, seating himself on the ground with two enormous wooden receptacles in front of him. These were supposed to be piled up with yams, and he pretended to ladle the food down his throat, and, making an immense circle in front of himself, said they must be "so big" to eat what he would give them. His house was filled with large stores of food, and he insisted on dragging Miss Deck under the low platforms to show her his wealth; and ended by making a dancing presentation of an immense yam to her. All these attentions were the result of the gift of a small doll for his child!

After committing the six teachers to God's care and guidance, we said farewell to them and sailed away.

GUADALCANAR AND MAKIRA, 1908.

In 1908 God gave us our first medical missionary in Dr. Northcote Deck. He had succeeded his father, and had a large practice at Ashfield, Sydney. God laid the Islands upon his heart, but he could not leave until relieved by a younger brother who was taking his medical course in London. On the return of this brother to Sydney, Northcote left for the Islands in 1908 on a preliminary visit of seven months. He took charge of the engine on the "Evangel," and threw himself heart and soul into the work. He returned to Sydney to hand over his practice, took a



THREE MEN OF MAKIRA.



SCHOOL AT WANONI.
Note Peter Wetigo and six teachers.

number of meetings in New Zealand, and formally joined the Mission in April, 1909. Later on he took full charge of the vessel, and as Captain, engineer, photographer, explorer, doctor and visiting missionary and teacher has done work of untold value. His published letters have also carried a message from God to many hearts, and have called into prayer-partnership friends from far and near.

One moonlight evening in May, 1909, the "Evangel" entered One Pusu Harbour at 10 p.m. with the autumn party from Sydney. Three new workers, Miss McLaughlin, Dr. N. Deck, and Mr. E. A. Field, and two returning missionaries, Misses Deck and Dring accompanied me.

The SE. monsoon was late this year, and had not yet set in. Could we visit David and Rhoda at Talise? For seven months of the year it is seldom safe to land on the weather coast of Guadalcanar. There are no harbours, and the ocean swell breaks on the southern shore with dangerous force. But it was important to call if possible.

David and Rhoda had suffered much from fever and loneliness. They found little response to their message, and were rather downhearted when visited by Mr. Abbott and Mr. Caulfeild, but were encouraged to make a fresh start.

We were anxious to see them, and decided to start in twenty-four hours and make the attempt.

What a rush it was! Plans to be discussed, unpacking and repacking, preparations to be made for the four weeks' southern cruise, etc.

Travelling all night, we reached the beautiful Marau Sound at daybreak, and Talise at 4 o'clock next day.

We passed numbers of villages along the coast, and as we approached Talise Point signs of excitement were visible, natives running from all directions. Through our glasses we could distinguish dear David and Rhoda, and little Jessie and Ruth. We dropped anchor, and by the time the dinghy reached the shore a crowd was ready to welcome us.

The landing was fairly quiet and many hands laid hold of the boat and dragged us ashore.

Then what a meeting! Poor David and Rhoda were quite overcome, and wept for joy. They crowded round us, shaking hands and all talking at once. Then we followed the narrow track under great trees laden with orchids and between a profusion of palms, ferns, and lichens, to the

Church just finished, and with full hearts we sang the Doxology together.

As we watched the hollow cheeks and sunken eyes of David and Rhoda, and heard how they had built the Church in short intervals between fever, sometimes almost too weak to stand; how David had to split the trees with stones, having very few tools, and of how they had nearly twenty people coming to school regularly, we just thanked God for His sustaining grace.

Leaving the school by a lovely path to a beach the further side of the point, we came to the village, quite unique in its cleanliness, the better part paved with round flat stones in patterns, with raised ledges before each house; no pigs allowed inside the low wall.

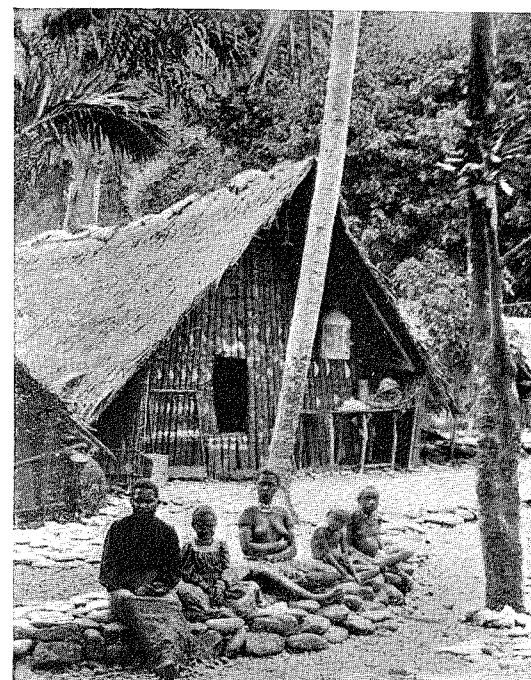
David's house, in the centre, was the best of all; but, of course, without windows, and with a very small door. "Very hot," Rhoda said. That night we had the magic lantern, and then slept in the Church. Mr. Abbott, Dr. Deck and David on one side of the lantern sheet; Miss Deck and I, and Rhoda and her two children, on the other!

The next day we left after lunch for a place fifteen miles further west, where David said there were about a dozen Christians, but no school.

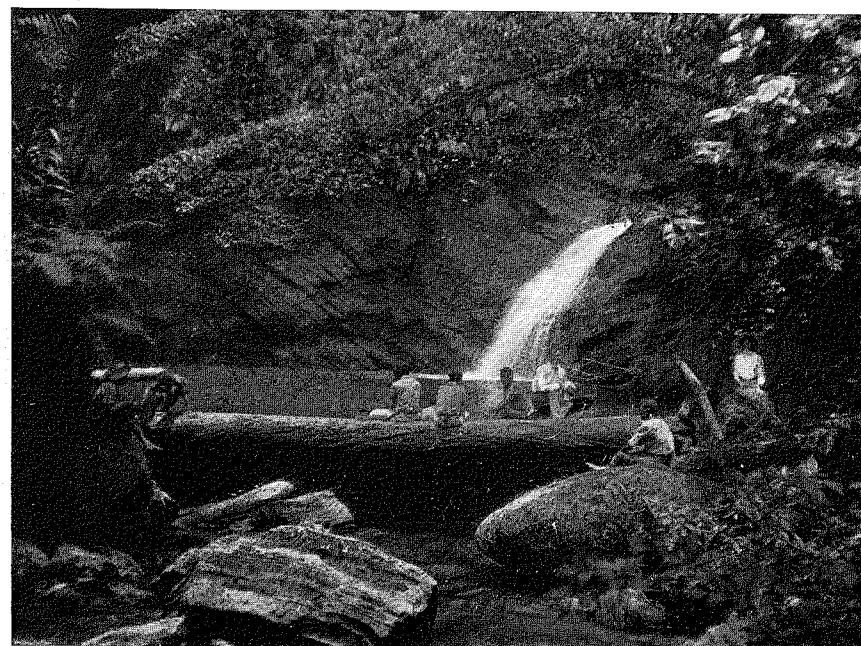
The wind and sea were rising, and it was 4.50 p.m. before we reached Malahiti, as it was further than we expected. The vessel lay off at a safe distance, and the doctor and two ladies went ashore in the dinghy and had an exciting landing. The natives had been gathering from all directions, running along the beach and out of the bush till there was a crowd of nearly a hundred.

As we approached the shore they called out to us to keep off. It seemed impossible to cross the gulf of boiling water between us and the beach; but the natives are experts in this work. They watched the breakers and suddenly shouted to us to "Come on now! come quick!" Our crew rowed hard, and we rushed on the top of a great wave into a seething mass of foam. The natives, up to their waists in water, seized the gunwales and tore us up the beach just in time to escape the rush of the next wave, which with a roar raced up the sand after us. "Jump now!" and we jumped—into six inches of water!

That was an exciting moment, but was nothing to the



DAVID'S HOUSE, TALISE.



WATERFALL, BULALAHA.

babel which followed, as scores of natives crowded round us to shake hands, all shouting at once, while the women screamed and ran away, having never seen white women before. We separated, each doing our utmost to discover the Christians. We found five young Christians and others from Queensland and Fiji, who wanted school. We stood together in the crowd, prayed with them and sang, and then—the sun was setting, we had to leave them—sheep without a shepherd!

Launching the boat was almost as difficult as the landing, but thanks to the skill of the natives, we did not capsize, and returned safely to the "Evangel" wet and tired, but very thankful to have done something to cheer and encourage these "little ones."

All that night we battled with the sea. A heavy swell and blinding rain had come on, the ship rolled fearfully, and all were sea-sick. It was nearly midnight before we reached Talise. There was no hope of anchoring, and it took two hours to send David and his family ashore and get Mr. Abbott. One of the crew crushed his finger in hoisting the boat.

At daylight we were still in sight of Talise, and all that day we thrashed backwards and forwards, arriving at Marau Sound battered, and weary, and worn out, but glad to reach a haven before dark and there to spend a quiet Sunday.

On a tiny island in the Sound we found a Christian Boy from Queensland in the last stages of consumption. He was a backslider, and the sad, thin face brought tears to our eyes. We sat beside him in the dark and comfortless hut, and slowly, with many pauses, he gasped out the sad but familiar story.

"When I—come home—I try—tell-'im—my people—about Jesus.—They—no want—Him.—By-and-by—I think—I lose-'im—read,—and—by-and-by—I lose-'im—pray—and—*might*—I lose-'im—Jesus! But—very slowly—; I think—*might*—Jesus—no been—lose-'im—me!"

Oh, how glad we were to assure him that the Good Shepherd *never* loses His sheep. "I give unto them eternal life: and they shall never perish, and no one shall snatch them out of my hand." Feebly but very earnestly the sick man joined with us in prayer, and the wanderer returned

to the Saviour who still goes after that which was lost until He finds it.

Leaving Marau Sound on Tuesday morning, the "Evangel" sailed across to Maru Bay, the nearest point of San Christoval. We reached Wanoni Bay at mid-day on Friday, to receive, as usual, a warm welcome.

Dr. Deck showed the magic lantern to a large audience. It was amusing to see their wonder. The old chief crept nearer and nearer and cautiously attempted to lay hold of a leg, then to put his finger in a child's eye, and fairly danced with excitement when a picture of himself was thrown on the sheet! The island slides drew a crowd, and they listened attentively to the lesson which followed with the Scripture pictures.

On our way back to Malaita we anchored for the night at Ugi. The trader there said, "There is one of your Queensland Boys across there on San Christoval, who came home a year ago." We had a long day's journey before us if we were to reach Su-paina the next night. It was very doubtful if we could find the man, but it was these lonely scattered ones we had come to seek and help, so we decided to leave before daybreak and at least try to find him.

We steamed across to the opposite shore. There was no anchorage, and the "Evangel" lay off the coast, while we took the dinghy and made our way with some difficulty through the rocky passage to the shore, the only landing place for some miles.

A solitary figure stood on the beach—dense forest behind, no sign of human habitation. It was the very man we had come to seek! Surely God had led him down from his mountain home to the shore on purpose to meet us.

We sat together on a log and talked to him of Jesus, but there was no light on his thin, sad face. To everything we could say he mournfully replied—"Me one-fellow. . . Yes, I know, but—me one-fellow!"

At last God gave the right message: "Jimmie! You no more say, 'Me one-fellow,' Jesus, He stop; you say, 'We two-fellow!'" A gleam of sunshine broke through the clouds, and a look of hope dawned on his face. Again and again we repeated the blessed words of promise, "Lo, I am with you alway"; "I will never leave thee nor forsake

thee," and he seemed to lay hold—to take fresh courage—said he would pray.

But he could hardly read, he had no human helper, and we had to come away, and could not see him again for many months!

Remember, this man and many others like him were being taught and cared for in Queensland, and they were forced back to a heathen country, where, apart from a miracle of Divine grace, it was almost impossible for them to stand.

We found them in every passage; some who once "ran well," full of joy and hope. They meant to win their countrymen, and some of them made a brave stand *for a time*. And then, somehow, Satan got a footing—perhaps they were too confident—and they became discouraged.

Boys have the faults as well as the virtues of children, and are swayed entirely by feelings and not by reason. If we, with all our light and knowledge, find in this enervating climate that "feelings" are a failure, it is no wonder Boys get disheartened. Island fever is terribly depressing, and added to this there is the lack of food and comforts, and the deadening influences of heathenism.

We constantly hear the same sad complaint: "My countrymen too strong; they spoil me."

In many cases they are waiting for some one to take them by the hand and lead them back to the feet of Jesus. They want us to "pull them back," and yet sometimes, alas, they will not come. It is a desperate fight, and real prayer is needed that Christ may win the battle.

"How sweet 'twould be at evening,
If you and I could say,—
'Good Shepherd, we've been seeking
The sheep that went astray!
Heartsore and faint with hunger,
We heard them making moan,
And, lo! we come at nightfall
And bear them safely home.'
Oh, come, let us go and find them;
In the paths of death they roam;
At the close of the day 'twill be sweet to say,
'I have brought some lost ones home.'"

I returned this year from the Islands a good deal burdened. Not only does industrial mission work throw heavy responsibilities on the home staff, but few missionaries in the field are fitted to carry on business affairs.

All goods required by missionaries and natives; food, clothes, medicines, trade goods, houses, boats, everything from a needle to a ship, had to be purchased and forwarded from Sydney, with all the attendant book-keeping and correspondence.

It had been suggested by a friend in Sydney that a company of sympathetic Christian men might render great assistance to the Mission and at the same time find an investment in the Solomon Islands if they took up land there to grow coconuts. This would provide employment for Christian Boys and thus relieve the Mission of the burden of industrial work and set us free for the purely spiritual business of teaching. We had heard of a similar movement in New Guinea and I was deeply thankful when my brothers decided to form a Company on these lines. Captain McKellar from Mt. Bauple, Queensland, was sent to the Islands in October, 1909, to purchase land, and he secured a strip of country on the West coast of Malaita with headquarters at Baunani. The Malaita Company gladly gave us every facility for schools and teachers, and in 1911 they built a mission house on Baunani plantation and Miss Deck went there in February to hold classes for the labourers employed by the Company, and to establish a boarding school for the elder Boys from the school at One Pusu. A very fine and successful work was carried on at Baunani for some years until for various reasons it became necessary in 1918 to give up the Girls' school at One Pusu, move the Boys from Baunani, and concentrate our efforts upon a training school for native teachers at One Pusu.

In 1908 the first Government Station on Malaita was established at Auki in the Langa-Langa Lagoon to which Lieut. Partington, R.N. was appointed with a staff of native police.

Mr. Caulfeild had been diligently studying the language spoken at Malu and he translated into this dialect a little book of twenty-eight pages containing our Candidates' Course.

Miss Deck and Miss Dring spent some months at Nongosila in 1907, and when Miss Deck returned to the Islands in 1908 after a visit to Sydney, she went again to Nongosila where she was alone with the natives, until later

on she was joined by Mr. Daniels from Malu and Nurse Swain.

Dr. Northcote Deck made a remarkable journey through the bush and across the mountains of Malaita from the east to the west coast. He was accompanied by four Christian men—unarmed of course, for a missionary's trust is in the arm of the Lord. The journey occupied three days, one of which was spent in a village on the top of the dividing range. Crowds of people came to gaze upon the extraordinary white man, to whom they gave a native name, *Lu-ta-si*, which means "the man who goes everywhere!" No white man had ever crossed the Island before, and, indeed, it was dangerous to go half a mile into the bush, except in one or two parts, as the natives were very treacherous.

The doctor also paid two visits to Rennell Island, of which more anon.

"IS ANYTHING TOO HARD FOR THE LORD," 1909.

There came one day to Taravania a hideous old man, dirty in the extreme, for he had never washed. His hair hung in long, filthy strings. He was a witch doctor, and prided himself on its length, and also that he lived in the men's *biu* and never ate food cooked by women.

He was reckoned a big fighting man in the bush, and had earned his wealth and his evil reputation by innumerable murders. Years ago he killed and ate his own wife! He sent his son for water to use in cooking her! The lad objected, and his wicked old father threatened to kill and eat him with his mother!

The son ran away, found a ship going to Queensland, and recruited for Bundaberg. There he heard the Gospel for the first time. He became a bright Christian and in course of time went back to Malaita, but finding a Mission station at Taravania, where Charley and Louisa were working, he stayed with them.

He thought about his old father away up in the bush, but surely he was a hopeless case—old and hardened, sunk in degradation and sin, ignorant, superstitious, wicked. By-and-by, however, Joseph went to see his father and brought him down to Taravania.

There he heard of Jesus Christ, and within a fortnight God did the impossible thing. That dreadful old man was converted—re-created—changed into a new man within and without. He had his first bath! cut off his long hair, and lived with the Christians, eating the common food cooked by the women, and his whole appearance was changed.

He would not go back into the bush, and the people came again and again for him. They brought money—said he must return—he was their witch-doctor—they could not do without him. But the old man told them he was never going back to serve the devil, he had served him all his life, now he was going to serve the Lord Jesus. In the old days he had gained large sums of native money for murders he had committed, which he had buried somewhere, but he refused to let any one know where the treasure was hidden, because he said it was the devil's money, and he did not want any one to use it.

He had a very intelligent grip of what the Lord had done for him, and spoke to every one about Him. At the open-air meetings for the market people he would break in with his testimony, whoever was speaking.

His only regret was that he had so little time left to serve the Lord, but the Christians comforted him by saying, "Well, never mind, *you came to Jesus as soon as you heard.*"

"CALL UPON ME IN THE DAY OF TROUBLE," 1909.

One beautiful starlight evening, with a young moon, smooth sea, and soft, balmy air, the "Evangel" was speeding down the coast from Auki. Sitting on the poop we were chatting about plans for the coming trip round Malaita and quite enjoying the still, quiet evening—an unusual experience for at least one of the party. The dark coast-line lay to our left. We had dropped a teacher in his canoe off the Bina entrance to the Langa-Langa Lagoon and had passed Biakwa.

Suddenly there came a shock. For a moment no one realized what had happened. Had the engine burst? Had we struck a log? But, bump, bump, and the cry of "reef" from the Boys told the tale. We were on the reef off Borasu, and in spite of the engine going hard astern we were fast, and bumping from stem to stern.



MISSIONARIES AT ONE PUSU.

Back row : Mr. Pettifer, Miss Joan Deck, Mrs. Deck, Dr. Deck, Mr. Peters, Mr. Waite.
Front row : Miss C. Deck, Miss K. Deck, Miss Gordon, Miss Spedding.



COAST SCENE, GUADALCANAR.

As the Boys hurried to and fro, getting out the kedge anchor and bringing boxes of sand ballast on deck aft, I heard them praying, and one, a backslider just rescued, kept crying aloud, "Lord, save us all." "Lord, save us all."

All kinds of possibilities pressed upon one. The tide was falling—we had only one fourteen-foot dinghy, and there were sixteen persons on board—the long night before us, and still those sickening bumps!

Then, in response to one's silent cry for help, the promise was given, "Call upon me in the day of trouble, I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me"; and one just clung to that while the men quickly did all that could be done.

God worked—the falling tide and the wind off the land were both from and not towards the reef, and in ten or fifteen minutes we were afloat again.

With grateful hearts we gathered the crew on the main hatch to give thanks to our Deliverer. The backslider mentioned above was deeply moved. He could not give thanks till he had made a full confession and asked forgiveness for the failure of the past seven years, and he just poured out his heart, first in confession and then in praise. He said afterwards, "I think this my lesson—God He send it for me."

On examination, it was found that the only injury to the vessel was the copper stripped from the false keel, and we realized afresh our dependence upon God's preserving care, for our little vessel is insured by prayer alone, and the dangers from reefs and currents and storms are ever present.

Another instance of God's deliverance was experienced in August. Nurse Swain had arrived at Tulagi by the "Moresby" to join Miss Deck at Nongosila, and we were making a quick journey there.

The "Evangel" had just come through the Maramasike Passage, and was under canvas before a strong fair wind, with a fairly rough sea. Breakfast had been eaten under difficulties, when a sudden lurch sent the crockery crashing into the scuppers. Nurse Swain was busy at the galley. She lost her footing, was dashed against the low bulwarks, and, to our horror, fell overboard into the sea!

She could not swim a stroke, to say nothing of the danger from sharks, but Mr. Lees instantly sprang overboard and

caught her as soon as she rose. The dinghy was lowered with all speed, though it seemed an age before it was ready, and Mr. Lees was almost exhausted before it reached them, as the rough sea made it heavy work for the rescuer. However, thank God, both were soon safe on board again none the worse for their alarming experience, and the same day we reached Nongosila.

SINORANGO, 1909.

The "Evangel" lay at anchor in the beautiful Sinorango Harbour. On every side high mountains covered with dense tropical foliage were reflected in the still waters. It was the close of a long and tiring day, and we were sitting on the little poop with hearts full of praise for all that our eyes had seen of God's working.

Four years ago, just at this spot, Sam Faralati, a solitary backslider, had been rescued in this harbour, carried round to One Pusu for a few months, and then brought back to make a fresh start with another Christian to help him. He settled at Taifala at the north end of the harbour, and although his life was in danger and his work interrupted for twelve months, God enabled him to win two of his people, who that day had been baptized.

Far up on the mountains behind Taifala, Jacob and Topsy, from Geraldton, started another school at Bu-Bu. Topsy was a bright, cheery little woman about 4 ft. in height, but every inch a missionary. She belonged to San Christoval, and was therefore, "a stranger in a strange land." But she learned to speak the language fluently during her two years at Sinorango, and was much beloved by the women and children whom she taught, while her husband took the men. She was a great singer, and the Bu-Bu people could sing almost any hymn in the book, and anything they had learnt, they read very distinctly. Fifty people were coming regularly to school, and fourteen had decided for Christ. One of these was baptized that day, a very bright young woman, who was already teaching a class and helping Jacob and Topsy.

At Kaffiniambi, at the south end of the bay, a band of Christians also settled, led by Peter Veto and Philip Pasmamai. They are splendid fellows, though very different in character. One has a keen rugged nature, the other is

gentle and refined, but both are brimful of soul-winning enthusiasm.

In the afternoon we met on the shore for the Baptism service.

It was touching to see the little group of seven candidates all silently praying hard right through the service, and to note the deep feeling in the faces of those who had led them to Christ.

Peter Veto was only here as a visitor, for he had left the flock in Philip's charge and had gone to Ulimburi, where he and Silas Matamaori had made a good beginning.

We could not face the almost perpendicular ascent to the village a second time, so, after the Baptism service, the Christians came off to the "Evangel" and we all enjoyed a time of fellowship with the Lord at His Table.

Peter prayed for those who were partaking for the first time—that they might "see the track made by the Lord's feet and follow in His steps."

After the meeting every one was kept busy, the doctor supplying medicines; messages, last words, good-byes, and at last all had gone ashore except the party for Bu-Bu, whom we were to land in the morning at the other end of the harbour.

Tired? Yes, very tired—but, oh! so glad, and still there was another bit of joy to come.

Jacob had seated himself on the grating, and we were warning him about some difficulties, when he pointed to a lad of about fourteen from Bu-Bu. "This one, he want to take Jesus," and then—"He want to take Him now, to-day." A little talk about what it really meant to "take Jesus" interpreted by Jacob, and the boy bowed his head and in his own words gave himself up to Jesus and "received Him" as his Saviour.

Before he had finished, a woman with a tiny baby in her arms came and said something to Jacob. "This one my sister, he want to take Jesus too. He say he no want to wait, he want to take Jesus now." And so these two that day were born into the family of God. What a mystery it is, that new birth! The meeting of God's will and man's, and then that marvellous new creation.

"Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God."

"But as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name; which were born . . . of God."

"A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM," 1909.

Seated on the beach at Asi-mani, waiting for the natives to have their breakfast before we returned to Baunani, I wrote of a pathetic scene before it faded from memory, as so many others have done.

The previous night we had passed in the whaleboat on our way up the coast. A figure on the little beach waved and shouted to us to stop, but we had only just time to reach Baunani before dark, and could only wave back a response.

Early next morning we came back, having heard that the teacher's baby died during the night. Poor wee thing! It had not much chance for life, for the mother was covered with a disease called *ka-ka-mi*, and the child had been sick for a long time.

Dear Josiah met us on the beach with the news of the little one's death, but the light of God was on his face. "My little child, he die last night, but me no too sorry—God, He take him."

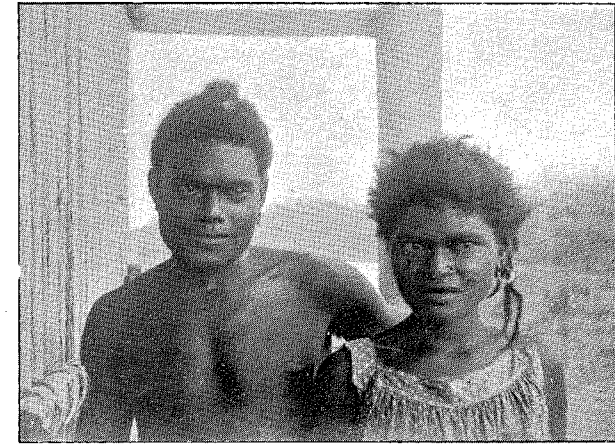
The grave was already dug behind the tiny shed which served as a school. Anything less like a church could scarcely be imagined—rudely built, without walls, and the roof half gone.

Four rows of sticks served for seats and on one of these Josiah placed a little bundle, tied up in a native mat. An old man, with a scrap of dirty calico round his loins, tangled hair, and forbidding features, seated himself beside the bundle—the child's grandfather.

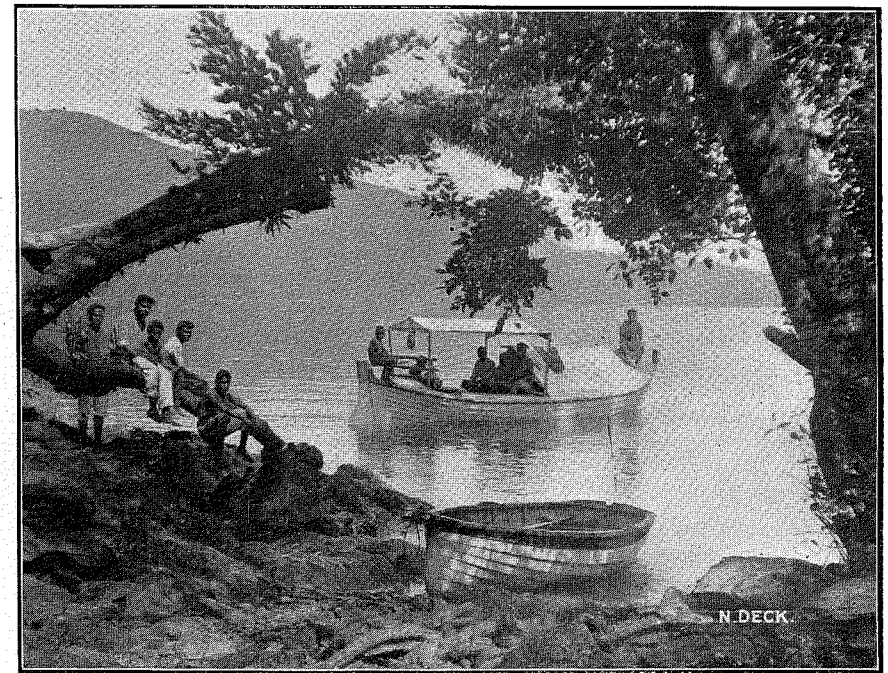
The service began, and very simply Mr. Cronau explained over and over again the wonderful truth of life after death, and how through the death of Christ that little child was not dead, but living, and safe in the Home above.

Josiah's face shone as he interpreted the message, and sitting opposite I gazed at the old, old man, and prayed that the light might shine into his darkened understanding. Years of sin and heathenism leave a fearful mark, and one is often tempted to despair of the conversion of these old people; but thank God, He is able to save to the uttermost.

To face p. 200.



PIRI and POLLY.
Rescued at Uhu from Cannibal Feast. See p. 185.



THE "DAWN" AT SINORANGO.

The old man stood amongst the little company round the grave, and listened afterwards as we told him of the road to Heaven and urged him to accept Jesus as his Saviour. He said he was too old to learn to read—the children could come, but I believe he was really interested and would yet be won—a trophy of the grace of God.

One's thoughts turn to the homelands—beautiful roomy churches, crowded with fashionable congregations. What a contrast! And yet—and yet—souls are being won in these humble schools. Perhaps, as at Asi-mani, only three or four regular attendants, but one by one they are coming to Christ, and through hard times and discouragement and opposition the teachers are holding on faithfully, in spite of all their limitations. Limited knowledge, limited intelligence, limited opportunity, on the human side, but "labourers together *with God*," and "*God giveth the increase*."

Mr. and Mrs. Abbott occupied Malu from November, 1909, when Mr. Caulfeild left, and Mr. Abbott built the new mission house there. But the need of Guadalcanar pressed heavily upon them.

A house had been built at Marau Sound, and a launch named the "Dawn" was purchased, but the difficulty of working that exposed coast was not yet overcome. The launch was necessarily strongly built to carry an engine, and the boat proved unsuitable for the dangerous work of landing through the surf. Mr. and Mrs. Abbott therefore in 1910 begged to be allowed to make their headquarters at Talise, where David and Rhoda were.

The "Dawn" proved to be God's provision for an unexpected need. For five months the "Evangel" lay at One Pusu after a breakdown with the engine. The broken part was sent to Sydney and repaired, then the magneto was found at fault and forwarded to Sydney—sent back, but not adjusted, and so the delays went on. It was only the sparking gear at fault, but, without the spark, the engine would not work. Could not work—wherein lies an allegory!

Meantime the Doctor fitted up the tiny "Dawn" with awnings and travelled round Malaita, made a perilous journey to San Christoval and crossed to Guadalcanar and Talise. The launch is only twenty-two feet in length, a

tiny craft for such long journeys, but she did the work well, and the Doctor was able thus to visit all the stations as usual. He also made two more adventurous journeys across Malaita, and a five days' journey across Guadalcanar.

While the "Evangel" was laid up Mr. Lees spent three and a half weeks in Guadalcanar, visiting all the schools, and spending a week at Moli, and nearly a fortnight at Talise. He wrote: "At Moli, or Bukusu, as Samson Dato's place should really be called, you would be surprised to find the number of houses hidden behind the front terrace of trees. Sam has forty-five regular attendants at school . . . I shall never forget my fortnight at Talise. Really, David and Rhoda are just lovely to live with; in fact, Rhoda's faithfulness is beyond description. When I was down with fever, she wept at the foot of my bed, reminding the Lord with many sobs of all the wonderful miracles of healing He performed when here below, and beseeching Him to do 'all same' for me."

Mr. Lees also relieved Mr. Cronau at One Pusu, thus enabling the latter to visit the Malayta Company's plantation at Baunani, and organize classes there.

This became an important centre. Already more than two hundred Boys were employed, coming from San Christoval, Guadalcanar, and all round Malaita. When they were taught, as on the Queensland plantations, they carried the Gospel to places and people we could not otherwise reach.

"NOBODY COME ALONG YOU-ME," 1909.

He was a little old man, with hair turning grey, very quiet and unassuming, nothing to look at, but one of God's hidden saints, Samson Jacko by name.

Years ago he was known at Fairymead in Queensland, where he first heard the Gospel, as a steadfast, consistent Christian, and with sorrowful regret his teacher, Mrs. Horace Young, and his friends said good-bye when he left for the Islands. He belonged to the Island of Guadalcanar or "Solomon" as the Boys always call it.

Not one word ever reached us of his welfare. Like so many others whom we taught and loved in Queensland, he had gone beyond our ken.

"Nobody Come Along You-Me," 1909

He could not write, and no message came.

And he was alone for eighteen years—no human teacher, no earthly help, but God was with him, and God sustained him through all those years.

Gradually he gathered his people and taught them as best he could. His own book knowledge was very limited. He could not read much, but he pored over his big Bible and told his people all he knew.

Once he sent across Guadalcanar, right over the mountains to the other side, hoping to find a missionary from Queensland.

When none came, he sat down and *cried*. With sad and heavy heart he said to his people, "Oh! I think you-me lose—*nobody* come along you-me." And then he prayed, and took fresh hold of God, and with renewed faith and renewed courage he added: "No matter white man no come and missionary no come. No matter—Jesus, He stop!"

Can we picture what it meant to stand thus alone year after year?

Yet, in spite of trials and difficulties God enabled him to gather over seventy scholars, and by-and-by a recruiting vessel came along the coast.

It was not a mission ship, but there was a Christian captain on board, and from him Samson heard of the mission in Malaita—of his own loved missionaries at work there, and of the school at One Pusu, etc.

On the next trip of the "Royal Endeavour" Samson begged Captain Lane to take him to One Pusu. "Captain! You take me, me want to go along you, *my heart he hungry for lesson!*"

And so he went, taking some of the children with him, and the tidings reached us of how God sustained and blessed him.

Miss Dring wrote: "Dear Samson Jacko is so happy, he wants to go back to his passage next time the ship goes, to bring his little girl and some other children to school. He is very hungry for teaching. . ."

But his heart turned to the flock left without a shepherd, and earnestly he prayed that God would give him a helper to go back with him to his people.

"And God granted him that which he requested."

Pearls from the Pacific

The chief aim of the school at One Pusu is to win scholars for Christ and to train them, so that they may be able to go forth as messengers of the Gospel.

And this year God called and sent out as teachers four of the elder lads who had yielded their lives to Him for service wherever He wanted to send them.

Twelve months earlier we had called at Su-paina in South Malaita. That very morning a lad about seventeen years of age had been landed after a term of service on a coconut plantation. He with many others came aboard the "Evangel" anxious to see and hear everything. Miss Deck soon had a little group of eager listeners as she showed the pictures and told the old, old story from the Creation to the Cross. Tailalo drank in every word.

"Oh! me want-'im—me come along you-fellow—me come along school. Me want-'im too much!"

And so he came. In one short year he learned to read, to sing and to pray. But better still he became an earnest and true-hearted follower of Christ Jesus and was baptized under the name of Abel. He offered to return with Samson to Guadalcanar and he became as a son to the old man. He learnt the language and did splendid work as a teacher.

"THE TERROR BY NIGHT," 1910.

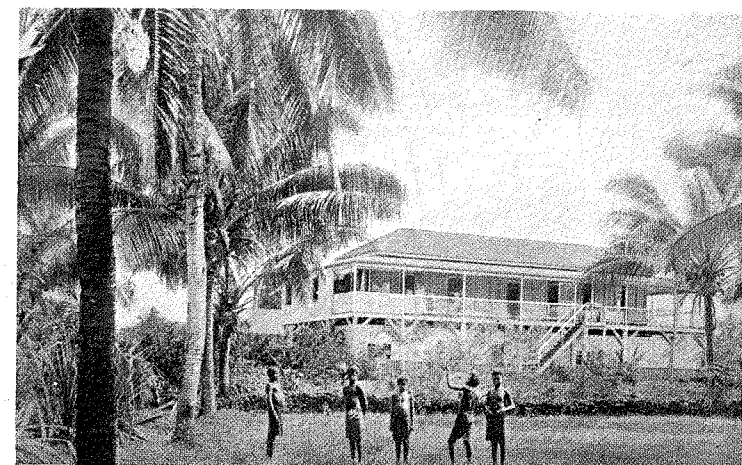
It was a lovely night. The silver moon was reflected in the still waters of the harbour of One Pusu. Quiet had fallen upon the community. The school children, seventy strong, were safely housed and fast asleep. The village, too was at rest, as also the missionaries after their busy day. Across the water the Kolaha people were fishing in the moonlight.

Suddenly, with startling clearness, the report of a gun rang out. In an instant every one was aroused and alert. What was it? What had happened? Who was attacked? Before the ladies could reach the verandah, men were rushing to and fro in the village below, twenty yards from the house. The people across the harbour were calling out. Everybody had heard the report, but could not tell whence it came—only the watchman said the sound was from the village.

Search was made in each house, and then came the cry—"Oh, it is Boatscrew—little Boatscrew!" He was a wee



MISS SULLIVAN AT ONE PUSU.



HEAD STATION, ONE PUSU.

lad of six or seven. A happy little fellow, full of fun, and a great favourite.

He and his two brothers lived with their old father in the village. The brothers came to school and were baptized last year, but little Boatscrew liked play better than lessons. Making boats and sailing them was more attractive to him than learning to read. Dear little lad! His days were mostly spent in the mission house, and a few months earlier he definitely gave himself to the Lord Jesus, and with a little child's simple faith accepted Christ as his Saviour.

For years the heathen in the bush opposite had been waiting for a chance to kill one of these brothers or their father, because of an old feud.

And at last the cowardly, treacherous deed was done.

A man pretending to be friendly had been staying in the village watching for a chance to kill. For these murderers always work by stealth, taking no risks themselves.

The man noticed where the child slept, and placed a coconut stem outside against the wall of the house, notched at the exact height for his gun to rest at night and fire straight, expecting to kill both the child and his father with one bullet.

The little lad was sleeping on a shelf on one side of the fire and his father on the other. He was killed instantly, his little hands under his head just as he always slept. The last face he saw before going to sleep was that of his poor old father. He woke in heaven to see the Saviour's face. What a wondrous awakening!

Yes, our little lad was "Safe in the Arms of Jesus." But such happenings are a great shock to those in the station, and every one was fagged out next day. "Physically, one feels a wreck, at least that is how I feel and others look," wrote one of the ladies. This was the third murder within a stone's throw of the mission house at One Pusu, and another man was nearly killed a year before. The murderers nearly all came from the same village and were well known, but there was no redress or protection available, for the arm of the law was not yet exercised to suppress crime. Thank God to us there are no "second causes," and we could confidently teach the people that "to them that love God, God worketh all things with them for good."

But the power of Satan is a real thing in these Islands,

and we long to see the heathen delivered from their superstitions and cruelty—"turned from darkness to light."

We are only touching the fringe as yet. Those wooded mountains right opposite our mission station are peopled with savages killing and being killed—in daily, hourly fear of one another.

And the children and missionaries living at One Pusu were often threatened. On one occasion three shots were fired at Mr. and Mrs. Abbott, on their way to a village across the harbour. The would-be murderer was hidden in the scrub close to the path, and the result would surely have been fatal had not the cartridges missed fire each time.

Another time Mr. Lees and Mr. Cronau visited Waidaha, two or three miles up the coast. Mr. Lees was resting in the stern of the boat when a man on the shore shot an arrow at him with such force, that, missing its aim, it struck the side of the boat and broke into three pieces! A little school lad who was with him shouted and rocked the boat, thus preventing the firing of a second arrow.

"Thou shalt not be afraid of the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day. . .

"For he shall give his angels charge over thee to keep thee in all thy ways."

The chief event this year was the attempted opening of Rennell Island. Much interest had been aroused in this unique island and people through Dr. Northcote Deck's journeys and letters, and now we believed God had called three teachers to carry to these people the message of Life.

"BEHOLD I AND THE CHILDREN WHICH GOD HATH GIVEN ME," 1910.

A little group on the "Evangel" at Ai-io surrounded dear old Thomas Sandwich.

He was going away—leaving the tiny flock whom he had gathered and shepherded so faithfully during the last four years at Ai-io.

It had been uphill work. The salt-water people were peculiarly difficult to win, and Thomas being able to speak very little of the language, and without a good interpreter, was much hampered.

He was one of the band of teachers from the New Hebrides,

"Behold I and the Children," 1910

a man of faith and prayer who had been greatly used in Queensland; not specially aggressive, but one who had stood the test of loneliness and isolation and discouragement with quiet steadfastness, which never seemed to waver.

And now God was calling him as leader of the Rennell Island party to face unknown dangers and difficulties in opening up the work there.

And the Ai-io people were dismayed. They did not want to lose him. Even the heathen who had refused to come near the school were protesting, and suggesting various plans to keep him in their midst. A wife to be provided for him, etc., etc.

Lukewarm Christians, whose inconsistencies had hindered the work, were grieving.

But there was a nearer and closer tie for some. Joshua, brother of the late chief, and his wife, Mary, and an old widow named Anna and her daughter, specially clung to him, for they said, "We his children, he bring us to Jesus."

And then Joshua told how Thomas had also won his brother the chief (Anna's husband), and his own little lad—how both had died trusting in Christ and had refused all heathen rites. "Son belong me, Daniel, he die, but me no sorry, Jesus, He take him. The day before he die he tell-'im altogether heathen people about Jesus, he tell-'im 'Me go now; me no fright, Jesus He come for me,' and along night he go." And as the father repeated, "Me no sorry along him, he stop with Jesus," the poor old mother broke in (it was their only child), "Me all same, me no too sorry," wiping her eyes all the time.

There are others coming on, but if only these six had been won, would it not be worth the four years spent there?

It may seem a small result, but I thought of dear Thomas when the day of reward comes, presenting these hardly won trophies—"Behold, I and the children which God hath given me," and of the Master's "Well done, good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

RENNELL ISLAND, 1910.

"A great door and effectual is opened . . . and there are many adversaries."

"Satan hindered."

"We wrestle . . . against powers . . ."

"God . . . giveth us the victory."

"There came down a storm of wind . . ."

Then he arose and rebuked the wind and the raging of the water."

Very literally do these words tell the experience of those who carry the Gospel to the Islands of the sea.

Again and again God has set before us an open door, and always it means conflict. A fight of faith, a laying hold of God to overcome the power of the enemy. And when at last we have gone forward, each time it has been to encounter tempestuous weather, which threatened to block the way. We have had to face our impotence, and cry again to God, and He has heard our cry.

So it was this time. Four times had Dr. Northcote Deck visited Rennell Island in the "Evangel." First one native, and then five, had been taken to Nongosila and to the school at One Pusu, too homesick to stay long, but long enough to become fast friends.

The Island had been explored and the people found to be friendly and intelligent, and apparently quite willing, indeed anxious to receive teachers.

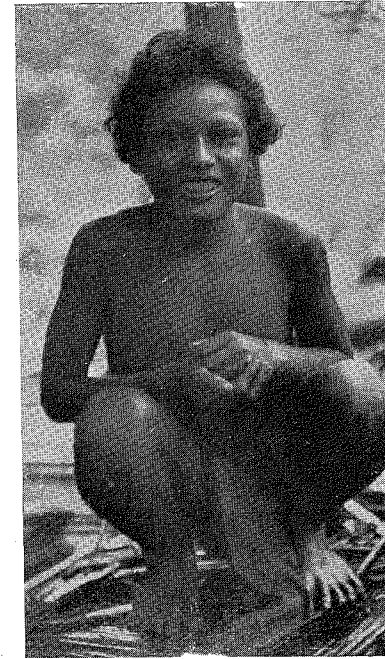
And now the teachers had offered themselves, for God had called them, and they had responded to that call: "Here am I, send me."

Thomas Sandwich—from the New Hebrides had already been working as a missionary at Ai-io for four years—a tried and staid Christian leader.

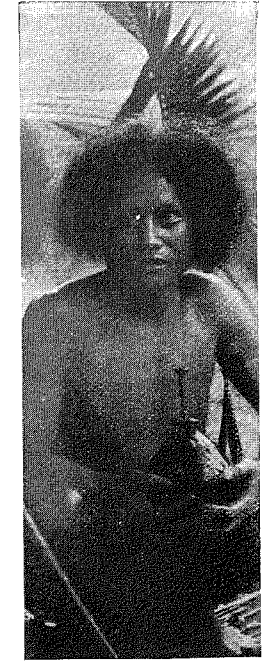
Tommy Makira—from San Christoval had accompanied the Doctor on many of his journeys. He was a sturdy, hard-working, cheery fellow, a very earnest Christian, and a soul-winner.

Andrew Kanairara—was one of the elder scholars from One Pusu, who had yielded his life very fully to the Lord Jesus. He would, we hoped, pick up the language more quickly than the older men.

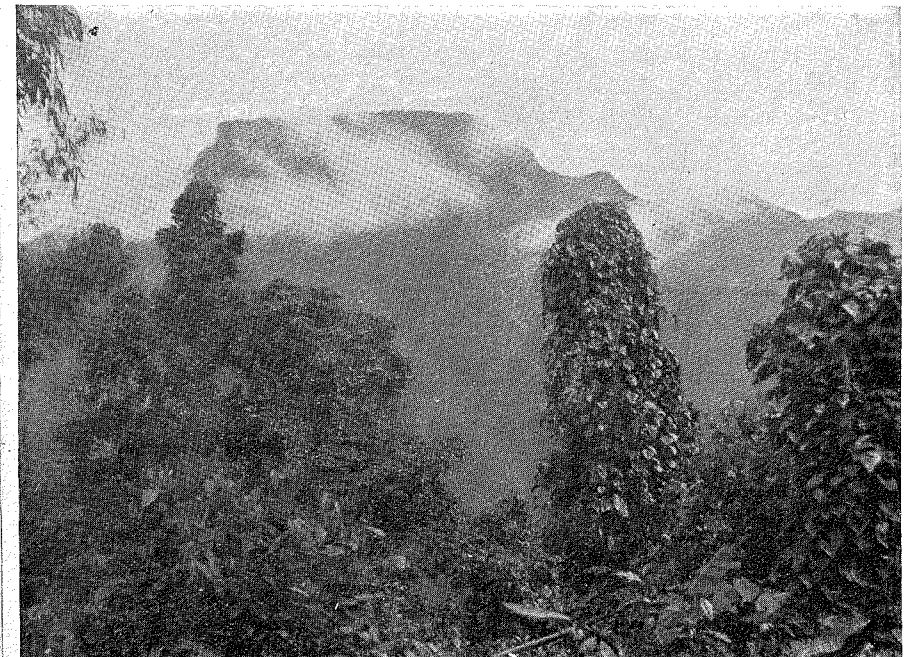
The decks of the "Evangel" were loaded with palm stems from Nongosila, and timber to build a house. In the hold



KUNGAVAL.
Who went to One Pusu from Rennell Island.



A RENNELL ISLANDER.



MT. TATUVE, GUADALCANAR.

was iron for the roof, and a tank, for no fresh water had yet been found on Rennell Island. The people seemed to depend on coconuts and the brackish water of the inland sea or lake.

We had brought Mr. and Mrs. Abbott and their goods as far as Marau Sound, but could not land them at Talise, for a strong south-east wind had been blowing for a fortnight with a heavy sea breaking all along the coast.

But our time was limited, and on the morning of the 11th of August we set out on the journey of 150 miles from Marau to the anchorage at Rennell Island.

Out into a wild sea the good little vessel fought her way, every hour the wind and sea increasing in violence, the ship's company alternately soaked with seas and frequent rain squalls.

After battling for six hours we were reluctantly convinced that it was a vain struggle, and decided to return to Marau and await more favourable weather. It was a question whether we could make the harbour before dark. We tore along under full canvas, dragging a boat in our wake which every moment we expected would fill and be lost. As we approached Marau, heavy squalls obscured the land, and the dreaded night at sea seemed unavoidable.

How we prayed, and how God answered! The last squall cleared just in time for us to get through the reefs into the safe and quiet haven, and to receive a warm welcome from our anxious friends on shore.

That night and all the next day the wind roared, and the sea thundered as it broke on the reefs.

We gathered the Boys for special prayer, realizing afresh our utter dependence upon our God, and the following morning the weather looked more hopeful, so we set out again.

It was a rough journey, a long day, and a still longer night, but at daybreak we were approaching the long rampart of coast line, so strangely even that it is with difficulty distinguished from the horizon at night. By 7.30 a.m. we had doubled the western end, and then came a weary beat against head-wind and sea. Mile after mile of forbidding and inaccessible coast was slowly compassed—no sign of human beings or of habitation—for the people live beyond the cliffs out of sight.

At last we entered a wide bay, and at 5.30 p.m. we thank-

fully dropped anchor in a delightfully quiet and sheltered spot.

Beneath the clear blue water are lovely masses of coral of every hue, a beautiful little sand beach lies between great cliffs of rock, and behind the beach nestles a grove of graceful coconuts at the foot of a wall of tropical foliage. Truly a lovely scene—the gateway, we hoped, by which the people of this island might be reached.

Two or three canoes came off to meet us, led by Temoa, one of the five scholars who had been at One Pusu. The others were at Jugugee and near the lake. The people gave us a warm welcome. We found some women and little children on shore who were very frightened at first, but Miss Dring soon won their confidence, and it was a funny sight to see two little naked picaninnies running along the beach in high glee each under one of our big umbrellas.

Our men were too busy building the teachers' house to do any exploring, for we could only spare three days, and all hands were clearing a site on the edge of the cliff above the beach, carrying the goods up the rough track and building a house in which everything could be safely stored under lock and key, for the Rennell Islanders have a habit of laying hands upon anything that takes their fancy.

They are a very intelligent people, eager to learn, repeating every word they hear, and already they had picked up quite a number of English words, perhaps from Temoa and the others. They could count to ten in English, and we held animated conversations, but concluded that the language of signs is not reliable.

A chief invited the two ladies of our party to visit the only village, about half a mile from the landing-place. Two Rennell Island women came ashore with us in the dinghy, but were displeased to find the crew rowing towards the further landing-place. They lifted up their voices in penetrating cries, shouting to the people on the beach in tones which would carry far and wide, not unmusical either. It was what one has heard a voice-trainer call "the herald tone," and would carry an immense distance.

We rowed over a coral flower garden and landed at the foot of a wooded precipice on a strip of sand and rock.

Meantime the chief had seen us from Kungava and came running round the shore over the sharp coral, swimming

or wading round cliffs, and reaching the shore to give us a smiling welcome.

He wore the insignia of rank in the blue tattoo marks on chest, arms and legs, beautifully drawn and designed, and evidently conveying distinct information as to his rank.

His long wavy hair was thrown proudly backwards, and occasionally tied back from the head with a strip of orange-coloured cloth made of bark. Round his waist he wore the usual bark cloth, a convenient receptacle also for tomahawk and other treasures.

He spoke in pathetic, pleading tones, and it was surprising how much could be expressed with two or three words. The constant *nga-we*—good, and *song-gu*—bad, could not fail to be understood, accompanied as they were with a beaming smile or a look of contempt.

"But where was the village?" we asked.

"Housey, no long way, Miss Young, come, housey!"

And he ran up the side of the steep cliff for some yards like a wild animal. Then stopped and laughed. "Miss Young, come, housey."

Calling to him to wait and help us, we followed, holding on to roots and vines, and climbing up till we reached the top of the cliff, hot and breathless. A narrow track through dense tropical foliage led along the cliff above the shore. Still no sign of habitation.

The chief led on, however, every now and then repeating, "Housey, no long way," and at last we reached a clearing, in the middle of which was a single leaf roof about twenty feet long, no sides at all. On the ground a few mats and—nothing else!

But the chief stood, proud and smiling: "Housey, Miss Young, *nga-we*?"

When we assured him that it was *nga-we*, his delight was unbounded. He ran round the shed, then stooped down under the eaves, threw himself on one of the mats, pretending to go to sleep; came out and again inquired if we admired his "housey."

There was a clear space at one end, towards which we walked, but he instantly stopped us.

"*Ta-bu—ta-bu*, Miss Young, *ta-bu*," pointing to the sky, and repeating the words again and again in such pleading fashion.

Pearls from the Pacific

Of course, we would not transgress, but we thought of the fierce Malaita *Ambu*, such a contrast to this pleading.

There were no people at the village, they were all on the shore—no furniture, no utensils, nothing but the clearing and shelter. The people seem to live entirely in the open air, which perhaps accounts for their great strength.

Our chief showed off like a child in various ways, cutting down saplings with a single blow of his tomahawk. Then hopping first on one leg and then on the other over great roots and stones faster than we could run, and always appealing to us for admiration, "*Nga-we? nga-we?*"

The house was built, the goods safely stored under lock and key, and we sailed away with great confidence expecting the three faithful teachers would reap a rich harvest.

But God had prepared for them the martyr's crown.

Two months later Dr. Deck wrote a graphic account of the tragic fate which befell these three devoted teachers.

They were all clubbed to death three days after we left! There was no grudge or quarrel. The only purpose for the wicked deed was to obtain possession of the axes, tools and outfit supplied to the teachers. The very man, Kungivai, who seemed so friendly, and who took Miss Dring and me to see his "housey," was the leader in the assault, and he it was who killed dear Thomas Sandwich.

"To human eyes this tragedy seems like defeat, while really it is victory deferred. Some day a martyr's blood will reap a martyr's harvest."

Early in 1911 Dr. Northcote Deck paid another visit to New Zealand on deputation work. He held a number of meetings, and much prayerful interest was aroused. A council of advice was formed in Dunedin. The members were: Rev. H. Gray, Mr. G. Hercus, Mr. T. Maltby, Pastor Mallis, Mr. L. Cook, and Mr. John Gibson as Hon. Sec.

To this Council were added later, Messrs. Adam and Nat. Paterson and A. J. Nichol to take the place of those who have moved from Dunedin, or have been called to higher service.

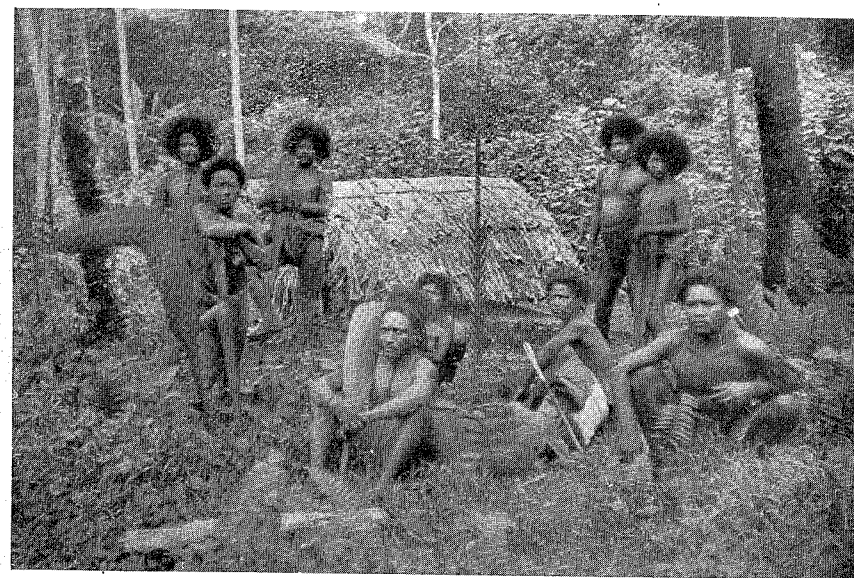
During this visit God gave the Doctor a true helpmeet



THOMAS SANDWICH

Killed at Rennell Island, with two other teachers, in 1910.

"They climbed the steep ascent to heaven,
Through peril, toil and pain:
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train."



RENNELL ISLANDERS AT KUNGAVA.

in Miss Jessie Gibson, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Gibson. The marriage took place in Dunedin on April 19, 1911, and Dr. N. Deck returned to the Islands with his bride by the May steamer. A house was built for them as head-quarters at Baunani, and the Doctor continued his work of visiting the out-stations in the "Evangel."

CHAPTER XI.

THE MARTYR'S CROWN, 1911.

"Our God is able to deliver us . . . and he will deliver us."
"But if not"—"I reckon that the sufferings . . . are not
worthy to be compared with the glory."
"A far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

LONG ago the servants of God faced the fierce wrath of a heathen despot with quiet, calm confidence.

"OUR GOD IS ABLE TO DELIVER." They knew and believed in the power of the Living God.

"AND HE WILL DELIVER US." They expected deliverance.

"BUT, IF NOT"—if not—faith and obedience remain unshaken.

The God in whom we trust—the Almighty, faithful, covenant-keeping God—is Sovereign, and in His sovereign right and wisdom and love He calls some of His servants to purchase with their blood the territory contested by the enemy.

The tragedy at Rennell Island in 1910 was followed in June, 1911, by the murder of Mr. Fred. Daniels.

God permitted these, His servants, to lay down their lives for Christ's sake and the Gospel's, but "not in vain," for life comes out of death.

"Whosoever shall lose his life for my sake and the Gospel's shall save it."

"Have ye heard the song from the golden land?
Have ye heard the glad new song?
Let us bind our sheaves with a willing hand
For the time will not be long.

"The Lord of the harvest will soon appear,
His smile, His voice we shall see and hear!
The Lord of the harvest will soon appear,
And gather —"

He sang thus far, no farther! Suddenly "by the hands of lawless men" the call came, and the reaper was gathered Home.

Earthly song ended, and the heavenly song begun.

No suffering, no sorrow, no struggle—just one cry: "Lord, save me!" and then—sudden glory.

It was on Sunday evening, the 18th of June, 1911, at Ai-lama-lama, near Uru. All day long two bushmen had been prowling round, skulking amidst the dense foliage, watching for a chance to kill. Why? They had no grudge against the missionary, neither had their people.

For many years, blood money had been offered at Uru for a white man in revenge for the death of a labourer on plantation service, but the men on recruiting vessels are fully armed and natives prefer an easy victim.

Here was their chance. From the murderer's village across the narrow estuary a full view of the mission station can be seen, and there was plenty of time to plan—time and opportunity to carry out their plans.

Mr. Daniels had arrived in a small boat four days before. He sent his boat back to Nongosila, six miles distant, intending to spend a week with the people at Ai-lama-lama, and there await the arrival of the "Evangel" which was bringing me round for the usual annual visit, and which was already over-due.

They were a feeble company. The large community at Bu-Bu behind the mountains had not yet moved down, partly because of threats from salt-water enemies, and for other reasons.

An old man and his family, another man, and an old woman, and two or three children, with the teacher and his family made up the number, and Mr. Daniels had only brought his cook, a little lad from the school at One Pusu.

The school village was high up on the crest of the peninsula forming the Uru estuary. A strip of dense scrub had been cleared from the shore to, and including, the village site.

On the steep, almost precipitous hillside were the yam and taro gardens, and in the clearing on the top three native houses and a school were built. Great outcrops of stone here and there afforded commanding views of the ocean on one side, and the estuary on the other.

Every night the light for the evening meeting shone across the narrow waters, and no doubt the singing could also be heard in the heathen village opposite.

On Sunday morning, two men armed with guns, came silently across in a canoe. All day long they hid in the

scrub, expecting Mr. Daniels to pass along the narrow track looking for pigeons.

But at last they remembered that the missionary did not shoot on Sunday, so as soon as darkness set in, they stealthily drew near the houses.

The evening meeting was nearly over. It was cooler sitting on the rocks outside ; and in a recess formed by two of the houses the people had gathered for the usual Sunday evening praise meeting.

Many hymns had been sung. At last Simon asked for 640 in Songs and Solos, " Let us sing of the love of the Lord," as the closing hymn.

Then Mr. Daniels said : " We'll have just one more—461." They sang one verse, and part of the chorus.

Meantime the murderers had crept behind some bananas to within four yards of Mr. Daniels, who was sitting on a rock, with his acetylene lamp beside him, facing the audience and the unseen gun. A sudden report startled every one.

Mr. Daniels cried out—" Lord, save me ! " and staggered, first backwards, then tried to make his way to the yam house where he slept, but fell. The ball had struck him in the breast, and on his hymn-book as it fell against the wound, the life-blood welled forth.

Lovingly and faithfully the Boys did all that was possible. Little Meshach gathered and locked up his possessions. Simon hired a canoe, and they took the body to Nongosila, where Silvanus made a coffin from a wooden chest and some boards.

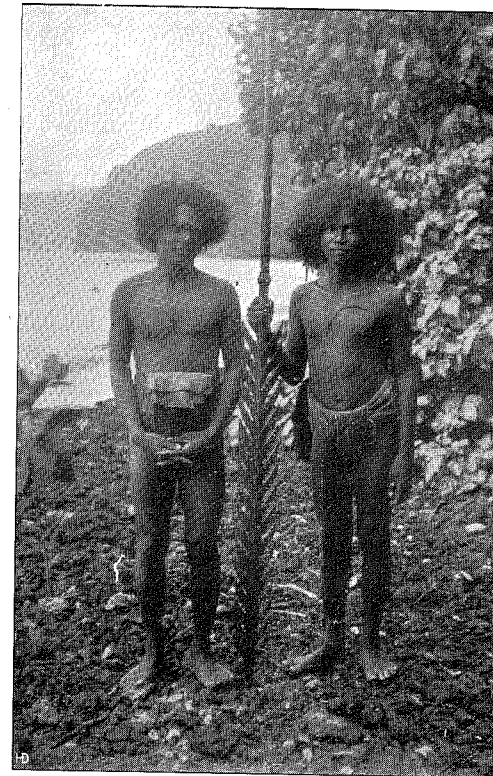
Then a crew of eight Boys set off in the " Hope " to take the body to Malu, fifty miles distant, arriving on Tuesday night.

Early next morning the Malu elders carried the body to the grave, and the whole community gathered with Mr. and Mrs. Foucar and Miss McLaughlin for the last sad service.

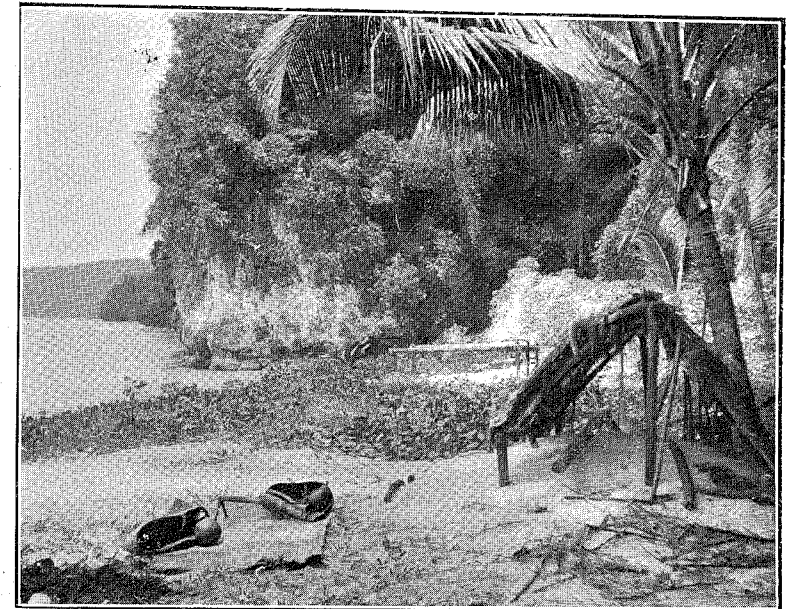
Close by lie many others awaiting the Resurrection, amongst them Charles Pillans, Fred. Schwieger, and Charley Lofia.

It was the spot our brother would have chosen, for he loved the Malu people, and they loved him.

For him we could only rejoice. It was a glorious translation from earth's sorrows and limitations into " fulness of joy." Across his life we believe God has written the word,



TWO RENNELL ISLANDERS.



GRAVE OF MURDERED TEACHERS.

"found faithful," for it was the outstanding characteristic of a quiet steadfast service.

The "Evangel" was still at One Pusu awaiting engine parts. My time was drawing to a close, and the Doctor and I started in the little "Dawn" to visit the out-stations. We were only a few miles beyond Baunani when we saw the "Hope" (Mr. Daniels' whale-boat) coming south, flying at half-mast a piece of blue calico. We knew of course this meant trouble, and we altered our course to bring the "Dawn" alongside, and heard from the Boys of Mr. Daniels' death. Returning to Baunani with the sad tidings, we had a united prayer-meeting, and then drew up a letter to the Government signed by all the workers. In this we explained that we had never asked protection for the missionaries. We went to Malaita knowing the conditions, and at our own risk. As however, for the sake of other Europeans, the authorities would probably consider it necessary to take steps to punish the natives for this crime, we earnestly requested that any such punishment should be for the actual murderers only. This letter we delivered to Mr. Partington at Auki, and received from him a most appreciative reply.

We continued our journey in the "Dawn," but could get no further than Malu, as the engine refused to work. However the week there was a comfort and cheer to the missionaries, who keenly felt the shock and loss of our fellow-worker's sudden death. We returned to One Pusu, and as soon as possible left by the "Evangel" to visit the teachers on the other side of Malaita, reaching Ai-lama-lama on August 2, and there, on the actual spot, we heard from the teacher how it all happened. Two days later we came back to Ai-lama-lama for the first baptism there, and returned to Nongosila.

There was trouble everywhere. Threats and murders on every side. The little school at Cherith close to Nongosila was broken up and the people scattered in fear. I think the last attack was the seventh murder in that little company. Poor John Selo the teacher, and others, had taken refuge on Nongosila. Their hearts were sore and very heavy. The ship could not stay, as Dr. Porter was expected by the incoming steamer and must be met at Tulagi.

We could not leave the people in their distress, and so I decided to stay the month with them until the "Evangel"

could return. I had a girl we had picked up for the One Pusu school, and little Tim Anilafa as cook, and the weeks sped by.

The "Evangel" returned in September with Dr. Porter, Miss Deck and Miss Waterston on board, and we all went on to Malu where Dr. Porter baptized thirty-one converts. He took two more Baptism services, three converts at Siubongi, and thirty-one at Taravania, and was then taken across to meet the return steamer at Aola. Miss Waterston took over the work at Malu, and Mr. and Mrs. Foucar returned to Sydney, and later on to Ceylon.

ENGLAND—AND PALESTINE, 1912—1913.

In 1912-13 I paid a sixth visit to the Old Country, seeking to widen the circle of praying friends.

Meetings were held in England and Scotland, kindly arranged by Mr. and Mrs. Gates of Brentwood, Pastor Findlay, and Mr. John Paton in Glasgow, and other friends.

An account of the work was published in *The Christian*, and notices appeared in the *Life of Faith*. An opportunity was also given to speak of the work at the Keswick Convention, and for two minutes at the Mundesley Conference. We were duly grateful for those two minutes. Many parts of the great harvest field were represented, and each had that microscopic picture put before the audience.

One wonders whether God's people realize the urgency of need in heathen lands.

So many services, and sermons, and lectures for the people at home. There is time for all these, time for socials, and music and hymn-singing and the giving out of endless notices, etc., and the missionaries who come from the far ends of the earth are waiting with burdened, aching hearts.

Perhaps they are not eloquent; they may have little skill in marshalling the terrible facts, and words utterly fail. How shall the message be given? How shall the needs be met?

They see the handful of workers battling against tremendous odds. They hear the cry of the heathen living and dying in the dark without God, and without hope—hopeless—helpless!

And God's people have no time even to listen! Yes,

we know there are "so many engagements, so many calls." And then in the summer every one must go for their holidays, and in the spring and autumn there are so many meetings, and in the winter it is too cold and wet to leave the cosy fireside. You have come fifteen thousand miles to tell the story of urgent need. Two minutes! Five minutes! Ten minutes!

Ah well, "Our sufficiency is of God," and He is "El Shaddai"—enough for every need.

We do praise Him for every helper and intercessor whose heart the Lord has touched and gratefully thank them for their sympathy, prayer and gifts.

The deepest need in every mission field is God Himself, and His people can help best and most by real prayer. "The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much."

Prayer brings down the power and blessing of God—prayer calls forth workers whom God has chosen and equipped, and funds to sustain them—prayer holds back and saves from the attacks of the enemy. Prayer counts, and prayer wins the victory.

The winter of 1912 was spent again at Château D'Oex in Switzerland. On this occasion I stayed two months at Châlet Belle Vue with Dr. and Mrs. Howard Taylor. They were writing the Life of Mr. Hudson Taylor, and from them I heard deeply interesting particulars, too private for publication, of the formation and early history of the China Inland Mission. Information which was the greatest encouragement and help to us in our own work.

Early in January I joined the SS. "Oroya" at Marseilles, paid a visit to my niece, Mrs. Douglas Porter of the Egypt General Mission, at Ismailia, and then with a young missionary candidate spent eleven days in Palestine. Wonderful days they were, packed to overflowing with intensely interesting experiences.

We landed at Joppa and visited Jerusalem, Jericho, the Jordan, and Bethlehem: then drove through the country to Nablous, Nazareth, and Tiberias, and left again from Haifa for Egypt, and so back to Australia.

Meantime two years passed of strenuous labour in the Islands, of conflict against an unseen but ever active foe.

Thank God there is victory through Christ over all the power of the enemy and in spite of all human failure and limitations, God works.

In February, 1913, the "Evangel" was replaced by a new launch with twin screws, which the Doctor could run single-handed, and Mr. Lees took up the work on Guadalcanar, while Mr. and Mrs. Abbott went to Wanoni Bay.

The old "Evangel" was purchased by the Malaita Company and re-named the "Ruana." While waiting for the new vessel Dr. Northcote made several journeys in the "Ruana" on one of which he was accompanied by Mr. C. H. Denison of the Chapman Alexander party.

On my return from England I paid my ninth visit to the Islands, taking with me two new workers, Mr. and Mrs. Donald McMillan. They had lately come to Sydney from Pastor Findlay's Church in Glasgow, with so strong an assurance of God's leading to a special sphere of service that they had never unpacked their boxes, and were ready to start a week after the Council accepted their offer of service.

Dr. Deck moved his head-quarters from Baunani to One Pusu, as a harbour for the "Evangel" was a necessity, and a house was therefore built at One Pusu for him and his wife.

"DO IT WITH THY MIGHT," 1913.

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.' Yes, my brothers, that is what the Word of God say—Whatsoever—everything you-me, we do—'Do-it—with-thy—might.'"

It was my last Sunday evening at Baunani. We were in the school church, and one after another came forward with word of testimony or exhortation.

Young Urihana stood facing the audience. A slender lad with tense, nervous force; emphasizing every word as he spoke, and driving home the message he had found in the Word of God, with illustrations from their daily life in the field, in school and playground, and ever returning and insisting upon his text with forceful reiteration—"That's what GOD say, 'Do it with thy might.'"

A meeting held every Thursday evening in the Boys' dormitory gave these young Christians practice in speaking.

"Do It With Thy Might," 1913

Here are a few fragments taken down at the time exactly as spoken:—

(1) Exod. xvii. 9-12 (An elderly man, a beginner).

"We read about Moses and Joshua. Amalek, he come fight along Children of Israel. Moses, he say, 'Joshua you get 'im some men, you fight; I go along hill, I pray.' And Joshua, he go and fight, and Moses, he pray. By-and-by hand belong Moses he heavy. Suppose hand belong him fall down, Amalek he win . . . Aaron and Hur, two-fellow, they come, help-'im Moses, hold-'im up hand, so he win. Now this-one picture belong you-me Christian. Heart belong us weak, Amalek, he all same 'old man,' he want to spoil us, pull us back. . . 'Old man' he got no power—'New man' he look to Jesus, because we born again. Jesus He win-'im victory for you-me."

(2) Gal. vi. 7-8.

"This fellow-word he say:—

"Be not deceived; God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

"You-me belong to Jesus now, no good we gammon along God. God He savee everything we do. You no do something no-good. All same you-me got-'im garden, suppose you sow seed along devil, you get-'im all same.

"You-me plant-'im taro, you can't take-'im out yam. Yam—take-'im out yam. Taro—take-'im out taro. . . You-me want Holy Spirit in our heart, then we do way belong God."

It was a good training ground, this boarding school at Baunani. The Boys came from all parts of Malaita; from the south coast of Guadalcanar; and from the Island of Makira, or San Christoval.

The Bible is our great text-book. Very literally we prove it to be "profitable for teaching, for reproof, for correction, for instruction." "For the word of God is living and active."

"The words that I speak unto you they are spirit and they are life." "Faith cometh by hearing . . . and hearing by the word of God."

No wonder faith dwindles away in the homelands, becoming more and more feeble and inoperative. Men have undermined the foundation upon which faith rests—the Living Word of the Living God. Instead of the "Verily, verily I say unto you," of divine authority, we are given the vagaries and theories of human reason (or lack of reason!).

But, thank God, the Lord Himself has said: "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my word shall not pass away." "The word of God which liveth and abideth for ever." "Which effectually worketh also in you that believe."

"WHAT I DO THOU KNOWEST NOT NOW," 1913.

God is love, and in the light of that infinite love we give thanks in sorrow and in joy—

"Ill that God blesses is our good,
And unblest good is ill;
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be His sweet will."

Consternation and sorrow filled many hearts at Baunani. Suddenly and unexpectedly little Andrew Ambuofa had been carried away. A slight attack of fever on Tuesday was followed by violent symptoms of some unknown complaint, and by 9 a.m. on Wednesday the child was dead! He was the only son of Peter's brother, Hezekiah Gosila, and very precious in the sight of all the people at Malu. Only after much persuasion had he been spared to come to school, and now within seven months that bright and promising boy, the hope of his clan, the most important boy in the school, had passed beyond our reach.

A group of men and boys from Malu stood round the lifeless form, dismayed and sorely troubled. One man spoke the thought of all—

"We must take-'im this boy along Malu, he can't bury along Baunani." Mr. Cronau and Miss Deck tried to dissuade them, but they knew their own people, and so it was arranged that the body should be taken to Malu in a whale-boat in which Miss Deck had just returned from One Pusu.

Mr. McMillan made a coffin, and at 3 p.m. that sad day the party set out.

Two Malu men working on the plantation, and six young men from the school, formed the crew, including four salt-water Boys. There was a fair wind and sea, and they had no thought of danger.

But two hours later, some nine miles up the coast, off Kwa, they met a tide rip, and two waves broke over them and snapped off the rudder. The boat broached to, filled



SCHOOLBOYS LANDING AT BAUNANI.

with water, and capsized. The crew climbed on to the keel, while Jack and Mick dived seven times to cut away the mast and sail. They succeeded in righting the boat, but could not clear it of water, as the gunwales were under water.

And there, clinging to the partly submerged boat, those dear Boys held a prayer-meeting. How often had they met for prayer at Baunani, and now, in their extremity their first thought was to obtain help from God. Each one of the eight prayed, and then they decided to swim for the shore.

The four Malu Boys and one from Mana Kwoi started first—Ephraim, Alfred and Joe were strong swimmers, but two had not much chance, and the others would not leave them, so they returned to the boat, but told the other three salt-water Boys to try and reach the land and get help.

Jack and Mick (from Sio Harbour, and young James Keresole from Ata'a swam on. They had two oars and a plank, but it was a long, hard struggle, for the tide was carrying them out, and sharks were swarming all round.

Again and again their strength failed, and each time they stopped to rest they had a little prayer meeting.

“Seven times we pray,” said Mick, “And we sing—‘I have a Saviour who’s pleading above.’”

“You not too weak to pray?” we asked.

“Oh, sea he come, come, catch him we, shut him up our mouth, but can’t help it, we pray.”

Once Jack’s heart failed (he had only lately come to school).

“Heart belong him he shake about, he say: ‘Mick me pray along akalo now.’ Me say: ‘No, you can’t do that, you can’t go two way, God He look out you now. Jack, you remember who make-’im everything? grass and tree and sea—only one God, He do everything.’”

They prayed again, and Jack said: “My word, my heart he begin no good.”

“He all right now little bit?” asked Mick.

“Yes, he all right now.”

We asked them if they were followed by sharks:

“Which way shark he no eat you?”

“Oh! shark he come all right—but—GOD,” replied Mick.

When they saw the sharks following them, Mick said to

Jack: "God He shut-'im mouth belong shark, he can't touch us."

"You got-'im strong-fellow God all right," replied Jack.

James was younger and weaker than the other two, and many times they waited for him, and Jack helped both the others. Often they thought they must be drowned, and said to each other:

"No matter suppose God want to take us, we all right; but suppose He no want to take us now, we get along shore."

The moon had nearly set, so it must have been about 3 a.m. when they came near the shore, after being eight hours in the water. Jack said they must find a sand beach to land on, but the others said:

"No, we go any place God He give us along shore, no matter rock."

They were thrown up on the reef, but not hurt in the least.

"God He look out us strong-fellow when we came along shore, stone he no catch our body."

And James added: "When we catch-'im shore we pray again, we say, 'Thank-you,' too. We lie there long time, we can't walk about."

Their perils were not over, for, close to the narrow track lay an alligator, with its great mouth agape, and the teeth glistening in the moonlight. Fearfully the three approached, keeping close together, when the creature gave a swish of its tail and made off.

Again and again they obtained strength in answer to prayer, and slowly made their way back past Manaba and Hulo. Bushmen murdered a man here not long before, and the plantation labourers would not walk through the bush without an armed escort, but our three Boys refused the watchmen's help, and finally reached Baunani at 11 a.m. on Thursday with their sorrowful tidings.

The "Rob Roy" searched the coast, but no trace was found of the missing boat or of the five Boys left in her.

A month later we returned in the "Evangel" from Makira, and with sad hearts we carried the news to Malu. Very wonderfully was prayer answered; for God gave the people grace to accept this heavy trial from the Lord, and they were comforted of Him and able to rejoice in the midst of sorrow.

"AND SOME BELIEVED THE THINGS WHICH WERE SPOKEN, AND SOME BELIEVED NOT," 1913.

Click! Click! went the handcuffs, and lo, and behold! a sudden transformation! A shame-faced prisoner marching off under escort of a squad of native police instead of the boastful warrior who had terrorized the Christian community at Taravania, threatening to kill the school people if they thwarted his vengeance on a poor madman who was being handed over to the Government.

It was a remarkable scene. Four brothers stood amongst a crowd of men.

There was Peter Ambuofa of Malu—the pioneer of Gospel work in Malaita, who for nineteen years had borne faithful witness for Christ, and the father and leader of the Church at Malu.

His brother, Elihu, from an out-station near by, baptized five years before. Another brother, Hezekiah Gosila, a wonderful trophy of the grace of God, once a fierce and ruthless murderer, a man who for many years resisted every effort to turn him from the power of Satan unto God, but now a humble believer in Jesus Christ. These three, their wives and their children were all on the Lord's side.

It was Hezekiah's only son who died at Baunani. We brought the news to Malu, but the father was on the mountain, and the messenger failed to reach him, as he had gone on to meet us at Taravania. Peter and twelve elders of the Malu Church accompanied us from Malu to stand by the stricken father in his sorrow.

When we reached Taravania we found the Government whaleboat from Auki had come for a man who in a fit of madness had killed one of the school people at Bina-Gamu. The murderer, himself an enquirer, was subject to these crazy fits, and when he came to himself he threw away his weapons and gave himself up for punishment to the heathen relatives. They treated him very cruelly, and he was finally brought to Taravania bound hand and foot and covered with wounds. Charley, the teacher, wanted to take him straight to the Government station at Auki, but Peter Ambuofa's fourth brother, Ratalo, who was a relative of the murdered man, intervened. He was determined that the poor man should be killed, and vowed

vengeance upon the Christians and the Government in no measured terms. He was not afraid of the Government, not he! If they did not do what he said, let them look out! and so he went back to his mountain home.

When the police arrived they sent a messenger for Ratalo, and presently he appeared, and we all went out to see him. A crowd of school people gathered, and Mrs. Charley acted as interpreter. The police sergeant was a fine, big Fijian. He heard how Ratalo had been menacing the people, and very quietly he remarked:—

“I think I want take this man,” and the next moment the handcuffs were securely snapped, his gun and cartridges taken from him, and he was led ignominiously away and carried off in the Government boat to Auki.

What a contrast between the brothers! There was great relief amongst the people, not only for their own sakes, but because they believed this lesson would be the the very best thing for Ratalo, and might lead to his repentance and salvation.

“ SHE LOVED MUCH,” 1913.

It is more than thirty years ago, but I can see her still as she stood that day before me at Fairymead. A lissom, shapely young woman, with dark, glistening skin, slightly tattooed and scored, with pleasant open face, dancing eyes and ready smile—“Marapongul” by name.

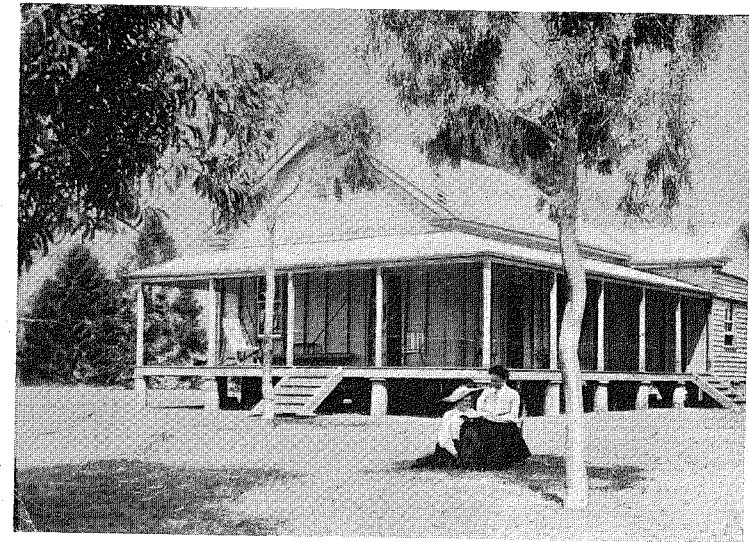
She had just arrived with a company of men and women recruits from New Ireland, and we took her as a household servant from the first day, and gradually taught her the strange and unknown duties in which she afterwards became so proficient. She knew scarcely any English, and would shyly repeat the names of articles such as “pil-late,” etc., and then hide her head under her arm, covered with confusion!

But she learned quickly and well, and her happy temperament and warm heart responded readily to kindness, and she herself soon became a treasure in that Queensland home.

Before she became a Christian, a man from Tanna took her as his wife, and when the Queensland Government decided to send all the New Ireland people back to their own country, Tigani and Marapong ran away and hid in



RHODA.



FAIRYMEAD COTTAGE. See p. 158.

the bush until the steamer had left, when she returned, smilingly confident that now she could "stop along Queensland."

Later on Tigani, who was a man of fierce and hot temper, left her, and she afterwards (in 1889) married a Solomon man named Sango, with whom she lived as a good and faithful wife.

It was at Fairymead that the Queensland Kanaka Mission was born, and in those early Bible classes Marapong learnt to know the Lord Jesus as her Saviour. She was baptized as "Rhoda" in the year 1890, and her husband "David" in 1891.

For seventeen years and more they remained at Fairymead, living most consistent lives. Many an unconscious lesson was taught by Rhoda. "She loved much," and it was such a joy to her to do anything in her power for us. Many a time the longing arose in one's own heart, "Oh! to serve my Lord as Rhoda serves me—to give HIM the same willing, glad service!"

Five children were born in that happy Christian home, and very earnestly was each little one publicly dedicated to the Lord. Little Daphne and a baby sister were called Home, and in 1907 David and Rhoda and their three remaining children left Queensland for Talise, on the south coast of Guadalcanar.

They were amongst the number of those who could have stayed in Queensland, being exempted under the Act of Deportation.

It was as true missionaries, for the Lord's sake, that they gave up their comfortable home and good wages, and faced the trials and difficulties of pioneer work in a heathen land. It was specially trying for Rhoda, as she was a stranger in a strange land, and could not understand a word of the language. Her health suffered much, and she felt the loneliness and isolation keenly.

It was an intense joy to them to receive a visit from their old Queensland friends and teachers. What a loving welcome we always received!

Two years had passed since we met, and now at last, after "journeyings oft," even to the other side of the world, once more we were visiting the missionaries and native teachers in their lonely stations. Stormy weather hindered

our usual run through Marau Sound along the unsheltered south coast of Guadalcanar. We travelled instead round to Wanderer's Bay at the opposite end of the island, and then thirty miles round Cape Hunter to Inakona. There we landed at daybreak one morning to spend six days with Mr. Lees and Mr. McBride.

Dr. Deck went on in the launch to bring David and Rhoda from Talise, and at mid-day the vessel returned. She did not anchor, as it was important to get back to Wanderer's Bay before night. The dinghy came ashore, and landed some passengers on the steep, stony beach. We were rushing round to greet them, when a Boy brought the sad tidings of David's sorrow and loss. Three days before, dear Rhoda had been called into the presence of the Lord, and never again on earth should we receive her loving, glad welcome.

With a heart filled with sorrow, I went alone to meet David, and at first we could only weep together. Then he told me how they had been watching and longing for us to come. Rhoda had been growing weaker and weaker, but she was very happy. She knew she was going Home, and was in perfect peace. She was much in prayer, and spoke loving words to her husband, saying how kind and good to her he had been, and hoping the little girls would care for him as he had for her. And then the call came, and David was left alone to bury his dead. But thank God! it is life, not death, for her, and we shall meet again soon with the great company of those who have gone before, and rejoice together.

"THE LAME TAKE THE PREY," 1913.

The following story comes from Miss Waterston:—

It was about ten o'clock on a fine morning in Malu. School was over, and the usual tail of little boys and girls had followed me up to the house. I was resting and taking some lunch, when a curious shuffling, bumping noise was heard on the verandah steps. The noise was followed by the appearance of one of the quaintest little men I have ever seen. His face was alive with interest and intelligence. Head, shoulders, and arms were well formed and normal, but from above the waist downwards the poor body was dwarfed and twisted, and the legs were powerless to support

its weight. He shuffled and crawled along on hands and knees, and from long practice, could cover the ground very quickly.

Those who came with him told his story. Fotewane was his name, and he had been a cripple all his life. Yet he was by no means lazy. He dug his garden and grew vegetables, he helped to build houses, and he even climbed trees to get the precious *ngali* nuts so much prized as food. His village lay far back in the bush-covered hills and he had never heard the story of Jesus. He could see the sea and the ships that came and went, but they were far below him. White men and women he had never seen. Other men of his tribe often went to the market at Malu. Some adventurous spirits had been away to work on plantations in other islands. But these things were not for him: he must be contented with his monotonous, limited life in the hills.

Down in the Christian village of Malu lived a man of the same tribe, who had been to Queensland, and had heard and received the Gospel. And bit by bit, one after another, a little part of his clan came down and cast in their lot with him and with the school people. They were opposed, of course, but not very strongly, and the Christians sometimes went up to see their heathen relations.

It was from them that Fotewane heard tales of a wonderful house with all sorts of extraordinary things in it. It was as big as five or six native guest houses put into one. And the beds were covered with beautiful white calicoes. And the doors and windows were ever so big, and had glass in them like the bits of looking-glass the Boys brought home from the plantations, only ever so much larger. And the woman who lived there was white, not black, and wore long calicoes, and could even talk their language just a little. Better still, there would be a white man staying there presently, too.

This last was too much for Fotewane. His resolve was taken. He, too, would go to school. He, too, would be a Christian. Spiritual hunger he had none, but he must see all these wonderful things. So down the slippery bush track, mile after mile, he shambled and crawled on his hands and poor little bent knees. And here he was at long last.

Truly, it was more wonderful than he had been told. Tables, chairs, beds, pictures, curtains, verandah, wooden floor, pots, pans, kettles, cups, plates, stove; all the common etceteras of a very simple menage overwhelmed him with awe and amazement. The four-roomed cottage was a palace in comparison with anything he had ever seen.

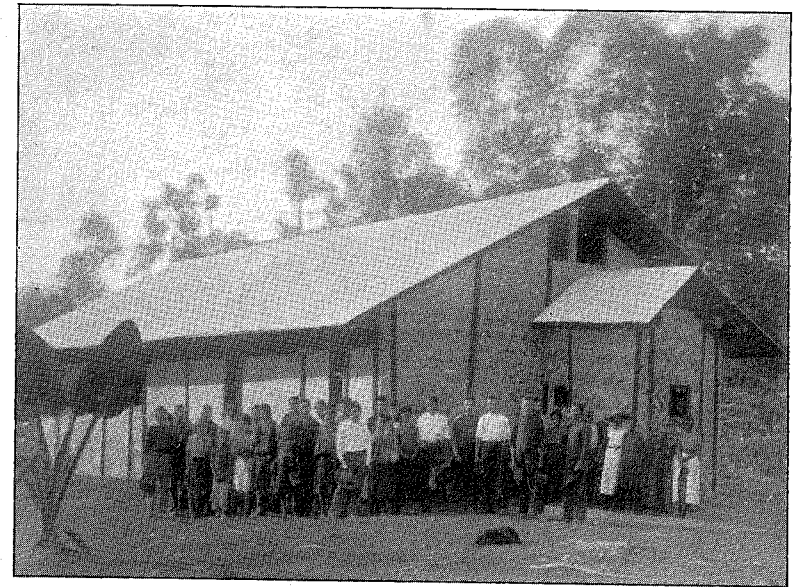
A piece of bread was examined cautiously and thoroughly, and then tasted, found very good, and devoured.

A few Bible pictures gave him his first glimmerings of spiritual truth, and he went away excited and happy, to return almost daily. Gradually, as he grew accustomed to our surroundings and took them as a matter of course, he began to think more of the News we told him. He learnt the Ten Commandments in his own language, and fourteen Gospel texts; and soon the thought of the wonderful Good Man who died for his sins and rose again, became a great reality to him.

One day he came up beaming to tell of a dream. He said that as he slept, he saw the Lord in the porch of our little Church. His body was very bright and shining, and His feet did not touch the ground, but were above it in the air. He was running away in fear, when one of the Christians said, "Don't be afraid, that is our Master." And he turned to go back to Him, and He was gone. Fotewane fully believed that he had seen a vision of the Lord, and his eyes glistened as he said in his own tongue, "I want to go to Him. Is there any ship that can take me? I do not mind how far away His country is. Can't you put me on a ship so that I can go? I do trust Him, I do love Him, and I want to go to Him."

So I told him the old story of the Ascension into heaven and of the Angels who told the disciples that He would come back again some day in the same way as He went . . . His face grew brighter and brighter, and he said in English, "Oh, thank-you, thank-you very much."

So his name is to be written in our class-book as a candidate for baptism, and Fotewane, the crippled heathen, has joined the great company of those who are waiting for God's Son from Heaven.



MALU CHURCH.

MISSION HOUSE, MALU.
Note young coconuts and pineapples in foreground.

THE ENDUEMENT OF POWER, 1914.

“ They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength.”
“ Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit saith the Lord of Hosts.”

The outstanding message of God to us in 1914 was the urgent, vital necessity of the fulness and power of the Holy Spirit for a life of victory or effectual service. God gave us first such a deep sense of impotence and need that we were almost in despair ; and were driven to let everything else go that we might take time unitedly to wait upon Him.

Leaving all theories on one side, we determined to seek God, beseeching Him to restore, and revive, and quicken us, that we might receive a fresh infilling of the Holy Spirit.

The workers from Baunani and One Pusu came together for three days of prayer at One Pusu in June. Days of searching of heart, confession, and blessing they proved to be.

But not without distraction. The children had holidays, and behaved beautifully ; but the very first day a vessel arrived with a patient for the doctor needing an operation under chloroform. And then the life of one of the girls was only saved by another serious operation, which required most careful nursing and attention. There were other cases of sickness, and we decided to go on to Baunani, and continue the meetings there with as many native teachers as could be reached. Mr. McBride took the launch and collected a number of Christians from Urisu, Uhu, and as far north as the Langa-Langa Lagoon.

About sixty natives, including some of the elder school boys, and eleven missionaries, met together day by day for a week at Baunani, and God put a new song into our mouths, filling us with joy in the Holy Ghost.

The need of extreme simplicity and reiteration in presenting this wondrous truth to the natives brought home to our hearts with forcible clearness the obligation and blessed possibilities of a Spirit-filled life.

We were deeply convinced, too, of the sin which lies behind so much failure—the sin of grieving the Holy Spirit by failing to recognize Him—the sin of trying to serve or follow Christ in the flesh.

Confession followed. Many hearts were deeply stirred,

and hidden sins acknowledged; and then, as lives were yielded afresh, the communion of the Holy Ghost became to many a blessed reality. To most of the natives it was a new thing to know and recognize the Holy Spirit as a *Real Person*. "They been teach me about the Holy Spirit, but I not know Him."

At One Pusu the same blessing followed in answer to definite and united prayer. A girl about twelve years of age came to Mrs. Irwin saying: "When I pray to-day heart belong me too sorry and I cry, cry, long time. What this thing mean? I not like this before." Mrs. Irwin showed her God's promise in Ezek. xxxvi. 26-27, and told her that the Holy Spirit was making her heart soft.

The next evening Rhoda, a pupil-teacher, came for help, and Mrs. Deck showed her from 1 Cor. vi. 19 how her body was the Holy Spirit's house or temple, and that although the Holy Spirit is dwelling in our hearts all the time, yet He is often ignored and treated like a visitor when He has really come as Master of the house. The girl's face glowed as she listened.

At the Friday evening prayer meetings the scholars were divided according to their different dialects, that all might pray intelligently in their own language.

Rhoda's meeting was a big one, and Mrs. Deck asked her what lesson she intended to give.

"'Oh,' she said at once; 'this one you tell me last night about the Holy Spirit.'

"'But might you not understand very good yet,' said Mrs. Deck.

"'Oh, yes,' she replied earnestly, 'I savee.'"

The Lord blessed her message, and the following night, when they met again for prayer, there was a marked stillness and air of expectancy. Again the same message was repeated: that the Holy Spirit must have His right place in the heart; He must be nothing less than Master; He must order the house as He chooses; everything must be subservient to His wishes; and that through Him alone the Lord Jesus could be exalted in us.

It was this view of the truth, given by another worker at Baunani, that had so helped the Boys there, and made them realize the personality of the Holy Spirit. That afternoon Rhoda had asked two or three of the girls if they wanted this

blessing, and they had said, "Oh yes, we want the Holy Spirit to be Overseer as you tell us; but He showing us many things in our hearts now, we must tell out first." So that night the work of conviction went on, and for half an hour or more, girl after girl poured out her heart in confession of sin to the Lord. It was so evidently of Him, for there had been no urging and no pressure brought to bear upon them.

In the afternoon many girls were eager for talks, and it was beautiful to hear Rhoda and Saloa yielding their all, and asking for the filling of the Holy Spirit. "Lord, I want You to be Master now; anything You want me to do I ready, I do it. Suppose You want me to say something, You tell me."

Very precious to them was the thought that the Holy Spirit had come to their hearts to exalt the Lord Jesus, and in their simple way, they prayed: "We want Him to make Jesus *more high* in our hearts and more sweet to us."

The following message was given by one of the missionaries at the Baunani Conference:

"'I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever.'

"'Know ye not that ye are the temple of God and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you.'

"'He will guide you into all truth . . . and he will show you things to come.'

"'When the enemy shall come in like a flood the Spirit of the Lord shall put him to flight.'

"The next few days are the most important in your life. We have taken the Holy Spirit by faith to fill our hearts—don't go back to the old self-life.

"Don't quench the Spirit just as He is beginning to do His mighty work. Honour Him. Listen for Him. Look out for Him. Obey Him.

"What has He been doing these last few days? Taking full possession of His house. Making the temple ready for Himself—sweeping, cleaning, casting out the rubbish. 2 Chron. xxix. He hasn't finished yet. He does not come for a visit, but to stay—to abide for ever. John xiv. 16.

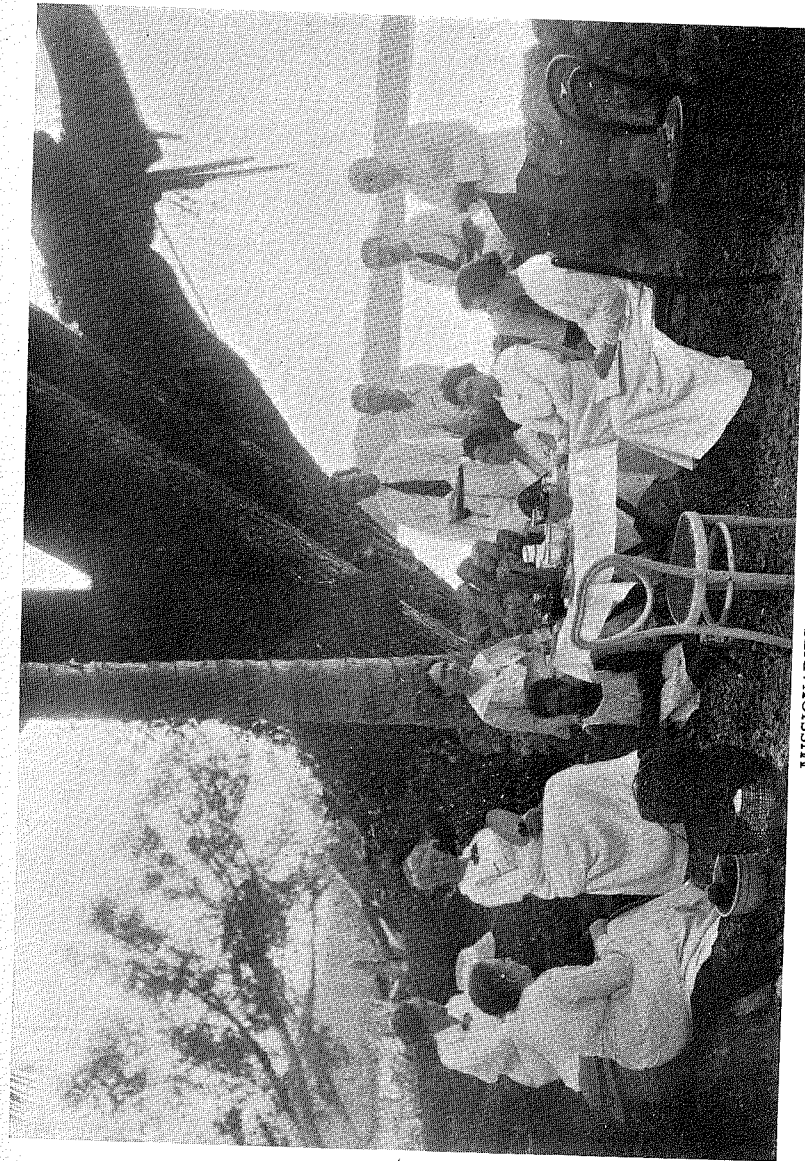
"And He has come as Master of the house.

Acts xi. 12; xvi. 6-7.

"He changes it all round to suit Himself.

- “ He brings in His own things—love, joy, peace, etc.
Gal. v. 22, 23.
- “ He will open the windows, and let the glory in.
Ezek xlili. 5.
- “ He will bring in His organ of praise. Ps. xxvii. 6.
- “ He will bring in a feast such as you never tasted before :
make His word sweet. Ps. cxix. 103.
- “ He will pray for you, and teach you to pray.
Rom. viii. 26.
- “ He will live with you always. John xiv. 16.
- “ He will talk to you about the Lord Jesus. John xv. 26.
- “ He will tell you wonderful things about the Lord Jesus,
and make you see Him. John xvi. 14.
- “ When trouble comes, He will comfort you. John xvi. 7.
- “ When hard things come He will guide you.
John xvi. 13.
- “ When the enemy comes, He will put him to flight.
Isa. lix. 19.
- “ Every day when you wake in the morning, remember,
do not forget, oh, do remember, HE, the Holy Spirit, is
in you. 1 Cor. iii. 16.
- “ He is there to work in you, and to work through you.
If you take no notice of Him and disobey Him you will
grieve Him. Isa. lxiii. 10 (R.V.)
- “ And if He is grieved and silent everything will go wrong.
God wants us every moment of every day, to :
- “ ‘ Walk in the Spirit.’ Gal. v. 16-25. And to obey
His command.
- “ ‘ Be filled with the Spirit.’ Eph. v. 18.”

In November, 1913, my sister's youngest son, Norman, went to the Islands in response to an urgent request from the missionaries and others needing a dentist. Being also an ardent photographer, he intended to combine business and pleasure, and, with this in view, he took a trip to the West in a schooner. Before returning to Sydney he accompanied his brother and sister round Malaita to see the mission work there, and on that journey he heard the Master's call—“ Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men.” When that call reaches the heart there can be only one response. “ They straightway left their nets and followed him.”



MISSIONARIES AT ONE FUSU, 1920.
Left to right: Mrs. N. Deck, Miss C. Deck, Mrs. Stewart (visitor), Miss K. Deck, Mr. McBride, Mrs. McBride, Mr. Macky, Miss McGregor, Miss Sullivan, Mr. Rutter, Mr. Peters.

The "Evangel" was anchored off Gwobusu. A young widow woman came aboard begging Miss Deck to take her to One Pusu. She was very eager to learn more of the Lord Jesus and the promise was given. After the morning services ashore the mission party were having dinner on the vessel when a great cry was heard. A crowd of heathen bushmen had come down from the mountain for this young woman. In vain she protested and refused to go with them. They laid hold of her and despite fierce struggles and screams she was dragged away by her heels before any attempt could be made to rescue her. Those heartrending cries were used by God to call into His service another worker. Norman said to his mother it seemed as if God took him to the top of a high mountain and showed him in the light of the Lord's near return the relative value of earthly and eternal realities. All his enthusiasm for music and art, which had so absorbed him in the past, fell off like a cloak, and a great longing to spend and be spent for Christ took hold of him. He saw the need and opportunity in the Islands, and returned to Sydney to give up his partnership there, and to offer himself to the Mission Council, returning to Baunani in August, 1914, to the great joy of the natives, many of whom had been praying that God would bring him back as a missionary.

Miss Waterston came to Baunani from Malu to correct proofs of the Gospel of Mark in the Malu language, which Mrs. Charley and she had translated. She stayed on, filling the breach at One Pusu or Baunani wherever most needed. One of the problems of the Islands is to meet the sudden and frequent calls, as one worker after another is laid aside through sickness.

To the British and Foreign Bible Society we are indebted for the printing of 1,000 copies of the Gospel of Mark in the Malu language. This is the greatest boon that can be presented to the people—a portion of the word of God in their own tongue—and the books were eagerly sought and prized by all who could read. Later on the same grand Society printed the whole of the New Testament in Malu as translated by Miss Waterston.

This year of 1914, of revival and blessing in the Islands, closed in sorrow and distress.

The terrible European War began in August, and for

four years to countless homes came sorrow and anxiety and bereavement.

Our own hearts were sore stricken in the loss of my beloved sister, Mrs. John Feild Deck, who was taken from us on December 23, 1914. How greatly she is missed no words can tell. "There came a cloud and overshadowed them, and they feared as they entered into the cloud."

And the "shadow" is cold and dark and drear.

But lo! the sun breaks through the gloom. "There came a voice out of the cloud, saying, This is my beloved Son: hear Him." "I will fear no evil for THOU art with me." "THOU REMAINEST!"

"For yet a little while, how short, how short! The Coming One will be here, and will not delay." Heb. x. 37, lit. trans.

"When the dearest ones we love
Enter on their rest above,
Seems the earth so poor and vast?
All our life joy overcast?
Hush! be every murmur dumb,
It is only "TILL HE COME!"

A memorial sketch of this beloved sister was published in 1915, and can still be supplied from our Sydney Office.

FELLOW-WORKERS AND MISSION STATIONS.

In April, 1916, Miss V. Sullivan joined our band of workers, and the following month Mr. John Gibson paid a visit to his daughter, Mrs. Northcote Deck. He was accompanied by Mr. Alfred Peters, who has been for eight years a most valued worker. In spite of advanced age, he has the energy and enthusiasm of a young man, is a man of prayer, and greatly beloved by both missionaries and natives at the One Pusu school.

Mr. McBride is another trustworthy helper. He joined the Mission in 1911. In 1915 his brothers enlisted, and he went back to New Zealand to help his father during their absence. He married in New Zealand, and came back to the Island work in 1920 with his wife, who is another keen and successful missionary.

Mr. Waite, who joined us in 1921, has also proved himself to be a God-given and reliable co-worker, able and willing for "all manner of service."

Miss Gordon joined the Mission the same year and is a capable member of the staff at One Pusu.

At WANONI BAY Mr. and Mrs. McMillan inaugurated half-yearly Conferences for the native teachers scattered throughout their district, which have been a great help to the teachers. Similar conferences have been held in other places with blessed results.

In 1919 Norman Deck opened up work at STAR HARBOUR at the extreme south-eastern end of Makira. Mr. Goulter took charge of this work in 1923, so that Norman Deck might re-open the long closed station at NONGOSILA, and get hold of the Kwara'ae dialect. He is an accurate and painstaking student whose translation work should be particularly valuable. He has given us the Question Book in the Wanoni, Anganiwa'ae, and Kwara'ae dialects.

A mission station for South Malaita was opened at Pau by Mr. Gibbins in 1917. A healthier and better centre was afterwards chosen at WAI-SU-SU, by Mr. McBride in 1920. Later on he had to take charge of the "Evangel" while Dr. Deck was absent, and then he was needed for North Malaita, and Mr. Macky took up South Malaita, leaving Mr. Rutter to carry on alone at INAKONA. During the latter's absence on furlough Mr. Pettifer has taken over the Solomon work.

In 1919-20 my niece, Constance Young, spent eight months at One Pusu, and in May, 1921, she and her cousin Joan Deck, who had already done valiant service on the "Evangel," returned to the Islands, and devoted themselves to the work with great enthusiasm. With equal devotion another niece, Constance Deck, has done what she could. Her delicate health does not permit her to remain in the Islands, but since 1915, she has paid six visits varying in length from eight to eighteen months, and has rendered invaluable help as an honorary and supernumerary worker.

Mr. and Mrs. McBride and Miss Constance Young took over the work at Taravania (now usually called FO'ONDO) in 1923, after the Home-call of dear Charley Aurora, who had worked there for fifteen years.

Miss Gladys Deck from Motueka, New Zealand, joined the Mission in March, 1923, and in the following October she was married to Dr. Northcote Deck, two years and a half after the Home-call of his first wife. Very fervent are our

thanksgivings to God for this gracious provision for His servant.

We do thank God for all our fellow-workers, and for the unity of the Spirit and mutual love and confidence that is our happy experience.

"There are diversities of gifts . . . diversities of ministrations . . . diversities of workings, but the same Spirit . . . the same Lord . . . the same God, who worketh all things in all."

"THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW."

"The redemption of their souls *is costly*."

Again and again we have passed through the valley of the shadow through the Home-call of beloved and valued workers.

In June, 1917, Mrs. Irwin was laid low with blackwater fever. Dr. and Mrs. N. Deck nursed her at One Pusu for four weeks. The fever was overcome, but she could not rally from the extreme weakness which follows blackwater, and she "fell asleep" on July 12. She greatly loved the work and the workers, and had rendered glad and happy service for four and a half years.

Mrs. Northcote Deck had a severe attack of the same dread disease in 1916, and a second attack in March, 1921, proved fatal. Miss Sullivan wrote a touching account of the last illness and triumphant Home-call of this beloved one, a copy of which can still be obtained from our Office at Stanmore.

We are accustomed to ordinary malarial fever. Every one suffers from this in one form or another, and the damp heat is enervating, but after becoming acclimatized the workers seldom find the heat unbearable. There is usually a cool sea breeze except during the NW. monsoon, and heavy rain tends to reduce the temperature. But frequent ill-health is one of the problems to be faced in all tropical countries, and we have our share of this difficulty.

Mr. and Mrs. McMillan returned in 1923 from a year's furlough, and a visit to their friends in Scotland. They both suffered from malarial fever for some time, but towards the end of the year they opened a boarding-school at Wanoni, partly to relieve the pressure of the overcrowded school at



JESSIE DECK.



CONSTANCE YOUNG.



GRACE IRWIN.



ELIZABETH McMILLAN.

"For all the saints, who from their labours rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy Name O Jesu, be for ever blest.

Alleluia!"

One Pusu, and partly to train teachers who could not go so far from home.

In January, 1924, they accompanied Dr. and Mrs. Deck for three weeks, and visited the schools on the western coast of Makira, returning to Wanoni much refreshed. Cheery letters from them came in March, and it was an unexpected blow when the wireless message of sorrow brought tidings of the loss of another whole-hearted and devoted worker: "Lizzie McMillan died April 3, blackwater."

In October again came a wireless message of sorrow in the unexpected Home-call of Constance Young at Fo'ondo.

For these beloved fellow-workers who have finished their earthly course we can only give thanks. God is Sovereign, and all that He does is right. "Blessed is he whosoever shall not be offended in me." "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord."

CHAPTER XII.

THE SHIP AND THE SCHOOL.

THERE are two outstanding features essential to the effective working of this Island Mission.

These are the mission vessel "Evangel," and the Training School at One Pusu for native teachers.

Dr. Northcote Deck has for many years had charge of the "Evangel," sometimes doing double duty as engineer as well as Captain on his ceaseless journeyings. The moment the anchor is dropped there follows the important and strenuous work of visiting the out-station schools to instruct, encourage, and guide the native teachers.

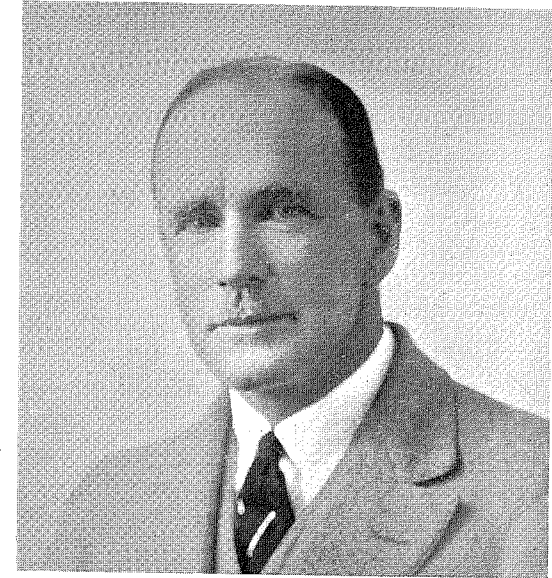
As the Doctor visits these out-stations he picks up a young man here, another there, to be trained for eighteen months at One Pusu. He also brings away teachers needing help or a change. The school usually has about 130 scholars, mostly young men, but including some wives and some small boys who act as pupil teachers.

The work of visiting the teachers in the out-stations was for a time greatly hampered for want of a suitable vessel. In rough weather the Doctor's launch proved to be too small and really unsafe and it became increasingly difficult to overtake the work. The need of a larger vessel became more and more evident, and at last we decided to build a fourth ship with two good deck cabins, more room on deck, and a more powerful engine.

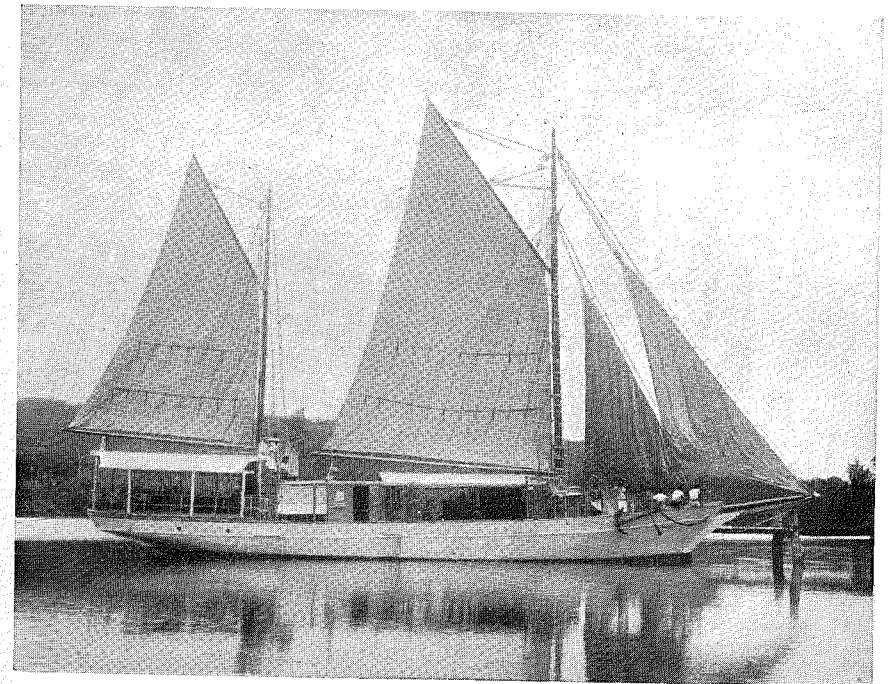
The new "Evangel" was completed before the end of 1915. She is a ketch-rigged yacht of about thirty tons—length 70 ft., beam 17 ft., and depth 7 ft. 6 in., with a 40-48 h.p. Skandia engine burning crude oil.

Dr. Northcote has built a third deck cabin and permanent awnings, and in other ways has added to the conveniences aboard, and we now consider that our mission ship is the best and most comfortable craft in the Solomons.

The building of this vessel and of a home at Katoomba on the Blue Mountains, N.S.W., prevented me from paying my usual annual visit to the Islands in 1915. But it was fortunate that this provision was made in that year. Prices



Dr. NORTHCOTE DECK, M.B., Ch.M., F.R.G.S.



THE "EVANGEL" IN ONE PUSU HARBOUR.

had not then risen, but the cost of building and of furniture soared to double and treble the amount during the War, and has never returned to the old figures.

The results obtained at the One Pusu training school are remarkable. Mr. Peters has charge of the industrial side, and his spiritual power and prayer-life have been a great blessing. Miss Deck and Miss Sullivan have organized the school to a high degree of efficiency, and the deep spiritual tone and keen desire to learn are wonderful. A strong staff is needed to maintain this high standard.

We have a regular course of Bible teaching which ensures a thorough grounding in the fundamentals. The Bible is our sole lesson-book and the only education given is in reading, writing, singing, numbers and simple arithmetic.

The school is a training ground for missionaries as well as for natives. Here they learn the art of using simple, and yet more simple language. Of adapting themselves to the capacity of unlearned and unreasoning people. But above all they learn to depend on GOD.

Prayer—much prayer—is the mainspring of the school. By example as well as by practice and precept the natives learn to lay hold of God.

From time to time (usually once a month) a whole day is set apart for prayer, and great blessing has followed these seasons of waiting upon God.

Of one of these seasons Miss Sullivan writes :

“ . . . The day is divided into three sessions, each beginning with a message from God's Word. . . The first session was a time of deep solemnity, and all who prayed asked God to search their hearts. . . The speaker for the afternoon was led to change the address that had been prepared and speak instead on Isaiah vi. 1-8. Truly some of us saw God's holiness and our unworthiness as never before. Confession after confession followed in rapid succession, many with quivering voices . . .

“ We had been praying much for the last three months for a man called Simon. He is one of the leading teachers in the Laulana Lagoon, and being a natural leader, was looked up to by all the young men of his district. He had become proud, self-satisfied, and spiritually dry, and Dr. Deck had brought him to us, hoping he would get blessing. . . But there was very little change till our day of prayer, and

then God abundantly answered. Simon told the Lord he was nothing, that all that he had done in the Lord's name was of no value because of pride, and he felt ashamed now to call on the name of the Lord, feeling that he was worse than the heathen, for they had no light.

"The hymn: 'Lord, through the blood of the Lamb that was slain, cleansing for me,' seemed to bring comfort, as we sang it over softly with bowed heads. . ."

"Two days later, on Sunday, at the testimony meeting, dear old Simon stood up and said he had claimed the filling of the Spirit, and that he wanted to take as his motto, 'He must increase, but I must decrease.' Then he went on to speak of how God had humbled him and showed him how valueless his work had been recently. Now everything is changed. Each time he hears a lesson his heart is open to receive it, and the Holy Spirit is constantly bringing things to his knowledge which were unknown to himself, but observed in his life by others. . ."

There is a great demand for these teachers trained at One Pusu. In fact we cannot prepare them fast enough to supply the need. They go out as unpaid workers, and often suffer hardship for Christ's sake. They live in a small Christian settlement, make gardens as do their people, and grow their own food.

There are now (1924) about 168 out-stations. Meetings are held daily, generally both morning and evening. In some stations there is an additional day school for the children, and on Sunday three or four meetings. All the Christians are expected to help, though there are usually one or two recognized leaders.

OUR LIBRARY.

1. THE BIBLE—the whole Bible in English from Genesis to Revelation. Many, many thousand copies have been used.

2. A TEXT-BOOK with forty pages of Bible lessons wholly in Scripture language on the following subjects:

Sin.	Now.
Whosoever.	Believe.
Christ Died for us.	Baptism.
The Blood of Christ.	Salvation.
Ye must be born again.	Never Perish.
Repent.	Precepts.

Our Library

The Holy Spirit.	False Teachers.
Separation.	The Word of God.
Temptation.	Witnessing.
The Enemy.	Giving.
Prayer.	Coming of the Lord (and dia-
Bible Prayers.	Death and Burial. gram).
Guidance.	Heaven.
Backsliders.	Jesus Christ on Earth.
Duties of Servants and Children.	Christ Jesus in Heaven.
Duties of Husbands and Wives.	The Lord's Supper.
Duties of Parents.	Reverence.
Duties of Elders and Teachers.	Worship.

The book also contains a list of the Parables and Miracles; and extra lessons on witchcraft, heathen medicine, meat offered to idols, etc., followed by 288 hymns and choruses. Of this Text-Book we have published seven editions completing 28,500 copies.

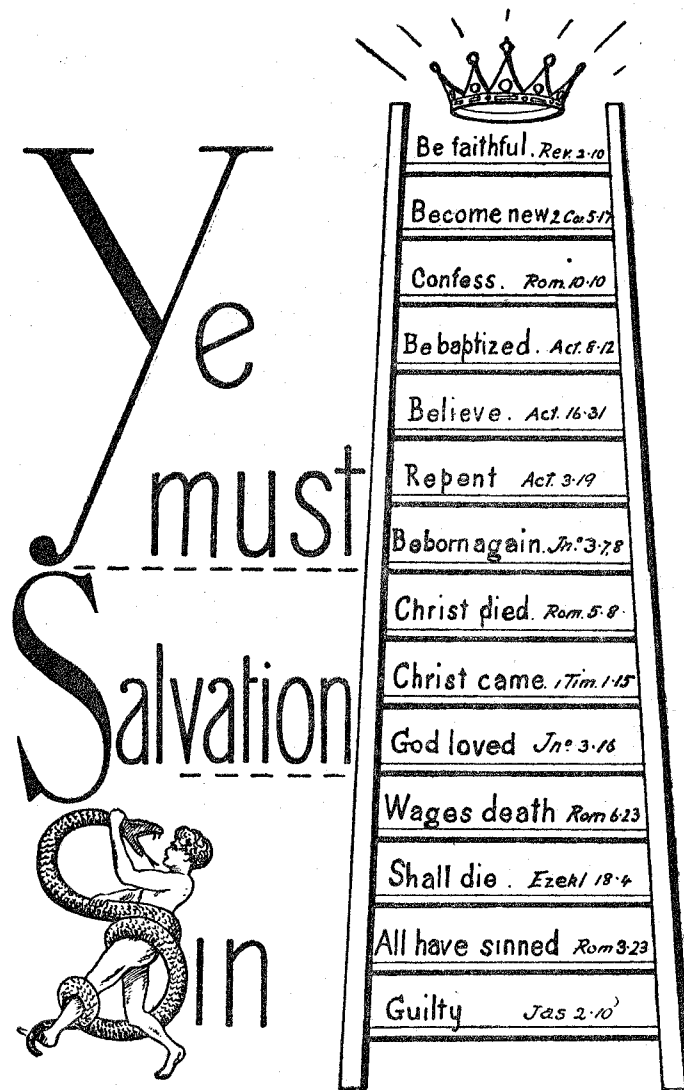
3. A QUESTION BOOK in English covering the course of Bible instruction for candidates for baptism with twenty-five pages of questions on the Ten Commandments, fourteen Gospel Texts, Creation, Cain and Abel, The Flood, The Life of Christ, The Lord's Prayer, and The Creed, and twenty-four simple hymns and choruses for beginners. This book has also been translated into, and published in eight different dialects.

4. A HYMN-BOOK with 150 hymns in the Inakona dialect, prepared by Mr. Lees, has been printed.

5. Miss Waterston has also prepared a hymn-book in the Malu dialect which will be published shortly.

6. The British and Foreign Bible Society printed for us the Gospels of Mark and Matthew, and later on, Miss Waterston's translation into the Malu dialect of the NEW TESTAMENT, which is a great boon to the northerners.

7. LESSON BOOK. Our latest book was compiled by Miss Deck and Miss Sullivan. It gives the outlines of all the Bible lessons in the five courses taught at One Pusu. These lessons are given over and over again till every Boy in each class can stand up and himself give the lesson. Large wall pictures and a blackboard are used, and having fully mastered the lessons, each teacher carries home one of these Lesson books, which he calls: "My Missionary."



Here follows a sample lesson :

CALL OF DISCIPLES.

These men find Jesus for their Saviour, one year before, by the river Jordan. Matt. iv. 18-22.

Now by the Sea of Galilee, Jesus call them for His work. John i. 29, 37.

When the Lord called them :

1. They not make excuse ;
2. They not ask for wages ;
3. They leave their father and everything and go at once.

Fish—Picture of sinners.

The Gospel net—Word of God preached to many people in school or market ;

Fishing line—Word of God spoken to one by one ;

Bait—Love, happy face, kind words, caring for the sick ;

1. Only the Lord can teach us to catch men.
2. He choose patient, hard-working men for this work.
3. Wise fishermen go to the place where fish are, not wait for them to come.
4. We not begin to catch fish by throwing stones.

BAPTISMS.

God has given us exceeding joy in the ingathering and baptism of a great company of believers : 2,484 converts were baptized in Queensland, and 3,716 in the Islands, making a total to November, 1924, of 6,200 converts added to the visible Church on earth.

All candidates for baptism are carefully instructed and examined. The responsibility for receiving them into the Church is thrown, as far as possible, upon the native teachers and elders in each village ; and very carefully in most cases do they guard against the reception of unworthy members.

It has been our aim to avoid sectarianism. We give the people the Word of God, and teach them very simply and very literally to " observe all things " according to the Lord's directions in Matthew xxviii. 18-20.

SYDNEY OFFICE AND HOME BASE.

"When are you going back to your work?" is a not uncommon question which provokes an inward smile. The reply has sometimes been given: "Well, you know, there is *some* work to be done on this side!"

Perhaps only those who carry the burden can fully appreciate its pressure.

In addition to the general superintendence of the work in the Islands we have to deal with missionary candidates, correspondence, accounts, printing of books for the Islands, correction of proofs, preparation and publishing of the Annual Report and Statistics; issuing some 2,000 copies of Dr. Deck's quarterly letters; and purchasing and forwarding of goods. The Malayta Company has relieved us of the main buying of stores, etc., but all private orders of the missionaries are executed by the office staff.

For fourteen years, from 1910 to 1924, we had an office in the city, for seven years in Wynyard Street, and then in Martin Place. These rooms were shared with the China Inland Mission, and their Secretary kindly forwarded correspondence to Hokonui, Katoomba, sixty-six miles from Sydney. Here, with the help of Miss R. Williams, the business work has been done since 1915 with a weekly visit to the Sydney Office.

This mountain home, with its clear, bracing air, lovely scenery, and perfect quiet, is an ideal resting-place for missionaries on furlough. But it was often difficult to provide for them in passing to and from Sydney, and for the Office Staff during the cold winter months.

The rent of the City Office was raised again and again, and after prayerful consideration, we decided to give up the City Office and open a Mission Home and Office at Stanmore. A very convenient house at the corner of Douglas and Bruce Streets, Stanmore, was purchased, and this will in future be the Home Base.

It is not easy to find a suitable centre in a great city like Sydney, with its million inhabitants, and we are very thankful for the Lord's provision. Stanmore is the nearest pleasant suburb on the main suburban line, only three miles from the City, with a good rail-service and a motor 'bus from the city passing the door.



MISSION HOME AND OFFICE, STANMORE, SYDNEY.



HOME STAFF: Miss Dew, Miss Young, Miss Williams (in front).



MOUNTAIN HOME, HOKONUI, KATOOMBA.

The address is :

“ Southsea,”

Douglas Street,

Stanmore, Sydney, Australia.

From the beginning of this work we have proved God's faithfulness in the supply of all our needs. We began with an empty exchequer and many times have been at the end of all human resources, but we determined to trust God for supplies and make no appeal for funds.

A mistaken impression may have arisen that sufficient funds were available, but apart from the danger to any mission of depending upon particular individuals whose lives are of course uncertain, it must be remembered that what may have been an adequate provision in the past will not meet the growing needs of present and future expansion. There are many thousands of heathen still to be reached. We are therefore depending upon God to move the hearts of those whom He would call into this partnership of joyful and fruitful service.

“MAKE US ALL INTENSE FOR THEE,” 1924.

And now I have come to the last chapter. With the help of letters carefully preserved by my sister, and the Annual Reports and quarterly Letters already published, the story has been fully told of the work God has entrusted to us. If the telling of the story lacks literary merit, at least it is a faithful and accurate chronicle of facts.

The aim and purpose of the book is to tell how great things the Lord has done for us, that HE may be glorified, and His people stirred to obey His great command :

“ And Jesus came and spake unto them, saying,
All power is given unto me. . . .
Go ye therefore, and teach all nations,
baptizing them in the name of the Father,
and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost ;
Teaching them to observe all things
whatsoever I have commanded you ;
And, lo, I am with you alway ” (Grk : all the days).

Very early that call came to a certain little child born at Fairymead, Bundaberg, Queensland. Her home was on a

sugar plantation, and it was the joy of all joys to her and to her sisters to be allowed sometimes to attend the classes held for the Boys working at Fairymead.

Her home was an ideal one for children. Three families of cousins shared the delights of country life—riding, swimming, picnicking, etc. Constance was ever overflowing with life and energy, a leader in all games, and a favourite with every one.

She made up her mind to go as a missionary to Uganda, and set herself to get ready; drawing up time-tables to fit in everything that would prepare her for the mission field, choosing certain foods—"I had better learn to like the food I shall get there!" Cutting out and pasting into an exercise-book pictures of garments that she might know how to make clothes for herself in Uganda!

At an early age she had her own Sunday School class of white children, and invented unique methods to draw out their powers and interest.

The Lord accepted the child's offering of her life, and watched over and guarded her from missing His best. She came back to Australia after her school-life in England, and then went Home again with her parents and spent four strenuous years in V.A.D. work in France and England, returning with her brother and sister in March, 1919. In October of the same year she went to the Islands.

She ripened fast, and God gave her a wonderful experience of joy in His service.

At the Katoomba Convention missionary meeting in 1922, she was asked to speak, but shrank back at first. Yet hearts were deeply moved when, with shining face and simple but glowing words, she told how the Lord had satisfied her heart and had given her "an hundredfold now in this present time." In every letter came the same refrain, "I am so happy." When Mr. and Mrs. McBride moved to Malu, Constance took charge of the work at Fo'ondo and she wrote:—

"Oh, Aunt, dear, I do feel so grateful to God for giving me this happy work and such lovable people, I am so thankful to be down here! I wouldn't change places with any one. I often think of your words: '*The Lord is able to give you much more than this!*' Instead of . . . here I am rejoicing in this lovely little spot, with five hundred dear

Christians to care for and help spiritually, and five hundred hearts to love and pray for me.

"The Lord has given me indeed an abundant 'MUCH MORE,' and the best of it is, I know it is going to get better and better as I go on!"

"The Lord steered her barque past many shoals and cross currents," wrote Miss Deck, "and brought her into a Canaan life, a life of fighting and victory in the Islands before entering upon the glory above. The last five years were surely the consummation of her childhood vows and desire.

"She developed an authority and control that surprised us all. The lessons she gave were so telling and heart-searching that Mr. McBride thought she became the best speaker in the Mission, and yet she had such a spirit of humility and holy diffidence lest she should miss the leading of the Holy Spirit, even in the smallest things, and she kept 'self' hidden. One of her strong characteristics was to 'esteem others better than herself'—seeing Christ in her fellow-workers and giving honour to them."

We looked forward to years of fruitful ministry, but the Lord had need of her, and she was called to higher service on October 24, 1924. One week earlier she had heard of the death in Queensland of her beloved father. Both he and my brother Ernest have been associated with the Queensland Kanaka and South Sea Evangelical Mission from the beginning at Fairymead in 1882. And through all these forty-two years the work has had their sympathy and practical help and support.

"God buries His workers, but carries on His work." The sorrow and loss on earth brings Heaven nearer to those who mourn, and we are constrained to press on with ever-deepening sense of responsibility to make known to dying men and women the message of LIFE—eternal life!

From Dr. Northcote Deck's letter we take the following extracts:—

"We are here to glorify God every day and night, and *anything* which does not do that *must go*." This sentence in a recent letter from Constance Young, underlined in her own emphatic way, might stand as her habitual attitude towards everyday life, and towards her Lord of

Glory. *Anything* must go rather than He be grieved or His work hindered. . .

"She was dashed to the ground at times in the work, but then it was in sheer humility. But she was radiant almost always. There was something, too, of enterprise in her character which is unusual and most valuable in spiritual work. When last at Fo'ondo, Mr. McBride led me to the end of the verandah facing the mountain side and the heathen. Here Constance often used to call them in the evening to come and sing :

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him all creatures here below.

" 'Let's sing it here in triumph, and as a challenge that all the *akalos* may hear and know that He *must* reign ! ' It was just a little token of her gallant heroic heart. Yet, beneath all her sweetness and romance and impulsiveness, there burned an indomitable spirit and a quiet steady determination to do the will of God at all costs that nothing could move."

" 'There is no pocket in a shroud,' and the 'portion of goods' must be left behind. But a *heart*, a 'heart' made 'like Thine.' Why, a heart like that can be taken up into heaven ! The verb *to have* has lost all meaning there. The verb *to be* alone remains. And so this eager warrior has cried and lived, 'Father make me,' a blessing, a channel, a servant, and she has chosen that 'good part which shall not be taken away.'

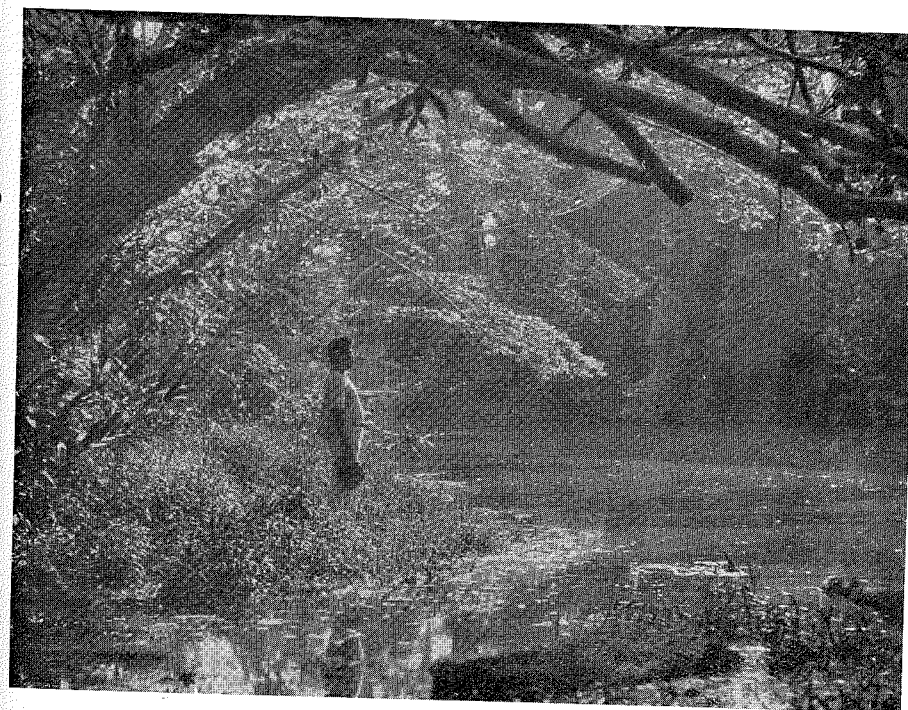
"It cost much, the 'making.' Cost fever and weariness, stifling days and nights, pale cheeks and weary limbs ; it cost disappointments and hardships. Pinned to her mirror, the last time I saw her, was a little slip of paper with the words, 'My brethren, count it all joy . . .' It was still there on her mirror after she had died, an eloquent witness to her 'care of all the churches.' But that was just her way of meeting tribulations, with a song on her lips and joy in her life. The little message is left to us, but *she* is counting the joy now 'with Christ.' 'So she has triumphed with a song. Triumphed and sung and passed along.'

"So she was borne on the shoulders of the elders who loved her, escorted by bands of weeping Christians who mourned her. 'So they laid the sufferer down in her grave under the trees.' And there she lies, after a very gallant

To face p. 250.



GROUP AT FO'ODO.
Left to right : Mrs. McBride, Mr. McBride, Wee Robert, Miss McGregor, Miss Waterston,
Miss C. Young.



RIVER SCENE, MALAITA.

and glorious death, in a coral tomb, shaded by palms, and looking out to sea. How gladly she used to welcome the ship in days gone by. What wavings! what joy! what greetings! Now in the cliff overlooking the landing where the "Evangel" anchors, and the boat comes ashore, she sleeps, silently awaiting, not now our coming, but that glorious and fast approaching coming of our Lord of Glory.

"Who is to fill the gap?"

Who follows in her train?"

The young life has been joyfully laid down, the corn of wheat is sown. Shall there not be an abundant harvest? Her last messages are given below in burning words. May the vision of need, the vision of opportunity, and the vision of God's sure words of promise reach many hearts.

Written to her father:

"This is a real battlefield, father, and I've got the soldier's love of battle very strong just now, and I couldn't leave my pals down here for a soft billet at home! They are so pitifully few already, and if I went home that would make one less to 'carry on' the fight. And that's why I have written so much home this time. I want you all at home to realize the *joy of conquest* as I feel it, when I am sitting in school on Sunday morning, and see the rows and rows of quiet earnest faces—brands plucked from the enemy's country and from his hand. It makes you realize, when you hear them singing and praying, etc., how infinitely *worth while* it is—even though it does cost, for some, fever, and even death. It hasn't cost *me* anything as yet. I am just ever so well, and feel so well and happy."

The following was written in a home letter some nine months before the strangely prophetic desire was granted:

"One thing that has been coming home to me lately, too, is this: That you must be willing to *die* in this kind of rescue work. What does it matter if a few missionaries die in the attack? *You can't have real WAR without casualties*—if souls are really being rescued.

"Somebody in Africa said: 'The Church advances over the graves of its pioneers,' and perhaps Malaita will never be wholly won for Christ until we are more willing for the death principle.

“ ‘ Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and DIE, it abideth alone ; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit ! ’

“ I want you to know, *now*, and *for just as long as I'll be down here*, that you at home have got to be willing, nay, even *glad*, for me to die in this fight, if God should so will it.

“ Personally, I hope I will die down here ! My ideal is this—a few, short, sharp years in the firing-line, strenuous, intense, and soul-winning, and then—Heaven.”

Written at One Pusu in 1921 :

“ It is Sunday afternoon, and I've just been watching a little scene on the other side of the harbour that has stirred me up so that I *must* try and describe it to stir you all up to pray, and pray, and pray again.

“ There is a long line of mountains, dense forest all over them. Then, just at the water's edge a few coconuts and three native houses, and a little clearing. Here for three weeks they have been making ready for a feast, and now it is full moon and they are in the middle of their celebrations.

“ As we sat on the verandah we saw a big boat-load of our school Boys making for the place. It is the beginning of our infantry attack against the enemy headquarters, so we get up to watch and pray (oh, how *desperately* one longs for victory for that little band), and as we on this side watch and hear those horrible bamboo pipes and the coarse laughs of the heathen, we cry to God to give our Boys a hearing. The little white-clad party is walking along the beach now, through the coconuts to that little clearing. They seem to be stopping there. Then they sing, ‘ Sinners, Jesus will receive,’ but you can hardly hear for the bamboo playing and the loud laughs and shrieks that seem to be the devil's own deafening defensive. Then some one, Thomas Ambiasim, prays in language, and there is a little lull. One man, a tall heathen with cockatoo feathers in his hair, comes up and hides behind a coconut tree to listen. Then Timothy hangs up a picture—we can see it quite plainly—and he and Thomas begin an address. But oh, there are those wretched bamboos again ! Will they *ever* stop ? So we pray again, and *cry* to God to make them stop. Little Naota and Tariko, whose eyes are much sharper than mine, keep telling me how the fight is getting on : ‘ Another

heathen man sit down now, Miss Constance !’ And as we watch, and silently uphold that little ‘ white company,’ we see one after another leaving the heathen headquarters, and sitting quietly down on the grass, listening. As I write these words, the latest report comes to me from my girl sentries : ‘ Too much man come now !’ in excited tones ; and oh ! this is just what Naota is saying now : ‘ The two men who were blowing the bamboos are sitting down now !’ *Praise God ! Praise God !*

“ Oh ! dear ones at home—couldn't we all be *much more in earnest* ? It seems to me to-day as I look at that little company just over the water, such a *little* company to storm this island fortress ! Malaita—devil possessed, cannibal, Christ resisting—that if this is to be a winning fight, we must all be DEAD EARNEST in prayer.

“ If it was your part to stand behind the front line trench and watch a little brave company creep out and go ‘ over the top ’ on a desperate venture to take the enemy unawares, and if you saw that it wasn't *half* strong enough—quite brave enough, but pitifully inadequate to meet the need—wouldn't you write home or go home and *implore* men to go over and help that brave little party ? And if when you went home you saw that they didn't care much how that gallant little army fared, they were so occupied making their homes comfortable, so pleasure-loving, so taken up with the latest models of dress or motor cars, wouldn't you cry in despair to God to open the people's eyes at home, and *make them see* the urgency of the need, the desperate fight, the pitiful inadequacy of those in the firing line, so that *somebody* would do something ?

“ The power of the devil is only too evident, we are only touching the fringe of his territory. There are thousands of heathen away in the mountains, untouched yet. And we must be in *dead earnest* to win ! *And Jesus saw a great multitude*—a great, hungry, helpless multitude, ‘ as sheep without a shepherd ’—

DO YOU SEE THEM TOO ?

“ And Jesus, ‘ when he saw . . . was *moved with compassion for them.*’

DO YOU CARE ?

“ Ah ! Lord God ! make us all INTENSE for Thee ! ”

"FELLOW-LABOURERS." Phil. iv. 3.

"With Christ which is far better." Phil. i. 23.

FREDERICK DANIELS	1909	Killed at Ai-lama-lama, June 18, 1911.
JESSIE DECK	.. 1911	Blackwater fever, March 26, 1921.
GRACE IRWIN	.. 1912	Blackwater fever, July 12, 1917.
ELIZABETH McMILLAN	1913	Blackwater fever, April 3, 1924.
CONSTANCE YOUNG	1919	Intussusception, October 24, 1924.

PRESENT STAFF, 1925.

	Arrived in Islands.	Present Station.
Miss DECK.. 1907	.. One Pusu.
Dr. NORTHCOTE DECK	.. 1908	.. "Evangel" (abs.).
Miss WATERSTON	.. 1911	.. Star Harbour.
Mr. McBRIDE	.. 1911	.. Malu ("Evangel" pro tem.).
Mr. McMILLAN	.. 1913	.. Wanoni.
Mr. NORMAN DECK	.. 1914	.. Nongosila.
Miss CONSTANCE DECK	.. 1915	.. One Pusu (Fo'ondo pro tem.).
Miss SULLIVAN	.. 1916	.. One Pusu.
Mr. PETERS	.. 1916	.. One Pusu.
Miss JOAN DECK	.. 1918	.. Nongosila.
Mr. RUTTER	.. 1919	.. Inakona (abs.).
Mr. C. MACKY	.. 1920	.. Wai-su-su.
Mrs. McBRIDE	.. 1920	.. Malu ("Evangel" pro tem.).
Miss MCGREGOR	.. 1920	.. Home Staff.
Miss GORDON	.. 1921	.. One Pusu
Mr. WAITE	.. 1921	.. Malu (pro tem.).
Mr. GOULTER	.. 1921	.. Wanoni (pro tem.).
Mr. PETTIFER	.. 1922	.. Inakona.
Mrs. N. DECK <i>née</i> Miss G. DECK	.. 1923	.. "Evangel" (abs.).
Miss SPEDDING	.. 1923	.. Wanoni (Fo'ondo pro tem.).
Mr. MACDONALD	.. 1924	.. "Evangel."
Miss DORA AITKEN	.. 1924	.. One Pusu (pro tem.).
Mr. TREGASKIS	.. 1924	.. One Pusu (pro tem.).
Mrs. TREGASKIS	.. 1924	.. One Pusu (pro tem.).
Mr. R. MERRITT	.. 1925	.. One Pusu (pro tem.).

WORKERS WHO HAVE RETIRED FOR HEALTH AND OTHER REASONS.

Mr. THOMAS	.. 1904—1904
Mr. J. CAULFEILD	.. 1904—1909
Mr. ABBOTT	.. 1904—1913
Mr. WATKINSON	.. 1905—1907
Mr. RUDDELL	.. 1906—1908
Mrs. RUDDELL	.. 1906—1908
Miss DRING	.. 1906—1918
Miss RUDDELL	.. 1907—1908
Mr. CRONAU	.. 1907—1919
Mr. FIELD	.. 1908—1909
Miss McLAUGHLIN	.. 1908—1914
Mr. LEES	.. 1909—1920
Nurse SWAIN	.. 1909—1912
Miss PFRUNDER (married Mr. Abbott)	.. 1909—1913
Nurse MITCHELL	.. 1911—1915
Miss CROSS (married Mr. Cronau)	.. 1912—1919
Miss SEARLE	.. 1912—1913
Mr. GIBBINS	.. 1913—1919
Miss CAMERON	.. 1914—1915
Mrs. CLARSON	.. 1915—1918
Mr. CURRIE	.. 1915—1918
Mr. STEWART	.. 1917—1920
Miss CLARKE	.. 1924—1924

* CHARLEY from New Hebrides .. 1906—1922 Died (pneumonia).

* LOUISA from Australia .. 1906—1920 Returned to Australia.

* THOMAS SANDWICH, New Hebrides .. 1906—1910 Killed at Rennell Island.

* THOMAS NGUNA, New Hebrides .. 1906—1910 Returned to New Hebrides.

These twenty-three workers it will be seen served for longer or shorter terms up to twelve years. Fourteen have retired on account of ill health, and nine others for various reasons.

* Native Helpers.

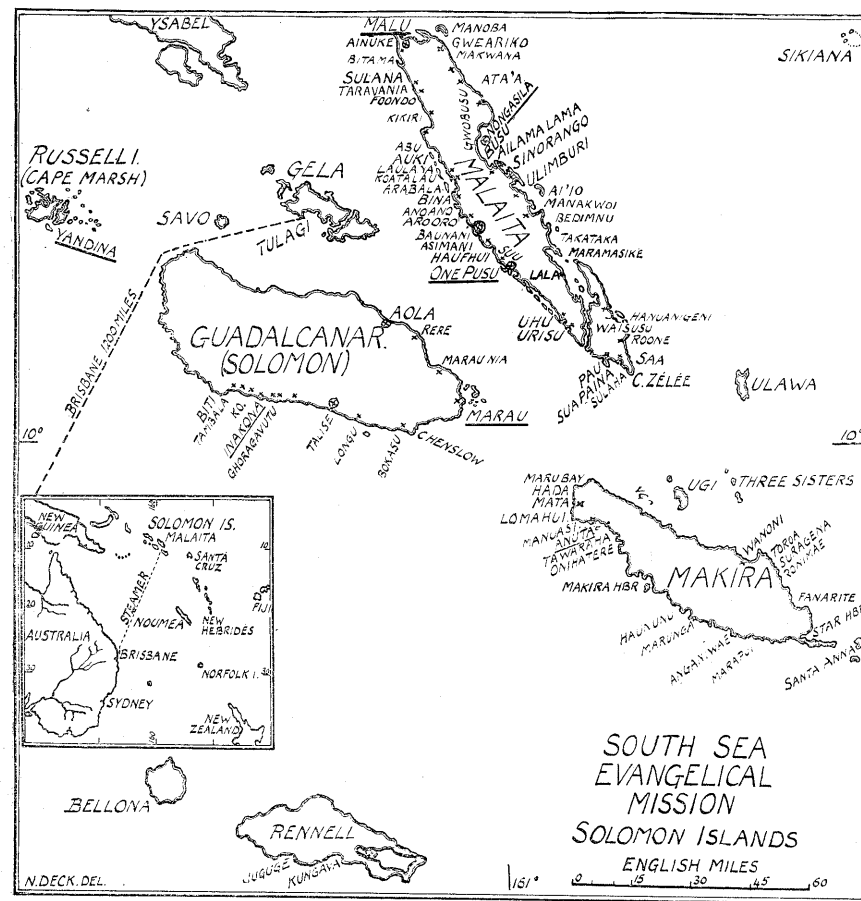
Pearls from the Pacific

LIST OF MISSION STATIONS AND SHIPS.

Station.	Opened by.	Date	Work begun by.	Date
MALAITA.				
1 MALU ..	J. St. G. Caulfeild ..	1905	Peter Ambuofa	1894
Taravania Now called				
2 Fo'ONDO. ..	Charley Aurora ..	1905	Malu Christians	1903
3 ONE PUSU ..	Head-quarters ..	1905	Barnabas A'asu	1903
4 NONGOSILA ..	J. Watkinson, ..	1906	Enoch Soai	1905
closed 1911 .. re-opened N. C. Deck 1923				
Baunani				
School .. Miss Deck 1911				
Moved to				
One Pusu	1918		
Pau W. Gibbins ..	1915	Barnabas A'asu	
Moved to				
5 WAI-SU-SU ..	R. & Mrs. McBride ..	1920		
GUADALCANAR.				
Talise ..	A. H. & Mrs. Abbott	1910	David Sango	1907
Moved to				
6 INAKONA ..	C. Lees	1912	Samson Jacko	1909
SAN CRISTOVAL.				
7 WANONI ..	A. H. & Mrs. Abbott	1912	Peter Wetigo	1906
8 STAR				
HARBOUR ..	N. C. Deck ..	1919		

MISSION SHIPS.

1 DAPHNE	1904—1907	Small Launches	
2 FIRST EVANGEL	1908—1912	DAWN	1909
3 LAUNCH EVANGEL	1913—1915	MAWETA	1921
4 THIRD EVANGEL	1915—		



SOUTH SEA EVANGELICAL MISSION

EVANGELICAL AND UNSECTARIAN

Supported by Voluntary and Unsolicited Donations.

The Mission is under the direction and superintendence of the Honorary Secretary and Treasurer, Miss F. S. H. YOUNG, assisted by Councils of Advice.

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Mr. NAT. PATERSON.
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