AUSTRALIAN LUBRA AND PICCANINNY.

[*frontispiece,*

MISSIONARY TRIUMPHS

AMONG THE

SETTLERS IN AUSTRALIA

AND THE

SAVAGES OF THE SOUTH SEAS

A Twofold Centenary Volume

BY

JOHN BLACKET

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'The History of South Australia,' 'Not Left Without Witness; or, Divine Truth in the Light of Reason and Revelation,' 'A South Australian Romance,' 'Social Diseases and Suggested Remedies' (being a Criticism of some Socialistic Theories), &c., &c.

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Dedicated to

THE

NOBLE BAND

OF

MEN AND WOMEN

WHO

HAVE WORKED

AND TO THOSE

WHO

ARE NOW WORKING

IN THE

FOREIGN MISSION FIELD

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INTRODUCTION

THERE are two notable events closely related. One is the CENTENARY OF THE METHODIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY; the other the CENTENARY OF AUSTRALIAN METHODISM. The two events are not only closely related in point of time, but they are also akin. It was the Methodist Missionary Society in the Old Land that gave birth to Australian Methodism, and founded the Methodist Missions in the South Seas.

In the history of the world there are great events —new departures—the effects of which are agelong and universal. The birth of the Methodist Missionary Society was one of these. No finite mind, however gifted—no combination of minds—could adequately conceive the magnitude and the far-reaching character of the work done by this Society during the century just completed. Its operations have been on a vast scale, and a 'great multitude, whom no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues,' have been influenced for good through its agency. It has, indeed, 'preached the gospel to the poor, healed the broken-hearted, proclaimed deliverance to the captives and recovering of sight to the blind.' In some instances it has been the chief factor in saving society from total corruption, and where barbarism of the most revolting character reigned it has introduced the benefits of civilization; it has transformed the savage into a civilized man,

and in many instances it has redeemed the hardened convict. All this will be made manifest in the story I have to tell.

Others have told in detail how the first Methodist Missionary Society came into existence, and have described the noble men who gave it birth. This was in the old town of Leeds, in Yorkshire, on October 6, 1813. The new departure was God-inspired. The memorable meeting in Leeds began, continued, and ended in prayer. In quick succession one provincial town after another copied the example set by Leeds, and very soon all over England Methodist Missionary Societies were founded.

In 1818 a central Missionary Society was formed in connexion with the British Conference. This was a kind of central sun around which all the provincial Societies revolved. The formation of this Society was largely the outcome of the administrative genius of Jabez Bunting, and the zeal and eloquence of Richard Watson. A Board of Missions was established, with Joseph Taylor as secretary, and with Messrs. Bunting and Watson as assistant secretaries.

Under the new régime the growth of the missionary movement was phenomenal, as the following figures will show. The first line is taken from Smith's *History of Methodism*, and each subsequent line from the old *Methodist Magazines* for the years mentioned:

Year.	Stations.	Income.
1814	30	£6,820
1824	112	£38,046
1834	177	£60,865
1854	377	£111,048[1]

[1] *Methodist Magazine*, 1825, p. 139; 1835, p. 295; 1855, p. 562.

It was in the year 1854 that Australian Methodism ceased to be a mission directly controlled by the Methodist Missionary Society in London. In 1853 the Rev. Robert Young was deputed by the British Conference to visit the Australian Colonies to open up negotiations with the missionaries in Australia for the formation of an Australian Conference. These negotiations were successful; the Conference in the Old Land gave to the Methodist Church in Australia the right of self-government, and placed the missions in the South Seas under its control.

Celebrating, as we have been, the Centenary of the formation of the first Methodist Missionary Society, and celebrating, as we shall be in 1915, the Centenary of Australian Methodism, it will be of special service to see how the Society in London gave birth to the Methodist Church in Australia, and to the missions in the South Seas; posterity should also know something of the noble men who laid the foundations of a vast spiritual enterprise in these southern lands. At this epoch in its history the Methodist Church should see that this duty is discharged; hence the reason why I have written this centenary volume. For about forty years the Methodist Missions in Australia were under the control of the Missionary Department of the British Conference, and it is with that period that I especially deal.

What has specially impressed me while writing the book is the striking points of contact between the work done by the pioneer Methodist missionaries in Australia and Polynesia and that done by the apostles when extending and consolidating the Apostolic Church.

The mystery is inexplicable, but there are powers in the universe that make for evil, and there is an organized kingdom of darkness. It was these powers that the Methodist missionaries as well as the apostles had to face; it was this kingdom of darkness that they had to attack and to subdue. In doing this (as my story will show) they manifested sublime heroism, disinterested self-sacrifice, and unswerving fidelity. They were often surrounded by dreadful scenes, in circumstances of appalling danger, attacked by men inspired by the devil; but their faith never failed, nor did their courage falter.

This book is an historical record, and care has been taken to make the record correct. My chief source of information has been *the oldest religious periodical in the world.* This is *The Methodist Magazine,* established by John Wesley in 1778, and continued to this day. When first published the work was known as *The Arminian Magazine.* It is my good fortune to possess one of the first volumes issued by Wesley, and a copy of each succeeding number over a long period of years.

As soon as the Methodist Missionary Society in the Old Land was formed the *Magazine* set apart some of its pages to record the operations of the Society. If the history of a nation is contained in its newspapers, then the history of the Methodist Church and of its Missions is contained within the covers of its *Magazine.*

Some years ago the late Rev. James Bickford,[1] a Methodist missionary, and one of the fathers of Australian Methodism, published a book on *Christian Work in Australia.* That book has been of some

[1] His Life has been published by the Methodist Book-Room, London.

service to me, as well as another on *Fiji and the Fijians,* by the late Rev. Thomas Williams.

It is my wish that the book should be *educational* as well as *inspirational*; that it should appeal to the general reader as well as to the church member; hence at the beginning of each chapter there is an account of the discovery of each country, and the founding of each colony in which a mission was established, as well as other items of historical interest and value.

JOHN BLACKET.

Norwood,
South Australia, 1914

SAMUEL LEIGH.
First Methodist Missionary to Australia.

[face p. 17.

CHAPTER I

The Founding of the Methodist Church in New South Wales

THE PIONEER MISSIONARY, SAMUEL LEIGH, AMONG THE CONVICTS AND COLONISTS

For a long time the vast Continent of Australia, though known to exist, was uninhabited by whites, and unexplored. In 1770 the intrepid navigator Captain Cook sailed along its eastern coast, and took possession of it for the British Crown. As he surveyed the coast-line from the ship, Captain Cook saw some points of resemblance between it and the Wales of the Old Land, so he named it ' New South Wales.' Here, in 1788, a penal settlement was formed. The British Government sent out Captain Phillip, with a number of convicts, both male and female, and a military guard consisting of about two hundred marines. Upon their arrival in New South Wales the captain and his officers assembled around a flag-pole; the health of the king was drunk; and the New South Wales settlement was established. The capital of the colony (Sydney) was so named after Lord Sydney, who was Secretary of State for the Colonies when the settlement was founded.

Spiritual Darkness and Destitution.

New South Wales was open not only to receive convicts, but also free settlers. A few men and women emigrated from the United Kingdom to seek their fortunes in this distant part of the British Empire. Amongst these early settlers were some Methodists. One of these, who, with his wife and family, arrived in New South Wales in 1812, found himself in very uncongenial circumstances. All around him were men and women 'sitting in darkness, and in the shadow of death.' The great majority of those by whom he was surrounded had broken the laws of their country, and had as little respect for the law of God as they had for the law of the land.

What could this 'Early Methodist Settler' do? How could the flow of iniquity be checked? How could a conscience be awakened, and the moral tone of society be raised? How could this settler secure a better social and spiritual environment, not only for himself, but especially for his wife and family? He thought of the Methodist fathers and brethren in the Old Land; of the transforming power of the gospel as he had heard them preach it; of the missionary enterprise of the British Conference, and decided to write to the Methodist missionary authorities in London.

Sitting down in his humble dwelling at Sydney, on July 20, 1812, he wrote a letter to Joseph Benson, of London, then editor of *The Methodist Magazine*, giving him an account of the social and moral condition of the New South Wales settlement. The picture is so dark that I have omitted some of the

details. 'God in His most gracious providence,' said he, 'has been pleased to conduct me, and my wife and family, in perfect health and safety to this very distant country. . . . I am now set down with the intention of writing you particulars of the place and of my situation.' After describing the long voyage, of more than five months, he gives a most unfavourable description of the New South Wales settlement. Thousands of souls, both in high and low life, were perishing from lack of knowledge, and iniquity abounded. Many in respectable situations were rioting in all the crimes of which their depraved natures were capable. In all ranks of society men and women were living in open sin; the writer affirmed that in his judgement one-half of the population were living in this condition. The effect upon family life was disastrous, and the probability was that when the children reached maturity they would do as their parents had done. The conscience of the community generally was deadened, and the moral tone of society was shockingly low.

Every word of this dark indictment was true. What else could be expected in a colony composed mainly of convicts? What folly to attempt to establish a stable, sound, and wholesome British colony on a rotten basis! When the 'Early Methodist Settler,' from whose letter I have quoted, arrived in New South Wales, the population was about twenty thousand, nearly all transports. The great majority of them were in actual bondage; some had their liberty on a 'ticket-of-leave'; and some were free by servitude—that is, they were hired out as labourers to the settlers who needed them. Dr.

Lang, the pioneer Presbyterian minister, who went to New South Wales in 1823, said that during the first thirty-three years of the settlement 'it was formed of the scum' of the people of England.[1] The Rev. W. Cowper, one of the pioneer chaplains, declared that in the early days the Sabbath was unknown, and that almost 'the whole of the population was living in concubinage.'

The besetting sins of the community were immorality, dishonesty, and drunkenness. On the authority of Dr. Lang I give the following: 'It was no uncommon occurrence for men to sit down round a bucket of spirits, and drink it with quart pots, until they were unable to move.' Three individuals 'had an authorized monopoly of all the ardent spirits that were imported into the colony on the condition of their erecting a public hospital in the town of Sydney. During the continuance of this monopoly every means was used to increase the number of houses for the sale of spirits both in Sydney and all over the settlement, and to spread a moral pestilence as widely as possible in the whole community.'

The picture painted by 'Early Methodist Settler' was by no means overdrawn. There was spiritual darkness in the new settlement, and there was spiritual destitution. The population was about twenty thousand, and only three clergymen (all chaplains of the Church of England) to minister to their needs. The little good these men could do in the midst of abounding wickedness was partly neutralized by the fact that they were appointed Justices of the Peace. The clerical magistrate who

[1] *Transportation and Colonization.*

sat on the bench on the Saturday, and sentenced a man to receive one hundred lashes, or to be put in irons, was not likely to have much influence when he preached to the convicts on the Sunday.

Altogether things were in a bad way in the new settlement at Sydney, New South Wales.

An Appeal.

After 'Early Methodist Settler' had stated his case to the missionary authorities in London, he made his appeal. It was his desire that the Methodist Conference in England should take immediate action, and send out one or two missionaries to New South Wales. 'Come over,' he exclaimed, 'and help us, ye faithful servants of Jesus! Bring us the glorious gospel which you are called on to testify to every man! . . . In a few centuries this country will be to the southern world what her parent (Great Britain) is to the north.'[1]

This 'Early Methodist Settler,' with his Macedonian cry, was not unmindful of the financial question. He knew that Methodist missionaries could not be sent from England to New South Wales without money. He and a few other settlers had talked the matter over, and had decided to invest a sum of money in 'horned cattle' to meet the expenses incidental to the founding of a Methodist Mission in New South Wales.

Previous to the arrival of the settler from whose letter I have quoted the nucleus of a Methodist Church had been formed. One hundred years ago

[1] *Methodist Magazine*, 1814, p. 75.

the laws of England were drastic. Men were sentenced to death for crimes that are now punished by a few years' imprisonment. A young Irishman, trained for the bar, had been convicted of forgery, and was sentenced to death. The young fellow came under spiritual influences, and was soundly converted. The death penalty being remitted, he was transported to New South Wales. There he had a certain measure of liberty, and went about doing good, teaching a school during the week, and on the Sunday travelling into the country and holding services with the settlers. He conducted a class-meeting at Windsor, about thirty-five miles from Sydney.

Mr. Joseph Harpur now comes upon the scene. Apparently he was an educated man who had emigrated to New South Wales about the year 1811 or 1812. He settled at Windsor. Writing to the Rev. Joseph Benson in London, he said: 'You will perhaps be surprised at receiving a letter from an unknown hand in this distant part of the world; but as I feel persuaded (though I have not the happiness of knowing you personally) that my subject will afford you pleasure, I shall waive any apology for the liberty I have taken, and hasten my design in giving you a few particulars respecting the state of religion in this colony. For the sake of brevity I shall commence with the time of my first coming to reside in this town in 1812, about which period, I think, the beginning of Methodism at Windsor may be dated. I had the happiness of finding a little society formed, consisting of six or seven persons, by a Mr. Eagar. The place of meeting was chiefly in the house where

your missionaries now preach, but afterwards removed to my school as a more public and convenient place. On this gentleman leaving this place for Sydney, to practise in the courts of law, the Society was placed under my care, and from that time (January 1813) I have endeavoured, with various success, to keep this little flock together.'[1]

This is an early account (I do not think previously given to the public) of the genesis of the Methodist Society (or class-meeting) in the then little settlement at Windsor, New South Wales.

In addition to this class-meeting two others had been established at Sydney. Soon after the settlement in New South Wales had been formed, schoolmasters were needed. The Rev. Samuel Marsden, Church of England chaplain in New South Wales, who had been a member of the Methodist Church in England, had some control over their appointment. In the selection of suitable teachers he applied for guidance to Joseph Butterworth, the leading Methodist layman in England of that period. On his recommendation two Methodist schoolmasters were chosen: Mr. James Bowden, a teacher of the Great Queen Street Charity Schools, London, and Mr. John Hosking. They went out to New South Wales, and, being Methodists, took the institutions of their church with them. In their own homes they formed two classes, with six members meeting in each class. These two men were the lay fathers of Australian Methodism, and closely associated with them were Edward Eagar and Joseph Harpur.

Later on the appeal of the 'Early Settler' which I have quoted above was supported by a petition

[1] *Methodist Magazine*, 1820.

from the two class-leaders and others. Writing to the Methodist Missionary Committee in London, they said: 'By the good providence of God we have been brought from our native land to this distant country; and here, in all probability, most of us who now address you will be called to finish our earthly course. In the land which gave us birth we enjoyed the privileges of the glorious gospel, and in our union with the Methodists we had access to the blessed means of grace which are the glory of that people. Here we may truly say that the people sit in darkness and in the shadow of death. Around us, on every hand, we see ignorance and profanity greatly abounding. To our God we make complaint, and look for help; and under Him to you, as the instruments of bringing us from darkness to His marvellous light. Notwithstanding the general depravity, there are a few endeavouring to escape the overflowing iniquity. We have formed two classes in Sydney, and one at Windsor. Our numbers now are nineteen in class, besides occasional attendants. There are numbers who would join us heartily if we were a settled people, and had a pious and upright man among us to preach and to watch over us. Send a faithful servant of the Lord to us! Deny us not! Leave us not forsaken in this benighted land! We call upon you on behalf of our children; let them not be left to perish! We call upon you on behalf of those who cannot speak for themselves—perishing, dying sinners; leave them not in their blood! Send among us one of yourselves, and we, as seed of the Lord, shall rise to bless you.'[1]

[1] *Methodist Magazine*, 1814, p. 557.

A Response to the Appeal.

Men of the stamp of Joseph Benson, Adam Clarke, Richard Watson, and Jabez Bunting could not resist such an appeal.

In the list of Conference Stations for 1814 a new line appears:

New South Wales—Two to be sent by the Committee.

Later on one only was sent—Samuel Leigh. This was the man chosen to lay the foundations of the Methodist Church in the vast Continent of Australia and in the islands of the South Seas.

Samuel Leigh's position, in some respects, was a tragic one. At the call of the Missionary Committee he had to leave his mother and a sister, who was in a dying condition, and to sail, as he thought, for Montreal. The young missionary's heart was full. He had only spent six hours in his mother's company. 'I am sent for,' said he, 'and must go.' 'The will of the Lord be done,' said the grief-stricken but brave-hearted mother. The dying sister was unconscious. Samuel Leigh went into her room to take 'the last look,' knelt down by her bedside, and commended her to God. He then tore himself away from the scene, mounted the coach, and started for London. There was a difficulty in the way of his appointment to Montreal, so he was designated for New South Wales. The breakdown in the negotiations probably saved his life. The vessel by which he was to take his passage to Montreal was wrecked on the voyage, and only three or four of the passengers were saved.

The parting had been a sad one, and the future was enveloped in gloom. At this early date—a century ago—very little was known in England of the other side of the world. In the whole of the vast Continent of Australia there was only a tiny settlement in New South Wales. The great beyond was untenanted by Europeans and unknown. Foot of white man had never trodden the interior since the race began. The call had come to Samuel Leigh, and, like the father of the Hebrew race, he 'went out, not knowing whither he went.' In each case the motive power was faith—faith in an overruling Providence and in His regard for the children of men; and faith in 'a city that has foundations, whose Builder and Maker is God.'

On February 28, 1815, he set sail. The voyage was a long and stormy one, and there were times when the thought of what he had left behind, and of what awaited him, made him depressed. But his confidence was in God, and on board the vessel there was work to be done.

The captain came to his cabin one day and asked that he would say grace at meals, read prayers, and preach a sermon on Sabbath days; he also desired that the children on board should be instructed in reading. To all this Samuel Leigh heartily consented. Said he, in a communication to the Missionary Committee in London: 'I could not help weeping for joy after the captain left my cabin, especially when I considered that the things which he requested me to do were nearly those which I had intended to ask permission as a favour to undertake.'

Although the captain had respect for some of the

ordinances of religion, he was much addicted to swearing. One day 'he broke out in such a paroxysm of swearing' as he sat at dinner that Mr. Leigh involuntarily leaned his head forward until it touched the table. The captain, observing this, said, with considerable emotion, 'I perceive, Mr. Leigh, you do not like it.' 'Like what?' said Mr. Leigh. He replied, 'So much swearing.' 'Indeed,' said Mr. Leigh, 'I do not; it does no good to any one, and must ultimately prove very injurious to your own interests.' Addressing him the captain said, with great solemnity of manner, 'Sir, I will in future avoid a practice which evidently gives you much pain.'[1] The captain was true to his word.

Writing to the Missionary Committee in London during the voyage, Mr. Leigh said: 'I have been much exercised with respect to the New South Wales Mission; but when new difficulties have appeared before me I have thought that I heard a voice saying, "Go on. The Lord is with thee; thy God will protect thee."'

Arrival in New South Wales.

After being tossed about on the ocean for five months Samuel Leigh arrived at Port Jackson, New South Wales, on August 10, 1815.

Sydney was a strange place when he first entered it. The buildings did not number a thousand, and, in common with all pioneer settlements, they were of a very inferior type. The town had not been properly surveyed, nor laid out. The streets were

[1] Strachan's *Life of Leigh.*

very irregular. Each proprietor had evidently built just where he pleased, and how he pleased.

Morally and socially the embryo town was as crooked and unsightly as its streets and buildings. Drunkenness, immorality, and criminality were widespread. There were low and illegal drinking-shops; places of assignation; secret places where thieves and outlaws met; and dépôts where stolen property was received.

'The Rocks,' a locality where the meeting-house of the Methodists was located, was a veritable Sodom. One writer, describing the period and place, said: 'As might be expected, the police courts presented, from week to week, melancholy proofs of the demoralized condition of the people. On a Monday forenoon scores of men, women, and children might be seen who had been dragged off the streets on the preceding night for drunkenness, fighting, and similar offences, standing before the magistrates to receive their sentences. "Six hours to the stocks"—"Ten days to the cells"—"Twenty days to the tread-mill"—or "Fifty lashes"—was generally the award of the Bench. Among the motley group of culprits thus convicted of drunkenness, riot, and theft might be seen elderly and young women dressed in silks.'

Beginning to Build.

Thomas Bowden, John Hosking, Edward Eagar, and others had prepared the foundations of the Methodist Church in New South Wales; Samuel Leigh had to supervise the work of building. The day after his arrival he waited on Governor Macquarie, and informed him of his mission. At first the

Governor was inclined to be a little magisterial, and to give the proposal scant encouragement. However, his attitude was more official than a real expression of his sentiments. After spending some time in conversation Governor Macquarie, who was a broad-minded and kind-hearted gentleman, said: 'It is of no importance by what name we are called, if we are but sincere in our profession. I believe your intentions are good, and therefore you may expect from me every encouragement you desire.'[1] Subsequent events proved that Governor Macquarie was true to his promise.

Samuel Leigh's next endeavour was to find the classes to which reference has been made. Alas! the wolf had entered the fold, and the sheep were scattered. He found one class consisting of six persons. Later on he met a few men and women who professed a regard for Methodism, and wished to enjoy its privileges. He explained to them the rules of the society, and formed two classes with six persons in each class.

Samuel Leigh found a good friend in Sergeant James Scott. This man had been converted in the West Indies, and had there joined the Methodist Church. He was then sent to New South Wales with his regiment. Mr. Scott allowed Mr. Leigh the use of his house in Sydney for weeknight services, occasionally conducting service himself.

Slowly but surely the work grew. Three more classes were soon formed, one each at Paramatta, Windsor, and Castlereagh.

Mr. Leigh's visit to Castlereagh was associated with both sadness and gladness. He had received

[1] *Methodist Magazine*, 1817, p. 157.

a note of introduction to a gentleman living at Castlereagh, in whose home he expected to find the hospitality that he needed, and an opportunity to preach the Word. The man refused to entertain him, or even to give him a night's lodging in his barn. The young missionary found himself in an unfortunate position. He had left a comfortable home and kind friends on the other side of the world. He had done so at the call of duty, not to build up for himself a fortune, or to gratify his senses, but to do good. He had heard the Macedonian cry, and his response had been, 'Here am I; send me.' One of the men whom he had come to bless had actually refused food for his horse, or a place in the barn in which the missionary might sleep. Samuel Leigh found himself out in the Australian bush homeless and friendless, with no one to speak a word of welcome to him, or to show him the sympathy and hospitality which he needed. But the kind providence which met the wants of Elijah ministered to the missionary's needs. Turning to the man who had proved himself a veritable Nabal, Mr. Leigh said, 'Do you think any one in the settlement will take me in for the night?' The churlish settler replied, 'I think John Lees will; he lives about two miles off in that direction.' Samuel Leigh was a sensitive man. Away he went, smarting, no doubt, from the ungracious rebuff. What would John Lees do? Would he find a place in his humble cot where the missionary might lay his head, and a little food for his horse? He rode up to the door, and knocked. 'Will you,' said he, 'receive a Wesleyan missionary?' The response was a ready and cheerful one. Virtually it was, 'Come in, thou blessed of

the Lord.' In the room there was a three-legged table, and several persons sitting around it. Said John Lees, 'We were just going to have family worship; perhaps you will have no objection to take the duty off my hands?' The glad surprise to the missionary was more than he could bear. Opening upon Isa. xxxv., he began to read: 'The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose.' It was the voice of God speaking to Samuel Leigh's soul—it was a prophetic message that came to him in an hour of special need. He struggled on a little further, and then broke down. The prayer was offered in broken sentences. Rising from his knees, John Lees grasped the missionary by the hand, and said, 'We have been praying for three years that God would send us a missionary; now that you are come we are right glad to see you.' Samuel Leigh must have been amply compensated for the rebuff which he previously suffered. Who was the nobler and happier man in that pioneer settlement that night—Nabal in his comfortable home, or John Lees in his humble cot? We shall meet with this worthy settler in the Australian bush again.

The pioneer missionary now formed a circuit extending more than one hundred and fifty miles, with fifteen preaching-places. Four Sunday schools were also established. Writing to the Missionary Committee in London, describing a Sabbath day's labour, he said: 'I preach at ten o'clock in the morning, dine, and ride seven miles and preach at two o'clock, ride six miles, and preach at five o'clock; from thence I ride six miles, and preach at seven

o'clock in the evening. I am sometimes afraid that my constitution will not stand the labour, the climate being so very hot, and having to travel in the heat of the day. But the pleasing sight of the people flocking to the house of prayer, some with chairs and others with stools on their shoulders to sit upon, urges me to persevere; and while I am praying and weeping for their souls I forget my fatigue. Could I but place before your missionary meeting the sight I have frequently beheld, I believe every heart would exclaim, " Send them missionaries, and we will support them." May the Lord grant that our hands may not hang down for want of missionaries! A poor man walked fourteen miles a few days since to converse with me about the salvation of his soul.'

Sometimes this pioneer missionary had to sleep on the ground, with only his overcoat for a covering and his saddle-bags for a pillow. He had to carry an axe with him, as his way was sometimes obstructed by the scrub.

An Appeal for More Missionaries.

The hearts of the few Methodists who had been trying to minister to the spiritual wants of the people prior to the arrival of Mr. Leigh were now filled with joy. Thomas Bowden, John Hosking, Edward Eagar, and James Scott, writing to the Missionary Committee in London, said: 'We had the unspeakable pleasure of receiving our highly respected brother, the Rev. S. Leigh. With great anxiety we had been expecting and praying for his arrival; and now we take the earliest opportunity

of offering you our most grateful acknowledgements for your ready compliance with our request. We desire to bless God that He has inclined the heart of His servant to come unto us; that He has inclined your hearts to send him; and that He has disposed the hearts of our fellow Christians to contribute so liberally towards the furtherance of the great objects you have in view. Many doors have been open for preaching the gospel, and, blessed be God, it has not been preached in vain. Here is abundant work for another preacher; and it is probable a preacher could not be so usefully employed in any part of the world. But we are under the painful necessity of stating that our present circumstances will not enable us to support two preachers unassisted by the Committee. In the choice of our present minister the directing and overruling hand of a particular Providence evidently appears, being an instrument well adapted to accomplish the end you proposed; and in his hands we have no doubt but the work of God will prosper, aided by your prayers. But the field is too extensive and the work too laborious for one. More help is indispensably necessary, or he will probably sink under the burden. We left friends and connexions, and better prospects in life, to come and settle in a benighted land; and from a long residence, many miles from a village or town, have been cut off from the means of grace and the offers of salvation which you so richly enjoy, and which we once loved and valued. But now many of us have not heard a sermon for years together till the arrival of your faithful and zealous missionary, the Rev. S. Leigh. Not a few residing here are, through the long indulgence of criminal passions and sinful

habits, sunk into a state worse than heathenism; and some who, in an evil hour, having given way to the force of a momentary temptation, have involved themselves and their innocent and respectable families in wretchedness and disgrace. Are not such characters peculiarly entitled to pity and benevolence? And what boon can you give them which is so well adapted to their miserable case as that gospel whose peculiar property it is "to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captive, and the opening of the prison doors to them that are bound"? New Holland (Australia), the largest island in the world, which less than fifty years ago knew not a European, and whose aborigines were the most barbarous and most uncivilized of any savage tribes ever discovered, and whose recent colonists are truly the filth and offscouring of men—even New Holland, through the zeal and benevolence of her parent country, will soon rear three Methodist chapels.'[1]

Samuel Leigh also made a strong appeal to the Methodist Missionary Committee in London for two more helpers. 'Come over,' he cried, 'and help us, ye servants of the Most High!'

Another Response to the Appeal: Walter Lawry.

Once more their appeal was heeded. In the Conference stations for 1817 we now read:

New South Wales—Samuel Leigh and Walter Lawry.

In May, 1818, Walter Lawry arrived. He came

[1] *Methodist Magazine*, 1817, p. 158.

out in a convict ship, and preached the gospel with acceptance on the voyage. About seventeen persons were converted through his instrumentality on board the vessel.

The spirit in which this missionary to Australia entered upon his work is manifest in his communication to the Missionary Committee in London: 'After a prosperous voyage of above fifteen thousand miles, which we completed in four months and five days, I am safely arrived at this Asiatic isle. Goodness and mercy accompanied me all the way. During the voyage I regularly preached to the prisoners on the gun deck, some of whom heard the Word with gladness, and received it in the love thereof. I have every evidence that I can expect of the repentance and genuine conversion of several of these men. Thank God for the first-fruits of a fast-coming harvest. The day after my arrival Brother Leigh returned from the country settlements to Sydney; our meeting was accompanied by mutual joy and gladness. I availed myself of the first opportunity of waiting on His Excellency Governor Macquarie, who received me in the most courteous and friendly manner, wishing me every blessing, and kindly promising that influence which might be desirable. Paramatta, fifteen miles from Sydney, is the farthest of my travels. As the Rev. Mr. Marsden[1] resides at Paramatta, I lost no time before waiting upon him, whose reception of me agreed with that missionary zeal which is so deservedly praised in all the churches. The greatest obstacle is the distance of the places from each other; but as the inhabitants are rapidly increasing this will be obviated by you sending more

[1] The Church of England Colonial Chaplain.

missionaries. Though our society in New South Wales is small, and the number of truly pious persons comparatively few, yet the fields are white unto the harvest.'[1]

A Bush Experience.

Samuel Leigh's health began to fail; his hands were full to overflowing, but he was happy in his work. Writing to a friend in England, he said: 'You say, return to England. Were I to attempt it I should expect to be engulfed by the waves before I could get clear of the shores of New South Wales. Let no man despise the day of small things. God has promised that all the ends of the earth shall see His salvation. In the prosecution of my mission I am as happy with a crust of bread, and a draught from the brook, as when I used to dine on your roast beef. But I am sometimes without even a crust. Travelling in the woods one day lately, I became quite confused, and lost all idea of the direction in which the settlement lay to which I was going. After riding till I was exhausted I threw the reins upon the neck of my horse and allowed him to shape his own course. He brought me at last to a stockman's hut. I alighted, and begged that he would give me something to eat. He said that his master had just left, and that he was not allowed to give anything away in his absence. He had thrown some Indian corn to the fowls, who were picking it up in the back yard. I cheerfully joined the fowls, to which he offered no objection, and felt refreshed and strengthened by

[1] *Methodist Magazine*, 1819, p. 66.

this providential repast. Here I obtained fresh instructions, set out again, and reached Liverpool at a late hour. The Indian corn which I had eaten with the fowls made me ill for a fortnight. What can one missionary do in a country like this? Yet I have seen many penitential tears. I sometimes travel twenty miles,[1] preach to twenty persons, retire to rest with twenty thousand blessings, and go off again in the morning singing for joy.'

A Third Missionary Appointed: Benjamin Carvosso.

The communications from Samuel Leigh and from Walter Lawry to the Methodist Missionary Committee in London kept the latter in close touch with the colony. Great possibilities were bound up in it; it was fast growing, and the margin of cultivation was being rapidly extended. Writing to the Committee in 1818, Mr. Lawry said: 'As to the success of the gospel in this colony I have no doubt, and I exult in it for many reasons. The station is certainly one of the most important under your direction. From us, in a few years, I expect to see missionaries sallying forth to those numerous islands which spot the sea on every side of us: The Friendly Islands (Tonga), the Fijis, New Hebrides, New Caledonia, New Zealand, New Guinea, New Ireland, &c. Every little thing here contains the germ of something great, and I am fully persuaded this is the key of the Southern Hemisphere—the rallying-point of all the commercial and other affairs of the South.'

[1] Many of us still have long journeys in Australia. I have often ridden or driven thirty or forty miles on the Sabbath, and preached three times. Some of my brethren in the back-blocks travel still greater distances.

These words were prophetic. Yes, the infant colony of New South Wales, though born under a cloud, was transcending its initial limitations; morally and materially it was advancing. The British Conference in 1819 recognized the fact, and gave the colony one more missionary. The station sheet record now reads:

> *New South Wales*—Samuel Leigh, Walter Lawry, Benjamin Carvosso.

In those pioneer times, before steamships had come into vogue, the experience of the Methodist missionaries who came to Australia, and of their wives, must have been singular. Australia was a veiled continent; with the exception of Sydney, and a few bush settlements near it, the immense territory was in its virgin state. The great majority of English people did not know in what direction it was located; there was something very hazy about Australia. The Methodist missionary knew it and felt it. The voyage to Australia was like going out of the world. Not only was the country unknown and unsettled, but the distance was so great and the voyage so long. It must have seemed almost interminable, week after week passing by without seeing land or sail. Benjamin Carvosso and his young wife had some unusual thoughts and strange experiences on that long voyage over the trackless deep for nearly five months. Sometimes the sea ran high, and the vessel shipped much water; sometimes there was a calm. Day after day they left their little cabin in the morning, went on deck; nothing around them but a vast expanse of water; the dear Old Land far behind them, and an unknown

and unexplored country before them. On the voyage they were eleven weeks without seeing land. But on board that vessel, with nothing in view but sky and sea, there were compensations: the greatest of all joys—the joy of doing good. The missionary preached on the Sabbath, conducted meetings for praise and prayer on some of the week evenings, and taught the children. On May 19, 1820, they reached their destination, Port Jackson, New South Wales. Writing to the Missionary Committee in London, Mr. Carvosso said: 'Soon after we came to anchor Mr. Forbes came on board, and conducted us on shore to the house of our friend, Mr. Eagar, where we were cordially welcomed, and kindly entertained for some days. We were extremely sorry to hear of the dangerous illness and return of Brother Leigh. Brother and Sister Lawry we found well. I was not a little gratified to meet Mr. Lawry, my old friend and colleague, in this remote region. Many hours were pleasantly taken up in talking over past affairs and in conversing about the present state and prospect of the mission.'

Erection of Chapels.

Samuel Leigh's first services in Sydney were conducted in a house, for the use of which he had to pay £15 per annum. As the settlement advanced, and the missionaries made their influence felt, there was need for more and better accommodation. In 1819 two chapels were in course of erection in Sydney and one at Windsor; another was begun at Castlereagh, and they hoped shortly to build at Paramatta,

so Walter Lawry informed the Missionary Committee in London.

The first chapel built in Sydney was in Princes Street. It was the gift of Sergeant James Scott, who opened his house for weeknight services soon after the arrival of Samuel Leigh. He built this chapel for the Methodist Society at the cost of five hundred guineas, himself laying the foundation-stone.

He raised the necessary amount largely by retrenchments in his family, and by selling his allowance of rum. The last sentence requires explanation. In the early history of New South Wales 'rum' played a prominent part. It was really part of the currency of the colony. 'Almost all extra work was paid for in spirits, and it was thought quite proper to stimulate the diligence of prisoners, in unloading a vessel laden with government stores, by giving half-a-pint of spirits to each.' I presume all government officials had an allowance of rum. Sergeant Scott, instead of drinking his allowance, sold it, and devoted the money to the church he was building.

He was a true friend to the pioneer Methodist cause in New South Wales. After serving the church with fidelity and acceptance for many years he met with an accident which proved fatal. Returning from one of his preaching appointments he was thrown from his horse, and soon passed away.

The opening of this chapel was a great event in the embryo town of Sydney. Writing to the Missionary Committee in relation to it, in a letter dated March 17, 1819, Samuel Leigh said: 'On Sunday last, at nine o'clock in the morning, I preached a sermon to

our congregation in our old place of worship (the rented house in the Rocks), and we left it with thankful hearts. In the evening Brother Lawry opened the new chapel, and I am happy to say that we had a large congregation. I cannot express what I felt during the service. A neat chapel that will accommodate two hundred people, built and given to the Methodist Mission in this place, free of expense; a large and attentive congregation assembled to hear what the Lord would say to them by His minister; and a zealous brother to assist me in the preaching of a full and free salvation.'[1]

The second chapel in course of construction in Sydney was in Macquarie Street, the site being the gift of Governor Macquarie. A settler named Thomas Wylde gave a lot adjoining it, which made a large block. Samuel Leigh laid the foundations of this building on January 1, 1819. This was opened in August, 1821, the services being conducted by Benjamin Carvosso, Walter Lawry, and Ralph Mansfield.

The first chapel built in the outlying settlements was at Castlereagh, about fifty miles from Sydney. It stood on an acre of land, and was the gift of John Lees. This grand old pioneer had the honour of building the first Methodist chapel in Australia. The chapel was opened on October 7, 1817, by Samuel Leigh. Speaking of the event Mr. Leigh said: 'I opened a chapel at Castlereagh, built and given to the mission by Mr. John Lees. While I stood and looked at the people coming in carts from various quarters and remote distances, I was reminded of the scriptural figure of doves flying to their

[1] *Methodist Magazine*, 1820, p. 69.

windows. The place was soon filled with attentive hearers. I addressed them from " The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad " (Ps. cxxvi. 3).'

The second country chapel was built at Windsor. This was a settlement about thirty-five miles from Sydney. The foundation-stone was laid on September 13, 1818, by Samuel Leigh, assisted by Walter Lawry.

Joseph Harpur, who was present at the foundation-stone laying of this chapel, says: 'I think near half of the people of the town attended. Friends also from Castlereagh, Richmond, and Wilberforce were present. Messrs. Leigh and Lawry preached on the spot in the open air. An awful silence prevailed; no voice—not even a whisper—was to be heard from any one but the preachers. The first hymn given out by Bro. Lawry (" Lo, God is here, let us adore ") I shall never forget. The singing, though not loud, had a very solemn effect, and as many of my school children attended, and the whole of my family having determined " that not a hoof should be left behind," this interesting scene will doubtless be remembered many, many years by the rising generation.' [1]

The building was opened early in 1819. Special interest attaches to the erection of this chapel, as the land on which it was built was a gift from the Rev. Samuel Marsden to the Methodist Connexion. This worthy pioneer occupied a unique position in the early history of New South Wales; he had considerable influence in the young colony,

[1] *Methodist Magazine*, 1820.

and did valuable work. Samuel Marsden had the moral and spiritual interests of the colonists at heart. He was a native of Leeds, and in early life had been associated with the Methodists. Entering the ministry of the Established Church, he was appointed chaplain of New South Wales—a position for which he was well adapted. Not only did Mr. Marsden attend to the needs of the convicts and colonists, but he also established a Church of England Mission in New Zealand. Samuel Marsden was a good friend to the pioneer Methodist missionaries in New Zealand. Samuel Leigh and Walter Lawry wrote a joint letter thanking him for the gift of land for church purposes at Windsor. Mr. Marsden's reply reveals his brotherly and liberal spirit: 'On my return from Sydney your letter was delivered, in which you express your acknowledgements for the donation of the ground at Windsor to build your chapel and house upon; in reply to which I can only say that I feel much pleasure in having it in my power to meet your wishes in this respect. To give you the right hand of fellowship is no more than my indispensable duty, and were I to throw the smallest difficulty in your way I should be highly criminal and unworthy the Christian name; more especially considering the present existing circumstances of these extensive settlements, where the harvest is so great and the labourers are so few. . . . I am fully persuaded that your ministerial labours among the colonists and their servants will tend to promote the general welfare of these settlements, as well as the eternal interests of immortal souls. You may rely with confidence on my continual support and

co-operation in all your laudable attempts to benefit the inhabitants of this populous colony.'

A third country chapel was built at Paramatta. This was a settlement about fifteen miles from Sydney. Geographically, it was ' beautiful for situation ' ; morally, it was unsightly. The population was about twelve hundred, the greater part of whom were convicts. Here the Government had erected a large building called ' The Factory,' in which hundreds of female convicts were confined. The site for the Methodist chapel at Paramatta was given by Governor Macquarie, and the cost of the building was largely met by the contributions of Walter Lawry and some of his relatives by marriage. This chapel was opened for divine worship on April 20, 1821. In a communication to the Missionary Committee in London Mr. Lawry said : ' April 21.—Yesterday our new chapel at Paramatta was opened, and a goodly number attended. Brother Mansfield preached in the morning, myself in the afternoon, and Brother Carvosso in the evening.'[1]

Governor Macquarie and Samuel Leigh.

Governor Macquarie had great respect for Samue Leigh. Driving along the road one day he met the Methodist missionary. The horses were reined in. The Governor asked Mr. Leigh how he was getting on, and told him what an advantage it would be to him if he would engage in pastoral pursuits. He promised to assist him in any way that might be desirable. Mr. Leigh told him that his mission was

[1] *Methodist Magazine*, 1822, p. 58.

purely spiritual, but that he would gladly accept any gift of land upon which to build chapels or Sabbath schools. ' Whenever you want a site,' said the Governor, ' for either of these purposes, after making your selection call at the Surveyor-General's office, present my compliments, and desire him to mark it off for your society.'

On another occasion, when the colonists were presenting their taxation returns to His Excellency, amongst the number came Samuel Leigh. The Governor looked at his schedule, and said, ' Mr. Leigh, have you nothing to return but your old horse ? You seem to have neither cattle nor grain. Why, you will always be poor at this rate.'

Pioneer Institutions in New South Wales.

The pioneer missionaries to the colony ministered not only to the souls of the people, but also to their bodies. There was no provision in the settlement at Sydney for the poor and destitute. Samuel Leigh arranged for a committee of two to visit the poor, and to make some provision for their material and spiritual wants. Out of this grew ' The Sydney Asylum for the Poor,' under Methodist control, an institution which did good service to many, and ultimately passed under Government management.

Bible Society.

The pioneer Bible Society in Sydney arose out of an action taken by Mr. Leigh. With the major of the military band he canvassed the whole settlement at Sydney. They found that there was a dearth of

Bibles in the houses visited; several families had no copy of the Word of God. Samuel Leigh suggested to one of the magistrates in Sydney the propriety of forming a Bible Society, and placed in his hand a report of the Colombo Bible Society. This report found its way into the hands of Lady Macquarie, the Governor's wife. She suggested to her husband the wisdom of founding such an institution in New South Wales. He immediately adopted the suggestion, called together the leading men in Sydney, and the Bible Society was soon an accomplished fact.

Foreign Missionary Society.

Samuel Leigh and his colleagues formed a Missionary Society. The first annual meeting was held on October 1, 1821. Mr. Leigh presided, and the missionaries associated with him gave addresses. A large and enthusiastic audience assembled, and as this was 'a new movement' in the settlement great interest was created. At this meeting honest John Lees, of Castlereagh, created quite a sensation. He had travelled thirty-five miles in a cart to be present. One of the missionaries present has put the incident on record: 'The secretary had taken down a pretty long list of subscriptions, with the names of the contributors annexed. John, who was sitting on my right hand, now stood up, his tall, lean figure and mean costume making him very conspicuous, and said, with great seriousness, "Mr. Secretary, put me down six guineas." As those were not the days of great givings, the meeting was astonished. The secretary, knowing his narrow circumstances and

long family, could not bring his mind to place so large a sum in connexion with John's name. This storm of benevolence from the Blue Mountains arrested the proceedings, till John, guessing the cause of the embarrassment, got up, and relieved his friends. His heart was full at the thought of God's love to himself and family. Amidst flowing tears and with broken accents, he assured the meeting of his deep sense of obligation to God his Saviour. He must be permitted, he said, to present the sum he had named to promote a cause to which he was such a debtor.'

Among the Convicts.

The work done by Samuel Leigh, Walter Lawry, and Benjamin Carvosso was often associated with sadness. The British Government had adopted the principle of transportation, and had made parts of Australia a dumping-ground for criminals. It was thought, no doubt, that such would be a twofold advantage. England would get rid of her criminal population, and the removal of these to a distant land would tend to their redemption. The criminal would be furnished with a new environment, and have an opportunity for reformation. These anticipations were not realized. True, England was being relieved of the criminal class, but the removal to a new and distant land did not regenerate them. They came to Australia by the shipload, many of them bound and fettered. In a communication to Samuel Leigh and Walter Lawry, the Rev. Samuel Marsden, the senior chaplain of New South Wales, said: 'The importation of convicts from

Europe is very great every year. Hundreds have just been landed on our shores from various parts of the British Empire; hundreds are now in the harbour ready to be disembarked, and hundreds more on the bosom of the great deep, and hourly expected. These exiles come to us laden with the chains of their sins, and reduced to the lowest state of human wretchedness and depravity; their number and vices are continually adding to the great mass of moral corruption, and call loudly upon us who are able to use every exertion to communicate moral and religious instruction.'[1]

The transportation system was a demoralizing one to the convicts themselves. They sank deeper into 'the horrible pit and miry clay.' It only tended to harden the criminal, and by promiscuous association to make the bad worse. A writer who was contemporary with the system said that the long voyage out, five months spent in idleness, crowded together on board a vessel, was a bad preparation for useful labour. Such had no redemptive tendency. The convicts were heaped on board ship without any selection; the vilest and the most venial criminals were chained together.

In 1790 four ships arrived in New South Wales with convicts of whom the greater number were in a dying state. 'Two hundred and sixty-one had died at sea; two hundred were brought on the

[1] Persons in the Old Land who read these statements may think that they are prejudicial to the character of Australia to-day. Nothing of the kind. We must remember that many were transported for breaches of the law that we regard as more venial to-day; the unwise and wicked system came to an end; and the tens of thousands of morally robust immigrants who crowded into Australia swamped the convict tendency and taint.

shore in the last stages of exhaustion from scurvy, dysentery, fever, foul food, and foul air. The men had been chained together in rows, and confined below nearly the whole of the voyage, in order to save the parties in charge trouble. On board one of the ships several of the convicts had died in irons; their companions concealed their deaths in order to share the extra allowance of provisions, and the horrible fact was not discovered (so slight was the supervision) until betrayed by the offensiveness of the putrefaction.'

Some of the governors and military authorities ruled with a rod of iron, and the convicts were often cruelly treated. Hundreds of men were flogged, and sentenced to solitary confinement on bread and water, or had their sentences lengthened, simply because they had smuggled into the prison a little tobacco. The places where the prisoners were located were hells. Instead of being redeemed by the transportation system they were dehumanized.

The unfortunate convicts being on the other side of the world, fifteen or sixteen thousand miles from the legislative halls of England, a military governor could do very much as he pleased. His rule was a despotic one if he chose to make it such. A contemporary writer has said: 'New South Wales was an awful over-sea jail, where the will of a prison turnkey was law, where death was the punishment of lesser crimes, and a reproachful look was punished with the lash.' One ex-convict said: 'The overseers were allowed to flog men in the field. Often have men been taken from the gang, had fifty strokes, and then been sent back to work.' Five hundred and six hundred lashes were sometimes

ordered. One of the magistrates' records for 1800 reads as follows: 'We do sentence Matthews to receive one thousand strokes; Moore, Galvin, and Saunders five hundred lashes; Francis Allen to hard labour, with an iron collar.' Some of the unfortunate convicts had to wear their irons both night and day. Who will say that the former days were better than the days in which we live?

The transportation system was a curse to female convicts. Some of the vessels in which they came out to Sydney were floating brothels. On their arrival at Port Jackson, instead of being met by a minister of religion, and being brought under Christian influences, they were met by 'reckless, swearing men, and wanton-looking, ragged, and foul-mouthed women.' They were then escorted down the street, past strong-smelling rum shanties, to their temporary shelter at the Sydney jail, where they spent the night. The next day the unfortunate women were conducted to the 'Female Factory' at Paramatta, distant from Sydney about fifteen miles. 'They went in parties, rowed up in boats by convict constables, some of these being the most brutal and abandoned of men.' Constables were chosen from the ranks of the convicts who were not in actual bondage, the primary qualification being their physical strength. These trips to Paramatta often took from eight to ten hours, during which time the hapless female convicts, just arrived from England, 'were exposed to all the temptations to which their own helplessness and wretchedness, as well as the licentiousness of their supposed guardians, could subject them.' In the House of Commons it was stated that in their passage from Sydney to

Paramatta 'great irregularities took place,' and the women frequently arrived at their destination 'in a state of intoxication, after having been plundered of such property as they had brought with them from the ship.' When they reached Paramatta they were surrounded by ruffians 'more destructive to females than a pack of wolves.' 'Spirits, obtained by iniquitous means, and for the worst of purposes, enabled these wretches to drag the newly arrived female convicts down to their own licentious and vile level. One of these unfortunate females, who had some sense of virtue left, when she saw the licentiousness at Paramatta, exclaimed, "O God, we are all sent here to be destroyed."'

Samuel Leigh, Walter Lawry, Benjamin Carvosso, and all the pioneer Methodist missionaries to Australia (with the exception of South Australia) had to labour amongst transported convicts as well as among free colonists, and the work amongst the former was often of a painful character.

Writing in his journal, Walter Lawry said: 'On Friday last I attended three men to their execution. They astonished everybody, so contrary was their end to that of most others. . . . Almost a week before the day appointed for their death they discovered very little contrition for sin. I paid sedulous attention to them, and so did several of our society. The poor culprits appeared to become truly penitent. Many thousands of persons witnessed their deaths, whom they addressed with considerable energy, and at some length. Before they ascended the platform we sung a hymn together. Thousands of tears were shed. Six thousand convicts were present. After kneeling down upon the

grass in the midst of this crowd and spending a few minutes in prayer, they mounted the awful scaffold, and there sung a hymn. Twelve men have been executed this session, and I attended the last of them yesterday. I hope their minds were brought under the powerful influences of divine grace, and that they died in peace.'[1]

Spiritual Results of the Mission.

The foundation-stone of the Methodist Church in the southern world was now well and truly laid, but the raising of the superstructure was somewhat retarded by the lack of missionaries. The Methodist Missionary Society in London did nobly in their attempt to supply a crying want, but missionaries cannot be appointed to stations nor be supported without funds. Oh that Christian men and women —nay, all who are influenced by the modern humanitarian spirit—would remember this!

In the early part of his work Samuel Leigh wrote: 'Although we have endeavoured to supply as many places in this colony as we possibly could, yet many settlements are without the gospel. Such is the scattered state of the people that we cannot visit all of them. We are invited time after time to come over and teach the people the way to heaven, but we cannot comply; this is a matter of great grief to us.'

Newcastle was a place in point. This was a settlement many miles distant from Sydney. Here a few immigrants had established themselves, and here also a convict station had been formed. Some of the worst criminals were sent to this place. They were

[1] *Methodist Magazine*, 1821, p. 387.

kept in chains, and employed in burning lime, cutting timber, and raising coal. These men were destitute of the ordinances of religion. A converted soldier did what he could to minister to their needs, holding a prayer-meeting every night when off duty. The soldier applied to Samuel Leigh for some assistance, which he gave as far as pressing demands would allow.

The pioneer missionaries in New South Wales gave special attention to the children of the convicts and of the settlers. Of the Sunday schools Mr. Leigh said: 'Our Sunday school in Sydney is going on well; we are blessed with pious teachers, and many of the children are inclined to love and fear the Lord God. When I take a view of the mission, and look back to the time when I first visited the numerous settlements in this colony, I cannot but acknowledge that God has been with us; many have been brought from a state of darkness to light.'

Later on one of the missionaries reported that the Sunday schools were receiving accessions of both teachers and scholars. In the Sydney Circuit there were four Sunday schools: the first in Princes Street Chapel; the second in Macquarie Street Chapel; the third in one of the prison barracks; the fourth at a cloth manufactory at Botany Bay. At the barracks there were upwards of one hundred convict boys, many of whom could not read at all before the school was formed.

Failure in Health.

Samuel Leigh's health completely failed. Through the kindness of Samuel Marsden, the chaplain of

New South Wales, he had a trip to New Zealand; but this failed to restore him. The doctors in Sydney urged a long sea voyage as his only hope. He set sail for England, arriving in 1820. After spending some time at Portsmouth Mr. Leigh went up to London, and had an interview with the Missionary Committee, submitting the following report: 'The number of conversions has not been so great as could have been wished; the number in society at the time I left was eighty-three. Our congregations are various in respect to number. At Sydney our first service is at nine o'clock in the morning; the number that assemble between thirty and fifty. After the morning service the school commences, with from fifty to a hundred children. The second service is at seven o'clock in the evening, when there are from two to three hundred attentive hearers. There is preaching on Monday evening; prayer-meeting on Tuesday evening; preaching on Wednesday evening; we have class-meeting on Friday evening; and prayer-meeting on Saturday evening and Sunday morning. By the above you will perceive that the people in Sydney are not without the means of grace. The congregations in the interior are as numerous as we can expect; but I am in hope of much more good being done when there are more missionaries in the colony, who will preach from house to house, and who will not think it too much to deliver a sermon and pray with a single family. Several places in the colony will be, in six months hence, furnished with good chapels.' In his report Samuel Leigh did not forget John Lees. How could he forget the man who had taken him to his heart and to his home when he was without shelter for his

body or food for his horse on his pioneer visit to Castlereagh? Speaking of the chapel at Castlereagh, Mr. Leigh said: 'This is a place of worship built by Mr. John Lees. He has been blessed in his deeds. When I first knew him he was very poor, and much afflicted; but of late God has blessed him with health. Religion has made him happy, and heaven has crowned his labours a hundredfold. He is determined to render unto God the things that are God's. He is very useful as a class-leader, and is never weary of warning sinners to flee from the wrath to come, of comforting the mourner, and of building up believers in their most holy faith. May God spare his life for the sake of His church and the people in New South Wales.'[1]

In the concluding part of his report of work done in New South Wales, Samuel Leigh said: 'Three missionaries are indispensably necessary for New South Wales; without this number the out-settlements cannot be visited. I hope, therefore, that the Committee will take this case into their consideration.'[2]

An Enlarged Sphere of Labour.

Mr. Leigh, when in London, urged the Methodist Missionary Committee to establish two new missions, one at New Zealand and the other at the Friendly Islands (Tonga). He was quite willing, should the Committee approve, to go to New Zealand, and

[1] John Lees died in 1836, and 'devout men carried him to his burial, and made great lamentation over him.'

[2] *Methodist Magazine*, 1820, p. 706.

Walter Lawry was ready to go to the Friendly Islands. But new missions could not be established without money, and the Missionary Society was already in debt. Joseph Taylor, the secretary of the Society, could not favour the proposal.

A happy thought came to Mr. Leigh. He suggested to the Committee that he should be authorized to visit the manufacturers in England, state to them the condition of the cannibals in New Zealand, and ask for articles that might be useful for the purpose of barter, and in this way lessen the expense to the Missionary Society. Joseph Taylor and Richard Watson were inclined to favour the proposed arrangement. As the annual Conference was drawing near, these brethren suggested that the proposal should be submitted to it. This was done, and the Conference gave its consent. It also decided that two new missions should be established, one in New Zealand and the other in the Friendly Islands. Samuel Leigh made his appeal to the manufacturers, and from *The Methodist Magazine* of the period we find that there was a ready and most liberal response.

The Aborigines.

While in England Mr. Leigh married, and then made arrangements to return to New South Wales. He and his wife sailed on April 28, 1821, taking with them two other missionaries, viz. William Horton and his wife and William Walker. We shall meet with William Horton again in our chapter on Van Dieman's Land.

William Walker was sent out as a missionary to the

blacks in New South Wales. The pioneer missionaries in New South Wales—Samuel Leigh, Walter Lawry, and Benjamin Carvosso—did not lose sight of the claims of the Aborigines. Writing to the Missionary Committee when in England, Mr. Leigh said: 'If the Methodist Conference should think it right to send a zealous, holy, patient, and persevering missionary to be devoted entirely to the native tribes, I have no doubt that he would be gladly received and well supported by the inhabitants of the colony.'

The order was a large one—'a zealous, holy, patient, persevering missionary.' Whether the Conference was able to fully comply with it or not I cannot state; but it appointed a man.

The Conference station sheet for 1821 shows how the mission in the southern world inaugurated by Samuel Leigh was growing. The record now stands as follows:

SOUTH SEA MISSIONS.

Sydney, Paramatta, and Windsor—George Erskine, Ralph Mansfield, William Horton. Also William Walker, who is to devote his labours entirely to the black natives.
Van Dieman's Land—Benjamin Carvosso.
New Zealand—Samuel Leigh, William White, jun.
Friendly Islands—Walter Lawry. One to be sent.

In six years there was an addition of seven missionaries, with one more to be sent.

William Walker and his Work.

If William Walker were all that Samuel Leigh desired—'a zealous, holy, patient, and persevering

missionary to the blacks'—he could not command success. The material with which he had to deal was of a very unpromising character. He arrived in New South Wales, and full of glad anticipations entered upon his work. His introduction to some of the natives who could speak a little English was amusing. Any Australian who has been brought into contact with the Aborigines, and knows the native character, can enter into the spirit of it; it is so true to the character of the natives. When telling them who he was, and why he had come to them, some of the aboriginal children began to laugh. The father of the tribe interposed: 'You no laugh when Mr. Walker speaks to you—you mind what he speaks. Mr. Walker come to do black man good. Mr. Walker our parson. We must be good; no get drunk; no swear. You young people mind Book; old people no like Book; very good young people learn the good Book.'

The settlers from the Old Land took an interest in this mission, and contributed to its funds. Mr. Walker entered upon his work with enthusiasm, as many a worker amongst the blacks has done; but finally he lost heart. I do not know any mission to the Aborigines of Australia concerning which it may be said that it was a success. Without any effort the natives learn to swear, smoke, drink intoxicants, and gamble; but it is a difficult matter for them to lead a Christian life.

A communication from Mr. Walker to the Missionary Committee in London indicates the position. He says: 'They drink till they they are intoxicated; quarrelling ensues; and if ever incarnate devils appeared in this world, surely the natives are at such

times their representatives. I fell in with a tribe of these revellers. Some were not at all intoxicated; others were fearfully so. I asked them to go into the woods, knowing if the convicts met them they would be excited to fight, and would probably murder one another. Such a noise I never heard before, and so much wanton barbarity I never witnessed. The men would take their waddies, which are made of hard wood, about three feet long and four or five inches in circumference at the top, and strike the heads of their women with such violence that I expected nothing less than the death of some of them. When one man lifted up his waddy to strike another I stepped in between them. I then turned round, and found another bleeding profusely. Before I had wiped away the blood from the head of one, another would be in danger.'[1] The wandering habits of the natives, the drink given to them by some of the whites, and the immorality of some of the latter render successful missionary work among them almost impossible. In a few years this mission to the blacks of New South Wales, so charitably begun by the Methodist Missionary Society in London, came to an end.

Farewell to New South Wales.

Mr. and Mrs. Leigh left New South Wales for New Zealand on December 31, 1822. Ralph Mansfield, writing to the Missionary Committee, said: 'We had a solemn and delightful time this evening in Macquarie Street Chapel. All the brethren were

[1] *Methodist Magazine.*

together, and Brother Leigh preached his farewell sermon to a numerous and affected auditory. . . . I spent the evening with Mr. and Mrs. Leigh, who have just received very painful tidings from New Zealand. War is raging among the natives with dreadful fury. Brother and Sister Leigh are kept from fear by the grace of God; and are still determined, by His help, to enter among the savage hordes, and offer to them the salvation of the gospel. . . . At four o'clock this morning we accompanied our dear brother and sister to their ship, where we took our leave. A favourable breeze springing up, they were soon carried from the harbour. May they have a prosperous voyage by the will of God!'

When Samuel Leigh left New South Wales for New Zealand, he had laid broad and deep the foundations of the Methodist Church in the southern world, upon which, as we shall see in our closing chapter, a mighty spiritual fabric has been raised.

NOTE.—Samuel Leigh, Walter Lawry, and Benjamin Carvosso all looked for a spiritual awakening at Windsor, Castlereagh, and Paramatta in their time. But it did not come. It came a little later. These worthy pioneers sowed the seed; others reaped the harvest. My authority is that blessed man of God, John Watsford, who has told the story in his *Glorious Gospel Triumphs*, published by the Methodist Book-Room in London.

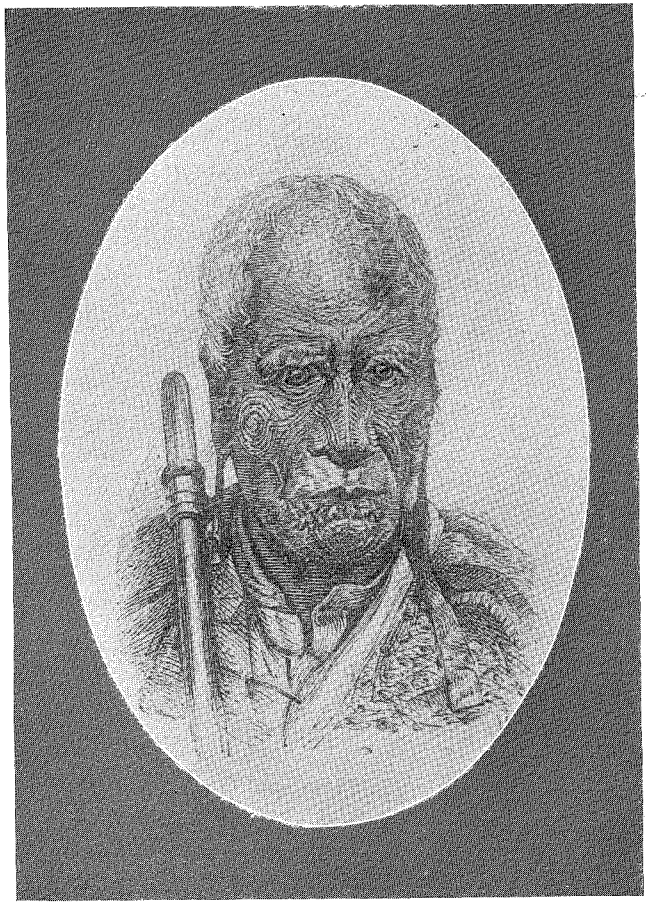
John Watsford was a native of Paramatta. Speaking of this place, he tells how a few formed themselves into a praying-band, seeking the outpouring of the Holy Spirit. They continued in

prayer for about three weeks. At the end of the fourth week William Walker (the missionary to the blacks) 'preached a powerful sermon.' After the service the people flocked to the prayer-meeting. Mr. Watsford says: 'We could hear cries and suppressed sobs all round us.' The power of God came down upon the people to such an extent that they were overwhelmed by it. As on the Day of Pentecost, so at Paramatta, when 'the sound was heard,' the people came together. Some came running in to see what was the matter, and were smitten down at the door in great distress. 'Day after day, and week after week, the good work went on, and many were converted.'

About a year later at Windsor there was a great awakening. Mr. Watsford says: 'At one of the meetings the Holy Spirit came mightily upon us. We were compelled to continue the meetings night after night. Numbers flocked to them, and we had some remarkable cases of conversion. Among these were some of the best customers of the publicans, and no wonder that they cried out against us.' It was at Windsor as it was at Ephesus in the apostolic age, there were men who saw that their craft was in danger. John Watsford says: 'One of the publicans did all he could to annoy and persecute me in his little way. Whenever I went down the street, past his house, he cried after me, "Amen," "Hallelujah," "Bless the Lord." It was the best advertisement I could have. The people came to the meetings to see what was going on, and the power of God laid hold of many of them.'

At Castlereagh, where good John Lees lived, the

convincing and converting power was made manifest. 'The whole neighbourhood, at one time, seemed moved.' To John Lees' house many penitents came from near and from far, and 'many were born for glory there.'



TE WETERE.
A Tattooed New Zealand Chief.

[*face p.* 63.

CHAPTER II

The Founding of the Methodist Church in New Zealand

METHODIST MISSIONARIES AMONG THE MAORIS

New Zealand was discovered by the Dutch navigator Tasman in 1642. It was more carefully examined and surveyed by Captain Cook in 1769. The country was inhabited by a warlike and revengeful race of natives who called themselves Maoris. Tradition said that they found their way to New Zealand from one of the islands in the Pacific. They were men and women of fine physique, with some virtues and many vices. Polygamy and slavery were common amongst them; they were also guilty of infanticide; and cannibalism, in its most revolting forms, was universal. Like the pagans of Greece and Rome, they had their lords many and gods many, and a sacerdotal class; they also had some conception of a future state.

Samuel Marsden, the pioneer clergyman of the Established Church in New South Wales, had founded a mission among the Maoris, and Samuel Leigh was anxious to do the same. There was more than room enough for the two missions, and need for more agents than the Church or the Methodist

Missionary Society could supply. Having received permission from the Methodist Conference in England to establish a mission, Samuel Leigh and his brave-hearted wife left New South Wales on December 31, 1821. Mr. Leigh did not enter upon this mission without first counting the cost. Through the kindness of the Rev. Samuel Marsden he had previously visited New Zealand, and knew something of the cruel, revengeful, and bloodthirsty character of the Maoris. One day, when on that visit, he travelled some distance inland. Passing along one of the native paths, he saw twelve heads that had been severed from human bodies, all tattooed, and arranged along the side of the path. In all probability the bodies had been eaten, and the heads had been preserved as mementoes, or as articles of sale to captains visiting New Zealand who were base enough to buy them. But Samuel Leigh was not to be deterred. He believed that a divine call had come to him to establish the mission among the Maoris, and he was now on his way to New Zealand for that purpose. In three weeks' time he and his wife reached their destination.

They found the natives at war. The powerful chief Shungee[1] had been taken to England, and had been admitted into society, being honoured by special attentions from King George IV. In many respects this was most unfortunate. Shungee saw the British Army, the weapons of war, the drill. King George presented him with a sword and a coat of mail. By nature the chief was a warrior—ambitious and vindictive. The glamour of war as represented by the British Army intoxicated him.

[1] Variously spelt; more frequently Honghi.

On the voyage home, before he reached New Zealand, he was nursing his ambitions, forming his plans, anticipating his victories—anxious, no doubt, to try the virtues of his coat of mail and other munitions of war. As soon as he arrived in New Zealand there was trouble. He informed Hinaki, another prominent chief, that he and his people had better prepare their defence, as he intended to attack them. The threatened chief tried to dissuade him from his purpose, but without avail. The two armies met in battle, and Hinaki fell, mortally wounded by a musket ball. The savage Shungee, who had been furnished with weapons of war by a thoughtless English king, sprang forward, cut off the fallen chief's head, and freely drank his blood. Hinaki, apparently, was a fine man. About one thousand of his people were killed, and three hundred bodies were roasted and eaten by Shungee and his followers before they left the field of battle. The sword given to this savage by George IV was used for the most diabolical purposes.

This was the condition of affairs when Samuel Leigh and his wife reached New Zealand. Writing to the Methodist Missionary Committee in London, Mr. Leigh said: 'In war the New Zealanders give no quarter to the men, and take all the women and children prisoners. These they divide amongst themselves, according to the number of men killed. The slaves (the captives) are conducted to the villages of those who have taken them captive, and are compelled to labour for their owners; and are sometimes used in the most afflicting manner, being frequently killed and eaten as an act of revenge. Shungee and his party have killed more than twenty

slaves since their return from war, most of whom they have roasted and eaten. When the slaves meet together they often weep for hours, lamenting the loss of their friends and their own captivity. Before they separate they cut themselves on the face, breast, and arms, until they are covered with blood. Such scenes are very afflicting to a European beholder, but they have no such effect on the New Zealanders.'[1]

Samuel Leigh was informed by Shungee, the chief, that it would not be safe for him to settle at Mercury Bay, or any place near it, as he intended to kill all the people in the vicinity. He found that the one great obstacle in the way of the success of the mission was the delight which the Maoris took in war. They never forgot or forgave an injury, always demanding satisfaction; and as offences were of common occurrence, they were frequently at war.

Mr. Leigh decided to settle temporarily at the Bay of Islands. On arriving at this place with his wife, he had to go through the ceremony of rubbing noses. This custom with the Maoris, like handshaking among the English, was a sign of good fellowship. The rubbing was so frequent and vigorous that the missionary's nasal organ became skinned and irritated. Here he and his wife waited for the arrival of William White, who had been appointed by the British Conference to labour with him.

Self-sacrificing Love for the Savages.

Writing to the Missionary Committee in London in 1822, Mr. Leigh said: 'If I could but prevail

[1] *Methodist Magazine*, 1822, p. 605.

upon you to send me two missionaries, besides Mr. White, I should greatly rejoice. Mrs. Leigh and I have embarked in this blessed work among the heathen, and we rejoice therein. We will, if required, live upon the roots we can gather in the desert, and make our own clothes from the flax that grows on the island, if you will send to these poor heathen messengers who can ably tell them the way to heaven. Oh, hear our cry, and come or send over and help us! My chief business at present is to perfect myself in the language and to teach the children and others to read English.'[1]

Samuel Leigh and his wife were four months in New Zealand without animal food, as he disapproved of missionaries procuring food or anything else with musket and powder. He says: 'The first pig I bought in New Zealand was with the hat which I took off my head.' He had nothing else with which to buy it. Like Paul, he would gladly suffer the loss of all things for the sake of Christ and of His gospel, and in the interests of the savages by whom he was surrounded.

Revolting Barbarities.

Mr. and Mrs. Leigh had some shocking experiences. Writing in December, 1824, he said: 'A tribe have killed four slaves, and eaten them. A mother and her son had been taken as slaves in war. The mother was given to a tribe in the Bay of Islands, and the people, fearing that the son would run away

[1] *Methodist Magazine*, 1822, p. 669.

from them after his parent, killed and ate him. They also murdered and devoured a beautiful young woman the same evening for a small offence.'[1]

Wangaroa.

After examining two or three localities Samuel Leigh decided to settle near Wangaroa Bay. Here he and his wife lived in a tent—a very uncomfortable abode—while the mission-house was in course of erection. The natural surroundings were very beautiful, so Mr. Leigh and his associates named the place 'Wesley Dale.'

Here they had to face great difficulties and dangers, and to endure many privations. There were times when Mrs. Leigh had to wear her husband's boots and overcoat; she had to make soap, salt, and candles from wood ashes, salt water, and tallow. Calico had to be substituted for glass in the window-frames, and Mr. Leigh had to make boots with a wooden sole, the uppers being of dogskin. While his wife was cooking food the Maoris stole it. A war canoe arrived with slaves on board; one of these was killed not far from the mission premises, roasted, and eaten. Their home was attacked by natives. Mr. Leigh, in attempting to prevent a tribal war, was seized by the neck, and thrown down a hill by one of the savages. These Maoris were indeed dangerous when their blood was up. These were some of the discomforts they had to suffer and some of the dangers they had to face. They

[1] *Methodist Magazine*, 1824, p. 57.

were 'in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation'; but they held forth the Word of Life, and a conscience, long dormant, was being aroused. Mrs. Leigh did serviceable work in teaching the Maori girls the first principles of domestic economy, and by attempting to discountenance and discourage infanticide.

Failing Health.

The pioneer missionary was smitten down with fever. To get the protection he needed from the cold and damp he had, for a time, to sleep in a cask. The Rev. Samuel Marsden, who visited New Zealand in the interest of the Church Missions, urged him to remove to New South Wales. He and his wife went on board the vessel to return with Mr. Marsden. Sail was set. A gale sprung up, but before the vessel could clear the New Zealand coast she struck upon a rock, and became a total wreck. Mr. Marsden, with Samuel Leigh and his wife, were conveyed by a boat to one of the nearest islands. The boat returned to the vessel to rescue those who were still on board. When all were taken off, the boat, with the crew, sailed for New Zealand, and soon after the vessel went to pieces.

The island to which Mr. Marsden and Samuel Leigh and his wife had been taken proved to be a desolate one, and they found themselves in sore straits. In the confusion of the moment they had forgotten to bring with them in the boat food or water. Looking out over the stormy ocean, Mr. Marsden saw a small object in the distance floating upon the water. It looked like a canoe. This is

what it proved to be. Two Maoris had been driven out of their course by the gale, and were making for the island on which the shipwrecked party were located. These had with them in the canoe a supply of potatoes. Very soon their material wants were met. They then built a small rude hut to shelter them from the cold, stormy weather. As the sea had gone down the two Maoris decided to make for New Zealand, and to inform the friends of Messrs. Marsden and Leigh of the shipwreck. They were in sore need of water. A little was found in the hollow of a rock, but only sufficient to last for a very short time. Had help been long delayed their sufferings would have been intense, probably culminating in death. They remained on the desolate island for three days and three nights; then a small vessel came to their rescue. Eventually they reached Sydney, New South Wales, where Samuel Leigh had a temporary rest from his labours, and where, alas! he lost by death his noble wife.

Nathaniel Turner.

Samuel Leigh's place at Wangaroa was taken by Mr. White, with Nathaniel Turner, John Hobbs, and James Stack as assistants. Mr. Turner had been appointed to the New Zealand Mission by the Conference of 1822. He and his wife arrived at their destination in 1823, and joined William White.

The mission party soon found themselves beset by difficulties and surrounded by dangers. The tribes around Wangaroa were cruel, revengeful, and treacherous. In 1809, under their chiefs, they

decoyed and murdered the captain, crew, and passengers of the ship *Boyd*, in all nearly one hundred persons; only a lady and young child escaped to tell the gruesome tale. Several of the bodies were eaten. The Maoris then seized the ship, and plundered it, finally burning it to the edge of the water. Nathaniel Turner and his wife were subjected to great inconveniences. The natives obtruded themselves upon them, broke into their premises, stole their goods, and threatened their lives. The chief 'George' on two occasions pointed his loaded gun at Mr. Turner, and threatened to take his life. He told Mrs. Turner that he would do for them as he had done for the crew and passengers of the ship *Boyd*. Mrs. Turner was a brave woman; she showed no sign of fear, but boldly confronted and withstood the chief.

A Gruesome Breakfast.

Getting up early one morning Nathaniel Turner saw a tribe feasting not far from the mission-house. Going over to see them, he saw a human being laid upon the fire; they were roasting the body for their morning meal.

In Perils by the Heathen.

Writing to the Methodist Missionary Committee in London in March, 1825, Mr. Turner said: 'On the 5th of March the natives gave us serious proof that our lives are in danger. One of the principal chiefs got over our fence, and came direct to the house. I was then working in the yard, and told

him that it was wrong to act so, setting others a bad example. This enraged him, and he threatened and stormed, shaking his weapon over my head, as though he would cut it off. Brother White came up, and reproved him for his conduct, and wished him to go out of the yard. This he refused to do, and began to threaten and to storm in an alarming manner.' The son of the chief began to beat Mr. White with his spear. Mr. Turner and Mr. Hobbs went to his assistance. The native left Mr. White, and came to meet Mr. Turner 'with vengeance in his looks and destruction in his design.' Mr. Turner says: 'On meeting me, without saying a word, he made a blow at my head with his spear. I received the blow on my left arm. The spear broke in two pieces, and with the longest part he attempted to spear me, and gave me a severe blow or thrust on my left side. On seeing him upon me, another chief, who is very friendly to us, ran and prevented him from doing me any further injury.' The father of the native who had attacked Mr. Turner got Mr. White down, and would probably have injured him severely, or murdered him, had he not been prevented by some other natives. The danger was so great that it was decided to remove Mrs. Turner and the children. The missionaries discussed the advisability of removing from the station, but decided to continue at their post, and 'quietly wait for the salvation of God.' 'Nothing,' Nathaniel Turner said, 'but the grace of God can enable us to stand and endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ amongst this heathen and savage people.'[1]

[1] *Methodist Magazine*, 1825, p. 781.

Many Discouragements.

They continued their work, dealing mainly with the children, and translating the Conference Catechism. But the position was very discouraging. John Hobbs said: 'They received his gospel message' as 'from one who had been in a dream'; and Nathaniel Turner affirmed that at this period in the history of the mission there was little disposition to talk on spiritual things. Ships and war engrossed the whole of their attention.

The conduct of lecherous whites here, as in other mission fields, made the work of the missionaries more difficult, especially the immorality of runaway sailors and convicts.

A Reconciliation.

Gradually the natives became more peaceful. The young chief who had attempted to spear Mr. Turner came and asked if he would be reconciled to him. They shook hands, and rubbed noses, the native method of showing friendship.

In Weariness and in Watchings Often.

But there were frequent reports that some of the Maoris were coming to kill the missionaries, and Nathaniel Turner was often anxious about the safety of his wife and children. The suspense at times must have been almost unendurable. Fearing an attack one night, Mr. Turner said: 'I felt considerably when Mrs. Turner put the little ones to bed in their clothes that they might not be turned

out naked in case we should be attacked in the night. How little do our English friends know of the insecurity of our position here! Before daylight we may be called to see our place plundered, and perhaps our persons treated with the greatest cruelty. God alone is our refuge and strength.' He tells how a female native was killed and baked in a native oven, and then eaten not far from the mission-house. 'This is the second case of cannibalism,' said he, 'near our dwelling this month.'[1]

The Mission Premises Looted and Burned.

Nathaniel Turner's fears were soon confirmed. A body of natives, belonging to Shungee's party, invaded Wangaroa, plundered the mission, and the mission party were forced to flee. Said Mr. Turner: 'God only knows what my feelings were at this moment when obliged to quit the place on which we had bestowed between three and four years' labour. Never, never was I called to such a trial before.'

On this occasion Mrs. Turner almost lost her life. As she was about to escape through a doorway a chief raised his weapon to strike her down, but at that moment a lot of nails fell on his head from the ceiling. They had been put there for security, and as the natives were poking about the ceiling the nails fell in a body on the head of Mrs. Turner's assailant, who was so disconcerted that she was able to escape.

The position was a hard one. Mrs. Turner had three children, one of whom was only five weeks old. The mission party found a temporary shelter at

[1] *Methodist Magazine*, 1827, p. 487.

Kidee Kidee, a station occupied by the Church Missionary Society.

Mission Abandoned.

The buildings at Wangaroa were plundered and burned. The mission had to be temporarily abandoned. Previously to this attack William White, the chief of the mission party, had gone on a visit to England. Nathaniel Turner, with his wife and family, and John Hobbs and James Stack sailed for New South Wales. They left in February, 1827.

Mission Re-established.

After the lapse of eight or nine months it was decided to re-establish the mission in New Zealand in another locality. In the April number of *The Methodist Magazine* for 1828 the Missionary Committee in London reported that they had received a letter from James Stack informing them that he had arrived safely in New Zealand, with the intention of renewing the mission at Hokianga, agreeably to an invitation from the head chief.[1] He was soon joined by John Hobbs and his wife. Mr. Hobbs, writing to the Missionary Committee, said: 'It affords me much satisfaction to say that we have at length obtained a settlement upon a spot most eligible for a mission station on the banks of the Hokianga River. We have this day paid the natives for the ground on which we live, and I trust it will become a nursery of candidates for heaven.'

[1] James Stack finally left the Methodist Mission, and joined the Church Missionary Society.

Nathaniel Turner did not return with the mission party to New Zealand, as he was required for the Friendly Islands (Tonga) Mission. Later on William White returned from England, and took charge of the mission.

Death of Shungee.

A disturbing element among the natives of New Zealand was now removed by the death of Shungee, the great warrior chief. After having survived many battles the end came. His last thoughts were of war. His last moments were spent in urging his followers to be valiant. '*Kia toa! Kia toa!*' he exclaimed before he died. 'Be courageous! Be courageous!'

Influence of the Mission.

The work done by Samuel Leigh and Nathaniel Turner was not all in vain. It was carried on with vigour by William White, John Hobbs, and James Stack. An influence for good was exerted, and moral pressure was brought to bear upon the chiefs in favour of peace. In 1831 the missionaries baptized their first convert. Writing to the Missionary Committee in London, William White said: 'There is now a general willingness among the people to hear the things that belong to their peace.' A class consisting of five members had been formed. Mr. White said: 'They are not satisfied with meeting once a week; hence we meet on Tuesday and Saturday evenings. On these occasions they generally speak with great simplicity and freedom and

in prayer some of them are truly powerful. One of them, I have confidence in stating, has obtained redemption, even the forgiveness of his sins, and others are pressing into the Kingdom.' At a later period he reported 'the conversion, baptism, and happy death of a chief of considerable rank.' In death he took the missionary's hand, and said, 'I am going; farewell. . . . I am going to Jesus; I have no fear.'

After serving the New Zealand Mission with great fidelity for many years William White returned to England. John Hobbs was removed for a time to the Friendly Islands.

Return of Nathaniel Turner.

In 1835 the devoted pioneer Nathaniel Turner came back to New Zealand from Tonga to take charge of the New Zealand Mission, and later on John Hobbs also returned.

The mission now entered upon a period of prosperity. In a letter to England written in 1837 one of the missionaries speaks of a memorable Sabbath when upwards of a hundred and twenty adults, of both sexes, made a public confession of their faith and of their renunciation of heathenism. 'It is deeply affecting,' he said, 'to hear the natives pray, and to witness their desire that their countrymen shall be brought into the fold of Christ. We have heard two chiefs pray of late, and in propriety of expression they would not be surpassed by those who take part in our prayer-meetings at home.'

Nathaniel Turner, who had had his baptism of fire on his first location in New Zealand, and who,

as we saw, had been compelled to retreat, was now amply rewarded. He had some inspiring intelligence now to communicate to the Missionary Committee in London. Writing in 1838, he said: 'My heart glows with gratitude to Almighty God while I write to inform you that at no former period did the mission wear so encouraging an aspect. Glory be to God! The truth is winning its widening way, and many are flocking to the standard of Immanuel. Never was such a scene witnessed here as on the last Lord's day. Few (if any) less than one thousand natives were present, who, like the ancient Jewish tribes, had come from east and west, from north and south, to worship the great Jehovah. The chapel was not only crowded to excess, but hundreds who could not find admittance got to the windows and all around where they could listen to the life-giving word of Jesus. Many of them were strangers, and some chiefs of the first rank. The congregation worshipping in City Road Chapel scarcely ever hung with more intense interest on the lips of the most esteemed ministers than the assembly on the lips of Mr. Hobbs.'[1] One hundred and thirty-eight adults were baptized, and forty-six children, several of them 'persons of the first rank.'

I may say, in passing, that John Hobbs was a most effective and able speaker in the Maori language.

In Peril by Fire.

Nathaniel Turner could say with Paul, 'In perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by my

[1] *Methodist Magazine*, 1839, p. 140.

own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea;' but he could add another peril not mentioned by the apostle, 'In perils by fire.' Mrs. Turner had been ill for some time, and after ten weeks' confinement (chiefly to her bed) she was able to sit up for a time. The duty of attending to her wants fell entirely upon Mr. Turner. In order to be able to give to her something warm during the night, he was accustomed to put a log on the fire before retiring to rest. About two o'clock one Sunday morning they were awakened by a roaring noise. Mr. Turner says: 'I instantly arose, and proceeded to the parlour, which I found so full of fire and smoke as not to allow me to enter. On attempting to enter a second time I burned my feet, and felt almost suffocated. I then got through a back window, and roused the settlement; but before any effort could be made by way of getting water the fire had found its way through the roof; and being chiefly built of inflammable pine, all hope of saving the house was over. The missionary bell was rung, and many who had come to the station to attend the services of the Sabbath were soon on the spot, and commenced saving from the flames whatever they could. My poor afflicted wife, in attempting to save herself and the children, who were in an adjoining room, fell, and bruised herself very much. She, with the assistance of our eldest daughter, succeeded in rescuing them all, though, it appears, one of the little ones barely escaped. She was obliged to quit the house in her nightdress alone, and without a shoe or stocking. One of our native youths, observing her in this condition, unable to walk, threw a blanket around

her, and carried her up to Mr. Hobbs' rush house, whither the children were also taken. Mrs. Hobbs was about to put Mrs. Turner into her own bed when it was found that there was not a moment's security there, for the fire was already falling in large flakes upon the rush roof; and it was only by covering it with wet blankets that it was preserved from destruction. This was a trying moment. Mrs. Turner and the children had to move to Mr. Woon's.' Nathaniel Turner did his utmost to save the Connexional documents, but all in vain. Many of his valuable books were consumed, and others greatly damaged. Unfortunately the whole of his journals from the commencement of his missionary career up almost to the time of the fire were destroyed. The damage done amounted to about £800.

This fire was a testimony to the value of the work done by the mission. The natives acted a noble part in attempting to save the goods of the missionary from the devouring element, none of which were stolen by them. Mr. Turner said: 'What a contrast between them and those by whom we suffered the loss of all but life in 1827!'[1]

Chiefs and people manifested the utmost sympathy. One of the leading chiefs visited Mrs. Turner to express his sympathy. 'O mother,' said he, 'do not let thy heart be very much distressed; for though thy house and thy property are destroyed, thy life, thy husband, and thy children are spared. I have no European garments to give for your children, but they shall have pork and potatoes to eat, and such things as we have.'

[1] *Methodist Missionary Notices*, 1839, p. 54.

Departure of Nathaniel Turner.

Mr. Turner had to leave New Zealand for the second time. He asked permission to do so on the ground of affliction. The removal was a trial to him. For a long time the missionaries had been sowing in tears, now they appeared to be reaping in joy. Writing to the Missionary Committee in London, Mr. Turner said: 'I have not left the New Zealand Mission without regret. For some months past I have experienced a strong and growing affection to the natives, and to the work in which I was engaged amongst them. As my knowledge of the language has increased, and consequently my ability to preach amongst them "the unsearchable riches of Christ," my attachment to them and to the cause has greatly strengthened. Of late especially I have had strong feelings of this kind, when I have beheld hundreds of them hanging upon my lips with deathless silence and intense interest while I have endeavoured to impress the awful truths of eternity upon them. And I must confess that as the parting hour drew nigh, had it not been for the paramount claims of my family, I would have said to my brethren in the district and to the Committee at home, "Here let me labour; here let me live; here let me die." I cannot but be grateful to the great Head of the Church for the very different circumstances in which I have left the mission from those in which I found it. Then all was confusion and anarchy, and an awful gloom brooded over the infant cause. Blessed be God! I have seen that gloomy cloud pass away, peace and order restored, and everything brought into such a train as to warrant the hope

that the tree thus planted will grow, and spread, and bring forth abundant fruit.'[1]

John H. Bumby.

Nathaniel Turner left for New South Wales, and John H. Bumby took his place. He was sent out specially to take charge of the New Zealand Mission, and entered upon his work with great zeal; but his career, full of promise, in a few months came to a tragic end. On one of his journeys by water one of the crew got up to set the sail; several others moved at the same moment, and the canoe, being loaded, capsized. Unfortunately Mr. Bumby could not swim. Some of the natives supported him in the water while the others righted the canoe. The natives succeeded in getting him into the canoe. She was again swamped by the others crowding into her, and John H. Bumby and some of the natives went down into the deep to be seen alive no more.

Testimonies to the Value of the Mission.

The good work done by the Methodist Mission to New Zealand may be seen in an address by one of the native teachers: 'In our heathen state we sat like beasts in ignorance; and as dogs, seeing others with something good in their mouths, snatch it from them and fight, so we fought and killed each other. When any one broke the *tapu*, murder was committed. In our wars in former times we were not satisfied with the death of a few of our enemies, but sought for the entire destruction of the tribe to

[1] *Methodist Missionary Notices*, 1840, p. 266.

which they belonged, that we might take possession of their land. If murder was committed, we sought revenge for generations on the children and the children's children of the murderers. If our friends and children died, we considered them as gods, and looked to them for support in war. Our priests said they could see these gods, and from their appearance could tell whether we should be successful. We used to make as many mounds of earth as we wished to represent tribes, over which the priest prayed; and at night they said the gods came, and so marked them as to inform us what would be the fate of each tribe. Those who were slain in battle were cut up, as we cut up pigs; to each man was given his share; we then made a fire, burned off the skin, and when the flesh was cooked beat it with a stick to make it soft, and ate it with potatoes. The heads we stuck upon posts. . . . We heard that while we were fighting, missionaries and their followers were praying. By-and-by one of the missionaries came here, leaving two native teachers. Another teacher came. Through their instructions a young chief embraced Christianity, and at length a number of others. Afterwards Mr. Woon came, and then Mr. Whiteley and Mr. Wallis; and by their means a great number embraced the gospel. Then the missionaries left. I did not turn Christian when they were here; but I went to look on while a native teacher was addressing the people. I saw myself a sinner, and thought I should be left behind, as many were turning to God. I felt sorry on account of my sins, and had great distress of mind. I thought of my friends long since dead, and prayed to God, and said, "Though my friends are hidden or lost, God shall be

my friend." I found relief, not by going back to my old practices, but by looking constantly to God, and remembering that Christ, the Son of God, made payment for my sins. Then peace was made between God and my heart, as peace is made between two tribes who have been at war. They break a stick in two pieces, and lay them down between the tribes; then two of the principal men lay their hands on them, and peace is made.'

Following the testimony of this Maori teacher I give that of William Woon, one of the Methodist missionaries who remained on the ground a long time after Nathaniel Turner had left: 'Truly this people have been the slaves of sin and Satan. The account we have heard of what they did in the days of their ignorance, and when under the power of the enemy, is revolting to humanity; being without natural affection, and guilty of shedding each other's blood without remorse. They now shudder at the deeds of death they have perpetrated, and the change experienced they all ascribe to the influence of the gospel. In one of the settlements which I visited the other day the residents related to me how numerous were its inhabitants which were swept away by their enemies; and but for the gospel the remainder would all have been cut off, as so late as 1835 an exterminating party came upon them, but were repulsed, and disappointed in their expectations. Mothers who used to trample their children to death, when infants, to get rid of them, because they were troublesome, are now possessed of the love of God, and love their offspring. Men whose hands were against every man and every man's against them, who used to kill and devour their enemies

in war, are now walking in the fear of God and in the comforts of the Holy Spirit. Children who were ignorant and debased by the corrupt example of their parents are now instructed and taught in schools, and can read fluently in the New Testament. In the wars referred to, which distracted this people, many have been torn from their homes and friends, and taken captive; but since the gospel has exerted its salutary influence the chiefs have given up their slaves, and they have returned to their kindred.'

It is refreshing to read the spirit in which some of the pioneer missionaries went about their work. 'I am here,' said one, 'far away from my brethren, and like a sparrow upon the house-top; but I prove that the Lord is in the wide waste as in the city full, and felt very happy to-day while singing that incomparable hymn:

Me to retrieve from Satan's hands,
Me from this evil world to free;
To purge my sins, and loose my bands,
And save from all iniquity,
My Lord and God, from heaven He came,
I dare believe in Jesu's name.'

Settlement by Whites: A Disturbing Element.

The work of the missionaries in New Zealand had made it safe for the whites to settle there, and immigrants were now flocking to the country in great numbers. The Methodist missionaries had now to turn their attention to the white settlers as well as to the Maoris.

Alas! there were soon disputes between the whites and the natives, culminating in war. This

had a most disastrous effect on the mission. The late Rev. James Bickford, in his book dealing with Christian work in the Southern Hemisphere, said: 'Many of the best stations had to be abandoned; and in not a few lamentable instances the Maoris renounced Christianity, and gave themselves up to a wild fanaticism.' In addition to the war the vices of the whites played havoc with the Maoris.

A Missionary Murdered.

The strained relationship between the white immigrants and the Maoris led to the murder of one of the Methodist missionaries. This was John Whiteley, who went to New Zealand in 1833, and who, for a number of years, had done apostolic service. He was on horseback, on a preaching tour, and encountered a number of Maoris who were in a wild state of excitement. He was ordered to halt, but thinking that he might be of service to them went on. The Maoris fired, and horse and rider fell dead on the spot.

Last Days of Samuel Leigh.

We saw that Samuel Leigh, the founder of the New Zealand Mission, had to leave in the early stages of the work. He returned to New South Wales for a time. Here he suffered a great loss in the death of his wife. In 1831 he went back to England, and for a time settled as a supernumerary at Liverpool. In 1833 he resumed active work. His health failing, he settled down again in Reading in 1845. In this town he met classes, conducted

prayer-meetings, visited the sick, and also preached the gospel. Mr. Leigh also travelled many miles, giving addresses at public meetings. In 1851 he went to address a public meeting at Blackwater. In the course of his speech, dealing with his mission to Australia, he had occasion to refer to some figures on a sheet of paper, but could not see them—his vision had become suddenly blurred. He was advised to close his address and to take his seat. It was a symptom of apoplexy, to which he fell a victim in 1852.

On the monumental stone raised to his memory in the Reading cemetery is the following inscription:

In Memory
of the
Rev. Samuel Leigh,
First Wesleyan Missionary to Australia
and
New Zealand,
Who died May 2, 1852, aged sixty-six years.

When it pleased God, who separated me from my mother's womb, and called me by His grace to reveal His Son in me, that I might preach Him among the heathen, immediately I conferred not with flesh and blood.—Gal. i. 15, 16.

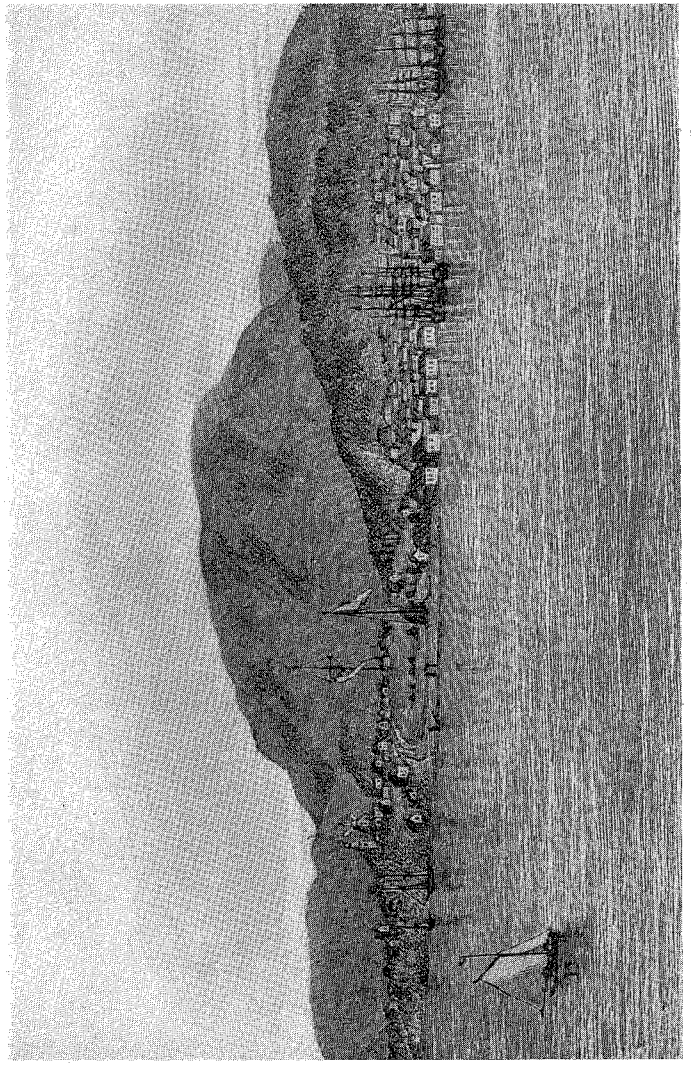
I shall not give an account here of the closing days of Nathaniel Turner, as we shall often meet with him in the pages that are to follow.

John Hobbs.

In connexion with the founding of the Methodist Church in New Zealand John Hobbs deserves special mention. He was born in Kent in the year

1800. His father was admitted into the Methodist Society by John Wesley, and had occupied the position of a local preacher. The son was converted at the age of sixteen. He had heard of the degraded condition of the convicts in Van Dieman's Land, and was moved to go out there to labour in their interests. Nathaniel Turner and Benjamin Carvosso urged him to offer himself as an agent to the Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society in London, which he did. His offer was accepted, and he was appointed to labour in New Zealand with Nathaniel Turner. In this chapter we have seen the splendid pioneer work done by John Hobbs in New Zealand. He was often in peril. When the first missionary station was destroyed by the Maoris at Wangaroa Mr. Hobbs had his share in the sufferings and privations of the mission party. He was one of the party who went back to re-establish the New Zealand Mission at Hokianga. John Hobbs had great influence over the chiefs, and did good work as an arbitrator in time of war. He served for some time as governor of the ' Three Kings Native Institution.' For more than half a century John Hobbs continued in New Zealand without taking a holiday. Through deafness he was obliged to retire from the full work of the ministry. He died on June 24, 1883, after a ministry of sixty years, aged eighty-two years.

NOTE.—The reader will be pleased to know that the Methodist Church still has its mission to the Maoris in New Zealand. I have been informed that to-day there are about forty thousand to fifty thousand Maoris in New Zealand. Amongst these there are more than two thousand on the Methodist Church roll as full members ; there are also one thousand four hundred and twenty-eight junior members ; and attendants on public worship totalling nearly nine thousand.



HOBART TOWN AND MOUNT WELLINGTON.
(*From an old picture.*)

[*face p. 89*

CHAPTER III

The Founding of the Methodist Church in Tasmania (Van Dieman's Land)

METHODIST MISSIONARIES AS LIGHTS IN A DARK PLACE

Tasmania is the Island State of the Australian Commonwealth. It was discovered in 1642 by the Dutch navigator Tasman, who was then searching for the 'Great South Land.' Tasman named the country Van Dieman's Land[1] in honour of Van Dieman, who was governor of the Dutch settlement at Batavia; subsequently it was changed for the more euphonious Tasmania. It is probable that in the distant past Van Dieman's Land was a part of the Australian Continent. It is now separated from it by Bass Strait.

George Bass was the surgeon of a vessel that sailed into Port Jackson, New South Wales, in 1795. At this time Van Dieman's Land was thought to be a portion of Australia. Bass took a whale boat, and set out on a bold voyage of exploration. He sailed for about six hundred miles along the coast, and from what he saw surmised the existence of a strait separating Van Dieman's Land from the Australian Continent. Some time after he and Matthew

[1] Throughout the chapter I shall retain the name by which the country was known during the period with which I am dealing.

Flinders, in a sloop, placed at their disposal by the Governor of New South Wales, circumnavigated Van Dieman's Land, proving it to be an island. Bass, like Flinders, was a born adventurer. On one of his voyages ship, crew, and George Bass mysteriously disappeared. His name is preserved in Bass Strait.

In 1803 Van Dieman's Land was made a penal settlement by the British Government. In 1804 one hundred male convicts and sixteen women (wives of some of the convicts) were landed on its shores. Many more were to follow. In addition to this first batch of convicts there were fifty marines and seven women, wives of some of the marines. This was the beginning of the settlement. At this time Van Dieman's Land was connected with New South Wales, but in 1825 it was made a separate colony, being the second colony founded in what is now the Australian Commonwealth.

Spiritual Darkness and Destitution.

In the founding of the Methodist Church in Van Dieman's Land I must give Benjamin Carvosso the first place. An examination of the early records convinces me that the position of honour belongs to him. In our first chapter we saw this young missionary and his wife sailing on the wide and stormy ocean for Port Jackson, New South Wales. For eleven weeks they had not seen land. It was, as Mr. Carvosso described it, 'a long and dreary voyage of fourteen thousand miles.' What a relief it must have been to those on board when Van Dieman's Land appeared in view! Here the vessel

was to cast anchor, and to remain for a few days, so that the missionary and his wife had an opportunity of seeing the settlement and the surrounding country. In a communication to *The Methodist Magazine* Benjamin Carvosso said: 'On my landing at Hobart Town in April, 1820, I found myself in a country whose population was composed entirely of English, Scotch, or Irish; and as they had borne with them across the wide ocean the language, customs, and manners of their country, it truly seemed a little England on the south side of the sun. Hobart Town had then been founded about sixteen years, and was a surprising place, considering that it had risen, in so short a period, out of the wild woods.'

The young missionary (the son of a grand old father) was anxious to be of some service to the settlers. He wanted 'to be about his Master's business.' The first person upon whom he called was the police magistrate, asking if he might have permission to preach the gospel in the street. The magistrate was willing, but suggested the propriety of calling upon the Lieut.-Governor to ask his sanction. The Governor received him very courteously, freely conversing with him on the subject of missions, giving him the necessary permission, but asking him first to consult with the Government chaplain. This official was equally courteous, sanctioning the service, and writing a note to the chief constable, directing him to be present at the service to keep order. All the arrangements were now made. Benjamin Carvosso sent the bellman round the town to publish that a missionary from England would preach at four o'clock in the Court-house yard,

near the centre of the town. An open-air religious service in Van Dieman's Land was a novelty. At the time appointed many came together. The missionary took his stand on the steps of the small building then used as a court-house, with part of his congregation in the building and part outside of it. With the help of his wife he commenced the service by singing a part of one of Wesley's hymns. Prayer was then offered. The text was announced: 'Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light' (Eph. v. 14)—a most appropriate text for such an occasion and for such a place. The service and the text are both historical. This was the first open-air religious service, so far as I can learn, in the settlement at Van Dieman's Land, and this is the text from which the first Methodist sermon was preached in that colony. What a pity that the art of photography was not then in vogue, so that some enterprising photographer might have handed down to us this historical scene! Benjamin Carvosso says: 'I had a very orderly and attentive audience. . . . As the worship was conducted with singing and extemporary prayer (things quite novel there), it produced some stir in the almost undisturbed dominions of Satan. However, plain dealing did not offend them; there was not a murmur of disapprobation.' As circumstances appeared so favourable, the young missionary published that another service would be held the following day at the same hour and place. The attendance was again good, and the behaviour all that he could desire.

The convict element appealed strongly to Benjamin Carvosso. He said: 'On my landing, after

my long voyage, I was filled with shuddering and horror at the sight of so many men "kept bound with chains, and in fetters," every one of whom, in more than one circumstance, resembled the "fierce" and "injurious" man among the tombs.'

The day following his second open-air service was the Sabbath. He said: 'I applied for permission to preach to the prisoners in jail. This was readily granted, and being collected in an open yard, to the amount of about one hundred and fifty, after singing and prayer I addressed them, closely and affectionately, from the parable of the Prodigal Son. The sight of so many persons in double irons was to me strange and truly affecting. They heard very quietly, and after preaching I distributed among them many tracts, for which they were apparently thankful. . . . I was pleased with their attention and apparent respect and gratitude, and the jailer some years afterwards informed me that the unhappy men continued long to speak of that occasion in such terms of approbation, as if it were the only engagement of the kind that had afforded them interest and pleasure.'

At three o'clock on the afternoon of this Sabbath Benjamin Carvosso preached again on the steps of the Court-house to a much larger congregation than before. Said he: 'While they heard the Word seemed to sink into their hearts. On the following evening I preached to them for the last time, when the company was much greater. Some of them, we were informed, had been present on the spot waiting for the commencement of the service for upwards of an hour and a half. Many expressed their sorrow that I was not to remain with them; some

of them followed me in the street entreating me to stay among them, intimating that they were sheep without a shepherd, left to perish in their sins, surrounded by ignorance and crime. Indeed, of this small nominally Christian State it might be said, "The whole head is sick, and the whole heart is faint; from the sole of the foot even to the head there is no soundness in it but wounds, and bruises, and putrefying sores; they have not been closed, neither bound up, neither mollified with ointment." The principal authorities were living in the open and indecent contempt of the laws of God; and the mass of the community, lost to country, character, and family, were doing "evil, only evil, and that continually."'

Two well-dressed gentlemen waited upon the missionary and urged him to remain. To this he could not consent, as he had instructions to proceed first to New South Wales. One man told him that he had resided for nearly two years in the colony, and had made diligent search, but could not find one individual with whom he could have religious communion. He travelled fifteen miles to see one settler who was supposed to be religious, but on his arrival at the man's farm he had the mortification to find him profanely swearing in the midst of his servants.

Can we be surprised at the moral and spiritual darkness and depravity when we remember that convicts and free colonists were almost destitute of the ordinances of religion? In a community of about six thousand souls, mostly convicts, there was only one minister of religion, a chaplain of the Church of England, and this man too old and infirm

to render effective service. One community, about fifteen miles from Hobart Town, consisting of about four hundred souls, from the time of its commencement had only been favoured with one religious service. Another community, about twenty miles from Hobart Town (New Norfolk), consisting of some hundreds of souls, was equally destitute.

Benjamin Carvosso felt as the Master did when 'He saw the multitude, and was moved with compassion, because they were scattered abroad as sheep having no shepherd.' As soon as the vessel weighed anchor at Hobart Town, and set sail for New South Wales, he sat down, and out of a full heart wrote a letter to the Missionary Committee in London. Said he: 'While I write I cannot forbear shedding tears at the condition of the people. May God move the hearts of His ministers and people in England to pity and to relieve the moral destitution of these colonists! . . . I assure you, dear fathers and brethren, with great reluctance I left the island, and had I been at my own disposal I would with joy have remained, and have bestowed my labours among them. Blessed be God for so providential an opening, and for so extensive a field for preaching the unsearchable riches of Christ. Animated by the example of the great apostle to the Gentiles, I felt a strong desire to have the honour of laying the foundations of a church on this island, whose light should be seen from far. Enough has been said to show that here is a most favourable opening and a loud call for at least one missionary; and my heart's desire and prayer to God is that you may have ample means supplied for sending one speedily—one full of faith and the Holy Ghost—that he may establish

in Van Dieman's Land a Christian Church such as the powers of hell shall never overthrow.'[1]

Benjamin Carvosso's appeal was not in vain; it stirred the souls of the Missionary Committee in London and of some of the Methodists of the Old Land. One who read the letter in the pages of the *Magazine* for 1821 was so moved that he sent £100 to the Committee in London on the condition that a Methodist missionary should be immediately sent to Van Dieman's Land.

According to the station sheet for 1820 Mr. Carvosso's appointment was to Van Dieman's Land, but he was detained in New South Wales.

As the British Conference had decided to send Samuel Leigh to begin the New Zealand Mission, and Walter Lawry to establish a mission in the Friendly Islands, George Erskine[2] and Ralph Mansfield were sent out to New South Wales to take the places vacated by these men.

A Visit from Ralph Mansfield.

On their way from England to New South Wales Mr. and Mrs. Mansfield called at Van Dieman's Land, as Mr. Carvosso had done a few months previously. The visitors were courteously received by the Lieut.-Governor, and had the offer of the Court-house in which to hold service, with a guard of constables to prevent any disturbance. While the vessel remained in harbour Mr. Mansfield preached

[1] *Methodist Magazine*, 1821 and 1832, pp. 307, 244.

[2] Dr. Coke was the founder of Methodist Missions, and George Erskine was one of his missionaries. He was one of the six who went with the doctor on his last voyage.

every afternoon, at five o'clock, to crowded congregations.

A Methodist Society Formed.

The nucleus of a Methodist Church was formed in Van Dieman's Land by a few converted soldiers. These men received their religious impressions in New South Wales under the ministry of Samuel Leigh and Walter Lawry. The leading spirit amongst them was Sergeant George Waddy, of the 48th Regiment, who had been converted to God through the instrumentality of Mr. Lawry. These two or three pious soldiers had no sooner reached their barracks at Hobart Town than 'they saw that the wickedness of the place was great, and it grieved them at their hearts.' Accustomed to meet for social prayer at Sydney, they sought a convenient place at Hobart Town for holding a prayer-meeting. These soldiers enlisted the sympathy of a settler named Benjamin Nokes, who became one of the leaders in the pioneer Methodist Society. In October, 1820, this devoted man went through Hobart Town inviting those whom he knew to a prayer-meeting to be held in a private house in Collins Street. About eight persons attended. The movement was growing, and the powers that make for evil began to make their influence felt. As in the apostolic age, the rabble gathered, and assaulted the house in which they were assembled. In a communication to Samuel Leigh Mr. Nokes said: 'We applied to Mr. Wallis for permission to assemble at his house in Liverpool Street, who readily complied, saying it was a good cause, and

that his house was at our service. Here we met with some persecution, stones and bricks being thrown by the mob, who declared that they would not allow us to put the town in an uproar. Several persons tried to annoy us by fighting in part of the house. We formed a class of seven persons, and I encouraged the brethren not to be depressed by the scoffs of man. The congregation increased so rapidly that the house could not contain the persons assembled.'[1] Benjamin Nokes was appointed leader. The singing of the praises of God in a private house, and the offering of fervent prayer, was something new in the godless town of Hobart. The persecution was such that the owner of the house became alarmed, and closed his doors against the little society, telling them that they could meet no more under his roof. Thus persecuted and expelled they were at a loss where to go; but God, in His providence, soon provided them with a place of worship.

Moral Effects of a Thunderstorm.

Benjamin Nokes waited upon a person living in Argyle Street, and asked permission to meet for worship in his shop. This person was Charles Donn, a freed convict, a man of good Christian character. When the deputation waited on him Charles was busy at work about his shop. He had no objection to let the place for a religious service, but it would not be safe for him to do so without consulting Mary, his wife. This woman was a notorious drunkard, a scold, and a bitter Roman Catholic. She refused

[1] *Methodist Magazine*, 1822, p. 263; also p. 542.

to allow the room to be used for a religious service. She would suffer no Methodist to come near her dwelling. Charles Donn had to say 'No.' During the night there was a severe thunderstorm; the lightning flashed and the thunder pealed. Mary Donn could not sleep. She believed that there was some connexion between the storm and her refusal to allow the Methodists the use of the room for worship. In the darkness of the night, feeling the upbraidings of conscience, she said to her husband, 'The Methodists shall have the skilling, Charles. The Methodists shall have the skilling.' In the morning a message was sent to the little flock informing them of the fact, and filling their hearts with gladness. Further on we shall see that Charles Donn had his reward—a better reward than silver or gold. This man's real name was Cranmer; he was of a branch of the family of the celebrated Archbishop Cranmer. There is a sketch of his life in *The Methodist Magazine* for 1828, p. 293. Donn was an assumed name consequent upon the man's transportation.

The rabble of the baser sort again gathered around Charles Donn's shop, throwing stones, bricks, and other missiles, and threatening to wreck the structure.

A Growing Cause.

In spite of persecution the society increased to thirty-four; the attendants upon public worship also increased. The building was enlarged, and provision made to accommodate two hundred persons. A Sunday school was also established, and opened

in Argyle Street, Hobart Town, on May 7, 1821. A service was also commenced at New Norfolk, distant about twenty-five miles from Hobart Town. This was one of the spiritually destitute places mentioned by Benjamin Carvosso. No service had been held there for twenty years.

The Pioneer Missionary.

On his voyage from England to New South Wales, before proceeding to New Zealand, Samuel Leigh called in at Van Dieman's Land. On board with him were two additional missionaries: William Walker, for service among the Aborigines of New South Wales, and William Horton and his wife, who had been appointed to Van Dieman's Land.

Writing to the Missionary Committee in London from Hobart Town, Mr. Leigh said: 'Mr. and Mrs. Horton we leave in this place. We have furnished his house from the ship as well as we could. Their hopes of being useful to the people are great, and I have no doubt that their remaining will be attended with much good.'[1]

Through the labours of George Waddy and Benjamin Nokes, William Horton found a Methodist Society in active existence, and a congregation and Sunday school ready to receive him, meeting in Charles Donn's shop.

Hobart Town One Hundred Years Ago.

Residents of the fine city of Hobart to-day who read this book will be interested to know what their

[1] *Methodist Magazine*, 1822, p. 261.

town looked like nearly a century ago. There was only one church, occupying a central position. The town was about a mile and half long and a mile broad. It was divided into oblong squares; the streets, forming the boundaries of these squares, were wide, and crossed each other at right angles. The squares were subdivided into allotments of about quarter of an acre each; on these allotments the houses were built, surrounded by gardens. There was only one building three stories high, and a few two stories. The houses were built part of brick and part of wood, and the roofs were all covered with shingles. This description, taken from *The Methodist Magazine* of the period, is from the pen of the pioneer preacher, William Horton.

A Dark Picture.

The pioneer missionary found that all that Benjamin Carvosso had said in relation to the character of the colony was true. Writing to the Missionary Committee in London, he said: 'Adultery and drunkenness, backbiting and blasphemy, are sins which prevail to an awful extent amongst both rich and poor, male and female, bond and free. With these are inseparably connected idleness, dishonesty, malice, quarrelling, and misery. Almost every tongue has learned to swear, and amongst the lower classes every hand to steal. The houses are surrounded by fierce dogs to guard them against nocturnal depredations. Before we arrived there was only one Protestant minister—a clergyman of the Established Church—whose labours were almost wholly confined to Hobart Town, and one Roman

Catholic priest, who had been but a few months in the colony. The out-settlements were, therefore, left without the ordinances of religion. Thus Satan enjoyed over the hearts of the people generally an undisturbed reign.'[1]

Beginning Work.

William Horton entered upon his work with a good heart. On meeting the classes he found that there had been an increase in numbers, and 'a more happy and prosperous season he had not enjoyed.' His 'heart was filled with gratitude and joy' to behold such a religious society in a land which had been dead in sin. He preached once a fortnight at the hospital and in the jail, and visited those who were confined in cells. In this way he had an opportunity of ministering to some of the vilest and most abandoned characters. Later on he visited these institutions once a week, also the soldiers' barracks; but found it almost impossible to give any attention to the country districts.

The Pioneer Chapel.

William Horton made some preparation to build a chapel in Hobart Town. A gentleman in the town (David Lord) had given him a block of land in Melville Street, and the Lieut.-Governor had sent four men to prepare the foundations. This was in 1822. All that he was able to do was to build the walls. Mr. Horton spent about £400 in this work, and was most zealous in soliciting subscriptions. 'Scarcely a vessel entered the harbour

[1] *Methodist Magazine*, 1822, p. 541.

but he visited it for the purpose of obtaining aid. The Lieut.-Governor of Van Dieman's Land rendered some assistance, and the Missionary Committee in London granted the trustees the sum of £200, as well as a loan. The church was completed in 1825.'[1]

Going About Doing Good.

We see William Horton preaching at Kangaroo Point to about twelve persons; walking to Clarence Plains, calling at a house upon the road, expounding the Scriptures, and praying with four persons; visiting a public-house in which there were several settlers and servants; discoursing to them for about half an hour on religious subjects; spending the remainder of the afternoon in calling at several houses to instruct and to pray with the people; preaching at half-past six in the evening to about fourteen persons. Surely a record day's work! The next day, in his visiting, he met a virago 'whose impiety exceeded anything he had ever witnessed.' She 'rejected with disdain and ridicule every sacred subject, particularly the divine authority of the Scriptures, the immortality of the soul, the existence of the devil, and a place of future punishment. She swore and blasphemed in a most horrid manner, demanded to know what business the preacher had to instruct her, threatening to scald out his eyes if he did not immediately leave the place, and wished that he might follow hard after her to hell.'[2]

[1] *Methodist Magazine*, 1832, p. 246.
[2] Ibid., 1823, p. 330.

The spiritual destitution in Van Dieman's Land and the sin was so great that William Horton urged the Missionary Committee in London to send two more missionaries into the field. On the Port Dalrymple side there were probably three thousand persons destitute of the means of grace, except what was occasionally supplied by one clergyman.

A Spiritual Trophy.

Souls were being convinced of sin, and some converted to God. Mary Donn, of whom I have spoken, was a triumph of redeeming grace. She was a native of Ireland, and had been brought up in the Roman Catholic faith. Her drunkenness was almost without a parallel. She frequently sold her clothes and the articles in the house to buy spirits. When intoxicated she was a perfect fury, especially to her husband and family. So enormous were her excesses that scarcely a week passed without her being brought before a magistrate. Mary Donn went to the pioneer Methodist meeting-house in Hobart Town, was convinced of sin, and converted to God. She began to meet in Mrs. Horton's class. Her life was completely transformed, and she passed away, as her husband, Charles Donn, did, full of peace and joy and hope.

Aborigines.

In our chapter on New South Wales we saw the anxious solicitude of Samuel Leigh for the spiritual welfare of the Aborigines. William Horton felt the same in relation to the Aborigines of Van Dieman's

Land. In his judgement the natives in this colony were the most destitute and wretched portion of the human race. 'Indeed,' said he, 'the shape of their bodies is about the only mark by which we can recognize them as men.' In an interview with some of these he found them perfectly naked, sitting round the fires where they had slept the preceding night. The hair of some of them and parts of their bodies were besmeared with fat and red gum. All of them were affected, more or less, with a sort of scurvy. This is of value as a description of a body of people that the world will never again see. The last Aborigine of Tasmania or Van Dieman's Land died in 1876.

William Horton was transferred to New South Wales, and Ralph Mansfield took his place.

The Second Pioneer Missionary.

In a communication to the Missionary Committee in London, soon after his arrival in Van Dieman's Land, Mr. Mansfield said: 'Of the increasing importance of this place you cannot but be aware, and of the utter inadequacy of one missionary to meet its reasonable demands you must be equally convinced. The field is already white unto the harvest, but the reapers—oh, how few!'

In the station sheet of the British Conference for 1825 a further attempt was made to meet the spiritual needs of the colony. The record for that year reads:

> *Van Dieman's Land*—Ralph Mansfield. Another to be sent.

The Conference could only give one additional worker to a field where at least six ought to have been employed.

Escaped and Condemned Convicts.

Ralph Mansfield in Van Dieman's Land, like Samuel Leigh and Walter Lawry in New South Wales, had some sad experiences. Writing in his journal, he said: 'The colony had been thrown into a state of alarm. A desperate band of prisoners had escaped from Macquarie Harbour, and had taken to the bush, robbing and plundering all before them.' Six of the number were captured, and condemned to die. Ralph Mansfield visited the men in their cells, and found that some of them knew him, having heard him preach in New South Wales. One of them had been brought up in connexion with Methodism. At five o'clock in the morning Mr. Mansfield went with the Government chaplain to give them their last ministrations prior to their execution. At the request of the doomed men the hymn, 'Lord, remember me,' and Charles Wesley's hymn, 'And am I only born to die,' were sung, and prayer offered. Mr. Mansfield says: 'They were launched into the world of spirits amidst an immense crowd of spectators. Only four were executed, the Lieut.-Governor having reprieved two on account of their youth.'[1]

A Convict Hell.

Macquarie Harbour, to which reference has just been made, must have special mention. It was a

[1] *Methodist Magazine*, 1825, p. 566.

gruesome place. The worst type of criminal was confined there. Describing Macquarie Harbour, Benjamin Carvosso said: 'This is the penal settlement of Van Dieman's Land, situated at the back of the island; and so surrounded by vast mountainous ranges, deep impassable ravines, barren rocks, and troublesome seas that it seems naturally fitted for the last place of human banishment. To this dreary region the convicts are sent who have been convicted of various felonies committed in the colony. Not a few, therefore, of the men sent thither have been twice or oftener respited from the gallows.' Mr. Carvosso, who knew the place well as it was eighty-eight years ago, said that it was an unhappy place, and a hell of which the half could not be told.

Sergeant George Waddy, to whom I have referred as one of the first Methodists in Van Dieman's Land, had done a good work at Macquarie Harbour. He was now leaving, and was anxious for some one to carry on the good work in which he had been engaged.[1]

Governor Arthur.

The Governor of Van Dieman's Land was anxious that some one should continue the work that Sergeant Waddy had been doing at Macquarie Harbour. He was a very fine man, much interested in the work of the Methodist missionary in the

[1] This devout soldier, converted under the preaching of Walter Lawry, proceeded with his regiment to India, carrying with him the love and esteem of many of the colonists of Van Dieman's Land. In the trying climate of India he soon fell a victim to disease, and entered into rest.

colony. He granted the use of public buildings for Methodist services, and supported the work out of his own private purse. He gave the pioneer Methodist Society a grant of three hundred acres of land in the interests of a Methodist Sunday school. It was his desire to see a Methodist chaplain appointed to Macquarie Harbour. Colonel Arthur believed that Methodism and its ministrations were specially adapted for the hopeless and degraded, having closely observed its work in the West Indies. He forwarded a dispatch to the British Government asking that negotiations might be opened up with the Methodist Missionary Committee in London, asking that a missionary might be appointed to Macquarie Harbour in the interests of the convicts. This was done, and an agreement such as the Lieut.-Governor desired was made. The Crown authorities in England were to allow the Missionary Committee in London £150 for the missionary's outfit and passage, and £100 per annum towards his support. William Schofield was chosen for the position, who sailed with his wife from the Old Land in 1827.

Benjamin Carvosso, the first Methodist missionary to preach in Van Dieman's Land, was now stationed at Hobart Town, Ralph Mansfield having been transferred to New South Wales.

A Difficult and Discouraging Position.

The Methodist missionary to the convicts at Macquarie Harbour (William Schofield) arrived at his destination, but was appalled by the nature of his work. The position was a difficult and in some

respects a distressing one. When the vessel in which he came called in at New South Wales, he heard a description of the convict settlement at Macquarie Harbour that staggered him. He wished to be released from his engagement. Earnestly solicited by the Lieut.-Governor (Colonel Arthur) and by Benjamin Carvosso, he entered upon his work, and proved himself, by divine grace, equal to it. Amongst other reforms, he instituted a night school in which uneducated convicts received elementary instruction. The influence for good that William Schofield exerted was such that the moral tone of the prisoners was raised, and some of them were reformed, and saved from a life of sin. A gentleman visiting Van Dieman's Land went to Macquarie Harbour, where one of the convicts related to him his experience. He said that he had been guilty of various crimes, for which he had been three times sentenced. The gallows at that time had no terror for him, and he was so hardened that he did whatsoever he wished in defiance of the laws of God and of man, till the Lord visited him, and brought him low. Having been forgiven much, this convict loved much. The commandant said that the man's very voice was changed. Formerly it was ferocious, now it was mild; formerly he was contentious and given to fighting, now he was peaceful and gentle; formerly he was given to swearing, and the habit had such power over him that, after he had turned to the Lord, if anything irritated him he had to lay his hand upon his mouth; now he was warning others against this sin. How true to the apostolic testimony, 'If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed

away; behold, all things are become new' (2 Cor. v. 17)!

Benjamin Carvosso, writing of William Schofield's work, said: 'I bear testimony to what I have seen and heard. Before I had left Hobart Town men had returned from that place of sin and sorrow (Macquarie Harbour) walking in uprightness of life, with their mouths filled with praises to the Great Ruler of Events who, in His beneficent and inscrutable providence, had made banishment to Macquarie Harbour subservient to their conversion to God.'[1]

Benjamin Carvosso left Hobart Town, Van Dieman's Land, and returned to England.

The ministry of a saintly man like Benjamin Carvosso must have been fruitful in spiritual good. In 1831 William Simpson was appointed by the British Conference as a missionary to New South Wales. On the voyage out the vessel called at Hobart Town, and Mr. Simpson had an opportunity of seeing the settlement and of preaching the gospel in Hobart Town some time after Mr. Carvosso had left for the Old Country. Writing to England, Mr. Simpson said: 'I was very much delighted with the state of our society in this place. Zion is arising from the dust, and beginning to shine, not only by the increased piety of her members, but by an accession of numbers; and the spirit of hearing is such among the people that, notwithstanding the gallery which has lately been erected, the chapel is still well filled, and almost overflowing. Yesterday I preached in another part of the town, where there is service every Sunday, and the room was

[1] *Methodist Magazine*, 1832, p. 250.

crowded. I was told by one or two who sat near the door that there were nearly as many outside as inside. Several of the prayer-meetings since we came have been crowned with the salvation of souls, and last Monday evening the power of God was such that the people could not contain themselves; but cried aloud; and it pleased the Almighty to answer the prayer of His servants by the salvation of two souls.'

Nathaniel Turner: Divine Manifestations.

In 1832 our old friend Nathaniel Turner took the place of Benjamin Carvosso at Hobart Town. In our chapter dealing with New Zealand we saw that when the mission to the Maoris was temporarily suspended Nathaniel Turner was sent to take charge of the work at the Friendly Islands (Tonga). After serving some time there his health failed, and he was transferred to Van Dieman's Land.

Ten years previously Mr. Turner had spent a short time in Hobart Town. With his own hands he had helped to dig the foundations for the Methodist church in Melville Street. On those foundations he now found a commodious place of worship, and a parsonage in course of construction. Several Methodist families had emigrated from England to Van Dieman's Land. Some of these had been moved to do so by the letter written by Benjamin Carvosso, and published in *The Methodist Magazine* for 1821. In that letter he said: 'May God move the hearts of his ministers and people in England to pity and relieve the moral destitution of these colonists. Oh, could I now get among some of our pious local

preachers, methinks I could easily persuade them to emigrate to this land. Here, here, surely God would bless them, and make them an abundant blessing.' Some responded to the appeal. Nathaniel Turner was cheered by the arrival of three local preachers—Messrs. Wilkinson, Lovell, and Leach. John Leach became a hired local preacher, and, being a zealous Yorkshireman, ' many of the vilest offenders turned, and found salvation under his preaching.' Nathaniel Turner's ministry was blessed. ' Many flocked to Melville Street Chapel, and to numbers the gospel came, not in word only, so that believers " walking in the fear of God, and in the comfort of the Holy Ghost," were multiplied.'[1]

Mr. Turner was both a Boanerges and a Barnabas ; he could lift up his voice like a trumpet, and he could sound the wooing note. He ' held many toilsome services among the poor convicts of all classes, and was full of sympathy for them, occasionally addressed hundreds of them in the barracks after their day's duties were over. He knew the Healer of hearts, and how to lead men to Him. In these services he laboured hard, but with much tenderness towards his hearers ; and it was one of the greatest encouragements to know that this kind of labour was by no means in vain.'

What a benediction it was to Van Dieman's Land to have amongst the community men of the stamp of Benjamin Carvosso and Nathaniel Turner—apostolic men !

The Governor (Sir George Arthur) knew the value of the Methodist ministry. ' All superintendents of

[1] *Nathaniel Turner's Life*, by his son.

road gangs were instructed to suspend labour, and muster the convicts for worship, on every occasion when Nathaniel Turner desired to address them. Often during a long day's ride he would pull up, and while his horse stood tied to a fence, or was being held by one of his hearers, he would kindly but faithfully address some scores of unhappy men. . . . By this means many a prodigal was led to say, " I will arise and go to my Father." ' His was the joy of reaping. In a communication to the Missionary Committee in London in 1832, he gave a description of a Friday quarterly fast and prayer-meeting. At six o'clock in the morning the vestry was so crowded that they had to move into the chapel. It was so at the prayer-meeting at noon. Some who had been brought from the gates of destruction into the liberty of Christ gave up their employment for the day, and spent the whole of the forenoon in prayer and praise. On the Monday morning, at six o'clock, there was another prayer-meeting, of which Mr. Turner said : ' Never do I recollect to have felt more of the power of the divine presence.' The chapel was now better attended than at any former period. In order to reach non-church-goers Mr. Turner preached in the open air in Hobart Town on the Sabbath afternoon to crowds of people. He had a voice specially adapted for this work.

John A. Manton.

Nathaniel Turner now had a colleague in the person of John A. Manton, a missionary who rendered fruitful service to Methodism in the Southern

Hemisphere. These two visited Launceston, Van Dieman's Land, obtained the use of the Court-house, and preached three times on the Sabbath 'to many who listened as though they would never have another opportunity of hearing the Word of God.'

John A. Manton was now stationed at Launceston. Writing to the Missionary Committee in London in relation to his work, he said: 'They flock to the house of prayer, but many seek admittance in vain. Our temporary chapel is so small that when the people are crowded in it will not contain more than three hundred.' But a more commodious chapel was in course of erection.

In February, 1836, Mr. Manton was able to report from Launceston: 'We experienced such a baptism of the Holy Spirit as we never had before. We were so overwhelmed with the divine presence that our prayers were turned into praise; towards the close of the meeting we could do nothing but praise the Lord. We now have a good substantial chapel, with vestries and class-rooms, over which are spacious schoolrooms; we have a large congregation worshipping in it; a society of nearly one hundred members, a Sabbath school of nearly one hundred scholars, a tract society by which the town is supplied, and a circulating library consisting of many excellent and standard works.'[1]

The men sent out by the Methodist Missionary Society in London to meet the spiritual needs of the settlers in Van Dieman's Land had done good work. The foundations of Methodism in that colony were now firmly established, and a large superstructure was in course of erection.

[1] *Methodist Magazine*, 1836.

Sketch of the Pioneer Preachers: Benjamin Carvosso.

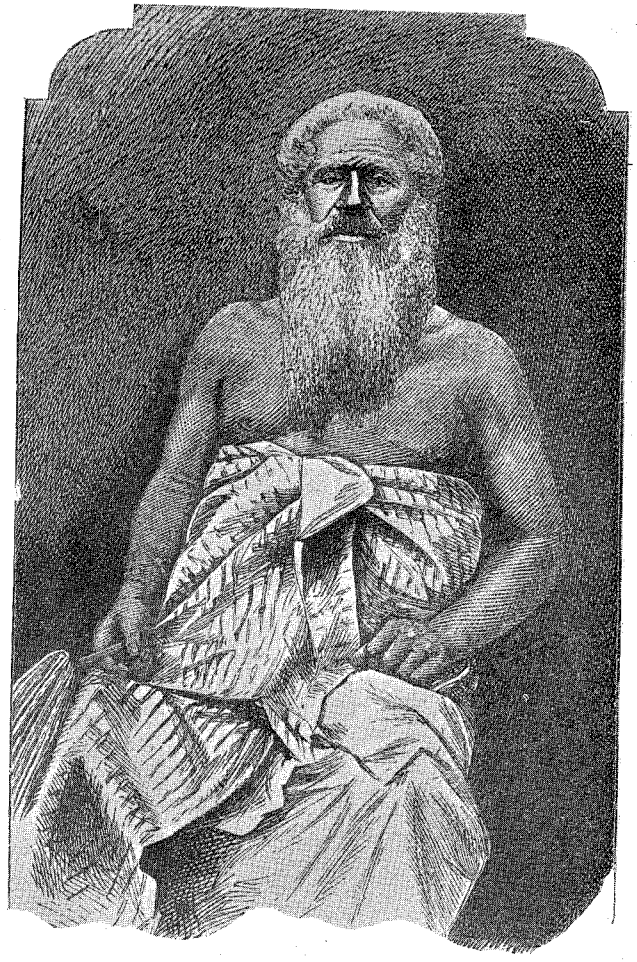
We have noted that Benjamin Carvosso was the first Methodist missionary to preach at Hobart Town, Van Dieman's Land, when on his way to New South Wales. He was a son of that remarkable man, the venerable William Carvosso, of whom there is a description in Smith's *History of Wesleyan Methodism.*[1]

In many respects the son resembled the father. 'The eminent piety of his parents exerted a powerful and permanent influence' on Benjamin's mind. When twenty-two years of age he fully consecrated his life to the service of God. At the Conference of 1814 he was received as a probationer for the Methodist ministry. After labouring for about five years in England he was constrained to offer himself for foreign mission work, and was sent to New South Wales. With his colonial experience I have dealt. From 1830 to 1854 he laboured in the home work. In the last-named year he was seriously afflicted, the attack being of a very painful and depressing character. 'In his deepest distress he obtained a perfect and glorious victory, and during the last three weeks of his life his peace and joy abounded.' He died October 2, 1854. 'As a preacher he sought by careful study, as well as by constant and mighty prayer, to become a workman that needeth not to be ashamed,' not only preaching from the pulpit but visiting from house to house, embracing every opportunity of speaking concerning personal salvation to the children and servants of the families to which he had access.

[1] See Vol. iii., p. 43.

William Horton.

The pioneer missionary actually stationed at Van Dieman's Land was William Horton. He was born in Lincolnshire, in 1800, of parents who were not only members but class-leaders in connexion with the Methodist Church. He was convinced of sin under the ministry of that fine old Methodist preacher Thomas Galland, M.A. In the year 1820 William Horton was accepted by the Conference as a candidate for the Methodist ministry, and some time after set out with Samuel Leigh (who had been visiting England) for New South Wales. On the voyage Mr. Leigh decided that Mr. Horton should remain at Van Dieman's Land. We have seen the character of his work there. He was transferred to New South Wales, where he laboured for a few years, and then returned to England, spending about twenty-three years in circuit work. In 1852, through illness, he had to become a supernumerary. For a time he resided in Great Queen Street Circuit, London, preaching as his strength would permit. He died suddenly on June 18, 1867, aged sixty-seven, having spent forty-seven years in the ministry.



JOEL BULU.
For forty years a noted Tongan native preacher. Died May 7, 1877.

[*face p.* 117.

CHAPTER IV

THE FOUNDING OF THE METHODIST CHURCH IN THE FRIENDLY ISLANDS (TONGA)

A MISSION TO THE HEATHEN WITH PENTECOSTAL MANIFESTATIONS

THE Friendly Islands or Tongan group are situated in the South Pacific Ocean. They number about thirty-two inhabited islands and one hundred and fifty small islands. They were discovered by Tasman in 1643, and were named by Captain Cook, who visited them in 1777.

It was certainly a mistake to call them 'Friendly Islands.' The natives engaged in war, shed blood, and on several occasions took the lives of Europeans. They captured a vessel, and put all the crew to death with the exception of two, and on another occasion killed the crew of a boat, including the captain. In 1797 the London Missionary Society tried to establish a mission at the Friendly Islands. The missionaries remained for two and a half years, and then abandoned the place after three of their number had been slain.

Walter Lawry's Vision.

Walter Lawry was a man with a vision. When he came out to New South Wales in 1818 to help

Samuel Leigh in laying the foundations of the Methodist Church in Australia, he affirmed that New South Wales would be the key of the Southern Hemisphere; that from Sydney missionaries would go forth to the various islands dotting the South Seas. His statement was prophetic, and he lived to see its fulfilment, himself taking an active part in the work. Samuel Leigh went from New South Wales to carry the gospel to New Zealand, and Walter Lawry set out from the same place for the Tongan group.

He took his departure in June, 1822. Mrs. Lawry and family accompanied him. He also took with him two young mechanics, George Lilley and Charles Tindall, and some live-stock for breeding purposes, the gifts of the Governor of New South Wales.

Arrival at the Islands.

After a tempestuous voyage of two months, a fortnight of which was spent in New Zealand, the vessel anchored at Tonga. It was soon surrounded by hundreds of natives. William Singleton, an Englishman who had been residing on the Islands for about sixteen years, living with the natives, and Paloo, the principal chief of the island, came on board. Walter Lawry informed the chief of his mission, and stated that he had not decided in what locality to settle. The chief invited him to remain, and not to think of settling in any other island of the group. Mr. Lawry was carried ashore by one of the natives, and was soon an object of general interest. His clothes were closely examined. They felt his

coat, smelled it, and some of them took a fold of it in their mouths to taste it. Many of the natives had not seen a European in full dress before. As the intentions of the chief and of the natives appeared to be friendly, the sheep, cows, and bull were landed, much to the amazement of the people. The missionary decided to settle at Mooa, the residence of the principal chief, Paloo.

A Tongan Council.

In company with Mrs. Lawry he had an audience with the chiefs, explaining the reason why he had come to Tonga, and assuring them of the goodwill of the people who had sent him. They received his statement apparently with pleasure, promised to be kind to him, to put their children under his care, and to listen to his message. A feast was provided, consisting of two hogs and a basket of yams. In this auspicious way the mission to the Friendly Islands opened.

Beginning the Work.

Walter Lawry soon found that there were heavy demands on his material resources. The chiefs who visited the mission-house always expected food cooked in the European fashion. Sometimes he had visits from ten chiefs in one day, and more than once they brought from fifty to one hundred natives with them.

The mechanics that Mr. Lawry had brought with him were very useful in preparing timber and in

building a mission-house. A garden was soon under cultivation, and the missionary was busy learning the language. Judging from his report to the Missionary Committee, this was not an easy matter. 'The sounds ran so much upon the vowels that it was difficult to distinguish the words as they fell from the lips of the natives. There were a number of words in the native tongue expressive of evil ideas, but the language was very inadequate to give the sense of the New Testament.'

Tongan Religion.

Describing the Tongans and their religion, Mr. Lawry said: 'They have no knowledge of the one true God, but seem to have some confused notion of the immortality of the soul. The other world they call *Boolotoo*. To this place go all the dead; but some are insensible to pleasure or pain, while others remain in a state of consciousness. They consider death the greatest of evils. Their opinion is that the souls of their great men come from *Boolotoo*, and enter at certain times into such individuals as they choose. Any person who chooses to say that the *Atooa* is come into him is reverenced as a god, and his words are seldom discredited. When any one is sick he presents the man who is supposed to be inspired with a sacrifice. Whatever the sorcerer is pleased to say is considered as the word of the *Atooa* or god. These priests often work themselves into such a state of frenzy that they appear to be in strong convulsions. . . . The natives follow their natural inclinations, and are

"earthly, sensual, and devilish." It is not considered a disgrace to lie or to steal, unless detection follows.' Treachery was a characteristic of the natives. As to chastity, it was little regarded. They had some cruel customs, and shortly after Walter Lawry's settlement among them he saw a child's finger cut off as a sacrifice to the god of war. A child's finger was sometimes presented as a sacrifice to sorcerers.

A remarkable feature in their polity was the fact that, like the ancient Hebrews, they had cities of refuge. If a man were pursued by an enemy, and reached one of these places of refuge, he was safe from all outrage.

They had a singular tradition of the Creation, at least so far as the Tongan group was concerned. A god or spirit called *Maui*, while fishing, drew up the island of Tongataboo with his fish-hook. A hen afterwards with her feet separated the earth so as to form the two groups Haabai and Vavau. Then a species of vine that grew in Tonga, called *fuë*, brought forth larva, which developed into men and peopled the Tongan group.

Depression and Danger.

After living among the Tongans for a few months the missionary became depressed. Said he in a communication to the Missionary Committee in London: 'I have lately felt an unusual concern for these poor heathen, and long to impart to them some spiritual truth; but against all I have hitherto been able to say they have always opposed this: "Your religion is very good for you, and ours is very good for us."

For several weeks I have been severely tempted to look behind me upon the civilized society in Great Britain and in New South Wales; but, blessed be God, the snare is now broken, and I feel a great deadness to the world and a melting of heart before the Lord.'[1]

Walter Lawry kept up a brave heart, but there was much to perplex and to distress. The early sunshine was not continuous; the clouds soon gathered. There were those among the natives who were opposed to the mission, who represented the missionary party as spies, who had come to rob them of their land. He found some of the chiefs treacherous, and not true to their word. Said he: 'Nothing can be more uncertain than the life and circumstances of a Christian missionary amongst savages. A little while ago Paloo and all the people around us thought it was an honour to be kind and affectionate to us; but the scene is now totally changed. They seem to have forgotten their first impressions and promises, and only seek how they may insult and injure us. Some of the mission property Paloo has taken away by treachery and some by violence, leaving us, with the graves of our predecessors before our eyes (the murdered missionaries of the London Society), to conjecture how these things will end.'

When Paloo wished to set out upon one of his expeditions, bent upon slaughter and blood, Walter Lawry would not lend him the mission boat; this made the chief angry. In addition to this there was sickness in the island. As in the old pagan world, so at Tonga, the sickness was attributed to

[1] *Methodist Magazine*, 1823, p. 480.

the advent of the missionaries, and as a remedy it was proposed to murder the mission party and to share their property.

A Renegade Englishman.

William Singleton, the renegade Englishman at Tonga, was living the life of a savage, and this troubled the soul of the missionary. He had an interview with Singleton, and for about an hour dealt faithfully with him, reminding him of his baptismal vows and of the truths of revelation, pointing out the evil of his conduct in bowing to the gods of the heathen and abandoning the Christian religion. Walter Lawry placed before him the evil of giving up the manners of an Englishman and reducing himself in every respect to a level with the most degraded savages, living in unchastity and committing murder.

Singleton must have had a bad hour. 'I concluded,' Mr. Lawry said, 'by telling him that he must now decide whether he would be a civilized Christian or a barbarous pagan, and that it was absolutely necessary to put away his sin in order to repentance and faith in Christ. I told him that it was useless for him to think of trimming between the heathen and us. He must give up his former courses, and take up his cross at once.'[1] This he refused to do.

Opposition from Evil Whites.

The lives of renegade Europeans who had settled among the savages of the South Seas and adopted

[1] *Methodist Magazine*, 1824, p. 556.

their customs were a curse to the natives, a reproach to civilization, and a barrier in the way of the acceptance of the gospel. These renegades were runaway sailors or escaped convicts from Van Dieman's Land or from New South Wales.

I have spoken of an attempt on the part of some of the missionaries of the London Missionary Society to evangelize Tonga in 1797. Ten missionaries were then landed. In less than three years the mission was abandoned, and three of the mission party were murdered. It is said that the hostility of the natives to the mission arose largely through the conduct of some convicts—prisoners who had escaped from New South Wales. These men tried to poison the minds of the Tongans against the mission.

Walter Lawry, in *The Methodist Magazine* of the period, gives a tradition that he had heard respecting one of these outlaws. The first white renegade who found an asylum in Tonga was named Morgan, a convict who had made his escape from Botany Bay, New South Wales. He had landed in Tonga some time before the agents of the London Missionary Society arrived, and was antagonistic to their work. He told the chiefs that the missionaries had been sent by the King of England to destroy all the natives, and to take possession of their land. He affirmed that they were doing this by witchcraft and incantations. Said he: 'You see these people are singing and praying, by which means they are killing you all, and yet you take no means to prevent them; by-and-by you will all be dead men.' Soon after three of the missionaries were killed, and the mission collapsed.

Speaking of this circumstance, Mr. Lawry said: 'But for this unhappy event it is highly probable that the Friendly Islands would have been at this day inhabited by Christian converts.'

Judgement Overtaking the Wicked.

Judgement overtook this renegade. Mr. Lawry says: 'After the departure of the missionaries Morgan resided at Poogoo with a chief whom I well know. To this chief he one day said, "I have lived with many chiefs in Tonga, and when they did not treat me well I prayed that they might die, and they died. Thus it was with your father; he treated me ill, and is dead." The chief fell into a rage, and Morgan took to his heels, but was pursued and overtaken on the seashore, where his brains were dashed out by the club of the chief.'

Paloo More Friendly: Improved Prospects.

The natives began to look more favourably upon the mission. There was some sense of the righteousness of right and of the wrongness of wrong even in the savage chief Paloo. After returning from his sanguinary expedition to the Island of Eooa, for which he wanted the missionary's boat, he and another chief waited upon the missionary, expressing sorrow that so many thefts had been committed, and threatening punishment to any who should injure the mission party in that way.

Apparently some impression was being made upon the minds of the natives. Walking into a native village one day, Mr. Lawry began to tell them of the one true God and of His wonderful works; that He

loved all men in every land, even in Tonga; that he himself had come to the Islands to tell them these things. The natives were much interested. They told him that they had two great gods, one of whom was an angry god, who lived in *Boolotoo*, which was under the earth; the other was a loving god, who lived in the sky, but they did not know much about him. Mr. Lawry says: 'I proceeded to explain as many of the great truths of divine revelation as I could find language to express; but partly by reason of my inexperience in their tongue, and partly owing to the poverty of the language, I found it very difficult to utter the ideas which occurred to me. Nevertheless, the natives seemed to be deeply impressed.'[1]

Later on he wrote to the Missionary Committee in London as follows: 'For a considerable time I have observed a change for the better among the natives. They have become more kind to us, and promise well to become fine subjects for religious instruction.'

Walter Lawry's Farewell.

Mr. Lawry was a man of good discernment. His forecast proved to be correct. Unfortunately he had, on the grounds of domestic circumstances, to leave the Friendly Islands. The farewell scene was a sad one. The chief Paloo (sometimes spelled Fatu) was overcome with grief—almost speechless. Vast crowds collected around the mission-house. The natives carried the luggage of the departing missionary to the vessel in their canoes. Just as Mr.

[1] *Methodist Magazine*, 1824, p. 705.

Lawry and his family were about to step into the boat the natives formed a ring, and desired him to stand in the middle of it, while one of the native speakers unburdened his soul. Said he: 'We thank you for coming among us. Before you came it was dark night in Tonga; now it begins to be light. Your friends have sent for you. Well, go and tell them that Tonga is a foolish land, and let them send us many teachers. Our hearts are sore because you are going away from us.' They burst into tears, and Walter Lawry says, 'I could bear the scene no longer.' Mr. Lawry returned to England. The young mechanics whom he brought with him to Tonga remained on the Islands.

John Thomas and his Colleague.

In the station sheet of the British Conference for 1825 the record is:

> *Tongataboo, Friendly Islands*—John Thomas, John Hutchinson.

These two missionaries arrived safely at Tonga in June, 1826, and anchored in Maria Bay. One of the mechanics (Charles Tindall) whom Mr. Lawry had left behind at Tonga was still there. He came on board, and advised Mr. Thomas to find a new site for the mission, as the chief Paloo was not now very friendly.

Interview with the Chief Ata.

John Thomas and his colleague went ashore at Maria Bay, and, through Charles Tindall, had an

audience with the native chiefs. A feast was provided, after which a meeting was held, at which the principal chief, Ata, promised his sympathy and support. In a report to the Missionary Committee in London the missionaries said that ' they met with the greatest kindness and attention, and from what they had seen and heard they believed that they were in their providential path. A piece of land had been fixed upon for a house and garden.' This was at Hihifo.

Apparently the future was full of promise ; but the powers that make for evil soon made their influence felt. The chief Ata was not true to his promise. About three months after their arrival John Hutchinson wrote : ' Our circumstances are truly alarming. Our chief is so very bad. He declares he will burn down our house. He suffers us to be robbed and abused by men and boys. He appears to thirst only for our food and axes, so that we have reason to be concerned for our personal safety. The chief purposed to kill the men belonging to the mission, but to spare our wives, no doubt for the worst of purposes. At that moment one of the old Mataboolies became our friend and intercessor, which to any other would have been immediate death.'[1] The chief objected to the children being taught, refused land for a church, and forbade his people, on pain of death, to attend worship.

Later on there was a more cheerful note. The chief Ata was more favourable, and numbers of people were attending the services.

John Hutchinson's health failed, and in a few months he returned to New South Wales.

[1] *Methodist Magazine*, 1828, p. 630.

Nathaniel Turner and William Cross, Nukualofa.

In 1828 the stalwart Nathaniel Turner appeared upon the scene, and with him William Cross, an heroic missionary with whom we shall often meet. In our second chapter we saw that the mission in New Zealand for a time had to be abandoned. Nathaniel Turner was expecting to go back to re-establish the mission ; but there was other work for him to do. A strong man, in every sense of the word, was needed for Tonga, and Nathaniel Turner was chosen. He decided that another station should be formed in the Tongan group. He looked in the direction of Nukualofa. This was a harbour, and Tubou, the leading chief at Nukualofa, had influence over the whole group. Here also a mission had been established by two native evangelists from Tahiti in 1826.[1] These two men were bound for Fiji, but the schooner in which they sailed sprang a leak. The evangelists were obliged to remain at Nukualofa. They began to tell the Tongans what the gospel had done for Tahiti. The result was that about two hundred and forty of the natives were influenced for good.

Nathaniel Turner and William Cross visited Nukualofa, and attended a service conducted by the Tahitian evangelists. As these men had only settled there for a time, an agreement was made between them and the Methodist missionaries that the latter should occupy the station.

Here Nathaniel Turner and his colleague found a congenial sphere of labour. They were cheered by many tokens of success. Schools were being

[1] Tahiti was evangelized by the London Missionary Society.

established, congregations were growing, and many of the natives appeared to be athirst for instruction.

Tubou and Finau.

Tubou, King of Tonga, was favourable to the mission. He sent a deputation to Finau, the principal chief of the Island of Vavau, in its interests. The chief gave them a patient and thoughtful hearing; his prejudices were removed, and he resolved to cast away his heathen gods, and, with all his people, to accept the gospel. So interested was this chief in what he heard that he kept the deputation for fourteen days, conversing with them day and night, so much so that his sleep departed from him. He sent an appeal to Nathaniel Turner for a missionary in the following terms:

'I am so glad to hear that you are at Tongataboo, teaching my friend Tubou to know the great God. . . . I am tired of my spirits; they tell me so many lies that I am sick of them. . . . I have turned my evil spirits away. My island will turn to our great God, because I am the only chief on the island. . . . When I turn, they will all turn.'[1]

Great issues were bound up in the action of this chief In the opinion of Tubou, who was related to Finau, the chief of Vavau, the decision of the latter to renounce heathenism would ultimately lead the whole Tongan group to do so.

The hearts of Nathaniel Turner and William Cross were gladdened by another appeal. The powerful

[1] *Methodist Magazine*, 1829, p. 266.

NATHANIEL TURNER.

[*face p.* 130.

chief of the Haabai group visited them, and requested that a missionary might be sent to him and to his people.

Nathaniel Turner in Danger.

Amid the sunshine there were some shadows. Shortly after his arrival Mr. Turner's life was in danger. He and the mission party went to witness a native feast. To get a good view of the proceedings they stood on a hillock, not knowing that it was, in the eyes of the heathen, a sacred place. They were instantly asked to move, which they did. The party then took up a position on the lower branch of a tree. It broke down. In a moment a native was over Mr. Turner with uplifted club. An unseen arm kept back the blow. The native inferred that the gods were angry with the party for having stood on one of their sacred places, and had manifested their anger by causing the branch of the tree to break. How like Paul's experience at Melita when the viper fixed itself on his hand!

John Thomas at Hihifo.

We must now take a glance at John Thomas, who was still at Hihifo, a most disheartening place. In a letter written to the Missionary Committee in London he said that about forty hymns had been translated into the native tongue, the children at the school had learned several tunes, and amongst the number were children of the chiefs. 'Something is now done,' said the missionary; 'more is doing, and I hope the day is not far distant when even at

this place we shall see the arm of the Lord made bare.'

One day the chief Ata sent a peremptory note to Mr. Thomas; he wished to see him at once. The chief was full of angry complaints: the missionaries had taken his land, and wanted to be greater than he; they would have to leave, and he would take their house; he had power to take their lives. In his letter to the Committee in London commenting upon this Mr. Thomas said: 'Undoubtedly he had, if the Lord permitted it; and I saw the instruments of death close at hand, and there were men present who, if the chief had given them word, would presently have laid me in the arms of death with an axe or a club; but I did not fear. To God be all the praise!' Wiser counsels prevailed, and the wrath of the heathen chief gradually passed away.

Ere long John Thomas, one of the grandest missionaries that the world has seen, was able to report the first native baptism and the soul of a Tongan chief in Paradise.

Lolohea.

He was a young man of rank, with a weak constitution, a son of the hostile and obdurate Ata. Lolohea became attached to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas and to the cause they represented. He became so weak that the natives had to carry him to the chapel. It was evident that the end was drawing near. Mr. Thomas went to see him, and preparations were made for his baptism. He chose the name of John, and was baptized in the presence of his mother and

relations. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas kept in close touch with him. They visited him when he was just on the borderland. Lolohea expressed a desire to depart and be with Jesus. Said he, '*Tau lotu*'—that is, 'Let us pray.' Prayer was offered, and the end drew near. The sufferer became very restless, and asked Mr. Thomas to sit close to him. Dozing for a little while, he woke up and saw his friend the missionary by his side. '*Tio-to-ofa*,' he said—that is, 'My love to you.' 'I am very ill; I am now dying.' In a few minutes he breathed his last, and with a sweet smile upon his countenance closed his eyes in death.

Lolohea was buried according to the native custom, and the obsequies were sad. The Tongans were not wanting in love; to this fact may be attributed largely the success of the gospel among them. The mother of Lolohea wept till she could hardly see. Her cheeks were swollen by beating them with her fists, and she was so hoarse as to be scarcely able to speak. 'Oh, my son; oh, my dear son,' she exclaimed, and made a large incision in her temple with some sharp instrument. The blood gushed out so freely that in a few minutes her body was covered with it, and the grave also in which the body of Lolohea was to be laid. The corpse was wrapped in mats and native cloths, and then laid in the grave. It was then covered with sand brought by the natives in baskets from the beach.

The soul of John Thomas yearned for the conversion of the unfriendly but powerful chief Ata. Often did he urge him to cast off his false gods and to accept the gospel; but his appeals were in vain. He would not accept the gospel himself, nor allow

his people freely to do so, although some members of his family had renounced heathenism.

Nathaniel Turner waited on this heathen chief to have a straight talk with him. He informed him that Mr. Thomas had been amongst his people for more than three years, anxious to be of service to them, but that he was getting discouraged, and wished to leave for some other station in Tonga where he would have liberty to teach the people. Ata was still obdurate. Said he: 'I have, and always have had, great love for Mr. Thomas, and would be glad for him to continue with me; but I will not attend to your religion. My mind is fixed. I have often told Mr. Thomas so, and I told you so when you were living here. It is very good for you to attend to your God, and I will attend to mine.'

Good Work at Nukualofa.

Nathaniel Turner and William Cross at Nukualofa had the joy of reaping. The children were showing a great desire to learn; the people were taking an increasing interest in the gospel; one of the principal natives in a town about two miles distant had decided to give up heathenism; the chapel was crowded, many sitting outside the building. Mr. Cross said: 'Though the cause of the Lord is still opposed by many of the powerful men, we have good hope that their opposition will be overruled for the furtherance of the gospel. When the Lord speaks we know their opposition must vanish, and He appears to have opened such a door for the preaching of His Word in this place as neither men nor devils will be able to shut.'

Nathaniel Turner, writing from the same place to the Missionary Committee in London, had the same glad story to tell. He and his colleague had fifty natives meeting in class, of whose spiritual state they were most hopeful. Said he: 'Could my beloved fathers and brethren behold what my eyes witness from day to day, they would rejoice with me that Providence ever directed my steps and those of my brethren to this land.'

An Appeal and the Response.

Applications for missionaries were coming from various quarters. On one island, where no missionary had set foot, the poor natives had erected a chapel in anticipation of one coming. 'Learning to read, coming to class, being baptized, and going to heaven are now the principal subjects of conversation,' so William Cross told the members of the Committee in London. Appealing to that Committee, Nathaniel Turner said: 'Do, my dear fathers and brethren, and friends, pity and help those thousands of perishing souls. Tell their wants; publish their cries throughout England.'[1]

The appeal was not in vain. In the station sheet of the British Conference for 1830 there were two additional stations in the Friendly Islands or Tongan group, with an increase of three missionaries:

Tongataboo—Nathaniel Turner, James Watkin, William Woon.
Vavau—William Cross.
Haabai—John Thomas, Peter Turner.

[1] *Methodist Magazine*, 1829, p. 847.

Baptism of Tubou, King of Tonga.

The baptism of Tubou was a great event in the history of the mission, and in the history of Tonga. He was a fine-looking man, as most of the Tongans were. Neatly dressed in native cloth, and in the presence of his wife and children and a large congregation, the king stood up, and publicly renounced heathenism, testifying his faith in Christ. He urged his people to embrace the gospel. Tubou was baptized by Mr. Turner, taking the name of Josiah.

A Farewell.

Nathaniel Turner's health failed, and he was transferred to Van Dieman's Land, where he witnessed the work of grace mentioned in my last chapter. The farewell was a very affecting one. 'None but the Searcher of all hearts,' said Mr. Turner, 'can tell the sorrow of mine in quitting this field of labour.' If the hearts of the missionary and of his wife were sad, those of the natives were equally so. Mr. Turner said: 'Their tears, looks, and expressions entered my very soul.'

Haabai: Pentecostal Manifestations.

John Thomas was removed from Hihifo to Haabai, where hundreds were hungering and thirsting for the bread and water of life. Haabai consisted of several islands, and all were under the government of one principal chief or king, Taafahau, residing at Lifuka, where Mr. and Mrs. Thomas were now settled.

In connexion with the removal of John Thomas to Haabai I have to record a remarkable incident. It is taken from the life of Nathaniel Turner. The missionaries at Tonga did not care to take any action without first consulting the Missionary Committee in London. They wished the sanction of the Committee to the transference of Mr. Thomas from Hihifo to Haabai. They waited and waited, but no reply came. What could have happened? What was the cause of the long delay? One day a small box or packet was washed on shore at Tonga, and brought to Mr. Turner. It was opened, and found to contain the information they needed; the missionary could go to Haabai. The vessel that carried the letter had foundered, and all on board had perished. This small packet, giving the information for which they had been waiting, was carried by the winds and waves to the Tongan beach.

A wave of spiritual life and power now rolled over the Tongan group. Previously many of the conversions were nominal; now there was genuine conviction of sin and conversion to God. The people 'tasted of the powers of the world to come.' Something new came into their experience. Writing to the Missionary Committee in London, John Thomas said: 'From what I have seen since I have been here I am much encouraged to believe that the Lord has opened a great and an effectual door at this place. Such a blow is given to idolatry that it will never recover. The king has openly acknowledged the Lord as his God, and cast off with abhorrence his former spirits.' Idols were being cast to the moles and the bats; houses which were formerly held sacred, and set apart for heathen worship, were

being made common dwellings. Mr. Thomas affirmed that 'there were not more than three islands out of the twenty that had not turned to the Lord.' The king mentioned by Mr. Thomas was the famous Taafahau, who became the great and good King George. At his baptism he took the name of George, and ultimately became king of the whole Tongan group. He proved to be one of the ablest and most enlightened native rulers that the world has seen, governing his people with wisdom and mercy, and on constitutional lines. He served God for many years, faithful to the gospel and a father to his people.

John Thomas was able to report the presence of one thousand natives at the opening of a chapel; nine classes were soon formed, and about five hundred persons were meeting in class. 'The people,' said Mr. Thomas, 'are tired of serving them that are no gods; they have heard of Him who is mighty to save, and they fly like doves to their windows. They hear of the bleeding, dying love of Jesus, and their hearts are broken and healed thereby.'[1]

A Sore Bereavement.

Amid the joy of the mission there was sorrow. The devoted missionary William Cross, with his wife and a native crew, were wrecked in a large canoe. In a storm they were driven on to a reef. Mr. Cross says: 'In a few minutes we were washed from the canoe into the sea. I had my arms around Mrs. Cross, nor did I let her go. Several times we rose

[1] *Methodist Magazine*, 1832, p. 144.

to the surface, and were as often overwhelmed by the surf. I continued to hold Mrs. Cross with my right arm, while my left was clutching at broken parts of the canoe. No word of complaint or of fear escaped my wife's lips, but she several times said, "Lord, save us." I said, "Look to the Lord; we are both going to heaven together." A few more seconds and she spoke no more. I still clasped her with my right arm, and expected in a few minutes more to be with her in heaven. I still held the body of my dear wife, which one of the natives fastened to a board.' A few natives who survived succeeded in getting some boards of the canoe together, and made a raft, on which the missionary and the surviving natives reached an island. Unfortunately the body of Mrs. Cross was washed from the board, but was afterwards found and buried.[1]

Destruction of Idols and Temples.

The work of salvation went on. Idols and temples were being destroyed. Finau, the chief of Vavau, gave orders to set fire to the idol temples, which were promptly obeyed. Eighteen were burned to the ground, and the gods in them.

In a communication to the Missionary Committee in London Mr. Thomas said: 'Such a thirst after God and His Word I never heard of. . . . Oh, we want help! Send us more missionaries! Oh, send them now! Friends of the heathen, see! see! They fly as doves to their windows. . . .

[1] *Methodist Magazine*, 1832, p. 56.

Satan's cause trembles and falls. It is crumbled into dust. Oh, come! Come to the help of the Lord!'[1]

Nathaniel Turner having left Tonga, John Thomas became the Chairman of the District. He removed from Lifuka (his station at Haabai) to Nukualofa, Tongataboo. James Watkin took his place at Lifuka. At Haabai in six months the converts had increased from five hundred to nearly one thousand five hundred.

Peter Turner: Signs and Wonders at Vavau.

From Vavau, in December, 1832, Peter Turner reported that six hundred converts had been made in two months. There were more than two thousand persons meeting in class; twenty-two leaders, seven exhorters, and one thousand five hundred children in the schools.[2]

Six months later he had the joy of reporting to the Missionary Committee 'the most glorious revival of any that he had heard or seen.' At a prayer-meeting and lovefeast many of the leaders were deeply affected, and some filled with the love of God. While a local preacher was conducting service at a village named Utui 'many felt the spirit of conviction, and cried aloud for the disquietude of their souls.' 'They continued in prayer most of the night, and many found mercy.' At another village, 'containing five hundred persons, all, from the least to the greatest, were seeking salvation. Soon the awakening reached every place

[1] *Methodist Magazine*, 1832, p. 579.
[2] Ibid., 1834, p. 615.

in Vavau, and spread to the smaller islands which formed the group. One thousand souls were converted to God, not merely from dumb idols, but from sin to righteousness. Frequently their first words were, "Praise the Lord! I never knew Jesus till now. Now I do know Him. He has taken away all my sins. I love Jesus Kalaise." Some were so filled with joy through believing that they could not contain themselves.' 'We have ascertained,' Peter Turner said, 'that the total number in society (for his station only) is three thousand and sixty-six; class-leaders, one hundred and three; local preachers, forty.'[1]

'More and More it Spreads and Grows.'

The tidal wave of conviction and conversion reached Haabai group. It manifested itself at a prayer-meeting. The worshippers adjourned to the chapel. From four to five hundred natives were present. 'The windows of heaven were opened, and the Spirit was poured out from on high. Men, women, and children were weeping on every side, and praying for mercy in an agony of soul.' Said the missionary: 'I never saw anything equal to it. Many remained on their knees throughout the meeting, and it was with difficulty that we persuaded them to separate when it became dark, though we promised to assemble at daylight in the morning. As soon as it was daylight the people repaired to the house of prayer. Hundreds were obliged to remain in the chapel yard. The Lord

[1] *Methodist Magazine*, 1835, p. 793.

made the place of His feet glorious. One thousand and more individuals bowed before the Lord, weeping at the feet of Jesus, and praying in an agony of soul.'[1] The missionary (Charles Tucker) saw hundreds of precious souls made happy in the Saviour's love. The tide of conviction and of conversion went right through the Haabai group; before a week had rolled round every island had been spiritually inundated. The movement was like the river of life that Ezekiel saw. After the lapse of more than seventy years we to-day say, 'It was the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes.'

The tide rolled on to Tongataboo, the group where John Thomas was now stationed. The chief Tubou (Josiah) set apart a day for prayer. At some of the meetings nothing could be heard but weeping and praying. Writing to the Committee in London, Mr. Thomas said: 'Last Sunday week we held a lovefeast. Such a scene I never saw. The Lord did indeed rend the heavens and come down, and the mountains flowed at His presence. Scores, if not hundreds, were bathed in tears of joy; their hearts were filled with love to God and man.'[2]

Powers of Darkness Marshal their Forces: The Ingrate Ata.

As in the apostolic age, so at Tongataboo, when souls were being converted the powers that make for evil marshalled their forces, and made their presence felt. Heathen chiefs, where they had influence at

[1] *Methodist Magazine*, 1835, p. 794.
[2] Ibid., p. 796.

Tongataboo, ordered all native converts to leave their territory; some advocated beating and killing them; chapels were burned down, and the houses of native Christians were plundered. The heathen chief Ata, to whom frequent reference has been made, was one of the persecutors. Some of his sons had embraced the gospel, but the heart of the father was still hardened.

Civil War.

This chief Ata and a few other heathen chiefs made a lot of trouble, which for a time led to a suspension of the mission at Tongataboo. The heathen party hated the Christians, and took up arms against them. Four native Christians were killed. Tubou (Josiah), king of Tonga, sent for the good King George of Haabai to help him. He came just in time to thwart the designs of the heathen. The two Christian kings (Josiah and George) sent messengers to Ata to know if it would be agreeable to him for them to visit him, and to make up the breach between the heathens and the Christians. He evaded giving a direct answer. A plot was formed by the heathens to murder King George, of which he was informed by a deserter from the heathen party, who had entrenched themselves in a fortress. The outcome was that King George deposed Ata. He then decided to capture the fortress, and in order to save the lives of those within resolved to starve them into submission. The place was surrounded for nearly a fortnight, every avenue being guarded. Finally the fortress capitulated, and the king pardoned them all.

Murder of Captain Croker: Suspension of Mission

Later on there was trouble again. The heathen persisted in their persecution. The missionaries at Nukualofa, believing that themselves and their families were in danger, fled for security to a small fort belonging to the native Christians. Meanwhile H.M.S. *The Favourite*, under Captain Croker, entered the harbour. The missionaries sought his aid. He commanded a number of men from his vessel to proceed with him on shore, carrying with them three carronades, besides their small arms and ammunition. The heathen party had assembled within a fortress, well constructed and strongly built. Captain Croker sent a message urging them to surrender, and to come to a friendly understanding with the native Christians. No satisfactory agreement could be made. Captain Croker then proceeded to attack the fortress. He was shot dead, with two of his men, and twenty others were wounded. At the basis of a great deal of this trouble was a renegade white—a runaway convict—who had been living for some years among the Tongans, and who was known as 'Jimmy the Devil.' The two missionaries at Tongataboo (Charles Tucker and Stephen Rabone) left Nukualafo in the warship, and for a short time the mission in that part of the group ceased. Ultimately peace was restored, and the Methodist missionaries again took up their residence at Tongataboo. John Thomas, who had been nearly twenty years in the Tongan or Friendly Islands group, writing to the Missionary Committee in London, said: 'The cause of the devil is laid in ruins in every part of this land. A few old and infirm heathen chiefs are doing what they can to keep the ruins together, but they drop off one after another while they are doing it.'

The death of Tubou (Josiah) in 1845 and the proclamation of King George of Haabai as king of the whole group were great events. The old king died well. Mr. Thomas says: 'He was most regular in his attendance at the means of grace, not only at the preaching on the Sundays; and he would always be early in his attendance, especially at the early prayer-meeting. . . . I may say that scores of times when there have not been five persons present, at the beginning of the service, one was sure to be the king. . . . With the name of "Jesus" on his lips he breathed his last.'

After the proclamation of King George a service was held in the Methodist chapel, the King and his Queen Charlotte being present. John Thomas preached from the text, 'He that ruleth over men must be just, ruling in the fear of God' (2 Sam. xxiii. 2).

King George was a class-leader and local preacher, the first king to hold such positions since the race began. What a wonderful transformation! When his predecessor (Tubou) was appointed king, nearly all the chiefs were heathen, and opposed to the gospel; when George was proclaimed, nearly all the chiefs were Christians, and such from conviction. A few years previously George himself, then known as Taufaahau, was a savage, and a daring and sanguinary warrior.

In relation to the Methodist Mission at Tonga, it may be said that after a few years of toil and travail,

and difficulty and danger, a 'nation was born in a day.'

Paloo.

The reader would like to know what became of Paloo, the chief in whose territory Walter Lawry lived when he went to the Friendly Islands to establish the mission. He was one of the persecutors of the native Christians, and several months after the civil war to which I have referred was taken ill. Various means were used by the heathen party to restore him to health, even to the taking of human life; but all were in vain. Information of his illness was conveyed to John Thomas. He went to see him, and found him very ill, but quite sensible. For some three days he had been anxious to see the missionary. He died asserting his belief in the Christian faith.

Sketches of the Pioneer Missionaries: Walter Lawry.

Walter Lawry was born near Bodmin, Cornwall, August 3, 1793. In early life he was converted to God, and soon afterwards began to preach. He was accepted as a candidate for the Methodist ministry in 1817, and was appointed to New South Wales to assist Samuel Leigh. In 1822 he went to the Friendly Islands to establish what is known as the Tongan Mission. In 1825 he returned to England, and spent some years in the home work. In 1843 he came out to the Australian colonies again, being appointed General Superintendent of the Missions in New Zealand, and having oversight of the work at Tonga and Fiji. He held this office for eleven

years. In 1854, his health failing, he became a supernumerary, and settled in New South Wales. Walter Lawry passed away at Paramatta, New South Wales, on March 30, 1859, aged sixty-six years, and in the forty-second year of his ministry. John Watsford, of whom I shall have to speak, knew him well. Mr. Watsford says: 'When I was in the Surrey Hills Circuit, and Mr. Lawry was living near me, I often saw him. When he had the first attack of paralysis, the effect of which clung to him to the end, I called at once to see him. I said to him, "Mr. Lawry, is it all right with your soul now?" Looking at me in his peculiar way, he replied, "Would you not think me a fool if I had not made that right?" Some weeks after, when much better, though very feeble, he insisted on going to church. When I had preached on the conversion of Saul of Tarsus he came from his pew near the door. Staggering up the aisle of the church, and standing inside the communion rail, he said, "God has raised me up from the gates of death to warn you once more." Then, while a wonderful influence rested on the people, he prayed them to be reconciled to God.'

Nathaniel Turner.

This pioneer missionary, whom we have so often met in these pages, took charge of the Tongan Mission after the departure of Walter Lawry. He was born in Wednesbury, Cheshire, in 1793. At nine years of age he was left an orphan, and in his eighteenth year consecrated his life to the service of God. After serving for some time as a local preacher, in 1819 he became a candidate for the Methodist

ministry. He was chosen for missionary work in the southern world, and in 1822, with his wife, sailed for New Zealand. In this colony (as we have noted), as well as in Tonga, he did heroic service. At Hobart Town, Van Dieman's Land, his ministry was crowned with spiritual success. He subsequently laboured in New South Wales, and finally settled down as a supernumerary at Brisbane, Queensland. He 'was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith: and much people was added unto the Lord' (Acts xi. 24). He died well. Amongst his last words were these: 'Raise me up! I am going home! All is well! Praise my God! All is well!' He passed away on December 5, 1864, after many years spent in the service of God.[1]

John Watsford knew Nathaniel Turner, and in his *Gospel Triumphs* has left on record a beautiful testimony to his character and work: 'He was an eminent Christian and a thoroughly devoted minister of Christ. He had a powerful voice. It was said that when he preached in the open air he could be heard a mile away, but I think that was an exaggeration. Mr. Turner was always seeking to save souls, and in most of his services sinners were converted. I have known him compelled to stop in his sermons and come down from the pulpit to comfort penitents in great distress.'

John Thomas.

This missionary was a father to the Tongans. The Methodist Missionary Society never had an agent

[1] The noble wife of this missionary lived to see her ninety-sixth year. She passed away at Kew, Victoria, on October 10, 1893.

who did more useful or heroic service; few have laboured continuously in one trying station longer than he. He was born at Worcester in the year 1796. In early life John Thomas was converted to God, and began to preach. He was accepted for the Methodist ministry by the British Conference in 1824, and was sent to Tonga, where he spent many years. In 1860 he returned to England with his health impaired. He retired as a supernumerary at Stourbridge, doing duty as his strength would permit. Ultimately he was quite incapacitated by increasing infirmities. The ruling passion of his life, missionary work, was strong in death. Often he said to his visitors, 'Pray for the heathen in the mission field.' Just before he died he said, 'Let me go! Come, Lord Jesus!' When John Thomas died he was in the eighty-fifth year of his age, and had served the church for fifty-seven years.

CHAPTER V.

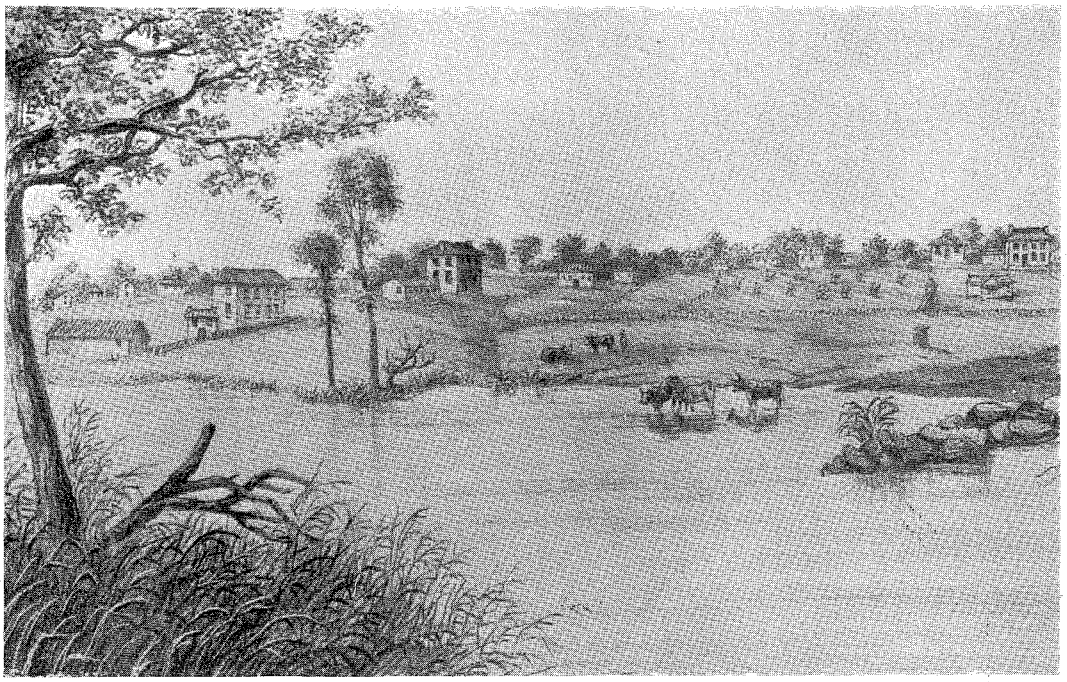
The Founding of the Methodist Church in Samoa

A DISAPPOINTED AND DISCOURAGED MISSIONARY

Though it was of very short duration, I must say a few words in relation to the Samoan Mission. It opened full of promise, like the rising of the sun on a beautiful spring morning ; by the mistaken action, I think, of the British Conference it ended in gloom. As we shall see, in that mission there were glorious possibilities which were not realized.

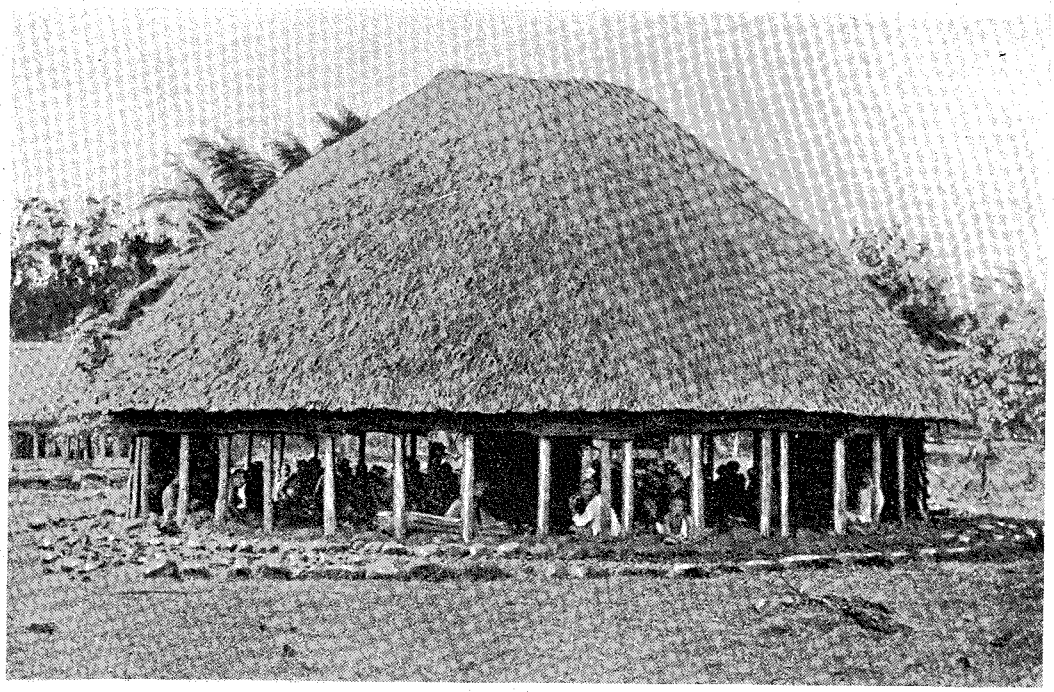
The Samoa or Navigator's Islands lie in the Western Pacific, about three hundred and fifty miles north of Tonga. The group consists of about nine islands. Samoa became specially noted as the place of residence of R. L. Stevenson, the famous novelist and essayist. In the interests of his health he settled in Samoa in 1889, and died there in 1894, being buried, at his own request, on the top of a high mountain near his home.

Samoa, like Fiji, received its Methodist missionaries from Tonga. The pioneer missionary was Peter Turner, who had seen marvellous manifestations of saving grace and power in Tonga. In 1835 he left Vavau, in the Friendly Islands or Tongan



MELBOURNE, 1838.

[*face p.* 155.



CHIEF'S HOUSE, SAMOA.

[*face p.* 150.

group, for Samoa. This was a sufficiently trying experience. The transfigured lives of the Tongans —the power that had taken possession of them— had deepened and enriched their emotions. They were unwilling to part with their beloved missionary, and Peter Turner's farewell on the seashore at Lifuka was as intense and sorrowful as Paul's on the seashore at Miletus. The historian of the Acts of the Apostles says, 'And they all wept sore, and fell on Paul's neck, and kissed him.' Writing to the Missionary Committee in London, Peter Turner said that it was with difficulty he could get away to the vessel. The natives 'clung around' Mr. Turner and his party, and 'all faces were bathed in tears.' Many 'plunged in the water, swam to the vessel's side, and clung to us as long as they could.' Mr. Turner said: 'The people were not capable of such affection two years ago.'

The missionary party got on board, and the vessel set sail. She encountered very rough weather, and Peter Turner and family expected to finish their course in the mighty deep. They made for Niuatobutabu (or Kebbel's Island). Three native teachers had been located on this island, and there had been a glorious outpouring of the Holy Spirit such as had been experienced at Tonga.

When Peter Turner arrived the work was in progress. Said he: 'Sinners are saved daily; not by individuals only, but by scores.' Speaking of one special service, he said: 'The whole congregation was affected, and my voice was lost among the prayers of immortal souls for the blessing of pardon.'

At one of the services the King (Gogo) was present, and came under divine influences. He at once brought forth fruits meet for repentance, putting away his many wives, and being united in Christian marriage to one of them. Standing up in the congregation, the king made his confession: 'I have been a very wicked and bad man; I think, the worst of men. Praise the Lord He has had mercy on my soul. I obtained this great love on Friday last.' Shortly after this King Gogo lost his life in an attempt to carry the gospel to another island.

Peter Turner and his party spent some time at Kebbel's Island, acquiring a knowledge of the Samoan language. He also translated the Conference Catechism and the first eight chapters of the Book of Genesis into the Samoan tongue.

Before the period to which I am now referring—before the arrival of Mr. Turner—Methodism had been introduced into Samoa by a native. Martin Dyson, in his *Story of Samoan Methodism*, says that a native from Samoa visited Tonga in 1828. 'During his stay at Tonga he abandoned heathenism, and publicly professed Christianity, calling himself the *Lotu Tonga*—a Methodist.' Returning to Samoa, he took with him the gospel as preached by the Methodist missionaries, which several of the Samoans received. One of the Samoan chiefs went to Tonga, and visited the king Tubou (Josiah, of Nukualofa), through whom the chief asked that a Methodist missionary might be stationed in his district.

Peter Turner and his party reached Samoa in 1835, and received a very cordial welcome. He and his wife settled in Satupaïtea. Here they were joined by Matthew Wilson. The work spread

amazingly. In less than two years the converts rose from two thousand to thirteen thousand.

Mr. Turner had prepared his plans, stationed his Tongan teachers, and there was before him an open door. Unfortunately disputes arose as to what Missionary Society should take charge of the Tongan group. The London Missionary Society claimed the right to do so, and the Methodist Missionary Society in London decided to withdraw from the field. Instructions to this effect were sent to Peter Turner and to his party. Mr. Turner was astounded. Said he: 'The sad agreement nearly broke my heart.' Writing to the Missionary Committee in London, he said: 'If writing this in my blood would be the means of your retaining this mission, how gladly would I do it; or if by prostrating myself on my bended knees before you would avail, how would I rejoice to do it!'

At his back—in support of his position—there were thirteen thousand converts and the Tongan Mission. The Missionary Committee wrote to say that they must adhere to the agreement made, and that Mr. Turner and his party must leave Samoa.

There was no hope; the mission had to be abandoned; and Peter Turner was almost crushed. Said he: 'Is it any wonder that I grew prematurely grey, and got a head as white as flax at the age of forty?' The retirement from Samoa, though honourable to the Methodist Missionary Society, was apparently a mistake. Had the native converts been a party to the agreement, then it might have been defensible; but they were in direct antagonism to it. Strife and bitterness were created amongst the natives, and numbers would

not take kindly to the London Missionary Society. Many of them relapsed into a life of sin. Peter Turner said: 'I did all in my power to get the people to go over to the other Society, but all to no effect.' So intense was the desire on the part of the natives to retain Peter Turner and Matthew Wilson that they formed a plot to kidnap them when the vessel in which they were to leave was about to sail. The Methodist Church in the Old Land abandoned the field for about eighteen years. It was resumed in 1857, after Australian Methodism had been granted the right of self-government, and the South Sea Missions were placed under the control of an Australian Conference.

Peter Turner, like his namesake Nathaniel Turner, was a noble missionary. He was born in 1802 in Manchester, and was converted in early life. In 1829 he entered the Methodist ministry, and was sent to the Friendly Islands (Tonga). Here, as we saw in our chapter on Tonga, he witnessed Pentecostal manifestations of the power and grace of God. After his compulsory retirement from Samoa he was again stationed in Tonga. In 1854 his health broke down, and he removed to New South Wales. He died in peace at Windsor, New South Wales, in 1873, aged seventy-two. He had been forty-four years in the ministry.

CHAPTER VI

THE FOUNDING OF THE METHODIST CHURCH IN VICTORIA (PORT PHILLIP DISTRICT)

A MISSIONARY WHO HAD BEEN IMPRISONED FOR CONSCIENCE' SAKE

WHEN Samuel Leigh came to lay the foundations of Methodism in Australia and in the South Seas, Victoria, as a colony, had no existence. The country now known by that name was then called the Port Phillip District. It was then an integral part of New South Wales, and under the control of its Government. In Samuel Leigh's time where the magnificent city of Melbourne now stands there was a primeval wilderness.

John Batman was one of the founders of the settlement at Port Phillip. Originally he was a resident of Paramatta, New South Wales. He passed from Paramatta to Van Dieman's Land, where he received a grant of land from the Government. Finally he removed to Port Phillip, and was one of the founders of the city of Melbourne and of the prosperous colony of Victoria. It was in 1835 that John Batman visited Port Phillip, and was enamoured of the country. Said he: 'I went on shore to look at the land, which appeared beautiful, with scarcely any timber. On my landing I found the

hills of a superior description—beyond my most sanguine expectations; the land excellent and very rich, a light black soil, covered with kangaroo grass two feet high, and as thick as it could stand. . . . I never saw anything equal to the land in my life. From what I have seen I am quite delighted with Port Phillip.' In this locality Mr. Batman decided to settle.

John Fawkner was another founder of the Port Phillip settlement and of the colony of Victoria; in 1835 he settled on land on which the city of Melbourne now stands. The primitive settlement was indeed small and feeble, consisting of two or three houses and a few mud huts and tents.

The land being of excellent quality and the rainfall good, the country around Port Phillip was soon taken up by pastoralists. From 1835 to 1851 it was under the control of the New South Wales Government. In the latter year the Port Phillip settlement had grown to such an extent that it was constituted a separate colony, called Victoria in honour of the Queen. Melbourne, the capital, was so named after Lord Melbourne, a prominent British statesman, who was Prime Minister of England in the early part of the Victorian era.

Pioneer Methodist Service.

The settlement at Port Phillip, being originally part of New South Wales, received its Methodism from that colony and from Van Dieman's Land. The first person to conduct service at Port Phillip was a Methodist local preacher named Henry Reed. In the interests of the Aborigines around the new

settlement Mr. Reed came over from Van Dieman's Land in 1835, and conducted service in the mud hut of one of the settlers.

The Wild White Man.

The service held by Mr. Reed is not only memorable as being the first service in what is now the colony of Victoria, but he had in his congregation the 'Wild White Man.' This was William Buckley, an escaped convict. I have referred to the pioneer settler John Batman. One day some of Batman's employés saw a strange-looking man among the blacks—tall, with a long beard, partly covered with a skin rug. It was observed that his skin was not so dark as that of the natives. One of the settlers went up to him, and asked, 'Who are you?' There was no response. On being asked the question again he made an attempt to reply. The man evidently had some idea that he belonged to the same race as the man who put the question, but he had forgotten his native tongue. The wild white man pointed to some marks on his arm, and the settler saw the letters 'W. B.' As the man listened to the words that fell from the lips of the few white settlers around him, the recollection of his own language partly dawned upon him, and he was able to pronounce his name, 'William Buckley.' In 1803 an attempt had been made by Colonel Collins to establish a convict settlement at Port Phillip. Amongst other convicts then located at Port Phillip was William Buckley, who had been a soldier in the British Army. He was convicted of having received stolen property, and was transported to New

South Wales for life. When the penal establishment at Port Phillip was broken up Buckley made his escape. Ultimately he fell in with a tribe of natives, amongst whom he lived for more than thirty years. He was absolutely cut off from all European associations, not being able to see the face or hear the voice of a white man; consequently he fell to the level of the savages. Buckley was of gigantic build, and when discovered was wrapped in skins, with a beard and head of hair of more than thirty years' growth. His language was forgotten, he was armed with native spears and shield, and found shelter in caves and wurlies. The British Government granted Buckley a reprieve, and he returned to his association with the whites; but the man never thoroughly regained the civilization which he had lost. He had suffered intellectual and spiritual atrophy.

This long-lost man, recently discovered, was one of the congregation in the mud hut at Port Phillip to whom Henry Reed preached at the pioneer Methodist service.

Imprisoned for Conscience' Sake: Joseph Orton.

The first Methodist missionary to preach at Port Phillip was Joseph Orton. Before his appointment to New South Wales he had an eventful experience in the West Indies. In 1826 Joseph Orton had been appointed to Jamaica. His station was at St. Ann's Bay. Here he entered on his work with devotion and zeal. The work in the West Indies was growing in influence and power. In one year there was an increase of nearly one thousand

to the membership of the Methodist Church; these were mostly slaves. The Methodist missionaries were friends of the slaves, and the Methodist Missionary Society had taken up a position of antagonism to slavery; so some of the missionaries in the West Indies had to pass through experiences similar to those that befel Paul and his associates. Paul and Silas, at Philippi, liberated the soul of a slave. 'And when her masters saw that the hope of their gains was gone, they caught Paul and Silas, and drew them into the market-place unto the rulers' (Acts xvi. 19). The masters stated their case, and the magistrates sentenced Paul and Silas to stripes and imprisonment. The jailer 'thrust them into the inner prison, and made their feet fast in the stocks.' Some of the residents in the West Indies were afraid that 'the hope of their gains' would be gone, and proceeded to persecute the Methodist missionaries. Joseph Grimsdall, a young missionary whose life was full of promise, was arrested at Jamaica. He had been preaching at the Methodist chapel, St. Ann's Bay, when Drake, the head constable, informed him that he was acting contrary to law, having no licence to preach from the local authorities. This man proceeded further; he stood in the highway that led up to the chapel, and threatened the slaves that if they entered he would put them in the workhouse—a place of punishment. He also stood at the chapel door to see who came out, so that he might inform the owners of the slaves. No doubt he was inspired by the masters of the slaves to take up this attitude. Joseph Grimsdall was charged by Drake with preaching in a place that had not been licensed, and with preaching

to slaves at improper hours. He was sentenced to ten days' imprisonment. Part of the law under which this young missionary in 1827 was sentenced deserves to be disinterred, so that posterity may see what so-called 'Dissenters' less than a century ago had to suffer:

> And whereas the assembly of slaves and other persons after dark at places of meeting belonging to dissenters from the established religion, and other persons professing to be teachers of religion, has been found extremely dangerous, and great facilities are thereby given to the promotion of plots and of conspiracies . . . be it enacted that from and after the commencement of this Act all such meetings between sunset and sunrise shall be held and deemed unlawful. . . . Penalty not less than £20 or exceeding £50.[1]

At this important and interesting stage Joseph Orton came upon the scene. His 'companion in tribulation,' young Grimsdall, had been committed to jail for ten days, thrust into an unhealthy prison, where he had to endure a death-dealing stench. Some time after he had been liberated he was again arrested on another charge, but was taken seriously ill. This was probably the effects of his former imprisonment in a foul and unhealthy atmosphere. Joseph Orton went to visit him, and very soon had to communicate to the Methodist Missionary Society in London the death of the young missionary. Mr. Grimsdall died shortly before he had to appear the second time before the court to answer the second charge that had been brought against him.

Joseph Orton's turn now came to suffer persecution for the cause of Christ. Isaac Whitehouse, another young missionary, had taken the place of

[1] *Methodist Magazine*, 1827, p. 704.

Joseph Grimsdall at St. Ann's Bay. He also was arrested and imprisoned, and Joseph Orton came from an adjoining station to sympathize with and to comfort him. While at St. Ann's Bay (one of his old stations) Mr. Orton preached. During the service Drake, the head constable, looked through the chapel window, and saw him preaching. He immediately went for a magistrate, obtained an order for his arrest, and came at five o'clock the next morning to take him in charge. At noon Joseph Orton was taken before two magistrates (S. W. Rose and R. H. Heming), who demanded by what authority he had presumed to preach in the Wesleyan chapel. Mr. Orton's reply was, 'The authority of an ordained minister of the gospel' who 'had licence to preach in a neighbouring parish.' This reply was not deemed sufficient, so Joseph Orton was sent to keep Isaac Whitehouse company in prison. After he had entered the prison the jailer said to him, 'Sir, I am ordered not to allow any persons to come and see you except your wife and servant, and that you are not to hold prayers,' a right that was not denied to Paul and Silas. After two nights in prison, in his communication to the Methodist Missionary Society in London, Mr. Orton said: 'I arose this morning much indisposed, having had but little sleep the last two nights, which I attribute to my miserable lodgings, and more particularly to the almost incessant cracking of the whip and the clamour of the numerous inmates. It appears that the disgusting crack of the whip is here the signal for almost every operation. The last two days we have had much rain, which has increased the unpleasantness of our situation by the noxious vapour

arising from the drenched filth with which this place is surrounded, and which, under the rays of a scorching sun, exhale effluvia which are almost suffocating.'[1]

The two imprisoned missionaries were taken ill. Their brethren in the West Indies took up the case; and through the action of the Chief Justice at Kingston they were released.

From Jamaica to Australia.

Joseph Orton left Jamaica about the year 1830. After spending a short time in England he was appointed to take charge of the Methodist Missions in Australia and Van Dieman's Land. The position was a difficult one. The New South Wales Mission was very much disorganized, and a strong man was needed to effect necessary reforms. Speaking to Mr. Orton before he left the Old Land, Richard Watson (one of the missionary secretaries) reminded him of the difficulties and responsibilities which he would have to face. Upon his arrival he found the position to be just as Richard Watson had represented it. 'The cause was low, with but little prospect of success, excepting in Van Dieman's Land; and even in that place the society in Hobart Town was in a disturbed state.'

Joseph Orton and Port Phillip.

Mr. Orton has the honour not only of wisely governing the Methodist Missions in Australia and in the South Seas, but he was also the first Methodist

[1] *Methodist Magazine*, 1848, p. 849.

missionary to preach at Port Phillip. Under the direction of the Missionary Committee in London he visited Port Phillip in the interests of the blacks. The white population at the settlement at this time was about fifty.

On Sunday morning, April 24, 1836, Joseph Orton preached at the station of John Batman. Service was held in the open air under some she-oak trees. In the afternoon the larger part of the congregation consisted of natives. The late Rev. James Bickford, referring to this historic event, said: 'The dramatic feature of the scene was the entrance of ten Sydney blacks,' through whose means Mr. Batman had first held friendly conference with the natives around Port Phillip. 'These smart, intelligent fellows were dressed in red shirts and white trousers, with black kerchiefs round their necks. But the chief of the party was decorated with a full military suit, presented to him by Governor Arthur. The costume was in excellent condition, and the cocked hat and feathers formed the crowning ornament to a dress which he wore with ease and grace.'[1]

Joseph Orton, no doubt, was a model of decorum, but he must have found it a difficult matter to keep a solemn face on this occasion. Evidently he was equal to the occasion. Writing in his journal in reference to the Aborigines present he said: 'I have not been more interested by any sight than the one presented this afternoon. My soul truly went after their best interests; I felt as if I could have sacrificed every personal comfort for their benefit. I longed to be able to communicate my views and

[1] *Christian Work in Australia.*

my feelings to them. I could but anticipate the happy time when these poor creatures, degraded below the brute, will come to a knowledge of the truth.'

Joseph Orton felt, as all the Methodist missionaries to Australia did, an intense interest in the Aborigines and a deep concern for their welfare. When he wrote the paragraph just quoted in his journal, about seventy-seven years ago, he looked forward to the condition of the Australian blacks with hope. There are many of us to-day who feel as deeply for them as he did; we look back with sadness akin to despair. In contact with a white civilization the Aborigines have gone from bad to worse.

Practical Sympathy for the Aborigines.

Mr. Orton did not content himself with expressions of sympathy in reference to the blacks. He set to work to better their condition. Representations were made by him to the Methodist Missionary Committee in London. The consequence was that in the station sheet for the British Conference for 1839 a new station appeared:

Port Phillip—Benjamin Hurst, Francis Tuckfield.

Joseph Orton, who was now located at Van Dieman's Land, went from that colony to New South Wales to try to interest the Government in a mission to the natives around Port Phillip. What he desired was pecuniary aid and a grant of land on which to establish the mission. The Governor

of New South Wales (Sir George Gipps) received him courteously, and expressed his sympathy with the proposal. The Governor agreed to recommend to the Legislative Council 'an appropriation of money to the amount of half the cost of establishing and half the annual expenditure of the mission.' Mr. Orton said: 'His Excellency was pleased to engage to render every possible facility with respect to the selection and occupation of land.' He 'repeatedly assured me, in a manner which bespoke the deep interest he felt for the welfare of the degraded Aborigines of the country, that I might depend upon the extent of his influence to promote the Society's operations in their behalf.'[1]

Mr. Orton decided that Francis Tuckfield should proceed without delay to Port Phillip, and commence preliminary operations. He was furnished with a tent and some timber for temporary residences. A weather-board house was also in course of construction, consisting of five rooms, so planned that it would accommodate, in a case of emergency, two mission families, and seat a congregation of fifty persons.

In 1839 Benjamin Hurst joined Francis Tuckfield. A large block of land had been placed at the disposal of the mission, consisting of 64,000 acres. The site had been chosen by Joseph Orton; it was on the River Barwon, about forty miles westward of Geelong. The missionaries called it 'Bunting Dale,' in honour of Dr. Jabez Bunting.

In 1840 a change was made on the station sheet of the British Conference. Port Phillip was now called Melbourne, and a new station was

[1] *Methodist Missionary Notices*, 1839, p. 24.

added named 'Bunting Dale.' The record now read:

Melbourne (Australia Felix)—One to be sent.
Bunting Dale—Benjamin Hurst, Francis Tuckfield.

Like all other missions to the blacks of Australia, 'Bunting Dale' ended in comparative failure. The migratory habits of the blacks, the evil influence of evil whites, and the tribal prejudices of the natives all made against the success of the mission. After a few years of trial Benjamin Hurst became disheartened, and left the mission. Francis Tuckfield struggled on for some time longer, but after the experience of twelve years had to abandon the enterprise. The stock was sold, and the Government resumed possession of the land.

All was not lost labour. Some years after the mission had been abandoned Francis Tuckfield was working in his little garden at South Geelong. A black fellow came up, leaned against the fence, and called out, 'Massa Tuckfield! Massa Tuckfield! Be that you? 'Member me?' Mr. Tuckfield immediately recognized him, although many years had passed by since he had seen him on the station. He had been one of the scholars at the mission school at Bunting Dale. Mr. Tuckfield inquired of the native as to what he remembered of the many good lessons which he had been taught. The native threw back his blanket from over his chest and produced a copy of the New Testament, with a portion of the Wesleyan Catechism, which had been translated by the missionaries into the native tongue. From these the native read a few

passages. All the labour of the missionaries had not been lost.

The White Settlement at Port Phillip.

Previous to the events just recorded a Methodist Society had been formed among the few settlers at Port Phillip by some members of the church who had come from Van Dieman's Land. During the week these met for worship in the wattle-and-daub hut of Mr. Whitton, who had been appointed the leader.

When Joseph Orton visited Port Phillip the second time (this was in 1839) in the interests of the mission to the Aborigines at Bunting Dale, he was astonished at the growth of the Port Phillip settlement. Only three years had passed away since his first visit. In place of a few mud huts and about fifty settlers he now found a town occupying an area of a square mile, in which were several hundreds of houses and a population of about two thousand persons. The pioneer Methodist Society of less than a dozen members had grown into a body thirty strong. In place of the wattle-and-daub hut there was now a chapel, in which two or three local preachers officiated. Mr. Orton spent some time in organizing the church; a Sabbath school was also instituted, and arrangements were made for conducting prayer-meetings and the distribution of tracts. Provision was also made for Benjamin Hurst and Francis Tuckfield to come occasionally from Bunting Dale and preach in the fast-growing town, now known as the city of Melbourne. Joseph Orton preached twice in this place, and then went on a pastoral tour

into the interior where settlement was extending. He then sailed for Sydney.

In 1839 William Simpson, a Methodist missionary stationed in Van Dieman's Land, was commissioned by his brethren to visit the Port Phillip settlement, and to spend a month among the people. In a communication to the Missionary Committee in London describing his visit, Mr. Simpson said: 'My visit to Port Phillip has been a profitable one, both to myself and others, and I have no doubt the good effected will appear in the Day of the Lord. The rising importance of the infant colony is indicated by the fact that when we arrived no less than twelve barques, besides smaller vessels, were riding at anchor. The site of the town (Melbourne) is delightful. The town is laid out after the manner of some of the principal towns in England; namely, in streets and lanes intersecting each other at right angles. The town already contains some tolerably well-built houses and stores, and the population amounts to perhaps four thousand persons, all of whom seem to be doing well in temporal matters. The settlers in the interior are scattered over an immense tract of country, and are so widely separated from each other as to render it quite impossible for them to be visited by a missionary. His chief attention, therefore, would have to be directed to the town and its suburbs. Such are my views of the importance of Melbourne, and the necessity that it should be immediately occupied as a mission station, that, were there not insuperable obstacles in the way, I should certainly recommend the withdrawal of a man from this island (Van Dieman's Land) to be planted there rather than the place

should be neglected. A congregation has already been collected, which is fully as large as the present chapel will contain, and which is supplied by two local preachers who emigrated from Van Dieman's Land; and were the chapel twice as large as it is it would still be filled. During my stay the congregation on the Sabbath, both morning and evening, was overflowing, many persons standing outside. We have a society comprising nearly fifty members. They manifestly feel the lack of pastoral care and attention. Were that lack supplied the society in Melbourne bids fair to become as flourishing as any society in the colonies. A Sunday school is also in active operation. I know not a finer field for usefulness in any of our British settlements in this part of the world, and would urge its immediate occupancy.'[1]

The Methodist Missionary Committee in London took immediate action in the direction of appointing a missionary to Melbourne.

John Waterhouse was appointed by the British Conference to take charge of the missions in Australia and in the South Seas. No doubt Joseph Orton felt this keenly; he had done excellent work in helping to lay the foundations of the Methodist Church in Australia. He was informed by the authorities in London that he had permission to return to England. His health was failing, but the work at Port Phillip (Melbourne) was of such a pressing character and of such importance that he volunteered to delay his intended departure for England to take charge for a time of the work at Port Phillip. His offer was accepted. Mr. Orton

[1] *Methodist Missionary Notices*, 1840, p. 347.

was a skilful administrator, and under his care the Methodist cause at Melbourne made good progress. The pioneer church in Swanston Street proved to be much too small, and another, of much larger dimensions, was erected in Collins Street. Services were also established in various places; the membership increased, and new classes were being formed.

The official record says: 'Mr. Orton arrived in Melbourne on Saturday, October 3, 1840, and was affectionately welcomed by the friends to the temporary sphere of his labour. Upon his arrival he found a society of about eighty members. Since the arrival of Mr. Orton attention has been paid to the interests of the society by reorganizing and putting into more effective operation the respective departments of the Methodist economy. The first quarterly meeting of the circuit was held on January 28, 1841, under the superintendence of Mr. Orton. The meeting was one of unanimity and affection, attended with mutual prayers and confident expectation that this infant society will become a praise in the earth, and under the direction and fostering care of the Head of the Church, will prove a blessing to the rapidly increasing population of Australia Felix.'[1]

The first Methodist missionary appointed to Melbourne by the British Conference was Samuel Wilkinson; this was in 1841.

Departure and Death of Joseph Orton.

Before leaving Melbourne for England the pioneer Methodist Society presented Mr. Orton with an address and a gold watch in recognition of the

[1] Now called Victoria.

valuable service which he had rendered to Methodism in the Port Phillip District. He was then in feeble health; scarcely able to speak. On March 2, 1842, he and his wife and family went on board the vessel to sail for England. John McKenny,[1] who was now Chairman of the New South Wales District, conducted a valedictory service on board the vessel. Farewell was then said, and Joseph Orton and his family sailed away. He found the voyage very trying. The weather which was encountered off Cape Horn was more than his enfeebled frame could bear, and he sank under his sufferings, passing away on April 30, 1842. His end was calm and peaceful. Amongst his last words were these: 'All is well.' His body, like that of the father of Methodist Missions, Dr. Coke, was consigned to the deep, and his bereaved wife and seven fatherless children sailed on to the Old Land. Joseph Orton's memory will be cherished as long as Australian Methodism endures.

In the establishment and development of Methodism in Australia Mr. Orton's work comes next in importance to that done by Samuel Leigh. With the persecution he had to endure in Jamaica I have dealt. He came to Australia to face difficulties far

[1] John McKenny must have more than passing mention. He was one of Dr. Coke's missionaries. A Methodist Society had been formed at the Cape of Good Hope by some converted soldiers. See *Methodist Magazine*, 1814, p. 637. They sent a request to Dr. Coke for a missionary. John McKenny, a young Irishman, was selected by Dr. Coke for the position, and sailed away from England when the doctor started on his last voyage. After remaining a short time at the Cape, John McKenny was transferred to Ceylon, where he spent about twenty years. His health failed. Returning to England, he was appointed to Australia as Chairman of the New South Wales District. He retired from active work in 1847, and died in the same year.

greater than those with which he had to contend in the West Indies. Into the nature of these it is not necessary for me to enter. He arrived at Van Dieman's Land in 1831, where he met the veteran missionary Nathaniel Turner. Passing on to Sydney, he called a special District Meeting to put things generally in order. Nathaniel Turner was present at that meeting. In an account of it he says: 'I was greatly pleased with the spirit and wisdom with which Mr. Orton conducted the meeting, but much pained by the disclosures made in answer to the searching inquiries as to moral character and the proper exercise of discipline. The new Chairman wept like a child in deep sympathy for those concerned; and, poor man, after all his sympathy and tenderness, he was called to much suffering in consequence of the faithful discharge of his duty.'[1]

Joseph Orton kept a watchful eye over the interests of his vast parish. At Sydney we see him trying to set a high ideal before the missionaries: setting the church generally in order; moving with caution in the direction of accepting candidates for the ministry; putting the properties on a legal basis; pressing the claims of the colonial work upon the Missionary Committee in London; reviving the 'Strangers' Friend Society,' and forming a 'Wesleyan Tract Society'; conducting a lovefeast, in connexion with which there were manifestations of saving power, one of his own daughters being amongst the converts; supporting a movement to make the Sunday schools more efficient; and interesting himself in the welfare of the blacks as well as the whites.

[1] *Life of Nathaniel Turner.*

After labouring in Sydney, New South Wales, for four years, we see Mr. Orton removing to Hobart Town, Van Dieman's Land, to take charge of the new district that had been formed there, still retaining his general superintendency. While stationed at Sydney he had the pleasure of seeing the membership trebled, 'and with great reluctance left a most loving people.' It was whilst at Hobart Town that Joseph Horton paid his memorable visit to Port Phillip.

In relation to his own ministrations, he did not confine them to any large centre, but went out into the back-blocks seeking the scattered sheep. Writing to the Committee in London in 1832, he said: 'I cannot now particularize as to my journey into the interior of the country. I was absent nearly four weeks, during which period, with very few exceptions, I preached every day to parties at various stations as I journeyed, who seldom, indeed, have an opportunity of hearing the Word.' He spoke a word by the way to road parties and to chain gangs, i.e. convicts engaged in developing the country, forming roads, many of them fettered like wild beasts in chains and irons.

As superintendent of the work in Australia and in the South Seas, Mr. Orton had to look out far over the ocean. There was trouble in the Friendly Islands (Tonga) and into the nature of this he had to inquire. A new colony (of which I shall have to speak) had been founded in distant South Australia. Amongst the immigrants were some Methodists. These were in spiritual need, and sent a communication to Joseph Orton asking help. For these he had to try to make some provision. Like Paul, he could

say that in addition to various trials, troubles, and infirmities there ' came upon him the care of all the churches.'

In bringing his work in Australia and in the South Seas to a close, he said : ' In giving up my charge, the breaking up of the connexion which had so long and happily subsisted amongst us was one of the severest trials which I have been called to endure. That which affords me the greatest comfort, next to the approbation of my Divine Master, is the confidence of the Wesleyan Missionary Committee, whose agent I have had the happiness to be during a period of nearly fourteen years.'

Not the least of the useful service rendered by this faithful missionary was the founding of the Methodist Church, with the aid of some devoted laymen, in the Port Phillip District, now the wealthy and populous State of Victoria. Joseph Orton knew something of the importance of Port Phillip, and of the value of the Methodist work begun there; but he had no adequate conception of the vast superstructure that would be built upon the foundations which he had helped to lay.

Reminiscences.

In his *Glorious Gospel Triumphs* John Watsford has given some reminiscences of Joseph Orton. Amongst others, he says: ' I remember how he used to preach at people in the congregation. I have heard him say, "I want ten of you, twenty of you, to come to Christ to-night; you men and women sitting on the last form there, and that soldier in the corner." ' Mr. Orton was sitting on the bench once when

John Watsford, as a local preacher, was put on his trial for laughing in the pulpit. He was about to preach on the general judgement, and gave out the first hymn. A man in the congregation attempted to start the tune. Mr. Watsford said : ' Of all the singing I ever heard that was about the worst. There were about eight or ten tunes rolled into one. I bit my lip, and choked down the laugh that tried hard to come, and got through the first verse. But when he began to sing the second it was so outrageous that I could restrain myself no longer. I burst out laughing, and the congregation laughed with me, except one stern old Independent, who probably had never laughed in his life.' This man reported him for levity. Daniel James Draper was in the chair, and Joseph Orton sat by his side. When Mr. Draper heard John Watsford's explanation, he said, ' I think we had better go on with the next business;' and Joseph Orton added, in solemn tones, ' Don't do it again, brother.'

Mr. Orton has been described as ' a man of medium size, with dark hair and pale features, earnest and somewhat fiery in his style of preaching, with a habit of twirling his fingers in the curly locks of his hair, or of winding his watch-chain around one finger when speaking to an audience.' He was a disciplinarian, a man who loved order, and who tried to live up to the example set by the Master when He said, ' I must work the works of Him who sent Me while it is day; the night cometh when no man can work.'

CHAPTER VII

The Founding of the Methodist Church in South Australia

How the Pioneer Methodist Missionary Arrived, and the Work he did

The first known discovery of any part of South Australia was made in 1672. The discoverer was a Dutch navigator, who sailed along the south coast. The new land was called Nuyt's Land. The first Englishman to see any part of the South Australian coast was Lieutenant Grant. In the year 1800 he was on a voyage of discovery, sailing for Port Jackson, New South Wales. Lieutenant Grant, in addition to other duties, was commissioned to search for the strait that separated Van Dieman's Land from Australia. On his voyage to Port Jackson the vessel was one day visited by a large dragon-fly; this was in the month of December, 1800. To the ordinary mind the appearance of this frail insect would have been an unmeaning trifle, but not so to Lieutenant Grant. From the visit of the insect he inferred that land could not be very far distant. A sharp look-out was kept, and the gallant captain was soon rewarded; away in the distance he saw two capes and two mountains. One cape he named 'Cape Banks,' and the other 'Cape Northumberland'; to one of the mountains he

WILLIAM LONGBOTTOM.
First Wesleyan Missionary to South Australia.

[*face p.* 176

gave the name of 'Mount Schank,' and the other 'Mount Gambier.' These were south-eastern parts of the territory now known as South Australia.

The honour of making a detailed survey of the south coast of Australia belongs to Captain Matthew Flinders.

In 1836 a colony was founded in South Australia by some patriotic men in England. They were men of remarkable ability. Amongst the number were Colonel Torrens, member of Parliament and political economist; George Grote, the famous historian; Rowland Hill, of penny postage fame; Edward G. Wakefield, who had made the art of colonization a special study, and who founded a colony in New Zealand; Robert Gouger, and George Fife Angas. These men were anxious to try an experiment in colonization, and to make the movement as independent of Government control as possible. The colony was to be ruled, not directly by the Crown, but by a Board of Commissioners sitting in London. No convicts were to be sent to the colony. The land was to be sold at a fixed price per acre, and all the money accruing from sales of land was to be spent in sending out emigrants of the labouring class. By this means it was assumed that labour and capital would be properly adjusted; the colony would not lack capital, as large blocks of land would be purchased by capitalists, and capital would not be in want of labour to till the soil and to develop its resources. There was to be no church by law established, all denominations were to be on an equal footing, and when the colony had a population of fifty thousand the right of self-government was to be conceded.

The promoters of the colony were laughed at as 'theorists' and 'philosophers,' but ultimately the experiment proved to be a success. As many thoughtful and able men were profoundly interested in the scheme, the result was that amongst the pioneers were men of a superior type of character, some of them being men who feared God and worked righteousness. In this connexion special mention should be made of George Fife Angas.[1]

Amongst the early immigrants were several members of the Methodist Church. The man who came out in charge of the first settlers, to give the colony a start, was Samuel Stephens, son of the Rev. John Stephens, who was President of the British Conference in 1827. The first banker in South Australia and one of the pioneer journalists were sons of the same worthy father.

Pioneer Services.

The first Methodist service in South Australia was held in a store on Kangaroo Island, just off the mainland of South Australia. The building had been erected by the South Australian Company, and was placed at the disposal of the worshippers by Samuel Stephens. The preacher (Samuel East) had a cask, end-up, for his reading-desk, and the congregation sat around the store on casks and cases.

The first Methodist service on the mainland of South Australia was held in a tent belonging to the pioneer banker, Edward Stephens. The colony was proclaimed at Holdfast Bay on December 28, 1836. Edward Stephens arrived a few days after the

[1] See his *Life*, by Edwin Hodder.

proclamation. No houses being available at this early period, Mr. Stephens had a large tent erected on the beach at Holdfast Bay. In this tent John White, who had been a candidate for the Methodist ministry in the Old Country, preached the first Methodist sermon on the mainland of South Australia.

As soon as Colonel Light had decided where the capital should be built the immigrants left their tents and reed huts at Holdfast Bay, and removed to the site of a city that was to be.

Edward Stephens soon had a wooden house erected on North Terrace, near the present Houses of Parliament; and in the kitchen of this wooden structure the pioneer Methodists met for prayer and praise.

As there were two or three local preachers among these early settlers, they began to hold open-air services; service was also held in a small wooden hut. Amongst the pioneer immigrants was David McLaren, father of the late famous Dr. Alexander McLaren, of Manchester. On one occasion he came to preach in this hut, and brought with him His Excellency Governor Hindmarsh, the first Governor of the infant colony.

A Church Constituted.

A few months after their arrival in the new land the members of the Methodist Church took a further step. They were without an ordained preacher, but thought that they ought to form themselves into a church. An announcement was published to this effect: that all who desired to unite in church

fellowship, and who had tickets of removal from England, were requested to meet in the hut of Mr. John White, on the banks of the Torrens, on Monday evening, May 11, 1837. The auspicious evening came. Fifteen persons were present, and gave in their names as members. They unanimously decided to form themselves into a Wesleyan Methodist Society. Two classes were then constituted, and two leaders appointed. One class met in a hut, on the banks of the Torrens, under the care of John White; and the other (the women's class) met at the house of Edward Stephens, under the care of Jacob Abbott.

A Chapel Built.

Adelaide, the capital of South Australia, was now laid out, and the town lots were available. The pioneer Methodists felt the need for a more commodious place of worship; the hut being too small. They made up their minds to build a chapel that would hold about one hundred and twenty-five persons. A piece of ground was secured in Hindley Street, Adelaide; a subscription list was drawn up, and the pioneer banker (Edward Stephens) was appointed treasurer. Not far from the site of the chapel there was a good supply of limestone. The stone was raised by voluntary labour, and carried to the site for the building. Mrs. Edward Stephens laid the foundation-stone. When the walls were the required height there was a delay. The carpenter who had undertaken the contract for the roof could not get the timber. However, the pioneer Methodists were equal to the occasion; they stretched a

tarpaulin from wall to wall, and in this rough unfinished structure they sang their hymns for 'Believers Fighting' and 'Believers Rejoicing.' The first preacher to conduct service in the embryo chapel was John White.

The first printed plan was issued in 1838. No missionary had yet reached the new colony, so John White was elected superintendent. These pioneers were true to the old traditions and customs of Methodism; they worked upon old lines, and walked in the old paths. Provision was made for class-meetings, prayer-meetings, lovefeasts, and a watch-night service; a Sunday school was established; they visited the sick; and one of their number was deputed to give special attention to the blacks—the Aborigines. All this in the absence of a Methodist missionary.

Need of a Pastor.

But they sadly needed, as one of their number said a few years later, 'a pastor to lead and to guide.' They applied to Joseph Orton, the superintendent of the Australian Mission, who was now at Hobart Town, Van Dieman's Land. Writing to the Missionary Committee in London in 1838, Mr. Orton said: 'I have received repeated communications from different persons residing at Adelaide, South Australia, representing the state of an infant cause which is rapidly rising there, having sprung from a few Methodists who emigrated to that part of Australia. A society, consisting of about twenty persons, has been provisionally organized, and formed into two classes, which classes are regularly

met by persons formerly members of our society in England. They have also, during a considerable period, conducted public worship, aided by an individual who officiated as a local preacher at home. The members and friends have already erected a chapel. The growing importance of the numerous settlements of Australasia, which are rapidly increasing in number, and making rapid advances in general improvement, demand the consideration of the Committee and Conference. . . . I hope, if the Committee have not already provided a missionary, they will, at the earliest period, supply the pressing wants of the friends there.'[1]

The pioneer Methodists in Adelaide themselves applied to the Methodist Missionary Committee in London, but no missionary came. The society was now in troubled waters. John White wished to be relieved of the superintendency. What could the members of the little church do? They made their position a matter of prayer, and the answer came in a remarkable way.

How the Missionary Came.

A Methodist missionary (the Rev. William Longbottom), with his wife and child, was on his way from Van Dieman's Land to King George's Sound. Along the Australian coast terrific weather is sometimes experienced. It was so on this occasion. The vessel had not cleared Van Dieman's Land before rough weather set in. Twice she put back for shelter. On Sunday, June 17, 1838, the wind

[1] *Methodist Missionary Notices*, 1838, p. 156.

blew a perfect hurricane. On the following Thursday the water changed colour, and soundings were taken. The captain, not being able to take observations for several days, and not knowing how near the vessel had driven to land, thought she was passing over a sand-bar. It was now about nine o'clock at night. Having had no rest for several nights, Mr. Longbottom and his wife tried to get a little sleep. About half-past one in the morning the sea broke on board in all directions. The captain found himself in only seven fathoms of water. All attempts to sail were fruitless. The vessel struck. 'About one o'clock,' Mrs. Longbottom says, 'I was aroused by an unusual rolling of the vessel. Instantly I told my husband that I was sure we were in the surf. After a moment he was convinced that my fears were too well grounded, and, throwing on his rough jacket, was in the act of reaching his cap to go on deck when the vessel struck. No time was to be lost. Providentially we had lain down in our clothes. I hurried on little William's shoes and cap, and after commending ourselves to God we endeavoured to get on deck. We found the hatches down, and it was some time before we could make those on board hear. When we did get out an awful scene was before us.'

At times the party were up to their waists in water. The captain ascended the rigging, and in the darkness saw a low dark ridge. It was land. In her diary Mrs. Longbottom proceeds: 'The sailors cut away the boat, but it drifted away the moment it was lowered. The captain had swum ashore with a rope. He lost his hold, and was unable to return. At length a sailor succeeded in

reaching the shore with a rope, which he made fast, and then returned to render us assistance. We put our dear boy over the side of the vessel first; the men handed him to the captain, who carried him through the surf. It was now my turn, but I had not the courage to jump overboard when the surf receded, and Mr. Longbottom was obliged to push me off. I lost my hold of the rope, and was several minutes under water. We were mercifully preserved, and all got safely through that dreadful surf. All went behind a sand-bank, and lay down among the bushes to await the morning light. We were dreadfully cold, being in our wet clothes, and unable to make a fire.' The cold must have been intense. In addition to wet clothes it was winter time, and one of the coldest months of the Australian year.

The day after the shipwreck a party of natives came upon the scene. It was doubtless with mingled feelings that the shipwrecked people saw them approach. What was their intentions—friendly or hostile? Did their advent mean life or death? The barbarous people showed them no little kindness; they brought a fire-stick, created a fire, and pointed out their water-holes.

The day after the visit of the natives being Sunday, a little service was held, in which the shipwrecked people gave thanks to God for preservation from a watery grave.

A quantity of provisions had been obtained from the wreck. One day the captain met with a great surprise. He saw some white men coming down the coast in the direction of the wreck. They proved to be companions in misfortune. Another vessel had been wrecked about fifty miles eastward,

and the leg-weary travellers were the shipwrecked captain and crew. The meeting was providential, for this captain had with him both chart and compass. This was a great comfort, as the party now knew in what direction to travel for the new settlement on the south coast of Australia. Eventually they reached Encounter Bay, at which place there was a whaling station.

Tidings were sent from Encounter Bay to the newly formed settlement at Adelaide, telling the immigrants that two vessels had been wrecked on the south-eastern coast, and that amongst the shipwrecked party was a Methodist missionary and his wife and child. Edward Stephens soon opened up communication with the missionary and family, arranging for them to come to Adelaide, and offering them a home and every assistance in his power. He came, and by these strange means the pioneer Methodist church received its minister.

The missionary had come; but could he stay? At the time of the shipwreck William Longbottom was on his way to Western Australia, to which colony he had been appointed by the British Conference.

As soon as opportunity offered, the members of the embryo Methodist Church in Adelaide wrote an appeal to the Methodist Missionary Committee in London. It was a most respectful, concise, and convincing document, as follows: 'On Mr. Longbottom's arrival among us we were enabled to introduce those parts of the regular Wesleyan discipline which had not been previously brought into operation; and the results are already cheering and satisfactory; and we feel quite confident that,

if he be permitted to remain with us, we shall be fully competent to meet the expenses required for the maintenance of himself and family without troubling the Committee at all on the subject of funds. Since his arrival we have enjoyed much prosperity and peace. We have raised £500 for a new chapel; our society is increased and our prospects brightened; and we hope that this unanimous appeal . . . of the Methodist Society in South Australia will meet with that kind attention which we think the circumstances of our case require.'[1]

The Methodist Missionary Society in London could not refuse such an urgent and graceful plea, especially as those who made it were willing, out of their own pockets, to pay for their missionary without coming on the funds of the parent Society. In the station sheet of the British Conference for 1839 another new line appeared:

Adelaide, South Australia—William Longbottom.

The Work the Missionary Did.

His preaching was 'fervent, animated, winning.' Souls were converted; the pioneer chapel could not contain the congregation. The necessity for a new building became imperative. Towards the construction of this Edward Stephens (son of the President of the British Conference in 1827) gave £55 and a block of very valuable land in Gawler Place, one of the busiest parts of the embryo city.

[1] *Methodist Missionary Notices*, 1839, p. 128.

The second Governor of South Australia (Colonel Gawler) laid the foundation-stone. The chapel was opened early in 1839. It was a splendid testimonial to the zeal and devotion of the pioneer Methodists and their missionary. The colony was only three years old, and this was the second church which the Methodist Society had built. It cost £2,000, and would seat five hundred persons. No other colony in the southern world could show such a record.

New preaching-places were established. Soon after the chapel in Gawler Place had been opened the foundation of another chapel was laid by Mrs. Edward Stephens in North Adelaide, towards which £600 had been raised.

Failing Health.

Mr. Longbottom's constitution had been undermined by a residence of some years in India as a Methodist missionary. Shipwreck, exposure in the bush for several weeks, discomforts incidental to a new settlement, and hard work in connexion with the establishment of Methodism in South Australia enfeebled him. One Sunday evening, preaching on 'The Great White Throne,' suddenly he had to stop and sit down. Edward Stephens and Dr. Lichfield went to his assistance. The service came to an abrupt termination; the congregation was alarmed; but were comforted when Dr. Lichfield told them there was no immediate danger. It was weakness of the heart. The mental and physical strain in connexion with the mission was too much, and the climate was trying. To the great grief of the people

the pioneer missionary, who had been so mysteriously cast upon their shores, had to seek a removal. He was transferred to Van Dieman's Land.

John Egglestone.

In 1838 John Waterhouse, an esteemed minister who had spent many years in active work, was sent out by the British Conference to take the place vacated by Joseph Orton. He had been appointed superintendent of Methodist Missions in Australia and Polynesia. No doubt in his official capacity he had been on the look-out for young men of special promise to take out to the colonies with him. He had chosen John H. Bumby for New Zealand, and John Egglestone for the Australian work. The latter was appointed to Van Dieman's Land, and after a term of service there was transferred to South Australia to take the place vacated by Mr. Longbottom.

John Egglestone arrived in South Australia in 1840. The characteristic zeal of the young missionary came out in his anxious endeavour to reach his preaching appointment. It was Saturday evening when the vessel dropped anchor off what is now known as the Semaphore, South Australia. Nothing could be done till Sunday morning. Leaving his wife and child on board on Sunday morning, he was rowed to the beach. A walk of two miles through the bush (now a popular watering-place) brought him to Port Adelaide. A walk of seven miles was then before him before he could reach Adelaide and conduct a service. Weary and travel-stained he arrived at the Gawler Place Chapel.

John White was conducting the service. Soon the young missionary was by his side in the pulpit. Looking round the building for a moment to take in his new surroundings, he offered prayer, and then announced his text, 'Follow after charity' (1 Cor. xiv. 1).

John Egglestone's stay in South Australia was not long, but it was fruitful in good. Under his ministry many souls were convinced of sin and converted to God. One of the Methodist pioneers who knew him well said: 'Mr. Egglestone would often be at his house at daybreak tapping at the window or door. "Come on, brother!" he would exclaim. In a few minutes the two would be on their knees, pouring out their souls before God for the salvation of sinners and the fullness of blessing upon the church. "Great numbers were brought to God, and believers experienced a deeper measure of divine grace." The church quickly extended her borders, and rapidly increased in numbers through conversions and accessions from England.' When Mr. Egglestone left there were nearly three hundred members in society, four chapels, and about twenty-one other preaching-places.

Daniel James Draper.

About the middle of October, 1835, a vessel sailed away from Old England having on board John McKenny (of whom I have spoken), Daniel James Draper, and Frederick Lewis. John McKenny, who was going out as Chairman of the New South Wales District, had already spent many years in foreign mission work; Daniel James Draper and

Frederick Lewis were young missionaries new to the work. The latter part of the voyage was full of peril. The prospect of shipwreck attended the beginning of Mr. Draper's work, and actual shipwreck brought it to a close. In a communication to the Missionary Committee in London Mr. McKenny said: 'Our passage round was attended with great danger. We experienced a heavy gale from the east. . . . It was indeed an awful night, and brought us all carefully to examine the ground on which we hoped for heaven, having eternity in view. It was now that we felt the infinite value of the gospel, and the exceeding preciousness of Jesus, our glorious Redeemer. Such was the state of things from the violence of the ship's motion and the sickness of most of the party that we could not be together; but all were engaged in continued prayer. . . . We did not pray in vain. About one o'clock a.m. our kind captain came round to our cabins and said, in a full voice, "The wind is changed, and is blowing us off the land, and all danger is over." An unutterable sensation passed through our minds on finding that the Lord had heard our prayers and rescued us from destruction and death.'

Mr. Draper spent about ten years in New South Wales and Victoria. In every station he was successful. Part of his time was spent under a cloud of sorrow, his young wife and child being removed by death.

In the station sheet of the British Conference for 1846 the name of Jonathan Innes stands opposite the South Australian Mission, but the missionary appointed did not come; Daniel James Draper

took his place. To this 'man of God' Methodism owes much. The colony and the Methodist church were still in their infancy when he arrived; both were but ten years of age. From communications made to the Missionary Secretaries in London we see the spirit in which he entered upon his work. 'There is only one circuit,' he said, 'in the whole of South Australia, and that is one hundred and fifty miles long.' That circuit should be divided into three: Adelaide, Willunga, and North Mines Circuits. Two more missionaries were required. There had been an increase of thirty-three members on the quarter; the total number was three hundred and fifty. The congregations were exceedingly good. Classes for religious fellowship met in private houses. The people, considering their circumstances, were exceedingly liberal. He concludes his letter thus: 'If two more ministers can be appointed, we soon shall have a glorious cause in South Australia.' Later on he was able to speak of new chapels being opened, of considerable sums of money being raised, of the long circuit being divided into three, and of a further increase in the membership. Daniel James Draper made a special appeal to the Methodist missionary authorities in London based upon the relationship that many of the immigrants sustained to the Methodist Church at home. 'Numbers,' he said, 'of those who are scattered up and down this colony are from your own congregations in England. Their condition is awful. Our hands are full—improperly so; as to our health—dangerously so. We work as hard as any preachers under heaven; but still there are many places that cannot be reached. Do, I be-

seech you, use every means to supply our wants, and generations yet unborn in one of the most important of the British colonies will bless you.'

In 1848 Mr. Draper sent statistics of the Methodist Church in South Australia to the Methodist missionary authorities in London as follows: Chapels, 12; other preaching-places, 18; missionaries, 4; Sunday school teachers, 85; local preachers, 35; class-leaders, 30; members, 500; Sunday schools, 12; Sunday school scholars, 800; attendants upon public worship, 2,200. This is a very creditable record for a colony only then twelve years old.

The great event of Mr. Draper's administration was the building of the cathedral of South Australian Methodism, the large church in Pirie Street, Adelaide. It was in South Australia that the great work of this good man's life was done. William B. Boyce, who was sent out to Australia in 1845 to take charge of the work, and to make arrangements for giving to the Methodist Church in Australia the right of self-government, was accustomed to speak of Daniel James Draper as 'the second founder of Methodism in South Australia.'

In 1855 Mr. Draper left South Australia. It had not yet reached its majority, but the success and permanence of Methodism were assured. Mr. Draper saw the membership grow from three hundred and fifty to more than a thousand. The finest of any of the churches yet built in Adelaide by any denomination was erected in his time. In addition a number of chapels had been built in the suburbs and country. He was the principal factor in extending and consolidating the Methodist Church in the new settlement of South Australia.

Sketches of the Pioneer Missionaries: William Longbottom.

He was the son of a Methodist class-leader living near Bingley, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, and was born in 1799. When William was a lad his father took him to Leeds to hear Joseph Benson preach. Of Benson it has been said that 'in spite of a weak voice—a shrill voice—the effect of his preaching was overwhelming. His weeping and trembling congregations were apt to think of him as an Elijah, surrounded by invisible hosts. At the close of his sermons there would be a strain of appeal so cogent, and inspired from above, that every word was like an arrow of the Almighty.'

Joseph Benson's appeal touched the heart of William Longbottom, and he earnestly sought salvation. In 1824 he was placed on the plan as a local preacher, and the following year was recommended as a candidate for foreign mission work. In 1831 he was appointed to India. After serving a few years in that country his health failed. He was then appointed to Swan River, Western Australia.

William Longbottom and his family set sail from India, via Mauritius; from thence they sailed to Van Dieman's Land. Here they had to wait five months for an opportunity to sail to Western Australia. On the passage, as we have seen, they were wrecked on the coast of South Australia.

After spending a useful term of service in South Australia Mr. Longbottom was transferred to Van Dieman's Land. He spent four years on that station, and then returned to Adelaide, South Australia; but his constitution was broken down. On

July 29, 1849, he finished his course with joy. To his wife he often said: 'The great Atonement was made for me. I have an interest in the great sacrifice and in the living Mediator. I have no fear of death; all will be right at last. . . . The great truths of the gospel are registered in heaven; my confidence in them is unwavering. I believe that I have preached the truth as it is in Jesus; but should I be spared to preach again, I would be more simple.'

John Egglestone.

He was born at Newark in January, 1813, and at an early period decided to lead a Christian life, and soon after began to preach. He laboured for four years in England, and then sailed with the Rev. John Waterhouse and other missionaries for Van Dieman's Land. His work in South Australia has come under review. After leaving that colony Mr. Egglestone returned to Van Dieman's Land, where he spent about seven years of successful labour. For about twenty-four years he laboured in New South Wales and Victoria. In 1877 he retired from the full work of the ministry, and settled in Sydney. He died suddenly on January 23, 1879, as he was preparing to attend the sittings of the Conference. John Egglestone had been in the ministry forty-five years, and was sixty-six years of age.

Daniel James Draper.

He was born in the year 1810 in the village of Wickham, Hampshire. In the adjoining village

(Fareham) there was a Methodist chapel that had a peculiar fascination for young Draper. He often stood at the door and listened to the service. This gave offence to some of the worshippers; these simple-minded villagers wanted to know why he did not come into the service or remain away from the door. On one occasion he got a sharp rebuke. 'I will go no more,' said he; but was unable to keep his resolution. There was a peculiar magnetism about that little Methodist chapel in the village of Fareham. He was found at the door again, and over the threshold. The Word reached his heart. Daniel was convinced of sin and converted to God. Before he had reached the age of twenty he was appointed a duly authorized local preacher. In 1834 he was nominated as a candidate for the ministry, and was sent to the Chatteris Circuit, Cambridgeshire. Men were wanted for the foreign mission field. The eyes of some of the members of the Methodist Conference were directed to Daniel James Draper. When asked if he would offer for foreign mission work, after a brief consideration he said 'Yes.' In 1835 he was appointed to the Australian Mission. Of the character of his work I have already spoken.

In 1865, after about thirty years of successful labour, Mr. Draper, with his wife, left Australia for the Old Land. He had been appointed representative to the British Conference, to be held at Birmingham. The fathers and brethren gave him the right hand of fellowship, and he won the esteem of all. Mr. Draper preached at Great Queen Street Chapel, at St. James's Hall, and in the village of Fareham. Here he had the graves of his parents

renovated, little thinking how soon he would follow them to the eternal world.

He was anxious to get back to his loved work in Australia. He engaged a berth for himself and his wife in the SS. *London*. She left Plymouth on January 6, 1866. There were more than two hundred persons on board. The vessel was overtaken in the Bay of Biscay by a storm, and rolled heavily in the sea. A tremendous body of water stove in four windows of the upper or poop cabin. The passengers and crew worked nobly at the pumps, but the ship was now half-full of water. Captain Martin went down into the saloon. 'Ladies,' said he, 'there is no hope for us, I am afraid; nothing short of a miracle can save us!' Mr. Draper said, very calmly, 'Let us pray.' The vessel was settling down.

He was constant in his ministrations. 'Pray for me! Pray for me, Mr. Draper,' was the cry. What prayers went up to heaven from that doomed vessel!—Mr. Draper pleading for the salvation of souls, and passengers seeking mercy. 'Prepare to meet thy God!' was the cry of the Methodist preacher. 'My friends,' said he, 'our captain tells us there is no hope; but the great Captain above tells us there is hope, and that we all may get safe to heaven.'

Prayer was heard and answered. Before the vessel went down there was wonderful calmness on board—a spirit of patient resignation. Husbands, wives, and children clung to each other, going in company—not down into the deep, but, we believe, into the eternal joy and peace of heaven.

Ah! there were deeds of heroism on board that

sinking vessel. A husband was offered by a friend a place in the boat. 'No,' said he, 'I promised my wife and children to stay with them, and I will do so.' The men in the boat wished Captain Martin to join them. 'No,' he said, 'I will go down with the passengers.' The last words that the survivors heard Daniel James Draper say were: 'Those of you who are not converted, now is the time; not a moment to be lost, for in a few minutes we shall all be in the presence of our Judge.' He had often sung with great unction:

> Happy if, with my latest breath,
> I may but gasp His name;
> Preach Him to all, and cry in death,
> 'Behold, behold the Lamb!'

How tragically the sentiment of the verse was realized! A fine church has been erected in Adelaide to the memory of Daniel James Draper.

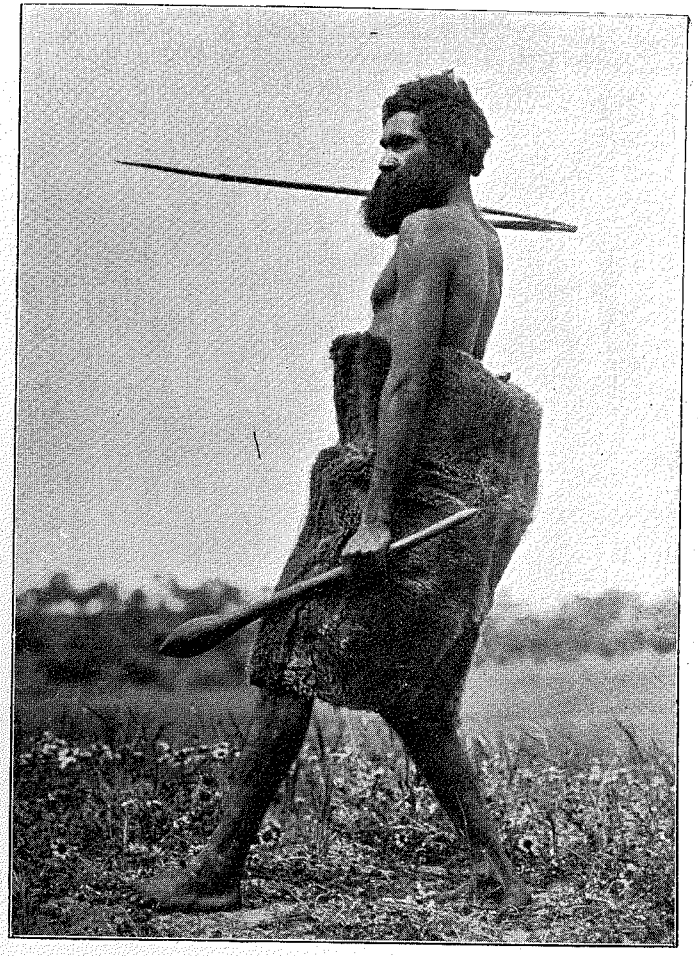
CHAPTER VIII

The Founding of the Methodist Church in Western Australia

A METHODIST MISSIONARY AMONG THE BLACKS AND WHITES

Western Australia is noted for two or three things. In the first place, it was this part of the vast Continent of Australia that was first seen by Europeans. More than three hundred years ago some Continental nations were aware of its existence. In 1616 it was visited by the Dutch navigator Dirk Hartog. About twenty-eight years later the more famous Dutch explorer Tasman sailed along its coast. These navigators termed the country New Holland. Strange that these intrepid seamen, sailing over unknown waters, and discovering lands that had been hidden since creation, did not annex them! In the providence of God they seem to have been reserved for the British race.

The first Englishman to see any part of Australia was the famous buccaneer William Dampier. In 1688 he landed on the western coast of Australia. In 1699 he was commissioned by the British Government to lead an expedition to the South Seas for a more thorough survey of New Holland. He again visited its western coast. On his return voyage the



AUSTRALIAN NATIVE WITH SHIELD AND SPEAR.

[*face p.* 193.

old marauder was wrecked off Ascension, where he and his crew lived on turtles and goats for two months, after the lapse of which they were relieved.

Western Australia is the largest of the Australian colonies. It consists of 975,920 square miles, and is about twenty times the size of England. It is the first part of the Australian Continent touched by steamers coming from the Old Land to other Australian States. The vegetation of the State is the oldest type in Australia, and of greater antiquity than that of Europe. The eminent botanist Baron von Mueller was accustomed to call Western Australia the 'Floral Land.'

The First Settlement.

From the time of Dampier's visit the country seems to have been neglected until the year 1829. In this year the fear of French aggression led Governor Darling, of New South Wales, to send an expedition to take possession of it. This consisted of an officer, a number of soldiers, and some convicts. This was not a colonization, but an occupation.

Shortly after Governor Stirling arrived in Western Australia with sixty-nine colonists. Later on another vessel came with some troops, and the colony was proclaimed.

Large tracts of country were easily secured, but the difficulty was want of labour to develop its resources. There was capital, but it lacked labour. For a long time the colony was in a state of stagnation.

In 1850 the settlers unwisely pleaded for the introduction of convicts in order to obtain the

labour that was necessary to develop the country, and to get it at as cheap a rate as possible. Their request was granted, and Western Australia, for a time, became a convict settlement. The system continued until 1868. In this year (thirty-nine years after the colony was proclaimed) there was only a population of about twenty thousand in a country about twenty times the size of England. Since then, however, it has progressed marvellously.

Spiritual Destitution and Supply.

The early settlement, in common with New South Wales and Van Dieman's Land, suffered from spiritual destitution. In 1839 a writer complained that the spiritual wants of the colony were not at all adequately met. There were only two clergymen in Western Australia: a colonial chaplain, the sphere of whose duty was confined to Perth, the capital, and a Church of England minister, who was located in one of the settlements a short distance from Perth. At Albany (King George's Sound) one of the settlers conducted service in his own house. This was the only spiritual supply that the young colony had.

Amongst the early settlers were some Methodists. It is a praiseworthy fact, noticed more than once in the course of our story, that the Methodists who emigrated from the Old Land to distant Australia did not forget the church of their fathers. There was a kind of Freemasonry among them. They felt that they must get together, and keep together—that is, form themselves into a society. Before

Samuel Leigh reached New South Wales a Methodist Society had been formed in that colony; before William Horton reached Van Dieman's Land a Methodist Society had been formed there; and the same may be said of Port Phillip (Victoria) and of South Australia.

It was so in Western Australia. Prior to the advent of a missionary a Methodist Society had been formed and a church built. Like the pioneer Methodists in South Australia spoken of in our last chapter, they sorely needed a pastor. They placed themselves in communication with the Methodist Missionary Society in London.

In 1838 in the station sheet of the British Conference another new line appeared:

Western Australia—William Longbottom.

As we saw in our last chapter, William Longbottom did not reach Western Australia. He was wrecked on the coast of South Australia; there he remained, laboured, and died.

John Smithies.

Nothing further was done until 1840, when John Smithies was sent out with his wife and family to establish a mission among the blacks in Western Australia, and to minister to the spiritual needs of the whites. For nine years Mr. Smithies had been a devoted and faithful missionary in Newfoundland. On account of family affliction he had to return to the Old Land. After spending two years in England he set sail, with his wife and family, for one of the

most lonesome and isolated stations under the care of the Missionary Committee.

Arrival at Western Australia.

John Smithies left England in January, 1840, and reached his destination in June of the same year. The voyage took more than five months to accomplish; now it can be negotiated in less than a month. He and his family landed at Freemantle, at the mouth of the Swan River, about fourteen miles from Perth. They were taken up the Swan River to Perth by Mr. Armstrong, the native interpreter, who was familiar with the native tongue, and who had been associated with the blacks for about ten years. On that trip John Smithies' sympathies for the blacks were awakened. Writing to the Missionary Committee in London, he said: 'The boat was rowed up by two native lads, about sixteen years of age, who were greased and *wilged* all over the head and face, and but very partially covered with the last remains of a kangaroo skin. My vision and feelings were arrested, my sympathies excited, and my fears only allayed by the remembrance that "of one blood" hath God made them and us, and that for these my Saviour died.'[1]

Mission to Whites and Blacks.

Mr. Smithies' first ministrations were to his own countrymen; he then turned his attention to the

[1] *Missionary Notices*, 1841, p. 566.

blacks. Describing these he said: 'The appearance of the natives of Western Australia at first sight was certainly forbidding. They were besmeared with grease and *wilga* (red ochre), plentifully distributed over the head, face, and neck. A bandage was tied around the forehead, in which was stuck a bunch of emu or cockatoo feathers. Their dress consisted of a kangaroo skin, made into a cloak, worn at all seasons, serving well to keep out the wet. The women had a small bag, made of the same material, with a sling to throw over the shoulders, in which they carried their infants on their backs. They also carried a stick about six feet long called a *won-na*, or digging stick, with which they dug up roots out of the earth for food. The men usually carried spears and waddies; the latter stuck in a belt, made out of the fur of an opossum, and worn around the waist. Many were perfectly naked, and apparently unconscious of any indelicacy. They were quite migratory in their habits, roaming over the country as they pleased in search of food; fishing, digging up roots, or obtaining grubs out of the trees, or climbing trees for opossums, or setting fire to the bush and burning out the kangaroo rat, or hunting the kangaroo. By these means they obtained a precarious living. They erected small circular huts by setting up a few sticks stuck in the earth in an oblique position, on which were laid long pieces of bark. In this way their days, months, and years were passed away. Sometimes they had a corrobery or native dance.

'Death was the one thing they feared. Though saved from cannibalism, they sometimes killed each other. They believed in sorcery. At the death of

any man, woman, or child they thought that the *goor-do-mit*, or spirit of the deceased, could not rest until satisfaction was made by taking away the life of some other man, woman, or child.

'The circumstances attending a last sickness or death were very affecting. When a man, woman, or child was about to die the natives assembled around the sufferer, and began their *me-rang-win*, or crying, scratching their faces, putting their heads in their laps, betokening the greatest depression and grief. Immediately after death they made the air ring with their lamentations, and proceeded to the scene of interment.'

John Smithies says: 'While I was preaching one Sabbath morning a little child died close to our chapel. At the close of the service I found they were just proceeding to a place, about a mile distant, to inter the remains. I accompanied them, and saw the affecting scene of an aboriginal Australian farewell. On arriving at the spot they began to dig the grave, and most of them gave themselves to *me-rang-win*, or crying. When the grave had been scooped out, for it was dug with the hand, some brushwood was turned into it, and then some boughs were laid at the bottom.' The grave being ready, 'the child (about nine months old) was passed from one to another, and each of them took his or her last farewell. The body was then deposited. . . . The grave was covered up, and after a few hours' grief the natives retired.'

Mr. Smithies wrote: 'As to the capabilities of the natives of Western Australia . . . I cannot perceive any physical or mental defect. It is true

that, at first sight, judging from the outward appearance, we may be tempted to think they are not of our race; but when we look at some of their symmetrical and athletic figures, and have ascertained their powers of perception, their readiness and ability to perform whatever comes within their knowledge, their aptitude in the art of mimicry, and especially the progress which the boys and girls make at school . . . we have sufficient evidence that their mental capacities are good.

Speaking of their morals, Mr. Smithies said: 'Like all the family of Adam, they are fallen and depraved. Wretched in their habits, they are lazy; under circumstances of need dishonest, and given to uncleanness; and I regret to record that many who know better (whites), and ought to have done better, have encouraged these evils among them by practice and example. . . . As to their religious views, they appear to be universally ignorant of the true God, of their accountability, and of future rewards and punishments; and as to gods and idols, they have none at all, and, of course, worship none. They have some vague idea of immortality and transmigration, for when a person dies they believe that the *goor-do-mit*, or spirit, lives after leaving the body.'

Institutions for Blacks.

John Smithies evidently studied the Aborigines, and his description is valuable as a very early account of the natives of Western Australia. It was amongst these for a time that he had to live and labour. He very soon set to work, and wisely began

with the children. Mr. Smithies established a Sabbath and day school. This was attended, on an average, by about thirty boys and girls, who were doing well in learning letters, spelling, and counting, especially in singing. The Lord's Prayer was translated into the native tongue, and committed to memory by the children.

In a communication to the Missionary Committee in London Mr. Smithies said: 'We have every reason to be thankful that the Lord has hitherto smiled on our movements. We have only to urge the plea for about two additional labourers, as it is absolutely impossible for myself to conduct the Perth Mission, Freemantle Mission, and York Mission without aid. Oh, fathers and brethren, give us labourers, and we shall see this barren wilderness become as the garden of the Lord.'

A Novel Examination.

John Smithies worked with great devotion, especially among the native children—the offspring of the blacks. In little more than two years he was able to announce a public examination of the native children. It was held in the Methodist Chapel, Perth. The Governor of the settlement was present, the Colonial Chaplain, the Protector of the Aborigines, and most of the principal families in the town. The examination of native children was something new in the settlement, and great interest was taken in it. My information is derived from a communication made by Mr. Smithies to the Missionary Committee in London and from an old newspaper report. The function was opened by the children (both white

and black) singing Charles Wesley's grand old hymn:

> Oh for a thousand tongues to sing
> My Great Redeemer's praise.

After prayer by Mr. Smithies the children sang, 'with great precision and thrilling effect,' the hymn, 'Come, let us join our cheerful songs.' 'The voices were all fine and melodious, particularly the female voices; the time and tune were well observed.' Twelve of the native children (girls and boys) were called upon to read the fifth chapter of the Gospel according to John, which they did 'with commendable proficiency.' Mr. Smithies then examined them upon what they had read, and the answers were generally given with readiness.

After the scriptural examination the native children sang, in their own tongue, the hymn 'Come to Jesus.'

> *Jesus uk yool yice;*
> *Nginnee in ywabbamen yice;*
> *Wonno kattige yice;*
> *God uk yaung an yice.*

Translation:

> Come to Jesus, just now;
> He will save you, just now;
> I believe it, just now;
> Praise the Lord, just now.

The native children were then examined in spelling words of four syllables, and then in counting up to

one hundred. Specimens of the work done by the girls were handed round, as well as slates exhibiting the proficiency of many boys in the art of penmanship and the formation of figures. The pioneer Press said: 'We can scarcely venture to speak of these testimonials in the terms they merit; we will therefore merely notice the general amazement which was depicted on each countenance amongst those present when these specimens were placed before them.' The apparel which the native children wore was neat and comely, and made by the native girls. The wives of the settlers present pronounced the work extremely well done. They were examined from the Catechism, and gave their answers as readily as any European children could have done. The Creed, the Commandments, and the Lord's Prayer were recited with emphasis. His Excellency (Governor Hutt) came forward, and presented to each of the children a reward for their meritorious conduct; the girls receiving shawls, and the boys wearing apparel. The Press affirmed that the 'exhibition of the day was acknowledged by all to be one of the most delightful they had witnessed for many years; and the hearts of many were warmed to contribute their mite to the furtherance of this good work. . . . The improvement of the children up to this time has been so astoundingly rapid that we refrain from expressing the delight which we experienced on this occasion lest we should be charged with exaggeration.'

John Smithies, in his isolated station, must have gone home from this examination to his little mission cot with a heart full of gladness and gratitude. Writing to the Missionary Committee in London, he

said: 'In this country we have no doubt as to native intellect. Their voices and knowledge of singing are most excellent, and with many of our tunes and hymns they are well acquainted. The singing of a new tune two or three times is with them sufficient to its acquisition.'

The 'Primordial Anthropoid.'

It is with pleasure that I disinter this old report from the pages of *The Methodist Magazine*. It is a tribute to the devotion of a man who is forgotten—John Smithies—the first Methodist missionary to Western Australia; it also proves the falsity of certain reports in relation to the Australian Aborigines. They have been misrepresented, not only by some settlers in Australia, incompetent to form an opinion, but by scientists for whom there is no excuse, except, perhaps, the desire to *establish a theory*. By some students of science the Australian Aborigines have been represented as the nearest approach to Huxley's 'primordial anthropoid.' If so, then the theory which tries to explain man (body, soul, and spirit) as the product of a mere cosmic process is in a bad way. Professor Hermann Klaatsch, of the University of Heidelberg, who came to Australia in 1905 specially to study the blacks, said: 'No race which we can find shows so clear a relationship to the common ancestor—the man-like ape—as the Australian Aborigine.' This criticism reminds me of another made by a German savant who came to Australia for scientific research. He was asked to visit a school to see what the native children could do. His answer was:

'No; I have measured their heads.' His reply to every appeal was that he 'had measured their heads.' The assumed manlike ape (judging from the description given of him by John Fiske[1]) and the Australian Aborigine are as far asunder as the Poles. I speak as one born and brought up in Australia, and brought into contact with the Aborigines. Before the whites came to Australia, for ages, in all probability, the Aborigines had been living in a state of barbarism. Except the material phenomena by which they were surrounded (and some of that was dreary), there was nothing to inspire —to lift their thoughts to higher things. High moral ideals, which are so necessary in the uplifting of a people, were unknown. They did not even cultivate the soil. They were hunters. Some parts of the country abounded in game. The material instincts of their nature were met. There was everything to brutalize and to degrade; nothing to uplift. Would it be matter for surprise, then, if they had become dehumanized, and were closely allied, in a mental and spiritual sense, to the brute? But such was not the case. They were still men and women. They had their mental aptitudes and some spiritual instincts; but these had been dormant for a long period of time, and needed to be aroused. In the attainment of knowledge, along certain lines, they show remarkable facility. One Aborigine at a mission station manifested great inventive genius, for which he sought a patent; and I have heard an address from a full-blooded native that would do credit to a white. Unfortunately, as a rule, when the whites came to Australia, evil

[1] *Through Nature to God*, p. 83.

influences were brought to bear upon the natives, especially when some of the colonies in their genesis were made convict settlements. The Australian Aborigines have not had a fair chance; they have been the prey of lecherous whites, and sometimes have been barbarously treated. Joseph Orton has placed on record instances in which the blacks were most cruelly ill-used. One of the protectors in the Port Phillip District said: 'Blacks have been drawn together (by the whites) to a particular spot, and then to the amount of thirty or forty barbarously butchered in cold blood, and their mangled bodies, dead or dying, committed to the flames. Others, with a show of friendship, have been encouraged to approach a station with the promise of obtaining food; and afterwards, while sitting around their fires, awaiting in unsuspecting sincerity the preparation of their repast, their pretended benefactors have come unperceived upon them, and, without any provocation, discharged the contents of their firearms, killing men, women, and children indiscriminately; while many of those who saved their lives by flight carried the mementoes of their narrow escape imbedded in their flesh to the end of their lives.'[1]

After the lapse of seventy years one cannot but be grateful to the forgotten John Smithies, the pioneer Methodist missionary to Western Australia, for the interest he took in the blacks. There are still some thousands of blacks in Australia, but they are going to waste; they appear to be doomed to extinction. There are a few missions to the Aborigines, but nothing is being done on a large

[1] Symons' *Life of the Rev. Daniel James Draper*, p. 363.

and impressive scale. Cannot the various governments in the Australian Commonwealth, and the churches, do something of a more effective character for the natives? Could not the various churches, as a whole, have a conference, and, with the experience of a century behind them, evolve some scheme for the effective betterment of the blacks? Is there no way in which they can be protected from immoral whites? It has been estimated that there are still one hundred and fifty thousand Aborigines in Australia.

Some of Mr. Smithies' experiences were pathetic. Writing to the Missionary Committee in London, he said: 'We have buried three of the natives belonging to our institution. The third was a boy named *Bugee*, who lived with us about two years—a sharp, active, clever boy. A year ago he caught the influenza, from which he never recovered. Though his affliction seemed to benumb all his energies, yet there was a meekness, and patience, and hope in the lad that made him lovely in his last days. He was frequently, amid much pain, found on his knees, praying to God to bless him. He was not known to have told a lie, a propensity to which some are greatly addicted. We have no doubt that *Bugee*, through the grace and mediation of Christ, has become a spirit bright before the throne of God.'

In the report presented by the Secretaries of the Methodist Foreign Missionary Society at the annual meeting in London in 1845, it was stated that the work of the missionary in Western Australia, both among the whites and blacks, afforded cause for encouragement. In the native department things were hopeful. Two of the native girls in the mission

school had experienced the saving power of the gospel, and others were making satisfactory progress in religious and useful knowledge.

The report for the next year said that 'the mission continued to prosper.' The 'most recent letters from Mr. Smithies conveyed the gratifying intelligence that a gracious awakening had taken place, and that thirty or forty individuals (some of whom were whites and others natives) had been converted from the error of their ways. The admission of about eighteen native youths into the Church of Christ by the initiatory sacrament of baptism was the beginning of an important movement.' John Smithies, writing of this event, referring more especially to the natives, said: 'Oh, to behold these once wretched and debased outcasts, these sable Australians, with their shining hair and faces, clad in neat blue garments, and white tippets, made by our Christian ladies in this place, bowing down upon their knees, one after another to receive their new names, in the name of the Holy Trinity—to behold their tearful eyes, amidst the tears and prayers of the congregation, was a scene not to be forgotten.'[1]

Discouragement and Depression.

But John Smithies found much to discourage him. The station, in a Methodistical sense, was a most lonely and isolated one. He was in the largest of all the Australian colonies, removed from his brethren by hundreds of miles, and without a colleague. There came upon him in Western Australia the

[1] *Methodist Missionary Notices*, 1846, p. 88.

care of all the churches and the native mission. There is a peculiar freemasonry amongst Methodists, especially amongst Methodist preachers. Brother likes to grasp the hand of brother, to look into each other's face, and to have an interchange of thought. In addition to this Mr. Smithies informed the Missionary Committee in London, in the early stages of the work, that it was impossible for him to meet the needs of all the white settlers and those of the Aborigines. This was in 1841. It was now 1847, and no colleague had arrived. John Smithies was feeling the stress and strain of the position. In a communication to the Missionary Committee in London he said: 'The difficulties connected with both branches of our mission are such as to greatly discourage us, and lead us to sigh for either a removal or additional help in our work. We have been here nearly eight years, contending with prejudices and persecutions. There were also 'various and increasing troubles in the native work'; and 'all this without any brotherly aid or sympathy.' Said he: 'We sometimes think this is not Methodism to be thus alone. . . . Dear fathers and brethren, do not mistake, or think that we are weary of this place or mission, or wish to change without reason. We could live and die here provided we saw the hand of the Lord stretched out to save. . . . I may say, once for all, that no one missionary can possibly attend to the native and colonial work, especially when the stations are widely apart. . . . If the Committee could possibly meet our want by sending a labourer, a man of some talent, we should be revived and cheered, and helped to do what we can in the Lord's vineyard. Just think, dear fathers and brethren,

how you would feel and be disheartened if you saw not one another's faces, shook not hands, had no religious flow of soul, for eight or nine years, besides a darkened cloud around. Pardon me: I think it would be a Bochim to you as it has often been to us.'

After the lapse of nearly seventy years the appeal of the lonely missionary in the vast colony of Western Australia touches our hearts. Why Mr. Smithies was left so long without help I cannot say; but missionaries cannot be sent to distant parts of the earth nor be supported without money, and there was a great strain upon the financial resources of the Methodist Missionary Society in London.

A Welcome Visit.

John Smithies must have been much encouraged in 1849 when Dr. Augustus Short, Bishop of the young colony of South Australia, visited Western Australia, consecrating some churches and confirming the people. He took a great interest in the Aborigines, and had several interviews with Mr. Smithies. Bishop Short visited the native institution under Mr. Smithies' charge, and examined the girls and boys in reading and writing and Scripture. Mr. Smithies says: 'He was kind enough to say that he was satisfied we had proceeded on right principles and pursued right plans, that he saw efficiency in our operations, and that we lacked only one thing, viz. good and suitable land to make the mission a self-supporting system. He advised us by all means to make a move somewhere, and recommended our want to the Government.'

The Governor of Western Australia (Captain Fitzgerald) sent for Mr. Smithies, and had a conversation with him in relation to the native mission, promising to help him in every possible way.

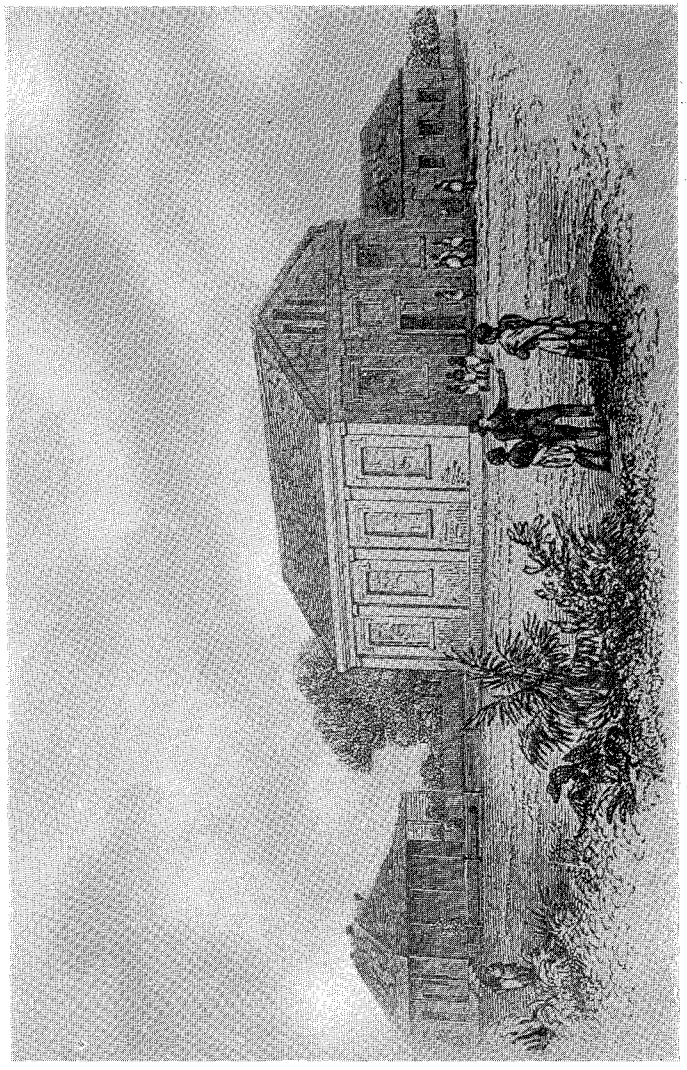
One of the native girls, who had come under the influence of the mission, married a civilian, and some time after was taken ill. John Smithies visited her. She was very anxious for prayer, begging, 'Master, good master, pray for me,' which was done again and again. She too prayed, 'Lord, forgive my sins; all my sin, for Jesus' sake.' She looked up to heaven, and said, with great emphasis, 'God loves me, God loves me; takes me to heaven.' After this she lingered a day or two, and 'fell asleep in Jesus, in sure and certain hope of a resurrection to eternal life.'[1]

Help at Last.

The British Conference of 1852 provided some help for Mr. Smithies. Two additional missionaries were appointed to Western Australia, viz. Thomas Raston, who had spent some time in Sierra Leone, and William Lowe. Mr. Lowe duly arrived, but the need of missionaries in the Port Phillip District was so great that Mr. Raston was sent to Bendigo.

The Bishop of South Australia had told Mr. Smithies that more 'had been well done in connexion with his mission than in any other of the colonies.' But the locality of the mission was not favourable. Bishop Short had kindly spoken to the Government in the interests of the mission, and the Governor had expressed his sympathy, and promised

[1] *Methodist Missionary Notices*, 1849, p. 132.



[*face p.* 217.

WESLEYAN MISSION PREMISES, PERTH, 1843.

his help. Writing to the Missionary Committee in London, John Smithies said: 'I made a visit to the York District, with the permission of the Governor, to find and to make a selection of land suitable to our purpose; and on preferring the application the Government promptly and cheerfully acceded to the same by appropriating one hundred and eight acres of good corn land for ever for the native institution, and two acres I secured in fee simple for the erection of buildings, so that the property would be perpetually secure to the Society.'[1]

John Smithies now had a busy time. He took his establishment, consisting of a team of bullocks, cart, provisions, and about ten native lads, to the York District, and began operations in clearing land and erecting buildings. For about six months he was absent from his home at Perth, making occasional visits to that place, preaching and conducting classes. When William Lowe came to his help he took charge of the work in Perth and Freemantle, and John Smithies removed with his wife and family and a number of natives to York.

Work Among Whites.

So far I have dealt mainly with John Smithies' work among the natives of Western Australia; but this pioneer missionary did not neglect the English settlers. In 1843 there was a chapel, schoolroom, and mission-house at Perth, all on one block of land. A good stone chapel was also built at Freemantle, the port of the colony, seating three hundred persons. In 1852 a chapel was in course of erection

[1] *Methodist Magazine*, 1853, p. 770.

at York. The Government gave eight acres for the site and glebe. In a letter to the Missionary Committee in London Mr. Smithies said: 'Our subscription list for so small a place (York) is well sustained; it will reach something like £200, with which, and the Government help, we shall be able to put up a neat, substantial chapel without any debt whatever. We now hold service in the court-house of this place on the Sabbath day and Wednesday evenings. It is well filled, and often crowded out. We are likewise getting up another smaller place of worship about twelve miles from York—a central place among many farmsteads in that locality. The sum of £50 has been granted by the Government this year to the Wesleyan ministry, which sum I let go into the Perth Circuit, with the understanding that the friends would engage to meet all Mr. Lowe's expenses, and thus free the parent Society from any charge. We cannot report anything specially interesting this year in this new station. We have isolated members scattered about in the bush; not a few backsliders from the Mother Country; but there is a good attendance at the means of grace.'[1]

When the British Conference gave to the Methodist Church in Australia the right of self-government in 1854 there were four circuits in Western Australia, viz. Perth, York, Freemantle, and Albany. There were two ministers labouring there, and two additional ministers were requested from England.

We must now leave the vast colony of Western Australia. John Smithies, the pioneer Methodist missionary, after about sixteen years of labour, had well and truly laid the foundations of the Methodist

[1] *Methodist Magazine*, 1853, p. 771.

Church in Western Australia. In 1855 Mr. Smithies removed to Van Dieman's Land, 'where he laboured with acceptance and success for nine years, till his health failed, and he was obliged to retire from the full work of the ministry and take the position of a supernumerary. After lingering for a few years longer, occasionally assisting the ministers as his failing health would permit, the faithful servant of God peacefully passed away to his eternal rest. He died at Westbury, towards the close of 1872, in the forty-fourth year of his ministry, leaving behind him a fine example of ministerial fidelity, perseverance, and endurance amid numerous trials and difficulties.'

CHAPTER IX

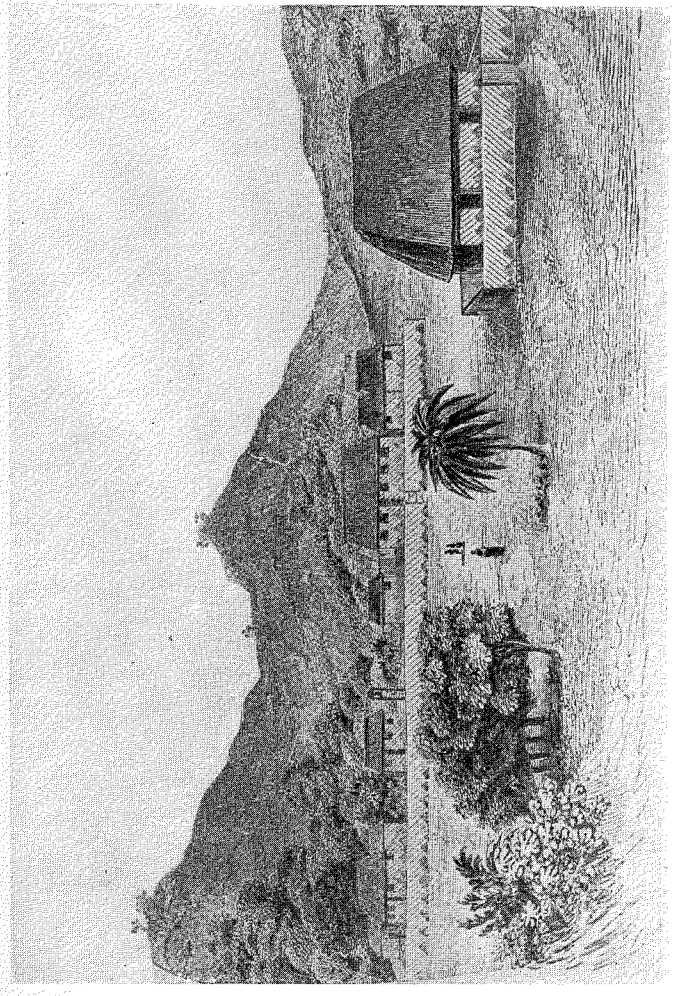
The Founding of the Methodist Church in Fiji

METHODIST MISSIONARIES AMONG CRUEL AND BLOODTHIRSTY CANNIBALS

The Fiji Islands, like most of the countries in the southern world that have come under review, were sighted by the famous Dutch navigator Tasman. This was in 1643. Very little was known of them till the nineteenth century.

Character of Fijians.

The natives of Fiji were not at all like the Tongans. Socially and morally they were a much lower type. In Fiji the woman was made a beast of burden—a slave. Not so amongst the Tongans; by them she was treated with some degree of consideration and kindness. When a leading native died in Fiji his wives were strangled. A cord was placed around the neck of each woman, a person placed his hand on her head, others seized the extremities of the cord, and pulled them tightly; a few convulsive struggles on the part of the unfortunate woman were soon followed by the stillness and stiffness of death. There was no such revolting practice among the



METHODIST MISSION PREMISES, LAKEMBA, FIJI, 1840.

The building on the extreme left of the picture was the mission-house occupied by Thomas Jaggar, one of the pioneer missionaries to Fiji. The building to the right of it, close to the bell, was the pioneer printing office. The large building in the centre of the picture was the mission-house in which David Cargill lived. The building in the foreground, on the right, was the mission chapel.

[*face p.* 220.

Tongans. Burying alive was another Fijian custom. A hole was dug of sufficient size ; the sick or aged person was then conveyed to it. He or she was placed in the hole in a sitting posture. The earth was then thrown in, and trodden down by the feet of relatives or other natives. This inhuman practice did not obtain in Tonga. Cannibalism and infanticide were also rife in Fiji. Not scores but hundreds of victims were killed and eaten. On one occasion more than two hundred bodies were consumed at a single feast. There was nothing like this in Tonga.

The chiefs in Fiji were awfully despotic and cruel. One chief used the bodies of living men as rollers upon which to transport his canoe from sea to land.

Polygamy was general, especially among the chiefs, one having no less than one hundred wives, or more correctly slaves. These were sources of wealth, tilling his land, sowing his seed, and gathering in his produce.

Religion of the Fijians.

Describing the religious ideas and rites of the Fijians, David Cargill, one of the pioneer Methodist missionaries, said : ' Although they recognize one supreme being, yet they worship him under the form of a huge serpent. They believe in the existence of many inferior deities, whose favour they try to propitiate. They believe that certain birds and fishes are possessed by the deities. The chiefs and the people approach the gods through the medium of a priesthood which is hereditary. Their religion breathes into the minds of its votaries a

spirit of fierce diabolical cruelty. They are taught to believe that murder is no crime, and that war and cannibalism are pleasing to the gods. When the posts of their temples were being erected human beings were slaughtered, and their bodies cooked and eaten. During the building of the temple the same horrible ceremony was performed.' Their very gods were sensual and devilish. They had some dim conception of a future state, but did not believe in any moral retribution; hence they had no restraint upon sin.

Forming Plans.

The Methodist missionaries in Tonga often looked in the direction of Fiji. In a letter to the Missionary Committee in London in 1832 John Thomas said: 'The Feejee group lies to the west of Tonga, and is about a day and night's sail from it. I trust our way is opening among them, and that ere long the gospel trumpet will be sounded in all the islands of the group.'[1]

King George of Tonga, who well knew the character of the Fijians, was anxious that the gospel should be sent to them, and was willing to help in that direction by sending Tongan teachers to Fiji.

In the station sheet of the British Conference for 1832 another line was printed:

Feejee Islands—Charles Tucker and David Cargill.

These missionaries did not go directly to Fiji; for a time they laboured in Tonga. Nothing definite

[1] *Methodist Magazine*, 1834, p. 223.

was done until 1835, when William Cross and David Cargill were instructed to open a mission in Fiji.

Beginning to Build.

These two devoted men, with their wives and families, landed at Lakemba, Fiji, in October, 1835. They were soon surrounded by a crowd of savages, fully armed. Fortunately the missionaries knew the Tongan tongue, with which many of the Fijians at Lakemba were familiar, especially the chief. Their first act was to interview the chief, who gave them a very favourable reception. In a few days their houses were built, and the families took possession.

On the Sabbath they opened their commission, preaching twice in the open air in the Tongan tongue to a crowd of Fijians and Tongans also, who had taken up their abode at Lakemba. The chief, Tui Nayau, also attended, and, knowing the Tongan language well, was an attentive listener. William Cross and David Cargill soon mastered the Fijian language, and were able to preach in it. They also translated the Gospel according to St. Matthew into the native tongue, and prepared a Fijian grammar and dictionary.

In 1836 they baptized their first converts, mostly Tongans. In a communication to the Missionary Committee in London David Cargill said: 'The king Tui Nayau has not yet openly embraced Christianity; nevertheless he is friendly to us. Oh, send us colleagues! Send us help! About one hundred thousand souls are perishing in Fiji from lack of knowledge.'

The missionaries, despite the apparent friendliness of the chief, had soon to face opposition. The houses of the native Christians were robbed, their crops destroyed, and their wives taken away to the chief's house as slaves.

In the old pagan world into which Christianity came persecution of the Christians was overruled for good. The Power in the universe that makes for righteousness so controlled events that even the attacks of men, inspired by the devil, answered a useful purpose. It was so in Fiji. The fidelity of the converts in Fiji impressed the heathen; some of them began to lose faith in their priests and heathen ceremonies. At the end of the first year of the mission nearly one hundred converts had been made.

The two missionaries, with their wives and families, had to suffer many privations. Everything had to be obtained by barter, and their supply of articles fit for exchange was limited. For some months they had to live on musty flour. Hurricanes did them damage. In a letter to the Missionary Committee in London, describing their circumstances, David Cargill said: 'Our privations are increased; our supply is a mere pittance. We have been obliged to sell our trunks and many articles of wearing apparel, and are still under the necessity of giving up the mission prints and calicoes which have been ordered for family use. We have only one tea-cup, and that has lost its handle.'

Their slender resources were made more so by the dishonesty of the natives. During the darkness of the night some of their property was stolen by them. Some pots and two kettles had been taken

away. The missionaries waited upon the chief, and told him that it was out of their love to him and to his people that they had come to their land, and that was the reason why they continued among them. They were anxious that the Fijians should know the true God, and be blessed in time and in eternity. They reminded the chief, Tui Nayau, of his promise to protect them and their property. In reply the chief said: 'I am ashamed of the covetousness and dishonesty of my people; they have acted very unbecomingly. But be of good mind until I search for the stolen property, and restore it to you; and if the same articles cannot be found I will cause a recompense to be made for them.' About two days later the chief's brother and some others waited upon the missionaries, bringing with them a pot and several articles of wearing apparel, and with them the ends of four fingers which had been cut off from the hands of the thieves.

There were indications that the gospel was making its influence felt. A vessel had been wrecked within forty miles of Lakemba, but all on board were permitted to live. Previous to the establishment of the mission it is probable that in such a circumstance the shipwrecked party would have been killed and eaten.

David Cargill was able to write to the authorities in most encouraging terms. Said he: 'The extent to which the cause of God has prevailed in this part of Fiji is very encouraging. Numerous difficulties have been surmounted; violent opposition has been disarmed; souls dead in trespasses and sin have been raised to spiritual life, and many of the heathen

population of this and of some of the surrounding islands have become worshippers of the only living and true God. A deep impression has been made on the minds of many of the Fijians; and although the king, and especially his brother, are frequently threatening, and sometimes cruelly persecuting them, yet they cleave to the cross of Christ.'

Rewa.

William Cross and David Cargill wished to extend their sphere of operation. In spite of a shattered constitution Mr. Cross decided to go to another part of the group, and set out for Bau. When he arrived a cannibal feast was taking place, and two human beings were in the ovens. Thakombau, the king's son, offered him a place at which to build a house, but could not guarantee his safety. Mr. Cross wisely decided not to settle at Bau, and passed on to Rewa. He and his family arrived in Rewa in 1838. In a week he had mastered the dialect, and was able to speak to the people in their own tongue.

Trouble again came to him, partly through his unhealthy habitation. He was taken ill, suffering from cholera and typhus fever. The condition of Mrs. Cross was a very distressing one; it seemed probable that she would be left a widow, with her fatherless children, in a cruel cannibal land.

William Cross applied for a removal to New South Wales, which was duly granted. His was an heroic spirit. He partly recovered, and decided to continue his work. Writing to the Missionary Committee in London, he said: 'I have just heard,

through Mr. Cargill, that my request to be removed to New South Wales has been granted; but since it has pleased the Lord to restore to me strength to labour, I have no desire to remove at present.'

The first service was conducted at Rewa in the open air, but a chief and his wife accepted the gospel, and allowed the missionary the use of their house for divine worship.

In the Methodist Missions to the South Seas the striking features that we see in the Acts of the Apostles were reproduced. As soon as the gospel began to make its influence felt the powers of evil mustered their forces. It was so in Fiji. Stones were thrown at the worshippers, one stone endangering the life of the missionary; attempts were made to burn down the house in which the native Christians were assembled.

There were now two centres of work in Fiji: Lakemba, where David Cargill was located, and Rewa, where William Cross was working.

The British Conference in 1838 sent three more agents to Fiji: Thomas J. Jaggar, John Hunt, and James Calvert.

The health of Mr. Cross was shattered. Again he wished to be removed to New South Wales. John Hunt, although he had little knowledge of the people or of their language, offered at once to go to Rewa, and take the place of Mr. Cross. He went; but William Cross was unwilling to leave him, young and inexperienced, amid such dangerous and revolting circumstances. Rather than do so he would die at his post; so he continued at Rewa, with John Hunt as his colleague.

Amid sad scenes—awful scenes—the details of which I must not give, good was being done; some impressions were being made upon the souls of the heathen; in some instances gods and priests were being forsaken. At Rewa and Viwa about one hundred and forty had accepted the gospel.

The brother of the King of Rewa was much opposed to the gospel, encouraging the heathen to throw stones at the native Christians while at their worship, and urging them to plunder their houses. Describing one night when the houses were being pillaged, John Hunt said: 'We expected to have our turn next. Mrs. Hunt and I were not comfortable, especially about midnight, when the deathlike stillness of the town was broken by the firing of a musket. We thought this was the signal for the attack, and expected nothing less than to have our house plundered. Mr. Cross slept comfortably enough. He was the old veteran who had stood the storm of many a battle; we were the raw recruits just introduced into the field. . . . Our people stood firm during these trials, and were enabled to "take joyfully the spoiling of their goods."'[1]

William Cross was anxious to secure a footing in Bau. He was appointed to that district, but could not find an entrance. The King of Bau was old Tanoa, about seventy years of age. Of him David Cargill wrote: 'He has subdued most of his enemies; killed some of the rebel chiefs, and eaten their flesh.' According to Mr. Cargill, the wicked old heathen had some good points, but he was proud, despotic,

[1] *Methodist Magazine.*

and brutal. Writing to the Committee in London, Mr. Cargill said: 'At certain orgies it is customary for every chief to provide a pig, and himself to carry it to the place of entertainment. But Tanoa is too exalted and proud to stoop to carry a pig. To gratify his brutal pride a fellow creature is butchered, and the bleeding victim is borne away by his despotic lord, and placed among the pigs.'[1]

Bad as was the old heathen father, the son, Thakombau, who was virtually king, was worse. He was really an able man, but a monster—a fiend incarnate. Some of his devilish deeds are too gruesome to be narrated. It was Thakombau and his associates who refused to allow the missionaries to settle in Bau.

In Verani, the nephew of Namosimalua, King of Viwa, Thakombau had an accomplice. The sins of this heathen were also scarlet. His body was fed with the flesh of his fellow men, and his hands stained with their blood. He was the incarnation of cruelty. I cannot go into details, as described by the missionaries, they are too revolting.

Thakombau and Verani were the chief enemies of the gospel, and Bau was pre-eminently the stronghold of heathenism. It was also the metropolis of Fiji.

Viwa.

As William Cross could not find an opening in Bau, he decided to settle in Viwa, so as to be in easy reach of Bau. The King Namosimalua welcomed the

[1] *Methodist Magazine*, 1838, p. 865.

missionary and his family, and made provision for their comfort.

Mr. Cross laboured on at Viwa, teaching, preaching, and translating as his strength would allow. Gradually a great change was taking place. Viwa became a kind of asylum for persecuted native Christians. William Cross did his work under great difficulties, often in the presence of shocking barbarities. Thakombau and Verani (the latter belonged to Viwa) formed a plot by which they brought about one hundred and forty natives from outside into Viwa. About one hundred of the number were cruelly slain, and their bodies carried to Bau, where they were cooked and eaten. While the work of carnage was going on, Mr. Cross and his family, with the native teachers, took what precautions they could for their own safety, barricading themselves in the mission-house, and seeking divine protection.

William Cross was a hero. In spite of a shattered constitution he remained at his post. We saw his work in Tonga, where he laboured for eight years. Six years were spent in Fiji, surrounded by difficulties, dangers, and horrors. He was now in a weak condition, and left Viwa for Somosomo to join Richard B. Lyth, who had been transferred from Tonga to Fiji. Fortunately, before joining the Methodist ministry Mr. Lyth had had a medical training. This was of great service to him in Fiji. He was known amongst the Fijians as ' the carpenter of illness.' Mr. Cross wished to be near him for medical attention. The strain of removal was too great, and after his arrival at Somosomo the heroic missionary died, rejoicing in the Lord.

Rewa.

We must turn our attention again to Rewa. When William Cross left and went to Viwa, John Hunt was left at Rewa. He now removed to Somosomo to assist Richard Lyth. David Cargill and Thomas J. Jaggar took his place at Rewa. The King of Rewa looked with some favour upon the gospel, but his brother (as I have already noted) was bitterly opposed to it.

David Cargill soon found that he was amongst a much more barbarous class of Fijians than those with whom he had been associated at Lakemba. Disturbed in their sleep one night, the mission party went out to see the cause. They saw a number of dead bodies being taken from a canoe. Two hundred and sixty persons had been slain in a battle, and these bodies had been sent from Bau to Rewa as a gift of food to the Rewans. It was a gruesome sight which the mission party could not forget.

What the wives of the missionaries in Fiji suffered, and their children, tongue cannot tell. One night, during a quarrel in Rewa, muskets were fired, and balls were flying in various directions. Mrs. Cargill had to barricade the beds of the children, lest they should be accidentally shot. Soon after she passed away, and was buried with her baby, only five days old. Her husband, with his motherless children, sailed for Hobart Town, Van Dieman's Land, with the intention of returning to England. This was in obedience to the request of the wife just before she passed away.

Amid all these trials, and many more, the leavening influence of the gospel was at work. A Bau

chief, who had resided at Rewa, and who had been one of the persecutors, was converted. There was a complete change in his life and character. In addition to this trophy there were several other cases of conversion.

Somosomo.

We must now look at Somosomo. The king of this place had visited William Cross and David Cargill when they were located at Lakemba, and asked that a missionary might be sent to his people. Said he: 'If you will come to us we will allow our children to be taught to read, and we will listen to your doctrine.' No reliance, however, could be placed on the promise of a savage heathen chief.

John Hunt, on leaving Rewa with his wife, joined Mr. and Mrs. Lyth at Somosomo. They did not have a very cordial welcome, and all around them were the horrors of heathenism. The king's youngest son had been drowned, and orders were given for several women to be strangled. The missionaries pleaded that their lives might be spared, but their plea was unavailing. Sixteen women were strangled, and some of the bodies were buried near the mission-house. Somosomo was a place where the devil held high carnival.

The position of the missionaries, especially their wives, was a distressing one. Ovens in which human bodies were cooked were close to their dwellings, and they had to draw down the blinds to shut out the awful scenes.

The reproofs of the missionaries gave offence to the heathen. They were told that preparations

were being made to kill them. They looked at their wives and little ones, and knew not what would be on the morrow. All that they could do was to call upon and to put their trust in God.

Commodore Wilkes, of America, visited Somosomo, and offered to take the missionary party away, but they decided to continue their work.

Some progress was made; some influence for good (even where Satan's seat was) was being exerted. In some instances the lives of captives, taken in war, were spared, and through the intercession of the missionaries several women were saved from strangulation. Some of the Somosomo warriors had fallen in battle, and the custom was to strangle their wives. Preparations were being made to do this. In a communication to the Missionary Committee in London, referring to this circumstance, Richard Lyth said: 'I lifted up my heart to the Lord, and set out to make an attempt to save the women.' For this purpose he waited on the king's son. Mr. Lyth says: 'He gave me the life of one who lived close to my premises. I then ventured to intercede for them all, but this he would not promise.' Ultimately the full request was granted. This fact shows the influence for good which the mission was gradually exerting.

An incident occurred which shows the value of medical knowledge in mission work. A son of the King of Somosomo was ill, and all Fijian remedies, and the efforts of medicine men, were unavailing. Richard Lyth offered to attend him. In ministering to the needs of the man's body he did not forget those of his soul. The savage recovered, and showed a much more gracious spirit, treating Mr. Lyth

with great kindness. The old king also took kindly to him, but he could not be trusted. One day, when Mr. Lyth was speaking to him about the evils of heathenism, the old savage seized the missionary by the coat, and called for a club with which to kill him. The coat was made of light material, and with a rush Mr. Lyth set himself free. On another occasion one of the sons of the King of Somosomo seized John Hunt and Richard Lyth, and, with club in hand, halted between two opinions as to whether or not he would kill them. With great presence of mind John Hunt talked quietly and kindly to him, and gradually the wrath of the savage abated.

Thomas Williams now joined Richard Lyth at Somosomo, and John Hunt went to Viwa; but the field at Somosomo became so unpromising that the missionaries decided to leave.

Ono.

We now turn our attention for a few minutes to an oasis in the dark and dreary spiritual desert—this was the island of Ono, in the Fijian group. Work was begun in this island by a converted Tongan. A number of natives accepted the gospel. These were much persecuted by the heathen; but their numbers increased, until they felt that they were able to defend themselves against the attacks of the heathen party. They took up arms against them, and the heathen fled before them to their stronghold in the mountains. The Christians followed them, and took the town. Scarcely any one fell on either side. Instead of killing the vanquished

the native Christians ran up to them, fell on their necks, and wept over them. Such a thing had not been known in Fiji. Aforetime they would have been killed and eaten. This treatment made such an impression on the minds of the heathen that they decided to accept the gospel at once.[1]

When Richard Lyth left Somosomo for Lakemba the gentle and scholarly David Hazelwood joined Thomas Williams in that dark and discouraging field. When Somosomo was abandoned David Hazelwood was sent to Ono. It was like a translation from midnight darkness to noonday. In a communication to the Methodist Missionary Committee in London Mr. Hazelwood said: 'The last time I wrote you was from Somosomo, a land of darkness and the shadow of death, where eminently Satan's seat is; a land of thick darkness, bordering on the regions of eternal night; where heathenism in the form of savage cannibalism, with all its horrors, lifts up an unblushing countenance. I am happy now to write to you from a place on which "the Light of the World" has poured His enlightening rays, and I trust for ever dispelled the gloom of heathenism! I could almost beg and entreat: never send me again to a heathen land. . . . What is not Christianity able to effect! I have seen its effects at home; I have seen them in the colony (New South Wales); but I have never seen its effects so general on a people as on the people of Ono. . . . As compared with Somosomo, we have removed from the verge of hell to the precincts of heaven.'[2]

The following are a few testimonies given by the

[1] *Methodist Missionary Notices*, 1848, p. 182.
[2] Ibid., 1849.

converted Fijians at Ono in connexion with a love-feast presided over by David Hazelwood: 'One great thing I know is my sins; another is the love of God. It is a new thing for me to love men. . . . I know this is the effect of the love of God.' Another (a woman) said: 'My child died, but I loved God the more; my body has been much afflicted, but I love Him the more. I know that death would only unite me to God.' In this testimony we hear again the voice of Paul: 'Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? . . . Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors.' Another convert said: 'I am a very bad man; there is no good thing in me; but I know the love of God. There are not two great things in my mind; there is only one—the love of God for the sake of Christ.'

David Hazelwood soon had to pass through deep waters. His youngest daughter died of dysentery, and the father had to read the burial service over his own child. A fortnight later his wife was confined, and three days after passed away. The Rev. Thomas Williams arrived just in time to save his afflicted brother from the sore trial of reading the burial service over the mortal remains of his own wife.

Lakemba.

We must turn again to Lakemba, where the mission to Fiji began. James Calvert was now at Lakemba. King George of Tonga sent ten Tongan teachers to help the work in Fiji. Four of these

were sent to Rewa, and the remainder were under the direction of Mr. Calvert.

The influence of the mission was extending, and the islands around Lakemba were gradually brought under the influence of the gospel. At Lakemba there had been a work of grace, in connexion with which many had been converted to God.

In 1849 Richard Lyth, who was now at Lakemba, had glad tidings to send to the Missionary Committee in London. Said he: 'We praise God for what our eyes have seen to-day, and our ears have heard. Tui Nayau, the king, has made public confession of Christianity, and with him five others, including the only other remaining priest. There has been great joy in the city and in the whole island. . . . A memorable Sabbath in Lakemba: The king, for the first time after professing himself a Christian, attended the house of God. Tui Tumbau, another influential chief, bowed for the first time before the Lord. The chief of the town of Nasankalau, hearing the other day that the king had lotued (embraced the gospel), ordered the chapel drum to be beaten, and immediately went to the house of prayer, and with several of the other remaining heathen of the town knelt before God in token of his becoming His willing subject and his people God's people.'[1]

Another missionary, writing to the Committee, said: 'The gospel of Christ, in defiance of every obstacle, continues to triumph gloriously in these dark places of the earth. The Redeemer seems to have claimed the Fijis for His own. The heathen are continually throwing away their idolatry,

[1] *Methodist Magazine*, 1850, p. 1,230.

renouncing the superstitions of their fathers and embracing the religion of the Saviour. Heathen temples are everywhere to be seen tumbling into ruins.'

Viwa.

We turn our attention again to Viwa. In our section on Somosomo we saw John Hunt leave that station to take the place of William Cross at Viwa. John Watsford, of blessed memory, came from New South Wales to assist Mr. Hunt.

I now record the crowning triumph of the gospel in Fiji up to this date; this was the conversion of the cruel and ferocious Verani, the accomplice and friend of the fiendish Thakombau, and one of the chief obstacles to the spread of the gospel. This man's sins were of the deepest dye; his natural ability made him the more dangerous and vile. The missionaries had often spoken to him, and he had really felt the power of Divine Truth. He felt convinced that the gospel was true—that it was the power of God unto salvation—and desired to embrace it. He asked permission from Thakombau to become a Christian, but Thakombau astutely advised delay.

The native Christians at Viwa earnestly prayed and laboured for Verani's conversion. Whole nights were spent with him in religious exercises. His sorrow for sin was intense. The crisis came; despite the opposition of Thakombau he decided to cast away the works of darkness, and to put on the armour of light.

On Good Friday, in 1845, at a prayer-meeting, he

yielded, and consecrated his erstwhile sin-stained life to the service of God. He gave up his many wives, and was lawfully married to one of them; he was then baptized, taking the name of Elijah. The transformation in his life was as great as the change from the blackness of darkness to the light of day. His faith was severely tested, but he stood firm. What it cost this savage to become a Christian is really beyond conception. The leading spirits among the Fijians ruled by fear—by awful barbarity and blood-shedding; to become a Christian was to lose power, and in the eyes of the heathen to lose dignity and respect. In many respects the conversion of Verani was greater than that of St. Paul.

Verani (now called Elijah) became a messenger of the Cross. His one desire was to bring others to a knowledge of the truth, especially his former friend Thakombau. The conversion of this man stirred Fiji.

He became a man mighty in prayer. Like the Master, he retired to secret places to commune with the Eternal. I quote a portion of one of his prayers as taken down by Thomas Williams: 'O Lord, our Lord! O God, our Father, whose abode is in heaven, we worship Thee. We offer not ourselves, nor our own righteousness, to gain Thy notice; we present Jesus; we come with this our worship in His name. Thou art God; we know Thee to be God. We come to Thee, whom once we knew not. In those days we served gods that are no gods; we were wearied in attending on them. O Lord, the true God, have mercy upon us! We are now engaged with Thee, but this will not profit us if

Thou art away. We are in Thy house, but it will not be Thy house to us if Thou art away. Hear our cry, O Lord, and be with us and help us. . . . These are our prayers. Oh, hear them. Do Thou hear them for Jesus' sake. Oh, hear them for Fiji's sake! Do have love for Fiji. When our minds think of Fiji they are greatly pained, for the men and women of Fiji are Thy people; and these, Thy people, are strangled, and clubbed, and destroyed. Oh, have compassion on Fiji! And spare Thy servants for the sake of Fiji; that they may preach the true Word to the people. And, O Holy Spirit! give light to the dark-hearted, and give them repentance.'

Verani lived a devout life for many years, and died a martyr's death, being shot by his enemies.

There now came a great awakening to Viwa, such as the Tongan islands had experienced. Whilst a fearful battle was taking place at Rewa, with appalling barbarities, a revival broke out at Viwa. It began in a prayer-meeting. In a letter to the Missionary Committee in London John Hunt said: 'The influence was overwhelming. . . . Nothing was heard but weeping and praying. Many cried aloud for mercy, and not in vain. The merciful God heard their cries, and blessed them with peace and pardon. This was the commencement of a series of meetings held every day, not only in the chapel, but also in almost every house of the town. A penitent-meeting was held by almost every family night and morning. In some instances nearly the whole family were crying for mercy. Business, sleep, and food were laid aside. . . . I think about

seventy persons were converted during the first five days of the revival. Some of the cases were the most remarkable I have seen . . . yet only such as one might expect the conversion of such dreadful, murderous cannibals to be. They literally roared for hours for the disquietude of their souls.' Other places were also visited and blessed. Mr. Hunt said: 'Many never understood till now what we have been preaching to them for years.'[1]

Mr. Hunt pointed out to one of his brethren a man whose sister had buried her husband. Strangling was to be her lot, and this was to be done by the hand of her brother. Two of the missionaries did their best to prevent this, but only succeeded while they remained with the savage. As soon as they were gone he twisted a piece of native cloth, and, placing it around his sister's neck, strangled her. This man was under conviction in the revival at Viwa. The 'pains of hell got hold of him. His bitter howlings could not be described, and none could pacify him but the Lord Jesus, against whom he had sinned. When he did find peace, through believing, his ecstasy was equal to his former anguish, and he did not cease for a long time to shout with heartfelt joy.'[2]

Of this awakening at Viwa John Watsford said: 'The joy of those who were pardoned was as great as their distress had been. They shouted aloud for joy; one man was so happy that he went away shouting "My heart is on fire, and my soul is burning." Some ran about the town, begging their

[1] *Methodist Magazine*, 1847, p. 404.
[2] Ibid., 1848, p. 207.

friends to praise God for what He had done for them. At some of the meetings the feeling was overpowering, and the people fell before the Lord, and we were unable to stand because of the glory. . . .' One old woman said: 'They have all sinned so little; I only have sinned very much. I am the greatest sinner; but Jesus died for the greatest sinners, and He died for me. I know He did, for He now saves me.' Mr. Watsford says: 'How my heart has danced for joy while hearing their simple tales about Jesus' love for them! It is not easy for Fijians to be affected; but I never saw any persons weep like these. Their black faces shone again as, bathed in tears, they raised them up to heaven, praising God.'[1]

A cloud now came over the mission. John Hunt had laboured with great devotion; he had travailed in soul for the conversion of the Fijians. His health now gave way, and after ten years of service he was smitten down by disease at the premature age of thirty-six.

The missionaries and native Christians offered earnest prayer for his recovery. Verani, who loved him deeply, pleaded earnestly for him. Said he: 'O Lord, we know we are very bad; but spare Thy servant. If one must die, take me; take ten of us; but spare Thy servant to preach Christ to the people.' But the time for his departure—his translation—had come. His was a triumphant end. Speaking to the friends around his bed on one occasion he said: 'I thought once I was very near the port; you cannot imagine how easy it was for me to go.' To his wife he said: 'If this be dying, praise

[1] *Missionary Notices*, April, 1847.

the Lord! How strange I cannot realize that I am dying, and yet you all look as if I was.' At another time he said: 'I want strength to praise Him. I am very happy.' Mrs. Hunt said: 'Have you had a fresh manifestation of the love of God?' 'Yes,' was his reply. 'Hallelujah! Praise the Lord Jesus!' After a time he said: 'Now He is my joy. I thought that I should have entered heaven singing Jesus and salvation! Now I shall enter singing Jesus, salvation, and glory—eternal glory!' On one occasion, when James Calvert visited him, he exclaimed: 'Lord, bless Fiji! Save Fiji! Thou knowest my soul has loved Fiji. My heart has travailed in pain for Fiji.' He was getting weak, and was urged to spare himself. Said he: 'Oh, let me pray once more for Fiji. Lord, for Christ's sake, bless Fiji! Save Fiji! Save Thy servants! Save Thy people! Save the heathen in Fiji!' He died on October 4, 1848.

John Hunt gave a dying message to Thakombau, urging him to give up his evil customs and to accept the gospel.

Bau.

Bau was the stronghold of heathenism, as well as the metropolis of Fiji. Speaking especially of Bau, John Watsford said: 'We have found that the cruelties and cannibalism of Fiji exceed all the descriptions which have been given; not one-half has been told. The war between Bau and Rewa is still being carried on. Some towns have been burned, and many persons have been killed and eaten. At Bau, perhaps, more human beings are

eaten than anywhere else. A few weeks ago they ate twenty-five in a day.'

In connexion with this place I must describe an act of heroism on the part of two of the missionaries' wives. A tribe of buccaneers came to Bau, bringing presents for the old wicked King Tanoa. Honour must be done to these visitors—a feast must be prepared. Ngavindi, the chief of the fishermen at Bau, was the appointed human butcher and purveyor on the occasion of strangers visiting Bau. This heathen, who had often come under Christian influences, had to make preparations for the feast. He formed his plans, and the heathen priest promised success. Ngavindi arranged for a kidnapping expedition. Several canoes were made ready. The occupants were told first to seek victims for the feast among the enemies of Bau; if they could not secure these, they must capture friends. Human flesh was essential. The canoes sailed away, and came to an anchorage. The savages, under Ngavindi, hid themselves under some mangrove bushes, waiting for their prey. Presently some women appeared in sight. An attack was made, and fourteen of the poor creatures were captured, put on the canoes, and conveyed to Bau. Richard Lyth and James Calvert, stationed at Viwa, were many miles away from home. Intelligence came to Viwa that a cannibal feast had been provided—that fourteen women were to be killed and eaten. The souls of Mrs. Calvert and Mrs. Lyth were in travail. What could they do? Could they leave their children and run the risk of sacrificing their own lives by going to Bau? The thirst for blood and hunger for human flesh had been stimulated. The risk was great.

The two noble women determined to make the attempt. A canoe was secured. As they drew near Bau they heard the wild shouts of the cannibals and the beating of the death-drum. Shriek after shriek told them that the terrible work had begun. They reached the beach, and met a friendly chief, who joined them. The noble women, strong in the strength which God supplies, and guarded by His mighty hand, passed in safety the bloodthirsty cannibal throng; entered uninvited the house of the old King Tanoa, which in the eyes of the Fijians was a crime. With whales' teeth in their hands as presents, they pleaded that the women who had not yet been killed might be spared; they pleaded effectively. The old heathen said: 'Those who are dead, are dead; those who are still alive shall live.' The message was quickly conveyed to the wretched master of ceremonies, Ngavindi, to desist. They were almost too late; nine out of the fourteen had been butchered. Does history reveal a more heroic deed than that performed by these noble women?

The virtual King of Bau (Thakombau) was a fiend. James Calvert, when at Viwa, longed and prayed for the conversion of this savage. Bau was really the key of the position. Thakombau's conversion would probably result in tens of thousands renouncing heathenism and accepting the gospel. But the case seemed almost hopeless. The cruel and licentious heathen appeared to be almost impervious to the truth. Accepting the gospel meant for him a tremendous sacrifice. But impressions were gradually made upon his mind. Verani's conversion moved him. He saw the power of the gospel

revealed in Verani's life. Other influences were brought to bear upon him, such as the death of John Hunt and the interest that he had taken in him. The King of Tonga, George, had urged him to give up his heathenism, and to accept the gospel.

Tanoa, the real King of Bau, and father of Thakombau, was an old man, whose course was almost run. Speaking of a visit paid to Thakombau by the commander of an American man-of-war, James Calvert said: 'He faithfully and affectionately warned Thakombau against the murder of his father's wives when he should die. The chief evidently felt much under the warning, but said he must strangle four or five in the event of his father's death, as the custom was long established, and the disgrace great if none were strangled on the death of a chief of such rank. . . . He feels that all these heathen practices are wicked, and intimated that he would not forget the commander's advice.' Mr. Calvert added: 'I shall not forget to ply him with the importance of breaking off the awful wickedness of strangling on the occasion of the death of his father, which would doubtless have immense effect throughout Fiji.'[1]

The plea of the American commander and of the missionary was in vain. The old savage king, Tanoa, died. James Calvert and John Watsford urged Thakombau to forgo the revolting practice of strangling the dead king's wives. They pleaded with him; they promised him rewards; but all was of no avail. He had decided that at least five should die. John Watsford went over from Viwa to Bau when the sentence was to be carried out.

[1] *Methodist Magazine*, 1852, p. 507.

When he arrived the cruel work had begun. Entering the house, he found one woman dead and another being prepared for death. 'Refrain, sir,' said Mr. Watsford; 'that is plenty; two are dead. Refrain; I love them.'

Thakombau was agitated; the presence of the missionary in the very place of execution made him feel uncomfortable. 'We love them,' said the savage chief. 'They are not many—only five; but for you missionaries more would have been strangled'; and the work of death went on. No doubt in the judgement of Thakombau, whose mind had been darkened, and whose spiritual nature had been blunted and distorted by sin, the carrying out of the heathen custom was a duty which he owed to the dead.

Thakombau gradually showed a disposition to favour Christianity. He postponed a feast until Monday which was to have taken place on the Sunday, and became less ferocious in war. He made arrangements to attack a town called Verata. James Calvert pleaded that the lives of the Veratans might be spared. To this the king ultimately agreed on condition that they would leave the town, proceed to Viwa, and allow their buildings to be burned. This marked a great change for the better. Unfortunately the Veratans did not agree to these conditions. They were attacked; the town was burned; several were killed, and the remainder fled to a town called Nolato. Thakombau attacked this town, but was obliged to retire.

In the attack upon Nolato, the chief, Ngavindi, who arranged the cannibal feast of which I have spoken was shot, and soon afterwards died.

James Calvert, knowing that through his death many women would be strangled, went to Bau with Verani (Elijah) to plead with Thakombau that the lives of the women might be spared. He was too late; under Thakombau's direction the awful work had been done. Mr. Calvert boldly and faithfully denounced the cruel act, but Thakombau still retained his heathenism.

In passing, I am sorry to say that in Fiji, as in Tonga and New Zealand, the heathen were encouraged to resist the gospel by the conduct of immoral and unscrupulous whites. Let the reader of these pages who would sit in severe judgement upon such men as Verani and Thakombau remember this. One of these whites in Fiji went so far as to throw off his clothes, blacken his body, and with a strip of native cloth around his loins, in native fashion, went forth with the natives to fight. Writing from Viwa, John Watsford said: 'The white men living here are of the worst character. Most of them whom I have seen are, I believe, from Sydney jail or Norfolk Island; and all of them bear the same character.' Speaking of some of the captains and crews who visited Fiji, Mr. Watsford said: 'They give the chiefs ardent spirits, and many times they have been drunk, and thus they do much to injure our cause.'

Thakombau now allowed the missionaries to settle at Bau. Joseph Waterhouse went, but took the precaution to leave his wife and family at Viwa. He lived at Bau, in a wretched hut, amongst a cruel and bloodthirsty people. The heathen priests declared that their gods would kill him, and were beginning the work. Pieces of human flesh were

hung on the fence near the missionary's house. Some pieces were placed upon reeds, and put within a few yards of his doors and windows. 'All was lost,' said the brave-hearted missionary, 'but faith.' But the turn of the tide came. In April, 1854, Mr. Waterhouse had a long conversation with Thakombau, during which he resolved to renounce heathenism. On the following Sunday two great native drums, called by the Fijians 'the publishers of war,' were beaten. Hitherto these had only been used to call together warriors and cannibals to combat; now they were beaten for a religious service. Thakombau, with about three hundred attendants, including his wives, children, and relatives, entered a large building, and prepared themselves for service. James Calvert came over from Viwa to assist. Said he: 'I thought I could not have gone through the service. It was like the beginning of good days—like a dream when one awaketh, yet a blessed reality. It is rest after labour; relief from a burden; joy after trouble; yea, joyful exultation of soul. "Blessed be the Lord God, the God of Israel, who only doeth wondrous things; and blessed be His glorious name for ever." Evil practices, of long standing and fearful magnitude, are done away with at a stroke; an effectual hindrance to the effectual spread of the gospel removed. Fiji's brightest, best day, long to be remembered; a foundation of great, extensive, and lasting good.'[1]

Messengers were sent to several islands directing the inhabitants to renounce heathenism, and almost a thousand immediately did so.

[1] *Methodist Magazine*, 1855, p. 88.

Soon after his decision Thakombau was baptized. Joseph Waterhouse, describing the scene, said: 'What a congregation he had! Husbands, whose wives he had dishonoured; widows, whose husbands he had slain; sisters, whose relatives had been strangled by his orders; relatives, whose friends he had eaten; and children, the descendants of those he had murdered, and who had vowed to avenge the wrongs inflicted on their fathers. A thousand strong hearts heaved with fear and astonishment as Thakombau gave utterance to the following sentiments: "I have been a bad man; I disturbed the country. The missionaries came, and invited me to embrace Christianity, but I said to them, 'I will continue to fight.' God has singularly preserved my life. I desire to acknowledge Him as the only and true God. I have scourged the world." He was deeply affected, and spoke with great diffidence.'

Speaking of Thakombau some time after his conversion, James Calvert said: 'He is now labouring zealously in the service of the Lord, going about from town to town, not with fifty or a hundred canoes to scatter death in all directions, but with a single canoe, beseeching the people to give up their false gods, exhorting them to trust in the Saviour, and telling them that Christianity is for the present life, and that he is anxious that all should become Christians.'

A Methodist missionary, describing the change wrought by the conversion of Thakombau, said: 'I stood under the shade of a large sail-mat, fastened to three poles standing in the ground. Before me were nine other similar awnings. At a given signal a wooden drum, which stood by my side, and

resembled a barrel with both ends in and a few staves out, was beaten, and a large conch shell, whose notes had been wont to call the tribes to the battle-field, was blown, and then large canoes seemed to be alive with men, and hundreds were seen wading to the shore, and then gathering around the missionary. Who are these? They are the once bloodthirsty warriors of Bau, headed by their king. No longer is the hand filled with the death-striking club, but it grasps the book of peace; no longer are their features bedaubed with blackness, nor their swarthy nakedness uncovered, but they come with washed faces, and shaved chins, and garments extending from the waist to the knee. But why do they come? They were only wont to tread these shores when their "feet were swift to shed blood," and their fiend-like cravings cried for human victims. It was an errand of peace that brought them here, and to listen to the words of life they come.'[1]

For about twenty-nine years Thakombau, the erstwhile desperate and dark-minded savage, lived an exemplary Christian life. He died in 1883. His death was a peaceful one. His last audible prayer was, 'Hold me, Jesus; my faith is firm.' The Methodist missionary at that time in charge of the Fijian Mission (Frederick Langham), who had known the king for many years, and who was with him when he died, said: 'He died well. You may imagine I miss the old man. He was always so regular at church, and one of the best hearers I ever knew. And how appropriately he used to pray! With what sweet simplicity! It was always a treat to listen to him, whether in the prayer-meeting, the

[1] *Missionary Notices*, 1857.

class-meeting, or the lovefeast. It was something worth doing to win him for Christ. Thank God for such a triumph of redeeming mercy.'

Providential Interpositions.

As in the apostolic age, so in savage Fiji, there were instances of remarkable providential interpositions. At the beginning of our chapter we noted the welcome that Tui Nayau, King of Lakemba, gave to William Cross and to David Cargill when they came to establish the mission in Fiji. Shortly after this man's conversion a Bau chief came, with an army of three hundred warriors, to attack Lakemba. Six large canoes anchored, filled with armed heathen. The hostile chief, and one or two with him, landed. He gave orders that his army was to follow. As they were preparing to do so a Tongan chief stepped forward, and ordered them back at the peril of their lives. A fear fell upon them, and they made no further attempt to land. One of the pioneer missionaries who was at Lakemba at this time (Richard Lyth) said: 'In all these events the hand of the Lord has evidently overruled. It is the Lord's doing, and to Him be the glory.'

Another instance must be recorded. Thakombau took his warriors to attack a fortress in which were some native Christians with their heathen friends. Thomas Williams, one of the missionaries, urged him not to do so; but Thakombau persisted, pledging himself to save the lives of the native teacher and his wife should the fortress be taken. A number of Fijian Christians prayed daily for the failure of what they knew to be an unjust attack. After an absence

of thirteen days the warriors returned, saying: 'Fear seized us; the longer we stayed the more faint-hearted we grew.'[1]

The missionaries were often in danger, but right through the period with which I am dealing no missionary was put to death. James Calvert, who spent seventeen years in Fiji in the dark and dreadful days, once had a very narrow escape. He landed at a place called Matureke, and as he was proceeding to the shore a number of persons came running towards him. One, swifter than the rest, came near with gun uplifted to strike the missionary down. Several others were soon on the scene with clubs ready for action. Mr. Calvert said: 'One came very near, with a musket pointed at me, with desperate looks. I trembled, but protested loudly and firmly that they ought not to kill me, that in me there was no cause of death. I was surrounded by upwards of one hundred.' One native, who knew Mr. Calvert, took hold of him and said that he should live. Mr. Calvert said: 'I clung to him, and disputed for my life with those who clamoured for my death. Another man's face, through a thick covering of soot, exhibited features familiar to me; but a fearful-looking battle-axe he held in his hand attracted my eye. However, I laid hold of him, and advised and urged them not to kill me. Thus I was between two who might be friendly. I told them my name, my work, my labours. Matters were in a hopeful state, when a very ugly man drew near with great vehemence. Many had avowed themselves in my favour. He opposed, resolutely determined to take away my life. He was extremely

[1] *Methodist Magazine*, 1851, p. 825.

ferocious; but his arms were seized and held by several. He struggled hard for a length of time to get his musket to bear upon me. At length his rage subsided. All then consented to my living. But their thirst for killing had got up, and, as they could not kill me, they wished me to return towards the boat, intending to accompany me, hoping to get one or more of my natives in my stead. I refused to go, and persisted in approaching towards the shore, led by two. One untied my neck-cloth, and took it. They pulled my coat, felt me, and I fully expected to be stripped. I was weak with talking and disputing with them. As they still went on in the sea they commenced their death song, always sung as they drag along the bodies of enemies slain. After a short time they desisted, and we proceeded on to the beach. Those who had run to destroy me departed to their own town.'

Mr. Calvert said: 'During the whole of the attack on me the Lord blessed me with great presence of mind, and considerable firmness to stand up, proceed, dispute with them, and protest against their taking away my life. My trust was in the Lord. He was my help and deliverer. My prayer was to the God of my life. I was persuaded that, if He permitted my death, I should glorify Him in some ways that I could not have done by my life.'[1]

When Thomas Williams was leaving Somosomo, and was getting his luggage on board the *John Wesley*, a chief attempted to steal some of his goods. Being caught in the act and stopped, he ran up to Mr. Williams, shaking his club over him, and shouting that then and there he would settle him. James

[1] *Methodist Magazine*, 1855, p. 276.

Calvert came to his help, and prevented the fall of the club. The same chief, on another occasion, wanted to get into Mr. Williams's house at dinner-time, but was prevented from doing so by a large dog, chained in the passage. The chief became enraged, and taking up one of Mr. Williams's little boys, about two years old, threw him with great violence at the dog. The child was injured, but not seriously.

The pioneer Methodist missionaries in Fiji were 'men who hazarded their lives for the Lord Jesus,' and who could say, with Paul, 'We are troubled on every side, yet not distressed; we are perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed; always bearing about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus' (2 Cor. iv. 8–10).

Sketches of Some of the Pioneer Missionaries: William Cross and David Cargill.

The two noble men (William Cross and David Cargill) who began the mission in Fiji worked for some years side by side, and were closely associated in death.

William Cross was converted at the age of twenty-one. He began his missionary labours in Tonga in the year 1827. After a few years' work in the Tongan group he went with his fellow labourer, David Cargill, M.A., to establish the mission in Fiji. Here, as we have seen, he died at his post.

David Cargill, M.A., while pursuing his studies at the University of Aberdeen, was converted under the Methodist ministry. In the year 1832 he was

appointed as a missionary to Tonga, and then transferred with William Cross to Fiji. After a short time of faithful service his wife died in Fiji. He returned to England with his motherless girls, married again, and was sent out to labour once more in his first field, viz. Tonga. Leaving England in April, 1842, husband, wife, and family arrived safely at Tonga. Shortly after their arrival the wife and family were sorely bereaved. Husband and father was suddenly called away. William Cross died in October, 1842; his fellow labourer David Cargill in April, 1843.

Three Other Pioneers Deserve Special Mention: John Hunt.

He was born near Newark, England, in 1812, and was converted in his eighteenth year. For four years John Hunt served as a local preacher, and then became a candidate for the Methodist ministry. He spent three years at the Hoxton Theological Institution, then under the governorship of the Rev. Joseph Entwisle. In 1838 he was sent out as one of the pioneer missionaries to Fiji. John Hunt was a man of singular intellectual activity, entirely devoted to the service of God. His self-sacrificing life and triumphant death have come under review in the course of this chapter.

Richard Burdsall Lyth.

He came from a good Methodist ancestry, and was born in York, England, in 1810. Richard Lyth had an early and decided conversion. He was

educated for the medical profession, but after passing the necessary examinations received a higher call. He was called to the ministry in connexion with the Methodist Church, and was sent as a missionary to Tonga, where he spent three years. Richard Lyth was then transferred to Fiji, and passed through the thrilling experiences narrated in this chapter. He was a very fine Fijian scholar, and translated some of the books of the New Testament into the vernacular; he also translated and revised, with great care, some of the books of the Old Testament. I may say, in passing, that William Cross, David Cargill, and John Hunt did much useful work along these lines. Some of the favourite hymns in the Fijian hymn-book were composed by Mr. Lyth. He spent many years in Fiji, and then removed to New Zealand, serving as Governor of the Methodist College in Auckland. After an absence of twenty-two years he returned to England. For a time he was employed in mission work at Gibraltar. After forty years of active service Richard Lyth became a supernumerary, and passed away in 1887, aged seventy-seven years.

James Calvert.

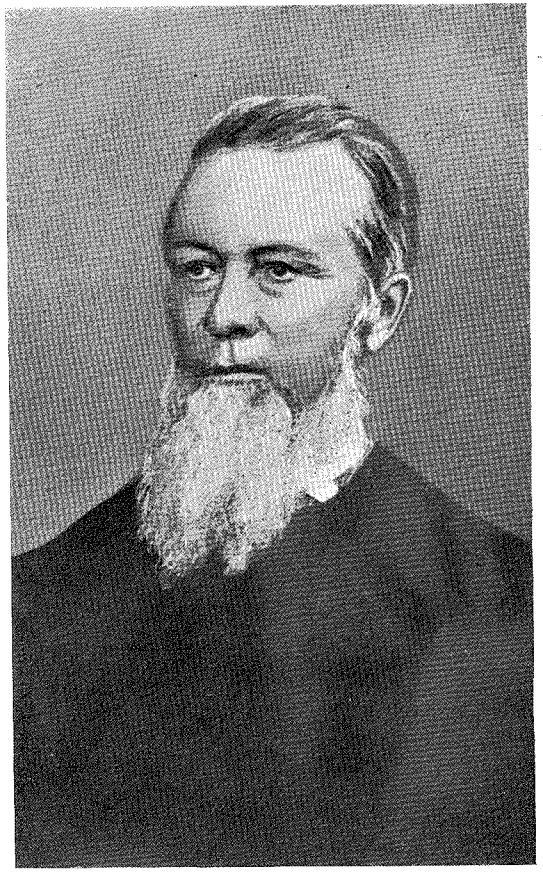
He was born in Pickering, England, in 1813, and was converted in his teens. Shortly after his conversion he took up Christian work, conducting services in the villages of England, reading the Scriptures and giving exhortations. James Calvert was called to the ministry of the Methodist Church, and, after spending some time at the Hoxton Theological Institution,

was appointed to Fiji. The nature of his work there we have seen. After seventeen years' continuous work in Fiji he returned, for a time, to England. Here he was busily employed in seeing the Bible in the Fijian tongue through the press. In 1860 James Calvert and his noble wife returned to Fiji for another term. Preaching on one occasion after his return to Fiji, he saw in the congregation the Fijian who had clamoured for his blood and attempted to take his life in 1854. After the service Mr. Calvert went up and shook hands with him. But the man was deeply humbled, and unable to speak. After serving five more years in Fiji James Calvert and his wife again returned to England. For about eight years he did good work in various parts of Africa. When seventy years of age he had the great joy of again visiting Fiji and witnessing the marvellous changes that had taken place in the lives of the people. He was a good, prudent, and devoted man—a man of excellent judgement. He died in the Lord at Hastings, England, in March, 1892, in the fifty-fourth year of his ministry.

We must now bring our chapter on the Founding of the Methodist Church in Fiji to a close. How the gospel and the institutions of Methodism came to dark, cannibal Fiji through the agency of the Methodist Missionary Society is one of the most thrilling stories in Church history. The canonical *Book of Acts* does not present an exact parallel. Paul could say, 'In perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often' (2 Cor. xi. 26, 27). The Methodist missionaries could say the same, but

Paul never had to face the awful scenes which they had to face, nor live amongst such revolting and horrible surroundings. The Acts of the Apostles reveals to us such a character as Simon, or Elymas, the sorcerer; but we do not find a parallel to Verani or to Thakombau. The canonical *Book of Acts* and this *Modern Acts of the Apostles* are alike in these particulars: they give the same dark picture of human nature when men 'do not like to retain God in their thoughts,' and 'change the glory of the incorruptible God into an image made like to corruptible man, and to birds, and four-footed beasts, and creeping things.' We see the Fijians 'filled with all unrighteousness, fornication, wickedness, covetousness, maliciousness, full of envy, murder, debate, deceit, malignity . . . without understanding, covenant breakers, without natural affection, implacable, unmerciful' (Rom. i. 21–31). Both the canonical *Book of Acts* and this *Modern Acts of the Apostles* reveal an organized kingdom of darkness and a mysterious power in the universe that makes for evil—that darkens the mind and enslaves the soul. Both demonstrate the adaptation of the gospel to human needs, and its power to deliver men from the kingdom of darkness, to set them free from the thraldom of sin, to change the character, and to transform the life. Paul and his travelling companions in the old pagan world, and the Methodist missionaries in Australia and in the South Seas, could say, 'Be not deceived: neither fornicators, nor idolators, nor adulterers, nor effeminate, nor abusers of themselves with mankind, nor thieves, nor covetous, nor drunkards, nor revilers, nor extortioners, shall inherit the kingdom of God.

And such were some of you: but ye are washed, but ye are sanctified, but ye are justified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God' (1 Cor. vi. 9–11). This *Modern Acts of the Apostles*, as well as the canonical record, is a demonstration of the truth of the gospel and consequently of the divinity of Him who came 'to give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death,' and to guide their 'feet into the way of peace' (Luke i. 79); 'to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised' (Luke iv. 18).



WILLIAM MOORE.
Pioneer Methodist Missionary to Moreton Bay (Queensland).

[*face p.* 261.

CHAPTER X

The Founding of the Methodist Church in Queensland (Moreton Bay District)

TWO NOTABLE METHODIST MISSIONARIES

Queensland is the youngest of the Australian colonies. Like the Port Phillip District, it was originally a part of the immense territory comprising New South Wales. It is also the largest of the Australian States with the exception of one. Queensland is five and a half times the size of the United Kingdom. As two-thirds of the territory lie within the tropics, there is a great variety of climate and of natural productions and resources. When Samuel Leigh arrived in Sydney, New South Wales, in August, 1815, that part of the vast Australian continent with which we are now dealing was a *terra incognita*. It was tenanted by black fellows, wild dogs, kangaroos, and emus, and was known as Moreton Bay and the Moreton Bay District.

Moreton Bay was discovered by Captain Cook in 1770. It was so called in honour of Earl Moreton, who was then President of the Royal Society. The place has really a tragic history. In 1824 a convict settlement was formed here. It came about in this way: For some years England had been pouring

her social and spiritual refuse into the known parts of Australia. The dépôts at Sydney, Van Dieman's Land, and Norfolk Island were full. Another penal settlement was needed. In 1823 Mr. Oxley, then Surveyor-General of New South Wales, set out to seek one. He sailed away in the cutter *Mermaid* for Moreton Bay. Anchoring one day not far from the Bay, Mr. Oxley and the crew saw a number of blacks coming towards the cutter. Looking through the glass it was observed that one of the party was taller than the others, and of a lighter complexion. As the natives drew near to the vessel Mr. Oxley was surprised to hear the apparently copper-coloured savage call out in English. The whole party were naked, and marked in native fashion with white and red clay.

The mystery of an Englishman among the blacks, in a nude condition, in an unexplored and unsettled country, was soon explained. About six or eight months previously a party of four men had left Sydney in a boat to bring some timber from a place called ' Five Islands,' about fifty miles from Sydney. They were driven out of their course to sea, and after enduring terrible privations, during which one of them died from thirst, they were cast on Moreton Island. Fortunately they found water here; they also met a tribe of blacks, who, not having seen whites before, treated them kindly. The three castaways then set out to walk, as they thought, in the direction of Sydney. After proceeding for some miles two of the party lost heart and returned to the friendly blacks. The other man went on, and was never seen or heard of again. He was evidently lost in the ' never-never ' Australian bush. What he

suffered, how and where he died, are sealed mysteries. When he left his companions they were in an unexplored and unknown country five hundred miles from Sydney. The two survivors lived amongst the blacks till Mr. Oxley fortunately appeared upon the scene. They informed him of a large deep river not far from where the vessel was anchored. He went to see it, found it to be a fine body of water, and named it ' The Brisbane,' in honour of Sir Thomas Brisbane, who was then Governor of New South Wales.

After Mr. Oxley's return to Sydney and his report to the Government a convict settlement was formed on the banks of this river. For about eighteen years it was the receptacle for the ' filth and offscouring ' of society. The worst type of criminal was sent to this distant, lonely, and God-forsaken place. What tragic scenes were enacted here, and what dark deeds were done, if put on record would make a gruesome story. This penal settlement rivalled in corruption and brutality that at Port Arthur (Van Dieman's Land) or the convict settlement at Norfolk Island. ' Tales of horrible cruelty ' and of ' human degradation ' on the part of the convicts and of the natives amongst whom they were suddenly thrown found currency, and the Government of New South Wales decided to put an end to the establishment.

In 1842 the country in the Moreton Bay District was thrown open for selection. Where the penal settlement was located a small town was soon built, which has since developed into a great and prosperous city—the city of Brisbane.

In 1859 the Moreton Bay District was separated

from New South Wales, and constituted an independent colony, taking the name of Queensland.

Amongst the early settlers were a few Methodists, and these desired the ministrations of their church. One of the residents had erected a small chapel at Moreton Bay, and allowed the Methodists the use of it free of charge. The chapel was well attended, and a class consisting of about eighteen members had been formed. This was about the year 1847.

In the station sheet of the British Conference for 1847, under the heading 'Missions in Australia and Polynesia,' the following new line appeared:

Moreton Bay—One is requested.

The first Methodist missionary to be stationed in the Moreton Bay District was William Moore. He was designated for Fiji, but the needs of the Methodist pioneers in the Moreton Bay District were so urgent that William B. Boyce, the General Superintendent of Methodist Missions in Australia, sent Mr. Moore to minister to them. With his young wife he sailed for Moreton Bay on October 12, 1847. Mrs. Moore (who is with us to-day), in a communication to me, says: 'Queensland (or Moreton Bay as it was then called) in those days was almost as a heathen land, the Lord's Day being openly profaned, and the sin of intemperance being rampant, especially among the women.' The only place of abode that the young missionary and his wife could find in 1847 was a 'large desolate-looking room' in the soldiers' barracks, with 'a jail-like door.' This room had to serve for all purposes. Mrs. Moore says: 'The room was at least a shelter

from the intense heat, and we had the satisfaction of knowing that we were carefully guarded, a regiment of soldiers being quartered in the barracks.'

Amidst many difficulties and discouragements, William Moore succeeded in erecting a small church. Mrs. Moore says: 'Our hearts were greatly cheered by the good resulting from our humble efforts. Many "red-coats" were members of our congregation, and one fine fellow (a corporal) was an acceptable local preacher.' By hard work, much prayer, and the divine blessing William Moore was successful in laying the foundations of Methodism in Queensland. His public ministry and his pastoral visits were highly appreciated and fruitful in spiritual good.

William Moore did not remain long at Brisbane; his services were urgently required at Fiji, especially as John Watsford had to leave Fiji in consequence of the illness of his wife.

John Watsford was now appointed to the Moreton Bay Station. The cause was not yet really a strong one. Mr. Watsford said: 'The principal church in Brisbane was small, and the congregation was not large. The parsonage was in a back lane. It was a house with two small rooms, and a lean-to, with two smaller rooms. But we had come from Fiji, and had learned to rough it a little, so we did very well in our new home.' He found some earnest church workers at Moreton Bay who were of special service to him in consolidating and extending the young church. John G. Millard was sent to assist him. Mr. Watsford said: 'We did our best to extend the work of God, and the Lord blessed us. We paid occasional visits to sheep-stations, where we were

heartily welcomed, and we frequently had a large number to hear the Word.'

During the ministry of John G. Millard the veteran missionary Nathaniel Turner settled at Brisbane (Moreton Bay), and was of great service to the infant cause. He had retired from the active work of the ministry. Two of his children were now settled at Brisbane. He bought an acre of land on the outskirts of the town, built a cottage commanding a fine view, planted a garden, and went about doing good till the call to higher service came. The presence of such a man in Brisbane was a benediction to the pioneer Methodist cause in Queensland.

I pass over a period of two or three years. In 1855 William Piddington was appointed to Brisbane. The foundation-stone of the church had been laid, and now a structure full of promise was in course of erection. At the Conference of 1855 it was reported that in connexion with the Brisbane or Moreton Bay Mission nearly fourteen acres of land had been obtained for church, school, parsonage, and burial purposes; a parsonage had been erected, and three places for divine worship had been built and opened. There was one Sunday school, in connexion with which there were six teachers and one hundred and twenty scholars. The membership of the church numbered sixty-one, and there were six hundred attendants upon public worship.

Having described the circumstances under which the Methodist Church in Queensland was founded, special reference must be made to the two pioneer missionaries. Both of them were notable men.

William Moore.

William Moore was born on March 24, 1821, at Paramatta, New South Wales. He was converted under the ministry of Samuel Wilkinson, the first missionary appointed by the British Conference to Melbourne, Victoria. In 1847 William Moore offered himself as a missionary to Fiji, but was stationed for a time, as we have noted, in the Moreton Bay District, where he laid the first course of the foundations of the Methodist Church in Queensland.

In September, 1849, William Moore and his wife set sail for Fiji, where he laboured with great devotion for nearly twenty years. During the whole of that time he only left his station once, and was then compelled to do so through illness. Concerning him Lorimer Fison, M.A. (a noted missionary), has said: 'William Moore was a missionary hero, and that none the less because he never claimed to be one, or because nobody sounded the trumpet of his fame. Many men far less worthy than he have been put in the front ranks before the world; but he was there before God and His holy angels. Over and over again in the old days of the Fijian Mission he looked death in the face; but of these narrow escapes one heard more from the natives than from him. He never used to talk about his own doings, though he could grow eloquent on the deeds of his brethren. He made light of his own doings and sufferings, but they were written in the hearts of the people who loved him. William Moore had a heart full of love, and everybody loved him. But it must not be supposed that, gentle and loving as

he was, he was at all lacking in the spirit which becomes a man. That living heart of his had a lion's courage in it, as a vagabond white man, who (presuming on our brother's meekness) found to his dismay. Among the natives in whose midst he had lived his influence was unbounded. They looked upon him almost as something more than mortal; and in Rewa, where he suffered so much, I have seen the highest chiefs (among whom were some of the very men who, in the olden time, joined in a plot to kill him) show him the same tokens of reverence that they used to show to their ancestral gods. The secret of his power over them was his love, conjoined with his manliness; he had hold of them by their hearts, and the reverence they paid him was paid him with an eager delight. His work as a missionary was done as few others could do it. If he was not a great preacher in English, he was a wonderfully great preacher in Fijian. He had complete mastery over the language; he had got into the inmost recesses of the native mind; he understood the people thoroughly, and when he spoke to them of the things of God his words were full of power. No missionary has done more effective service than William Moore, and in the heaven to which he has gone he has met with a great multitude of Fijians who owed to him their knowledge of the way thither.' William Moore's influence over the native chiefs and over Fijian congregations was extraordinary. He died at Stanmore, New South Wales, November 12, 1893, in his seventy-third year. Amongst his last words were these: 'I am a sinner saved'; 'I am a sinner saved'; 'I want to go home.'

John Watsford.

John Watsford, who succeeded William Moore at Moreton Bay (Brisbane), was the first native-born Methodist missionary in Australia. He was a brother universally honoured and beloved. No man, from the dawn of Australian colonization, gripped the hearts of Australian Methodists, as a whole, as John Watsford did. His memory is as fragrant to-day as his consecrated life was fruitful in good. The secret of his widespread influence is to be found first in his deep spirituality. He was a man 'who dwelt in the secret place of the Most High,' and 'lived under the shadow of the Almighty.' He kept in close association with the unseen and the eternal. Then he was native born, and spent the whole of his life in connexion with Australian Methodism. His life also was long, and his labours were distributed over a very wide area. He laboured in New South Wales, Queensland, Fiji, South Australia, Victoria, and Tasmania. Like William Moore, he was born at Paramatta, New South Wales. This was about five years after Samuel Leigh landed in that colony. John Watsford was about eleven years of age when Samuel Leigh left Australia for England. It will thus be seen that his long life was almost contemporary with Australian Methodism.

John Watsford was converted in 1838 at Paramatta. This event was in connexion with a prayer-meeting conducted by Daniel James Draper. It was in a spirit of frivolity that he went to that means of grace, 'rather to mock than to pray.' In his *Glorious Gospel Triumphs* he says: 'What was said or sung I do not know; all that I know is that

after a while a mighty power came upon me. The sins of my whole life pressed heavily on my soul. I trembled before God, and thought that I should shrink through the floor into hell. I tried to leave the church, but could not. After service I left my companions at once, and hurried away to my home. . . . For hours I continued pleading, but no answer came. I was afraid to go to sleep lest I should wake up in hell before the morning. That night, and many a night after, I drew my little bed near to the fireplace, and, setting the candlestick on the mantelpiece, read and read my precious Bible until I fell asleep. . . . For six long weeks I was in distress and bondage, and my poor mother thought I was going out of my mind. One day—how well I remember it!—I went into an upper room, and falling on my knees cried; "O God! I cannot live another day like this. The load of sin is crushing me down into hell. Have mercy upon me, and pardon all my sins, for Jesus Christ's sake, who shed His blood for me." In a moment I saw all my sins laid on Jesus, and I laid hold of Him as my present Saviour. My chains fell off, and my burden rolled away. Glory be to God! The witness of the Holy Spirit was so clear and distinct that I thought at the time God really spoke to me from heaven, "Thy sins, which are many, are all forgiven thee." My joy was very great.'[1]

In 1839 John Watsford was accepted as a local preacher on trial, and in 1841 he was recommended to the British Conference as a candidate for the Methodist ministry. Two years later he and David Hazelwood were appointed to Fiji; this was in the

[1] *Glorious Gospel Triumphs*, p. 15 (Methodist Book-Room, London).

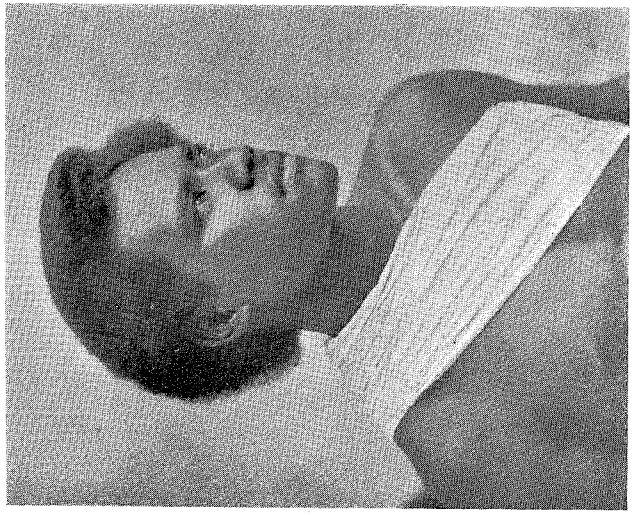
dark, dreadful days of Fijian history recorded in my last chapter.

On his way to Viwa John Watsford and his party called in at Somosomo—Satanic Somosomo—where Richard B. Lyth and Thomas Williams were at that time labouring. Here he had an introduction to that monster, physically and morally, Tui-kilakila, who 'preferred human flesh to any other food.' Mr. Watsford was by no means a small man, but this savage giant simply took him under his arm, as though he were a baby, and carried him to his native house. Mr. Watsford said: 'Being new in the mission field, and having heard of this man, I did not altogether like my position, and was very glad when I was out of his clutches.'

I cannot follow this 'man of God' any farther on his long pilgrimage. Long as he was able to do so he went about proclaiming 'repentance toward God and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ,' and emphasizing the need for that holiness without which no man shall see the Lord.

In the *Minutes* of the Conference it is said concerning him: 'Hundreds of souls were brought from darkness to light by his ministry. The founding and establishment of Prince Alfred College, South Australia, was largely owing to his efforts. During sixteen years of supernumerary life he was known and revered by all the churches as "Father Watsford." He conducted a large and wide correspondence with anxious souls, frequently preached, and spent much time in intercessory prayer. His knowledge of Scripture was remarkable, and when almost blind he recited long and appropriate passages with absolute verbal accuracy. He has left the Church,

as his best legacy, the memory of a life of absolute devotion and service, to which God gave the seal of great success and abundant blessing. He spent about half a century in active work, and died in 1907, at an advanced age.'



ARE THEY WORTH SAVING?
Christianized South Sea Islanders.

[*face p. 273.*

CHAPTER XI

After One Hundred Years

The preceding pages have been a kind of panorama. Various pictures, from many places, have been presented to our view. In the introductory chapter we went back to the year 1813, and saw the formation of the first Methodist Missionary Society in the old town of Leeds. A few years later we witnessed the culmination of this movement in the establishment of a central Missionary Society, or Board of Missions, in London.

In the chapters of this book we have had glimpses of the great work that Society has done—a work the magnitude of which no finite mind can adequately conceive or express. The Methodist Missionary Society in London sent out its agents east, west, north, and south; it supported them, kept in close touch with them, and gave them the counsel they needed. As the chapters of our book show, all communications were addressed to the Missionary Committee in London, and instructions came from them.

We have just celebrated the Centenary of that divine movement. Closely associated with it is the Centenary of the death of Dr. Coke. He was the founder and first superintendent of Methodist

Missions. Before the formation of the first Missionary Society Dr. Coke, in the interests of Methodist Missions, travelled through the United Kingdom, begging money from door to door. Out of his own private resources he contributed large sums of money for missionary purposes, and in his efforts to extend the Kingdom of Christ he crossed the Atlantic eighteen times. On his last voyage, during the night, he died alone in his cabin, and was buried at sea. This was on May 3, 1814.

Closely associated with the Centenary of the Methodist Missionary Society and of the death of Dr. Coke is the CENTENARY OF AUSTRALIAN METHODISM. On August 10, 1915, this event will be celebrated throughout Australia and the islands of the South Seas.

In the pages of this book I have shown how the agents of the Methodist Missionary Society in London carried the gospel to the early settlers in Australia and Van Dieman's Land and to the savages of the South Seas. We shall now take a review of the work after the lapse of one hundred years.

Material Development.

In February, 1815, we saw Samuel Leigh, the pioneer missionary to Australia, set sail from England. For more than five months he was tossed about on the ocean. On August 10, 1815, he came to anchor in Port Jackson, New South Wales. Here he found a small rude settlement, called 'Sydney,' located on an immense continent which as yet was unexplored and practically unknown. It

had lain undisturbed since creation. Foot of white man had never trodden its vast timber-covered plains, nor explored its tangled and mysterious interior.

After one hundred years what a transformation! The rude settlement at Sydney has grown into a magnificent city, with crowded suburbs. The Continent of Australia has revealed its secrets. Where the emu ran, the kangaroo bounded, and the wombat made its burrow, there are now cities, towns, villages, farms, gardens, and cattle runs. *Terra Australis*—one hundred years ago shrouded in mystery—has been divided into six colonies or states (including Tasmania), each with its own capital, governor, houses of legislature, educational system, railway system, mines and manufactories.

The area and population of the states are as follows:

	Sq. Miles.	Population.
New South Wales	309,460	1,672,783
Tasmania	26,215	193,479
Victoria	87,884	1,362,794
South Australia	380,070	418,172
Western Australia	975,920	294,181
Queensland	670,500	622,129

After Samuel Leigh had laid the foundations of the Methodist Church in New South Wales we saw him sail for New Zealand. The country was then inhabited by warlike tribes of natives, eating each other's flesh and sometimes drinking each other's blood. They were monarchs of all they surveyed. In New Zealand to-day there is an Anglo-Saxon

population consisting of more than a million, and all over the land there are cities, towns, villages, wheat- and oat-fields, gardens, and other industries.

Spiritual Development.

Under this heading I am dealing, of course, with the Methodist Church only. We saw Samuel Leigh in 1815 with only three Methodist classes, each containing six members, and a small congregation meeting for worship in a rented house in Sydney.

After one hundred years we see six annual Methodist Conferences, with the following statistics:

NEW SOUTH WALES
(*Home Work*).

Ministers and Probationers	273
Church Members	23,110
Sunday School Scholars	38,456
Attendants on Public Worship	118,569

NEW SOUTH WALES
(*Foreign Missions*).

Ministers and Probationers	135
Church Members	42,706
Sunday School Scholars	34,337
Attendants on Public Worship	151,578

VICTORIAN AND TASMANIAN CONFERENCE.

Ministers and Probationers	299
Church Members	39,042
Sunday School Scholars	68,503
Attendants on Public Worship	185,960

SOUTH AUSTRALIA CONFERENCE.

Ministers and Probationers	158
Church Members	20,764
Sunday School Scholars	33,345
Attendants on Public Worship	85,892

WESTERN AUSTRALIA CONFERENCE.

Ministers and Probationers	51
Church Members	4,582
Sunday School Scholars	8,880
Attendants on Public Worship	25,145

QUEENSLAND CONFERENCE.

Ministers and Probationers	79
Church Members	9,701
Sunday School Scholars	19,846
Attendants on Public Worship	54,230

NEW ZEALAND CONFERENCE

Ministers and Probationers	199
Church Members	23,044
Sunday School Scholars	29,141
Attendants on Public Worship	92,636

The grand total for Australia, New Zealand, and the South Sea Islands to-day is:

Ministers and Probationers	1,194
Church Members	162,949
Sunday School Scholars	232,508
Attendants on Public Worship	714,010

It must be borne in mind that these are the statistics of United Methodism. After Samuel

Leigh and his associates had laid the foundations of Methodism in New South Wales, Van Dieman's Land, and New Zealand, representatives of other Methodist Churches came to Australia. These did splendid service. They built churches, formed circuits, and established church courts. But there was overlapping, and consequent irritation. A desire for organic union sprung up and rapidly developed. At the Seventh General Conference of the Australasian Wesleyan Methodist Church held in Adelaide in 1894 a resolution was adopted making it possible for any annual Conference to unite with other Methodist Bodies on a clearly defined constitutional basis. This permissive legislation was acted upon, and throughout Australia and New Zealand to-day Methodist union is an accomplished fact.

In addition to the figures above recorded we must think of the great multitude who during the century have come under Methodist influences, and have passed into the unseen.

During the last one hundred years marvels have been wrought among the savages of the South Sea Islands. In 1822 we saw Walter Lawry sail away from New South Wales to found the mission in Tonga. For a time he, and the noble men who followed him, had to face great difficulties and dangers. To-day the Tongan group is christianized, and living under constitutional rule.

In 1835 we saw William Cross and David Cargill sail from Tonga to begin a mission in cruel, cannibal Fiji. For some years the pioneer missionaries in Fiji were surrounded by awful scenes. They saw men and women clubbed, cooked, and eaten;

the old and infirm buried alive; widows strangled at the death of their husbands; men and women cruelly bruised and beaten, and child-life destroyed. To-day all the islands of Fiji are Christian islands.

In 1885 Thomas Williams, one of the pioneer Methodist missionaries, revisited Fiji. What a marvellous transformation greeted his glad vision! Said he: 'I passed a night at my old and horror-crowded station Somosomo, where, with the brethren Lyth, Hunt, Cross, and Hazelwood, and our noble wives, I endured sufferings of no ordinary kind. But they are passed, and on the ground where I once walked amongst the slain, amongst open ovens and devil temples, I have addressed a neatly attired and attentive audience. I witnessed strange scenes here from the year 1843 to the year 1849, and those which are daily passing before me are by contrast equally strange. Jehovah hath confounded the gods of the heathen, and gotten to Himself a glorious victory. Hallelujah!'

An experienced traveller (Miss Gordon Cumming), who, many years ago, spent two years in Fiji, said: 'I often wish that some of the cavillers who are for ever sneering at Christian missions could see something of their results in these isles.' After describing Fiji in the old heathen times, Miss Cumming says: 'Now you may pass from isle to isle, certain everywhere to find the same cordial reception by kindly men and women. Every village on the eighty inhabited isles has built for itself a tidy church and a good house for its teacher or native minister, for whom the village also provides food and clothing. Can you realize that there are nine hundred Wesleyan

churches in Fiji, at every one of which the frequent services are crowded by devout congregations; that the schools are well attended; and that the first sound which greets your ear at dawn, and the last at night, is that of hymn-singing and most fervent worship, rising from each dwelling at the hour of family prayer?' Speaking of Bau and of the home of the pioneer Methodist missionaries in that place, she says: 'It must indeed have been a hateful home in those days, when you could not look down from the windows to the town below without witnessing scenes of unspeakable horror, the very thought of which is appalling; when the soil was saturated with blood, and the ovens were never cool by reason of the multitude of human victims continually brought to replenish them. Now the site of the ovens is only marked by greener grass; but an old tree close by is covered, branch and stem, with notches, each one of which is the record of some poor wretch whose skull was dashed against a stone at the temple, the foundations of which are still to be seen a few steps further on. . . . Here, too, are the great wooden drums which in those evil days only sounded a doom of death or summoned the people to some scene of horrible revelry, but which now beat only to call them to Christian worship or to summon them to school.'[1] Speaking of the eighty inhabited islands of Fiji, Miss Cummings says: 'I doubt if there is any other corner of the world from which "the outgoings of morning and evening" waft to heaven so united a voice of prayer and praise.'

Of the work of the pioneer Methodist missionaries

[1] *At Home in Fiji.*

in Australia and in the South Sea Islands after the lapse of one hundred years we may sing:

When He first the work begun,
Small and feeble was His day;
Now the Word doth swiftly run,
Now it wins its widening way.
More and more it spreads and grows,
Ever mighty to prevail;
Sin's strongholds it now o'erthrows,
Shakes the trembling gates of hell.

Plea for Foreign Missions.

I want to put in a strong plea for foreign missions; but is such a plea necessary after the reader has been through this book? Surely a conviction of the virtue and value of foreign missions must have taken possession of every soul that has read these pages.

The world needs the gospel. The most appalling fact in the universe is the existence of sin, and the crying need of humanity to-day is redemption from sin. How can this be effected? How can the soul that has come under the dominion of sin be liberated? How can the hard heart of the convict be softened? How can the nature of the savage Tongan or Fijian be changed? The world wants redemption; how can it be redeemed? To all these questions there is only one satisfactory answer, and that is contained in the gospel. With all the intensity born of a profound conviction I say that apart from the gospel I see no hope for the human race. It is the only satisfactory and sufficient ray of light that has come to us in our darkness.

The gospel contains all that the world needs, and it does all that it professes to do. The facts contained in this book are incontrovertible. The gospel does give release to the captive and sight to the blind; it does set at liberty them that are bound; it does change the nature and transform the life. Consider the marvellous transformations recorded in these pages!

> Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
> The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
> The weary find eternal rest;
> And all the sons of want are blest.

We saw the New South Wales settlement, in its early stages, 'dead in trespasses and sins'; the conscience of the community was deadened; its moral instincts were paralysed and blunted; men and women 'rioted in all the sins of which their depraved natures were capable.' What was it that brought life to the deadened conscience, that raised the moral tone of society, that rolled back the tide of iniquity? It was the gospel. What was it that effected an improvement in some of the convict establishments, that tamed men who had become wild beasts, that softened the hard heart, that mollified the fierce, bitter, obdurate spirit? Was it the lash, the irons, the bread and water, the stocks, the solitary confinement? No; it was the gospel of Christ. What changed the Fijians from fiends incarnate to God-fearing men and women? Trade? Commerce? Mere association with whites? No; association with unregenerate whites tended to make them more sensual and devilish.

The transforming power was the gospel of Christ. Thakombau knew this. This savage was busy strangling the wives of his deceased father when John Watsford appeared upon the scene. Five were doomed to death. Thakombau caught sight of the missionary, and quailed in his presence. Said he, 'What about it, Mr. Watsford?' John Watsford said, 'Refrain, sir; that is plenty; two are dead. Refrain I love them.' The savage king replied, 'They are not many; only five; but for you missionaries many more would have been strangled.' What an impressive testimony from the lips of a savage to the power and influence of the gospel and to the value of mission work! If from humanitarian motives only, men and women should support the foreign-mission enterprise.

We have seen the social and moral condition of some of the islands of the sea when the Methodist missionaries first visited them. Suppose that the missionaries had not gone—that the gospel had not reached those islands—what then? Infanticide, burying alive, strangulation of widows, slavery and ill-treatment of women, clubbing men and women, cooking their bodies and eating their flesh, would have continued, and in all probability would have been in full operation to-day. Think of the appalling horrors from which generations of children in the South Sea Islands have been saved by the introduction of the gospel. Think of the butcheries and atrocities from which multitudes of men and women during the last half-century have been delivered by the same agency. Think of the many heathen who are still

> Fast bound in sin and nature's night.

Then contribute of your substance to support, to consolidate, and to extend the redemptive and transforming work, and remember the missionaries at the throne of grace. 'Brethren, pray for us,' said the great missionary to the Gentiles, and the noble-hearted men and women on the foreign mission field to-day urge the same plea. But do not be content with praying—GIVE.

Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?

Fiji to-day is face to face with a great peril. Both in a material and in a spiritual sense the Fijian is in danger of being dispossessed. India threatens Fiji. European capitalists are introducing Indian coolies into Fiji by the thousand to work their plantations. After the Indian has fulfilled his contract, instead of being sent back to his own land (as I hold should be the case), he is allowed to remain in Fiji if he so desires. He avails himself of the privilege, and with his vices and alien religion permanently settles in Fiji. The simple-minded Fijian population is decreasing; the cute Indian population is increasing. There is the danger of Fiji again becoming heathen. How can that danger be averted? Only by carrying to the Indian in his own land, as well as to the Indian settling in Fiji, the gospel of Christ. There are men and women ready to do this—ready to say farewell to parents, to home, and to old and dear associations—ready to sacrifice their own lives, if need be, for the social

and spiritual redemption of those who are sitting in darkness and in the shadow of death; but the Church lacks the necessary means. Said William Moore, one of the early missionaries to Fiji, to whom I referred in my last chapter: 'I am almost worn out; never resting; seldom two days together at home—not one Sunday in a month; talking, preaching, till I feel as if I could not speak again. I go, and go, and go, till I can move no more, and am obliged to lie down; and then I am ready to weep over these poor, perishing Fijians, and over the little concern manifested by the churches for their salvation.' These words were spoken many years ago, but are they not applicable to the Church to-day? Let us wipe away the reproach, and come to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty.

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