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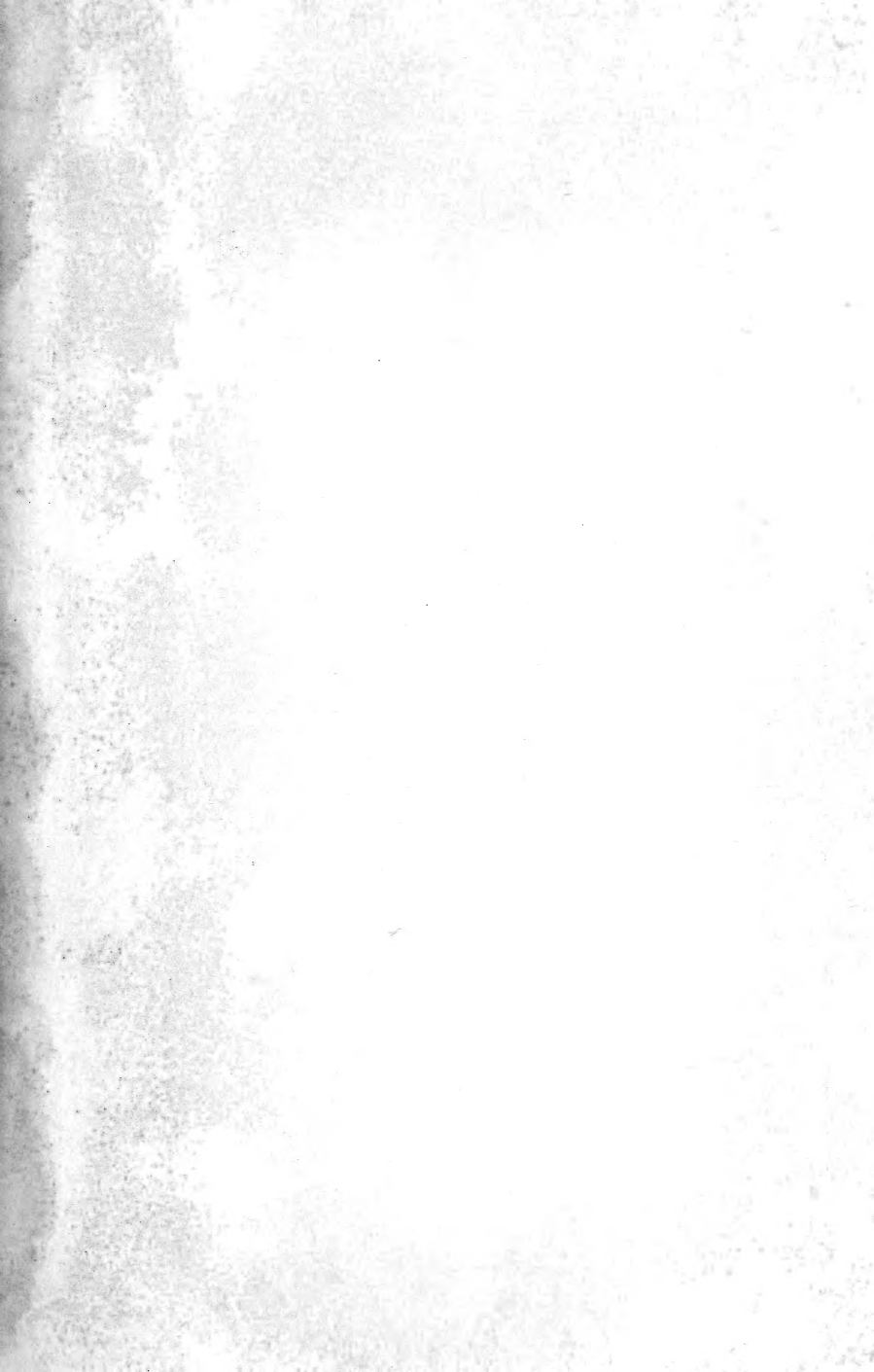


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Adventures
in the South Seas







EWING GALLOWAY, N. Y.

HEATHEN NATIVES OF THE SOUTH SEAS

Adventures in the South Seas

By C. H. WATSON

Author of

"Cannibals and Head-Hunters of the
South Seas"

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Foreword

MANY of those who oppose the work of evangelizing heathen races assert that a people found in heathenism are better left as they happen to be when discovered. This amazing allegation has sometimes been made even in relation to the wild tribes of the South Seas. To take such a position is to acknowledge that for these island peoples "unrestrained murder is better than the enjoyment of life under conditions of peace and safety; that unrelieved misery is better than joy and happiness, secured to them by an ordered government; that enslaving fear is better than the confiding trust that now marks their intertribal and interisland relationships; that the intrenched superstitions of idol and demon worship are better than the comforts and blessings of the Christian faith; that their former loathsome depravity is better than the comparative refinement and elevation of their present condition; that brutalized immorality is better than gospel morality; and that their former terribly dwarfed mentality is better than their present enlightenment and remarkable mental development."

These assertions seldom come from those who are not actively opposed to the application of gospel principles in these islands. The mental awakening which invariably follows the renouncement of heathenism and the acceptance of the gospel by these native races, is neither wanted nor encouraged by those who maintain such an attitude. Such persons are opposed to the assertion of gospel power anywhere. Therefore, they are opposed to its asserting itself in the South Sea Islands. Their purpose is selfish. Their attitude is preposterous.

For the uplift of these depraved races of the South Seas, Protestant Christianity has now been laboring for more than

a century. Entire groups of these islands that crowd the waters of the South Pacific have now been evangelized by the efforts and sacrifice of thousands of brave men and women who there have wrought for God during these years. Perhaps in no other part of the world have greater victories been won for the cross of Christ. The brilliance of these is thrown into clearer relief when seen against the terribly dark background of human depravity and unrestrained brutality that everywhere met the missionary pioneer in his labor.

But the work in some of these lands is still unfinished. There still are islands unreached by the gospel, and there still are tribes to whom it has not yet been taken, or who still resist its power. In the sincere hope that the story of brave, devoted lives may prove to be inspirational, especially to the youth of our own church, and be used by the Lord of the harvest in raising up laborers in places where the great work still remains unfinished, the facts of this volume have been compiled.

My purpose has been, not merely to show with what self-sacrifice and courageous effort the gospel seed has been sown, nor yet to reveal the awful depths of depraved savagery from which these island peoples are being lifted by the gospel; but rather to show that, in the places where human need seems to have reached its lowest depths, from the sacrifice of missionary effort and of missionary lives, a harvest, bountiful as any in the history of missions, is being reaped to the glory of God.

In undertaking to collect the facts that fill this volume, I have determined, in deep and reverent memory of the gallant men and women whose deeds are recorded, that theirs shall be the voices that speak to the reader from its pages. They have lived and labored, and many of them have died, to advance the name of Christ in dark places, and their deeds of unselfish service still adorn the missionary cause in which they labored.

From old volumes, some of which have long been out of print, from current missionary journals, and from missionaries still living among savage peoples, information has been gathered. It has been a pleasure to assemble the statements of so many of God's servants, and bring them within the compass of one volume. Gratefully acknowledging my indebtedness to all those from whose works I have drawn, I now send forth this story of pioneer missionary endeavor with the earnest prayer that it may bless its readers, and prove to be an inspiration to many whose interest in foreign missions makes missionary effort everywhere possible.

C. H. WATSON.

The Martyrs of Tonga

THE missionaries to the Tonga Islands reached that group in the year 1797 on the 10th day of April. They were ten in number, and all earnestly devoted to their God-appointed work. They found themselves among a people of friendly disposition, though desperately needy in their depraved state of savagery.

Living among these natives were found to be two white men. These were afterward joined by a third, and still later by seven others. With one exception they were all vicious and abandoned beyond description, and were more to be feared by the missionaries than were the fierce people whom they had come to help. The exception was a blacksmith named Beck. Though he professed no religious convictions, he attached himself to the interests of the missionaries, and gave them aid at all times to the limit of his powers; and when days of privation and persecution came upon them, he shared joyfully and fully with them in their sufferings and peril.

The others used every opportunity to extort and steal from the luckless missionaries, and invented and spread among the heathen the most malicious stories concerning them. Thus encouraged, the natives lost their friendliness, and soon became insolent and threatening in their bearing.

Early in the year following their arrival, the missionaries were made to feel the determined bitterness of this evil influence. On the occasion of the death of a woman of influence, the report was spread that her death had been brought about by the prayers of the missionaries. Immediately the superstitious heathen laid the charge of causing her death at the door of the men of God, and forbade them

to pray any more. Of course they did not comply with this demand, but their persistence in prayer led to much annoyance at the hands of the people.

About this time the truculence of the natives became more marked, and theft of the missionaries' goods, with violence to their persons, began. Their situation seemed at that juncture to be growing worse daily, but all that they had as yet endured was as nothing to the troubles that were just before them, for even then civil war was approaching and darker days were near.

Up to this point the prospect of the mission had been sufficiently gloomy, but on April 21, 1798, the king of the Tongans was assassinated by his brother, whose name was Finau Lugalala, and this led to war of the most ruthless sort. As the report of the murder spread, all law and order ceased. The chiefs demanded that the missionaries take part in the strife, and upon their refusal so to do, they were told that no further protection would be afforded them.

"Thus they were as sheep in the midst of wolves, exposed to all the horrors of war in its most appalling forms; and though for a time the influence of some of the chiefs, who were inclined to befriend them, afforded them protection, their houses were ultimately plundered, they were stripped of their wearing apparel, some of them being able to secure only a covering of native cloth, their lives being as much in danger from the followers of the chiefs who had hitherto protected them, as from their avowed enemies.

"At this sad crisis they managed to get together, and, under deeply solemn feelings, they united in imploring the divine interposition, and in commending themselves and their work to the care and protection of their Father in heaven. This meeting must have been of an intensely affecting character. It was the last time they met on earth, and that thus it would prove, the circumstances under which it took place must have been sadly suggestive. These good men felt that their lives were in jeopardy every hour, and in their extrem-

ity they thought of trying to launch a boat which they were building, and which was nearly finished, in order to escape to some other island where their lives might have been safe. The boat was so far inland, however, that they were unable themselves to convey it to the sea, and they could get no help from the natives. How sad their case must have been! but the worst was yet to come.

“On the 10th of May, these devoted pioneers of the missionary enterprise were required by the savage people among whom they dwelt to join the army of the district named Ahifu, in which the larger number had settled. Knowing that, humanly speaking, their safety depended on the influence of the chiefs, they so far complied as to follow in the rear of their forces. Shortly after daybreak the conflict began; the enemy soon fled before the Ahifuans, who pursued them, and practiced barbarities which even to think of makes one’s blood run cold. The first prisoner they took was cut up and devoured on the spot, and the missionaries saw an old man roasting part of one of the bodies of the slain; and even the women, who mingled in the rear, dipped their hands in the blood of the slain who lay by the roadside, and licked them as they walked along. Such is heathenism. As of old, so now, it transforms men, and women too, into incarnate demons. And those were the Friendly Islanders, the ‘innocent children of nature,’ whose apparent amiability so favorably impressed Captain Cook!

“At first the natives seemed pleased at seeing the missionaries in their ranks, but when they saw that they took no part in the conflict, their presence was evidently unwelcome; so they left the savage warriors, and returned to their former habitations, which they found stripped of most of the articles they had left. Shortly after reaching their now-desolate home, they beheld a hostile party approaching, and fled to seek shelter among the rocks of a place named Eligu, on the western shore, where they remained undiscovered during the rest of the day.

“In the evening two of their number ventured to return to their former residence, and finding all quiet in the neighborhood, the others joined them, deeming it safer to do so than to spend the night in the unfrequented place to which they had fled. In this, however, they found themselves mistaken; so they removed to an adjacent house belonging to a native who professed great friendship, while, as they afterward found, he intended to murder them during the night. The eye of the Keeper of Israel was over them; the treacherous native was prevented from carrying his purpose into effect, and at break of day they returned to their former dwelling, in the hope of finding one of their number, who had been separated from them on the previous evening. Being unable to obtain any tidings of him, they again betook themselves to the wilderness, and sought safety by concealing themselves in a wood near the rocks where they had found shelter on the previous day.

“About noon the same day they were surprised by hearing a native call one of their party by name, and on leaving their concealment, they saw numbers fleeing like broken ranks of a vanquished army, and they soon learned that the fortune of the war had turned, and that the Ahifuans were beaten, and many of those who had professed to be their friends were killed, and that the principal surviving chief had fled to a place farther along the shore, where he requested to see them. They joined the fugitives, and followed with the crowd, till they were met by a party of armed men, who demanded from them what clothes they had been able to retain, but spared their lives.

“Having obtained some native cloth, it does not appear how, they continued with the fugitives, many of whom evidently regarded them with no friendly feelings, till they reached a thick wood, beyond which a range of craggy rocks seemed to promise a place of concealment, and in which they were glad to take shelter. And here, in the seclusion and comparative quiet which their retreat afforded, they reviewed

the sad scenes through which they had passed; and in the journal which narrates their proceedings at this time, they record their experience of the divine faithfulness and care. 'We still found,' they write, 'abundant cause to bless the name of the Lord, who had given so much and taken away so little of what was essentially necessary for our real happiness. Though stripped of every worldly good, without so much as a garment to cover us, yet our heavenly inheritance remained inviolate and inviolable; though at a distance from friends, and exposed to enemies on all sides, we might yet rejoice in the presence of our heavenly Father, our best Friend, and His promised protection; and though life seemed more than ever uncertain, and death impending, yet neither could separate us from the enjoyment. . . .

"We could not be insensible to the loss we had sustained, whereof we esteemed the word of God, and other books, of which we enjoyed a great number and variety, the most considerable; but we still had access to the throne of grace, and, oh, what difference had His distinguishing grace made between us and the many thousands around us who never heard of His word nor the salvation it reveals!'"

"What a touching record is this, considering the circumstances in which it was made! As Mr. Ellis remarks in his history of the London Missionary Society, pages 78, 79: 'Men who at such a time thus realized the genuine fruits of the faith they professed, when it works by love, and brings its possessor under the influence of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen, were not destitute of some of the highest missionary qualifications.'

"Alas! the faith and patience of these devoted servants of God were to be yet more severely tried. About sunset of the day on which the foregoing record was made, two of them, impelled by hunger, set out in search of food. Water they had found during the afternoon in a hole among the rocks. The search for food was so far successful; the two soon returned to their companions with a single breadfruit

and some unripe bananas, which they had obtained from a company of men whom they met, and from whom they received the sad intelligence that their brethren at Ardeo had been murdered. After eating part of their scanty supply of food, they passed the night in a cave among the rocks, which was so small as to afford but partial covering from the rain. What a sad night it must have been!

“The chief of the district of Ardeo, under whose protection the missionaries had settled there, had joined the insurgents. They were defeated by the Ahifuans, who rushed on with savage triumph toward Ardeo. When they approached the dwelling of the missionaries, they came out, apprehending no danger, as they had taken no part with either side in the war. Whether as the friends of the chief of the now-vanquished district they would have been in danger, does not now appear; but among the Ahifuans, who were at this time the conquerors, was a man who had once asked them for some article which they had refused. Seizing the opportunity which was now offered for revenge, he rushed upon them, and was joined by others. Two of the three missionaries who occupied the station, Messrs. *Bowell* and *Harper*, and a seaman named *Burnham*, who resided with them, were struck down at once and murdered. The third missionary, *Gaulton*, fled at first, but looking back and seeing his companions fall, he returned and immediately shared their fate. The savages, leaving the mangled bodies on the ground, hastened to the mission house, which they plundered of everything they desired, and then hurried off again to the fight.

“Such was the tragical end of these good men, of whom *Mr. Ellis* says: “They were eminently pious, industrious, and devoted men. . . . Their course, though brief, was irreproachable and honorable; they were faithful unto death; and though the early and violent termination of their lives was permitted in accordance with the will of Him whose ways are past finding out, there is reason to hope that for

them to die was gain. . . . They were the first martyrs among missionaries of modern times, the forerunners of those who in the recent movements of the church have since been called to part with life in the sacred cause; and their sudden and unexpected removal, though afflictive in the extreme, was, there is reason to believe, beneficial in its influence on survivors in the field, and on the churches at home.'

"They were all comparatively young. Harper, the eldest, was twenty-nine years of age, Bowell was twenty-five, and Gaulton was still younger. It is painful to think of their brief and checkered course, and of its sad termination; but all, no doubt, was wisely and kindly ordered, however appearances may seem to indicate the contrary. 'Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints.' To the eye of sense, indeed, it seems as if their lot had been a peculiarly hard one—as if they had sacrificed their earthly all, and suffered and died in vain; but that cannot be. We may not be able to trace the results of their labors and sufferings, but it does not follow that they were fruitless; yea, may we not rather confidently conclude that it was otherwise, that they were instrumental at least in preparing the way of the Lord, and that the blood of the first Polynesian martyrs, like that of others of early and later date, proved in the Friendly Islands, as elsewhere, the seed of the church?

"The next day after the sad occurrences narrated above, was Sunday. It was spent by the remaining missionaries among the rocks, where they had sought and found a hiding place, in devotional exercises, and solemn and deeply affecting conference on the privileges of those who, amid all the disappointments and desolations of the world, could rejoice in the Lord as their refuge and their strength.

" 'The scenes which took place this day in other parts of the island,' Mr. Ellis remarks, 'appear in awful contrast with the quiet solitude and devotional engagements of the missionaries among the rocks of Eligu.' The conflict between the contending parties was renewed, and maintained with

obstinate and determined ferocity. Horrid deeds of cruelty and cannibalism were indulged in by the party who gained a temporary triumph, but there was no decisive result.

“The dangers and sufferings of the missionaries were in no degree diminished. They were indeed befriended by some of the natives, but others seemed bent on taking their lives, some insulting them with the accounts of the part they had taken in the murder of their beloved companions, while others were exulting in the expectation of their speedy destruction.

“Three days after leaving their hiding place among the rocks, they learned that their death had been determined upon, and would probably take place speedily. Some of the chiefs, however, interposed and interceded for them, and they were spared. They had taken refuge in the camp of the Ahifuans, where they were exposed to the insults and reproaches of the living, and to the noxious state of the atmosphere arising from the bodies of the slain which lay unburied around. What a horrid situation was theirs! Yet all seems to have been patiently and heroically borne. We hear of no murmuring or complaining. True to the spirit and example of Him whose they were and whom they served, they took submissively, if not joyfully, the spoiling of their goods, knowing that they had in heaven a better and an enduring substance.

“The war ended in the complete defeat of the Ahifuans, in whose district the missionaries resided. They fled to Mafanga, a district which had taken no part in the war, and where, on that account, the refugees would be in comparative safety. . . . But they found the people there scarcely more friendly than the Ahifuans had been. The chief of the district professed to be their friend, but he seemed influenced by mercenary motives only.

“Their connection with him led to one deeply interesting movement. He proposed to them that they should go to Ardeo to search for some things which he had been informed

the murdered missionaries had buried on the first breaking out of the war. They gladly complied with his proposal, in the expectation that they would be able to render the last sad offices of friendship to their beloved companions.

“On the 8th of June they set out, accompanied by about a dozen men; and on their arrival, they found the mission premises a perfect desolation; the fences broken down, the houses in ruins, and the produce of the gardens entirely destroyed. The bodies of their murdered companions were found lying unburied at a short distance from the premises. That of Burnham, the sailor, was found in a ditch not far off, and as it could not be removed, they covered it with earth where it lay. Assisted by the natives, they dug one large grave, into which they removed the bodies of their departed brethren. ‘They had lain,’ Mr. Ellis remarks, ‘for nearly a month exposed to the elements of heaven and the insults of relentless savages, and were now interred without a remnant of cloth to surround them or a few boards to inclose them. Happily for the departed, it made no difference; their dust was as precious in the eyes of Him who will watch over it till the morning of the resurrection, as if deposited in its last resting place with the most costly rites of sepulture.’

“The name of one man among the natives, Vaaji, the chief of Ardeo, deserves honorable mention. He appears to have been a sincere friend to the missionaries. He bewailed their death in the most affecting manner, and when the troubles occasioned by the war had subsided, he had their bodies removed to a more suitable place of interment, and erected over them a tomb to mark the spot where they lay.

“‘This delicate and generous token of respect’ to the murdered missionaries was deeply affecting to the survivors. It was a beautiful and touching deed, all the more so as it stands almost alone. A gleam of light amid the dense darkness of those troubled and calamitous years, it seemed to herald the brighter era which in due time was to open upon Tonga.

“One would fain hope that a ray of divine light had found its way into the dark mind of that poor chief, and that not only will this that he hath done be told as a memorial of him, wherever the story of the Tongan Mission shall be known on earth, but that he has in heaven an everlasting memorial. He took the missionaries to his house, after the interment of their brethren, showed them all he possessed, and told them to take whatever they wished. To their great joy they recovered a Bible, and they obtained also some writing paper, pens, and ink, and some other useful articles.

“Their situation continued to be wretched in the extreme. They were exposed to constant insult; they were obliged, on account of the superstitious fears of the natives, which had been wrought upon by foreigners, to discontinue the practice of social worship, and their lives were in constant peril. Amid all, however, they held fast their integrity, maintaining unshaken confidence in their divine Protector, and often, in seasons of extremity, from want or danger, experiencing such marked interpositions of His providence, as caused them to feel that, though sorely tried, they were not forsaken.

“And so closed the eighteenth century upon the Tongan Mission. Its last year had been a time of dire calamity to the natives, as well as to the mission and the missionaries; and, alas! the new year brought no alleviation. It seemed almost as if an end had come to the Tongan nation. On the 17th of January, 1800, a violent storm swept over the group, accompanied by torrents of rain. The island on which the missionaries resided was several times rocked by an earthquake, and the sea rose to an unusual height, overflowing all the north side of the island, and destroying what little produce the devastation of war had spared. Vast numbers of breadfruit and bananas were blown down, and famine was added to other calamities.

“Under these circumstances, it will not surprise the reader to learn that the missionaries were induced to entertain the

idea of attempting to escape from the island. They seemed to be making no impression upon the natives. They were assured that the savage chief Finau, who had by the murder of his brother been the occasion of the horrid wars that had already taken place, and in which he had been the principal actor, had determined to put some of them to death, and they were in danger of actual starvation; while of clothing, except native tapa, they must have been almost if not quite destitute. Some articles of wearing apparel that had belonged to the murdered missionaries had been recovered.

“They had serious thoughts of attempting to reach the coast of Australia in the boat which they had built, but having no means of navigating the boat, nor of obtaining the requisite provisions for the voyage, the project was abandoned, as it seemed to threaten certain destruction. The fact that it was entertained at all shows most forcibly that in their estimation man’s extremity had been reached.

“Another fearful struggle between the chief Finau and the Ahifuans was impending; but before that actually took place, an opportunity was afforded, in a most remarkable manner, to the missionaries of leaving the island. On the 21st of January, three days after the storm, a ship touched at the island. She was an English privateer, with a Spanish vessel as a prize. The captain had called at Tahiti, but had relinquished his intention of touching at Tonga on his way to New South Wales.

“But mark the hand of an overruling Providence! The storm which had wrought such havoc on land, had drifted the vessel far to the leeward of the island on which the missionaries were imprisoned; but she had an errand there, and there she must be brought, and this was effected by a calm which followed the storm, and a strong current which carried the vessel *back* to the island, and afforded the missionaries an opportunity of escape. As soon as the captain was made acquainted with their circumstances, he generously offered them a passage to Port Jackson, with the best accommoda-

tion which his cabin afforded. With feelings more easily conceived than described, the offer was accepted, and they were soon on board the ship which, at the critical moment, had been so remarkably brought to their succor.

“One pleasing incident, akin to that connected with the conduct of Vaaji toward the murdered missionaries, occurred as they were leaving. As the vessel was passing near the part of the island at which they had resided before the outbreak of the war, a man named Ata, and a chief whose name is not given, came off with a few coconuts as a present. The chief was deeply affected on account of their leaving, and took farewell of them with many tears. Notwithstanding his sorrow at their departure, he fully approved of the step they were taking, fearing, no doubt, that if they remained they would share the fate of their companions. The missionaries also, though satisfied as to the path of duty, were much affected at leaving the people in such circumstances. The almost total failure of their mission, in as far as appearances went, was very grievous, though they were comforted by the assurance that Christianity would yet triumph on Tonga, and the hope that their labors and sufferings might be made in a measure subservient to that end. With these mingled feelings they bade adieu to the Friendly Islands, and followed what they believed to be the leading of Providence.

“They reached New South Wales in safety, about the middle of February, and were welcomed there by their brethren who had fled from Tahiti, and treated with great kindness by the governor, and Mr. Johnston, the chaplain of the colony. One of them, Mr. Shelly, after a short residence in the colony, returned to the islands, and joined the Tahitian Mission; the others proceeded to England, where they arrived in the month of September, 1800, after an absence of four years.”

In Fiji

As we turn the pages of mission history upon which are recorded the deeds of those brave men who wrought for God by taking the gospel to Fiji, we find ourselves in contact with a work of unusual daring, which was followed by remarkable success.

Within the many shores of that savage and populous group we are early led to see that "every evil passion had grown up unchecked, and previously unheard of abominations had run riot." The worst deformities and foulest stains, blackened and disfigured the most prominent of the people's characteristics. Crime had become inwrought into their very souls. It "polluted every hearth, gave form to every social and political institution, and turned religious worship into orgies of unsurpassing horror. The savage of Fiji broke beyond the common limits of rapine and bloodshed, and violating the elementary instincts of humanity, stood unrivaled as a disgrace to mankind."

In 1797, missionaries had been sent to the Tongans, nearest neighbors of the Fijians, but the history of their efforts is a record of heartbreaking disappointment and perilous failure. Yet it was from Tongan Christians that the light of the gospel of Jesus first shone into the darkness of Fijian savagery. The natives of Tonga seem always to have been a seafaring people, sailing far and near in their crude craft. At the time when our story begins, intercourse between the Tongans and the Fijians of the island of Lakemba had become established, and some Tongans had settled among the Fijians of that place. These were visited from time to time by their relatives, and thus intercourse between the two peoples became more regular.

“After a while, there were found among the Tongan sailors who visited Fiji, some who had become converted to Christianity at home; and these, on arriving in the strange land, zealously set about making known what they themselves knew of the gospel to their own relatives, and then to the Fijians. Thus was the Christian religion first introduced into the group.”

It was about the year 1834 that the Holy Spirit began to witness with great power to the preaching of the gospel in Tonga. Thousands then began to turn away from their abominable heathenism, and gave evidence that the work was truly of the heart. These newly converted people began to pray that the way might be opened to send missionaries to Fiji.

“It was felt that the spreading work in Tonga required more than all the strength of the missionaries then out there. . . . But the hearts of these men were deeply moved by what they were constantly hearing from Fiji. There was much to induce them to stay where they were. The freshness of youth had passed from them. Their homes were established now, and their children gathered round them. They were beginning to reap the fruit of much toil, and suffering, and danger. But in that outcry of savage passion which reached them from the regions beyond, they heard only the wail of unresting sorrow and unending pain. The comfort and the cure were in their hands, and the voice of the Lord sounded to them as clearly now as ever, ‘Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.’ They heeded the charge, and counting all the cost, solemnly said, ‘Amen.’” They decided that two of their number should go to Fiji, and so Mr. William Cross and Mr. David Cargill were appointed to begin mission work for the wild Fijians.

In due time these two men, with their families, landed on Fijian soil, bearing to the king of Lakemba a message from the king of Tonga, urging that the missionaries be well received and respectfully treated.

“Early in the morning the two missionaries went ashore in a boat, the schooner in the meantime lying off without coming to anchor. Deafening shouts along the shore announced the approach of the vessel, and drew together a great crowd of Tongans and Fijians, armed and blackened according to their custom, to receive the strangers.

“At the very outset the missionaries had a great advantage in being able at once to converse with the people without an interpreter; for many of the Fijians at Lakemba, through very long intercourse with the Tongans, could speak their language. . . . Thus the visitors passed through crowds of Tongans, hailing them with the friendly greetings of their own land. . . .

“They came at once to the king’s town. . . . In one of his large houses they were introduced to the king and some of his chiefs. Tui Nayau readily promised them land for the mission premises, and desired that their families and goods should be landed forthwith, while he undertook to build temporary dwellings as soon as possible.”

Soon after the missionaries returned to the schooner, it “cast anchor, and the families, who had suffered very seriously from seasickness, were only too eager to get ashore. A large canoe house on the beach, open at the sides and end, was given them as their dwelling until proper houses could be built. Under this great shed the two families passed the night, but not in sleep. The curtains had been left on board with their other goods, and they speak of the mosquitoes that night as being ‘innumerable and unusually large.’ . . .

“Here then, beneath a canoe shed, the missionary band spent their first night in Fiji, the wives and children worn out with their voyage, stung by numberless mosquitoes, and the crying of the little ones answered by the grunts of pigs running about in all directions. Glad enough were they, the next morning, to accept the captain’s invitation, and go back to the vessel until their houses were ready.”

The building of two houses was undertaken at once. A large company of natives, ordered by the king and working with great enthusiasm, began the work on the fourteenth day of the month, and on the seventeenth the missionaries, with their families, moved into their new homes. Posts and spars and reeds and leaves, all brought in great abundance, became, as if by magic, two houses, and books and goods and clothes and furniture had on the fourth day been landed from the vessel and carried indoors. Thus were the first Christian homes in Fiji made, and thus was the work of God begun among its benighted peoples.

“The missionaries opened their commission by preaching twice out of doors, in the Tongan language, to about a hundred and fifty Tongans and Fijians. The king was invited, and came to the morning service, listening very attentively.”

A short time after the mission thus began its work, “many of the Tongans who had hitherto roved about in Fiji in the unchecked indulgence of every vice, acknowledged the power of the gospel. Many became truly penitent, and mourned bitterly over their past evil ways. These converts, being desirous to lead a new life, and no longer wishing for the licentious course which was freely open to them in Fiji, returned home to their own land; and many a warm greeting took place between them and their friends, who had also received the blessings of Christianity since they last met. Thus it was difficult, for some time, to form any correct notion of the actual results of the new mission. . . .

“Hitherto these Tongans had been notoriously wicked, even in Fiji. They were influential and feared. . . . When some of the most famous and stout-hearted of them became converted, and changed their manner of life, it had a telling effect on the minds of the Fijians, some of whom, in after years, welcomed back these men as fellow Christians. . . . The distance is great indeed from the desperate, lawless, and vile course which these men held, to the high standard

of morality which the New Testament teaches; yet Christianity elevated them to that standard, and thereby wrought a triumph which no drilling of mere moral culture could have achieved: it went deeper than any other system could have reached, exercising, as it did, a power which no other could command.

“It did more than reform these licentious savages. In changing their hearts, it wrought in them a new style of ideas, a new class of motives. In the breast of the relentless warrior, the treacherous savage, the wily and suspicious heathen, it set up a quick and active charity, giving birth to strange emotions never felt before,—the emotions of sympathy and love for those whom they had hitherto known only as the sharers or the objects of their crime. They felt impelled to spread, as they could, the knowledge of that truth which had been the means of thus completely renewing them.”

The lives of the missionaries were, from the first, exceedingly active. From early morning till late at night they and their wives were kept busy answering questions and teaching the natives. Their coming had introduced to the Fijians not only new standards of life and new ideas of religion, but new means for the accomplishment of their everyday tasks. Axes, knives, chisels, and other tools were now brought within their reach. Calico and other cloth were also available, for it was by these things that the missionaries paid for all labor, food, and other necessaries. The barter, too, of these tools and comforts for such native articles as the missionary families needed, had the effect of bringing to Lakemba peoples from other islands. These, returning to their home islands, invariably carried with them articles of European manufacture, and told wonderful stories of all they had seen in the homes of the missionaries. Thus the mission, its families, and their manner of life, and the strange teaching of the white men, became the general theme of conversation in all the islands of that part of the group.

In some cases these visiting natives did not content themselves with inspecting the mission houses and listening to the teachings of the missionaries, but "would prowl about, picking up any knife or other small article that they could lay hands on, and secreting it, with marvelous cleverness, in their scanty clothing."

But as interest in the mission grew among the people, their heathen leaders began to show that ill feeling was stirring their hearts to oppose the spread of Christianity in the land. Those in authority began to threaten the common people with severest punishment if they persisted in attending the worship. The king and his brother were greatly troubled at the turn matters were taking. They knew not how to act. Just then a very influential Tongan chief who lived on Lakemba decided to accept the worship, and this gave some degree of protection to the Christians. The priests of heathenism declared that dreadful things would happen if the Christians were permitted to live, and though none of these dreadful things occurred, people came more and more to fear to show kindness to the missionaries and their converts.

Preparations to build a new temple were begun, and it was well known that some of the Christians were to be killed and eaten to celebrate the setting of its first post.

At last, "on a day secretly fixed, a large party of young men set out and attacked the two small towns of Wathiwathi and Waitambu. The houses of the Christians were pillaged, their stores of food taken, their crops destroyed, while their wives were led off to the king's house. As yet, however, life had not been sacrificed, and some of the persecuted found asylum in the town of the Tongan chief." In consequence of this, the stolen wives were restored.

In face of this persecution, the native Christians maintained a quiet courage and firm faith, that strangely affected their savage persecutors. Threats and annoyances that but a short time before would have led speedily to bloodshed,

were borne with patience and cheerfulness. The fact, too, that these newly converted ones should so suffer and yet seek no revenge, greatly perplexed their savage enemies. And when at last these cruel persecutors learned that the Christians were actually praying for the king and chiefs who permitted, and even ordered, their great suffering, they acknowledged it to be quite past their understanding. Many had been banished from their homes, and suffered the loss of all things. These after a while were permitted to return to their homes, and were greatly surprised to find themselves "greeted with a strange respect." Their own firmness in their new faith and strong trust in God had brought them victory.

In former times, all shipwrecked seamen who were so unfortunate as to be thrown by the sea upon the shores of Fiji, were received as gifts from the gods, and were killed and eaten. That this horrible custom had yielded to the influence of the gospel was evidenced when a sailing ship named the "Active" was wrecked some distance from the island of Lakemba. All hands were saved, and succeeded in reaching Lakemba. There they were treated kindly, and permitted to remain at the mission.

Four of their number soon became impatient to reach land closer to the trading routes, where they hoped to hail a passing ship. In spite of the warnings and entreaties of their companions, they set out in a small boat, but on the very next day, as they were passing a small island, some fierce savages, seeing the boat, gave chase in their canoe. All four men were miserably butchered and eaten.

Soon after this the captain and men of the wrecked ship, having unexpected opportunity, proceeded to Sydney, where the captain reported the loss of his vessel and the fate of the murdered men.

The stay of these sailors with the missionaries had very seriously reduced the stock of food at the mission, and the flour being exhausted, the two families were without bread,

and were forced to subsist on arrowroot and yam. The following year a ship was chartered to carry supplies to the mission, but the captain, being afraid to navigate his ship among the treacherous coral shoals of the group, and in terror of the Fijian people, sailed to the Tonga Islands, and there landed the whole of the stores which the missionaries in Fiji so sorely needed. Presently a canoe from Tonga reached Lakemba, bearing information that the stores for the mission were lying four hundred miles away, but no means were at hand to transport them to Lakemba. This failure to bring supplies fell with severity upon the missionaries, at a time, too, of great scarcity on the island.

Articles of barter were all gone, and even the cloth so greatly needed for their own clothing was exchanged for food. This state of things continued for some time, until at last help was sent from Tonga. Communication between Fiji and the homeland was very slow and uncertain. Mr. Cross just about this time received a supply of clothing for which he had written three years earlier. It was seldom that letters reached them within from fifteen to eighteen months from the time they were written. "Surrounded with difficulties, and suffering many things, the missionaries toiled on, often prostrated by overworking, while their families were rarely free from sickness. Mr. Cross became so ill as to make his removal to Australia seem necessary; but before arrangements to that effect could be completed, he got much better, and resolved to continue in Fiji."

Sick though he was, Mr. Cross, when the opportunity occurred, resolved to advance farther into the heart of Fijian heathenism, and in 1837 took ship from Lakemba for Mbau, the seat of cannibal power in the group, and reached there just "when seven years of civil war had passed its crisis." This war had brought to the front rank of leadership a young chief whose name was Seru, and who afterward became the dreaded Thakombau, king of all Fiji. So great was the excitement on the island of Mbau, consequent upon

Thakombau's victories, and so crowded was the island, that Mr. Cross hesitated to settle there. In the meantime the king of Rewa, "whose authority and possessions were next in importance to those of Tanoa [Thakombau's father], offered protection and land to Mr. Cross, and gave free permission to his people to become Christians as they might wish."

In the town of Rewa the missionary settled his family in a small house which the king allotted to them. There darkness and trouble came upon them. The house consisted of one room, "small and low and damp. And here the missionary sickened, and for six weeks he lay ill, first with intermittent fever, and then with cholera, and then with typhus fever, until his strength was all gone, and his poor wife saw closely threatening her the hard lot of being left alone with her little ones among cannibals.

"At this distressing time, Mr. David Whippy, an American settler at Ovalau, went to Rewa, and gave invaluable help to the sufferer and his family. By God's mercy, Mr. Cross recovered to a great extent from his sickness, and the king forthwith set about building a house for him in good earnest, so that he soon had a large and comfortable dwelling on a raised foundation."

As the mission became established, and its influence began to affect the lives of some of the people, persecution arose, and at times even the lives of the missionary and his family were endangered. At last a powerful chief who had been foremost in war, rebellion, and cannibal savagery, accepted the worship. Many of his people joined him in renouncing heathenism, and though the wild men of Fiji realized it not, the way was prepared for the evangelization of the whole group.

"Thus," writes Mr. Williams, in his book, "Fiji and the Fijians," "closes the first scene in the Fiji Mission. The work has begun at two important centers. Two men, single-handed, are battling with almost incredible difficulties, but

cheered with some success. The leaven of truth has been introduced, and already shows itself; but the opposition becomes more obstinate, and the mass of the people seem to be growing more debased and devilish than ever. The two missionaries long for help, and at last it comes."

In December, 1838, John Hunt and James Calvert, with their wives, landed at Lakemba, and almost immediately Mr. Hunt went to Rewa. He had no knowledge of the language, yet neither he nor his wife hesitated to go unaccompanied to any place among those most savage of South Sea cannibals and take up their abode with them. Already some of these people had begun to reveal a friendly attitude toward the gospel, but as these were observed by their savage fellows to be turning from savagery to the church, they were made the victims of almost unrestrained persecution.

One night a brother of the king caused those who were attending worship to be pelted with stones, and on that same night their houses were plundered. Soon after this Mr. Hunt was able to write the following, indicating the fact that the gospel was even then exerting a very powerful influence upon the life of benighted Fiji:

"We expected to have our turn next. Mrs. Hunt and I were not very comfortable, especially about midnight, when the deathlike stillness of the town was broken by the firing of a musket. We thought, 'Surely this is the signal for the attack,' and expected nothing less than to have our houses plundered. Mr. Cross slept comfortably enough. He was the old veteran who had stood the shock of many a battle; we were the raw recruits just introduced into the field, and consequently we felt the timidity which most experience on the first charge. The chief never came near us; and the king called a meeting of chiefs shortly after, which was the means of checking the persecution for a time. Our people stood firm during these trials, and were enabled to take joyfully the spoiling of their goods, affectingly referring to their better and more enduring substance. . . .

“Shortly after a number of the Viwa people had embraced Christianity, a man of some note sent a message to the king of Mbau, to allow him to kill Namosimalua. Instead of complying with his request, the king sent to Namosimalua to inform him of what had taken place, advising him to kill the traitor and all of his relatives. He replied, ‘No, it is not consistent with the laws of Christianity to punish the innocent with the guilty.’ The traitor himself was spared when he sued for mercy. This is the more remarkable, as Namosimalua had been noted for killing his own people for trifling offenses, and often for none at all, but merely because he suspected them. The man whom he thus generously pardoned is now a member of the church.”

This beginning of the work in Fiji stirred up bitter hatred in the hearts of those whose lives were unyielded to its influence. The scope of its power was as yet quite limited. It was as a small light whose shining made more manifest the darkness by which it was surrounded. The missionaries were constantly compelled to look upon “scenes too horrible to be described, too full of fiendish cruelty to be imagined by any who had not witnessed them. . . . Every vice was committed, and every form of suffering endured, by the people among whom they lived.” Yet the circle of light was constantly being increased, and amid all the perils of their position, they “knew they had kindled in Fiji a brightness which should never be put out.”

At that time Mr. Calvert declared that they had “brought in great power which should never be bound or destroyed, but should work on, with sure and mighty conquest, until the face of all those islands, in its changed loveliness and peace, should declare how the hearts of the people were become new.” And, indeed, it was even then so. “Among a people who, three years before, had no written language, and the darkness of whose degradation seemed beyond the hope of enlightenment,” a fountain of knowledge and truth had burst forth, and thirsting thousands on dark, savage Fiji were drinking freely of the waters of life.

At Somo Somo

It is interesting to note the way in which those early missionaries to Fiji were led to advance upon one stronghold of savagery after another, until the banner of the cross was triumphantly floating over the whole group of islands. The first missionaries were not long in discovering that while the island of Lakemba was the logical place at which missionary endeavor should be begun, because of the influence of Christian Tongans there, it was of comparatively little importance as a center from which the work should spread. The place of first importance and of most dreadful savagery was the small island of Mbau off the coast of Viti Levu, the largest island of the group. Here it was that the dreadful king of all Fiji, Thakombau, ruled with absolute power and unbridled cruelty.

To this locality the missionaries advanced first from Lakemba, and scarcely had the work been established there than Mr. Hunt and Mr. Lyth, a new arrival in the field, were sent to Somo Somo, a kingly town on the island of Taviuni more than a hundred miles distant from Mbau. In this town dwelt Tuithakau, king of Somo Somo. This man was a desperate character, feared far and near.

In Somo Somo the missionaries "found all the horrors of Fijian life in an unmixed and unmodified form," and "even in the other islands it was spoken of as a place of dreadful cannibalism." For reasons of his own the king had pleaded urgently for missionaries, but on their arrival they found themselves unwelcome. From the first they were treated with the utmost indifference, but very soon this was to change to conditions of suffering never fully related by those who endured them, but which became more and more the prac-

ticed plan of the savages among whom they were. Mr. Williams has given us a wonderfully graphic description of the experience of these families in those early days of their life at Somo Somo, and I shall here let him tell the story as I find it on several pages of his wonderful book, "Fiji and the Fijians:"

"When they arrived, they found the people expecting the return of Ra Mbithi, the king's youngest son, who had gone with a fleet of canoes to the Windward Islands. After the missionaries had got all their goods landed, and before the vessel in which they came had left, tidings reached Somo Somo that Ra Mbithi had been lost at sea.

"The ill news caused terrible excitement in the town, and according to custom, several women were at once set apart to be strangled. The missionaries began their work by pleading for the lives of these wretched victims. The utmost they could effect was to get the execution delayed until the schooner should have gone to search for the young chief, and bring back further information.

"The vessel returned, but not with any more favorable news. Now a greater number of women were condemned, and again the missionaries pleaded hard that they might be spared; but the old king was angry with the strangers for presuming to interfere with the affairs of his people, and indignant at the thought of his favorite son dying without the customary honors. Once more, however, the strangling was put off.

"Canoes, which had been sent out to search, at last returned, bringing the intelligence that all was true. It was generally known, but not openly talked about, that Ra Mbithi had drifted, on his wrecked canoe, to the island of Ngau, where he had been captured and eaten by the natives. Remonstrance and entreaty were now in vain. Sixteen women were forthwith strangled in honor of the young chief and his companions, and the bodies of the principal women were buried within a few yards of the door of the missionaries' house.

“Thus began the mission to Somo Somo. What the missionaries and their families suffered there, will never be fully known. Much which became dreadfully familiar to them by daily occurrence, could not be recorded here. All the horrors hinted at, rather than described, in the first part of this work, were constantly enacted in their most exaggerated forms of cruelty and degradation in Somo Somo. . . .

“On February 7, 1840, Mr. Hunt writes: ‘Last Monday afternoon, as soon as our class meeting was over, a report came that some dead men were being brought here from Lauthala. The report was so new and so indefinite, that at first we did not know what to make of it. Almost before we had time to think, the men were laid on the ground before our house, and chiefs and priests and people met to divide them to be eaten. They brought eleven to our settlement; and it is not certain how many have been killed, but some say two or three hundred, others not more than thirty.

“Their crime appears to be that of killing one man; and when the man who did it came to beg pardon, the chief required this massacre to be made as a recompense. The principal chief was killed, and given to the great Ndengei of Somo Somo. I saw him after he was cut up and laid upon the fire to be cooked for the cannibal god of Somo Somo. O shame to human nature! I think there are some of the devils even that must be ashamed of their servants eating human flesh. . . .

“The manner in which the poor wretches were treated was most shamefully disgusting. They did not honor them as much as they do pigs. When they took them away to be cooked, they dragged them on the ground: one had a rope round his neck, and the others took him by the hands and feet.

“They have been very strange with us ever since, . . . and have threatened us, and treated us in such a way as to give us reason, so far as they are concerned, to expect the very worst. But we know, while we give ourselves to God,

and say, "Not my will, but Thine, be done," God will not say to us, "Neither Mine nor yours shall be done, but that of the heathen." O no; God will not give them the reins of His government. Here we rest: God is ours in Christ; ours if we live, ours if we die, ours in all respects, our "Father and our Love."

"Every day the position of the missionaries became more trying and more dangerous. The ovens in which the human bodies were cooked were very near their dwelling; and when cannibal feasts were held, the blinds were closed to shut out the revolting scene. But this greatly offended the natives, who also felt much annoyed at the interference of the strangers, and their faithful reproof of the wickedness of the land.

"These bold and faithful servants of God were now plainly told that their lives were in danger, and would soon be at an end. One day Tuikilakila, the king's son, club in hand, came in a fury to kill Mr. Lyth. He seized Mr. Hunt with one hand and Mr. Lyth with the other. Mr. Hunt begged him to be calm, and after considerable entreaty, succeeded in cooling him down; but the great man continued sulky for some days.

"Threats were more and more plainly uttered, and one night there was every reason to believe that the murderous purpose of the savages was to be carried into effect. The natives, for some time past, had been growing bolder in their theft and insults and defiance, and now the end seemed at hand.

"A strange and memorable night was that, in the great, gloomy house where the missionaries lived. Those devoted men and women looked at one another and at their little ones, and felt as those only can feel who believe that their hours are numbered. Then they went, all together, for help to Him who ever shelters those who trust in Him. They betook themselves to prayer. Surrounded by native mosquito curtains, hung up to hide them from any who might be peeping through the frail reed walls of the house, this band of

faithful ones, one after another, called upon God through the long hours of that terrible night, resolved that their murderers should find them at prayer.

"Noble men and women! Theirs, at least, was the martyr's heart. They left their homes in England, knowing that they risked life in coming to the islands of blood; and they were content to die. Their sacrifice had been for the sake of God; and now, in the hour of peril, they bent their knees to Him, ready to complete that sacrifice. Just at midnight, each pleading voice was hushed and each head bowed lower, as the stillness outside was suddenly broken by a wild and ringing shout. But the purpose of the people was changed, and that cry was but to call out the women to dance; and thus the night passed safely.

"Every opposition was made to the work of the missionaries. The chiefs forbade their people to become Christian, declaring that death and the oven should be the punishment for such an offense. The health of the mission families was suffering through confinement to the town; for the king's promise to build them a house had never yet been fulfilled.

"Early in 1840, Commodore Wilkes, with two ships of the United States' Exploring Expedition, visited Somo Somo, and expressed great sympathy with them, placing at their disposal one of his vessels, if they chose to go to any other part of Fiji, and undertaking to remove all their goods, without allowing the natives to molest them. He writes in his narrative: 'It is not to be supposed, under this state of things, that the success of the missionaries will be satisfactory, or adequate to their exertions, or a sufficient recompense for the hardships, deprivations, and struggles which they and their families have to encounter. There are few situations in which so much physical and moral courage is required, as those in which these devoted and pious individuals are placed; and nothing but a deep sense of duty, and a strong determination to perform it, could induce civilized persons

to subject themselves to the sight of such horrid scenes as they are called upon almost daily to witness. I know of no situation so trying as this for ladies to live in, particularly when pleasing and well-informed, as we found these at Somo Somo.'

"The great kindness of the United States officer was much valued by the missionaries; but their work was begun, and they were resolved not to leave it. They were the right men, and their wives the right women, for such a position,—men and women of prayer, and faith, and unbending fidelity.

"In July, 1840, the general superintendent of the South Sea Missions, the Rev. John Waterhouse, visited this station, where he found Mrs. Hunt very poorly, while her husband was away at Rewa, whither he had gone to afford brotherly sympathy to Mr. Cargill, whose most excellent wife had just died.

"At this time the missionaries reported as follows:

"We were the first missionaries to Somo Somo. No harbinger had prepared our way; consequently we had to bear many trials, and to contend with much opposition, peculiar to a new station.

"The inhabitants of Somo Somo are proverbial, even in Fiji, for their depraved habits, and especially for their cannibalism; and all that we have seen of them during the past year, fully warrants the opinion which their neighbors have formed of them, and shows that they are right in considering them to be the vilest of the vile. But though we have had to enter a field altogether uncultivated, and to sow the precious seed in a soil most unfriendly to its growth, the Lord has verified His own promise. His word has not returned unto Him void, but it has in some measure accomplished that which He pleases, and prospered in the thing whereunto He has sent it.

"Hundreds, from all parts of the dominions of Tuithakau, have heard the gospel, while visiting this place to trade, etc. Many of them have manifested great interest in the things

they have heard, and have taken the good news to their different towns and islands.

“The general feeling of the people at present is good. They only wait for their chiefs to lead the way, and then many of them would at once embrace the truth. We preach to them every day, and sometimes many times a day to the strangers who come out of curiosity to see our dwelling house. Until lately, the king’s son (Tuikilakila), who is the real sovereign of this place, has maintained a determined opposition to Christianity. He has, indeed, allowed us to preach and teach the people; but he thought it would be in vain, as he had expressed his determination to kill the first poor man who should profess our religion.

“But the Lord took care for this also; for it so happened that the first person who renounced heathenism and publicly worshiped the true God, was the king’s brother, a great chief, and the nearest relation of Tuikilakila, except his father. He was recommended to embrace Christianity by the king himself, in order that his life might be prolonged by the power and love of the true God, and the spiritual and temporal medicine administered by His servants. A few days afterward, another chief of high rank followed the example of the king’s brother, no doubt for the same reason, and soon after another man of some respectability; and about the same time a poor girl, whom we delivered from the murderous hands of a chief who was about to strangle her because she was ill.

“The great reason why these people are disposed to receive Christianity, is that they may possess bodily health. However, we are thankful for this beginning, feeble as it is; and uncertain as it may seem, that those who embrace our holy religion in order to be restored to health will continue to serve the Lord when that object is accomplished, yet even by such a beginning the way is open for many to receive instruction, who were before afraid, because all the powerful chiefs were heathens.

“This commencement of our work has been much favored by the restoration of our servant man from the brink of the grave. He was very ill for a long time. All pronounced him past hope of recovery, and the king desired to have him buried! But the Lord blessed English medicine and English nursing, and restored him to perfect health. This had a good effect on the minds of the people, and we trust it will be a lasting blessing.

“We have at present twenty-one professing Christians on this station, twelve of whom meet in class. We have had from thirty to forty in our school at different times; but having no regular place of worship, their attendance at school, and our attention to them, have been irregular. The king has promised to build us a chapel, and he appears to be sincere. We believe the time is come for an enlargement of our borders and an extension of our exertions. The fields are whitening for the harvest; we pray the Lord of the harvest to thrust us forth, and make us unceasingly devoted and successful laborers. At present we can only report a day of small and feeble things. But who hath despised it? We know of whom it is said, “A bruised reed shall He not break, and smoking flax shall He not quench, till He send forth judgment unto victory. And in His name shall the Gentiles trust.”

“Success came slowly, and much of it only indirectly. In the following year several women were saved from strangling at the intercession of the missionaries. This was a great point to gain, and one which had been found more difficult to reach in other neighborhoods where Christianity had shown a more positive success. The lives of war captives were also spared in several instances; and even on the event of large canoes being launched, and making the first voyage, no human victims were killed,—a neglect which, at that time, was unprecedented in Fiji.

“But perhaps the most important advantage of the Somo Somo Mission at this stage was in the prevention of perse-

cution elsewhere. The chiefs of Somo Somo were powerful and of widespread influence, and Christianity had already reached several distant parts of their territories; but the fact that they had a mission station under the royal sanction at home, kept them back from persecuting in other parts. Besides this, had the mission not been established there, the Somo Somoans would undoubtedly have joined with Mbau and other places, stirring them up to resist the new religion.

"During this year the young king became very ill, and all the Fijian remedies failed to do him good. Mr. Lyth had studied medicine before becoming a missionary, and now offered to attend the king, who received his kindness with evident gratitude. Mr. Waterhouse thus describes this chief:

"Such a Goliath I had not seen before. We measured together, and I found him to be the head and neck taller than myself, and nearly three times the bulk, every part indicating the strength of a giant. This is the king whose mandate is life or death. He called at the mission house. Such a human form (all but uncovered) was enough to frighten Mrs. Brooks,' who called there on her way to Sydney, and 'who had seen nothing of the kind in the Friendly Islands; and more especially so, when he took her child (about seven weeks old) into his arms, and put his great tongue in its mouth!'

"This monster was greatly reduced by his long sickness, and his doctor made diligent use of the opportunity thus afforded of preaching Christ to him. He got well again, but did not abandon heathenism. Yet he was evidently altered, and showed a milder spirit ever after, always treating Mr. Lyth with great kindness. The old king, too, took a great fancy to him, and would often send food to the mission house, expecting, however, occasional gifts of knives, iron pots, etc.

"Once, when the old man was ill, Mr. Lyth, in anxious concern about his salvation, spoke more pointedly than before, declaring that the gods of Somo Somo were no gods,

and could do him no good. On being urged to forsake his old faith and turn to the true God, the mildness and friendship of this 'virtuous heathen' forthwith vanished, and seizing the missionary's coat, he called loudly for a club to kill him. The old chief was ill, but his rage made him dangerous, and he clung hard; but luckily the garment was of light material, and Mr. Lyth, making a spring, left his coat tail in the hand of Tuithakau, and without taking his hat, set off home, where he quietly waited until his patient's anger had cooled down."

Thus through much tribulation the seed of truth was sown in the dark soil of Somo Somo. After the death of the old king, conditions became so hopelessly difficult that it was thought advisable for the missionaries to withdraw from that center. This was done without loss of more than a little of the possessions of the mission families.

Some time after this the new king was murdered, and then this town, "where that people of proud wickedness had despised" the word of the missionary, "soon became utterly deserted. Civil war, in which brother was set against brother and cousin against cousin, in deadly defiance, made the land desolate, and many fell." But "since then the truth which the rejected missionaries left behind them has sprung up in marvelous growth." The chiefs and the people became humbled, and then it was that thousands of people began to give up their heathen practices, to turn from their depraved ways, and to reach out toward the light of that gospel which they had so long rejected.

It was one of the author's very happy experiences to visit, only a few years ago, this ancient stronghold of cannibal savagery, and to find that from the earnest labors of these self-sacrificing missionaries, light had sprung up that had increased more and more until the darkness was all gone, and a happy, joyous people now glory in the freedom of the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. All the awful past is now but a nightmare memory to even the oldest of their

number. Somo Somo is a place of rare natural beauty, and the visitor of today finds it hard to conjure up thoughts of its dark past as he lingers amid its charms, and mingles with its attractive, care-free, but worshipful people.

But it is thus that the gospel always manifests its power. Before it, darkness and dread retreat; and with it, light and joy and rest and contentment spring continually forth. From the great sufferings of those pioneer mission families have come to Somo Somo all that its people now enjoy in their well-ordered lives, and the stranger is safer among its people, once so savage, than he is on the streets of our own cities. We bless the memories of those brave men and women who endured hardness as good soldiers, that this great accomplishment might be made possible.

Beginning on Oneata and Vanua Mbalavu

FORTY miles southeast from Lakemba lies the island of Oneata. On this island dwelt a fine, sturdy, independent, and aggressive tribe of Fijians. Here, in the providence of God, the gospel began to take hold of heathen hearts. A Fijian Christian settled here, and under his influence many soon began to give genuine proof of conversion. A high chief, Josiah Tumbola, a kind, intelligent man, who had embraced Christianity, became the leader of the Christians. "His piety was deep and earnest," and in his relations to the king of Lakemba, exercised a restraining influence upon that savage ruler.

Mr. Williams records the remarkable conversion of this island to Christianity, and tells of its place in giving the gospel to many other islands, in the following words:

"The converts at Oneata increased, until the majority were Christians. Early in 1842 a new chapel was built, with great labor, and as the missionaries thought, far too large. But just then the king of Lakemba sent a message by a heathen Oneata priest, requesting that all would *lotu* [worship], as it was not desirable for so small an island to be divided. Many were only waiting for this permission, and forthwith the head chief, the priests, and remaining heathen of Oneata professed Christianity, and helped to finish the chapel, which was now just the right size for the whole of the inhabitants to assemble in. . . .

"In April, 1849, the new chapel was opened and filled with earnest worshippers. These Oneata people are singularly independent in character, and have thus escaped the servitude which oppresses so many of the small islands. They are very

industrious and enterprising. . . . They have excelled their neighbors in commerce, engaging and supporting canoe carpenters, and thus enlarging their means of communication with other parts of the group. . . . Somehow they boldly kept their canoes from the grasp of superior chiefs, and thus their intercourse with other islands has been considerable. On becoming Christians, they spread diligently the knowledge of the gospel wherever they voyaged, so that in many places they were made useful."

Seventy miles north by west from Lakemba, there is a large and populous island called Vanua Mbalavu, which means The Long Land. The people of this island and those of Oneata were related, and worshiped the same gods.

Men of Oneata frequently visited this larger island. Dancing and singing and general carousal usually accompanied these visits, but when the Oneatans became Christians, and with zeal for God burning in their souls visited the Vanua Mbalavians, earnest talking about their new religion took the place of the old custom of heathen dancing. This, however, gave great offense to the people of Vanua Mbalavu, who regarded it as a regrettable departure from their common gods.

"Nevertheless good was done, and the first man who yielded to the exhortations of good Josiah and his people, was a chief of high rank and renown belonging to the town of Lomaloma. Believing in the falsehood of heathenism, and in the truth and value of the Christian religion, he boldly avowed his attachment to Christianity, and began to worship the Lord.

"As a heathen he was feared and influential; but the mild rule of love is not regarded by dark-minded heathens. The chiefs opposed; and the priests, to please the chiefs and to vindicate their own false system, under professed inspiration, predicted a drouth, and that the earth would be so scorched as not to produce food, because of this innovation.

The chiefs were set fast when this chief, Mbukarau, asked them how they would manage to live when their god sent a famine. Happily, he was a fearless man, unmoved by threats and slights, and just suited to take the first stand against the old system. In spite of opposition, he continued to profess Christianity, and live up to all he knew of it."

In a short time this man's faithfulness had won others to take their stand with him, and there were ten in all professing the Christian religion. He then made a voyage to Lakemba to plead that a missionary be sent to teach him and his people the way of truth more perfectly. A Tongan teacher was at last sent to Lomaloma, and under the pious labors of that good man "converts were multiplied and confirmed."

"Midway between Lakemba and Vanua Mbalavu stands the small island of Tuvutha, where the Christian teachers often put in for the night on their journeys to and fro. Their exhortations on these visits at last took effect, and the chief, with several of his people, gave up heathenism. On hearing of this, Mr. Calvert at once set out to visit Tuvutha, intending to return next day, but a change of wind prevented this, so that he went forward to Vanua Mbalavu, where he baptized eight persons, and preached and talked with many of the people, being much cheered to find how firmly the cause of Christianity was already set in this important island.

"At Lomaloma, he heard that an American had just been murdered at Yaro. . . . Being anxious to know whether the slain man was eaten, and wishing to converse with the people, Mr. Calvert went to Yaro, and found that the body had been thrown into a cave, where he gave it Christian burial.

"The voyage home was dangerous and protracted, so that the trip occupied twenty-one days altogether, instead of two as was first expected. This was a time of weary suspense

at the mission house; for the canoe in which the missionary sailed was known to be very frail, and the navigation dangerous. The wind was still contrary and baffling; and in attempting to reach Lakemba from Naiau, the canoe was headed off. A Fijian Christian on board, not knowing that Mr. Calvert understood Tongan, began talking to the Tongan sailors in their own language, urging them to put back. As soon as he had persuaded them, he said, 'I think, sir, we had better return.' 'If you think so, by all means let us return,' quickly answered the missionary, and the canoe was at once ordered about.

"After sailing some time on the backward course, the Fijian remarked, 'Aye, we had gone a long way; we are still far from Naiau.' Thereupon he got a little admonition on the folly of losing so much way as they had made, and seemed greatly chagrined, keeping silent until they reached Naiau, when, after they had anchored, the wind blew most furiously, and his face brightened up as he exclaimed: 'Aye! it was not my tongue that spoke; but it was the Lord that spoke by my mouth, and brought us back again; so we are spared.'

"All were thankful, for the canoe, though the best that could be obtained for that voyage, was not strong. Indeed, three days after her return to Lakemba, she was wrecked while sailing to another island in a much less wind than that which blew at Naiau."

Just then the word was brought to Lomaloma that Tui-kilakila, the dreaded king of Somo Somo, was about to visit that place. With this word came the terrible message that the king would kill and eat all whom he found worshiping Jehovah at Lomaloma. The members of the little church at that place betook themselves to prayer, beseeching God to turn away the wrath of the king from them. Having committed themselves to the care of the Lord, they calmly awaited the result.

At last the day came when the great cannibal king arrived, attended by many of his people, sailing in several canoes. Soon after landing at Lomaloma, he heard of the fears of the Christians, and said: "The report is false. I never said so. Why should I? Is there any land where Christianity is not? Are not missionaries living with me?" Thus was the heart of this savage monster turned toward the Christians at this place, and thus were the heathen of Lomaloma who desired their death, "surprised and confounded."

Winning the Wild Rewans

THE spirit with which all this work was wrought is revealed in the words of John Hunt as he was leaving Rewa to begin work for God in Somo Somo. Facing the perils of that great undertaking, he said: "The difficulty of leaving Rewa and going to Somo Somo only affected us as men; as missionaries, we thought nothing of the privations or trials we might have to endure. We expect to sow in tears as confidently as we hope to reap in joy; and therefore trials and privations are words seldom used by us, and things that are thought much more of by our dear friends at home than by ourselves."

The king at Rewa was well disposed toward the worship, but his brother, Ratu Nggara, hated Christianity with bitter hatred, and resolutely opposed all that the missionaries did. The king promised that a chapel would be built, but because of his brother's opposition, this promise was not kept. Services were therefore held in the open air, but both preacher and congregation were often pelted with stones.

On one occasion, as a number of the people were being instructed, several muskets were discharged through the thin reed walls of the house in which they were, but God's protection was about both teacher and people, and none of them were injured. Amid constant dangers and ever-present perils the missionaries labored on, and though often in a state of alarm, their hearts were encouraged by seeing the number of Christians steadily increased. The heathen, however, were becoming more and more daring in their opposition to the mission, and sometimes the missionaries were compelled to view the horrors of cannibal feasting, for the feasts were brought right to their doors.

Under the severe strain which these conditions imposed, the health of Mrs. Cargill failed, and she died on June 2, 1840. The next day she was buried with her babe only five days old, and left a sorrowing husband with four children. Of her it was written after her death:

“Mrs. Cargill was a woman of rare and excellent spirit, filled with devoted love, and warmly attached to the mission work; . . . and as she passed away, they who listened felt that their loss was great indeed. Her memory is blessed in Fiji. In that dark, wild land, and among those savage people, the winning gentleness and piety of the missionary’s wife are yet borne in mind, and the remembrance still serves to recommend the religion which adorned her with such loveliness.

“When near death she requested her husband to take the children to England at once, that they might be educated, and trained in the way of the Lord. As soon as the news of her death reached Mr. Hunt at Somo Somo, he sailed nearly two hundred miles to visit the mourners, and urge Mr. Cargill to move to his own station. But Fiji was not the place for a man whose wife was gone, leaving four little ones to his care, and Mr. Cargill resolved to go as soon as possible to the colonies [Australia], where he arrived with his children on the second of September.”

While these events were occurring, a young chief whose name was Matanambamba, came to Rewa, fleeing from the wrath of Thakombau, the fierce and warlike son of Tanoa, king of Mbau, against whose rule Matanambamba had rebelled. This young man, nursing deadly hatred for his enemies, stirred up Ratu Nggara, the brother of the Rewan king, to have the Christians stoned, and himself led a party to waylay and kill the missionaries.

Unsuccessful in his efforts to destroy God’s servants, he became desperate in his opposition to the worship till at last sickness came upon him, and though all Fijian modes of cure were tried, he grew worse. In his extremity he turned to the Christians whom he had persecuted so cruelly.

"In terrible dreams he was haunted with the thought that the affliction was in consequence of his persecution of Christianity and his attempt to kill the missionaries; so he came, greatly humbled, to the station, and sought a dwelling among the Tongans, where he might have proper treatment, receiving daily supplies of food from his own friends. He feared that he was going to die; and being removed from his former companions, and brought entirely under Christian influence, and attending constantly at family worship, the heart of the cruel persecutor became softened, and he spoke with genuine contrition of all his past evil, inquiring eagerly for the way of salvation.

"Being urged to pray to God for mercy, he asked to be taught words fit for prayer, saying, 'Great is my desire to pray to God; but I know not what words to take up.' He was encouraged to tell simply all he felt to that good and all-knowing God, who would mercifully help him, if he was sincere. Hearing of a poor man named Savea who, having been cured of a loathsome disease, had become a Christian, Matanambamba sought an interview with him, inquiring with great interest about his case.

"Savea said: 'I was friendless, forsaken, destitute, and treated as a dog; but I fled to the servants of God, swallowed much medicine, and trusted in the Lord. When I lay only, I used to pray. When it was night, I prayed. When morning came, I prayed; and by doing this I got well.'

"Matanambamba was pleased with this simple testimony, and though Savea was a common person, with whom once he would have scorned to associate, yet now he said to him, 'From this time let you and me be friends.'

"God made the medicine successful, and the chief recovered. He prayed very earnestly for mercy, confessing that he had been 'a blasphemer, and a persecutor, and injurious,' a chief sinner, even among the Fijians. In this state he was led to put faith in the atonement of Christ, and received the remission of his sins."

And so in the midst of heathen cruelty and cannibal feasting the gospel of Christ advanced at Rewa. Side by side with the works of grace that were now becoming more and more evident were the works of darkness in this place; yet the light was advancing, and the darkness was receding.

Even Ratu Nggara, the bitterest of all men to the "worship," was becoming influenced by the work and life of the missionaries. Having greatly offended his brother the king, this wicked chief was forced to flee to Mbau in exile from his own people. After a time he was permitted to return to his own tribe, but the king remained unreconciled to him. As Ratu Nggara was a dreadful man, and possessed wide influence, it was feared that civil war would surely follow.

Just then the missionary approached the king to intercede for this enemy of the church. He offered the usual gift of a whale's tooth, and prayed that the king's brother might be forgiven and war avoided. The king graciously accepted the whale's tooth, but said, "I will not drink . . . with him yet. He is a bad man. He was a party to the stealing of goods when the missionaries first came; he is an enemy to the worship; he has no soul; he is like a bird or a beast, or like the Englishmen who come hither because they will not worship in their own land. When he is humbled, truly humbled, I will forgive him."

The king of Mbau, too, sent a messenger with gifts to the king of Rewa, beseeching the forgiveness of the king's brother. This messenger was a heathen priest. The king of Rewa, however, refused the messenger's request, and would not accept his gift. This threw the messenger into a rage, and he required the king to say why he had received favorably the missionary when he had come for the same purpose, and now rejected the overtures of his royal master of Mbau.

To this the king replied: "I know that they [the missionaries] are come out of love to me, and that their words are true. They speak like friends, and desire good. They do

not come here to tempt. They wish this land to be prospered. No evil arises from their purposes. We are enriched by the property they bring."

To this the priest answered: "It is not good. How is it that you do not accept the offering I bring?"

"Because," said the king, "the speech of Fijians is contrary. You say it is good not to war; and then you will go to my brother and tell him that it is good to fight. If you say one thing to me, you will say quite different at Mbau."

In the course of time the counsel of both chiefs and missionaries prevailed with the king, and he consented to become completely reconciled to his brother. Then it was discovered that a change of feelings had come to the king's brother. He had learned of the missionaries' effort to make peace for him with the king, and he was now much more kindly disposed toward the religion that he had previously persecuted so cruelly. It was noticeable, too, that on his re-establishment at Rewa, he sent no offerings to the gods, and ere long he was heard to confess that he had become convinced that the god whom he had formerly revered was false.

In later years, after his brother the king had been killed, and he had been driven into exile by his powerful neighbors of Mbau, this chief came to be the ruler of Rewa. He was proud and overbearing in his place of power, and as he gained influence and strength, he essayed to overthrow the mighty Thakombau, king of Mbau, whose influence he considered had been weakened by his growing friendship for the missionaries; but just on the eve of his great attempt he was smitten by dysentery and died. Following his death, a remarkable change in the attitude of the people took place, and soon a large number were converted. Mr. Moore, the missionary who had been driven from his station by the constantly warring people, had returned, and was able to send a most cheering report of this change as it developed.

"Our prospects," he wrote, "are now glorious, and thousands are anxious to be taught the way of salvation. The Lord is going before us, and opening doors on every hand. The people are continually crying, 'Come and help us;' and where in the beginning of the year the offer of mercy would have been, and was, rejected, there they beg us to send them some one to instruct them in reading, and to teach them the way of life.

"The Holy Spirit has also been working among us. . . . We have lately been reminded that God is still the same, His way of working the same, His grace and power producing the same wondrous change in the hearts, lives, tongues, of the degraded Fijians, as in the day when Peter preached to the guilty Jews and others, and such wonders resulted. The religion of Christ is the same in every land.

"A man came to his friends, the Rewa chiefs, a few days ago, and said, 'Come, and I will tell you of the great things the Lord has done for my soul.' The people were amazed while he told them of his repentance and of the Holy Ghost coming upon him, and of the love of God being shed abroad in his heart. Thus the Lord is encouraging us in our work. We have the droppings of the shower, and look for the bursting floods on all this thirsty land."

The question in the minds of the missionaries at Rewa was no longer, How shall we impress by the truth these savage cannibal hearts? but rather, How shall we find strength and endurance to labor so continuously that all these inquiring thousands shall be instructed in the way of light and life? "If I had a tongue of fire," wrote Mr. Moore, "I should like to go and try to wake up our colonial [Australian] churches. . . . We must have their prayers. We cannot do without them. There must be no retreat; just now we require all the help we can get. We as missionaries must make sacrifice of comfort, of life, of all. The churches must also make sacrifices—of men, of means, of prayers, of faith. . . . Fiji will have a frothy religion unless we get more help.

. . . The people are getting on well with their reading. . . .
'Praise God, from whom all blessings flow.'

Well might Mr. Moore praise God, for that year, without help, he received a thousand souls into church membership, and had another thousand under his instruction in preparation for church membership. Thus was the long and cruel reign of savagery and heathenism broken at Rewa, and thus did the abounding grace and mercy of God place a beacon of light and truth and liberty in the very heart of Fiji. From this place of light, bright beams have gone forth through the darkness to other islands, until at last all Fiji is free. They were brave men and women whom the Lord in His mercy was pleased to use in this work. They have gone from the scene of their labors, but as long as time shall last the blessedness of their efforts shall not depart from Fiji.

Verani of Viwa

CLUSTERING around the largest island of the Fijian group, Viti Levu, and within the great encircling reef, are many small islands. Some of these are too small to support a population, while others are inhabited. One of these, lying close to the southeastern end of the large island, is called Mbau. This small island was the home of the most powerful of all the tribes of Fiji. Its chiefs had risen to great power before the missionaries had yet reached those shores, and a strong rebellion, which was designed to overthrow King Tanoa, ruler of Mbau, by its failure resulted in placing the supremacy of Mbau beyond question. The suppression of this rebellion, and the restoration of King Tanoa to power, was effected by the "policy and daring" of the king's son, Thakombau, afterward Fiji's greatest king.

It was to this island that Mr. Cross essayed to go for the purpose of opening up a mission for the people of Mbau. He found the island "densely crowded with savage people, infuriated with war." "Two rebel chiefs had just been eaten, and two more were in the ovens when he arrived." Observing all this and being warned by Thakombau that his safety could not be assured at that time, he decided to delay his purpose till a more opportune occasion.

During the following year Mr. Cross, accompanied by Mr. Hunt, again went to Mbau, and finding that quiet had been restored, and obtaining a promise from Tanoa, the aged king, that he would not only receive a missionary, but also build a suitable house for him, he decided that the time had arrived to begin work at Mbau. Soon he was to discover that old Tanoa was not inclined to keep his promise in the matter of the house, for instead of beginning work on the erection

of a house for God's servants, "he was occupied in erecting a new heathen temple, at the consecration of which many human victims were to be sacrificed."

The opposition to the missionaries came not from old Tanoa, however, but from his powerful son, Thakombau. The hesitancy of Mr. Cross to trust himself to the care of Thakombau on his first visit had offended this important chief. The work had been begun at Rewa before it had been started at Mbau, and the proud spirit of Thakombau could not become reconciled to the thought that more importance had been placed by the missionaries upon work for Rewa than for Mbau. Hence the building of a house for the missionary was prohibited.

Finding it to be impossible to carry on work without a dwelling, Mr. Cross went over to another small but important island named Viwa. There he found friendly influences, for the chief at that place and many of his people were already professing Christians. There, too, he discovered that the people had already built a large chapel in which to worship Jehovah.

The men of Viwa were renowned as sailors, and were known to be bold and enterprising in all their undertakings, and their chief was "famous for everything that gives a man fame and influence in Fiji." His nephew, Verani, was also a chief "of desperate daring and horrible cruelty." The leading chief's name was Namosimalua. He had taken a prominent part in the rebellion against Mbau, and at that time he earnestly counseled the rebel chiefs to kill the old king's stripling son, who afterward became the dreaded Thakombau. In this counsel he displayed the wisdom and shrewd foresight for which he was noted. It was this chief who, when chosen to pursue the old king in his flight from the rebels, really saved the king's life, and made possible his escape to Somo Somo and safety.

Thus it was that when Thakombau overcame the rebellion and replaced his old father in his kingly authority, Namo-

simalua was spared when all other rebel chiefs fell. While Thakombau never forgave him, the old king would not consent to his death; and when at last the king could no longer protect him, the missionary stepped in and pleaded successfully for his life. Notwithstanding all this, the hatred of Thakombau followed Namosimalua all his life, and when he died, Thakombau exclaimed, "There! You have escaped without the club falling on your head."

"Such, then, was the man who, now professing Christianity, welcomed Mr. Cross to his island." The journey had been made from Rewa by canoe. On the way Mrs. Cross suffered greatly from the discomfort of the voyage, and consequently Mr. Cross had to devote a good deal of the time to caring for his wife. On arrival, the crew of Rewans informed him that they must return at once to Rewa. Both the chief and Mr. Cross entreated them to remain, but their decision was fixed. Upon observing this, Mr. Cross examined his goods, and found more than one hundred articles missing. They had been stolen and secreted while he had been engaged in caring for his wife, and this of course was the cause of their hurry to leave. At that point the chief took control of the situation, ordered that the canoe be detained, and soon every article had been restored to Mr. Cross.

About two weeks after the arrival of the missionary, an epidemic of sickness broke out on the island. Thakombau at once sent a messenger to Viwa to inform the chief that this sickness was a judgment on him for having abandoned the gods of his people. The chief was urged to turn away from Christianity and to return to heathenism. This entreaty was accompanied by an assurance that Thakombau would assist him in once more rebuilding the heathen temple. Nothing, however, could shake the determination of the chief to maintain his stand for the worship, and he replied, "Tell Thakombau that Jehovah alone is God; and Him I shall continue to worship."

Verani, the chief's nephew, was a very close friend of Thakombau. His name is the Fijian word for France. It was given him because he had captured a French ship which had visited the islands and murdered its captain and crew. "He was in all respects the perfect type of a Fijian warrior, excelling most others in heroic courage, brutal ferocity, and diabolic cruelty." He set himself resolutely to oppose the mission, and was powerfully supported in this resolve by Thakombau. In the course of events, however, Verani was led to make investigation into the true character of this new religion that had come to his shores. "He treated the missionary with respect, and conversed with him frequently." Verani's attitude induced the Christians to offer special prayer on his behalf, and soon the effect of the truth began to show itself in his life.

Just when the missionaries began to hope that Verani would renounce heathenism, Thakombau declared war on the district of Verata, and requested the chief of Viwa to join him. This the chief stoutly refused to do, but Verani with many Viwans joined heartily with Thakombau. Great numbers of the people of Verata were slain, and with "dreadful shouts" the victors carried the bodies of the slain past Viwa on their way to Mbau, where they engaged in the worst horrors of cannibal feasting.

In the midst of all this tumult of war and conflict the missionaries toiled on, and had the joy of seeing the influence of the gospel continually extended. Their hearts were greatly cheered when Verani at last gave evidence of his desire that his chief wife should *lotu* (worship). She, however, though she wished it very much, refused to take the step till her savage husband should also have decided. He on his part continued his reckless, brutal way, and led others of his kind in the perpetration of the most shocking outrages. This created a situation of great peril for the Christians as they sought to move among these wronged peoples, and because of this the friends and adherents of the

mission were not infrequently in need of divine help and protection.

On one occasion a party of Christians, in sailing close to the reef off the coast of the large island, Viti Levu, were nearly lost through the breaking loose of the outrigger of their canoe. "The people on shore, seeing the wreck, hurried together to carry out the old custom of appropriating the canoe and cargo, and killing the crew for the ovens. On nearing her, their dark purpose was confirmed by finding that the unfortunates were from Viwa, whence their people had lately suffered great outrages, several of their friends having been murdered by Viwans.

"Hundreds of armed men assembled on the reef near the canoe, which lay tossing about in danger of being capsized at any moment, while the people on board worked hard to keep her right, and prayed earnestly to the Almighty to save them from the hands of their enemies, who, with brandished weapons, cried: 'You are in our power! Now we will kill you, in return for the murder of our friends!'

"A young man on board replied with great boldness: 'Kill us, if you wish; but know that we did not kill your friends. Before they were killed, we had become Christians; and since that, we have left off doing such evil deeds. It will be better for you not to kill us, but come and help us to bale the water out of our canoe.'

"These men of blood were restrained, and many of them left their purpose of cruelty, and actually went to help the Viwans to empty their canoe and lash on the outrigger, so that, in a little while, they were again able to put to sea, rejoicing in the Lord, who had thus delivered them. Even heathens exclaimed, 'It is Jehovah! for nothing like this has been known in Fiji before.'"

In the midst of his labors Mr. Cross found his health to be failing rapidly. The unceasing cares and anxieties of his lot, and the incessant toil for this people amid unbelievable peril and hardship, had proved to be beyond his physical endur-

ance. And when by the subtlety of Verani war was brought to Viwa and fought round the mission premises, the burden grew too heavy, and his strength ebbed rapidly.

At that time, while the work of savage slaughter was going on, Mr. Cross gathered his family and the native teachers into his house, and barricaded them there by placing chests and cases against the doors and window spaces. Having done this, they committed themselves and their converts on Viwa to God. It was with great joy that they learned at last, when the massacre was over, that not a single Christian on the island had been injured. The bodies of the slain were heaped up or strewn around close to the mission house, but God's people had been kept from all harm.

Mr. Cross had spent eight years in the Friendly Islands and six in Fiji. During that time he had endured much for the cross of Christ. "Sickness had several times cast him down, and sights and sounds of horror had been round him continually. Now his course was run. His success had been great, but he had become weak and unable to work continuously."

Feeling that his strength was failing, he obtained permission to remove to Australia, and thus seek to regain his health, but as he viewed the work in all its need and wonderful possibilities, and saw it so "cramped for want of men," he resolved to stay, and die at his post if need be. As he continued to grow weaker, he decided to go to Somo Somo and there receive the benefit of Mr. Lyth's medical skill; but he was even then beyond human aid, and died a few days later, faithful unto death in that which had been committed to him, but leaving a widow and five children mourning their great, great loss at Viwa, the heart of cannibal savagery.

Thus the Lord oftentimes buries His heroes, and leaves their best beloved sorely stricken. Yet in their most tragic losses He has sometimes secured His most glorious triumphs. It was even so in this case. The work had been placed by Mr.

Cross on a secure foundation, and others were to carry it onward to unusual success.

Mr. Hunt was chosen to succeed Mr. Cross at Viwa, and he reached the station to carry on the work of his fallen comrade only fifteen days after the death of Mr. Cross. It was not long after this that the missionary's heart was greatly cheered by the sound conversion of Verani, the terrible chief of Viwa.

"For some time he had been satisfied that Christianity was true, but was kept from avowing his belief by a wish to help the Mbau chief in war and the extension of his dominions. The more, however, he became persuaded of the importance of the truths he had heard, the more his uneasiness increased, until he always went forth in dread, fearing lest he should fall in battle and be lost forever. He still professed to be heathen, but often stole into the woods alone to pray to the one true God; and even on the battlefield he would fall down and call upon the Lord his maker.

"His concern to learn yet more of the gospel increased, and some very devoted converts watched over him with great care. Contrary to custom, he had already learned to read, and when the name of Jesus occurred, he would reverently kiss the book with every sign of gratitude and joy. When mention was made of the death of Christ for sinners, he would say, 'Jesus, why didst Thou suffer this for me?'

"All this time he was obliged to go to war; but his life was repeatedly and remarkably preserved,—a fact which he duly recognized and made cause of thanksgiving to God.

"At last he laid the whole matter before his friend and chief, and asked permission to become a Christian. Thakombau, who dreaded the loss of so powerful an arm in war, persuaded him at any rate to wait some time longer. Verani loved the chief sincerely, and was anxious to serve him; but his anxiety about his own soul greatly troubled him, and though deterred from a decisive profession of Christianity, he continually made it the subject of conversation and in-

quiry, and never failed to advocate its claims on others, even in distant parts."

So far from being discouraged by the attitude of Thakombau, Verani now began to urge that great warrior to embrace Christianity. In this, however, he was unsuccessful. As the Easter season approached, Verani decided that he should hesitate no longer, and resolved to dedicate himself publicly to the true God on Good Friday, when a religious service would be held to commemorate the death of Christ.

"Early in the morning he went to Mr. Hunt, and asked him when the day would occur again. On being told that it would not be for a year, he said firmly, 'Then I will become a Christian today.' He kept his word, and at the morning prayer meeting . . . the little congregation were made glad by seeing the dreaded Verani, as humble as a child, bow his knee before God, and openly declare that he henceforth abandoned heathenism and its practices."

This resolve was soon tested, for almost at once he was offered deadly insult by an act of violence in which two of his family were cruelly put to death. "But the arm once so quick to strike in bloody revenge, was now unmoved." Verani was now another man. And when his own widowed sister, with the other wives of the murdered men, gathered round him, and wildly urged him to have them strangled according to the customs of Fiji, he remained firm, and replied calmly, "If you had come some time since, I would readily have done it; but I have now *lotued* [worshiped], and the work of death is over."

"Hearing of Verani's intention to *lotu*, Thakombau, when too late, sent a messenger, requesting further delay, that they might all become Christians together. The answer was: 'Tell Thakombau that I have waited very long at his request; and now that I have become a Christian, I shall be glad to go anywhere with my people to attend to his lawful work; but I fear Almighty God, . . . and dare no longer delay.'

“Message after message was sent, but in vain. Verani was told that the hitherto ample supplies which he had received from Mbau would be stopped, and that he would come to be a poor and despised man. But he had counted the cost, and was not to be moved. When entreaties, promises, and threats had been tried without success, and the people expected eagerly the sentence of wrath against the resolute convert, Thakombau astonished all, and bitterly disappointed some, by saying: ‘Did I not tell you that we could not turn Verani? He is a man of *one heart*. When he was with us, he was fully one with us; now he is a Christian, he is decided, and not to be moved.’ So it is: the kingliness of consistency is acknowledged all the world over; and even in Fiji men pay tribute to it.”

Thus it was made manifest that in the gospel of Christ there is power to change, completely change, the most dreaded of Fiji’s sin-laden savages. Daring and desperate in all that was brutal and bloody in the past, he now became known as penitent but courageous for the cause of Christ. From brutality he had been brought to gentleness and kindness. From ruthlessness he had been brought to humble thoughtfulness for others. And what was wrought in him was wrought in many others, for the time soon came when on Viwa many were heard crying aloud for mercy. The enormity of their sins seemed to break upon the senses of the people, and as sin had abounded, so the grace and mercy and peace of God were sent to abound much more. The people that sat in darkness on cannibal Viwa had been brought to great light, and great was their souls’ rejoicing.

Verani as a Christian

NAMOSIMALUA and some of the other chiefs, while professing Christianity and having given up many of their heathen ways, were never admitted to membership in the church. They still clung to practices which made this impossible. But with Verani it was far different.

“Not policy or novelty, but the urgency of intense conviction, had bent Verani’s heart to the gospel. He sought its blessings in the full recognition of its requirements, and repenting bitterly of his great sins, brought forth ‘works meet for repentance.’ Of his own accord he resolved lawfully to marry his chief wife, and to set the others at liberty. Old men of rank and influence, to whose judgment he had been wont to submit, remonstrated with him, and advised him to keep the rest as servants. But they spoke to a man whose whole heart was set against evil too fully to allow him to keep temptation, under any form, in his way. ‘You,’ said he to these counselors, ‘are on the devil’s side. If my wife cannot manage in our house, I will help her to get wood and cook our food; but I will not continue to sin against God.’

“Verani’s crimes had been of no ordinary kind and number. Few men’s history had been so blackened with every kind of outrage and abomination, and few men’s hands were so stained with blood. His grief and penitence were proportionate to the enormity of his sins, and amounted to agony, as he wept bitterly before God, while every remembrance of the Saviour’s love drove the stings of remorse deeper into his broken heart. If few men had ever sinned more, no man ever repented more deeply. His high-souled pride was gone, and in his lowliness ‘this poor man cried,

and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles.'

"Verani continued in prayer day after day, until he found salvation by faith in Christ's atonement, and went out before his fellows a changed man, rejoicing in the blessedness of having his iniquity forgiven. He now verified the judgment of his heathen friend, and became a thorough Christian, using every effort to lead others to the same gladness which filled his own heart.

"About a month after his conversion he had an interview with Thakombau on board a trading vessel lying off the coast. Verani told him all he knew and felt of religion; and when he had done, the chief said, 'Go on, go on!' The next day he visited him again, and told him that the Christians would obey all his commands, if right; but they would do nothing wrong, and could not take part in cruel and barbarous wars. The chief said, 'Very good: you stay at home, and learn your book well;' and promised that he would eventually *lotu*.

"Though Verani refused, on behalf of himself and the Christians, to engage in war, saying, 'I have already fought too much: I have done now;' yet his was too earnest and active a nature to remain idle. But he had now espoused another cause. One day, less than two months after his conversion, Verani ordered his great war canoe to be launched, but not to go on its old work of bloodshed and crime. A dark day was it, in time past, for some town or island, when the great sail of that canoe went up to the wild shouts of the painted warriors who thronged the deck; but it was far otherwise now. Verani, with his energy of soul directed by the new power of love to God and man, was setting sail to carry the missionary to the distant islands under his charge; and wherever the war canoe of the dreaded chieftain touched, it brought 'the fullness of the blessing of the gospel' of peace.

"The sound conversion of this man was a great help to the mission. His decision for God, his marriage to one wife,

his willingness to be poor and despised, formed the subject of wonder and inquiry throughout Fiji. And wherever he went, his simple zeal and earnestness increased the wonder, and drew more fixed attention to the religion which had wrought so marvelous a change. . . .

“At his baptism, Verani chose the name of Elijah; and when he built his new, large house, called it Cherith. Here he lived in great happiness with his wife, of whom he was very fond. Their daughter was regular and attentive at the school. Family prayer was never neglected, so that this household became a pattern to the natives, and its master went in and out among them an example of what the grace of God can do in reclaiming the worst of men. He was always happy and kind, and thought no trouble too great and no distance too far, if anything could be done to heal a quarrel, to prevent a war or a strangling, or any other of the horrors in which he had formerly taken so active a part.

“Elijah Verani was singularly a man of prayer. He continually went to God with his difficulties, and they were many. The chiefs and people under him, who yielded an implicit obedience while they dreaded him, now despised his kind and fervent exhortations, and often his life was in peril at their hands. All this served to make his communion with God more close and abiding. In praying aloud, he had great fluency and power. A specimen of his petitions fortunately exists. It was taken down by Mr. Williams when Verani was on a visit to Mbau. . . . He did not *talk* to God, or talk *at* the people; he pleaded, he interceded, he *prayed*.

“O Lord, our Lord! O God, our Father, whose abode is heaven! we worship before Thee. We offer not ourselves or 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 not gods; we were wearied in attending on them. O Lord, the true God, have mercy upon us! We are now en-

gaged in worshipping 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. We are moving toward Thee; do Thou move toward us, and give us a blessing in this worship.

“O Jehovah, hear us for His sake, Thy Son, whom Thou didst give that through Him we also might become Thy children. O hear our prayer, that the wicked may consider, and that the impenitent may become penitent, and come to Christ, and be saved. From Thee we came, and our mind is that we may return to Thee. We would enter where Christ has entered, and be with Thee. O Holy Ghost, descend upon us, and prepare our hearts for that place. Tell us that our names are written in the book of life: we do not ask to know this at some time that is yet to come; do Thou speak it to us now, as we do not know the continuance of our lives here. O tell us now that we are saved through Jesus!

“And be with every congregation, wherever worshipping, to help them, that they may worship Thee aright, that they may worship in the Spirit, and not in appearance only. O Lord, hear our cry, and be nigh unto Thy work: it is Thy work we have to do; but we cannot do it if Thou art not near to help us. And love Thy people who are bowed before Thee: bless the chiefs, and the ladies, and the aged, and the children; bless them, and may they be saved.

“And bless the Christians at Lakemba, and Moala, and Kandavu, and Mbau, and Nakorotumbu, and Rakiraki, and Nandi; and be with Lazarus and those at Ndama; and be with those who live here. Bless Ra Hezekiah, and give him Thy Spirit, and teach him in his goings, and help him to cast away the old strength in which he used to trust, and to trust in Thy strength only,—the strength which we never knew until we heard the name of Jesus.

“And, O Lord, bless Thy people in Viwa; and if one is sent today to preach Thy gospel in Mbau, go Thou with him, that the words of his mouth may be of use to the chiefs of Mbau.

“And we pray Thee for our ministers; they see much evil by living with us in Fiji, and they suffer, and are weak in their bodies, and there is nothing with us that we can give them to strengthen them. This only we can do, we can pray for them. O Lord Jesus Christ, hear our prayers for them. Mr. Williams is weak; do Thou strengthen him, and let his life be long, and make our land good for him; and bless the lady and the children, and let Thy Spirit be always with them to comfort their minds.

“These are our prayers: O hear them! Do Thou hear them for Jesu’s sake. O 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. O have compassion on Fiji! and spare Thy servants for the sake of Fiji, that they may preach Thy true word to the people. And, O Holy Spirit, give light to the dark-hearted, and give them repentance. And set us in motion, that we may not be so useless as we have been; but that we may now, and for the time to come, live to extend Thy kingdom, that it may reach all Fiji, for the sake of Jesus Christ, the accepted offering for us. Amen.’

“Verani was accustomed, when from home, to retire to the reef at low water, or into the woods, for private prayer; and one night, at a distant island, while he was praying in the bush, a man lifted a club to kill him, not knowing at first who he was or what he was doing. No wonder that such a man, living such a life, was made a great blessing to Fiji.

“Mr. Lyth wrote as follows, dated Lakemba, Sept. 15, 1851: ‘Elijah Verani, of Viwa, paid a friendly visit to Lakemba in April. Whilst it was evidently gratifying to him to see what Christianity had done here, it was equally gratifying to all of us to behold what it had done for him, once a desperate heathen and cannibal, now a man, a Christian, and a brother beloved.

“On Sunday, April the 27th, I attended Levuka chapel in the morning, and heard with pleasure a short sermon from him on Luke 15:6. What he said told on the congregation; but what was better, the spirit in which he conducted every part of the service was devotional and stirring. In his whole deportment there is the Christian,—love to God and love to man in earnest.

“At the love feast held on the 4th of May, he said that whilst he was going about serving Thakombau, he had his mind fixed on the work of his true Master, the Lord Jesus. The service and person of Thakombau, he said, had a low place in his esteem, compared with the Saviour; that he was altogether His who had bought him with the price of His own blood; his body, soul, vessel, all he possessed, were His.’ ”

After six years of labor at Viwa, during which he had seen great things wrought for God, Mr. Hunt, who in all that time had seriously overtaxed his strength and endured indescribable hardships, found his health completely broken. Greatly beloved by his fellow missionaries, and almost revered by the native Christians, he was soon surrounded by a dismayed and grief-stricken company. The native Christians “gathered about that throne of grace to which his faithful hand had led them,” and prayed without ceasing that his life might be spared. Mr. Hunt was in great pain, and his end seemed near.

“With mighty pleading did Verani lift up his voice among those sorrowing ones. Deeply did he love the sick missionary, and now he prayed: ‘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 it was not to be. The course of a great missionary life was run, and John Hunt died praying, “‘Lord, bless Fiji! Save Fiji! Thou knowest my soul has loved Fiji; my heart has travailed in pain for Fiji!’ ” And again, after

his friends, fearing his weak body could not endure such emotion, had sought to calm him by the assurance that God was indeed blessing Fiji, he grasped Mr. Calvert with one hand, and raising the other, cried, "O! 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!"

Verani continued by every possible means and with great energy to labor for the spread of the gospel. On one occasion, when Thakombau had planned to destroy the people of Verata, Verani went across to Mbau and begged Thakombau to spare their lives. He was accompanied by Mr. Calvert.

To Mr. Calvert the king replied, "I know you are here to make our land right; but do not interfere in this case. Let me destroy this troublesome people, and we shall have rest." To Verani he said, "You are no help to me now. Be no hindrance. Had you joined me in fighting, and desired peace, I should have granted your request."

Verani was not thus to be turned from his purpose, though in still urging his plea he ran a serious risk of incurring the king's displeasure. At last the king consented to spare the lives of the Verata people, on condition that they would all remove to Viwa, and let their town be burned. This was agreed to, and the day of removal was fixed. Verani secured canoes with which to bring the people to Viwa, but when the time came, they refused to leave. In consequence of their refusal to leave Verata, Thakombau led his army against the town, drove the people from it, and burned it to the ground.

In this struggle one of Thakombau's chieftain warriors was killed. He being an important man, the army returned sorrowing to Mbau. Heathen custom required that the mother of the dead chief be strangled by the hands of the king for burial with him. Hearing of the death of the chief, and desiring to save the lives of those who were to be stran-

gled, Mr. Calvert and Verani hurried across the water to Mbau. On reaching their destination, they discovered that the dark deed had already been done. The dead chief's mother was already dead, and beside her body lay three others, already prepared for burial.

Passing on to the king's house, Mr. Calvert found him in quiet sleep, though so soon after the horrible killing of those innocent women. He awoke him, however, and faithfully told him that the just recompense of such deeds was sure to reach him. Thakombau replied, "It is the custom, and must be observed while we are heathen." After Mr. Calvert and Verani had gone, the king said: "Aye! how the missionaries labor to save life! They take any trouble and go anywhere for our salvation! And we are always trying to kill one another! What a pity he was too late! Had he been in time, I would have spared Ngavindi's mother."

It was on one of these peacemaking errands that Verani at last lost his life. The mountaineers had revolted from the rule of Thakombau, and Verani, fearing much bloodshed would result from their course, essayed to go to them and endeavor to effect a reconciliation of these people with the king. While engaged in this work, he was attacked by a treacherous chief who sought to club him to death. Verani took hold of the club of his assailant, and wresting it from his grasp, threw it aside. Again the chief seized the club, and rushed upon Verani, who, at that moment, was disabled by a gunshot wound treacherously fired at him. Strengthless and wounded, he fell beneath the club of the man whose life he had spared but a few minutes before.

He had been conscious of the peril of the undertaking in which he found death, and before leaving Viwa admonished his friends to give attention to religion, and to support the missionaries. Few lives have been more darkly stained by sin, and none have been more completely redeemed from its power. He was slow to turn away from the ways of heathenism, but having acknowledged the converting power of

the gospel, he had become a new creature in Christ Jesus. As ruthless brutality had marked his way through life before conversion, so kindness and tender thoughtfulness filled his new life, and led him by great earnestness in prayer and effort to seek the recovery of those who continued as he once was, "dead in trespasses and sins." With him it was abundantly true that to whom much is forgiven, the same loveth much.

At Nandi

THE mission at Nandi, a town on the coast of the large island of Vanua Levu in the Fiji group, was begun under the usual difficulties that were met in other places in Fiji. The same horrible cruelties and conditions of cannibal degradation obtained at Nandi as elsewhere. Of the two families that were sent to labor in that part of the group, one, Mr. and Mrs. Ford, were newly arrived from England. For a whole year save ten days these workers were on the way to their mission field. It was soon evident that Mr. Ford was having a severe struggle to keep his health, and it became apparent that he could not endure the climate. Almost constantly he was a sufferer from severe headache.

Only two months after their arrival, Nandi was visited by a violent windstorm which blew down many of the houses in the town. Three days later the hurricane returned and blew with terrific fury. Their companions at the mission were Mr. and Mrs. Watsford. Mr. Williams, in writing of the trials of these families, has said:

“Who, but the God whom they served and trusted, can tell all that these two families suffered during the occurrences so simply narrated in the following extract from Mr. Watsford’s journal?

“SUNDAY, January 16, 1848.—A day long to be remembered. Never, while memory holds her seat, shall I forget what we have this day passed through. All Saturday night the wind was very high, and it increased toward morning. About ten o’clock it blew a tremendous gale. We had some of the teachers and people in our house, and they did all they could to keep it up; but it rocked and shook over our heads, and we expected it to fall every moment.

“We collected the children near the door, and wrapping them up in blankets, stood ready to rush out, should the house be broken in. About eleven o'clock the wall plate was broken in two, and one side of the house fell in; the door was then thrown open, and we attempted to rush out, but were beaten down by the wind and rain.

“When we recovered from the first shock, we made as fast as we could through the awful storm to our kitchen. It was with the greatest difficulty that we reached the place; and then you may judge of my feelings when I heard the natives shouting out the name of my little boy, and was told he could not be found. But he was safe; a native had carried him into the kitchen before we arrived, and we were truly thankful to God to find him there. The people now assembled in the kitchen, and did all they could to keep it up. The wind roared terrifically, and the rain fell in torrents, and we expected soon to be again driven from our shelter.

“When we had been in the kitchen about half an hour, two young men arrived from the town, and told us that the water was rising around us very fast, and that if we did not make haste, we could not escape. We saw that it was really so, and we knew not what to do. It seemed like taking our wives and children into the jaws of death if we ventured out; and yet we saw that if we remained where we were, we must be lost.

“We at last determined to go. I gave my dear little girl to Joel the teacher, and the other children to some of the people. Mrs. Ford was placed on one native's back, and Mrs. Watsford on another; and then, commending ourselves to the care of our gracious God, we rushed out into the furious gale. It was a fearful time as we hurried along to the town. The nut trees bent over our heads and fell around us; the nuts were flying in every direction; the rain beat like shot in our faces; and it was with the greatest difficulty we could keep on our feet, the wind being so strong. We had

to wade through the water, and in many places it was up to our necks; we had to cross a part of the river where a long nut tree was thrown across for a bridge; the flood was very rapid, and we were in imminent danger, but, thank God, we got over.

“After some time we all reached the town, and ran into one of the teachers’ houses; but we soon had to leave it again, as we thought it would fall upon us. We then got into a small house which appeared stronger than others; and being on a raised foundation, we thought the flood could not reach us. Here we remained about an hour, shivering with cold, our clothes being soaked by the rain.

“While we were in this place, many houses fell around us, and the water continued to rise very rapidly, and now it reached the step at the door. The night was coming on, and we began to think of some plan of getting to the mountains before dark. The teachers tied a number of bamboos together for a raft, and we sent Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Watsford first; the natives swam, and pushed the raft along. They had great difficulty in managing it, and we were afraid the women would be thrown off; but through the goodness of God, they were landed in safety at a house at the foot of the mountain, which was only one inch or so above the water.

“The raft returned, and Mr. Ford and I got on it. We had to leave our dear children behind, except my little girl, whom I carried in my arms. I had wrapped the blanket closely around her, and held her close to my breast to screen her from the storm. She cried very much for some time, and then she moaned a little, and I thought my child was dying. I felt her little face, and it was cold as marble. When, however, we reached the house, she revived again. Our other children were then brought, and the natives carried them up into the mountain and returned for us; but while they were away, we found that the water had gone down a little. We waited a short time to be certain, and

then sent for the children, who were brought back nearly dead. How truly thankful we were to be allowed to remain in this little shed!

“About six o'clock the storm began to abate; but we could not get near our house to get dry clothes; and if we could have got to the house, we could not have obtained what we needed, as nearly all our things were, or had been, under water. I happened to have some Ono native cloth on a shelf in a native house, which the flood had not reached. This we cut up into dresses; and taking our own clothes off, we wrapped some of it around us, and felt a little more comfortable. Our teacher cooked us some food, of which we partook; and then, having engaged in prayer, we spread some cloth on the ground, and lay down to rest.

“What a day this has been! In all we have passed through, how great has been the goodness of God! What a mercy that it was day! Had the storm come on at night, I do not know what we could have done. Our extremity was God's opportunity. One house only was out of water. . . .

“January 17.—We have been examining our things to-day. Mr. Ford's books are nearly all spoiled, most of them destroyed. Our groceries and clothes are much damaged; some have been carried away by the flood. Nearly all our things were under water for some hours. The mission property, as furniture, hardware, etc., is very much injured. We shall lose very much. My dear little girl has taken a severe cold, and is very poorly.

“19th.—We have been very busy cleaning things today. The house we are in is very damp. Mr. Williams very kindly paid us a visit.

“20th.—My dear child is very poorly. Lord, help us to be resigned to Thy will!

“31st.—This morning our little girl passed away. Poor little sufferer! all thy pain and trouble are over. Dear as thou wert to us, we give thee back to Him who calls thee

from us. Lord, support and strengthen us! My dear wife is but very poorly. Constant waking and watching have much weakened her. We fear the effects of the storm are not yet over.

“We have heard today that a canoe, which left this place the day before the gale, has been wrecked, and nearly all the crew lost. Among them were Abraham, one of our teachers, three Tongans, and four or five Fijians, who were members of our society.’

“The health of both the ladies suffered greatly, and Mrs. Watsford became so ill that her husband sent to Viwa, begging Mr. Lyth to visit her. On his way to Nandi, Mr. Lyth was wrecked at Ovalau, and barely escaped with his life, while he lost some valuable manuscripts, books, clothes, etc. In addition to all this, a year’s trial proved that Mr. Ford could not stand the climate, and he returned to England.”

During the first few years of its existence the mission at Nandi was carried forward in the face of unusual difficulty. The heathen population were unusually aggressive in their opposition to the Christian religion. The native converts were bitterly persecuted, and the missionaries suffered cruelly from the rigors of the climate.

After the retirement of Mr. Ford from the field, Mr. Hazlewood took his place, and continued the work, but before long death again visited the station, and claimed their eldest girl. The stricken parents, being alone, had scarcely buried their child, when Mrs. Hazlewood was attacked by dysentery. From this she was unable to recover, and within two weeks of the burial of the child, Mr. Hazlewood placed his beloved wife by the side of his child. Mr. Williams had come over from Mbau to render what assistance he could. The three motherless children were taken care of by different missionaries, but Mr. Hazlewood refused to leave his post of service. He continued with rare devotion and in much suffering to minister to his converts, and to appeal

to the heathen. At last a strong, large chapel was built, and the work seemed to be flourishing.

In the course of time other missionaries arrived and labored, and at last Mr. Samuel Waterhouse came from New Zealand to assist in the work. This good man was richly blessed in his labors at Nandi, but again in 1856 the station was visited by death. The young wife of Mr. Waterhouse, who came to Fiji in delicate health, died, aged only twenty-six years, leaving her husband broken-hearted. "No man ever loved Fiji with a more Christian devotion," but he felt that he could not remain with his infant son, and so sailed for Tasmania, where he could leave his child in the care of friends. Speaking of the desolation of his life after this experience, he has said:

"I went about with an afflicted body and a sorrow-stricken soul, striving to do such good as I could. . . . I had a small decked boat, named 'The Ambassador of Peace,' at my disposal and control; and with two natives as crew and myself as captain, I went about from island to island, and place to place, as inclination and a prospect of usefulness prompted. Very often, in my voyages, a stormy sea and hidden reefs imperiled me; but my heavenly Father rode upon the storm, and the great Pilot never forsook the helm of my little bark."

On one occasion, when Mr. Waterhouse had gone back to Nandi to arrange with the missionary then at that station to send a teacher to the tribes of the Boiling Springs, "and to weep over the grave of the absent one," he was able to send a young man named Watson, a man of promise in the work. With joy of heart he blessed the young man as he started him on his perilous undertaking, but not long afterward he received a letter from his brother, telling that "poor Watson had fallen a martyr to peace. He visited two contending tribes, and interposed as mediator. . . . He had stood firm and faithful in many an hour of trial. . . . He was not of distinguished talent; but Fiji could ill spare him; for her

tribes are silently passing away into eternity unsaved. Yes; 150,000 Fijians . . . are moving down into the dark valley of death, and the deep gulf of eternity beyond, unenlightened, unwarned, and because unenlightened and unwarned, unsaved.

“O that the churches of Britain were acquainted with the piteous thoughts that wring the hearts of Fiji’s missionaries! They would then not allow us to kill ourselves with our work; but they would make up our staff to twenty. They would say, ‘Fiji shall have twenty missionaries, at whatever cost, whatever sacrifice to ourselves;’ and then God in heaven would smile His approval, and He would stretch forth more gloriously His mighty arm for Fiji’s help, and He would verify His own gracious promise, He that watereth others, shall himself also be watered.

“But you ask, What are these thoughts that would make your eyes weep blood, if blood could flow from the fountain of tears? They are the thoughts of the mass of the present generation of Fiji’s many tribes passing away into eternity in their blood,—passing away to the judgment throne unenlightened, unsaved. They are the thoughts of hundreds now actually, by their own act, severed from heathenism, and never hearing the missionary’s voice; hundreds, whom we have taught, and now they hunger for the bread of life, but we cannot give it; hundreds, to whom we have spoken of the rivers of salvation, and now they thirst and in piteous accents cry, ‘Where, O where is the fountain of the water of life, that we may drink and live?’ but, alas! we cannot point them to it; and we have no hope of doing it, unless our numbers are doubled at once.

“And if the seven or eight missionaries who have, with God’s blessing, and under your sanction, taught 45,000 cannibal Fijians to hunger for the bread of life, cannot now satisfy that hunger, what can they do for the great mass of Fiji, which is, although perhaps overlooked, perhaps forgotten, still heathen, and still unsaved?

“O fathers and brethren, think not that I am guilty of presumption, charge me not with exaggeration, deem me not a fanatic, when I tell you that your missionaries in Fiji can do nothing for the larger portion of Fiji’s benighted race, which is still cannibal, still heathen, still without one ray of gospel light; and when I ask you to appeal to the British churches of Methodism, for the sake of the blood of the Son of God, which cries and pleads before the eternal throne for Fiji’s perishing sons, to pity poor Fiji, and to send help at once to poor perishing Fiji.

“But I must check my pen. I purposed to tell you of a visit to Navua; and of a perilous and interesting journey into the very heart of the large island of Fiji (three hundred miles in circumference), where a white man’s voice had never been heard, a white man’s foot had never trod; where the name, the ever-blessed name, of Jehovah had never been uttered; where the sweet saving sound of Jesu’s name was unknown; where all that was known of the *lotu* was, that a white man’s religion had come onto some parts of the coast; where I passed two hundred heathen towns on the banks of one river; where light, and mercy, and salvation will never dawn upon the present generation, if Britain’s churches do not listen to their cry, whilst, in the utterances of misery and blood, they say, “Come and help us, ere we die.””

Mr. Moore, writing from his station at the same time, penned the following earnest appeal. It is here reproduced to present to the reader the situation of those heroic pioneers of the gospel in Fiji as it existed just then. His wife was at that time away in Australia seeking health, and he was alone at his place. His position and feelings were representative of the other half dozen missionaries that were then nobly facing the cannibal world of Fiji. He says:

“I am almost worn out; never resting, seldom two days together at home, . . . 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. I often feel unmanned, a want of courage, and other feelings that were strange to me."

Perhaps this brief sketch of missionary need is but representative of many foreign mission situations today. It has always been so that the men and women on the frontiers of missionary endeavor have been faced by a task vaster and more perilous than the home church has understood, or even imagined. The appeal of this chapter came from the hearts of men and women who lived and labored almost a hundred years ago, but the situation of need is today almost identical with that of a century ago. Heroic men and women still are overtaxing their physical powers in their efforts to meet situations of great need where the harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers pitifully few. It still is true that the church needs a great awakening in face of its unfinished task—the evangelization of the heathen peoples of the world. Now, as never before, the Christian church should pray the Lord of the harvest that He may send forth laborers into the harvest.

In the Face of Death

AFTER the long, dark night of early missionary toil in Tahiti, during which the faith and patience of the missionaries almost yielded to the difficulties and perils of the task, God was pleased to lead His servants to very encouraging success in their efforts. "He made bare His arm in the sight of the heathen, and in the sight of those, too, who looked on from afar, who had supported the work of the mission by their means and their prayers. Events were brought to pass such as had not been witnessed since the primitive ages of Christianity. 'A nation was born in a day.' A system of idolatry and superstition, the growth of unnumbered years, was swept away with a rapidity and completeness which confounded adversaries and assured friends. The pure religion of Christ became the religion of Tahiti, and that island was henceforth a radiating point whence the light of life went forth to other islands and groups scattered far and wide over the bosom of the vast Pacific. . . .

"It is remarkable that though the first missionaries to Tahiti were for many years entirely at the mercy of cruel and relentless savages, and were often in extreme peril, not only from the heathen, but also from white men living on the island, in no case did any one belonging to the mission families fall by the hand of violence. Some of the early laborers, both men and women—noble men and women who counted not their lives dear unto them—died in circumstances that almost entitle them to a place on the martyr roll, but thank God, there is no case of actual martyrdom. That honor is reserved for natives,—men who had been born and who had spent their early years amid pollution, cruelty, and

blood, but who had been washed and sanctified and made new creatures in Christ Jesus.

“When the night of toil was passed, and the blessed day of gospel light had opened, then commenced in good earnest the struggle between the powers of light and the powers of darkness, which ended in the total subversion of one and the triumph of the other; and during the struggle some of the adherents to Christianity fell victims to the rage and malice of their heathen adversaries. . . .

“In many a family the husband was an idolater and the wife a Christian, or the reverse; the parents addicted to the gods of their ancestors, and the child a disciple of Jesus Christ; and many a wife was beaten by her husband, and many a child driven from the parental roof, solely on account of their attachment to the new religion. The idolaters proceeded to the greatest acts of violence and horrid murder.

“More than once individuals were selected to be offered in sacrifice to the gods, only because they were Christians. Mr. Davies, in his journey round Tahiti in 1816, met the murderer of the young man who was offered in sacrifice by the people of Tairapù to insure success in their last attack upon the people of Atehuru and Paparra, and whose tragical death, he justly considered, ought to be recorded, because it is hoped it was ‘the last human sacrifice offered in Tahiti,’ and because the victim was selected ‘on account of his attachment to Christianity.’

“It would have been deeply interesting to have had some particular information relative to these early Polynesian martyrs. Of them, however, in common with innumerable multitudes who compose the ‘noble army of martyrs,’ there remains neither name nor memorial upon earth; but their record is on high, and no single name will be missing ‘in that day when I make up My jewels,’ ‘saith the Lord of hosts.’

“The following are the only cases about which we have particulars, and in one of them, the more striking and interesting of the two, we are left in ignorance of the young man’s name.

“The first is that of a youth named Aberahama, who, according to Mr. Ellis, was an interesting and intelligent young man in the mission school at Eimeo. Eimeo is a small island eighteen miles distant from Tahiti. It has a history not less interesting than the larger island in connection with the early years of the mission.

“The murderous attempt made upon the life of Aberahama by the idolaters was frustrated by the interposition of a watchful Providence; still he was virtually a martyr. It seems a marvel how he escaped the vigilance of the blood-thirsty savages who sought his life. The following is Mr. Ellis’ account of the attempt made to put him to death:

“‘Aberahama, an interesting and intelligent young man, who was a pupil in our school at Eimeo, was marked out as a victim; and when the servants of the priests came to take him, being obliged to fly for his life, he was pursued by the murderers, shot at, wounded, and but narrowly escaped. When he received the ball, he fell, and, unable to save himself by flight, crawled among the bushes, and hid himself so completely as to elude the vigilant search of his enemies, although it was continued for some time, and they often passed near his retreat. Under cover of the darkness of night, he crept down to the dwelling of his friends, who dressed his wound, and conveyed him to a place of safety. But although he recovered from the shot, and lived to enjoy the blessings of the gospel in this world, and to be useful in imparting its benefits to others, he carried the honorable scar to his grave.’

“In the other case to which we have referred, the enemies of the gospel were permitted to accomplish their object. A fine, intelligent young man, on becoming a disciple of Christ and a public worshiper of Jehovah, was ridiculed by his family; this proving ineffectual, flattering promises were made of temporal advantages, if he would again unite with those who had been his former associates in idol worship;

these he also declined. He was then threatened with all their weight of vengeance; and still remaining firm to his determination, he was banished from his father's house, and forced to leave the neighborhood.

"Not satisfied with this, that rage and malignant hatred of Christianity which is gendered by ignorance and idolatry, and cherished by satanic infatuation, pursued him still. A heathen ceremony was at hand, for which a human victim was required, and this young man was selected by his persecutors because he professed to be a worshiper of the true God. A more acceptable sacrifice, they thought, they could not offer, as the revenge they should thereby wreak upon him would not only gratify their own insatiate malice, but be so acceptable to the gods, whom he had rejected, as certainly to render them propitious. It is probable they also expected, by this summary vengeance, to deter others from following his example.

"On the evening of the day preceding that on which the ceremony was to take place, the young man, as his custom was, had retired to the brow of a hill that overlooked the valley where he dwelt, and there, seated beneath the embowering shade of an elegant clump of trees, was absorbed in meditation previous to offering up his evening supplications to his God. While thus engaged, his seclusion was invaded and his solitude disturbed by the appearance of a band of the servants of the priests and chiefs, who approached the young man, and told him that the king had arrived, and, wishing to see him, had sent them to invite him down.

"He knew of the approaching ceremony, that a human sacrifice was then to be offered; and he no sooner saw them advancing to his retreat than a sudden thought, like a flash of lightning, darted through his mind, intimating that he was to be the victim. He received it as a premonition of his doom; and in reply to the request, told them calmly that he did not think the king had arrived, and that therefore it was unnecessary for him to go down.

“They then told him that the priests or some of his friends wished to see him, and again invited him to descend. ‘Why,’ said he, ‘do you thus seek to deceive me? The priests or friends may wish to see me, but it is under very different circumstances from what your message would imply. I know a ceremony approaches, that a human victim is to be offered; something within tells me *I am to be that victim*, and your appearance and your message confirm my convictions. Jesus Christ is my keeper; without His permission you cannot harm me. You may be permitted to kill my body, but *I am not afraid to die*. My soul you cannot hurt; that is safe in the hands of Jesus Christ, by whom it will be kept beyond your power.’

“Perceiving there was but little prospect of inducing him by falsehood to accompany them toward the beach, and irritated probably by his heroic reply, they rushed upon him, wounded and murdered him, and then, in a long basket made with the leaves of the overshadowing coconut tree, bore his body to the temple, where, with exultation, it was offered in sacrifice to the god.”

It is surprising that the number thus slain is not greater than the records show. As “the cruel and bloody system of idolatry,” that had so long prevailed, tottered to its fall, a fierce, murderous spirit took possession of the heathen who still adhered to it, but it is inspiring to find that notwithstanding this, some openly avowed their attachment to the new order of things, maintaining in the midst of the heathen around, daily worship in their families, and morning and evening devotion in private; others, fearful of giving offense to their chiefs or neighbors, maintained secretly their profession, and at the hour of midnight met together, as the persecuted Christians in older lands have often formerly done, in the depths of the woods or the retired glens of the valleys, for conference or social prayer.”

“Meanwhile, as the Christian party continued to increase in numbers and influence, the heathen became more and more

enraged, and it was only through the watchful providence of God that the adherents to Christianity were saved from falling in a body a sacrifice to their vengeance. A plot was formed, and well-nigh carried into effect, which reminds one of the awful Bartholomew massacre."

The priests of heathenism and their followers determined at one bold stroke to destroy every one on Tahiti that worshiped Jehovah. In one night every individual of the new worship was to be slain. The hour of midnight was the time fixed for the deed, and careful plans were laid for its execution. All who belonged to the "Bure Atua," as the church people were called, were to be slaughtered, their property plundered, and their houses burned.

"The intended victims were ignorant of the plot till within a few hours of the time when the massacre was to have commenced. By some means intelligence reached them of the impending danger just in time to allow of their escape. Circumstances favored, and soon after sunset they hurried away with so much of their property as they were able to take, launched their canoes, and fled to the island of Eimeo, where they landed in safety on the following morning, and found a refuge from the storm which had so nearly burst upon them.

"When their enemies, who had been prevented by some means from arriving punctually at their respective points of rendezvous, got together from their different districts toward midnight, they were chagrined and enraged beyond measure to find that their victims had escaped, and the issue was that they quarreled among themselves. The inhabitants of two districts, who had been invited by those of a third to join them in destroying the 'Bure Atua,' who were regarded as common enemies, united, and for some cause which does not appear, declared war against those they had come to help. A battle took place, the allied parties were conquered, and a series of calamities followed, which we have not space to describe.

“Thus was the little flock watched over by the Good Shepherd. They were safe, while their enemies were taken in their own net. By the dissensions and quarrels that arose among them, their power was greatly reduced, and the cause which they sought to destroy was confirmed and strengthened. The Christian party continued to increase in numbers and influence, and when, at length, another attempt was made by the remaining idolaters to cut them off, that attempt issued in their own complete defeat. The Christians gained a decisive victory, and this led to the overthrow of paganism throughout the whole island. The heathen temples were destroyed, the idols committed to the flames; those who had taken up arms in their defense were overcome by the leniency with which they were treated by their Christian conquerors, and without a single dissentient they avowed themselves worshipers of the true God and His Son Jesus Christ.”

Among Cannibals on Fotuna

EARLY in November, 1839, the mission ship "Camden," with a party of ten native Samoan missionaries led by John Williams, sailed along the shores of the island of Fotuna, the easternmost island of the New Hebrides group. It had come to introduce the gospel to the New Hebrides. The voyage was to open a way for the introduction of Christianity to barbarous, cannibal tribes of the western Pacific, but was to end sorrowfully in the martyrdom of that great "Apostle to the South Seas," John Williams, on the shores of Erromango.

As soon as the island was sighted, the missionary party held a prayer meeting, and asked God to protect their persons, and make possible the evangelization of these wild tribes. The anxiety that filled Mr. Williams' soul, was expressed in the following journal entry which he made a short time before his death:

"Oh, how much depends upon our efforts tomorrow! Will the savages receive us? . . . The approaching week is to me the most important of my life."

Next morning the vessel lay to in a beautiful bay on the most populous side of the island. A vast crowd of the savages gathered on the shore, and soon two canoes were seen coming from the land. These contained four men "well made and good-looking, but disfigured by red paint on their faces and numerous turtle shell rings in their ears."

A boat was lowered over the ship's side, and proceeded to meet the canoes. As it approached the canoes, one of the savages signified that he desired to enter the boat and go aboard. As he stepped into the boat, he announced that he was a chief. On reaching the "Camden," the chief went

on deck, and ere long he was strutting proudly around in red shirt and colored loin cloth that Mr. Williams had given him.

This chief assured Mr. Williams that if a teacher were landed, he would be kindly treated and the people would give him "yams, taro, and sugar cane." At last, having received a knife, a mirror, some fishing hooks, and a pig, he left for the shore, delighted with the gifts of the white man and eager to exhibit them to his fellow savages on the land. Mr. Williams went with him to the beach. In an instant they were surrounded by curious people who, however, treated Mr. Williams civilly.

Thus encouraged, Mr. Williams sailed away, promising that he would soon return, bringing teachers with him. Three days later he met his death at the hands of the cannibal savages of Erromango.

One year was permitted to elapse, and then the "Camden" returned to Fotuna, bringing two Samoan teachers. These men were Samuela and Apela. These two brave men erected a church building, and visited the chiefs throughout the island, encouraging them to abandon heathenism and favor the "worship."

For a time the teachers were happy, and the outlook was promising, but toward the end of the year a terrible epidemic swept over the island, and carried off scores of the people. The superstitious savages blamed the teachers for this, and decided to kill them. One day, as the two men were working in their gardens, the men of the tribe came armed with spears and clubs, and shouting their war cries, attacked their defenseless victims. Samuela was speared in a moment, and in another both he and Apela were clubbed to death. The savages then hastened to the teachers' houses, and finding the teacher's wife, she, too, was killed with the club. Next they sought the little child, and even she was not spared. She was clubbed to her death. The bodies were cooked for a cannibal feast, and the bones of these unfortunate mission-

aries were later made into fishhooks. Thus ended the first effort to win Fotuna to Christ.

Some two years later, as the ship "John Williams" was passing the island, she called, and inquiries were made for these teachers. The savages told Mr. Murray and Dr. Turner that the teachers were well. They explained their absence by claiming that they were working on their plantations, but the threatening attitude of the armed savages aroused the fears of the missionaries, who sailed away, only to hear at Aneityum that the teachers on Fotuna had been killed and eaten two years before.

About eight years later two of the natives of a neighboring island were selected to proceed to Fotuna as missionaries. These two were Waihit and Yosefa, who had been converted on the island of Aneityum. "Waihit had been a sacred man of the sea, fierce and cruel," who had been completely changed by the gospel. He proved to be a great help in the work of missions. "Yosefa was a tried, faithful, and promising young man." These two were the first native evangelists to be selected as missionaries from among the savage, cannibal tribes of the western Pacific.

In the same year they were landed on Fotuna, only to be treated most cruelly by the Fotunese, who refused to allow them to have food. Waihit, in his distress, used the roots which they dug up. At last Yosefa decided that he would return to Aneityum for food. He engaged a boatman to convey him there. Almost at the outset a strong wind blew and a heavy sea ran, preventing them from reaching Aneityum. The boatman, becoming discouraged, allowed the boat to drift. For five days they drifted, not knowing whither the wind and the tides were taking them. During that time the only food they had was a few uncooked yams. At last they reached New Caledonia, two hundred miles distant. Then they went on to the island of Pines, where they were kindly treated. Finally an opportunity came for them to return to Fotuna, which place they reached five months later.

The lives of these teachers were continually in danger. The savages regarding them as enemies because of their religion, every pretext was sought to attach to them responsibility for deeds worthy of death. The house of one of them was burned over his head because sickness had visited the island, and his friend from Aneityum, who was living with him, was believed to be the cause of it. Fortunately they both escaped with their lives.

A chief had sailed away in his canoe to visit Aneityum. He was expected back in a short time, but weeks went by and he failed to return. At once the savage warriors, deeming him lost, laid the responsibility for his death upon Waihit, and went about to kill him, accusing him of having raised a great storm to drown their chief. Waihit, realizing that there was "but a step between him and death," was about to embark in a canoe for Aneityum when the mission ship hove in sight, and the missing chief was found to be upon her deck alive and well.

Years afterward, when Dr. Inglis visited the island, as his boat neared the beach, he found the bush literally swarming with armed savages. They were still as they had been when they murdered the Samoan teachers. They still were the same savage, thieving, cannibal fellows they had been before the gospel came to their island. And thus they were when Mr. Copeland landed on Fotuna to be their missionary. They began by stealing his goods, and often his life was in peril.

"We have had a good deal of intercourse with the natives, more especially at first," wrote Mr. Copeland some time after his landing. "Many came to see us and our house with its contents, while others came to dispose of food. . . . We have found them to be greedy, selfish, hard to please, and unreasonable. . . . For manual labor we have to pay them well. . . . Generally we have been treated civilly. A few have been troublesome, and disposed to annoy us. At times we have felt pleased with their general conduct; at other times we

have felt disgusted and dispirited. The greatest tax has been on our patience. It has been tried by their inquisitiveness, sometimes by their persistency, occasionally by their impudence. For some months our cookhouse was the place where the passers-by came to lounge, to get their pipes lighted, . . . so that Mrs. Copeland often had difficulty in getting near the fire.

“So much fuel was carried off that our servants complained that the Fotunese got as much of the wood as we did. At times our own house would be so full that we could not get anything done for the din of their voices, the stifling heat, and having to watch their movements. Then they would take up the bread on the table, and smell it, or try on a hat or a pair of shoes; while we were increasingly assailed with, ‘Give me this, that, and the other thing.’

“But of late they have improved. Curiosity has been somewhat gratified, and they know that it is one thing to ask, and another thing to get. We are no longer troubled with crowds of them in the house; we can forbid a man from coming in by the window; and we now have no fear of telling some one who has stretched himself out at full length for a nap on the floor, to seek for a couch elsewhere. . . . The people are all idolaters, and superstition holds unbroken sway. . . . The symbols of the rain maker, the food producer, etc., meet you in all your rambles; while the sounds of their midnight dances, and the shrieks of those pretending to be possessed by spirits, often drive sleep far from us.”

At last Popoina, a savage who had become interested in the gospel, cut off his long hair (the badge of heathenism), and identified himself with the mission party. Soon afterward, however, he became very ill, and Mr. Copeland was called to see him. He found Popoina lying with teeth tightly clenched and wholly unconscious. Mr. Copeland prepared a stimulant, and forcing open the clenched teeth of the sick man, poured the stimulant down his throat. Almost immediately Popoina stirred and opened his eyes. At once

the astonished natives shouted, "Wonderful! What cannot Missi do?"

Following his recovery, Popoina began coming to the missionary to be taught the truths of the gospel. His mind worked slowly in grasping the things which Mr. Copeland sought to reveal, and long after he had become a regular attendant at the worship, he still showed that he was not yet done with the old customs, for when his father died, he placed food for his father's spirit upon the grave.

The first Christians were bitterly persecuted by the heathen. "Plots were laid to kill Popoina and Saleiloa, the two chief helpers, but these died at their birth. One day, when the Christians were at worship, a native named Natuka entered the church, armed with a club. Immediately Waihit sprang from his seat, and forced the club from the native's hand.

"'Sit down, Waihit,' said Mrs. Copeland, and Waihit meekly sat down. 'Give Natuka back his club,' said Mr. Copeland, and Waihit gave it back. Then turning to Natuka, Mr. Copeland said, 'Natuka, you came here to destroy our service, but Waihit took away your club. He could easily have killed you, but he is a Christian and did you no harm. Take your club, and do not disturb our service.' Natuka slunk quietly outside."

Mr. and Mrs. Copeland had labored faithfully in Tanna, Aneityum, and then in Fotuna for many years, but in 1876 Mrs. Copeland died. For two years she had been ill, and in the hope of her recovery she was taken to Sydney, Australia, where she remained for more than a year. When she learned that her illness was incurable, she returned to Fotuna to die among the people for whom she had given her life. In great sorrow of heart Mr. Copeland placed her beside the body of their little boy, who had been laid to rest some years before, in the small inclosure where lay the teachers and their wives who had died in the service of the mission.

But in the midst of this sorrow new evidences of the power of the gospel were afforded the lonely missionary. Fifty men cut off their hair, and thus declared themselves finished with their savagery. More and more the people were desirous of being clothed, and still more did they manifest an interest in learning.

At last, broken in health, and with all that he held dearest in the world left behind him on Fotuna, Mr. Copeland returned to Australia. His labors had proved Fotuna to be a hard place, where savagery was hard to break. No church had as yet been formed. Not even one person had been baptized. Indeed, no one had as yet come so far from dark heathenism as to be ready for baptism. "But the backbone of heathenism had been broken. . . . The seed sown with many tears was yet to bear fruit." Those interested in the mission were to learn the truth of that promise which assures the missionary who lives and labors in these dark lands, that what one sows, another shall reap with great joyfulness.

In the Midst of Savagery

SEVEN years passed before other missionaries came to Fotuna. Then Mr. and Mrs. Gunn were brought by the "Dayspring," to land with their boxes upon the beach among the wild people of the island.

"What a spectacle was before us!" wrote Mr. Gunn; "numerous naked forms were perched on the cliffs above. The sandy beach below swarmed with wild-looking men, carrying muskets, spears, clubs, and bows and arrows. Women with short skirts and nude breasts, and girls with the merest scraps of covering, stood apart or squatted on the sand. Bedaubed with paint, besmeared with dirt, savage looking, and in shameless nakedness, the people were hideous and repulsive, and seemed like lost souls thronging to mock us.

"And this was the people who had come to meet the new missionary and his wife, and among whom our lives were to be spent! We were appalled, but not discouraged. Tatavaka (the teacher who had remained faithful at his post of duty all through those seven years) looked like an angel in the midst of that awful, seething crowd of heathen and semiheathen. But we were wrong in imagining they had come to meet *us*; the coming of the 'Dayspring' was their holiday, and they brought fowls and baskets in exchange for tobacco; their meeting the missionary was only secondary."

Mr. and Mrs. Gunn, thus beginning life on Fotuna, were to drink from the cup of sorrow to the bitter dregs before they could rejoice as the reapers who "come again, bringing their sheaves with them." Years afterward, Mr. Gunn wrote of the struggle, in the following words:

"In Fotuna, though the first island in the western Pacific visited by missionaries, and the first to which the earliest New Hebridean converts were sent as evangelists, the conflict with heathenism has been one of the longest and most trying in the South Seas. Despite its healthful climate, no island in the group, in proportion to its size, has more graves of Christian workers. Here, side by side, lie teachers from Polynesia, Aneityum, Aniwa, and Fotuna, who gave their lives for the work of Christ. Here are the graves of two missionaries' wives—Mrs. Copeland and Mrs. Murray of Ambrym. And here also, in the garden where they played, underneath the flowers they loved, lie two of our own dear children who both died in one week. Aneityum, though much larger, with a greater population, was a Christian island twenty years after the landing of the first teachers in 1841. It took seventy years to Christianize Fotuna.

"The worshipers called themselves the 'people of light;' the heathen were not ashamed to be called 'the people of darkness.' . . . The former were as full of heathen superstition as if they had never come in contact with Christianity."

One night a loud rifle report was heard, and the next instant men were shouting and women were wailing, while voices close at hand were heard yelling, "Basula is shot." Mr. Gunn, rushing from his house, found Basula lying on his face with a fearful wound in his back, and quite dead. He had been sitting with others at a feast when the shot that took his life was fired from the bush, and he never spoke again.

Basula was a tall, powerful man of unusually dignified and commanding appearance, but whispers had gone abroad that it was he who had caused the influenza that had been raging for some time. Basula heeded not this talk about his death, but his own father ordered him to be shot; and thus occurred the death of Basula, an event which hindered the gospel on Fotuna for many years.

Terror stricken, the savages gathered and discussed the murder. All were fully armed and alert, for it was recognized that a terrible thing had been done, and no one felt safe till the murderer was known. After a time Popoina came, saying that the deed had been done by a young man named Anapapo.

Imagine the feelings of Mr. Gunn on hearing this, for Anapapo was the grandson of a woman who had joined the worship years before, and who had taught her grandson to pray till he was able to lead the church.

It was this lad that Mr. Copeland, as he left Fotuna, had charged so solemnly to help in the services. It was this lad of Christian upbringing who had done the awful deed. "Alas," exclaimed Mr. Gunn when the news reached him, "that he who was so full of promise should be the chief actor in this deed of blood."

The death of Basula did not banish the sickness from Fotuna, as the people had hoped, but the work of the gospel was seriously retarded, and it was a long time before the savages gave up feasting and quarreling, because of it. By it two powerful tribes were brought to the verge of war, which was averted only by the earnest and fearless efforts of the missionary.

The Missionary as Peacemaker

THE cry of "Sail, ho!" announced that the vessel from Fiji was within sight of the Fotunese. Great was the excitement on shore, for it was known that Wotu, a man under sentence of death according to heathen law, but who had fled years before to Fiji, was on her deck. As Wotu, thin and decrepit, landed on the beach, an angry, armed crowd stood threateningly on the cliff. No native but Takere, his brother-in-law, dared to speak to him. Mr. Gunn, however, in full sight of the natives, met him cordially, shook hands with him, and asked after his welfare.

Just then Takere called loudly for Roroveka, and bade him take Wotu to shelter. Anxious for the safety of the fugitive, Mr. Gunn offered to have him sent to Aneityum, but a false report circulated that Wotu had ordered some one to be killed to be "quits" for his own crime. This report, furnishing incentive to the crowd, sent them in hot haste to take Wotu's life, and served to call the natives from all districts to kill him. They gathered in large numbers, all bent upon killing.

Yarai, a Christian native, came to Mr. Gunn in great perplexity, asking, "What shall we do? They are coming to kill Wotu."

"Don't fight," urged the missionary; "keep peaceful." Takere loaded his gun, remarking, "I am going to be killed today."

Erelong, Roroveka's house, where Wotu had taken shelter, was surrounded by the excited, murderous crowd. His children were taken to a cave for safety from the flying bullets, and the wife and children of the missionary were shut in a back room of the mission house for the same purpose.

Again the missionary was approached by Christian natives for permission to meet force with force, but this he sternly forbade, and immediately went among the crowd of armed warriors, pleading that Wotu be spared, and undertaking to see that he was again sent abroad. But all to no purpose.

They took up stones and cast them upon the house to drive Wotu out. When this failed, they proposed to burn the house, and thus compel him to leave his shelter. This, however, Yarai sternly forbade, and they desisted.

At this moment, Takere raised his rifle as if to shoot among the crowd, and in a moment they scattered for shelter. In a little time they were once more around the house, but this time they were met by Wotu himself, with musket in hand, at the door of the hut, and when Wotu pointed the musket at them, they fled once more to such shelter as they could find.

Mr. Gunn next went to the public square, there to appeal for the life of Wotu, when suddenly the report of a rifle was heard. "He is shot! He is shot!" was the cry from all lips, but a lad rushing by us cried, "He has run away!" And indeed he had. Seeing an opportunity to escape, he had darted through the doorway and fled into the bush. A rifle was discharged at him, but he escaped unharmed. His assailants sought here and there, but failing to find him, returned to their places disappointed.

Roroveka, with Christian magnanimity, called to them to come and shake hands and pray together, and promise not to trouble him again, but they refused, saying, "We have Satan's dirt [the war paint] on us." But ignoring their unwillingness, he prayed with them on the path. A few days later, when Mr. Gunn talked with them, they said, "None but Roroveka could do such a thing."

Rumors of war were rife for a time, but no further attempt was made to kill Wotu, and this was the last time an attempt was made to murder on Fotuna in satisfaction of the old heathen ways. "Had this happened some years ago,"

said Popoina to Mr. Gunn, "we would not have asked your advice, but would have shot some one."

Christianity had triumphed, and in the same week in which the attack was made on the life of Wotu, the first Christian marriage on Fotuna was celebrated. Instead of the hideous night singing of heathenism, hymns of praise were soon heard at the evening worship of the people. And with the decadence of the old customs, it came to be acknowledged even by the older heathen that "the worship" had come to stay on Fotuna.

The Hurricane

THE usually clear sky had suddenly become overcast and threatening. Angry masses of heavy clouds began to roll swiftly up from the southeast, and the natives, running in from the beach, shouted to Mr. Gunn that the sea was rising rapidly. It was the season for cyclonic storms, and all these signs betokened the approach of one of these dreaded visitants. In a few hours the sky had grown darker and still more threatening, while the sea was thundering in upon the land with a noise that was literally deafening. The wind, at first like a long, agonized, distant moan, began to roar and howl, wrenching the roofs from the houses, tearing leaves and branches from the trees, and sweeping the birds in thousands before it out over the face of the maddened ocean.

"The rain," wrote Mr. Gunn, "mingled with the spray from the ocean, struck our faces like driving sleet, and forced us inside. The thatch was lifted from the roof, and the rain poured through the chinks. . . . Pictures, clothing, and books were put under the bed for safety. The children's cots were removed to drier places. Outside, buildings began to give way; the poultry shed, goats' house, and church all went down. The mission house still withstood the storm, and in spite of the discomfort, we were not alarmed. The children were delighted with the swaying coconuts, the flying branches, and a stream that flowed through the lobby.* The wind, still from the southeast, blew in great gusts till noon, and then there was a sudden, deathlike calm. One side of the cyclone had passed over us, and now we were in the center.

* A small hall or waiting room.

"Popoina and some other natives came in to see how we fared. 'We are all in the same plight,' he said, on seeing the torn thatch and the wet floors. He seemed to think the storm was over, but I said, 'The aneroid [barometer] says, No.'

"For nearly three hours the calm continued—an unusually long interval. Then the wind blew suddenly from the opposite direction, the northwest, with redoubled force. In the morning it had been 'playing' at a hurricane, now it was in real earnest; then the front of the house was sheltered, now it was exposed. I nailed doors and windows, and we moved to the quieter dining room behind, and tried to get some food.

"Tatavaka appeared outside, all wet and shivering, having come from Isia. 'Will the home stand?' I shouted to him. 'Yes, it is quite firm,' he said, and sought shelter. Noticing that the wind had suddenly increased in the lobby, I rushed to the front and looked out. The veranda was gone! I opened the bedroom door. The window was broken; the partition was gaping and swaying violently; the whole front was tottering from end to end. Rushing back, I said, 'We must fly; the house is falling!' Leaving the untasted meal, we went to the store, the most sheltered part of the building; but it, too, was shaking. We ran to an outhouse, but it threatened momentarily to fall. Without a place of security, I feared we might have to spend a night in the open, and I trembled for the children.

"Just then Basina, Saloki's mother, appeared. 'Have you a place of safety?' I asked. 'We can stand in the gutter and hold on by the rafters,' she said. Poor comfort indeed! but I thought, If you can live there, so can we, and said, 'Send some one to help the lady Missi.' My wife had the presence of mind to get some blankets, and hurriedly wrapping the children in them, she handed one to each girl, taking Willie, thirteen months old, herself, while I carried a bag of biscuits.

"The house to which we were going was near the public square, just over our fence. The girls went first, and Saula Sore came and helped my wife along the path, now blocked by fallen trees. One of her shoes stuck in the mud, but she did not wait to pull it out. As she entered the hut, Basina removed two pigs from it.

"I stood outside for a few minutes, watching the storm. Trees bent and crashed above; the ground was strewn with broken branches. The wind, louder than the loudest thunder, roared like hundreds of angry lions. The sea boomed and thundered against the rocks. The trunks of coconut trees bowed almost double, like sentient beings in pain; their leaves lashed each other, as if in anger, scattering the nuts to the ground. It was awe-inspiring, terrifying.

"That night, twenty-three people found refuge in our little hut. Our children were quite happy in their strange surroundings, and examined the spears and muskets leaning against the thatch, while natives looked interestedly on. A fire in the hut was put out, as the smoke hurt our eyes. I sent Tatavaka for my aneroid, left hanging in the study. When I read it last, it was about 28.00, so that it had fallen about two inches—a remarkable fall. He returned with his head cut, and bringing a mirror! 'My love to you all,' he said to us; 'your house is *not*.' Nailo looked in, and said, 'The houses in Ifanua (a few yards away) are finished.' We thought they were swept away, and pitied the people; but it was a native exaggeration for saying that the houses were leaking badly. 'This house will stand,' said Basina; 'there is danger from the coconut trees only.' How much danger there was from these we saw next day. A tree had crashed right through the roof of a house within a few feet of the occupant.

"We had worship in Fotunese, and asked that God would take care of us during the night. Wearied and drowsy after the bustle and excitement of the day, I lay down, wet as I was, on the mat spread on the ground, with the bag of bis-

cuits for a pillow, and quickly fell asleep. My wife could not sleep so easily. Her thoughts turned to the house, now probably a ruin, which for six years had been our home and where our four children were born.

"Packed as we were, like sardines in a can, there was little room to move, and I was roughly awakened in the night by a kick in the face from one of the natives. The wind still roared outside. Madgie awoke, asking for a drink. But the water was finished. 'There's water in the bedroom,' she said. 'We have no bedroom now, Madgie,' said her mother. But Saloki, always ready, looked around and found a coconut and cracked it, and after a refreshing drink, Madgie went off to sleep again.

"All night long, while we lay, Nailo watched outside, binding down the thatch. With the dawn we arose to survey the havoc wrought by the storm. The wind, still from the northwest, had almost died away; the rain had ceased, and the sun came out, smiling on the ruin. The ground was carpeted with oranges and coconuts; the trees were leafless; great trunks of uprooted or broken trees lay scattered around. The fences were all down.

"The wreck and ruin of our premises was unspeakable. The whole front of the building had fallen. One end had been tossed fifteen feet back, the walls demolished, and the roof thrown down on the floor. The middle, in its fall, had knocked in the end of the back wing. The beds were bent and twisted; and books, clothing, and pictures were buried in lime. Furniture, chairs, sofas, were lying crushed and broken. The weatherboard schoolhouse had been thrown topsy-turvy and wrenched to pieces. The garden, which was ablaze with bloom the morning before, was now dotted with bushes blackened with spray, or torn up by the roots. As we stood sadly surveying the ruins of our home, we felt thankful that God had answered our prayer for protection. Saula said, 'We were expecting nothing but death in the night.' However, no one had been killed, no one was hurt, and our stores of food were safe.

"The natives began to gather, and looked aghast at the destruction. Our belongings lay open before them, and some decked themselves with the bed curtains, now torn to ribbons. One picked up a purse of money that had fallen to the floor, and handed it to us. They began to pull out the books and clothing from the lime, and at sight of every broken thing they exclaimed, 'Awe, sheenissa!' (Oh, what a pity!)

"We wondered that they did not go to their plantations, and I ventured to ask Popoina, 'Are you not going to see your gardens?' 'We will go when there is a roof over your heads,' he said. Great was our surprise! We had scarcely time to realize the damage done, and yet the Fotunese, without thinking of their own losses, were beginning to repair ours.

"Encouraged by their unselfishness, we set to work. My wife got the women to wash the clothes. The men cut away the broken walls and hauled the roof down on the floor, thus making a temporary store and bedroom. With the thatch they mended the gable of the dining room, and repaired its roof. The women and girls carried away the lime. When we offered the workers food, they said, 'Keep your food, lest you should be hungry; never mind us.' Then the natives of Isia came to help, and about seventy were at work.

"Each evening we all went over to Nailo's house to sleep. He made a bed of reeds for us, and was at the door to receive us as we entered. Saloki thoughtfully carried over, unwashed, baby's bassinet, a chair, a fan, and some matting. All were kind and pleasant, willing to help us in our need, and it was not difficult to pay them. After four days the dining room was finished. A bedroom was put in order upstairs; so we were able to return to our patched-up home, and the natives went to see their gardens.

"The destruction of food was not so great as was at first feared. There was no famine. 'There's plenty of food,' said an optimistic native—a rare individual in the New Hebrides; 'this hurricane is not so big as some in the old

days.' But the arrowroot crop was quite destroyed, and none was prepared that year.

"When we met for worship, the prayers of the Fotunese were different from what they used to be. 'O Lord, be kind to the missionary and his wife and children. They are far from their own land, and their home has been struck by a hurricane. Let us not say any hard words to them. Help us not to play with the worship. Let us not pick at the outside, but help us to take the center.' That center was Jesus Christ.

"We felt that, at last, God had softened their hard hearts, and that through the hurricane. He was answering our prayers and those of friends at home who had borne the people of Fotuna before the throne of grace. We thanked God, and took courage, for the turning point in the mission history of Fotuna had been reached."

The Ravages of Disease

IN January, 1893, a vessel landed some Fotunese who were returning from the sugar cane plantations of Queensland. Among these were a woman and her child, who took up quarters among the natives close to the mission house. It was soon seen that the child was sickly, though the mother succeeded in hiding for a time the cause of her illness. Natives from all districts came to see them, and receive their share of the things she had brought with her from Queensland. They praised and fondled her child.

In the course of a little time this child became so ill that it needed special care. Saloki undertook to nurse it, and brought it to the mission house, saying, "It is ill with dysentery." Medicine was given it, and the mother was warned that she should live with it in the bush, away from other people till it was better, as the disease might spread. The warning went unheeded. Natives came and went.

Soon the malady made its appearance in other parts of the island, and within a few weeks it was in every village. Saloki, the former nurse of the mission children, contracted it and grew rapidly worse. One day, as Mr. Gunn was giving the daily lesson to the children, the house girl rushed in great agitation into the room, asking that the doctor go and see if Saloki was dead. She had gone outside to eat some food that Mrs. Gunn had sent her, and stumbled and fell at the door. When they looked at her face, she was quite dead. They buried her in the mission ground near Mrs. Copeland.

That afternoon Connie, the missionary's eldest daughter, a child seven years and nine months old, was ill. She passed

a restless night, and next day she stayed in bed. She had the dysentery. The parents were depressed and anxious, for a serious disease had entered their home, and was spreading among the people. Two days later, Madgie, six years and eight months old, became ill. Then Ruth, their youngest child, was smitten by the ruthless scourge, and the truth was forced upon them that Connie could not recover. These little girls had been exceptionally strong and active, and it had been the parents' purpose to take the two older children to Sydney and leave them there at school. Their furlough was overdue, but they postponed going home in order to complete the translation of the New Testament into the Fotunese.

Willie, their five-year-old son, now contracted the disease, and all four of their children lay apparently dying. Next, Mrs. Gunn revealed symptoms of its attack upon her, and not long after Mr. Gunn found himself severely in its grip. All around were the dead and dying. The constant sounds that greeted their ears were the death wail, and the clang of the digger's tools as the natives dug the graves for their dead.

The missionary was too ill to visit the sick, and the natives were too busy attending to their own sick to visit the missionary. Goat's milk in large quantities was brought to them by Mangan, but it seemed to aggravate the children's complaint. Nailo sometimes laid a breadfruit inside their door, but they received no other attention from the natives. At last Mrs. Gunn began to shake off the disease, and hope began once more to gleam in their lives; but had they not felt in those dark days the sustaining grace of God, they must have perished.

At first the children suffered intensely, and nothing seemed to give them relief. The agonies that little Madgie endured were almost continuous and distressing to witness. Each new day found her perceptibly weaker until she became emaciated almost beyond recognition.

Ruth suffered less than her sisters, but she seemed to be slowly sinking. Each day, in the intervals when they were free from pain, the parents had worship with the children, and sought to lead them to realize that perhaps Jesus wanted to give them rest from the suffering of this world. One day Connie expressed herself as being assured that Jesus had forgiven all her sins, and indicated to her father that she was quite ready to meet her Saviour. From her the severe pain had now gone, and she was able to talk cheerfully to Willie in the next room. Willie was beginning to recover.

About this time a little bird with a crimson head flew in at the open window of the room where Connie lay. It fluttered in mid-air above the bed, twittering the while, as if it were seeking to convey a message to the sick child. The children were all delighted, and Willie called out, "What is it standing on?" Connie replied in bright tones, "It is standing on nothing."

Next morning the parents clearly saw that the end was near. Anxiously they asked their dying child, "Are you still trusting in Jesus?" but she could not reply. "If you are, move your hand," her father suggested. At once the little hand was lifted, and held for a brief moment above the pillow. Then it dropped back, and after a few hurried breathings her life was gone. The stricken parents stood together by the bedside, and thanked God that though He had been pleased to take her from them, their child was safe in her Saviour's love. Together they laid her in a little plot in the garden. There in the moonlight they often came to the spot where their first-born was laid, fearing that before long there would be another grave, perhaps two.

During the last few days, Madgie, who had suffered so terribly, lay free from pain. One day her mother observed that she was unusually thoughtful, so asked her of what she was thinking. The child replied, "I am thinking about Jesus Christ, who died on the cross to wash away my sins." Again the little messenger bird flew in at the window, hung twit-

tering as before, and then flew away. Six days after Connie's death, Madgie asked her mother to tell her "a wee story." She was told a sweet story, but a few minutes later her mother and father bent over her wasted form as she heaved a few deep sighs and passed away from life.

They laid her little pain-racked body by the side of Connie, and their father wrote of them both, "Lovely and pleasant in their lives, in death they were not divided," and again they thanked God for preparing their two children to be with Him.

Beside Madgie's grave the sick and bereaved father said to his wife, "You will bury Ruth beside her sisters, and if I die, you will lay me across their feet."

Ruth was so emaciated that she had to be lifted on a pillow, and as it was doubtful which would die first, her father, fearing that he might become too weak to do so later, made her little coffin at the same time that he made Madgie's.

Next morning Mrs. Gunn got a fresh drinking coconut for Ruth. She seized it eagerly in both her little hands, and drank it greedily. That night she slept soundly. From that time she began to recover, and in her recovery, she went again through all the stages of infancy. Again she learned to sit, to crawl, to stand, and to walk. For the third time in her little life she had been snatched from the grave.

During the latter days of the children's illness, Popoina assisted in the mission kitchen. But one afternoon he came to Mr. Gunn, saying, "I must go away, for I am sick." The dreaded scourge had seized upon him. A week later he sent his wife, desiring that the missionary would see him before he died. Mr. Gunn was too ill to go, but Mrs. Gunn went to see him, and found him moaning in pain. "My love to you, Popoina," she said; "great is your sickness. Is Jesus near you?" "He is with me. He is leading me by the narrow way to heaven. Tell Missi that I am trusting in Jesus." During his last days Popoina was much in prayer. He was buried beside Saloki, and as the natives laid him in his grave,

they sang in Fotunese that grand old hymn of faith, "Rock of Ages, cleft for me."

Soon after the epidemic had passed, Mr. and Mrs. Gunn, with their two remaining children, were transferred to the island of Aneityum, there to undertake the work which Mr. Lawrie had laid down. They had been there but two weeks when their son, Willie, was taken from them. He went outside the house, and a few minutes afterward he was found drowned beside the mission boat, which was anchored a few yards from the beach.

Crushed beneath this new and unexpected bereavement, Mr. Gunn yet wrote, "We were in great distress, but the strength vouchsafed to us in Fotuna was given in greater measure for this our greatest trial."

After passing through these sorrows, Mr. and Mrs. Gunn left the islands for furlough in Scotland. They had sacrificed much for Fotuna, but great joy was brought to their hearts when Habena wrote to them from the land of their labors: "The worship is big. Some of the heathen who left the church have come back. . . . We send our love to you, . . . and to all the people of Scotland."

On Aneityum

ABOUT the year 1841 the first definite steps were taken to Christianize the savages of Aneityum. Aneityum is a beautiful island of the New Hebrides group. It presents a striking and picturesque aspect to the visitor as its lofty mountains and deep, heavily wooded valleys are viewed from the ocean, but at the time of which I write, the condition of its inhabitants was pitiable in the extreme. "War, murder, cannibalism, the strangling of widows, infanticide, polygamy, and the consequent degradation and oppression of the female sex," were found to be the common characteristics of the people when the first missionaries landed among them.

Their heathen customs, too, were of the kind that tended to lead them continually to deeper degradation of life. Demon worshipers they were of the most abject sort. The demons whom they worshiped they called "*natmases*," and of these they were in constant dread. Associated with the chief of these demon gods were a host of others of less importance, who were supposed to dwell in the things they were believed to control. So there were the sea gods, the land gods, the gods of the mountains, the gods of the valleys, the gods of war, the gods of peace, the gods who controlled disease, the gods who made the storms, and many others whom they feared always, and ever sought to propitiate by their offerings and sacrifices.

There were, too, sacred things and places almost without number which were under the patronage or were the property of these demon gods. The poor savages lived in perpetual fear of offending these spirits, and thus incurring their wrath; and between the dread of being speared or clubbed by their fierce fellows, or of being smitten by one

of their offended deities, they truly were, through fear of death, all their lifetime subject to bondage.

The first European missionaries were Mr. and Mrs. Geddie and Mr. and Mrs. Powell. The people of the district where they settled, wished their chief, Nohoat, to oppose their landing. This he refused to do, but gave his people full license to steal from the missionaries without restraint. "Only," said he, "don't kill them, for if you do that, you will get me into trouble."

"Strange to say, the natives did not, for a time, take advantage of their chief's permission to steal. They attended the services and listened to the preaching, and generally conducted themselves very well. All at once, however, their attitude completely changed, and they left off coming to the services. Their looks were dark and sullen. The missionaries were at a loss to explain this change on the part of the natives, till, upon making inquiry, they learned that the savages were much enraged with them, and were contemplating burning their houses and driving them from the island.

"This opened up rather a gloomy prospect for the defenseless strangers, who, of course, were quite in the power of the dark-minded savages among whom they dwelt. They lost no time in inquiring into the cause of the people's displeasure, and the following grave misdemeanors were laid to their charge: First, they had taken coconuts from trees on their own land, whereas the coconuts were all under taboo for a great feast which was to come off shortly. The missionaries pleaded ignorance of the taboo, but agreed to respect it for the future, though it seemed rather hard that it should be extended to trees growing upon land which they had purchased and paid for. Missionaries, however, must not stand stiffly upon their rights in such circumstances; let them just have patience and work quietly on, and all will come right after a while.

"Second, the missionaries had taken coral from the reef to make lime for their buildings. The demons, who were supposed to have their abode somewhere near the mission premises, had smelled the burning coral, and were very angry at the natives for allowing it to be taken, and to punish them for their undutiful conduct, they had made the fish scarce. The missionaries told the natives *who* rules over the sea and the dry land, and is the sole Proprietor of all. They agreed, however, not to take any more coral, only begging to be allowed to burn a kiln which was already prepared, and without which they could not complete the work they had in hand. To this the natives agreed, and so the second charge was disposed of.

"A third charge was that, whereas a small hill behind the mission premises was the residence of some important demon gods, and the path by which they were accustomed to pass from the mountain to the sea lay through a piece of ground on which a chapel was being built, yet the missionaries were about to put a fence around the chapel, the path would be obstructed, and the *natmases* would be angry and punish the natives with sickness and death.

"The missionaries again pleaded ignorance. The man from whom they purchased the land had not told them anything about the path of the *natmases*; this the man admitted, and the matter was amicably arranged by the missionaries' agreeing to leave the path open. Thus all the charges were satisfactorily disposed of, and a good understanding was again established between the missionaries and the natives."

Other things occurred during these early years, some of them ludicrously absurd, and others of a more grave character; but we must pass them by, and come to the time when the truths of the gospel began to take hold upon the hearts of the people, and the struggle began in earnest, which ended in the downfall of paganism and the triumph of Christianity.

Toward the close of 1849, Mr. and Mrs. Powell returned to Samoa, and Mr. and Mrs. Geddie were left with the

Samoan teachers only, to share their labors and trials. A long and fierce conflict was yet before them, but in the meanwhile their hearts were cheered by some slight indications that success would ere a great while crown their efforts. The night had been very dark, and indeed it was dark still, but the day was not far distant now.

In December, 1849, Mr. Geddie wrote as follows:

"Perhaps I am sanguine, but I do think God has given some measure of countenance to our labors. I think I can discern some faint rays of light beginning to arise over the horizon of darkness in which these poor islanders have from time immemorial been enveloped. . . . I do hope that the Spirit of God has begun to breathe upon the dry bones, and that symptoms of animation will at no distant day appear."

The good man was right; the "faint rays of light" proved the harbingers of day; the Spirit of God had begun to breathe upon the dry bones, and symptoms of life speedily appeared. During the year 1850 there were a few cases of decided conversion, and among these were three natives who went out occasionally to itinerate among their heathen countrymen and tell them of the Saviour in whom they had learned to trust.

Still deeds of darkness and cruelty continued to be practiced by the great bulk of the people, and as light spread and the truth continued to take hold of one and another, the opposition of the heathen became more and more decided, and it continued to increase in intensity till the gospel triumphed, and Aneityum was rescued from darkness. It was a hard struggle: the powers of darkness seemed to dispute every inch of ground. More than once Mr. Geddie very narrowly escaped being murdered.

A large new church, on which a great amount of labor had been expended, was set afire and burned to the ground, and the infuriated people went so far as to attempt the destruction of the whole mission family. This was gone about in truly diabolical fashion.

The family retired to rest one night as usual, all unconscious of danger; a little after midnight Mrs. Geddie was aroused by the sound of something burning and the smell of fire, and on looking up, she saw the roof of the house all in a blaze. She gave the alarm. Mr. Geddie ran to arouse the natives belonging to the family, who were sleeping in the two houses close by, and Mrs. Geddie, with the two children, escaped from the burning house. Mr. Geddie, with the help of the domestics and the girls of Mrs. Geddie's school, succeeded in getting the fire extinguished. The sea was near and the night was calm. Had it been otherwise, the probability is that the whole of the mission premises would have been destroyed.

It was at once ascertained that the setting fire to the house had been the work of an incendiary. The brand with which it had been done was found, as was also a quantity of combustible material which had been brought in order to insure the business being effectually done.

Mr. Geddie sent for Nohoat, who was now a true friend. When he saw what had been done, he burst into tears. The tidings spread rapidly, and though it was the dead of night, the house was speedily filled with men, women, and children, and all was excitement and commotion.

On the following day, Nohoat set himself without delay to collect information as to the origin and perpetration of the diabolical deed. He ascertained that five persons had been engaged in it, and learned the names of three of them. He found, also, that two heathen villages were parties to it, the one having undertaken to burn Mr. Geddie's house, the other the chapel.

Nohoat behaved nobly throughout the crisis. For two months he slept every night in Mr. Geddie's house; he seemed determined to share whatever danger there might be, and to do his utmost to protect those whom he now regarded as his best friends. He was full of wrath against the enemies of the missionary, and it was with great difficulty

that the immediate actors in the base and cowardly attempt upon the lives of the mission family were saved from being very roughly handled.

With much difficulty the matter was overcome without war and bloodshed. The friendly natives were greatly shocked at the barbarity of the affair; for it was contrary to their ideas of honorable dealing, even with an enemy, and they were not in the habit of injuring women and children in their wars. Hence they regarded the affair as barbarous and dastardly in the highest degree.

After all was settled, Nohoat said to Mr. Geddie: "If Lucy and Elizabeth [Mr. and Mrs. Geddie's children] and my coat [a military coat which was kept in Mr. Geddie's house] had been burned, we would not have listened to your word for peace; there would have been many people killed."

So far, though both missionary and native converts had had hairbreadth escapes, no one had actually fallen by the hand of violence. On the 9th of October, 1851, before the attempt to burn the house, Mr. Geddie mentions a case where a party of Christians came very near falling a sacrifice to the rage of the heathen. They went to visit a heathen village, and were attacked with stones and spears, being obliged to flee for their lives. They brought home six or seven spears which had been thrown at them.

Some time after the above, in December, 1851, the first case of actual martyrdom occurred. The following are the painfully interesting particulars:

"The people of a place named Anauunse, who were bitterly opposed to Christianity, sent a message to the Christian party at a place called Aneito, to the effect that they wished to cultivate friendly relations, and proposing, according to native fashion, an exchange of presents. Their sincerity was not doubted, and the people of Aneito sent four young men with the desired present.

"When the young men reached the place, they saw some movements which seemed to them to indicate that something

was wrong; but an Anauunse man who was with them, probably the same who had conveyed to them the message, told them not to be afraid, but just to go and sit down in the chief's yard, and no one would molest them. Nalakiang, the chief, was not to be seen; perhaps it was part of the scheme that he should keep out of the way.

"The Anauunse man left them, telling them he would soon be back. Before he left they observed him enter a house (the chief's, I suppose), and take out a spear and a club. In a short time a number of armed men appeared and surrounded the inclosure where the young men were. It was now evident that evil was determined against them, and that their only chance of escape was by flight. They made a rush; two of them reached the bush and escaped, the other two ran to the seaside and along the shore, pursued by the treacherous savages.

"Waiwai, the lad who was killed, was first overtaken and struck. His companion, looking round and seeing his danger, ran back, and throwing his arms round him, endeavored to shield him from the blows of his murderers, and in so doing received some blows himself. Waiwai was killed in his arms. The brave young man who had jeopardized his own life to save his friend, now said, 'You have killed him; kill me also.' This they would not do, as he had relations in the place whom they did not wish to offend. He asked them to let him have a canoe in which to convey the body of his murdered friend to their home. This request was treated with ridicule. The young man now tried to carry away the body on his back; the savages, however, took it from him, and bore it off in triumph to the oven."

In the month of June, 1852, another Christian native was murdered by the natives of Aneityum. The victim on this occasion was a young man belonging to Aneito, the native place of Waiwai.

"He had been for some time at a place named Anawunai, teaching the Christian party there to read, and at the request

of the chief, he with three other young men set out to go to the mission station to beg that a teacher might be sent to reside there permanently, and that some native books might also be sent. The party had to pass through a place, part of whose inhabitants were still heathen, and by these the young men were attacked, and one of their number barbarously murdered.

“An adjacent village made an unsuccessful effort to get the body of the young man for burial. It was disposed of, however, in the same way as that of Waiwai. It is worthy of remark that those who made the attempt to preserve the body from being devoured by the natives, were themselves politically connected with the murderers, and little more than a year before, they would have joined in avenging the common quarrel and in the cannibal feast which followed the murder. Well might Mr. Geddie exclaim with reference to this case: ‘What a change the gospel makes! Among the Christian party all former grievances and animosities appear to be forgotten, and an injury done to one is regarded as an injury done to the whole body.’”

Years afterward, the missionary on this beautiful island was able to send a glowing report of the work of God in the hearts of these erstwhile savage people. “Aneityum,” said he, “may well be considered spiritually, if not physically, the gem, not only of the New Hebrides, but of Papuan Polynesia. It is instinct with the fragrant memory of a man . . . who by the offering up upon it of his life to God through Christ, was the principal means of turning it from a heathen grove to a temple of Jehovah, to whom from all its valleys praises now ascend, commingling with the harmonies of its encircling ocean.”

With the Pioneers on Erromango

FOLLOWING the death of that great "Apostle to the South Seas," John Williams, two Samoan native teachers were landed on the martyr island from the mission ship "Camden," but many months were to pass away before the Christian world should learn their tale of suffering and dangerous toil for the cross of Christ. This has been told by Mr. J. D. Murray, who was the first visitor to those wild shores after their introduction to the island, and it will be given here in his words:

"We approached with very peculiar feelings the land which had so recently been the scene of the mournful tragedy, the particulars of which were fresh in the recollection of all. And there was one thing which contributed much to increase the painful interest connected with our visit to Erromango on this occasion. We had on board Mrs. Williams, the widow of John Williams. She was a passenger with us, having bidden a final adieu to all the endeared scenes of former happy days, and being now on her way to New South Wales, to proceed thence to the land of her fathers. The reader will understand how her presence added not a little to the feeling of sadness and gloom with which we looked upon Erromango. She was a woman of a meek and quiet spirit, and though bowed down under a load of grief, her deportment was calm and resigned, eminently Christian, glorifying to God and encouraging to those of us whose life work was yet in the future.

"It was evening when we drew near the land, and as we moved slowly along the coast, the shades of night settled down upon the mountains and hills, and seemed to invest them with deepening gloom, and it was anything but reliev-

ing to our feelings when our breeze died away and the current carried us in so near the shore that we could distinctly hear the shouts and yells of the natives upon the heights, whom the light of the moon enabled us distinctly to see. After a while a gentle breeze sprang up, and enabled us to keep at a safe distance from the land and move gently on toward the part of the island to which we were bound.

“On the following morning we found ourselves abreast of the place at which the teachers had been left by Mr. Heath, and with anxious minds we sought to communicate with the natives. Canoes put off from the shore and came out some distance toward us, but all our efforts to induce them to come near failed; so, after long waiting, we took to our boat and pulled in toward the land, and as we drew near we were gladdened by the sight of a canoe with one of the teachers coming to meet us.

“It was an immense relief to learn from him that his fellow laborer was also alive. He had a mournful tale of suffering and danger to tell. The natives had been unfaithful to their engagement, and had abandoned the strangers and left them to starve; and but for the kindness of a party from the neighboring island of Niua, who were on a visit to their relatives on Erromango, it seems as if they must have perished. These visitors remained several months, and after they left, a single native of Erromango was moved to pity them and bring them a supply of food daily till the time of our arrival.

“This is a singular fact, and can be accounted for only on the supposition that God inclined the heart of the poor, dark-skinned Erromangon to pity the strangers and supply their necessities. Vorevove, their native friend, used to steal down day by day for about five months, and lifting up the thatch of their humble cot, hand in to them their daily supply. We would fain have seen their benefactor and made him some reward, but he did not appear, and we feared to inquire after him, lest we should bring upon him the wrath

of his savage countrymen. Surely he has had his reward from a higher hand.

“We had very great difficulty in getting the other teacher out of the hands of the natives. Why they made so much difficulty about giving him up we could only conjecture; but the treatment the teachers had received and the appearance of things now clearly enough indicated that the time had not yet come for the evangelization of Erromango. We had been four hours away from the ship, and our friends on board were in no small alarm, and great was the joy of all when we were seen returning in safety with the teachers. Sadness, however, was largely mingled with our joy. It was grievous, indeed, to see the door of hope that had been opened for Erromango again shut, and the little light that had begun to glimmer upon its gloomy shore extinguished, and the dark night of heathenism again close in upon it.”

Twelve years then passed by before an effective attempt was made to evangelize Erromango. Although efforts were frequently made to open the doors of opportunity there, no success came, until two natives of Rarotonga landed at Dillon's Bay, and resumed mission work under circumstances of brighter promise. When the island was again visited, two years later, so encouraging was the work found to be that two new mission stations were established and the work thus extended.

This eventually led the missionary society to decide to place a European missionary family on the island, and Mr. George Nichol Gordon, of Canada, and his young wife were chosen to take up their abode on savage Erromango. They were accompanied by two Rarotongan teachers and one native Erromangon who had been some years in Samoa, and had given satisfactory evidence that he was a true disciple of Christ.

“The friends of poor benighted Erromango rejoiced with great joy when at length a foreign missionary was settled

upon it." Those who accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Gordon to their field wrote as they sailed homeward to Samoa, "We left Erromango indulging the hope that the darkness of that terrible night in which her degraded sons have wandered so long and sunk so low in the scale of civilization, would ere long be scattered by the Sun of Righteousness, and their dark abodes lighted up by the dayspring from on high!"

After two years of stern struggle with the powers of darkness, with their hearts fluctuating between high hope and deep despair, the heathen meanwhile warring, and worshipping at their idol shrines, and with all the abominable practices that distinguish New Hebridean paganism, the Gordons were forced to recognize that the forces of right seemed to be losing in the struggle. Reports had come from a neighboring island that the inhabitants who had accepted the gospel were all dying. The Erromangons held the new religion to be responsible for this, and their chiefs forbade the people to attend the mission services.

Just then the mission ship again visited the island, and a good impression was made by the visit, but two months later Mr. Gordon wrote that the hopeful appearances connected with the visit had passed away like a morning cloud, and troubles had arisen which had brought the mission to a period of great gloom, and were to prove the precursors of darker days than any that had gone before.

"The ship had not left us a week," he wrote, "when the flames of war were spreading destruction on the south side of Dillon's Bay. The results are the total ruin of some villages and large plantations, some natives wounded and others killed, and prospective sickness from want of food. . . . Idolatry has still a strong hold upon the natives, even those who come to worship on the Sabbath, especially a species of idolatry connected with the worship of the moon, the image of which they exhibit at their idolatrous feasts, which are regulated by the moon, and are great abominations."

"The darkness continued to deepen. There had been a few faint gleams of light, as the reader has seen, and in a letter written by Mr. Gordon not a great while before his labors closed, he mentions one case of hopeful conversion. 'We had a man,' he writes, 'who died five months ago, we believe in the Lord. He was the first and only one whom we have reason to believe was a Christian. Being delirious for a few days, he could not recognize his friends; but when asked, "Do you know, then, who Jesus is?" he would answer, "Oh, yes; He is our dear Saviour." That name that is above every name is a divine charm for the soul whose ears are unstopped.'

"Then followed a series of grievous calamities which swept over the southern islands of the New Hebrides, the chief of which were a desolating hurricane and the measles, the first producing great destruction among the plantations, and leading to scarcity of food; and the other, with its after effects, cutting off a great many of the natives. And while they were suffering from these scourges, the lives of the missionaries on the islands of Tanna and Erromango were often in imminent peril.

"'Mana' (the native Erromangon teacher), Mr. Gordon wrote, 'has taken refuge with us during the last three months. We are obliged to keep watch at night, not constantly, but while the natives are assembled for the purpose of taking our lives. Six lads keep by us in time of imminent danger. Two months ago I just escaped being shot at one place, and consequently was obliged to discontinue my visits.'

"The special danger to which Mr. and Mrs. Gordon were exposed arose from the fact that the disease was brought to the islands by foreigners. 'The disease,' Mr. Gordon wrote, 'is cutting off hundreds inland, and the people are for killing us and burning all that belongs to us, because they say that we are foreigners, and foreigners brought the disease which is killing them all.'

“Mr. and Mrs. Gordon strove to the utmost of their ability to alleviate suffering and save life, and doubtless they would have succeeded to a considerable extent if the natives would have trusted themselves in their hands. As it was, however, as regards the people generally, they could only look helplessly on. ‘It is exceedingly painful,’ Mr. Gordon remarked, ‘to see a people upon whom you have set your heart to bring them to a knowledge of the truth, fading away in unbelief. When we lie down at night and rise up in the morning, we hear the loud and bitter cry of those who mourn without hope. None died of the measles on our premises, and but two of all those who came properly under our treatment.’

“The reader will now be prepared for the sad ending of the lives of these young missionaries at the hands of most superstitious heathen.

“Mr. Gordon continued to cherish a degree of confidence as to his own safety, and that of Mrs. Gordon, which seems strange, considering the circumstances. Whether or not Mrs. Gordon shared his confidence does not appear; but certainly his domestics—native Erromangons—did not. They were thoroughly distrustful; and they, of course, understood their own countrymen as no foreigner could, and their opinion was, therefore, entitled to great weight.

“It is a pleasing fact that there were a few Erromangons so much attached to Mr. and Mrs. Gordon as to cleave to them through all their dangers at the risk of their own lives, and it conclusively shows that upon them at least some impression had been made. Joe and Mana, two of the young men in Mr. Gordon’s family, had been about three years in the native teachers’ institution in Samoa. They had acquired a considerable knowledge of the Samoan language; so friends of Mr. Gordon were able to get from them the particulars of the mournful tragedy which was right at hand.

“Two days before the massacre, Joe was told by his relatives, who live in Dillon’s Bay, that the lives of Mr. and

Mrs. Gordon were in danger, and advised him to try to induce Mr. Gordon to remove with his family from the place where he was residing, and take up his abode among the friendly natives in the bay. The place where he now lived was on a neighboring height about a thousand feet above the sea level, and far away from his friends.

“Mr. Gordon did not seem to credit the report, and declined to comply with the advice of the natives. On the afternoon of the following day, Joe and Mana went to Mrs. Gordon, and talked to her about their danger. They told her that they had heard from a party of friendly natives that the murder of herself and Mr. Gordon had been talked of publicly at a feast, which had taken place some time before at a distant village, as a thing determined upon. Mrs. Gordon went, as Joe and Mana supposed, to consult with Mr. Gordon, and there the thing ended for that day.

“On the following morning, the day of the massacre, at the close of the morning school, Mr. Gordon told eight of the young men of his family, among whom were Joe and Mana, to go down to the bay and cut thatch for a house which Mr. Gordon was engaged in building, about halfway from the place where he was now living toward the bay. Two lads remained, one of whom Mr. Gordon directed to remain with Mrs. Gordon, and the other to go with him to work at the house.

“The lads objected to Mr. Gordon’s proposal, and suggested that half their number should go with him to work at the house, and half should stay with Mrs. Gordon in case an attack should be made upon one or both of the parties. To this suggestion Mr. Gordon would not agree; so the two lads did as directed, one remaining with Mrs. Gordon, the other going with Mr. Gordon, and the eight going down to the bay to cut thatch. There was a girl also with Mrs. Gordon.

“Mr. Gordon, who was strangely unsuspecting of danger, told the lads who went to get thatch not to return home early,

but to cut a great quantity of thatch, and return when the sun was low. But for this charge they would in all probability have returned before the attack was made, as they had great fears that something would take place that day, though they had no certain information that such would be the case. While at work they expressed their fears to each other, and some proposed that they should go home early, notwithstanding Mr. Gordon's instructions to the contrary. This proposal was overruled by others; so they continued at their work as directed.

"About noon, a party of natives, consisting of nine adults and a boy, came to the house where Mrs. Gordon was. One of the party, named Nahobili, the chief actor in what followed, asked Mrs. Gordon where Mr. Gordon and the young men of the family were. She told them that the young men had gone to cut thatch, and that Mr. Gordon was at work at the new house. She offered them food, which they refused, but accepted a coconut each and a few fishhooks.

"Mrs. Gordon asked them what their errand was, probably suspecting that they had evil intentions. They replied that they wanted cloth to cover themselves, as they wished to come to the service on the following Sunday. She told them they had better go to Mr. Gordon for that. Upon this they rose and left the house. When they had gone a little way, Mrs. Gordon called after them, asking whether they had come to kill her and Mr. Gordon. The adults made no reply, but the boy called out, as if in jest, that such was the case. The lad who was with Mrs. Gordon heard the whole conversation. He thought Mrs. Gordon did not hear the boy's reply to her question, as it was windy, and the party were on the move down the hill.

"They went as if they intended to go directly to the place where Mr. Gordon was at work; but they all concealed themselves in the bush by the way, except Nahobili. He was closely followed by the lad from Mrs. Gordon's family, who

was sent by Mrs. Gordon with Mr. Gordon's dinner. Thus he and the lad who had been assisting Mr. Gordon were witnesses of all that took place between Mr. Gordon and Nahobili, till they left to go to the house, which Mr. Gordon consented to do at the urgent request of Nahobili. He carried a hatchet in his hand.

"One of Mr. Gordon's lads remarked that Nahobili was a bad man, and that he had killed a great many people. Mr. Gordon took the hatchet out of his hand, and asked him why he killed people, remarking that it was very bad to kill people. He hung his head and made no reply. Mr. Gordon returned the hatchet. Nahobili then said that he wished cloth for himself and his companions, that they might come to worship on the following Sunday. Mr. Gordon took a chip of wood and wrote on it a request to Mrs. Gordon to give them a little bit of cloth each, and offered it to the native to take to her. He refused the chip, and begged Mr. Gordon to go with him to the house to give medicine to a sick man.

"The story about the sick man induced Mr. Gordon to comply with the request of the native. So, tying up his dinner again, to eat which he had sat down, he arose to accompany Nahobili; and as if to facilitate to the utmost the designs of the murderer, he had sent his own two lads away to cut some wood, of which he was in want; and further, he consented at the request of the native to walk before, so the savage with his hatchet was behind. They had not proceeded far when a man, who had been concealed in the bush, sprang out and aimed a blow at Mr. Gordon with a hatchet. He raised his arm to ward off the blow, and received a slight wound. He then ran, pursued by Nahobili.

"A steep place in the narrow path covered with loose stones impeded Mr. Gordon's progress; the savage, more fleet and firm of foot, overtook him, and struck him a deadly blow on the back near the loins. He fell, and a second blow in the neck from the man who first struck him, put an end to his life. His death must have been instantaneous, as the

spine was severed, and also the principal arteries of the neck.

“Another of the savages, named Ubel, rushed on toward the house to complete the dreadful tragedy. Mrs. Gordon had heard a noise, and she and the girl had gone outside the house in consequence. She asked the girl what the noise was, whether it was the lads who had gone to cut thatch returning. Ubel then passed round behind some outbuildings that were in the rear of the dwelling house, and came stealthily behind Mrs. Gordon, and struck her a blow in the side with a hatchet; he struck her a second blow in the neck, and all was over.

“The servant girl witnessed the murder of Mrs. Gordon. Terror-stricken, she fled down to the bay, where the young men were at work, with the fearful intelligence. They felt as if paralyzed. They made all possible haste homeward, lest the bodies should be carried off to the oven. They found Mr. Gordon’s body at the steep place in the road where he fell. Four of them returned with that to the bay, and the other four went and brought the body of Mrs. Gordon.

“An extract from a letter which was written by a gentleman who was residing in Dillon’s Bay at the time of the occurrence, and who acted a very kind part, will reveal that their labor had not been in vain:

“I chose a spot of ground near the bank of the river for their graves, and made, in the best manner I could, two coffins, in which the bodies were inclosed, and about two o’clock on the following day, amid the tears and lamentations of all around, the bodies of the missionary and his wife were consigned to the earth. At my request one of the natives, Mana, who had been for some time in Samoa, conducted services suitable to the occasion, consisting of a hymn, which the deceased had composed, an address which, to judge from the effects produced, was most powerfully felt, and a prayer to Almighty God. I also exhorted them to show, in their subsequent conduct, the depth of their sorrow at the loss they

had sustained; and to endeavor to show by their conduct that the teachings they had listened to had not been in vain. . . . I am truly glad to say that the peal of the church bell is regularly heard on the Sabbath, and I can hear the hymn and the prayer morning and evening among those I have about me as before.'

"Bishop Patteson, who was himself soon after added to the 'noble army of martyrs,' visited the island shortly after the sad event. 'He felt the bereavement keenly, for he loved the Gordons, and every year called upon them as he sailed past. He climbed the steep rocks to their house, and spent a few hours in pleasant intercourse. On this occasion he landed and read the burial service over the graves of the martyrs.'

"In company with the late Dr. Geddie, Mr. Murray visited Erromango a few months later. Varied and conflicting were their feelings as they sailed along the coast toward the scene of the recent and earlier martyrdoms. Everything that met the eye looked beautiful and lovely as of old, but the recollection of the sad events that had lately transpired cast a gloom over all. The sight of the unfinished house on the side of the hill, at which Mr. Gordon was working on the day of his death, and which was full in view, brought these events before their minds with painful vividness.

"They landed in the bay, and after examining the various objects of interest about the mission premises and elsewhere, they visited the spot where the martyrs sleep. Close to the stream, and not far from the spot where Williams and Harris fell, they rest in one grave, waiting the resurrection of the just. It was a sad, sad plight in some of its aspects. For the sleepers within the peaceful inclosure that surrounds the grave, it was useless to mourn—

'For the dead, the holy dead,
Lost are the tears we shed;'

but for Erromango, poor Erromango! how could they feel otherwise than sad? Since then, however, a brighter day has dawned on Erromango; and before taking our final leave of that land of melancholy interest, we tell our readers that it has come to pass on Erromango, as in other lands in which martyr blood has been shed, 'the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church.' "

On Tanna

“THE island of Tanna lies to the northwest of Aneityum, and is distant from that island about thirty miles. The last public act in the eventful life of John Williams, the martyr of Erromango, was the introduction of Christian teachers to Tanna. This important event took place on the 18th of November, 1839, and during all the intervening years, with a few brief interruptions, missionary operations have been carried on on the island.

“A struggle has been maintained with determined pertinacity between the respective adherents of light and darkness—paganism and Christianity. The great body of the population have clung to heathenism with a resolution and constancy worthy of a better cause. I know of no island throughout the Pacific Ocean—east, west, north, or south—on which the gospel has met with so determined a resistance as on Tanna. Twice, after foreign missionaries had settled upon the island, was the mission broken up and the missionaries were obliged to flee for their lives.

“Privations and dangers, such as fall to the lot of few missionaries in modern times, have been borne and courageously encountered by the missionaries—European and Polynesian—who have successively labored on Tanna. The first party escaped falling a sacrifice to the deluded pagans who sought their lives, by one of the most remarkable providential interpositions on record. Of their successors, two finished their course before their work was well begun; the wife of one of these, a character of singular beauty and devotedness, died before her husband, and the wife of another laborer, who endured much and hazarded much, . . . also fell at her post after a few months of suffering and

endurance. A particular account of the dangers and trials which these devoted laborers encountered would fill a volume, and could be given only by themselves.

“The task that now devolves upon the writer has exclusive reference to the early years of the mission and the native pioneers, who, with a short interval, occupied the island alone for many years: three of these, Lalolangi, Salamea, and Mose, all from Samoa, were placed on the island by Mr. Williams. After a few months the mission was visited by the Rev. Thomas Heath, in the mission brig ‘Camden,’ and re-enforced by the addition of two more teachers from Samoa—Pomare and Vaiofanga.

“This visit, with the addition made to the number of teachers, appeared to exert a favorable influence, and the prospects were decidedly encouraging, when, in the inscrutable providence of God, the teachers were all taken ill; no one was able to help another, and but for the kindness of a few of the natives who had attached themselves to the teachers before their illness commenced, it seems as if all must have died of starvation. The natives were unaccountably kind throughout their whole illness, and when, after they had suffered for about six weeks, Pomare and Salamea died, they performed for them the last offices of friendship, which their own brethren were unable to do.

“After a while the remaining three teachers recovered, and were able to resume work. Alas! however, there was no missionary work for them to do. The natives pitied them during their illness, but they were wholly indisposed to receive their instructions or embrace the religion they had come to teach them. They attributed their illness and the death of those who had died to the anger of Alema, their principal god, and thence inferred that he must be more powerful than the God of the teachers. The consequence was that the missionaries were entirely deserted, and were often in great straits; they managed, however, to struggle on till succor came.

“They were visited in April, 1841, and a little over twelve months from that date two missionaries from England, the Rev. George Turner and the Rev. Henry Nisbet, and their wives settled among them. Missionary work was now commenced in thorough earnest, and for a few months all went on hopefully; but troubles again arose, and the devoted laborers were compelled to abandon the island. An epidemic broke out among the tribes who had not attached themselves to the missionaries; it proved intensely fatal, and it was remarkable that the district in which the missionaries resided was wholly exempt from the visitation. This gave plausibility to the notion which the poor dark-minded heathen were so ready to entertain, that the calamity was to be ascribed to the missionaries and the new religion, and it was determined that they should either be killed or driven from the island. Those who had received the missionaries were ready to defend them to the utmost of their power, but they were only a handful compared with their enraged enemies. Hence the missionaries were in most imminent peril.

“The story of the danger and deliverance of the mission party is one of the most intensely interesting tales in the history of modern missions; our limits, however, forbid our entering into particulars. After a few significant acts, which had well-nigh proved fatal to individuals belonging to the mission, war was formally declared and actually commenced against the little party of strangers and their native adherents.

“Deeply anxious days and nights followed; the danger became more and more imminent; the enraged savages, like ravening wolves thirsting for blood, were drawing nearer and nearer. An unsuccessful attempt was made by the missionaries, under circumstances intensely interesting and affecting, to escape from the island; but He who in the course of His providence, mercifully, we have no doubt, rendered their escape impossible in the way which they planned and attempted, sent them deliverance in His own way.

“They attempted to leave the island in an open boat during a dark, stormy night; rough weather drove them back, as it seemed to them to certain destruction, but really to safety. Had they succeeded in getting out to sea in their open boat, heavily laden as it was, one can hardly see how they could have escaped. Another day and night of intense excitement passed, and God appeared. Light arose in the darkness—deliverance came!

“On the morning of the second day after the unsuccessful attempt to get away from the island, a ship appeared off the bay in which the mission premises stood, and the mission party was safe. It was a very rare thing in those dark days for a ship to go near Tanna, but now a ship was needed and a ship was sent. The ship proved to be a whaler from Hobart Town, named the ‘Highlander.’ An arrangement was soon made with her commander, Captain Lucas, and the whole party were conveyed safely to Samoa, which they reached during the month of February, 1843.

“So ended the first attempt to occupy the island by foreign missionaries. Captain Lucas told the missionaries that there had been a very heavy sea outside for several days, and that if they had succeeded in getting out to the open sea when they tried to do so, their boat could not have lived an hour.

“After an interval of about two years the mission was resumed. Three Samoan teachers were placed on the island in April, 1845. These teachers were landed under circumstances of high promise, but appearances among a heathen people often prove signally deceptive. The teachers had been but a few months on the island when another epidemic broke out. Many deaths occurred, and the deluded people again accused the teachers of being the cause of the calamity. They were so enraged that they determined to put the whole party to death, and they were prevented from carrying this resolution into effect only by the interposition of a powerful chief named Viavia, who deserves honorable mention as

having been the staunch and faithful friend of the mission through all the vicissitudes of its early history.

“When this danger was past, the teachers were allowed again to pursue their work without molestation. This, however, did not continue long; another visitation of sickness gave rise to the old suspicions, and aroused the old indignation against the supposed originators of all their calamities, and a murderous attack was made upon one of the teachers named Ioane. He was repeatedly struck with a club, and left probably for dead. He was severely wounded, his under jawbone was broken, and other serious injuries were inflicted, the marks of some of which he carried to his grave. He was a virtual martyr.

“Disease continued to commit ravages, and the poor people became more and more enraged. The teachers were entirely in their power, and it seems a marvel that any of them escaped. The next attempt made upon their lives was by setting fire to the dwelling house at the principal station. The inmates were mercifully preserved; but two days after, an attack was made upon one of the teachers, which resulted in his death. Vasa, the only literal martyr of the Tanna Mission, was waylaid and murdered.

“It was two days after the attempt to burn the house that Vasa met his death; we have no particulars as to the manner in which it occurred. No friend was near to witness and report as to how the tragic deed was done. All we know is that in the evening of the day on which it occurred, at the hour when he had retired to the bush for secret prayer, either in going or returning from the spot where communion with God was sought, he was waylaid and murdered. It is very touching and deeply interesting to think of the lone man falling as he did under the club of the savage, cut off from all human succor, but not forsaken doubtless by Him in whose sight the death of His saints is precious. He had withdrawn from the haunts of men to seek communion with Him at the throne of grace, but something better, as we trust, even than the throne of grace awaits him.

“It was now unmistakably evident that evil was determined against the whole mission party, and that the natives were only waiting their opportunity. Hence they determined to leave the island as soon as an opportunity might offer, and fortunately the very next day after the murder of Vasa a vessel anchored in Port Resolution, the captain of which kindly received the teachers and their families on board, and took them to Aneityum, where they found a safe retreat.

“It is interesting to know that while the people as a body were entirely alienated from the teachers and ready to shed their blood, there was one exceptional spot where the teacher had been well treated through all the troubles and changes which had occurred. There was little reason, however, to hope that he would have continued to be safe after all the others had left; so he decided to join his brethren in their flight, and the mission was again suspended, and the dark night of heathenism once more closed in upon Tanna.”

It will be a joy to our readers who are unacquainted with the subsequent history of the work on Tanna, to learn that notwithstanding these forced abandonments of the mission, the work has not been unsuccessful. At least half of the island is now Christianized, and though the other portion still remains dark and heathen as in the old times, the day is not far distant when definite effort is to be put forth to uproot the last strength of paganism from this benighted land. Let us hope that the men and means for this enterprise will soon be forthcoming, and that at last the reign of savagery will be broken from its benighted people!

On the Island of Vate

THE island of Vaté [Efate], one of the islands of the New Hebrides group, was discovered by Captain Cook, who, though he did not land upon its shores, was deeply impressed by its beauty. "The surface," he remarked, "appeared very delightful, being agreeably diversified with woods and lawns."

Captain Erskine, who visited the island in 1849, wrote in high praise of its beauty as he was able to observe it under the conditions of his visit. The usual belt of tropical vegetation extended on all sides above the level of the sea, a white sandy beach running along the shore. The surrounding hills were of varied and picturesque forms, and were richly covered with green pastures, relieved only by the dull brown of some large patches of cultivation. The rainbow tints, caused by the rays of the setting sun, gave a peculiar beauty to the landscape, and many of the officers considered that none of the islands they had yet visited offered so beautiful a scene as that which lay before them. Yet here in the midst of nature's most lavish beauty dwelt a people, savage almost beyond the power of description.

The beginning of missionary work on this island is related by Mr. Murray, who, with Dr. Turner, began gospel work in that place. "We left Samoa, knowing little about the island, except the name by which it was known at that time to foreigners, Sandwich Island, and it did not even enter into the plan of our voyage to visit it on that occasion. We were led to depart from our plan, however, by what appeared to us plain indications of Providence.

"In the course of our voyage we had reached Erromango, and were at anchor in Dillon's Bay, the memorable spot

where Williams and Harris were murdered about five years before. We had reserved four teachers, in the hope of being able to reoccupy that island; the door, however, seemed closed, and though our brave teachers volunteered to remain, notwithstanding unpromising appearances, we could not take the responsibility of leaving them. It would have been very grievous, both to them and to us, to take them back to Samoa; but what were we to do? We were at our wit's end, and were anxiously pondering as to what course we should adopt, and looking to God for guidance, when light arose in the darkness from about the last quarter to which we should have thought of looking.

"A small vessel engaged in the sandalwood trade lay at anchor alongside of us, and from that most unlikely quarter a call came to us which we could not but regard as the voice of Providence. The captain of the said vessel came on board the 'John Williams,' and informed us that he had just been to Vaté, and that he found there the remnant of a large party of Tongans (Friendly Islanders) and Samoans, who many years before (probably about twenty) had lost their way at sea, and had made Tonga, an island of the New Hebrides group. There they landed, fought with the natives, and took possession of two settlements, and remained about two years, when they left to try again to find their way back to Tonga [Friendly Islands]. They were unsuccessful in their search, and instead of finding Tonga [Friendly Islands], they made Vaté, which lies about forty miles to the south of Tonga [New Hebrides], and landed and took up their abode at that part of the island where we found them.

"Out of a party of about fifty only a few individuals remained at the time of our visit, but among these was a man named Sualo, a Samoan, who had acquired great influence. He was a daring, energetic fellow; he had as one of his wives the daughter of the chief of the district in which he lived, and he had made himself famous and formidable by

the part he had taken in native wars. He had heard of the introduction of Christianity to Samoa and Tonga, and he had earnestly begged Captain L—— to do what he could to get teachers sent to Vaté.

To make our course still more clear, Captain L—— had a young man on board his vessel, a native of New Zealand, who had lived for some time on Vaté, with the Samoans and Tongans, and this young man he offered to pass over to us. The lad was willing to make the exchange, so we were furnished with a guide who could lead us to the very spot to which we wished to go. All was soon arranged, and we were off to Vaté. We found all there as had been represented by our friend, Captain L——, and succeeded, under circumstances of deep interest, in accomplishing the object of our visit. The four teachers whom we had designed for Erromango—Mose, Sipi, Taavili, and Setefano—were placed, two and two, at Pango Pango, a village near the place where we anchored, and at Erakor, where Sualo and his friends lived.”

“The first visit to the islands after the commencement of the mission was in 1846; the visitors were the Rev. W. Gill, of Rarotonga, and the Rev. H. Nisbet, of Samoa. Their report was highly encouraging; the people of the districts where the teachers were located, and many others, had abandoned heathenism and embraced Christianity; objects of idolatrous worship had been burned or otherwise destroyed, and the cruel and revolting practices of heathenism to which the natives had been addicted, such as burying alive infants and old people, cannibalism, and such like, had been abandoned.

“Two new stations were opened in Havannah Harbor, and a third at another part of the island, and the number of teachers was increased to nine. We were greatly encouraged, and were high in hopes that the missionaries would win an easy triumph on Vaté. Alas for our sanguine hopes! Our first impressions of the natives were favorable: we fancied we had found a milder type of heathenism than that of

the more southerly islands of the group; soon, however, we were painfully undeceived.

"The next deputation who visited the island, Messrs. Turner and Nisbet, had a very sad report to give. They found three of the five stations abandoned, two teachers dead, and connected with the death of one of these there was a very mournful tale. His widow wished to go and reside with the teachers at another station till the mission ship should arrive and afford her an opportunity of leaving the islands; but the chief of the district would not allow her to leave, as he wished her to become his wife. The idea of this was revolting to her mind, and before the teachers could combine for her rescue, she rushed into the sea and was drowned, preferring death to a life of degradation and dishonor. Poor woman, one cannot but mourn over her sad end.

"Sipi, one of the first party by whom the island was occupied, was one of the two who had finished their course, and his death took place under very painful circumstances. He was a young man of much promise, and as he died the death of a martyr, a few particulars respecting him and his brief course may properly be given. He was a native of Pango Pango, Tutuila, and one of the earliest fruits of my missionary work; hence his case to me possesses a peculiar interest, an interest in which others cannot be expected fully to sympathize. Still I think his little history is worth recording.

"Soon after entering upon our work in our earliest sphere of labor, Sipi became an inmate in our family. He was a quiet, steady, thoughtful lad from the first. He applied himself diligently to learn to read and write, and during one of my earliest attempts at preaching in the Samoan language, the truth took hold of his heart. No Jew ever more truly went about to establish a righteousness of his own than did poor Sipi, and of course all his efforts ended in failure, and he went about 'weary and heavy laden.'

“At length, however, deliverance came; I do not remember how or when, but the fact itself was indelibly impressed upon my mind by the way in which it came to my knowledge. Sipi was a modest lad, inclined to be reserved; hence I was surprised, almost startled, when, early one morning, on opening my study door in answer to a knock, Sipi stood before me with an expression of countenance almost wild, but so joyous. He had been enabled to understand God’s way of justification, and in his great delight had come to tell me the good news. Ah! what an announcement of hallowed interest was that to me. There was joy in our humble home on that memorable morning; and now, after the lapse of more than forty years, it is still vividly recalled as one of the most precious memories of a long life.

“From this time Sipi went steadily on his way, evincing the genuineness of his conversion by a consistent walk. I do not remember that we ever again had occasion for grief or anxiety on his account. He was admitted to the church in December, 1839, and in 1845, as already stated, he went forth as an evangelist to heathen lands. The first visitors to Vaté, after the commencement of the mission, found him and his fellow laborers doing well, and all looking promising; the next, as already intimated, found both gone, and the station they had occupied abandoned.

“Shortly after the death of his fellow laborer, Sipi was taken ill, and his situation must have been cheerless indeed, as far as human succor was concerned, as he was unmarried, his fellow laborer gone, and the natives rendering little or no help. The teachers from another district visited him shortly before his death; they left him on a Saturday in charge of a native boy, and went to their own homes for the Sabbath [Sunday] services; and during their absence, the cruel natives seized the opportunity to lay violent hands on poor Sipi.

“In the course of the afternoon . . . a party went to his house; it looks as if there must have been something in their

appearance to arouse suspicion, as he rose from his couch and went toward the door, and attempted to prevent their entering, asking them why they had come. Upon this one of them struck him on the breast with a piece of wood—a native pillow, according to the report. He was probably much weakened by disease, but the blow must have been severe, as he fell mortally wounded and soon after expired, and he was buried the same day.

“The natives did not deny having killed him, but they sought to excuse themselves by saying that it was according to their custom to put to death persons who became delirious, and that the teacher had been so occasionally during his illness. Such was their excuse. The real reason, however, probably was that they wished to get possession of his property, which, though not of very much value, would seem of great consequence to them.

“So ended Sipi’s brief career, a career about as dark and cheerless as can well be imagined, as regards that part of it which was passed in the mission field. No gleam of light had yet appeared on Vaté.

“The next visit to the island was made by the Rev. C. Hardie, of Samoa, and the writer [Mr. Murray], in September, 1849, and at that time the state of things was very discouraging: three of the teachers and three children had died, and only one of the survivors was in a state of health to remain. We had but one disposable teacher on board; he was willing to take up his abode on the island, so we were just able to keep the door from being closed. We must not stop to particularize the trials and dangers through which the teachers had passed. Their houses and plantations at some of the stations had been destroyed, their lives had been more than once in extreme peril, and they had experienced deliverances which seemed almost miraculous.

“On one occasion a party, numbering thirty armed men, went to one of the stations where several of them were together, with the express purpose of taking their lives;

they were baffled, however, and returned to their own land ashamed, hardly knowing why they had failed. The people of another district, who heard of their failure, derided them, and determined that they would go and see whether *they* could not succeed; and as if to guard against the possibility of failure, sixty armed men, in three large canoes, started to accomplish the mighty feat of putting to death three or four defenseless men. They had got about two thirds on their way when a strong wind arose, with a heavy sea, and their canoes were dashed to pieces on a point of land, and they were forced to return home without even reaching their destination. The result was a conviction, in the minds of the natives generally, that the teachers were true men, and that their God was a God of power, and able to protect those who put their trust in Him.

“This may have had something to do with bringing about the change which followed. At all events a reaction soon took place, and when the next visit was made in May, 1852, the prospects were much more favorable. Two hundred people in the district in which the teachers resided had embraced Christianity, and the Sabbath and other services were being well attended. Those parts where teachers formerly resided, had been visited more or less regularly, and in these Christianity had taken root.

“At one of the earliest places occupied by teachers, Pango Pango, as many as 200 continued to call themselves Christians. At Eratap, another place where teachers had formerly resided, two boats’ crews who had gone ashore to trade were saved from being massacred by a Christian chief named Talipoa. The teachers, also, assisted by the chief under whose protection they were, had succeeded in saving a poor woman and her daughter from being buried alive. So it appears that, at this time, some of the Vatése were something more than merely nominal Christians.

“The next visit was made in October, 1853, and during that visit a step was taken, the particulars of which must

be given. The stations at Havannah Harbor had been broken up, and on that important part of the island but the slenderest hold was retained. One teacher only remained in the whole of the large bay; hence an opening for the formation of a new station, which seemed highly promising, was gladly embraced.

“Two chiefs, Fatutoka and Marikona, had made an urgent application for teachers when the island was last visited, and in evidence of their sincerity, had intrusted to us two youths, the nephew and son of the respective parties, to take to Samoa; the said young men were now returned in safety, having seen what Christianity had done in Samoa and elsewhere, and the application for teachers was renewed by the father and uncle; they were the chiefs of the island which forms one side of the harbor.

“The population of the island was large, and appearances promising as regards the healthfulness of the place. So, without misgivings, we determined to occupy it, and two Rarotongan teachers, Pikikaa and Kaveriri, and their wives were placed on it accordingly. The following extract from the report of the voyage will give the reader an idea as to how they were received:

“‘When we took the teachers on shore to introduce them to this most inviting sphere, the joy of the people seemed to know no bounds; men, women, and children crowded around us. Some of the principal chiefs seized our hands and led us through the village, while the crowd manifested their joy in ways the most unmistakable. We never saw teachers on their first landing meet with such an enthusiastic reception.’

“The above reception was accorded to the teachers on the 1st of November, 1853, and—will it be credited?—the whole party were murdered by the same people who gave them this reception only nineteen days after that date! As the whole party—the two teachers and their wives and a boy (the son of one of the teachers)—were cut off, the next deputation

who visited the island, Messrs. Hardie and Sunderland, were unable to obtain any particulars as to what led to the horrid tragedy. Superstitious fears may have had something to do with it, but it is more likely that the desire to obtain possession of the property belonging to the teachers was the real inducement.

“If the fear of disease had anything to do with it, the thing feared, instead of being averted, came speedily upon the natives, and that in a way so remarkable as to look like a judgment. Very soon after the murder of the teachers an epidemic broke out on the island and raged with fatal effect. As many as 150 were reported to have died, and the disease extended to the mainland also, and cut off many there.

“When the island was again visited, in June, 1857, it was found that a goodly number were holding fast to Christianity, and waiting and longing for the return of teachers; the public worship of God was being kept up, and the professedly Christian part of the people appeared to be striving to walk according to their little light; and when the island was again visited, in 1858, it was reoccupied by teachers, and from that time onward there has been no further break. The work of evangelization has advanced slowly, indeed, but surely, and so we doubt not it will continue to do till the end be gained.”

In the course of time the management of the mission work on Vaté passed into the hands of European missionaries, and soon afterward the savagery of former years was done. But nothing there accomplished by missionaries of the white race can excel the heroism of the brave islanders who at the peril of their lives had gone to Vaté, and there had encountered such danger and had sacrificed so much for the gospel of Christ. Great, indeed, has been their reward, though, sad to say, some of them who labored long and endured much did not live to see any of the glorious results that followed their labor.

It was in the year 1881, when a call was made to the Christians on Vaté for a teacher to go to the heathen island of Api, that a man and his wife volunteered to go. No pressure was brought to bear upon this couple to bring them to this decision, for the missionary was not present when they volunteered to undertake the work. This couple came from a part of the island called Eratap. At that time Mr. Annaud remarked concerning them: "When we recall how lately these people themselves were heathen, and how they were wont to treat those who first took them the gospel, we exclaim, 'Behold what hath God wrought!' It is only seven or eight years since the Eratap people determined to kill their own teacher, and banish the sound of the gospel from their isle. Now, one of these same people and his wife volunteer to encounter the same dangers and run the same risks that their earliest benefactors did, and this, too, that they may carry the light of life to a strange tribe, speaking a language unknown to them.

"Soon after we called at Erakor, in September, the Eratap people arrived, having accompanied Kalisong and his wife (the new teacher) to see them safely embarked. When they came to the beach, an Erakor man spread out a sleeping mat on the ground, upon which to receive a contribution or a missionary collection on behalf of the young couple leaving. In a few minutes quite a fine parcel of useful goods, including a shirt or two, some calico, and several handkerchiefs, was given by the Erakor people. When all who wished to do so had contributed, the package was made up and placed in the boat. A general hand-shaking with the teacher and his wife followed, while we noticed tears on many cheeks, and when we left the shore, some of them waded out in the shallow water, waving farewells. Then the sound of general wailing arose and came to us over the water, as we glided swiftly out to sea; but soon the wailing died away in the distance, and we were left to meditate upon the power that had changed that man and woman sitting by our side from

savage heathen to meek and lowly followers of the Saviour. They were now manifesting the genuineness of the change by leaving home and friends to carry the same glad tidings that had saved them to those sitting in spiritual darkness.

“A few days later we left our friends at Burimba, Api, and calling upon them a fortnight after, we found them enjoying the friendship of the Apians.”

Thus it has been everywhere in the South Seas. From the worst and most discouraging conditions, God has called men who but a short time before were themselves cannibals, and sent them as His messengers to peoples yet in darkness. What but the grand old gospel of the grace of God can effect such transformations! And as it was in those earlier years, so it yet is in the still dark and terrible places of heathenism that remain in some of the island groups. There, too, it is triumphing as of old over the same conditions of savagery. May it still hold on its way, advancing from conquest to conquest, till from these lands of deepest darkness many souls have been gathered for the kingdom of our Lord and of His Christ!

A Race With Death

THE following story has been written by Capt. John Radley, a Seventh-day Adventist missionary who has spent many years in both the Solomon Islands and the New Hebrides. The work of the Seventh-day Adventist missionaries in the New Hebrides has been almost wholly among savages to whom they were privileged to take the gospel of Christ. Captain Radley is a daring navigator, and such peril as he here describes has become, through his many years of pioneer missionary experience, a matter of not infrequent occurrence. It will serve to show the dangers through which missionaries, who continually navigate their little vessels through those dangerous seas, often pass, and also to reveal how in their perilous work they constantly look to God for help and guidance and divine keeping. The incident related occurred in the year 1931. Aore is a small island on which the Seventh-day Adventists have established a training school, to which raw, untaught young people are brought, and from which they go out in the course of time, educated and trained as Christian workers, to the heathen of their own and other tribes.

“On Monday, Feb. 16, 1931, the French government launch came to Aore with a letter from the district agent, saying that the doctor at the French hospital on Espirito Santo had, while treating a case of tetanus [lockjaw], contracted that terrible disease. Symptoms had developed, and it seemed there was little hope of saving his life. There was, however, one chance, and that was if I could get the doctor a serum from Norsup, some fifty miles away, in time to help.

“Years ago I had to treat a case of tetanus in the Solomons. I had no serum, and could do very little for the

man except inject morphia, and so I sat there and saw the pain and agony the man went through, watched death slowly and surely creeping over him, until at last he died. That experience I shall never forget as long as I live.

“So when I received the letter asking for help, that picture came vividly before me, only now the doctor was in the place of the poor Solomon Islander. It made me shudder to think of it, and I was determined, by the grace of God, to put forth every energy to save the doctor from such a death. We hastily put on board some fuel and oil, gathered up some tools, and set off for Norsup at 2:30 P. M.

“Up to this time I had never driven the ‘Le Phare’ at full speed, but on this occasion I did all I could to get every ounce of power out of her. Coming down the Malo Pass, we batted down and made everything fast, ready to drive through heavy seas running outside.

“What a wonderful picture the little ‘Le Phare’ makes as she rises on a wave, and then as the crest passes amidships, gently dips her nose; but before she has time to rise, the next breaker comes aboard in a seething foam, and fills the deck to the rail. The little ship lifts her head up just in time for the next wave to smash against the port bow, sending a spray ten to fifteen feet in the air. So all the afternoon we drive her at nine knots against the sea. We have no mercy for the ship, for a human life is at stake. Moments count!

“At 6:30 we come on the lee side of the island of Atchin. We see the natives sitting about on the beach, watching the vessel coming in. Of course they expect us to anchor, but as without slackening speed we pass the anchorage, they get up and race along the beach, wondering what is wrong. We pass a canoe and send a message ashore to Mr. Parker, telling him we are unable to stop.

“At 7:30 P. M. we arrive at Norsup. On account of the heavy sea I thought it best not to bring our lifeboat; so when we arrived at Norsup, we had to find a boat to get ashore.

The traders had all their boats pulled up, and we had some difficulty in getting them to send a boat out to us. Finally I got ashore at 8 P. M.

"We hurried along to the doctor's house to tell him the news. I found the doctor at dinner, but when he read the letter sent to me, he just pushed his dinner aside and said to me, 'Captain, it is a terrible night. Moments count. Can you take me back tonight? We may be in time.' I said I would do all I possibly could to get him there that same night.

"The doctor went over to the hospital, made up some medicines for his patients, gave some instructions to his assistant, and with the precious serum we started back for the ship. As I carried that packet of serum I thought, 'Can we do it? Will we be in time?'

"We left the hospital at 9 P. M., but owing to the dinghy being small, we lost some time in getting aboard, and finally left at 9:30 P. M.

"What a night! Pitch dark! The wind blowing a gale! Thunder and lightning and rain in gusts, but *moments count!* The two engineers are put into the engine room and battened in. Daniel, the most reliable boy I have ever had on board ship, takes the wheel. I go forward and stand by the lookout man. We stand there together by the main mast with a piece of canvas wrapped around us. It keeps us to the mast and helps to keep the wind out. We are both as wet as can be.

"We run along the coast some four miles, and then put to sea, for we have to pass on the outside of the outer reef off Atchin. The wind and sea are driving us on to the reef, while we are trying to get to windward of it. The reef is a dangerous one; ships can go either side of it, but there is no hope for the vessel that gets on it.

"We headed out to sea, and as we stood there together, Moses and I, we wondered what would happen. It was useless to listen for breakers; nothing could be heard above the

roar of the sea and the howl of the wind. We could do nothing but stand there and watch, and as the lightning flashed, we looked for breakers ahead.

"After we had run a given distance we altered our course, and started to cross the famous Bougainville Strait. I have heard old hands and sea captains speak of the roughness of this channel at times, but I just took it for sea yarns. Stories are told of vessels lost; steamers have had to turn back, and in so doing have been damaged. Wrecked vessels lie along the shores of this channel. Any person who has traveled the Pacific knows of the Bougainville Strait. I shall never forget the night we crossed with the doctor. The memory of that night will be with me to my dying day.

"The little ship raced over those huge breakers, driven by wind and sea. I had to slow up the engine to give the vessel a chance to lift by the stern. We dared not turn to the left or right. Our only hope was to race ahead of those huge waves.

"As the lightning flashed we could see great waves breaking all around us. The little vessel would one moment be mounted up on the top of the waves, the next moment she would be in the trough of a terrible sea. If at that moment she was allowed to veer, all would be lost.

"Poor Moses lost his nerve many times. He said to me he was sure that we were on the reef because of the breakers. He believed that the open sea could not break. Several times he thought the long curling waves would engulf us, but they only went racing madly by.

"All the time we were running that race I was praying to the Lord that, as we neared Malo coast, He would flash the lightning on the shore, so that I could see it, and somehow I felt quite confident that as we neared the shore the Lord would show it to me.

"We raced on, and then the lightning flashed out ahead of us to the left, and sure enough, there was the shore with its breaking reef, about six hundred yards off.

"Now we are in greater danger than before. We are on the lee shore and dare not try to alter our course lest our little vessel turn upside down. By holding our course we will clear the point of the reef by a few yards. It is our only chance. If our engine should stop, then we have no hope either for the vessel or the lives of those on board. But as it is a race with death, both for ourselves and the doctor in the hospital, we take the chance.

"We rush on, the lightning flashes again, and I see we are nearing the point, but also nearing the reef. Now we stand helpless in total darkness. I keep my eyes on the compass. The boy at the wheel does not know that we are close to the reef. I dare not tell him for fear he will lose his nerve and make a slip. The lightning flashes again. I see that we can do it. Darkness falls again. I watch the compass and talk quietly to the helmsman. Another flash of lightning, and I see that we are racing past the point, clearing the reef by only a few yards.

"The danger is not passed, for on ahead we have another point and reef to pass. We race on, wondering if the Lord will show us the point ahead. In two or three minutes the lightning flashes out over the point as clear as daylight. I take a compass bearing and see that we can pass it by three or four hundred yards.

"But now a new thing happens. The wind changes to the east, yet if we keep up our speed I know we can pass the point before the wind makes a cross sea. It seems that all satanic power is out to wreck us. But again God works. The lightning keeps flashing out over the point, and I can see as plainly as if it were daylight.

"We pass the point safely, and turn into the Malo Pass. The lightning shines up the pass ahead of us on the south side for five miles. Now I want to cross over to the north side, to go west of the reef lying in the middle of the pass. There is a narrow passage on the northeast side of the reef, but I do not intend to take it, as it is very narrow. But the

lightning passes over to this passage, so I feel that it is meant for me to go through here, which I do. The lightning keeps up, and I can see my way between the reefs into the anchorage behind the island. We anchor safely at 2 A. M.

"I dared not risk going on up the channel, although I was very much tempted to do so. I said to the doctor, 'I dare not go any farther tonight, but will go on early in the morning.' The doctor smiled and said, 'It is a terrible night and a terrible sea. You have done well. Now you rest, for you can do no more.'

"I had been standing out in the wind and rain, washed down by the sea for five hours, so was very cold. I changed my clothes and rolled myself in a blanket and sat down waiting for daylight.

"At 5 A. M. we hove up anchor and started out again. The rain had ceased, so I was able to see the outline of the shore. We put the engine full ahead, and arrived at the hospital just after daylight. The police boat put off to meet us. As it was too rough to anchor, I left Daniel in charge of the ship, and we went ashore, taking the precious serum with us.

"At the hospital we found the nurse very anxiously waiting for us. She informed us that the doctor had just begun to feel the symptoms in the jaw. Our doctor said he had hopes of saving him.

"All night the police had waited up for us, keeping lights out to guide us in, although they said they did not expect us to attempt the trip on such a night. At 7 A. M. we started back for home. As we passed quietly down the channel, now in daylight, I told the crew of a similar experience I had had in the Solomons. I asked if any knew where we were through the night. All said they had no idea, not even where we anchored.

"I told them how the Lord had flashed the lightning to guide us through, and Moses said, 'True, God guided us through.' As we knelt around the wheel and offered thanks

to our heavenly Father for His protecting care over us, and as we stood and sang, 'Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,' we realized more than ever what a privilege it is to have a part in this closing work.

"We are glad to report that the doctor made a good recovery.

"This experience has strengthened our confidence in the Lord, and we trust that it will strengthen the faith of all who read of it here."

In the Loyalty Islands

CHRISTIAN teachers were introduced to the island of Maré in the Loyalty group in 1841, and very strikingly was the hand of God seen in the manner of their coming. This work was undertaken by islanders who were conveyed to their field of labor by Mr. Murray, and we will let him tell the story of its peril and its triumph:

“All the forenoon we kept close in to the shore, looking anxiously for indications of the presence of human beings; nothing of this kind, however, appeared; huge coral barriers seemed to warn us off, and nothing to encourage could be discerned. After dinner a boat was lowered, and we pulled slowly along the coast till night was drawing on and hope was almost gone, when, suddenly, to our great joy, light appeared in the darkness—a canoe was descried in the distance. Hope revived, and we made all possible haste to get within hail of the little craft; and what was our surprise when, as we drew near, a man stood up in the canoe and shouted to us in a language which we understood, ‘Ua ou iloa le Atua moni’ (I know the true God).

“It seemed like a voice from heaven. All that was needful to the accomplishment of our object was provided to our hand. Our most urgent need was an interpreter, and next to that a guide, and here were both in one. The man who hailed us proved to be a native of Niuatobutabu, an island of the Tonga group, who, with others of his countrymen, had lost their way at sea many years before, and were now as familiar with the language and the island as the natives themselves.

“We resigned ourselves without misgivings to the guidance of our newly found friend, whose name was Taufa, and by

his help, under the guidance of divine Providence, we succeeded in accomplishing our object. Two Samoan teachers, Taniela and Tataio, were introduced to the island; they met with an encouraging reception, and we left rejoicing that God had so far prospered our way. We were very favorably impressed with the appearance of the natives, and everything seemed to encourage the hope of an easy conquest. In this expectation, however, we were sorely disappointed.

"The 'night of toil' was long and deeply trying; eight weary years passed before even a ray of light gladdened the hearts of the sorely tried laborers; they endured great privations, and their lives were often in imminent peril. They plodded on, however, and at length they had their reward. One of the two pioneers, indeed, rested from his labors long before the dawn appeared, but after a time reinforcements came to the help of the survivor, and in due time success crowned their toil and a precious harvest was gathered in. In few parts of the mission field have more striking displays of the power and grace of God been witnessed than on the island of Maré.

"In 1854, thirteen years after the introduction of teachers, two missionaries, Mr. S. M. Creagh and Mr. J. Jones, settled upon the island. Mr. J. P. Sunderland and Mrs. Sunderland, from Samoa, accompanied Messrs. Creagh and Jones, and remained with them about twelve months, giving them the benefit of their experience in commencing their work.

"They found a marvelous state of things: about half the population had renounced heathenism and embraced Christianity; hundreds had learned to read, and services and schools were attended by crowds of deeply interested worshippers and learners, and many gave evidence of being genuine converts to Christianity. Churches were organized, and throughout the Christian part of the island the word of God had free course and was glorified.

"The other side of the island, however, presented a most striking and melancholy contrast. There the darkness of

heathenism remained unbroken, and the miserable slaves of sin and Satan were in the same state as was the whole community in 1841; and this course was deeply felt by those who had been brought out of darkness into light; and while in all the warmth of their first love they were rejoicing in their newly found freedom, they longed that their countrymen might participate in the blessings of which they were in possession, and many were found willing, at the risk of their lives, to go among them to beseech them to abandon heathenism and embrace Christianity.

“There were two principal mission stations on the islands, at each of which a church had been formed. ‘It was our custom,’ remarks Mr. Jones, ‘at the close of each communion service, to ask for volunteers to go round to the heathen districts to preach the gospel.’ At the time of which we now write Mr. Jones was the only English missionary on the island. Mrs. Creagh rested from her labors a few months after the arrival of the mission party at their destination, and Mr. Creagh was absent at this time in consequence.

“During the course of the year 1857 Mr. Jones had come round to visit Mr. Creagh’s station and administer the ordinance of the Lord’s supper; and ‘after the service, and before we rose from the table,’ he writes, ‘I asked as usual for volunteers to go round to Medu and Cherithi,’ the heathen district. ‘Hnaisiline, the principal chief, at once volunteered, and Tizelo and Waingara offered to accompany him; others joined them, and a large party was formed, including some women who wished to go to see the country.

“The party was divided into two—the one went right through the island to Cherithi, the eastern extremity of Maré, arranging to call for Hnaisiline and party at Medu, in the south bay, and come home together. Mr. Jones adds that, ‘during almost every visit these devoted men were in danger, some plot or other being laid to kill them;’ and that it was the same with themselves, the missionaries, when they accompanied them. ‘We were all often in danger.’

"Hnaisiline and party reached their destination in the evening, and when Wabutrune, the acting chief of the district, heard of their arrival, he got out of the way. The true chief was an elder brother of Wabutrune, named Waetheane. Hnaisiline requested that Wabutrune might be sent for, and told that he had come to preach to him the gospel. He came, and the message was delivered, and he and his people were urged to embrace Christianity.

"Seeing Tizelo and Waingara, he asked, 'Who are these two men?' Hnaisiline replied, 'They are my subjects, and men of God.' 'Oh,' said he, 'but they belong to the Nade Kuruba [a district that was still heathen and on hostile terms with the Medu people], and some day they will be fighting against me.' 'That,' replied Hnaisiline, 'is impossible, as they do not live among the Nade Kuruba, but with me, and are Christians.'

"Hnaisiline and party began to suspect that evil was brewing; the heathen of Medu had long been waiting for a pretext to attack the Christians, and the presence of these two men seemed to furnish what they desired. Wabutrune replied, 'I will be *nashene* today and *nesene* tomorrow;' that is, 'I will be darkness (heathen) today, and light (Christian) tomorrow.' Hnaisiline and party did not like that speech; it looked like a threat. Hnaisiline thought, however, that if evil had been seriously intended, the chief would have been more reserved; so he concluded that it was only a bit of brag designed to frighten him and his party.

"With this feeling they retired to rest; but one man of Hnaisiline's party took a more serious view of Wabutrune's speech than the others, and after they had retired he said to Tizelo and Waingara, 'Did you hear what Wabutrune said? They intend some evil to us, and especially to you two; you had better swim across the bay under the cover of night, and run toward home from the other side.' They replied, 'No, we will not run away; we are in God's hands, and if they kill us they can only kill our bodies—our souls they cannot touch.'

“When it was day, Hnaisiline heard an old man come to the house where he slept and awake the young men who were in some part of the same house, saying, ‘Why do you sleep? Be off and drink medicine that you may be strong to fight tomorrow.’ Hnaisiline was now convinced that evil was determined; so he gave orders to his people to open the oven which had been prepared some time before, saying, ‘Let us eat and be going.’ The other members of the party did not realize the impending danger so fully as the chief. They had morning prayer, and after partaking of their meal they set out on their homeward journey. Alas! two of their number were never more to see their earthly home.

“Hnaisiline did not communicate his fears to his own people, but with calm self-possession took the lead and proceeded on the way. Some of the Medu people mixed themselves up with the party and walked on along with them. After a short time a number of young men were seen running along in byways, armed with clubs and spears, to get ahead of the party and be in readiness to attack them at some convenient spot. No more doubt was felt now as to the intentions of the heathen; an attack was evidently determined upon, and the two Christians who were the especial objects of their wrath were in great dread. They came up close to Hnaisiline, and walking behind him, asked, ‘What is this?’ He replied, ‘I don’t know;’ and yet he pretty well guessed, as did they all, what was coming.

“Hnaisiline and party were unarmed, but one man carried a long-handled ax for cutting firewood, etc., during their journey. Hnaisiline called to the man who had the ax to hand it to him, which he did; and he seized it and went on with it in his hand, expecting every moment to be set upon by the armed heathen who had gone on before. By and by they came to a well of water, in the neighborhood of which it was thought probable that the ambuscade was lurking, but no one was seen. Some women who had come for water were standing upon a rock near the road, and as the

party passed, Hnaisiline heard them saying, 'Kolo si Guama' (Alas, for the Guahamites).

"The attack was now imminent. Hnaisiline's eyes grew dim with excitement, and he got out of the main road and found himself brought to a stand, the way being blocked up. A man appeared and called out, 'Yonder is the road.' He turned into the road, and having done so heard a man who had been set to watch call out, 'They go by the road to the right.' The liars in wait moved from the place where they had been, and placed themselves near a part of the road which Hnaisiline and party must pass; coming to a part which was rough and entangled, and making a slight bend in the narrow path, they found it blocked with armed men.

"Hnaisiline walked straight up to them, and as he did so they parted so as to allow him to proceed. The leader of the heathen party was known to Hnaisiline, and calling him by name he said, in a commanding tone, 'Wathotha, what is this?' 'Oh,' he replied, 'we are just going to fish.' Hnaisiline knew well enough that this was a lie; so with a simple exclamation of surprise he stepped on. Immediately, however, he heard blows—the ruffians had attacked those behind him.

"Turning round, Tizelo and Waingara, on whom the savages had fallen, rushed to him for protection. He took the head of one under his left arm, and the head of the other under his right, and with his ax tried to keep the murderers off. They seemed to shrink from injuring him, he being a great chief, and withal he had been a noted warrior in former days. They wreaked their vengeance on poor Tizelo and Waingara, savagely beating them with their clubs and piercing them with their spears. Waingara fell first, and his body was immediately dragged away to the oven, his murderers quarreling about his clothes.

"Hnaisiline continued to defend Tizelo some time longer, but so unequal a struggle could not be long maintained, and Tizelo soon fell lifeless. During the struggle Hnaisiline

heard the leader say, 'Take care and don't hit Hnaisiline;' so he learned that it was not their design to murder him. When Tizelo fell, the savages rushed upon the body, stripping off the clothes and sharing them among themselves.

"Hnaisiline made a brave effort to prevent the body of his friend from being devoured by the savage murderers. He placed his foot on the feet of his dead friend, intimating that they must not touch the body. For a length of time he was successful; the terror of his name kept the savages at bay; and while standing over the body of his dead friend he addressed the murderers in the following remarkable language: Naming the leader, he said, 'Wathotha, you have killed these two men—two men of God. . . . God will punish you; your people shall be swept away, your land become desolate, and forest trees shall grow upon it. You have attacked me in the early morning; your enemies shall come upon you, not at midday, nor at night, but in the morning.'

"Some of the bystanders, hearing Hnaisiline speak thus, thought he intended to attack them at a future day to avenge the murder of his people, and they proposed that they should at once kill Hnaisiline and as many of his people as they could, that they might have the less to do should they be attacked at a future time. Hnaisiline, hearing that, thought it unwise to contend any longer over the body of Tizelo; so it also fell into the hands of the cannibals, and he turned away from the sickening scene and arranged the order in which his party were to proceed: the women were to go first, the men next, and the chief himself would bring up the rear and be between them and their bloodthirsty enemies. Thus they commenced their flight, but the women, mistaking the road, got into some bypaths, so the chief had to take the lead, which he did, telling all to follow him, and that should their enemies pursue them, he would fall behind and receive them; they had full ten miles to go before he could feel assured that they were safe.

"The conduct of Hnaisiline throughout the whole affair was remarkable. Only a few years before he himself was a savage, and a cannibal like the murderers of Tizelo and Waingara. While he was endeavoring to save them, his people who had been straggling, came up and urged him to fight; first, his own brother, then the deacons, then a man of the party, said, 'Shall we stand and see you covered with blood, and not retaliate?' To every proposal to fight the chief replied emphatically, 'No!' Had he yielded to the wish of his people, the probability is that many more would have been killed.

"The reason, however, why Hnaisiline would not fight was not the fear of man, but the fear of doing what might be wrong for a Christian to do. He said he could have killed their enemies right and left with the ax he had in his hand, and his people might have got arms from the slain, and made a formidable defense; but even as a matter of policy the course he adopted was, all things considered, the best.

"The reader will remember that a number of the Christian party went to another place, and were to meet their brethren at Medu and go home together. Had a general fight taken place, the probability is that they would have been set upon and cut off to a man. As it was they were allowed to pass unmolested, but were told what had happened, and learned the horrid fact that two of their brethren were being baked under mounds of earth near which they passed. So fell the first martyrs of Maré. Guilty of no crime, they died victims to the mad rage of their infuriated countrymen against the gospel of Christ.

"But mark the sequel. The reader will remember the remarkable words uttered by Hnaisiline as he stood over the dead body of Tizelo. In less than twelve months, observes Mr. Jones, the words were fulfilled to the letter: the murderers were attacked in the early morning, many were killed, and the rest fled to the opposite side of the island, and so Hnaisiline's prediction came to pass. He had no hand, however, in bringing about its fulfillment.

“There were two parties in the district of Medu,—tribes we may call them,—the one being denominated the children or descendants of one chief, the other of another. One of the tribes took no part in the attack upon Hnaisiline and his party; so the guilt of that murderous affair rested solely on the other, and on them fell the retribution. As stated above, in less than a year they were driven from their homes with great slaughter. The survivors became papists, and fled to the Isle of Pines, where they continued in exile till about three or four years ago, when they were reinstated in their own land by the French government.

“‘Not one single individual,’ remarks Mr. Jones, ‘is now living who assisted in the killing of those two men, and while children of Seivine, of whom they were, have been wandering homeless all these years, the children of Waetheane (the head of the other tribe) have been living contentedly on their own lands, have embraced Christianity, have a considerable number of church members, a deacon, and a teacher—indeed, are quite a flourishing mission station.’

“Thus remarkably has God in His providence dealt with these respective tribes, blessing and prospering the one, while the immediate actors in the murder of the Christians have been cut off, and the whole tribe, Cainlike, have been fugitives and vagabonds for the space of twenty years.”

Saved by a Curious Custom

THE men of Lifu were great warriors who seized every opportunity to satisfy their desire to conquer and to kill. Cannibals, too, were they of the most revolting kind. Not content to feast upon the bodies of their enemies, they indulged the hideous practice of devouring the corpses of their own dead. Life upon their fair island was a thing of but little value, and it held for them all the terrors to which demon-worshipping, cannibal savages are subjected. No circumstance of their existence was without its dread significance.

The storm that raged on the sea and spread destruction upon their island was attributed to the influence of demons who must be placated by human sacrifices. The rain being withheld from their land till their crops failed, was considered to be due to the power of witchery, and their savage imaginations never failed to place the responsibility upon some innocent victim whom they cruelly put to death. Of one thing alone were the Lifuans certain,—that wherever or however they were overtaken by death, they then would be eaten by their fellows, and “the man who had the largest number of wives and children was openly referred to as the one who had the greatest store of food in case of a failure of their crops.”

It was these savage warriors that were drawn up in battle line, one day long years ago, upon the beach of their island home. They formed an ugly, menacing crowd, armed with the heavy clubs and long spears with which they were accustomed to meet their enemies. Why were they there? To what purpose had they been gathered by the heavy roll of the rapidly beaten drums? Were the war canoes of their

enemies upon the sea, or were they about to embark in their own war vessels upon an expedition of killing and cannibal feasting? Not so! Far as the eye could reach there was nothing upon the water save where, out beyond the coral reef, a small but rapidly approaching canoe, in which was seated but one man, came dancing over the sunlit waves, and still farther out a larger canoe to which this lone voyager had just waved a last farewell, lifted lazily to the long ocean swell.

Undeterred alike by the fierce yells of the savages ashore or by the menacing spears that threatened his approach, this intrepid man drove his canoe shoreward with the swift skimming motion of a gigantic bird; and almost before the excited warriors were aware of his purpose, he had sprung upon the land and stood before them without fear.

His name was Pao, a native of the island of Rarotonga. For years he had followed the life of a sailor, but at last he had been converted, and immediately he formed a strong desire to become a missionary to other brown-skinned races of the South Seas. Eventually he was sent to the island of Maré, one of the Loyalty group where the gospel had already been preached, and many of the savages had already been won to Christianity.

But in a short time, Pao had formed the resolve to be the first missionary to the dreaded savages of Lifu, which was a near-by island in the same group. "He knew the character of the people, but his high courage held no place for fear. There was no mission vessel to take him, and there were no white missionaries at hand to introduce him, or to obtain more or less reliable promises of protection for him from the chiefs," but he shrank not from the possibilities of a frightful death at their hands, and landed alone among them as they stood with spear and club to receive him.

For a moment his fate trembled in the balance. Then he was saved by a curious circumstance. According to a strange custom which they called "*enemu*," by which a single special

friend was sometimes selected from strangers and with whom a bond of brotherhood was made, the life of the one so chosen was safe from all violence at the hands of the people.

Apparently the old king, Bula, was so impressed by the absolute fearlessness of Pao that he determined to select Pao for his *enemu*. At once the spears were lowered and the clubs fell to the ground, for Pao, the king's friend, must not be harmed, but protected as the most popular man on the island.

"Pao had always to accompany Bula, whether he went to play or to plant, to fish or to fight. The king understood that Pao was a religious teacher, and looked upon Pao's Bible as a sort of inferior god. The people, however, worshiped many gods, and added Pao's God to the rest, but he lost no opportunity to speak to them of Christ." They came with him to pray, but unknown to him, retired at times to another house to engage in one of their inhuman feasts. The first time Pao went with them to battle they won a great victory, and they attributed that to Pao's God. But after two years the old king became blind, and they attributed this, too, to the same power. Because of this, five men were deputed to tomahawk Pao. They encircled him on the beach, determined to carry out their brutal purpose, but fear fell upon them, and they fled into the bush.

In the course of time other teachers came to Lifu. These came from Tonga, but after five years the old king died. At the same time an epidemic visited Lifu, and carried off many of the people. At once the savages attributed these distresses to the teachers, and the cry arose, "Kill off the teachers." Having now no protection, Pao and his companions were forced to fly to Maré. But only a short time had elapsed when these daring men again returned to Lifu. They were very coldly received by the Lifuans, and ere long were compelled to fly once more.

Then a very remarkable change came. When the war ended and the disease had ceased to carry off the people, Pao was once more remembered, and they sent a message to Maré for him to return. Not a moment did he wait. At once "he sprang into his canoe, and unfurling his little mat sail to a favoring breeze, was soon on Lifu."

Ten years after his first landing he opened the first church building on Lifu, and after eight years longer of continuous labors among them, he died in their midst. There had been fellow teachers working with him during those years, but they figure only in shadowy outline as compared with Pao. It is of his daring, his fortitude, his perseverance, that Lifu still tells. And when the time came for white missionaries to land on Lifu, it was of Pao they heard from all lips. "His love, his unselfishness, his piety, had made his name a household word," and they felt in very deed that it was he who had brought both light and life in the gospel of Jesus to the once-benighted savages of Lifu.

Among the Cannibals of Santa Cruz

IN the year 1856, John Coleridge Patteson left New Zealand in the missionary schooner, "Southern Cross," on a voyage among the islands of the western Pacific. On board the schooner was also the celebrated Bishop Selwyn, the founder of the Melanesian Mission, and missionary of long experience to the Melanesian races. The purpose of the voyage was to consider how the work of the mission might be extended, and, incidentally, to introduce Mr. Patteson to the unchristianized savages who then peopled every part of the territory of the mission. The island of Mota in the Banks group (lying north of the New Hebrides), was nominally the place of the mission headquarters, but in the later developments of the work, Norfolk Island, where the education and training of native workers was centered, became the chief base of operations.

Although Mr. Patteson had been connected with the mission at its college in the city of Auckland, New Zealand, for more than a year before this eventful voyage was undertaken, it can be truthfully said that his life of wonderful service for the natives of the Melanesian groups really began with this voyage. From that time it was evident to all with whom he had to do, that his heart was so entirely in the work which he believed God had given him to perform, that he seemed to have forgotten all about his own needs and comforts, and to count no personal risk too great, no hardship too severe, to be accepted and endured if it but provided opportunity to make known to the dark-hearted people all about him the unsearchable riches of Christ. Called from an English home of unusual attractiveness and comfort, learned,

cultured, and in possession of qualities that would have secured for him a place of distinction in any walk of life for which he possessed fitness, he willingly made the exchange of all that life promised in the associations of his native land for the life of toil, danger, and self-denial upon which he really was just entering as the schooner cleared Auckland harbor, and set her course to the lands of head-hunting and cannibal savagery in dark Melanesia.

He had heard the call of Bishop Selwyn for "men of mind and faith," men who were willing and able to work with their hands, to "rough it" at all times; who in seasons of extreme danger could look death in the face and do their duty without flinching; and in response to that call he had left all.

Before leaving England, he acknowledged that his mind had long been set toward the South Seas, and touchingly expressed his views and feelings in a letter written on the eve of his departure. "There shall be no leave-taking," he wrote; "I do not like that kind of thing, and a shake of the hand tells its story as well as many words. The blessed hope that we may all meet again is a real strength, . . . and I cannot doubt that all the peacefulness and calmness that I enjoy now is a great gift to help me through what is to come."

As the schooner plowed her way, first to Norfolk Island, and then by way of Sydney, Australia, on through the New Hebrides, the desire to live only for those benighted islanders intensified in his life. His one fear was that he was not yet wholly acceptable to God.

After many days the shores of Aneityum were sighted, and then he passed Erromango, the martyr island. As they went by the spot where the great John Williams and his companion, Mr. Harris, had been martyred, there stood beside Mr. Patteson on the deck of the schooner the very man who had been the next to land on that wild shore after John Williams' death; and in the very environs of the murder Bishop Selwyn touchingly told how kindly and considerately he had

been treated by the very natives who had done that terrible deed. Conscious that they had done great wrong, they sought to show their sorrow at having taken the lives of two men who had come to their shores, not to rob or kidnap them, but to help and befriend them, in the kindness and consideration with which they received him.

From point to point in this group they passed, till at Bellona they barely escaped from the savages. At Bauro they were kindly received, and Bishop Selwyn preached to the natives there on the sinfulness of taking human life, in a house whose roof was adorned by human skulls. The result of this voyage was a deepened determination to win these souls for God, and Mr. Patteson returned to Auckland confirmed in his purpose to carry the word of God to them at all costs, and to make them know His love, His power, His mercy, and to teach them how He desired them to live.

In due time Mr. Patteson was consecrated bishop of Melanesia, and assumed the sole charge of the mission. From that time on his life was one of perilous service and adventurous undertaking. It was in the year 1864 that he experienced a wonderful deliverance from the hands of the natives of Api, an island in the New Hebrides. He had landed for the purpose of purchasing some provisions for his ship, and while busy bartering for the things needed, a quarrel arose between the peoples of two villages. Immediately there was a general rush on the part of the natives for their respective homes, and a vigorous shooting as they went. The bishop was in the very midst of the shooting, but by the mercy of God was enabled to escape unhurt.

On another occasion, while sitting among a crowd of people on another island of the New Hebrides, a man came leaping toward him with uplifted club, his purpose of madness gleaming murderously from his eyes. The bishop, however, was, as usual, quite unmoved. With admirable self-possession, and with the utmost friendliness, he held out some fish-

hooks to his savage assailant. This calm attitude took the man so completely by surprise that he came to a standstill. At once other savages sprang upon the fellow, and taking him through the crowd, drove him from the place.

It was afterward told Mr. Patteson that about two months before a white man had there shot a native dead for stealing a piece of calico. The attack upon the bishop was intended to avenge this man's death. And it has been always so in the South Seas. The simple, childlike trust with which the savage natives of these islands naturally greet the white man, has been turned to ferocious cruelty by the atrocious deeds of some of the white men who, without scruple, murdered, stole, and outraged, and then sailed away, leaving behind them in the breasts of the natives an implacable hatred of the white man. This hatred was appeased only when they had killed and eaten the next white man that was so unfortunate as to visit their shores.

This was the influence that brought about the death of John Williams on Erromango, and was responsible at last for the murder of Bishop Patteson. Indeed, the bishop was in constant peril at the hands of vengeful natives. It was no uncommon thing for him, on landing among peoples who had always before been friendly, to find them plotting his death; and wonderful were the many deliverances that he experienced from their hands.

At Santa Cruz, a large and populous island of the Solomon group, he on one occasion barely escaped death, while two of his companions, natives of Norfolk Island, met their death, and a third, an Englishman, was wounded. He knew that the natives of Santa Cruz had a bad reputation, but felt his duty toward them more clearly on that account. Where he felt that he was most needed, there he was sure to go, and no amount of personal risk seemed to daunt him.

After reaching the island, he called at two large villages, spending some time at each place. He then proceeded along the shore in a boat manned by five of his ship's company

who had volunteered to accompany him from the ship. What befell them at this place we are able to relate in the bishop's own words.

"At last about noon," he said, "I reached a very large village near the northwest point of the island. I had been there in 1862. After some deliberation I got on the reef, which was bare, as it was low water. The boat was pulled off to a distance, and I waded across the reef two hundred yards or so to the village. Upwards of four hundred natives, all armed, crowded about me. But as you know, I am used to that, and it seemed natural.

"I went into a large house and sat down. I knew only a few words of their language. After a time I again waded back to the edge of the reef, the people thronging round me. The boat was backed in to meet me; it was a light, four-oared whaleboat. I made a stroke or two and got into the boat. Then I saw that the men, swimming about, had fast hold of the boat, and it was evident by the expressions of their faces that they meant to hold it back. How we managed to detach their hands I can hardly tell.

"They began shouting at once, being very close. Three canoes chased us as we began to get away in the boat, men standing up and shouting. The long arrows were whizzing on every side, as you may suppose. Pearce was knocked over at once, Fisher shot through the left wrist, Edwin in the cheek. No one, I suppose, thought there was a chance of getting away. They all labored nobly. Neither Edwin nor Fisher ever dropped his oars, nor ceased pulling. Dear, noble boys, and they were as good and pure as they were brave.

"Thank God, a third Norfolk Islander, Hunt Christian, and Joseph Atkin, an excellent lad of twenty, the son of a neighboring settler near Auckland, were not touched. Not a word was said, only, 'Pull port oars; pull on steadily!' Once, dear Edwin, with the fragment of an arrow sticking in his cheek and the blood streaming down, called out, thinking ever

of me more than of himself, 'Look out, sir, close to you!' But indeed, it was so; on all sides they were close to us.

"In about twenty minutes we were all on board the schooner. I need not tell you about the attempts I had to make at the surgical part of it all. With difficulty I got the arrows out of Pearce's chest and Fisher's wrist. Edwin's was not a deep wound, but the thermometer was ranging from 88° to 91°, and I knew that Norfolk Islanders, like most tropical people, are very subject to lockjaw.

"On the fourth day that dear lad, Fisher, said to me, 'I can't think what makes my jaw so stiff.' Then I knew that all hope was gone of his being spared. God had been very merciful to me. The very truthfulness, and purity, and gentleness, and self-denial, and real simple devotion that they ever manifested, and that made them so very dear to me, are now my best and truest comforts. Their patient endurance of great sufferings,—for it is an agonizing death to die,—their simple trust in God through Christ, their thankful, happy, holy disposition, shone out brightly through all. Nothing had power to disquiet them.

"'I am very glad,' said Fisher, 'that I was doing my duty. Tell my father that I was in the path of duty, and he will be so glad. Poor Santa Cruz people!' Ah, my dear boy, you will do more for their conversion by your death than ever we shall by our lives.

"The last night, when I left him for an hour or two at 1 A. M., only to lie down in my clothes by his side, he said faintly (his body being then rigid as a bar of iron), 'Kiss me, bishop!' At 4 A. M. he started as if from a trance; he had been wandering a good deal; but all his words, even then, were of things pure and holy. His eyes met mine, and I saw consciousness gradually coming back into them. 'They never stop singing there, sir, do they?' for his thoughts were then with the angels in heaven. Then after a short time, the last terrible struggle, and he fell asleep.

“It was not till four days after the death of Fisher that the fatal symptoms came on in Edwin’s case. It was not so acute, but far more trying to him. For eight days his jaw was locked; for five days and nights he never slept one instant, spasms continually recurring. He may be said almost literally to have spent the whole time in unwearied prayer and praise. Lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in death they were not divided.”

The loss of these two lads was a bitter grief to the bishop, who loved them both with the deep and lasting affection of a parent. He went on with his work with his wonted zeal, but he was changed. Months afterward he wrote: “I am an older man since this sorrow. Not that I feel altogether unhappy, and I trust that I am not murmuring at God’s will, nor desirous that these two dear ones should be given back. No, no, I don’t wish that; but simply I have had a succession of hard knocks, and they have taken something out of me, and I am not altogether, as I can’t expect to be, the man that I was before. Dear Edwin and Fisher! their patient endurance of great suffering, and simple, loving thoughts and prayers about their poor Santa Cruz people are, and I trust ever will be, a holy example before my eyes.”

Although Bishop Patteson began to feel his health impaired, and he was advised to return to England for rest and change, he was never persuaded to do so. At last he began to acknowledge himself “far from well,” and though he admitted a constant feeling of discomfort, a sense of something not right, he steadily refused to leave his work and go home. “I cannot look forward to much more native work—knocking about,” he said, “and I begin to hear the natives talk of me as the ‘Tamuragai’ [the old man], and I do creep about rather old-man fashion.”

At this time his father was still living, the father who had been so much to him in his boyhood and youth, and in refusing to go home he was really denying himself the only opportunity he was ever likely to have of again meeting his

father in this life. This deprivation he felt most keenly. After his death his friends came to understand what a struggle this decision had cost him, when their eyes rested on a passage in his well-worn Bible scored and underscored and blotted by his tears, which began with the words, "Peter began to say unto Him, Lo, we have left all to follow Thee."

We admire the noble heroism of this man in whom the spirit of self-denial had the mastery so completely, and though so far removed by time from the circumstances of his life, we mourn while tracing the history of his work to find that but a short space from the hour when that great decision was reached, we are led to the tragic termination of his work and his life under the club of the people for whom he had so completely sacrificed all.

Faithful Unto Death

BISHOP PATTESON'S last voyage was begun April 27, 1871. All through the New Hebrides, wherever the missionaries called, they found traces of "blackbirding" (the kidnaping of natives for plantation work in other lands), and instead of the mission ship now being welcomed as it formerly had been, it was everywhere received with distrust and suspicion. In the month of August he sailed from the Banks group for the Solomon Islands. After calling at the island of Florida to pick up Mr. Brooke, a fellow missionary who had been residing on the island for some time, he sailed to other parts of the group, touching at Savo and Ysabel, and lastly at Santa Cruz.

On September 11 they arrived at some small islands forming what is known as the Swallow group of the Santa Cruz archipelago. The bishop had determined not to land at Santa Cruz until he had learned whether any slave traffic had been carried on there. With this in view he made for the small island of Nukapu, where he was in the habit of calling to engage an interpreter for Santa Cruz, as its inhabitants understood Maori, and also the language spoken by the people of Santa Cruz.

"Observing some canoes lying off the island, the bishop, Mr. Atken, and three Melanesians put off in the boat to speak to them. The people not coming off themselves to the vessel, was noticed as an unusual circumstance. In previous years they had always come out some miles to meet the bishop, and had clambered on board without the least fear. On reaching the canoes, and finding that the tide was not high enough to allow the boat to cross the reef, on the other side of which the canoes were lying, the bishop went into

one of them, with two chiefs whom he knew, and was taken ashore, the other canoes remaining about ten yards from the boat.

“Suddenly, without any warning, a man in one of these rose, and saying, ‘Have you got anything like this?’ shot an arrow, which was quickly followed by a volley from his seven companions. Mr. Atken was shot in the left shoulder, while of the three Melanesians one was wounded slightly, and another was pierced through and through.

“The boat was at once rowed to the vessel, on reaching which it was decided to send a strong party well armed to ascertain the fate of the bishop. Notwithstanding his wound, Mr. Atken volunteered to go in the boat, and act as guide. When they reached the reef, the tide was still too low to allow of their crossing it; so they had to wait till about half past four o’clock, when they were able to pull over the reef. There they saw for the first time a canoe floating about on the water with no one in it. On pulling up to it, they found something in it wrapped up carefully in native cloth, and which on examination was found to be the bishop’s body! With sad hearts the party returned to the ship, bearing the remains of him whom all so greatly revered and loved.

“With intense anxiety those on board the ship had awaited the return of the boat, and now their worst fears were realized—Bishop Patteson had fallen a martyr to the horrid slave traffic. The poor deluded natives had killed their best friend! Alas! they knew not what they did. They had treated the body with respect, wrapping it in matting, and tying the covering carefully at the neck and the ankles, and a palm frond was thrust into the breast, in which were five knots tied, probably designed to indicate the number of those whom his death was meant to avenge. It is very likely that those who so treated the body were friends of the bishop, but were unable to protect him from the vengeance of others who may have suffered grievous wrongs at the hands of the slavers.

“The skull was found to be shattered, and the top of the head was cloven by some sharp instrument, while about the body were numerous arrow wounds. Death must have been almost instantaneous, so there could not have been much suffering.”

Many times his death had been planned, but always he had been kept from destruction till now. Some time before, he had landed on an unnamed island in fulfillment of a promise that he had made to call on a friendly chief. He was met on the beach by ten men, and when he asked for his friend, they replied, “We will guide you to him.” Farther and farther they led him inland, till a long distance had been passed, and then he became convinced by their looks and manner that they meant to kill him.

As they came to a hut by the way, he told the natives that he would go in there for a little while out of the hot sun. He entered the hut, knelt down, and committed himself to God. His fear of death departed, and he left the hut conscious that God would deliver him. The natives looked at him with apparent wonder, and pointed at him while talking to each other. Then they stopped, consulted, and decided to return to the beach.

They took the bishop back to his boat, and stood watching till he had regained the ship. It was afterward learned that a man belonging to their tribe had been murdered by a white man during the interval of his visits, and that they had determined to kill the first white man who might visit their island, to avenge the death of their relative. The bishop was to have been taken to a place farther inland than where the hut stood, and there murdered; “but when he came forth from his brief act of worship, with his countenance calm and peaceful, they looked upon him and said among themselves, ‘He does not look like a murderer; he is not afraid of us; he cannot have been a party to our brother’s death. We will not hurt him, but take him back in safety to his ship.’”

Evidently at that time his work was not yet fully done, his service was not yet finished. Sad and mysterious though it is that a life so useful should so tragically close just when its continuance seemed so necessary, there can be no doubt that the cause for which he so nobly lived has been wonderfully served by his death. Perhaps no other thing could have occurred which would so effectually have aroused public indignation against the iniquitous traffic that caused his death.

But the full tale of sorrow is not yet told. Stephen Taroniara, one of the bishop's Melanesian companions on that fateful day, died from the many arrow wounds he received. The poor fellow suffered much, but bore it all with great patience. After about a week, he passed away peacefully, and his name has been added to the list of Melanesian martyrs. Mr. Atken, too, whose wound at first did not cause much concern (but several days after he had received his wound, symptoms of poisoning appeared), was numbered with those who should die for the cross of Christ. On the fifth day after being wounded, he wrote to his mother in Auckland, saying:

"John (a native) is wounded in the right shoulder, and I in the left. We are both maimed for the time, but if it were not for the fear of the poison, the wounds would not be worth noticing. I do not expect bad consequences, but they are possible. What would make me cling to life more than anything else is the thought of you at home; but if it be God's will that I am to die, I know that He will enable me to bear it and bring good for you out of it."

Even while he penned these lines the deadly poison was working through his system, and he died in the course of a few more days, in great agony, but dying as he had lived, in the Master's service.

Another has said: "It is well that we should know what stuff there may be, unknown to us, in the men whom we meet in common life, doing their allotted work steadily and

quietly, but carrying in their breasts those lion hearts which neither ambition nor love of ease, neither danger nor death, can force one inch from the narrow path of duty."

These had given their all to bring hope and blessing and life eternal to sin-benighted souls. And all who have heard the story of their service and sacrifice will ascribe to them all honor, for they loved not their lives even unto death.

Seeing Jesus

AGAIN it was the hour of worship. Again the bright-faced, brown-skinned boys and girls had gathered with the older Christians from near and far, and filled the house of worship. "Some, indeed, had only just come, raw and unkempt, from the heathen. Others were bright and hopeful and prayerful, ready to go to distant villages where they were to help in the teaching. Others, again, were truly bound in the Spirit to go and stand alone for God in some new forlorn hope of the gospel where it was only 'sowing time.'"

The meeting was of the kind where simple testimonies were heard from men and women who had experienced the deliverance of God from heathen bondage. Such meetings of Christians but recently brought from the terrors of devilism to gospel freedom and light, are always both interesting and inspiring. It was indeed touching to hear what God had done for some of them.

"Toward the close of the meeting a familiar, lithe, athletic figure came forward. It was Shadrach Amasia, the subject of many prayers,—prayers, thank God, that have been graciously answered. It was self-will that took the young man back to his island home on Nongasila last year, against all advice and entreaties of his teachers. Then, as soon as the ship had left, though he struggled to escape the snare, he was married out of hand to a heathen girl, the whole tribe rejoicing that now, at last, he was safely anchored to the island, and as they hoped, to the *akalos* and the old heathen way.

"It was God who made possible his escape with his young wife in the dead of night. It was surely God who prevented

his being recaptured by the boatload of heathen who pursued him far down the coast, even as it was God who has caused Taeasi, his young wife, to be brightly converted since coming to the mission. Now, very thankful for deliverance, he is waiting his Master's time to return to the teaching. . . . Thank God for answered prayers, for this was a notable case in which the heathen had set themselves with the greatest determination to drag him back to the old way. Here is the message that he gave that night, as far as it can be recorded:

“My brothers, many times I see Christian man do wrong, so that his heart is heavy. Then many times I see some other Christian sorry for his mate; now he look along him, and he go wrong too, and lose his blessing, because he is looking to his friend. So this makes me remember the fishing we used to do. We do it like this: We catch a fish and we keep it alive. When we go to fish, we tie it to the end of a stick and put it in the water. Now, some other fish come up, wanting to make friends with it. Now we bring first fish very slowly to the top of the water, and second fish come after because it is sorry for first fish; then we put net in very quietly underneath two fish and catch them both. So we catch second fish because it sorry for first fish.

“Now just the same with Christian man. Sometimes one Christian goes wrong; he gets trouble or he falls into sin; so his heart is heavy and no more full of blessing. Then some man from same place sees him, and his heart is very sorry for his friend, so he take the side of his friend, and he, too, stop away from meetings, and he lose his blessing, too. So that second boy lose his blessing because he looking at his friend and not at Jesus. This is foolish thing, for second man to go wrong just because he sorry for his friend: but many men do this thing.

“Now Matthew, 17th chapter, teach us lesson about this thing. Here we read how Jesus go up high mountain. He take three disciples with Him—Peter and James and John.

When they come on top of mountain, Jesus is transfigured before them. Then the three disciples see Jesus, but they see two more—Moses and Elias. Then Peter speak to Lord Jesus, "Lord, it is good for us to be here; we must make three tabernacles, one for Thee, one for Moses, and one for Elias." Peter speak quick, when he not think, and not understand what he saying. While he talking, God the Father speak through the cloud and say, "This is My beloved Son; hear . . . *Him.*" Then those three men fall down; they frightened, and the Lord Jesus come and touch them and say, "Arise, and be not frightened." So they lift up their eyes, and "*they saw no man, save Jesus only.*"

"Those three men looking at Moses and Elias. But God speak to them quickly. He not want them to think about any man, but only Jesus. So He cover Moses and Elias quickly in cloud. He make that cloud come down and hide them. Just as if He say to them: "These two are only men like you, *but this one, this is My Son; look at Him!*" And after that they saw no man save Jesus only.

"This show us that the Lord not want us to look too much at any man, or we might make mistake; but He want us to see "Jesus only!" Many times I hear boys talking about different missionary or teacher, like Peter talk about Moses or Elias. They say, "I like this missionary too much, he teach me very quick;" or they look to some strong teacher who not frightened in trouble, and who has taught for a long time. Now they lean on that man and look to him, and not to Jesus only; might they not mean to, but they think too much about that missionary or teacher, and Jesus not have first place.

"We must pray for our missionaries and teachers, and thank God for giving them to us; and we must love them, but not put them in first place. God not want us to look at man too much. He want to turn our eyes to see Jesus; He want us to lean on Him, and not on any man. He knows

that when we look at man, we are like that fish looking at other fish; soon trouble come.

“ ‘Now I try this thing in my life. Every morning I get up I am looking to see Jesus only. When I go along field, I want to see Jesus only. Along night I want to find no man, “save Jesus only.” And I praise God for this new lesson He is showing me.’ ”

A Head-Hunter Hunted

IROFUFULI was one of a large band of savages who lived but a few years ago in a village far up on the hills of their island home in the Solomon group. They were head-hunters, and each sought to kill as many of his fellow beings as possible. In their heathen savagery they believed that their power and importance were greatly increased by their excessive killing. And thus they were until a mission school was established on their island near the seashore.

After a time some of these fierce men left their mountain home and came down to the coast to attend the mission school. Others of their number were killed, and at last only a few were left to carry on the cruel business of head-hunting. Two of these strove in "ghastly competition" to kill the greatest number of their fellow men in a given time. They each kept sticks on which they cut a fresh notch every time they killed any one. They were feared and hated by all, and month by month the notches on their sticks became more numerous.

One day Irofufuli, one of those two brutal fellows, was returning home. In front of him walked his wife, her basket on her back. Just behind him walked his eldest boy, when his enemies who had been waiting for him, fired upon him from an ambuscade. Their shot took effect, and he fell as one dead. In great alarm his wife picked up his gun and fled for her life. His enemies, too, thinking him dead, left him where he fell, and running after his son, killed him with their knives.

But Irofufuli was not dead. The shot before which he had fallen had lodged in his right arm, and as soon as his foes had gone, he scrambled to his feet and hid in the bush.

And now he who had been feared by all men, was afraid to be seen by any one. "He dared not go into the village, as his enemies might be watching for him." Wounded and unarmed, he waited till the girls came at sundown to get water from the spring. There he attracted the attention of his daughter, who told him that his wife had not returned to the village. He at once concluded that she had gone back to the mission school to tell Peter what had happened. Warning his daughter not to tell any one that he was in the neighborhood, he hid himself once more till Peter arrived.

Peter, who was a Christian, taking pity on the poor hunted fellow, and realizing that his wound was serious and must receive attention as soon as possible, arranged to take them all down to the coast, but before starting, he said to Irofufuli, "'You finish along *akalo* [heathenism] today. You must pray to God. He knows how to save.'"

It is difficult to tell how much Irofufuli understood of this good advice, or how fully he realized his need of the saving power of God, but as they stole away in the quiet of the night, you can see them. There goes Peter, the kind, Christian man, who has put his own life in great peril to save, if possible, the life of this wretched head-hunter, and near him slinks Irofufuli. Next is "the mother, with frightened little children clinging to her. The man hunted by man creeps along through the bush, starting at every sound. How often he has been the hunter!" Now he is the hunted, and every shadow that falls across their moonlit way his guilty conscience peoples with victims of his craze for killing or their avenging friends.

At last they reached the coast, and went in a whaleboat to the government station at Auki, only to be sent on to the missionaries at a distant station, where they arrived two weeks after Irofufuli was shot, the bullet still in his arm.

From this point I must let the missionary who has told this story, tell us in her own interesting way what the outcome of it all really was:

“The mission boat had just gone; so the doctor was away. We tried in vain to get the bullet out. The poor man was in dreadful pain, and we did not expect the ship back for three weeks. Some of the big boys went to his house every day to pray with him, and to ask God to send the ship back quick. They were all sure the Lord would answer prayer.

“And sure enough, one morning as we came out of church after the daily service, there was the ship off the point. Something had gone wrong with the engine, and they had to return. It did not take the doctor long to put Irofufuli to sleep, as the natives call giving chloroform, and out came the bullet; but it was months before his arm really healed.

“In the meantime he accepted the Lord as his Saviour. There was great rejoicing that day.

“It is now three years since he was baptized, and Amram (that is his new name) is the greatest comfort here. He is the children’s overseer, and is loved and respected by them all. After he came to the Lord, he gave his wife and children no peace till they came, too, and now I do not know a happier couple in the islands.”

Fotewane

FAR away in the Solomon Islands, where still there are tribes of savages unreached by the gospel, and where the practice of head-hunting was universal but a few years ago, the following incident occurred. It illustrates well the way in which gospel influence makes itself felt even beyond the immediate environs of a mission station, and moves the most unpromising of the heathen toward its light and blessing.

The story of Fotewane, the crippled heathen, is supplied by Miss Waterston, a missionary of long experience in that group:

"It was about ten o'clock on a fine morning in Malu. School was over, and the usual line of little boys and girls had followed me up to the house. I was resting and taking some lunch, when a curious shuffling, bumping noise was heard on the veranda steps. The noise was followed by the appearance of one of the quaintest little men I have ever seen. His face was alive with interest and intelligence. Head, shoulders, and arms were well formed and normal, but from above the waist downward the poor body was dwarfed and twisted, and the legs were powerless to support its weight. He shuffled and crawled along on hands and knees, and from long practice, could cover the ground very quickly.

"Those who came with him told his story. Fotewane was his name, and he had been a cripple all his life. Yet he was by no means lazy. He dug his garden and grew vegetables, he helped to build houses, and he even climbed trees to get the precious ngali nuts so much prized as food. His village lay far back in the bush-covered hills, and he had never

heard the story of Jesus. He could see the sea and the ships that came and went, but they were far below him. White men and women he had never seen. Other men of his tribe often went to the market at Malu. Some adventurous spirits had been away to work on plantations in other islands. But these things were not for him; he must be contented with his monotonous, limited life in the hills.

“Down in the Christian village of Malu lived a man of the same tribe, who had been to Queensland, and had heard and received the gospel. And bit by bit, one after another, a little part of his clan came down and cast in their lot with him and with the school people. They were opposed, of course, but not very strongly, and the Christians sometimes went up to see their heathen relatives.

“It was from them that Fotewane heard tales of a wonderful house with all sorts of extraordinary things in it. It was as big as five or six native guest houses put into one. And the beds were covered with beautiful white calicoes. And the doors and windows were ever so big, and had glass in them like the bits of looking-glass the boys brought home from the plantations, only ever so much larger.

“And the woman who lived there was white, not black, and wore long calicoes, and could even talk their language just a little. Better still, there would be a white man staying there presently, too.

“This last was too much for Fotewane. His resolve was taken. He, too, would go to school. He, too, would be a Christian. Of spiritual hunger he had none, but he must see all these wonderful things. So down the slippery bush track, mile after mile, he shambled and crawled on his hands and poor little bent knees. And here he was at last.

“Truly, it was more wonderful than he had been told. Tables, chairs, beds, pictures, curtains, veranda, wooden floors, pots, pans, kettles, cups, plates, stove; all the common etceteras of a very simple ménage overwhelmed

him with awe and amazement. The four-roomed cottage was a palace in comparison with anything he had ever seen.

"A piece of bread was examined cautiously and thoroughly, and then tasted, found very good, and devoured.

"A few Bible pictures gave him his first glimmerings of spiritual truth, and he went away excited and happy, to return almost daily. Gradually, as he grew accustomed to our surroundings and took them as a matter of course, he began to think more of the news we told him. He learned the ten commandments in his own language, and fourteen gospel texts; and soon the thought of the wonderful God-Man who died for his sins and rose again, became a great reality to him.

"One day he came up beaming to tell of a dream. He said that as he slept, he saw the Lord in the porch of our little church. His body was very bright and shining, and His feet did not touch the ground, but were above it in the air. He was running away in fear, when one of the Christians said, 'Don't be afraid; that is our Master.' And he turned to go back to Him, and He was gone. Fotewane fully believed that he had seen a vision of the Lord, and his eyes glistened as he said:

"I want to go to Him. Is there any ship that can take me? I do not mind how far away His country is. Can't you put me on a ship so that I can go? I do trust Him, I do love Him, and I want to go to Him.'

"So I told him the old story of the ascension into heaven, and of the angels who told the disciples that He would come back again some day in the same way as He went. And I told him how we are all waiting for that coming. He is near us now, and He guards us and hears our prayers, and His Spirit teaches us, but by and by we shall see Him and be like Him. I told him his face would shine, too, and his poor little body would be tall and straight and strong. And I told him that if he dies before that coming, it will

not matter, for the dead will hear the voice of our Lord, and they that hear will live.

“His face grew brighter and brighter, and he said in English, ‘Oh, thank you, thank you very much!’

“So his name is to be written in our class book as a candidate for baptism, and Fotewane, the crippled heathen, has joined the great company of those who are waiting for God’s Son from heaven.”

Among Sharks and Alligators

A CHILD had died on the mission, but as it belonged to a tribe on another island, the natives decided that its body should be taken to its home place for burial. At first the missionaries tried to turn them from this purpose, but the natives knew their own people better than the missionaries, and held to their determination.

A coffin was made, and the corpse was placed in an open whaleboat which the mission supplied for the voyage. A crew of eight was selected, and at 3 P. M. they set sail. A fair wind was blowing, and the sea was moderate. It seemed that they would make the voyage safely, and would speedily reach their destination. But only two hours had gone by, and but nine miles from their starting point they were met by a tide rip, and two great waves broke over them, snapping off their rudder and capsizing their boat.

Jack and Mick, two of the company of natives, dived repeatedly to cut away the mast and sail, for not until this was done could they right the boat. At last they succeeded in turning their vessel right side up, but only to find that they could not clear it of the water. It remained full and submerged, with its gunwales under the water.

And then, clinging to the partly submerged boat, those native young men so recently won to Christianity from deepest devilism, held a prayer meeting. How often in their short experience of Christian living had they met for prayer at the mission. And now in their terrible extremity their thoughts were upon God, and their cry went up to Him for help. Each one of them prayed, and then they started to swim for the shore. Five of them started first, but as two of them were not strong swimmers and had little

chance of reaching the shore, the five returned to the boat, for the three who swam strongly would not leave their comrades in difficulty.

Next a party of three swam off for the purpose of bringing help. These were Jack and Mick and James. They had two oars and a plank to support them, but it was a long, hard struggle with the tide ebbing strongly, and sharks swarming all round.

Again and again they were compelled to rest on the oars and plank, for their strength failed them. But each time they stopped they prayed. Their experience is given here in Mick's interesting pidgin English:

"Seven times we pray," said Mick, "and we sing, 'I have a Saviour who's pleading above.'"

"You were not too weak to pray?"

"Oh! sea he come, come, catch us, try to stop our mouth, but we pray."

"Once Jack's heart he fail." (Jack had only recently accepted Christianity.)

"Heart belong Jack, he shake about, he say, 'Mick me pray along *akola* [heathen] now.'"

"Me say: No, you can't do that, you can't go two way. God He look out you now. Jack, you remember who made him everything—grass and tree and sea. Only one God; He do everything."

They prayed again, and Jack said: "My word, my heart, he begin no good."

"He all right now little bit?" asked Mick.

"Yes, he all right now," replied Jack.

When asked if they were followed by sharks, they replied:

"Oh! shark he come all right, but God He keep us."

When they saw the sharks about them, Mick said to Jack:

"God He shut him mouth belong shark so he can't touch us."

"You got Him strong fellow God all right," replied Jack.

James was weaker than the others because he was younger, and many times they waited for him, and Jack helped both the others. Often they thought they must be drowned, and said to each other :

"No matter suppose God want to take us, we all right ; but suppose He no want to take us now, we get along shore."

The moon had nearly set when they came near the shore. For eight long hours they were in the water. As they struggled toward the land, Jack suggested that they avoid the rocks and seek some sandy beach to land on, but the others said :

"No, we go any place God He give us along shore, no matter rock."

At last they were thrown up on the reef among the rocks, but were not hurt in the least.

"God He look out us strong fellow when we come along shore ; stone he no catch our body."

And James added : "When we catch him shore, we pray again. We say, Thank you, too. We lie there long time, we can't walk about."

But the perils were not yet all past, for close to the narrow track along which they passed lay a great alligator, his hideous mouth agape and his teeth glistening cruelly in the moonlight.

Fearfully they approached, keeping close together, when the brute gave a swish of its tail and made off rapidly.

Again and again they obtained strength in prayer, as they slowly made their way back through the territory of the bushmen who only a short while before had there murdered a man. At last they reached the mission and told their sorrowful story.

At once search was made for the missing boat, and the five boys left with her, but all in vain, for they were never heard of again.

When the news of this sad happening reached the island from which they came, deepest sorrow filled the hearts of their people, but God gave grace to accept this heavy trial, comforting them in the midst of their sorrow with the knowledge that from the angry waves and from the voracious sharks and the dreadful alligator He had saved the three noble fellows who had through it all trusted Him for deliverance.

Seventh-day Adventist Martyrs in the Solomon Islands

THAT the days of Christian martyrdom are not yet passed has been very definitely demonstrated by recent happenings on the large island of Malaita, with its nearly 70,000 savages. The following incidents have been related by missionaries with whom the author is personally acquainted. They help us to understand that the savagery which has withstood the approach of the gospel for so long is at last yielding to its power, though still murderous in its last efforts at resistance.

While away attending a general meeting held at Batuna in the western Solomons, Mr. J. D. Anderson was suddenly apprised of the fact that a murderous attack had been made upon teachers under his care.

Among his staff of native workers left on Malaita was Simi, a native of the island of Ranonga, and his wife, Meri, from Ramata in the upper Marovo Lagoon. The island of Malaita is fully 200 miles from their native district.

Simi and Meri (Mary) had been trained at the Batuna Training School. For some time Simi worked as a single young man. Among those who attended meetings on their station were a man named Onge, who subsequently left the mission, and a cousin of his, a girl by the name of Akwasia, who remained faithful to the instruction received, and who showed a real interest in spiritual matters. When her people returned to their heathen village and to heathenism, they wanted Akwasia to return also, but she definitely refused.

In writing then of his preparations to attend the general meeting, Mr. Anderson included a paragraph which indi-

cated a situation of peril that had arisen because of Akwasia's attitude. It reads as follows:

"That night Simi came over to me, and in the course of conversation he mentioned that Akwasia's uncle had met her the day before and asked her to return to heathenism, and, by the way, he is the priest for their tribe. The girl refused to return, stating that she did not wish to have anything further to do with heathenism, but wanted to remain on the mission. He then is reported to have said, 'Well, your brother has asked me to tell you that if you do not return to us, and he meets you anywhere on the road, he will murder you;' to which she replied, 'I do not care; you may kill me, but I do not want to return to the ways of Satan; I wish to remain on the mission!'"

The sad sequel to this threat was learned by Mr. Anderson, while still away at Batuna, through one of the students at the school who received the following letter written in the Ranoga language, which was first translated into the Marovo language and then into English. It was written by Hite, another native teacher at work in an adjoining district on Malaita:

"S. D. A. MISSION, LOKAI, URU HARBOR,
19th May, 1929.

"DEAR BROTHER ZONGA ONE:

"You listen to me and I will tell you something that has happened to us here on Malaita. We are very sorry indeed, for on May 15, about four o'clock in the afternoon, Onge went and killed. Akwasia had fever and was in Simi's house. She was a girl that obeyed very well, and her life was good at the mission of Mary and Simi. While she had the fever, Onge went into the house and closed it and took a small knife (about 12-inch blade) of Akwasia's and stabbed her under the chin and in the neck four times.

"When Simi and Mary, who were in the garden not far distant, heard the screaming, Simi went to the house and

said, 'Who is killing a woman in my house?' The man hearing the noise or voice, opened the door and came out and took of an old Snider (rifle) that was standing near by and walked toward Simi. Simi hadn't anything in his hand, and did not think that there was anything in Onge's mind, but when he came near, Onge dealt a blow at Simi's head. Simi turned his head a little, and was struck on the shoulder. His arm became useless, but so heavy was the blow it sent him almost stumbling along the track.

"He went back to Mary and said, 'I have been hit with a gun by Onge. Let us go to Tom at Fawoge,' and walked on, and Mary ran after him. Onge, seeing them both fleeing, sprang from Simi's house and pursued them, and overtaking Mary, dealt her a heavy blow on the head with the gun. Mary said, 'Oh, oh, Simi, I am killed now,' and two more blows were dealt her.

"When Onge was close to Mary, she cried out, and Simi heard her and turned back, and Mary fell at his feet and did not breathe again. He said, 'We will die together,' but does not remember any more until he came to in deep water out in the harbor.

"At that time he thought, 'Why am I here and my wife is dead on the shore?' and with the arm not injured he waved to some people in a canoe, and they came and took him to Uru and assembled the people there. Other missionaries they went to Alai, and in Simi's house they saw Akwasia, who was still alive, but everything in the house was covered with blood. Quickly one boy was sent to Abulo to tell us, for they feared the murderer would come and kill us.

"On coming to us, Tomatari gathered together thirty men and ten women. Fifteen men went before us and fifteen men behind us, with Tomatari along side of us. Together we all went down to the government tax house, where we got into a canoe and went across to Lokai, where the burial took place. Zarazope, Simi, Vakukana, Gomi, and Miriam buried Mary and Akwasia. It was about five o'clock in the

afternoon and raining heavily, so we could not dig a deep grave, only about as deep as my thigh. We placed the two bodies side by side and wept bitterly, for we were very sorry. The grave is just by the side of Mr. and Mrs. Anderson's home. The road up to Lokai from the shore was covered with blood.

"These are the words I have to tell you today, and I am finished.

"I am your brother in Christ,

"HITE."

Later, Mr. Anderson, writing from Tulagi, the seat of government, said:

"Yesterday we witnessed the arrival of the government yacht from Malaita on which were the murderer and two of our teachers who had been sent over as witnesses. One of them is Simi, whose wife was one of the two murdered. As we met the boys and listened to their story, our hearts burned within us, and I feel that you with us want to thank the Lord for the wonderful privilege that is ours of working for the salvation of a people from whom such treasures are won. Vakukana is the second boy. He was to have married Akwasia. The murderer is now claiming that it was because of their engagement that he committed the awful deed, but we know that it was because the girl refused to return to heathenism.

"Simi gives a little more detail of the murder than is mentioned in the previous letter, but the facts are the same. What has deeply touched us is the attitude he took before both Europeans and natives. The Europeans desired him to call all his fellow teachers together and take them to some place away from the district, but he refused, and to the natives he said, after assembling the leaders, 'Do not think that the death of Mary has bound the work of God; stand firmly for the mission that has brought you the gospel; we will not leave you. The Bible distinctly tells us that all who

will live godly in Christ Jesus must suffer persecution, and this has been fulfilled, but the work of God cannot be stayed.' To those at his own station he said, 'Do not be afraid or become weak; a teacher will come to you each Sabbath and teach you.' Five days after the murder, and with his own arm rendered useless for some time, he was standing before them admonishing them. He also visited the different stations and admonished them all to be loyal to God. That he was not murdered at the same time as his wife is a miracle. His wife, knowing the maniac was almost upon her, called to Simi, and he replied, 'Do not be afraid; we will die together.'"

While the death of these two noble women brought consternation and sorrow to the people, the bereaved and wounded husband accompanied their murderer to the prison in a distant island, and with an entire absence of the spirit of revenge, so natural to his heart before his conversion, labored earnestly for his salvation. This attitude of sincere concern for the soul of the one who had so greatly wronged him, deeply impressed the hearts of officials and others with whom Simi came in contact, and they showed him great kindness until he was recovered from his wounds and had returned to the place of tragedy and of service on Malaita.

On the Island of Malaita

ONE cannot recall the circumstances of the wonderful deliverance by Providence of the missionaries working for the wild savages on the heathen island of Malaita in the year 1927, and at the time when two European government officials and about twenty native assistants were cruelly murdered, without a profound sense of God's care for His servants in that time of great peril.

For about three years Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Anderson, of the Seventh-day Adventist Mission in the Solomon Islands, with their little children, had resided at Uru Harbor on the eastern side of Malaita, and were assisted by a few native teachers from the western Solomons.

At the time of the massacre herein related, Mr. G. Peacock, the superintendent of the mission, was visiting Malaita in the mission ketch "Melanesia," which was anchored at Uru Harbor.

In company with Mr. Anderson, Mr. Peacock proceeded to visit several outstations in that district, and taking a small cutter, went to Sinarango Harbor, a few miles along the coast, where they anchored the boat and began work with the natives by attending to some of their medical needs.

From the mission diary written by Mr. Anderson, we quote the following:

"October 3. We (Mr. Peacock and I) and a company of natives, took the launch from Lokai to Gwagwakwala, then proceeding on foot visited Alinui's home, about an hour in from the shore, where we gave two injections of neosalvarsan. (These injections were given in cases of that dreadful disease, yaws.) We then went on to his brother's home, where we gave four more injections, and passed over the

valley to another village, but found only two old people at home. We chatted with them for a time, and then moved on to Lobesuala, where Ale is situated. A group of the people were here waiting for us, and seeing some with large sores on their bodies, we soon had the needle in use again.

"After finishing these injections, we took a few pictures, then spoke to the people and prayed with them. Mr. Peacock was the speaker, and the natives listened attentively as he explained some features of the gospel story to them.

"Worship being finished, we went down to the launch, which, during the time of our visit to these places, had sailed around and anchored just below the Lobesuala Mission. After partaking of a hastily prepared meal, we lay down to rest. As we were talking, we heard a boy whistle from the mission, and soon he called out asking that we go up, as a woman of the village was devil possessed.

"Arriving at the village, we saw a woman struggling fiercely, and several men holding her. Mr. Peacock asked all to be quiet while he prayed. On finishing his prayer, he bade the men release her, stating that she was well. We then sang, and the woman became as a tired child. After I had prayed again, she lay down and fell asleep. We took this opportunity of telling the people that God was wanting them to understand more fully that He was calling them, and many seemed to be deeply impressed. Just before midnight we arrived at the cutter again, and were soon asleep."

The following paragraphs are taken from a letter that Mr. Peacock wrote to his friends in Australia, recounting the experience by which he and his companions were providentially delivered from the death that befell the government officials:

"We arrived safely at our anchorage, enjoying the quietness that prevailed at Uru Harbor, where Mr. Anderson is stationed, and the next day, being Sabbath, we spent the

day studying God's word and holding meetings with the people in the neighborhood.

"On the fatal morning we went to the place where Mr. Bell, the government district officer, was in his boat at anchor, as we desired to apply for a lease of some land at Uru for mission purposes. We lodged our application, and then went back to the cutter to give some of the natives, who were suffering from yaws, injections of neosalvarsan.

"I had just given one of the men an injection and was cleaning the syringe, when it fell to pieces. I could not understand this, as it was a new syringe, and as I was only cleaning it there was little pressure. Without a syringe, however, there was nothing more that I could do for the natives at the place, and so we pulled up anchor and went on our way, intending to investigate a call for a missionary that had come from people on the opposite side of the bay. As we were leaving the place, we observed that a large number of bush people were coming in along the trails to pay their taxes. This did not seem unusual to me, as I had seen such gatherings before, and did not attach to it any special significance.

"We sailed directly across the bay and anchored, and then walked for about an hour to the village from which the call had come. The people there were pleased to see us, and we were pleased to find them already at work building a house for the expected missionary to occupy. After staying with them for a while we bade them good-by, and began the return journey.

"We had heard in the meanwhile that the bush people and the government party had been fighting, but as the bush is always full of rumors, we did not give credence to this. However, some of our boys met us on the road and told us that the two white men had been killed, and also many natives of the government party. A recruiter for native labor, who was anchored near the government boat, moved away to a place of safety when the fight started, and

sent the boys that we had left in charge of our boat to tell us to come quickly. We pulled up to his boat for tidings of the struggle, and found that one of the government natives was on his boat, in a dying condition from the wounds he had received. He, too, was suffering from shock.

"The engine boy on the government boat had been killed; so the recruiter had sent his own engine boy to help the bos'n, who was the only one of the crew of the government boat left alive, to bring the two white men and the wounded natives of the government party away. They had almost reached the other boat when we arrived. Thus we were soon in possession of the facts. On the government side two white men and twelve native policemen and civilians had been killed, and five native police and one civilian wounded. There is no way by which we can tell how many of the bushmen were killed and wounded, for they made off to the mountains, taking their dead and wounded with them. However, a rumor has reached us that ten of the savages were killed and wounded.

"The two white men were in a shocking condition. Mr. Bell, the district officer, had his head smashed with the butt of a musket, and Mr. Lillies' head was almost completely severed from the body. We decided to bury the native men where they had fallen, but to remove the bodies of the white men to an island where some Europeans had been buried some years ago, and there give them Christian burial.

"Mr. Bonard, the recruiter, undertook to sail the government boat with the remnant of the government party to Tulagi, and to inform the government there of the trouble. We dressed the wounds of the injured natives before they left for Tulagi, and then proceeded to the place of burial with the bodies of the murdered officers. This we were unable to reach until after nightfall. Having there done all that remained to be done for these unfortunate men, we turned our boat homeward, and after a safe run reached home just before midnight.

“We thank God for our deliverance, for if the hypodermic syringe had not broken, we might not be here today to tell this story. That wonderful promise, ‘Lo, I am with you always,’ was surely fulfilled to us in this experience, and we thank our heavenly Father for His watchful care over us continually as we labor among these savage people.”

In a letter written from Malaita, October 23, Mr. Anderson suggests the concern with which the government viewed the continuance of Mr. and Mrs. Anderson as residents of that locality. He says:

“Since writing my latest letter to you, we have had many evidences of God’s love to His children, and His wonderful planning. The ‘Hygeia,’ which came to us with an official on board, came from Tulagi, 130 miles, to assist us if necessary. The official, speaking with us, made it clear that he had not any power to compel us to move, but if he had he certainly would do so. The local natives had come to us again and again, asking us to leave, and promising to supply us with a temporary home on the island of Uru if only we would go there. Mr. Deck, a missionary of another society, came twice anxiously warning us. In response to all this very kindly counsel we have moved our location temporarily. Here, then, we have been living for the past two weeks, and how much longer we shall do so we cannot say.

“The people are terrified. Those who were interested in our work have all put themselves under the influence of our teachers, there being about 300 now assembled in three different places. Rumors of all kinds have come, the most general being that the bushmen were coming to kill us, with all the mission people. We spend our time among these different places, instructing the teachers and endeavoring to console the people. We do not go ashore, but have the teachers and people come to us in their canoes.

“We most sincerely thank the good people of Australasia for their prayers in our behalf. Please assure them that as

we continue with the work, we do so knowing that continually we are before the throne of grace. Mrs. Anderson and the children are well, as, too, are all the teachers and their wives. These young men and their wives are gems. I am sure that if those who support missions could but live and labor with them as do I, they would be well satisfied with the work that their gifts make possible."

Ruatoka, the Friend of Chalmers

It has been said that the evangelization of New Guinea differs in almost every particular from that of any other part of the South Seas. "The natives are found to be treacherous in the extreme. They speak a variety of dialects, and village is at enmity with village. They were among the most backward peoples of the earth, and the climatic conditions that had to be endured were not less deadly than the arrows, the clubs, and the spears of the savages."

The first missionaries to New Guinea were fully alive to the peril of their purpose. They well understood the deadly nature of the climate, and they knew well the fierce character of the people.

"The first teacher to be landed was a man named Tepeso, who, with a comrade, was left on Darnley Island, off the coast of the mainland. He it was who made the memorable statement in reply to those who tried to dissuade him from going by telling him the awful character of the people. Said he, 'Wherever there are men, missionaries are bound to go.'

"After leaving Tepeso at Darnley Island, the missionaries took four teachers to Danan, and then brought two others to Saibai, only three miles off the coast of New Guinea. Here the chief lent the two white men an old, shaky native house for the night. The weather was unsettled, and their hearts were troubled about the future of the great task committed to their charge.

"Leaving the house, they wandered outside. In the gathering gloom, across the dark water, the haven of their hopes loomed dimly. They thought of the perils which must encompass their devoted teachers when they left them behind

on the morrow to return for re-enforcements. Then they remembered that the predecessors of these men had been, one hundred years before, aye, twenty years before in some cases, almost as savage as the men their sons had come to teach. What had God wrought! The joy of remembrance restored their quiet trust; they renewed their confidence in Him who had already gotten Himself the victory elsewhere, and they claimed New Guinea also as they sang, 'Jesus shall reign where'er the sun.'

"There is no native of the South Seas to whom the term 'Apostle of New Guinea' may be rightly applied. If that title belongs to any one, by common consent it would be given to the fearless martyr James Chalmers. But no one has been more ready to acclaim the heroism of his native helpers than was he. They, too, laid down their lives for Christ. In two years, at Fort Moresby alone, there were eighteen graves. At the Kemp Welch River and elsewhere the people suddenly rose and killed their teachers. Tauraki did his utmost to protect the people of the village where he taught, and lost his life by a spear thrust. 'Twas nobly done,' said Chalmers, 'and I am proud of it.'

"There was no lack of teachers, for when the missionary ship, 'John Williams,' returned from her annual visit to the stations, and it was told here, or there, that this or that one had fallen by disease, or had perished by the club of the cannibal, another man was ready to take the field at the post of danger. Twenty-three years after the mission had begun, three hundred teachers and their courageous wives had devoted themselves to their self-imposed task. After that, so many were not needed, for, trained by Dr. Lawes, a few New Guinea men and women were then ready to teach their own people, and the number of such grew apace."

"Of that devoted band of South Sea native Christians who won the foothold in New Guinea, the names of numbers are still known and cherished, but perhaps the name of Ruatoka towers above the rest. He was a Raratongan,

whose health was so indifferent that he was permitted to go only after urgent entreaty. For years he was the beloved coworker with Chalmers and Lawes. Against all expectation he outlived every comrade of his early days, and when the sad news came that Chalmers had fallen, Ruatoka's first word was an offer to go where his leader had been slain, in order that he might there proclaim the name of Jesus. 'My wish,' said he, 'is just this. You know it. I have spoken.'

With the Cannibals of New Britain

IN the year 1875 Mr. George Brown reached the group of islands of which the large islands of New Britain and New Ireland form a part, and there found a people of very dark color, extremely savage, nude, and depraved to the lowest degree. As his vessel reached the anchorage, numbers of the natives came off in their canoes to trade, and of these not one had a single article of clothing or covering of any kind. Looking round the shores, he could see no houses, but it was evident by the large numbers of men upon the water, that villages were near at hand.

These were the people to whom he had come to bring the glorious gospel of our Lord and Saviour. And as he looked upon the land and the people of the land, he thought of the work he had come to do, and wondered what trials he should have to bear, what joys and sorrows would be his. He thought, too, of the struggles that must be made, of the fight and victories before him ere the people to whom he had come would receive the gospel and be rejoicing in its assurance of a Saviour's love.

Four days after his arrival, Mr. Brown began to build a house for the mission. He found the natives friendly, and even willing to help with the work. Among the men who assembled, two were pointed out to him as slaves belonging to bushmen who lived in the interior of the island. Of these bush people he heard that they were skillful warriors of whom the coastal tribes were terrified. So perfectly had they developed the art of concealment, it was said, that though they might stand close at hand, it was impossible to distinguish them from the surrounding bush. All whom Mr. Brown met seemed to live in continual dread of attack,

and never left their houses without taking their fighting tomahawks with them.

Some three weeks after Mr. Brown landed in the group, the vessel sailed away and he was left alone. He then made a short voyage along the coast for the purpose of visiting new tribes, and inducing them to receive Christian teachers. On arriving at the coast of the Meoko tribe, and essaying to land there, he found that not one of his crew would go with him. Indeed, so afraid were they that they refused to anchor the little boat while Mr. Brown went ashore. He therefore went alone, and meeting the chief of the Meoko people, found him to be very friendly indeed. Both chief and people made a favorable impression upon the missionary, and Meoko was placed first on the list of prospective stations.

His next visit was to the shores of New Ireland. Upon proposing this visit, the natives at his station expressed much concern for his safety. Telling him that he would surely be killed, and that the savages of the place where he proposed landing, would attack his boat, they sought to turn him from his resolve to make the voyage.

But notwithstanding the many objections and fears of the natives, the intrepid missionary steamed away in his little launch, and after three hours through rough seas found himself cruising along the shore of New Ireland. Early in the afternoon they reached the place of landing, and found the natives quite friendly. They took him to a large house in the center of the village, and there amid the trophies of war and chase, and human skulls suspended from the trees at the door, Mr. Brown made his first effort to impress the savages of New Ireland with the importance of his mission.

About the hour of sunset he again boarded his little boat, and had a long talk with the chiefs who had come aboard. All through the night watch was kept against possible treachery. The night passed quietly, however, and in the calm of

the early morning the anchor was lifted and the boat stole quietly out from the anchorage, to visit an important chief in yet another district. Toward evening the anchor was dropped once more, and Mr. Brown went ashore. The chief was very friendly and received him gladly. After a few presents had been given, a great crowd of people gathered, and as they sat on the ground before the chief's house, Mr. Brown tried to tell them of the one God and Father of all, of the heaven where God dwells, and of the glorious gospel of our Saviour Jesus. The people were very attentive, and the chief decided to receive a teacher.

Next day the missionary turned his boat back toward his home station, where he landed at last, weary but thankful that his first visit to savage New Ireland shores had ended so successfully.

Soon after his return from New Ireland, Mr. Brown resolved to start for Matupit, a small but very populous island in Blanche Bay, which from its central position was well suited to be the headquarters of the mission in that part of the group. Much opposition to this visit was offered by the natives at Port Hunter, where Mr. Brown still had his headquarters; but notwithstanding this he determined to make the visit. But he was to learn what fear in his own natives' hearts would lead them to do. Of this adventurous voyage he wrote in after years in words that show how important he considered it to have been in opening up communication with those populous villages, and in proving that by exercising proper care such peoples might be visited with a reasonable degree of safety.

"As we steamed up Blanche Bay," said Mr. Brown, "there was considerable excitement on board the launch. All the natives and one of our company objected to calling at Matupit, and positively refused to go round the bay, stating that we should all be murdered if we went near any of the villages on the opposite shore. They were clamorous for an immediate return to Port Hunter.

"I reasoned with them, telling them that they had their own arms in case of attack, a good steam launch and whale-boat, and that I did not intend to anchor or land anywhere, but simply to examine the coast, and try to open communication with the people; but 'twas all in vain. J. Holmes [an old sailor who had elected to stay in the group with Mr. Brown] was the only one who at all held with me that, by taking proper precautions, we might go with comparative safety.

"I then quietly told the chief Waruwarum, and all on board, that I was determined to go, whether they went or not; that there was only one man as captain, and that I would do as I thought right. I reminded them that before leaving Port Hunter, I had told them where I meant to go, and that I had especially warned Waruwarum, whom I knew to be an arrant coward, not to come with us if he was afraid to go round Blanche Bay. I told them, however, that I did not wish to take any one against his will, and that I would therefore land all who wished to stay with Toporapora at Matupit, and that any one who wished to return to Nodup could be landed on the opposite side of the bay.

"This, however, did not suit them, as they were afraid of being killed if they left us. Then there was a regular mutiny, and one of the two whites who was with us jumped up with a musket in his hand, and came to me in a threatening attitude, saying that they were determined not to go, and that they would not have their lives sacrificed for me or any other missionary. I had, of course, to speak to him in a very decided manner.

"Then I heard that they had all agreed to haul up the whaleboat we were towing alongside the launch, and to return in her to Port Hunter, leaving Jack and myself alone. Speaking in Fijian, I told the two teachers who were in charge of the boat not to come near the launch, or to allow any native to get into her on any pretext, and that if any attempt were made to haul the boat alongside, they were to

cut 'the painter,' and I would pick them up afterward. I also told the men in the launch that if they did succeed in getting the whaleboat, I would run her down. This may appear to be strong talk, but the occasion was a critical one, and made decided action very necessary.

"After this we kept on our course, but in deference to their fears, I resolved to compromise matters and not to stop at Matupit except just to land Toporapora and his crew. This we did, steaming close to the island, and for a considerable distance round it, without seeing the slightest signs of hostility. The only suspicious circumstance I noticed was that no canoes came off. Whether they would have come had we anchored or waited long enough, I cannot tell.

"After leaving Matupit we steamed right across Simpson Harbor. All the natives were sulky except one or two, and regaled me with tales of the ferocity and cannibalism of the people whose villages we were so rapidly nearing. They told us of four Meoko men being killed and eaten a short time ago by the people right ahead. . . .

"All the way across I reasoned this matter over and over in my own mind. I could not help feeling anxious after hearing all these tales, but still, after calm and prayerful consideration, I felt that I was justified in the action I was taking. I was well aware that there was some risk, but I knew that it was grossly exaggerated by the cowardly fellows we had with us, and I felt that if we did not make some use of the launch beyond going to places where we might go as easily and as safely in a canoe, it was of little use our having the steamer at all.

"I felt, also, that it was very important that we should at all events show ourselves to the natives and have some little communication with them, that they might get some idea as to what our objects were, and that the way might be opened for a better acquaintance at a future time. I

wanted also to get some idea of the number of people, and of their friendliness or otherwise. These and other similar reasons seemed sufficient to justify me in going, even against the advice of the natives I had with me.

“As we neared the shore, a large number of natives came out in canoes to meet us. Our natives were greatly excited, and begged me most earnestly to keep away from the coast, but we kept on our course till the leading canoe was close to us, when I stopped the engine for the people to come up. On going forward to see that all was right, I saw Waruwarum with a large horse pistol of his own ready cocked in his hand; this I at once made him cover up out of sight, as I had positively forbidden all display of arms. He was very unwilling to do so, but yielded under pressure.

“As the first canoe came alongside, my mind was at ease at once—at all events as to any premeditated attack—on seeing three nice little children in the canoe. Natives will not bring children with them if they intend any mischief, though, of course, accidents may happen, and a little thing may cause a quarrel at any time. I made the men a small present, and put a few beads round the children’s necks; then as more canoes came up, we hauled the whaleboat alongside the launch, on the seaward side, and made all canoes keep to the other side between us and the shore. These were precautionary measures which it was well to take, but I believe the natives never thought of anything but selling their fish, yams, etc.

“I bought everything they brought, whether we wanted it or not, with the exception of tortoise shell, as I had determined not to buy any of that article from the natives at that time, not even a little for private use, as I wished both natives and traders to understand that I was not there for trading purposes; and though it would have been easy to assure the traders of the fact, the only way to convince a native that we did not trade in the article was to refuse to buy it altogether.

“After we had got through most of the bartering, we managed to get them to keep quiet for a while, and I got Tolituru to interpret as I explained what our object and intentions were. I then put what I am sure was the first fathom of print he ever wore, round the chief, who was the only one allowed to come on board; and after inviting him to come over to Port Hunter to see me, we turned ahead and said good-by.

“Some of the canoes followed us for some distance, as the men very much wished us to land. As we steamed along the coast, the natives came in crowds and made motions for us to go on shore. . . . I would gladly have stopped to hold a little communication with the people, but the slightest hint of such an intention produced such expressions of dissent that I thought it best to abandon it; and mentally vowing to have a better crew next time, I steered for Nanup and Palakauru, two small islands, on one of which we proposed to spend the night.”

A few days after this, Mr. Brown was greatly surprised to hear the cry “Sail ho! sail ho!” ring out from the natives, and on going to the crest of a near-by hill, descried there a brigantine beating up to the port entrance. He was soon to learn from Captain Hershheim that good impressions had been made upon natives of neighboring islands by the reports that had reached them of the missionary’s methods of labor among the tribes that he had thus far visited.

About six days later, he, with Captain Hershheim of the brigantine “Cocran,” Mr. Blohm, a passenger on the same vessel, Jack Holmes, two Port Hunter natives, and two Fijian teachers, sailed in the mission launch to visit the natives on the shores of Blanche Bay, among whom Mr. Brown had been prevented from landing on his previous voyage by the fears and opposition of his crew. As they neared the island of Matupit, the tales of dreadful savagery which had so often been told him of the Matupit natives were recalled by the missionary, but assurance of safety

was given when Toporapora, the chief, came out into the water, and taking Mr. Brown on his back, carried him ashore and led him up into the village.

Erelong the principal men of the tribe had gathered to talk with their visitors, and after presents had been exchanged and some time had been spent in quieting the people, Mr. Brown frankly told them that he desired to place a teacher with them, but hesitated to do so because of the stories which had been told him of their murderous savagery. Here he was interrupted by cries of, "What for make fight? No make fight. Pate, pate, pate [No, no, no]. No make fight." Captain Hershheim presented the chief with an American ax, and then gave as his firm opinion that it would be quite safe for the missionary to place a teacher with these wild people. Encouraged by such earnest counsel, Mr. Brown at once arranged with the chiefs for the coming of the teacher, and received their undertaking to treat the teacher well.

From this place they sailed across to Simpson Harbor to visit Karavia, another of the places against which they had been especially warned. Here again they experienced no difficulty in landing, and were well received by the people. Friendly relations were soon established, presents were exchanged, and promises of further visits were given. About sunset, course was set for home, and at midnight the anchor was dropped in front of the mission station. A good day's work had been done, and many of the fears that had gathered concerning the advisability of placing teachers with these wild cannibal tribes had been dispelled.

Association with this lone missionary in his noble work, even for the brief period of a single day, had won the admiration and sympathy of good Captain Hershheim. Observing that Mr. Brown was in fact a sick man, and remembering that Mrs. Brown and the children were still in New Zealand, not having been in New Britain as yet, he offered to convey Mr. Brown in his ship to Sydney, Australia, and

make no charge for the passage. It was a great temptation, but the thought of leaving the Fijian teachers alone among these desperate savages was more than the good missionary could bear, and much as he longed to see his loved ones again, he resolutely set his heart to stay, though he knew not when the next opportunity of reaching civilization would occur.

Yet another visit was made to New Ireland before Captain HERNSHEIM left the group. Accompanied by Mr. Blohm, at a wild spot where a big crowd of savages had collected, Mr. Brown and Mr. Blohm landed and went some distance inland. On returning to the beach, they were alarmed to find the natives all heavily armed and with spare bundles of spears. However, no resistance was offered them as they passed on to the beach and prepared to go aboard once more. There was no doubt about the cannibalism of the people, however, for practically every spear was pointed with human bones, and when Mr. Brown inquired about this of his interpreter, he was told in pidgin English: "Oh, man belong salt water he fight man belong bush. He eat him. He catch him bone he go belong spear. All same this fellow place." This last sentence means, "Such is the custom here." Mr. Brown bought a large number of these bone-tipped spears, but unfortunately they were lost in the rough seas that were encountered on the return run to the mission station.

As night fell over the wild scene, some of the party wanted to steam out to sea and lie to till morning, but Mr. Brown decided to remain at anchor and to keep a sharp lookout. It was fortunate that this was done, for during Mr. Brown's watch, he suddenly became aware of a movement upon the dark water. At once he was all alert, and soon he was able to make out the shape of a canoe approaching. Immediately a second was to be observed stealing along over the water. Without further hesitation he challenged them and woke up his crew. Seeing their approach was discovered, the

natives turned for the shore and fled in haste. Mr. Brown had no doubt that they were on mischief bent, and at once prepared to up anchor and away.

Thus it was that the gospel was brought to the cannibals of New Britain and New Ireland. With restless activity the missionary moved from place to place, finding everywhere the most dreadful cannibalism. But little by little his work and purpose became known among them, and though light had not yet begun to dawn upon the darkness, hope filled his heart, and led him to triumph over all bodily weakness and every difficulty that assailed him in his work.

It was at this time that he wrote, "Truly the spirit is willing, and I want to do all I can while I am here, but this body of mine surely does rebel sometimes." Troublous days were ahead, but conscious only of God's great goodness in the present, he felt that no mission could have begun more promisingly, and looking upon the darkness and the degradation of the people everywhere about him, he exclaimed, "The reception of the religion of Jesus will soon produce peace and order where now all is discord and confusion."

The Rescue of Nekibil

DURING the first year of Mr. Brown's stay in New Britain, an incident occurred which brought him into extreme peril. One day the wife of Waruwarum, the chief, a girl about eighteen years of age, was observed talking innocently to a young lad. At once the chief, who was a very jealous man, flew into a great rage, and hurled a spear at the lad. The weapon struck a small tree, and glanced off into the bush. The lad fled for his life and escaped for the time being. Not so, however, with the unfortunate girl. In a twinkling she had a spear driven through her flesh, and was dealt a fearful blow with a tomahawk. Then she was beaten into unconsciousness with the handle of the tomahawk, and left for dead in the bush.

The women came screaming to Mr. Brown, crying out that Waruwarum had killed Nekibil, his wife. Mr. Brown, with his Fijian assistant, ran quickly to the spot where Nekibil lay, and found the wretched girl lying naked where she had fallen, and quite unconscious. Finding that she still breathed, Mr. Brown lifted her onto the shoulder of the Fijian, where she hung limp as one already dead. Thus they carried her through the village to Mr. Brown's house. On the way the enraged husband came behind them, and again tried to spear his wife as she hung on the teacher's back. This he was prevented from doing by the courage of Mr. Brown. Having arrived safely at the house, a stimulant was given to the wounded girl, and her wounds were dressed. Soon she revived and began to take interest in her surroundings.

In the meantime all was excitement in the village, for the chief was busy marshaling an armed band to fight the fam-

ily of the young man to whom Nekibil had been talking. Painted and armed, these murderous fellows soon set out upon their foul errand, only to find the family had fled to the bush. With much shouting they returned, and upon finding the girl still alive, they sent an imperative message to the missionary to give her up, that her husband might kill her. On receiving this message, Mr. Brown went at once to the chief and pleaded most earnestly that he would not do this cruel deed. He offered to give him many things that the chief valued if he would consent to spare the girl's life.

Heretofore the chief had been civil to Mr. Brown, but on this occasion he was violent and abusive. Mad with baffled rage and hoarse with shouting and yelling, he soon showed himself to be dangerous in the extreme. Notwithstanding his refusal, the missionary continued to plead, and increased the offers already made for her ransom. With savage violence both offers and pleadings were thrust aside, and Mr. Brown was told that if he delayed in handing over the girl, he, too, would be killed.

Seeing that no good would be done by prolonging the interview, the brave missionary looked the chief straight in his savage, bloodshot eyes, and told him that he would not get the girl, neither would he now be given any of the things offered for her ransom. With this he turned and walked back to the house, followed by the fearful threats of the baffled chief.

Back in the house, he at once held a consultation with old Jack the sailor, and the three Fijians. All agreed that they would not surrender the girl to such a fate, and began at once to nail up the doors and windows and pile boxes against them.

Two messengers from the chief were with them. They had come to take away the girl, but finding Mr. Brown resolute, they stayed to persuade him to give her up and save the lives of himself and his companions.

"What will you do?" they asked. "Will you fight? If that is your idea, just look at those men outside. How could you fight a crowd like that? Then the chief says he will set fire to the thatch of your house. You will then have to come out, and what can you do against such a crowd?"

To all this Mr. Brown replied by handing the messengers a small American ax, and saying, "Take that to your chief. If he accepts that, all is well; if not, then keep it yourself."

As soon as the messengers left, the door was closed and bolted, and the inmates of the house watched with intense anxiety, through a shutter left unfastened, the movements of the savages. There was nothing separating them from the crowd but a frail bamboo fence which they could have kicked down with little effort. They both saw and heard the chief leaping, shouting, and pointing toward the house. He was evidently urging them to make an attack, but not one of the crowd seemed to want to do so. After some time they saw the chief suddenly take the American ax which Mr. Brown had sent, and hold it high above his head. This was to signify that he had accepted the terms offered him, and that his wife's life was to be spared.

Thankful that the incident had ended so happily, Mr. Brown went at once to the chief, and spoke kindly to him, telling him that he was still his friend, and that he would forget the violence that the chief had displayed toward him. The chief came into the house and solemnly promised that he would not again injure his poor wife. She gradually got well, and lived to recognize that her husband's promise had been well kept. Some years afterward she died, and it was then seen that her husband, who in his savage rage had so resolutely sought to kill her, manifested great sorrow at her loss.

The effect of this incident was very beneficial to the work of the mission. It revealed, as no sermon could have done, the true purpose of the missionary's efforts in behalf of the people. Especially were the women much impressed, and

often were they heard to say, "Why should the missionary have risked so much to save Nekibil? She is no relative of his, and yet he risked his life to save hers. The *lotu* [religion] must be good."

From this time on a greater interest in the work of the mission was manifested, and the missionary was caused to rejoice in the manifest leading of God, who had made even the wrath of the murderous savage to praise Him, and had caused His servant to triumph in the midst of His enemies. Of these degraded people Mr. Brown soon after wrote: "These are the people who by God's grace and help are to be raised from this savage state, and made into Christian men and women. As we witness their deeds of darkness, we can only stay ourselves on the declaration of God's word, that 'with God all things are possible.'"

A Strange Custom

To Mr. Brown we are indebted for a clear description of a very widespread custom among many of the South Seas peoples. In Fiji it is known as "tabusiga," which means, "forbidden to the sun or day." By it girls of good families are held under strictest watchfulness in small cells, where no man is permitted to see them for four or five years before marriage.

Visiting a village in New Ireland, Mr. Brown heard from his Fijian teacher of this strange custom practiced there, and so he asked the chief to take him to the house where the girls were. The house was about twenty-five feet in length, and stood in a reed and bamboo inclosure, across the entrance to which a bundle of dried grass was suspended to show that it was strictly taboo (forbidden or sacred).

Inside the house were three conical structures about seven or eight feet in height, and ten or twelve feet in circumference at the bottom, and beginning at about four feet from the ground, they tapered off to a point at the top. These cages were made of the broad leaves of the pandanus, sewn quite close together, so that no light and little or no air could enter. On one side of each was an opening, which was closed by a double door of plaited coconut leaves and pandanus leaves. About three feet from the ground there was a stage of bamboos, which formed the floor.

In each of these cages a girl or young woman was closely confined, and Mr. Brown was horrified to learn that each one was forced to remain there for at least four or five years without ever being allowed to go outside the house. He could scarcely credit the story when he heard it; the whole thing seemed too horrible to be true.

He spoke to the chief, requesting that he might see the inside of the cages, and also the girls, that he might present them with a few beads. But the chief shook his head, and told him that it was forbidden for any man but their own relatives to look at them. Sight of the promised beads, however, was sufficient inducement, and so the old woman who had charge of the girls, and who alone was allowed to open the doors, was sought and bidden undo the doors.

In the meantime the girls were heard talking to the chief through the walls of their cages, as if objecting to the thing that he proposed to do. The old woman came at length, regarding Mr. Brown with looks that were anything but pleasant, and plainly evidencing her reluctance to obey the order of the chief. To all appearance she was a most unpleasant jailer. However, she had perforce to open the doors, since the chief had ordered her to do so, and then the girls peeped out, and when told to do so, held out their hands for the beads.

Mr. Brown had, however, intentionally sat at some distance from the openings, and merely held out the beads toward them. He wished to draw them quite outside, so that he might inspect their cages. In this, though, he encountered an unexpected difficulty, as these girls are not allowed to put their feet on the ground all the time they are confined in these places. Their desire for the beads, however, overcame the difficulty.

The old lady was instructed to go outside and collect an armful of pieces of bamboo, which she placed on the ground at short spaces from each other. Then going to one of the girls, she took her by the hand, helped her down from the cage, and held her hand firmly as the girl stepped from piece to piece of the bamboo until near enough to get the beads which Mr. Brown held out to her.

On inspecting the inside of the cage from which the girl had come, Mr. Brown discovered that he could scarcely put his head within it, the atmosphere was so hot and stifling.

He found it to be quite clean, but so small as to provide only room for a girl to sit or lie down on the bamboo floor in a crouched position. It contained nothing but a few lengths of bamboo for holding water. When the door was shut, it must have been quite dark inside. They were never allowed to come out except once a day, to bathe in a dish or wooden bowl placed close to each cage.

They are placed in these cages when quite young, and must remain there until they are young women, when they are taken out, and have each a great marriage feast provided for them. Ill or well, they must not leave these cages until the time has come for this feast to be provided.

Fortunately, a great many of the families cannot afford to bear the expense which this barbarous custom entails, and so not all the girls of the tribe are called upon to endure its horrors. Little wonder is it that Mr. Brown wrote many years afterward, "I feel very sad whenever I think about these poor girls, and shudder at the idea of our own little girls at home being subjected to such treatment." Yet such is the darkness and degradation of the savage heathen of the South Seas.

And it must not be supposed that such doing is yet a thing of the past. Tribes of savage, cannibal heathen there still are in some of the islands, who are as yet unreached by the glorious gospel of our Saviour Jesus. There women and girls are still made to endure all that the barbarous customs of their heathenism demand, and they can never know freedom from these dreadful cruelties until the gospel of God makes them free in Christ Jesus.

May the time soon come when these fair lands shall all have been brought under the benign rule of the Man of Calvary, and in every effort to bring this to pass, may the richest blessings of heaven fall upon all who seek to make known to such benighted souls the goodness and mercy and tenderness of our God!

An Eventful Voyage

THERE is no group of islands in the South Pacific in which it is possible to carry on missionary operations successfully without the use of boats, as missionaries in these lands must of necessity travel much by sea. The voyages undertaken are often made in small and poorly equipped craft, though the seas over which they sail are sometimes swept by the most dreadful storms. No story of pioneer missionary effort in those regions, would be complete if it failed to tell of the fearful dangers that are often encountered by the missionary in his passage from place to place. The following account of a voyage from Fiji to New Britain shows the extreme peril through which the missionary voyager sometimes must pass as he moves from place to place.

On November 15, 1879, the missionary ship "John Wesley" left Fiji for the purpose of conveying Mr. Brown back to his field, New Britain. Contrary winds were experienced until December 6, when, with the sky heavily overcast, the wind veered to a favorable quarter, and gave birth to the hope that a fair run to New Britain would then be made. On December 8, however, a heavy squall struck the ship, and immediately the topgallant sails were taken in, and the upper topsails were lowered. After blowing stiffly for about an hour, the wind lulled, and once more the upper foretopsail was hoisted. Just then a poor exhausted and very much scared sea bird, which must have been conscious of the coming storm, took refuge on the vessel. It dropped on the deck, and hurried for shelter behind a spar.

That evening the ship's company had worship as usual in the cabin, and soon after its close the barometer was seen to be falling rapidly. With this change of "the glass," the

gale began to increase its force. By 9 p. m. all sail had been taken in, and a piece of canvas was put up in the weather main rigging to keep her head to the wind, which was then blowing hard from a northerly point. The captain tried to get the royal yards sent down on deck, but no one dared venture aloft to do so. The main and after hatches were battened down, and nothing more could be done but wait and watch carefully. Describing the scenes which followed, Mr. Brown has said:

“In the lulls between the fierce gusts of the gale I could hear the teachers and their wives praying to God to have mercy upon us all. I had been in several times and comforted them as well as I could, but one or two of the more frightened ones alarmed them all again; though afterward, when we really expected death, they were all as quiet and collected as it was possible to be. The captain and I were often anxiously looking at the barometer, but, alas! there was no hope for us there. Afterward, when the captain would not come down from the companion stairs, I gave him the readings from time to time. It was really terrifying to notice the rapid, regular fall of the mercury. When it fell below 29°, I knew well what was in store for us; in fact, it was almost upon us.

“No words can adequately describe the noise of the wind. It really shrieked and howled as if mad with rage against us, and ever and again it seemed to throw itself against the good old ship with another savagely exultant burst of fury, as of a demon exulting in the fulfillment of a long-deferred, but ever-longed-for vengeance. I have felt the force and heard the roar of a hurricane on the land, and have been in many a heavy gale at sea, but have never felt nor heard anything to equal that; and this also is the testimony of every one on board. We have old sailors on the ship who were out in the Dandenong gale, and who have experienced the force of some of the severest cyclones in India and China and other parts of the world, who all declare that

they never felt the wind to blow so hard, though they have known a much higher sea.

“The poor natives all came crowding into the cabin, and we anxiously awaited the issue. I managed to get another reading of the barometer at 10:45 P. M., and to my horror saw that it was down to 28.82. I set the vernier at that, but I had no chance to take another reading. I think it probable that it fell a little lower than this. We were expecting a shift of wind, and Captain Mansell was calling out continually: ‘Now then, now, my lads, look out; stand by the starboard main braces; look out for a shift;’ while the gale seemed to roar and mock at him, and at us all; but the good old brig still looked both wind and sea bravely in the face, and we were almost beginning to hope that we might weather through after all.

“I had just started to try to get another reading of the barometer, when the gale struck her again with fresh fury. We felt the vessel give, as it were, a sudden leap from under us, and everything that was not lashed and secured broke adrift. I narrowly escaped being crushed by the harmonium, as it gave a mad leap right out of the cleats which had held it so long, and was pitched against the side of my cabin, which it stove in. The cargo and the ballast all shifted to leeward, and the poor ship was forced down under the water, and lay stricken and trembling there while the waters rushed aboard as with a shout of victory to take possession of the prize.

“Never will any one who was on board ever forget that fearful sight. We all felt her settling down, and I climbed up the companion stairs, preferring to struggle and die in the open air rather than in the cabin. The whole of the poop deck on the port side up to the sky line and companion was under water, brightly phosphorescent in the thick darkness, and foaming and hissing under the fury of the gale, while all the forepart and main deck of the ship on the same side was buried under the sea. No one could stand or face the

storm, and we all thought and felt that the end had come. There was no crying nor confusion then, but just a quiet, nerve-strung waiting for the ship's final plunge, and the instinctive struggle for life which would follow. Many a fervent prayer ascended to heaven, and many a good-by to our loved ones far away was felt and muttered during these fearful moments.

"But there was a chance yet; the cry was raised for axes to cut away the masts, and every one felt that there was no time to be lost. Fortunately Mr. Lancaster had ax and tomahawk all sharpened and ready to hand for any emergency. From my position in the companion I passed up the ax, and the steward jumped up on deck with the tomahawk, and got half drowned in trying to pass it to the second mate.

"And now you could hear Captain Mansell, almost hoarse from excitement and shouting, calling out: 'Cut away! cut away! cut away for your lives!' Then again: 'Steward! Mr. Brown! anybody! get the new tomahawks out of the store, tomahawks! tomahawks! Get the tomahawks!' The steward was on deck, but the cook and I tried to find the parcel in the store. It was no easy thing holding on with one hand and trying to get a light with damp matches with the other, while keeping the storeroom door open with one foot, so as to be able to strike out for the deck if she filled, as we were expecting her to go from under us at any minute, for she was then on her broadside.

"Just at the last moment the lanyards were cut through, and the mainmast, unsupported by the stays and shrouds, went crashing over the side, and soon afterward the foremast also succumbed and followed. Thus relieved, the ship righted somewhat, but there was now a new danger, that of the wreckage alongside, as some of the masts and spars might knock a hole in the ship's bottom; and there was a fresh outcry for tomahawks. Fortunately we had got the parcel then, and the cook and I tore it open and passed them

up, when everything which kept the spars and yards alongside was cut away, and then they were all sent adrift. This was about 11 P. M. As soon as this weight was away, the ship righted a good deal, but so much of the cargo and ballast had shifted that she lay very much on her side.

"Captain Mansell and I went 'tween decks, and I asked the teachers to go to work and throw the yams, ballast, etc., which were piled up right to the main deck beams on the lee side, over to windward. They were still very frightened, but several of them went to work. Williami, a Tongan teacher, was very useful indeed, and did good service both on deck when the masts were being cut away, and also in the 'tween decks when moving the ballast. The steward also was one of the hardest workers here, and by his courage and example encouraged the teachers and kept them at their work.

"While the crew was still busy with the wreckage, the cook and I got one of the lower hold hatches off, and he went down with a light. Very gladly did I convey to Captain Mansell the report that the vessel was not making any water. After the wreckage was sent adrift, and the 'tween-decks cargo was shifted to windward, there was nothing else to do but to wait for daylight, leaving the poor old storm-stricken brig to be buffeted about by wind and wave, as she was quite unmanageable.

"Captain, officers, and crew had worked fearlessly and well, and deserve all praise. But for the promptness with which the masts were cut away and the wreckage sent adrift amid circumstances of no little danger, this would never have been written; and no one would ever have known the fate of our mission ship.

"Mr. Lancaster, the chief officer, had a very narrow escape. When the vessel was thrown on her beam ends, he was thrown from the windward side by the lurch, and was carried right over the lee rail by the rush of the water. When he came to the surface he was some little distance

away from the ship, and at once commenced to swim to her, as he was sheltered by the hull from the force of the wind. The next sea, however, lifted him up and threw him right on board again, where he lay hold of some ropes and climbed up again to windward. While waiting for daylight we all, officers and crew and passengers, collected in the cabin, and though the storm was still raging, we felt comparatively safe.

“At last the mercury began to rise again, telling us that the strength of the gale was past. This was at 12:40 A. M., the wind being then S. S. W. I sat listening to the talk around me. All were loud in the praises of our vessel. ‘Isn’t she a beauty?’ ‘Didn’t she behave well?’ ‘I’ll never say a word against her so long as I live.’ ‘Talk about her being cranky, why, there’s very few ships in this world would ever have come up again after such a knockdown as she got tonight.’ These are samples of one class of remarks.

“Then there was a little cessation and a little talk about personal risks and what each one did, but *the* topic was soon started again by some one’s saying: ‘But, I say, wasn’t it a near go?’ to which there was a general chorus of reply: ‘It was so; it was indeed; couldn’t have been nearer.’ Then again, ‘If the masts hadn’t gone when they did, she would have turned turtle [capsized] in another minute.’ This last remark was most emphatically assented to, for it was, and is yet, the full conviction of every one on board the ship. Just before the mainmast went, not one on board felt the faintest hope of ever seeing the sunlight again.

“Other thoughts also and other feelings occupied us during the remainder of that eventful night, and heartily and earnestly did we each thank God for His goodness in sparing our lives. Some few perhaps slept a little in their wet clothes, but most of us were too much agitated to sleep. Never did I pass such a wearisome night. Over and over

again Williama, the Tongan teacher, would go up the companion and look out, anxious to report the first peep of daylight, and glad enough was I at last to hear him say, 'The light is climbing up.'

"At daylight I went on deck, and oh! what a sad sight it was to see our beautiful vessel in such a state! Stripped of masts, spars, and rigging, she looked so very small that it was difficult to realize the fact that it was our own ship. There was a jagged and split stump of the mainmast standing, about ten or twelve feet high; another jagged stump was to be seen just above the level of the cook's galley; and those were all that remained of masts and spars; all lee sides had gone.

"The new whaleboat had been swept away, and the davits also had been torn from the side. The longboat was washed away from her position on the main hatches, but, fortunately, was but little injured. The deck was strewn with broken boards, pieces of the bulwarks, hencoops, etc. Away forward the jib boom was carried away, but was still floating alongside, attached to the ship by the guys and stays. A torn and tattered sail was dipping in the water from the end of the bowsprit, while ropes and chains were hanging down over the bows, dipping into every sea, the whole a very picture of wreck and ruin. The most serious matter here, however, was the windlass, which was totally wrecked, one of the large bitts having been torn away, I suppose, by the mainstay when the mainmast went.

"The sky was all a dull leaden color, and a very heavy sea was running, while the wind still blew in heavy, fitful gusts, which, however, soon decreased in violence. All the live stock was swept away, the only animal left being one of a lot of turkeys which Mrs. Fison had kindly sent to Mrs. Danks and Mrs. Brown, as we were anxious to introduce them into the group. This sole survivor was, however, nearly dead, and so Captain Mansell consigned it to the cook's care for our day's dinner.

“Two small staysails were rigged just to steady the ship a little, as the sea was running very high, and then the boat was secured on the main hatches. Captain Mansell then ordered a spare topmast which we fortunately had on board to be got ready, and this occupied all the remainder of the day. In the evening we had our usual prayer meeting in the cabin with all the crew, and O, how appropriate the ‘Traveler’s Hymn’ was felt to be. Every one joined heartily in singing :

“When by the dreadful tempest borne
High on the dreadful wave,
They know Thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

“The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to Thy will;
The sea that roars at Thy command,
At Thy command is still.’”

They were yet in no little danger; the hull was tossing about in every direction at the mercy of wind and wave. They could get no observation, and so knew nothing of their position, yet they sang,

“In the midst of dangers, fears, and death,
Thy goodness we’ll adore;
We’ll praise Thee for Thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.’”

Next day large numbers of sharks were to be seen gliding through the water on both sides of the ship. Two of these were caught, and on hoisting one of them onto the deck, it was found that it had eaten one of the turkeys that had been washed overboard during the storm.

"All on board were hard at work early in the morning trying to raise the topmast as a jury mast. At the first attempt one of the lines parted and the spar fell to the deck, fortunately without injuring any one. Indeed, this was a task of the utmost difficulty, for the ship was still very unsteady. The next attempt was successful, and at 9:30 the heavy spar was in place, and was securely lashed to the stump of the foremast.

"At noon their exact position was ascertained, and the course was set for San Cristoval, an island of the Solomon group, ninety miles away. The captain, however, afterward decided to make the effort to reach Australia, and turning the badly disabled vessel to a westward course, began a grim struggle to reach the Australian coast, more than seventeen hundred miles from the scene of her disablement.

After forty-four days of anxious sailing, the shores of Australia came into view, but the sight brought little joy to the missionary on the deck of the little vessel, for his heart was burdened with anxiety on account of his devoted wife and dear children whom he had left months before in far-away New Britain, and who must ere then have despaired of his returning. Through all the weeks of that dreary voyage his anxiety was almost maddening, but had he known the facts of the fearful suffering that his wife was being called to endure, it would have been harder still for him to bear. This, however, is another story and must be told in the next chapter. Glad indeed were the officers and crew of the "John Wesley" to reach the shelter of Sydney Harbor, and great was the rejoicing of their friends in Sydney on receiving them back to safety from the perils of their eventful voyage.

Through such experiences the missionaries to these islands have frequently passed, but the reader of South Seas mission history is impressed by the fact that though for more than a hundred years, daring men and women in mission

service have braved both wind and wave, but very few have gone down in storm or shipwreck. As with the "John Wesley" on this occasion, from wind and wave and coral reef the hand of God has saved His servants in their many journeyings, and thus they have better known that He fulfills His promise, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end."

Through Deep Waters

ON the arrival of the disabled "John Wesley" at the wharf at Sydney, Mr. Brown was met by friends from whom he could learn as to the condition of his family in distant New Britain. Later, and after he had received many congratulations as to his safe arrival, he was approached by a missionary friend who asked, "Have you received any news since your arrival?" On being told by Mr. Brown that he had not, he then said: "I am sorry to tell you that your little boy in New Britain is dead."

"Which boy?" asked Mr. Brown, for he had left two boys there when he himself was brought away ill.

Unfortunately, his friend did not know the name of the boy that had died, and he had perforce to wait for some time longer till one came who told him that never again would he see his little Wallis on earth. Strong, happy, and sturdy as the little fellow was when last his father had seen him, it but made the blow harder for him to bear.

But great as was his grief for the loss of his child, anxiety for his wife, who he knew must already have suffered intensely at the loss of their child, became so intense that he began to seek opportunity to take passage by any vessel that would get him back to New Britain. The pain of these sorrowful tidings was greatly increased by the knowledge that at the time the message was sent from New Britain, another of the children lay ill.

The facts of the child's illness and death were made known in Sydney by a letter which was written by Mr. Danks, a fellow missionary to New Britain with Mr. and Mrs. Brown.

"We have passed through no small trouble since my last by the 'Dance,'" wrote Mr. Danks. "Death has cast a shadow over our home, and our hearts are sore. Mr. Brown's youngest son, Wallis, has been taken away from this life, and there is a void in our hearts and home. He was such a bright, hearty little fellow, so pretty, both in appearance and manner, that all who saw him could not but love him. Mrs. Brown is broken-hearted. I need not enlarge upon her sorrow in order to secure for her the sympathy of God's people, for I am sure the prayers of all our churches will go up as that of one man, that the 'God of all comfort' would comfort her in her tribulation when they hear of this sad event. You will understand the darkness which has surrounded us better if I give you an account of the events as they occurred.

"On Tuesday, September 30, Geoffrey, Mr. Brown's eldest son here, was taken ill. Fever ran very high, and the poor boy suffered much. We managed that case very well, and in a few days he began to recover. On Wednesday, October 1, Wallis became very restless; we could not make out what was wrong with him, but supposed that teething was the cause, and treated him accordingly. On Thursday afternoon, as Mrs. Danks was nursing him, he gave a sudden start, and was at once seized with convulsions. We did all we could for the poor child, and at last had the satisfaction of seeing him recover from the attack. After a few days he seemed to be making rapid progress toward complete recovery.

"On Friday night Mrs. Danks was suddenly seized with a fainting fit as she was nursing Wallis, and I was only just in time to save her from a severe fall. Fever set in, and for three days and nights she was continually vomiting, and during all that time she was in dreadful pain. She is only now beginning to recover strength.

"On Wednesday, October 8, I was taken ill with fever, and passed through twenty-four hours of misery. I recov-

ered a little next day and thought all was over, but at night it returned with great strength, and for four days I could get no rest—sick all the time during the day, and on the verge of delirium at night. There were four of us, and only Mrs. Brown and the Samoan servants to attend to us, for we were helpless. What a mercy that Mrs. Brown was not taken ill!

“In the midst of all this care, suddenly, on Sunday morning, October 12, Wallis died. I will not attempt to describe our house that morning; enough to say that we felt that no greater calamity could befall us, and everything seemed dark. We buried him on Monday morning—a sad task for me, and a heart-rending one for the lonely mother.”

“On February 13, Mr. Brown left Sydney in a three-masted schooner bound for the Solomon Islands, whence he hoped to get passage to New Britain. His berth was a deep shelf in the quarter of the ship, and in it he found that scores of rats and hundreds of large cockroaches had made their abode, but uncomfortable and unpleasant as it was, he was thankful to be on the way to comfort his stricken wife.

“After a fair run the schooner reached the Solomons, and immediately Mr. Brown began a search for means to reach New Britain. He heard of a very small craft named the ‘Lotus,’ which was about to sail, and at once proceeded to make arrangements for passage by her to his destination. But when Captain Ferguson learned his intention to travel by the ‘Lotus,’ he approached Mr. Brown with deep concern, and said:

“‘Look here, Mr. Brown, I don’t at all like the idea of your going on the “Lotus.” Wait a few days till I get the “Avoca” discharged, and I will run you all up to New Britain in the steamer “Ripple.” That poor wife of yours must be nearly mad with anxiety and trouble, and I cannot bear the thought of her continued sufferings. Wait a few days

longer, and we will all go together as soon as ever I can get away.'"

With trembling, broken voice, but full heart the anxious missionary thanked this big-hearted sea captain for his sympathy and great kindness. Always precious to the heart of this sorrowing man was the memory of this captain's words and act. And when in after years he lived in Susa Songa in the Solomon Islands, one of the sacred spots to him on that island, was the place on which stands a small monument to the memory of good Captain Ferguson, who was foully murdered on the island of Bougainville by the natives of Numanuma. Captain Ferguson was as good as his word, and after hurrying to get ready for departure at the earliest possible moment, conveyed Mr. Brown and his party to New Britain without a cent of expense to the missionary society.

At last, on March 16, the steamer left the harbor and sailed away for New Britain. Four days later, just as the day was breaking, Captain Ferguson wakened Mr. Brown with the welcome word, "Here at last is your New Ireland coast that you've been so long hoping to see." Next day they arrived at Duke of York Island, and stood close in shore. At this place one of the teachers was stationed, and it was expected that he could give news of the families at Port Hunter.

Soon a canoe was seen approaching, and in it the teacher was descried. When they came alongside, however, Mr. Brown's anxiety quite overcame him, and he could scarcely muster up courage to speak to the teacher. When at last he attempted to do so, his mouth was so dry and parched that he could utter no word. At last, he recovered himself sufficiently to ask if all were well at the mission station, and was relieved to have the reply, "Yes, sir, all is well."

The poor teacher seemed to be ill himself, but assured Mr. Brown that he was well. Then in reply to the ques-

tion that was uppermost in the heart of the missionary, "Is Mrs. Brown well?" the teacher answered, "She's well." "Is Mabel well?" "She's well." "Is Geoffrey well?" was Mr. Brown's next question, and to this the teacher replied, "He's well, sir." "Only Wallis dead?" was then asked by Mr. Brown, and the fear of his heart was relieved as the teacher answered, "Only he, sir." Mr. Brown then went to Captain Ferguson, crying as he neared him, "It's all right, Captain, there's no worse news; they're all right; only little Wallis gone, as we heard in Sydney."

What gladness now came into the poor man's heart, and with what hopeful eagerness did he now begin to look for the Heads of Port Hunter. On looking round, however, he saw that the teacher who still stood by him was pale and ill, and taking him into the cabin, he gave him a stimulant with some quinine. In a little while the teacher, with evident distress of mind, said:

"I fear, sir, I have not told you aright about the children. You must forgive me, but I had not the heart to tell you. I told you wrong, sir; I couldn't bear to be the first to tell you, but I must do so now."

"What is it, Mijieli?" said Mr. Brown. "Tell me all, tell me quickly."

"Well, sir, there's only Geoffrey alive."

"What! Is my wife dead?"

"No, sir, she lives, but Mabel has gone, and Geoffrey alone is left."

"Then," said Mr. Brown, "I knew that I would never again see our dear little girl in this life, and that my poor wife had borne another bitter sorrow alone. She died, I found, on the 12th instant, so that had we arrived here ten days earlier, I should have been in time to see the dear girl, and to share the sorrow with my wife, even if not able to help or save the child."

But there was still another great disappointment for him. Within sight of the house, and yet with no one in sight to

welcome them, he turned again to Mijieli and said, "But why don't they come out? Where are they all, for they can surely see us now?"

Then Mijieli said, "I fear they have not yet returned from the large island. Mr. and Mrs. Danks and Mrs. Brown all went away soon after Mabel was buried, and the house is empty now. Mrs. Brown could not stay there, sir, when Mabel was taken away."

So after storm and struggle and wide wanderings, and after the weary waiting and long and anxious journeyings toward home before him, there was no voice of welcome to fall on his ears, no companionship to assuage his sorrow. In a little while the ship anchored in the old familiar waters, but Mr. Brown felt little inclination to go ashore. Accompanied by Captain Ferguson, he at last left the vessel, and as they walked up the hill to the house, his grief and disappointment completely overwhelmed him.

"I think," said he, "I really felt utterly broken down, and for the first time began to think that our troubles and sufferings were never going to end. Close by the wayside, on entering the mission house grounds, were the two little graves of the dear children I had left so well and strong. The mortar was yet wet on the stonework which was about that in which our dear little girl was laid. She was born only a few weeks before I left home in 1875, to commence our mission here, and now, as we were nearing the close of this part of our work, she had passed away.

"I stood for some time by the graves before entering the house, sorrowing most for my dear wife, who had suffered such bitter trials alone. I did not then know how severe those trials had been, nor how many and how severe others had been. The history of those dark days when Mr. and Mrs. Danks and my dear wife suffered so much, and endured all so patiently, is all too little known to the world; but it will not be forgotten.

"I walked into the empty house, and I shall never forget how utterly desolate and miserable I felt as I stood in our bedroom, and saw everywhere traces of the painful experiences through which my dear wife had passed. The room was all untidy, just as it had been when the body of our dear child had been carried from it. Her hat, and, as I vividly remember, a little pink dress which she wore, were thrown on the floor in one corner of the room; the dolls and toys with which they had tried to amuse her were still lying near the bed on which she died. The medical books over which they pored in vain were still about; and on the drawers and table were the medicine bottles and some powders which Mrs. Brown had prepared for the dear child an hour or two before she died.

"I stood speechless with my great sorrow, until Captain Ferguson came, and throwing his arms round my neck, said in his old familiar way, but with deep emotion: 'Come out of this, old man. This is no place for you. Come away, and I will get up steam again, and we will go and look for Mrs. Brown.' I was glad to get away, and after looking again at the house and at the two little graves, we went on board the 'Ripple,' and at 10:30 P. M. we started for Kabakada, where I supposed they had all gone.

"On Monday morning we were off Kabakada, and were anxiously looking out for them. For some time we were in doubt, but at last saw some people on the veranda, and soon after we made out the boat on the beach; so I knew that they were there. The boat was soon launched and was quickly alongside the vessel, and at last I saw my dear wife, pale with excitement, and with plain traces in her face of the effects of her many trials. I cannot describe our meeting when I led her into the 'Ripple's' cabin. For a long time speech was impossible, and we could only weep together. We sustained ourselves with the precious words of comfort from Him who is the Father of mercies and God of all comfort, and He upheld us in our affliction."

The unselfish heroism of Mrs. Brown in all her trials was little by little revealed to her husband as Mr. Danks told the story of suffering through which they had all passed; and, without question, had it not been for her constant care of them all, and for the mercy of God by which her health had been spared from attack, the dark days through which they had passed would have been darker.

The circumstances under which the little boy died have been briefly related by Mr. Danks. "We were all feeling very anxious one day about Geoffrey and Wallis," he said, "but could do little to help. Mrs. Danks was very ill in one room, Geoffrey was tossing about in another room either on the sofa or on the floor. I was lying weak and ill on the veranda, and Mrs. Brown was nursing Wallis a few yards away, when she suddenly called out to me: 'O Mr. Danks, he is dead!' And so her great sorrow came upon her." Few words, to be sure, but who could tell the story more effectively?

Sad indeed were the circumstances connected with the death of little Mabel. "Often when she was recovering from an attack of the fever, she would look out to sea, and then turn to her mother and cry: 'O mamma, why doesn't father come back to us?'" Great must have been the burden of sorrow and anxiety that then pressed the stricken mother's heart, and yet she had none but kind and thoughtful words for others; nor could some of the others have lived through those days without her unstinted help and her patient and enduring service on their behalf.

"When I speak of those days," said Mr. Danks, "I must ever speak of them as the dark days of my mission life, for I cannot conceive it possible to have more trouble and more darkness than we then had. It seemed to us as if the very heavens were closed against our cries of agony, and that we were left alone in our misery. Whoever undertakes to write the history of our mission here will fail to fulfill his task if he does not give to the world the story of poor Mrs.

Brown's trouble, and her Christian patience and faith while passing through such deep waters.

"And I wish the world to know how that, when nursing her dear little boy Wallis, expecting him to die every moment, she had still a kindly word of encouragement for me, as I lay on the sofa too weak to move myself, and expecting every moment to hear of my wife's death. I well remember that morning, for one of our teachers had just returned, bringing with him two other teachers, who were also at death's door. He sat on the floor close to my side, and the tears came into his eyes as he looked at me lying there so helpless; and when he told me of the state of the two teachers he had brought across, I could stand it no longer, but burst into an agony of tears and felt utterly desolate.

"I am not given to crying, but I don't think any one will charge me with unmanliness for so doing, if it be remembered how that one of Mrs. Brown's children was at the point of death, another seriously ill, Mrs. Danks in a semi-conscious state, and myself unable to get about. In the midst of all this, Mrs. Brown moved about the house, supplying all our bodily wants, and giving words of comfort even when her own load was too heavy to carry.

"No one can possibly know the desolation of our house after the departure of Wallis. My heart ached for poor Mrs. Brown, as she went about the house with tearful eyes and stooping gait, as though the inward burden was exercising not only a mental but a physical influence upon her. When she went upstairs and locked the storeroom door, we knew what it was for—that she might weep in silence over the dear departed one. As she walked outside in the cool of the evening, we knew why she did so—that she might weep at the little one's grave. As our heads bowed in prayer, the tear unbidden would flow; and thus for months.

"We were at last beginning to get over that, when this last affliction came, which has again made a gap in Mr. Brown's family. On February 2, Mabel was taken ill with

a low, continued fever. For fourteen days she lived on, undergoing great pain, and gradually getting weaker and weaker. She ate nothing worth speaking of all the time, and was reduced to a mere skeleton. On the fifteenth day the complaint merged into a throat and lung disease which terminated in death on the 11th instant. We buried her next day, by the side of Wallis, who that very day, five months previously, had departed this life."

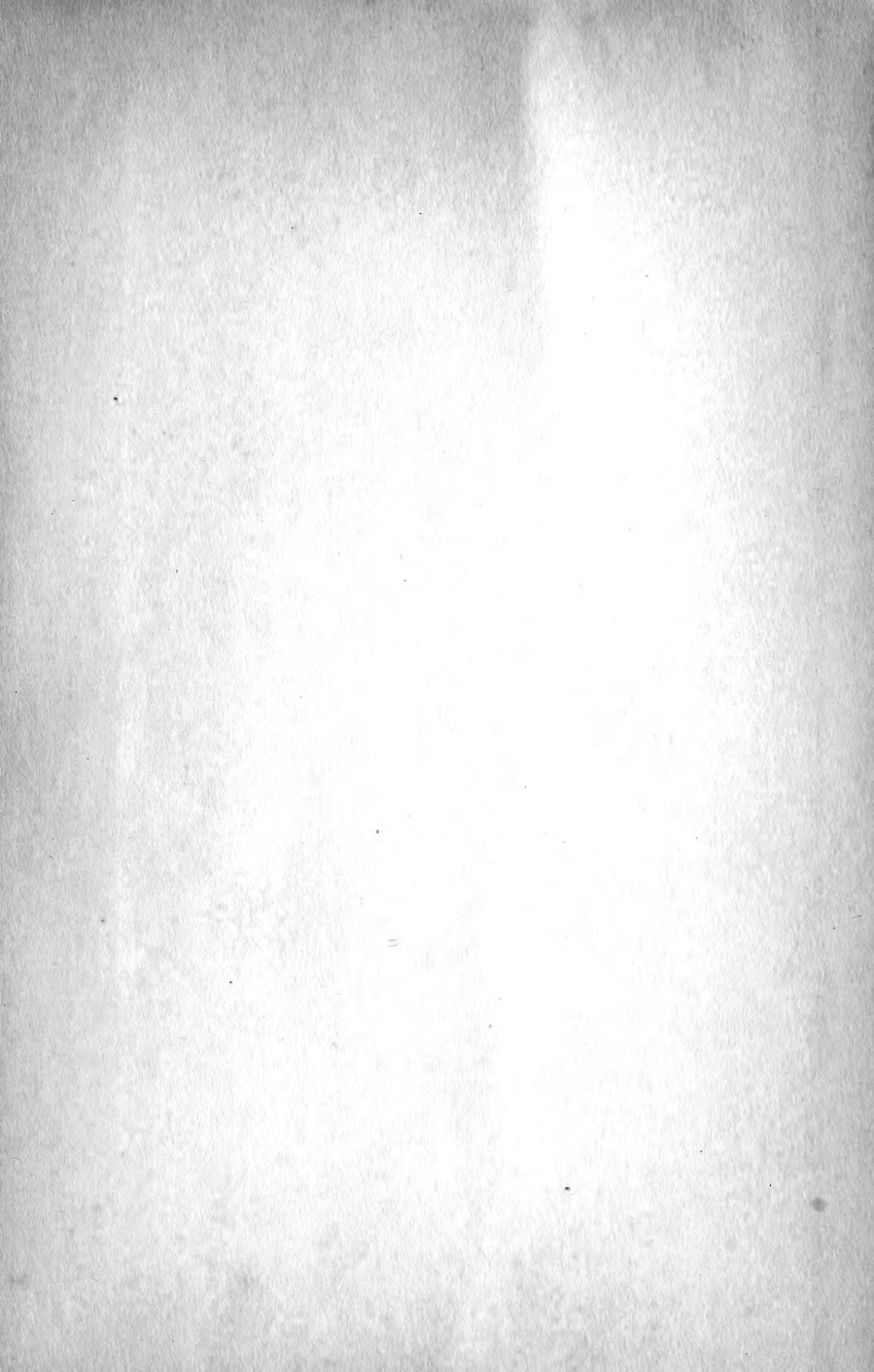
After the "Ripple" left them, Mr. and Mrs. Brown returned to Port Hunter, but their coming back to the old home was painful to them both, especially to Mrs. Brown. Everywhere in the house and on the mission property were they reminded of their lost children, and of the painful experiences through which Mrs. Brown had there passed. Yet through this valley of sorrow they were being led to pure and trusting faith, and who can tell if the sympathy and comfort which made fragrant the service of their future years did not begin to blossom in their own hearts amid the darkness and suffering of those terrible months?

Certain it is, however, that where they labored from that time on, blessing came to thousands who were influenced for Christ by the sympathetic earnestness with which they entered into all their labors. By this way of suffering it has pleased the Lord to lead many of His workers who have wrought in His name in the South Seas; and by the influence of men and women who have thus suffered has the path been prepared by which our civilization has advanced to these erstwhile cannibals.

Better, indeed, would it now be if all who benefit from contact with these peoples today would remember that every basis for present-day trade and commercial intercourse with them is pillared on the heroism of God's missionaries, who without any purpose or prospect of personal gain, endured only "as seeing Him who is invisible," and counted nothing that they could sacrifice too dear to bring these debased peoples to Christ. We unreservedly honor the memories of all

those who have so wrought, and earnestly pray that the day may never come when their example shall cease to influence the youth of the Christian church, and inspire Christian young men and women to rise up in all that is noblest and highest of human purpose and finish the work that these heroes and heroines of missionary faith have so grandly begun.







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