

Synod one cannot easily imagine; but in his old age, and when very frail, he formed an impassioned desire to attend our next meeting on Aneityum, and see and hear all the Missionaries of Jesus gathered together from the New Hebrides. Terrified that he would die away from home, and that that might bring great reverses to the good work on Aniwa, where he was truly beloved, I opposed his going with all my might. But he and his relations and his people were all set upon it, and I had at length to give way. His few booklets were then garnered together, his meagre wardrobe was made up, and a small Native basket carried all his belongings. He assembled his people and took an affectionate farewell, pleading with them to be "strong for Jesus," whether they ever saw him again or not, and to be loyal and kind to Missi. The people waited aloud, and many wept bitterly. Those on board the *Dagyring* were amazed to see how his people loved him. The old Chief stood the voyage well. He went in and out to our meeting of Synod, and was vastly pleased with the respect paid to him on Aneityum. When he heard of the prosperity of the Lord's work, and how Island after Island was learning to sing the praises of Jesus, his heart glowed, and he said, "Missi, I am lifting up my head like a tree. I am growing tall with joy!"

On the fourth or fifth day, however, he sent for me out of the Synod, and when I came to him, he said, eagerly, "Missi, I am near to die! I have asked you to come and say farewell. Tell my daughter, my brother, and my people to go on pleasing Jesus, and I will meet them again in the far World."

I tried to encourage him, saying that God might raise him up again and restore him to his people; but he faintly whispered, "O Missi, death is already touching me! I feel my feet going away from under me. Help me to lie down under the shade of that banyan tree."

So saying, he seized my arm, we staggered near to the tree, and he lay down under its cool shade. He whispered again, "I am going! O Missi, let me hear your words rising up in prayer, and then my Soul will be strong to go."

Amidst many choking sobs, I tried to pray. At last he took my hand, pressed it to his heart, and said in a stronger and clearer tone, "O my Missi, my dear Missi, I go before

you, but I will meet you again in the Home of Jesus. Farewell!"

That was the last effort of dissolving strength; he immediately became unconscious, and fell asleep. My heart felt like to break over him. He was my first Aniwan Convert—the first who ever on that Island of love and tears opened his heart to Jesus; and as he lay there on the leaves and grass, my soul soared upward after his, and all the harps of God seemed to thrill with song as Jesus presented to the Father this trophy of redeeming love. He had been our true and devoted friend and fellow-helper in the Gospel; and next morning all the members of our Synod followed his remains to the grave. There we stood, the white Missionaries of the Cross from far distant lands, mingling our tears with Christian Natives of Aneityum, and letting them fall over one who only a few years before was a blood-stained Cannibal, and whom now we mourned as a brother, a saint, an Apostle amongst his people. Ye ask an explanation? The Christ entered into his heart, and Namakei became a new Creature. "Behold, I make all things new."

CHAPTER LXXIX

CHRISTIANITY AND COCOA-NUTS

Naswai, the friend and companion of Namakei, was an inland Chief. He had, as his followers, by far the largest number of men in any village on Aniwa. He had certainly a dignified bearing, and his wife Katua was quite a lady in look and manner as compared with all around her. She was the first woman on the Island that adopted the clothes of civilization, and she showed considerable instinctive taste in the way she dressed herself in these. Her example was a kind of Gospel in its good influence on all the women; she was a real companion to her husband, and went with him almost everywhere.

Naswai was younger and more intelligent than Namakei, and in everything, except in translating the Scriptures, he was much more of a fellow-helper in the work of the Lord. For many

years it was Naswai's special delight to carry my pulpit Bible from the Mission House to the Church every Sabbath morning, and to see that everything was in perfect order before the Service began. He was also the Teacher in his own village School, as well as an Elder in the Church. His addresses were wonderfully happy in graphic illustrations, and his prayers were fervent and uplifting. Yet his people were the worst to manage on all the Island, and the very last to embrace the Gospel.

He died when we were in the Colonies on furlough in 1875; and his wife Kanta very shortly pre-deceased him. His last counsels to his people made a great impression on them. They told us how he pleaded with them to love and serve the Lord Jesus, and how he assured them with his dying breath that he had been "a new creature" since he gave his heart to Christ, and that he was perfectly happy in going to be with his Saviour.

I must here recall one memorable example of Naswai's power and skill as a preacher. On one occasion the *Dayspring* brought a large deputation from Fotuna to see for themselves the change which the Gospel had produced on Aniwa. On Sabbath, after the Missionaries had conducted the usual Public Worship, some of the leading Aniwa's addressed the Fotunese; and amongst others, Naswai spoke to the following effect: "Men of Fotuna, you come to see what the Gospel has done for Aniwa. It is Jehovah the living God that has made all this change. As Heathens, we quarrelled, killed, and ate each other. We had no peace and no joy in heart or house, in villages or in lands; but we now live as brethren and have happiness in all these things. When you go back to Fotuna, they will ask you, 'What is Christianity?' And you will have to reply, 'It is that which has changed the people of Aniwa.' But they will still say, 'What is it?' And you will answer, 'It is that which has given them clothing and blankets, knives and axes, fish-hooks and many other useful things; it is that which has led them to give up fighting and to live together as friends.' But they will ask you, 'What is it like?' And you will have to tell them, alas, that you cannot explain it, that you have only seen its workings, not itself, and that no one can tell what Christianity is but the man that loves Jesus, the Invisible Master, and walks

with Him and tries to please Him. Now, you people of Fotuna, you think that if you don't dance and sing and pray to your gods, you will have no crops. We once did so too, sacrificing and doing much abomination to our gods for weeks before our planting season every year. But we saw our Missal only praying to the Invisible Jehovah, and planting his yams, and they grew fairer than ours. You are weak every year before your hard work begins in the fields, with your wild and bad conduct to please your gods. But we are strong for our work, for we pray to Jehovah, and He gives quiet rest instead of wild dancing, and makes us happy in our toils. Since we followed Missal's example, Jehovah has given us large and beautiful crops, and we now know that He gives us all our blessings."

Turning to me, he exclaimed, "Missal, have you the large yam we presented to you? Would you not think it well to send it back with these men of Fotuna, to let their people see the yams which Jehovah grows for us in answer to prayer? Jehovah is the only God who can grow yams like that!"

Then, after a pause, he proceeded, "When you go back to Fotuna, and they ask you, 'What is Christianity?' you will be like an inland Chief of Etromanga, who once came down and saw a great feast on the shore. When he saw so much food and so many different kinds of it, he asked, 'What is this made of?' and was answered, 'Cocoa-nuts and yams.' 'And this?' 'Cocoa-nuts and bananas.' 'And this?' 'Cocoa-nuts and taro.' 'And this?' 'Cocoa-nuts and chestnuts,' etc. The Chief was immensely astonished at the host of dishes that could be prepared from the cocoa-nuts. On returning, he carried home a great load of them to his people, that they might see and taste the excellent food of the shore-people. One day, all being assembled, he told them the wonders of that feast; and, having roasted the cocoa-nuts, he took out the kernels, all charred and spoiled, and distributed them amongst his people. They tasted the cocoa-nut, they began to chew it, and then spat it out, crying, 'Our own food is better than that!' The Chief was confused, and only got laughed at for all his trouble. Was the fault in the cocoa-nuts? No; but they were spoiled in the cooking! So your attempts to explain Christianity will only spoil it. Tell them that a man

must live as a Christian, before he can show others what Christianity is."

On their return to Fotuna they exhibited Jehovah's yam, given in answer to prayer and labour; they told what Christianity had done for Aniva; but did not fail to qualify all their accounts with the story of the Erromangan Chief and the coco-nuts.

CHAPTER LXXX

NERWA'S BEAUTIFUL PARRELL

THE Chief of next importance on Aniva was Nerwa, a keen debater, all whose thoughts ran in the channels of logic. When I could speak a little of their language I visited and preached at his village; but the moment he discovered that the teaching about Jehovah was opposed to their Heathen customs, he sternly forbade us. One day, during my address, he blazoned out into a full-fledged and pronounced Agnostic (with as much reason at his back as the European type!), and angrily interrupted me:

"It's all lies you come here to teach us, and you call it Worship! You say your Jehovah God dwells in Heaven. Who ever went up there to hear Him or see Him? You talk of Jehovah as if you had visited His Heaven. Why, you cannot climb even to the top of one of our coco-nut trees, though we can and that with ease! In going up to the roof of your own Mission House you require the help of a ladder to carry you. And even if you could make your ladder higher than our highest coco-nut tree, on what would you lean its top? And when you get to its top, you can only climb down the other side and end where you began! The thing is impossible. You never saw that God; you never heard Him speak; don't come here with any of your white lies, or I'll send my spear through you."

He drove us from his village, and furiously threatened murder, if we ever dared to return. But very shortly thereafter the Lord sent us a little orphan girl from Nerwa's village. She was very clever, and could soon both read and write, and

told over all that we taught her. Her visits home, or at least amongst the villagers where her home had been, her changed appearance and her childish talk, produced a very deep interest in us and in our work.

An orphan boy next was sent from that village to be kept and trained at the Mission House, and he too took back his little stories of how kind and good to him were Missi the man and Missi the woman. By this time Chief and people alike were taking a lively interest in all that was transpiring. One day the Chief's wife, a quiet and gentle woman, came to the Worship and said, "Nerwa's opposition dies fast. The story of the Orphans did it! He has allowed me to attend the Church, and to get the Christian's book."

We gave her a book and a bit of clothing. She went home and told everything. Woman after woman followed her from that same village, and some of the men began to accompany them. The only thing in which they showed a real interest was the children singing the little hymns which I had translated into their own Anivan tongue, and which my wife had taught them to sing very sweetly and joyfully. Nerwa at last got so interested that he came himself, and sat within earshot, and drank in the joyful sound. In a short time he drew so near that he could hear our preaching, and then began openly and regularly to attend the Church. His keen reasoning faculty was constantly at work. He weighed and compared everything he heard, and soon out-distanced nearly all of them in his grasp of the ideas of the Gospel. He put on clothing, joined our School, and professed himself a follower of the Lord Jesus. He eagerly set himself, with all his power, to bring in a neighbouring Chief and his people, and constituted himself at once an energetic and very pronounced helper to the Missionary.

On the death of Naswai, Nerwa at once took his place in carrying my Bible to the Church, and seeing that all the people were seated before the stopping of the bell. I have seen him clasp the Bible like a living thing to his breast, as if he would cry, "Oh, to have this treasure in my own words of Aniva!"

When the Gospels of Matthew and Mark were at last printed in Anivan, he studied them incessantly, and soon could read them freely. He became the Teacher in his own village School, and delighted in instructing others. He was assisted

by Ruwara, whom he himself had drawn into the circle of Gospel influence; and at our next election these two friends were appointed Elders of the Church, and greatly sustained our hands in every good work on Aniwa.

After years of happy and useful service, the time came for Nerwa to die. He was then so greatly beloved that most of the inhabitants visited him during his long illness. He read a bit of the Gospels in his own Aniwan, and prayed with and for every visitor. He sang beautifully, and scarcely allowed any one to leave his bedside without having a verse of one or other of his favourite hymns, "Happy Land," and "Nearer, my God, to Thee."

On my last visit to Nerwa, his strength had gone very low, but he drew me near his face, and whispered, "Missi, my Missi, I am glad to see you. You see that group of young men? They came to sympathise with me; but they have never once spoken the name of Jesus, though they have spoken about everything else! They could not have weakened me so, if they had spoken about Jesus! Read me the story of Jesus; pray for me to Jesus. No! stop, let us call them, and let me speak with them before I go."

I called them all around him, and he strained his dying strength, and said, "After I am gone, let there be no bad talk, no Heathen ways. Sing Jehovah's songs, and pray to Jesus, and bury me as a Christian. Take good care of my Missi, and help him all you can. I am dying happy and going to be with Jesus, and it was Missi that showed me this way. And who among you will take my place in the village School and in the Church? Who amongst you all will stand up for Jesus?"

Many were shedding tears, but there was no reply; after which the dying Chief proceeded, "Now let my last work on Earth be this—We will read a chapter of the Book, verse about, and then I will pray for you all, and the Missi will pray for me, and God will let me go while the song is still sounding in my heart!"

At the close of this most touching exercise, we gathered the Christians who were near by close around, and sang very softly in Aniwan, "There is a Happy Land." As they sang, the old man grasped my hand, and tried hard to speak, but in vain. His head fell to one side, "the silver cord was loosed, and the golden bowl was broken."

CHAPTER LXXXI

RUWAWA

His great friend, Ruwara the Chief, had waited by Nerwa like a brother till within a few days of the latter's death, when he also was smitten down apparently by the same disease. He was thought to be dying, and he resigned himself calmly into the hands of Christ. One Sabbath afternoon, sorely distressed for lack of air, he instructed his people to carry him from the village to a rising ground on one of his plantations. It was fallow; the fresh air would reach him; and all his friends could sit around him. They extemporized a rest—two posts struck into the ground, starting, sticks tied across them, then dried banana leaves spread on these and also as a cushion on the ground—and there sat Ruwara, leaning back and breathing heavily. After the Church Services, I visited him, and found half the people of that side of the Island sitting round him, in silence, in the open air. Ruwara beckoned me, and I sat down before him. Though suffering sorely, his eye and face had the look of ecstasy.

"Missi," he said, "I could not breathe in my village; so I got them to carry me here, where there is room for all. They are silent and they weep, because they think I am dying. If it were God's will I would like to live and to help you in His work. I am in the hands of our dear Lord. If He takes me, it is good; if He spares me, it is good! Pray, and tell our Saviour all about it."

I explained to the people that we would tell our Heavenly Father how anxious we all were to see Ruwara given back to us strong and well to work for Jesus, and then leave all to His wise and holy disposal. I prayed, and the place became a very Bochim. When I left him, Ruwara exclaimed, "Farewell, Missi; if I go first, I will welcome you to Glory; if I am spared, I will work with you for Jesus; so all is well!"

One of the young Christians followed me and said, "Missi, our hearts are very sore! If Ruwara dies, we have no Chief to take his place in the Church, and it will be a heavy blow against Jehovah's Worship on Aniwa." I answered, "Let us each tell our God and Father all that

we feel and all that we fear; and leave Ruwawa and our work in His holy hands."

We did so with earnest and unceasing cry. And when all hope had died out of every heart, the Lord began to answer us; the disease began to relax its hold, and the beloved Chief was restored to health. As soon as he was able, though still needing help, he found his way back to the Church, and we all offered special thanksgiving to God. He indicated a desire to say a few words; and although still very weak, spoke with great pathos thus:

"Dear Friends, God has given me back to you all. I rejoice thus to come here and praise the great Father, who made us all, and who knows how to make and keep us well. I want you all to work hard for Jesus, and to lose no opportunity of trying to do good and so to please Him. In my deep journey away near to the grave, it was the memory of what I had done in love to Jesus that made my heart sing. I am not afraid of pain,—my dear Lord Jesus suffered far more for me, and teaches me how to bear it. I am not afraid of war or famine or death, or of the present or of the future; my dear Lord Jesus died for me, and in dying I shall live with Him in glory. I fear and love my dear Lord Jesus, because He loved me and gave Himself for me."

Then he raised his right hand, and cried in a soft, full-hearted voice: "My own, my dear Lord Jesus!" and stood for a moment looking joyfully upward, as if gazing into his Saviour's face. When he sat down, there was a long hush, broken here and there by a smothered sob, and Ruwawa's words produced an impression that is remembered to this day.

In 1838, when I visited the Islands, Ruwawa was still devoting himself heart and soul to the work of the Lord on Aniwa. Assisted by Koris, a Teacher from Aneityum, and visited annually by our ever dear and faithful friends, Mr. and Mrs. Watt, from Tanna, the good Ruwawa carried forward all the work of God on Aniwa, along with others, in our absence as in our presence. The meetings, the Communicants' Class, the Schools, and the Church Services are all regularly conducted and faithfully attended. "Bless the Lord, O my soul!"

CHAPTER LXXXII

LITSI SORĀ AND MUNGAW

LITSI, the only daughter of Namakei, had, both in her own career and in her connection with poor dear Mungaw, an almost unparalleled experience. She was entrusted to us when very young, and became a bright, clever, and attractive Christian girl. Many sought her hand, but she disdainfully replied, "I am Queen of my own Island, and when I like I will ask a husband in marriage, as your great Queen Victoria did!"

Her first husband, however won, was undoubtedly the tallest and most handsome man on Aniwa; but he was a giddy fool, and, on his early death, she again returned to live with us at the Mission House. Her second marriage had everything to commend it, but it resulted in indescribable disaster. Mungaw, heir to a Chief, had been trained with us, and gave every evidence of decided Christianity. They were married in the Church and lived in the greatest happiness. He was able and eloquent, and was first chosen as a deacon, then as an Elder of the Church, and finally as High Chief of one half of the Island. He showed the finest Christian spirit under many trying circumstances. Once, when working at the lime for the building of our Church, two bad men, armed with muskets, sought his life for blowing the coach to assemble the workers. Hearing of the quarrel, I rushed to the scene, and heard him saying, "Don't call me coward, or think me afraid to die. If I died now, I would go to be with Jesus. But I am no longer a Heathen; I am a Christian, and wish to treat you as a Christian should."

Two loaded muskets were levelled at him. I seized one in each of my hands, and held their muzzles aloft in air, so that, if discharged, the balls might pass over his head and mine; and thus I stood for some minutes pleading with them.

Others soon coming to the rescue, the men were disarmed, and, after much talk, they professed themselves ashamed, and promised better conduct for the future. Next day they sent a large present as a peace-offering to me, but I refused to receive it till they should first of all make peace with the

young Chief. They sent a larger present to him, praying him to receive it, and to forgive them. Mungaw brought a still larger present in exchange, laid it down at their feet in the Public Ground, shook hands with them graciously, and forgave them in presence of all the people. His constant saying was, "I am a Christian, and I must do the conduct of a Christian."

In one of my furloughs to Australia I took the young Chief with me, in the hope of interesting the Sabbath Schools and Congregations by his eloquent addresses and noble personality. The late Dr. Cameron, of Melbourne, having heard him, as translated by me, publicly declared that Mungaw's appearance and speech in his Church did more to show him the grand results of the Gospel amongst the Heathen than all the Missionary addresses he ever listened to or read.

Our lodging was in St. Kilda. My dear wife was suddenly seized with a dangerous illness on a visit to Taradale, and I was telegraphed for. Finding that I must remain with her, I got Mungaw booked for Melbourne, on the road for St. Kilda, in charge of a railway guard. Some white wretches, in the guise of gentlemen, offered to see him to the St. Kilda Station, assuring the guard that they were friends of mine, and interested in our Mission. They took him, instead, to some den of infamy in Melbourne. On refusing to drink with them, he said they threw him down on a sofa, and poured drink or drugs into him till he was nearly dead. Having taken all his money (he had only two or three pounds, made up of little presents from various friends), they thrust him out to the street, with only one penny in his pocket.

On becoming conscious, he applied to a policeman, who either did not understand or would not interfere. Hearing an engine whistle, he followed the sound, and found his way to Spencer Street Station, where he proffered his penny for a ticket, all in vain. At last a sailor took pity on him, got him some food, and led him to the St. Kilda Station. There he stood for a whole day, offering his penny for a ticket by every train, only to meet with refusal after refusal, till he broke down, and cried aloud in such English as desperation gave him:

"If me savvy road, me go. Me no savvy road, and stop here me die. My Missi Paton live at Kilda. Me want go

Kilda. Me no more money. Bad fellow took all! Send me Kilda."

Some gentle Samaritan gave him a ticket, and he reached our house at St. Kilda at last. There for above three weeks the poor creature lay in a sort of stupid doze. Food he could scarcely be induced to taste, and he only rose now and again for a drink of water. When my wife was able to be removed thither also, we found dear Mungaw deadfully changed in appearance and in conduct. Twice thereafter I took him with me on Mission work; but, on medical advice, preparations were made for his immediate return to the Islands. I entrusted him to the kind care of Captain Logan, who undertook to see him safely on board the *Dayspring*, then lying at Auckland. Mungaw was delighted, and we hoped everything from his return to his own land and people. After some little trouble, he was landed safely home on Aniwa. But his malady developed dangerous and violent symptoms, characterised by long periods of quiet and sleep, and then sudden paroxysms, in which he destroyed property, burned houses, and was a terror to all.

On our return he was greatly delighted; but he complained bitterly that the white men "had spoiled his head," and that when it "burned hot" he did all these bad things, for which he was extremely sorry. He deliberately attempted my life, and most cruelly abused his dear and gentle wife; and then, when the frenzy was over, he wept and lamented over it. Many a time he marched round and round our House with loaded musket and spear and tomahawk, while we had to keep doors and windows locked and barricaded; then the paroxysm passed off, and he slept, long and deep, like a child. When he came to himself, he wept and said, "The white men spoiled my head! I know not what I do. My head burns hot, and I am driven."

One day, in the Church, he leapt up during Worship with a loud yelling war-cri, rushed off through the Imrai to his own house, set fire to it, and danced around till everything he possessed was burned to ashes. Nasī, a bad Tannese Chief living on Aniwa, had a quarrel with Mungaw about a caak found at the shore, and threatened to shoot him. Others encouraged him to do so, as Mungaw was growing every day more and more destructive and violent. When any person

became outrageous or insane on Aniwa, as they had neither asylum nor prison, they first of all held him fast and discharged a musket close to his ear; and then, if the shock did not bring him back to his senses, they tied him up for two days or so; and finally, if that did not restore him, they shot him dead. Thus the plan of Nasi was favoured by their own customs. One night, after Family Worship—for amidst all his madness, when clear moments came, he poured out his soul in faith and love to the Lord—he said, "Litsi, I am melting! My head burns. Let us go out and get cooled in the open air."

She warned him not to go, as she heard voices whispering under the verandah. He answered a little wildly, "I am not afraid to die. Life is a curse and burden. The white men spoiled my head. If there is a hope of dying, let me go quickly and die!"

As he crossed the door, a ball crashed through him, and he fell dead. We got the mother and her children away to the Mission House; and next morning they buried the remains of poor Mungaw under the floor of his own hut, and enclosed the whole place with a fence. It was a sorrowful close to so noble a career. I shed many a tear that I ever took him to Australia. What will God have to say to those white fiends who poisoned and maddened poor dear Mungaw?

After a while the good Queen Litsi was happily married again. She became possessed with a great desire to go as a Missionary to the people and tribe of Nasi, the very man who had murdered her husband. She used to say, "Is there no Missionary to go and teach Nasi's people? I weep and pray for them, that they too may come to know and love Jesus."

I answered, "Litsi, if I had only wept and prayed for you, but stayed at home in Scotland, would that have brought you to know and love Jesus as you do?"

"Certainly not," she replied.

"Now then," I proceeded, "would it not please Jesus, and be a grand and holy revenge, if you, the Christians of Aniwa, could carry the Gospel to the very people whose Chief murdered Mungaw?"

The idea took possession of her soul. She was never wearied talking and praying over it. When at length a Missionary was got for Nasi's people, Litsi and her new

husband offered themselves at the head of a band of six or eight Aniwan Christians, and were engaged there to open up the way and assist, as Teachers and Helpers, the Missionary and his wife. There she and they have laboured ever since. They are "strong" for the Worship. Her son is being trained up by his cousin, an Elder of the Church, to be "the good Chief of Aniwa"; so she calls him in her prayers, as she cries on God to bless and watch over him, while she is serving the Lord in at once serving the Mission family and ministering to the Natives in that foreign field.

Many years have now passed; and when lately I visited that part of Tanna, Litsi ran to me, clasped my hand, kissed it with many sobs, and cried, "O my father! God has blessed me to see you again. Is my mother, your dear wife, well? And your children, my brothers and sisters? My love to them all! Oh my heart clings to you!"

We had sweet conversation, and then she said more calmly, "My days here are hard. I might be happy and independent as Queen of my own Aniwa. But the Heathen here are beginning to listen. The Missi sees them coming nearer to Jesus. And oh, what a reward when we shall hear them sing and pray to our dear Saviour! The hope of that makes me strong for anything."

CHAPTER LXXXIII

THE CONVERSION OF NASI

Nasi, the Tanna-man, was a bad and dangerous character, though some readers may condone his putting an end to Mungaw in the terrible circumstances of our case. During a great illness that befell him, I ministered to him regularly, but no kindness seemed to move him. When about to leave Aniwa, I went specially to visit him. On parting I said, "Nasi, are you happy? Have you ever been happy?"

He answered gloomily, "No! Never."

I said, "Would you like this dear little boy of yours to grow up like yourself, and lead the life you have lived?"

"No!" he replied warmly; "I certainly would not."

"Then," I continued, "you must become a Christian, and give up all your heathen conduct, or he will just grow up to quarrel and fight and murder as you have done; and, O Nasi, he will curse you through all Eternity for leading him to such a life and to such a doom!"

He was very much impressed, but made no response. After we had sailed, a band of our young Native Christians held a consultation over the case of Nasi. They said, "We know the burden and terror that Nasi has been to our dear Missi. We know that he has murdered several persons with his own hands, and has taken part in the murder of others. Let us unite in daily prayer that the Lord would open his heart and change his conduct, and teach him to love and follow what is good, and let us set ourselves to win Nasi for Christ, just as Missi tried to win us."

So they began to show him every possible kindness, and one after another helped him in his daily tasks, embracing every opportunity of pleading with him to yield to Jesus and take the new path of life. At first he repelled them, and sullenly held aloof. But their prayers never ceased, and their patient affections continued to grow. At last, after long waiting, Nasi broke down, and cried to one of the Teachers, "I can oppose your Jesus no longer. If He can make you treat me like that, I yield myself to Him and to you. I want Him to change me too. I want a heart like that of Jesus."

He rubbed off the ugly thickly-daubed paint from his face; he cut off his long heathen hair; he went to the sea and bathed, washing himself clean; and then he came to the Christians and dressed himself in a shirt and a kilt. The next step was to get a book,—his was the translation of the Gospel according to St. John. He eagerly listened to every one that would read bits of it aloud to him, and his soul seemed to drink in the new ideas at every pore. He attended the Church and the School most regularly, and could in a very short time read the Gospel for himself. The Elders of the Church took special pains in instructing him, and after due preparation he was admitted to the Lord's Table—my brother Missionary from Tanna baptizing and receiving him. Imagine my joy on learning all this regarding one who had sullenly resisted my appeals for many years, and how my soul praised the Lord who is "Mighty to save!"

During a recent visit to Aniwa, in 1886, God's almighty compassion was further revealed to me, when I found that Nasi the murderer was now a Scripture Reader, and able to comment in a wonderful and interesting manner on what he read to the people! On arriving at the Island, after my tour in Great Britain (1884-85), all the inhabitants of Aniwa seemed to be assembled at the boat-landing to welcome me, except Nasi. He was away fishing at a distance, and had been sent for, but had not yet arrived. On the way to the Mission House, he came rushing to meet me. He grasped my hand, and kissed it, and burst into tears. I said, "Nasi, do I now at last meet you as a Christian?"

He warmly answered, "Yes, Missi: I now worship and serve the only Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Bless God, I am a Christian at last!"

My soul went out with the silent cry, "Oh that the men at home who discuss and doubt about conversion, and the new heart, and the power of Jesus to change and save, could but look on Nasi, and spell out the simple lesson,—He that created us at first by His power can create us anew by His love!"

CHAPTER LXXXIV

THE APPEAL OF LANU

My first Sabbath on Aniwa, after this tour in Great Britain and the Colonies, gave me a blessed surprise. Before day-break I lay awake thinking of all my experiences on that Island, and wondering whether the Church had fallen off in my four years' absence, when suddenly the voice of song broke on my ears! It was scarcely full dawn, yet I jumped up and called to a man that was passing, "Have I slept in? Is it already Church-time? Or why are the people met so early?"

He was one of their leaders, and gravely replied, "Missi, since you left, we have found it very hard to live near to God! So the Chief and the Teachers and a few others meet when daylight comes in every Sabbath morning, and spend the first

hour of every Lord's Day in prayer and praise. They are not to pray for you now, that God may help you in your preaching, and that all hearts may bear fruit to the glory of Jesus this day."

I returned to my room, and felt wonderfully "prepared" myself. It would be an easy and a blessed thing to lead such a Congregation into the presence of the Lord! They were there already.

On that day every person on Anira seemed to be at Church, except the bedridden and the sick. At the close of the Services, the Elders informed me that they had kept up all the Meetings during my absence, and had also conducted the Communicants' Class, and they presented to me a considerable number of Candidates for membership. After careful examination, I set apart nine boys and girls, about twelve or thirteen years of age, and advised them to wait for at least another year or so, that their knowledge and habits might be matured. They had answered every question, indeed, and were eager to be baptized and admitted; but I feared for their youth, lest they should fall away and bring disgrace on the Church. One of them, with very earnest eyes, looked at me and said, "We have been taught that whosoever believeth is to be baptized. We do most heartily believe in Jesus, and try to please Jesus."

I answered, "Hold on for another year, and then our way will be clear."

But he persisted, "Some of us may not be living then; and you may not be here. We long to be baptized by you, our own Missi, and to take our place among the servants of Jesus."

After much conversation I agreed to baptize them, and they agreed to refrain from going to the Lord's Table for a year, that all the Church might by that time have knowledge and proof of their consistent Christian life, though so young in years. This discipline, I thought, would be good for them; and the Lord might use it as a precedent for guidance in future days.

Of other ten adults at this time admitted, one was specially noteworthy. She was about twenty-five, and the Elders objected because her marriage had not been according to the Christian usage on Anira. She left us weeping deeply. I

was writing late at night in the cool evening air, as was my wont in that oppressive tropical climate, and a knock was heard at my door. I called out, "*Ahai wa?*" (= Who is there?) A voice softly answered, "Missi, it is Lamu. Oh, do speak with me!"

This was the rejected candidate, and I at once opened the door.

"Oh, Missi," she began, "I cannot sleep, I cannot eat; my soul is in pain. Am I to be shut out from Jesus? Some of those at the Lord's Table committed murder. They repented, and have been saved. My heart is very bad; yet I never did any of those crimes of Heathenism; and I know that it is my joy to try and please my Saviour Jesus. How is it that I only am to be shut out from Jesus?"

I tried all I could to guide and console her, and she listened to all very eagerly. Then she looked up at me and said, "Missi, you and the Elders may think it right to keep me back from showing my love to Jesus at the Lord's Table; but I know here in my heart that Jesus has received me; and if I were dying now, I know that Jesus would take me to Glory and present me to the Father."

Her look and manner thrilled me. I promised to see the Elders and submit her appeal. But Lamu appeared and pled her own cause before them with convincing effect. She was baptized and admitted along with other nine. And that Communion Day will be long remembered by many souls on Anira.

It has often struck me, when relating these events, to press this question on the many young people, the highly privileged white brothers and sisters of Lamu, Did you ever lose one hour of sleep or a single meal in thinking of your Soul, your God, the claims of Jesus, and your Eternal Destiny?

And when I saw the diligence and fidelity of these poor Aniran Elders, teaching and ministering during all those years, my soul has cried aloud to God, Oh, what could not the Church accomplish if the educated and gifted Elders and others in Christian lands would set themselves thus to work for Jesus, to teach the ignorant, to protect the tempted, and to rescue the fallen!

CHAPTER LXXXV

WANTED! A STEAM AUXILIARY

IN December 1883 I brought a pressing and vital matter before the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of Victoria. It pertained to the New Hebrides Mission, to the vastly increased requirements of the Missionaries and their families there, and to the fact that the *Dagyring* was no longer capable of meeting the necessities of the case,—thereby incurring loss of time, loss of property, and risk and even loss of precious lives. The Missionaries on the spot had long felt this, and had loudly and earnestly pled for a new and larger vessel, or a vessel with Steam Auxiliary power, or some arrangement whereby the work of God on these Islands might be overtaken, without unnecessary exposure of life, and without the dreaded perils that accrue to a small sailing vessel such as the *Dagyring*, alike from deadly calms and from treacherous gales.

The Victorian General Assembly, heardly at one with the Missionaries, commissioned me to go home to Britain in 1884, making me at the same time their Missionary delegate to the Pan-Presbyterian Council at Belfast, and also their representative to the General Assemblies of the several Presbyterian Churches in Great Britain and Ireland. And they empowered and authorised me to lay out proposals about a new Steam Auxiliary Mission Ship before all these Churches, and to ask and receive from God's people whatever contributions they felt disposed to give towards the sum of £6000, without which this great undertaking could not be faced.

A few days after my arrival I was called upon to appear before the Supreme Court of the English Presbyterian Church, then assembled at Liverpool. While a hymn was being sung, I took my seat in the pulpit under great depression. But light broke around, when my dear friend and fellow-student, Dr. Oswald Dykes, came up from the body of the Church, shook me warmly by the hand, whispered a few encouraging words in my ear, and returned to his seat. God helped me to tell my story, and the audience were manifestly interested.

Next, by kind invitation, I visited and addressed the United Presbyterian Synod of Scotland, assembled in Edinburgh. My reception there was not only cordial,—it was enthusiastic. Though as a Church they had no denominational interest in our Mission, the Moderator, amidst the cheers of all the Ministers and Elders, recommended that I should have free access to every Congregation and Sabbath School which I found it possible to visit, and hoped that their generous-hearted people would contribute freely to so needful and noble a cause. My soul rose in praise; and I may here say, in passing, that every Minister of that Church whom I wrote to or visited treated me in the same spirit throughout all my tour.

Having been invited by Mr. Dickson, an Elder of the Free Church, to address a mid-day meeting of children in the Free Assembly Hall, I was able, by all appearances, greatly to interest and impress them. At the close, my dear and noble friend, Principal Cairns, warmly welcomed and cheered me, and that counted for much amid all anxieties; for I had learned that very day, at headquarters, that the Free Church authorities were resolved, in view of a difference of opinion betwixt the *Dagyring* Board at Sydney and the Victorian Assembly as to the new Steam Auxiliary, to hold themselves absolutely neutral.

Having letters from Andrew Scott, Esq., Carragai, my very dear friend and helper in Australia, to Dr. J. Hood Wilson, Barclay Free Church, Edinburgh, I resolved to deliver them that evening; and I prayed the Lord to open up all my path, as I was thus thrown solely on Him for guidance and benefit of the aid of man. Dr. Wilson and his lady, neither of whom I had ever seen before, received me as kindly as if I had been an old friend. He read my letters of introduction, conversed with me as to plans and wishes (chiefly through Mrs. Wilson, for he was suffering from sore throat), and then he said with great warmth and kindness:

"God has surely sent you here to-night! I feel myself unable to preach to-morrow. Occupy my pulpit in the forenoon and address my Sabbath School, and you shall have a collection for your Ship."

Thereafter, I was with equal kindness received by Mr. Balfour, having a letter of introduction from his brother, and

he offered me his pulpit for the evening of the day. I lay down blessing and praising Him, the Angel of whose Presence was thus going before me and opening up my way. That Lord's Day I had great blessing and joy; there was an extraordinary response financially to my appeals; and my proposal was thus fairly launched in the Metropolis of our Scottish Church life. I remembered an old saying, Difficulties are made only to be vanquished. And I thought in my deeper soul,—Thus our God throws us back upon Himself; and if these £6000 ever come to me, to the Lord God alone, and not to man, shall be all the glory!

On the Monday following, after a long conversation and every possible explanation, Colonel Young, of the Free Church Foreign Missions Committee, said, "We must have you to address the Assembly on the evening devoted to Missions." Thus I had the pleasure and honour of addressing that great Assembly; and though no notice was taken of my proposals in any "finding" of the Court, yet many were thereby interested deeply in our work, and requests now poured in upon me from every quarter to occupy pulpits and receive collections for the new Ship.

At the meeting in the Assembly Hall of the Church of Scotland, which, along with others, I was cordially invited to address, the good and noble Lord Polwarth occupied the chair. That was the beginning of a friendship in Christ which will last and deepen as long as we live. From that night he took the warmest personal interest, not only by generously contributing to my fund, but by organising meetings at his own Mansion House, and introducing me to a wide circle of influential friends.

Nor, whilst the pen leads on my mind to recall these Border memories, must I fail to record how John Scott Dudgeon, Esq., Longnewton, a greatly esteemed Elder of the Church, went from town to town in all that region, and from Minister to Minister, arranging for me a series of happy meetings. I shared also the hospitality of his beautiful home, and added himself and his much-beloved wife to the precious roll of those who are dear for the Gospel's sake and for their own.

Her Majesty's Commissioner to the General Assembly for the year was that distinguished Christian as well as nobleman,

the Earl of Aberdeen. He graciously invited me to meet the Countess and himself at ancient Holyrood. After dinner he withdrew himself for a lengthened time from the general company, and entered into a close and interested conversation about our Mission, and especially about the threatened annexation of the New Hebrides by the French.

There also I had the memorable pleasure of meeting, and for a long while conversing with, that truly noble and large-hearted lady, his mother, the much-beloved Dowager-Countess, well known for her life-long devotion to so many schemes of Christian philanthropy. At her own home, Alva House, she afterwards arranged meetings for me, as well as in Halls and Churches in the immediately surrounding district; and her letters of interest in the work, of sympathy, and of helpfulness, from time to time received, were amongst the sustaining forces of my spiritual life.

When one sees men and women of noble rank thus consecrating themselves in humble and faithful service to Jesus, there dawns upon the mind a glimpse of what the prophet means, and of what the world will be like, when it can be said regarding the Church of God on Earth,—"*Kings have become thy nursing fathers, and their Queens thy nursing mothers.*"

CHAPTER LXXXVI

MY CAMPAIGN IN IRELAND

My steps were next directed towards Ireland, immediately after the Church meetings at Edinburgh; first to 'Derry, where the Presbyterian Assembly was met in annual conclave, and thenceforth to Belfast, where the Pan-Presbyterian Council was shortly to sit. The eloquent fervour of the Brethren at 'Derry was like a refreshing breeze to my spirit; I never met Ministers anywhere, in all my travels, who seemed more whole-hearted in their devotion to the work which the Lord had given them to do.

I addressed the Assembly at 'Derry and also the Council at Belfast. The memory of seeing all these great and learned

and famous men—for many of the leaders were eminently such—so deeply interested in the work of God, and particularly in the Evangelising of the Heathen World and bringing thereto the knowledge of Jesus, was to me, so long exiled from all such influences, one of the great inspirations of my life. I listened with humble thankfulness, and blessed the Lord who had brought me to sit at their feet.

On the rising of the Council, I entered upon a tour of six weeks among the Presbyterian Congregations and Sabbath Schools of Ireland. It had often been said to me, after my addresses in the Assemblies and elsewhere, "How do you ever expect to raise £6000? It can never be accomplished, unless you call upon the rich individually, and get their larger subscriptions. Our ordinary Church people have more than enough to do with themselves. Trade is dull," etc.

I explained to them, and also announced publicly, that in all similar efforts I had never called on or solicited any one privately, and that I would not do so now. I would make my appeal, but leave everything else to be settled betwixt the individual conscience and the Saviour—I gladly receiving whatsoever was given or sent, acknowledging it by letter, and duly forwarding it to my own Church in Victoria. Again and again did generous souls offer to go with me, introduce me, and give me opportunity of soliciting subscriptions; but I steadily refused—going, indeed, wherever an occasion was afforded me of telling my story and setting forth the claims of the Mission, but asking no one personally for anything, having fixed my soul in the conviction that one part of the work was laid upon me, but that the other lay betwixt the Master and His servants exclusively.

"On what then do you really rely, looking at it from a business point of view?" they would somewhat appealingly ask me.

I answered, "I will tell my story; I will set forth the claims of the Lord Jesus on the people; I will expect the surplus collection, or a retiring collection, on Sabbath; I will ask the whole collection, less expenses, at week-night meetings; I will issue Collecting Cards for Sabbath Scholars; I will make known my Home-Address, to which everything may be forwarded, either from Congregations or from private donors; and I will go on, to my utmost strength, in the faith that the

Lord will send me the £6000 required. If He does not so send it, then I shall expect He will send me grace to be reconciled to the disappointment, and I shall go back to my work without the Ship."

This, in substance, I had to repeat hundreds of times; and as often had I to witness the half-pitying or incredulous smile with which it was received, or to hear the blunt and emphatic retort, "You'll never succeed! Money cannot be got in that unbusiness-like way."

I generally added nothing further to such conversations; but a Voice, deep, sweet, and clear, kept sounding through my soul—"The silver and the gold are Mine."

During the year 1884, as is well known, Ireland was the scene of many commotions and of great distress. Yet at the end of my little tour amongst the Presbyterian people of the North principally, though not exclusively, a sum of more than £600 had been contributed to our Mission Fund. And there was not so far as my knowledge went one single large subscription; there were, of course, many bits of gold from those well-to-do, but the ordinary collection was made up of the shillings and pence of the masses of the people. Nor had I ever in all my travels a warmer response, nor ever mingled with any Ministers more earnestly devoted to their Congregations or more generally and deservedly beloved.

CHAPTER LXXXVII

SCOTLAND'S FREE-WILL OFFERINGS

RETURNING to Scotland, I settled down at my head-quarters, the house of my brother James in Glasgow; and thence began to open up the main line of my operations, as the Lord day by day guided me. Having the aid of no Committee, I cast myself on Minister after Minister and Church after Church, calling here, writing there, and arranging for three meetings every Sabbath, and one, if possible, every week-day, and drawing-room meetings, wherever practicable, in the afternoons. My correspondence grew to oppressive proportions, and kept me toiling at it every spare moment from early morn till bedtime.

Indeed, I never could have overtaken it, had not my brother devoted many days and hours of precious time, answering letters regarding arrangements, issuing the "Share" receipts for all moneys the moment they arrived, managing all my transactions through the bank, and generally tackling and reducing the heap of communications, and preventing me falling into hopeless arrears.

I printed, and circulated by post and otherwise, ten thousand copies of a booklet, "Statement and Appeal,"—containing, besides my Victorian Commission and my Glasgow address, a condensed epitome of the results of the New Hebrides Mission and of the reasons for asking a new Steam Auxiliary Ship. To this chiefly is due the fact, as well as to my refusing to call for subscriptions, that the far greater portion of all the money came to me by letter. On one day, though no doubt a little exceptional, as many as seventy communications reached me by post; and every one of these contained something for our fund—ranging from "a few stamps" and "the widow's mite," through every variety of figure up to the wealthy man's fifty or hundred pounds. I was particularly struck with the number of times that I received £1, with such a note as, "From a servant-girl that loves the Lord Jesus;" or "From a servant-girl that prays for the conversion of the Heathen." Again and again I received sums of five and ten shillings, with notes such as—"From a working-man who loves his Bible;" or "From a working-man who prays for God's blessing on you and work like yours, every day in Family Worship." I sometimes regret that the graphic, varied, and intensely interesting notes and letters were not preserved; for by the close of my tour they would have formed a wonderful volume of leaves from the human heart.

I also addressed every Religious Convention to which I was invited, or to which I could secure access. The Perth Conference was made memorable to me by my receiving the first large subscription for our Ship, and by my making the acquaintance of a beautiful type of Christian merchant. At the close of the meeting, at which I had the privilege of speaking, an American gentleman introduced himself to me. We at once entered into each other's confidence, as brothers in the Lord's service. I afterwards learned that he had made

a competency for himself and his family, though only in the prime of life; and he still carried on a large and flourishing business—but why? to devote *the whole profit*, year after year, to the direct service of God and His cause among men! He gave me a cheque for the largest single contribution with which the Lord had yet cheered me. God, who knows me, sees that I have never coveted money for myself or my family; but I did envy that Christian merchant the joy that he had in having money, and having the heart to use it as a steward of the Lord Jesus!

Thereafter I was invited to the annual Christian Conference at Dundee. A most peculiar experience befell me there. Being asked to close the forenoon meeting with prayer and the benediction, I offered prayer, and then began, "May the love of God the Father—" but not another word would come in English; everything was blank except the words in Anivan, for I had long begun to *skink* in the Native tongue, and after a dead pause, and a painful silence, I had to wind up with a simple "Amen"! I sat down wet with perspiration. It might have been wiser, as the Chairman afterwards suggested, to have given them the blessing in Anivan, but I feared to set them a-lauding by so strange a manifestation of the "tongues." Worst of all, it had been announced that I was to address them in the afternoon; but who would come to hear a Missionary that stuck in the benediction? The event had its semi-comical aspect, but it sent me to my knees during the interval in a very fever of prayerful anxiety. A vast audience assembled, and if the Lord ever manifestly used me in interesting His people in Missions, it was certainly then and there. As I sat down, a devoted Free Church Elder from Glasgow handed me his card, with "I.O.U. £100." This was my first donation of a hundred pounds, and my heart was greatly cheered. I praised the Lord, and warmly thanked His servant. A Something kept sounding these words in my ears, "My thoughts are not as your thoughts;" and also, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He will sustain thee."

During my address at that meeting a coloured girl, not unlike our Island girls, sat near the platform, and eagerly listened to me. She was apparently about twelve years of age, and at the close she rose, saluted me in Indian fashion, took

four silver bangles from her arm, and presented them to me, saying, "Padre, I want to take shares in your Mission Ship by these bangles, for I have no money, and may the Lord ever bless you!"

I replied, "Thank you, my dear child; I will not take your bangles, but Jesus will accept your offering, and bless and reward you all the same."

As she still held them up to me, saying, "Padre, do receive them from me, and may God ever bless you!" a lady, who had been seated beside her, came up to me, and said, "Please! do take them, or the dear girl will break her heart. She has offered them up to Jesus for your Mission Ship."

I afterwards learned that the girl was an orphan, whose parents died of cholera; that the lady and her sister, daughters of a Missionary, had adopted her to be trained as a Zenana Missionary, and that she intended to return with them, and live and die to aid them in that blessed work amongst the daughters of India. Oh, what a reward and joy might many a lady who reads this page easily reap for herself in Time and Eternity by a similar simple yet far-reaching service! Take action when and where God points the way; wait for no one's guidance.

The most amazing variety characterised the gifts and the gifts. One donor sent me an anonymous note to this effect: "I have been curtailing my expenses. The first £5 saved I enclose, that you may invest it for me in the Bank of Jesus. I am sure He gives the best interest, and the most certain returns."

In Glasgow a lady called at my brother's house, saying, "Is the Missionary at home? Can I see him alone? If not, I will call again." Being asked into my room, she declined to be seated, but said, "I heard you tell the story of your Mission in the City Hall, and I have been praying for you ever since. I have called to give you my name, but not my name. God bless you. We shall meet in Heaven!" She handed me an envelope, and was off almost before I could thank her. It was £49 in bank-notes.

Another dear Christian friend came to see me, and at the close of a delightful conversation, said: "I have been thinking much about you since I heard you in the Clark Hall, Paisley. I have come to give a little bit of dirty paper for your Ship.

God sent it to me, and I return it to God through you with great pleasure." I thanked her warmly, thinking it a pound, or five at the most; on opening it, after she was gone, it turned out to be £100. I felt bowed down in humble thankfulness, and pressed forward in the service of the Lord.

CHAPTER LXXXVIII

ENGLAND'S OPEN DOOR

The time now arrived for my attempting something amongst the Presbyterians of England. But my heart sank within me; I was a stranger to all except Dr. Dykes, and the New Hebrides Mission had no special claims on them. Casting myself upon the Lord, I wrote to all the Presbyterian Ministers in and around London, enclosing my "Statement and Appeal," and asking a Service, with a retiring collection, or the surplus above the usual collection, on behalf of our Mission Ship. All declined, except two. I learned afterwards that the London Presbytery had resolved that no claim beyond their own Church was to be admitted into any of its pulpits for a period of months, under some special financial emergency. My dear friend, Dr. J. Hood Wilson, kindly wrote also to a number of them, on my behalf, but with a similar result; though at last other two Services were arranged for with a collection, and one without. Being required at London, in any case, in connection with the threatened Annexation of the New Hebrides by the French, I resolved to take these five Services by the way, and immediately return to Scotland, where engagements and opportunities were now pressed upon me, far more than I could undertake. But the Lord Himself opened before me a larger door, and more effectual, than any that I had tried in vain to open up for myself.

The Churches to which I had access did nobly indeed, and the Ministers treated me as a very brother. Dr. Dykes most affectionately supported my Appeal, and made himself recipient of donations that might be sent for our Mission Ship. Dr. Donald Fraser, and Messrs. Taylor and Mathieson, with their Congregations, generously contributed to the Fund. And so

did the Mission Church in Drury Lane—the excellent and consecrated Rev. W. B. Alexander, the pastor thereof, and his wife, becoming my devoted personal friends, and continuing to remember in their work-parties ever since the needs of the Natives on the New Hebrides. Others also, whom I cannot wait to specify, showed a warm interest in us and in our department of the Lord's work. But my heart had been foolishly set upon adding a large sum to the fund for the Mission Ship, and when only about £150 came from all the Churches in London to which I could get access, no doubt I was sensible of cherishing a little guilty disappointment. That was very unworthy in me, considering all my previous experiences; and God deserved to be trusted by me far differently, as the sequel will immediately show.

That widely-known and deeply-beloved servant of God, Mr. J. E. Mathieson, of the Midway Conference Hall, had invited me to address one of their annual meetings on behalf of Foreign Missions, and also to be his guest while the Conference lasted. Thereby I met and heard many godly and noble disciples of the Lord, whom I could not otherwise have reached though every Church I had asked in London had been freely opened to me. These devout and faithful and generous people, belonging to every branch of the Church of Christ, and drawn from every rank and class in society, from the humblest to the highest, were certainly amongst the most open-hearted and the most responsive of all whom I ever had the privilege to address. One felt there, in a higher degree than almost anywhere else, that every soul was on fire with love to Jesus and with genuine devotion to His Cause in every corner of the Earth. There it was a privilege and a gladness to speak; and though no collection was asked, or could be expected, my heart was uplifted and strengthened by these happy meetings, and by all that Heavenly intercourse.

But see how the Lord leads us by a way we know not! Next morning after my address, a gentleman who had heard me, the Hon. Ion Keith-Falconer, handed me a cheque from his father-in-law for £500, by far the largest single donation at that time towards our Mission Ship; and immediately thereafter I received from one of the Midway lady Mission-aries £50, from a venerable friend of the founder £50, from "Friends at Midway" £30; and through my dear friend and

brother, Mr. Mathieson, many other donations were in due course forwarded to me.

My introduction, however, to the Conference at Midway did far more for me than even this; it opened up a series of drawing-room meetings in and around London, where I told the story of our Mission and preached the Gospel to many in the higher walks of life, and received most liberal support for the Mission Ship. It also brought me invitations from many quarters of England, to Churches, to Halls, and to County Houses and Mansions.

Lord Radstock got up a special meeting, inviting by private card a large number of his most influential friends; and there I met for the first time one whom I have since learned to regard as a very precious personal friend, Rev. Skoko D. C. Douglas, clergyman of the Church of England, who then, and afterwards at Douglas-Support in Scotland, not only most liberally supported our fund, but took me by the hand as a brother, and promoted my work by every means in his power.

The Earl and Countess of Tankerville also invited me to Chillingham Castle, and gave me an opportunity of addressing a great assembly there, then gathered together from all parts of the County. The British and Foreign Bible Society received me in a special meeting of the Directors; and I was able to tell them how all we, the Missionaries of these Islands whose language had never before been reduced to writing, looked to them, and leant upon them, and prayed for them and their work—without whom our Native Bibles never could have been published. After the meeting the Chairman gave me £5, and one of the Directors a cheque for £25 for our Mission Ship.

I was also invited to Leicester, and made the acquaintance ship of a godly and gifted servant of the Lord Jesus, the Rev. F. B. Meyer, B.A. (now of London), whose books and booklets on the higher aspects of the Christian Life are read by tens of thousands, and have been fruitful of blessing. There I addressed great meetings of devoted workers in the Lord's vineyard; and the dear friend who was my host on that occasion, a Christian merchant, has since contributed £10 per annum for the support of a Native Teacher on the New Hebrides.

It was my privilege also to visit and address the *Müller Orphanages* at Bristol, and to see that sunny man of faith

said prayer moving about as a wise and loving father amongst the hundreds, even thousands, that look to him for their daily bread and for the bread of Life Eternal. At the close of my address, the venerable founder thanked me warmly and said, "Here are £50, which God has sent to me for your Mission."

I replied, saying, "Dear friend, how can I take it? I would rather give you £500 for your Orphans if I could, for I am sure you need it all!"

He replied, with sweetness and great dignity, "God provides for His own Orphans. This money cannot be used for them. I must send it after you by letter. It is the Lord's gift."

Often, as I have looked at the doings of men and Churches, and tried to bring all to the test as if in Christ's very presence, it has appeared to me that such work as Miller's and Barnardo's, and that of my own fellow-countryman, William Quarrier, must be peculiarly dear to the heart of our blessed Lord. And were He to visit this world again, and seek a place where His very Spirit had most fully wrought itself out into deeds, I fear that many of our so-called Churches would deserve to be passed by and that His holy, tender, helpful, divinely-human love would find its most perfect reflex in these Orphan Homes. Still and for ever, amidst all changes of creed and of climate, this, *this* is "pure and undefiled Religion" before God and the Father!

But in this connection I must not omit to mention that the noble and world-famous servant of God, the Minister of the Tabernacle, invited me to a garden-party at his home, and asked me to address his students and other Christian workers. When I arrived I found a goodly company assembled under the shade of lovely trees, and felt the touch of that genial humour, so mighty a gift when sanctified, which has so often given wings to C. H. Spurgeon's words, when he saluted me as "The King of the Cannibals!" On my leaving, Mrs. Spurgeon presented me with her husband's *Treasury of David*, and also "£5 from the Lord's cows"——which I afterwards learned was part of the profits from certain cows kept by the good lady, and that everything produced thereby was dedicated to the work of the Lord. I praised God that He had privileged me to meet this extraordinarily endowed man, to whom the whole Christian World had been so specially indebted, and

who had consecrated all his gifts and opportunities to the proclamation of the pure and precious Gospel.

Of all my London associations, however, the deepest and the most imperishable is that which weaves itself around the Honourable Ion Keith-Falconer, who has already passed to what may truly be called a Martyr's crown. At that time I met him at his father-in-law's house at Trent; and on another occasion spent a whole day with him at the house of his noble mother, the Countess-Dowager of Kintore. His soul was then full of his projected Mission to the Arabs, being himself one of the most distinguished Orientalists of the day; and as we talked together, and exchanged experiences, I felt that never before had I visibly marked the fire of God, the holy passion to seek and to save the lost, burning more steadily or brightly on the altar of any human heart. The heroic founding of the Mission at Aden is already one of the precious annals of the Church of Christ. His young and devoted wife survives, to mourn indeed, but also to cherish his noble memory; and, with the aid of others, and under the banner of the Free Church of Scotland, to see the "Keith-Falconer Mission" rising up amidst the darkness of blood-stained Africa, as at once a harbour of refuge for the slave, and a beacon-light to those who are without God and without hope. The servant does his day's work, and passes on through the gates of sleep to the Happy Dawn; but the Divine Master lives and works and reigns, and by our death, as surely as by our life, His holy purposes shall be fulfilled.

CHAPTER LXXXIX

FAREWELL SCENES

ON returning to Scotland, every day was crowded with engagements for the weeks that remained, and almost every mail brought me contributions from all conceivable corners of the land. My heart was set upon taking out two or three Missionaries with me to claim more and still more of the Islands for Christ; and with that view I had addressed Divinity Students at Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aberdeen. Again and again, by

conversation and correspondence, consecrated young men were just on the point of volunteering; but again and again the larger and better known fields of labour turned the scale, and they finally decided for China or Africa or India. Deeply disappointed at this, and thinking that God directed us to look to our own Australia alone for Missionaries for the New Hebrides, I resolved to return, and took steps towards securing a passage by the Orient Line to Melbourne. But just then two able and devoted students, Messrs. Morton and Leggett, offered themselves as Missionaries for our Islands; and shortly thereafter a third, Mr. Landells, also an excellent man; and all, being on the eve of their Licence as preachers, were approved of, accepted, and set to special preparations for the Mission field, particularly in acquiring practical medical knowledge.

On this turn of affairs I managed to have my passage delayed for six weeks, and resolved to cast myself on the Lord, that He might enable me in that time to raise at least £500, in order to furnish the necessary outfit and equipment for three new Mission Stations, and to pay the passage money of the Missionaries and their wives, that there might be no difficulty on this score amongst the Foreign Mission Committees on the other side. And then the idea came forcibly, and for a little unmanned me, that it was wrong in me to speak of these limits as to time and money in my prayers to God. But I reflected, again, how it was for the Lord's own glory alone in the salvation of the Heathen, and for no personal aims of mine; and so I fell back on His promise, "Whosoever ye shall ask in My Name," and believingly asked for in His Name, and for His praise and service alone. I think it due to my Lord, and for the encouragement of all His servants, that I should briefly outline what occurred in answer to these prayers.

Having gone to the centre of one of the great shipbuilding districts of Scotland, and held a series of meetings, and raised a sum of about £55 only after nine services and many Sabbath School collecting cards, my heart was beginning to sink, as I did not think my health would stand another six weeks of incessant strain; when, at the close of my last meeting in a Free Church, an Elder and his wife entered the vestry and said, "We are deeply interested in you and in all

your work and plans. You say that you have asked £500 more. We gave you the first £100 at the Dundee Conference; and it is a joy to us to give you this £100 too, towards the making up of your final sum. We pray that you may speedily realise your wish, and that God's richest blessing may ever rest upon your head."

Another week passed by, and at the close of it a lady called upon me, and, after delightful conversation about the Mission, said, "How near are you to the sum required?" I explained to her what is recorded above, and she continued, "I gave you one little piece of paper at the beginning of your efforts. I have prayed for you every day since. God has prospered me, and this is one of the happiest moments of my life, when I am now able to give you another little bit of paper."

So saying, she put into my hand £100. I protested, "You are surely too generous. Can you afford a second £100?"

She replied to this effect, and very joyfully, as one who had genuine gladness in the deed, "My Lord has been very kind to me, in my health and in my business. My wants are simple, and are safe in His hands. I wait not till death forces me, but give back whatever I am able to the Lord now, and hope to live to see much blessing thereby through you in the conversion of the Heathen."

My last week had come, and I was in the midst of preparations for departure, when amongst the letters delivered to me was one to this effect:

"Restitution money which never now can be returned to its owner. Since my Conversion I have laboured hard to save it. I now make my only possible amends by returning it to God through you. Pray for me and mine, and may God bless you in your work!" I rather startled my brother and his wife at our breakfast table by shouting out in unwontedly excited tones,—"Hallelujah! The Lord has done it! Hallelujah!" But my tones softened down into intense reverence, and my words broke at last into tears, when I found that this, the second largest subscription ever received by me (£1000, by one friend, have since been given to the "John G. Paton Mission Fund"), came from a converted tradesman who had consecrated his all to the Lord Jesus,

and whose whole leisure was now centred upon seeking to bless and save those of his own rank and class, amongst whom he had spent his early and unconverted days. Jesus said unto him, "Go home to thy friends, and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee, and hath had compassion on thee."

Bidding farewell to dear old Glasgow, so closely intertwined with all my earlier and later experiences, I started for London, accompanied by my brother James. We were sitting at breakfast at Mrs. Mathieson's table, Midday, when a telegram was put into my hands announcing a "thank-offering" from Lord and Lady Polwarth, received since our departure from Glasgow. The Lord had now literally exceeded my prayers. With other gifts, repeated again by friends at Midday, the special fund for outfit and travelling expenses for new Missionaries had risen above the £500, and now approached £650.

In a Farewell Meeting at Midday the Lord's servants, being assembled in great numbers from all quarters of London, dedicated me and my work very solemnly to God, amid songs of praise and many prayers and touching "last" words. And when at length Mr. Mathieson, intimating that I must go, as another company of Christian workers were elsewhere waiting also to say Good-bye, suggested that the whole audience should stand up, and, instead of hand-shaking, quietly breathe their benedictory Farewell as I passed from the platform down through their great Hall, a perfect flood of emotion overwhelmed me. I never felt a humbler man, nor more anxious to hide my head in the dust, than when all these noble, gifted, and beloved followers of Jesus Christ, and consecrated workers in His service, stood up and with one heart said, "God speed" and "God bless you," as I passed on through the Hall. To one who had striven and suffered less, or who less appreciated how little we can do for others compared with what Jesus had done for us, this scene might have ministered to spiritual pride; but long ere I reached the door of that Hall, my soul was already prostrated at the feet of my Lord in sorrow and in shame that I had done so little for Him, and I bowed my head and could have gladly bowed my knees to cry, "Not unto us, Lord, not unto us!"

CHAPTER XC

WELCOME TO VICTORIA AND ANIWA

ON the 28th October 1885 I sailed for Melbourne, and in due course safely arrived there by the goodness of God. The Church and people of my own beloved Victoria gave me a right joyful welcome, and in public assembly presented me with a testimonial, which I shrank from receiving, but which all the same was the highly-prized expression of their confidence and esteem.

During my absence at the Islands, to which I immediately proceeded, they unanimously elected me Moderator of their Supreme Court, and called me back to fill that highest Chair of honour in the Presbyterian Church. God is my witness how very little any or all of these things in themselves ever have been coveted by me; but how, when they have come in my way, I have embraced them with a single desire thereby to promote the Church's interest in that Cause to which my whole life and all my opportunities are consecrated—the Conversion of the Heathen World.

My Mission to Britain was to raise £6000, in order to enable the Australian Churches to provide a Steam Auxiliary Mission Ship, for the enlarged and constantly enlarging requirements of the New Hebrides. I spent exactly eighteen months at home; and when I returned, I was enabled to hand over to the Church that had commissioned and authorised me no less a sum than £9000. And all this had been forwarded to me, as the free-will offerings of the Lord's stewards, in the manner illustrated by the preceding pages. "Behold! what God hath wrought!"

Of this sum £6000 are set apart to build or acquire the new Mission Ship. The remainder is added to what we call our Number II. Fund, for the maintenance and equipment of additional Missionaries. It has been the dream of my life to see one Missionary at least, with trained Native Teachers, planted on every Island of the New Hebrides, and then I could lie down and whisper gladly, "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace!"

As to the new Mission Ship, unexpected delay has arisen.

There are differences of opinion about the best way of carrying out the proposal. There must be an understanding betwixt New South Wales and Victoria and the other Colonies, as to the additional annual expenditure. And the perplexity as to the wisest course has deepened, since the Colonial Government began to run Mail Ships regularly from Australia to Fiji, willing on certain terms of subsidy to call at one or other harbour in the New Hebrides. Meantime, let all friends who are interested in us and our work understand—that the money so generously entrusted to me has been safely handed over to my own Victorian Church, and is deposited at good interest in the bank to be spent at their discretion in due time, when all details are settled, and, as nearly as possible in the altered circumstances, exclusively for the purposes for which it was asked and bestowed.

To me personally, this delay is confessedly a keen and deep disappointment. But the special work laid upon me has, however, been accomplished. The Colonial Churches have now all the responsibility of the further steps. In this, as in many a harder trouble of my chequered life, I calmly roll all my burden upon the Lord. I await with quietness and confidence His wise disposal of events. His hand is on the helm; and whither He steers us, all shall be well.

But let me not close this chapter, till I have struck another and a Diviner note. I have been to the Islands again, since my return from Britain. The whole inhabitants of Aniwa were there to welcome me, and my procession to the old Mission House was more like the triumphal march of a Conqueror than that of a humble Missionary. Everything was kept in beautiful and perfect order. Every Service of the Church, as previously described in this book, was fully sustained by the Native Teachers, the Elders, and the occasional visit, once or twice a year, of an ordained Missionary from one of the other Islands. Aniwa, like Aneityum, is a *Christian* land. Jesus has taken possession, never again to quit those shores. **GLOXY, GLOXY TO HIS BLESSED NAME!**

* * *

My Home has since been at Melbourne. My life-work now (1892), and probably during the remainder of my active

days, will be to visit and address the Congregations and Sabbath Schools of the Presbyterian Churches of Australasia, telling them, as in this book, the story of my experiences, and inspiring the Christian people of these Colonies to support the New Hebrides Mission, and to claim all these Islands for the Lord Jesus Christ.

* * *

Reader, in your life, as in mine, one *last* Chapter still awaits us. By His grace, who has sustained me from childhood till now, I would work out that Chapter, and live through these closing scenes. With this book still open before you, I implore you to go alone before your blessed Saviour, and pledge yourself so to live, and so to die, in the service and fellowship of the Lord Jesus, that you and I, who have accompanied with each other through these pages, may meet again and renew our happy intercourse in our FATHER'S HOUSE.

CHAPTER XCI

TILL 1897

(By the Editor)

THE "Good News from Tanna" has grown better and still better. Mr. Gillies, a devoted young minister, is on his way to be colleague to Mr. Watt. Mr. Thomson Macmillan, a man of fine culture and of earnest spirit, has taken up the station left vacant by the retirement of Mr. Gray. And Mr. Frank H. L. Paton, whom we call one of "our own" Missionaries, because the first supported by the *John G. Paton Mission Fund*, has entered upon his pioneering work on the West Coast of Tanna, amidst uncommon tokens of blessing. Our hopes beat high, that what has been called "the hardest field in Heathendom" is at last on the point of being won for Jesus.

The *Dayspring*, referred to in preceding pages, was built in

1895, and was presented to the Mission as a free gift from the friends at home, at a cost of £700. She made several voyages with great acceptance, and was swiftly endearing herself to all, when, alas, during her fourth journey, she struck on an uncharted reef near New Caledonia, and became a total wreck. Thank God, all on board were saved, but the Missionaries suffered heavy loss, and the Mission was again bereft of its Gospel Ship. Friends at home have once more offered generous help; and if the Synod on the Islands, and the Churches associated, still desire it as essential for the spiritual interests of the Mission, another *Dayspring* will soon be floating in and out amongst the New Hebrides, as the messenger and symbol of the Christ of Purity and Temperance and Peace.

John G. Paton has spent the years from 1892 till now, as indicated by himself at the close of Chapter XC. The great episode of his visit to the Pan-Presbyterian Council at Toronto has since intervened. Following thereon came his tours through Canada and the United States; and, finally, his memorable addresses, in almost every important town in Great Britain and Ireland, during 1892-94. He still toils on incessantly, visiting throughout the Colonies, corresponding with friends in all quarters of the world, and lecturing wherever he can find an open door, to promote by every means in his power the interests of the New Hebrides Mission,—the one absorbing passion of his life. Melbourne is his home; but his soul lives and moves and has its being amongst his beloved Islanders. Let all, then, who love the man, or care for his work, ponder carefully the Scheme outlined in the *Appendix* that follows, and unite with us in thereby helping to accomplish the purpose of his life, to the praise of the Saviour of the World.

APPENDIX

"THE JOHN G. PATON MISSION FUND"

THE interest created in the New Hebrides Mission, through the labours of the venerable Missionary, Dr. John G. Paton, has probably found no more practical expression and permanent memorial than in "The John G. Paton Mission Fund," a special organisation through which the freewill offerings of God's people, in every quarter of the globe, have flowed to cheer the heart of His servant in forwarding the fulfilment of his prayer for the conversion of these South Sea Islands to Christ.

To my dear friend, A. K. Langridge of Southend, belongs the honour, under God, of organising and developing this Fund, by a scheme of Lectures, with Illustrations, vividly setting forth the story of the Mission, by editing *Quarterly Tottings*, etc., etc. To him, whose enthusiasm and devotion thought out and arranged the whole of these plans, to the excellent artist, Mr. Frank Weeks, who reduced his ideas to realistic pictures for Lantern Slides, and to the many friends who have generously responded to our appeals—I wish in my brother's name and in my own to convey our sincere and heartfelt thanks.

At the present time (1897) this Fund, through its Honorary Office-Bearers in Britain, receives contributions and is responsible for the following objects:—

- (1) For the support of Native Teachers, converts from Cannibalism, at a cost of £6 a year each. About fifty Teachers are already allocated, and the list is increased as contributions are received and Teachers are available.
- The Rev. Fred. J. Paton, Dr. Paton's second son,

Missionary on Malekula Island, acts as agent of the Fund for this Teachers' Scheme.

- (2) For the maintenance of the Mission Station on the West Coast of Tanna, the missionary being the Rev. Frank H. I. Paton, M.A., B.D., Dr. Paton's third son. No more fitting and indeed pathetic memorial to Dr. Paton's work could be devised than that his own son should



The Rev. FRANK PATON, M.A., B.D., First Missionary of the Fund.

- (3) For the maintenance of a Medical Missionary—Dr. John T. Bowie, M.B., C.M.,—who has been sent forth by the Fund to open up, if found practicable, a pioneer Mission Station on the East Coast of Santo—the largest and most northerly island of the group.

- (4) For the support of the Assistant Master who helps the Rev. Dr. Annand, Principal of the Training College for Native Teachers, established on the Island of Tangoa, South Santo.

- (5) For the support of Lay Assistants (Europeans), with "our own" two Missionaries; and of a Mission

Carpenter to assist in building and repairing all the Mission Stations on the group, and in teaching the Christian Natives the use of tools; and, generally, to help all the Missionaries by gifts of medicines, clothing, etc., etc.

- (6) *General Fund*.—All sums not otherwise specially allocated are placed to a General Account, and are sent direct



Dr. JOHN T. BOWIE, M.B., C.M., Second Missionary of the Fund.

- to Dr. J. G. Paton, to be allocated by him in the interests of the New Hebrides Mission, or are expended by us only at his express direction.

- (7) Hitherto the fund also collected one third (£1000) of the annual cost of maintaining the late steam auxiliary Mission Ship *Dayspring*—wrecked, alas, in 1896! Should the Missionaries on the Islands, and the Churches with which they are associated, decide upon securing another *Dayspring*, the Committee of the Fund will gladly resume their responsibility as before, and trust in God to be able to fulfil their part in whatever is deemed essential for the highest interests of this beloved Mission.

Copies of *Quarterly Totings*, giving our latest news from the

Islands; and all particulars as to the Lantern Lectures, Joan of Slides, Collecting Cards and Boxes, etc., etc., will gladly be sent, or inquiries answered, by the *Honorary Organising Secretary*,

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