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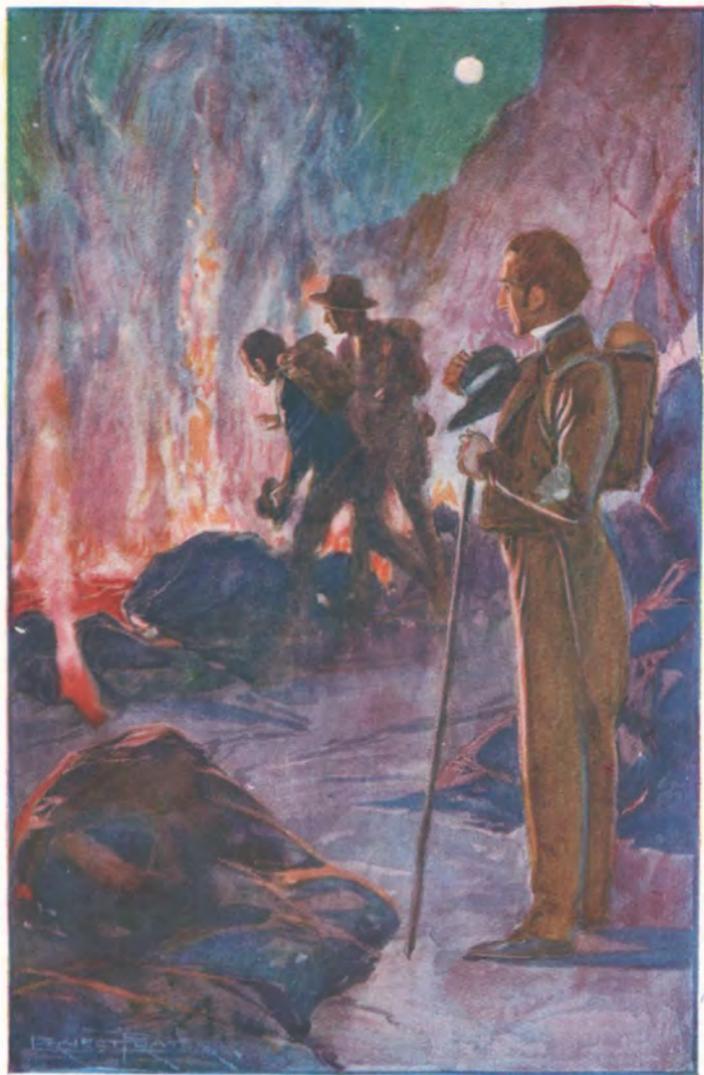
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BLAZING THE TRAIL



Frontispiece.]

[See page 93.

At the edge of the crater of Kilauea.

BLAZING THE TRAIL

Some L.M.S. Pioneers of 1816

By

A. H. CULLEN

Of Heaton Mersey, Manchester

*With thirty-four Illustrations (four coloured)
and four Maps*

LONDON

LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY

16 NEW BRIDGE STREET

1916

Foreword

VERY many of those who read this book will be young shareholders in the *John Williams*—that small ship about which He says to His disciples that it should wait upon Him. There is always and everywhere a welcome at her coming and a God-speed at her going; for she links up many groups of islands in a comradeship of service and goodwill. White missionaries, many, and coloured missionaries, very many more, have watched the stars from her deck, and have counted days to the port for which they were bound as messengers of Jesus: and isolated English men and women have looked eagerly for her coming with news of the land they left, and with supplies for school or home.

Years and years ago a small boy went

with his mother, and his "ship-card," to call upon a good old lady. They came away with half-a-crown. It was the first thing he had ever done for the London Missionary Society.

It is that small boy who has written these stories of some of the great men who left England in 1816. He wants you to know that a whole book might have been written about any of them, and that there were others who were just as splendid as these men were. Also, he wants to congratulate you, and, if he may, to thank you all as comrades of his for helping to keep full steam ahead on the good ship *John Williams*.

CONTENTS

CHAP.		PAGE
	ROBERT MOFFAT	
I	FROM CABIN-BOY TO MISSIONARY . . .	9
II	ON THE ROAD	22
III	MIDNIGHT AND DAYBREAK	34

HENRY TOWNLEY

IV	THE CHRISTIAN KNIGHT COURTEOUS . . .	45
V	"WAFT, WAFT, YE WINDS, HIS STORY" . .	56

WILLIAM ELLIS

VI	MASTERING DIFFICULTIES	69
VII	HOW PLANS CHANGE THEMSELVES	87
VIII	IN MADAGASCAR	101

GEORGE PLATT

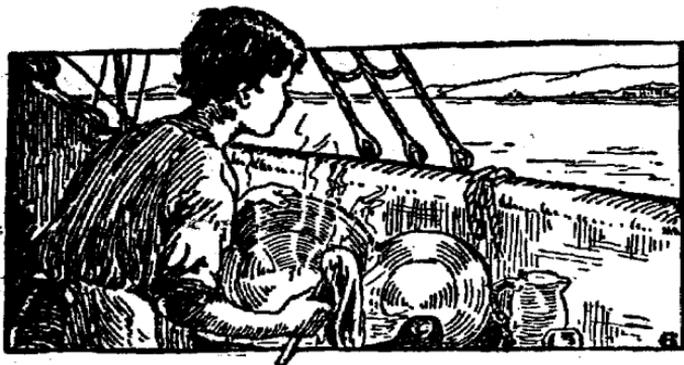
IX	TINTWISTLE TO TAHITI	115
X	AN UNCONQUERABLE SOUL	133

JOHN WILLIAMS

XI	THE ADVENTUROUS APOSTLE OF THE PACIFIC	159
XII	THE GREAT CHIEF VIRIAMU	175

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

At the edge of the crater of Kilauea (<i>coloured</i>)		<i>Frontis.</i>
	FACING PAGE	
Robert Moffat	14	
The cottage at High Leigh	15	
"The farmer flung him down"	20	
"He is here," said Moffat	21	
The Moffats rescuing a child	28	
Travelling by wagon	29	
The wagon driver looking at two lions	36	
Kuruman Mission station	37	
Bible Class at Kuruman	44	
Townley House, Ramsgate	<i>Page</i> 55	
	FACING PAGE	
In the streets, Calcutta	62	
"Four columns of water careering about"	82	
Malagasy making mats	102	
The persecution of Christians	103	
Ambatonakanga Church	104	
The old Gate, Tananarive	105	
Travelling in a palanquin	106	
Christian fugitives	107	
Rev. William Roby	118	
Tahiti	119	
The harbour at Eimeo	127	
Tintwistle Chapel	<i>Page</i> 132	
	FACING PAGE	
"It all depends on those two" (<i>coloured</i>)	142	
The dangerous launching of Platt and Mai (<i>coloured</i>)	148	
"The glass answered him back"	154	
John Williams	159	
"John said he was quite ready to sign" (<i>coloured</i>)	164	
The home at Raiatea	174	
On the island of Rarotonga	175	
Landing place, Mangaia	180	
A Samoan chief	181	
Polynesian weapons	188	
Martyrdom of John Williams	189	
Maps of South Africa, India, Madagascar and Poly- nesia	<i>End papers</i>	



ROBERT MOFFAT

CHAPTER I

From Cabin-boy to Missionary

SHE was a small trading vessel of a little more than a hundred years ago.

Year in, year out, she was up and down the east coast of Scotland from Wick in the north to Leith in the south, carrying goods that, for the most part, would go by train in these days.

She had to keep a sharp look out all the time, because England and France were at war, and a French privateer might be sighted

at any time. Then it meant a run for the nearest harbour, and sometimes it was all rather exciting. But the captain knew how to manage his ship, and he and his crew were proud of the way she behaved herself.

The most important person on that ship, as we look at things to-day, was the cabin-boy—a lad of ten years, with a mass of black hair, and with dark piercing eyes. His name was Robert, and, in the first instance, he had run away to sea.

His father was a customs officer who had to examine the cargoes that ships brought into Portsoy, in Banffshire. Robert had lived amongst the shipping, and, after hearing sailors' yarns, had often wanted to go to sea. What must it be like to be on one of those ships that he saw go out of harbour with their sails all set! He does not tell us how he managed it, but one day he was missing from home, and was out at sea.

Robert was a great favourite with the captain, and next time they were in Portsoy the father was persuaded to let him go on being a cabin boy. After that he took

many voyages up and down the coast. But it all came to an end before he was twelve. By that time he was tired of the sea. His parents had removed to Carronshore, up the Firth of Forth, and Robert was sent to school.

Once more you can see him on board ship. He is again, for the time being, a sailor, and he is eighteen years old.

If you wanted to get from Inverkeithing, on the Firth of Forth, to High Leigh, in Cheshire, you would go by train, and do it all in the day. But a hundred years ago there were no trains, so Robert had to take ship up the east coast of Scotland and round the first great corner, and down the Caledonian Canal to Greenock on the Clyde. It took them twelve days to get as far as that. Next morning they sailed again for Liverpool; but they ran into some very rough weather, and had to take refuge in Rothesay Bay, where other ships and a man-of-war were sheltering.

It so happened that there were two blue-jackets on the man-of-war who thought that

a dark night and a rough sea gave them just the opportunity to desert that they had been looking for. They got into the water without any one seeing them, and tried to swim ashore. One of them soon discovered that the sea was too rough, and cried out to be rescued. A boat was lowered at once, and though the drowning man was not found, the other one was caught and brought back. So the man-of-war was one man short.

That would have been the end of it in these days; but in those days any sailor from any ship could be compelled to join the King's service if he was wanted. And next morning a boat was alongside Robert's ship, and an officer came on deck saying, "I want one of your men." He looked round and said which man he would take, and the man had to go.

"I happened to be in bed, and kept it there as long as they were on deck," said Robert afterwards. But the end of it was that the captain asked him to take the place of the man who had gone until they reached Liverpool. That was why, starting as a

passenger, he became a sailor before the voyage was over.

It took them another eight days to get to Liverpool, and then Robert had a walk of twenty-six miles before he got to the end of his journey at High Leigh.

A tall young fellow is striding along the six miles between High Leigh and Warrington. He has done a good day's work. He always did do a good day's work from the time he first became a gardener-apprentice some six years before this. Then he was up at four each morning. But he is strong and lithe, and a walk of twelve miles on a summer evening, after the day's work, does not trouble him. He is an under-gardener, with men under him, on a large estate, and he has been there twenty months.

It is a glorious evening, with a perfect blue sky, and just a streamer of cloud slowly passing over the sun's face as it sinks down into the west. Trees and fields and hedges are all fresh and green, and he is a man who can enjoy these things. Because he is a

Christian he is remembering that this is God's world ; and he walks with God in the cool of the day.

He has "done very well," as they say, since he came to High Leigh. What else would you expect from a lad who was always ready to learn anything he could, from Latin grammar to the New Testament, and from blacksmithing to playing the fiddle? He has done very well, and he has an offer of promotion, and he is going to use whatever promotion comes as a Christian should—so he is telling himself as he walks and thinks.

One of the first things he notices as he comes into Warrington is a poster on the wall announcing a missionary meeting. It seems to fascinate him, and he reads it all through once and again. It is an old bill, and the date of the meeting is passed, but the word "missionary" sets him thinking of the almost forgotten stories of Greenland and Labrador that his mother used to tell him as a small boy.

He goes and buys what he came to Warrington for ; but coming back, he stands and reads



Robert Moffat, of Kuruman.

From a Baxter print.



The cottage at High Leigh, Cheshire, in which Robert Moffat lived before going to Africa.

[See page 14.]

the bill again, and then goes home with a new set of ideas in his mind, and a new ambition in his heart—though how the ambition can possibly be realized is quite beyond him.

But, some twelve months later, Robert Moffat, just under twenty-one, was climbing on to the stage-coach that left Manchester for London at four o'clock in the afternoon of September 13, 1816. For the next fifty-four years he would be a pioneer of the Kingdom of God in Africa.

AFRICANER

A little more than a hundred years ago a certain native chief was the terror of South Africa. People spoke of him with fear and hatred. In lonely farmsteads the women-folk would tremble if they were left alone, or thought of him in the night. The Government had put a price upon his head. There was a hundred pounds for any one who would bring him in alive or dead.

It came about in this way. Years before, Africaner and his small tribe pastured

their flocks on the hills and valleys within a hundred miles of Cape Town. But white men pressed into the country, pushed their way farther and farther north, and gradually turned all the ground that Africaner and his people had wandered over, into farm lands. Those were evil days for Africaner's people, and, as time went on, their numbers dwindled, and they became very poor.

There seemed nothing to be done but become the white man's servants. This, for a while, they did. But though they were useful servants—shepherds, herdsmen, and the like—they were badly used—so badly used that they had to live on the poorest food, and their very lives were not safe.

At last things became so bad that they could be borne no longer. The people protested, and struck work. One farmer summoned them all up to his house. But when the chief came up the steps of the house the farmer flung him down again headlong amongst the people. That was more than could be borne, and one of the chief's brothers shot the farmer dead.

That was the spark that put things in a blaze. The house was ransacked, all the fire-arms were seized, and the tribe hurriedly moved north. They reached the other side of the Orange River, in Great Namaqualand, before the scattered farmers could get together and pursue them.

So Africaner and his tribe became raiders, cattle-stealers, the terror of the Dutch farmers to the south of them and of the native tribes around them: for many of them were dead shots with a rifle.

This went on until the missionaries got hold of Africaner and persuaded him to be a Christian.

The rumour of it passed down country, but nearly every one thought it a quite impossible story. And when it was known that Robert Moffat was to go to Africaner's tribe many people thought it very rash and foolish. One old lady said to him that it would not have mattered so much if he had been an old man, but it was a grievous pity that a young man such as he was should become the prey of a monster like Africaner.

But Moffat had no fear. And though, when he arrived, he found trouble in the tribe, so that the missionary who was there had to leave at once, he himself won the hearts of the chief, and the chief's brothers, and the whole tribe : and he stayed with them, as friend as well as missionary, for just over twelve months.

As for Africaner, from being a pitiless warrior he became a thoughtful, kindly Christian, always trying to make peace where there was trouble, and once nursing his missionary through a sharp attack of fever ; while Moffat himself during all that time never saw an Englishman, or heard a word of the English language.

Then Moffat went to the Cape to get married, and he proposed to Africaner that he should go too, and make friends with the Government. Africaner hesitated, and you cannot be surprised, for he was still an outlaw, even though the Governor had said more than once that he would like to see him. But in the end he agreed, and a start was made.

They travelled by bullock wagon—a huge, heavy vehicle with about six couples of oxen to draw it—going about two and a half miles an hour for about seven hours in the day: and, besides Moffat and Africaner, there were several men to look after the cattle.

Houses were many miles apart; but they called at each one as they came to it, and they had some strange experiences. Sometimes they wondered if they would be able to get Africaner through all the Dutch farmers, if once it became known that he was there, because the farmers could not forget what he had been, and some of them refused to believe that he was any different now.

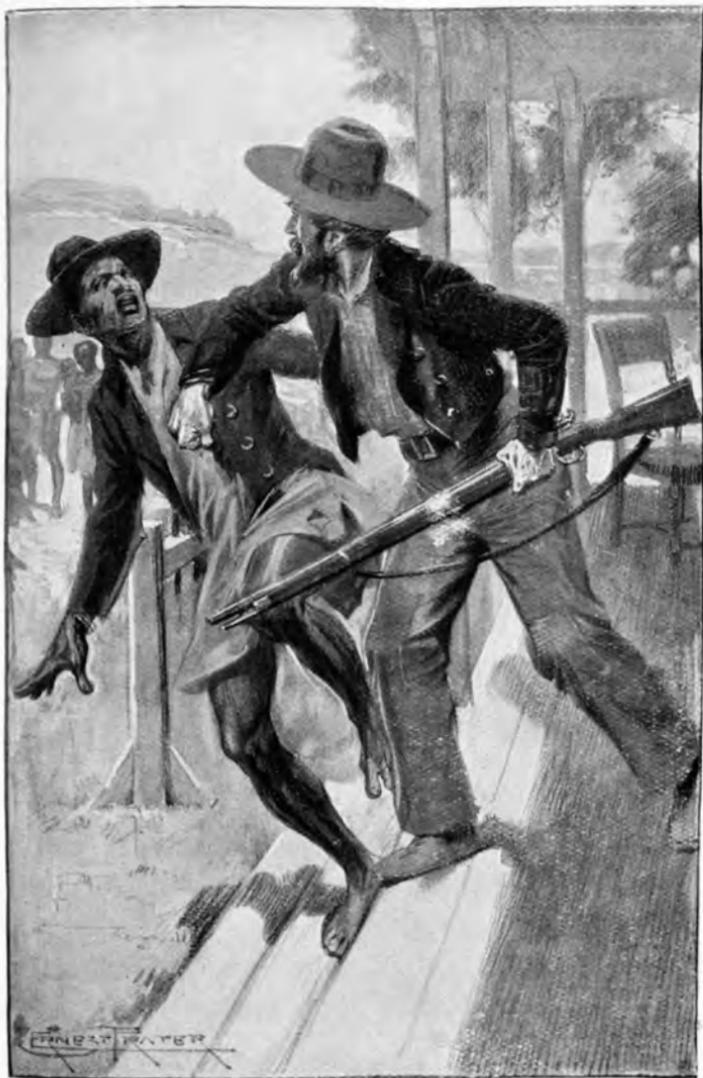
They came to one farm where a good man lived who had been kind to Moffat when he went up country more than a year before. Moffat went up to the house by himself and nearly scared the farmer out of his wits. He had heard that Moffat was dead, that Africaner had killed him, that some one had actually seen his bones; so

this must be his ghost. When he realized that this was actually Robert Moffat in the flesh they got talking of Africaner, and the good man could scarcely be made to believe that now the raider chief was a Christian. "If that is so, it is a miracle," he said, "and, though he killed my own uncle, I must see him before I die. I will go up country with you when you return."

The two had been walking towards the wagon, and just then they reached the place where Africaner himself was sitting. "You can see him now," said Moffat, "for he is here." The good farmer was amazed; but he bore no grudge. Instead he gave God thanks on the spot; and he gave his visitors many things to help them on their long journey.

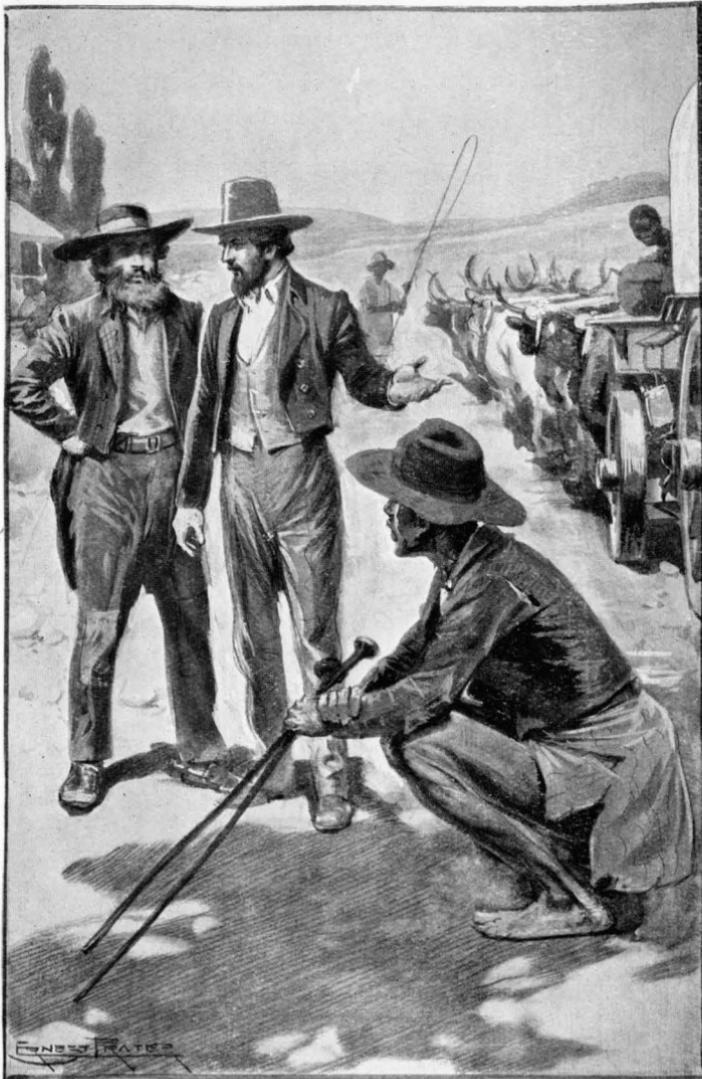
But, knowing very well that every one would not be as kind as this farmer, they hurried forward lest it should become known in the district that Africaner was there.

The ex-raider made a great impression at the Cape because of his "strikingly gentle" disposition: think of it! He had an inter-



The farmer flung him down again headlong.

[See page 16.]



"He is here," said Moffat.

[See page 20.]

view with the Governor, and saw many other people. And when he went back to his tribe, the hundred pounds, which had been offered as a reward for his head years before, was spent by the Government in useful presents for him.

CHAPTER II

On the Road

THREE large African wagons are outspanned on the further side of the Orange River. Thirty or forty oxen are wandering lazily in the scrub searching for something to eat. A tent is pitched: a wood fire is blazing: a dozen or so dark-skinned men are moving about.

Here are John Campbell, who is visiting the missionaries in South Africa, and Robert and Mary Moffat. They are on their way to Lattakoo, afterwards called Kuruman.

They are 600 miles from Cape Town, and the journey so far has taken them seven weeks. They have come through lonely barren country, under a scorching sun, when it was often 96° in the shade; and they are all tanned as brown as gypsies. They have

seen no grass worth speaking of for a fortnight at a time, though there is more here in the neighbourhood of the river. And for ten whole days they only saw one house. At one farm where they called they were told that sixty lions had been killed in that neighbourhood in the last six years ; but so far they have seen none.

It has been weary travelling, but they are quite well and in good spirits. Robert and Mary, who are both twenty-five, are delighted to be with one another, and to be beginning what they hope will be many years of work together for Christ and Africa.

Because it has been so dry the rivers are all low, and they have been able to get across them quite easily. They wondered what would happen when they came to the Orange River, for in wet seasons it can fill its wide, high banks with water thirty feet deep, but they have found only a small stream in the middle of the broad stony bottom, and they got all their wagons over in half an hour. They were the more pleased about this when they heard later that Mr.

Hamilton's wagon had waited there ten weeks the year before. Nine weeks it stood on the bank, sometimes in drenching rain, and one week was taken in actually getting across!¹

Three days more, forty miles, and they will be at Griqua Town, just a small collection of shanties, where they will have to wait for a few weeks. After that they will be travelling four long days, because water is scarce on that stretch, and one short day, a hundred miles altogether, and they will be at Lattakoo, where James Read² and Robert Hamilton

¹ In 1836 Mary Moffat, on her way to Port Elizabeth to see her children at school, had to wait a month to get across. By that time eighteen wagons had come up. The river was in flood, and ultimately each wagon was emptied and taken to pieces as far as possible and ferried across on a huge raft where the river was eighty yards wide.

² Jas. Read sailed in the *Duff*, on her second voyage, in 1798, as missionary to the South Seas. The ship was captured by the French, and the missionaries, after great difficulties, found their way back to England. Read then, in 1800, went to Africa. His son and granddaughter were missionaries in Africa; his great granddaughter and great grandson are missionaries in Africa and India.

have begun the mission. James Read is to come away and Robert Moffat is to take his place. But Robert Hamilton and Robert Moffat are to begin thirty years of friendship and service together.

“THEY LOOKED ON THE SUN, WITH THE
EYES OF AN OX!”

“YOU FOUND US BEASTS, NOT MEN”

No idols, no temples, no idea of a God who made anything, no thought of any life beyond this, no religious customs, unless you count witchcraft, no notions of right and wrong, except that you could be more or less clever in lying and stealing—how was a missionary to begin with people of this kind?

They were indescribably filthy, clothing themselves in goat skins that were worn until they were rotten; their bodies, never washed, were often rubbed with rancid grease.

They could be indescribably cruel, having no respect for human life, leaving people who were old, or sick, or maimed, and therefore useless and burdensome, to the wild

beasts, and burying little children with the mother who had died, because no one would be troubled with them.¹

They had no written language, had never seen a book, and were mentally tired as soon as they began to think about anything unfamiliar. And many of the things the missionary told them seemed so absurd to them that they laughed loud and long.

Except fighting and hunting and watching the cattle, the men left work to the women. It was they who built the huts, made the fences, carried the firewood and looked after the gardens, often with a baby strapped to the back.

Robert Moffat soon took in the situation. These people could not understand why the missionary should have come at all, and it would be some time before they did understand.

Meanwhile the two things to be done were, first, to learn the language thoroughly, and,

¹ Robert Moffat rescued two such children and had them in his house for years. He called them Ann and Dicky.

second, to sit tight and wait, putting up with *everything*, and just being as patient and kind and useful as possible.

To be patient when your things—spoons, knives, tools, sheep, and anything else handy—were continually stolen was no easy thing. Hamilton once ground some of his little stock of corn between two stones with no little labour. He then made and baked a wholemeal loaf that was to last him a week. It was successfully done and put on the shelf while he went out preaching. He came back expecting some good bread for supper; but the loaf was gone. Some one had squeezed in through a very small window and had taken it. He was a greater sufferer in some ways than the Moffats, because his house was often left empty, and he would come in and find a stone in the pot instead of the meat he had left there.

Moffat once laid down his jacket while he was preaching. His knife was in the pocket, but it was not there when he took the jacket up again. He complained to the chief; but all the chief said was—"Why

don't you go back to your own land? If your land was a good one, or if you were not afraid of returning, you would not be content to live as you do, while people devour you."

NOTICE TO QUIT!

Rain had been scarce for years. Pastures were burned up. Gardens would grow nothing. Cattle were dying of hunger and thirst. And there seemed no sign of anything better. What was to be done?

A council was held in the chief's courtyard, and it was decided to send for a celebrated rain-maker. It was doubtful if he would come; but by promising great things they secured him. Great was the rejoicing. Now everything would be right. And, sure enough, as he was welcomed into the village with loud shoutings there were the first big drops of a thunder shower.

But that shower came to nothing. It was the same with other showers. Indeed, the clouds persistently passed over without breaking. At first it did not matter. The people had the fullest faith in their visitor, and were



Robert and Mary Moffat rescuing a child from living burial.

[See page 26.]



Travelling by wagon in South Africa.

[Chapter III.]

prepared to wait any reasonable time ; the while, he fed them well with promises, and they fed him well on meat. He said there were hindrances in the way ; they must catch a baboon that should not so much as have a scratch. They actually brought him a baboon, an almost impossible thing to catch alive ; but he declared it was not perfect. They must get him the heart of a lion. They were actually able to do this by a happy accident ; but still there was no rain. Weeks went. The rain-maker was getting anxious. He was outwardly friendly with the Moffats. They had been careful not to quarrel with him. Now he came to try and pick up a few hints. " How do you manage the women in your country ? " he asked. He was getting afraid of the women, because the women were getting impatient with him. They kept the gardens, and, for all his talk, the gardens were dry.

For a fortnight he hid himself. Then he came into the public court and said he had found out what was keeping the rain back. There was immense excitement, in the midst

of which he said, "Do you not see that when the clouds come Hamilton and Moffat look up at them, and their white faces frighten them away?"

Things looked dangerous; but Hamilton and Moffat promised not to look at the clouds, and the danger passed.

Soon after this Moffat heard a rumour that some one was to be speared, and he guessed it was the rain-maker. He found out that he was right, and then went boldly into the council and charged them with the intention. "And why not?" they said. An old man then got up, brandishing his spear in a great rage. He talked loud and long about the lean herds, the dying people, the cattle that the rain-maker had eaten, and vowed that he would himself plunge the spear into the rain-maker's heart; who would hinder him? "I shall," said Moffat, "for you will do what I entreat you; and if not, I will offer to ransom him." They were amazed, knowing that the rain-maker was Moffat's enemy. But, in the end, the chief took the man out of the village and sent

him away. That leniency would not have happened before the missionaries came.¹

But trouble was not over. Moffat was mending his wagon one day, when a chief and about a dozen leading men came, sat themselves down under a tree, and said they had something important to say. Hamilton was called, and Mary Moffat was standing at the cottage door with a baby in her arms.

The chief, standing straight up, quivering his spear in his right hand, said it had been decided by the council that the missionaries must go. They might have seen before this, he said, that they were not wanted; they had stayed on; but now they must go. "We shall not go," said Moffat; "we are too sorry for you to leave you of our own accord. You will have to burn us out." And the chief turned to the rest with a look that said, "I told you so," but aloud he said, "These men must have ten lives, they are so fearless of death. There must be something in immortality."

¹ The poor man was afterwards killed by another chief who wanted his wife for his son.

The meeting broke up. No further steps were taken, and the missionaries stayed on. But it was on sufferance—until a great event happened.

For some time there had been rumours of a large tribe in the north that was on the war-path, and that was sweeping everything before it. Moffat had been intending to visit a village away in the north-east, and he saw no sufficient reason for altering his plans. Rumours were common enough. If there was any truth in this one he would soon discover it; if not, well, he would go forward.

He discovered that there was truth enough in it to put Kuruman and Griqua Town as well in very great danger. So he hurried back, informed the chief, and sent word down to Griqua Town, where there was a British magistrate.

A war council decided that, for the sake of the women and children, it was better to go out and meet the enemy than wait for his coming.

Moffat went with them, but not to fight.

He thought he might perhaps make peace and if not that, then he could probably prevent a great deal of wanton cruelty. There was some terrible fighting; but the enemy was dispersed, and Kuruman and Griqua Town were saved.

It was Moffat who had saved them, and they never forgot it; because it would have been so easy for him to have taken his wife and family away when the rumours were first heard, and have left them to their fate.

CHAPTER III

Midnight and Daybreak

MARY MOFFAT is alone at Kuruman. Robert has taken his postponed journey to the tribe away in the north-east. He should be back by this time; but he is not. Hamilton is eight miles away putting up a house where the new station is to be. In the house with Mrs. Moffat are her two little girls and the two adopted bushmen children. In Hamilton's house there is a Hottentot caretaker.

Just at bedtime the caretaker comes across with news that raiders are near and are likely to attack the station. Mary Moffat at once sends to the chief, and he says that there is no fear till morning.

But at midnight he himself comes to the house with a dozen or so warriors to say

that the raiders are approaching. What is to be done? There is a very noisy council, and Mary Moffat writes to Hamilton to come back at once.

Till morning all the town is in uproar. Hamilton gets back about eight o'clock, and preparations are at once made for a hasty flight. Every one is packing things up, or burying them for safety. Warriors are gathering. And all this goes on till midday, when news comes that the raiders are gone in another direction. But they are gone the way that Robert will take coming back!

Then follow three weeks of terrible suspense, mornings when Mary Moffat longs for evenings, and evenings when she longs for mornings. All kinds of dread reports come in; but no one will go out to see how true they are. It was said that some one had seen a piece of Moffat's wagon, some one else a part of his saddle, and so on.

At last Robert comes in safe and sound. He has been in great danger; but he was not alone, as he expected to be, and his party has won through.

LIONS

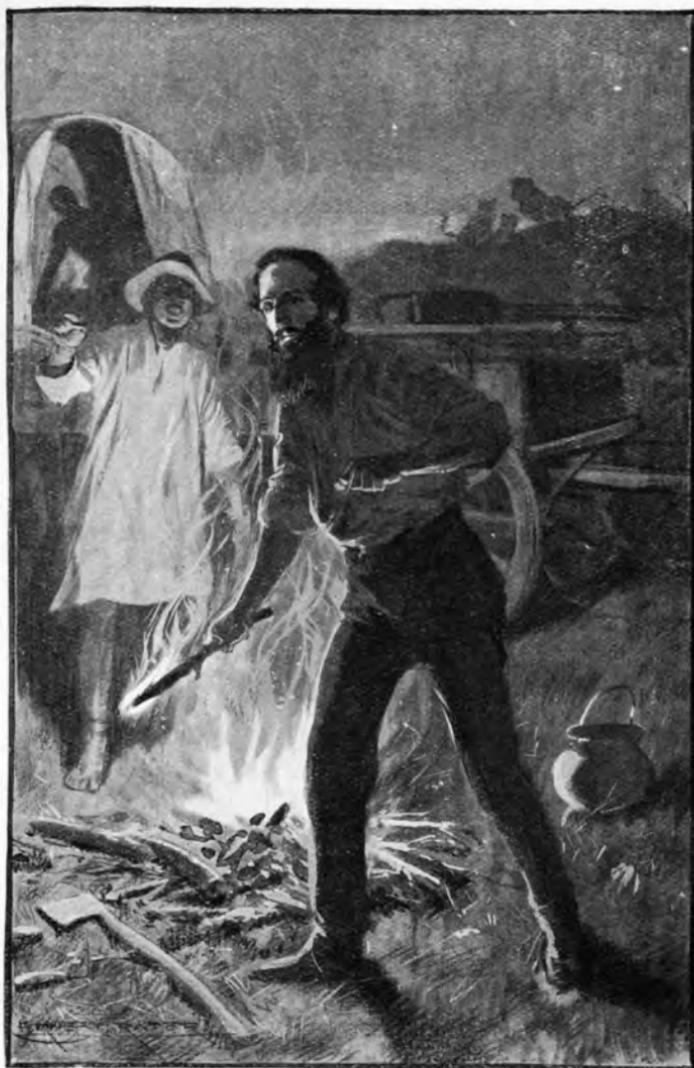
The language must be learned, and learned thoroughly, else how is translation going to be done? And the only way really to learn the language is to go and live right amongst and with the people. Twice Moffat has started out to do this, and has been called home by rumours of threatened attacks. The third time he is going to succeed.

The wagon has been overhauled, and, with a driver and a boy, and two native fellow-travellers who are going his way, he starts to visit a tribe called the Barolong.

They pass through dreary country, and on the third night halt at a pool. It is dark. No lights are to be seen. There may or may not be a village near.

A fire is lighted. The oxen are loosed to drink and graze, and a fire-brand is taken to the edge of the pool to see what animal footmarks may be there. Horrors! Here are lion tracks!

The oxen are collected and tethered strongly to the wagon, though the cow belonging to



He finds the wagon driver looking at two more lions.

[See page 37.]



The Kuruman Mission buildings—Robert Moffat standing in front.

(From a photograph taken about 1868.)

[See page 41.]

the two natives is left loose. They have had supper and prayers and are thinking about sleep when all the oxen start to their feet in terror. There is no end of a hullabaloo. A lion has seized the one cow and has dragged it away twenty or thirty yards, where it can be heard tearing the flesh and crunching the bones.

There is not much wood, and the fire may not last out the night. It will be wise to make it bigger somehow. So they separate to gather wood. There is no fear of that lion leaving his meal. But Moffat soon sees the outlines of four lions against the sky on a little rising ground, and he creeps stealthily back to the wagon. He finds the wagon-driver looking at two more lions with a cub who are looking at him and the strange wagon, and wondering whether they are to attack. Seven lions and a cub to four men and a boy!

Soon the other lions want some of the cow; but when they come near, the first lion growls ominously and leaves his feast for a moment to scare them off.

Will their fire last out the night? If it does not the lions will certainly be upon

them. Happily it does : though no one has much sleep that night. In the morning they could tell by the footmarks that one lion had had the whole of that cow except the head and the backbone and parts of the legs : and these he had hidden while he went for his nap. And, to judge by the footprints, he must have been a huge beast.

A few days later they come to the first of two large villages, about twenty miles apart, where the Barolong live, and where Moffat spends ten weeks. He gives himself every opportunity to sit with them and watch their work and hear their talk about it, and about other things, and to talk to them himself : and they have many a hearty laugh over his blundering attempts to speak.

Filthy and disgusting people they were in all their habits ; but this was the only way to master the language.

In the evening, over a candle, around which myriads of insects buzzed and burned themselves, while the flies drank the ink as it flowed from his pen, he recorded carefully what he had learned during the day.

These people made him welcome in their rude way, the more so as they were poor and often short of food, and his gun found them an unusual supply.

He went out to hunt one evening because it was cooler than the daytime. With his wagon-driver and the chief, he took up his station by the pool where men and cattle got their water. They were going to shoot the first thing that came to drink.

A loud lapping was heard about twenty yards off. "What is that?" said Moffat. "Ririmala" (hush!), said the chief, "there are lions, they will hear us." Happily the lions did not come their way.

Next came two buffaloes. A wounded buffalo is a terrible creature, and Moffat would not fire. But his wagon-driver did, and wounded one of them. He was badly hurt, and his body was found next day; but now both of them stood there for an hour, ready to charge if one of the men moved. It was a weird time; and when, at last, the two beasts went away the hunters were so stiff with cold that they could not have run.

Next came two giraffes. One of them was slightly wounded, and both of them decamped quickly. A troop of quaggas were too keen on the scent of strangers to stay and drink. They scampered off as soon as they had come. A huge rhinoceros was shot, and then lions were heard again, when the hunters thought they had better go home.

They had four miles to walk "through bushes, hyenas and jackals": and they reached the village safely; but Moffat said he would never go hunting by night again.

Next day the buffalo and the rhinoceros provided plenty of meat.

When Moffat got home to Kuruman he had learned not only the language, but the thoughts and the habits of the people as he could have done in no other way.

DAYBREAK

The new school-chapel at Kuruman has been quite recently finished—clay walls, properly made windows and doors, thatch roof, and all of it voluntary work.

On Sunday, July 1, 1829, it is thronged. It so happens that visitors from many dis-

tricts are here. There have been baptisms to-day—adult baptisms of men and women who have quite broken with heathenism and have pledged themselves to Jesus Christ. Now it is evening, and this is the first communion service.

Moffat has been here nine years, Hamilton thirteen: and during that time the people have frequently “boasted that neither Jesus, nor we, His servants, should ever see Bechuanas worship and confess Him as their King.”

Years ago the missionaries told themselves that they must sit tight and wait, putting up with everything, and just being as patient and kind and useful as possible. They have had enough to put up with in thievings and threatenings, raids, civil wars, strategic retreats to Griqua Town, to say nothing of hunger and the like. But this is worth everything.

Two years before friends in Sheffield asked Mary Moffat what present they could send that would be useful. The days were dark days just then; but she said, “Send us a communion service; it will be wanted some

day." That communion service was sent off a year ago. It has been on the way ever since; but it arrived on Friday. To-day, Sunday, it is in use: and twelve persons remind one another that "He died for all, that they which live should no longer live for their own ends, but for His."

So the day breaks.

THE HALF IS NOT TOLD

It would take many more pages to tell even the half of what Robert Moffat did as frontiersman of the Kingdom of God in South Africa. For instance, the great and terrible chief, Mosilikatse, nearly a month's wagon journey to the north-east, having heard the fame of Kuruman, sent two of his principal men to visit there and report. Moffat showed them every possible attention, and, when there seemed some danger in their returning, he took them all the way back, and visited their chief, who never forgot this kindness. This was the first of five such visits out of which the Matebele Mission grew. By the time of the third visit Mosilikatse had moved very much farther north, and

the journey meant 1,500 miles of difficult and dangerous wagon travelling.

The chief, Moshesh, from the Kolong River, more than a hundred miles away to the east, twice visited Kuruman, and extracted a promise that Moffat should come and see him as soon as possible. When Moffat went he had a great reception, and afterwards companies of Moshesh's people repeatedly came to Kuruman for as much as two months at a time to be taught.

I have said nothing of how the stone church was built at Kuruman, and was roofed with great timbers that were brought 250 miles; how Moffat took a translation of Luke's Gospel to Cape Town to be printed, and, finding no one to do it, learned to do it himself in the Government printing office; how, soon after this, a printing press was set up at Kuruman, and, later on, the whole Bible, Moffat's translation, was printed there.

For fifty-four years, with one furlough at home, Robert and Mary Moffat gave their best to Africa. Then they came home: she soon to pass through "those gates of space

whose keys Love keeps on that side, but on this side Death"; he to spend thirteen years as the unwearied missionary advocate.

NOTE

When Robert Moffat left Kuruman for the second visit to Mosilikatse he left a wee baby boy behind. That baby boy, John Smith Moffat, was one of the first group of missionaries to Matebeleland. His older sister (the baby of page 31) became Mrs. Livingstone. His younger sister became the wife of Roger Price, a missionary in Africa for forty-two years.

Kuruman Training Institution was founded as a memorial of Moffat's work there. When the railway was opened it left Kuruman a hundred miles or more away to the west, out of touch with all to-day's movements. This work was therefore transferred to Tiger Kloof, and was very largely developed. Here native missionaries and school teachers are trained, and 200 boys, besides learning ordinary school lessons, are taught useful arts and crafts. The girls side of the Institution is now being developed.

So Robert Moffat's work, begun a hundred years ago, is being continued.



TIGER KLOOF.



Natives in modern dress at a Bible Class in the open air
at Kuruman.

[See page 43.]



HENRY TOWNLEY

CHAPTER IV

The Christian Knight Courteous

“Of manners gentle, of affections mild ;
In wit, a man ; simplicity, a child.”—POPE.

WITH THE CONQUEROR

SEE a fully accoutred Norman soldier,
He is astride his great horse. A
coat of chain armour covers him
back and front. A light pointed shield,
almost kite-shaped, hangs for the time being
from his shoulders. A helmet, with the
visor up, is on his head. From his belt on

the left side hangs his broadsword with its simple cross bar. Resting on his right foot, and clasped in the middle by his right hand, is his long lance. In his left hand he holds the reins.

He, his elder brother, and his father have fought for William the Norman at Senlac, and have followed him afterwards into various parts of England—to Exeter; to Nottingham and Leicester and York, to Lincoln and Stamford and Cambridge, again to York, and, lastly, to Chester.

They called him John Monoculus. The name sounds rather well, a great deal better than "One-eyed John," though that is just what it means.

When the war was over, and William the Norman was really William the Conqueror, when settling down had to be thought of, and the King was giving lands that were not his own to men who deserved well of him, it looked as though John, being only a younger son, was not going to get anything. His elder brother was given all the district of Knaresborough in Yorkshire, and he set to

work immediately and built for himself a great castle. But soon he died, and, as he had no children, John Monoculus came into possession of it and established a family.

What has all this got to do with the missionary pioneers of 1816? This, that in 1816 there went out to India a missionary named Henry Townley, whose long ago ancestor was this same Norman soldier—John Monoculus of Knaresborough Castle.

He went to Calcutta as the Christian Knight Courteous, prepared to face anything he might have to face, if only he could help to open up the country for Jesus Christ. He did not build a castle there; but he built a chapel which stood and stands, not for terror and tyranny, but for all the kindness and love that belong to the Gospel of Christ. And Union Chapel, Calcutta, is now known in all parts of the world.

A GREAT NIGHT IN PARLIAMENT

Now, before we discover any more about Henry Townley, let us see what was going on in the British House of Commons in the year

1813: because on July 13 of that year there was a very great debate.

For six weeks, all up and down the country, meetings had been held, and resolutions had been passed, and petitions had been signed. Night after night these petitions had been showered upon the table of the House of Commons until, from towns and villages, from churches and chapels, from societies of all kinds, there were more than 800 of them.

Now Parliament had to settle the question that every one had been discussing. Twelve o'clock came, and it did not look as if any settlement would be reached yet. One o'clock came, and still there were members who wanted to speak. Two o'clock came, and then there was a great man speaking, so it was said, as he had never spoken before; and all the other men were listening closely, some of them angry, some of them delighted. Three o'clock came—three o'clock in the morning! Now the debate was over. Now the votes had to be counted. And when the numbers were announced eighty-nine

people went home triumphantly, while thirty-six were very angry, and immediately began to think what they could do to upset the decision.

They were not able to do anything; and in three weeks' time it was all settled as the law of the land.

What was it all about? It was about India, and, especially, as to whether Christian people in this country should be allowed to send missionaries there.

We had not got our Indian Empire then. There were some large districts that were supposed to belong to Great Britain, but they were all in charge of what was called the East India Company, whose directors ruled and taxed and traded with the people as they liked.

This was a privilege granted them by Parliament; and every twenty years Parliament had to decide whether the charge, or charter, should be renewed, and, if so, what, if any, alterations should be made in the conditions.

That was what Parliament was doing in

1813. The charter was to be renewed, but some important alterations were to be made in the way India was governed.

The most important alteration was that missionaries were to be allowed to go. Up to this time the Company had said: "We don't want missionaries, and we won't have missionaries! These people in India have their own religions; and if other people come in and teach a new religion it will disturb them and offend them, and they will turn us and our trade out of the country, or, at least, give us a great deal of trouble. Send your missionaries where you like, only we won't have them in India!"

So said the Directors of the Company. So said the shareholders. So said the people who did the actual trade or who were in the Company's service.

But the Christian people in England said: "We *must* send missionaries; what else are we Christians for?"

And that was why meetings were held all over the country. And that was what all the resolutions and petitions were about. And

that was the main subject of the big debate in the House of Commons.

And the House of Commons said: "Yes, you may; but there are certain conditions. For every man you send out as a missionary you must get a licence from the Company, and you must find securities for £500 for each man's good behaviour. That will make you careful whom you send; because we cannot have anybody going out yonder and making needless trouble by speaking foolishly to the natives."

And so, for many years, every man who went as a missionary to India had to get permission from the East India Company, and had to find security for £500 for his good behaviour!

But all the old fear of missionary work making trouble for the Government seems very foolish in these days, and especially when you find that Lord Roberts said: "On the north-west frontier of India the pacific influence of missions among the fierce Pathan tribes has been of incalculable value to our Government."

WHAT THE WALLS OF TOWNLEY HOUSE,
RAMSGATE, HAD TO SAY ABOUT IT

It is a fine house ; you might almost call it a mansion. It happens to be a girls' school now, but it was not built for that.

If you had ears that could hear it, this is the kind of story that the walls of the house would tell you.

“ Yes, you might almost say that this is a Royal House, for the Duchess of Kent lived here once with her little daughter, the Princess Victoria, afterwards Queen Victoria. But the house was built long before that by a Mr. Townley, a wealthy and learned lawyer of London. His wife, a very clever and charming woman, was the architect. She was the great lady of Ramsgate, and her house parties were full of gaiety and good cheer.

“ In these rooms we have seen wealth and beauty and renown gathered for dinner parties, and dances, and theatrical performances, and musical recitals. We have heard distinguished men brilliantly discussing great and difficult subjects of scholarship and

politics. We have heard lovers whisper to one another as they passed from the ball-room to the supper-room, or sat out together in some quiet corner.

“ And, of course, we saw and heard all the family life of the Townleys themselves: the quiet dignity of the father who had made his mark in the world, his pride in his sons, who, after the custom of the day, called him ‘ Sir ’; the mother’s admiration for her clever boys, and their delight in her as, not only a beautiful and accomplished woman, but a fond mother.

“ ‘ Do we remember Henry Townley ? ’
Yes, very well. A generous-hearted, lovable fellow he was—tall, dark, clean-shaven, and as agile in mind as in body. He was both eager for study and keen on sports; and every one prophesied a great future for him, judging by the strides he had already made in his profession as a lawyer.

“ But he was not what you would call religious—until one day when he told his mother that he had made a great discovery. He had discovered Jesus, and already Jesus

had changed his way of looking at many things. For instance, he had determined to throw up his profession and become a minister. If only she could make the same discovery, he said, he would be really happy.

“ Well, his mother did not know what to make of it all at first, for she was as little religious as he had been. But by and by she made the same discovery as he had made ; and then, in our drawing-room, we saw a preaching service instead of a card party, and Henry Townley preached.

“ All Ramsgate, and especially the people who had been in the habit of coming here, wondered what in the world had come over the Townleys ; and, in fact, the house was never quite the same again.

“ Some time after this, Henry Townley told his mother one evening that he had made up his mind to go out to India as a missionary. Oh, how troubled she was, and how she protested against it ! She thought he was not strong enough for it, and that he would certainly die in that climate. But he could be very firm when he liked ; and now

nothing she could say, no appeal she could make, would move him. But in the morning she said to him that if he, who loved her so dearly, could withstand all the entreaty of her love it was quite clear to her that God wished him to go, and she would oppose it no longer.

“They said that he could have been minister of any one of several large churches ; but he would not listen to any suggestions of that kind. And we heard that he was ordained as a missionary on February 7, 1816, in Paddington Chapel—one of the places where he could have been minister if he had liked !”



Townley House, Ramsgate.

CHAPTER V

“Waft, waft, ye winds His Story”

FOR nearly twenty weeks they have been on the open sea in one of those wooden sailing ships that belonged to a hundred years ago. There are four of them, Henry Townley and his wife, and James Keith and his wife; and they are all bound for Calcutta.

They have had some very rough weather. The ship has rolled and pitched, and sometimes the waves had come right over her. Mrs. Townley was very ill with it all for a month after embarking. Henry Townley was ill only one day. Keith, also, was very fortunate, and the two men used the twenty weeks well by studying the Bengali language.

Now they are at the mouth of the great river Hooghli. Calcutta is a hundred miles up on the right-hand side. The banks are low and flat, and are covered with jungle, where tigers and wild elephants and snakes abound. And the river brings down so much mud and sand, drifting it into great sand banks with narrow channels, that the passage of the ship is difficult and dangerous, and a pilot must be taken on board.

How slowly these last hundred miles seem to pass now they are so near the end of their voyage! But at last they come within sight of European houses in gardens on their right, and then they see the huge pile of Fort William, which has hundreds of great guns, and can hold 15,000 men ; and beyond that is the city of Calcutta.

It is a bad time of year to arrive—September 7—for there is yet another month of the rainy season, and then there will be two months of the unhealthy season, when everything is soaked and steamy, before the four months that are comparatively cool and healthy come again. But it cannot be helped,

and they are there to make the best of everything.

How curious they are about all the sights and sounds in this great strange city of 175,000 people ;¹ and how they wonder what the future is going to be like ! It is not going to be long for any of the four, as far as Calcutta is concerned ; but it is going to be full of great work.

What a contrast these two men are ! Henry Townley is aristocratic and courtly to his finger-tips, tall and slight and dignified, faultlessly dressed according to the custom of the times, and unconsciously carrying himself with all the ease and courtesy of manner that belong to the true gentleman.

Keith is not merely tall, he is large. He has a framework of big bones that has been built up on Scotch oatmeal and hard work. He looks as though he could stand any amount of strain or fatigue.

Before they begin their work they must

¹ Calcutta, to-day, has a population of nearly a million and a quarter, and the port stretches for ten miles along the river bank.

make some plan of it ; and before they can shape any plan they must get some idea of their surroundings. So, day after day, these two are out exploring ; it may be in the northern and native part of the town with its narrow, crowded bazaars where all kinds of things are sold, and all kinds of costumes are worn, and all kinds of smells abound, and where every half-clothed, ignorant and filthy man is precious to God. Or they may be strolling down what is now called the Strand, by the river-side, studying the shipping that lies anchored in the middle of the river, or berthed up against the wharves. Or they may wander into the European quarter—for there are 2,000 British people here—seeing what the westerner is like, or can be like, when he gets far away from home.

One thing you may be sure about : they do not pass through the British quarter without being observed, without being recognized as new-comers, without questions being asked behind their backs as to who they are and what they are there for. On their part they discover two things : first, that the British

Sunday does not exist in Calcutta, for natives work then just as on Saturday or Monday, and Europeans keep holiday. And, secondly, they discover that Europeans, for the most part, look with scorn and contempt upon any idea of missionary work among the natives.

Then you may see them all—the two men and their wives—talking everything over as they sit in the verandah of Henry Townley's house in the cool of the evening. And there comes a time when you may hear Henry Townley say: "We shall never do any good here until we get together a real Church of Jesus Christ among the English folk. It must be a fellowship of men and women who will want to see Jesus come into His own—men and women who will be alive unto God, and who will mean it when they say, 'Thy will be done on earth.' When we get that it will be a strong centre for Christ's missionary work in all this district."

It was a great task to set themselves, but it was sound statesmanship; and Henry Townley was just the man for the task. By

his natural gifts of dignity and courtesy and gentleness, as well as by his obvious abilities as a trained scholar, to say nothing of the fact that he was a man of very considerable means who had come out at his own charges and was paying expenses out of his own pocket, there was no society where men and women would not respect him, and almost unconsciously defer to him. He was so whole-hearted and genuine, but at the same time so kindly and tactful and understanding, that he won respect for himself and his Master wherever he went.

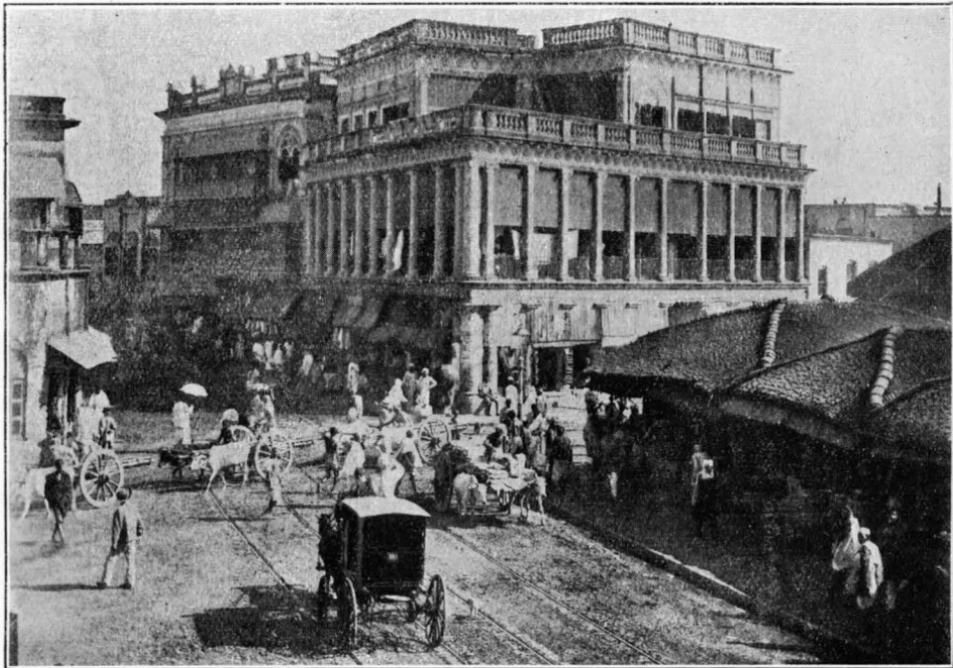
It is eight weeks after they have landed, and they have arranged to hold a service in their own house. The attendance is promising, and those who come determine to come again and bring others, for this is worth while. Soon the accommodation is too small, and a move is made to a hall in the city. That in turn becomes too small as the congregation grows under the forceful preaching of Keith, and the persuasive preaching of Townley.

Then it was that Union Chapel was built,

Henry Townley himself being probably the most generous contributor to the cost. And, as he said, Union Chapel became a tower of strength to the missionary work among the natives.

But Keith and Townley were not merely ministers to an English congregation. Night after night as time went on you might have found Townley on the outskirts of Calcutta, preaching in the open air and pushing his way farther and farther into the surrounding country. At first Keith would be his companion, and later on George Gogerley, who had come out three years later ; and in time they made themselves and their message known over an area five miles beyond the city.

Morning by morning you might have found Keith in the busy part of the shipping district, talking about Christ to little crowds of people before work began. And three times a week you could hear him preaching in the evening in a roomy building made of bamboos and mats and thatch in the native quarter of the town.



In the streets of Calcutta.

[See page 62.]

You must not think of all this as at all like the quiet, orderly preaching services that we are accustomed to. It was subject at any time to all kinds of questions, and sometimes to interruptions that were far from friendly and peaceable. It all needed men who knew how to handle difficult audiences, and who were so thoroughly masters of their subject, and masters of themselves, that they were able to answer any questions on the spur of the moment, and, it might be, turn the laugh against those who had tried to make them seem ridiculous.

It was brave work, difficult and tricky work this, pushing the frontiers of the Kingdom of God farther out amongst people to whom all their message was new and strange ; but they were great souls who had allowed God to train them for their task.

Six years in all, these four who came out together worked for Christ in Calcutta and its neighbourhood. Then both Keith and his wife pass suddenly into the Beyond ; and Townley and his wife, both broken in health, come home.

A NEW PROGRAMME, BUT STILL A MISSIONARY
PROGRAMME

When Henry Townley gets back to England all his friends begin to ask him what he is going to do next, and he always answers: "As soon as we are fit we are going back to India." But as two or three years pass he says this less and less confidently, and by and by it becomes clear that he will never be able to stand the climate of India again. During these years of waiting he has not wasted his time. There were no railways then, and travelling by stage coach was slow and uncomfortable; but he was ready to go anywhere to tell people what he had seen in Calcutta, and to urge upon young men the great opportunities there were for Christ away at the outposts.

For five years he is doing this kind of work, all of it missionary work, and as necessary as even the work in Calcutta. Then it becomes quite clear that he can never go back himself. What is he to do? He is in the prime of life, a rich man, a thoroughly well-educated man, with refined habits and tastes. And he is an

able preacher. He can surely settle down as minister in some large well-to-do church. But that is not in his line. The man who could throw up all his prospects of a successful professional career and go out to India as a pioneer missionary is not likely to be looking out for an easy place now.

There is a church in a poor and neglected district of London where some real missionary work is badly wanted. Some time after this, Thomas Fowell Buxton said in Parliament that in that district there were 70,000 persons, for whom there was no church or chapel accommodation. It was a comparatively small district, half a mile long and a quarter of a mile broad, called Spitalfields. In the next parish there were 10,000 children without Sunday schools.

This particular church is in White's Row, and at a meeting of twenty members Henry Townley is asked if he will come and work with them for Christ in heathen London. It is precisely the kind of thing that attracts him. He will go there and put his best work into that church and district.

That was how Bishopsgate Chapel came to be built, for within a few years this little church was turned out of its building in White's Row : the lease had run out. It must either stop all its work or find a new house for worship. It was Henry Townley's infectious enterprise and generosity that made it possible for them to build a new church and school ; and having built one church in the capital of India, he now builds another in the capital of Great Britain. And when the foundation stone was laid, the speech of the day was delivered by John Williams, of all people, who had gone out to the South Seas in the same year that Townley had gone to India, and who was home for his one furlough.

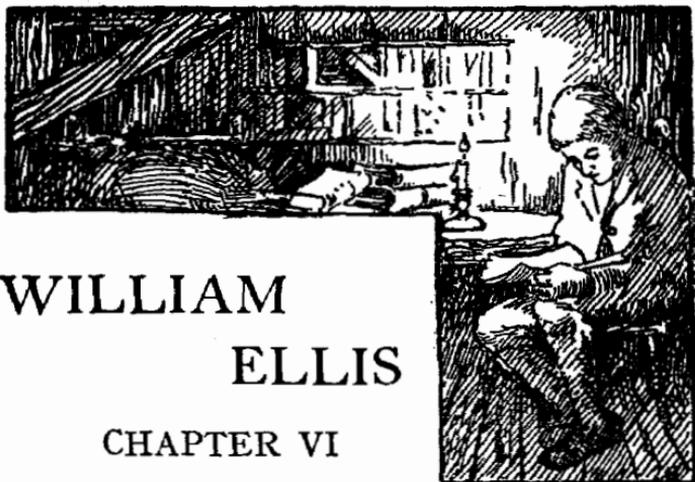
For twenty-one years Henry Townley successfully carried on his missionary work in Spitalfields, never forgetting the larger missionary work of the world. He was never strong, but no director of the London Missionary Society was more energetic in its work among the churches at home. He was always at Board meetings, and he was ready to go anywhere, as his strength allowed, to urge

upon Christian people the great privilege of being in league with God for the Kingdom which should have no frontiers.

For twelve years after he ceased to be minister at Bishopsgate you might frequently find him, the old man with the beautiful face, preaching in the open air around London as he had done in the country outside Calcutta.

He could not do just as he liked with his life. In that case he would have spent it all in India. But he liked to do what he could. And to him Christ's work was all one work, whether it was at home or abroad.





WILLIAM ELLIS

CHAPTER VI

Mastering Difficulties.

Greatly dowered, save in the manner of his birth, he used the wealth of it to further, here and there, in this, in that, through all his day, the purpose of its giving—Heaven's faith in him he justified.

WICK-TWISTING

TALLOW dips—have you ever seen one? Quite possibly not, because there are very few of them used to-day. If you have not seen one you certainly will not have seen them made. You need not be sorry for that, because the smell of it all is not very pleasant.

In the old days they were made like this. All along the length of a stick, say three feet

long, and held horizontally, soft cotton threads were hung in loops about four inches apart, and then each one was twisted. The next stage was to dip the cottons in hot tallow and then place the stick in a rack to cool. By and by, in turn with other sticks full, these would be dipped again and again until the candles were as thick as they were wanted.

When the nineteenth century was two years old you might have seen a small boy of eight placing, and twisting, candle-wicks in the house-place, and taking charge of a younger brother the while. As he finished his sticks he put them on one side, and afterwards they were taken into the candle-making shop near by. So early this small boy, who hardly ever had any proper schooling, was helping to earn the family income.

FROM WISBECH TO THORNEY

It was in Hereward the Wake's country, the Isle of Ely, where Crowland looks across the flats and the dykes to Ely on the Hill, and where Wisbech, with its small crowd of small shipping, looks away from the sea to Peterborough.

Quite early one February morning, when everything is reeking with moisture, a working man and a lad, father and son, start out from quaint old Wisbech with its celebrated church and market-place and take the road to Peterborough. The man has his stick in his hand ; the boy carries a fair-sized bundle slung on the end of his stick across his shoulder. It is bad travelling, for the roads, always in shocking condition, are at their worst in February fill-dyke ; but the man and the boy trudge along until Wisbech is ten miles or so behind them. Then there is a roadside dinner and a short rest. They cannot stay long, however, for they have five miles to go yet, and the man has all the way to come back that night.

The end of the journey is the Rectory of Thorney, where the lad, William, is to be a sort of generally useful boy servant, filling up his time partly in the house and mainly in the garden. He has been earning his living for nearly three years now as a gardener, though he is only just over thirteen. He has never been away from home before, but

this morning he said good-bye to his mother, and this afternoon he says good-bye to his father.

Fifteen miles back again the father walks, wondering the while what the years are going to do with this smart and energetic boy of his.

A STUDENT—SPITE OF CIRCUMSTANCES

A bedroom over a stable is not the ideal place to sleep in, even though there is no direct communication between them; but it is always possible to make the best of what you have. And here is such a bedroom, just about as clean and tidy and comfortable as could be, and one end of it is almost covered with books.

This is William's room. He has been in several situations since he went to Thorney, and now he is a gardener at Newington Green, London. And William is a student as well as a gardener. All his spare money has gone in books for years past, and the books have been read. Innumerable hours he has spent here by the light, (and warmth !) of a

tallow candle, studying for the sake of getting to know more about God's world and making himself more useful in it, but with no idea of becoming a missionary. Nevertheless, when, some time after this, you see him before a committee of reverend and respectable directors of the London Missionary Society, who are examining him as a possible missionary, and you hear one of them say to him, "Well, young man, and where have you studied?" you hear also the whole story of his quiet diligence as he first answers, "In my bedroom," and then goes on to describe the study over the stable. Then, too, it becomes clear to you, as it did to that committee, that God had called this young man into a larger field of usefulness than he himself at the first had dreamed of.

SOLVING A PROBLEM

In an upper room in London city, while people in the streets below are going about their business just as usual, a few men are gathered round a table considering the answers that must be given to some impor-

tant letters that have come from the other side of the world. The letters are from missionaries in Eimeo.¹ They say that the long years of disappointment and difficulty are over, that idols are being suspected and discarded, and the people are beginning to listen to the Gospel. There are already quite a number of Christians, and the opportunity has suddenly become great. They urge that more missionaries should be sent out, and that one of them should be a printer, bringing with him a printing press and type. The people are fast learning to read and write, they say, and lesson books and parts of the Bible should be printed without delay.

Good old Alexander Waugh is in the chair, a big man, clean shaven, with a kindly smile playing about the corners of his mouth, piercing dark eyes and a mass of silver hair. Round the table with him are some of the best known ministers in London. They are there to consider what can be done, and all kinds of suggestions are made. Says one, "There is young William Ellis. I know we

¹ Society Islands.

meant to send him to Africa quite soon ; but it seems to me the best thing we can do is to keep him at home for a while, let him learn printing, and then send him to the South Seas. He is the sort of lad who will learn anything he gives his mind to." And in the end it was agreed that this should be done.

So it came about that William Ellis, whose hands were used to the spade, set himself with a will to learn to finger type.

FIVE MEN IN A BOAT

Five copper-coloured men, in a large dug-out canoe, are making their way across the twenty miles or so of open sea from Tahiti to the neighbouring island of Eimeo. A wonderful island is this same Eimeo. Roughly oblong in shape, about ten miles north and south, and five miles east and west, it is broken up with hills and valleys, while here and there the mountains rise in isolated picturesque peaks. In places the rocks on the shore run up sheer from the water for 2,500 feet. On the north coast there is a mag-

nificent harbour, where the sea flows in for three miles up a beautiful glen, on the sides of which are high precipitous rocks, and at the head a broad stretch of level country covered with trees, shrubs and sugar cane.

The canoe is not making for the north coast, but for a little creek and glade on the east coast called Afareaitu.¹ Here, nestling among the hills, and by the stream, are several good-sized timber houses with thatched roofs.

This glen is the Printing House Square of the Society Islands. Here William Ellis has built his modest printing works and set up his one machine. It is little more than just a wooden hut with two glass windows and a thatched roof. A good solid floor was wanted for the machine, and it was made by taking the stones from an old Marae, where not so long before men had been sacrificed to idols. But the type set up on the machine now is Luke's gospel. And it is Luke's

¹ South Sea Island words have open syllables, i.e. ending with a vowel; thus—A-fa-re-a-i-tu, pronounced Ah-fah-ray-ah-ee-too.

gospel that these men in the boat have come for.

It is late in the evening when they arrive. They have brought a number of bamboo tubes full of coco-nut oil instead of money, and they waste no time in finding Mr. Ellis and telling him what they want. But he, poor man, with other things to do as well, has been working eight and ten hours a day at his printing, and yet cannot keep pace with the demand. Just now he has not a single copy left ; but he tells them that if they will go into the village and stay there for the night, he will print off what they want in the morning. And he leaves them supposing that they will do this.

He is up by sun-rise, and looks out of his window. There are the five men lying in the open ! He is out of the house very soon, and asking them if they have been there all night, and, if so, why they did not go and lodge in some house where they would certainly have been made welcome ? And they say that, as soon as he had left them the night before they determined to stay there,

lest some one should come before them in the morning and they should have to go back, after all, without the books!

You may be sure that they had the first copies that could be printed. There were no covers for them; but they wrapped them up in pieces of bark-cloth and went straight back to their canoe and home again without going into the village at all.

William Ellis watched them go, and then went in to breakfast, saying over to himself words out of that same gospel of Luke, "When ye see these things coming to pass, know ye that the Kingdom of God is nigh."

How much better was this than nursery gardening in England!

ADVENTURES

Those seas and skies in the South Pacific are very beautiful, but they can be very dangerous, too, as, at one time or another, most missionaries out there discover.

William Ellis had his adventures like the rest. Here are two of them.

He was working on the island of Huahine

for several years with Charles Barff as his colleague. On one occasion he started in an open boat to go to Tahiti. It was fair weather when they set out, but a gale sprang up, and, before they were through with it, the sprit of one of their matting sails was broken.

They put into Eimeo to find a new sprit, and towards evening they started out again. It was a glorious night, with thousands of stars shining as they are never seen to shine in our country.

When he went from island to island Ellis often chose the night-time so as to avoid the blazing sun and its reflection from the water. He had found out that his men would generally row well for the first part of the night, and then be inclined to go to sleep, and he usually took his sleep first. So, saying to one of the men, "Wake me in an hour," he wrapped himself in his cloak, lay down on the seat in the stern, and was soon fast asleep.

By and by he woke up and discovered that it was broad daylight, and he was the only man in the boat who was awake. Four

men slept leaning on their oars. Four more lay asleep in the bottom of the boat, and the man at the tiller was asleep with a rope in each hand. They were drifting fast with the current, and Eimeo on one side and Tahiti on the other were far away to the north; indeed, but for the mountains, they would have been out of sight.

It did not take long to wake up the men, who had each dropped off to sleep without knowing about the others. But it took them five hours' hard rowing to get back to land.

On another occasion Barff, Ellis, an English sailor and five natives set off from Huahine to Raiatea. There was a fair wind, and the journey should have been done in three or four hours. But, before one hour was out, black clouds had rolled down, shutting out the view of everything. A storm gathered up quickly. They took down all the sails except one small one, and prepared for a buffeting. Then the rain came in torrents, the wind rose, the waves beat into the boat and kept them busy baling out the water. The natives were terrified, and huddled

themselves together in the bottom of the boat. It all looked very ominous. They had no sort of control over anything and could not tell where they were going.

There was one thing that might help a little: they took mast, spars and oars and lashed them securely together in one big bundle. Then they fastened one end of a rope to this, and the other end to the bow of the boat. This was to form a sort of buoy or floating anchor in the hope of steadying the boat somewhat.

Then, for a while, the rain cleared, though the sea was still rough. They began to hope again. The worst was surely over. They would pull through. But what was their consternation to see a water-spout, a great column of water rising out of the sea and lost in the clouds, moving slowly along, and seemingly coming in their direction. Now the natives were in despair, covering their eyes with their hands or putting their heads between their knees.

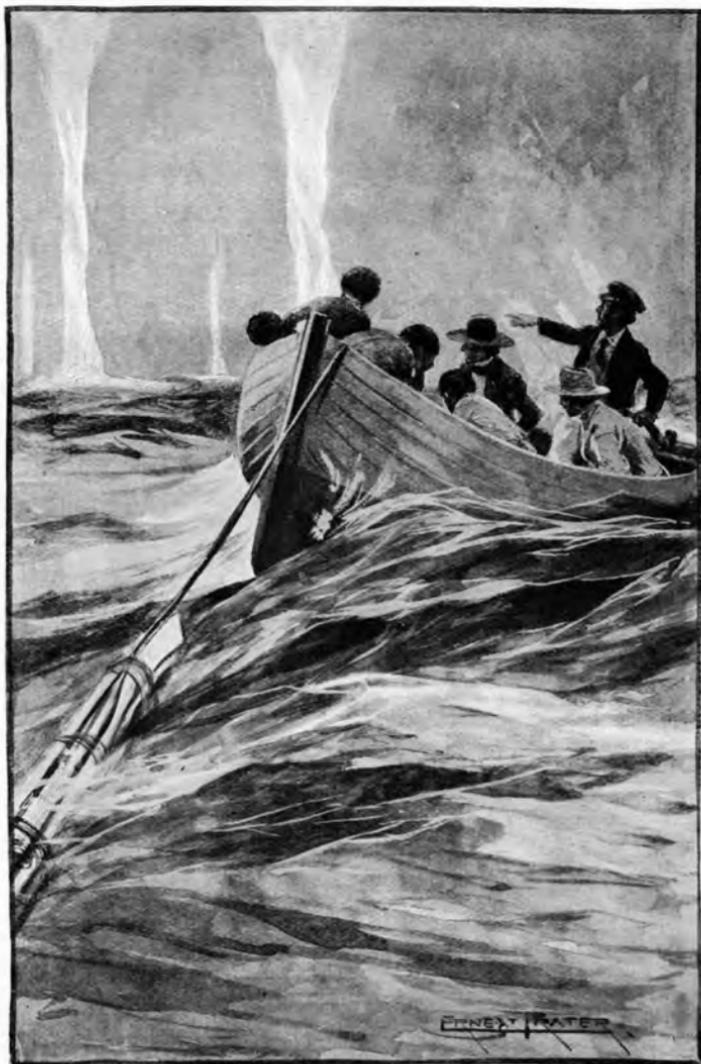
The English sailor was at the helm. Barff was on one side of him and Ellis on the

other. They can only sit and wait. "There's another!" says Barff. And soon after Ellis says, "There's another!" And before very long the English sailor says, "And there's another!" Four columns of water careering about, and dancing a kind of impromptu quadrille quite on their own, might at any time be a little awkward for an open boat and the people in it!

And that kind of thing went on all day long. There would be clouds and rain, sometimes clearing a little, and sometimes thickening; and then, out of the mist and darkness would loom large the weird hurly-burly of a water-spout.

But as the evening came on the storm gradually spent itself. The rain ceased. The waves sank. The atmosphere cleared. There was no land in sight anywhere; but a streak of light from the setting sun suggested directions. It was well it was so, for they had no compass.

They took in the bundle of spars, and rowed west with all the strength they had. Then the moon rose, and began to sail through



“ Four columns of water careering about.”

[See page 82.]

an untroubled and cloudless sky, showing up the coast of Raiatea. Weary, famished, drenched with rain and shivering with cold, they landed about midnight and were soon made happy with a blazing fire, dry clothes and food.

That was a day none of them ever forgot. But what one says to oneself when reading this kind of thing, is that there was real stuff, and not mere stuffing, in those men who faced all kinds of perils and hardships for the Gospel's sake.

There was another exciting and perilous adventure while the Ellis family were at Huahine: but it concerned Mrs. Ellis and her four young children—three girls and a boy.

William Ellis had gone to the Sandwich Islands, and, in his absence, Mrs. Ellis and the family went to Borabora on a visit to Mrs. Orsmond. They got there safely enough, and had a good time—at least, the children did. It was a great event for them. But coming back was an experience.

They were in a large boat with ten strong natives, and they started off on May Day,

1822. They made good going until they actually came within sight of the houses at home. Then the winds were contrary, the boat was driven back, and they had to land on Raiatea. Next day things were no better, and the day after they were the same ; indeed, the winds were so rough that it was impossible to start again until May 13. Then, because they were very anxious to get home, and because it really seemed as though it could be done, they started. But they were out all day, and then all night, and next morning they found themselves close to land at another part of Raiatea. There was nothing to be done but to land again. The children had for the most part slept snugly in the bottom of the boat ; but Mrs. Ellis was so worn out and weak that she had to be carried to the nearest hut. In that hut they found a woman who was in great grief because her husband had died that very morning—indeed, only just before they came. No neighbours were near, for everybody had gone off to a great missionary meeting. So the two women comforted and ministered to one another.

Next day another start was made, and on the principle that the third time pays for all, they made a capital run home, glad that, for the present at least, their adventures were over.

THE PROMISE OF THE FUTURE

There was a great meeting in Huahine. Everybody who was hale and whole was there ; for this was something that had never happened before.

Two men, Auna and Matatore, with their wives were to go out as missionaries to the Marquesas Islands, and at ten o'clock in the morning, on February 24, 1822, all the neighbours were gathered together to say farewell. Charles Barff was their spokesman. He told them that wherever they went they must remember that they were just a little bit of Huahine, and that they carried the credit of Huahine with them. They might be sure, he said, that Huahine would never forget them, and would be eager to hear that they were good missionaries of Jesus Christ.

William Ellis was to go with them, and see

them settled down, and then come back. And when he spoke at the big meeting, he told the people to pray for them all the time, and to take care of his wife and children while he was away.

Then, when the meeting was over, every one trooped down to the sea beach, where there was a Government cutter, the *Mermaid*, whose captain had offered to take the missionaries; for, though he was to go to the Sandwich Islands first, he would call at the Marquesas Islands coming back.

So these first native missionaries from Huahine had a great send-off. They were among the first of that great crowd of South Sea Islanders who during the last hundred years have scattered themselves as missionaries over all the island groups and into Papua. Great men many of these have been, men who have heroically faced all kinds of hardships and dangers, and who have counted it the highest honour their own island could confer upon them to send them as its representatives in charge of the Gospel for other people.

CHAPTER VII

How Plans Change Themselves

WILLIAM ELLIS has left Huahine and has settled at Oahu, in the Sandwich Isles. It came about in a strange way, and at the first it was no part of his own plans.

He brought the two native missionaries and their wives from Huahine, and they were all stranded here until the captain of the *Mermaid* should come back to fetch them and take them on to the Marquesas. But the *Mermaid* was delayed for some weeks in a journey further north.

Meanwhile Ellis discovers that American missionaries are beginning work in these islands. They are slowly, very slowly, learn-

ing the language ; for they have no grammar or dictionary to help them. He finds, too, that the language is very much the same as that of Tahiti. He knows the Tahitian language thoroughly. Has he not printed thousands of pages of it, so that all the words and phrases are, so to speak, photographed on his memory ? He tries to preach, and finds that he can make himself understood quite easily.

Then the American missionaries say, " Here is a man who can help us to get hold of this difficult language ; we must keep him here if we can." And the king says, " Here is a man who can talk to me and teach me ; I must keep him if I can." And, strangely enough, one of the two native missionaries he has brought with him discovers his wife's brother who has " emigrated " to the Sandwich Isles ! And the brother-in-law wants them to stay too.

So, as there is as good an opening for work here as in the Marquesas, they all determine to stay where they are, and William Ellis goes back to fetch his wife and children.

But before he goes, amongst other things, he manages to write two or three hymns and get them learned and sung. They were the first ever sung there.

It was really a very good thing that they came here ; for some evil-disposed persons had been spreading the report that Christianity was ruining the islands where the people had accepted it ; so the king and chiefs here were a little doubtful what they should do. But when these two natives of Huahine were able to say what the new teaching had done for their island, and for Eimeo and Tahiti and Raiatea, all the king's doubts vanished.

THE WEIRDEST PLACE ON EARTH. 1823

*Land more lovely sun ne'er shone on than these isles of
Hawaii.*

*Spendthrift nature's wild profusion fashioned them like
fairy bowers ;*

*Yet behind—below the, sweetness—underneath the passion
flowers,*

*Lurked grim deeds and things of horror, grisly deaths
and ceaseless fears,*

*Fears and deaths that walked in darkness, grisly deaths
and ceaseless fears.*

JOHN OXENHAM.

It is sunrise on August 1, and some eight or nine men, who have been sleeping on beds of dried fern laid on the floor, are waking one by one, and sitting up, and wondering for a moment where in the world they can be.

They are certainly in about the queerest of all possible queer dormitories. It is a cave about forty feet square and arched up to about ten feet high. The entrance is about eight feet high and five feet wide, and at the far end there is a hole in the roof about three feet across.

In the long far-distant past this had been a gas bubble, or steam bubble, in a mass of lava, and now its floor and walls and roof are hard and smooth and black as marble.

Five of the men are missionaries, four Americans and one Englishman—Ellis. They have come from Oahu, one of the Sandwich Islands, to Hawaii, another island of the same group but larger and more thickly populated. They are exploring the country to find out how and where they may extend their work: for they are well manned now. They have visited a number of villages and have preached

there, and they will see more villages before they go back ; but, just now, they are bent upon exploring the great volcano of Kilauea. They fell in with a small party of travellers yesterday and have joined forces. And last night they found this cave and turned it into a dormitory, lighting a big fire of wood just outside the entrance. How the flames lit up and glanced from those black walls !

Now they are all awake. There is no need to dress, for they lay down as they were. And there is no water to wash with ; so their toilet is soon complete. The red embers of the fire are drawn together and coaxed into making some tea for a very plain breakfast. And, after prayers, which bring England and America into the South Seas, they start out for the day.

For several miles, all up-hill, their way lies through bush country where everything grows in profusion, and where ferns and grasses, anything from three to five feet high, are heavy with dew. With their knapsacks on their backs, and water-bottles slung from the shoulder, they march along, Indian file,

the few who are in front getting wet through.

Next they pass through a small wood, and come out of that into wild open country where are long stretches of volcanic sand with here and there low ridges of hard glassy lava : and in either case travelling is slow and difficult. The sun flames in a gorgeous blue sky, and occasionally they must rest.

They are looking for the crater. Where is it ? The fact is they do not quite know what to look for, and are expecting to see what they won't find. They have imagined a great pyramid with broken rocks and fissures on its sides, and with the crater like a huge basin inside. But Kilauea is no such thing.

They have been travelling since quite early morning. Now it is two o'clock. Suddenly they come to the edge of a precipice, and the mystery is solved.

Sheer two hundred feet below them is a great plain, fifteen or sixteen miles in circumference, and strewn with huge rocks and stones, bare, barren, desolate. And in the middle is the crater.

They make their way along the edge of

the precipice and find a place where it is possible with great carefulness to get down. The air is hot and steamy and sulphurous, and they trudge along tediously until they come to the edge of the crater.

It is a huge abyss, 800 feet down, two miles long, one mile wide, and crescent shaped. In the bottom is the "lake of molten lava, the sea of living fire, the home of wrath and terror" where the great goddess, the remorseless Pélé, was supposed to dwell.

For some moments they stand simply dumb, every one of them, with sheer wonder and amazement. It is probably the weirdest, the most actually awe-full place on earth. The molten lava writhes and surges and roars, while more than twenty cones, of various size and height, are belching steam or flame. And they are probably the first white men, and Ellis the first Englishman, to look upon it all.

All the superstition of the island has been centred on this spot. For when the volcano was unusually active it was supposed that the Goddess Pélé was angry with the people,

and was demanding human sacrifices to propitiate her. Nor can any human record tell the things of horror that have been done here in her name.

And still the superstition clung to the place; for the guide who was supposed to be conducting the missionaries over the island positively refused to go anywhere near Kilauea. And when it became known afterwards that these strangers had trespassed upon Pélé's sacred precincts there was no small stir.

But it was five years too late for the stir to do any real harm. Pélé's day was done, and the day of all that the missionaries stood for was dawning. And it was in the glad consciousness of this that, after spending a night there so as to see things at their grandest, these men found their way back again to Oahu and worked out their plans for pushing frontiers further out.

“BUYING UP THE OPPORTUNITY.” 1828

It is just five years since that memorable August 1 at Kilauea.

In the glorious hill-country of Gloucestershire, with its great trees of slow, sturdy growth, its old grass swards and its many streams—all in strongest contrast to Hawaii—at Nailsworth, and in a modest cottage where he has found accommodation, William Ellis, now thirty-four, is busy over a pile of manuscript papers, creating one out of many, and writing in a small, neat hand.

A great deal has happened in the interval. For twelve months after the visit to Kilauea he had remained in the Sandwich Isles, inordinately busy all the time. Some hours daily were given to teaching the King, the King's mother, or the chiefs. His American friends were still glad of some coaching in the language. The printing work was a serious item. Preaching took a great deal of time, and plans for extension must be made deliberately.

Then Mrs. Ellis, always more or less of an invalid, but never allowing that to interfere more than was absolutely necessary with her husband's usefulness, became so seriously ill that the only way of saving her life was to

get her home to England. That seemed an almost impossible thing to do : and it was only done after eleven months' many times hindered and delayed journey across America, where William Ellis used the delays to preach and lecture here, there and everywhere about the work missionaries were doing.

Now they have been home for three years ; and while Mrs. Ellis is an invalid with hopes of recovery and of return to the South Seas, he has been all up and down England and Wales, telling his experiences and making young men and boys eager to have a share in the great work that the nineteenth century was to see done.

He has published one book about the tour through Hawaii since he came home. Part of it had been written before he started, and the rest had been put together in scraps of time between engagements in America, and while he was on board ship from New York. Few books have made more stir in the world than that did when it first came out.

Now he is busy over another book called "Polynesian Researches." He has never had

any long leisure for it, because he is wanted as a speaker all over the country, and he goes wherever he can get. During the six months of this particular summer (1828), and while supposed to be living at Nailsworth, he is to be found at such extremes as the Norfolk coast and Milford Haven, Huddersfield and Chelmsford, Wells and Birmingham and Brighton. And all his travelling has to be done by coach.

“Glorious, that!” you say, “on the top of a coach, behind four spanking horses and a coachman who knows how to handle them, over the hills and down into the plains, along the great turnpike road with its broad common pasturage on either side, past the harvesters who wave their great straw hats while the guard gives them an answering salute on the horn, right through the village street without a stop, on through the woodland and across the river, then rattling over the cobble-stones of the next town and, with another flourish of the horn, pulling up at the door of the *Ram*, or the *Bull*, or the *Plough and Harrow*; twenty minutes for dinner,

and on again with fresh horses—glorious, that ! ”

Yes ; but there is another side to it. Neither road nor coach springs are twentieth century. Pelting storms, soaking rains, cold winds or flaming sunshine may make such travelling very uncomfortable : because you cannot order your weather when you book your seat. And it is going to take you at least twenty-three hours to get from London to Leeds, or twenty-four hours from London to Manchester. I fancy that, especially on cross-country routes, Ellis must sometimes have been very weary of travelling.

And these scraps of paper, covered with innumerable notes, which he is arranging and transcribing now, have been written in all sorts of odd times and in all kinds of queer places. Some of them he can scarcely read himself : they have been written on the top of a coach that jolted and jarred over a rough road. Others are quite neat : they were written outside some roadside inn, or sitting under a hedge or tree waiting for a coach that would be due in an hour or so.

He was at Pembroke last Sunday, and he is due at Westbury in Wilts on the Wednesday of next week ; but he has a little time now, and he will use it.

This kind of running about the country is all very well in summer-time, but in winter it is very trying, and sometimes impossible : and next winter, when there will be fewer meetings, he will be able to get on with his book more quickly. But when November comes, and Henry Townley, not long settled at the poor church in White's Row, but determined to teach even Spitalfields to think of the large world, wants Ellis to come up to London and help him start a Missionary Auxiliary, of course such a man as he goes, and the Auxiliary is started with a first collection of £10.

Next year you shall find him travelling from end to end of Ireland during three months, and following that with two months of the same work in Scotland. And then you may trace him to York, Birmingham, Brentwood, Lincolnshire and Yorkshire, and filling up short gaps in his programme by

visits to Stroud and Rodborough and other places near home.

And wherever he goes people see things they never saw before, and hope and believe and resolve as they have never done before ; while, in after years, and in all parts of the world, men will be able to say to you, " William Ellis was the man who sent me out to this work."

And, all the while, he is hoping to go back to it himself.

CHAPTER VIII

In Madagascar

IN a small old tub of a sailing ship, badly furnished and wretchedly dirty, an Englishman and a Scotchman are making the best of things during a week's voyage between Mauritius, a British island colony in the Indian Ocean, and Tamatave, the port of Madagascar.

Life on board is very rough. Captain and crew are frequently drunk, and the two men who are used to a very different order of things have no easy time.

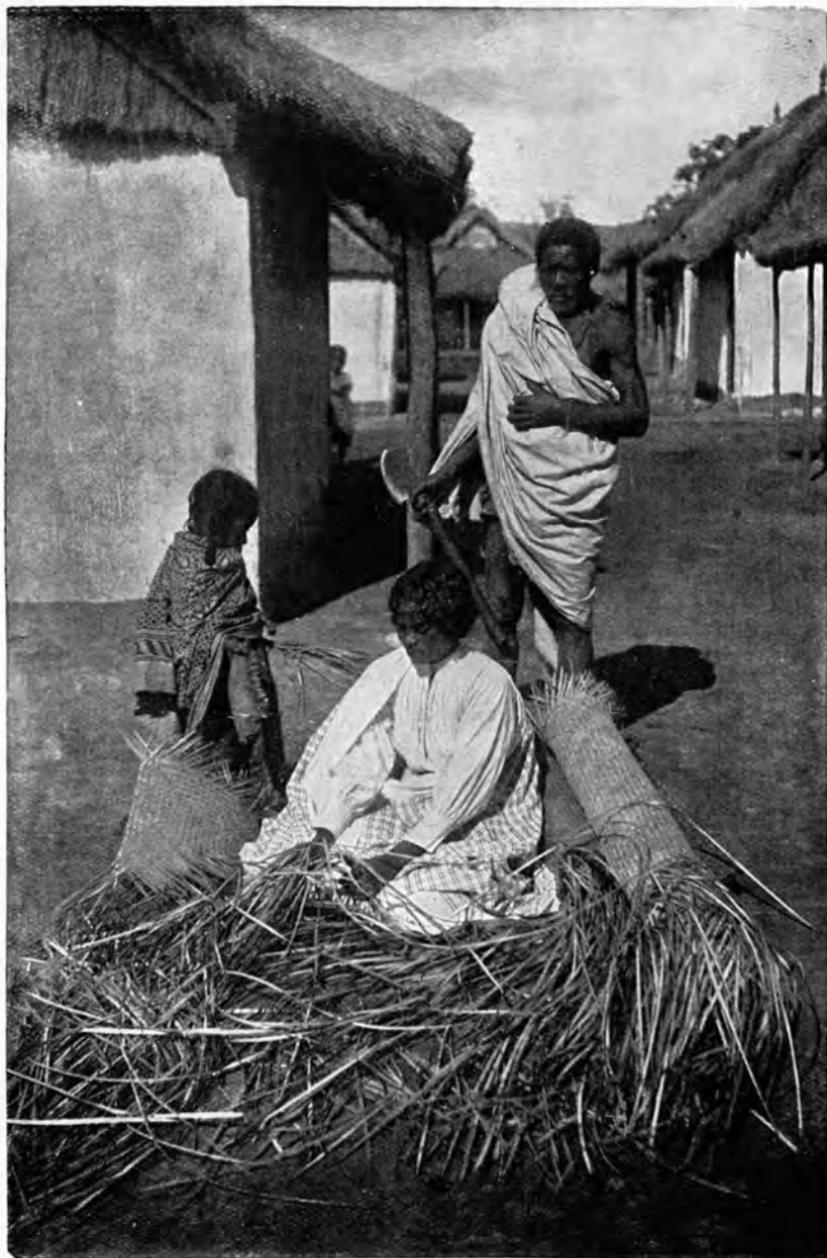
The Englishman is William Ellis, aged fifty-eight, going out again at last as a missionary: but not to the South Seas.

It is nearly twenty-five years since he was arranging his manuscripts at Nailsworth, in the interval between Pembroke and Westbury.

On the very Sunday he was at Pembroke Radama I, King of Madagascar, died. He had welcomed missionaries: and many of the Hova tribe had welcomed their message. But, when he died, his widow, Ranavalona, a vigorous heathen woman, reversed all his policy and, after a while, banished the missionaries and persecuted the Christians. During the years that followed many people had been put to death simply for being Christians.

Now it looked as though this might be coming to an end; and the directors of the Missionary Society determined to send some one to Mauritius to be in closer touch with things and to do whatever might be possible.

William Ellis is just the man for this work. Since we saw him last he has been Foreign Secretary of the Society for some ten years, and, since then, and after a period of broken health, he has been minister of the Congregational Church at Hoddesdon for five years; and all the rest of the time, when well enough, he has been the eager and enthusiastic advocate of missionary work all over the country.



Malagasy making mats from rushes.



The Persecution of Christians in Madagascar.

Taking the consolations of the Bible to a manacled Christian.
William Ellis brought home two of these bars. They weigh 38 lbs. each.
[See page 102.]

He sailed from England on April 14, 1853, and, three months later, with James Cameron, an ex-Madagascar missionary who joined him at the Cape, started in this small trading boat from Mauritius to Tamatave.

The first thing to do on arriving is to send a letter to the Queen asking permission to visit the capital. Until the answer comes they live in the filthy boat out at anchor. They may come ashore when the weather allows; and, in this way, they are able to encourage some of the Christians, and to get some useful information as to how things are going on in the country. Of course it all has to be done very carefully so as to avoid creating suspicion and making trouble for the people they meet.

But when the answer comes from the Queen there is nothing for it but to go back to Mauritius, which, this time takes them three miserable weeks.

Ellis is not a man to be easily discouraged. There seems some hope of better things next year. So he spends nine months in missionary work at Mauritius and tries again.

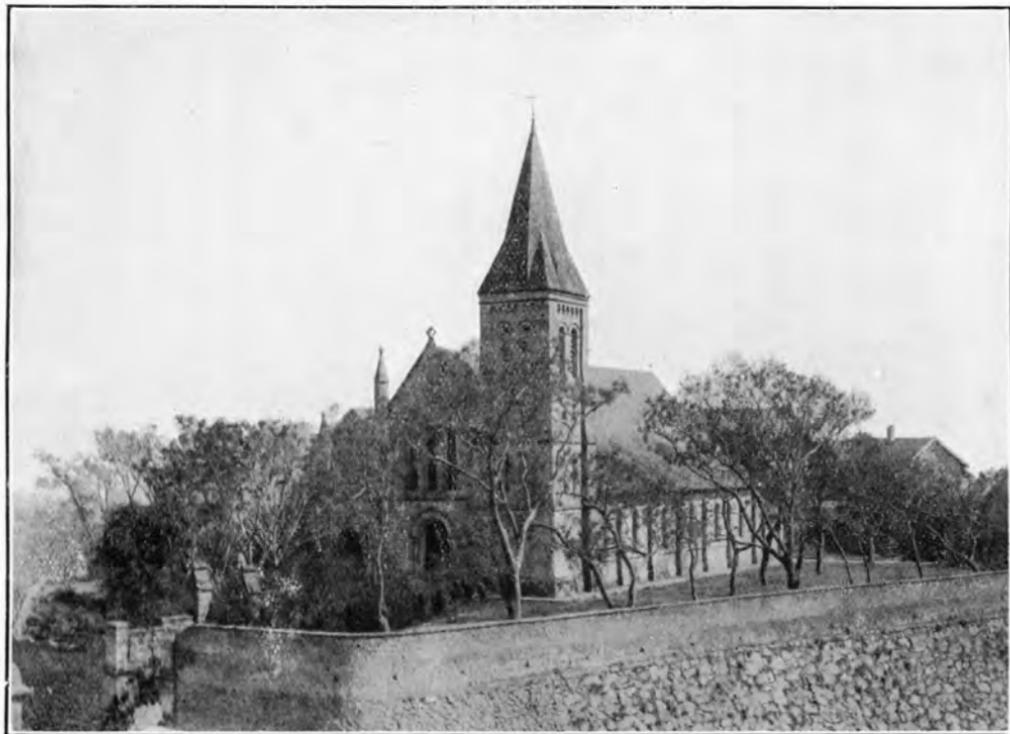
This time he takes many copies of the Bible, or parts of the Bible in Malagasy : for every scrap of printed Bible that could be found has been confiscated and burned.

He has to be very careful how he disposes of these : for he is really a smuggler, and it will be bad for him and for many others if he is caught.

This time he is allowed to land at Tamatave. Of course he may not preach ; but in one way and another he manages to meet Christian people, and to put heart and hope into them. He does some doctoring, too, and some photography, and, old horticulturist as he was, collects some orchids. But when the answer comes from the Queen it is a refusal again, and once more he must go back to Mauritius.

It does not seem any use staying there longer, so now he goes on to South Africa, to spend six months among the missionaries there, to give them a word of good cheer all round, and to see if anything can be done to strengthen their work.

It is easy to understand how glad the men



Ambatonakanga Church, Tananarive, Madagascar.

This fine church was the first of four churches built as memorials to the martyred Christians.

[See chapter VIII.]



The old Broad Gate, Tananarive.

The large stone disc had to be rolled across the opening to close the gate.

[See page 105.]

would be to see him, to have a long talk about England and what was going on at home, and, again, to talk over all their own work with a man who was both so experienced and sympathetic. And when at last he gets home, the directors say that if he had done nothing else but visit the African mission stations, it would have been well worth both time and money.

MADAGASCAR AGAIN! 1856

In eight months' time he is leaving England for Madagascar again, because permission has come from the Queen for him to visit the capital—Antananarivo, or Tananarive, as it is now called.

His great object in going is, of course, to secure permission for the missionaries to go back: and he goes as the representative of the L.M.S. But Madagascar is full of plots, and rumours of plots, and various political difficulties, and he is authorized by the British Government to convey to the Queen of Madagascar the most positive assurances of British good-will.

Arriving at Tamatave, he finds himself looked upon as the guest of the Queen. Hospitality on a grand scale has been arranged for him, and he is treated with the greatest attention and courtesy. At the same time, he is quite conscious that there is a strict watch kept upon everything he does, and especially upon such persons as come to see him. So he has to be very careful.

In three weeks' time, with an escort of a hundred men, the march up country to the capital is begun. In the rear is the palanquin in which is the English visitor; and eight strong men are told off to carry it in shifts of four. Chiefs, and crowds of people, are assembled to witness the departure. This is obviously a State function.

Twenty days' march, now through open country or across great ravines, now through forests with gigantic trees, now through a "Paradise of orchids" or an "Eden of ferns," brings the procession to the outskirts of the city, where a halt is made for an imposing entrance next day.

In the capital he is treated as a royal



Travelling in a Palanquin in Madagascar.

[See page 106.]



Persecuted Christian fugitives from Madagascar.

From a water-colour painting by MRS. LUKE, writer of the hymn, "I think when I read."

[See page 108.]

guest. All kinds of people come to see him, amongst them the Prince who is afterwards to become King, and other persons high in the State, some of whom are in their hearts quite friendly to the Christian religion.

But the month passes for which he was invited. He is not allowed to extend his visit; and though he has done not a little to create a better understanding, and to secure ultimately a better future, he has to come home without any definite concessions.

On the way down to the Cape from Mauritius a very strange thing happened. Out on the open sea they came across a raft with two shipwrecked sailors on it. One of these turned out to be a Sandwich Islander. When Ellis discovered that, he sang two lines of a hymn that he himself had written in the Hawaiian language. To say that the man was amazed is to say very little. His own language was about the last thing he expected to hear in that ship; but he finished the verse, and was delighted to find out who his new fellow-traveller was. They left him at the Cape, so that he might be

sent home by the next boat going to America.

Ellis arrived in London on March 20, 1857. This time he had been away just twelve months to the day.

ONCE MORE—MADAGASCAR.

1861-5

Soon after her English guest left Madagascar the Queen discovered a plot, the object of which was to depose her and put her son on the throne. There was no connexion between the two things, of course. There had been no English intriguing: but it was probably in a panic-stricken protest against everything foreign that the Queen began again to persecute the Christians. Many were cruelly put to death. Many were condemned to slavery. Many went into hiding. And this continued for four years. Then Ranavalona died.

The new King, Radama II, immediately put a stop to the persecutions, established religious liberty throughout the island, and invited the missionaries to come back.

The news of the Queen's death took two months to reach England.

A letter comes to Ellis at breakfast-time one morning, and in less than two hours he is on his way to London to discuss things at head-quarters. Though he is sixty-seven years old, he knows he must go out again, and he has not the least hesitation about it. There is a good deal to be considered and done before he can start, but it is all crowded into five weeks, and for the third time he is on his way to Madagascar.

He carries a letter of good-will from the British Government to the new King, and when he reaches Mauritius the Governor there tells him that he has received instructions to give him every possible assistance.

For the time being he can get no further than Mauritius. Fever is rife in Tamatave, and all the district round will be unhealthy and unsafe for some months. But he can wait, and he can use the time well. See the old man busy with grammar and dictionary, learning the Malagasy language! Not many men of sixty-seven would make the attempt.

In due course Madagascar is reached. What a welcome he gets, and from no one is it more hearty than from the new King. What a difference there is, too, in the "feel" of everything. There is no longer any need for secrecy, nor is any one afraid of being thought a Christian.

So Ellis begins three years and more of the most difficult work of his lifetime, work that is going to require any amount of wisdom and patience and tact and courage.

The King trusts him, and requires from him an hour a day for discussing things in general, and again for family prayers in the Palace: and he agrees. The chiefs want their sons to learn English: and he arranges a class for them. Houses must be got ready for the returning missionaries. In the meantime he is the only missionary there, and he must do everything that can be done to get the Christians together for teaching. And because he knows a little doctoring, and it is badly wanted, he must do that. Besides all which he must somehow get a good grip of the language. Said the missionaries

when they came: "We expected to find an old man, and found instead a hale, active man, going about in the sun with all the vigour and energy of a young man;" and they were immensely delighted to discover what a splendid leader he was going to be to them all.

He has need of all his experience and statesmanship; for, spite of all the promise in the situation, things are really very difficult. The King is not a Christian, and is not likely to be. He is an absolute monarch, doing as he likes. He has to deal with a strong heathen party, and there are, as well, serious political difficulties that come from outside. He is vain and headstrong and becomes dissipated. He makes many, and some very serious, mistakes, alienating many people. He never fails in his respect for Ellis; but Ellis becomes suspected and hated by certain people, and there are plots to kill him. Everything he does is watched. He has to be very careful to give no unnecessary offence, and not put himself in any danger. At one time he even wrote

his letters home in the Tahitian language.

Meanwhile the King makes a very foolish law, and is too obstinate to withdraw it. This brings about a revolution, and he is assassinated.

Then his widow is made Queen, but with something like the Council of Barons that was forced upon our King John. She is not to be allowed to do just as she likes ; she must consult her council.

She is a heathen, and the heathen party think that they are going to score. But there is no interference with religious liberty. The Christians are allowed to go on with their work just as before. The Churches are becoming stronger. The people, though they are poor, after the long years of persecution, learn to pay their own Church expenses. The printing press is at work again, and very busy. A hospital has been opened with a resident medical missionary. And one of the four proposed Church buildings in memory of the martyrs during the persecution years is begun. Then Ellis, having been every one's friend and counsellor during this difficult

time, feels that Madagascar can spare him and he may come home.

What a send-off they gave him as he went the round of the Churches: while even the heathen Queen and the Prime Minister tendered him their thanks for all that he had done for the country, and said how sorry they were that he was going.

And what a reception they gave him in London when he was able to tell them that Madagascar had really left behind its dark and sorrowful past and was on the high road of Christian progress.

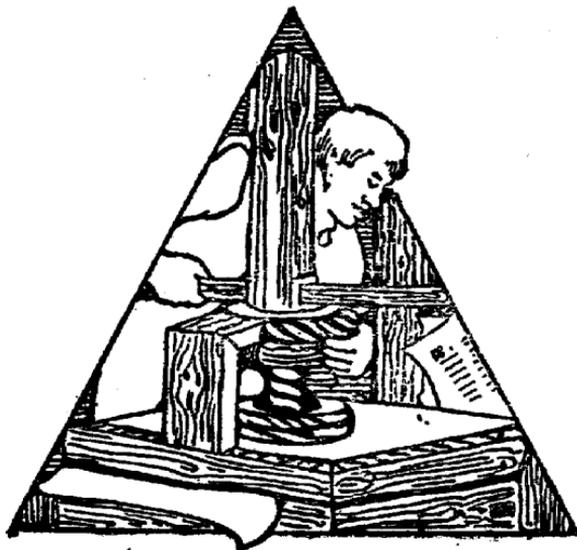
“MY LORD, I AM READY TO GO OUT AGAIN.”

1871

It was at the annual gathering of the old Cheshunt College. Earl Russell was congratulating him and referring to his visits to Madagascar. And this was his reply. And he seventy-six years old!

But all the seven years that remained to him after his last return to England were as full of work as he could fill them. And this was so right up to the end; for whereas

he died on Sunday, June 9, 1872, he had been at the Mission House in London on the Monday before. There are few men who have put his worth of work into seventy-eight years.





GEORGE PLATT

CHAPTER IX

Tintwistle to Tahiti

And thou, Tintwistle, in the land of Cheshire, art not the least among the chief towns of Cheshire, for out of thee has come a messenger to carry righteousness to the ends of the earth.

IN that year of many new and great beginnings for this country of ours, 1689, and on May 28, news came to Manchester that Nonconformists were to be allowed to have their own chapels, and to worship in them as they liked. There was great rejoic-

ing ; for the persecutions of twenty-six years were over.

Such news spread rapidly ; and it soon reached Longdendale, in the Peak District, where William Bagshawe, the Apostle of the Peak, and once vicar of Glossop, had gone from farmstead to farmstead, preaching in kitchens, or out-houses, with a watchman set to give the alarm if any suspicious person should be about. All that kind of thing was over now.

The little township of Tintwistle, in Longdendale, heard the news, and hardly believed it ; but as soon as it was really believed people began to ask one another whether it was not possible for them to have their own chapel. They are too poor to build one ; but something they must have, if only because there is no church nearer than Mottram on one side, and Woodhead on the other.

See them, within a few weeks, at work upon an old barn. They have bought it and are cleaning it up. Its roof timbers are honestly bare ; but windows have been let in, its walls are white-washed, a simple pulpit is

in the middle of one long side, and the floor will be covered with plain benches and clean, dry rushes.

Exactly a hundred years later, in 1789, a lad was born within a mile or so of Tintwistle who was to carry Bagshawe's enthusiasm for preaching to the other side of the world.

1807

Come with me through this small door cut in the great gates of the mill ; I want to show you something. The place seems all deserted, but it is not quite. We will go to the weighing-room, open the door quietly, and look over the door-screen.

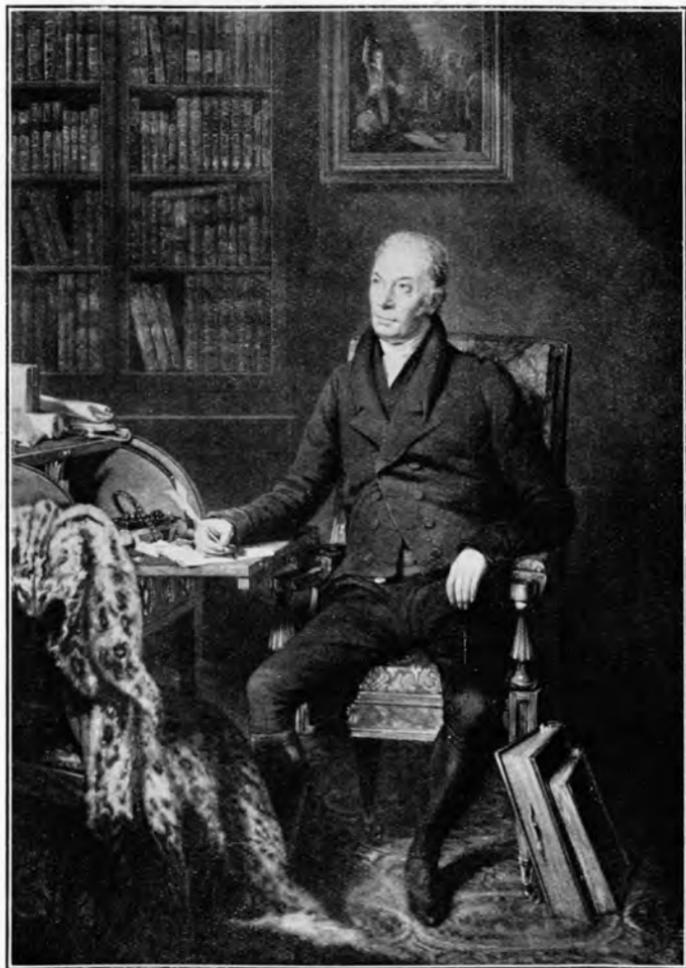
There are bales of wool piled up against the walls. A huge pair of beam scales hangs from one of the rafters to within a few inches of the floor. There is a long counter-table, loaded up at one end, but cleared for part of its length. You must not mind the queer smell ; you will soon be outside again, and the people who work here get used to it. There are two candles in old-fashioned, up-

right candle-sticks on the table, and round it nine or ten young fellows are discussing something so earnestly that they won't notice us. One of them has a book and is quickly turning over the pages to find some reference.

You might have seen that two or three nights in any week at Tintwistle a little more than 100 years ago.

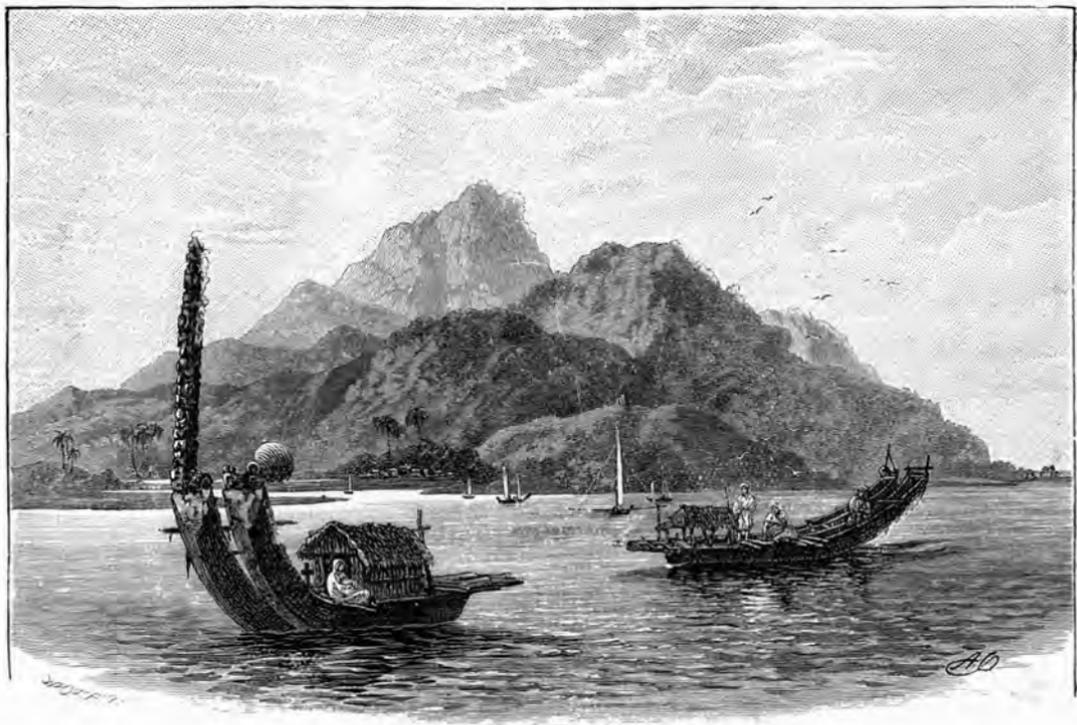
The lads are chums. In the day-time they all work in the mill, where wool from the thousands of sheep that roam the hills all round is made into cloth ; on Sundays they go to the Sunday-school, where the father of one of them is the superintendent.¹ They have none of them had much schooling. They want to make up for that as far as possible ; so they have formed themselves into this Mutual Improvement Society, and have got permission to use this room. By and by two of them become ministers at home, and one, the Sunday-school superintendent's son, George Platt, is to go out of little Tint-

¹ In 1763 the barn chapel gave place to something better, and this again in 1811 to the present building, all on the same site.



Rev. William Roby, of Manchester.

[See page 119.]



Tahiti.

[See page 120.]

wistle into the great wide world as a messenger of the Gospel.

To do that he will want more training than he can get out of a Mutual Improvement Society; yes, he will. And, at the time I am speaking of, there is a Congregational minister in Manchester, William Roby, who began life as a schoolmaster.¹ He is a large-hearted, genial soul, sincerely loved, not only by his own congregation, but throughout the whole of Lancashire. He has started a kind of training school² for young men who are going to be ministers, and while they are with him he sends them out preaching in the villages around Manchester.

To William Roby's training school George Platt goes, to learn many things, and quite as much from the man himself as from any books. To that school, a little later, come two other men—Robert Moffat and James Kitchingman. And in 1816 all these three

¹ The name of William Roby is in the list of first founders of the Missionary Society in 1795. His church was one of the first to form an auxiliary and to send regular contributions, 1807.

² The beginnings of Lancashire College.

were ordained together, with others, at Surrey Chapel, London, as messengers of the Gospel—frontiersmen of the Kingdom of God.

THE CHAPEL ROYAL, TAHITI, MONDAY,

MAY 10, 1819

It was on a glorious sea beach on the north coast of the Island of Tahiti.

The beach is really coral sand, and the sea that washes it is shallow and quiet and clear. But a little way off the coast there is a coral reef, and beyond that the sea is deep and rough, and it breaks in great, green, thundering waves upon the coral rock just below the surface. It would be disaster for any canoe that was dashed upon those rocks ; but there are two good channels through them, and, once through, you are in quiet water.

Look landwards and you will say, "What a wonderful country!" First, about three miles of almost flat land growing anything and everything, of shrubs and creepers and trailers, of ferns and orchids. There are groves of bread-fruit trees, with their large heads, and long, sharp-pointed glossy leaves.

There are clumps of tall, graceful, plume-headed, nodding coco-nut trees ; and, behind all this, there is country broken up into hills and valleys, rocks, glens, and waterfalls, variegated with all colours, and decorated with all kinds of growing things.

Behind this, again, there are highlands with acres of banana thickets 3,000 feet up ; and, back of all, a great double-peaked mountain one summit more than 7,000 feet high, and its twin brother only just lower.

It is Monday on this beach, and, so far, the day is young ; but already there is more life than usual.

One by one canoes have been coming through one or other of the passages in the reef and making for some part of the beach. Here and there slight poles are being fixed in the ground, and something like a tent or booth is being made with lengths of bark-cloth.

But as midday comes the canoes come thicker and faster, and by evening there are scores and scores of them drawn up upon the beach ; and there are scores and scores of

primitive tents ; while, over a stretch of four miles, hundreds of men and women and children, copper-coloured and sparsely clothed, laugh and chatter and cook their food and play games—all out for a picnic holiday.

What is it all about ? Well, Tuesday will explain Monday. Come with me and see an immense congregation assembled in the strangest church that was ever built. Fancy a church longer than ten cricket pitches, and not as wide as one !

Down the whole length of it, in the middle, supporting the ridge poles, there are thirty-six great tree-trunks as pillars, and round the sides, supporting the eaves, there are 280 smaller ones. The walls are made of upright planks. There are 133 windows with no glass but with sliding shutters, and there are twenty-nine doors.

The roof is a thatch made of large leaves, and the rafters inside are covered with very fine grass matting, with fringes that hang down here and there.

It will hold 7,000 people, and there are nearly 6,000 people assembled.

Who is going to preach to this great congregation? Well, no one could; his voice would very soon be worn out. But here are three square pulpits—one in the middle by the wall, and each of the others eighty-five yards away. The congregation is really three congregations, with ample space between them.

This is the Chapel Royal, built by King Pomare at Papaoa, in Tahiti. He wanted to have the biggest possible thing in chapels; and to-day it is being opened.

A hymn is given out from the middle pulpit, and every one sings it. Then David Darling preaches from there, and George Platt and William Pascoe Crook preach from the other two.

But here are three great congregations clothed in quaint costumes of many-coloured and many-patterned bark cloth. They are squatting on the rush-covered floor just before the pulpits, or sitting on benches just behind these, or standing in an outside circle up to the opposite wall. The King is there, with all his court, gorgeously dressed. And all

these people join reverently in the worship, though only a few years ago they were as degraded and cruel as men and women could be.

In those past days it had sometimes seemed to the missionaries as though their work was utterly hopeless, as though these people were incorrigibly wicked. But now David Darling is preaching from the text, "I will make them joyful in My house of prayer"; and joyful they are.

Come again on the next day, Wednesday. There are two services to-day, and they are missionary services; for these people have already found out that the good news of Jesus has made their islands very much happier places to live in, and they want other islands to know about it.

The next day, Thursday, is the "last, the great day of the feast"; and it really is a great day.

Once more the place is practically full, for to-day the King, a very big man, the biggest man on the island, and well over six feet

high, stands in the middle pulpit. Up to now he has made just what laws he liked and has altered them as he liked ; but that is not to be so any longer. From now there are going to be laws that every one may know, and to which every one agrees. For weeks past the King and his chiefs and the missionaries have been deciding what these laws ought to be, and now the King has them all neatly written out with his own hand.¹

So he stands up and says to one of the chiefs, " Well, Tati, what is it you want ? " And Tati answers, " We want the papers you have in your hand, the laws." Then he turns to the other chiefs and asks them one after another the same question. And they all answer as Tati has done. Thereupon the laws are read out, eighteen of them altogether. And after the reading of each one, and the question, " Do you agree ? " the people throw up their hands, making a strange rushing noise in the silence, as much as to say, " We stand to that."

¹ The gospel of John in the handwriting of Pomare is one of the treasures of the British and Foreign Bible Society.

Next morning many tents on the beach are taken down, and canoes, one after another, make their way across the lagoon, and through the passages in the reef, on their way home. But most of them are going to make a week of it ; for the King is to be baptized next Sunday, and that will be another great occasion.

It was a great occasion ; for there were four to five thousand persons present when the King declared himself a Christian who wished to govern his country as a Christian King.

Next day the beach was deserted. The people had gone home to their islands.

THE BIRTHDAY OF THE POLYNESIAN CHURCH

That was not the first Chapel Royal in the Society Islands. Six years before, another chapel had been built on the Island of Eimeo, fifteen to twenty miles away. That was in the days before Tahiti itself was Christian, the days when the black night of cruel heathenism was just beginning to pass away.



The harbour at Eimeo, where the first Church was opened in July, 1813.

From an engraving in "The Voyage of the Duff."

[See page 127.]

What heroes the missionaries of those dark days were ! Fancy having to learn a language by picking up and piecing together the chatter of savages. It was more than four years before the first men could begin to preach. And, after some preaching was possible, they had to wait another twelve years before any one seemed inclined to listen to them. Then the young King, Pomare, at war with some of his people, and semi-exiled on the Island of Eimeo, began to be a Christian. The next thing was to have a chapel built, even though it was not on Tahiti, but only on Eimeo.

By the time it was built and opened ¹ the King was away on Tahiti fighting for his kingdom. But at the first evening service it was announced that there would be a meeting of a new kind next day. It was a meeting for those who were prepared to give up their heathen ways, and serve Jesus Christ. When the time came thirty-one names were entered on the first list of Christians in the South Seas.

¹ July 13, 1813.

The missionaries had waited seventeen years for that day.

THE PRIEST WHO DARED TO BURN HIS GODS.

FEBRUARY, 1815

On the sea beach at Papetoai, in Eimeo, not far from where this first Chapel Royal was built, men are to be seen gathering wood and piling it in a great heap. One man is telling the others what to do. By afternoon a great crowd has gathered, for it is rumoured that something important, and perhaps very terrible, is going to happen. Near by is a temple of the gods, and a marae—an enclosure where men have frequently been sacrificed to the idols of the temple.

When the pile of wood is large enough and dry enough it is set on fire. Then the man who has been directing affairs goes into the temple and brings out the idols. He is their priest. He has often brought them out before, and extolled their virtues, and called upon the people to admire and reverence them. They are only crudely carved and ugly pieces of wood, dressed up in coloured

bark cloth and coco-nut fibre, and decorated with red feathers.

Now he strips off the ornaments and throws them into the fire, holding up the pieces of wood one by one for the people to see, and saying how sorry he is that he has ever put any faith in them, or asked other people to reverence them. Then he throws the idols themselves upon the burning heap until there is not one left.

All the people have stood away from him, horrified. Surely the gods will be avenged on this priest of theirs who has played them false.

But the heavens do not fall. Patii the priest is not struck dead on the spot. The idols burn harmlessly. Evidently they can do nothing else but burn.

It was a great object lesson ; but it needed a brave man to teach it. Before long, in various parts of Eimeo and Tahiti, other priests burn other idols, and idolatry is broken down for ever.

AN L.M.S. AUXILIARY MEETING, MAY 10,
1821

It is exactly two years to the day since George Platt preached in the huge Chapel Royal at Tahiti. Then he was a visitor; for his station was at Papetoai, on Eimeo, where the first Chapel Royal was built.

In that chapel there is to be a missionary meeting to-day, and, of course, both the missionaries of the station are present.

One of them is William Henry, who lived and worked through the darkest days of the mission, and is now just over fifty. The other is George Platt, who is only thirty-two. They both preached yesterday, when nearly every one on the island was present; for the missionary anniversary is a great time. To-day they are both going to give other people a chance.

The church bell is a large iron hoop. They had a real bell once, but it was broken, and they have not been able to get another. But when this hoop is struck it will make a fair noise, and the members of the missionary

society flock in for their annual business meeting.

William Henry contents himself by proposing that the missionary secretary read his report for the year. This is seconded by a man named Maamaa. Thereupon the secretary comes forward.

He tells the subscribers that their contributions for missionary purposes amount to 1,155 bamboos of oil, 284 little baskets of cotton, 88 pigs, and two barrels of arrowroot. After the report there are a great many short speeches. Some of the speakers suggest that the contributions ought to be larger. Some of them explain that their contributions have not been sent in yet, but they will send them in a few days. Some of them say that there are other islands near them where teachers should be sent. And two of them offer to go with their wives to the islands that lie to the south.

But who are Maamaa and the secretary? The first was once a prophet of the god Oro—that god of war and terror who delighted in human sacrifices and in the very sight of

blood. Now the once champion of Oro is speaking at a missionary meeting.

And the secretary? Well, the secretary is Patii, the once priest who made a bonfire of his idols six years ago. Now Patii is a deacon of the church at Papetoai. He is, besides, an evangelist who has more than once been round the whole island preaching with George Platt. By and by he is to become a native missionary to the island of Raivavai



CHAPTER X

An Unconquerable Soul

“ I AM WHERE I WISHED TO BE.” FEBRUARY,
1824

GEORGE PLATT has served his apprenticeship as a missionary for nearly seven years with William Henry on the Island of Eimeo. That means that he has learned to turn his hand to anything that needs to be done, and to draw the line at nothing.

When he first came he helped the other missionaries to finish the brig *Haweis* which had been begun earlier. That involved delay in learning the language ; but obviously it was the thing to be done next. Later on he helped John Gyles, the artisan missionary, to put up a modest sugar mill, so that

the people might crush their sugar-cane and have sugar to use. He has taught in the schools, and, because they had no slates, the writing lessons have been done on trays of moist sand. He has preached regularly in the chapel on weekdays and Sundays, and he has made many journeys up and down the Peak District of Eimeo, as Bagshawe had done in the Peak District of Derbyshire, preaching at all the villages or little groups of houses, frequently with Patii or another deacon of the church at Papetoai as his companion. He has taught the people to make roads, and to build better houses; and he has put them in the way of building the first stone house (*Candida Casa*¹) on the island, a church which is to be large enough to accommodate all the people on the island, and which is being built of large blocks of

¹ *Candida Casa*, or *Hwit Erne*, i.e. white house, modern *Whithorn*, Co. *Wigton*, was the first stone building in Scotland. It was a church built by *Ninian*, the son of a British chief, who, after training at Rome, became a missionary. This white house was a veritable sign and wonder to folk whose buildings had all been of mud, or wattle and daub.

coral rock.¹ He has nursed his older colleague, William Henry, through several serious attacks of fever. He has suffered no little privation at times : and once he had to write home and say that no supplies had come, that he had no shoes to his feet and had to borrow some when he went preaching, he was preaching in a jacket made out of one of Mrs. Platt's old skirts, and his trousers had been so diligently and skilfully patched that a stranger would hardly be able to tell which had been the original cloth. But in the same letter he says, " I am where I wished to be, surrounded by the poor heathen inquiring after a Saviour suited to their need, and listening with delight to the wondrous tale of love. *Here, then, I would be, let my fare be good or bad.*"

But now it seems best for the work as a whole that he should change places with the missionary, John M. Orsmond, at Borabora, a small island to the north-west of Raiatea

¹ Into this church, which was on the model of Surrey Chapel, London, octagon shape, and with galleries all round, were built the large stones of Patii's idol temple.

and Tahaa. He is sorry to go, and the people are sorry to lose him ; but it is not far away, and he will sometimes be back again ; and, in any case, what is best for the work as a whole he and every one will agree to.

“ THIS GLOOMY AND PLEASANT PART OF THE
MISSION ”

A great warrior chief once lived at Borabora. His name was Tapoa. His young men were wild and fierce. They would go out in their war canoes spreading havoc and slaughter here and there and everywhere, and bringing back victims whose bodies would be placed in great baskets made of coconut leaves and hung in the sacred places of the gods. Tapoa conquered all the islands of any size near him. Even Raiatea paid him tribute.

When Pomare was at war in Tahiti and seemed likely to lose his kingdom Tapoa took many of his warriors there to fight for him. But he had no patience with Pomare when he talked about being a Christian. He would never be a Christian. He pre-

ferred Oro, the god of slaughter. And he would see to it that his people did not become Christians.

But then—he died at Tahiti.

Four years afterwards two chiefs at Borabora burned their idols, and one of them, Mai, sent a message to the missionaries reminding them that Jesus and His disciples did not stay in one place.¹

About this time Tamatoa, chief of Raiatea, became a Christian, though he had once been as stubbornly heathen as Tapoa. He invited John Williams to go to Raiatea; and afterwards John Williams sent native teachers to Borabora. A little later Mr. Orsmond settled there; and now George Platt has come in his place.

He soon discovers that he has a very difficult and lonely place. He and his wife are going to have their hands full. And there is no one else to talk things over with

¹ Many persons able to read were scattered among the islands during the disturbances on Tahiti, and taught others. Many chapters of Luke's gospel in manuscript were also in circulation. Luke iv. 43.

as there was on Eimeo. Letters are very scarce, because few ships call here. And once they had no letters or supplies for more than three years.

There are several chiefs. Two of them are Christians, and one of these two, Mai, is a staunch friend and a great stand-by. The others are everlastingly quarrelling. And, like chiefs like people.

But George Platt settles down to his work. Of course it is difficult, but he will "stick it." And he sticks it so thoroughly that you find him actually preferring that John Williams should come over from Raiatea and perform a slight operation on him (though John Williams has never done that kind of thing before), rather than waste all the time necessary for a trip to Sydney, where he could get skilful treatment.

The people never forget how to quarrel; but in time he manages to get hold of them just as he had done with the people on Eimeo. The chiefs at least come to an agreement. This happens just after some very good missionary meetings, and it happens because

he has "a way with him." The people quarrel largely because they have nothing to do. Well, he is clever with his hands, and he will give them something to do. So chairs and tables and boats are made. More land is cultivated, and they learn to grow new things. A sugar mill gets to work here as it did in Eimeo.

The schools begin to do better, and he is rejoiced by a package of slates that comes out to him from England, though he never discovers who sent them. Far better houses are built, and a new church as well.

It all means that these restless and turbulent people are gradually settling down to more quiet ways; and, in letter after letter, he is able to write: "Since my last I have baptized so many people."

So, for five years more, and without any break, he is teacher and preacher and artisan and doctor; and he fills up the crevices of his time by translating parts of the Bible, and writing lesson books which Charles Barff prints at Huahine.

A GREAT DEBATE

In a large open space close by a school house on the Island of Mangaia there is a great crowd assembled. Many of the people are squatting on the ground as close together as they can get. In front of them is a white man whose seat is a large stone. Four chiefs are also there, sitting on a long stool. Behind the squatting crowd there are two or three close ranks of men standing. And for the moment there is dead silence.

The white man is George Platt, and he is the first English missionary to land on Mangaia. Close by him is Mai, one of the Borabora chiefs, another man who is a deacon of the church at Borabora, and a third man, Davida, of Raiatea, who for more than five years has been a native teacher here.

Lately there has been war on the island. The heathen party attacked the Christians. The Christians won ; but instead of slaughtering their prisoners wholesale as once they would have done, they brought them to the settlement and set them to learn to read.

All this happened some little time before ; but there is still a great deal of unrest, and war might break out again at any time, because while two of the four chiefs belong to the Haapii parau, or learners, or Christians, the other two, both old men, and each with his following, are heathens.

So George Platt, here on a visit to the various Cook Islands, has asked them all to meet him, and discuss the situation.

In the silence he gets up to speak. He says that some of them remember Tute (Captain Cook). Well, when Tute told the people of Beritani what he had found in these islands the good people there were full of compassion for the islanders because they knew nothing about Jesus. So they had sent messengers of the Gospel to the Society Islands. Then the Society Islanders had compassion for their neighbours and sent messengers to other islands. "One of them, Davida, has been with you these five years," he says. "And, when once you know the true God, you will be sending your messengers out to other islands. Will you not now agree

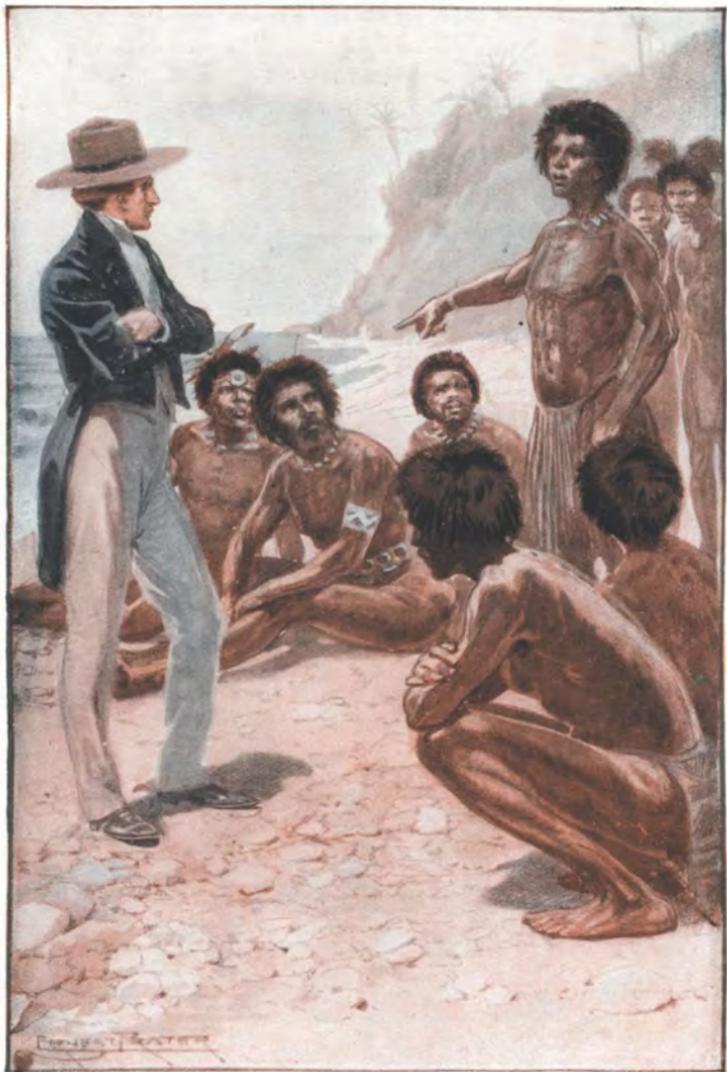
to forget all the past, and join together to learn the new teaching ? ”

When he has finished, a man in the front row of those standing behind says that what they have heard is all good, and it is just what they want. “ But,” says he, “ it all depends on those two there,” pointing to the chiefs. “ If those two agree, everything will be well. They said that when a white teacher came they would receive the new teaching. Now there is one here, and we shall see what they will do.”

Now Mai, the Borabora chief, gets up to speak, and every one listens carefully to what he has to say. He tells them that Tahiti and the other islands are fit places to live in now that Jesus has come to live there too. And, as a chief, he urges the chiefs on Mangaia to make peace with one another.

When Mai has sat down various other people speak, all saying that the words they have heard are good words.

Now it is a question of what the chiefs will say, and the four talk it over among themselves.



“It all depends on those two there.”

[See page 142.]

After a while Platt asks them what they have decided, and urges them again to give a favourable reply and agree to let bygones be bygones.

Then one of the heathen chiefs says, "My son is with the Christians, and that is enough." And the other says, "My son, too, is with the Christians; but we are old men, and we stand by what we are used to."

Now another man speaks. He is a man of some consequence, a lesser chief and a heathen, and every one listens to him as he says, "It is quite agreeable to us all to learn the new way, if the two great chiefs will agree. We should all soon follow them; but we could not think of going before them, or leaving them. Whatever they do, we go with them."

And so the assembly breaks up with no definite conclusion reached. But afterwards one of the old heathen chiefs, a cheerful, lively old man, comes to shake hands in a friendly way with the white missionary before he leaves.

Platt has had a great welcome from the

Christians on Mangaia, and he has urged them to be patient and kindly to their enemies. At their request he is leaving them two native teachers, Faaruea and his wife from Eimeo, to work with Davida. Now he must take ship again, for he has many other islands to see.

He is doing a very plucky thing. He is not by any means a good sailor, but he is taking this voyage of ten weeks in a small ship,¹ at the time of the year when the weather is roughest, because the ship is available and the work ought to be done. He called at Rarotonga first, and he landed there on Saturday. He preached to an immense congregation on Sunday morning; but he was holding on to the sides of the pulpit all the time because he could not forget the rolling of the ship. But, then, his motto is—"Whatever ought to be done can be done."

¹ *The Messenger of Peace.*

“IT IS CLEAR AS DAY THAT THE WORK IS
OF GOD”

Four days of rough squally weather, when the *Messenger of Peace* took a great deal of managing, a fifth day that was quieter—and that was also Sunday, when they had two services on board—and then, on Monday morning, the sun lit upon a new white building on the very crest of a little island still some distance away.

After breakfast they go ashore: and a very difficult business it is to land right on the reef. The boat was full, what with people and what with goods, and to begin with it was very nearly upset, and indeed would have been if a man had not jumped into the sea and put his shoulder under the out-rigger. Then, at the back of a wave, they got close up to the reef. But it was impossible to get everything out before the next wave came: and if it had caught them it would have smashed everything up against the reef. It had to be smart work; but when some of them were out of the boat it

was pushed back into the open sea, and two men pulled away from the reef for all they were worth. Then, at the back of another wave, they came up close again. Still there was not time to altogether unload, and once more they were pushed out. The third time settled the business; but for some reason or other George Platt was in the boat all the time. He was not sorry, you may be very sure, when he actually got his feet on the dry land of Atiu.

How often he had wanted to go, or send, to Atiu, and how concerned he had been about the bad news that had reached him now and again at Borabora. For, though John Williams had won over Romatane,¹ the King, six years before this, the heathen priests, and all the people who sided with them, had often made things very difficult for the Christians, and especially for the teachers.

For instance, there had been a great hurricane which had stripped off the roofs of the houses and smashed the coco-nut trees to

¹ See *John Williams the Shipbuilder*, p. 106.

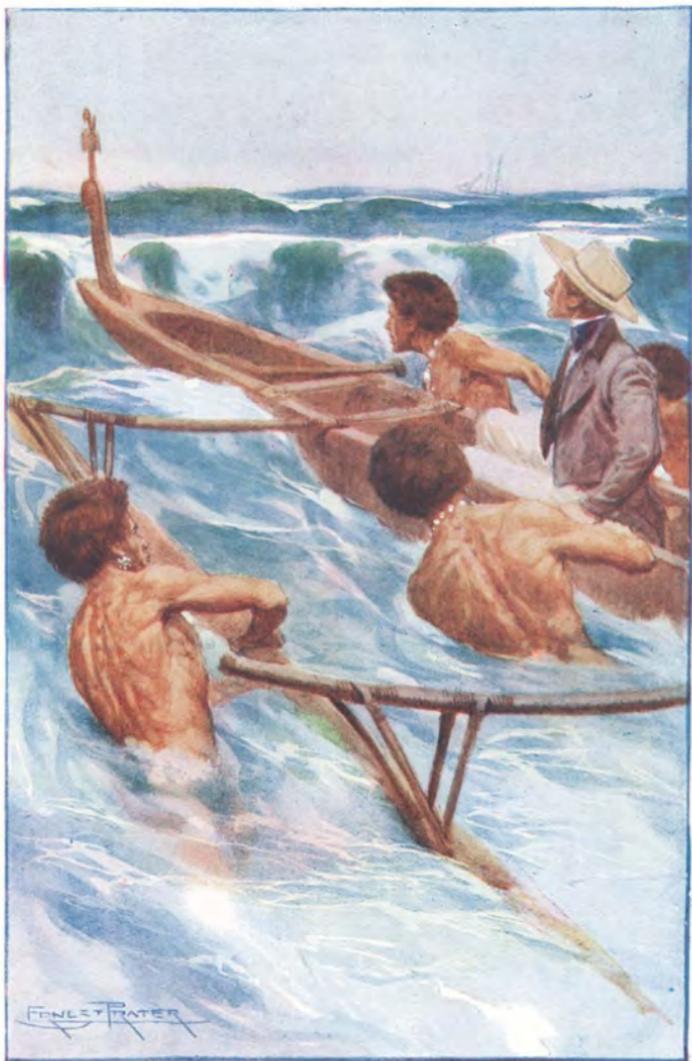
the ground. And, as their food supply was thus destroyed, a famine followed. Here was an opportunity for the priests, and they said, "See, the gods are angry with you for neglecting them, and they are punishing you." And when the famine was followed by a bad season's fishing they said, "See, the gods have driven the fish away." And though the King himself was still a Christian, he could not prevent many people from believing the priests, or from giving the teachers a very bad time.

How delighted then was George Platt to find that everything now seemed to be promising. The schools were doing well, the teachers were happy and successful, the people, though very ignorant, seemed ready to learn. There was the fine new church, set on a hill, just ready to be opened, which was indeed opened¹ in three days' time, with 1,500 people present. And when, after the first public service, twenty people joined, for the first time in that once cruel

¹ Apparently this church was "opened" again when Williams and Barff were here about five months later.

island, in the communion service, you can understand how glad and thankful the missionary was.

After four busy, happy days, it was "off again to somewhere else." But first they had to get over the reef. How was that to be done? Well, this is his own description of it. "They put Mai and myself into a canoe on the beach, and carried us, canoe and all, to the edge of the breakers, until they were up to the middle, and it required all their energies to stand against the lashing foam. They stood there a considerable time, with us and the canoe on their shoulders, waiting for a suitable wave, the waves coming all the time in quick succession, roaring, hissing and foaming. An opportunity at last offered, after a large wave had spent itself, and they launched us through with all their might, then a number of them sprang into the canoe, and pulled away on the next roller before it broke. Danger was then over. Our own boat was waiting outside. We got into her and pulled to the vessel. Set sail not without emotion in comparing what I have seen



The dangerous launching of Platt and Mai.

with what has been. Not many years have rolled away since the oven was heated to bake these very teachers whom they now so highly prize. Surely this is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes."

And down in the hold of the vessel were the cast-off gods of Atiu; for they would never be wanted there again.

"LOVE'S LABOUR LOST"

The next port of call is to be Aitutaki, and it takes them three days to get there, through winds, squalls and rain.

They have to land some Aitutaki men who had been cast away on Mangaia, and whom they have brought home from there. They have also two native teachers and their wives, one couple from Raiatea and another from Borabora, who are to wait here until Williams and Barff shall call for them in six months' time and take them on to Samoa. And all these people have goods to be landed.

But landing is going to be a very difficult job. They send the ship's boat off once, and it comes back all right. They send it off

again with another load; but this time it does not get back till ten o'clock next morning. All the time the weather is very rough, and the captain, up all night, has to stand right away from the island for fear of being wrecked on the reef.

Once more the boat starts for land, but takes all day until sunset to get in, and does not come out again. Then there is another wild, dark night, and in the morning land is nowhere to be seen. The weather has eased, but there is a thick mist. When the mist clears land is seen a long way off, and it takes them till afternoon to get up to it again.

Meanwhile the boat has not returned, though two large canoes have come out to take off a big pan for boiling sugar. It is a tricky business, but it is managed. Then, just before sunset, the ship's boat is seen coming back: it has had to go a long way round to get through the reef.

Next day, after another stormy night, a canoe comes out to say that it will be possible for the ship's boat to get in. "All right,"

says Platt, "we'll try. You shall be our pilot, and show us the way through the reef." He is really very anxious to get ashore, and is prepared to take some risks. But, alas! the pilot boat capsizes, and half a dozen heads are bobbing up out of the water! Then says Platt, "If these people who know all about things here can't get in without being swamped, it is no use for us to try. They can swim like fishes; we can't. Back to the ship."

So back to the ship it was; and farewell to Aitutaki without having been ashore.

ET CETERA, ET CETERA

There were many other adventures connected with this voyage which there is not space to relate in full. For instance, how it took them seven days to get to Rimatara, where the people on the beach caught the boat as it came over the surf, and carried it bodily, with every one in it, to safety before the next wave came. And how, at Rimatara again, George Platt conducted the first communion service on the island. How, too,

they worked him so hard while he was there, that he actually fell asleep once when they were practising hymns! How, afterwards, they called at Rurutu and then made for Tahiti, and, though close to their port, were driven by a furious gale through several days to Raiatea, where they were able to give an account of what they had seen and done to John Williams's people. And how, after that, they made for home, and reached it on March 2, 1830, finding every one well there and heartily glad to see them back again.

But there was a story told by an American during the last days before reaching Tahiti that must be set down.

THE AMERICAN SAILOR'S STORY

I belonged to the crew of the *Falcon*, which was wrecked on Rurutu about three years ago. Two of us, with a Rurutu man and a Rimatara man, set sail in a whaleboat for Tahiti. We had compass and quadrant, and we thought we could easily do it. There was another boat that started with us, but we soon lost one another.

We could not make Tahiti, and we drifted about a good deal. Once we had a terrible gale of three days. At last we were thrown ashore on the Island of Manuae, with our boat all broken to bits.

In the morning the natives came to spear us all. We were an unexpected meal for them. But they saw that two of us were white, so they went back and hid their spears in the bush and came to look at us more closely. It seems they supposed us to be gods because we were white.

It did not take them many days to discover that we were not gods. But they saw our compass; that surely was our god, and a very wonderful god, too. That compass saved us; for we slept with it in the middle of us; and as long as it was there they dare not touch us.

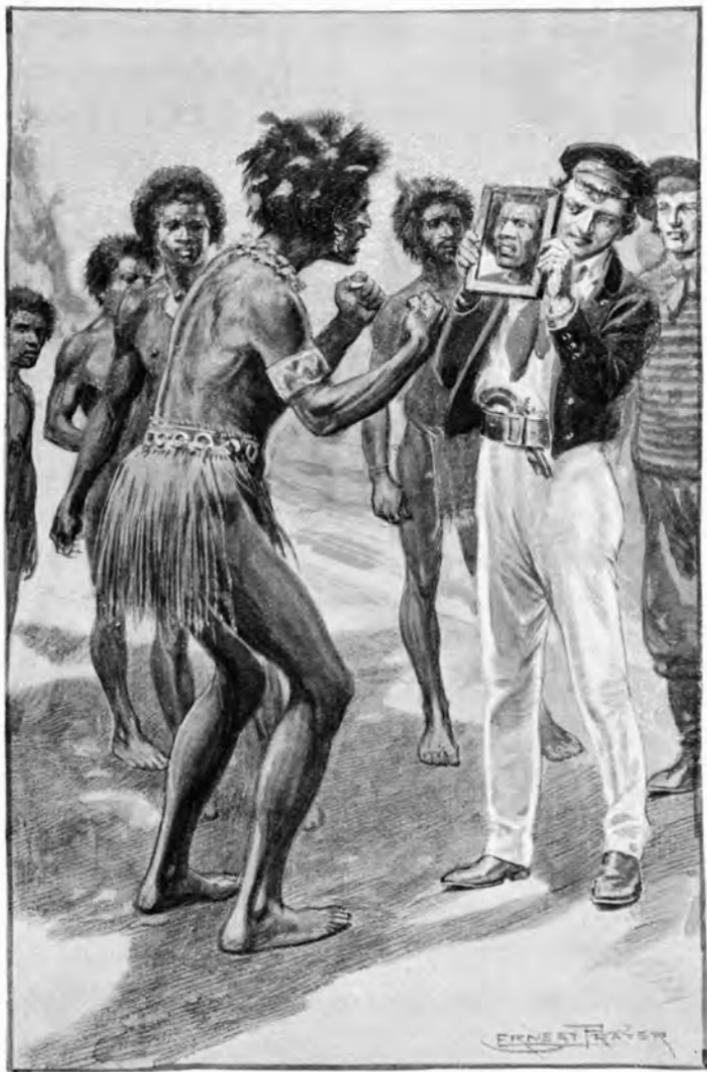
They laid various plots to catch us un-awares; but sometimes the children told us what was being talked about, and sometimes we discovered for ourselves. At all events we were just as careful as we could be.

My fellow-countryman had a looking-

glass which they took to be his special protecting spirit. They would not come near it at first. It flashed the sun in all kinds of queer and unaccountable ways.

One day a chief was persuaded to really look at it. He looked at the front, and then, immediately, looked behind it. There was nothing there, and his mouth fell open and his eyes lifted wide with unspeakable astonishment. He looked at the front of it again, and then—made a face. You know what happened, and the chief began to get excited. He made all kinds of wry faces, and the glass answered him back. More than once he looked behind it ; but there was no one there. It was all tremendously funny, and more so because the other men round did not know what was going on and what was putting the chief into such a passion. At last he hit the thing with his fist, broke the glass to atoms, and cut his fingers. Then he went off fairly pleased with himself.

Afterwards it occurred to him that he had killed the white man's god, and so could kill the white man. But somehow or



“The glass answered him back.”

[See page 154.]

other he didn't: perhaps he scarcely dared.

Time went on, and the Rimatara man and the Rurutu man became friendly with the Manuae men. They could both read, and the Rurutu man had got a copy of the Acts of the Apostles.¹ He began teaching the Manuaeans to read. Then he got telling them how ridiculous their idols were, and asked them why they did not burn them as his people had done. They would not hear of this until one day a man was very angry with his god. He had prayed his god to cure a sick child, and, instead, the child died. So he burned his god. And, as nothing happened, one and another did the same. In the end Manuae hadn't a single idol left.

The population of the island had dwindled down very much. We had been there fifteen months, and, of course, we wanted to get away. So we persuaded them to go to Aitutaki to really learn about the new religion. They went—at least forty of them did. While they were at Aitutaki I came

¹ John Williams had sent native teachers from Raiatea to Rurutu before this shipwreck.

on with some of the others to Rarotonga, or tried to, to find Mr. Williams, but we got stranded on Mangaia where you found us. It was funny that those we left at Aitutaki should get stranded at Atiu on their way home again, and that you should find the Rurutu man and the Rimatara man there. But it was that Rurutu man—Mitiana, his name was—who really taught them Christianity.

AN UNCONQUERABLE SOUL

“If we must be the pioneers, God forbid that we should be reluctant, though we are getting too old for much more active service.”

This partial record of George Platt is a fair sample of what he was and did during forty years without a furlough.

At Borabora he met with a quiet heroism all the difficulties created by the quarrelsomeness of the half-Christianized people, difficulties that became more and more serious when good old man Mai died, and there was not one really Christian chief left.

As need was, you would find him travelling among the Cook Islands cheering the hearts of the missionaries both white and coloured.

It was he who took more native missionaries to Samoa, and waited there to introduce them to the first English missionaries who came out.

And when he transferred his head-quarters to Raiatea, and gradually became the honoured old man of the mission, with an invalid wife, and with increasing difficulties¹ of various kinds to face, he was the same brave and diligent servant of Jesus Christ.

He took his first real holiday when he was sixty-seven years old. His wife had died two years before, and he arrived at Tintwistle with a grandson just forty years to the day after he had left it. But when, three years later, the church at Raiatea was still full of troubles, and seemed to need him, he went out again at seventy years old, his sister,

¹ The troubles arose partly because the new generation of chiefs and people knew nothing of what heathenism had really meant to their grandfathers, and partly from all the changes brought about by the French occupation of the Society Islands as a colony.

three years younger, going out with him to keep house ; and for six years more he was the undaunted ambassador of the Gospel.





**John Williams, with some of the surrendered idols from
the South Sea Islands.**

From an old print.



JOHN WILLIAMS

CHAPTER XI

The Adventurous Apostle of the Pacific

A BOY IS THE BEGINNING OF A MAN

JUST a schoolboy whistling his way home. He is a lad of thirteen, healthy and jolly, dressed in long trousers and a queer jacket with one button right at the top; but then, he belongs to a hundred years ago and a little more.

He left two other lads at the last corner, else, if you had seen the three of them to-

gether, you would have found them linked up with arms on shoulders, and this particular boy in the middle, rollicking along the cobblestone pavement.

His name is John. "John," if you please, not Jack. "Jack" would have been far too improper for those times. And John is a great favourite. There are very few things within the limits of a schoolboy's ability that he cannot do, from cutting a good tip-cat to making a kite, and properly adjusting its tail. Nor will anything please him better than that you should give him something that he must find out the way of doing. He will not rest until he has done it, and done it well, too. That is the way he is made—clever with his hands, and quick to see what will serve a turn.

Follow him into the house where he lives. He is no sooner inside than there is a voice—"John, is that you? My doll's leg has come off; will you put it on again?" "Which leg," says John, "the one I put on last week?" "No, the other one," says his sister. "Oh, that's all right," says John,

"I didn't expect *my* leg to come off again. I'll do it after tea. Hang her up by the other leg so that the sawdust won't come out. Is that the only job?" "I don't know; oh, yes," says his sister, "the elephant's trunk and the lion's tail are come off. I've got the pieces." "All right," says John, "bring all your wrecks into the kitchen after tea, and we'll have a patching-up time."

At the tea table his mother says, "John, the bell wire is broken; I wish you'd see if you can mend it." Whereat John laughs right out and says, "All right, mother; there's the doll's leg, and there's Noah's wild beasts, and there's the bell wire. You'll have to let me sit up half an hour later to-night if I am to do them all!"

But before bed-time the bell told every one in the house that it could do some business; while the lion and the elephant and the doll were whole once more. For John was the handy man of the family, and as willing as he was handy.

This Indenture Witnesseth

Mr. Enoch Tonkin is an ironmonger at 12, City Road, London—the long curved road that brings you from Islington corner right down into London Wall.

Over his shop is the family sitting-room: and at this particular time something unusual is going on there. Four grown-up people are in the room, and one boy—our friend John. The grown-up people are his father and mother, who are in their Sunday clothes, and Mr. and Mrs. Tonkin.

John's mother and Mrs. Tonkin are old friends, and are talking together across the fireplace. His father is standing with his hands behind him looking out of the window. And John is sitting rather uncomfortably on the edge of a chair. Mr. Tonkin, a genial, middle-aged man, is at the table, with an imposing sheet of parchment before him. At the head of the parchment there are these words written in large old English letters and surrounded with elaborate flourishes—“This Indenture Witnesseth.” In the left-

hand margin there is a big blue stamp nearly two inches square with a little silver patch in the middle of it. The parchment is covered all over with very neat writing, but with blank spaces here and there which Mr. Tonkin is filling up. In the right-hand corner at the bottom there are three imposing red seals.

At last the writing is finished, and Mr. Tonkin looks up and says cheerfully, "Now, Mr. Williams, I think we are quite ready, and I will read this through so that our young friend may know just what he is doing when he puts his name to it."

Immediately Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Tonkin stop talking. Mr. Williams finds a seat, and John, for some reason or other, thinks he must stand up.

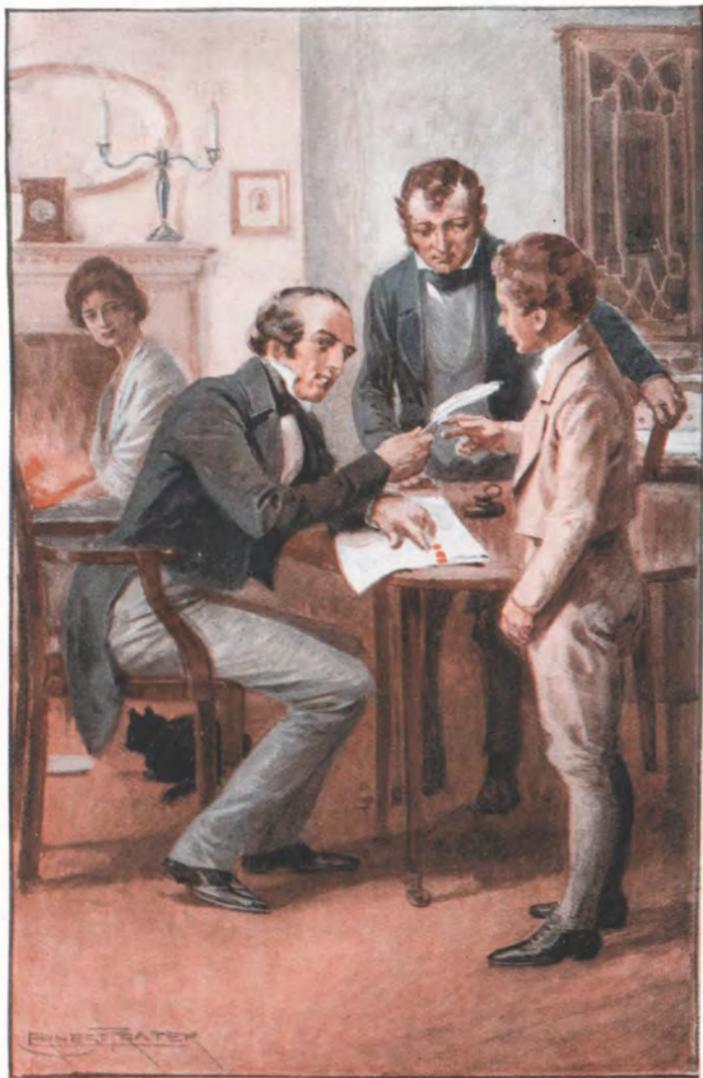
After clearing his throat, Mr. Tonkin begins to read—"This Indenture witnesseth that John Williams, son of Mr. John Williams, of Spencer Street, Goswell Road, London, doth put himself apprentice to Enoch Tonkin, of the City Road, London, Ironmonger, to learn his art with him after the manner of an

apprentice, to serve from the twenty-seventh day of March in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ten unto the full end and term of seven years from thence next following to be fully completed and ended. During which term the said apprentice his master faithfully shall serve, his secrets keep, his lawful commands everywhere gladly do"—and so on.

And when he has come to the end he says, "Now, John, lad, you've had a month to see what the business is like, and what we are like. We are quite satisfied with you; and if you are satisfied, then you and I and your father will put our names to it; but if you are not satisfied, then, even now, we will let it go. What do you say?" John said that he was quite ready to sign it, and would do his best.

Whereupon each of them put his name opposite one of the great red seals, and said, "I deliver this as my act and deed."

So John, aged thirteen years and nine months, is no longer a schoolboy, but an apprentice. He has left home and has turned



“John said that he was quite ready to sign it, and would do his best.”

[See page 164.]

the first important corner on the high road of life.

HANDS WERE MADE TO WORK WITH

In those days an ironmonger made many of the things that he sold ; and behind the shop where he sold them would be the workshop where they were made.

John was meant for the counter ; but he was very curious as to the making of things and very eager to try his hand. So, when he could be spared, he would often run behind and watch the smith, or the fitter, or the turner at the lathe ; and if any of them should say, " Hi, youngster, just put your hand on this for a minute," he was ready enough.

One day came when the men left work early, and John was not busy. He could have the forge to himself. He has often thought that he would like to do a little on his own and see what would come of it. This is his chance.

The tools are all there. The fire is still hot ; a few vigorous pulls at the horn handle of the bellows will soon make it glow. The smith's leather apron is lying across the

anvil, so, off with his own of green baize and on with the smith's.

It cannot be very difficult to make a common door latch. Of course it won't be as easy as it looks when you see a man doing it for the hundredth time ; but even he had to do it for the first time.

Oh, how those bellows puff and blow, how the fire roars, how the hammer and anvil sing out as he works at his length of strap iron to make it broader at one end, with a narrow neck and a round flat head at the other.

It was not begun and finished all at once you may be sure ; for there was more about it than just the tongue, and the rest was more difficult. But as he got his chances it was finished : and no one was ever prouder of anything than he was when in the end it was pronounced satisfactory and saleable. But on that day of his first attempt he was far too busy to see that his master looked in at the door and afterwards went to tell his wife, with a chuckle, what John was " up to."

A few years later on there came another

day when his master said to him, " John, I have got some very fine hammered iron work to be done. I can give it to Robinson, and he will do it quite fairly well ; but there is no one on the place who can do it as you can. What do you say ? " John said " Yes " right away, as pleased and proud as could be. And from that time, if there was anything to be done that needed unusual care and skill, he was the one to do it.

MANY THINGS GO TO THE MAKING OF A MAN

And now I see quite a number of snapshots of John in various places.

I see him as one of a large congregation in Moorfields Tabernacle. He is seventeen, and he is listening with both his ears to a sermon that grips him as nothing else has ever done before. And he goes home to think what he is going to do with all the years that are before him. And he decides that he must bring Jesus Christ into the management.

I see him, nine months afterwards, at a quiet, solemn, but joyous meeting of Christian

people. They are making him a member of their fellowship, and he is promising that he will be faithful to their Lord and his, to them, and to their whole enterprise.

I see him the following Sunday, with his mother, at his first communion service, when he is saying to himself, as he tells us afterwards, "Lord, I commit my body, my soul and my all into Thy hands ; do with me as seemeth good in Thy sight."

Twelve months after that, again, I see him ringing the bell at his minister's house. He has asked for this interview, but nevertheless he quakes a little as he is shown into the study, because good old Matthew Wilks is rather formidable, though kindly and generous enough when you know him.

John has come to say that for months past he has been wondering if he should become a missionary, and now he wants to know what his minister would think about it. Well, his minister is just as kind as kind can be. He thinks it will be great, and he promises to see Mr. Tonkin and, if possible, get leave for John to attend some special classes.

THE ADVENTUROUS APOSTLE 169

John does not leave the study until he and the minister have had a little prayer meeting all to themselves ; and then he goes home understanding that he has turned a very important corner on the road of life.

From that time onward you would never know just where to find him. His master, Mr. Tonkin, was a good man, and was proud to think that an apprentice of his was going to be a missionary ; so, under the circumstances, he let him do almost just as he liked.

Sometimes you would find him, as usual, at the counter or in the workshop ; but he might be at classes, or studying at home. He might have gone off for a long tramp to see how lime was burned. He might be on some new building watching concrete mixed, or walls plastered, or windows and doors being made. He might be at a rope-walk, or a book-binder's and printer's works. He is going to be a frontiersman, and then he will have to depend very largely upon himself. Therefore he must see and learn as much as he can.

By the way, there was another place where

you might have found him sometimes, and that was at the house of a widow lady, Mrs. Chauner, and her two daughters, in the younger of whom, Mary, John was particularly interested ; and this, too, was to go to the making of the man.

But before he is twenty-one he is on board the *Harriet*, and Mary Chauner, now Mrs. Williams, is with him. They are bound for Tahiti. He is to become the Apostle of the South Seas. She is to become, not only his unfailing helper, but an apostle herself, especially to the old and infirm women whom no one has thought of caring for, and who have often been cruelly used.

On board ship John Williams makes a careful study of everything from stem to stern, from deck to rigging. It may come in useful. It does.

“ I LIKE PLENTY OF WORK ”

The first thing he did when he came here was to look round the whole situation and make up his mind as to a programme. He is the young missionary who can use his

hands, John Williams, aged twenty-two. The Chief had said "come," and he came. Here is Raiatea, a gorgeous island, one of a group of such islands about half-way between Australia and America. It is only about the size of Anglesea; but there are great mountain peaks and bluffs, with valleys and glens, and streams that run among the hills and tumble over the rocks. There are luxuriant acacia trees and palms, plantains, sugar cane, and shrubs, and ferns without number; and, in a wide stretch round the coast, as well as up into the sheltered valleys, land that would grow almost anything.

But the people? Well, the people seem little more than animals, and their "houses" little more than cattle sheds—just a thatched roof on poles, with open sides and with dirty dry grass on a beaten floor. And in these "houses," and partly because they suppose that evil spirits are about when it is dark, thirty, forty, sixty men, women and children will sleep together for common protection.

Says John Williams to himself, "Nothing permanent is going to be done with these

people until we get them into decent houses and homes, one for each family, and each one with several rooms in it." To show them how, and to give him a chance of telling them why, he will build his own house first. That is what he is doing now.

Ask him to show you his plans, and you will see that he is going to have a house of seven rooms all on the ground floor. "Ask him why he wants so good a house, and he will say, "It was my determination when I left England to have the best house I could build ; for the missionary does not go to barbarize himself, but to elevate the heathen, not to lower himself to their standard, but to raise them to his."

He has only just begun now ; but if you will come and watch him, not every day, for there are days when he cannot touch it, you will see that he gets very little help from the people, though they are tremendously interested in it, and gradually learn to do things. But as it all grows he becomes carpenter, plasterer, plumber, glazier, decorator and, afterwards, cabinet maker. He

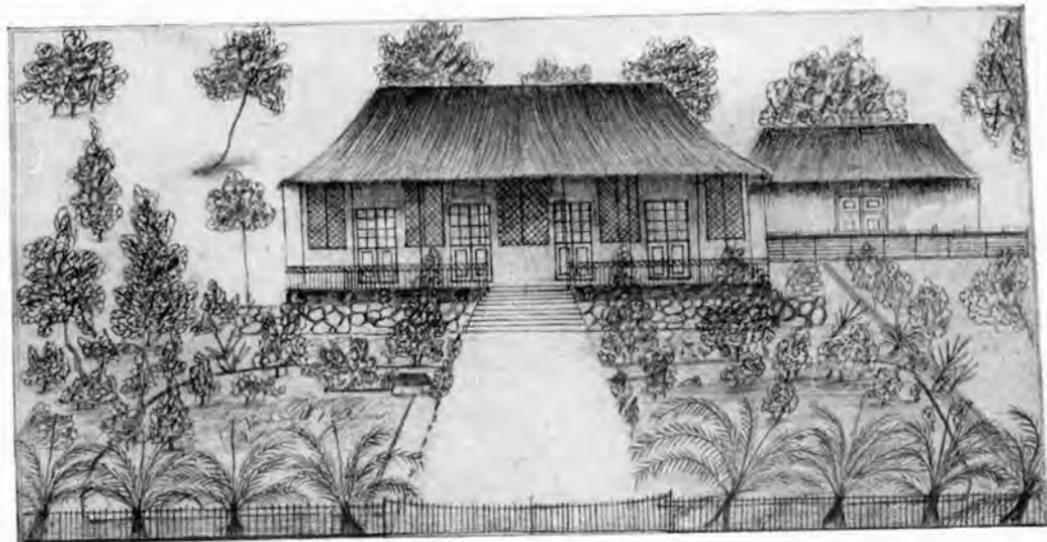
hasn't any bricks, and he cannot get stone, so it is built with a wood frame and with lath and plaster work between. It has cement floors, a thatched roof, the outside walls lime-washed, and the inside walls colour-washed.

And before it is finished the idea has caught on. Here, there and yonder an enterprising man has started to imitate the big house on a smaller scale, coming every now and then to get a fresh lesson from the house he is copying, or to ask the builder how this or that should be done.

And if you will go away for a few years and come back again, you shall see very many plastered and whitewashed cottages, stretching three miles along the beach, and a fine church as well. And they will tell you that when the church was opened there were 2,400 people there, and that the next day a great meeting of Chiefs and people agreed upon a just code of laws that made such tyranny as had once been never again possible. You will find a modest sugar mill at work; you may see boats building,

books being bound, rope being made, and everybody, grown-ups and children alike, at school from six to eight every morning.

And if, one evening, you should look over John Williams' shoulder as he is writing hasty letters, for a ship that has called and that sails again in the morning, you might read in a letter to his father—"My highest ambition is to be faithful to my work, faithful to Christ—in a word, abundantly useful." While to the directors of the Missionary Society he writes—"Did you know the state of the surrounding islands, how ripe they are for the reception of the Gospel, you would sell the very gods out of your museum, if it were necessary, to carry the glad tidings of salvation to those now sitting in darkness.'



The Home in Raiatea.

From a pencil drawing made by JOHN WILLIAMS.

[See page 172.]



On the island of Rarotonga.

[See chapter XII.]

CHAPTER XII

The Great Chief Viriamu

1828. "MY HANDS, MY HEAD AND MY
HEART ARE MORE FULL OF MISSIONARY
WORK THAN EVER"

A LARGE sailing boat—they called it a ship in those days—is pushing off from the shore of an island called Rarotonga. A land of wonder and beauty is this island in the strong sunlight that belongs to every day. Its feet are ceaselessly bathed in the warm, blue waters of the tropics. Its head is reared 4,500 feet into a sky more blue than the sea. And from sea beach to summit it is clothed with nature's wealth of colour and form. Creepers festoon the rocks. Great chestnut trees provide shade. Coco-nut palms wave graceful heads over slender stems.

Groves of bread-fruit trees shelter coffee plantations. All the tints are there, varying with the breeze and the sunshine.

But now it is moonlight, and a quiet sky is spread over a quiet sea, good augury for the voyagers in the *Messenger of Peace*.

This is no ordinary ship. It is one that John Williams has built himself, with—you might almost say—nothing to build it with.

He had come on a visit to Rarotonga, in the Cook Islands, meaning to stay only a few months. But month after month came and went, and no ship called there. So he said, "I will build my own ship." He had never built one before, or seen one built, though in Eimeo he had helped to finish one that had been partly built before he came there; and he had very thoroughly examined the ship he came out in. He had no machinery, few tools, no skilled workmen, and nothing of many materials—nails, rope, canvas—that a shipbuilder would want. He would have told you that all this only made the job more interesting; because all the time he would have to find out how to get over

difficulties, and make things do. Where there's a will there's a way. He had the will, and, by and by, his ship sailed 5,000 miles in six years before she was sold.

And this is the modest way he tells the tale. "I have built a little vessel of between 60 and 70 tons for missionary purposes. She was not four months in hand from the time we cut the keel until she was in the water. I had everything to make, my bellows, forge, lathe, and all the iron work out of old axes, iron hoops, etc. But I cannot enlarge on my numerous manœuvres to overcome difficulties, though they would be interesting to you, no doubt. Suffice it to say she is finished." What a genius the man was! And what a workman! Afterwards he had to tell the whole story of it all up and down England.

But to get back to the moonlight evening. The ship had successfully made her trial voyage. She had been 170 miles to Aitutaki and then back again. Now she was to be really started on her missionary career.

Twelve months before this John Williams

had come to Rarotonga, where native missionaries from Raiatea had been working. Everybody had learned to love him; for to love him did not take much learning. He was clever. He was good. But he was kind and genial and happy, and ready to help anybody. And now he was having a send-off such as few men get. Crowds of decently clothed people were on the beach. (The Sunday congregation was seldom less than 2,000.) They were all sad because, for some time at least, they would not see him again. Was he not going on great adventures, to preach in other islands the good news of God which had turned them from cannibals into Christians? They were all sad; and yet they were all grateful, and their hearts went with him, because their own island, that only five years before had been a hell, was now, in comparison, a heaven.

So the boat is pushed off, and the people all begin a plaintive song of farewell that floats over the quiet waters and under the quiet sky until, in the half-light, the voyagers pass first out of sight and then out of hearing.

“ HE SPAKE TO HIS DISCIPLES THAT A SMALL SHIP SHOULD WAIT UPON HIM.” 1830

“ . . . We rejoice that the deep has not swallowed you up. . . . The power of God has preserved you. . . . This is our request : come and make known to us fully all the particulars of your journey, that our hearts may be made warm.” It was a letter from the Christian folk of Afareaitu, in Eimeo, to John Williams and Charles Barff.

Just over three months before this these two men had left Raiatea for a long round voyage among the islands in the *Messenger of Peace*. Since Williams had built it on Rarotonga it had been thoroughly overhauled, and many things had been added that in the first instance he could not obtain. It had been properly caulked and rigged and painted, and various iron fittings had been provided, including anchors and many fathoms of chain.

All the time they were away on this voyage no one had heard anything at all about them ; but there had been many stories of ship-

wrecks, so that few vessels have ever been more heartily greeted than was the *Messenger of Peace* when she ran into Papeete Harbour at Tahiti.

Now the Christians at Eimeo say, "Come and tell us all about it before you go home to Raiatea and Huahine." "And," says John Williams, "we spent a most delightful afternoon and evening with them."

It was a great story they had to tell in that little chapel of Afareaitu, a marvellous and various story of surprises and escapes, misadventures and successes: and these two men had often said to one another, "What a victorious Gospel this is."

You may be sure the first thing John Williams would tell them about was the visit to Mangaia, because two of their own people were there—Faaruea and his wife. They had gone as missionaries, and they were doing so well, especially the wife, that they had been left there instead of being taken to some other island as had been first intended. This was good news for the Afareaitu people. They would be glad to hear, too, that on



The landing place, Mangaia.

The steamship *John Williams* discharging supplies.

[See page 180.



A Samoan chief.

[See page 183.]

Mangaia many of the dirty huts that belonged to the old time had gone, and in place of them there were neat white cottages.

All through the Cook Islands the *Messenger of Peace* had gone, staying two days here, and three or four days there. And Williams and Barff had been very busy all the time examining schools, and answering all kinds of questions, and encouraging the teachers, and acting as kindly counsellors to everybody, and preaching.

Rarotonga was in a bad way when they went out; there was a strange deadly sickness through all the island, and it had seemed to lay hold of everybody; but they found it had all disappeared when they called there on their way back.

At Aitutaki they had had a great time. They had found there three more young men and their wives ready to go out as teachers to other islands, and they had had a wonderful farewell service. Then, too, at Aitutaki they had seen a teacher and his wife whose home was in Raiatea. The wife had been trained by Mrs. Williams, who had

taught her to be especially kind to all the old and infirm and lonely people, so that now, on Aitutaki, these people were being taken care of instead of being neglected and cruelly used as in the old days. There was even a class of thirty such women, some of whom had learned to read after they were sixty years old. And at Aitutaki, too, they had subscribed £103 to the Missionary Society. The people had sold some pigs to the captain of a passing ship. He had paid them in money. It was the first money they had ever had, and they gave every penny of it to missionary work.

From Aitutaki they had set out to try and begin some new work somewhere. They had gone to Savage Island,¹ and had found the people very rough. They had tried to get permission to leave some teachers there, but it was no use.

Then they had gone 350 miles farther west to the Tonga Islands. There they

¹ Nobody speaks of "Savage Island" nowadays—it is Niué. There are eleven villages with eleven churches, and many Niuéans have gone as missionaries to New Guinea.

found that Wesleyan missionaries were working ; and a friendly arrangement was made that the Fiji Islands should be cared for by the Wesleyan Society and Samoa should be left to the London Society. There, too, they met a Samoan named Fauea, who had been away from home for eleven years, and who wanted to get back again. He was kinsman to the chiefs in Samoa. He was not a Christian, but his wife was, and he offered that if they would take him with them he would introduce them to the chiefs. They agreed to do so, and were very glad of it afterwards.

Then they went on to the Hapai Islands, where was a King who had hung up his idols by the neck in their old temple, who had given the large dancing-room of the village for a chapel, who had liberated all his slaves because he could not be a Christian and own slaves, and who was a good local preacher.

Then they started for the Samoan Islands, meeting both many difficulties and many unexpected things to help them.

As they looked back upon their experiences in Samoa it all seemed wonderful. How black

everything was during that week of hurricane weather when masts bent and sails were torn, and they themselves were all more or less down with influenza : and then their trying to find anchorage, and failing time after time, only to drag their anchor when they had succeeded, and when a large part of the ship's company was ashore ; and then their being carried out to sea by the strong current in the night just when Malietoa, the King, had arranged to come for them next morning with his royal canoe ; and the consequent long day's rowing from ship to shore when they were a great deal farther out than they had supposed, and when, starting at ten o'clock in the morning, they grounded on the beach only at eight o'clock in the evening ; Barff and Williams could both laugh heartily now over the hours of hard rowing they did themselves—spite of influenza ; but it was no joke then.

On the other hand, fancy finding that the only man who could, and who probably would, have thwarted them, the notorious witch-doctor, who held every one's life and comfort and property under his thumb, had

been killed only ten days or so before they arrived, and that, because it had been so recent, no one had been appointed in his place. And what a help Fauea had been to them; for he *was* a chief, after all, though, to tell the truth, they had sometimes wondered. He had introduced them immediately to the King's brother, and the King's brother had sent for the King, and the King had come, even from the battle-field where he was fighting—had come into the cabin of their ship and said he was glad to see them. And then that torch-light procession to the King's house, and his public reception of them, and his promise to protect the teachers they were going to leave, though to judge by the appearances of general enthusiasm it did not look as though they would need any kind of protection—it was all a marvellous, an almost miraculous story of success, and of promise for the future. Under the happiest circumstances they had left eight teachers and their wives at Samoa—four with the King, Malietoa, and four with his brother.

One can easily imagine how these two men

enjoyed telling their story, how the people listened, and how inevitable it was that it should take a whole afternoon and evening to tell, because this is only just a bare outline.

Well, they have said all they have to say ; and now the old chief of Afareaitu, Vara, a good man, near the end of his days, as a rule a very silent man, gets up and says that on this occasion he must speak. He wishes he were a young man again, that he might go out as a teacher himself, because all that they have heard is very wonderful. That can never be. " But," he says, turning to the missionaries, " do not despise these islands of ours because they are small and because there are not many of us ; but take care of these small churches, that they may provide teachers to go to other islands."

So, with the benediction of the old chief, who in his younger days had been a cruel heathen, the meetings ended. Williams and Barff, after staying a Sunday at the mission station on the other side the island, sailed away to Huahine, Mr. Barff's station, where Mrs. Williams was waiting for her husband.

THE GREAT CHIEF VIRIAMU 187

And then John Williams and his wife went home to Raiatea.

ALL IS SPENT IN THE BEST OF ALL CAUSES.

1839

On a sailing ship called the *Camden* two men are leaning over the taffrail and talking together. The water is lip-lapping on the sides of the vessel. The sky is full of stars. Yonder is the indistinct outline of land. The ship, which was at Tanna, in the New Hebrides, yesterday, is just now off the neighbouring Island of Erromanga. But there are no charts, and the coastline is very broken, and in any case nothing can be done till morning, so the ship "lies to" for the night.

One of the two men is John Williams, who has now been the Apostle of the Islands for twenty-three years. And he is telling his companion that he wonders whether here, in the New Hebrides Islands, he will not find his future home and work. The Society Islands and the Cook Islands have become largely Christian. Wesleyan missionaries are working in the Friendly and Fiji Islands, and they have begun to see very great things.

The Americans have taken charge of the Sandwich Islands. Samoa has rejoiced in the Gospel and is ready to speed it farther on. But here, in the New Hebrides, is the key to the West and New Guinea. Here, surely, there is great work to be done for men and Christ.

Next morning, quite early, both of them are on deck again. John Williams says that he has slept badly for thinking of all that depends upon that day's work. *Will savage and barbarous Erromanga let them come in as messengers of Christ?*

Erromanga would not let them come in. And before many hours had passed the bruised and broken body of John Williams was left on the beach, while his friends sailed away mourning greatly.

All had been spent in the best of all causes. Spent, but not wasted; for, from that day to this, the spirit of John Williams—"The Great Chief Viriamu," they called him—has been the inspiration of the South Sea Island missionary, and the continuous challenge to the Church at home.



Polynesian weapons.

The smooth round club in the middle is the one with which John Williams was killed
[See page 188.]



The Martyrdom of John Williams at Erromanga.

From an old coloured engraving by BAXTER.

[See page 188.]

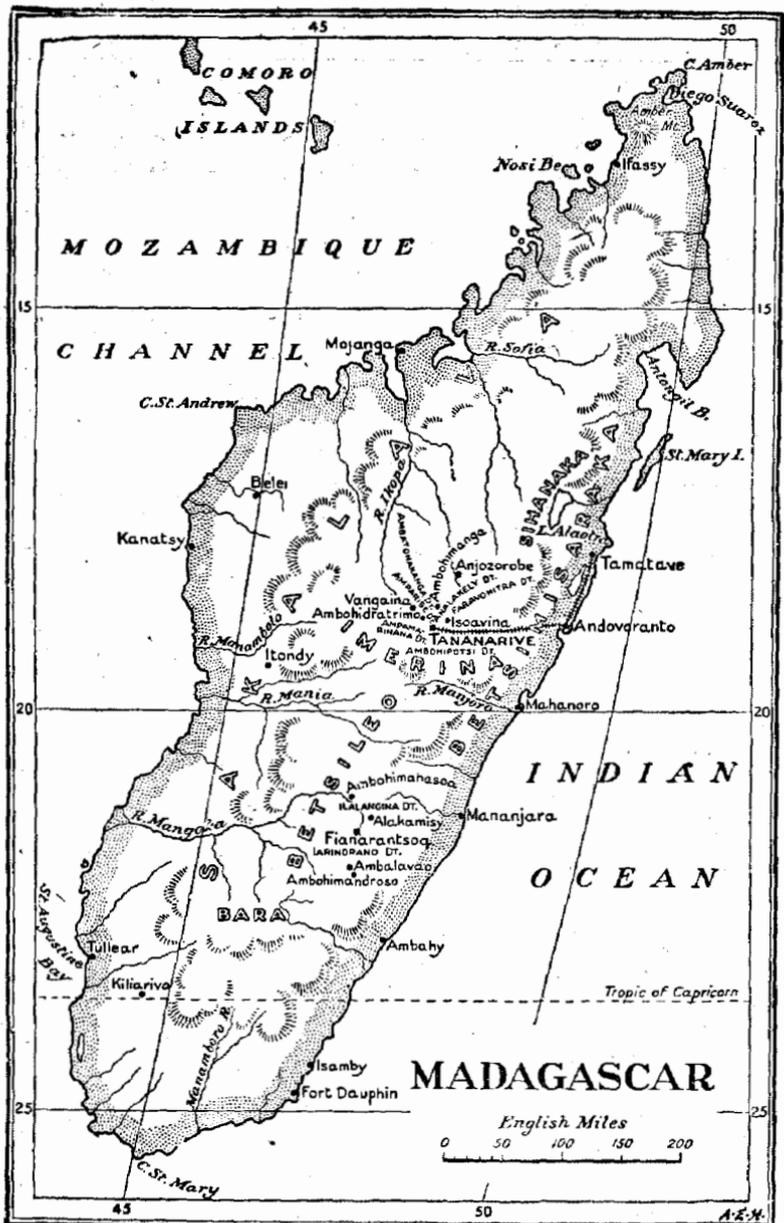
INDEX

- Acacia trees, 171
 Acts of the Apostles, 155, 173-4
 Adventures, 73
 Adventurous Apostle, The, 159
 Afareaitu, 76, 179
 Africa, Natives of, 25, 33
 Africaner, 15
 Aitutaki, 149, 155, 156, 177, 181
 America, Ellis preaches in, 96
 American missionaries, 87, 90, 95, 188
 American sailor's story, 152-6
 Angleses, 171
 Antananarivo, 105
 Ann, 26
 Arts and crafts, 44, 134, 139
 Atiu, 146, 156
 Anna, 85
 Baboon, 29, 31
 Bagshawe, Wm., Apostle of the Peak,
 116, 117, 134
 Bamboo bottles, 77
 Bananas, 121
 Baptisms at Kuruman, 41
 Barff, Chas., 79, 80, 82, 85, 139, 140,
 149, 179, 181, 184, 186
 Bark cloth, 73, 121, 129
 Barn Chapel, Tintwistle, 116
 Barolong Tribe, 36, 38
 Beritani (Britain), 141
 Bibles burned, 104
 Bibles smuggled, 104
 Bible, translation of, 43, 76, 137, 139
 Birmingham, 97, 99
 Birthday of Polynesian Church, 126
 Bishopsate Chapel, 66
 Boat building, 139, 173
 Boat swamped, A, 151
 Borabora, 63, 135, 136-9, 149
 Brave man, A, 129
 Breadfruit trees, 120, 176
 Brentwood, 99
 Brighton, 97
 British and Foreign Bible Society, 125
 British message to Queen of Madag-
 ascar, 105
 British message to King of Madag-
 ascar, 109
 Buffaloes, 39
 Bullock wagon, 19, 22, 36
 Buxton, Thos. Fovell, 63
 Calcutta, 47, 56-63
 Camden, The, 187
 Cameron, Jas., 103
 Campbell, John, 22
 Candle-making, 69
 Candida Casa, 134
 Cape Town, 16, 43
 Carronshore, 11
 Chapel Royal, 120, 126
 Chapels, The biggest thing in, 123
 Chawner, Mrs., 179
 Chawner, Mary, 170
 Chelmsford, 97
 Cheshire, 115
 Cheshunt College, 113
 Chestnut trees, 175
 Chief and a looking-glass, A, 154
 Chiefs in opposition, 143
 Choir practice, A, 152
 Church opened, A new, 122, 127, 147,
 173
 Coaching, 15, 64, 97-8
 Coco-nut trees, 121, 146, 175
 Communion Service, A first, 41, 42,
 148, 151
 Cook, Capt., 141
 Cook Islands, 157, 176, 187
 Council of Barons, 112
 Crook, Wm. Pascoe, 123
 Darling, David, 123, 124
 Davids, 140, 141, 144
 Debate, A great, 48, 140
 Deserters, Two, 11
 Dicky, 26
 Dormitory, A queer, 90
 East India Company, 49. Charter
 renewed, 50. Hostility to mission-
 aries, 50. Charter revised, 51
 Elmeo, 74, 75-8, 79, 80, 89, 126, 127,
 130, 133, 138, 139, 179
 Ellis, William, 69-114. Boyhood,
 70. From Wisbech to Thorney,
 70-2. Newington Green, 72. In-
 terview with L.M.S. Committee, 73.
 Learns printing, 75. At Elmeo,
 75. Prints Luke's Gospel, 76.
 Adventures at sea, 78-85. Goes
 to Sandwich Isles, 88. Fetches
 family from Huahine, 88. Writes
 hymns, 89. Explores volcano of
 Kilauea, 89-91
 At Nailsworth, 95-100. Return
 to England, 95. Lectures in
 America en route, 96. Publishes
 second book, 96. Deputation ap-
 pointments, 97-100, 102. Coach-
 ing, 97. How *Polynesian Re-
 searches* was written, 98. Speaks
 for Henry Townley, 99
 In Madagascar, 101-14. Mauri-
 tius to Tamatave, 101, 103.
 Foreign Secretary of L.M.S., 102.
 Minister of Hoddesdon Congrega-
 tional Church, 102. Waiting the
 Queen's answer, 103. Nine months
 in Mauritius, 103. Bible smug-
 gling, 104. Doctoring, photo-
 graphy, orchids, 104. Queen's
 second refusal, 104. Visits South
 Africa, 104. Madagascar again,
 105-8. Message from British Gov-
 ernment, 105. Guest of the Queen,
 106. Journey up country, 106.
 A month at Antananarivo, 107.
 Shipwrecked Sandwich Islander,
 107.

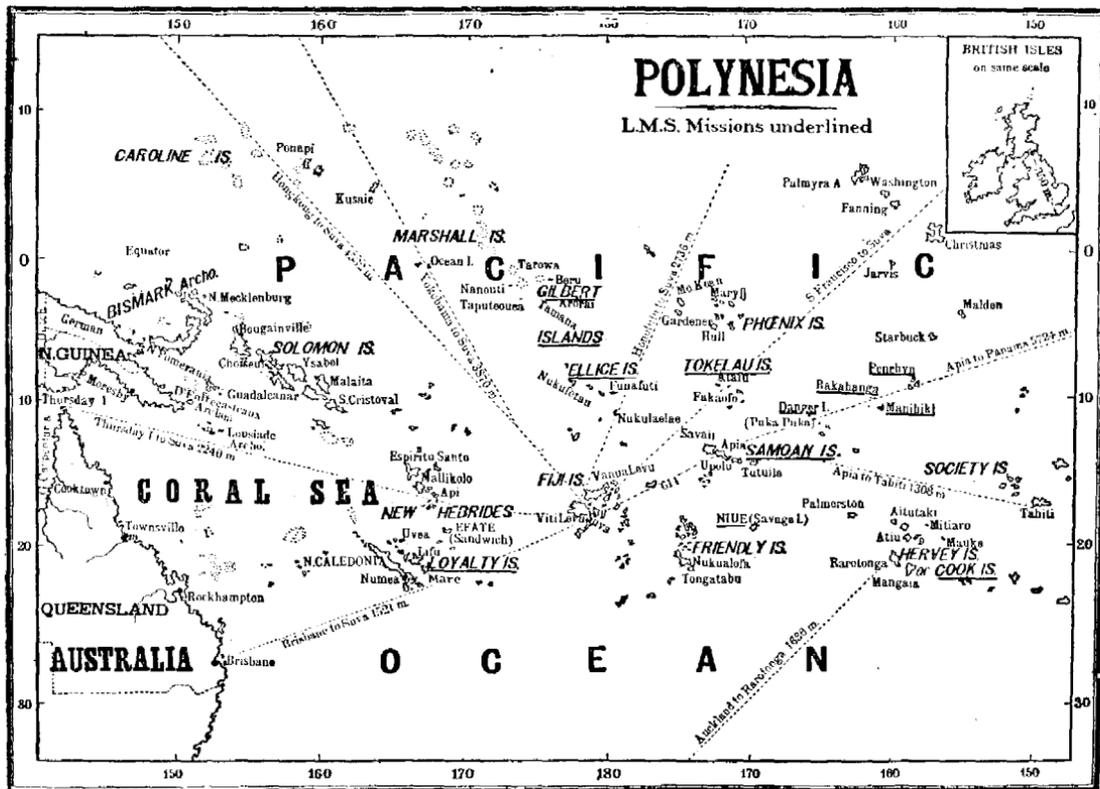
- Once more — Madagascar, 103-13. Another letter from British Government to Madagascar, 109. Delayed in Mauritius, language learning, 109. Three years in Madagascar, 110-13. Active at sixty-eight, 111. Plots against his life, 111. Returns to England, 113. At Cheshunt College Anniversary, 113. Seven full years, 113
- Ellis, Mrs., and family, 83-4, 88
- Ellis, Mrs., 85, 98
- Elly, Isle of, 70
- Erromanga, 187
- Faarooa, 144, 180
- Falcoo, The, 152
- Famine, 147
- Farewell meeting, 85, 181
- Fausa, 183, 185
- Ferus, 90, 106, 120, 171
- Fiji Islands, 183, 187
- Fishing, 147
- Five men in a boat, 75
- Fort William, 57
- France, 9
- French occupation of Society Islands, 157
- Friendly Islands, 187
- Furlough at sixty-seven, A, 157
- Gales, Great 80-4, 149, 152, 153
- Gardons, African, 29
- Giraffes, 40
- Glossop, 110
- Gloucestershire, 95
- God, A wonderful, 153
- Gogerley, George, 62
- Greenland, 74
- Griqua Town, 24, 32, 33, 41
- Gyles, John, 133
- Hamilton, Robert, 24, 25, 27, 30, 34, 35
- Hapai Islands, 183
- Hawaii, Isles of, 80
- Hawaii, Island of, 90, 95
- Hauris, The, 133
- Hell and Heaven, 178
- Henry, William, 130, 133, 135
- Hereward the Wake, 70
- High Leigh, 11, 13
- Hoddesdon, 102
- House building, 134, 139, 172, 173
- Hova Tribe, 102
- Huahine, 78, 80, 85, 86, 87, 89, 139, 180, 186
- Huddersfield, 97
- Human sacrifices, 128, 131
- Hurricane, A great, 146
- Iyenas, 40
- Hymn writing, 89
- Idol burning, 128, 129, 137, 155
- Idols not wanted, 149, 183
- Immortality, 31
- Indian Empire, Our, 49
- Ireland, Ellis travels in, 99
- Influenza, 184
- Inverkeithing, 11
- Jackals, 40
- John's Gospel, 125
- John Williams the Shipbuilder, 146
- Keith, James, 56-63. Personal appearance, 58. Exploring Calcutta, 59. His preaching, 61. Open-air preaching, 62. Dies at Calcutta, 63
- Kent, Duchess of, 52
- Kilauea, Volcano of, 91-4, 95
- Kitchingman, James, 119
- Knaresborough, 43
- Kolong River, 43
- Kuruman, 22, 32, 33, 34, 40, 42
- Kuruman Training Institution, 44
- Labrador, 14
- Lancashire College, 119
- Land cultivation, 139
- Landing, Difficult, 159
- Landing, Impossible, 151
- Landing over the reef, 145, 151
- Language learning, 25, 36, 40, 127
- Lattakoo, 22, 24
- Launched over the reef, 148
- Laws for Tahiti, 125
- Laws for Raiatea, 173
- Leith, 9
- Lincolnshire, 99
- Lions, 23, 29, 36, 39, 40
- Livingstone, Mrs., 44
- Longdale, 116
- L.M.S. Committee Meeting, 73, 74
- London to Leeds and Manchester by coach, 98
- Love's labour lost, 149
- Luke's Gospel, 43, 76, 78, 137
- Maamaa, 131
- Madagascar, 101-13. Persecutions, 102
- Mai (Chief), 137, 138, 140, 142, 143, 156
- Malletoa, 184, 185
- Manchester, 15, 115
- Mangala, 140, 149, 156, 180
- Mauua, 153, 155
- Marne, 76, 128
- Marquesas Islands, 85, 86, 87, 88
- Matatore, 85
- Mathele Mission, 42
- Mauritius, 101, 102, 103, 109
- Mermaid, The, 86, 87
- Messenger of Peace, The, 144, 176, 179
- Milford Haven, 87
- Mischiefous reports, 89
- Missionaries, The early South Sea, 127
- Missionaries, Native, S.S. Island, 85, 132, 140, 144, 149, 180, 181, 185
- Missionary contributions, 131, 182
- Missionary meetings, 14, 85, 124, 139, 138
- Mitiana, 156
- Moffat, Robert, 9-41. Cabin boy, 10. Sailor, 11. At High Leigh, 13. Leaves Manchester, 15. Goes to Africaner's Tribe, 17. Takes Africaner to Cape Town, 18. Cape Town to Kuruman, 23. Need of patience, 27. Rain-maker makes

- difficulties, 28-30. Notice to quit, 31. Discovers approach of hostile tribe, 32. What happened in his absence, 34-5. Visit to Barolong, 36. Lions at night, 36. Language learning, 38. Hunting at night, 39. The first Communion Service at Kuruman, 41. Visits Mosilikatse, 42. Visits Moshesh's people, Builds stone Church, Prints Luke's Gospel, Translates and prints the Bible at Kuruman, Furlough, 43. Death, 44
 At William Roby's Training School, 119
 Moffat, John Smith, 44
 Moffat, Mary, 22, 23, 24, 31, 34, 35, 41, 44
 Monoculus, John, 46
 Moorfields Tabernacle, 167
 Moshesh, 43
 Mosilikatse, 42, 44
 Mottram, 116
 Mutual Improvement Society, 118
 Nailsworth, 95, 97, 101
 Namaqualand, Great, 17
 Native missionaries of the South Seas, 85, 132, 140, 144, 149, 155, 157
 Newington Green, 72
 New Guinea, 188
 New Hebrides, 187
 New York, 96
 Night voyage, A, 79
 Ninian, 134
 Niue, 182
 Norfolk coast, 97
 Norman soldier, A, 45
 Notice to quit, 28
 Oahu, 87, 90, 94
 Orchids, 104, 106, 120
 Orange River, 17, 22, 23
 Oro, The god, 131, 137
 Ormond, John M., 135, 137
 Ormond, Mrs., 83
 Paddington Chapel, 55
 Palanquin travelling, 108
 Palm trees, 171
 Papaoa, 123, 124-6
 Papetooi, 130, 134
 Paradise of orchids, 106
 Parliament, Debate in, 47-51
 Patience, 27, 41, 123
 Patii, 129, 132, 134, 135
 Peak, Apostle of the, 116
 Peak District, 116, 134
 Pélé, The goddess, 93-4
 Pembroke, 99, 101
 Persecutions in Madagascar, 102, 103
 Peterborough, 70
 Picnic holiday, A, 122
 Plantains, 171
 Platt, George, 115-53. Born, 117. Mutual Improvement Society in a mill, 117. Trained by William Roby, 119. Ordained, 120. Preaches in Chapel Royal, Tahiti, 123. At Papetooi, 130. A missionary meeting, 131. Man of all trades, 133. The Bagshawe of Eimeo, 134. Teaches road making, building, etc., 134. Short of supplies, 135. Removes to Borabora, 135. Difficulties, 137. Letters and supplies scarce, 138. Chief Mai, 138. Asks John Williams to perform an operation, 138. Arts and crafts, 139
 Visits Cook Islands, 140-56. At Mangala, 140. Rarotonga, 144. Rough weather, 145. Landing at Atiu, 145. Hurricane, famine, etc., at Atiu, 146. New church and first Communion Service, 147. Idols in ship's hold, 149. Aitutaki, 149-51. First Communion Service at Rimatara, 151. Asleep at choir practice, 152. The American sailor's story, 152-6. Apostle of Cook Islands, 157. Head-quarters at Raiatea, 157. First furlough at sixty-seven, 157. Returns to Raiatea, 157. Six more years, 158
 Platt, Mrs., 135, 157
Polynesian Researches, 96
 Pomare, 123-7, 136
 Port Elizabeth, 24
 Portsoy, 10
 Price, Roger, Mrs., 44
 Priest who burned his idols, 123-9
 Printer wanted at Eimeo, 74
 Printing, Ellis learns, 75
 Printing at Huahine, 139
 Printing in Madagascar, 112
 Printing in Sandwich Isles, 95
 Printing House Square in Eimeo, 76
 Privations, 135, 138
 Quagras, 40
 Queer dormitory, 90
 Radama I, 102
 Radama II, 108, 111, 112
 Raiatea, 80, 83, 84, 89, 135, 136, 138, 140, 149, 152, 157, 171-4, 180, 186
 Raiders, 17, 35
 Rain-maker, 28
 Raiavai, 132
 Ramsgate, 62
 Ranavalona, 102, 103
 Rarotonga, 144, 156, 175, 181
 Read, James, 24, 25
 Rhinoceros, 40
 Rimatara, 151, 152, 155, 156
 Road making, 134
 Roberts, Lord, 51
 Roby, William, 119
 Rodborough, 100
 Romatane, 146
 Rothesay Bay, 11
 Rurufu, 152, 155, 156
 Russell, Earl, 113
 Samoa, 149, 157, 183-5, 188
 Sand, writing lessons on, 134
 Sandwich Isles, 83, 86, 87, 90, 95, 188
 Savage Island, 182

- Scotland, 9, 99
 Sheffield, 41
 Shipwrecked Sandwich Islander, 107
 Slaves liberated, 183
 Society Islands, 141, 137
 South Africa, Ellis visits, 104
 South Sea Island native missionaries, 85, 132, 140, 144, 149, 180, 181, 185
 Spitalfields, 65
 Stealing, 27
 Storm, A. groat, 80
 Sugar cane, 70, 134, 171
 Sugar mill, 133, 139, 173
 Sugar pan, A. large, 150
 Surrey Chapel, 120, 135
 Sydney, 138
 Tahaa, 136
 Tahiti, 75, 79, 80, 88, 89, 120, 126, 136, 152, 153, 170
 Tamatave, 101, 106, 109
 Tamatoo (Chief), 137
 Tananarivo, 105
 Tanna, 187
 Tapoa (Chief), 136
 Tall (Chief), 125
 Thorney, 70, 71, 72
 Tiger Kloof, 44
 Tintwistle, 115, 157
 Tonga Islands, 182
 Tonkin, Enoch, Mr., 162-4, 166, 168, 169
 Townley House, 52
 Townley, Mrs., Senr., 52, 53, 54
 Townley, Henry, 45-67. Descent from John Monoculus, 47. His family circle, 53. Student and sportsman, 53. Makes great discovery, 53. Preaches at Townley House, 54. Declares for missionary work, 54. Goes to Calcutta, 56. Arrives, 57. Personal characteristics, 58. Exploring Calcutta, 59. Plans for work, 60. Successful preaching, 61. Union Chapel, 61. Open-air preaching, 62. Returns to England, 63. Five years of missionary propaganda work, 64. Accepts pastorate of "White's Row," 65. Builds Bishopsgate Chapel, 66. Meets John Williams, 66. Open-air preaching round London, 67. Asks Ellis to come to London, 99.
 Townley, Mrs. Henry, 56
 Translating the Bible, 43, 76, 137, 139
 Tute (Captain Cook), 141
 Unconquerable soul, An, 133-58
 Union Chapel, Calcutta, 47, 61
 Vara (Chief), 186
 Victoria, Queen, 52
 Viriama, The great Chief, 175, 188
 "Wake me in an hour," 79
 War in Mangaia, 140
 Warrington, 13, 14
 Water spouts, 31, 82
 Waugh, Alexander, 74
 Weirdest place on earth, The, 89
 Wells, 97
 Wesleyan missionaries, 183, 187
 Westbury in Wills, 99, 101
 White's Row, Church in, 65, 99
 Whithorn, 134
 Wick (Scotland), 9
 Wick-twisting, 69
 Wilks, Matthew, 163
 Williams, John, Senr., and Mrs., 162-4
 Williams, John, 159-88. A boy of thirteen, 159. Clever with his hands, 160-1. Apprenticed 162-4. First attempts in the forge, 165-6. The skilled workman, 167. At Moorfields Tabernacle, 167. Joins the Church, 168. First Communion Service, 168. Interview with Matthew Wilks, 168. Learns everything he can, 169. Marries Mary Chawner, 170. In Raiatea, 170-74. Builds his house, 172. Man of all trades, 172. Progress in Raiatea, 173. At Rarotonga, 175-8. Builds *Messenger of Peace*, 176-7. Leaves Rarotonga, 178. Voyage round islands, reports to meeting at Afareaitu, 179-87. Mangaia, 180. Rarotonga, 181. Aitutaki, 181. Savage Island, 182. Tonga Islands, 182. Meets Faoua, 183. Hapai Islands, 183. Samoa, leaves eight teachers and wives, 183-5. What Vara says, 186. Returns to Raiatea, 187. On the Camden, 187. Tanna and Erromanga, 187. Will he settle in the New Hebrides? 187. Erromanga's answer, 188. The inspiration of the South Seas Mission, 188. At Bishopsgate Chapel, 66. Tamatoo invites him to Raiatea, 137. Sends teachers to Borabora, 137; to Rurutu, 155. Platt wishes him to perform an operation, 138. To call for teachers, 149
 Williams, Mrs. John, 170, 181, 186
 William the Conqueror, 45, 46
 Wisboch, 70, 71
 Woodhead, 116
 Woolen mill, 117
 Writing lessons on sand, 134
 York, 99
 Yorkshire, 99



See Chapter VIII.



See the stories of ELLIS, PLATT, and WILLIAMS.