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From a drawing by William Richmond

PATTESON OF THE ISLES

BY

MARY H. DEBENHAM

WITH FOUR ILLUSTRATIONS BY

T. H. ROBINSON

AND OTHER PICTURES AND MAP

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FOREWORD

THE story of John Coleridge Patteson has been told once for all by his cousin and first biographer, Miss Charlotte Yonge. All that can be done by one who would retell the tale in simpler form is to live with Miss Yonge's book, until, as another writer has said, the quiet power of that life distils like dew upon thirsty ground. For Patteson himself is greater even than the great things he did. His story is full of adventure, of perils and escapes, of strangely beautiful places and fantastic people. But the greatest wonder of all is the strong, gentle, quiet man, with the smile before which savages dropped their arrows; the man who dreamed great dreams and carried them out with his life in his hand; who yet never forgot a family birthday; who never thought himself remarkable at all.

'A man who spoke softly. I myself have felt it so, as if God had put hard power into those soft words. Every single boy of us he loved entirely. In his heart there was love and nothing else.' So said the island boy who had lived for months in his company.

One can fancy Galilean fishermen and farmers saying the like of Patteson's Master.

TO

THE MEMBERS OF THE CHESHUNT BRANCH

OF 'THE KING'S MESSENGERS'

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LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

PATTESON OF THE ISLES

CHAPTER I

TWO DEVON BOYS

TWELVE hundred and odd years ago there was a small boy running about among the green hills and woods of South Devon, the county that bred Drake and Hawkins and Grenville and many another gentleman adventurer who sailed westward to singe His Spanish Majesty's beard.

This boy lived long before the days when England was one kingdom ; he went about bare-legged and bare-armed, with a tunic to his knee, and talked English in a fashion that few of us would understand. But, underneath the little differences of clothes and language, he was a good deal like other boys of all ages. He probably carried a sling, and knew how to bring down a partridge or a heron. He knew when the golden-brown streams were ready for fishing. He liked to be in for as much of the excitement as possible when the older men hunted a wolf, and he liked the fun of the midsummer fair, when there were booths set up for getting all manner of things, and travelling minstrels and tumblers sang and did their tricks.

One day, while this boy, Winfried, was still quite a little chap, there came some other travellers to the place, monks in gowns and hoods of coarse serge who gathered the country people and preached to them, for churches

in those days were few and far between. Inns, too, were far apart, so that every one kept open house for travellers, just as they do in Western Canada and in the Australian Bush to-day, and these two preachers put up with Winfried's father. The little boy listened to their talk as they sat round the hearth in the evening, while the great logs glowed red and fell apart into grey ashes, and the smoke curled among the rafters where the falcons sat over their master's head.

There was something rather fascinating about these men, who had given up everything that men valued, home and lands and flocks and herds and money and fame in war and council, so that they might go free and unhampered on God's errands. The little boy's heart glowed, as to a great adventure.

'Some day,' he said to himself, 'I shall wear a gown like that and do the same.'

The years passed and changed Winfried as they change everybody. He was bigger and stronger, and knew a good deal more. He had left off caring for some of his old games, and was interested in fresh things. But his early purpose held. He was a man now, and a monk, ready for any call to service that might come. His father, who had other ambitions for his clever boy, had been loth at first to consent, but gave way before the lad's fixed purpose. And now there came to him that 'call of the far' which has sounded so often in the ears of his countrymen, the call that sent the *Golden Hind* round the world and the *Terra Nova* into the frozen sea. Only to Winfried, who was pledged already to the one great service, the call was to carry the banner of the Cross into lands where his Master was unknown.

England herself had newly learnt the Christian Faith, and wanted to pass on her own good news. Men were

going out, with their lives in their hands, to the heathen lands across the North Sea whence their own forefathers had come. So Winfried, drawn, he says, by the 'love of travel and the fear of Christ,' went first to Holland and afterwards to Germany, 'shattering all evil customs everywhere,' like the Knights of the Round Table. The Church of his day, having a fancy for Latin names, dubbed him Boniface, 'Doer of Good,' and as such his fame has come down to us to-day, Boniface, the Apostle of Thuringia and Bishop of Mainz.

Among the warlike tribes of that forest-land he went, an unarmed man, with a message of love and fellowship, winning his way by cool courage and good will. He challenged the heathen gods and dared their vengeance. He sent for workers, women from England, to teach the girls, and show them what Christian womanhood should be. He did the hard humdrum work of building up a native church, and teaching the people who should carry on when he was gone. But, all the time, he kept his love of the old English home and the friends there, and wrote long letters about his work, letters which we can still read, thanking the home folk for their presents and their prayers; sending them presents, too, sometimes, as missionaries abroad send us photographs and curiosities to-day.

And when he was an old man, well over seventy, and could trust his pupils to do without him, he set everything in order and commended his people to the Christian King, and, putting on the plain dress of the travelling monk, he went, like the gallant old pioneer he was, out into the wilds again.

And there they killed him, a fierce tribe out for plunder, falling upon him and his little band of followers as they camped by a river-side one day in early June.

'Shall we fight?' his company asked him, for they were a sturdy band, and would have stood by their master to the death.

But Boniface said no. They were the messengers of peace and good will, come to render good for evil.

'It is the day I have long waited for,' said the old warrior.

And with his face to the foe, he fell, by the hands of men for whom he would gladly have given his life.

. . . . . .

All this was nearly twelve hundred years ago. Winfried of Devon would be puzzled enough to know his own county if he came back to it nowadays by express from Paddington. Everything has changed, houses and travelling and dress and speech and ways. Only the odd fact remains that the people who have made the changes, the men and women, the boys and girls, for whose comfort and health and convenience all these things have come about, are just the same underneath, with the same desires and hopes and needs. Boniface, the black-robed monk, might find many a kindred spirit in khaki, travelling by car or by aeroplane; and young Winfried, with his sling and his horn-book, has plenty of descendants playing in school elevens.

And to these descendants of his the old war-cries appeal still with the same tremendous power. The call to a service of danger, the venture of everything in a big cause, no need to tell us to-day that it still holds good. The call of the far is still heard, the whisper that summons the pioneer into the unknown. And the most compelling thing in the world, the love of God and of man, still sends men out, counting their lives a small

thing, to plant the banner of the Cross at the ends of the earth.

. . . . .

Just about two years before Queen Victoria began to reign, a little eight-year-old boy was sent from his London home to the school at Ottery St. Mary, in Winfried's county of Devon. He was rather small and rather home-sick, but he was not quite among strangers, for his grandfather and an uncle lived close by, and he had two cousins in the school.

He had come from as happy a home as a little boy ever had. His father, Sir John Patteson, was a Judge of the sort that King Alfred wanted to see in his kingdom. He was a wise, fair, honourable English gentleman, who knew his work through and through, saw all round a question, and was honoured by all his colleagues and loved by a large circle of friends. He was full of fun, too, kindly and genial, a father whose children obeyed him absolutely, and yet found him the jolliest of playmates.

He had married a Devonshire lady, Miss Frances Coleridge, a niece of the man who wrote that glorious creepy poem, 'The Ancient Mariner,' and many another good thing beside. She was the dearest of mothers to the lively party in the nursery, two boys and two girls: Joan, who was a half-sister and four years the eldest, then Frances, then our little boy, John Coleridge, known by his second name, shortened into Coley, and then the little brother Jem. The brothers and sisters were the best of comrades, squabbling now and again, as high-spirited young folk are apt to do, but loving each other most heartily all the time. Fanny teased Coley one day until he flared up and stabbed her little bare arm with a pencil-point. Probably Fanny was the most to blame; teasing

people mostly deserve what they get; but Lady Patteson meant her boy to be a chivalrous gentleman, and chivalrous gentlemen do not retaliate upon girls, however irritating they may be. So little Coley got a whipping, which answered splendidly, for it hurt Fanny a great deal more than it did her brother. They stood by each other in their scrapes, as once when they and their mother were staying away from home and Fanny put her foot through the window-pane. For out came Coley's money-box with three shillings in it, every penny he possessed, to pay for the damage and save his mother from expense and Fanny from a scolding.

The boy was to be a clergyman when he grew up: he wanted it himself, though he wavered now and again with a half-notion that it would be a fine thing to be a Judge like his father. A cousin of his mother was Bishop of Barbadoes, in the West Indies, and, while Coley was a very little chap, one of those fearful hurricanes which happen in the tropics swept over the island, causing terrible destruction to life and property and leaving numbers of people homeless. The Bishop was in the forefront of the brave band who worked to save and shelter the sufferers, and little Coley, as he heard the story, cried out eagerly, 'I'll be a Bishop; I'll have a hurricane!'

The grown-ups, as they laughed, did not guess how near his choice was coming to the truth.

Once he got over missing his own people, Coley settled down happily enough at school. He was a manly little fellow, keen on all games, especially cricket, and with plenty of pluck. He broke his collar-bone while still at his first school, and bore the pain of it without a word for three weeks, when his mother found it out. It was a stupid thing to do, of course, and might have ended in

a crooked bone, but, as Coley explained, he didn't want a fuss.

It cannot be said that he was as keen on his lessons as he was on his games; in fact, he was a lazy little boy in those days, though he pulled himself up, with real sorrow and penitence, when it came home to him that he was disappointing his father and mother. And he looked well after Jemmy when the little brother joined him at school, and, though he licked him into shape himself, allowed nobody else to bully him.

So the three years of his first school flew by, and at eleven years old, very early one would say in these days, he moved on to Eton, where his father had been before him.

It was a great time, those next few years at Eton, and Coley entered into it all, and wrote home glorious accounts of the high days and holidays.

One adventure, which happened in his first year, he was a little shy of talking about, though he certainly did not forget it. Queen Victoria, a fair-faced girl of nineteen, was attending one of the school ceremonies, and in the crush round her carriage the little boy was pushed into the wheel, and very nearly dragged under it. It was the young Queen who saw the danger, and in a moment reached her hand, which Coley caught and held until he regained his feet, too much bewildered to get out a word of thanks before the carriage passed.

Eton, with Windsor Castle close against it, has always been favoured with royal visits. There was another grand day, a few years later, when the Queen, this time with the Prince Consort, brought to Eton the French King, Louis Philippe, whom Coley described to his sister as a regular jolly old fellow, with white frizzled hair, which he suspected was a wig. With the party came the

hero of the whole school, the great Duke of Wellington, who, dismounting in the crowd, was somehow separated from the royal visitors and hustled by the people. It was Coley Patteson who had the joy of recognizing him, pushing the crowd right and left to make way for him, shouting till he had no voice left to shout with. Then the whole school, masters shouting and waving like boys, made a circle round the Duke and gave him a regular ovation.

Coley was sixteen when he got into the eleven. He was one of the best bats in the school, and the fifty that he made at Lord's against Harrow, in days when the big scores of our time were very rare, and the brilliant catch at point which dismissed the last Harrow man, were remembered for many a day when old Etonians discussed the great matches of the past.

There is another story, too, belonging to those cricketing days, which was not likely to be forgotten. The eleven were entertaining the boating eight to dinner at the hotel at Slough, and one of the boys started singing a song which professed to be funny and was actually nasty.

Coley spoke up, 'If that doesn't stop, I shall go.' The singer hesitated and then, out of bravado, went on, and young Patteson went out, two or three other boys, who had not had quite pluck enough to protest, taking heart of grace and following him. He did more than that. He wrote to the captain that, unless the singer apologized, he should resign from the eleven. The eleven knew well enough that they couldn't lose their best man for the sake of a nasty song. Probably they made things uncomfortable for the singer.

At any rate, the apology was sent, and Coley Patteson was none the less popular, for the school knew perfectly

well at the back of their minds that he was right, and liked him for having the pluck to say so.

As to his school work at Eton, which perhaps ought to have been mentioned before the cricket, it was collar-work still, for he had not arrived yet at loving study for its own sake. But he stuck to it conscientiously, and both his teacher and his home folks had good reason to be satisfied with him.

Two big things happened to him during those Eton days, things that made their mark across his life and altered what came after.

The first of these events happened on one autumn Sunday, when Coley was fourteen.

The colony of New Zealand was to have its first Bishop, and that Bishop was George Augustus Selwyn, an old Etonian, who had been working in the parish of New Windsor, close to his old school. It was no wonder that on the Sunday evening, when Bishop Selwyn preached for the last time in the old church, the Eton boys turned up to hear him; though some of them, Coley Patteson among the rest, had to stand the whole time. He belonged to them, and they were proud of him. The youngest boy in the school knew what a good oar he had pulled, and could point out the bush by the river, known as Selwyn's Bush. Over it the new Bishop had been used to jump, and then turn and go into the water like an arrow, while other people fidgeted and shivered on the bank. They knew how he could run, too, and that no straighter rider had ever gone across country, and they felt that they were giving rather a good thing to the far-away colony.

'Thine heart shall fear and be enlarged, because the abundance of the sea shall be converted unto thee.'

That was the text of the new Bishop's sermon. When Coley Patteson was a very small boy, he had declared that the text of his first sermon should be taken from Isaiah. He loved the musical rolling words of the Hebrew poet and prophet, and the great 60th chapter, from which the text was taken, seemed to suit this fearless, vigorous open-air man, whose work would be amongst hills and forests and on 'the clear, remote sea-reaches' the other side of the world.

The schoolboy stood and listened, as the little Winfried had listened to the travelling preachers more than a thousand years before, and he wrote home after that great Sunday:

'It was beautiful when he talked of his going out to found a church and then to die neglected and forgotten.'

It was the old call, the risking of everything for a great cause.

From that time a purpose began to take shape in Coley Patteson's thoughts, only spoken of to a very few, but never forgotten.

He saw the Bishop of New Zealand again before he sailed. That same year, Judge Patteson had bought a house in Devonshire, Feniton Court, near to the many uncles and cousins who lived in the county, and with chances of skating and birds'-nesting and shooting for the boys. Bishop Selwyn, who was a friend of the family, came there to say good-bye while the two brothers were at home for the holidays, and said one day, half in play, half in earnest, to Lady Patteson:

'Will you give me Coley?'

A big thing to ask of a mother, the eldest son; and New Zealand, eighty years ago, was a very far-off land. But Lady Patteson did not say 'No'; perhaps she guessed how the call had come for her boy on that October Sunday,

for mothers have keen eyes for reading between the lines.

She knew more still a little later. Coley told her himself that he should dearly like to go with the Bishop, and got the brave answer that if by and by he was still of the same mind she would give him God-speed.

He little guessed that the parting was to come in another way, and only too soon. It was the brave mother, not the son, who was to be called first. She had never been strong, and the fact that she was more ill than usual, and then that she was in real danger, came suddenly upon her boys and girls. A scared little letter marked 'only for Papa' came to the Judge from his eldest boy at Eton, with the question that he could hardly put into words:

'Do you really mean that there is anything so very, very dreadful to fear?'

Only a few days later the two brothers were sent for, and waited at the house of their Uncle Frank, close to the old school at Ottery, until their mother could see them.

It was Sunday again, a Sunday in late November, when the summons came, and the boys, trying very hard to be brave and steady, came to her bedside for her kiss and blessing. It had been such a happy life, and it was happy up to the last. This mother had loved and delighted in all the good things that had come to her: brothers and sisters, husband and children, and the beautiful Devonshire home. She was half puzzled herself that it cost her so little to leave it all, not because this world's good things were not worth loving, but that the things in front of her were better still. Coley himself seems to have wondered, when he looked back a year later to that terrible Sunday, that it was possible to laugh and be merry

and enjoy things again. And he thought, quite simply and quite truly, that it must be because the mother herself was so happy and would not like them to be too sorrowful.

The great grief and the miss out of their lives seemed to draw the family even closer together.

Joan was lady of the house now, and Coley backed her up like the good loyal brother that he was.

Three years later he left school, after helping to give Harrow a single innings beating in the last match, and the jolly Eton days, with the mark of those two strange Sundays scored across them, were all in the past.

CHAPTER II

OUT TO HIS GREAT ADVENTURE

COLEY PATTESON went on from Eton to Oxford. He loved all beautiful places so much that he could hardly help loving old Oxford, with the green meadows and the river, and the quiet walled gardens and the wonderful towers and spires of the colleges. But he always loved Eton best, though he did good work at Oxford, and took to playing tennis, not the lawn-tennis we know nowadays, but the old game, played with hard balls in a walled court. It took less time than cricket, and so he played it instead, although he might have been in the Oxford eleven. He knew he must stick to his reading now, and that big matches wouldn't leave him the time he wanted.

He went abroad for the first time when he was twenty-three, and he and his brother and a college friend had a grand time together in Switzerland. He tried his hand at mountaineering, and did one very risky climb with four guides on the Col de Géant. They got into wild weather, and lost their way in the fog, great clouds of mist and hail rolling about them and hiding the path, huge mountain peaks looming up through the fog and disappearing again, and deep crevasses barring the way at every few steps.

It was a pretty exciting experience, and when he

landed safe at the inn, after being afoot for sixteen hours, Coley freely admitted that he would never have gone or paid the guides to risk their lives with him had he known what was ahead of him.

He went to Italy, too, in those travelling days, and wrote letters home full of descriptions of the great pictures and statues in Rome and Florence and Venice. He did love pictures with all his heart and soul, and wrote pages upon pages to Fanny about them and then pulled himself up and asked pardon, because it must be such dull reading for her when she had never seen the paintings.

But Fanny had plenty of imagination and probably enjoyed every word of it.

Coley was beginning in those days to find out that there was one study that was a real joy and delight to him, and that was the study of languages.

Grammars and dictionaries do not, on the face of them, look very exciting, but to some people there is tremendous interest in finding the connection between languages of the same group or family. They like to meet an old acquaintance in several different nations with perhaps the change of a letter, just as the 'Ben' of the Scottish Highlands turns into 'Pen' when you meet him in Wales, and the Latin *pater* softens itself into *père* in France, and becomes *vater* in Germany and *father* here in England.

That old dream of his which had come with Bishop Selwyn's sermon may have been at the back of Coley's mind, as he set himself to tackle queer Eastern languages, but, in the meanwhile, they were a tremendous help to the understanding of the Bible. He wanted to be able to read Hebrew, and he found that he could study the language more easily in Germany than in England.

So to Germany he went for the whole of one long vacation, rather to the disappointment of his sisters, who felt it was hard lines to lose him for the whole of the holidays. But Coley knew that he had got to work and work hard in the next few years, and that the girls' music and Jem's shooting, and the cousins coming in and out, with all sorts of delightful summer plans, would be apt to get in the way of Greek and Hebrew. So he and one of the many cousins went off to Dresden, and there he talked German and read Hebrew and began to learn Arabic.

He took long walks for exercise, and went to the play and to the opera, which were cheap and good in Germany in those days, when he wanted amusement. Of course, he wrote long letters home, and got long letters back both from his sisters and from the father, who was still the best of comrades. The Judge loved to talk away in writing to his boy, about deep questions concerning the Bible and the Church, and of hot September days after the partridges, and how Jem had got three right and left shots in one day, and all the other things that they liked to discuss together. Coley's undergraduate days were over by this time, but he was still living at Oxford, having been made a Fellow of Merton College. He was one of a little band of reformers who worked hard in those days to put down extravagance and to set to rights many things that wanted improving in the life at Oxford. And though he was just as determined about right and wrong as in the days when he spoke out to the Eton eleven, he always managed to give his opinion like a courteous gentleman, and to remember that other people had a right to their say.

And now the time was drawing near for Coley's ordination.

His first work as a clergyman was to be done in the little country parish of Alfington, close to his home, as curate to a Mr. Gardiner, already a friend of the family.

As it happened, he learnt to know the people before his ordination. Mr. Gardiner had had a bad illness, so that a clergyman from a neighbouring parish was taking the services, and Coley went to be with the Vicar and help to nurse him, and to start his parish work by visiting in the cottages and at the school.

It must have been good to look back to that year and a half among the woods and lanes of the Devonshire village. When we think of what happened afterwards, it is interesting to find Coley's thoughts very much taken up with the boys of the place, the little rough lads who began very early to work on the farms. Had he lived fifty years later he would have had a troop of Scouts or a Church Lads Brigade Company, and a club for the winter evenings, but all those things were still in the future. As it was, he was planning a home where the boys could lodge together, with a nice respectable couple to look after them and a garden to grow their own vegetables. The one part of his work which he really hated was having to scold people. One can hardly help laughing at a long letter he wrote to Fanny, telling her how he screwed himself up to go to one very bad home and give the father and mother an exceedingly straight talk about their son, an unmanageable little ruffian of four years old, who had been left to tumble up like a savage.

'You know, now, the sort of person you have to deal with. Good morning,' he finished up, and walked out, amazed at his own pluck, this man who was soon to be swimming ashore on cannibal islands among crowds of armed natives.

Perhaps the very fact that he found scolding such hard work helped to make his rare scoldings go home.

It was in September 1853 that Coley Patteson was ordained deacon in Exeter Cathedral, with many thoughts about the mother who had so looked forward to that day, and who must surely be caring still and rejoicing with them all. He was very busy and very happy at his work in the schools and at the cottages, studying hard still, when his evenings were free, and reading up school-planning and dairy-work and farming, that he might be able to enter into the lives of his people and to talk to them about the things they knew.

'Our Mr. Patteson,' they called him, as if he had been ordained simply and solely to take care of them. His own relations were all round about him, his father and sisters within a walk, and Uncle Frank at Ottery, near the old school. And at Thorverton, close by, there was dear old Uncle James, and his widowed daughter, and her little girl, Paulina, who was the pet of the whole family and thought no one in the world like her big clergyman cousin.

And then, just eleven months later, in the August of 1854, came the great break which ended the old life once and for all.

For, in the month of August, Bishop Selwyn of New Zealand came home on a visit.

He had spent thirteen strenuous years since that autumn Sunday when he preached at Windsor. He had ridden or tramped over his wild diocese, spending many a night in the open or in a hut in some Maori village, swimming rivers, cutting his way through woods, turning up at his headquarters at last with his clothes only fit for the rag-bag and the remains of his shoes tied to his feet with flax thread

He had skippered his boat among the shoals and the coral reefs of the Melanesian islands, and had waded ashore with fish-hooks and knives as tokens of good will to the wild people. And now he was coming home for a year, with the hope of taking some fresh helpers back with him, and also of collecting the money to build a schooner that would be more satisfactory than the vessel he had been using for his island trips. So to Feniton Court he and his wife came, and, on the second day of their visit, Coley walked over from Alfington to breakfast at home.

The Missionary Bishop, the war-hardened soldier back from the front, looked him up and down, with the remembrance in his mind of that last visit when he had asked Lady Patteson to give him Coley. The schoolboy had grown into a big, broad-shouldered man, strong and active, with a kind, thoughtful face and a very happy smile.

After breakfast the two strolled out into the garden together, there was so much to talk about after that gap of thirteen years. Coley found himself telling this man of risks and adventures all about the ordinary little everyday happenings of his country parish, the boys and the schools and his plans for helping the people, and the Bishop heard and sympathized. Then he asked, did Coley mean to stay on at Alfington? Was he content with the work he was doing?

The young man answered the question quite frankly. He did want to do harder work, Alfington was too pleasant and too easy. But there was his father to think of. His growing deafness cut him off from so many pleasures, it was such a joy to him to have his son close by. Perhaps, after a little while, he might take up work in some big town with a manufacturing population, but—and then

out it came, the old dream of thirteen years ago—what he would really love best would be missionary work abroad.

'But if that is so,' was the Bishop's answer, 'it ought to be done now, while you are young and strong.'

Coley knew it well enough. Many a time in this last year of quiet parish work had he tried to think the thing out and to balance the two calls, the needs of the heathen world and the home duty that seemed so near and plain.

He tried to pour it out now; he did want to do the right thing, to put himself and his own likes and wishes right out of the question and to see his way clear.

When something interrupted their talk he went straight to the person who had helped him in many a puzzle before this, his good old comrade Fanny. She and Joan knew about that old desire of his, he felt she wouldn't be altogether surprised. 'I've told the Bishop,' he said; 'I couldn't help it.'

Fanny's answer was quite clear. 'You ought to tell Father,' she said; 'it is for him to decide. He is such a great man that he ought to have the chance of making the sacrifice if he thinks it right.'

So to his father Coley went. He would never, in the whole of his missionary life, have a stiffer thing to do than he had that morning.

Sir John listened, very much surprised but very quiet, while he told his story. 'You were quite right to tell me now,' he said, 'and not to put it off. I might say I could not spare you, but it would be very selfish.'

'I want you and the Bishop to decide,' said Coley; 'I want to do just what you both think best.'

It was lunch-time and they had to join the rest of the family in the dining-room and to talk as best they could

about other things. Only Sir John managed to say to Fanny, who sat next to him,

'Fan, did you know this about Coley?'

'I knew something about it,' she answered, but could not say more until lunch was over and she followed her father to his room.

Then just once, and all alone with his daughter, he cried out:

'I can't let him go.'

But he went on in the same breath, like the gallant Christian gentleman he was:

'God forbid that I should stop him.'

It was not until the following Sunday evening, after the Bishop had preached in Coley's church at Alfington, that Sir John found the chance of talking the matter over with him. The Judge was not a man to decide things in a hurry. He was well used to summing up arguments and to looking on both sides of a question, and he did it now, calmly and sensibly, as if the whole matter had to do with someone else, speaking of the comfort he had in his boy and the good work he was doing in England. But the other claim, the great need of the far-away lands, lying in darkness and the shadow of death, must come first; he was not going to stand in the way of the son who had heard the call to come over and help them.

'And mind,' said the brave father, whose call, after all, was to the hardest part, and who knew well enough how many years might pass before Coley's first furlough, 'I give him wholly, not with any thought of seeing him again. I will not have him thinking he must come home to see me.'

Keble, the great parson-poet, a friend of Coley Patteson and his father, once wrote some wonderful verses about the servants who stayed at the bottom of

the hill while Abraham and his boy went up into the clouds at the top for their strange testing. What went on there was beyond their understanding, it just concerned the father and son and the God Who called them there.

So, thinking of this other father and son making their sacrifice together, we had better say no more about it, but just wait at the mountain foot and be thankful.

On this third of Coley's great Sundays, when family prayers were over and everybody else had gone to bed, the Bishop kept him to hear what his father had said. He felt, he said, that he had the right now to put to the young man himself the question he had asked of his mother thirteen years ago. 'Would Coley come back with him?'

There was no doubt at all about the answer.

'God bless you, my dear Coley,' said Selwyn, taking his hand. 'It is a great comfort to me to have you for a friend and companion.'

And so the great step was taken, and it just remained for all the family to screw their courage to the sticking place and help one another through the good-byes.

Coley did so hate hurting anyone that the next few months must have been very hard ones to him. He had to write the news of his going to all sorts of people, to Jem, and to the little fatherless cousin, and to his old governess, who was an invalid and loved hearing from him. His letter to the little Paulina was a splendid one. He knew how she would miss him, and he did just the right thing to help her by letting her see that she had a share in the giving up, and must be brave like her grown-up relations. As for the poor Alfington people, they were nearly broken-hearted and inclined to be rather angry with Bishop Selwyn.

'Oh, I've no doubt he is a very good man,' said the village schoolmistress, 'but I wish he'd kept his hands off Alfington.'

They all subscribed and bought Coley a beautiful Bible for a parting present; country folk really were poor in those days, but everybody wanted to give something, if it were only a few pence, to show what their Mr. Patteson had been to them in that short year and a half while they had had him for their own.

The Bishop was hoping to go back in his new boat, a schooner of 70 tons, called after the four stars which take the place of some of our old friends when we pass the Equator, *The Southern Cross*.

That was the year of the war with Russia, and people talked long afterwards of the Crimean winter when the frost lasted on through February.

At Feniton they had great skating, and Coley was the merriest of them all. He coaxed the old housekeeper to let him take her on the ice in a chair, in which she skimmed across the pond, crying:

'My dear man, don't go so fast.'

He had expected to leave directly after Christmas, but the *Southern Cross* was not ready and the party sailed after all in the *Duke of Portland*, leaving the little schooner to follow them.

It was the 25th of March when Coley said good-bye to his father and sisters at the door of Feniton Court. There was a journey by coach to the nearest railway station, and, like St. Paul when he started on that fateful journey to Jerusalem, the traveller was minded to go afoot for the first bit of the way. Very bravely the three gave him their God-speed and watched him away. Had he dared to look back he would have seen the sisters only watching him out of sight, for Sir John had turned

back into the house and sat in his room with his little Bible open before him.

Just a moment Coley lingered beside that green mound in the churchyard, where the primroses were coming shyly into flower after the long winter. He stooped and picked one or two of the pale, fragrant buds, his last English primroses.

Then he turned and ' marched breast forward ' out to his great adventure.

CHAPTER III

FINDING HIS SEA-LEGS

ONE July day, in the mid-winter of the year 1855—for we are on the other side of the world now, and the seasons go by contraries—a message came to St. John's College, Auckland, which caused a great flutter of excitement to the whole establishment. The note was from an old sea-captain living near by, and contained the news that he was pretty certain that Bishop Selwyn had returned from England and was at that moment in the harbour. The captain kept a good look-out on all the vessels that came in, and was quite sure that a ship had made the harbour during the night which had never been there before. She had never fired a gun for a pilot, yet here she was, safe and sound, having rounded the North Head and threaded all the passages of that difficult entrance. Someone on board evidently knew the place by heart, the narrow channels and risky tides and currents, and the captain could think of no one so likely as the Bishop.

The Bishop it was, sure enough. He had a way of arriving unexpectedly, and in very unofficial style, for when he came first to his diocese, thirteen years before, he got tired of waiting in Sydney Harbour, where his ship had put in for repairs, and came on in a little brig, and was found by two of his flock knee-deep in the surf, helping to pull the boat ashore.

This time he had Coley Patteson with him, and, as the new missionary jumped ashore, who should meet him but the one Maori clergyman in New Zealand and a party of Christian natives. Coley had been hard at work on the voyage studying the Maori language, and he greeted them in their own tongue as he shook hands with them all.

Really, it was a splendid welcome that met the newcomer. There was the beautiful New Zealand climate, roses and the golden sprays of mimosa in full bloom, the brown friendly faces of the Christian Maoris, and a kindly English gentleman, Judge Martin, under whose house he had landed, and who declared he wanted no introduction to a son of Sir John Patteson. Also there was an old friend on the spot, Archdeacon Abraham, once a master at Eton, now in charge of a very different school, St. John's College, Auckland, which the Bishop called the key and the pivot of all his work.

Here the sons of the English settlers had been getting their education, and Maori and Melanesian boys had been learning to wash and dress themselves and to read and write and weave and print books and grow vegetables and, some of them, to be teachers and even clergy for their fellow-countrymen.

But, at this moment, the school was closed, because, owing to a bad harvest in the South Island, there was a difficulty about getting food for the students.

There was another native school a few miles away, and here Coley was to live and to learn to know the Maoris, while he served a few months' apprenticeship to colonial life before starting his real work among the Melanesian islands.

As a matter of fact, his apprenticeship had already begun. He had proved on the voyage out that he could be quite at home on a choppy sea, a place where many

people are not at their best, and he had been learning some seamanship under the Bishop, as good a master in the art as any pupil could have chosen. As we have seen, he was well known in the difficult entrance of the harbour of Auckland, and his friends told another favourite story of how, when his schooner was damaged on one of the dangerous shoals, it was the Bishop who dived under her and, at the expense of cutting his hands to pieces, found out just what was wrong, and was able to take his ship back to Auckland.

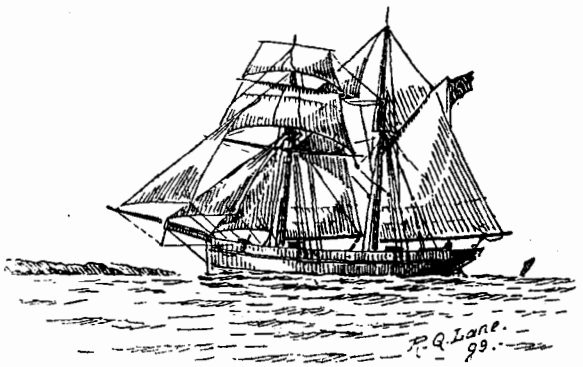
Coley learnt quickly; he knew that, as he wrote home to a friend who asked whether he were 'settled,' that he was going to be a *missionary*, not a *stationary*, and that his home, for a good many months in the year, would be on the rocking deck of the *Southern Cross*. So the sooner he knew all there was to know about sailing her, the better for himself and his crew and passengers.

And now he was to meet and to learn to know the people who had been at home in the southern hemisphere before ever his countrymen came there.

His taste for languages came in here. He had only been a day or so ashore when a Maori, to whom he ventured to say a few words, turned to Mr. Abraham, who was with him, and asked, 'Why don't you talk like "Te Pattehana"?' the nearest thing that the soft southern tongue could get to the name of the new missionary.

At St. Stephen's College, which was Coley's headquarters for the first few weeks, there were fourteen Maori girls, one of whom, a smiling damsel dressed in a smock and nothing else, made the new arrival feel quite lazy and luxurious by making his bed and filling his morning tub. There were also several boys, Rota, the native deacon, and one or two others who were preparing for ordination.

In October Coley went for a trip in the *Southern Cross* with the Bishop round about the coast of New Zealand, and saw them at home in their native villages: brown folk of every shade, and some of them so tattooed that hardly any of their original complexion was to be seen at all. One teacher in particular had not left himself a spot as big as a shilling anywhere on his face. How it must have hurt! But pride feels no pain and, besides, the pattern was supposed to mark the tribe to which the



THE 'SOUTHERN CROSS,' NO. I.

A Schooner under 70 tons, 1855 to 1860, in which year she was wrecked on the coast of New Zealand. Built at Wigram's, Blackwall.

man belonged, like the set of a Highlander's tartan, but less easy to get rid of.

Coley liked them immensely. There was no denying that the untaught Maori was not the pleasantest of neighbours, as he came out of his dirty hut, clothed in his dirty blankets, and smoking all day long. But he was generally friendly and hospitable, and those at the College were delightfully keen and intelligent. A Bible Class there was a more interesting thing than it often is at home, the members tumbling over each other

in their eagerness to answer or to look up references. And sometimes one of them would come to Patteson with questions about some passage he had not fully got hold of, and would rejoice his teacher's heart by his thoughtful interest.

And, as he liked the people, there was no doubt at all about their liking him. 'Te Pattehana, the new minister from England,' found a welcome everywhere.

At one native village where he took a service, he told the people that he hoped one day they might have a clergyman of their own. They settled that question immediately.

'We want *you*,' said the spokesman; 'you speak so plainly, we understand you.' Patteson explained that this could not be.

'I am going to the islands, to the blacks there.'

'You are wanted here,' said the Maori (like a good many other better-taught people before and since); 'never mind the blacks.'

'Ought not the Gospel to be preached to them too?' was the answer. 'They have no teacher; is it not right they should be taught as you are taught?'

And the brown congregation were so far ahead of some people in England that they nodded their woolly heads and answered readily:

'Yes, yes; that is right.'

The Bishop had to visit the Chatham Islands, away to the south-east, and there Coley took the funeral service of a retired English captain, who had lived with his Chinese wife among the Maori people of the Islands. Crowds of Maoris, each with a little bit of black about him somewhere in sign of mourning, came to the funeral, and afterwards laid a table-cloth on the ground, spread it with fish, pork, and potatoes, and warmly invited 'Te

Pattehana' to join the feast. They were most hospitable, and pressed enough food upon their guest to last him for a week, but he managed to escape after saying grace for them and shaking hands warmly with the whole party. They didn't indulge in knives or forks, and hand-shaking with people who eat pork with their fingers is a rather greasy proceeding, but to do this sort of thing and not mind it was just a part of Coley Patteson's apprenticeship.

There are some people who, by nature, don't care in the least about having things like clean collars and clean table-cloths. And there are other people who care so much that they can never be at their ease without such things. And there is a third sort of people who love to see things clean and beautiful and well-appointed, and yet can do without them quite cheerily, who never slip into being slovens or savages, and yet can love and bear with their neighbours who haven't learnt to value soap and water.

Coley Patteson was one of the last sort. And he was learning to turn his hand to anything, and learning it under a first-class master.

The Maoris had a saying which every scout might write up over his door: 'Gentleman—gentleman thinks nothing that ought to be done at all too mean for him; pig—gentleman never works.'

If ever a 'gentleman—gentleman' of this description walked this earth, Bishop George Selwyn was that man. From navigating a ship to planting a garden, and from dressing a wound to dressing a baby, there seemed to be nothing that wasn't his job if it was a thing that wanted doing.

From the very first, he was determined that his students at Auckland should work with their hands as well as with

their heads, and carpentering, printing, gardening, and farming went on vigorously. Coley had only been a day or so ashore before he had a lesson in what the Bishop called 'mudlarking,' that is, crossing the soft muddy sands which the sea left uncovered at low tide. They had to bring their belongings from the steamer, and as the water was too shallow for the boats to come in, they took a cart and three valuable horses from the college, and went out through two or three feet of water to meet them. One of the horses slipped and went down, dragging the two others down too, one of them with its head under water. Of course, in went the Bishop and his new helper, coats off, trousers tucked up, wet and muddy from head to foot, as they splashed about, getting the poor, plunging, struggling creatures right side up again.

That was fun, of course. What was less amusing was housekeeping on board the *Southern Cross*, going over pots and pans and kettles, giving out stores, and so on. Half a dozen times in an afternoon Coley would sit down on deck with a book, something stiff and interesting that wanted thinking about, and would be called off to this, that, and the other little fiddling thing that just had to be done.

After three months of Colonial life, he wrote to his sister that he felt he might quite well apply for the post of a housekeeper, if she wanted one. He had worked his way up to it by being in turn scullery-maid and housemaid, and had learnt to give out stores and cut up meat, and had made a cake, all on his own, which had been quite a success.

For he had taken for his motto in those days, 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.'

And 'whatsoever' covers a good many strange things when one is a parson in the colonies.

So those first months of apprenticeship passed, very busily and really very happily.

There were bound to be bad minutes of homesickness now and again to a man who loved his people as this man did, when the familiar writing on the home letters, and the thought of what they were all doing at Feniton with twelve hours difference in the time, set him longing desperately to walk up to the lodge and see the familiar faces looking out for him. And he did enjoy a chat with his good friends the Judge and Lady Martin about music and pictures, and the jolly trips abroad, and the uncles and cousins, and the boys and girls and old folks in the cottages at Alfington.

Still, there were splendid things in New Zealand—the lovely warm climate (Coley never did like the cold), and the flowers, and the coveys of little green parrots, and the tree ferns with the trunks thirty feet high and the great fronds spreading overhead. And he loved his ship, 'a little beauty' he called her, and vowed he was as much at home with a quadrant in his hand as ever he had been with a cricket-bat.

And he wrote to his old governess, 'I do *rather* have good salt-water baths, and see glorious sunsets and sunrises and starlight nights, and the great many-voiced ocean, the winds and waves chiming all night with a solemn sound, lapping against my ear as I lie in my canvas bed, six feet by two and a half, and fall sound asleep and dream of home.'

Above all, he knew he was in the right place and doing the work God meant him to do. And to be sure about that brings a great deal of joy into a man's life, however tough the job may be.

CHAPTER IV

'THE MULTITUDE OF THE ISLES'

IT was May Day, the day on which English folk used to bring the summer home with much singing and rejoicing. Also it was Ascension Day, the triumph day of the Church, when the everlasting doors opened to the returning Conqueror, and His little company of soldiers set their faces with great joy to the task of winning the world.

A good day for his ship to sail, thought Bishop Selwyn, as he took the *Southern Cross* out of Auckland Harbour. He had his new colleague with him, starting after the ten months' apprenticeship for the islands where his real work was to be done.

The ship was tested in the first few days of the voyage by a terrific gale. Coley, standing on deck, hardly able to keep his eyes open against the wild cataract of spray, got glimpses of what looked like a furious snow-storm, the gale cutting the tops off the waves and driving them in white seething clouds down the wind. It was good proof of the soundness of the little schooner that she rode out the storm without damage.

They went northward first, to Norfolk Island, a fertile rock, as it has been called, only four miles across, beautiful with orange and lemon trees and the tall Norfolk Island pines; but with an evil reputation, having been used as a place of transportation for the worst of criminals. These convicts were now to be replaced by some new settlers, of whom we shall hear more by and by.

Landing on the island was not an easy business, for there is no harbour; but the Bishop and Mr. Patteson both jumped ashore, having to choose the right moment when a wave brought their boat within reach of a small rock, and to get out of the way of the next big roller which would have washed them off again.

The next call was at Sydney, as the Bishop was due at a meeting of the Australian Board of Missions. The new worker was received with true Colonial hospitality, and he was delighted, as everyone is, with beautiful Sydney Harbour. He wrote home a great description of it to little cousin Paulina, though, as he assured her, he was very much frightened at speaking at the big meeting, and would much rather sail the *Mary Jane* with her in a little pool among the rocks at Dawlish than walk arm in arm with two bishops to call on the Governor of Sydney.

And now they were away again, from dinners and meetings and Cathedral services to lands that were in those days beyond the reach of post and telegraph. They called once again at Norfolk Island, where the new settlers had arrived.

They had a strange history.

Sixty-seven years before, the crew of the ship *Bounty* had mutinied, turned their officers adrift, and landed at Pitcairn's Island, in Polynesia, where they intermarried with the native women, and formed a settlement of their own. They were a wild set at first, but had settled down to decent God-fearing ways, and they had a clergyman among them, Mr. Nobbs, who, although he had twelve children of his own, was father and adviser to the whole community.

Coley Patteson little guessed the joy and the sorrow that was to come to him through one of those twelve children, when the *Southern Cross*, having dropped Mrs.

Selwyn at Norfolk Island that she might give the girls some teaching, headed northward for the New Hebrides.

Anaiteum was the first island they touched at, and here a Scottish Mission was at work, so, while the Bishop took the ship round to the further side of the island, Coley went ashore riding pick-a-back through the water on a Christian Samoan teacher, who had come to welcome the visitors.

It was a place to cheer the heart of any missionary just starting work. Eight years before there was not a Christian in the island. Now, as the sun rose each morning, you heard from one place and another the sound of two hollow logs being beaten together to do duty for a bell, and from all directions the people came flocking to school.

Mr. Inglis, the Scottish missionary, and his wife welcomed the guests heartily, and put them up for the night in their house of wattle and coral-lime, with a veranda in front and a garden full of coco-nut trees, bananas, bread-fruit, citrons, and lemons. The native Christians were most friendly and cheery, and when, next day, Coley and his companion, Mr. Harper, bade farewell to their kind hosts and crossed to the other side of the island, two good-natured fellows insisted on going with them. They helped the Englishmen up steep places and carried them over streams, chattering and laughing all the time as if they enjoyed doing it.

They found the schooner waiting for them at the appointed place, and sailed northward again, with very pleasant remembrances of what Christianity can do for an island of savages. Now came a reminder of another sort, just a thought of what the cost of such work might be. For across the waters to the eastward lay another beautiful palm-fringed island, Erromanga, where,

seventeen years before, gallant John Williams, seafarer and missionary, was done to death by the cannibal people he came to teach.[1]

And now Coley was at last in his own field of work and among the people to serve whom he had come right across the world. These groups of islands, the Loyalty Islands farthest south, the New Hebrides, north-west of them, the Banks Islands and the Santa Cruz group north again, and the Solomon Islands, the most distant from New Zealand to the north-east, together make up Melanesia, or the Black Islands. The Polynesian Islands, lying further to the east, towards the American coast, have a people lighter-coloured and straighter-featured, perhaps a little less warlike and dangerous, than the black-skinned natives of Melanesia.

And never did any adventurer in the old fairy tales light upon an enchanted isle more strange and beautiful, more mysterious and more perilous, than these islands of the Pacific Ocean. Most of them are volcanic, thrust up above the blue water by some great upheaval, and then worked upon by the coral insects. Some, like Tanna in the New Hebrides and Tenakula in the Santa Cruz group, are active volcanoes, and it was a fine sight to watch the fiery stream tearing down the side of a great cone to rush hissing into the sea, and the huge red-hot stones jumping three or four hundred feet at one bound and splashing into the water in a pillar of white steam and spray.

Round about many of the islands, like some fairy ring guarding enchanted ground, lay the reef, all of fantastic, branching coral, purple, blue, scarlet, green, and white, making a white line of breaking surf in the wonderful blue sea. And, beyond the smooth water within the ring,

[1] See *John Williams, the Shipbuilder*, by Basil Mathews. (The Pathfinder Series.)

such a beach, all of dazzling white coral sand, with a background of brilliant green, coco-nut palms, bread-fruit, bananas, all sorts of wonderful tropical trees. In some places the steep cliffs ran out into the sea, clear streams of water rushed down from the hills, or there would be miles of dense forest, with parrots flashing in and out of the brilliant southern sunshine, and here and there a thin cloud of blue wood-smoke, rising up into the still air, gave sign of human life.

As for the people, they were to the full as remarkable as the land they lived in. They were water-babies born, swimming as soon as they walked, as much at home in or on the sea as they were on the land. Their canoes lay in the little bays and inlets, different boats belonging to the different islands, some just rough 'dug-outs,' the trunk of a tree hollowed and fitted with out-riggers, some beautifully carved with figures of birds and animals and inlaid with mother-of-pearl.

No one troubled much about clothes: the women wore a sort of grass petticoat; in some of the islands a girdle of plaited coco-nut fibre made up the men's wardrobe, with perhaps a wreath of flowers, a shell necklace, ear-rings, and nose-rings.

But let no one imagine that a South Sea Islander cares nothing about his get-up. Perhaps he goes in for elaborate tattooing, or he may brand his skin with a pattern, or paint his face red, or let bits of wood or mother-of-pearl into his nose, like our inlaid trays and tables. And no lady of the eighteenth century in the great days of frizzing and powdering ever gave more time and attention to her hair-dressing than a real dandy of the New Hebrides. If you wanted to be in the height of the fashion, you tied up about a dozen hairs with a bit of grass or coco-nut fibre, and then plastered it with coral lime and frizzed

the ends, and by the time you had treated your whole head in this style the result was like an enormous pen-wiper, of that tiresome woolly kind that used to put hairs into our nibs before we all began to use fountain pens. The islanders stuck ornamental wooden combs into the frizz, and dearly loved a bit of red tape, with which the Bishop had come provided. After the first visit that Coley paid to them there was one dandy of the New Hebrides who sported a quite new and very wonderful form of head-dress, nothing more nor less than a pocket-handkerchief, marked at Feniton Court in Joan Patteson's handwriting.

The Bishop had visited a good many of the islands already, and had taken the brown lads back with him for six months' teaching in Auckland. He had himself stitched a couple of quilts into frocks for two little girls, whose relations trusted them to go for a trip with the white man who had done well by the boys.

We shall have evil tales to tell by and by of trouble brought upon the guiltless by the deeds of white men, so here is a story on the other side, very good to tell. There came to one of the islands the crew of an English ship, who were suspected by the natives of being after mischief. The dusky figures gathered round them, threatening with bows and clubs. It was a moment of real peril, and the handful of Englishmen knew it, and knew that their only chance was to keep their heads and to appear friendly and fearless. One of them noticed a nasty wound which an islander seemed to have given to himself.

'Had he done it with a fish-hook?' the Englishman asked, trying to make dumb show do duty for the native language.

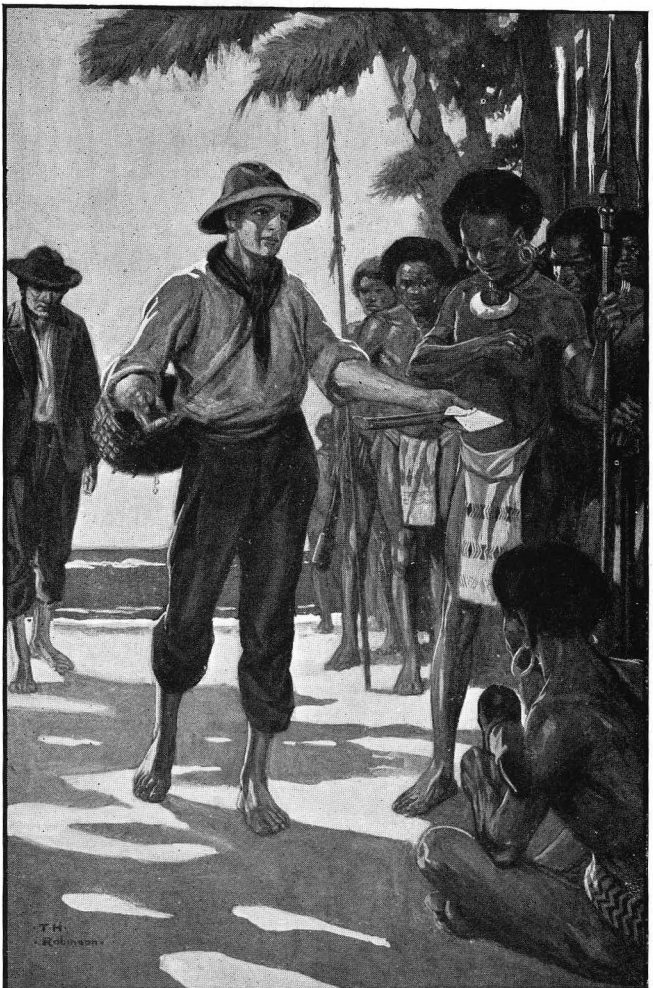
But the islander had caught the sound of one English word and had interpreted it for himself.

'Fish-hook,' 'Bishop'—the two words were quite like enough. He knew nothing about the English name for the things he used for his fishing, but 'Bisopè,' as he pronounced it, was the friendly man who brought knives and axes for presents, who came among the islanders as one of themselves and let them come on board his ship when it lay outside the reef. That name was a talisman, meaning friendship and good will; it passed from mouth to mouth, and the English crew went free and safe for the sake of the man who had come among these brown children of his as a real 'Father in God.'

If all stories of English visitors to the islands were like this!

At any rate, Coley did most thoroughly appreciate all the paving of the way which had been done for him by his chief. A white man going among cannibal islanders must needs take his life in his hands, but the Bishop had not the slightest intention of hindering the work by being killed when there was no need for it. If he knew an island to be unfriendly, the *Southern Cross* lay off at a distance until the folk came out in their canoes to make advances.

Otherwise he and Mr. Patteson would row in to the reef and, if there were no opening for the boăt, would swim or wade to the beach. Coley went barefoot as the sailors did on deck, but wore shoes to swim and wade in, for the coral rocks were as sharp as knives. He carried his presents with him—a basket of fish-hooks hung round his neck, and an adze or two or a hatchet in his hand. Then, as the islanders flocked from their wattle houses to the white beach, the two Englishmen went frankly and fearlessly towards them, talking with such words of that particular island's language as they happened to know, and making gestures and fish-hooks and bits of red tape do the rest of the conversation.



THE ENGLISHMAN WENT FRANKLY AND FEARLESSLY TOWARDS THEM

The people brought yams and coco-nuts in exchange, and sometimes wooden combs, which the visitors tried to stick into their hair. Sometimes the canoes came out to the schooner, and one or two of the islanders accepted the invitation to stay the night. Coley buttoned them into calico shirts, in which they fancied themselves exceedingly, and taught them to eat plum-pudding. They were friendly folk, most of them, with gentle and confiding manners, like little children, and would hold on to the hands of their guests or follow them about like dogs.

The small children were, as Coley wrote home, 'the dearest little fellows.' They played round about him, jumping and laughing, not a bit shy, but delighted with the strange new playfellow, who not only produced beautiful sharp fish-hooks, but seemed to be provided with two or three skins, loose, soft skins, the top one full of pockets, where you could keep your belongings more conveniently than by sticking them through your ear-rings.

When the hero of the old wonder-tales lands on an enchanted island, there is usually a dragon somewhere about, a monster all the more mysterious and terrible because of the beauty of the spot where he has his lair.

And in those fairy isles of the Pacific the dragon was everywhere behind the scenes. At any moment the rattle of his coils might be heard and the touch of his hot breath might be felt, amid all the brightness and beauty. There was the horrid discovery in one island of human bones with flesh clinging to them under the freshly-turned earth, and of a stone-built oven where the terrible feast had been cooked.

At beautiful Bauro, one of the Solomon Isles, which the Spaniards had named San Cristoval, the chief, Iri, was an old acquaintance of the Bishop, and invited them to his house, a long low building, with wattled side-walls

and open ends. Above them on the ridge pole that supported the roof were no less than twenty-seven horrid ornaments, human skulls in fact, put there after a great fight, and round about the house the bones of the slain lay white among the beautiful tropical growth. The dragon was there, sure enough, heathenism with its hatred and ruthlessness and wild evil ways.

The Bishop could speak his mind to the Bauro people, one of whom had been as far as New Zealand, and speak he did, with the line of skulls for an object-lesson, of how the great God, the Father of all men, hated such strife and cruelty among His children. He knew well enough what might happen at any moment in a sudden flash of hatred or panic or wild vengeance for real or fancied injury, and once and again his quick 'Come along' hurried his companion when he was inclined to linger among the crowd on an island beach.

'I saw some young men running through the bush with bows and arrows,' he explained one day, as they pulled back to the schooner, 'and these young gentry haven't the sense to behave well like their parents.'

But there was never any sign of hurry or of suspicion. The white men landed as friends, expecting trust in return, and when in September the *Southern Cross* headed for New Zealand, she had on board the best sign of confidence, no less than twelve Melanesian lads, confided by their relations to the Bishop, that they might spend six months in the college at Auckland and learn some of the wisdom of the white men.

The last island they visited was Nengonè, where Mr. Nihill, one of the New Zealand clergy, had stayed for some time with his wife and child. He was ill when he went there, hoping to get better in the warm climate, but he died at his post, and Coley had been the first to welcome

the young widow when she and her little one landed in Auckland Harbour. So the island seemed very sacred ground to the young missionary, and he had learnt enough from Mr. Nihill's notes of the Nengonè language to be able to understand and sympathize when the native teachers poured out their love and grief for the man who had given his last days to work among them. The Bishop had brought a cross, with the words 'I am the resurrection and the life,' to mark Mr. Nihill's grave, and they set it up to stand for a witness to the great Christian hope, among all the darkness and uncertainty of those beautiful sad islands.

On Nengonè lived the two little maidens for whom the Bishop had stitched frocks, Caroline Wabisane and Sarah Wasitutru, now good Christian wives. They wanted to spend a summer in New Zealand near their friend Mrs. Nihill, and the Bishop took them aboard, with their husbands and Sarah's baby, and so away southward, with a call at Norfolk Island to hold a Confirmation and pick up Mrs. Selwyn, and on September 13 the *Southern Cross* put into Auckland Harbour, and Coley's trial trip was over.

CHAPTER V

THE BOYS OF THE ISLANDS

'I WOULD not exchange my position with these lads for anything.'

So wrote Coley, sitting at his desk in St. John's College, Auckland, in the December of his second year abroad. He was writing to the uncle who had been his tutor at Eton, and he could fancy, as he wrote, the red-brick buildings round the old school quad, the green playing-fields beside the river, and the boys making for the boats or the cricket ground when school was over. And then he looked up from his letter to meet the astonished eyes of Gariri, a brown-faced lad from Bauro, watching with wonder and admiration the pace at which the Englishman's pen could go. For he had exchanged his winter job of sailor and explorer for the summer job of schoolmaster, and had settled down at the College at Auckland with twelve young Melanesians, to whom he had to teach everything, from the washing of their persons to a knowledge of the Christian Faith.

Coley's uncle must have enjoyed that letter.

It was just overflowing with the happiness of a man who had found his job.

Somebody once said that 'when God gives us work in one hand and power to do it in the other, He gives us happiness in both.'

This was what had happened to Coley Patteson. The

man who had planned for the little farm hands at Alfington, planned now for the brown, fuzzy-headed South-sea boys, and loved and believed in them with all his heart and soul.

'Savages!' he wrote, looking at the lad Gariri, 'I'd like to see anyone call my Bauro boys savages,' and one cannot help thinking that the uncle at Eton and the dear folks, reading the New Zealand letters round the winter fire at Feniton Court, must have laughed sometimes over all the charms of those wonderful boys, and asked each other whether Coley's geese were not usually swans.

Of course the Nengonese lads knew the most. Some of the native Samoan teachers from the London Missionary Society had worked in the island, and Mr. Nihill had been there for a year and a half.

Mr. Patteson declared he would back them against many English boys and girls in a Scripture examination. Did he ever have to warn them that knowing about good things was not enough? It looked as if one of them, Wadrokal by name, the best scholar of the party, had got hold of the lesson, for when he came to his teacher one evening for the talks which the boys loved, he said:

'I read that the Pharisees knew a good deal of the law, and so did the scribes, and yet they were not good. I am not doing anything good. Now I know something of the Bible and I can write; and I fear very much, I often feel very much afraid that I am not good. I am not doing anything good.'

Wadrokal was getting on, he had learnt a good deal, but he hadn't learnt how to take chaff, for when his master told him that he was going about in a pair of shabby old trousers so that he might astonish the Nengonè folk with his new pair, he was very indignant indeed. He

got his slate and poured out his woes to his teacher in his very best English :

'Mr. Patteson, this is my word: I am unhappy because of the word you said to me that I wished for clothes. I have left my country. I do not seek clothes for the body. What is the use of clothes? Can my spirit be clothed with clothes for the body? Therefore my heart is greatly afraid; but you said I greatly wished for clothes, which I do not care for. One thing only I care for, that I may receive the life for my spirit. Therefore I fear, I confess, and say to you, it is not the thing for the body I want, but the one thing I want is the clothing for the soul.'

Poor Wadrokal, he is not the first person who has failed to see a joke, and no doubt his understanding teacher soon healed his wounded feelings.

Two of the Nengonè lads were married, and there was a very happy day at the College when one of them was baptized at the same time as his baby boy. His wife, Carrie, had been a Christian for some time, and was a capital girl, getting quite clever with her needle, and very proud to do sewing for Mr. Patteson. She had been named after Mrs. Abraham, the wife of the Eton master; and her godmother had good reason to give thanks for her, considering what the poor girl's forbears had been like. Her father had been a dreadful old person, a chief with fifty-five wives, who had such a horrid love for the taste of human flesh that he invented reasons for condemning his subjects to be killed and eaten. He had a priest at his beck and call, who was supposed to kill by his curse anyone who failed to satisfy the chief, and, as a matter of fact, it is perfectly easy to die of fright if everyone, yourself included, expects you to do so.

And yet here was Carrie standing by the font in

Auckland College Chapel, a happy Christian wife and mother, while her husband, Simeona, was baptized by the name of George Selwyn, and her baby as John Patteson. It was 7.15 on Sunday evening, and Coley, who took the service in the Nengonese language, calculated that, as New Zealand is twelve hours ahead of England, Sunday was just beginning at home when he gave the name of the great English judge to the small brown islander, and so forged another link between Feniton and the South Seas.

Then there were the Solomon Islanders, five from Bauro or San Cristoval, and two from Guadalcanar.

With these Coley had to begin at the very beginning, and they were, perhaps for that very reason, his best beloved. He could hardly say which was the dearest and most delightful, Hirika, who was so loving and so clever, but so inaccurate in his work; or Gariri, who was steady and honest, and had the best temper in the world; or, Kerearua, the most painstaking of the lot, who nearly died of fever at the very beginning of his time in New Zealand, and had to be nursed through it by his teacher, who could not say enough about his patience and goodness. In short, Coley wrote to his dear old governess, 'I can give most of them a good ticket, little mark and all, as you used to say of us, though not as often as we ought to have done, to our dear mother.'

And he went on to declare that, except for a fit of sulkiness, lasting half a day, there really was not a complaint to make of them.

They *were* a happy family that first summer term at St. John's College. It was the Headmaster himself who hustled the lazy ones out of bed in the morning; in fact, the four youngest slept in his room. Then, with much laughing and joking, he brought them along, stretching

and yawning, to the bath-room, and woke them up thoroughly by splashing the water over them.

Then came the jolly breakfast all together in the big hall, with plenty of quiet chaff of the sleepy ones. There seems to have been a good deal of laughing, one way and another, at St. John's College. One member of the establishment was a perfectly unfailing source of fun, and that was the College donkey! The Bauro boys had never in their lives seen any animal larger than a pig, until the *Southern Cross* put in at Norfolk Island and they made the acquaintance of a cow. So the donkey was an entirely new animal for them to study, and this particular donkey, being apparently a beast with a sense of humour, gave them all the entertainment he could, and, when he got a Melanesian boy on his back, played every rig that a donkey could until he got him off again. He headed straight for the nearest bushes, or he rubbed himself and his rider's leg against the wall, or he kicked and danced about, to the exceeding joy of the other boys, who capered round and shrieked with laughter until the rider came off, almost always on to his feet. Perhaps it was the continual climbing of rocks and coco-nut palms that had taught them to fall like cats.

And meanwhile the teaching was going on day by day.

Perhaps we don't often think what it must be to teach in a perfectly new language for which there are no grammars and phrase-books. And to teach big things, mind you, not just to ask the way to places and do our shopping and order our breakfast as we do in our halting French and Italian. To speak of the Love and the Holiness of God to people whose worship has been given to evil spirits and hideous wooden images, and whose tongue has never been written down. Truly it was not for

nothing that Coley had slaved away in his Oxford days at his study of queer Eastern languages, which were not a bit like the South Sea dialects, but yet helped to train him in using a strange tongue, and in looking out for words and constructions that were related to each other. On the first Sunday in New Zealand he gathered his seven boys from the Solomon Isles about him and tried to tell them something of the Father to Whom he spoke in the Lord's Prayer. Then, kneeling in their midst, he spoke for them and for himself to the Father in Heaven. And, little as they understood, they did seem to know that they were praying to a great and mighty One, a conscious, loving Being, and a Father.

Later on, he would take two books, and say, ' This is God and this is man. They are far apart, because man is so bad and God is good. But Jesus Christ came in the middle between them and joins them together.'

And to see first one and then another begin to understand !

Was it wonderful that Coley could write home during that term, ' I am as happy as the day is long ' ?

The worrying thing was that the pupils were always getting ill. New Zealand was so much colder than their own islands, a difference of thirty degrees, so it was small wonder if they caught cold. Their teacher had to watch them, as he said, like a cat, and he always had the seedy ones in his own room that he might look after them better, and wrote home about one of the brown faces looking so nice with a warm plaid which Joan had given him to spread over the bed for an extra counterpane. But Auckland was a cold place for them, there was no doubt about it. All the winds seemed to meet there, and to people who had been accustomed to basking and dabbling in hot sun and warm water year in and year out, it

certainly must have seemed rather bleak. The Bishop and Coley both dreamed of a possible change by and by, if money came in and things shaped a little.

So the summer term passed in very happy, very hard work, and the New Zealand winter was in sight again. We should hardly dignify a season with the name of winter when it has scarcely a bit of cat's ice on the puddles to show for itself, but it was enough and too much for the shivering Melanesians, who were to have their holiday as soon as the cold came. The Bishop was detained till May on Church business, so it was arranged that Coley should make a short voyage without him, just to drop his boys at their various islands.

'I don't know what I shall do without them,' he wrote home, but he hoped that many of them would come back again in September if the warm weather and the coco-nuts at home didn't prove too attractive to be left.

It was quite a short trip, only five or six weeks, but there were several adventures.

First a real tropical thunderstorm, lightning like a white-hot crooked wire, setting the sky ablaze like a gigantic firework.

Then, at Guadalcanar in the Solomon Islands, they had a very narrow escape. They were just putting in to the bay, where the water was alive with canoes, when the schooner struck an unseen rock. There were two very bad minutes, while Coley, pulling ropes with all his strength, saw in his mind's eye the loss of the precious vessel, her crew at the mercy of the islanders, all missionary plans held up. Then the ship slipped safely into deep water, and the peril was over. But it had been a very near thing.

On that trip Coley had his first experience of a night on a really uncivilized island—Guadalcanar—in a village

where no white man had ever set foot before. It was a wonderful place, as he wrote to his little cousin :

' Oh, dear little Pena, if you had only seen the village which, as yet, I alone of white people have been allowed to see—the great tall coco-nut palms, so tall and slender at the top that I was almost afraid when a boy was sent up to gather coco-nuts for me, the cottages of bamboo and coco-nut leaves, the great forest trees, the parrots flying about under the branches, the pretty canoes on the beach, and the great state canoe lying at its stone anchor about fifty yards off, about fifty feet long, and inlaid throughout with mother-of-pearl, the spears leaning against the houses, men stalking about with a kind of club,—I think your little head would have been turned almost crazy.'

A heavy sea came on, making it impossible to return to the ship, and the white man was invited into one of the houses where a good many other men were spending the night, clustered in groups round several little wood fires.

It could hardly be described as a comfortable night. The inhabitants evidently had no notion of sleeping the darkness through, but sat round the fire and chatted till they dropped off from sheer sleepiness, and then woke up for a bit and brought their visitor a yam. A very tired man, trying to make the best of a grass mat and a log pillow, hardly appreciates being roused up for a chat and a potato, and as the bedroom badly wanted scrubbing and fumigating, Coley shifted his quarters at last, and sat by a wood fire on the beach, trying to dry his wet clothes until the blessed dawn whitened the sky.

He was back at Auckland early in June, and very soon the *Southern Cross* was away again, this time with the Bishop also, and with a new helper, Mr. Benjamin Dudley, who had joined the party at St. John's College during

the term. They had a very successful and busy four months, visited sixty-six islands and landed eighty-one times, taking presents as usual, or bartering fish-hooks and knives for fruit and vegetables. As they sat on the beach, amid the crowd of naked brown people, they would ask the names of those who pressed up to them, and would write them down. Then, when the next visit was paid, they could inquire for one and another in familiar fashion, which gave them a sort of friendly footing in the place.

Coley spent a rather strange ' week-end ' on shore, this time at Bauro with the old chief, Iri, the same man who kept the row of skulls on his roof beam. But he was very friendly, and left half the long bamboo house for his visitor, who slept, or tried to sleep, on a grass mat, but the rats, running in and out and round about him all night long, made things too lively for very much slumber.

It was a strange, lonely Sunday for the one Christian on the heathen island. Coley gathered the people about him and tried to tell them something of the Lord, Whose holy day it was, while all the time his thoughts were flying home to Thorverton Church, where little Pena was to receive her first Communion on that autumn Sunday.

But the day was not wasted, for old Iri was heard to tell someone that the strange guest, who could speak the tongue of Bauro folk, had said that men were not like dogs or pigs or fishes, because they could speak and think, and would live again after they died.

With the beginning of November the *Southern Cross* headed for Auckland once again, with a party of boys on board. All but Gariri were new pupils; one reason or another had prevented the others from returning this season. There was a husband and wife from the island of Lifu, where teachers from Samoa, sent by the London

Missionary Society, had been doing good work. The people were begging for a white missionary, but the Society had none to send, so the Bishop offered to take back with him one of the leading Christians, the half-brother of the chief, that he might have six months' training at Auckland and be able to help his people better. He rejoiced in the name of John Cho, rather less of a mouthful than the names of most of his fellow-students, but his wife had five syllables to herself, and was known as Naranadune until, at her baptism, she took the name of Margaret.

They had an anxious time on the voyage home.

One of the boys swallowed a piece of sugar-cane, part of which stuck in his throat, and remained there for days, causing him terrible pain and very nearly choking him. All through the worst time the boy lay in Coley's arms, and only the most devoted care from him and from the Bishop pulled him through.

'I am Bisopè, I am Patihana,' he gasped, when he could speak again. It was the solemn exchange of names, the strongest protestation of love and gratitude that a South Sea Islander could make.

So a fresh summer term began at Auckland, with a happy party of thirty-two, a real Babel, speaking eight different languages, and the Headmaster had to start again at the bottom rung of the ladder, teaching the newcomers to wash and dress and behave like respectable members of society The dressing was for warmth as well as for respectability—thick trousers, jerseys, and woollen comforters were less picturesque than a belt of coco-nut fibre and a little tattooing, but they were all necessary, even in the warmth of the New Zealand summer, and there was usually somebody rolled up in a fur rug in Coley's own room being doctored for a cough.

But the first break in their ranks came in more sudden and more tragic fashion. The boys had brought some of their native weapons with them, bows and arrows and clubs, but they had to hand them over to the Headmaster and Mr. Dudley, and were not allowed to use them while they were at the College. However, Tohehammai, a Bauro boy, wanting to do a deal with another boy whose shirt had taken his fancy, fetched from Mr. Dudley's room an arrow, which he thought would make a good exchange. While he was playing about with it, he pricked his elbow—nothing of a wound, he had probably given himself many a worse cut again and again at home. He said nothing about it now, it was not worth fussing over, and, besides, he had no business with the arrow.

But twelve days later his arm began to stiffen, and then to twitch strangely; it might be rheumatism, but, on the other hand, there was the terrible tetanus or lockjaw, to which these islanders seemed to be extraordinarily liable.

Perhaps the arrow was poisoned, no one seemed sure about it, but tetanus does sometimes follow even a clean wound among these tropical people.

Everything was done that could be done. Bishop Selwyn was a born nurse, and Coley hardly left the boy while the fear grew into a certainty and the sad stiffening of the joints went on. The end came mercifully soon, the poor boy lying stiff and rigid, with his loved teacher beside him and the Bishop commending the passing soul in the hands of the Father of Mercy.

It was a sad shadow over the happy college life, and Coley's first sight of the terrible disease which by and by he was to know only too well.

It was sad to have to take the news to his home when

the *Southern Cross* sailed in May. Old chief Iri, too, had lost his only son, who died while trying to get to New Zealand in a trading vessel. Perhaps the father thought of his guest's talk on the Sunday that he had spent amongst them, of the life of man that went on for ever, for he asked wistfully:

'Do you think I shall see him again?'

Twelve hundred years before, Englishmen were asking that same question of a Christian teacher who had come among them.

'The life of man,' said a certain Thegn of Northumbria, 'is like the flight of a sparrow passing through a lighted hall. Whilst he is within, he is safe from the wintry storm; but, after a short space of fair weather, he immediately vanishes out of sight into the darkness. If, therefore, this new doctrine contains something more certain, it seems justly to deserve to be followed.'

To every man this question comes sooner or later —whence do we come and whither do we go?

And Coley, like many a teacher before and since, felt that it was worth journeying far and daring much to be able to give that wistful question the true answer.

CHAPTER VI

'BUSINESS IN GREAT WATERS'

THE story of Coleridge Patteson is the story of a path-finder, and the path-finder has necessarily to test and follow a good many roads before he hits the right one. The history of every pioneer must be the history of experiments; he is bound to make plenty of mistakes, just so that the people who come after him may avoid making them. So we find that, in those early days, the Bishop and his right-hand man changed their minds a good many times as to the best place for the headquarters of their Melanesian work.

There must be a Bishop of Melanesia—the Islands of the Black Folk—before very long; of that there was no doubt. The man who had all New Zealand in his charge could never really look after those hundreds of islands as well. And meanwhile it would be a good thing for Coley to stay for a month or two actually on shore among the native people. One Sunday night in the April of 1858, he and the Bishop had a long talk after evening service and decided that Lifu, one of the Loyalty Islands, should be the place. It was the island which had been in charge of the Samoan teachers and was begging for a white missionary, and John Cho, who had been spending the summer months at Auckland, would act as interpreter until Coley was at home with the language.

So thither he went when the *Southern Cross* sailed in May, first just touching at the island on the way, to return scholars and pick up fresh ones. They had a royal welcome from the people, who had been cannibals a few years back, but were now very eager to be taught.

'We will always live together,' said the young chief, Angadhohua, taking possession of Mr. Patteson's hand. His half-brother, John Cho, had to explain that that was not possible: the white teacher had too many people to care for, but he would return and stay for a few months and open a school.

'Cannot you stop always?' sighed Angadhohua, but he seemed to grasp his brother's explanation, and his trust in the white men was so complete that, when they invited some of the Lifu people to come for a short cruise and see what work they were doing, he volunteered to go. His people were very anxious about sparing him; no chief had ever been allowed to leave his people for so long, and even John Cho hardly liked the risk.

'It is right he should go,' he said, with tears in his eyes, to Mr. Patteson, 'but bring him back soon. What should we do?'

Coley promised to watch over him; but suggested that some of the lesser chiefs should go as body-guard, and five were chosen to make up the party.

What won the hearts of the Lifu people was a gift of books in their own dialect which had been printed for them in New Zealand. Those who could read fell upon them with the greatest glee: they had only had a few sheets before, and to see Bible history, prayers, and questions printed on purpose for them made them feel exceedingly important and very friendly towards the people who had provided them.

The cruise was a short one, and by the middle of June

Coley was back at Lifu, with twelve boys speaking five different languages, and settled in for a three months' term at the house of Tutoo, the married teacher. He shared a sleeping-room with four of his boys, and they had one big room for living-room and school, which, if not luxurious, had one advantage over a good many English houses, that it got plenty of fresh air, for there were four unglazed windows and two doors. He had brought some tea and coffee and biscuits and a filter with him; otherwise he lived on native food, mostly yams, which the islanders exchanged for pieces of calico, blankets, and other treasures from New Zealand.

'I shall live like an alderman,' he had written home to his people, after describing the beautiful fruit and the occasional pork that he expected to get. But the pork was very occasional indeed, for the very small table, at which Coley and his host and hostess sat for meals, was almost the only four-legged thing on the island, and yams for breakfast, dinner, and tea, though they are all very well for a South Sea Islander, do not satisfy an Englishman, who is not therefore greedy because he happens to be built differently and to require a joint of meat now and again. Once during the time a whale came ashore, and everybody went out with a knife and brought a bit back and boiled the blubber into oil, and Coley was inclined to wish that he had been born without a nose.

Many a time did he wish, as most of us do, that he had learnt a great many things while he had the chance. Why hadn't he gone to Exeter hospital two days a week and learnt something of bandaging and dispensing? Then he could have done more for the poor people who came to him with wounds and sores and dreadful diseases, and were so certain that the wise white man could cure

them if he tried. Why hadn't he spent another day a week with Venn the village carpenter, and another with old Fry the mason ? Why hadn't he learnt to mend saucepans and tea-kettles ? It was a poor enough thing to have to go without your tea because your only vessel for boiling water had a hole in the bottom. And why hadn't he learnt enough cooking to teach these poor dear people that, when you do get a fowl for dinner, it is a sin and a waste to bake it on the ground until it is just a mass of hard strings. Surely Robinson Crusoe and the Swiss Family Robinson did all these things, and he had revelled in their adventures and quite forgotten to notice how they made their houses and cooked their dinners.

Altogether it was not an easy time, that winter at Lifu. The natives were in that puzzling sort of half-and-half state that comes when people are breaking loose from their old laws and customs and have not yet learnt to put better ones in their place. St. Paul had just the same bother with his converts, when he had to teach them that Christian liberty does not mean licence to go your own way. Coley always upheld the authority of the chief, unless, of course, it happened to clash with any Christian duty. As if it were not enough to have to talk a different language on nearly every island, he discovered that the chief had a special language of his own, so he added that too to his amazing stock of foreign tongues, and made a point of using it when he addressed that great personage. Nor would he ever sit upon a higher seat than the chief, if he were present, and when Angadhohua took a fancy to squat on the ground among his people, the white guest would laugh and do the same.

But the most trying part of his stay at Lifu was caused, not by the natives, but by visitors of his own colour and his own continent.

New Caledonia, very near the Loyalty Islands, belonged to France, and the French were casting interested eyes upon Lifu also. The French Bishop in New Caledonia sent a party of missionaries to settle on the island. The Roman Catholics—all honour to them for it—could find half a dozen missionary priests where the English Church could find one; but their methods were a little high-handed. The people were a good deal dismayed to hear that the visitors meant to take land for their settlements, if the chiefs refused to sell it, and that they could bring plenty of soldiers to back up their claims. Coley, who was determined to save the islanders from being converted by force, and also to prevent them from getting into a panic and attacking the new arrivals, went across the island to confer with the French priests and act as peace-maker. It was not an easy journey, nineteen miles one day, twenty miles another, over coral rocks like nothing in the world but broken bottles, and by paths which never allowed you more than three steps in the same direction.

In fact, the negotiations cost him two pairs of shoes, the leather of which he had to cut off in strips as he went along, dreadfully blistered feet, and an immense amount of tact and patience.

The French priest was a pleasant and intelligent man, but he managed to get across John Cho, probably because neither of them understood the other, and Coley had much ado to persuade him that his friend the Lifu Christian was not, as the Frenchman declared, 'false and artificial.'

At the conference the people brought the usual pile of yams for their English friend, and he was greatly relieved to see another pile, though it was certainly a smaller one, for the Frenchman. Coley held forth in good Lifu, which the newcomer didn't understand.

'Be kind to the French, give them food and lodging. But if they try to persuade you to change the teaching which you have received, don't listen to them. Trust the teachers who have taught you the word of God.'

It was not until the end of September that the Bishop and the *Southern Cross* arrived, and in November they made the harbour at Auckland, a very big party, no less than forty-seven Melanesians.

Coley was prouder than ever of his beloved ship, and loud in his praises of the arrangements which could accommodate such a family.

'We have no separate cabins filled with bunks, abominations specially contrived to conceal dirt and prevent ventilation. Light calico curtains answer all purposes of dividing off a cabin into compartments, but we agreed to live together, and no one has found it unpleasant yet.'

So Coley wrote home to his uncle, with much condemnation of some other ships he had come across, where spilt flour, sugar, treacle, rotten potatoes, coco-nut parings, and bits of candle got washed into the nasty hold and did not help to make life on board healthy or pleasant. A canvas screen across the cabin made a bedroom for the ladies of the party, and here the Bishop was often on duty, looking after the sick women and washing the babies as if he had spent his life in a nursery.

There was a little trouble with a young chief, who got into a panic when his island was out of sight for fear he should never get home again, and went off his head for a few days. But he had quite recovered by the time they reached Auckland, and Coley found himself, as he said, not a little happy at the head of the long dinner-table, with two rows of merry-faced Melanesians on either side of him.

This was in November 1858. The next year Coley and the Bishop went prospecting to the Banks Islands with the idea of choosing a fresh place for the winter school. The London Missionary Society was sending missionaries to Lifu, so they only called there and left some books, and then went on northward.

Coley had paid a visit earlier in the year to Mota, and was delighted to see the Bishop quite as much in love with the place as he had been. Mota is one of a group of little volcanic islands, very steep and wooded, and very fertile. The English name, Sugar Loaf Island, described the high picturesque peak; there was good water, which had been sadly lacking at Lifu, gigantic banyan-trees, one of them twenty-seven paces round, and friendly, intelligent people.

'Such boys,' wrote Patteson in his home journal, 'bright-eyed, merry fellows, many really handsome.'

And they left the island very hopeful of a successful school there next year.

In May 1860, two days before Whit-Sunday, Mr. Patteson and Mr. Dudley arrived, landed the frame of the house which they had brought from New Zealand, and purchased the site, with hatchets and other much-desired European goods, which did duty as current coin. They had an enthusiastic welcome from the people, also from some other natives of the island, whose attentions they could have spared, namely, the mosquitoes. Coley reported no less than fifty-eight bites on one foot, which must have rather spoilt his Whitsuntide.

However, the frame of the house, the first bit of real mission property in Melanesia, went up on the Bank Holiday, and the natives flocked to help, bringing bits of their own houses to make the roof, and enormously pleased with the gift of a little bit of iron or beautiful

broken glass, which was the most admired form of razor among the Mota dandies. It really was a fine house. The walls of bamboo canes tied together and the coco-nut leaf thatch were thoroughly native, but the boards of the floor came from New Zealand and were raised two feet from the ground on strong posts. It was not exactly over-furnished; in fact, the whole suite consisted of four boxes, which had this advantage over ordinary chairs, tables, and desks, that they did duty in turn for each of them, besides fulfilling their original object in life. Beds were considered quite unnecessary; there was a whole floor to choose from, and a smooth plank and a blanket are much more hygienic than a four-poster.

Having got their house up, the new proprietors set to work to plant the estate. The land had been purchased in the most businesslike manner, Mr. Patteson spending an hour in hunting down the actual owners of the ground and the fruit-trees, and then solemnly writing down everybody's name, telling them to touch the pen as he made each man's cross against the account for the transaction.

'Now this belongs to me,' he said, as he finished the document, and the hundred and twenty witnesses, each without a rag of clothing to his name, cheerfully agreed.

Indeed, they asked nothing better than to keep for ever this wonderful white man, with his frank, gentle ways, his winning smile, and his patient determination to understand them.

When he went from one village to another, telling about the great Father and His Son, Jesus Christ, Who wanted men to live at peace, they flocked about him to ask questions, and the men's house in each village, the building which did duty as club-room and eating-house, was always open to him. In fact, he had now and then

to give a severe scolding to some of his admirers, who turned up armed with bows and arrows to defend him from their neighbours. They were always ready with a story which somebody had told them of his having been attacked or threatened or even killed, and they would have no objection at all to shooting a few people on the chance of the report being correct.

But their kind intentions were snubbed immediately.

'This is the very thing I told you not to do; it is all your foolish jealousy and suspicion of them. There is not a man on the island who is not friendly to me, and if they were not friendly, what business have you with your bows and arrows?'

And he took the bow out of the hand of a would-be champion, and threatened to break it across his knee. The boy declared that it belonged to someone else, and got it back with a caution:

'If I see those things again, you know what will become of them.'

He had already refused the offer that a British man-of-war should call at the island. The two white men asked for no protection beyond the trust of the islanders in their good will.

Also, he was absolutely determined that those who came for teaching should understand the cost of the new service. Here in Mota he found himself in the midst of all sorts of evil customs and heathen ceremonies. The island folk, like most primitive people, knew nothing about a religion that makes men happy. They were happy when they had plenty to eat, when they splashed about in warm blue water, when they got presents of fish-hooks and bits of glass from a European.

When they thought at all about an unseen world, it was with fear and dread of the powerful, malicious

spirits, especially of one called Ikpat, to whom all sorts of sacrifices were offered. Coley's way of teaching was always to set the Gospel—the good news—over against these dismal, terrifying superstitions.

'What good has Ikpat ever done you? Does he offer to make you happy? Tell me any single good thing that has ever come to you from these customs. Now I will tell you what God, our Father, has done for England and for New Zealand and for the people in Nengonè and Lifu.'

The missionaries had arrived just in time to see one of the heathen festivals in full swing all over the island. In many heathen nations, the boys have to go through what are called initiation ceremonies at the beginning of their grown-up life. All sorts of evil customs are connected with this passing from boyhood to manhood, and, in any case, it is a thoroughly heathen rite, in which no boy who wants to become a Christian ought to take part.

Missionaries in Africa are always coming up against this difficulty, for no boy is considered a full member of his tribe until he has been through the rites, and a father who keeps his son away from them is looked upon as a most unnatural parent. Coley had a struggle with the father of one of his boys, Tagalad, who had had two seasons' schooling and was very anxious to be baptized. He got his way, and brought the boy out from the initiation ceremonies, but an old heathen arrived next day and stuck a branch with red flowers into the ground of the mission enclosure. Probably it stood for some evil charm and was supposed to bring a curse with it, for the Mota boys all left, very unwillingly, but frightened of what might happen to them. Coley went for the planter of the branch, and somehow or another, by his wonderful

powers of persuasion, got him to pull it up, on which the boys came back, glad enough of the chance.

Altogether, the Mota folk were a good deal like the girl who prayed that God would make her good, but not till after the fair. They loved the strong, gentle Englishman, and they liked to hear his teaching, and when they had quite finished their ceremonies and offered a few more sacrifices to Ikpat, and had fought out a few more old grudges with their nearest neighbours, then they would think about the new religion.

And in reply Patteson had to tell them plainly that by and by might very easily be never, and that the service of the true God is no half-and-half business, but a matter for heart and soul and strength, for all day and every day.

So he sent away a head-man who came with a present of bread-fruit after taking part in the initiation of the boys. It was a risky thing to refuse a present, but that truth about the divided service had got to be made clear from the very start.

One baptism there was, of a little dying baby, a very simple, solemn service, the little thing lying in its mother's arms, the naked people looking on with wide, wondering eyes, while the Englishman, kneeling in their midst, prayed in their own tongue that God would receive this little John of the Banks Islands as His own child.

And when, a few days later, the first Christian in Mota was laid in his tiny grave, the wailing around the little mound was hushed as Mr. Patteson talked gently of the 'Home for little children,' where the happy soul of the Baby John would be sheltered and safe.

What were the results of the four months' work?

Perhaps Coley summed them up in a letter to his Eton uncle:

'People are hearing, some of them talking, and a few thinking about what they hear. All in God's own time!' It took some pluck to write hopefully just then, for the last half of the stay at Mota was a hard time. Coley himself had some days of bad pain with a tumour in his ear, which kept him awake night after night, and made him very anxious afterwards lest he should be left permanently deaf, like his father and his sister Joan. Mr. Dudley said that, only once, during those days of suffering, did his companion's patience give way at all, and that was when the island loafers, who did not want to learn anything, insisted on spending their time sprawling upon the floor or the table in his hut.

And even then he chaffed them as he chucked them out!

Stores ran out, there was only the native food, and the *Southern Cross* was a month overdue. At last, at the beginning of October, came a schooner in sight.

But, alas! she was not the *Southern Cross*. Coley's 'beloved little home' lay fathoms deep among the perilous Hen and Chicken rocks off the New Zealand coast. The catastrophe had happened on the return journey during a black night of storm and rain. Every one on board was saved, but the good little mission ship was gone, after her five years' gallant work.

It was a sad little company who shipped on board the schooner *Zillah*, which the Bishop had chartered to bring his colleagues home.

Mr. Dudley had just had sunstroke, and three of the boys—among them Wadrokal of the trousers—were seriously ill. One of them, a Christian, Martin Tahele, died during the voyage, nursed tenderly to the last by Mr. Patteson.

And the schooner *Zillah* was so slow, and the accom-

modation was so bad,—so dreadfully unlike the beloved mission ship.

Well, enduring hardness is part of the soldier's business, and Mr. Dudley, looking back afterwards upon that very dismal voyage, liked to dwell upon one thing that made it bearable, the sweet, steady voice of the man who was teacher and nurse, and general comforter and encourager, reading the Morning and Evening Prayers and starting the hymn.

You couldn't grouse much, with such a leader on board.

CHAPTER VII

FATHER OF THE ISLAND SONS

In the time between Coley's winter at Lifu and his winter at Mota, all sorts of things had happened at the G.H.Q. in New Zealand.

Judge Martin and his wife, the friends who had given him such a warm welcome when he first arrived, had returned from England, and came to stay for a few months at St. John's College.

It was a real joy to talk over Feniton news with someone who had been there and could bring a first-hand report of his father and the sisters. Besides, Judge Martin had Coley's own love for the study of languages, so that, when the two got together and began discussing the dialects of the different islands and the *mp* and *pw* and *mbw* which no ordinary English tongue could get round, they were inclined to go on all night. Mr. Abraham, late master at Eton and now Bishop of Wellington, was a good scholar enough, but Coley and the Judge and their beloved languages were too much for him, and he freely declared that, when they got to the ninth meaning of a particle, the only thing to do was to go to sleep.

They were very happy, those college days: the Saturday afternoons when master and pupils went off for a walk together; the Sunday evenings when Mr. Patteson took service in the chapel, when the prayers and the sermon were in two or three different languages; best of

all, perhaps, the evening talks when one boy or another knocked at his door with the request, 'I want to talk to you,' and brought out questions that he had been saving until he could have his teacher to himself. Sometimes there would be the joy of a baptism, and, more than once during those years, the sorrow, which had a sort of joy about it, in the passing of one of the scholars out of reach of the temptations of a newly-made Christian.

Hirika, the clever, inaccurate boy of the first summer school, was one of those to go. He had tumbled about a good deal since then, had shipped on board an Australian vessel and worked his way back to his dear teacher at Auckland, where he died. Carrie, the young mother, Mrs. Abraham's godchild, came with her husband for another summer in New Zealand and fell ill there, but lived to go back and die at her home in Nengonè. She and her husband were not long apart. He begged to come back with Mr. Patteson when the *Southern Cross* called at the island, but was so ill at the time that his friends tried to dissuade him from going. But George was not to be denied.

'Heaven is no further from New Zealand than from Nengonè,' he said, and he was cared for and helped during the last few months of his life as he could not have been at home.

He was a bad invalid, poor George; wanted the whole life of the College to be upset for his benefit, and to have the most useful of the pupil-teachers told off to keep him company or to catch his fish, and Mr. Patteson had to do the hardest thing and to teach him not to be selfish. He learnt his lesson, poor lad, before the call came for him, one still moonlight night in March as he lay with his hand in Coley's, his friends about him, and Christian prayers in his ears.

No wonder that Mr. Patteson, as he came out into the white stillness of the moonlight with the little waves lapping on the shore, gave thanks for the soul of another Melanesian safe home in port.

And sometimes things happened which gave him a real lift and filled him with hope and happiness. There was a certain Sunday night when John Cho lay long awake, turning over in his mind the sermon that Mr. Patteson had preached in the College Chapel—straight, strong words about the duty of those who find even such precious possessions as hand or foot becoming a hindrance or a stumbling-block. For John knew well enough that the new fascinating game of draughts was taking up far too much of his time, and that he and his friends, the other two married men, were playing in season and out of season, leaving their work—the fetching of water and such like little household duties—to be done by their wives.

And so John, after trying in vain to go to sleep and to get away from those clear, kind eyes and the earnest voice pouring out a flood of eager words in the tongue of the island people, jumped up at last and groped in the dark for the dear draughtboard and stuck it well in among the red embers of the fire, and so slept the peaceful sleep of the man who has seen the right thing and done it.

Then there were the small boys—'the jolliest little fellows,' wrote their teacher; 'scarcely too big to take on my knee, and talk to them about God and Heaven and Jesus Christ, as they look up wonderingly with their deep, deep eyes and ask their simple questions.' He kept twenty of them enthralled by 'that most excellent of all tales—the story of Joseph. How their eyes glistened! and they pushed out their heads to hear the sequel of his making himself known to his brethren, and asking once more about "the old man of whom ye spake, is he

yet alive?" I can never read it with a steady voice, nor tell it either.' Poor Coley! No wonder, with the thought of what changes those past six years might have made in the brave old man at Feniton Court.

And all the time the Headmaster had a great many things to do which do not usually come into the list of a headmaster's daily occupations.

Up at 5 a.m. First to the kitchen, to start the two boys who were the cooks for the week, see that the fire was lighted and the yams or potatoes cooking. In and out of the kitchen till breakfast time; and, after breakfast, reading and teaching with a continual eye on the housework, making sure that the floors were scrubbed and the blankets washed. Now and again cutting out garments, which the boys themselves learnt to stitch; more often than not, with a sick scholar to nurse. And, from time to time, the job which he never loved of making out reports of the work for the people in England.

Seemingly, they were as dry as most reports, for the family complained bitterly when they received a box full one day, instead of the curios from the islands which they had expected.

'Fancy,' Coley wrote to his sister, 'not thinking your worthy brother's important publications the most satisfactory treasures that any box could contain! The author's feelings are seriously injured. What are Melanesian shells to Melanesian statistics, and Lifu spears to a dissertation on the treatment of Lifu diseases? Great is the ingratitude of the houses of Feniton and Dawlish!'

But then, Fanny was spoilt by a continual supply of letters and a diary of every voyage; no wonder she found statistics dull!

In the winter—the New Zealand summer—of 1859,

before the stay in Mota, Mr. Patteson was able to bring off the change he so much desired: the moving of the College to a more sheltered spot. Friends at home and at Sydney helped with money, Eton had a special association to back up the work of the two old Eton boys, and, just when the extra expense needed to be met, there came a special and a very interesting gift.

One among Coley Patteson's many cousins was Miss Charlotte Yonge, whose name ought to be familiar to every boy and girl in England, if only for that most fascinating of stories, *The Little Duke.* The boys and girls who never thrilled to hear how Osmond, the faithful squire, got the young Duke of Normandy out of the French king's castle, have missed something good.

Miss Yonge had just published another book, *The Daisy Chain,* a noble story, which has been a joy to thousands of girls and set them helping other people Some sailor characters in the story get wrecked among the South Sea Islands, and kindly treated by a Christian chief, and Miss Yonge took some of the incidents from what she had heard of Bishop Selwyn's work. The book had a tremendous sale, and, as the authoress said quite simply, part of the profits, of course, belonged to the Mission. It must have been a great joy to have such a gift to send, and to read her cousin's happy, grateful letter, with the description of the beautiful new school which she had helped to provide.

It was at a place called Kohimarama, on a beautiful little bay, with cliffs jutting out into the sea, and enclosing a shining, white beach, all of broken shells, called ' pipi,' a warm, dry spot for the Melanesian boys to bask and play water games as they did at home. It seems strange to us to hear the Headmaster rejoicing at the place being sheltered from the south and west, but we have to turn

many ideas upside down in the Colonies, and our good old friend the 'black north-easter' becomes a balmy zephyr in Auckland.

So here Coley set up his new college of St. Andrew, moving old wooden rooms, partly building new stone ones, round three sides of a quadrangle; the big schoolroom, 80 feet long, on the east side, facing the dining-hall and kitchen on the west; the wooden dormitories on the south; the white beach coming right up to the buildings, and the sea beyond, with the schooner, during the first summer, riding at anchor right in front of the windows.

The pupils were highly contented. 'College too cold,' they would remark, shaking their heads over the remembrance of those blustering gales at St. John's; 'this all same as Bauro,' or Mota, or whichever else among the multitude of the isles happened to be their home.

And it really was a relief to their anxious guardian not to be everlastingly wondering whether they were lying about in the damp or going out with too few clothes to keep them warm.

But all through the winter voyage and the summer school of the year 1860, Coley Patteson was facing a new and heavy responsibility, which he knew was coming upon him. If, as Bishop Selwyn had decided, the time had come for Melanesia to have its own Bishop, there could be little doubt about who that Bishop was to be. Patteson himself, though he urged Bishop Selwyn to think how many a man must be fitter for the great work, yet knew quite well that his own experience of the islands, his understanding of the people and their languages, marked him out as the one who must shepherd them. *Noli episcopari*—'I don't want to be a Bishop,' many a good man said in the troubled early days of the Church, and the old stories tell how they ran away and

hid themselves and were discovered in all sorts of remarkable ways and made to shoulder the responsibility to which they had been called.

Coley Patteson did not run away, though he trembled at the thought of all those islands, the innumerable people—so wild and so ignorant—and he to be father of them all, to plan and to think, to pray and to suffer for them, all unworthy as he felt of so high an office.

They were like a family party, the little company of friends, gathered together at Auckland, at the end of February 1861. Only Mrs. Selwyn was wanting: she had sailed for England just before, primed with all sorts of messages for Feniton. But there was Bishop Selwyn to bless his 'son Timothy,' and Bishop and Mrs. Abraham, and the Judge and Lady Martin. To all of them, the Bishop-elect was just Coley, the friend whom some of them had known in his schooldays, whom they had watched and rejoiced over as he grew into his work.

They gathered, that little group of friends, in Bishop Selwyn's chapel, the night before the consecration, just their own selves, for a little service of intercession and preparation, and when they came out into the still, beautiful night, the harbour lying like a sheet of silver in the moonlight, the overshadowing power for which they had been praying seemed to have come very near. The next day was February 24, the remembrance day of St. Matthias, the chosen twelfth Apostle, called into the place 'from which Judas by transgression fell.'

'Grant that thy Church, being always preserved from false apostles, may be ordered and guided by faithful and true pastors.'

So Christian people were praying in all parts of the world that day, when Coleridge Patteson knelt in the church at Auckland, and was set apart as Bishop to the

Melanesian Islands. Ten of his brown-faced children had come from the college, and Tagalad, the little lad from Mota, came forward with bright, eager face, to hold the book from which the Gospel was read. Lady Martin, looking at the young Bishop kneeling in his white rochet, could not but think of the knights of old keeping vigil beside the arms which they were to wield for the honour of God and in defence of right. He looked so humble and yet, withal, so strong and steady. Only once his calmness wavered for a moment, and that was when Bishop Selwyn, in his sermon, spoke of the father from whose hands he had received his young helper—the father who had given his best and dearest so freely and unfalteringly for God's work. The Bible which he put into the hands of the new-made Bishop was the old book which Judge Patteson had given to his five-year-old son when Coley could spell out a chapter at his father's side. 'You are called to preach the Gospel to the poor,' said Bishop Selwyn, and his eyes turned to the ten island lads, to whom the young Bishop was to be shepherd and father.

That day, February 24, 1861, draws another great dividing line across Coleridge Patteson's life. It was not that he did anything so very different—the summer and the winter schools, the voyages among the islands, went on just the same—but henceforth the responsibility for all things Melanesian was on his shoulders. He looked back to the good days of those first voyages with his chief, when the wise head and the hard-won experience of the elder Bishop were always behind him and his business was to follow along and take his cue from his hero. Well, they had been very good days—he would be thankful for them all his life; but the time comes to most of us when we get pushed out into the front line and feel rather chilly

and lonely, but there can be no backing out or looking back.

The loneliness was coming to the new Bishop in another way during the same year. Right at the back of his thoughts, never allowed to spoil his work or to sadden other people, was the dread of the time when he could no longer pour out the story of everything that happened in his letters to his father, no longer get the opinion of the wise old Judge on church matters and books and politics. Any year, when he got his mail after three months' silence among the islands, the news might be that there would be no more letters in that dear familiar hand. If he ever talked of it to anyone, it was to his young colleague Mr. Dudley, as they paced up and down together outside the college or on the deck of the schooner. Ben Dudley knew that sometimes, when kindly friends declared that Mr. Patteson looked tired and haggard and ought to take more recreation, he had been lying awake at night thinking of his father failing day by day and missing the boy whose presence had been such a joy to him.

When he stood on the deck, with his hand on the sheets, silent for an hour on end, with his quiet eyes looking out across the blue water, Ben Dudley knew that he was seeing the drive up to Feniton Court, and the old man standing on the steps as he had stood to watch his son away.

Yet, when the blow came, as it did come that year, it came, like many things we have dreaded, with a great deal of joy and thankfulness mingling with the pain.

It was in May that the daughters at Feniton noticed one night at prayers that their father's voice was failing, and begged him to have advice about his throat. The doctor sent him to a leading London physician, who confirmed his opinion that a dangerous disease was at

work, which, if it did not yield to treatment, must very soon prove fatal.

Sir John took the verdict like the gallant Christian gentleman he was. He wrote at once to his boy, saying that he had promised always to tell the truth about himself and should do so now. He did not think that the waiting time would be long: he would dearly like to get the news of his son's consecration, but that would be just as God might see best.

He did have that happiness, and also another, the coming of Mrs. Selwyn, who went at once to Feniton when she reached England with all the latest news, the little everyday things that one doesn't put into letters, but which the home people were longing to hear. Both Coley himself and Bishop Selwyn wrote long accounts of the consecration service, and, on the evening of the day when the letters arrived, Sir John told his daughters that he would like to read family prayers once more. He had not done so for some weeks past, but on that evening his voice was clear and distinct as he said the prayer for those working in the foreign mission field.

'Especially John Coleridge Patteson, Missionary Bishop.'

It was like the words of the *Nunc Dimittis*, which Simeon spoke with the Saviour, so long looked for, in his arms. After that, Coley's father was ready to go. Two more letters he wrote, bit by bit, as he could manage it, then the faithful Judge, bright, kind, sunny as ever, went to hear his Master's 'Well done.'

That was in June 1861; it was not until August that Bishop Patteson got the news of his father's illness. He had been since June 12 in his old quarters at Mota, where he found all his property safe and the people quite friendly. They were beginning to give up some of their

old heathen customs, and he had to face the very difficult task of thinking out new work for them to take the place of the old fighting.

There was a good deal of illness among his party that year, and the Bishop's ear was bad again, making it difficult for him to work. One boy died, Henry Hrahuena, a Christian from Lifu Island. He was a good steady fellow, not very clever, but his religion was a real thing to him, and he left some happy, hopeful words written on his slate when he felt that he was not going to get better.

Altogether it was not a bad thing that, just when his patients were well enough for the Bishop to leave them, a British warship, the *Cordelia*, put into the harbour at Mota, with the offer to take him for a cruise to any of the islands he might like to visit. He accepted the help very gratefully, and there was a busy day of preparation and of leaving everything straight, so busy that he had only time to look at one of the budget of letters which had come on to him from New Zealand. That one was from Bishop Selwyn, and it prepared him a little for what he would find in those home letters in his father's hand. He got time for them at last, when the *Cordelia* was safe away from the risky shoals where he had to be pilot, and he could shut himself into his cabin, and read the last of those letters which had never missed a mail all through the last six years, and could pour out, just once more, all that he had to say in reply, knowing all the time that there was little hope that his father would ever read the words.

It was a help, that little rest on the comfortable, well-appointed gunboat, away from the hundred and one jobs of the mission settlement, and there was time to think and get hold of all the comfort that soon began to come.

He was quite ready for the news that met him, when, after finishing his time at Mota and starting homeward with the rest of his party, he landed for a Sunday at Norfolk Island. Mr. Nobbs, the clergyman, had got a newspaper, and, thinking that the Bishop must know all about it, he mentioned how he had seen the notice of Sir John Patteson's death. He was vexed enough with himself when he saw that his guest had not heard the news, but Coley set him at ease at once. He had been looking for it, he knew his father was just waiting for the call. And he went bravely through the little concert which the Norfolk Island folk had got up on purpose for him, and took the service next day, only faltering just a little when he had to read the Fifth Commandment.

In that great wedding Psalm, in which the bride, as she is called to her new life and work, is bidden to forget her own people and her father's house, there is a promise which used to come to Coley Patteson's mind in those days:

'Instead of thy fathers thou shalt have children.'

For his children were gathering about him.

Tagalad, the boy who had been withdrawn from the heathen rites in Mota, came back from the summer school to find his father dead. In the midst of his sorrow he could say now,

'Yes, Jesus Christ rose again. Death is not the end. How different it all seems!'

And for himself he said,

'I am quite your child now. Yes, one Father for us all in Heaven. You my father here. They ask me with whom I shall live now; I say, with the Bishop.'

And on Norfolk Island there were two lads, Edwin Nobbs, the clergyman's son, a fine strong young fellow of eighteen, and Fisher Young, whom Mrs. Selwyn had picked out years ago as one of the best and most promising

of the Pitcairn boys, who wanted, with their parents' full consent, to give themselves for the work in Melanesia.

Mrs. Young had held back for awhile, and then the thought of Hannah bringing her little boy to be 'lent to the Lord' came to her mind, and she gave her son fully and freely as Samuel was given.

So the happiness of fatherhood came to Coley in that time of loss.

And if some of the pain and the sacrifice that fatherhood may bring was by and by to come too, he would tell you himself that it was worth while.

CHAPTER VIII

THE CRUISE OF THE 'SEA BREEZE'

HE was very sleepy and rather down. The *Sea Breeze*, the sailing-boat that was doing duty for a mission schooner, lay becalmed one very hot Sunday night in September 1862. The thought of all those islands, some of them so big and so full of people, lay heavy on Patteson's mind. He wanted to be at least five people instead of one, that he might divide himself among them.

He was disappointed, too, about some of the San Cristoval boys, who ought to have come back to Auckland for the summer school and had decided to stay at home. Gariri was one of them, but then, Gariri, like the man in the parable, had married a wife, and Mrs. Gariri had never been away from San Cristoval, and probably had some say in the matter.

So the Bishop took the comfort of pouring out some of his puzzles to one of the uncles, who was evidently an understanding sort of person, quite useful when he wanted a safety-valve. 'Thank God, He sees the islands and loves them, how infinitely more than I can. He is, I trust, sending me to them. He will bless honest endeavour to do His will among them.' That sort of letter did him lots of good, for he always found that he had to set the encouragements against the discouragements, and they were sure, in the end, to make the scale dip on the hopeful side.

For the *Sea Breeze* had had an extraordinarily good voyage. He had twenty-one natives on board at that moment; there were to be fifty before he got back to Auckland. Many of them were from islands which had never sent a scholar before, and, even if a boy came for one season only, he always learnt something, and his teacher, on the other side, got the chance of picking up another language, and had a friend to introduce him when next he visited the island.

They had landed in many fresh places too; had gone further inland than they had ever ventured before. They had been quite well received at Tikopia, an island of which the traders and whalers usually fought shy. The people were brown giants, armed with clubs and spears, and—to put it mildly—decidedly rough, and the Bishop, who was by no means a small man, felt like a baby when one or two of them got hold of him. Their language was a new one, but he made them understand that he wanted some boys to come home with him and learn the wisdom of white men. Two or three full-grown giants promptly volunteered to go, but Patteson felt obliged to decline the honour. They would be sizes too big for the college until they had learnt rather more manners than they knew at present. But, though no scholar left with the schooner, the visit ended quite happily, and the Bishop, who had taken two of the quieter men out beyond the reef in his boat, waded back again to say good-bye to the turbulent giants on the beach, and departed very well pleased.

The new scholars came in all sorts of ways. Two of them the Bishop recruited from a great war canoe on its way to a fight. Two more, from an island called Ambryn in the New Hebrides, simply took the Bishop's hands and walked away with him through the surf to the boat,

though he couldn't speak a syllable of their language, and had done all his conversation by signs.

Another little chap was both seasick and homesick for the first few days, and then, having found his sea legs, struck up a warm alliance with the cook, and came to the conclusion that the galley of a mission schooner was a quite first-class residence. Indeed, the fact is on record that the scanty garments, which he had only just begun to wear, had to be let out considerably during the voyage. There was one boy from Ysabel, the most northerly of the Solomon Isles, where the Bishop had touched for the first time the year before on his cruise in the gunboat. The people had not forgotten him, and the chief came down with a cockatoo on his wrist, just as the barons in old days used to carry a falcon about, and, with the air of a monarch inquiring after a brother sovereign, asked for news of his good friend Captain Hume of the *Cordelia*.

So that the log of the *Sea Breeze* was really full of encouraging notes, when the ship headed for Auckland again in September 1862.

Mr. Dudley was on the sick list again, with bad rheumatism. In fact, he had to give up the Melanesian work soon afterwards, and was a real loss to the Bishop. But there were two other useful helpers, Mr. Pritt and Mr. Kerr, and friends in England had begun to write and inquire what sort of men he wanted, that they might keep a look-out for possible recruits.

Patteson wrote long, careful letters in reply. Badly as he wanted men, he would far rather go on as he was than get the wrong ones. There were three sorts of people for whom he had no use whatever: the sentimental kind, who talked tall talk about coral islands and coco-nuts and didn't realize that a Melanesian hut is exceedingly dirty and smelly; the man who was always thinking about

making sacrifices; and the 'pig gentleman,' who considered any sort of work beneath him.

The right man, the kindly, willing, cheery fellow, who would turn his hand to anything, would be welcome indeed. If he didn't prove to be cut out for Melanesia, there would be work for him in New Zealand. Just at present the first landing on an island was a one-man job. The Bishop wrote quite simply about it. He was always hugely amused by the missionary pictures of a neatly attired gentleman in black surrounded by natives eager to be taught. His landing costume was a pair of old trousers, a flannel shirt, and a battered wide-awake, and the natives were eager for nothing in the world but hatchets. He seldom allowed any of his three companions to come with him the first time. For one thing, none of them were first-class swimmers. Also, it took a little while to learn how to wade ashore among a crowd of naked cannibals with poisoned arrows ready on the string, to be ever on the watch and yet to keep up the air of cool confidence which was the only safeguard. Of course, he was used to it; he had been trained under Bishop Selwyn, but any nervousness or carelessness might bring trouble in a moment.

He knew the risk quite well, though he never let anyone over-state it.

Only a year before he had landed at Erromanga to find that the Martyr's Island had kept its reputation only too well. A young Scottish missionary, Mr. Gordon, the friend and often the kind host of the *Southern Cross* party, had been working there for three years with his wife. He had been speaking out very vigorously about some of the evil customs, telling the people that God would punish them for doing what they knew to be wrong. Sickness came to the island, and the natives, probably

believing that Mr. Gordon's warnings had something to do with it, attacked him one day in a little wood near his house, struck him down with a tomahawk, and killed him. His wife, hearing their shouts, came out to ask what was wrong, and a merciful blow killed her in a moment, bringing her and her brave husband together again before she had time to realize her loss.

The Bishop read the burial service over the new-made graves, in which the husband and wife had been laid together by a sandal-wood trader who had a station on the beach, and, knowing well what the news would mean to his own people, wrote at once to reassure them.

'Now, dear Joan, don't any of you think too much about the murder of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon, as if my life was exposed to the same kind of risk. There are not many places that as yet I am able to visit where I realize the fact of any danger being run. Yet it may happen that some poor fellow, who has a good cause to think ill of white men, or some mischievous, badly-disposed man, *may* let fly a random arrow or spear some day. If so, you will not so very much wonder, nor be so very greatly grieved.'

He had been shot at once and again, generally by a single arrow, shot by someone with a grudge or in a sudden moment of panic, or in just a spirit of mischief, for human life in the islands was cheap enough. One headland on Mota Island had been given the meaning name of 'Cock-Sparrow Point,' a gentleman with bow and arrow being usually busy there.

Once, two parties of islanders, who were selling yams to the *Southern Cross*, disagreed as to who was getting the most hatchets, and proceeded to shoot at each other across the Bishop. He waded safely back to the boat, rather heavily laden with yams; but, even if the opposing parties have no quarrel with you, it takes some coolness

and self-control to go quietly on with your job, while flights of arrows, probably poisoned, are singing over your head. When an arrow was pointed at him personally, the Bishop always stood quite still and looked with his irresistible smile straight into the face of the man who was preparing to shoot. The arrow always dropped. It was simply impossible, even for a South Sea Island cannibal, to shoot that serene, smiling white man at close quarters without a very definite reason for doing so.

The fear was that the reason might be provided by the white man's own fellow-countrymen.

There was a certain island called Mai, one of the New Hebrides, where Mr. Patteson had often landed and from which boys had come to the college. During his cruise in the *Sea Breeze*, he put in to Mai as usual and landed, taking one or two of his party, as this was a friendly island, leaving Mr. Dudley and our old friend Wadrokal, now a Christian and a married man, in the boat to wait for them.

The natives on the beach were armed, but he was quite used to this, and not at all disturbed, only he missed a young chief, Peterè by name, who had been to Auckland and was always ready with his welcome. The Bishop asked after him, and was told that he was ill; then that he had died. The people who gathered about the visitors, as they walked a mile and a half to Peterè's village, seemed restless and ill at ease, and presently raised a great chorus of wailing. Then one of them, an old pupil at the college, came forward with the true story.

'We do not wish to deceive you; we know that you loved Peterè. Peterè was killed by an Englishman. He shot him in the forehead.'

It was a strange feeling for the Bishop to walk back to the beach among that crowd of armed, naked heathen,

knowing, as he did, the old rough law of justice among savage people, whereby a life must be taken for a life. And, to the untaught islander, one white man was pretty much the same as another, and anyone might be held responsible for the sins of his countrymen. Ben Dudley and Wadrokal, watching from the boat, saw several men rush out from among the trees and stand, as if waiting for someone on the shore. Then other men arrived, who distributed leaves of the 'kava,' or pepper-plant, among those on the beach, and these at once scattered, talking and apparently quite friendly and peaceful. Clearly, they had received some sort of signal of good will. If there had been danger it was over. The Bishop himself was sure that the question of killing him in vengeance for their kinsman had been discussed, but that he had been spared because, as they said, he loved Peterè. So certain did he feel that he was safe among Peterè's countrymen, that he spent the night among them to assure them of his confidence.

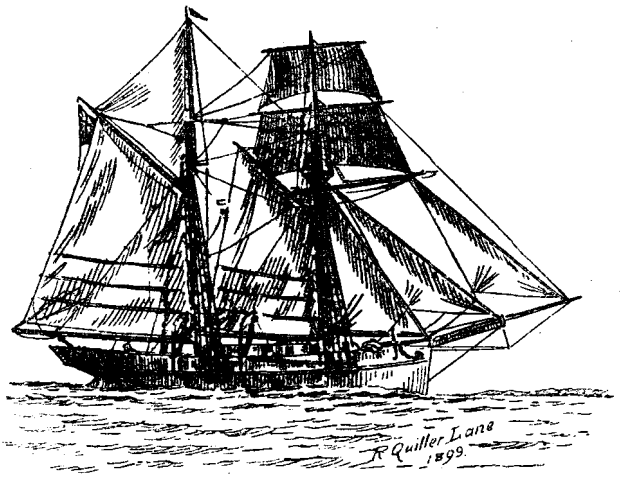
But white men might shoot other islanders in places where their kindred had not learnt that 'Bisopè' loved them, and then, if they followed the law of their tribe and took vengeance, who was to blame?

The summer at Kohimarama that followed the cruise of the *Sea Breeze* began happily enough. They were a very large party at the college, and there were some promising boys among them. Young Tagalad and Sarawia from the Banks Islands, and several others, were baptized on New Year's Day.

Sarawia—he was called George at his baptism—used to tell of how he first came aboard the *Southern Cross*, and of how he looked the strange white men up and down and came to the conclusion that their feet were undoubtedly made of iron.

How he wished he had never adventured himself among them, when the sun set and they all gathered in the cabin and knelt down. The Bishop spoke by himself and everyone said 'Amen,' and Sarawia, feeling certain that the order had gone forth that the visitors should be straightway killed and eaten, gave up all for lost!

But morning came, and he was still alive and well.



THE 'SOUTHERN CROSS,' NO. 2.
93 Tons Yawl-rigged Brigantine, 1863 to 1873. Built at Southampton.

Next year he went to the winter school at Auckland. Some of his companions took fright when the ship weighed anchor, jumped overboard, and swam home.

But Sarawia stayed. He was going to trust the white men this time; he had seen, he said, that their words and deeds agreed. That was five years ago, and now Sarawia was the Christian George. Already he had built himself a house in his own island of Vanua Lava, and had marked it with a cross. He was not specially clever, but he was

going to be a leader of his people in more ways than one.

The two young recruits from Norfolk Island, Edwin Nobbs and Fisher Young, were getting quite helpful as teachers, and there were two new workers from New Zealand, students at St. John's College, John Palmer and Joseph Atkin.

'You would never give me a chance to speak to you, sir,' young Atkin said, after Coley had accepted him.

To which the Bishop replied that it was perfectly true; he wanted to give Joe time to think it well over, and, not a bad thing to tell an independent young colonial, he wanted to speak to his father first.

At the end of February came a tremendous joy. The beautiful new *Southern Cross*, built and fitted by friends at home, came slipping into Auckland Harbour. And aboard her was Mr. Capel Tilly, late officer of H.M.S. *Cordelia*, who had cast in his lot with the mission, had watched over the building of the new boat, and had come out with her as sailing-master.

Very joyous, grateful letters came home to the people who had helped to send out this second mission ship, and had chosen the chronometers and other instruments, which were exactly what were wanted.

'The after cabin,' wrote the Bishop, 'is too luxurious; but, then, that may be wanted for sick folk, and, as it is luxurious, why, I shall get a soft bed and take to it very kindly.'

Mr. Tilly wrote afterwards, how the Bishop first came aboard in trousers and shirt, after bringing his boat through the surf of the bay, stepping on deck 'more like a sailor than a clergyman,' and talking about the ship in a way that satisfied the captain that here was a man who knew all about the job.

So things were very happy at St. Andrew's up to the middle of March. Then there came to the college such a time of trouble as had never been known there before. Sickness broke out among the island boys, a very bad form of dysentery, and though the doctors tried every possible remedy, nothing seemed to be of any use in stemming the terrible tide of suffering and death.

The Melanesians are like a good many other primitive people : very strong of limb, equal to any amount of swimming and climbing and carrying heavy weights, but when illness comes they go down directly and seem to have no power of resistance at all. Between twenty and thirty lay dangerously ill at the same time. The hall, where the merry party had sat at their long family table, was turned into a hospital ward. Those who had not yet sickened were put on board the boat.

'How we go on I scarce know,' the Bishop wrote in a piteous little note to those at home. Yet he took care to say that everyone was at their best—the poor boys themselves so brave and patient, his colleagues working so hard, the Melanesian staff showing all their good points.

Mr. Pritt and Mr. Palmer were the cooks; Bishop Selwyn, best of sick nurses, came to help. As for Coley himself, he seemed hardly to sleep night or day. He said himself that he dared not think or realize the horror of it all lest he should break down altogether.

To the very gates of death he went with his boys, and when all was over he would carry the little wasted body out by night to lay it in the grave, that the living might not be scared at another death.

Only once his self-control nearly deserted him; that was when a seventeen-year-old lad from Mota, the pride of his father's heart, lay dying, and the Bishop, wrapping him in his white shroud, carried him into the college chapel

and there baptized him. Then his voice failed him altogether, and the words of the baptismal service came out half choked with tears. It was the thought of their people on the islands that was so dreadful—the untaught, heathen people who had trusted him with their children and who knew nothing about the life of the world to come.

'I see his poor mother's face now! What shall I say to her?'

So he thought as he knelt beside one of his dying children, a little fellow of ten or twelve. Six gaps in the ranks there were when the sickness wore itself out at last, and the Bishop watched thankfully the old bright smile coming back to the faces of his boys. It was good to see the college taking on its old look again, to be able to think of the ordinary work in the school and on the farm and to prepare for the sailing of the new *Southern Cross* in May. And Coley being, like all wise people, on the look-out for 'the rainbow through the rain,' found it in the help that he had got out of his Norfolk Island boys. He looked back to the old Eton days, and vowed that he himself would never have come out half so well. They worked so hard, they were so punctual, so conscientious. He was tremendously hopeful about them.

So the father of this big family had his fair share of both joys and sorrows during that summer term. One is bound to have both if one loves well enough. Years afterwards, his friend and sailing-master, Mr. Tilly, wrote about something that he had never forgotten. The Bishop had waded ashore on a new island while Mr. Tilly waited for him in the boat, lying off a few yards from the beach. Some two hundred of the natives gathered about him, and he walked along the shore talking to them, then waded out to the boat again, and sat there while the islanders came round in their canoes. It was quite an

ordinary first visit; he had done the same thing scores of times.

But what struck Mr. Tilly was not anything particular that happened, but just the expression on the Bishop's face as he looked at the island people, the wonderful gentleness, the love, and the longing.

One might have seen that look perhaps on the face of Him Who wept over Jerusalem. A writer, who fancied it on the face of St. Paul, tried to put his thought thus into words:

> " Then with a rush the intolerable craving
> Shivers throughout me like a trumpet call,—
> Oh, to save these! to perish for their saving;
> Die for their life, be offered for them all! "

CHAPTER IX

THE ROAD OF THE HOLY CROSS

THE cruise of 1863 was a short one.

The Bishop landed his party at Mota, and went off on a housekeeping trip, to get yams, which were short that season, for his family.

He had some sad meetings with the parents of his dead boys, and their wonderful trust and confidence in him were more touching than any reproaches. 'It is all well, Bisopè, you did all you could,' said the father of the lad whom he had baptised in his last moments in the worst of the trouble.

But when he came back with his stores to Mota, he found the trouble there too. The same disease had broken out, and people were dying in the same helpless way. Mr. Pritt had taken on invalid cooking again, only here there was next to nothing that you *could* cook for an invalid.

Very reluctantly the Bishop felt that he ought to take his party back to New Zealand. He hated leaving Mota in such trouble, but he had no right to put boys from other places within reach of a disease which had proved so fatal to them. Mr. Tilly, too, was ill with rheumatism, and there seemed nothing for it but to close the winter school for this season. There was a certain amount of illness at the college again this summer, one or two cases of the

same thing, not so bad as last year, but enough to give the Bishop a good deal of anxiety and to set him wondering, as he had wondered more than once, whether, after all, New Zealand was the right place to bring the Melanesians for their summer schooling. New Zealand was a sad place altogether just then, for the horrible Maori war was raging between the white colonists and the native people —a war caused by blunders and misunderstandings, dragging on year after year, sowing fresh seeds of trouble and bitterness. To Bishop Selwyn it meant the undoing of years of work among the Maori population, and the younger Bishop had to hold himself in readiness to leave New Zealand at short notice with his scholars if necessary. Happily it did not come to that, and in February he had an interesting little trip to Australia. Money had been subscribed there for the Melanesian work, and he felt that people ought to have a first-hand report of what was being done.

So he went in turn to Adelaide, Melbourne, Sydney, and Brisbane, and preached to big congregations and talked at big meetings. He owned that he felt rather shy to begin with, much more shy than if the people who welcomed him had been black and tattooed and had offered him coco-nuts instead of thin bread and butter. But he had a straight message to give them, the message that those who called themselves Christians had a duty to their neighbours who had never learnt their good news, whether they were Australian blacks or Chinese emigrants or South Sea Islanders. And give it he did, in very straight simple language, without any tall talk or twaddle, always insisting that the plan for getting at the islanders was Bishop Selwyn's plan, not his, and that all he could do was just to try to carry it out. And when we hear that at one meeting at Melbourne he kept 1,500 children as

still as mice for an hour and a half, except for occasional cheers, it is very evident that he was not dull.

Everywhere people were keen and interested, and a great deal of money was subscribed. Also there was a plan for using Curtis Island, near the Queensland coast, as an extra school, where the climate would be warmer than in New Zealand, and where the mission might be able to help the natives of Australia, who had had hard measure from the early British colonists, and wanted help and teaching very badly.

The Bishop got back to St. Andrew's at the end of April, and the *Southern Cross* sailed in May.

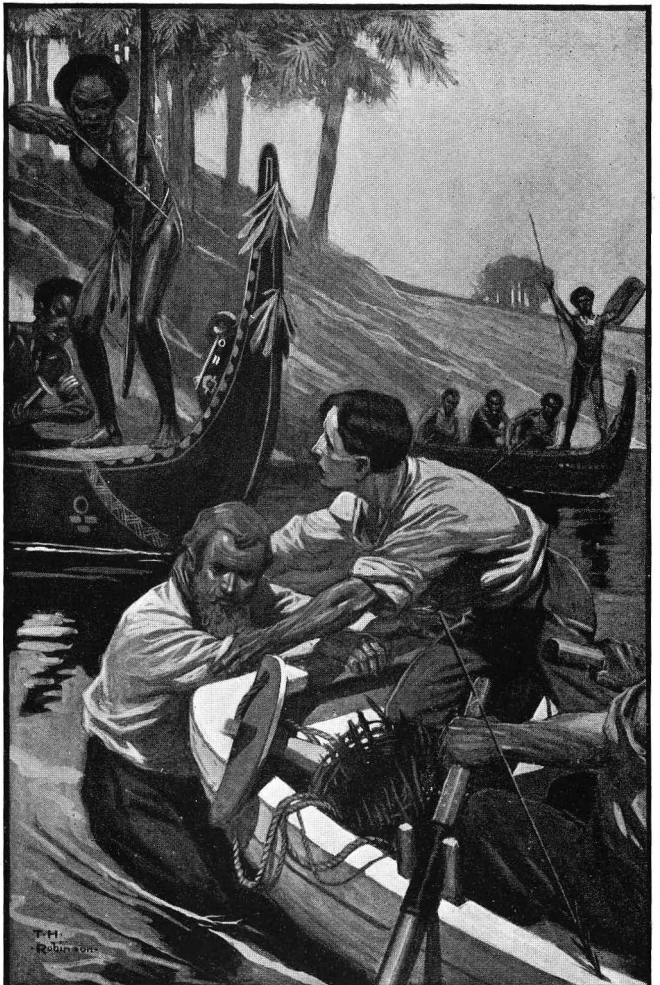
Things at Mota had cheered up again ; the sickness had worn itself out. The Bishop made a short stay there, meaning afterwards to inspect Curtis Island and see whether it were really a likely place for the future school, and then to go northward to Santa Cruz.

Thither he went in August 1864.

Santa Cruz (Holy Cross). The Spanish name was almost the only trace that Mendana, the daring navigator, the first European visitor, left behind him. He little knew what his name for those islands would come to mean for Englishmen, nor how it would recall some words written by a wise man some five hundred years ago :

' How dost thou seek another way than this royal way, which is the way of the Holy Cross ? '

It was August 15 when the Bishop landed in the usual way, wading over the reef while the boat waited for him just beyond it. Fisher Young pulled the stroke oar, and Edwin Nobbs and another young Norfolk Islander, Hunt Christian, with the new recruit, Joe Atkin, and Pearce, an English sailor belonging to the *Southern Cross*, made up the crew.



JUST AS THE BOAT HAD TAKEN HIM ABOARD

The Santa Cruz folk were a fine, strong race. They had been friendly enough at the time of the Bishop's last visit, and they seemed friendly to-day. They were there in hundreds, on the beach, all over the reef, and lying round in their canoes. Three times the Bishop went ashore at different points on the beach; the people would hardly let him go, they swam out with him, and held on to him so that he had some difficulty in getting free from them.

Then suddenly, just as the boat had taken him aboard, with no word of threat or of warning, there came a storm of the long, deadly arrows. The Bishop had not shipped the rudder, and he held it up as he stood in the bows of the boat, trying to shield his boys. He glanced behind him, and saw Pearce lying with an arrow in his chest. Joe Atkin had taken his oar; Edwin's face was streaming with blood, an arrow in his cheek close to the eye. The Bishop's quiet voice gave the order:

'Pull.! Port oars! Pull on steadily.'

They did pull steadily, the gallant little crew, with the deadly weapons flying about them. There was one little cry from Fisher as an arrow pierced his wrist. Once Edwin, wounded as he was, called out the quick warning:

'Look out, sir! close to you.'

But everywhere the arrows were close, there was nothing to be done but to make for the schooner as swiftly as might be, the swarm of canoes following through an awful twenty minutes. The marvel was that anyone escaped.

The ship was reached at last. The natives in the canoes, certain that vengeance would be taken, turned and fled for the shore. The wounded could be laid in the after cabin, which the Bishop had called too luxurious, and everything done for them that was possible.

Pearce's wound, more than five inches deep, seemed much the worst. He thought himself dying, and was very quiet and brave, giving last messages between his panting breaths, while the Bishop poulticed and bandaged him. Joseph Atkin had got the broken arrow out of Edwin's wound. It had not touched his eye and was not deep, the point just passing through his cheek. Fisher had the arrow broken into his wrist; the Bishop had to cut deeply to get it out, and finally took hold of the point and pulled it through, the brave boy bearing the terrible pain in silence, though he trembled and shivered with agony.

The Bishop knew what in that climate was the chief thing to be dreaded. He was glad to see the wounds bleeding, knowing that there would be less danger of poisoning. He kept on poulticing day by day, watching narrowly, praying and hoping that all might yet be right. But five days later Fisher, who had seemed to be doing well, sent a chill to his friend's heart by saying 'I can't make out what makes my jaws feel so stiff.'

We cannot say much about the days that followed, the terrible pain of the death by tetanus, and the agony of the father-friend who had to watch it. All that part has been over long ago. The glorious thing to remember is the boy's splendid courage, his patience and unselfishness.

The broken words that he spoke in his suffering were all trustful and grateful, and full of thought for other people.

'Kiss me,' he whispered as the Bishop moved from his side for a few minutes' rest. 'I am very glad I was doing my duty. Tell my father that I was in the path of duty, and he will be so glad. Poor Santa Cruz people!' And as Coley threw himself on his couch, choking down

his sobs, Mr. Tilly heard the boy say gently, 'Poor Bishop!'

No word of complaint for himself, his pity was for the Bishop, breaking his heart for his boy, for the untaught island folk who knew not what they did. When his mind wandered his thoughts were of holy things. Just before the end he looked with clear, conscious eyes up into the Bishop's face.

'They never stop singing there, sir, do they?'

And at last the poor, tortured body, stiff like a bar of iron, fell back upon Patteson's arm, and the brave, pure soul passed into peace.

A little later the same dreaded symptoms appeared in Edwin. Day after day the Bishop still hoped against hope; Edwin was such a fine strong young fellow, three years older than Fisher. His wound had not been nearly so bad; it seemed even now as if he might pull through. It was a long and very terrible fight between his youth and strength and the dread disease. Just like his younger comrade and neighbour, his courage and patience, his brave faith and trust never failed. The words of his delirium were almost always prayers. The watchers could only give thanks when rest came to him at last as he lay in the Bishop's arms, in the early hours of a September morning. Pearce, whose wounds had seemed so much the most dangerous, pulled through safely.

Fisher Young lies on Mota Island in a quiet spot near Port Patteson, the bay which Bishop Selwyn had named after Coley's father; Edwin's body sleeps under the blue water of the South Pacific.

'A passage perilous maketh a port pleasant,' runs the old saying. There is no need to be sorry for those who went to that pleasant port by the royal way of the Holy Cross.

'They were in the simple discharge of their duty. Their intention and wish were to aid in bringing to those poor people the Gospel of Christ. It has pleased God that in the execution of this great purpose they should have met with their death. Surely there is matter for comfort here.'

So Coley managed to write, even in the first freshness of this terrible grief. He had begun his letter on Fanny's birthday, August 27. He never missed a family birthday, and it was a little bit of comfort to talk on paper to Fan in the dreadful days after Fisher was gone and when he was fighting for Edwin's life.

'Dear Fan,' he wrote, 'Fisher most of all supplied to me the absence of earthly relations and friends. He was my boy; I loved him as I think I never loved anyone else. I don't mean *more* than you all, but in a different way—as a parent loves a child. I can hardly think of my little room at Kohimarama without him.'

'It was hard,' he wrote to another friend, 'to feel thankful that I was left.'

So he too, like the father in the old Bible story, went up into the mountain, and we can only bow our heads as we watch from afar off.

He turned to his work quietly and bravely, but he never looked quite the same again. He seemed to have grown years older in those few days.

As for young Joe Atkin, his mind was made up during that time to give himself altogether to the Melanesian work. He never talked about those days, but he took as his own, once and for all, the cause for which those two brave lives had been given.

They went back to New Zealand early that year.

The Bishop tried in vain to put in at Norfolk Island and to break the news himself to the bereaved families there,

but the weather was bad, and it was impossible to land. So he went back to the usual summer school at St. Andrew's, and took the regular routine of teaching and housekeeping without the two who had been growing so useful. He had other good helpers, and was very thankful for them. Mr. Pritt was splendid on the farm. The college had its own cows now, and they got milk and butter enough for themselves and some over to sell. Mr. Palmer was printer, and some of his pupils were coming on well—in fact, George Sarawia was setting up and printing almost by himself the Mota translation of the Book of the Acts. Joe Atkin was reading the Greek Testament with the Bishop. And the Bishop himself was more busy than ever, for he had all the correspondence with Australia which had grown out of his visit there.

He went to Norfolk Island next June, and met the kindred of his two brave boys and comforted them with the comfort that had come to himself. He went to Santa Cruz, too, not landing this time, but lying off the shore until the canoes came out with all sorts of native work for exchange. He did not mean to run into danger unnecessarily, and he had Joe Atkin with him, who was an only son. But he wanted the people to understand that he took no vengeance. So he bought, with the South Sea current coin of hatchets and knives and fish-hooks, anything they liked to bring.

He had a big party to bring back with him that year, among them several little girls under the charge of George Sarawia's wife, Sarah. Mr. Pritt was married, and his wife was ready to help in training some of these wild island maidens, as Mrs. Selwyn and Mrs. Abraham had done, that there might be Christian wives ready to help the Christian boys by and by.

The youngest lady of the party was the most obstre-

perous, namely, the daughter of Wadrokal and his wife Carrie; she was three years old, and apparently a young person who liked her own way and mostly got it.

The Bishop had to leave his big household for a little while in December, as Australia wanted him again. The plan of a school on Curtis Island was still being discussed, and it was a question whether some of the Australian blacks should be sent there for teaching. Bishop Patteson was quite decided about one thing. If he took any Australian pupils among his Melanesians they must be the genuine article, the real native, not the poor, broken-down, half-and-half sort of being to whom the white man had taught all his bad ways and nothing beyond. He was ready enough to help any poor soul in the world of men for whom Christ died, but it wasn't fair on his boys to mix them up with people who had to start by unlearning everything they had picked up from their English neighbours.

He had a very happy time in Australia, and one real treat—a visit to friends in a lovely house near Sydney, where there were pictures and carvings and bronzes such as he had loved in the old days of his foreign tours, and a beautiful church like those in the old country, and people who played Beethoven's and Mendelssohn's music to his heart's content.

'I must take care I am not spoilt,' he wrote, and it certainly was a change and a refreshment after the hut at Mota, where he slept on the table, and lizards had a way of coming through the roof, and occasionally bit you.

And one thing happened during this visit which was to make a great difference to his work.

Sir John Young, Governor of New South Wales, made an offer to the Mission of a site for a college on Norfolk Island.

There were a great many things to be said for the place. It was six hundred miles nearer than Auckland to the Melanesian Islands, and that particular six hundred miles was the worst bit of the voyage, cold and stormy and difficult, because the winds were usually wrong. If his G.H.Q. were there, the Bishop could go backwards and forwards during the winter months, from May to October, and bring fresh pupils, instead of crowding up the schooner with one big party once a year.

Then there was the wonderful fertility of the place, where you could grow yams and sugar-cane and most things that Melanesians like, though they would have to do without their coco-nuts. The climate was much more like that of their own islands, so that there would be less chance of their getting ill, and they would be able to live a more natural life without feeling that English clothes and English houses were a necessary part of Christianity.

The Bishop had begun to feel, as most missionaries do nowadays, that there is always a danger of uncivilized people copying the dress and the outside ways of Europeans and being contented with that instead of going any deeper. We have got to get it home to them that they must be good Africans and good Melanesians, not cheap copies of Englishmen, with nothing but a thin veneer on the top and the fierce, greedy, old heathen heart just the same underneath. It would be easier to teach that lesson in Norfolk Island than in New Zealand, where, if only for the sake of the warmth, they had to live more or less as the colonists did.

Then, again, it would be a help to the Pitcairners, those strange, mixed people with the blood of the English sailors and the brown South Sea Islanders in their veins. There was something surely owing to the island which had sent those two gallant boys to their death. Some-

how, it seemed right to consecrate their island to the work for which they had given themselves.

So, all that winter, Patteson thought over and talked over the possibility of a new home on that fertile rock in the Southern Sea.

CHAPTER X

THE WEAVING OF THE NET

BISHOP PATTESON had a saying about the meaning of the word 'education,' which covers the ground better than a good many books which have been written on the subject.

'Education,' said he, 'means teaching people to bear responsibilities, and laying responsibilities upon them when they are able to bear them.'

He wrote to the boys at Eton, who backed up his work by their money, that there were two ways of looking at heathen people. You could think of them as children who were going to be children always, who were to look up to the white man for everything, and to do the work that the white man didn't care to do, who needn't bother to think for themselves, and could just be satisfied all their lives long to have their consciences kept for them and to do as they were told. That is one way in which the little black brother gets treated, even by those who look upon him as a little brother, and really want to make him good and happy on their own lines. And the other, the Patteson way, is to believe that to every man, black or white, God gives the power to do the work for which He put us into the world—to help other people and bring them along in the right way. And the real education is the teaching of people to use that power, and giving them, bit by bit, as they are ready for it, the chance to use it.

He would gather his brown class together and help them to tell him in their own words the old story that we find in the Book of the Acts.

'Did God tell Saul what he was to do?'

'No; He sent Ananias to tell him.'

'Did the Angel tell Cornelius what to do?'

'No; he told him to send for Peter.'

'How did you hear about God?'

'God sent you to us.'

'Now listen: how are your people to hear these things?'

And the earnest brown faces grew shy and thoughtful, and somebody said:

'We must teach them.'

Or one of them, alone with the Bishop, sitting in the flickering firelight some chilly evening, would talk about the changes that had come to his own island.

'They don't fight as they used to do; they don't go about armed now.'

'What is the reason, do you think?'

'Why, they know about you, and see you now and then; and Henry Tagalad talked to them, and I talked a little to them, and they asked me about our ways here, and they want to learn.'

'Well, you must try hard to learn, that you may teach them, for remember *you* must do it.'

For the hope of the Melanesian Mission has always been to win the islands by means of a 'black net with white corks'—to train Christian natives to be missionaries to their own people, with the white man as guide and adviser until they have learnt to do without him. That was the thought in Bishop Selwyn's mind when he landed at Auckland early one morning after an island trip, and roused Mrs. Selwyn from her morning dreams by bursting

into her room with the triumphant news, 'I've got them!'

'Them' being the first party of little brown Melanesians whom he had brought to New Zealand to learn that they might teach.

That was the thought in Bishop Patteson's mind when he landed on a new island and began the fascinating work of getting hold of its language. He wrote to his learned friends at home that he had little time now for the old scholarly pleasures of comparing dialects and constructing grammars. What he wanted to know was how a Melanesian thought and how he put his thoughts into words.

Seemingly, the thoughts of Melanesians, like those of Shakespeare's women, fly far ahead of their actions, for when an Englishman says,

'When I get there, it will be night,' a South Sea Islander jumps straight to the goal and tells you:

'I am there; it is night.'

Or your fellow-traveller hustles you out of your morning sleep with the cry:

'Hulloa! It is already night.'

Which, being translated into English, would read,

'Now then, tumble up—we ought to be off if we are to get in before dark.'

'And a very neat way of expressing it!' said the Bishop.

He had made the Mota dialect the regular language of the college. It was good for the boys of different islands, who were always inclined to be distrustful of each other, to mix up together and speak the same tongue, and it was far easier for them to learn Mota than to learn English. The fellow-workers had to study Mota first, and then to take up the dialect of some other island,

that they might teach the new boys from that place, and by and by, perhaps, stay there themselves. The amazing thing was to hear the Bishop go from one language to another as he talked to the different boys. As one of his helpers said, he really spoke the languages better than they did, because, with his educated mind, he could make the words mean more than an uneducated native could ever do.

He had got a new island, and a very interesting one, on his visiting list, Ysabel, in the Solomon group. He went there first in H.M.S. *Cordelia*, the year of his father's death, and he had been back there since and had brought scholars away. They had queer customs, the Ysabel folk; the island was not exactly a safe or a comfortable place to live on. The people of one village attacked the people of another, cut off their heads and danced around them. The friends of the people whose heads had been cut off retorted by swooping down upon the first village, killing as many as they could lay hands on, burning their huts, and spoiling their crops. Therefore, those who survived, feeling their own heads exceedingly unsafe upon their shoulders, devised a refuge of a very novel and startling kind, where they might spend the night well out of reach of their stirring neighbours. The Bishop had heard of these houses of theirs and very much wanted to see one, so he paid a call on the Ysabelites, and invited himself to stay the night.

But the upstairs rooms baffled even him. They were built on the upper boughs of enormous trees, the bases of which were something like fifty feet round, and the distance from the floor of the house to the ground was ninety-four feet. You went up by a ladder made of a pole with pieces of wood lashed across it by the tough trailing vines which twine about the trees in a tropical

forest. The people ran up and down in the most casual way, without attempting to hold on, but Pasvorang, the young Melanesian from another island, who had gone ashore with the Bishop, had about as much as he could do to get safely up and down again.

'Don't you go,' he said to his chief when he found himself safe on firm ground again; 'going aloft is nothing to it.' For he was quite happy among the shrouds of the *Southern Cross*.

The Bishop's shoes were wet and slippery, and he decided, for that night at any rate, to risk a visit from the head-hunting neighbours, and, what was more likely, the chance of scorpions, and to stay ignominiously down below. He told his host that he was not a bird, and had no wings to save him if he slipped, but they evidently thought him peculiar in his tastes.

He did go aloft next day, with Joe Atkin, and the two took careful measurements of the extraordinary house, which was about twenty-three feet in length, counting the narrow veranda at the end, with a floor of bamboo, and the roof and walls of palm-leaf thatch. It was only six feet high to the top of the roof pole, and the place was crowded with people and horribly dirty.

In fact, the Bishop vowed that to come back to the schooner and to sit on a stool which, if not soft, was at least clean, was like finding oneself in a palace.

He put in ten days at San Cristoval on that same trip, renting a hut for a hatchet, at which price it was distinctly dear. He could only stand upright in the very middle of his lodging, but the roof was more or less rainproof, and the bathroom, a good stream of fresh water, was only a quarter of an hour away. He wrote a delightful letter to Joan and Fanny, begging them not to whisper it to any of the Missionary Societies for fear all the subscriptions

should stop, but Mr. Tilly had bought, for the price of a tenpenny hatchet, ' a little turtle, a veritable turtle, with green fat and all the rest of it,' and the *Southern Cross* had been feasting on that dish for Mayors and aldermen, turtle soup !

It was on the way back from this trip that a little boy, Watè by name, from a new village, tumbled overboard. The ship was racing ten knots before the wind, and it took five minutes to stop her and ten to pick him up, but, true water-baby that he was, he was not a penny the worse. Watè came to be Joseph by and by, Mr. Atkin's godson and his own special boy.

The schooner put in at Norfolk Island, and there the Bishop dropped Mr. Palmer and fifteen boys to start the new school, to which he hoped to move altogether early in the next year. It was a really big move, and meant giving up a good deal that made life in New Zealand very pleasant to Bishop Patteson, chiefly, of course, the frequent visits from Bishop Selwyn and the good friends and neighbours, Sir William and Lady Martin.

But, on the other hand, it set him free from a great many odd jobs that he was always having to do for the colonials, and from those dear good folks who, having nothing particular to do themselves, have a way of dropping in for no particular reason and wasting the time of busy people about things that don't matter in the least.

It was like the Bishop to write all his reasons for the change most carefully and fully to his cousin, Miss Yonge, for she had so much to do with Kohimarama that he couldn't bear the idea of her feeling hurt at St. Andrew's College being given up. Miss Yonge knew better, of course, but it was just the sort of thing her cousin would

do. Living among savages never made him careless about how other people felt.

It was on March 25, just twelve years since the day when he walked away down the drive from Feniton Court, that he started the advance guard off to join Mr. Palmer in Norfolk Island. Mr. Pritt and his wife were staying in New Zealand, but there was Joseph Atkin and Mr. Brooke, the two young laymen looking forward to ordination, and a big party of Melanesians, among them good George Sarawia and his wife Sarah, who was to look after the girls. Joe Atkin's only sister, Mary, stood by the Bishop's side on the beach watching the *Southern Cross* as she slipped away into the distance, and he spoke a word or two to her about that day twelve years ago, and of his own sisters whom he had never seen since. It must have given the New Zealand girl, whose brother was not going so far out of reach, a fellow-feeling with those two unknown sisters in Devonshire.

A week or two later all the dismantling and the packing were done. The wooden houses were taken down, the accounts made up, the good-byes said, and the Bishop, with two Englishmen—Mr. Codrington, an Oxford man like himself; and a new recruit, Mr. Bice—and thirty-one Melanesians, sailed for the new home. It was time for the island voyage, so he only stayed a few days at Norfolk Island, long enough to see and to be delighted with all that Mr. Palmer had been able to do in getting the place into order. Then the *Southern Cross* went on to Mota, where all hands had to get to work to thatch a big enough bit of the damaged hut to keep the rain out. As for the lizards, they came and went at their own sweet will. You could get rid of them in native fashion, by closing up everything, and lighting fires inside till you were smoked like a herring, but the Bishop, in common with

most Englishmen, thought the lizards were the lesser evil.

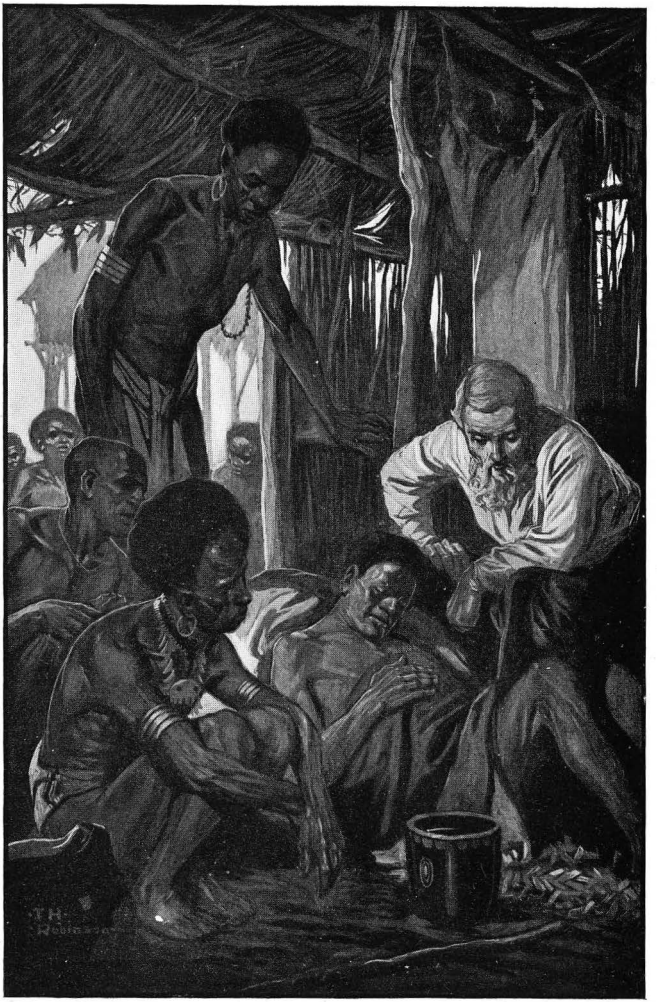
Mota folk had been misbehaving themselves, and the memory of the old grief came back upon Coley when he found a young fellow wounded by an arrow and beginning to show the deadly signs of tetanus. The suffering was less terrible than it had been with his own boys, and the lad listened eagerly while the Bishop talked about the Father Who loved all His children, and the Saviour Who died to make men fit for the Father's house. The earthly life, with the fighting and the fishing, the canoes and the coco-nuts, was slipping away from him, and a new understanding seemed to have come to him, a very simple belief like that of a little child. He talked in his simple fashion to the unseen Saviour.

'Help me; wake me; make my heart light; take away the darkness. I wish for You, I want to go to You; I don't want to think about this world.'

So Bishop Patteson baptized him, giving him for name a long, soft-sounding Mota word, which had been often on his own lips, and which meant 'I want the Saviour.' He lay in his dirty hut, stiffened and racked by the awful disease, his friends wailing round about him; but with a new joy and wonder in his simple heart.

And the Englishman, who had sought him out and brought him to the knowledge of the Good Shepherd, sat in his ramshackle hut, with the perpetual stream coming in and out, to ask questions or to listen to teaching or only to stare and pass the time, and wondered how the Christian faith could best be made a power in the lives of these people, something that would change their old ways and stop the hating and fighting.

Then it was that George Sarawia came to him with a plan which he and some of his friends had been considering.



THE ENGLISHMAN . . . SAT IN HIS RAMSHACKLE HUT

Why not start a Christian village here in Mota? Why should not he and his wife and some more of the Bishop's baptized pupils settle down as a little colony, living just as their neighbours did, except for their heathen worship and evil customs, and show the people that one could be a true Christian and yet a true Pacific Islander?

'It is so hard for the boys,' pleaded George, who knew it by experience, 'only one or two among eighty or ninety heathen; the temptations are too strong.' It did seem to be the answer to the question over which the Bishop had been puzzling. There was plenty of land to be had, it only wanted fencing and planting. You could get labour enough for the payment of a few knives and fish-hooks, and as for the fertility of the place, why things grew almost too fast; the Bishop was already suffering from the discovery which most people know who have done any planting, that he had put his trees much too thick, and must set to work at felling if he didn't want to be absolutely closed in.

So he and George inspected a piece of 'Delectable Building Ground,' and solemnly bought it for a given number of pigs and hatchets. The fruit-trees, coco-nut and bread-fruit and bananas, belonged to different owners, and it was very nice when the father of an old scholar would come and say:

'This tree belongs to me and my son, and my son is your boy, you must not pay for that; it is yours.'

All the same, the Bishop felt it was wiser to make it a matter of business. So he bought the property, fruit-trees and all, and began at once to build upon it those castles in the air which hopeful people are continually planning and turning later on into solid and useful dwelling-places.

Soon he had to be getting back to his own particular castle in Norfolk Island, and very much in love he was with it.

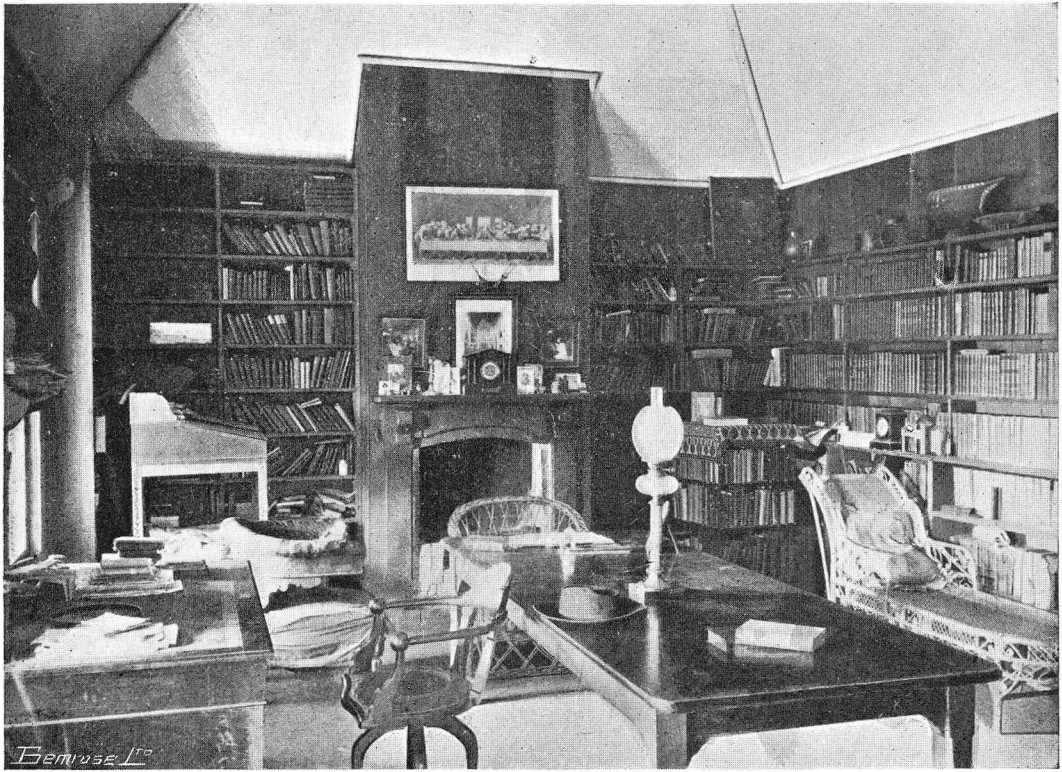
The new Mission Station was to be called after St. Barnabas, the generous, large-hearted missionary of the early days.

Mr. Palmer and his boys had done wonders. Two of the wooden houses were up. There were no ceilings as yet.

'Innocent people,' the Bishop wrote home, 'might say they were like barns,' but what did such trifles as that matter? As for his own room, it was a perfect palace, twenty-two feet by fourteen and a half, nearly fourteen feet high in the centre, a nice change after huts where your head was apt to get mixed up with the roof. The room was lined with wood, and boasted of a fireplace; and it opened, like all the rooms in the house, on to the veranda. The floor was raised six feet from the ground, and the approach to the veranda was by a flight of wooden steps, which provided a joke for the Ysabel lads, who called the place the Bishop's tree-house.

The houses stood on a slope, the ground dropping to a little stream, and running up on the farther side to quite a respectable-sized hill, known as Mount Pitt, some thousand feet or so in height. As for the vegetation, it was the sort of soil in which a walking-stick would almost blossom if you stuck it in. There were the beautiful Norfolk Island pines, bananas, sweet potatoes, maize, pineapples, and almond-trees; there were tree ferns and myrtles and camellias, quite happy in the open air, and Mr. Palmer was growing yams—and growing them well.

The Bishop, in his room, could hear the merry voices of the boys on the farm, fencing, planting, well-sinking under



BISHOP PATTESON'S STUDY, NORFOLK ISLAND

Mr. Palmer and Joe Atkin, proving, as the Bishop wrote to Joe's father, 'that the head does not suffer by the work of the hand.'

There was a door leading straight from the Bishop's room into the Chapel. And the Chapel was the home of the whole household. The boys, who slept all together in the big dormitory, went there when they wanted to be quiet; you would find a lot of them there in the morning saying their prayers in different corners. In the evening, too, the elder boys would linger there after evening prayers and talk over things that they wanted to ask the Bishop. And presently the red baize doors would open, and their father would be there among them, ready to answer questions, to help them to think things out for themselves, to put some puzzling phrase into their own tongue.

And how he did enjoy it! He used to say himself that he was a bad schoolmaster: probably he was not naturally a good hand at teaching a big class or hammering the first beginning of a subject into the heads of little dunces. He did both these things, did them patiently and conscientiously, as he did all his work; but what he really loved was helping those elder boys, who really were keen and interested.

The move to Norfolk Island had set him free from a great deal of that sort of Church business work which is bound to come upon the clergy of an ordinary English diocese, the work that we connect with committees and accounts and all the machinery which doesn't sound a bit romantic or exciting, but which just has to be done in a big civilized community.

In Norfolk Island things were much more simple. The Pitcairn people, though they were Christian in their belief and worship, had never done much thinking

about their religion. They had to be taught to use their brains and to hammer things out for themselves. And as for the elder Melanesians, George Sarawia and Henry Tagalad and several more, the Bishop, writing about them to Fanny, told her that the time had come when he must translate for them the Gospel of St. John. They had got past the stage when beautiful stories and simple facts were all they needed or could understand. They wanted the wonderful eyes of the beloved Apostle to see through into the meaning that lay at the back of those great miracles of mercy.

It was worth while drudging at languages and following particles down to their ninth meaning, for the sake of giving the island folk the words of Him Who is the Light of the World.

One of the lads was dying of consumption that first year in Norfolk Island.

'Very good,' said he to the Bishop, the day after his first Communion.

'What's very good, Walter?'

'The Lord's Supper.'

'Why do you think so?'

'I can't talk about it. I feel it here,' touching his heart. Then by and by he went on:

'The night before I received the Lord's Supper, I saw a man standing there, a *tanum liana* (that is a man of rank or authority). He said, "Your breath is bad. I will give you a new breath."'

'Yes?'

'I thought it meant, "I will give you a new life." I thought it must be Jesus.'

So passed the first winter in the new home: a time of hope and promise and happy work.

Already the Bishop dreamed of a day not far distant

when he might ordain George Sarawia to minister to his own people. And he was reading the Greek Testament with Joe Atkin for his ordination next year.

So, in weaving the black net and fashioning the white corks, passed that first happy year in Norfolk Island.

CHAPTER XI

THE SECRET OF ST. BARNABAS

THERE came at last to Patteson the great wrench of losing his old leader, Bishop Selwyn. He came to the experience of Elisha, when he followed his chief down from Bethel to Jericho and from Jericho to Jordan, and those officious young students hurried out at each point to tell him what he knew only too well already, that his master was to be taken away.

That experience came to Coley Patteson in the year 1868. Bishop Selwyn was in England, for the gathering of Bishops at the first Lambeth Conference, and while there he was offered the Bishopric of Lichfield. He refused it at first, for his whole heart was under the Southern Cross. It was only under very urgent pressure from the Archbishop that he gave way at last. But he insisted on keeping the promise he had made to his New Zealand people that he would come back to them again, even though the coming would be only to say good-bye.

'Thank God for the blessing of his example for thirteen years,' Coley wrote home in the first sorrow of the news, and again and again, to one friend and another who knew what the loss would be to him, he repeated:

'Don't trouble about me; I don't grudge him one bit.'

He went to Auckland for the good-bye visit in the

autumn, and took part in the conference which was held before Bishop Selwyn sailed.

Just once more the family party met—the Bishop and Mrs. Selwyn, Bishop Abraham, and Bishop Harper, Sir William and Lady Martin, and Coley, the 'son Timothy,' as they had called him when he first came out. They helped each other through the last few days, until Tuesday, October 20, when Auckland bade her first Bishop God-speed.

It was a wonderful send-off; all the offices and shops were shut, and the streets leading to the wharf so packed with the sorrowful crowd that it was hardly possible to move, while English and Maoris together took the horses out of the carriage and dragged the Bishop and Mrs. Selwyn to the landing-stage. At the service two or three days before, it had fallen to Bishop Patteson to read the story of St. Paul's parting with the people of Ephesus; how the Apostle and his people said their good-byes at Miletus, and the Ephesians watched the ship away, knowing that there was to be no more meeting until farewells should be over for ever. Coley got through the chapter somehow, but owned it was hard work.

So ended the happy partnership of thirteen years, and Bishop Patteson, after his usual fashion, started at once to make things easier for the others. In fact, everybody tried to help everybody, and Lady Martin, who had always taken turns with Mrs. Selwyn in mothering Coley, got him to take the food and wine that she knew he wanted, because the other mother would have been pleased. He made her trustee for a little fund of fifty pounds a year, which he commissioned her to use for the poor people at Auckland, who would miss their best friends; his father's gift, he called it, because Sir John had invested money for him in New Zealand, and would like it used in that

way. He stayed on in Auckland till December, and had the happiness of marrying his good colleague, Mr. Palmer, to a bride who was prepared to come and share the work at Norfolk Island, where there was plenty to be done among the girls.

Norfolk Island had its ups and downs that year.

Just about Easter there was a bad outbreak of typhoid fever.

It began among the Pitcairn people, and small wonder either, considering what their homes were like. When people economize in the two cheapest blessings on earth, fresh air and cleanliness, and leave their drainage to luck, they usually pay for it sooner or later, and the poor Pitcairners paid heavily, and, moreover, passed on the infection to the Mission, where the standard of cleanliness and sanitation was much higher.

The Bishop, Mr. Codrington, and Mr. Palmer took most of the nursing, keeping the younger workers, who were more likely to take the fever, as far as possible out of infection. Mr. Palmer was again head cook—a first-rate hand at beef-tea and mutton broth.

Teaching had to go, for, though the school was kept open, a headmaster who rarely got more than four hours' sleep at night and was in hospital most of the day, found it, as he said, a little difficult to be bright in school. It was just as well that he had to walk or ride every day to the Pitcairners' part of the island to visit the sick people there. Coley had always been happy on a horse. Fortunately, all the staff kept well, and the farm-work, the fencing and the gardening and the care of the cows, pigs, sheep, and poultry, was rather a blessing in the anxious days.

Four Melanesian boys died. One of them the Bishop baptized by the name of the friend whom he loved and reverenced so deeply, John Keble, the clergyman-poet,

who wrote 'Sun of my soul,' and who had gone to his rest two years before.

The Bishop said that he would hardly have dared to give the honoured name to a young learner from wild Ysabel Island had he been likely to live the tempted life of a new South Sea Christian. But John Keble of Ysabel only bore it for a few days before he passed beyond reach of this world's dangers and temptations. Two more lads, who died during the typhoid epidemic, were twin brothers from Merelava, one of the little volcanic Solomon Islands close to Mota. Had they been born in Africa, they would most likely have been put to death before they were a week old, but the African dread of twins is not one of the Melanesian superstitions, and the little brothers were the pride of the island. They were so exactly alike that their own father could not tell them apart, and once fed one of them twice over by mistake—rather hard lines on the brother whose dinner was appropriated by his twin, but let us hope there was more to spare. They were among the party who moved from Kohimarama to Norfolk Island, and were a fine pair of lads, seventeen or thereabouts, baptized by the names of Richard and Clement.

The Bishop loved them, and wrote of how he had seen them in their last illness, trying to kneel in the hospital in spite of pain and weakness to say their prayers.

It was an anxious time when he took the news of their death to Merelava.

There was no voyage that same year, for when the *Southern Cross* should have sailed there were still cases of typhoid occurring among the Pitcairners, though the worst of the epidemic was over, and the Bishop dared not risk carrying the infection to the islands, where it would assuredly spread like wildfire. So it was not until

the following year that he landed at Merelava, without the two boys who had been the pride of the place. Their little brother, Marau, has told the story—a story which Bishop Patteson himself never wrote to England. 'We heard people shouting for a ship,' he says; 'we looked and saw that it was Bisopè's vessel. Father and all of us ran straight to the shore, looking out eagerly in expectation to see those two twins who had gone with Bisopè. But we looked in vain for the faces that we knew. Then father asked the question, "Where are those two twins?"

'And Bisopè said that they were dead. But when he so answered, such a weight of grief came down upon the minds of all, that in the silence it was as if no one were there at all. But presently the whole crowd broke out into wailing for them—those two, my brothers. And oh! I cried loudly for them myself.'

Yet the little fellow's confidence in Bisopè was quite unshaken. He slipped down to the boat and was helped in by a Christian lad from Mota, Robert Pantutun.

'Then Bisopè stretched out his arms and put them round my neck, and he untied the handkerchief from his own neck and tied it round me. Then my uncle, when he saw that I was in the boat already, was filled with rage, and this is what he said: "Ha! he has taken away those two and they are dead; now he wants to finish by killing this one, the last of all!" Then he clutched his bow and ran down, with a handful of white poisoned arrows in his hand, and one all ready fixed upon the bowstring; and, with his bow full drawn, ready to let fly and kill Bisopè and all in the boat.'

Pantutun saw him and cried, 'Bishop, they are attacking us!'

The Bishop said to him,

'Wait a bit,' and then he threw up his open hand, as if

he would make a sign to them to be quiet and let him know what was the matter, and he said :

' If you want to harm us, shoot me, but take good care of these others, that they are not hurt.'

' If, therefore, ye seek me, let these go their way.'

We cannot but think of the words as we picture the scene—the Bishop quiet and self-possessed enough to safeguard his companions, with the fearless little islander by his side and the furious kinsman with the deadly arrow on the string, knowing only the old law of a life for a life. Patteson's calmness saved his life and the lives of his companions that day as it had done many a time before. As little Marau put it, ' He drew down the heat of the people's anger,' and the uncle was ' comforted ' —one would say rather easily—by the gift of an axe. The really wonderful thing was that the chief Qoqau, the father, who had sat apart, wailing for his boys—' the food of his life '—actually entrusted the remaining one to the Bishop's care, and allowed him to sail in the *Southern Cross*.

A most amazing voyage it was for the little islander, who was evidently a sharp little boy, noticing everything and drawing his own conclusions. The strange being with the long beard, who stood at the wheel and looked always straight ahead, was doubtless a spirit ; so, as spirits were uncanny company, Marau gave the stern a wide berth. However, in process of time, this alarming person left his post and walked the deck with Bisopè, and even talked to Marau himself in a friendly fashion unusual with spirits. So the little boy concluded that he was harmless, and came by and by to know him as Captain Tilly, a quite desirable acquaintance. But of all the wonderful things that he saw on board the white man's ship, the most wonderful was the Bishop's care for the little

guests who had not yet learnt to copy English ways or eat English food, and Marau remembered long afterwards how he would go ashore and buy food cooked in native fashion, ' and give it to us as if we were his children.'

That was a great voyage altogether, the trip of 1869.

In the December before, after his return from Auckland, Bishop Patteson took the greatest forward step in the weaving of his black net ; George Sarawia was ordained deacon in the little Norfolk Island Chapel, on December 21.

' This is the beginning, only the beginning, the first-fruit,' said Bishop Patteson in the evening to his dark-faced congregation, and he looked with exceeding thankfulness at the good, earnest face of the first Melanesian clergyman.

Good old George ! There were plenty of others cleverer than he, but he was so good, so steady, so dependable—there was not a soul in the place who didn't trust him. He had travelled a good way since the day, eleven years ago, when he came trembling aboard the *Southern Cross* and quaked before the strange Englishmen, with the white faces and the iron feet. He had been doing good work this year in Norfolk Island during the time of stir and inquiry that had certainly followed the anxious days of the fever. Many a boy who wanted to make a new start came to talk about it to good old George. There was a young fellow from San Cristoval baptized about that time. Those Bauro boys were among Coley's first and dearest scholars, but the island generally had been disappointing ; the people were friendly and keen enough to begin with, but did not seem to have much sticking power. This lad, Taroaniara, was a bright, affectionate fellow, but, like most of his countrymen, too easy-going. He was a great person in his village, but had given in to the native customs instead of standing up stoutly for what he

knew to be the truth and so taking his people with him. But now his mind was made up. He was sorry that he had weakly consented to leave his wife and little girl behind him instead of bringing them to Norfolk Island.

'Then,' he said, 'we might all have stayed here.'

But he would fetch them when the ship sailed next year, and meanwhile he himself was baptized, taking the name of Stephen.

By and by his friends loved to think that the name had been well chosen.

Joseph Atkin's little godson, Watè, was baptized in January. 1869.

'So I shall lose my name,' wrote his godfather, as he told his family of the christening of little Joe.

Then, in the summer of the same year, the Bishop carried out the plan for a Christian settlement in Mota. The timber for the new houses was brought from Norfolk Island, rather an anxious voyage, for the little vessel was too heavily laden and they had a bad storm on the way.

In September the Bishop wrote a very happy letter home from the new settlement, where he was staying for a month, while Mr. Atkin, Mr. Brooke, and Mr. Palmer took a party of the boys back to Norfolk Island.

He had given the old New Zealand name of Kohimarama to this first Christian village; it was full of happy recollections and had a beautiful meaning, 'Focus of Light,' which was just what they all hoped it might be to those dark islands.

The house was quite a fine one—forty-eight feet by eighteen, with a nine-foot verandah on two sides. There was a sleeping room at each end, one of them partitioned into two; for, besides George and his wife Sarah, there were two other Christian couples, Charles and Ellen, and Benjamin and Marion, and three small children.

The big room was to be used as a school, and about twenty boys would live on the spot, while others from round about would come in for teaching. Then the most hopeful scholars would pass on to the college at Norfolk Island. And all the time the Bishop hoped there would be the object-lesson of Christian lives lived in simple native fashion before the eyes of the neighbours.

The party going back to Norfolk Island this year was to include a good many girls. The natives understood that perfectly well. Every father of boys in the islands had to go out and buy a wife for his son when he came to marriageable age, and a father with such a family of boys as 'Bisopè' must naturally have to purchase these young ladies wholesale.

As a matter of fact, that was just what 'Bisopè' had in mind, though he did not actually pay money down for the future brides. He knew well enough that to marry a heathen wife was the surest thing to drag his boys back to the old ways, since the wife, even though she be a drudge, is the strongest power for or against religion in a South Sea hut as she is in an English home. So he wanted girls to be trained by Mrs. Palmer to be good Christian women, and he begged them from their parents, and stood on the beach before the ship sailed with a number of garments hanging over his arms—garments wonderful in shape and fashion, cut out by his own hands from unbleached calico. Every girl who was going to Norfolk Island put on this sort of first instalment of her wedding dress, and so went forth across the waters into the new, strange world.

So, leaving the faithful six to hold up the standard in Mota, the Bishop went back to his happy family at St. Barnabas.

They were a happy family, indeed, Bisopè and his

white clergy and a big company of Melanesian boys and girls. Everybody worked, taking the different duties turn about, the cooks of one week being the housekeepers of the next. Six boys had regular charge of the milking, three each week. A small wage was paid for the farm-work, that the lads might learn something of the value of money, and their offerings at the Sunday service were their own free gift. They had built a beautiful new hall now, and Mr. Codrington had given many of them a taste for gardening, so that their little plots were gay with flowers.

But the real secret of the happiness—the wonderful thing that made St. Barnabas what it was—seems to be summed up in one little sentence written by a visitor to Norfolk Island:

'It is not the officer or master saying "Go!" but the father or brother saying "Come."'

Not that anyone ever questioned the Bishop's authority, but it was the authority of a father over the sons to whom he was the very best and dearest of companions. Melanesians are like Englishmen in one way—they are shy of talking about their own deepest thoughts and feelings, and the Bishop respected their reserve and left them to come to him as they chose, one by one, slipping into his room after chapel for the understanding help and counsel that was always ready.

That he could be severe they knew, and they loved him none the less for it.

'Oh! don't send me away for ever,' cried one poor lad who had fallen back into bad heathen ways and grieved him deeply; 'I know I must not be with you in chapel and school and hall. I know I can't teach any more—I know that, and I am miserable—miserable! But don't tell me I must go away for ever!'

And when his friend, after helping him to see against Whom he had really sinned, took his hand in the old loving way, he broke down and cried like a child.

But we will let little Marau, the new boy from Merelava, give us his idea of life at St. Barnabas.

'There was nothing but peace in the place,' he says; 'I never heard of fighting or quarrelling. Palmer' (Melanesians know nothing about titles, and Marau had no intention of being discourteous) 'was at the head of the work and gave the orders. He did not only give orders; he worked himself.

'Now the chief man above us all was the Bishop. Oh! this Bishop Patteson!—his was a wonderful character; his loving disposition was beyond all thought. Every single boy of us he loved entirely; he took the hand of one and another, and snapped fingers to say good morning, as if he thought himself no greater than the boys, and he was full of kindness. He would put his arm round the neck of any one of us black fellows here, and call him "My son"; and sometimes he would put his nose to one of us boys as if he were his own child' (rubbing noses is the Melanesian greeting); 'sometimes, also, I used to wonder when he slept and when he woke, for there he was, sitting and reading and not lifting up his eyes from his book. And I used to think with myself whether this our father were ever hungry or not—whether, perhaps, he were solid inside, and so could not eat food. This Bishop Patteson of whom I write was one who spoke softly as it appeared, and yet as if there were spiritual force that could not be mistaken in his words. I myself have felt it so, as if God had put hard power into those soft words of the Bishop and in his love. There were the love and the soft words outside, but the power in what was inside his words: just as there are some trees the outside

of which is soft, but in the inside part of them they are hard, so that if they fall upon other trees they will break them in pieces. Like that was his speech.

'This is true: in his heart there was love and nothing else.'

Marau was a wild little heathen islander in those days, but he had found out the secret of the happiness in Norfolk Island.

CHAPTER XII

THE SNATCH-SNATCH BOATS

WHEN Europeans begin to settle in tropical countries there is always the difficulty about labour. The Colonists in the West Indies settled it four hundred years ago by carrying off the African negroes, who could work in the steaming heat of the sugar plantations as the white man and the native Indians could never do. So the terrible curse of the slave trade began, and lay, a blot on England's fair fame, for more than two centuries.

And now that slavery under the British flag was a thing forbidden, still the same question about labour was coming up in the tropical parts of Australia and in the island of Fiji.

The Melanesians made good workmen, being strong and easy to teach and quite at home in a hot climate. When they went of their own free will, understanding what they were about, and were kindly treated and well looked after, there was no harm in it, except that the native who lives among white men is very apt to learn the white man's bad ways only.

But how is a South Sea Islander going to understand the terms of a contract with a white man who only knows a word or two of his language ?

And if a native has a money value and the white man is out to make money and is not too particular how he makes it, what is to prevent his carrying off the able-

bodied islander, if he can manage to do it, without any explanation at all?

So there were stories told of men, first from the New Hebrides and the Banks Islands, and then from the Solomon Islands and Santa Cruz, who had been invited on board a visiting ship when they went to trade with yams or sandal-wood, and had been clapped under hatches and carried off to Fiji.

There were blacker stories still, of white men who had used the Bishop's name to decoy the islanders on board, vowing that 'Bisopè' himself was ill or had broken his leg, and had sent them as his messengers to bring his black children to him.

Sometimes canoes would be upset and the men seized, and if it came to a fight they had small chance against fire-arms. Day by day fresh reports of trickery and violence came to the Bishop's ears; it was small wonder if panic and distrust of the white men began to take the place of the old confidence.

Patteson was like his father the judge, a fair-minded, absolutely just man, who had trained himself to see all sides of a question. He took pains to think out the whole matter of the demand for native labourers, and how it could be met with least harm to the islanders. He wanted to see the recruiting ships properly licensed and the others treated as pirates, and suggested that a small man-of-war should cruise among the islands to see that the regulations were carried out.

If the roving spirits among the people went of their own free will, if they were kindly and honestly treated, and if it could be arranged for them to be taught while they were employed on the plantations, then their employment by white men might be all to the good.

But the 'snatch-snatch boats,' as the natives called

the kidnappers, were a deadly evil, and there were dark whispers of worse things still, ' kill-kill boats,' where white men actually helped the wild head-hunting islanders in their attacks upon neighbouring tribes, taking payment in the form of tortoise-shell.

There was enough for the Bishop to think over in the first months of the year 1870, and, as it happened, he had an unusual amount of time for thinking.

In the February of that year he had a very bad illness, and though he wrote to his sisters when the worst of it was over that he should be all right again in a few days, the days passed into weeks, and he was still quite unfit for his work. It was the end of April when the *Southern Cross*, which had gone from New Zealand to Norfolk Island to take the party on the usual island trip, reappeared in Auckland Harbour with the Bishop's flag flying.

Sir William and Lady Martin hurried down to the beach, and were shocked to see the change in their friend, as the Captain and Mr. Bice half carried him up from the shore.

He was quite cheery, and would have it that he was much better, only he had come to Auckland to see a doctor.

Up to now he had only had Mr. Nobbs, who had picked up a good deal of medical knowledge during many ups and downs at the ends of the earth, and had probably saved the Bishop's life in the first anxious days of his illness.

It was a joy to his good friends to have him in their hands for a while, and to give him everything he wanted.

He hated lying in bed, and used to get up early and sit in an easy chair by the fire, reading and writing sometimes, more often dreaming or dozing, taking the rest that had been a long time overdue.

The doctor told him plainly that he would not be able to live quite the same life as before. He might live for years, and could do his ordinary work, but riding and climbing would have to go—a sudden jar or fall might set up inflammation and kill him at once.

He took it in his own brave, cheery way. If that part of his life were over, well, it was good to think of the young ones coming on; he must be content to draw in a bit, and leave them to take his place.

We are reminded again of the other Devon missionary of eleven hundred years back, how he looked round upon the young men he had trained, and thanked God that they were there to carry on when his time came to go.

But Boniface was over seventy; and Coley Patteson was only forty-three.

He had lived a hard enough life those fifteen years, and it had told upon him more than people guessed. It was not only the roughing it continually in a climate which takes it out of English people. You cannot be the father of such a family as Coley had taken on, and, as Henry Tagalad once said, 'love them all alike,' and not wear yourself out somewhat in the doing of it. But then, it is the glowing red coal that burns itself out in warming other people, and it is the cold black one that keeps its shape and warms nobody at all.

And there is not much doubt about which is the finer way.

Lady Martin, Coley's good mother-friend, loved to look back afterwards at the three months which he spent with them that year in their home at Tararua, close to Auckland.

She liked to remember the talks they had in the firelight, when he told her about the worst days of his illness and of how good everyone had been; of the strange peace

which had come to him even in the midst of bad pain; how very near he had felt to his father and the friends on the other side.

It seemed to Lady Martin, when she thought it over in after days, that those quiet weeks were just a preparation for what was coming, for when the great Teacher has a special message for His scholars He takes them sometimes, like the deaf man of old, 'aside from the multitude.'

The *Southern Cross* was to make a short voyage to the islands with three of the other clergy, but her start was delayed by a terrific storm which fell upon her between Auckland and Norfolk Island.

Mr. Bice was on board and a young Melanesian, Malagona, who had been the Bishop's devoted nurse, and who was sent on the trip for a treat—rather a bracing sort of amusement, for he was pitched from one end of the cabin to the other, and fully expected to go to the bottom. One boat was carried away and the other smashed, and a man was washed overboard, but managed to hold on to a rope.

The damaged vessel had to put back to Auckland for repairs, but was set right in time to take the Norfolk Island party for a short trip, and returned early in August to fetch the Bishop. He knew, and his friend knew, that the work was going to be more difficult, and perhaps more risky, than ever before. News had come through of numbers of men taken from the islands by the labour ships; some islands had lost more than half of their population, and it was not the *bona fide* and above-board Government recruiting vessels that got the most. How could people who had been so treated by white men be expected to welcome or to trust an English ship?

But there was the duty to be done, whether it were hard or easy, and if the shadow of foreboding—a shadow cast by his own countrymen—lay heavy across the Bishop's path sometimes, it was only very occasionally and among his nearest friends that he let himself talk about it.

The new Bishop of Auckland and his wife were keen to see the *Southern Cross*, which was lying half a mile out, and while Bishop Patteson was taking them over his beloved vessel, and explaining all her advantages, Lady Martin slipped down into the cabin with the little presents and comforts which she had prepared for his use on the voyage.

Then came the good-byes, the real '*Good-bye*,' which means 'God be with you,' and the friends who had been among the first to welcome Coley Patteson to his overseas work watched him away for the last time.

In spite of the kidnapping ships, there were a great many happy things about that year's island voyage. George was getting on well at Mota, and Joseph Atkin and his young godson, with Stephen Taroaniara and two more of the boys, spent three months at San Cristoval, while Mr. Brooke was the same time at Florida, another of the Solomon Islands.

The Bishop paid some visits among the Santa Cruz Islands. Somehow his thoughts and longings were always turning back to those particular people, perhaps just because they had already cost so much. They were not very attractive outwardly, having a horrid habit of chewing betel-nut, which spoilt the shape of their mouths and actually interfered with their pronunciation. The Bishop admitted that theirs was the language he could not tackle.

Was it the recollection of those words of his boy,

Fisher Young, that drew him again and again to those islands of the Holy Cross ?

' Poor Santa Cruz people ! '

' In some quite unexpected way, he wrote, ' a work will be begun here some day, in the day when God sees fit and right.'

October saw him back in Norfolk Island, settling in for the six months work at St. Barnabas. Having to take things rather more quietly gave him a little extra time for home letters, letters which must have been treasures later on to the friends and relations to whom they were written.

Sometimes the writer seemed to be a little tired and sad, and then he would scold himself and beg that no one would notice it, or that they would be kind and say, ' Poor old fellow, he was seedy when he wrote that.' There was so very much that was delightful, so much to be thankful about ; Mr. Brooke and Joe Atkin, what a pair of splendid fellows they were, cheerily spending their three months among people who were still cannibals now and again ! Mr. Codrington, too, with so many of his own tastes, what a joy it was to have him to talk to !

And then the boys ; wasn't it worth anything to see them learning to stand on their own feet and make plans for helping on the work ? There was Edward Wogale, George Sarawia's brother, volunteering to do what George had done, to go and stay with a Christian friend in Florida and teach the people there, and there were one or two others ready to go to the other islands. The little ones too, what luck for an old bachelor to have all those small things about him ! Even the babies left almost anyone to come to him, though he was disposed to put down some of their partiality to cupboard love

and to affectionate recollections of the biscuit-tin in the corner of his room.

He loved the festivals, the baptisms and the weddings, when not only the brides and bridegrooms but everybody else who could get them wore new clothes and put flowers in their hair.. The wedding rings were made out of sixpences or threepenny bits, you could hear the sound of hammering all over the place the day before; and the wedding party would go to feast off pork and plum-puddings, and finish the day with family prayers and supper and cheers for everybody, with the Bishop to teach them the correct Eton 'Hurray!'

Then Christmas was so wonderful. Perhaps the day would begin soon after midnight with the boys' voices, led by Mr. Bice, singing carols in their own tongue outside their Bishop's door. The chapel would be full of lilies and oleanders, the service so hearty and joyful, and afterwards the beloved pork and plum-pudding, games and races and snapdragon. Well might the scholars say:

'We are so happy here! How different from our lands!'

Anyone inclined to be depressed had only to think back a few years, to remember what the lives of these boys had been, and he would find plenty to make him hopeful and thankful and humble all at once.

Coley read a good deal of his old favourite Isaiah in Hebrew that summer, and loved to think of the text of that sermon that had won him for the South Seas: 'Thine heart shall fear and be enlarged.' 'That's just it,' he said.

His thoughts used to fly back a good deal to old days during that year. Except for the joy of seeing his sisters and brother and friends, he didn't want to go back to England. He dreaded the hurry and the bustle,

the meetings and the talking, the daily papers and the halfpenny post: for our good old postcards were a new invention then. Poor Bishop, what would he have said to our motor-buses and telephones?

But he loved the old home things, the photos in his room, the silver inkstand that used to stand in the Feniton drawing-room, Grandmamma Coleridge's old-fashioned silver cream-jug, and his own christening spoon. 'Very grand,' he would say, laughing at himself, but it was the old things that he loved.

Now and again he had just a wave of longing for the English country.

The Norfolk Island flowers were lovely, of course—scarlet passion flowers, Japanese lilies, oleanders, and hibiscus. But somehow they didn't smell like the old cottage garden things—the clove carnations, and the phlox, and the cabbage roses as big as a saucer.

'And fancy seeing a Devonshire bank in spring, with primroses and daisies, or meadows with cowslips and clover and buttercups, and hearing thrushes and blackbirds and larks and cuckoos, and seeing trout rising to the flies on the water!'

Even Norfolk Island pines didn't come up to English oaks and beeches and elms and chestnuts.

His birthday fell on Easter Eve that year, and, as a birthday treat, he got out all his father's letters and read them over again. How wise they were, and what a help to him still!

It was April now: the *Southern Cross* came in with the mail from New Zealand, presents from home and a big Noah's Ark, which sent the small Melanesians wild with excitement. Everything was ready for the island trip.

'I always feel it solemn to go off on these voyages,' so the Bishop wrote home. 'We have had so many

mercies.' Then just before the start: 'I have reasonable hope that the Holy Spirit is guiding and influencing me. What more can I say to make you think contentedly and cheerfully about me? God bless you all.'

So the master of the *Southern Cross* set sail once more.

CHAPTER XIII

'PORT, AFTER STORMY SEAS'

In more ways than one, that voyage of 1871 was different from the voyages of other years.

The kidnapping ships were doing their evil work in all directions. Nearly half the population of the Banks Islands were gone. Merelava, little Marau's island, was almost depopulated. Mr. Brooke, at Florida, saw traffic going on all around him, and once went out himself and boarded one of the ships, where he found the captain quite friendly, though he freely admitted that he would soon have carried off Mr. Brooke's boat's crew if their protector had not been there. He didn't want to use any violence—he wanted living labourers, not dead ones.

He looked upon Mr. Brooke and his colleagues as quite worthy people, but a nuisance, interfering with the work which it was the business of every black man to do for white men. 'Wherever you go nowadays there's missionaries,' he said regretfully, as he gave up hopes of that particular island.

But there were other and worse boats about, the 'kill-kill' vessels, helping the head-hunters, capsizing the canoes and killing men in the water. The kindred of those who had been killed or carried off cried out that Bisopè would avenge them; that they would pray him to bring a man-of-war to fight for them.

It was something that they did realize that there were

white men who could be trusted, but how about the islands where the missionaries were not known, or where the Bishop's name had actually been used as a decoy?

The British consul at Fiji, Mr. Thurston, was himself cruising among the islands, and told the Bishop that most of the planters were really anxious to get their labourers by fair means and coming of their own free will. The difficulty was that the 'snatch-snatch' and 'kill-kill' ships had set the whole island population against the white visitors; the respectable ships could get no recruits.

Mr. Thurston reported that about three thousand natives from two of the islands were working in Fiji, and the Bishop began to revolve in his mind the possibility of following these children of his to their new dwelling-place. Norfolk Island could spare him for the greater part of the summer season. Mr. Codrington and his other colleagues could quite well carry on if he should become what he called a movable clergyman in Fiji.

We know enough by this time about the life at St. Barnabas to guess what the sacrifice would have been—the giving up of the happy family life and the beautiful home, with all its treasures and associations, for continual travelling among the Fiji plantations.

But it wasn't a question of likes and dislikes. If he proved tough enough for this part of the job, why then it was distinctly his job and nobody else's, and to Fiji he determined to go when the summer trip was over.

Meanwhile, the two Josephs and Stephen had been at work on San Cristoval, though the people were so busy preparing for a great feast that they had found it almost as difficult to get a hearing as a missioner would do in England with the annual fair and all the swings and roundabouts going on across the way. However, the

people were very friendly, and the young folk of the place would have shipped for Norfolk Island in a body with Mr. Atkin if their elders would have let them go.

But it was the Mota work which was the real comfort of that difficult year.

The high cliffs made the island a difficult place for landing, and saved it from the worst of the labour traffic, and the new Kohimarama was proving true to its name, and acting as a real 'focus of light' among all the troubles and anxieties. Here, at last, there was a church, the first in the islands, a white building among the native huts, the walls plastered with coral lime. Here, on June 25, the first Communion service was held, and here the people learnt to come, as they came to the chapel in Norfolk Island, to say their own prayers.

The Bishop spent seven weeks altogether on the island, with a short voyage in the middle—a very busy but a most wonderfully happy time.

For the long spade-work, the careful sowing and watering, had brought the harvest at last. The people were flocking to the school. All hands were at work putting up the houses of what would soon be a Christian village; crowds slept under the school verandah as a shelter from the rain, which came down in bucketsful that particular year. Old scholars, who had been for a season in New Zealand and had slipped back into heathen ways, came begging to be taught again.

'I have been waiting for days for the chance of speaking to you alone: always so many people about you. My heart is so full, so hot; every word goes into it, deep, deep. I don't know how to pray as I ought, but my heart is light, and I know it's all true, and my mind is made up and I have been wanting to tell you.'

So a voice spoke out of the darkness one Sunday

evening after the day's work was over, an old St. John's scholar seeking his teacher out.

Or it would be:

'The old life has become hateful to me: the new life is full of joy. I don't know how to pray properly; but I and my wife say, "God make our hearts light—take away the darkness. We believe that You love us because You sent Jesus to become a Man and die for us, but we can't understand it all. Make us fit to be baptized."'

The old careful teaching and the faithful lives of George and his companions had done their work. The Bishop felt that he might baptize these people who had counted the cost and wanted a strength that was not their own to help them to stand firm. He must have remembered the little dying baby John, the first Mota Christian of eleven years ago, as he received these folk into the 'congregation of Christ's flock.'

Boniface, the other Missionary Bishop, made his converts renounce the worship of Wodin and Thor by name. Coley Patteson did the same thing, pledging the candidates for baptism to give up for ever the common heathen practices which had been part of their lives.

Two hundred and eighty-nine altogether were baptized that year, seventeen of them being lads from George's school, forty-one grown men and women, and two hundred and thirty-one babies and little children, who could not have been thus pledged to Christ's service without the good prospect of being brought up as Christian people.

It was a wonderful time.

'I never had such an experience before,' the Bishop wrote to his old friends, the Abrahams—'scarce a moment's rest, but the work so interesting and absorbing that I could scarcely feel weariness.'

There were regular classes at morning and evening,

but all day long people were coming for talks, coming to ask questions. Even when the teacher lay down at last on his bed on the table, with a few of his scholars on the floor under the same table, and had wrapped his plaid about him and settled himself to rest, he might open his eyes to find one keen scholar seated on the floor beside him ready for a talk. They never could see the force of spending a whole night in sleep, those Mota folk.

Coley loved to think how all the old friends had had their share in preparing for this great harvest. Bishop Selwyn, who had broken the first ground; Ben Dudley, Mr. Pritt, and Mr. Kerr. He did wish that Mr. Codrington and Mr. Palmer, who had been left in charge at St. Barnabas, could have been with him—it seemed selfish to have that wonderful time all to himself.

The stay at Mota came to an end at last. Joseph Atkin wrote that it had put new life into the Bishop; he was full of eagerness now to start schools in other islands.

He dropped his old St. John's pupil, Wadrokal, at Savo, one of the Solomon Isles, where there were two or three baptized Christians who would back him up. Wadrokal had his wife to help him, and the baby—Jemima was her name—who had been such a handful on board the *Southern Cross*, was a girl of eight or nine by now and, let us hope, had learnt better manners.

At the end of August, the *Southern Cross* called at San Cristoval to look up Mr. Atkin and his party.

August 27 was Fanny's birthday; the Bishop started his letter to her as he always did on that day. Seven years before he had written it just after his boy Fisher's death, and he remembered it now, for he was on the way once again to Santa Cruz.

On September 16 the wind dropped to a dead calm.

For four days the *Southern Cross* lay off the islands, waiting for a breeze. Cloudless sky overhead, still blue water all about them, and at night the glow of the great volcano, sending its red-hot rocks hissing into the sea.

As the Bishop sat and wrote his diary letters home, he seems to have felt a strange sort of expectation.

'What will the next few days bring forth? I try not to be impatient, but to wait His good time.'

He was studying the early chapters of the Gospel of St. Luke with his lads on board, and at prayers every day he gave them an address on the Acts.

'And he spoke as far as the seventh chapter,' said Edward Wogale, George's brother, 'and then we reached that island. And he had spoken admirably and very strongly indeed to us about the death of Stephen, and then he went up ashore on that island, Nukapu.'

It is a very tiny island, Nukapu. A little palm-fringed dot in the ocean, with a fan-shaped coral reef spreading out round it.

It was the 20th September, about 11.30 a.m., when by the Bishop's order the boat was lowered and made for the reef. The crew consisted of Joseph Atkin, Stephen Taroaniara, and two other Christian lads, James Minipa, and John Ngongono. There were four canoes outside the reef, and presently they were joined by two more, the little fleet hovering about, as if not certain whether to meet the white men or not. Had the Bishop known that, only a few days before, five men had been kidnapped from that very island, he would not have attempted to land; he never ran unnecessary risks. As it was, he hailed the men in the canoes, and, when one of them offered to take him on board, he agreed at once.

Joseph Atkin fancied that, as he stepped from his own

boat into the canoe, someone handed him a basket of fruit and yams, and that he caught one word, *tabu!* The word among the islands stands for a sacred thing, which may not be touched. Was it a warning from someone who knew that this white man was no enemy, or was it done purposely that the guest who accepted the gift might deserve the penalty? None of the boat's crew thought to ask the question until it was too late.

The tide was low, and they watched the canoes dragged over the reef, the islanders and the one white man wading across the rocks, as the Bishop had done scores of times before. They crossed the smooth water within the reef, walked up the white beach and disappeared, and the crew lay on their oars and waited.

Half an hour passed. Then suddenly a man stood up in one of the drifting canoes.

'Have you anything like this?' he cried, and an arrow whizzed through the air, shot at ten yards distance. Fierce shouts went up:

'This for New Zealand man!'

'This for Bauro man!'

'This for Mota man!'

and with each cry came the twang of a bow, the hiss of the long deadly arrows, each one claiming a life for a life. Stephen lay at the bottom of the boat, six arrows in his chest and shoulders. The others bent to their oars and pulled out of range, though only James was untouched. John's cap was pinned to his head by an arrow, and Joseph Atkin had another in his shoulder. Somehow they reached the *Southern Cross*, the friends who helped them on board noticing with sickening hearts who was not there.

Stephen put the dread into words, while Mr. Brooke, as carefully as he could, drew out the arrows—'We two Bisopè!' he murmured in his pain.

It was the South Sea phrase which meant that 'in their death they were not divided.'

But there might be a chance that the leader's calm courage had saved him once again. The arrow had been drawn out of Joseph Atkin's wound, and he spoke to his godson, Joe Watè.

'We are going to look for the Bishop; are you afraid?'

The boy spoke up stoutly:

'No; why should I be afraid?'

'Very well, you two'—Joe and another Christian, Charles Sapibuana—'go and get food for yourselves and bring a beaker of water for us all, for we shall have to lie on our oars a long time to-day.

The quietly-given orders were obeyed, and the boat was lowered. That once only she left the *Southern Cross* with a weapon on board, for Mr. Bongarde, the mate who made one of the crew, carried his revolver. They pulled for the reef and waited, a long, agonizing time, in the stillness and the sunshine, until the tide should be high.

It was half past four in the afternoon when they crossed the reef, and at the same time two canoes loosed from the island and made for the opening. It seemed to the boat's crew that one of them was rowed by native women, the other being towed behind it. The one canoe went back, casting the other loose. Across the blue water it drifted to meet the boat, and, as a yell went up from the shore, the watchers guessed only too well what sacred burden it was bringing. The still form that lay there was wrapped about in one of the native mats. The loving hands lifted it from the canoe and bore it back to the ship, where the others waited. Very reverently the wrappings were unfastened and the little company of friends looked upon the peaceful face, wearing yet the smile, 'patient and a little weary,' which they had seen often as he lay asleep.

A blow from a heavy weapon had fractured the skull: death must have come at once, swift and painless. There were other wounds—five wounds in all—but they were given afterwards, and for another reason than to kill. For the same reason, there lay upon Coleridge Patteson's breast a palm-branch, the long leaves tied in five knots.

'Poor Santa Cruz people!' They little guessed at the high and mysterious honour which they were paying to the man they slew. Their meaning was to take vengeance for their five countrymen, done to death, as they believed, by white men. But those who loved Bishop Patteson thought of One wounded with five wounds for the saving of the world, and of the palm borne by those who come victorious out of the great tribulation.

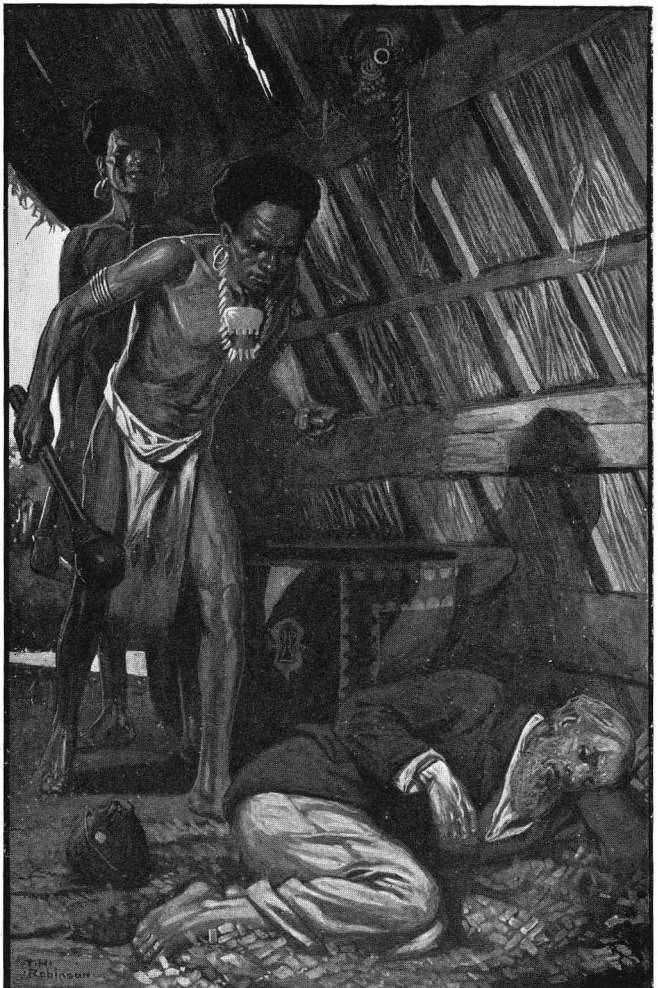
Long afterwards, they learnt how mercifully death had come to him who had faced it so often. He had gone into the native club-house where the men were wont to gather. It was cool there, after the blazing heat outside, and the Bishop lay down upon the native mat, which is always spread for a guest, and closed his eyes. Then from behind him came the blow from a heavy mallet—just one blow; no pain, no time for thought or anxiety for those awaiting him—a swift, merciful passage to the 'port pleasant.'

What better could they ask for him, those who loved him best?

They laid him to rest next day, in the sea which had been the highway for his work. It was the festival of St. Matthew, the Apostle who, hearing the call of the Master, rose up, left all, and followed Him.

It was Joseph Atkin who read the service. We know something of what he had learnt from his Bishop as we read his letter to his mother, written that same day.

'It would be very selfish to wish him back,' he says, even in the first freshness of the terrible loss.



THEN FROM BEHIND CAME THE BLOW

'What his Mission will do without him God only knows Who has taken him away. His ways are not our ways. John and I are both maimed for the time, but, if it were not for the fear of poisoning, the wounds would not be worth noticing. I do not expect any bad consequences, but they are possible. What makes me cling to life more than anything else is the thought of you at home; but if it be God's will that I am to die, I know He will enable you to bear it, and bring good for you out of it.'

That was written on Thursday, the 21st. For the next three days the Bishop's pupil kept his simple methodical journal, noting the weather, the condition of the wounded, his own treatment of some of the party who were sick, his reading of Miss Yonge's story, *The Chaplet of Pearls*.

Sunday came, and it was he who celebrated Holy Communion for the Christians on board. But in the midst of the service his voice began to stumble and falter, and the men from Mota looked at one another as they heard. There was no need for anyone to tell him what was coming; he had seen Fisher and Edwin die, and had faced already what might be awaiting him.

He called his godson, and spoke quietly:

'Stephen and I are going to follow the Bishop; and they of your country, who is to speak to them?'

'I do not know,' said the poor bewildered boy.

'It is all right,' his friend went on. 'Don't grieve about it, because they did not do this thing of themselves, but God allowed them to do it. It is very good, because God would have it so; because He only looks after us, and He understands about us, and now He wills to take away us two, and it is well.'

Such was the boy Watè's recollection of his godfather's last charge. After that his brain seemed to go.

'I lost my wits since they shot me,' he said pitifully.

His message to those at home was the brave letter written during the time of waiting.

There were four days of fearful suffering; then, by that rough road which he had faced so calmly, Joseph Atkin followed his master.

Stephen's wounds must have been fatal in any case. An arrow was broken into his lung and could not be taken out, and he, too, had to bear the awful suffering of tetanus. Young Joseph Watè nursed him tenderly, and his fellow-Melanesians watched him in wonder as he lay, always with his Prayer Book in his hand, quiet and cheerful, telling them never to think of vengeance. White men, they knew, were brave and loved their enemies, but this was one of themselves, dying as his namesake, the first martyr, had died, with 'pardon on his tongue' for those who slew him, and glad looking-forward to the welcome of his Lord.

On September 29 those two who had followed their chief so closely were laid to sleep under the blue waters of the Pacific.

It is hard to tell of the home-coming to the orphaned company on Norfolk Island, the rejoicing when the over-due ship came in sight; the silence which fell when the flag at half-mast told its story.

But the sorrow is for those left behind to guide the masterless ship. One does not grieve for those safe in port.

In the last pages of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, Mr. Valiant goes down into the river, carrying the marks and scars that bore witness how he had fought his Master's battles.

'Then said he: "My sword I give to him that shall succeed me in my pilgrimage."

'And, as he went down deeper, he said, "Grave, where is thy victory?"

'So he passed over, and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side.'

The test of the leader's work lies in the power of those who have companied with him to take up the sword as he lays it down, and to carry on.

When the *Southern Cross*, with its grievous tidings, put into Mota to leave John Ngongono, the only one of the wounded who recovered, the poor people, to whom 'Bisopè' had been the head and centre of their new world, were absolutely stupefied and bewildered.

Then good George Sarawia stood up among them in the new white church and spoke strong, tender words to them.

God would help them, he told them, to go on working without the father whom He had taken to Himself; their religion came from Him, and not from man; they must not let anything go because 'Bisopè' was not there to lead them.

So school and church went on as before, and George himself baptized those who had been waiting for the Bishop's return.

He went to the other little islands that lay round about Mota, to tell them the news, and to hearten them as best he might. There was one place, Santa Maria, from which boys had been taken for schooling, and the people cried out that they would never see their sons again, and that George, who had helped the white men to take them, should pay the penalty.

But the faithful deacon faced them quietly.

'If you have any other reason for killing me, do so,' he said; 'but your sons are all safe at Mota and Norfolk Island.'

And his calmness turned away their anger, as his master's had done so often.

His brother, Edward Wogale, he who had heard the Bishop's last teaching on the death of Stephen, was to do what Patteson had planned to do himself, and to minister to his own people, labouring on the plantations in Fiji. At Norfolk Island, twenty of the elder scholars volunteered to help in the teaching that they might strengthen the hands of Mr. Codrington, upon whom the burden of responsibility had fallen. Away in England, a young clergyman, the son of Coley's beloved chief, heard the news, and, then and there, dedicated his life to the work among the islands, becoming by and by the second Bishop Selwyn. So 'God buries His workers, but carries on His work' by those who have learnt in the midst of their sorrow to step bravely into the vacant places.

Where the palm-trees grow above the beach on the little island of Nukapu, there stands to-day a lofty cross of iron, with a circular scroll of burnished copper, that circle, without beginning or ending, which the Christian Keltic folk of early days loved to put upon their memorial crosses as a sign of the life eternal. Round it run these words :—

IN MEMORY OF

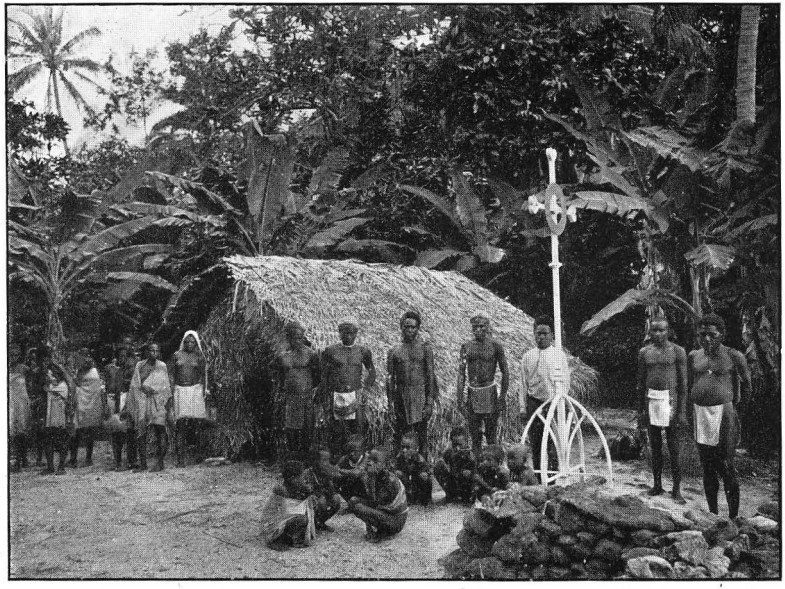
JOHN COLERIDGE PATTESON,

MISSIONARY BISHOP,

WHOSE LIFE WAS HERE TAKEN BY MEN FOR WHOSE SAKE HE WOULD WILLINGLY HAVE GIVEN IT.

SEPTEMBER 20, 1871.

It is the memorial sent by the sisters at home, and it stands, by the desire of the island people themselves,



PATTESON MEMORIAL CROSS AT NUKAPU

where the metal, gleaming in the tropic sunshine, may shine far out to sea and tell its story to every ship that passes.

It stands there, that glowing cross, among the islands, where people are learning to serve Patteson's Master, learning slowly, because the work is so great and the workers are so few.

It flashes its message right across the world, that the work for which Coleridge Patteson lived and died is just about the finest work to which a man can set his hand.

It flames out the truth that a life given to the service of God and man is the only sort of life worth living at all.

And it cries to all who have ever thrilled at the brave record of such a life, that, in God's Name and by the path that He shall show them, they should 'up and after.'

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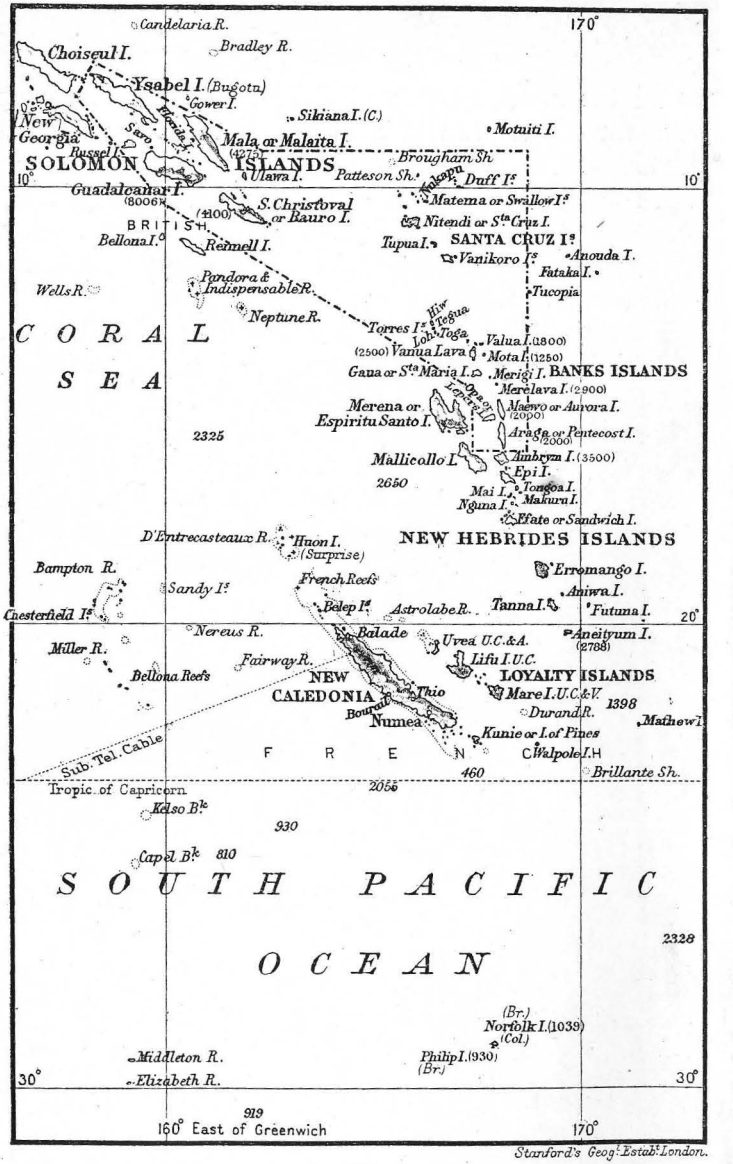

MAP

Showing Diocese of Melanesia. The present (1902) field of work of the Melanesian Mission is shown by the dotted line ·—·—·—·