

# AMONG - THE CANNIBALS





# Among the Cannibals.





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# Among the Cannibals:

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# AMONG THE CANNIBALS.

## INTRODUCTION.

THE daily newspaper placards on the streets announced in large letters "A MISSIONARY KILLED AND EATEN BY CANNIBALS." This strange and gruesome story was found to be only too true, for as the facts became known, the public learned that a devoted and zealous Scotchman, who had for many years made known the glad tidings of God's salvation to the South Sea islanders, had, while seeking to bear the Gospel message to a tribe of cannibals on the Airo River, been massacred, beheaded and eaten by the cruel natives, instigated by their chiefs. The sad story awakened fresh interest in the difficult and dangerous work of spreading the Gospel among the Polynesian and Malanesian groups of islands which stud the Southern Seas, to which many had already gone forth with their lives in their hands, to make known the story of a Saviour's love to the dwellers there. The story of the Gospel's progress and of the conquests it has won on these distant shores is well worth telling. It is here told simply, with the object of interesting our young folks in the great



and glorious work to which many have given themselves in the morning of their years, and in which their lives have been honourably spent, or sacrificed.

It is no romance of fiction, but a story of real life. The men and women who were honoured to go forth and give themselves to the great and glorious work of spreading the Gospel of God's mighty grace among the dwellers on these inhospitable shores, amid scenes of barbarism and cruelty, were well known persons, who, in their youth, had been brought to know Christ as a personal Saviour, to rejoice in the knowledge of a present salvation, and constrained by the love of Him who gave Himself for them, they yielded themselves to God, and at His call left all that earth counts dear, to go forth with His message to the millions who had never heard His Name. Their's was a noble and honourable service, and in that day when the Lord shall reckon with His servants, it will receive its full recompense, however little heard of here, or esteemed among the sons of men.

May the hearts of many of our boys and girls, and young men and maidens be opened to receive the Gospel, unto their own personal salvation, and then, rejoicing in its blessings, and full of a holy enthusiasm to make it known to others, go forth to spend and be spent in "telling it out," to those who have never heard its joyful sound.





## Peeps at Cannibal Land.

THREE hundred and fifty years ago a Spanish ship, coasting in the South Seas, found a large island—the largest in the world—and imagining that there was a resemblance between it and Guinea on the West Coast of Africa, named it Nueva Guinea, or as it is now named, “New Guinea.” It extends for about 1400 miles from east to west, and its breadth at the greatest is 490 miles. It was found to be separated from Australia by a belt of narrow water, and from observations made, it is believed to have been at one time part of that continent. From the deck of the vessel, magnificent mountains could be seen stretching far into the interior, with great rivers, alongside which lay hundreds of miles of fertile country under cultivation. Very little was known of the people who dwelt in this great island, but it was ascertained that they were called Papuans or “frizzly-haired,” and that they were cannibals, killing and eating their fellows. Navigation in Torres Strait was rather difficult and dangerous, and no captain would risk his vessel within twenty miles of its coast. It was rumoured that the blood-thirsty natives had made cannibal feasts on more than one shipwrecked crew, and that of three hundred and fifty passengers, mostly Chinese, on board the *Saint Paul*, which was wrecked on its shores, four only remained, the rest having been clubbed and cooked in twos and threes for breakfast every



morning. In a description given of this island, it is said to be "A land of *bona-fide* cannibals and genuine savages. A land of gold, where a string of beads will buy more than a nugget. A land of splendid mountains, magnificent forests, and mighty rivers, but to us a land of heathen darkness, cruelty, cannibalism, and death."



A TREE HOUSE, NEW GUINEA.

It was practically unknown until the pioneers of the Gospel ventured on its shores, taking their lives in their hand, to preach to the dwellers there, the Gospel of God's great salvation.

The Fiji group of 220 islands in the South Pacific Ocean, about 1175 miles north of Auckland, with coral reefs around them, were found to be also inhabited by cannibals,



as were also the New Hebrides and many of the Malanesian and Polynesian Islands. Amid these lovely islands, with their coral reefs, waving palms, growing by the side of calm lagoons, with exquisite flowers trailing from branch to branch breathing rich perfumes, the most revolting scenes of murder and cruelty were of daily occurrence. The sanctity of human life was unknown. The man who murdered most of his fellows, was decorated with the largest



WOMEN AND GIRLS, NEW GUINEA.

number of tatoo marks as a distinction. When the first preachers of the Gospel entered on these islands, they found the state of things among the people, and their manner of life in deepest barbarism. A pioneer missionary has described them as follows :—

The natives of the south-east are a light-coloured race, of which the Tahitians, Samoans, and Rarotongians are best known. They are, physically, a very fine race, and in



no way flattered by the dressmaker or tailor. They wear no clothes, but have the usual profusion of nose-sticks, earrings, necklaces, feathers, and paint. They chiefly live in lake dwellings, and most of the villages are surrounded by water. In the houses there is no furniture, they sit on the floor and sleep on a plank without a pillow. The women, although not so downtrodden as in many parts of the heathen world, are the burden-bearers, but in doing their work brook no interference from the men, in such matters as the hewing of wood and fetching of water: these they regard as "women's rights." Parents care well for their



A NATIVE LAKAOTI.

children, often with great affection, and the children, after they are grown up, have a profound reverence for their parents, watching over them in sickness and old age. There was no drunkenness, until the "civilised" white men taught it to the natives, and other vices were very rare and met with speedy punishment wherever this were seen. They cultivate the soil with care, and flowers grow in their gardens in great luxuriance and beauty. The women, in some parts, make pottery vessels, which the men exchange



with natives of other parts for sago and other products. They sail in canoes from island to island, and when on voyages of longer distances use *lakatois*, or large canoes. These consist of four canoes lashed together, with bulwarks made of ripe palm leaves sewn together, fixed with strong mangrove poles, and caulked with dry banana leaves. Masts of mangrove, with large sails of mats sewn together, wrought by ropes made from bark of hibiscus trees, with covered in houses fore and aft, strong enough to withstand a heavy sea. On these, the pottery is packed in banana leaves, and when all is ready, they have a great send-off, with drums beating and songs sung by females dressed up for the occasion in grass petticoats. They ascend the rivers, trade with the natives, sell their wares, and return with loads of sago. At certain seasons the natives dance with hideous masks on, shaped like a fool's cap, the face representing some animal. The hat is of wicker work, covered with native cloth painted white and red. This dance is in connection with a sacred festival. The natives are very superstitious. Every falling leaf, chirping lizard, and singing bird is an omen of some evil spirit, who is on the way to kill or hunt. They dread ghosts and hobgoblins, and can seldom sleep at nights for fear. Revenge for evil deeds, and dread of punishment haunts them."

Every native goes to bed with his war implements ready, and sleeps warily. A bunch of nuts hangs on the inside of the door of each house, so that its opening will cause a noise and awake the inmates. In the event of war, a shell is sounded, and the whole village or tribe turns out armed and ready for the fight. Savage life is not the happy ideal that certain writers have endeavoured to paint it. It is not all the hilarious feast, the noisy dance, the freedom from earthly care. Often a whole community is massacred, parents bereft of all their children, and whole villages



scattered to hiding in caves or in large trees, far away from their own.

In New Guinea there are no cattle; pigs are the staple source of flesh food, with sugar cane, okari nut, and smoked kangaroo. Rats and frogs were consumed freely before the entrance of the Gospel, but since then, have disappeared from the daily fare of the people.



NATIVE OF RAIATEA.

In some of the islands, the people are more barbarous than in others. An Englishman detained on one of these islands over forty years ago, describes some painful sights he was compelled to witness, which shew how far sunk the natives were, before the Gospel reached them.



A new house was being built for one of the chiefs, and a great merrymaking and playing of tom-toms was going on. Deep holes were dug in the foundation to receive the main posts of the house, and into these holes living men were thrust and compelled to stand with their arms clasped around the post. The earth was then filled in, and the men were buried alive as a sacrifice to the earth spirits. It was said that if these men thus sacrificed their lives, holding the posts of their chief's house in their right position, the virtue of the sacrifice would propitiate the gods, and they would uphold the house for all time to come.

At the launching of a war canoe, a scarcely less horrible cruelty was practised. Men laid themselves flat on the ground, and were used as rollers over which the canoe made its passage to the water, crushing them to death as it was dragged along. Before the sails were set and a start made for some distant shore, there was another scene of bloodshed, and the unhappy victims were used as food at great festival in honour of the occasion.

The death of a chief was followed by the strangling of all his wives, his chief servants, and if they survived, his parents. Such was the conditions of these islanders, when the first pioneers of civilisation and of the Gospel, set foot upon their shores. In 1770, Captain James Cook sailed around, and in 1845 H.M.S. *Fly* made some observations, and discovered the Fly River, but the first to penetrate to the interior and get in touch with the natives were not explorers, but pioneers of the Gospel, men sent from God with the good tidings of a heaven-procured and free salvation.

Cannibalism was largely practised in former times and human flesh was regarded as the chief delicacy. Since the Gospel's entrance, much of this has been done away, but in certain islands and among certain tribes, it is still carried



on in secret. May the light and love of the Gospel soon reach and save the benighted dwellers in these far-off islands, of which it may yet be said, as many years ago was said of Ceylon by the poet Heber—

“Where every prospect pleases,  
But only man is vile.”







## The First Gospel Ship.

IT was a sultry day in August, 1796. The banks of the River Thames were lined with thousands of men and women, of all classes, drawn from the busy streets of London, and many from more distant parts. Presently a vessel is seen weighing her anchor, and with her flag unfurled, on which are three doves bearing olive branches in their bills, she slowly glides into the current, while the voices of over a hundred men on board, sing out loud and clear—

“Jesus, at Thy command,  
We launch into the deep.”

Then the crowd on the river's bank catch up and join in singing with great enthusiasm. The vessel is the good ship *Duff*, with thirty missionaries on board, the first Gospel ship specially fitted up to carry the messengers of God's glad tidings to heathen lands. She is bound for Otaheite, or as it is now called, Tahiti, the chief island of the South Sea group known as the Society Islands. That was a memorable day, indeed, in the history of the Gospel's progress among the benighted nations of heathendom, and has a wonderful story to tell.

The account of Captain Cook's voyages and discoveries had just been issued in England, and read with great interest by Christians, whose hearts were aglow with love to Christ, and zeal for the spread of His Gospel among the



heathen. The intrepid discoverer told of numberless groups of inhabited islands lying in the midst of the South Seas, whose dwellers basked in summer sunshine all the year, whose shores were covered with an evergreen vegetation, watered by sea spray that dashed itself from coral reefs along the shore. Sunk in every form of vice and barbarity, their ferocious dwellers were cannibals who had no respect for human life, and had never heard of the true God, or of His Son Jesus Christ the Saviour.



A SAMOAN VILLAGE.

The aged and devoted Selina, Countess of Huntingdon, who, being converted in early married life, had consecrated her talents and her wealth to God, and had been a devoted helper of Welsey and Whitefield, in their Gospel labours, lay dying. The news of Cook's discoveries reached her as she waited for the home-call to heaven, and with her latest breath she pleaded that Gospel preachers might be sent



out to the South Sea islanders with the message of salvation. A sum of ten thousand pounds, gathered by earnest Christians in all parts of the British Isles was part of the answer to that dying appeal, and the *Duff* was purchased and fitted to carry the pioneer party of earnest Gospellers to the shores of Cannibal Land.

Captain James Wilson, who commanded the vessel, anchored after a six months' voyage, in the Bay of Matavae, off the Tahiti coast, while the wondering natives dashed through the sea, and, drawing the boats in which the mission party were making for the shore through the surf, carried the strangers on their shoulders to land.

Pomare, the king, was made aware of their arrival, and by means of an interpreter was told the object of their mission to his country, and asked for a piece of land upon which they might erect their dwellings. To this he gave a willing consent, and that same day the king and his chiefs attended the first Gospel preaching ever held in Tahiti. The subject of that first discourse was the grand old Gospel text, John iii. 16—"For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life." The Tahitians listened in silence, while a Swede interpreted the message, and at its close, Pomare, grasping the speaker's hand, said, "My ty, My ty," which was the Tahitian word of approbation, remarking in his own language, "There was no such thing ever heard of before in Otaheite," but his aged high priest, Manne-Manne, was less pleased, and was heard to say, "The missionaries speak much of God, but they do not give many gifts of axes, knives, or scissors." This man, who had often officiated at human sacrifices and other horrible rites, professed himself willing to give them all up for a return in money or goods. but the messengers of God did not listen to his offer. They knew a "convert"



gained on such terms would be only a hypocrite, and eventually do more harm than good to the object they had in view. Cannibals and idolators, like everybody else, need to be convicted of their sin and truly converted to God, before their profession of Christianity is of any value.

What a congregation stood listening that day on the shores of Otaheite to the message of Divine love—the love of God to sinners! Half their number had been guilty of infanticide, and amongst them was a tribe or circle known as the “Arreoies,” who were under a vow to murder every newborn infant they could find. Yet there they were, listening to God’s Gospel, which is His power unto salvation to every sinner who believes it. Eighteen of the missionaries remained on Tahiti, and the remainder proceeded to the Friendly and Marquesas Islands where they were disembarked, the *Duff* returning to England with the good news of the Gospel’s first entrance to the South Sea Islands.







## The Gospel's Triumph in Raiatea.

**T**HE year before the bells of London pealed forth the victory of the British at Waterloo, there was working in a forge in the City Road, an apprentice lad named John Williams, a bright young fellow of eighteen, just on the verge of being led into a life of sin by ungodly companions.

On a Sunday evening he was sauntering along the streets, in the midst of a circle of young men, to spend the night in the amusements of a tea garden. As they were entering the gate, a Christian woman who watched for the souls of young men, laid her hand upon his shoulder, and asked him to accompany her to Moorfield's Tabernacle close by, to hear the Gospel. Somewhat reluctantly, Williams severed himself from the rest, though it caused a sneer which was hard to bear, and that night he was converted to God, and at once nobly confessed Christ as his Saviour.

At the age of twenty-one, he went out as a missionary to the South Sea Islands. Along with Robert Moffat, who was going out to Bechuanaland, and other seven, he was commended to the Lord by the aged Dr. Waugh, who said, "Go, my dear young brother, and if your tongue cleave to the roof of your mouth, let it be with telling poor sinners the love of Jesus Christ; and if your arms drop from your shoulders, let it be with knocking at men's hearts to gain



admission to Him there." Twelve months later, he arrived in the Society Islands.

The island of Raiatea is the chief, as it is the centre, of the group known as the Society Islands. Its king had for a long time previous to the entrance of the Gospel there, exercised sovereignty over the lesser chiefs of the neigh-



NATIVE HUT AND FAMILY.

bouring islands. It was also the religious capital of these islands, and the temple of their god. Its population was about 1300, and all idolators. In the centre of the island is a great mountain, rising in some parts to the height of two thousand feet, with a belt of land around the water's edge, on which good crops are raised. Tomatoa, the chief or king, had already heard and professed to receive the



Gospel. The glad tidings had reached Raiatea in the following remarkable way:—

Several of the smaller chiefs of the islands had some years before gone to assist Pomare, the chief of Tahiti, to recover the territory which some of the other rulers had taken from him. While they were on this expedition, they were brought into contact with a missionary from whom they gained some knowledge of the true God and the Gospel of His Son. When they returned to their native islands, they told to their friends what they had heard, and a general desire was expressed that the “teachers” should be invited to Raiatea. But the difficulty was, where to find them. A vessel driven by a storm from its moorings, came to Raiatea, and it was found that it had missionaries on board. They were willing to stay, and the chief, being favourably disposed toward them, built a place for meetings. A printing press had been set up in the island of Huabine, and from there books were sent to Raiatea, and the Lord began to bless His Word. Tamatoa, the king, was from the first an attentive hearer, and soon confessed his faith in Christ. This aroused the anger of the heathen chiefs, and while on a tour through his kingdom they waged war against Tamatoa, but notwithstanding their superiority in numbers, they were overpowered and the king and his bodyguard gained an easy victory. These heathen warriors had threatened all sorts of cruelties upon the Christians once they had them in their power, and when they found themselves prisoners in their hands they naturally feared that the same would be meted out to them. But Tamatoa and his men treated them with great consideration and kindness, which disposed them to regard the Gospel with much favour, and to give the missionaries a cordial reception. Williams threw his energies into the work, and was much used in preaching the Gospel among the natives. He



made all other efforts subsidiary to this; he was first a Gosseller, and kept the preaching of Christ and the conversion of sinners always to the front. Writing to a friend at this time, he says, "I think and hope, that I have no other desire than the winning of sinners for Christ. My anxiety is, that my tongue may be engaged in proclaiming this



A BOY OF RAIATEA.

salvation and that my words and actions may be always pointing to Christ." Some idea of the extent of the work done may be gathered, from the fact that at the end of twelve months, a sum equal to £500, had been contributed by the converted Raiateans for the purpose of "causing the Word of God to grow," as they well expressed it. Arrow-



root and other native products were grown and prepared by those who had believed the Gospel, as a thank-offering, the king and his wife sharing in the gift, and themselves preparing their portion of it with their own hands. Tamatoa in bringing the royal bounty, said, "We would not give to God that upon which we bestowed no labour, but would rather prepare it with our own hands."

Such was the Gospel's first entrance and its victories in Raiatea. Truly it is a message of power, and works its wonders in men's lives wherever it is received, in dark benighted heathendom where idolatry has held sway, and in the enlightened but guilty lands of civilisation and science, where sin is clad in richer garments and hid beneath a religious profession.







## A Gospel Ship.

NO one of his helpers in Raiatea, Williams said in conversation one day, "If I had a ship at my command, not one island in the Pacific but should, God permitting, be visited, and teachers sent to direct the wandering feet of the heathen to happiness and heaven." This desire was to be fulfilled in a remarkable manner, and by a way which he knew not. In 1827, Williams and several others left on a visit to the island of Raratonga. Here again, God had been preparing a way for his servants, and for the entrance of His Word.

A heathen woman of Rarotonga had brought from Tahiti, where she had been on a visit, rumours of the "God of heaven and His Son, Jesus Christ," whom the missionaries there were preaching about. Makea, the king, heard the woman's story, and named one of his children "Jehovah" and another "Jesus." He also erected an altar to this great "Unknown God," so that when the missionary ship *The Endeavour* arrived with the Lord's servants on board, they were accorded a welcome by the natives, who had been thus aroused to interest in the things of God. Here, with the help of the friendly natives, Williams built a vessel of from 70 to 80 tons burden, which he named *The Messenger of Peace*. Without knowledge of shipbuilding and with very



few of the necessary tools, this was a marvellous undertaking. But the brave Gospeller was determined to succeed, and overcoming all difficulties, he, by the help of God, was enabled to finish and launch this first Gospel ship of the South Seas within three months. The whole story of its conception, progress, and completion, reads like a romance. When he began to build, he found himself without a bellows at all suitable for smith work. There was nothing in the island from which to construct one, and this seemed an



SAMOAN NATIVES FISHING.

insurmountable difficulty. But Williams was not to be hindered. He killed the only four goats he possessed, and used their skins for his bellows, which, however, the rats devoured in a night's time, leaving nothing but the bare boards. Still undaunted, he next made a wooden box, which threw wind on his fire as a pump throws water, and thus the iron work and nails for his ship were made.

When *The Messenger of Peace* was launched, she made a trial trip to Aitutaki, a distance of 170 miles, on which the



Rarotongan king accompanied him. A second voyage was made to the Samoan Islands, arriving in Savage Island, where he found the people wild and unreachable. The chief came on board the ship and behaved in a dreadful manner, dancing up and down the deck, gnashing his teeth and howling like a wild beast. Two young men belonging to the island joined the party, so they sailed away to Tonga, sore at heart that no entrance could be found to these degraded people with the Gospel. At Tonga they met with a Samoan chief, named Fauea, who was a Christian, and he introduced the mission party to his countrymen.

Thus the Gospel ship was put to good use, in carrying the glad tidings to islands where its joyful sound had never been heard, and thus the light arose in habitations of darkness, where it shines till the present day.







## Further Afield with the Message.

ON April 19th, 1838, John Williams, his wife, their eldest son, with sixteen missionaries, all destined for the South Seas, sailed in the vessel *Camden*, from the shores of Great Britain on their return to their field of service in the South Sea Islands. Arriving in his old field of labour in Samoa, from thence he sailed to Raratonga, taking with him 5000 Testaments in the Raratongian language, which were a great boon to the work there.

But Williams longed to reach further afield with the Gospel. His heart was set upon carrying the message to the New Hebrides, and at midnight on November 3rd 1839, he sailed on what proved to be the last voyage on his Master's service here below.

A voyage of six hundred miles brought the vessel to Rotuma, where they went on shore. The natives, who presented a strange and uninviting appearance, came about them. They were very wild and fierce looking. The men were besmeared all over with a powder prepared from the turmeric root, wearing long hair. The women were even more repulsive, wearing long locks on each side and back of their heads, the centre from the forehead to the crown being close cut, and ornamented with turmeric and lime.



The following week they sighted the island of Fatuna. The natives gathered in groups, making signs for them to land. The chief, wearing tortoise shell rings and bracelets came on board. They seemed friendly, but all departed next day, their curiosity having been satisfied. Next



NATIVES' WAR DANCE.

morning the *Camden* sailed for Tanna in the New Hebrides, Mr. Williams making the last entry in his journal, the unfinished sentence with which it concludes being very striking in the light of what followed. It is as follows :



“The records of the events which have this day transpired, will exist after those who have taken an active part in them have retired into the shades of oblivion, and the results of this day will be ——.” Here the writing abruptly ends. The sequel will tell the sad story of that momentous day’s work.







## Martyrdom and Heaven.

ON the evening of November 19th, the ship lay too off Erromanga, the island which Williams had before been warned against entering, because of the ferocious character of the natives. But the Gospel pioneer must not let fear deter him from carrying the standard further afield, when he is clear that the will of God is that he go forward. As the vessel quietly glided along the shore of the southern side of the island, amid placid stillness, they discovered a tribe of natives following along, evidently enjoying the sight of the vessel. After casting anchor, a boat was lowered, and Mr. Williams, accompanied by Messrs. Harris and Cunningham, stepped on board and began rowing toward the shore. The chief brought coconuts and fresh water to the visitors, the children danced in glee along the beach, and everything seemed favourable to a landing.

The three missionaries left the boat and went inland. They began communicating by signs with the natives, then distributed a few pieces of calico and some fish hooks among them. As they walked along the shore, the three missionaries being in different groups of natives, became separated a little distance from each other. All of a sudden,



a loud yell was heard, and the natives were seen running after Harris, who was going toward the boat. Immediately he was seen to fall on the edge of the water, struck down by clubs and spears. Williams, who was further inland, did not know what had happened until he heard the war shell blown by the natives, and the yell of war raised as a signal of hostilities begun. Mr. Williams then started for



MARTYRDOM OF JOHN WILLIAMS.

the beach, followed by a native, who struck him a blow with his club on the arm. He fell into the water, upon which a second native appeared and beat him with his club. Soon a volley of arrows were thrust into his body, his blood colouring the water all around. Then the bodies were dragged out from the water, and carried into the bush,



where, as the savages afterwards confessed, they were eaten, except the heads, which were given to the captain of a man-of-war sent from Sydney to investigate the tragedy. These remains of the martyr missionaries were reverently borne to Samoa, where they were interred.

When the tidings reached Britain, there was great mourning. But the blood of the martyrs was not shed in vain, for others have since entered upon the scene of their death, and many of the people and servants of God have been stirred up to send and take the Gospel to the dark and degraded tribes of Polynesia.

When the sad news reached Samoa, the natives were overwhelmed with grief, and cried out "Alas, our father!" a name which they had long given to Mr. Williams, for whom they had the greatest respect. Mourning was worn on all hands for the martyred missionaries, and the grief-stricken natives said one to another, "We cannot sleep at nights for thinking of them." One native woman came to the English Consul at Tahiti, bearing in her hand a silver coin, with which she desired to purchase a portrait of the man who had first brought the Gospel of peace to her village, and was never to return any more.

The natives of Erromango, who committed the dark deed, were stirred up, it is supposed, to commit such outrages by the high-handed proceedings of certain foreigners, who landed on their island with an armed force, built a fort to protect themselves, and then commenced to cut down at their pleasure the sandal wood belonging to the natives. These white men plundered and killed several of the islanders, chasing a number more into a cave, in which the helpless fugitives thought they would find a place of refuge. When once they had got them secured in this trap, the soldiers pulled down the native huts, piling the dry rafters and other inflammable materials at the



cave's mouth, which they then set on fire, and suffocated the whole of the helpless creatures imprisoned within. It is scarcely to be wondered at, that such atrocious conduct at the hands of so-called civilised white men, should be avenged at the hands of the enraged heathen, by such outrages as the death of Mr Williams and his companion. They naturally look upon all white men alike, and thus the heralds of the Gospel of peace have frequently to suffer for the evil deeds of their countrymen.

When the news of her husband's death reached Mrs. Williams, she was overwhelmed with grief, and after nobly remaining at her post to assist those who were seeking to carry on the work begun by her devoted husband, leaving her eldest son and his wife in Samoa, she returned to England in 1842, where the evening of her life was spent in service for the Lord among the poor and the needy in the slums and alleys of the great metropolis. Looking back to the lands in which she had served the Lord, and for whose dwellers her husband had laid down his life, she wrote, when off Cape Horn, a last farewell to the Islands of the South, of which the following extracts tell the character, and show the spirit in which it was written :—

“ Farewell, rolling ocean, on whose bosom we have been borne from island to island, honoured by carrying the glad tidings of the Gospel of Peace to the benighted inhabitants!”

“ Natives ! you who have felt and known that the Lord is gracious, farewell ! May you be kept from the evils which you profess to have thrown away, and be faithful unto death that you may receive a crown of life.”

“ Heathens ! I weep for you while I say—Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do !”

“ My dear children, I trust I say farewell, only for a season. If spared, I hope to welcome you in the land of your fathers.”



On June 15th, 1851, she quietly passed away to be with the Lord. A friend who stood by her dying pillow, remarked how glad she would be to meet again her beloved husband in heaven, to which the dying saint replied—“O yes! What a day that will be! What a blessed day!” And now they rest from their labours together in the Lord’s presence, waiting for the fuller joy and bliss of the resurrection morning.

“There to reap in joy for ever,  
Fruit that grows from seed here sown;  
There to be with Him who never  
Fails to give a glad “well done,”  
And in triumph  
Crowns with glory bright His own.”

The toils and the trials of those who go forth to unknown lands with the Gospel are indeed very great, and can only be endured as “seeing Him who is invisible,” cleaving to the Lord and His faithful Word. But the recompence and the reward of faithful service for His honoured Name are sure in the coming Coronation day, to which in steadfast faith and unwavering hope the toil-worn labourer looks, and for which, while diligently serving, he waits, for the full results of his toil. What though the work be toilsome, and the success as man sees and reckons but small! The Lord of the harvest, who seeth not as man seeth, the Righteous Judge, will be on the *beema*, and will mete out to every man according as his work shall be.

In that coming day, when from every tribe and nation, from continents, islands, and distant shores, the ransomed throng will gather around the Lord who loved them and gave Himself for them, there will be found some (O that they may be a mighty host!) washed in the blood of the Lamb, and saved by sovereign grace through the Gospel’s mighty power, from the darkest shades of CANNIBAL LAND.



## The South Sea Islander's Dream.

Y SLEPT, and in my dream I dream'd,  
I A hill before me lay,  
Which, like a mighty barrier, seem'd  
To interrupt my way.

Its lofty summit touch'd the skies,  
Its base the shades below ;  
And as I gazed, it seem'd to rise,  
And still more threatening grow.

An icy stillness o'er me stole,  
And thrill'd through every sense,  
While doubt and horror fill'd my soul  
With agony intense.

In sore distress I cried aloud  
To God in fervent prayer ;  
And suddenly I saw a cloud  
Glide slowly through the air.

And out of it there came a drop,  
Like blood of crimson hue,  
Which fell upon the mountain top,  
As soft as Hermon's dew.

And, lo, the mountain pass'd away,  
And vanish'd from my sight,  
Like wreaths of mist at break of day,  
Before the morning light.

Beyond it lay a fruitful land,  
With rivers deep and wide,  
Which roll'd upon the golden sand  
Their clear and crystal tide.



Beside them goodly trees, indued  
With healing virtue, grew ;  
And flowers with ravish'd eyes I view'd,  
Of every scent and hue.

And there His sheep a Shepherd fed,  
In pastures green and fair,  
And unto living fountains led  
With ever watchful care.

Good Shepherd, well I know Thee now !  
With ardent voice I cried,  
Thou art my Lord and Saviour, Thou  
The Lamb, the Crucified !

The mountain was the load of guilt  
Which on my conscience lay ;  
The drop, the blood of Jesus, spilt  
To wash my sins away.

My guilty soul Thou dost renew  
In that all-cleansing stream,  
And thus the vision shall be true,  
And not a fleeting dream.

. . . . .

The blood of Jesus Christ the Lord,  
Avails for you and me ;  
And all who trust His precious Word  
Shall Him in glory see.





# The Story of James Chalmers.

## MISSIONARY MARTYR OF THE SOUTH SEAS.

**I**N the pretty village of Ardrishaig, on the shores of Loch Fyne, in the Argyllshire Highlands of Scotland, Jamie Chalmers spent his early years. His father, who was a stone mason, had come from the Granite City, to help in the building of a new quay at Inveraray, near to the fine old castle of that name, the seat of the Dukes of Argyll for generations. Here the romping, sturdy boy, full of courage and adventure, spent his boyhood among the hardy fishermen of the Loch, gaining knowledge of the management of boats, and several times narrowly escaped being drowned. The first sixpence he ever possessed, he earned by learning and repeating from memory the twenty-third Psalm to his father, when he returned on a Saturday night from his week's work at Inveraray. His parents were of the old Scottish Presbyterian type, who accustomed their children to read and reverence the Word of God, and although this of itself did not make them "born again" Christians, it was of untold value to those who, in after years, became children of God and servants of Jesus Christ.

When James was eight years old, the family removed to Glenaray, near Inveraray, and young Chalmers attended a Bible Class conducted in the village by a godly man named Meikle, who set before his lads the Gospel in its simplicity,



and sought to interest them in its wonder-working power by telling of its triumphs in distant lands. Missionary enterprise was only in its infancy among the people of Scot



THE CRINAN CANAL AT ARDRISHAIG, WITH SOUTH SEA ISLAND VIEW IN CORNER.



land in these early years, so far as the South Sea Islands were concerned. The work of some of the missionary pioneers there, was beginning to arouse a more general interest, and to stir up the people of God to prayer and practical fellowship, in the work of evangelising the dwellers in the habitations of darkness and cannibalism. On a Sunday afternoon at the close of the class, Mr. Meikle read a letter to the lads, from a missionary in the Fiji Islands, telling of the need of Gospel labourers among the savages there, and finished by saying, "I wonder if there is a boy here this afternoon who will become a missionary, and take the Gospel to these cannibals?" Jamie Chalmers' heart beat fast as these words were spoken, and he said to himself—"By God's help, I will." He left the other lads of the class that afternoon and hurried home along the road toward his home alone, and when he reached a point of the road where there is a wall, he climbed over, knelt down on the other side, and removing his cap from his head, prayed that God would accept and send him out as a missionary to the heathen. But Jamie Chalmers yet lacked the first and chief qualification which every messenger of Christ must have, namely, to be saved himself and set on the way to heaven. Some who have never known such an experience, have, no doubt, gone forth to "evangelise the heathen," but their mission—as all such efforts of the unconverted must—has proved a failure; for how can any man or woman, at home or abroad, proclaim a salvation to others of which they know nothing themselves?

Chalmers tells how quickly that afternoon's resolution and prayer were forgotten, and how for some years after, he lapsed into utter carelessness, and fell into bad company, which led him astray. But God had His eye upon him, and by a way that he knew not, was about to bring about the great event of his life, namely, his conversion.



## CONVERSION AND CONFESSION OF CHRIST.

In the year 1859, two earnest preachers from the North of Ireland Revival, which was then in progress, came across to Inveraray to hold meetings. Gatherings of this sort were very unusual in Argyllshire, and some of the young fellows of the village determined to go and disturb the "Revivalists," and break up their meetings. Chalmers was persuaded to attend the first meeting, and as he went up the stairs leading to the room, he was met by the sound of singing—"such singing," he says, "as I had never heard before, it was so joyful." A simple, straight Gospel address followed, from the words, "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely" (Rev. xxii. 17), every word of which seemed to be specially prepared for and went straight to the heart of young Chalmers, causing deep conviction of sin and making him thoroughly miserable. The following Sunday night he was in sore distress, and thought there was no salvation for him. On the Monday, his old friend Mr. Meikle came to his aid, and opening his Bible, read the words in 1 John i. 7—"The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin," and these words brought life and light to his soul. James Chalmers was then and there converted, as all who come as sinners, casting themselves wholly on the Son of God and His all-cleansing blood, once for all shed for sinners, are, and he confessed Him at once as his Saviour and Lord, and began in his own village and among his own people to testify for his new Master. This was the beginning of the life-work to which the Lord had called him, and for which his conversion to God and confession of Christ, were the first and chief stages of his preparation for entering upon. How grand it is to be saved in life's early day! To be set free from the slavery of sin, emancipated from the dominion of Satan, severed from the



present evil world, and set on the road to glory, singing and serving the Lord Jesus Christ all along the way. Two years after James Chalmers had been converted, he met the earnest Samoan missionary, Dr. Turner, who had spent upwards of forty years in the South Sea Islands, and heard from his lips what the Lord was doing in that great mission field. The old desire of his boyhood, and the resolution made behind the wall on the Glenarary road, came back, with new force this time, with the love of Christ as its constraining power, and again, as a sinner saved by grace, and a bond-servant of Jesus Christ, Chalmers offered himself to the Lord for His work among the cannibals of the South Seas. Two years of house-to-house work among Glasgow slums, where he was made familiar with life in its lowest forms, was a good education, and after a period of study and preparation, Chalmers and his young wife sailed on January 4th, 1866, in the mission ship, *John Williams*, as a pioneer to the South Sea Islanders. *You* need to be saved, just as surely, and in the same way as James Chalmers, the Scottish lad, who became the missionary martyr of the South Seas. And the same Jesus who saved him is able to save you to-day.







## The "Paradise" of the Pacific.

**R**AROTONGA, "the Paradise of the Pacific," as it has been called, is an island surrounded by a great coral reef, through which there is a natural opening, wide enough to allow small vessels to pass. On this reef, the great blue waves of the Pacific break in silvery spray to a height of twenty feet. High mountains rise to over four thousand feet above the sea level, with valleys filled with groves of chestnut, cocoanut, and palm trees. No spot on earth is lovelier, yet this island less than a hundred years ago, was the home of cannibals, and the scene of revolting savagery.

Rarotonga was discovered by the pioneer missionary John Williams, in 1822, when exploring in the Pacific. When he and a small party landed, the chief Makea welcomed them, and after a brief sojourn, one of their number, an earnest native Christian named Papeiha, was at his own request left alone a witness for Christ, in the midst of the heathen Rarotongians. This noble youth in whose heart the love of Christ was a constraining force, entered joyfully upon the hazardous mission, to which he believed the Lord had called him, to make known the Gospel among a people who set little value on human life, hitherto given up to cruelty and abominable idolatry. His "missionary outfit" consisted of a change of clothes, a native New Testament,



and a bundle of books, which he hoped to find useful in teaching the natives to read. There was little temptation to the natives to rob such a man, or to take his life for the sake of his property. It would have been well, if servants of Christ going forth with His Gospel among the heathen had always gone as empty handed, and left room for God



NATIVES OF RAROTONGA IN CANOE.

to provide for their necessities, which He surely ever does for those whom He sends on His business. But when a worldly show is made, a retinue of servants and a certain style kept up to impress those benighted people with the "dignity" of the missionary calling, it is, as it ever has been, a snare to the workers, and a hindrance to real work for God and eternity being done.



Only a few years before the heralds of the Gospel entered on Rarotonga, the island was occupied by several tribes that were continually at war one against another. Their chiefs had absolute power, and claimed all the people and property as their own. Human life was of little account, hundreds were massacred yearly for trivial offences. The chief was regarded as sacred, and carried on men's shoulders, lest his feet might touch the common earth. When he rested, it was on the bodies of his slaves, and if his shadow happened to fall upon any tribesman, that man was immediately slain.

There stood in the midst of each of the tribes a great altar of sacrifice, to which, in times of war or sickness, two or three of the natives bound together with green thongs, were taken and presented alive to the gods; the priest of the tribe confessing their sins, and asking the gods to remove the calamity. Then the living victims were placed on a large oven of red hot basaltic stones, heated by firewood placed in a pit underneath, and there consumed as an atonement for the sins of the people. How wonderful that men in heathen darkness, who had never heard the Saviour's name, or been taught the nature of sin, or the need of atonement, should have been led on by the great enemy of souls—as undoubtedly he does lead the heathen in their demon worship—to invent such an awful caricature of the one great sacrifice of the Son of God, by which sin was atoned for to God's satisfaction and salvation procured for sinners once for all.

In these times, cannibalism was practised on the island, and Papeiha had some sad sights to witness during the first few months of his service among the Rarotongians. But the Gospel of God is a message of power; it works its wonders and wins its victories in every part of Satan's dominion, no less in the abodes of heathen darkness than



in the cloisters of nominal Christianity, with a name to live while spiritually dead. Everywhere and always, right along the ages, God's Gospel is His divinely chosen instrument to turn men to God, to give them life in Christ, and to bring them from under the rule and authority of Satan the prince of darkness, into the kingdom of His dear Son.

Before Papeiha had been there twelve months, there had been some marvellous cases of true conversion to God, and the effect of the preaching of the Word upon the rest who had made no profession of conversion, was to make them renounce idolatry. When John Williams revisited the island three years after Papeiha began his labours, he was amazed to see the change grace had wrought, some of the most ferocious cannibals he had ever met, being now devoted followers of the Lord Jesus Christ.

One of the first converts in Rarotonga was a native named Teava, who immediately he proved the power of the Gospel in his own salvation, had a longing desire to carry the joyful message to his countrymen, which he did. Then his heart went out to the savage tribes beyond, to whom no Gospel messenger had yet gone. Teava himself was the first evangelist to the Samoan islands, among which he went in and out, in his canoe, preparing the way for others to follow, and doing the rough work, for a period of twenty years. He preached the Gospel with much clearness and power; he was a man of prayer and a diligent student of God's Word, and after a long and even course of godly, devoted life and service for the Lord, Teava, once a benighted heathen, who had killed and cooked and helped to eat his fellowmen, converted through the Gospel's power to serve the living and true God, passed joyfully away. His last words to his wife, as he lay on his mat, were, "The Messenger has come to fetch me." And so he passed to holier scenes in the fair paradise of God.





## Ten Years in Cannibal Land.

**F**IVE years after John Williams, the noble missionary pioneer of the South Sea Islands, had been clubbed to death by the ferocious natives of Erromonga, while landing on their shores with the Gospel, the children of Great Britain raised amongst themselves £6000, to build a new missionary ship, which was named after the murdered missionary and sent out to the South Seas. After twenty years' service she was wrecked on the coral reef of Pukapuka, or Danger Island, and within two years was replaced by a larger vessel, built in Aberdeen, and named the *John Williams*, also provided by young folks of the British Isles. She sailed from Gravesend in January, 1866, and was overtaken in that disastrous gale in which the s.s. "London" was wrecked in the Bay of Biscay and over three hundred of her passengers and crew carried to a watery grave. The *John Williams* sustained great damage, and had to return to Weymouth for repairs. Among the passengers on board was a young Scotch missionary and his wife on their way to Rarotonga to spread the Gospel among the dwellers there—Mr. and Mrs. James Chalmers of Inveraray. They began work on board the vessel, holding meetings among the sailors, and had the joy of seeing work done for God in the conversion of several of the crew. On September 5th



the second *John Williams* was wrecked on a sunken reef when entering the harbour of Aneitium, and after being got off and made seaworthy, was finally wrecked at Savage Island, the missionaries losing everything, except the clothes in which they stood. Picked up by the brig *Rena*, whose captain, Bill Hayes, was a notorious buccaneer and pirate, they were carried to Rarotonga. Chalmers was the first to reach the shore, carried by a native, who asked: "What fellow name belong you?" that he might shout it to those on shore. The missionary shouted "Chalmers,"



A MISSIONARY SHIP.

and the Rarotongan roared out "Tamate"—the nearest sound his lips could frame, and by the name of "Tamate," Chalmers was known over the whole of that coast for over thirty years, as he went in and out among the natives telling the story of redeeming love. Such were some of the trials of faith and patience which these two young servants of the Lord were called to pass through, as they entered upon the path of service to which they believed the Lord had called them. Some imagine that the pioneer Gospeller's calling is one of romance and adventure, well suited to those



whose taste is toward a rollicking and knockabout life, but a very short experience of it will prove to such, that they have entirely mistaken the nature of the true missionary calling. Nothing short of faith in God, and the deep consciousness that He who has called to, will sustain in the path, can enable any to continue steadfastly and go forward unflinchingly in a calling in which difficulties and trials are a daily occurrence.



MEN OF RAROTONGA.

When Chalmers and his wife arrived in Rarotonga they found it in a deplorable condition. Two successive hurricanes of great violence had swept across the island. Houses were wrecked, the mission school was in ruins, and the crops were spoiled. The old heathenism of former times was no longer to be seen; cannibalism had long been abolished, but many of the old habits were still clung to.



The natives used leaves for plates, cocoanut shells for cups, and their fingers for spoons and knives. Stone houses, which had been built by some of their fathers, were deserted for native huts, and the chief, who had a five-roomed stone house, preferred to live in a reed cottage. The children were dressed in nature's garb, and most of the natives wore very scant clothing. The young men were sadly given to strong drink, and had abandoned all work, with the result that they were hopelessly in debt. Traders came offering them gay clothes, guns and powder, then claiming their crops in payment. This, together with their drunkenness, utterly ruined the younger men, many of whom had fled to live in the bush, where they made and consumed orange rum and other intoxicants, fighting like savages. Some of these were the descendants of the early converts to Christianity, and professed to be Christians themselves, without being "born again." The great danger in heathen as well as in so-called "Christian" countries is, to rest satisfied with a "name to live," an outward form of religion, handed down from sire to son, apart from a personal acceptance of Christ, and an individual new birth by the Spirit of God. All such "professors" must sooner or later lapse, and the unregenerate sinner appears in his true, natural colours. So it ever has been and must be, for only that which is of God, wrought by His Spirit through the Word in the souls of men, will sustain the test of time and the tear and wear of life. It was a difficult job to deal with these drunken, lapsed professors, who frequently began their orgies by singing a hymn around a barrel of rum. Chalmers would walk up to the scene of revelry, pull out the corks of their barrels, and pour their contents on the ground. Then he would speak the truth to them, and point out what must be the end and doom of those who commit such sins.



After almost four years of hard and discouraging labour, a work of grace began among the natives. Many of the worst of the islanders were truly converted, and took their stand on the Lord's side, along with the few older believers who remained. These young converts were taught the necessity of working with their hands, so that they might lead honest and upright lives, providing for themselves and their families. The result in a short time was wonderful. Fields were tilled, crops were reared, land was cleared and gardens planted. In five villages, mission premises were built, schools begun, a printing press was set up and wrought, and the Word of God taught and preached daily. God blessed His Word, and for several years, Chalmers and his wife, with their native helpers, had a busy and a fruitful time in Rarotonga, which was but the school in which the Lord was educating His servant for work in a new and larger field. His heart was set on opening up new fields and breaking new ground with the Gospel plough. Writing to his old friend, Mr. Meikle, of Inveraray, by whose instrumentality he had been led when a lad to the Saviour, he says, speaking of the departure of some of his helpers to another island: "How I should rejoice to accompany them, to stand in the centre of Papua and tell of infinite love. The nearer I get to Christ and His Cross, the more do I long for contact with the heathen. The one wish is to be entirely spent for Christ, working consumed in His love." These words breathe the true missionary spirit. We shall hear how they were fulfilled.





## Peeps at New Guinea.

**I**N the year 1876, Chalmers left the island of Raratonga, amid many tears and regrets of the people amongst whom he had spent ten years of hard, yet happy work. upon which the blessing of God had rested, and after a few brief visits among friends, he entered upon his new field of service in New Guinea in 1877. Up to the time that he landed on its shores, comparatively little was known of the tribes which inhabited it. The only survey of any importance that had been made was by Captain Moresby, who conducted a series of observations which resulted in the discovery of the China Straits, and of the harbour which was named after the discoverer, Port Moresby. For three years previous to the landing of Chalmers, Mr. and Mrs. Lawes had been seeking alone to introduce the Gospel among the natives on the coast, and had gained their confidence. These workers welcomed the newcomers, who at once set themselves to work in furtherance of the Gospel, making for the time being, Port Moresby, their headquarters. A peep at the country and the people at this point may be interesting.

New Guinea is about three times as large as Great Britain, having a great diversity of climates and of inhabitants. The dwellers in the south-east are light coloured, of the



Malayo-Polynesian race, of which the Samoans, Maories, and Tahitians are kinsmen. They wear little clothing, but tatoo themselves elaborately and deck themselves with paint and feathers. They dwell in villages of lake houses, surrounded by water. Houses are often built on the highest trees that can be found, on mountain tops and ridges which are regarded as places of greatest safety in time of war. In some of the villages there are streets of



NATIVES OF THE COAST.

well arranged houses, with crotons and other plants growing in the plantations around, and cockatoos perched in front of almost every house. The betel nut is eaten freely, making the teeth as black as jet. This is considered very beautiful, as are also the nose and ears pierced and ornamented with shells. In approaching a village for the first time considerable caution is needed, as sometimes from fear, and at other times when the war spirit runs high, the lives of the pioneer missionaries may be in danger.



On stepping on shore, he is usually surrounded by a group of wondering natives, to whom he gives a few beads, pieces of red cloth, and receives in return cocoa nuts, yams, and fish. Others would turn out in war attire with clubs, and appear in a threatening attitude, until they learned the peaceful mission of the white men. Then a present to the chief would usually secure an entrance to the village. By dint of friendly diplomacy and tact, the good graces of the natives are generally secured, and a hearing found for the



NATIVES OF TAHITI.

message, although in some cases they are opposed to any landing on their shores. Cannibals are still to be found in certain parts of the island, and on one occasion, soon after Chalmers and his helpers landed in New Guinea, he was invited to a cannibal feast, to consist of two men and a child, which, of course, he refused, but saw soon after some of the natives with pieces of human flesh dangling from their arms and necks, which showed that it had been held. It was to this people, benighted, degraded, and



brutal, hopeless so far as man's ability to reach them is concerned, that the ambassadors of heaven had come with the message of Divine love and the tidings of a free salvation, and in the full confidence that the Gospel, which they bore was the Divine instrument which could reach them, and become to such as received it "the power of God unto salvation." Well may its messengers rejoice while they sing—

"O glad and glorious Gospel  
With joy we now proclaim,  
**A** full and free salvation  
Through faith in Jesus' Name."





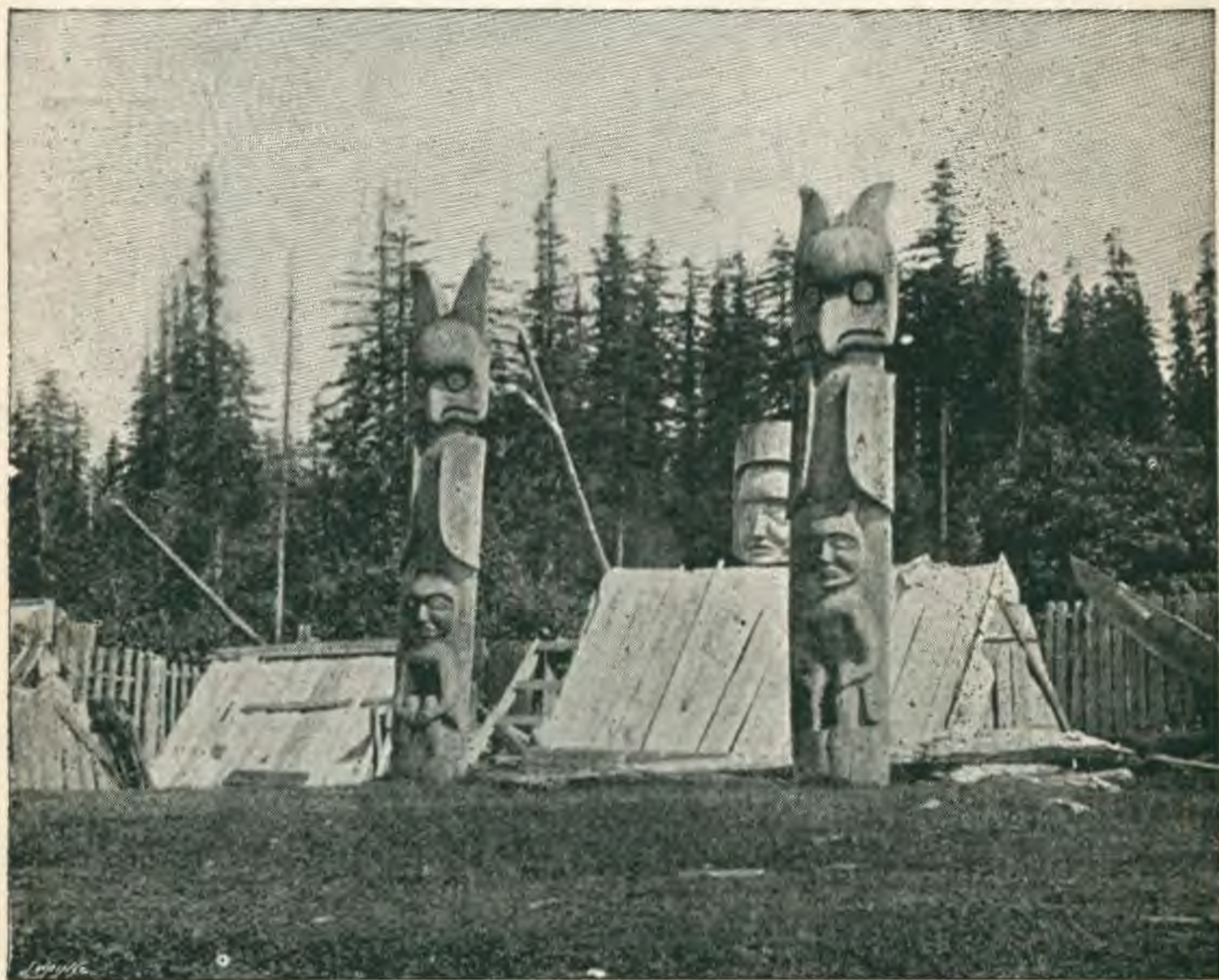


## How the Gospel was Spread.

**A**FTER a long tramp along goat tracks on the edge of precipices, down precipitous mountain sides, up rough ridges on hands and knees, the Lord's Gospeller would reach a village tired and hungry. Or it might be, after crossing a river with wet clothes and wearied frame, the desired object of the long journey was reached. But in no case was the great work to which exploration and all else were but as handmaids allowed to fall into the rear. To preach the Gospel of God, concerning His Son, was what they were there for, and the work to which their lives had been yielded. Under the shade of some wide-spread tree they would tell in a few words the object of their visit, and speak of the true God, the God of heaven and of love, of whom they had never before heard. It was wonderful to mark the different expressions on the faces of that circle of barbarian men, as they stood listening for the first time to the "old, old story" with which we have been familiar from our earliest years. Some were serious, others frightened, and a few laughed. Then at the close they would come and ask the name of "the Great Spirit" and "His Son," and forgetting, return and ask again and again. In other villages, order and reverence marked the people from the first hearing of the Word, sitting at their



doors, listening with the greatest interest to the preaching, and especially to the singing. But here, in the villages of New Guinea, and among the Maori "pahs" in New Zealand, in earlier times, as elsewhere in heathendom, the greatest enemies of the Gospel are the sorcerers, whose power over the natives is very great. There are three principal deities



A MAORI VILLAGE WITH GODS.

whom they consult in times of war. These men often stir up the natives against the missionaries, and are accountable for many of the tragedies which have occurred.

But in the midst of all these drawbacks, the light has penetrated into the thick darkness, and a few have been truly turned to God from idols. In 1881 the first fruits were gathered at Port Moresby, where two native women



openly confessed their faith in the Lord Jesus. This was the beginning, others followed, and although there has been but little progress in regard to numbers of truly converted souls, the work goes on. The natives have been wonderfully changed in outward appearance and in the habits of daily life, so that they say, "Now that the Word of God has come we can sleep in peace." Pirates, robbers, murderers, and cannibals all live in peace together. The pioneer missionaly was permitted to see and rejoice in the fruit of his labour in several places, and in one especially, where he had left a native worker to follow up the work begun, he found on his return a fine group of native Christians, with whom he joyfully kept the feast of the Lord's Supper, shedding tears of joy as he handled the memorials of the Saviour's body broken and blood poured forth, with men and women now saved by grace and happy in the knowlegde of Christ, who had, a few years before, been cannibals seeking his life. Writing of this visit, he says—"What did it ? It is the old story of the Gospel of Christ."







## Among Cannibal Tribes.

ON November 6th, 1884, a Protectorate was proclaimed by Great Britain over New Guinea. A British Admiral, with all the vessels of the Australian Fleet, anchored at Port Moresby, and amid the booming of cannon and the screaming of fog sirens, the Union Jack was hoisted and the native chiefs welcomed on the deck of the flagship to hear the proclamation read, and to exchange presents with the representative of the British crown.

A few weeks after, Chalmers accompanied Admiral Bridge in a cruise around the coast, introducing him to the natives and making known to them the nature of the proclamation in their own language. This gave him an opportunity of pioneering new soil, and making observations of some parts of the island which had not been visited.

In an island which he visited to instal a new native teacher, Chalmers, in order to shew the natives that he trusted them, decided to spend the night amongst them. They had the the repute of being very savage, and had massacred a number of Europeans, since which no white man had visited them. Quite at their mercy, in an unprotected house and unarmed, the fearless soldier of the Cross slept soundly, under the shadow of the Almighty's wing, rolled up in his blanket. Waking in the morning



refreshed, with peace all around, he found the natives pleased that he had shown such confidence in them. He says in a letter, describing that visit—"May He who protected us, soon become known to them." Thus east and west, in inland villages and among uncivilised and barbarous tribes, the Gospel pioneer laboured, ever seeking to reach further afield with the standard of the Cross. This was his ambition, and to this great work he bent all his energies. His record of these journeys closes with the stirring words—"So east and west we keep extending, and I trust will continue so do, until New Guinea is occupied with earnest men and women preaching Christ, and leading thousands to Him."







## Peeps at Chiefs and People.

**A**MONG the various tribes of New Guinea there are now many petty chiefs, but in earlier times there was only one, whose power was supreme, and whose word was final for peace or war, for life or death.

Boi Nagi was the great chief of the Motus, and his ancestors had been chiefs for generations. His headquarters were at Port Moresby. He was known and feared all along the coast, often making raids on the peaceful villages and robbing the people of all they possessed. When the first messengers of the Gospel arrived in Port Moresby, contrary to all expectation, Boi Nagi became their friend, and listened attentively to their teaching. Although a man of blood, ferocious as a savage, and unscrupulous as a robber, the wondrous story of the Cross began to take effect on his dark and sin-bound soul. Witchcraft, which had been his chief guide, lost its hold, as the light of the "Gospel of the glory of the blessed God" (I Tim. i. 11, R.V.) entered and took possession of his heart and mind. Boi confessed Jesus Christ as his Saviour, and at an advanced age died in faith in 1886. His son Aruako succeeded him. He was a wild-looking man, tall and powerful, with the largest and longest head of fuzzy hair on the whole coast of New Guinea. He was no friend of the missionaries, but watched their movements in a sulky manner, fearing they might



spoil his people as robbers and raiders, which, in so far as they were brought under the Gospel's saving power, they undoubtedly were. He attempted more than once to force the Lord's servants from his country, and on one occasion ordered their house to be burned down. But after years of opposition and indifference, this wild chief was brought



PORT MORESBY.

under the power of the truth, and awakened by the Spirit to a sense of his sin and guilt in the sight of God. A wonderful change was manifested in his life, and the savage look which for years so frightened all his subjects into submission, was exchanged for a calm and peaceful countenance. On one occasion he accompanied Chalmers on a journey along the Gulf. They reached Maipua, a very large village with good houses and several large temples. The inhabitants were semi-savages, cannibals in practice, but



more intelligent than most of their neighbours. The men were engaged in a man hunt. The women were busy making sago, until the return of the raiders; then they went out singing and dancing to welcome the men with their spoil of human flesh, which was cooked and eaten. In the temple or *dubu* the men presented their gifts to the god, and then joined in the feast. It was in one of these large dark temples, lit by a few flickering firelights, to a crowd of savages, real cannibals, who had just returned from a man hunt, that Aruako, the newly converted chief, stood forth in the midst of the weird scene and boldly preached Christ as the Saviour of sinners. It was a sight never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it. The man who, only a few years before, had been the terror of his tribe and an enemy of the Gospel, now saved by grace and standing as Christ's witness in the midst of an idol temple, telling forth the story of God's love to men worse than he had been in his darkest days. The congregation sat listening in wonder to the Gospel, which for the first time they were then hearing, and at the close of Aruako's testimony, they gathered around asking all sorts of strange questions. After Chalmers and those with him had become so tired that they had to go off to sleep, the earnest chief, full of his message, and yearning to communicate it to his fellows, continued speaking and answering questions all through the night. When the sun rose the following morning, Chalmers got up and going into the *dubu* found Aruako still speaking in a hoarse voice, to a crowd of wondering hearers. "Have you been here all night, Aruako?" asked Chalmers, to which the happy man replied, "When I lay down they came around asking all sorts of questions, so I had to get up and begin again. So I told them of Jesus and His love, and they all said, 'That is good news. There must be no more fighting, let us live in peace.'" Thus,



slowly but surely, the Gospel of salvation, through the blood of the Lamb, found its way and wrought its wonders among the savages and cannibals of the Papuan coast. No doubt there has been much to discourage and a great deal to test faith and patience, but this is not to be wondered at; indeed, it could not be otherwise. Where Satan holds his prey in chains of darkness, when his kingdom is



A PAPUAN CHIEF.

invaded by the ambassadors of the Son of God, who once for all has triumphed over him, and whose conquering Gospel is the power which looses the chains of his captives and sets them free, it need not be a matter of astonishment that he seeks by every possible means to oppose and hinder the path of those who bear the message of deliverance from his power. But the work will go on, and the ultimate triumph is sure.





## Samoa Bob's Conversion.

**B**ORN in the island of Savaii, Bob was sent to the Mission School opened on that island, but not liking the restraint, he ran away and boarding a ship sailed for Samoa, where he grew up to manhood. After he was married he removed to the Fijis, where he became acquainted with the notorious pirate "Bully" Hayes, for whose capture a man-of-war vessel was sent from New Zealand and a reward offered. Had Hayes been caught, Bob would have undoubtedly shared his fate, being associated with him in various deeds of violence. Roaming among the islands, sorely given to drink and a terror to all who knew him, the unhappy man knew no peace and found no rest. He came to New Guinea, where Chalmers at that time was, and strange as it appeared to those who knew him, he listened with interest and eager attention to the preaching of the gospel of Christ, and made a personal acquaintance with the missionary, who gave him a Samoan Bible, which he read often when alone, and sought help from Chalmers in his soul's distress. It was an affective sight to see the man who for years had been the terror of these shores, kneeling on the floor while prayer was ascending to the God of heaven against whom he had



sinned, who nevertheless loved him, that his eyes might be opened to see and his heart to receive the salvation which Christ Jesus came to give to sinners such as he was. After deep conviction of sin and a thorough sense of his guilt, he trusted and confessed the Lord Jesus as his Saviour, and was known and recognised in all the country as a truly changed, because a "born again" man. He accompanied Chalmers on his journeys among the villages, and was respected by all who knew him as a consistent Christian. It was while on a visit to Aroma that he was seized with illness, and after suffering great pain he passed peacefully into the presence of the Lord, whose precious blood had cleansed him from sin, on a Sunday evening. The following day, he was buried amid the tears and lamentations of many who knew him, two chiefs lowering the coffin into the grave, each dropping a tear on its lid as they laid him to rest. And as the news spread along the coast among the tribes who had first feared him as a man of blood, and next respected and loved him as a man of peace who sought their good, many sorrowed that they would see no more "Samoan Bob." It is in such cases that the transforming power of the Gospel shines forth, for what else could subdue and convert such a sinner as he was, making him a manifest trophy of its saving power.





## Last Voyage, and Martyr's Death.

**F**OR thirty-five years Chalmers laboured for the salvation of the South Sea Islanders. Six times he was shipwrecked, many times he was on the brink of death at the hands of savages, his two devoted helpmeets had died, the first in 1878, the second in 1900, and Chalmers was left alone and well advanced in years, yet full of energy and zeal in the work of spreading the Gospel. On the Fly River he continued to explore and open new stations, in which work he was nobly assisted by a young Englishman named Oliver F. Tomkins, who joined him in 1901, described as "a man of faith and prayer, mighty in the Scriptures," just the kind of helper Chalmers needed, and heartily welcomed.

On April 4th, 1901, they went forth on a voyage to visit the Papuan Gulf, and seek an entrance to several tribes which had not been reached. These were described as "skull hunters," and in going into their territory, they knew they were taking their lives in their hands. But God had won savages as bloodthirsty as them by the power of the Gospel, and the remembrance of this nerved the noble Gospellers to go forward in His Name to reach these also. On April 7th, they anchored in their vessel, the *Nine*, off Risk Point. Some of the natives came on board, and stayed



till evening, Chalmers promising to visit them on shore next day. At five the next morning, a crowd of natives boarded the vessel and behaved badly. Canoes filled with armed warriors surrounded the ship, with bows and arrows, clubs, bamboo knives, and spears, in a threatening attitude. Chalmers had seen such anger quelled before, and decided to go on shore, thinking thereby to induce the natives to return with him. Fearless of danger, the noble soldier of the cross, accompanied by his helper, Tomkins, set foot on the unknown island, and entered the village of Dopima, and that was the last ever seen of them. The *Nine* sailed along the coast, but could neither see nor find any trace of them. A vessel sent by the Governor of British Guinea to the scene of the massacre learned the sad story of their end, which is briefly as follows :—

Garopo, the chief of Dopima, opposite whose village the ship cast anchor, was the man to suggest the massacre. He called together the warriors of eight other villages and sending forth the canoes filled with his men, invited Chalmers to come on shore. No sooner had they landed, than a signal was given for their massacre, a native from behind striking both the missionaries with a club on the head, which felled them senseless to the ground. Kaitine, of Dopima, then stabbed Chalmers in the right side, with a cassowary dagger, and Murera cut off his head ; while Ema beheaded Tomkins. Their heads were taken to Dopima, and their bodies cooked and eaten. Thus ended the life of the man who had given himself to God for the evangelisation of the South Sea Island cannibals. Writing of the event, his fellow-worker of earlier days, Mr. Lawes, says :—“ Could Chalmers have chosen his end, we do not think he would have had it other than it was. He died at the post of duty. He died while trying to benefit fierce savages, whom his great heart loved.” And in the coming day of



review and reward for service rendered to the Lord on earth, the One who knows it best will not fail to recompense the life and service of His noble witness, JAMES CHALMERS, the South Sea missionary-martyr.

May the record of his early conversion to God in the quiet Argyllshire village, his willing response to the heavenly call to go forth with the Gospel message to the cannibals of the South Seas, his arduous years of toil and testimony there, which were closed by a martyr's death, be used to impress upon you, reader, the blessedness of being saved in life's early days, saved to serve the Lord who needs and deserves the best and brightest of your years, whether in a lowly path of hidden service in the midst of ordinary duties in the home, on the farm, at the desk, or in high places of the field, making known to those who have never yet heard it, the message of God's great and glorious salvation.







## The Story of Allen Gardiner.

**I**N the quiet Berkshire village of Basildon, rather more than a hundred years ago, there was born a baby boy who received the name of ALLEN FRANCIS GARDINER. His parents seem to have been godly people, and were careful to teach their little boy the truth of God, and to pray often with and for him. But Allen does not seem to have much profited by their instructions or example; for we are told he grew up to be a restless and adventurous youth, and, at an early age, took a fancy to join the navy. The British were at war with the French in those days, and, when Allen's mother entered his room late one night, she found him stretched upon the floor, working out a plan to take the French ships in Rochelle harbour. On another occasion, she found him sleeping on the bare floor, "to accustom himself to roughing it," as he afterwards told. At the age of thirteen, he entered the naval college at Portsmouth. For two years he remained as a cadet there, and then went to sea in 1810. Life on board a man of war in those days was far from pleasant, and young Gardiner had a hard time for the next four years. Having distinguished himself in an action off Valparaiso, he was raised to the rank of lieutenant, and, in 1816, he joined H.M. "Dauntless." Several narrow escapes from death about this time, led him to think on eternal things. While sailing on the Peruvian coast, the boat in which he was going



ashore, capsized, and he had a narrow escape from drowning. A comrade sank before his eyes. Deeply awakened as to his state of soul, he was walking through the streets of Portsmouth one day, and, in passing a shop, saw a Bible in the window. He had a desire to buy it, but was ashamed



ALLEN GARDINER.

to enter the place, and ask it, lest any of his shipmates might hear or see him. After walking up and down for a while, he at last darted into the shop, and purchased the Bible, which, as an awakened sinner, feeling in measure his need of a Saviour, he read with interest. Just about this time, he received intimation of his mother's death,



which further deepened the impression made, but, without finding peace with God, or knowing the joy of having his sins forgiven, he sailed for South America. Walking through Santiago, he saw the door of a great cathedral open, and entered, but found nothing there to direct his weary soul to Christ, only a gaudy ritual, performed by monks, whose lives, he learned, were openly ungodly. At Tahiti, he was impressed by the changed appearance of the natives, who had been converted through the labours of an earnest missionary, and it must have been then, or about that time, that Allen Gardiner passed into the kingdom of God, for, a short time after, when passing Cape Town on his way to England, he writes—"The last time I visited this colony, I was walking in the broad way, and hastening by rapid strides to eternal ruin. Blessed be His Name, who loved us, and gave Himself for us, a great change has been wrought." This "great change" was his conversion to God, the beginning of a new life which, as we shall see, was spent in devoted service to the One who had saved him by His grace. Soon after this, he gave himself to the Lord, at His call to go forth, bearing the good news of salvation to the Kaffirs and Zulus of South Africa, where, amid many trials and difficulties, he pioneered and preached for several years. But his heart was set upon reaching the still more needy field of South America, which he had touched on more than one occasion while a naval officer, and where the need of the benighted Patagonians, who were still in utter ignorance of the Name of Jesus, lay heavy on his heart.





## Patagonia and its People.

**P**ATAGONIA, or the southern part of "The Neglected Continent," as South America has been justly named, is a cold, bleak, and barren country very little known, yet it forms part of that "so loved" world for which God gave His only begotten Son, and for whose dwellers He has provided a full and free salvation, of which only a very few have yet heard.

The Patagonians are a very tall, warlike race of Indians, who ride swift horses and are very skilled hunters. When Magellan, the Portuguese navigator, first set foot on their country nearly four hundred years ago, and saw the gigantic race of savages who inhabited it, he declared them to be "larger and taller than the stoutest men of Castile," The Spaniards gave them the name of "Patagones," which means "great feet," owing to the immense size of boots made of rough hides which they wore, and it was probably from this that the country derived its name.

It is not our intention to follow here the history of the country, or to give an account of its various fortunes in peace and in war, but rather to tell the true and stirring story of the introduction of the Gospel by brave and godly men, who left country, friends and kindred, with all that earth holds dear, and constrained by the love of Christ,



went forth with the glad tidings of a Saviour's love, to the dark and cruel Patagonians, and their still more barbarous neighbours in Tierra del Fuego, who have been well described as "the most savage race on the face of the earth." Yet there, as elsewhere, the Cross has wrought its conquests, and from among the debased and bloodthirsty cannibals of Patagonia and Fuego, gems have been won for the



A PATAGONIAN CHIEF.

Saviour's crown, and sinners brought from the darkest depths to grace the heavenly host who shall sing His praise in glory.

Before we tell the story of how the heralds of the Cross went forth, and of what hardships they endured, we will have a peep at the people, their customs and their religion,



so that we may be better able to understand the difficulties these brave men had to contend with, and the hardships they had to endure.

Sir Francis Drake was the first Englishman to set foot on Patagonian soil in 1578, and describes the inhabitants as "tall Indians, with bows and arrows, who never cut their hair, but make it a store-house for all the articles they require: a quiver for arrows, a sheath for knives, a case for toothpicks, and a box for firesticks." There are different tribes inhabiting the country. The Araucanos, or Pampas, chiefly dwell in the north, and the Tehuelches in the south, speaking the same language with the difference of dialect, such as we have in the north and south of our own country. The great Cordillera mountains, with their snowwhite peaks, are seen from almost every part of the country. In appearance and dress, a recent traveller describes the Patagonians, particularly those who are of Araucanian descent, as "tall and well built, most of them being over six feet, and many of the women quite as tall." They have flat noses, oblique eyes, long coarse hair, which is parted in the middle, and kept from falling over their faces by a handkerchief or fillet of some sort tied round the forehead.

The male dress consists of a piece of cloth worn as a girdle, and a guanaco capa which is hung loosely over the shoulders, and falls like a mantle covering the entire body. The females dress in a loose gown covered with a capa similar to that of the men. Partly for ornament, and partly as a protection against the biting winds which sweep their country, they paint their faces, usually red, which gives them a very wild appearance.

The Patagonians live in huts named toldos, which are mostly made of the skins of the guanaco, which abounds in these wild regions. They are bold riders, and very skilful



in the use of the bolas and lasso, both of which they use in hunting the llama and the ostrich. All the children are taught at a very early age to use these weapons, and so well do they generally learn their use, that almost all the boys and girls can catch wild birds and even animals before they are ten or twelve years of age.

The *bolas* is a long strip of hide with a ball of iron about



NATIVES OF PATAGONIA.

the size of a cricket ball attached to one end. This is slung with such a force, and generally with such true aim, that it hardly ever fails to bring to the ground its victim.

The *lasso* is a long rope with a noose or slip knot at its end. It is thrown in such a manner as to ensure this noose falling on the head or horns of the animal it is meant to



catch, and thus entangled, it is easy to bring it to their hand. As the Patagonians live almost wholly by hunting, they are nomadic, and can scarcely be found twice in the same place. They are very suspicious of strangers going amongst them, and will seize upon anything they can get hold of without consulting its owner.

They are not idolators in the sense that most uncivilised nations are, for they have no gods of wood or stone as objects of worship. Their religion is a form of sun worship. They believe there is a good spirit which dwells in the sun, and an evil spirit who dwells in the moon, and that when a wicked man dies his soul goes to the moon, while the soul of a good and intelligent man goes to the sun after death. Yet strange to say, their great aim is to forget the dead, good and bad alike, and to destroy every memorial which might bring them to mind. Everything belonging to a dead person, including his clothes, his tent, his spears, his knives, and even his valuables, are burned immediately or buried with his body. The relatives blow with their mouths over the grave, and cut themselves with lances until the blood gushes out as a sign of mourning for the dead. The blood flowing from these self-inflicted wounds they sprinkle upward toward the sun, and let it fall upon the grave, calling upon the good spirit which is supposed to dwell in the sun to receive the soul of their departed kinsman.

It was to this neglected race, who had not even heard the Saviour's name, that the heart of a young naval officer was turned as he cruised along the western coast of South America in the year 1837, on board H.M.S. *Dauntless*, from the deck of which his eye often scanned the rocky coast, on which at times he could see crowds of tall Indians, dressed in their ponchos or blankets, their faces painted in curious patterns with red and black paint, as they sat by their huts amid clumps of thistles and dwarf oak trees, or



roved the plains in pursuit of the ostrich and the llama. This young officer had only been a short time before this converted to God, and now his heart yearned over that neglected race, to whom he longed to tell the old, old story of Jesus and His love which had brought himself to God, and given him the knowledge of a present and eternal salvation, with a home in heaven above. Was it any



A NATIVE WAR DANCE.

wonder that he longed to tell the same good news to others? Indeed it was not, for one of the very first evidences of Divine life in a soul, is that there is a yearning desire to tell of the Saviour, and to bring others to a knowledge of His love.

The country at that time had only been visited by



explorers, whose business was to trace its rivers, fix its boundaries, and describe its products; but no attempt was made to tell its dark and cruel dwellers the good news of salvation or to carry to them the Word of God, which alone can enlighten the darkness in which the heathen sit. But blessed be God, He had other thoughts concerning the Patagonians as we shall presently see, and it was at His call that ALLEN GARDINER went forth with the Gospel message among them.

On the 15th of May, 1838, he sailed from Table Bay with his wife and children, for Rio Janeiro, and from thence they travelled across the Pampas to Mendoza, a journey of more than nine hundred miles, in a rough waggon. Then across the great Corderillas which, in some parts, were covered with snow, in others, almost impassable, owing to great crevasses in the mountain paths, which had to be crossed on slabs and logs of wood. Leaving his family at Concepcion, Gardiner, like a true pioneer, pressed on to the great interior, where the Araucanian Indians were said to be found in large numbers. Having procured an interpreter, he threaded his way through forests of bamboo, across rivers of great breadth, over mountains riven by earthquakes, until at last, an Indian village came into view. When Gardiner saw it with its patches of cultivated land, embosomed in groves of apple trees, his heart rose in praise to God, for here at last he was within what seemed to be the realisation of his heart's desire, which was to tell the benighted dwellers in that land, the precious Name of Jesus which had not yet been heard there.

We find him entering in his diary at this time—"Every object which met the eye, seemed to speak its great Creator's praise, but he for whose enjoyment all these beauties were arranged, has not yet learned to raise one song of thanksgiving to Him." The chief of the village gave him permis-



sion to settle there, but, after receiving his present, changed his mind, and told him he could only stay one moon. The chief of the next village, Wykepeiry, was more of an autocrat, and told the missionary that he neither wanted the Book of God, nor any one to teach him of the true God. He, however, allowed him to pass the night, and, after a supper of hot potatoes and cold peas, the man of God laid himself down on the floor of his hut, and, with his saddle for a pillow, slept in peace while guardian angels watched around till morning light.

The noble missionary found out as he passed from village to village, that the opposition of many of the chiefs arose from the fact that Romish priests had been there before him, and, by their ungodly and unscrupulous dealings with the natives, had given them an evil opinion of the "foreigner." After using every means at his disposal to gain their confidence, Gardiner had to return without success. But he was not altogether cast down. One way yet seemed open to him, by which the Patagonians might be reached with the Gospel. This was to make the Falkland Islands, which were a British possession, his headquarters, and from thence, cross to the country of the Araucanians, get some of their young people to accompany him, to whom he might teach English, and from them learn their rude language, at the same time telling them the story of Jesus and His love. It was thus that a small beginning was made, and a light kindled which has been kept burning amid the surrounding darkness, until the present time.

Our picture shews a family of Araucanians of the present time, who have heard and believed the Gospel. Truly the change even in outward appearance is remarkable. And when we remember what value God places on *one* precious soul, we may surely say that the conversion of that father and mother is a rich return for all the labour and suffering



of God's beloved servants, who loved not their lives unto death.

Verily, it is no easy task to enter the dark places of the earth with God's Gospel. Nothing but the love of Christ



AN ARAUCANIAN FAMILY.

burning in the heart, could ever constrain a man to leave his home and kindred, with all that earth holds dear, to go with his life in his hand, into the very citadel of Satan's



kingdom, in which, by the chains of ignorance and dark idolatry, he holds millions of his slaves in captivity. And nothing but the almighty power of God can preserve the life of His servant in such scenes, where every moment the enemy is panting for his blood. Yet in such scenes, some of the grandest triumphs of the Cross have been won, and from such fields, some of the richest gems have been gathered by the power of the Gospel.







## **Trials and Triumphs.**

**I**F you look at a map of South America, you will see a group of small islands, numbering in all about two hundred, lying off the coast of Patagonia. These are the Falkland Islands, the two largest of them bearing the names of East and West Falkland. They are under the British flag, and form a headquarters for whalers and small sealing vessels which frequent the Straits of Magellan. It was to these desolate islands that Allen Gardiner sailed in the year 1841, and anchored in Berkeley Sound, on the 23rd December of that year, hoping to reach the Patagonians from there. He erected a small wooden house on an island with a population numbering about twenty men and three or four women. An old boat which had been cast aside by its owners as unfit for further use, was rigged up, provisions to last for some weeks were put on board, and with a small crew of drunken whalers, Gardiner and a companion named Johnson, sailed for the shores of Patagonia, with the Gospel message.

When they reached the shore, they lit a fire, and before long a number of natives appeared, armed with bows, scantily clad in skins, looking very sullen. Gardiner shook hands with them all round, made them presents of some brass buttons, bits of coloured braid, and a small looking



glass, which they received with signs of appreciation. Here they built themselves a hut near the shore, and remained for several days. The natives of the place were about a hundred in number, and seemed friendly, Wissale their chief, readily granting his permission to build and settle amongst them. But as has often been found, the servants of Christ must not depend too much on the fair promises or apparent friendliness of heathen chiefs, whose



NATIVES OF THE GRAND CHACO.

object in welcoming them is mainly to plunder. Their trust must be in the living God, whose power alone can preserve their lives in the midst of the cruelties of heathendom.

In consequence of the favourable opening thus found, Gardiner proceeded to England in the hope of getting others to come out and enter the open door with the Gospel of Christ. He found, however, that during the six years of his absence in Patagonia, the missionary spirit had sadly



declined in his native land. Three Missionary Societies, before which in turn he made known the needs of Patagonia, declined to take up the work there owing to the lack of funds ; and thus the earnest missionary's faith was tested, and his patience severely tried. But when man fails us, it drives us to the living God, and Allen Gardiner had then to learn what others have yet to learn, namely, that Missionary Societies, with their rules and restrictions, their commands and prohibitions, are not calculated to help, but more frequently hinder the Lord's servants from carrying out his Master's behests. Happy is the Gospeller, at home or abroad, who is no one's servant but the Lord's, and who looks to Him alone for all his directions, as well as for the supply of his wants. The Lord may try His servant's faith, but He can never fail to be a good Master to all whom He sends forth to do His business among the sons of men.

Thus cast upon God, Gardiner sent forth to the people of God in Great Britain a short and simple statement of what the Lord had done in Patagonia, which ended with the following stirring appeal : " Let us remember Him who, though He was rich, yet for our sakes became poor, who willeth that all men should be saved and come to the knowledge of the truth, and who will not be satisfied until He has received the fulness of that harvest which the travail of His soul is still ripening." The result of this was that a number of Christian men and women met for prayer, and gave of their means to send the Gospel to the benighted dwellers of Patagonia and Tierra del Fuego. A Mr. Hunt, who had been a schoolmaster in Kendal, accompanied Allen Gardiner on December 12th, 1844, in the brig *Rosalie*, which reached Gregory's Bay in two months, where they landed their stores and built a hut. But fresh trials of faith and patience awaited them there as we shall see.





## In Perils of the Heathen.

**W**HEN Allen Gardiner and his companion landed at Gregory's Bay, Wissale the chief, and the whole of his tribe were absent on a hunting expedition, but after a few days they returned. Wissale was a tall powerful man. He wore a guanaco mantle and skin boots. His head was bound with a scarlet band, and from his waist hung a handsome dirk. He had been to Rio Aegro in quest of horses. When he entered the hut in which the missionaries lived, he began to appropriate whatever he took a fancy for, including their caps and hats. This they bore cheerfully, but they saw that Wissale was not to be trusted. The chief's demeanour soon changed; he refused to partake of dinner which the missionaries had prepared for him, and sat in the midst of his followers with his mantle closely hugged round him, his upper lip covered, which is always a sign of displeasure. He soon assumed a threatening attitude, refused to receive presents, and was found to be secretly plotting against them. In their perplexity the two lone servants were cast upon the living God, and it is refreshing to learn from an entry made in Captain Gardiner's diary at this very time how their souls were sustained in the day of trial. He writes—"Our hopes of deliverance were not built on any measure of our own



devising. We betook ourselves to our sure refuge, the God of all means, the Father of the friendless, assured that if it should be consistent with His glory, not a hair of our heads would be touched." Then the two tried but trusting



A NATIVE WITCH.

servants of Christ opened their Bibles and read from the twenty-sixth chapter of Isaiah, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee. Trust ye in the Lord for ever, for in the



Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength." And thus strengthened by the sure word of Jehovah's promise, they knelt upon the mud floor of their hut, committed themselves to the care of Him who never slumbers, and were soon sleeping calmly while guardian angels encamped around, between them and the angry heathen who thirsted for their blood. The following day an English vessel anchored in the bay, which when Wissale saw, he evidently feared had come to remove the missionaries. His manner suddenly changed. He told the captain of the vessel to carry a message to the people of England that his "heart was towards his brother, Captain Gardiner," and he solemnly promised in the presence of the whole crew that he would protect the two missionaries. But after the vessel had sailed, Wissale returned to his sullen mood, and threatened the lives of the missionaries. They regarded this as an indication of God's mind to move to other fields, and so with sore hearts they had to abandon all hope of reaching the dwellers of Gregory Bay with the Gospel. The time spent there may seem to have been in vain, but no such thought clouded the spirits of the faithful ambassadors of Christ. Like their Master, when they were persecuted in one place they had learned to flee to another, and although no present fruit of their labour was seen, they were assured it was not in "vain in the Lord." True success consists not in apparent results, but in doing the will of God; and we may rest assured that in the day of Christ's judgment seat, such labour will not fail of its reward. Thus Allen Gardiner had learned to reckon, for we find him writing in his journal at this time: "No labour for Christ is lost."





## In the Land of Fire.

**I**N the extreme south of the American continent, separated from the mainland by the Straits of Magellan, is Tierra del Fuego, or—as the name implies—“The Land of Fire.” In the early part of the nineteenth century, the country was little known, but among the sailors who rounded Cape Horn on their voyages to and from California, the “Firelanders” bore a bad name, and were said to be cannibals. Many a shipwrecked crew they had plundered and massacred, and as a consequence, no ship ever touched the desolate shore. The country is almost covered with tangled weeds, impassable forests, and swampy moorlands, with mountains rising here and there in savage grandeur, their tops covered with perpetual snow. The inhabitants of this country have been described as “savages, the very lowest of the human race.” They live in the tangled forest, or along the seashore. They have no houses, only rude wigwams, built of a few branches fixed in the ground, with a thatch of rushes, which can be built in an hour. Wandering as they do from place to place in search of food, they more frequently live without a covering of any kind, lying on the cold wet ground, coiled up in snake-like fashion. Many of them live continually in canoes, made from the bark of trees. Their food consists of shellfish, sea eggs, with an occasional otter or whale. The climate is very



changeable, great snowstorms bursting suddenly forth with awful severity on the ill-clad people who die in thousands from starvation. They present a wild and abject appearance, wear long shaggy hair, half covering the face, which is usually painted red and white in transverse bars. The men wear skins thrown around their shoulders, fur inwards; the wives, of which each man has two or more, are generally almost naked. Their language is a hoarse guttural sound, somewhat like an animal clearing its throat. Their skins are always filthy, their hair in tangles, and their habits so degraded that one can scarcely think human beings could sink so low. Yet these degraded Fuegians are part of this "so loved" world, for which God gave up His only Son; their souls are of as much value in His sight as those of the most civilised and refined, and what is so often forgotten, the Gospel of the glory of the blessed God, preached in the Holy Ghost, will, when, received by faith, transform these wild Fuegians into loving and devoted followers of the Lamb. Yes, men may scoff as they will at the doctrines of the Gospel of Christ, but what can they say of the monuments of its saving power to be seen on the dark and dreary shores of Tierra del Fuego. Degraded savages once, in whose hands human life was unsafe; devoted disciples of Jesus Christ now, shewing forth the praises of His peerless Name. What answer has the unbeliever to this? How can he account for it? We shall hear the testimony of one candid man at least, who had a full opportunity of judging of the nature of the change wrought by the Gospel's power, for he saw the Fuegian, first in his natural state as a degraded heathen, and later, as a sinner saved by grace, through the power of the Gospel of Christ.

At the close of the year 1831, a ship named *The Beable* sailed from Devonport for South America under the command of Captain Fitzroy. On board was a young man



named Charles Darwin, whose name was destined to become famous in connection with certain theories he afterwards propagated concerning the "origin of man." When the vessel reached the shores of Tierra del Fuego, and the low condition of its inhabitants became known, Darwin frequently expressed his conviction that it was "utterly useless to send missionaries to such a set of savages



NATIVES OF TIERRA DEL FUEGO.

as the Fuegians, who probably are the very lowest of the human race." Such was the opinion of the philosopher. But many years after, when the Gospel had been carried to the shores of Tierra del Fuego, and he had seen its effects in the changed condition of those who had received it, Mr. Darwin, in sending an annual subscription for the work of the mission, wrote: "The success of the Tierra del Fuego mission is most wonderful, and shames me, as I



always prophesied utter failure." Yes, and so might any one who does not know the power of the Gospel, for apart from that glorious message which then and now is God's power unto salvation, there is no power on earth can bring a sinner from the depths of dark heathendom, or from the more refined depths of Satan, as seen in the false religions of Christendom, to be an heir of glory, a saint of God, and a loving disciple of the Lord Jesus.

On January 7th, 1848, Captain Allen Gardiner, with five companions—four seamen and a carpenter—sailed in the *Clymene* from Cardiff, for the "Land of Fire," and arrived at Picton Island amid a tempest of sleet and hail which drove the angry waves across the vessel's bows every few minutes. They anchored the vessel in Banner Cove, and after they had fixed up their tent on the inhospitable shore, wading knee deep in mud to reach it, they saw a group of natives creeping cautiously along towards them. They appeared to be very shy, but after a while they came nearer, and exchanged some fish for needles, buttons, and articles of clothing. The next move of the mission party was to erect a storehouse, and bring a few things from the ship. This raised the curiosity of the natives, and evidently their avarice, for they not only asked from the missionaries the various articles they saw being landed, but helped themselves to whatever they thought fit, and even threatened the lives of the Lord's servants. Writing home, Gardiner describes the Fuegians as follows—"Shameless greed and systematic thieving are universal vices. Nothing escapes their little glancing eyes, and but for the utmost vigilance, nothing would escape their active fingers. On the slightest provocation the roguish simper of the men changes to a scowl of fiendish ferocity; and when exasperated or brought to bay, they fight with more fury than wild beasts."





## The Last Voyage.

IT soon became evident to Gardiner and his fellow-labourers that a permanent mission station on the shores of Tierra del Fuego was impossible under the conditions that then existed, and that their only hope lay in a mission vessel moored in the bay, from which they could visit the shore to preach Christ to the people, and return. Stores could thus be preserved in safety, and supplies sent out from time to time without danger of them being stolen. Gardiner returned to England to make known the situation, and in answer to his appeal, a Christian lady in Cheltenham sent him a thousand pounds, with which two launches were purchased, and named *The Pioneer* and *Speedwell*, to be used as mission boats in Fuego.

The Lord raised up fellow-workers also, and such helpers as were necessary for the work. They were all earnest Christian men who, for the Gospel's sake, willingly left home and kindred to accompany Allen Gardiner to the lone shores of Fuego with the message of God's salvation.

RICHARD WILLIAMS, who had a good practice as a surgeon in Burslem, Staffordshire, gave it up to go out to Fuego. He had only just time to bid his friends farewell, and join the *Ocean Queen* at Liverpool. Only a few years before, Williams had been a sceptic, living without God, and, to



use his own words, accounting the Bible "a mere lumber book." During a serious illness, when he seemed to be at the point of death, he was awakened to a sense of the realities of God, eternity, heaven, and hell, and a horror of great darkness fell upon him. How could he meet that God whose existence he had denied, whose Word he had defamed? Someone standing by his bedside told him to "look to Jesus," and by means of that one word, the light of the Gospel entered his soul. He says, "I did look to Jesus as I was bidden, and I found joy in so doing." Through that look he received life, and passed out of the kingdom of darkness into the kingdom of the Son of God's love. Restored to life as by a miracle, Williams went forth into the world a new creature, to live for God and eternity. Speaking of his experiences at this time, he says, "Jesus was most precious to me—my glory and infinite joy. The Bible, hitherto a sealed book, is now a river of water to my thirsty soul." Need we wonder that this happy saint, occupied thus with the Person of Christ, was constrained to give himself to the service of God? Not, however, without first proving himself by faithful service in the circle where he moved, as all who go forth in public service for Christ ought to do. In his own town of Burslem, during a visit of cholera, in which hundreds of his fellow-townsmen died, he went from house to house tending the sick and dying, and pointing them to Christ, while many an ear soon to be sealed in death took in the joyful message of life and peace from his lips. For many years his memory was fragrant in his native town, and when he left it to go forth to Fuego, he was followed by many an earnest prayer from those who knew him best.

JOHN MAIDMENT, a godly young Sunday School teacher in London, who had been accustomed to plenty of hard work, formed another of the company. ERWIN, a ship



carpenter, who had sailed with Gardiner on a former voyage, and who volunteered to accompany him again, giving as his reason that "being with Captain Gardiner



AN INDIAN OF ARGENTINA.

was like a heaven on earth." Three godly Cornish fishermen named BRYANT, PEARCE, and BRADOCK, who had been



well accustomed to toss in rough seas in open boats, offered their services to join the mission band.

A farewell meeting was held in Bristol, at which the six devoted men were commended to God in earnest prayer by a number of the Lord's people. Then the whole company stood and sang together. A short time after, amid many tearful farewells, the pioneers of the Cross went on board the *Ocean Queen*, and sailed for the distant shore. Mrs. Gardiner, with many friends and fellow-believers, waved a last farewell, little thinking they would never meet their loved ones again, until that fair morning, when from every land and sea, the redeemed of the Lord shall be gathered to meet Him in the air.







## Martyrdom and Heaven.

THREE months after leaving Liverpool, *The Ocean Queen* arrived at Picton Island, and the mission party disembarked, erecting their tents at Banner Cove. Remembering their former experiences with the natives, Gardiner took the precaution to have a strong fence made of the trunks of trees placed around the encampment. This, however, was but a poor protection; for, no sooner had the news of their arrival spread over the island, than they were visited by crowds of Fuegians, who rudely forced their way into the enclosure, and began to steal whatever they could find. This was too serious to be tolerated, especially as their stock of provisions was small, so they embarked in the *Pioneer* and *Speedwell*, and put out to sea. But the storms that beat around Cape Horn proved too strong for the little craft. The *Pioneer* was driven on a rock, and suffered much damage, and, while they were endeavouring to get it repaired, a crowd of hostile natives appeared. They could not flee, and, although they had guns and powder with them, which they intended to use in hunting for game, they determined, as ambassadors of the Prince of Peace, not to use them even in their own defence. Captain Gardiner called upon his companions to join him in prayer. They knelt together on the shore. The natives, many of whom were armed, stood looking on in silence, without saying a word, or offering to molest them, while the tried but trustful servants of God poured



forth their hearts to Him in earnest prayer, during which the *Speedwell*, which had been parted from them and driven out to sea by the storm, appeared. Their prayer was then turned to praise, and, while the little band stood on that lonely shore singing their song of thanksgiving, the heathen stood silently by, looking on in wonder. Trials of various kinds followed. A high tide invaded the cave where some of their stores were hidden, and carried out a number of valuables to sea, including Gardiner's Bible, his journal, and most of his clothing. This was followed by the sickness of several of the party, and, worst of all, their stock of provisions began to fail. A vessel sent with provisions was wrecked on the voyage; a second passed without leaving her cargo, so the sick men had nothing to eat but some fish of a very indifferent kind, which they purchased from the natives. Day after day they watched for the expected ship in vain. Then they buried three bottles in the earth, containing notes telling of their condition, and painted on the rocks in rude white letters, so as to attract the attention of any passing vessel—"Dig below. Go to Spaniard Harbour, March, 1851." What followed, can only be gathered from the journals of Gardiner and Williams, for, of that little band of missionary pioneers who, constrained by the love of Christ, had given up friends and home, with all that earth holds dear, not one survived to tell the tale.

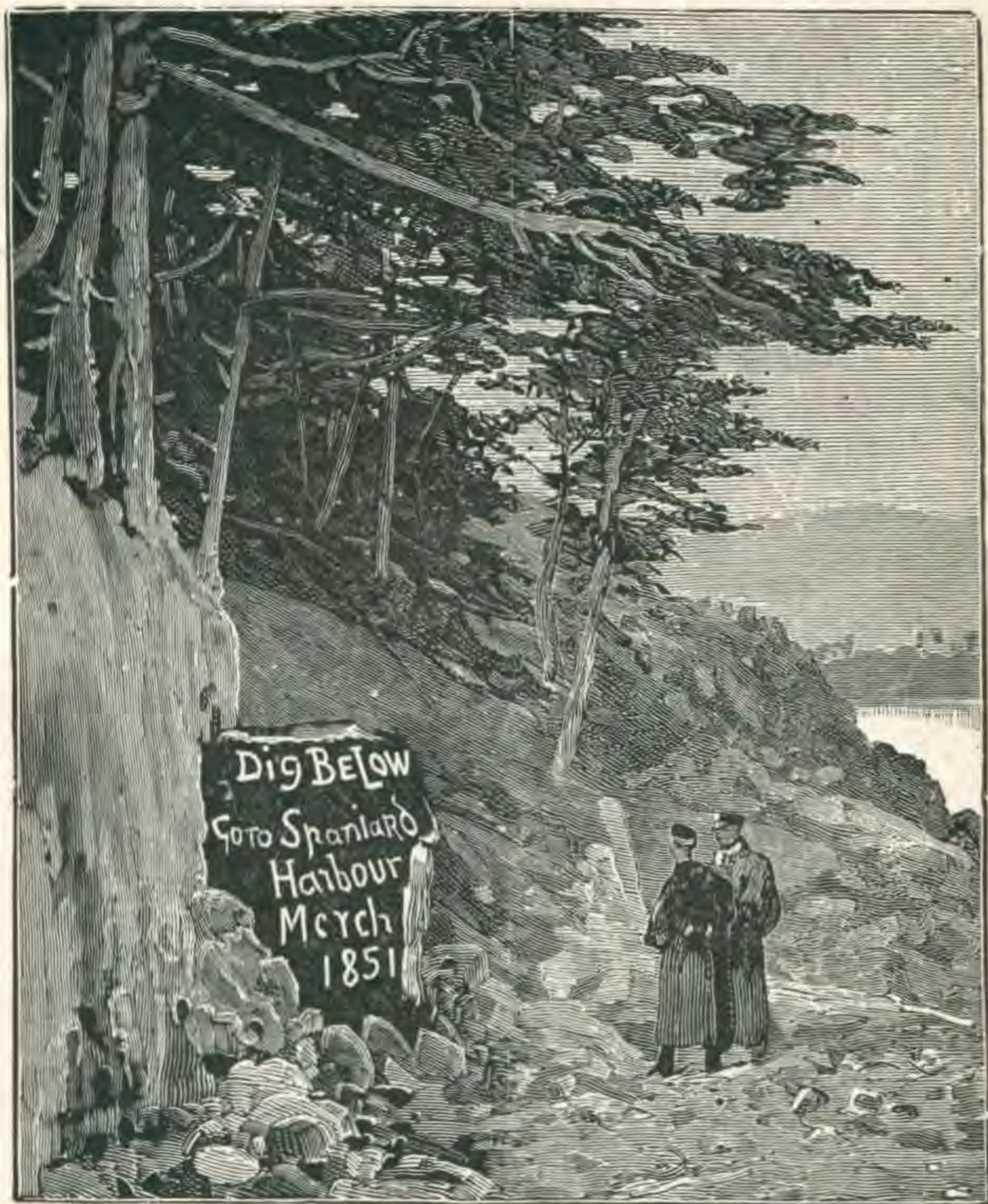
The first to lay down his life was Bryant, the brave Cornish sailor. As life was ebbing away, he sang in a clear voice—

"Arise, my soul arise, shake off thy guilty fears,  
The bleeding Sacrifice on thy behalf appears,  
Before the throne the Surety stands,  
My name is written on His hands."

They buried him close by the boat. Six weeks later, Erwin also died. Poor Bryant was found lying dead on the shore,



with a peaceful smile on his face. Maidment prepared the grave, and, after laying the remains of his two comrades to rest, he returned to die. Gardiner, unable to rise, wrote farewell letters to his wife and daughter, breathing the



THE PAINTING ON THE ROCKS.

spirit of true faith and resignation. "He has kept me in perfect peace. . . . My care is cast upon God, and I am only waiting His time and His good pleasure. I commend my body and soul into His care and keeping, and earnestly pray that He will mercifully take my dear wife



and children under the shadow of His wings." Two days later is his last entry. "Great and marvellous are the lovingkindnesses of my gracious God unto me. He has preserved me hitherto, although without bodily food, yet without any feeling of hunger or thirst." Here the story ends. Then all was silent on the shores of Fuego, where the unburied martyrs lay.

Meanwhile, a boat was on its way, and reached the desolate shore six weeks after Allen Gardiner and the last of his brave companions had gone to heaven. Guided by the painting on the rocks, they sailed to Spaniard Harbour. There they found in a boat the lifeless body of one of the party; close by, another, buried in a shallow grave. The sight unnerved the sailors. They returned with all speed to Monte Video to tell the sad news.

Another vessel, *H.M. Dido*, had reached Banner Cove. Cannons were fired from the ship, but not a sound of life responded from the desolate shore. The captain and part of the crew landed, and, searching along the shore, there found the lifeless body of Gardiner, fallen by the side of the boat, on the shore. Maidment was found in the cave, also the journal of Dr. Williams, while, strewn on the beach, were tools, books, and loose leaves, on which were written, in the clear handwriting of Gardiner, the records of these closing days. When the captain and crew looked upon the remains of the noble men who had left all for Christ, they wept like children. Then tenderly and reverently, they bore the bodies to a grave, while the ship's flags floated at half-mast, and one of the officers read, in a voice choking with emotion—"They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more."

Slowly, the sailors returned to their ship, taking a last look at the spot where the precious dust of the noble martyrs lies, on that desolate shore, awaiting the first resurrection.



When the news reached England it caused a thrill of horror to pass through the land, and, among the Lord's own people, there was much searching of heart.

The following year, a vessel, named the *Allen Gardiner*, sailed from Bristol, with a party of earnest workers, to carry the Gospel to Fuego, and, some time after, young Allen W. Gardiner, the martyr's only son, joined the party. It must have been a touching sight for him to stand by the lone grave, and, near it, to read in his father's own handwriting, on the rocks, the text, "My soul, wait thou only upon God." The precious lives thus laid down for the Gospel were not sacrificed in vain. Others have followed up the opening thus made, and on that day when the Lord makes up His jewels, some will be found in that glorious company from the shores of dark Fuego, saved by grace alone.





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