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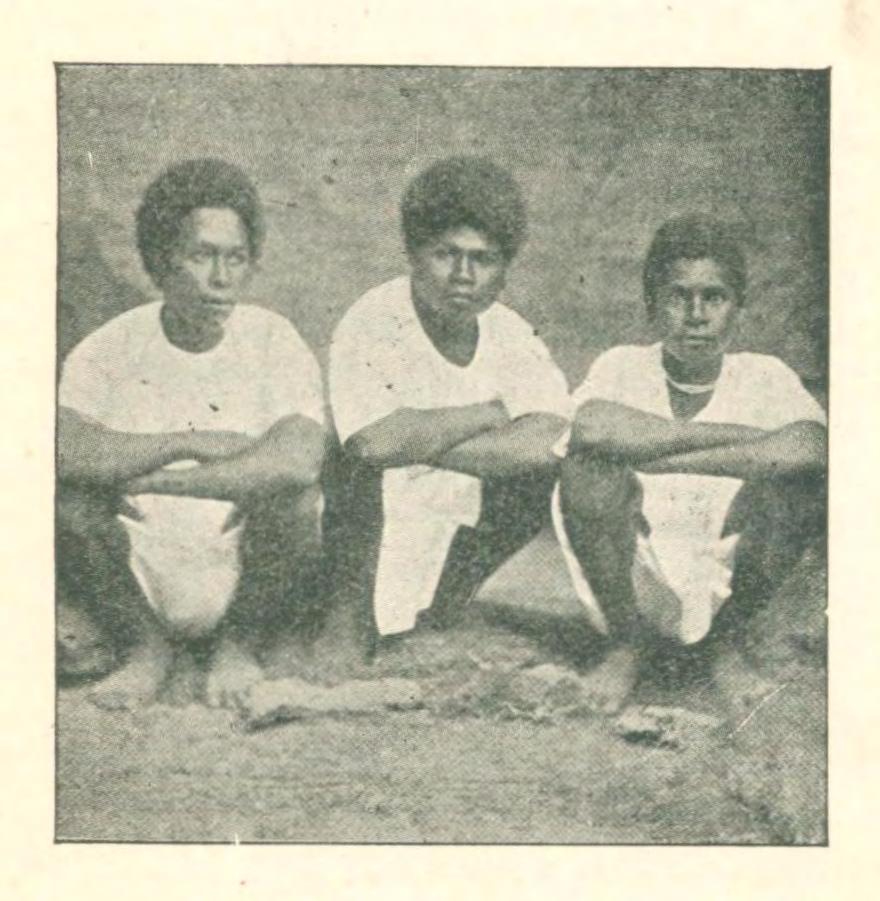
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James Chalmers,

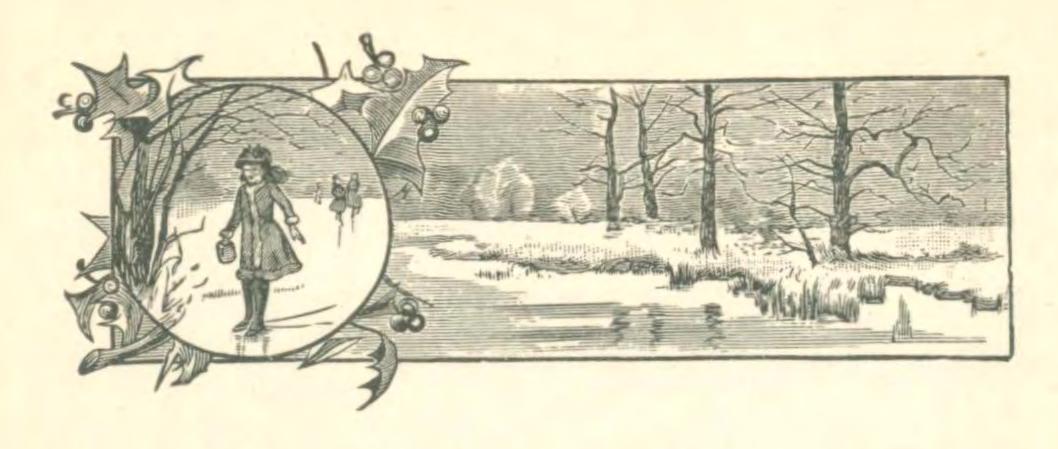
PIONEER MISSIONARY AND MARTYR
OF THE SOUTH SEAS.



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AND THROUGH ALL BOOKSELLERS.



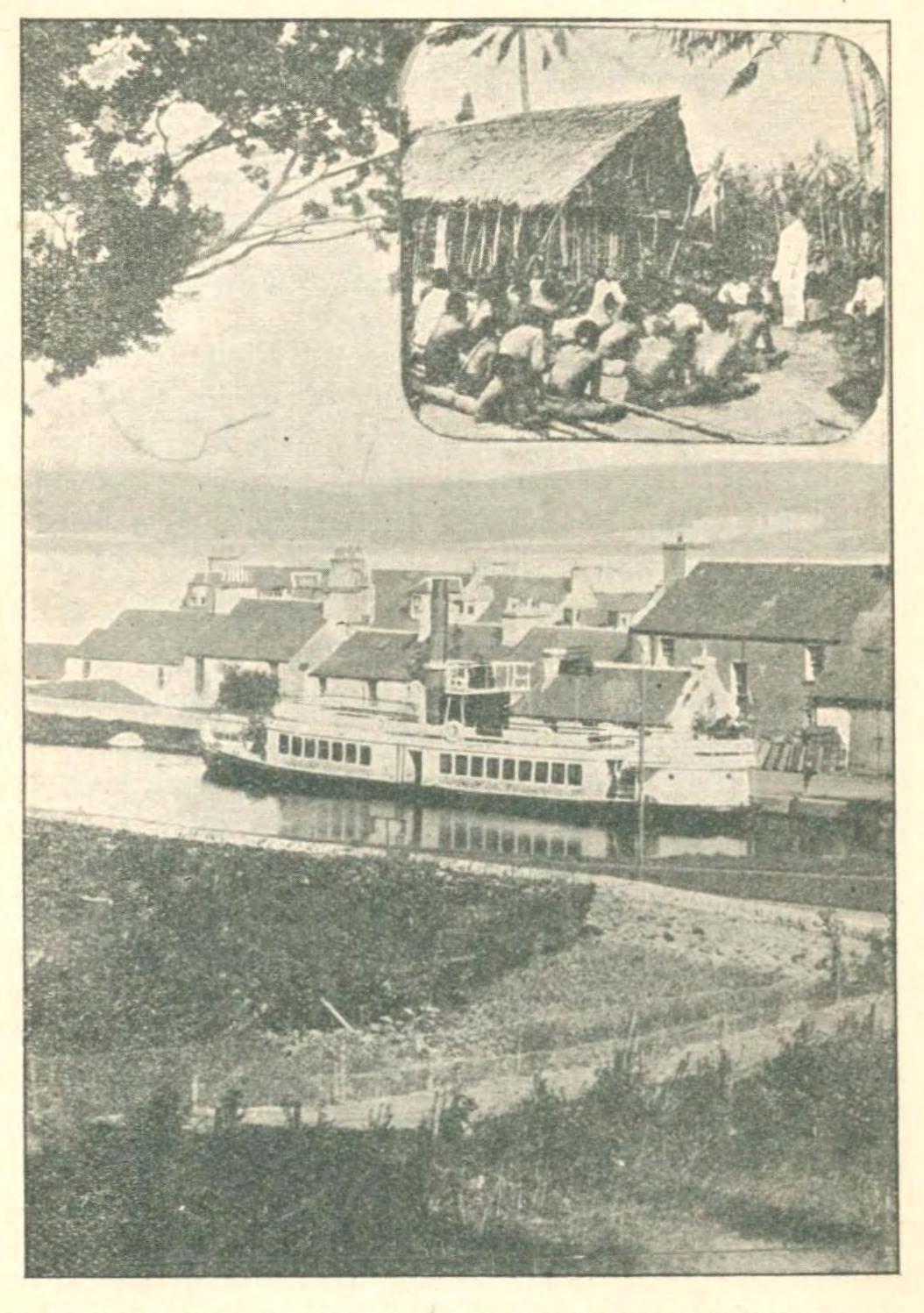
The Story of James Chalmers.

Missionary Martyr of the South Seas.

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



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

Scotland 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?

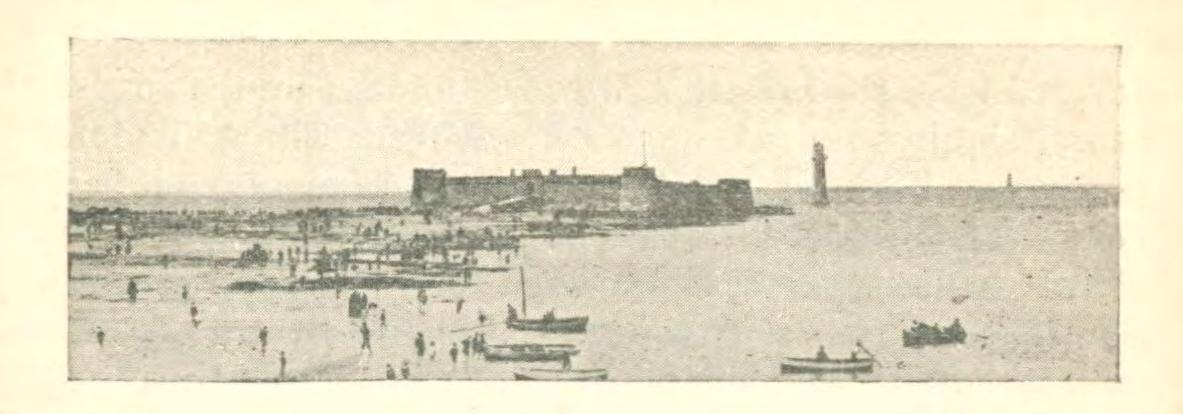
Chalmers tells how quickly that afternoon's resolution and prayer were forgotten, and how for some years after he lapsed into utter carelessness and fell into bad company, which led him astray. But God had His eye upon him, and by a way that he knew not, was about to bring about the great event of his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

ARATONGA, "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.

Raratonga 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 Raratongians. 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 RARATONGA 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 Raratonga, 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 Raratongians. 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.

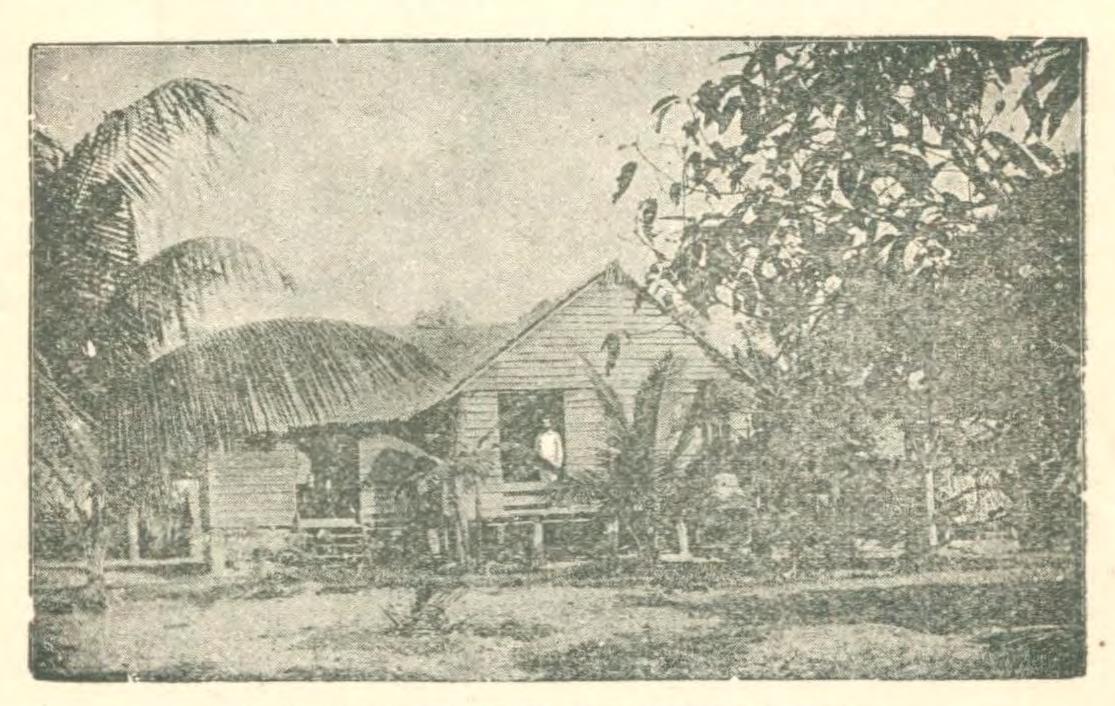
One of the first converts in Raratonga was a native named Teava, who, immediately he proved the power of the Gospel in his own salvation, had a longing desire to carry the joyful message to his countrymen, which he did. Then his heart went out to the savage tribes beyond, to whom no Gospel messenger 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.

LIVE 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 at Aberdeen, and named the John Williams, also provided by young folks of the British Isles. She sailed from Gavesend 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 Raratonga 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 Raratonga. 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'S HOUSE IN THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS.

and the Raratongian 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



MEN OF RARATONGA.

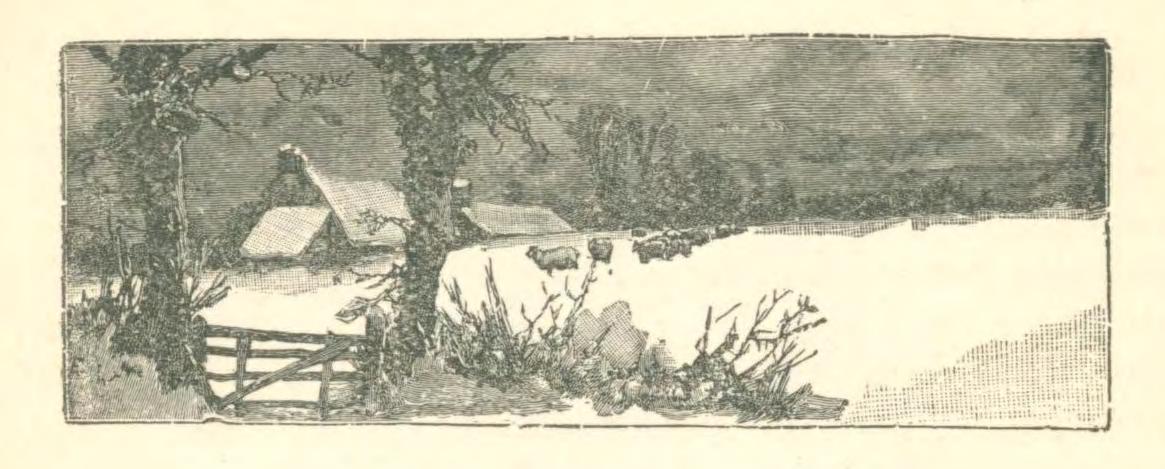
and go forward unflinchingly in a calling in which difficulties and trials are a daily occurrence.

When Chalmers and his wife arrived in Raratonga 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 fiveroomed 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 Raratonga, 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.

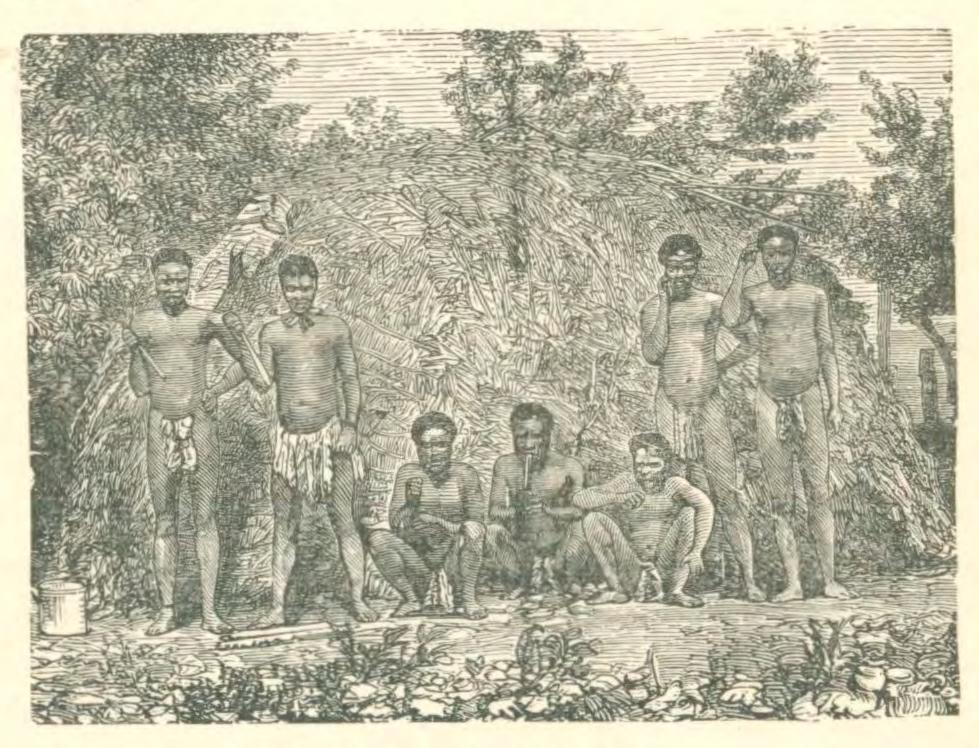


Peeps at New Guinea.

IN 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



NATIVES OF THE COAST.

streets of 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



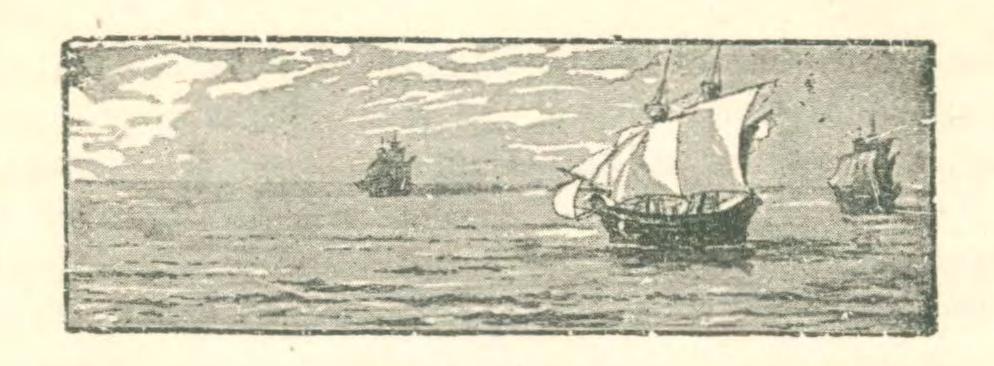
NATIVES OF TAHITI.

found for the 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—

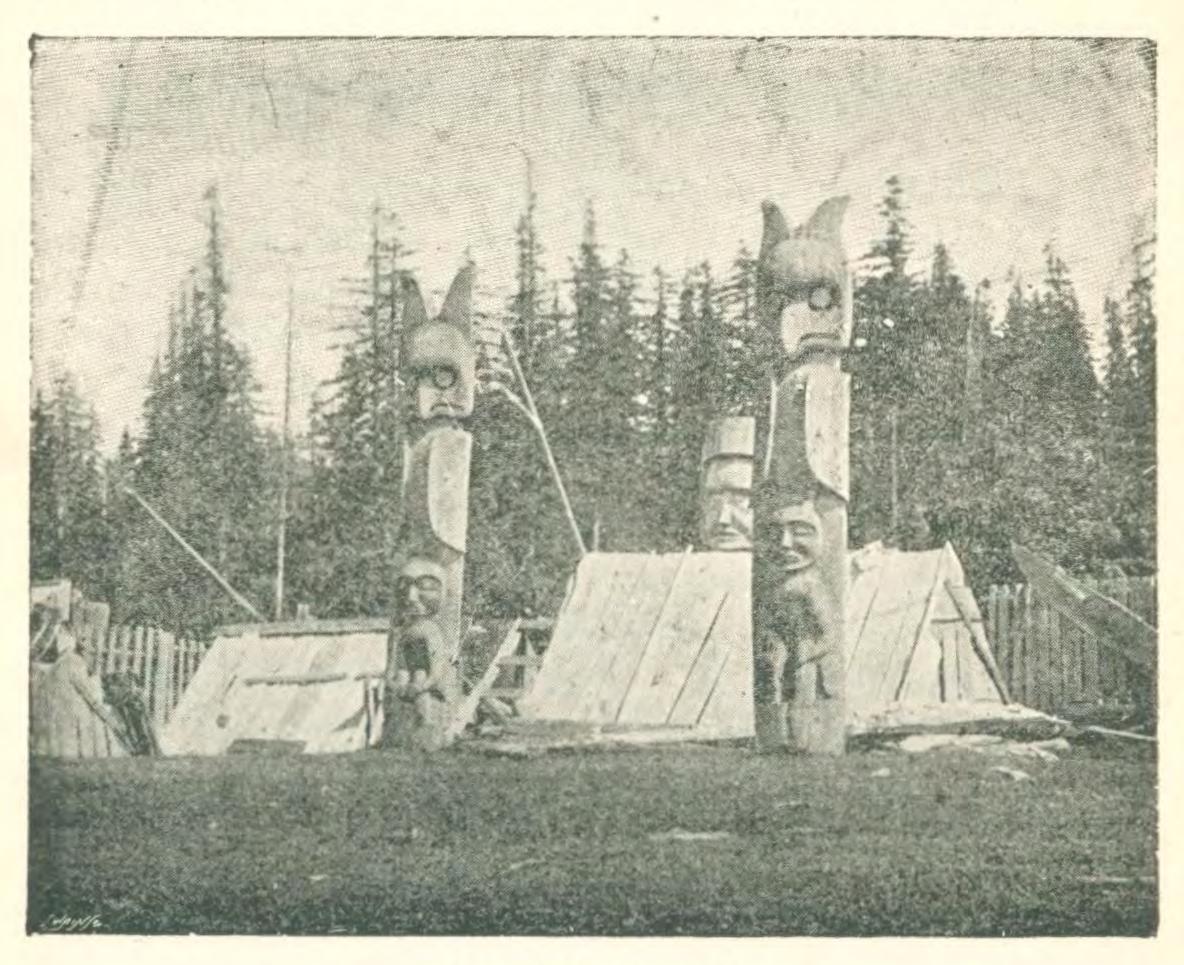
"O glad and glorious Gospel
With joy we now proclaim,
A full and free salvation
Through faith in Jesus' Name."





How the Gospel was Spread.

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 widespread 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 whom thy consult in times of war. These men often stir



A MAORI VILLAGE WITH GODS.

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 missionary 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 knowledge 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.

N 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 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 to do so, until New Guinea is occupied with earnest men and women preaching Christ, and leading thousands to Him."

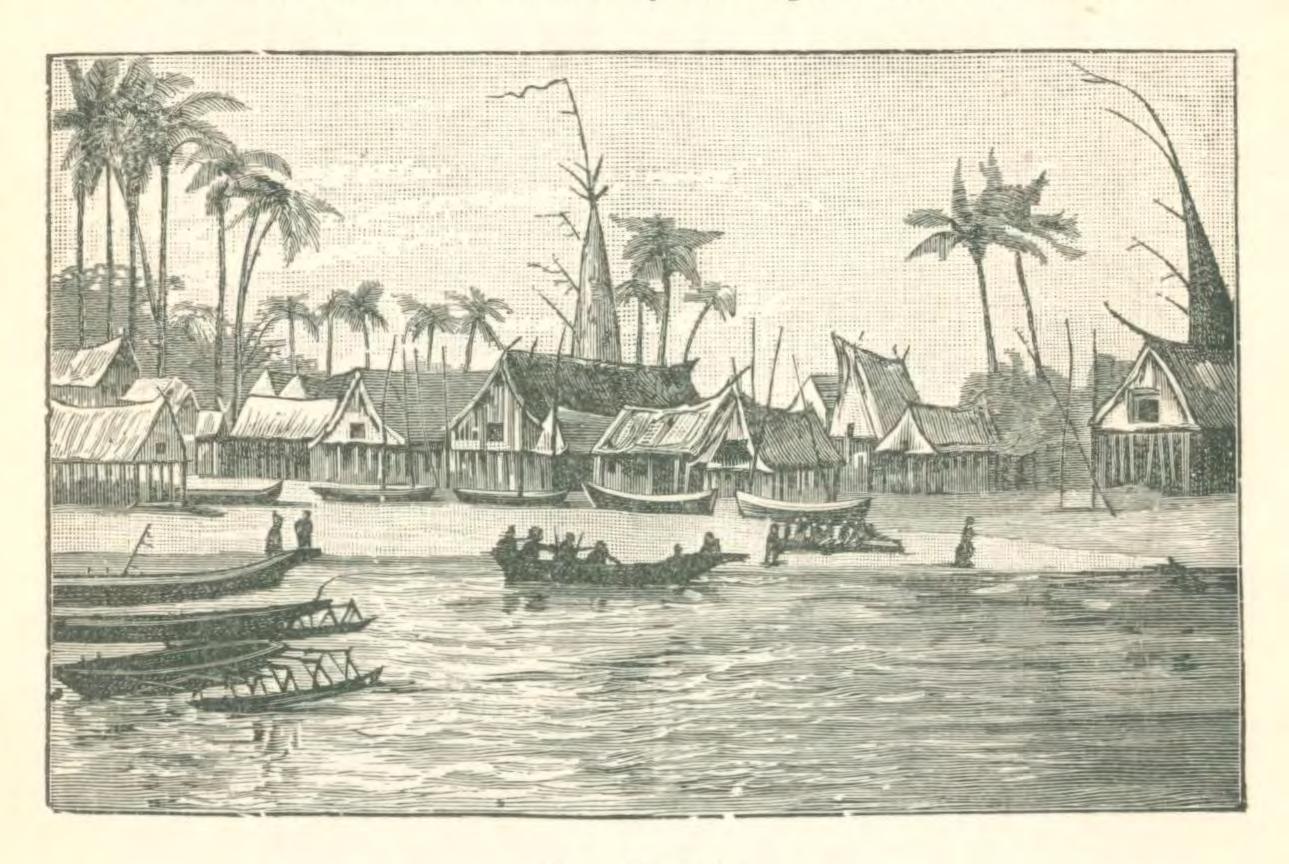




Peeps at Chiefs and People.

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 under the power of the truth, and awakened by the Spirit to a sense of his



PORT MORESBY.

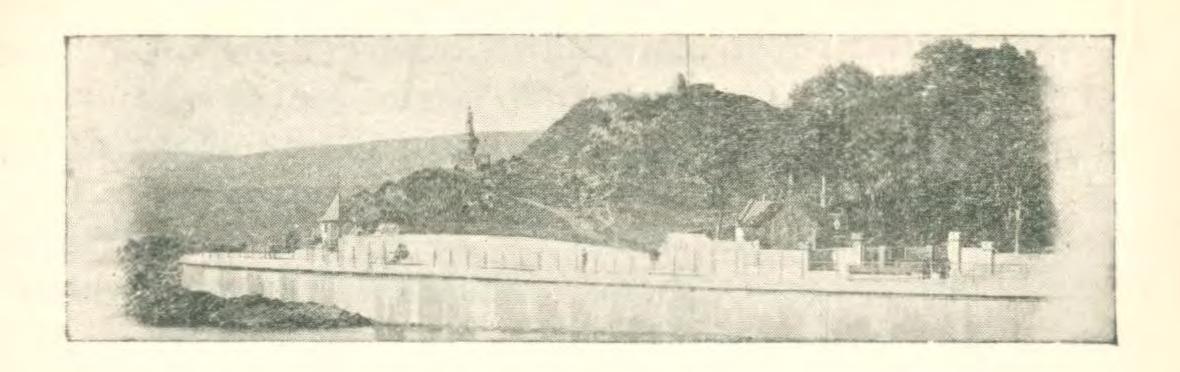
sin and guilt in the sight of God. A wonderful change was manifested in his life, and the savage look which for years so frightened all his subjects into submission was exchanged for a calm and peaceful countenance. On one occasion he accompanied Chalmers on a journey along the Gulf. They reached Maipua, 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 invaded by the ambassadors of the Son of God,



A PAPUAN CHIEF.

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.

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. 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.

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 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.

