YONGE CHARLOTTE MARY

LIFE OF JOHN COLERIDGE PATTESON : MISSIONARY BISHOP OF THE MELANESIAN ISLANDS

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Содержание

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PREFACE

There are of course peculiar advantages as well as disadvantages in endeavouring to write the life of one recently departed. On the one hand, the remembrances connected with him are far fresher; his contemporaries can he consulted, and much can be made matter of certainty, for which a few years would have made it necessary to trust to hearsay or probable conjecture. On the other, there is necessarily much more reserve; nor are the results of the actions, nor even their comparative importance, so clearly discernible as when there has been time to ripen the fruit.

These latter drawbacks are doubled when the subject of the biography has passed away in comparatively early life: when the persons with whom his life is chiefly interwoven are still in full activity; and when he has only lived to sow his seed in many waters, and has barely gathered any portion of his harvest.

Thus what I have written of Bishop Patteson, far more what I have copied of his letters, is necessarily only partial, although his nearest relations and closest friends have most kindly permitted the full use of all that could build up a complete idea of the man as he was. Many letters relate to home and family matters, such as it would be useless and impertinent to divulge; and yet it is necessary to mention that these exist, because without them we might not know how deep was the lonely man's interest and sympathy in all that concerned his kindred and friends. Other letters only repeat the narrative or the reflections given elsewhere; and of these, it has seemed best only to print that which appeared to have the fullest or the clearest expression. In general, the story is best told in letters to the home party; while thoughts are generally best expressed in the correspondence with Sir John Taylor Coleridge, to whom the Nephew seems to have written with a kind of unconscious carefulness of diction. There is as voluminous a correspondence with the Brother, and letters to many Cousins; but as these either repeat the same adventures or else are purely domestic, they have been little brought forward, except where any gap occurred in the correspondence which has formed the staple material.

Letters upon the unhappy Maori war have been purposely omitted; and, as far as possible, such criticisms on living personages as it seemed fair towards the writer to omit. Criticisms upon their publications are of course a different thing. My desire has been to give enough expression of Bishop

Patteson's opinions upon Church and State affairs, to represent his manner of thinking, without transcribing every detail of remarks, which were often made upon an imperfect report, and were, in fact, only written down, instead of spoken and forgotten, because correspondence served him instead of conversation.

I think I have represented fairly, for I have done my best faithfully to select passages giving his mind even where it does not coincide completely with my own opinions; being quite convinced that not only should a biographer never attempt either to twist or conceal the sentiments of the subject, but that either to apologise for, or as it were to argue with them, is vain in both senses of the word.

The real disadvantage of the work is my own very slight personal acquaintance with the externals of the man, and my ignorance of the scenes in which the chief part of his life was passed. There are those who would have been far more qualified in these respects than myself, and, above all, in that full and sympathetic masculine grasp of a man's powerful mind, which is necessarily denied to me. But these fittest of all being withheld by causes which are too well known to need mention, I could only endeavour to fulfil the work as best I might; trusting that these unavoidable deficiencies may be supplied, partly by Coleridge Patteson's own habit of writing unreservedly, so that he speaks for himself, and partly by the very full notes and records with which his friends have kindly supplied me, portraying him from their point of view; so that I could really trust that little more was

needed than ordinary judgment in connecting and selecting. Nor until the work is less fresh from my hand will it be possible to judge whether I have in any way been allowed to succeed in my earnest hope and endeavour to bring the statue out of the block, and as it were to carve the figure of the Saint for his niche among those who have given themselves soul and body to God's Work.

It has been an almost solemn work of anxiety, as well as one of love. May I only have succeeded in causing these letters and descriptions to leave a true and definite impression of the man and of his example!

Let me here record my obligations for materials—I need hardly say to the immediate family and relations—for, in truth, I act chiefly as their amanuensis; but likewise to the Bishop of Lichfield, Bishop Abraham.

Lady Martin, the Rev. B. T. Dudley, the Rev. E. Codrington, and Captain Tilly, for their valuable aid—the two first mentioned by correction and revision, the others by contributions such as could only be supplied by eye-witnesses and fellow-workers. Many others I must thank for kindly supplying me with letters.

CHARLOTTE MARY YONGE. ELDERFIELD, September 19, 1873.

CHAPTER I. CHILDHOOD AT HOME AND AT SCHOOL, 1827-1838

So much of a man's cast of character depends upon his home and parentage, that no biography can be complete which does not look back at least as far as the lives of the father and mother, from whom the disposition is sure to be in part inherited, and by whom it must often be formed. Indeed, the happiest natures are generally those which have enjoyed the full benefit of parental training without dictation, and have been led, but not forced, into the way in which they should go.

Therefore it will not be irrelevant to dwell on the career of the father whose name, though still of great weight in his own profession, may not be equally known to the younger generation who have grown up since the words 'Mr. Justice Patteson' were of frequent occurrence in law reports.

John Patteson, father of the subject of the present memoir, was son to a clergyman of a Norfolk family, and was born at Coney Weston, on February 11, 1790. He was educated at Eton, and there formed more than one friendship, which not only lasted throughout his life, but extended beyond his own generation. Sport and study flourished alike among such lads as these; and while they were taught by Dr. Groodall to delight in the peculiarly elegant and accurate scholarship which was

the characteristic of the highest education of their day, their boyhood and youth were full of the unstained mirth that gives such radiance to recollections of the past, and often causes the loyalty of affectionate association to be handed on to succeeding generations. The thorough Etonian impress, with all that it involved, was of no small account in his life, as well as in that of his son.

The elder John Patteson was a colleger, and passed on to King's College, Cambridge, whence, in 1813, he came to London to study law. In 1816 he opened his chambers as a special pleader, and on February 23, 1818, was married to his cousin, Elizabeth Lee, after a long engagement. The next year, 1819, he was called to the Bar, and began to go the Northern circuit. On April 3, 1820, Mrs. Patteson died, leaving one daughter, Joanna Elizabeth. Four years later, on April 22, 1824, Mr. Patteson married Frances Duke Coleridge, sister of his friend and fellow-barrister, John Taylor Coleridge. This lady, whose name to all who remember her calls up a fair and sweet memory of all that was good, bright, and beloved, was the daughter of James Coleridge, of Heath's Court, Ottery St. Mary, Devon, Colonel of the South Devon Volunteers. He was the eldest of the numerous family of the Rev. John Coleridge, Master of Ottery St. Mary School, and the poet, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, was the youngest.

The strong family affection that existed between all Colonel Coleridge's children, and concentrated itself upon the only sister among them, made marriage with her an adoption into a group

that could not fail to exercise a strong influence on all connected with it, and the ties of kindred will be found throughout this memoir to have had peculiar force.

John Coleridge Patteson, his mother's second child and eldest son, was born at No. 9, Grower Street, Bedford Square, on the 1st of April, 1827, and baptized on the 8th. Besides the elder half-sister already mentioned, another sister, Frances Sophia Coleridge, a year older than, and one brother, James Henry, nearly two years younger than Coleridge, made up the family.

Three years later, in 1830, Mr. Patteson was raised to the Bench, at the unusually early age of forty.

It is probable that there never was a period when the Judicial Bench could reckon a larger number of men distinguished not only for legal ability but for the highest culture and for the substantial qualities that command confidence and respect. The middle of the nineteenth century was a time when England might well be proud of her Judges.

There was much in the habits of the Bench and Bar to lead to close and friendly intimacy, especially on the circuits. When legal etiquette forbade the use of any public conveyance, and junior barristers shared post-chaises, while the leaders travelled in their own carriages, all spent a good deal of time together, and it was not unusual for ladies to go a great part of the circuit with their husbands, especially when it lay in the direction of their own neighbourhood. The Judges' families often accompanied them, especially at the summer assize, and thus there grew

up close associations between their children, which made their intimacy almost like that of relationship. Almost all, too, lived in near neighbourhood in those parts of London that now are comparatively deserted, but which were then the especial abodes of lawyers, namely, those adjacent to Bedford Square, where the gardens were the daily resort of their children, all playing together and knowing one another with that familiarity that childhood only gives.

'Sir John Patteson's contemporaries have nearly all, one by one, passed away,' writes one of them, Sir John Taylor Coleridge. 'He has left few, if any, literary monuments to record what his intellectual powers were; and even in our common profession the ordinary course and practice are so changed, that I doubt whether many lawyers are now familiar with his masterly judgments; but I feel that I speak the truth when I describe him as a man of singularly strong common sense, of great acuteness, truthfulness, and integrity of judgment. These were great judicial qualities, and to these he added much simplicity and geniality of temper and manners; and all these were crowned by a firm, unhesitating, devout belief in the doctrines of our faith, which issued in strictness to himself and the warmest, gentlest charity to his fellow-creatures. The result was what you might expect. Altogether it would be hard to say whether you would characterise him as a man unusually popular or unusually respected.'

Such was the character of Mr. Justice Patteson, a character

built upon the deep, solid groundwork of religion, such as would now be called that of a sound Churchman of the old school, thoroughly devout and scrupulous in observance, ruling his family and household on a principle felt throughout, making a conscience of all his and their ways, though promoting to the utmost all innocent enjoyment of pleasure, mirth, or gaiety. Indeed, all who can look back on him or on his home remember an unusual amount of kindly genial cheerfulness, fun, merriment, and freedom, i.e. that obedient freedom which is the most perfect kind of liberty.

Though this was in great part the effect of having such a head of the family, the details of management could not but chiefly depend upon the mother, and Lady Patteson was equally loved for her tenderness and respected for her firmness. 'She was, indeed,' writes her brother, 'a sweet and pious person, of the most affectionate, loving disposition, without a grain of selfishness, and of the stoutest adherence to principle and duty. Her tendency was to deal with her children fondly, but this never interfered with good training and discipline. What she felt right, she insisted on, at whatever pain to herself.'

She had to deal with strong characters. Coleridge, or Coley, to give him the abbreviation by which he was known not only through childhood but through life, was a fair little fellow, with bright deep-blue eyes, inheriting much of his nature from her and her family, but not by any means a model boy. He was, indeed, deeply and warmly affectionate, but troublesome through

outbreaks of will and temper, showing all the ordinary instinct of trying how far the authorities for the time being will endure resistance; sufficiently indolent of mind to use his excellent abilities to save exertion of intellect; passionate to kicking and screaming pitch, and at times showing the doggedness which is such a trial of patience to the parent. To this Lady Patteson 'never yielded; the thing was to be done, the point given up, the temper subdued, the mother to be obeyed, and all this upon a principle sooner understood than parents suppose.'

There were countless instances of the little boy's sharp, stormy gusts of passion, and his mother's steady refusal to listen to his 'I will be good' until she saw that he was really sorry for the scratch or pinch which he had given, or the angry word he had spoken; and she never waited in vain, for the sorrow was very real, and generally ended in 'Do you think God can forgive me?' When Fanny's love of teasing had exasperated Coley into stabbing her arm with a pencil, their mother had resolution enough to decree that no provocation could excuse 'such unmanliness' in a boy, and inflicted a whipping which cost the girl more tears than her brother, who was full of the utmost grief a child could feel for the offence. No fault was lightly passed over; not that punishment was inflicted for every misdemeanour, but it was always noticed, and the children were shown with grave gentleness where they were wrong; or when there was a squabble among them, the mother's question, 'Who will give up?' generally produced a chorus of 'I! I! I!' Withal 'mamma' was the very life of all the

fun, and play, and jokes, enjoying all with spirits and merriment like the little ones' own, and delighting in the exchange of caresses and tender epithets. Thus affection and generosity grew up almost spontaneously towards one another and all the world.

On this disposition was grafted that which was the one leading characteristic of Coley's life, namely, a reverent and religious spirit, which seems from the first to have been at work, slowly and surely subduing inherent defects, and raising him, step by step, from grace to grace.

Five years old is in many cases an age of a good deal of thought. The intelligence is free from the misapprehensions and misty perceptions of infancy; the first course of physical experiments is over, freedom of speech and motion have been attained, and yet there has not set in that burst of animal growth and spirits that often seems to swamp the deeper nature throughout boyhood. By this age Coley was able to read, and on his birthday he received from his father the Bible which was used at his consecration as Bishop twenty-seven years later.

He had an earnest wish to be a clergyman, because he thought saying the Absolution to people must make them so happy, 'a belief he must have gleaned from his Prayer-book for himself, since the doctrine was not in those days made prominent.' The purpose was fostered by his mother. 'She delighted in it, and encouraged it in him. No thought of a family being to be made, and of Coley being the eldest son, ever interfered for a moment. That he should be a good servant at God's altar was to her above

all price.'

Of course, however, this was without pressing the thought on him. He grew on, with the purpose accepted but not discussed, except from time to time a half-playful, half-grave reference to himself as a future clergyman.

Reverence was strongly implanted in him. His old nurse (still his sister's valued servant) remembers the little seven years old boy, after saying his own prayers at her knee, standing opposite to his little brother, admonishing him to attention with 'Think, Jemmy; think.' In fact, devoutness seems to have been natural to him. It appears to have been the first strongly traceable feature in him, and to have gradually subdued his faults one by one.

Who can tell how far this was fostered by those old-fashioned habits of strictness which it is the present habit to view as repellent? Every morning, immediately after breakfast, Lady Patteson read the Psalms and Lessons for the day with the four children, and after these a portion of some book of religious instruction, such as 'Horne on the Psalms' or 'Daubeny on the Catechism.' The ensuing studies were in charge of Miss Neill, the governess, and the life-long friend of her pupils; but the mother made the religious instruction her individual care, and thus upheld its pre-eminence. Sunday was likewise kept distinct in reading, teaching, employment, and whole tone of conversation, and the effect was assuredly not that weariness which such observance is often supposed to produce, but rather lasting benefit and happy associations. Coley really enjoyed

Bible-reading, and entered into explanations, and even then often picked up a passage in the sermons he heard at St. Giles's-in-the-Fields from the Rev. J. Endell Tyler, and would give his home-oracles no peace till they had made it as clear to his comprehension as was possible.

The love of his home may be gathered from the fact that his letters have been preserved in an unbroken series, beginning from a country visit in 1834, after a slight attack of scarlet fever, written in the round-hand of a boy of seven years old, and finished off with the big Roman capitals FINIS, AMEN, and ending with the uncompleted sheets, bearing as their last date September 19, 1871.

The boy's first school was at Ottery St. Mary, in Devonshire, of which his great-grandfather and great-uncle had both been head-masters.

There was much to make Ottery homelike to Coley, for his grandparents lived at Heath's Court, close to the church, and in the manor-house near at hand their third son, Francis George Coleridge, a solicitor, whose three boys were near contemporaries of Coley, and two of them already in the school.

From first to last his letters to his parents show no symptom of carelessness; they are full of ease and confidence, outpourings of whatever interested him, whether small or great, but always respectful as well as affectionate, and written with care and pains, being evidently his very best; nor does the good old formula, 'Your affectionate and dutiful son,' ever fail or ever produce

stiffness.

The shrinking from rough companions, and the desire to be with the homelike relatives around, proved a temptation, and the little boy was guilty of making false excuses to obtain leave of absence. We cannot refrain from giving his letter of penitence, chiefly for the sake of the good sense and kindness of his uncle's treatment:—

'April 26, 1836.

'My dear Papa,—I am very sorry for having told so many falsehoods, which Uncle Frank has told mamma of. I am very sorry for having done so many bad things, I mean falsehoods, and I heartily beg your pardon; and Uncle Frank says that he thinks, if I stay, in a month's time Mr. Cornish will begin to trust me again. Uncle Frank to-day had me into his house and told me to reflect upon what I had done. He also lectured me in the Bible, and asked me different questions about it. He told me that if I ever told another falsehood he should that instant march into the school and ask Mr. Cornish to strip and birch me; and if I followed the same course I did now and did not amend it, if the birching did not do, he should not let me go home for the holidays; but I will not catch the birching…

'So believe me your dear Son,

'J. C. PATTESON.'

On the flap of the letter 'Uncle Frank' writes to the mother:—

'My dear Fanny,—I had Coley in my room to-day, and talked to him seriously about his misdeeds, and I hope good has been done. But I could scarcely keep my countenance grave when he began to reduce by calculation the exact number of fibs he had told. He did not think it was more than two or three at the utmost: and when I brought him to book, I had much to do to prevent the feeling that the sin consisted in telling many lies. However the dear boy's confession was as free as could be expected, and I have impressed on his mind the meanness, cowardice, and wickedness of the habit, and what it will end in here and hereafter. He has promised that he will never offend in future in like manner, and I really believe that his desire to be away from the school and at ease among his friends induced him to trump up the invitations, &c., to Mr. Cornish, in which consisted his first fibs. I shall watch him closely, as I would my own child; and Cornish has done wisely, I think, by giving the proper punishment of confining him to the school-court, &c., and not letting him go to his friends for some time. The dear boy is so affectionate, and has so much to work on, that there is no fear of him; only these things must be looked after promptly, and he must learn practically (before his reason and religion operate) that he gains nothing by a lie… He is very well, and wins one's heart in a moment…

'Ever your affectionate Brother,

The management was effectual, and the penitence real, for this fault never recurred, nor is the boy's conduct ever again censured, though the half-yearly reports often lament his want of zeal and exertion. Coley was sufficiently forward to begin Greek on his first arrival at Ottery, and always held a fair place for his years, but throughout his school career his character was not that of an idle but of an uninterested boy, who preferred play to work, needed all his conscience to make him industrious, and then was easily satisfied with his performances; naturally comparing them with those of other boys, instead of doing his own utmost, and giving himself full credit for the diligence he thought he had used. For it must be remembered that it was a real, not an ideal nature; not a perfect character, but one full of the elements of growth.

A childish, childlike boy, he was now, and for many years longer, intensely fond of all kinds of games and sports, in which his light active form, great agility, and high spirit made him excel. Cricket, riding, running-races, all the school amusements were his delight; fireworks for the 5th of November sparkle with ecstasy through his letters, and he was a capital dancer in the Christmas parties at his London home. He had likewise the courage and patience sure to be needed by an active lad. While at Ottery he silently bore the pain of a broken collar-bone for

three weeks, and when the accident was brought to light by his mother's embrace, he only said that 'he did not like to make a fuss.'

Consideration for others, kindness, and sweetness of nature were always his leading characteristics, making him much beloved by all his companions, and an excellent guardian and example to his little brother, who soon joined him at Ottery. Indeed, the love between these two brothers was so deep, quiet, and fervid, that it is hard to dwell on it while 'one is taken and the other left.' It was at this time a rough buffeting, boyish affection, but it was also a love that made separation pain and grief, and on the part of the elder, it showed itself in careful protection from all harm or bullying, and there was a strong underlying current of tenderness, most endearing to all concerned with the boys, whether masters, relations, friends, or servants.

CHAPTER II. BOYHOOD AT ETON. 1838—1845

After the Christmas holidays of 1837-8, when Coley Patteson was nearly eleven years old, he was sent to Eton, that most beautifully situated of public schools, whose delightful playing fields, noble trees, broad river, and exquisite view of Windsor Castle give it a peculiar charm, joining the venerable grandeur of age to the freshness and life of youth, so as to rivet the affections in no common degree.

It was during the head-mastership of Dr. Hawtrey that Patteson became, in schoolboy phrase, an Eton fellow, being boarded in the house of his uncle, the Rev. Edward Coleridge, one of the most popular and successful Eton masters. Several of his cousins were also in this house, with other boys who became friends of his whole life, and he was thoroughly happy there, although in these early days he still felt each departure from home severely, and seldom failed to write a mournful letter after the holidays. There is one, quite pathetic in its simplicity, telling his mother how he could not say his prayers nor fall asleep on his first night till he had resolutely put away the handkerchief that seemed for some reason a special link with home. It illustrates what all who remember him say, how thoroughly a childlike being he still was, though a well-grown, manly, high-spirited boy, quite able to

take care of himself, keep his place, and hold his own.

He was placed in the lower remove of the fourth form, which was then 'up to' the Rev. Charles Old Goodford, i.e. that was he who taught the division so called in school.

The boy was evidently well prepared, for he was often captain of his division, and his letters frequently tell of successes of this kind, while they anticipate 'Montem.'

That of 1838 was a brilliant one, for Queen Victoria, then only nineteen, and her first year of sovereignty not yet accomplished, came from the Castle to be driven in an open carriage to Salt Hill and bestow her Royal contribution.

In the throng little Patteson was pressed up so close to the Royal carriage that he became entangled in the wheel, and was on the point of being dragged under it, when the Queen, with ready presence of mind, held out her hand: he grasped it, and was able to regain his feet in safety, but did not recover his perceptions enough to make any sign of gratitude before the carriage passed on. He had all a boy's shyness about the adventure; but perhaps it served to quicken the personal loyalty which is an unfailing characteristic of 'Eton fellows.'

The Royal custom of the Sunday afternoon parade on the terrace of Windsor Castle for the benefit of the gazing public afforded a fine opportunity for cultivating this sentiment, and Coley sends an amusingly minute description of her Majesty's dress, evidently studied for his mother's benefit, even to the pink tips of her four long ostrich feathers, and calling to mind Chalon's

water-colours of the Queen in her early youth. He finishes the description with a quaint little bit of moralising. 'It certainly is very beautiful with two bands playing on a calm, blessed Sunday evening, with the Queen of England and all her retinue walking about. It gives you an idea of the Majesty of God, who could in one short second turn it all into confusion. There is nothing to me more beautiful than the raising one's eyes to Heaven, and thinking with adoration who made this scene, and who could unmake it again.'

A few days later the record is of a very different scene, namely, Windsor Fair, when the Eton boys used to imagine they had a prescriptive right to make a riot and revel in the charms of misrule.

'On the second day the Eton fellows always make an immense row. So at the signal, when a thing was acting, the boys rushed in and pulled down the curtain, and commenced the row. I am happy to say I was not there. There were a great many soldiers there, and they all took our part. The alarm was given, and the police came. Then there was such a rush at the police. Some of them tumbled over, and the rest were half-knocked down. At last they took in custody three of our boys, upon which every boy that was there (amounting to about 450) was summoned. They burst open the door, knocked down the police, and rescued our boys. Meantime the boys kept on shying rotten eggs and crackers, and there was nothing but righting and rushing.'

A startling description! But this was nothing to the wild

pranks that lived in the traditions of the elder generation; and in a few years more the boys were debarred from the mischievous licence of the fair.

Coley had now been nearly a year at Eton, and had proceeded through the lower and middle removes of the fourth form, when, on November 23, he achieved the success of which he thus writes:—

'Rejoice! I was sent up for good yesterday at eleven o'clock school. I do not know what copy of verses for yet, but directly I do, I will send you a copy.... Goodford, when I took my ticket to be signed (for I was obliged to get Goodford, Abraham, and my tutor to sign it), said, "I will sign it most willingly," and then kept on stroking my hand, and said, "I congratulate you most heartily, and am very glad of it." I am the only one who is sent up; which is a good thing for me, as it will give me forty or fifty good marks in trials. I am so splitting with joy you cannot think, because now I have given you some proof that I have been lately sapping and doing pretty well. Do not, think that I am praising myself, for I am pretty nearly beside myself, you may suppose.'

One of his cousins adds, on the same sheet: 'I must tell you it is very difficult to be sent up in the upper fourth form, and still more so in the middle remove.'

The subject of the Latin verses which obtained this distinction was a wreath or garland, and there must have been something remarkable in them, for Mr. Abraham preserved a copy of them for many years. There was something in the sweetness and

docility of the boy, and in the expression of his calm, gentle face, that always greatly interested the masters and made them rejoice in his success; and among his comrades he was a universal favourite. His brother joined him at Eton during the ensuing year, when the Queen's wedding afforded the boys another glimpse of Royal festivity. Their tumultuous loyalty and audacity appear in Coley's letter:—

'In college, stretching from Hexter's to Mother Spier's was a magnificent representation of the Parthenon: there were three pillars, and a great thing like this (a not over-successful sketch of a pediment), with the Eton and Royal arms in the middle, and "Gratulatur Etona Victoria et Alberto" It cost £150, and there were 5,000 lamps hung on it. Throughout the whole day we all of us wore large white bridal favours and white gloves. Towards evening the clods got on Long Walk Wall; and as gentle means would not do, we were under the necessity of knocking some over, when the rest soon jumped off. However, F– and myself declared we would go right into the quadrangle of the Castle, so we went into the middle of the road and formed a line. Soon a rocket (the signal that the Queen was at Slough) was let off, and then some Life Guards came galloping along, and one of them ran almost over me, and actually trod on F–'s toe, which put him into dreadful pain for some time. Then came the Queen's carriage, and I thought college would have tumbled down with the row. The cheering was really tremendous. The whole 550 fellows all at once roared away. The Queen and Consort nodding

and bowing, smiling, &c. Then F– and I made a rush to get up behind the Queen's carriage, but a dragoon with his horse almost knocked us over. So we ran by the side as well as we could, but the crowd was so immensely thick, we could not get on as quick as the Queen. We rushed along, knocking clean over all the clods we could, and rushing against the rest, and finally F– and myself were the only Eton fellows that got into the quadrangle. As we got there, the Queen's carriage was going away. You may fancy that we were rather hot, running the whole way up to the Castle, besides the exertion of knocking over the clods and knocking at doors as we passed; but I was so happy.'

Such is bliss at twelve years old!

The first half-year of 1839 had brought Patteson into the Remove, that large division of the school intermediate between the fourth and fifth forms. The work was harder, and his diligence somewhat relaxed. In fact, the Coley of this period and of a good while later had more heart for play than work. Cricket, bathing, and boating were his delight; and though his school-work was conscientiously accomplished, it did not interest him; and when he imagined himself to have been working hard and well, it was a thunderbolt to him to find, at the end of the half-year, that a great deal more had been expected of him by his tutor. It shows how candid and sweet his nature was, that, just as when he was a little fellow at Ottery, his penitent letter should contain the rebuke he had received, without resentment against anyone but himself:—

'Aunt has just called me down into the drawing-room and shown me my character. I am stupefied at it; it is so shocking just when I most wanted a good one on account of mamma's health. I am ashamed to say that I can offer not the slightest excuse; my conduct on this occasion has been very bad. I expect a severe reproof from you, and pray do not send me any money, nor grant me the slightest [favour?]. Whilst ....., who has very little ability (uncle says), is, by plodding on, getting credit, I, who (my tutor says) have abilities, am wickedly neglecting and offending both my heavenly and earthly Father by my bad use of them. Aunt called me into the drawing-room, and very kindly showed me the excessive foolishness of my conduct; but from this very moment I am determined that I will not lose a moment, and we will see what the next three weeks will produce.'

Poor little fellow! his language is so strong that it is almost a surprise to find that he was reproaching himself for no more heinous fault than not having worked up to the full extent of his powers! He kept his promise of diligence, and never again incurred reproof, but was sent up for good again in November. His career through the school was above the average, though not attaining to what was expected from his capabilities; but the development of his nature was slow, and therefore perhaps ultimately the more complete, and as yet study for its own sake did not interest him; indeed, his mind was singularly devoid of pleasure in classical subjects, though so alert in other directions.

He was growing into the regular tastes of the refined,

fastidious Eton boy; wrote of the cut of his first tail-coat that 'this is really an important thing;' and had grown choice in the adorning of his room and the binding of his books, though he never let these tastes bring him into debt or extravagance. His turn for art and music began to show itself, and the anthems at St. George's Chapel on the Sunday afternoons gave him great delight; and in Eton Chapel, a contemporary says, 'I well remember how he used to sing the Psalms with the little turns at the end of the verses, which I envied his being able to do.' Nor was this mere love of music, but devotion. Coley had daily regular readings of the Bible in his room with his brother, cousins, and a friend or two; but the boys were so shy about it that they kept an open Shakespeare on the table, with an open drawer below, in which the Bible was placed, and which was shut at the sound of a hand on the door.

Hitherto No. 33 Bedford Square had been the only home of the Patteson family. The long vacations were spent sometimes with the Judge's relations in the Eastern counties, sometimes with Lady Patteson's in the West. Landwith Rectory, in Cornwall, was the home of her eldest brother, Dr. James Coleridge, whose daughter Sophia was always like an elder sister to her children, and the Vicarage of St. Mary Church, then a wild, beautiful seaside village, though now almost a suburb of Torquay, was held by her cousin, George May Coleridge; and here the brothers and sisters climbed the rocks, boated, fished, and ran exquisitely wild in the summer holidays. Christmas was spent with the

Judge's mother at Ipswich, amongst numerous cousins, with great merriment and enjoyment such as were never forgotten.

Colonel Coleridge had died in 1836, his widow in her daughter's house in 1838, and Heath's Court had become the property of Mr. Justice Coleridge, who always came thither with his family as soon as the circuit was over. In 1841, Feniton Court, about two miles and a half from thence, was purchased by Judge Patteson, much to the delight of his children. It was a roomy, cheerful, pleasantly-situated house, with a piece of water in the grounds, the right of shooting over a couple of farms, and all that could render boy life happy.

Feniton was a thorough home, and already Coley's vision was, 'When I am vicar of Feniton, which I look forward to, but with a very distant hope, I should of all things like Fanny to keep house for me till I am married;' and again, when relating some joke with his cousins about the law-papers, of the Squire of Feniton, he adds: 'But the Squire of Feniton will be a clergyman.'

Whether this were jest or earnest, this year, 1841, brought the dawn of his future life. It was in that year that the Rev. George Augustus Selwyn was appointed to the diocese of New Zealand. Mrs. Selwyn's parents had always been intimate with the Patteson family, and the curacy which Mr. Selwyn had held up to this time was at Windsor, so that the old Etonian tie of brotherhood was drawn closer by daily intercourse. Indeed, it was from the first understood that Eton, with the wealth that her children enjoyed in such large measure, should furnish 'nerves

and sinews' to the war which her son was about to wage with the darkness of heathenism, thus turning the minds of the boys to something beyond either their studies or their sports.

On October 31, the Rev. Samuel Wilberforce, then Archdeacon of Surrey, and since Bishop of Oxford and of Winchester, preached in the morning at New Windsor parish church, and the newly-made Bishop of New Zealand in the afternoon. Coley was far more affected than he then had power to express. He says: 'I heard Archdeacon Wilberforce in the morning, and the Bishop in the evening, though I was forced to stand all the time. It was beautiful when he talked of his going out to found a church, and then to die neglected and forgotten. All the people burst out crying, he was so very much beloved by his parishioners. He spoke of his perils, and putting his trust in God; and then, when, he had finished, I think I never heard anything like the sensation, a kind of feeling that if it had not been on so sacred a spot, all would have exclaimed "God bless him!"'

The text of this memorable sermon was, 'Thine heart shall be enlarged, because the abundance of the sea shall be converted unto thee, the forces also of the Gentiles shall come unto thee.' (Is. lx. 5.) Many years later we shall find a reference to this, the watchword of the young hearer's life.

The Archdeacon's sermon was from John xvii. 20, 21: 'Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on Me through their word; that they all may be One, as Thou, Father, art in Me, and I in Thee, that they also may be

One in Us: that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me.' And here again we find one of the watchwords of Coley's life, for nothing so dwelt with him and so sustained him as the sense of unity, whether with these at home in England, or with those in the inner home of the Saints. When the sermon concluded with the words, 'As we are giving of our best, as our Church is giving of her best, in sending forth from her own bosom these cherished and chosen sons, so let there go forth from every one of us a consenting offering; let us give this day largely, in a spirit of self-sacrifice, as Christian men, to Christ our Lord, and He will graciously accept and bless the offerings that we make'—the preacher could little guess that among the lads who stood in the aisle was one in whom was forming the purpose of offering his very self also.

For at that time Coleridge Patteson was receiving impressions that became the seed of his future purpose, and the eyes of his spirit were seeing greater things than the Vicarage of Feniton. Indeed, the subject was not entirely new to him, for Edward Coleridge was always deeply interested in missions, and had done his best to spread the like feeling, often employing the willing services of his pupils in copying letters from Australia, Newfoundland, &c.

When the Bishop of New Zealand came to take leave, he said, half in earnest, half in playfulness, 'Lady Patteson, will you give me Coley?' She started, but did not say no; and when, independently of this, her son told her that it was his greatest

wish to go with the Bishop, she replied that if he kept that wish when he grew up he should have her blessing and consent.

But there was no further mention of the subject. The sisters knew what had passed, but it was not spoken of to his father till long after, when the wish had become purpose. Meantime the boy's natural development put these visions into the background. He was going on with ordinary work and play, enjoying the pageantry of the christening of the Prince of Wales, and cheering himself hoarse and half-frantic when the King of Prussia came to see the school; then on his father's birthday writing with a 'hand quite trembling with delight' to announce what he knew would be the most welcome of birthday presents, namely, the news that he had been 'sent up' for a very good copy of seventy-nine verses, 'all longs, on Napoleon e Seylhia profugus, passage of Beresina, and so forth.' His Latin verses were his strong point, and from this time forward he was frequently sent up, in all twenty-five times, an almost unprecedented number.

In fact he was entering on a fresh stage of life, from the little boy to the lad, and the period was marked by his Confirmation on May 26, 1842. Here is his account both of it and of his first Communion. The soberness and old-fashioned simplicity of expression are worth remarking as tokens of the quietly dutiful tone of mind, full of reverence and sincere desire to do right, and resting in the consciousness of that desire, while steadily advancing towards higher things than he then understood. It was a life and character where advancement with each fresh imparting

of spiritual grace can be traced more easily than usual.

It is observable too that the boy's own earnestness and seriousness of mind seem to have to him supplied the apparent lack of external aids to devotional feeling, though the Confirmation was conducted in the brief, formal, wholesale manner which some in after-life have confessed to have been a disappointment and a drawback after their preparation and anticipation:—

'You will know that I have been confirmed to-day, and I dare say you all thought of me. The ceremony was performed by the Bishop of Lincoln, and I hope that I have truly considered the great duty and responsibility I have taken upon myself, and have prayed for strength to support me in the execution of all those duties. I shall of course receive the Sacrament the first time I have an opportunity, and I trust worthily. I think there must have been 200 confirmed. The Bishop gave us a very good charge afterwards, recommending us all to take pattern by the self-denial and true devotion of the Bishop of New Zealand, on whom he spoke for a long-while. The whole ceremony was performed with the greatest decorum, and in the retiring and coming up of the different sets there was very little noise, and not the slightest confusion. I went up with the first set, and the Bishop came round and put his hands on the heads of the whole set (about forty), and then going into the middle pronounced the prayer. The responses were all made very audibly, and everyone seemed to be impressed with a proper feeling of the holiness

and seriousness of the ceremony. After all the boys had been confirmed about seven other people were confirmed, of whom two were quite as much as thirty, I should think.'

'June 5.

'I have just returned from receiving the Holy Sacrament in Chapel. I received it from Hawtrey and Okes, but there were three other ministers besides. There was a large attendance, seventy or eighty or more Eton boys alone. I used the little book that mamma sent me, and found the little directions and observations very useful. I do truly hope and believe that I received it worthily… It struck me more than ever (although I had often read it before) as being such a particularly impressive and beautiful service. I never saw anything conducted with greater decorum. Not a single fellow spoke except at the responses, which were well and audibly made, and really every fellow seemed to be really impressed with the awfulness of the ceremony, and the great wickedness of not piously receiving it, I do not know whether there will be another Sacrament here before the holidays, or whether I shall receive it with you at Feniton next time.'

No doubt the whole family (except the yet unconfirmed younger brother) did so receive it in the summer holidays, the last that were to be spent in the full joy of an unbroken household circle, and, as has been already said, one of unusual warmth and kindliness, binding closely into it all who were connected therewith. Each governess became a dear friend; the servants

were deeply attached, and for the most part fixtures; and one, the nurse already mentioned, says she never recollects a time when Master Coley had to leave Feniton for London without his offering the servants to take charge of their messages or parcels. All dependents and poor people, in fact whatever came under Judge Patteson's genial, broad-hearted influence, were treated with the like kindness, and everything alive about the place seemed full of happiness and affection.

The centre of this bright home had always been the mother, fervently loved by all who came in contact with her, fragile in health, and only going through her duties and exertions so cheerily by the quiet fortitude of a brave woman. In the course of this year, 1842, some severe spasmodic attacks made her family anxious; and as the railway communication was still incomplete, so that the journey to London was a great fatigue to an invalid, her desire to spend Christmas in Devonshire led to her remaining there with her daughters, when her husband returned to London on the commencement of term.

He had been gone little more than a fortnight when, on November 17, a more severe attack came on; and though she was soon relieved from it, she never entirely rallied, and was firmly convinced that this was 'the beginning of the end.' Her husband was summoned home, Judge Coleridge taking a double portion of his work to set him at liberty, and the truth began to dawn on the poor boys at Eton. 'Do you really mean that there is anything so very, very dreadful to fear?' is Coley's cry in his

note one day, and the next, 'Oh, Papa, you cannot mean that we may never, unless we come down to Feniton, see mamma again. I cannot bear the thought of it. I trust most earnestly that it is not the case. Do not hide anything from me, it would make me more wretched afterwards. If it shall (which I trust in His infinite mercy it will not) please Almighty God to take our dearest mamma unto Himself, may He give us grace to bear with fortitude and resolution the dreadful loss, and may we learn to live with such holiness here that we may hereafter be united for ever in Heaven.' This letter is marked twice over 'Only for Papa,' but the precaution was needless, for Lady Patteson was accustoming all those about her to speak freely and naturally of what she felt to be approaching. Her eldest brother, Dr. Coleridge, was greatly comforting her by his ministrations, and her sons were sent for; but as she did not ask for them, it was thought best that they should remain at their Uncle Frank's, at Ottery, until, on the evening of Sunday, the 27th, a great change took place, making it evident that the end was drawing near.

The sufferer was told that the boys were come, and was asked if she would see them. She was delighted, and they came in, restraining their grief while she kissed and blessed them, and then, throwing her arms round their father, thanked him for having brought her darling boys for her to see once more. It was not long before she became unconscious; and though all the family were watching and praying round her, she showed no further sign of recognition, as she gradually and tranquilly fell

asleep in the course of the night.

To his cousin, Mrs. Martyn, Coley wrote the following letter just after the funeral:—

'We only came down from our rooms to go to church, and directly the beautiful service was over we went upstairs again. I need not tell you what we then felt, and now do feel. It is a very dreadful loss to us all; but we have been taught by that dear mother, who has been now taken from us, that it is not fit to grieve for those who die in the Lord, "for they rest from their labours." She is now, we may safely trust, a blessed saint in Heaven, far removed from all cares and anxieties; and, instead of spending our time in useless tears and wicked repinings, we should rather learn to imitate her example and virtues, that, when we die, we may sleep in Him as our hope is this our sister doth, and may be finally united with her in Heaven. Yesterday was a day of great trial to us all: I felt when I was standing by the grave as if I must have burst.

'Dear Papa bears up beautifully, and is a pattern of submission to us all. We are much more happy than you could suppose, for, thank God, we are certain she is happy, far happier than she could be on earth. She said once, "I wonder I wish to leave my dearest John and the children, and this sweet place, but yet I do wish it" so lively was her faith and trust in the merits of her Saviour.'

A deep and permanent impression was left upon the boy's mind, as will be seen by his frequent references to what he had then witnessed; but for the present he was thought to be less

depressed than the others, and recovered his natural tone of spirits sooner than his brother and sisters. The whole family spent their mournful Christmas at Thorverton Rectory, with Dr. and Mrs. Coleridge and their daughter Fanny, their chief comforters and fellow-sufferers; and then returned to London. The Judge's eldest daughter, Joanna, who had always been entirely one with the rest, had to take her place at the head of the household. In her own words, 'It was trying for a lad of fifteen and a half, but he was very good, and allowed me to take the command in a way that few boys would nave done.'

'It has struck me as remarkable that friends and relations have again and again spoken of different incidents as 'turning-points' in Coley's life. If he had literally turned at them all, his would have been a most revolving career; but I believe the fact to have been that he never turned at all, for his face was always set the right way, but that each of these was a point of impulse setting him more vigorously on his way, and stirring up his faithful will. Such moments were those of admission to religious ordinances, to him no dead letters but true receptions of grace; and he likewise found incitements in sorrows, in failures, in reproofs. Everything sank deeply, and his mind was already assuming the introspective character that it had throughout the period of growth and formation. One of his Eton companions, four years younger, has since spoken of the remarkable impression of inwardness Patteson made on him even at this time, saying that whenever he was taken by surprise he seemed to be only

ruminating till he spoke or was spoken to, and then there was an instant return to the outer world and ready attention to whatever was in hand.

The spring found him of course in the full tide of Eton interests. The sixth and upper fifth forms, to the latter of which he had by this time attained, may contend in the public examination for the Newcastle scholarship, just before the Easter holidays, and it is a great testimony to a boy's ability and industry if his name appears among the nine select for their excellence. This time, 1843, Coley, who was scarcely sixteen, had of course but little chance, but he had the pleasure of announcing that his great friend, Edmund Bastard, a young Devonshire squire, was among the 'select,' and he says of himself: 'You will, as I said before, feel satisfied that I did my best, but it was an unlucky examination for me. It has done me a great deal of good in one way. It has enabled me to see where I am particularly deficient, viz. general knowledge of history, and a thorough acquaintance with Greek and Roman customs, law courts and expressions, and Greek and Roman writers. I do not find myself wanting in making out a stiff bit of Greek or Latin if I have time, but I must read History chiefly this year, and then I hope to be selected next time. My tutor is not at all disappointed in me.'

This spring, 1843, Patteson became one of the Eleven, a perilously engrossing position for one who, though never slurring nor neglecting his studies, did not enjoy anything so much as the cricket-field. However, there the weight of his character, backed

by his popularity and proficiency in all games and exercises, began to be a telling influence.

On November 2, 1843, when the anniversary of his mother's death was coming round, he writes to his eldest sister:—

'I had not indeed forgotten this time twelvemonth, and especially that awful Sunday night when we stood round dear mamma's bed in such misery. I never supposed at that time that we could ever be happy and merry again, but yet it has been so with me; and though very often the recollection of that night has come upon me, and the whole scene in its misery has passed before me, I hope I have never forgotten, that though a loss to us, it was a gain to her, and we ought rather to be thankful than sorrowful.... By the bye, I do not really want a book-case much, and you gave me the "Irish Stories," and I have not yet been sent up. I would rather not have a present, unless the Doctor means to give me an exercise. Do not lay this down to pride; but you know I was not sent up last half, and if this passes, a blank again, I do not deserve any fresh presents.'

This piece of self-discipline was crowned by joyous notices of being 'sent up for good' and 'for play' in the next half; when also occurs a letter showing a spirit of submission to a restriction not fully understood:—

'Tuesday evening.

'My dearest Father,—Hearing that "Israel in Egypt" was to be performed at Exeter Hall on Friday night, I went and asked my tutor whether he had any objection to my running up that night

to hear it, and coming back the next morning, quite early at six. My tutor said that, without any absurd feelings on the matter, he should not think himself of going to such a thing in Lent. "It was not," he said, "certainly like going to the play, or any of those sort of places," but he did not like the idea of going at all. Do you think that there was any harm in the wish?

'I do not ask because I wish you to write and say I may go, but because I wish to learn whether my asking at all was wrong. Even if you have no objection, I certainly shall not go, because for such a trifling thing to act in opposition to my tutor, even with your consent, would be very foolish.

'…Good-bye, my dearest Father. God bless you, says your affectionate and dutiful Son,

'J. C. P.'

This year, 1844, the name of Patteson appeared among the 'select.' 'I shall expect a jolly holiday for my reward,' he merrily says, when announcing it to his sisters. He had begun to join the Debating Society at Eton, and for a while was the president. One of the other members says, 'His speeches were singularly free from the bombast and incongruous matter with which Eton orators from fifteen to eighteen are apt to interlard their declamations. He spoke concisely, always to the point, and with great fluency and readiness. A reputation for good sense and judgment made his authority of great weight in the school,

and his independent spirit led him to choose, amongst his most intimate friends and associates, two collegers, who ultimately became Newcastle scholars and medallists.

'That the most popular oppidan of his day should have utterly ignored the supposed inferiority of the less wealthy section of the school, and looked on worth and high character as none the worse for being clothed in a coarse serge gown, is a fact seemingly trivial to ordinary readers, but very noticeable to Eton men. As a rank and file collegian myself, and well remembering the Jew and Samaritan state that prevailed between oppidans and collegers, I remember with pride that Patteson did so much to level the distinctions that worked so mischievously to the school. His cheerfulness and goodness were the surest guarantee for good order amongst his schoolfellows. There was no Puritanism in him, he was up to any fun, sung his song at a cricket or foot-ball dinner as joyfully as the youngest of the party; but if mirth sank into coarseness and ribaldry, that instant Patteson's conduct was fearless and uncompromising....'

Here follows an account of an incident which occurred at the dinner annually given by the eleven of cricket and the eight of the boats at the hotel at Slough.

A custom had arisen among some of the boys of singing offensive songs on these occasions, and Coley, who, as second of the eleven, stood in the position of one of the entertainers, gave notice beforehand that he was not going to tolerate anything of the sort. One of the boys, however, began to sing something

objectionable. Coley called out, 'If that does not stop, I shall leave the room;' and as no notice was taken, he actually went away with a few other brave lads. He afterwards found that, as he said, 'fellows who could not understand such feelings thought him affected;' and he felt himself obliged to send word to the captain, that unless an apology was made, he should leave the eleven—no small sacrifice, considering what cricket was to him; but the gentlemanlike and proper feeling of the better style of boys prevailed, and the eleven knew their own interests too well to part with him, so the apology was made, and he retained his position. The affair came to the knowledge of two of the masters, Mr. Dupuis and Mr. Abraham, and they gratified their warm sense of approbation by giving Patteson a bat, though he never knew the reason why, as we shall see in one of his last letters to one of the donors.

His prowess at cricket must be described in the words of his cousin, Arthur Duke Coleridge, who was at this time in college: 'He was by common consent one of the best, if not the best, of the cricketers of the school. The second year of his appearance at Lord's Cricket Ground was the most memorable, as far as his actual services were concerned, of all the matches he played against Harrow and Winchester. He was sent in first in the Harrow match; the bowling was steady and straight, but Patteson's defence was admirable. He scored fifty runs, in which there was but one four, and by steady play completely broke the neck of the bowling. Eton won the match easily,

Patteson making a brilliant catch at point, when the last Harrow man retired. Full of confidence, Eton began the Winchester match. Victory for a long time seemed a certainty for Eton; but Kidding, the Winchester captain, played an uphill game so fiercely that the bowling had to be repeatedly changed. Our eleven were disorganised, and the captain had so plainly lost heart, that Patteson resolved on urging him to discontinue his change of bowling, and begin afresh with the regular bowlers. The captain allowed Patteson to have his way, and the game, though closely contested, was saved. His powers of defence were indeed remarkable. I saw the famous professional cricketer Lillywhite play once at Eton in his time, and becoming almost irritated at the stubbornness and tenacity with which Coley held his wicket. After scoring twenty and odd times in the first, and forty in the second innings, (not out), Lillywhite said, 'Mr. Patteson, I should like to bowl to you on Lord's Ground, and it would be different.' 'Oh, of course,' modestly answered Coley; 'I know you would have me out directly there.'

The next cricket season this champion was disabled by a severe sprain of the wrist, needing leeches, splints, and London advice. It was when fixing a day for coming up to town on this account that he mentioned the occurrence of the previous year in a letter to his father:—

'I have a great object in shirking the oppidan dinner. I not only hate the idea of paying a sovereign for a dinner, but last year, at the cricket dinner, I had a great row, which I might possibly incur

another time, and I wish very much to avoid.'

Then, after briefly stating what had passed, he adds: 'At this dinner, where the captain of the boats manages it, I should be his guest, and therefore any similar act of mine would make matters worse. You can therefore see why I wish Tuesday to be the day for my coming up.'

The sprain prevented his playing in the matches at Lord's that summer, though he was well enough to be reckoned on as a substitute in case any of the actual players had been disabled. Possibly his accident was good for his studies, for this was a year of much progress and success; and though only seventeen, he had two offers of tutorship for the holidays, from Mr. Dugdale and the Marchioness of Bath. The question where his university life was to be spent began to come forward. Studentships at Christchurch were then in the gift of the Canons, and a nomination would have been given him by Dr. Pusey if he had not been too young to begin to reside, so that it was thought better that he should wait and go up for the Balliol scholarship in the autumn.

In the October of 1844 he describes to his eldest sister the reception of King Louis Philippe at Eton, accompanied by the Queen, Prince Albert, and the Duke of Wellington:

'The King wore a white great coat, and looked a regular jolly old fellow. He has white frizzle hair and large white whiskers. The former, I suspect, is a wig. The cheering was tremendous, but behind the royal carriage the cheers were always redoubled

where the old Duke, the especial favourite hero, rode. When they got off their horses in the schoolyard, the Duke being by some mistake behindhand, was regularly hustled in the crowd, with no attendant near him.

'I was the first to perceive him, and springing forward, pushed back the fellows on each side, who did not know whom they were tumbling against, and, taking off my hat, cheered with might and main. The crowd hearing the cheer, turned round, and then there was the most glorious sight I ever saw. The whole school encircled the Duke, who stood entirely alone in the middle for a minute or two, and I rather think we did cheer him. At last, giving about one touch to his hat, he began to move on, saying, "Get on, boys, get on." I never saw such enthusiasm here; the masters rushed into the crowd round him, waving their caps, and shouting like any of us. As for myself, I was half-mad and roared myself hoarse in about five minutes. The King and Prince kept their hats off the whole time, incessantly bowing, and the King speaking. He walked arm-in-arm with the Queen, who looked well and very much pleased. The Duke walked with that Grand Duchess whose name you may see in the papers, for I can't spell it.'

Very characteristic this both of Eton's enthusiasm for the hero, and of the hero's undemonstrative way of receiving it, which must have somewhat surprised his foreign companions.

A week or two later, in November 1844, came the competition for the Balliol scholarship, but Coley was not successful. On the

Saturday he writes:—

'The scholarship was decided last night; Smith, a Rugby man, got the first, and Grant, a Harrow man, the second.... I saw the Master afterwards; he said, "I cannot congratulate you on success, Mr. Patteson, but you have done yourself great credit, and passed a very respectable examination. I shall be happy to allow you to enter without a future examination, as we are all quite satisfied of your competency." He said that I had better come up to matriculate next term, but should not have another examination. We were in about nine hours a day, three hours in the evening; I thought the papers very hard; we had no Latin elegiacs or lyrics, which was rather a bore for the Eton lot. I am very glad I have been up now, but I confess it was the longest week I ever recollect. I feel quite seedy after a whole week without exercise.... The very first paper, the Latin Essay (for which we were in six hours), was the worst of all my papers, and must have given the examiners an unfavourable impression to start with. The rest of my papers, with the exception of the Greek prose and the critical paper, I did very fairly, I think.'

A greater disappointment than this was, however, in store for Coley. He failed in attaining a place among the 'select,' at his last examination for the Newcastle, in the spring of 1845. Before the list was given out he had written to his father that the Divinity papers were far too easy, with no opportunity for a pretty good scholar to show his knowledge, 'the ridicule of every one of the masters,' but the other papers very difficult.

'Altogether,' he adds, 'the scholarship has been to me unsatisfactory. I had worked hard at Greek prose, had translated and re-translated a good deal of Xenophon, Plato, and some Demosthenes, yet to my disappointment we had no paper of Greek prose, a thing that I believe never occurred before, and which is generally believed to test a boy's knowledge well. My Iambics were good, I expect, though not without two bad faults. In fact, I cannot look back upon a single paper, except my Latin prose, without a multitude of oversights and faults presenting themselves to me… I almost dread the giving out of the select. Think if my name was not there. It is some consolation that Hawtrey, yesterday, in giving me an exercise for good, asked how I liked the examination. Upon my saying, "It was not such a one as I expected, and that I had done badly," he said "That is not at all what I hear," but this cannot go for much… I want exercise very badly, and my head is very thick and stupid, as I fear this last paper must show the examiners.'

The omission of Patteson's name from among the select was a great mortification, not only to himself but his father, though the Judge kindly wrote:—

'Do not distress yourself about this unfortunate failure as to the Newcastle. We cannot always command our best exertions when we want to do so, and you were not able on this occasion to bring forward all you knew. It was not from idleness or want of attention to school business. Work on regularly, and you will do well at Oxford. I have a line from your tutor, who seems to think

that it was in Juvenal, Cicero and Livy, and in Iambics, that the faults principally were. I cannot say that I am not disappointed; but I know so well the uncertainty of examinations and how much depends on the sort of papers put, and on the spirits and feeling one is in, that I am never surprised at such results, and I do not blame you at all.' Those who knew Coley best agree in thinking that this reverse took great effect in rousing his energies. This failure evidently made him take himself to task, for in the summer he writes to his father:—

There are things which have occurred during my stay at Eton which cannot but make me blame myself. I mean principally a want of continuous industry. I have perhaps for one half or two (for instance, last Easter half) worked hard, but I have not been continuously improving, and adding knowledge to knowledge, half by half. I feel it now, because I am sure that I know very little more than I did at Easter. One thing I am improved in, which is writing themes; and you will be pleased to know that Hawtrey has again given me the School Theme prize, worth 5L., which counts for another sent up exercise.'

In reply, the Judge, on July 22, wrote in the midst of the circuit, from Stafford, a letter that might well do a son's heart good:—

'I rejoice in your finale, and shall be glad to see the exercise. You have gone through Eton with great credit and reputation as a scholar, and what is of more consequence, with perfect character as to truth and conduct in every way. This can only be accounted

for by the assistance of the good Spirit of God first stirred up in you by the instructions of your clear mother, than whom a more excellent human being never existed. I pray God that this assistance may continue through life, and keep you always in the same good course.'

A few days more and the boy's departure from the enthusiastically loved school had taken place, together with his final exploits as captain in the cricket-field, where too he formed an acquaintance with Mr. C. S. Roundell, the captain of the Harrow eleven, which ripened into a lifelong friendship.

'You may suppose,' writes Coley, 'that I was really very miserable at leaving Eton. I did not, I assure you, without thanking God for the many advantages I have there enjoyed and praying for His forgiveness for my sin in neglecting so many. We began our match with Harrow yesterday, by going in first; we got 261 runs by tremendous hitting, Harrow 32, and followed up and got 55: Eton thus winning in one innings by 176 runs, the most decided beating ever known at cricket.'

So ended Coleridge Patteson's school life, not reaching to all he saw that it might have been; but unstained, noble, happy, honourable, and full of excellent training for the future man. No sting was left to poison the fail-memory of youth; but many a friendship had been formed on foundations of esteem, sympathy, and kindness which endured through life, standing all tests of separation and difference.

CHAPTER III. UNDERGRADUATE LIFE AT BALLIOL AND JOURNEYS ON THE CONTINENT

1845—1852

University life is apt to exert a strong influence upon a man's career. It comes at the age at which there is probably the most susceptibility to new impressions. The physical growth is over, and the almost exclusive craving for exercise and sport is lessening; there is more voluntary inclination to intellectual application, and the mind begins to get fair play. There is also a certain liberty of choice as to the course to be taken and the persons who shall become guides, and this renders the pupilage a more willing and congenial connection than that of the schoolboy: nor is there so wide a distance in age and habits between tutor and pupil as between master and scholar.

Thus it is that there are few more influential persons in the country than leading University men, for the impress they leave is on the flower of English youth, at the very time of life when thought has come, but action is not yet required. At the same time the whole genius loti, the venerable buildings with their

traditions, the eminence secured by intellect and industry, the pride that is taken in the past and its great men, first as belonging to the University, and next to the individual college, all give the members thereof a sense of a dignity to keep up and of honour to maintain, and a certainty of appreciation and fellow-feeling from the society with which they are connected.

The Oxford of Patteson's day was yet untouched by the hand of reformation. The Colleges were following or eluding the statutes of their founders, according to the use that had sprung up, but there had been a great quickening into activity of intellect, and the religious influences were almost at their strongest. It was true that the master mind had been lost to the Church of England, but the men whom he and his companions had helped to form were the leaders among the tutors, and the youths who were growing up under them were forming plans of life, which many have nobly carried out, of unselfish duty and devotion in their several stations.

Balliol had, under the mastership of Dr. Jenkyns, attained preeminence for success in the schools, and for the high standard required of its members, who formed 'the most delightful society, the very focus of the most stimulating life of the University,' within those unpretending walls, not yet revivified and enlarged.

Here Coleridge Patteson came to reside in the Michaelmas term of 1845; beginning with another attempt for the scholarship, in which he was again unsuccessful, being bracketed immediately after the fourth with another Etonian, namely, Mr.

Hornby, the future head-master, His friend, Edmund Bastard, several of his relations, and numerous friends had preceded him; and he wrote to his sister Fanny:—

'You cannot think what a nice set of acquaintance I am gradually slipping into. Palmer and myself take regular familiar walks; and Riddell, another fellow who is the pet of the College, came up the other evening and sat with me, and I breakfast with them, and dine, &c. The only inconvenience attaching itself to such a number of men is, that I have to give several parties, and as I meant to get them over before Lent, I have been coming out rather strong in that line lately, as the pastry-cook's bill for desserts will show in good time.

'I have been asked to play cricket in the University eleven, and have declined, though not without a little struggle, but cricket here, especially to play in such matches as against Cambridge, &c., entails almost necessarily idleness and expense.'

The struggle was hardly a little one to a youth whose fame in the cricket field stood so high, and who was never happy or healthy without strong bodily exercise. Nor had he outgrown his taste for this particular sport. Professor Edwin Palmer (alluded to above) describes him as at this time 'a thorough public schoolboy, with a full capacity for enjoying undergraduate society and undergraduate amusements, though with so fond a recollection of Eton that to some of us he hardly seemed to appreciate Oxford sufficiently.'

Again, Mr. Roundell (his late adversary at Lord's) says: 'He

was a reluctant and half-interested sojourner was ever looking back to the playing-fields of Eton, or forward to the more congenial sphere of a country parish.' So it was his prime pleasure and glory that he thus denied himself, though not with total abstinence, for he played occasionally. I remember hearing of a match at Ottery, where he was one of an eleven of Coleridge kith and kin against the rest of Devon. His reputation in the field was such that, many years later, when he chanced to be at Melbourne at the same time with the champion English eleven, one of the most noted professional cricketers, meeting him in the street, addressed him confidentially, 'I know, sir, the Bishop of Melbourne does not approve of cricket for clergymen in public, but if you would meet me in private at five o'clock to-morrow morning, and let me give you a few balls, it would be a great satisfaction!'

Some resolution thus was required to prevent cricket from becoming a tyrant, as so often befalls those whose skill renders them valuable. Tennis became Coley's chief recreation, enabling him to work off his superfluous energy at the expense of far less time than cricket matches require, and in this, as in everything active, he soon excelled.

As to the desserts upon which the young men in turn were spending a good deal out of mere custom, harmlessly enough, but unnecessarily; as soon as the distress of the potato famine in Ireland became known, Patteson said, 'I am not at all for giving up these pleasant meetings, but why not give up the dessert?' So

the agreement was made that the cost should for the present be made over to the 'Irish fund.'

Another friend of this period, now well known as Principal Shairp of St. Andrews', was then in the last year of a five years' residence. He has been kind enough to favour me with the following effective sketch of Coley as an undergraduate:—

'Patteson as he was at Oxford, comes back to me, as the representative of the very best kind of Etonian, with much good that he had got from Eton, with something better, not to be got at Eton or any other school. He had those pleasant manners and that perfect ease in dealing with men and with the world which are the inheritance of Eton, without the least tincture of worldliness. I remember well the look he then had, his countenance massive for one so young, with good sense and good feeling, in fact, full of character. For it was character more than special ability which marked him out from others, and made him, wherever he was, whether in cricket in which he excelled, or in graver things, a centre round which others gathered. The impression he left on me was of quiet, gentle strength and entire purity, a heart that loved all things true and honest and pure, and that would always be found on the side of these. We did not know, probably he did not know himself, the fire of devotion that lay within him, but that was soon to kindle and make him what he afterwards became.'

In truth he was taking deep interest in the religious movement, though in the quiet unexcited way of those to whom such

doctrines were only the filling out of the teachings of their childhood. He was present at that sermon on the 'Entire Absolution of the Penitent,' with which, on the Fourth Sunday after Epiphany, 1846, Dr. Pusey broke his enforced silence of three years.

The same evening Coley wrote to his sister Fanny:—

'I have just returned from University sermon, where I have been listening with great delight to Pusey's sermon on the Keys for nearly two hours. His immense benevolence beams through the extreme power of his arguments, and the great research of his inquiry into all the primitive writings is a most extraordinary matter, and as for the humility and prayerful spirit in which it was composed, you fancied he must have been on his knees the whole time he was writing it. I went early to Christ Church, where it was preached, and, after pushing through such a crowd as usually blocks up the entrance into Exeter Hall, I found on getting into the Cathedral that every seat was occupied. However, standing to hear such a man was no great exertion, and I never was so interested before. It will probably be printed, so that you will have no occasion for any remarks of mine. It is sufficient that he preached the doctrine to my mind in an invincible manner.' The letter has a postscript—'Easter vacation will be from three weeks to a month. Hurrah! say I; now a precious deal more glad am I to leave Oxford for the holidays than Eton, though Feniton is better than either.'

Even in the last undergraduate year, the preference for Eton

remained as strong as ever. Coley intended to remain at Oxford to read for honours through great part of the Long vacation; and after refreshing himself with a run to Eton, he wrote:—

'Now for a very disagreeable contrast, but still I shall find great interest in my work as I go on, and reading books for the second or third time is light work compared to the first stodge at them. I am, however, behindhand with my work, in spite of not having wasted much time here.... I really don't see my way through the mass of work before me, and half repent having to go up for class.

'…I went to the opera on Tuesday, but was too much taken up by Eton to rave about it, though Grisi's singing and acting were out and out; but, in sober earnest, I think if one was to look out simply for one's own selfish pleasure in this world, staying at Eton in the summer is paradise. I certainly have not been more happy, if so happy, for years, and they need no convincing there of my doting attachment to the place. I go down to Eton on Election Saturday and Sunday for my last enjoyment of it this year; but if I am well and nourishing in the summer of 1849, and all goes right with me, it is one of the jolliest prospects of my emancipation from the schools to think of a month at Eton. Oh! it's hard work reading for it, I can tell you.'

Thus Coley Patteson's work throughout his undergraduate three years was, so to speak, against the grain, though it was more diligent and determined than it had been at Eton. He viewed this as the least satisfactory period of his life, and probably it was that in which he was doing the most violence to his likings. It struck

those who had known him at Eton that he had 'shaken off the easy-going, comfortable, half-sluggish habit of mind' attributed to him there, and to be earnestly preparing for the future work of life. His continued interest in Missions was shown by his assisting to collect subscriptions for the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. In fact, his charm of manner, and his way of taking for granted that people meant to do what they ought, made him a good collector, and he had had a good deal of practice at Eton in keeping up the boys to the subscription for the stained glass of the east window of the Chapel which they had undertaken to give.

That Long vacation of study was a great effort, and he felt it tedious and irksome, all the more from a weakness that affected his eyelids, and, though it did not injure his sight, often rendered reading and writing painful. Slight ailments concurred with other troubles and vexations to depress his spirits; and besides these outward matters, he seems to have had a sense of not coming up to his ideal. His standard was pitched higher than that of most men: his nature was prone to introspection, and his constitutional inertness rendered it so difficult for him to live up to his own views, that he was continually dissatisfied with himself; and this, in spite of his sweet unselfish temper, gave his manner at home an irritability, and among strangers a reserve—the very reverse of the joyous merry nature which used to delight in balls, parties, and gaieties.

Though an ardent friend, he became disinclined to enter into

general society; nor was the distaste ever entirely overcome, though he never failed to please by the charm alike of natural manner and of Christian courtesy; the same spirit of gentleness and kindness very soon prevailed in subduing, even in family life, any manifestation of the tender points of a growing character.

In the autumn of 1849, he obtained a second class in the school of Literae humaniores, a place that fairly represented his abilities as compared with those of others. When the compulsory period of study was at an end, his affection for Oxford and enjoyment of all that it afforded increased considerably, though he never seems to have loved the University quite as well as Eton.

As he intended to take Holy Orders, he did not give up his residence there; but his first use of his leisure was to take a journey on the Continent with his brother and Mr. Hornby. It was then that, as he afterwards wrote, his real education began, partly from the opening of his mind by the wonders of nature and art, and partly from the development of his genius for philology. Aptitude for language had already shown itself when his sister Fanny had given him some German lessons; and even on his first halt at Cologne, he received the compliment, 'Sie sprechen Deutsch wohl' and he found himself talking to a German on one side and a Frenchman on the other.

His letters throughout his foreign travels are more copious than ever, but are chiefly minute descriptions of what he saw, such as would weary the reader who does not want a guide-book even full of individuality. Yet they cannot be passed by without

noticing how he fulfilled the duty of study and endeavour at appreciation which everyone owes to great works of art, instead of turning aside with shallow conceit if he do not enter into them at first sight.

After the wonders of Vienna and the mines of Salzburg, the mountain scenery of the Tyrol was an unspeakable pleasure, which tries to express itself in many closely written pages. Crossing into Italy by the Stelvio Pass, a sharp but passing fit of illness detained Coley at Como for a day, and caused him to call in an Italian doctor, who treated him on the starvation system, administered no medicines, and would take no fee. The next day Coley was in condition to go on to Milan, where his first impression of the Cathedral was, as so often happens, almost of bewilderment. He did not at first like the Lombardo-Gothic style, but he studied it carefully, and filled his letter with measurements and numbers, though confessing that no part pleased him so much as the pinnacles terminating in statues, 'each one a very beautiful martyr's memorial.' Two more visits of several hours, however, brought the untutored eye to a sense of the harmony of proportion, and the surpassing beauty of the carvings and sculpture.

It did not need so much study to enjoy Lionardo da Vinci's great fresco, of which he wrote long and elaborately, and, altogether, Milan afforded him very great delight and was a new world to him. It was the farthest limit of his travels on this occasion. The party returned by way of Geneva; and Coley, alone

with four guides, attempted the Col du Geant. Then following is his account of the danger in which he found himself:—

'On Monday at 4.15 A.M. we started from the Montanvert, with our alpenstocks, plenty of ropes, and a hatchet to cut steps in the ice. We walked quickly over the Mer de Glace, and in about three hours came to the difficult part. I had no conception of what it would be. We had to ascend perpendicular walls of ice, 30, 40, 50 feet high, by little holes which we cut with the hatchet, and to climb over places not a foot broad, with enormous crevasses on each side. I was determined not to give in, and said not a word, but I thought that no one had a right to expose himself to such danger if known beforehand. After about three hours spent in this way, (during which I made but one slip, when I slid about twelve feet down a crevasse, but providentially did not lose my head, and saved myself by catching at a broken ridge of ice, rising up in the crevasse, round which I threw my leg and worked my way up it astride), got to the region of snow, and here the danger was of falling into hidden crevasses. We all five fastened ourselves to one another with ropes. I went in the middle, Couttet in front, then Payot. Most unluckily the weather began to cloud over, and soon a sharp hailstorm began, with every indication of a fog. We went very cautiously over the snow for about three hours, sinking every now and then up to our middles, but only once in a crevasse, when Couttet suddenly fell, singing out "Tirez! tirez!" but he was pulled out instantly. We had now reached the top, but the fog was so dense that I could scarcely see 30 feet before me,

and the crevasses and mountains of snow looming close round us looked awful. At this moment the guides asked me if I must make the passage. I said instantly that I wanted to do so, but that I would sooner return at once than endanger the lives of any of them. They told me there was certainly great danger, they had lost their way, but were unwilling to give up. For an hour and a half we beat about in the fog, among the crevasses, trying every way to find the pass, which is very narrow, wet to the skin, and in constant peril; but we knew that the descent on the Chamouni side is far more difficult than that on the Courmayeur side. At last all the guides agreed that it was impossible to find the way, said the storm was increasing, and that our only chance was to return at once. So we did, but the fearful difficulties of the descent I shall never forget. Even in the finest weather they reckon it very difficult, but yesterday we could not see the way, we were numbed with intense cold, and dispirited from being forced to return.

In many places the hail and sleet had washed out the traces we trusted as guides. After about four hours, we had passed the most dangerous part, and in another hour we were safely upon the Mer de Glace, which we hailed with delight: Couttet, who reached the point of safety first, jumping on the firm ice and shouting to me "Il n'y a plus de danger, Monsieur." Here we took off the ropes, and drank some more brandy, and then went as hard as we could, jumping across crevasses, which two days before I should have thought awkward, as if they were cart ruts.

We reached Chamouni at 8.30 P.M., having been sixteen and a quarter hours without resting. I was not at all tired; the guides thanked me for having given so little trouble, and declared I had gone as well as themselves. Indeed I was providentially unusually clear-headed and cool, and it was not till the danger was over that I felt my nerves give way. There was a good deal of anxiety about us at Chamouni, as it was one of the worst days ever seen here. Hornby had taken all my clothes to Geneva, so I put on a suit of the landlord's, and had some tea, and at 11 P.M. went to bed, not forgetting, you may be sure, to thank God most fervently for this merciful protection, as on the ice I did many times with all my heart.

'On reviewing coolly, to-day, the places over which we passed, and which I shall never forget, I remember seven such as I trust never again to see a man attempt to climb. The state of the ice and crevasses is always shifting, so that the next person who makes the ascent may find a comparatively easy path. We had other dangers too, such as this: twice the guides said to me, "Ne parlez pas ici, Monsieur, et allez vite," the fear being of an ice avalanche falling on us, and we heard the rocks and ice which are detached by the wet falling all about. The view from the top, if the day is fine, is about the most magnificent in the Alps; and as in that case I should have descended easily on the other side, the excursion would not have been so difficult. I hope you will not think I have been very foolish; I did not at all think it would be so dangerous, nor was it possible to foresee the bad weather. My curiosity to

see some of the difficulties of an excursion in the Alps is fully satisfied.'

After this adventure, the party broke up, James Patteson returning home with Mr. Hornby, while Coley, who hoped to obtain a Fellowship at Merton, and wished in the meantime to learn German thoroughly in order to study Hebrew by the light of German scholarship, repaired to Dresden for the purpose; revelling, by the way, on the pictures and glass at Munich, descriptions of which fill three or four letters. He remained a month at Dresden, reading for an hour a day with a German master, and spending many hours besides in study, recreating himself with German newspapers at the cafe where he dined, and going to the play in the evening to hear colloquialisms. The picture galleries were his daily enjoyment, and he declared the Madonna di San Sisto fully equal to his anticipations. There is that about the head of the Virgin which I believe one sees in no other picture, a dignity and beauty with a mixture of timidity quite indescribable.'

Returning home for Christmas, Coley started again in January 1851, in charge of a pupil, the son of Lord John Thynne, with whom he was to go through Italy. The journey was made by sea from Marseilles to Naples, where the old regime was still in force. Shakespeare and Humboldt were seized; and after several hours' detention on the score of the suspicious nature of his literature, Mr. Patteson was asked for a bribe.

The climate was in itself a great charm to one always painfully

susceptible to cold; and, after duly dwelling on the marvels of Vesuvius and Pompeii, the travellers went on to Rome. There the sculptures were Coley's first delight, and he had the advantage of hints from Gibson on the theory of his admiration, such as suited his love of analysis. He poured forth descriptions of statues and pictures in his letters: sometimes apologising.—'You must put up with a very stupid and unintelligible sermon on art. The genius loci would move the very stones to preach on such a theme. Again: The worst is, that I ought to have months instead of days to see Rome in. I economise my time pretty well; but yet I find every night that I can only do a little of what I propose in the morning; and as for my Italian, an hour and a half a day is on an average more than I give to it. I suffer a good deal from weakness in the eyes; it prevents my working at night with comfort. I have a master every other day. I tried to draw, but it hurt me so much after looking about all day that I despair of doing anything, though I don't abandon the idea altogether.'

There are many letters on the religious state of Rome. The apparently direct supplications to the Saints, the stories told in sermons of desperate sinners—saved through some lingering observance paid to the Blessed Virgin, and the alleged abuse of the Confessional, shocked Patteson greatly, and therewith he connected the flagrant evils of the political condition of Rome at that time, and arrived at conclusions strongly adverse to Roman Catholicism as such, though he retained uninjured the Catholic tone of his mind.

It was art which was the special attraction to Coley of all the many spells of old Rome. He spent much time in the galleries, and studied 'modern painters' with an earnestness that makes Ruskinism pervade his letters.

At Florence, Coley wrote as usual at much length of the galleries, where the Madonna del Cardellino seems to have been what delighted him most. He did not greatly enter into Michel Angelo's works, and perhaps hardly did their religious spirit full justice under the somewhat exclusive influence of Fra Angelico and Francia, with the Euskinese interpretation. The delight was indescribable. He says:– 'But I have written again and again on this favourite theme, and I forget that it is difficult for you to understand what I write, or the great change that has taken place in me, without seeing the original works. No one can see them and be unchanged. I never had such enjoyment.' His birthday presents were spent on a copy of the beloved Madonna del Cardellino, of which he says:—'though it does not reach anything like the intensity of feeling of the original, is still a very excellent painting, and will always help to excite in my imagination, and I hope to convey to you, some faint image of the exceeding beauty of this most beautiful of all paintings.'

Readers chiefly interested in the subsequent career of the missionary would feel interrupted by the overflowing notes on painting, sculpture and architecture which fill the correspondence, yet without them, it is scarcely possible to realise the young man's intense enthusiasm for the Beautiful,

especially for spiritual beauty, and thus how great was the sacrifice of going to regions where all these delights were unknown and unattainable. He went on to Venice, where he met a letter which gave a new course to his thoughts, for it informed him that the deafness, which had long been growing on his father had now become an obstacle to the performance of his duties as a Judge, and announcing his intention of retiring.

In the fulness of his heart he wrote:—

'Venice, Hotel de la Villa: May 2, 1851.

'My dearest Father,—I have not been in Venice an hour yet, but little did I expect to find such news waiting for me as is contained in Jem's letter, and I can lose no time in answering it. It is indeed a heavy trial for you, that, in addition to many years of constant annoyance from your deafness, you should be obliged now, in the full vigour of your mind, and with the advantage of your experience, to give up a profession you so thoroughly delight in. I don't deny that I have often contemplated the possibility of such a thing; and I had some conversation with Uncle John last winter in consequence of my fancying your deafness was on the increase, though the girls did not perceive it; I hope with all my heart I was wrong. I told him what I know you feel, that, painful as it will be to you to retire from the Bench, if any dissatisfaction was expressed at your not hearing sufficiently what passed, you would choose rather to give up your seat than to go on under such circumstances. His answer, I remember, was that it was most difficult to know what to do, because it was no use concealing

the fact that your infirmity did interfere with the working of the Court more or less, on Circuit especially, and at other times when witnesses were examined, but that your knowledge of law was so invaluable that it was difficult to see how this latter advantage could fail to outweigh the former defect; and everybody knew that they can't find a lawyer to fill your place, though another man might do the ordinary circuit work with greater comfort to the Bar; though therefore nobody is so painstaking and so little liable to make mistakes, yet to people in general and in the whole, another man would seem to do the work nearly as well, and would do his work, as far as his knowledge and conscientiousness went, with more ease;—this was something like the substance of what passed then, and you may suppose that since that time I have thought more about the possibility of your retirement; but as I know how very much you will feel giving up an occupation in which you take a regular pride, I do feel very sorry, and wish I was at home to do anything that could be done now. I know well enough that you are the last man in the world to make a display of your feelings, and that you look upon this as a trial, and bear it as one, just as you have with such great patience and submission (and dear Joan too,) always quietly borne your deafness; but I am sure you must, and do feel this very much, and, added to Granny's illness, you must be a sad party at home. I feel as if it were very selfish to be in this beautiful city, and to have been spending so much money at Florence. Neither did Joan, in her last letter, nor has Jem now, mentioned whether you

received two letters from Florence, the first of which gave some description of my vetturino journey from Rome to Florence. I little thought when I was enjoying myself so very much there, that all this was passing at home.... Your influence in the Privy Council (where I conclude they will offer you a seat) might be so good on very important questions, and it would be an occupation for you; and I have always hoped that, if it should please God you should retire while still in the prime of life for work, you would publish some great legal book, which should for ever be a record of your knowledge on these subjects. However it may be, the retrospect of upwards of twenty years spent on the Bench with the complete respect and admiration of all your friends, is no slight thing to fall back upon: and I trust that this fresh trial will turn to your good, and even happiness here, as we may trust with safety it will hereafter.

'Ever your very affectionate and dutiful Son,

'JOHN COLERIDGE PATTESON.'

In this winter of 1852, Mr. Justice Patteson's final decision to retire was made and acted upon. The Judge delighted in no occupation so much as the pursuit of law, and therefore distrusted his own opinion as to the moment when his infirmity should absolutely unfit him for sitting in Court. He had begged a friend to tell him the moment that the impediment became serious; and this, with some hesitation, was done. The intimation was

thankfully received, and, after due consideration, carried out.

On January 29, 1852, after twenty-two years on the Bench, and at the age of sixty-two, Mr. Justice Patteson wrote his letter of resignation to Lord Truro, then Lord Chancellor, petitioning for the usual pension. It was replied to in terms of warm and sincere regret; and on the 2nd of February, Sir John Patteson was nominated to the Privy Council, as a member of the Judicial Committee; where the business was chiefly conducted in writing, and he could act with comparatively little obstacle from his deafness.

On February 10, 1852, he took his leave of the Bar. The Court of Queen's Bench was crowded with barristers, who rose while the Attorney-General, Sir Alexander Cockburn, made an address expressive of the universal heartfelt feeling of respect and admiration with which the retiring Judge was regarded.

John Patteson's reply, read with a voice broken by emotion, is so touching in its manly simplicity and humility that a paragraph or two may well be quoted:—

'Mine,' he said, 'is one of the many instances which I know that a public man without pre-eminent abilities, if he will but exert such as it has pleased God to bestow on him honestly and industriously, and without ostentation, is sure to receive public approbation fully commensurate with, and generally much beyond, his real merits; and I thank God if I shall be found not to have fallen entirely short in the use of those talents which He has entrusted to me.' Then, after some words on the misfortune

that necessitated his withdrawal, he continued, 'I am aware that on some, and I fear too many, occasions I have given way to complaints and impatient expressions towards the Bar and the witnesses in Court, as if they were to blame when, in truth, it was my own deficiency; and heartily sorry have I been and am for such want of control over myself. I have striven against its recurrence earnestly, though not always successfully. My brethren on the Bench, and you, and the public, have been very kind and indulgent to me; the recollection of which will remain with, and be a great solace to me for the rest of my life.

'And now, gentlemen, I bid you farewell most affectionately. I wish you many years of health and happiness, of success and honour in your liberal profession; the duties of which have been and are and I trust ever will be performed, not only with the greatest zeal, learning, and ability, but with the highest honour and integrity, and a deep sense of responsibility to God and to man, and which being so performed, are, in my humble judgment, eminently conducive, under the blessing of God, to maintain the just prerogative of the Crown, and the true right, liberties, and happiness of the people.'

He then rose from the Judges' seat, and bowed his farewell to the assembly, who stood respectful and silent, except for some suppressed tokens of emotion, for in truth to many the parting was from an old familiar and much trusted friend.

Private letters poured in, expressive of deep regret, esteem, and affection, and not only were gratefully read at the time,

but became to the family valuable memorials of the heartfelt appreciation gained by a high-minded and upright course of life, and evidences that their father had done that which is perhaps the best thing that it is permitted to man to do here below, namely, 'served God in his generation.'

CHAPTER IV. FELLOWSHIP OF MERTON. 1852—1854

In the summer of 1852 Coleridge Patteson stood for a fellowship of Merton, obtained it, and moved into rooms there. Every college has a distinctive character; and Merton, if not actually the eldest, is at least one of the oldest foundations at Oxford, and is one of the most unchanged in outward aspect. There is a peculiar charm in the beauty and seclusion of the quadrangle, in the library, still mediaeval even to the fittings; and the church is above all impressive in the extraordinary loveliness of the early decorated architecture, and the space and loftiness of the choir. The whole, pre-eminently among the colleges, gives the sense of having been unaltered for five hundred years, yet still full of life and vigour.

Coley attached himself to Merton, though he never looked to permanent residence there. The Curacy in the immediate neighbourhood of his home was awaiting him, as soon as he should be ordained; but though his purpose was unchanged and he was of full age for Holy Orders, he wished for another year of preparation, so as to be able to study both Hebrew and theology more thoroughly than would be possible when pastoral labour should have begun. What he had already seen of Dresden convinced him that he could there learn Hebrew more thoroughly

and more cheaply than at home, and to this he intended to devote the Long Vacation of 1852, without returning to Feniton. There the family were settling themselves, having given up the house in Bedford Square, since James Patteson had chambers in King's Bench Walk, where the ex-Judge could be with him when needed in London. There had some notion of the whole family profiting by Sir John's emancipation to take a journey on the Continent, and the failure of the scheme elicited the following letter:—

'Merton: June 18.

'My dearest Fan,—I can, to a certain extent, sympathise with you thoroughly upon this occasion; the mere disappointment at not seeing so many interesting places and things is a sharp one, but in your instance this is much increased by the real benefit you hoped to derive from a warmer climate; and no wonder that the disappearance of your hopes coupled with bodily illness makes you low and uncomfortable. The weather too is trying to mind and body, and though you try as usual to shake off the sense of depression which affects you, your letter is certainly sad, and written like the letter of one in weak health. Well, we shall see each other, please GOD, at Christmas now. That is better than passing nearly or quite a year away from each other; and some other time I hope you will be able to go to Italy, and enjoy all the wonders there, though a tour for health's sake cannot be too soon. It is never too soon to get rid of an ailment....

'I find that I am getting to know the undergraduates here, which is what I wanted to do; it is my only chance of being of

any use. True, that I have to do it at the expense of two half-days' cricketing, which I have quite ceased to care about, but I know that when I went up to Balliol, I was glad when a Fellow played with us. It was a guarantee for orderly conduct, and as I say, it gives me an opportunity of knowing men. I hope to leave London for Dresden on Monday week; Arthur is gone thither, as I find out from Jem, and I hope the scheme will answer. If I find I can't work, from my eyes, or anything else, preventing me, I shall come home, but I have no reason to expect any such thing. My best love to Joan and all friends.

'Your loving Brother,

'J. C. PATTESON.'

The 'Arthur' here mentioned was the youngest son of Mr. Frank Coleridge, and became Coley's companion at Dresden, where he was studying German. He writes:—

'Patteson spoke German fluently, and wrote German correctly. He had studied the language assiduously for about two years previously, and so successfully that whilst we were at Dresden, he was enabled to dispense with a teacher and make his assistance little more than nominal. Occasionally he wrote a German exercise, but rather as an amusement than a discipline, and merely with the view of enlarging his German vocabulary. I remember his writing an elaborate description of Feniton Court, and imagining the place to be surrounded

with trees belonging to all sorts of climates. The result was very amusing to ourselves, and added to the writer's stock of words on particular subjects. When our master Schier appeared, the conversation was led by a palpable ambuscade to the topic which had been made the subject of Patteson's exercise, and conversation helped to strengthen memory. After looking over a few of Patteson's German exercises, Mr. Schier found so little to correct, in the way of grammatical errors, that these studies were almost relinquished, and gave way to Arabic and Hebrew. Before we left Dresden, Patteson had read large portions of the Koran; and, with the aid of Hurwitz's Grammar and Bernhard's Guide to Hebrew Students, books familiar to Cambridge men, he was soon able to read the Psalms in the original. I remember the admiration and despair I felt in witnessing Patteson's progress, and the wonder expressed by his teacher in his pupil's gift of rapid acquirement. We had some excellent introductions; amongst others, to Dr. –, a famous theologian, with whom Patteson was fond of discussing the system and organisation of the Church in Saxony. Up to the time of his leaving England he was constantly using Olshausen's Commentary on the New Testament, a book he was as thoroughly versed in as Archbishop Trench himself. I think that he consulted no other books in his study of the Gospels, but Olshausen and Bengel's Gnomon.

'In our pleasures at Dresden there was a mixture of the utile with the dulce. Our constant visits to the theatre were strong incentives to a preparatory study of the plays of Goethe, Schiller,

and Lessing. What noble acting we saw in that Dresden theatre!

'With regard to the opera, I have never seen Weber or Meyerbeer's works given so perfectly and conscientiously as at Dresden. Patteson's chief delight was the Midsummer Night's Dream, with Mendelssohn's music. He had a tuneful baritone voice and a correct ear for music. We hired a piano for our sitting-room; and, though I failed to induce him to cultivate his voice, and join me in taking lessons, he sang some of Mendelssohn's Lieder very pleasingly, and knew most of the bass music from the Messiah by heart. He began to play a few scales on the piano, and hoped to surprise his sisters on his return to England by playing chants, but the Arabic and Hebrew studies proved too absorbing; he grudged the time, and thought the result disproportioned to the sacrifice.

'In our daily walks we talked constantly of Church matters. Some sharp and sad experiences in the loss of more than one of his Eton and Oxford friends, who had abandoned the Church of England, failed to shake his confidence in the Church he was to serve so faithfully and to die for so gloriously. His faith and daily practice seem to me a protest and warning against the folly, if not the falsehood, of extremes. Moderation, quiet consistency of life, and unswerving loyalty to a faith which had been the joy and comfort of his dear mother, whose loveable nature he inherited and reflected, a blameless life and unfailing charity enabled him when the time came to live a life of incessant toil, and face a martyr's death. I remember the present Bishop of

Carlisle inciting Cambridge undergraduates to become, by virtue of earnestness, gentleness, and toleration, "guides not judges, lights not firebrands." He drew a perfect description of Patteson, who came more completely up to that ideal than anyone I ever knew. Here was a man capable of the purest and most tender friendship, with an exquisite appreciation of all that is noblest in life, and he was ready to give up all, and content to lead the forlorn hope of Christianity, and perish in the front ranks of the noble army. "And having been a little tried he shall be greatly rewarded, for God proved him, and found him worthy for Himself."'

I have given this letter almost entire, because it shows the impression Coley made on one, little his junior, in the intimate associations of cousin, neighbour, and schoolfellow, as well as travelling companion.

This year seems to have been a marked stage of development. He was now twenty-five, and the boyish distaste for mental exertion which had so long rendered study an effort of duty had passed into full scholarly enjoyment. The individuality and originality of his mind had begun to awaken, and influenced probably by the German atmosphere of thought in which he was working, were giving him that strong metaphysical bent which characterised his tone through life, and became apparent in his sermons when he addressed an educated audience.

Here is a letter to his eldest sister: 'The weather has been better suited for work, and I feel pretty well satisfied with my

Hebrew. What makes it so difficult is principally this, that as it is an Oriental language, it is entirely different in structure, and in its inflections, &c., from any language I ever came across. I can't fall back upon anything already learnt to help me; but I see my way pretty clear now, and shall soon have little more than a knowledge of the meaning of the words to learn, which is only a matter of patience, and can be learnt with a good dictionary and practice. A real complete knowledge of the grammar is of course the great thing.

'The great Dresden fair, called the Vogelschiesser, is going on; it began last Sunday and ends next Sunday. About half a mile from the town there is a very large meadow by the river, where a small town of booths, tents, &c., is erected, and where shooting at targets with wooden darts, sham railway-trains and riding-horses, confectionery of every kind, beer of every name, strength, and colour, pipes, cigars, toys, gambling, organ-grinding, fiddling, dancing, &c., goes on incessantly. The great attraction, however, is the shooting at the bird, which occupies the attention of every Saxon, and is looked upon as the consummation of human invention and physical science. A great pole, nearly 80 feet high, is erected with a wooden bird, about the size of a turkey, at the top; to hit this with a crossbow from a regular stand, about 50 feet from the foot of the pole, is the highest ambition of this great people. The accompaniments are rich in the extreme: cannon firing, drums rolling, for a successful shot, the shooting society, who exist only for the sole honour and

glory of hacking this bird to pieces, the presence of the King, I think to-day, and the intense interest taken in the amusement by the whole population; certainly the Germans are satisfied with less than any people I ever saw (barring two things, smoke and beer, in which they are insatiable). I went out to see it all, but it rather bored me after an hour or so. Tom F– and I threw some dice for a pair of braces for Arthur, which we presented in due form; and we had some shots at the targets—mine were eminently unsuccessful.

'Last night we had a great treat. Emil Devrient, who has been acting in London, you know, came back, and acted Marquis Posa in "Don Carlos." The play acts very much better than it reads. Schiller certainly has great dramatic genius; only I agree with Goethe that there is always a longing for exhibiting cruelty in its most monstrous form, and refinement of cruelty and depravity overstepping almost the natural conditions of humanity. I always thought Iago about the most awful character in Shakspeare; but Schiller's Philip II. is something beyond even this, without perhaps so much necessity for the exhibition of this absolute delight in evil. It is long since I have been so excited in a theatre. I was three rows from the stage, heard and understood everything, and was so completely carried away by the grandeur and intense feeling of Devrient (who was well supported by the Don Carlos), that I had some difficulty to keep quiet, and feel to-day rather odd, shaken, as it were, from such a strain upon the feelings.'

Here is a letter, enclosed within one to his sister Fanny on

September 9, written on a scrap of paper. The apologetic tone of confession is amusing:—

'My dearest Father,—I have not before told you that I have been at work for just three weeks upon a new subject; reading, however, Hebrew every day almost for three hours as well. Schier is not a great Hebraist; and I found the language in one sense easier than I expected, so that with good grammar and dictionary I can quite get on by myself, reading an easy part of the Bible (historical books, e.g.) at the rate of about twenty-five verses an hour. Well, I began to think that I ought to use the opportunities that Dresden affords. I know that Hebrew is not a rich language; that many words occur only once, and consequently have an arbitrary meaning attached to them, unless they can be illustrated from cognate languages. Now I have a taste for these things, and have in three weeks progressed so far in my new study as to feel sure I shall make it useful; and so I tell you without fear I am working at Arabic. I hope you won't think it silly. It is very hard, and for ten days was as hard work as I ever had in my life. I think I have learnt enough to see my way now, and this morning read the first chapter of Genesis in three-quarters of an hour. It is rich, beyond all comparison, in inflexions; and the difficulty arises from the extreme multiplicity of all its forms: e.g. each verb having not only active, middle, and passive voices, but the primitive active having not less than thirty-five derivative forms and the passive thirteen. The "noun of action,"—infinitive with article (to akonein) of the Greek—is again different for

each voice or form; and the primitive can take any of twenty-two forms, which are not compounded according to any rule. Again, there are twenty-eight sets of irregular plurals, which are quite arbitrary. No grammarian has ever given any explanation about them. All mere matters of memory. The very alphabet shows the richness of the language. There are twenty-nine letters, besides vowel points; and each letter is written in four different ways, so that it is different when isolated, when in the beginning, middle, or end of a word. It took me some hours to learn them. In very many respects, it is closely allied to the Hebrew, so that everybody who writes Hebrew grammars and lexicons necessarily has much to do with Arabic; and a knowledge of it may be of great use in clearing up difficulties in the Bible. My year in Oxford will enable me to go on with it, for in three weeks more I hope to be able to go on alone. To-morrow I begin the Koran. My lessons will not in all exceed 31; and I really should have gone on, perhaps, not much faster with Hebrew if I had worked it exclusively; and it is hard to read so many hours at one thing: and I may say, now without doubt, that I have laid the foundation for a study of Oriental languages, if I have time and opportunity that may be fairly given to them. Think what one hour a day is, and the pleasure to me is very great, and I feel that I have a knack rather (if I may say so) of laying hold of these things. Don't mention it to anyone.'

There the fragment breaks off; and in a letter of August 29 there occurs this reply to a message from his eldest sister:—

'Thank dear Joan for her caution: I know I need it sadly, especially now when I am at work upon somewhat out-of-the-way subjects, and feel the danger of forgetting that if I mistake the means for the end, and feel gratified with the mere intellectual amusement, I am doing very wrong, even when I am working very hard at very difficult matters. I like these things, I must confess, and the time is so well adapted to work here, and now that the weather is cool I can secure every day a good long time to myself.' In the enclosed letter he announces that he shall leave Dresden in another three weeks. He says:—

'We have had a steady working time of it here; and as I know some members of the family rather discourage these Continental flights, I just sum up the advantages thereof. Being naturally endowed with a love of music, the probability is, that when you, Clara, and Miss Horsley are together in the house, as soon as a Lied or Sonata began, away would go my books, or at all events my thoughts. You know well that the piano goes at all hours, and always in the morning at home. Then riding, walking with Father, long sitting after dinner, &c. do not improve the chances for reading. In fact, you know that what with visitors from without, friends within, parties, &c., I should have had very little reading in the vacation, and that not through my own fault—not a Stilbehen in the house could protect me from music. Here I make my own time, and last week my eyes were troublesome. I walked twice every day, exactly at the hour when I most wanted it; and without nonsense, I may say that I have in two months

done really a great deal more than I could have done at home even with masters. This all applies to Arthur just as much. He has read German exclusively most of the time, and knows as well as I do that it is not possible to work at home. If I could go on just as well as with Mendelssohn ringing in my ears, it would be different, but I can't. You remember how pleasant, but how very idle, last vacation was, and especially the last six weeks of it!'

Then, after much about family matters, commissions, and little gifts which he was collecting for all at home—

I should like to get something for everybody, but that is not possible. Luckily, my lessons are less expensive than I expected, and, considering the work, wonderfully cheap. I make good progress, I can say; but the difficulty is great enough to discourage any but a real "grinder" at such work. I have written a scrap for Father, and you will see that I am working away pretty well. I have finished my introductory book, consisting of forty-one fables; and though difficulties present themselves always to really good scholars from time to time, the Bible is not one of the hardest books, not so hard, e.g. as the Koran. Now I can at any future time, if the opportunity comes, go on with these things, and I hope find them really useful. I know you like to hear what I am doing; but be sure to keep it all quiet, let no one know but Father and Joan. You might carelessly tell it to anyone in fun, and I don't wish it to be known. Especially don't let any of the family know. Time enough if I live out my Oxford year, and have really mastered the matter pretty well. Remember this is taken up with

a view to elucidate and explain what is so very hard in Hebrew. Hebrew is to be the Hauptsache, this the Hulfsmittel, or some day I hope one of several such helps. It is very important to accustom one's mind to the Denk and Anschauungswerk of the Orientals, which is so different from that of Europeans or their language. How hard are the metaphors of the Bible for this reason!'

There is something in all these long apologies and strenuous desire for secrecy about these Arabic studies that reminds one that the character was a self-conscious introspective one, always striving for humility, and dreading to be thought presumptuous. A simpler nature, if devoid of craving for home sympathy, would never have mentioned the new study at all; or if equally open-hearted, would have let the mention of it among home friends take its chance, without troubling himself as to their possible comments. Indeed, it is curious to observe how elaborate he was at this period about all his concerns, meditating over the cause of whatever affected him. It was a form of growth; and dropped off when the time of action arrived, and his character had shaped itself. It must be remembered, too, that his habit of pouring out all his reflections and feelings to his sisters, and their preservation of his letters, have left much more on record of these personal speculations than is common.

His father made a much simpler matter of the Arabic matter, in the following characteristic letter:—

'Feniton Court: September 14, 1852,

'My dearest Coley,—So far from thinking you wrong in

learning Arabic, I feel sure that you are quite right. However, we shall keep your secret, and not say anything about it. I am heartily glad that you should acquire languages, modern as well as ancient. You know I have often pressed the former on your and Jem's notice, from myself feeling my deficiency and regret at it. I can well understand that Arabic, and I should suppose Syriac also, must be of the greatest use towards a true understanding of much of the Old Testament: a great deal of which is doubtless not understood by those who understand only our translation, or even the Septuagint, which I suspect to have many passages far from a faithful vehicle of the meaning of the original. I was greatly delighted with your theological letter, so to speak, as well as with the first, and look to have some jolly conversations with you on such subjects.

'We have many more partridges than our neighbours, and Jem shoots uncommonly well. Three double shots yesterday. I shoot worse than usual; and cannot walk without much fatigue and frequent pain, so that I shall not be able to work enough to get much sport. I got through the Mary Church affair very well—that is, not making a fool of myself—and if I did not do much good, I think I did no harm. The Bishop of Exeter [Phillpotts] is mightily pleased, and wrote me a letter to that effect. Of course I cannot tell you what I said, it would be too long, nor are you likely to see it. It was fully inserted in "Woolmer," and from him copied into the "Guardian."

'I live in hopes to see you well and hearty at Oxford on the

14th of October, till when, adieu, God bless you.

'Your affectionate Father,

'J. PATTESON.'

The interview with the Bishop of Sydney never took place, for the excellent Bishop Broughton arrived with health shattered by his attendance on the sufferers from fever in the ship which brought him from St. Thomas, and he did not long survive his landing.

The 'Mary Church affair' here referred to was the laying the foundation-stone of the Church, built or restored, it is hard to say which, on the lines of the former one, and preserving the old tower, at St. Mary Church, near Torquay. Though the death of the Rev. Gr. M. Coleridge had broken one tie with the place, it continued to be much beloved by the Patteson family, and Sir John had taken so much share in the church-building work as to be asked to be the layer of the corner-stone. The speech he made at the ensuing luncheon excited much attention and the sisters took care that their brother should not miss reading it. The stay at Dresden was drawing to an end; and he was preparing to return through Berlin, intending to go direct to Oxford and reside there till the summer, when he meant to seek ordination and enter on the Curacy at Alfington. He says to his sister Joanna:—

'It is a long time to pass without seeing you, but I hope, if it please God that we all live on together, that it will be long

before such another interval occurs. I have not grown out of an occasional fit of home sickness yet; and on these occasions Arthur and I talk incessantly about domestic matters, and indulge our fancies in conjecturing what you are all doing, and so forth. I followed Joan and Clara's trip, step by step, from the Den at Teignmouth to St. Mary Church, Oddiscombe, Rabbicombe, Anstey's Cave, Meadfoot, &c. How I remember every inch of the dear old places! Better than the mud banks at Felixstowe, are they not, Clara? I shall keep always the scrap from the "Guardian" with Father's speech. I don't think I remember any speech on a similar occasion so thoroughly good, and so likely to do good. Plain, sensible, and manly, no question of words and unimportant differences of opinion; no cant, high or low, just like himself. I pray I may have but a tenth part of his honesty and freedom from prejudice and party spirit. It may come, under God's blessing, if a man's mind is earnestly set on the truth; but the danger is of setting up your own exclusive standard of truth, moral and intellectual. Father certainly is more free from it than any man we ever knew. He tells me in his letter that the Bishop of Sydney is coming home to consult people in England about Synodical Action, &c., and that he is going to meet him and explain to him certain difficulties and mistakes into which he has fallen with regard to administering the Oath of Abjuration and the like matters. How few people, comparatively, know the influence Father exercises in this way behind the scenes, as it were. His intimacy with so many of the Bishops, too, makes his position

really of very great importance. I don't want to magnify, but the more I think of him, and know how very few men they are that command such general respect, and bear such a character with all men for uprightness and singleness of purpose, it is very difficult to know how his place could be supplied when we throw his legal knowledge over and above into the scale. I hope he will write: I am quite certain that his opinion will exercise a great influence on very many people. Such a speech as this at Mary Church embodies exactly the sense of a considerable number of the most prudent and most able men of the country, and his position and character give it extra weight, and that would be so equally with his book as with his speech. How delightful it will be to have him at Oxford. He means to come in time for dinner on the 14th, and go away on the 16th; but if he likes it, he will, I daresay, stop now and then on his way to town and back. Jem will not be back in town when he goes up for the Judicial Committee work, so he will be rather solitary there, won't he. I am not, however, sure about the number of weeks Jem must reside to keep his term....'

The enjoyment of the last few days at Dresden 'was much marred by a heavy cold, caught by going to see an admirable representation of 'Egmont,' the last of these theatrical treats so highly appreciated. The journey to Berlin, before the cold was shaken off, resulted in an attack of illness; and he was so heavy and uncomfortable as to be unable to avail himself of his opportunities of interesting introductions.

He returned to his rooms at Merton direct from Germany.

Like many men who have come back to Oxford at a riper age than that of undergraduate life, he now entered into the higher privileges and enjoyments of the University, the studies, friendships, and influences, as early youth sometimes fails to do. He was felt by his Oxford friends to have greatly developed since his Balliol terms had been over and the Eton boy left behind. Study was no longer a toil and conscientious effort. It had become a prime pleasure; and men wondered to find the plodding, accurate, but unenthusiastic student of three years back, a linguist and philologist of no common power and attainment. Mr. Roundell says, 'He had become quite another person. Self-cultivation had done much for him. Literature and art had opened his mind and enlarged his interests and sympathies. The moral and spiritual forces of the man were now vivified, refined, and strengthened by the awakening of his intellectual and esthetic nature.'

Ever reaching forward, however, he was on his guard against, as he said, making the means the end. Languages were his pleasure, but a pleasure held in check as only subservient to his preparation for the ministry. He did not mean to use them to the acquirement of academical honour nor promotion, nor did he even rest in the intellectual delight of investigation; he intended them only as keys to the better appreciation of the Scriptures and of the doctrines of the Church, unaware as yet that the gift he was cultivating would be of inestimable value in far distant regions.

In February, while Sir John Patteson was in London, his son

James was the cause of much alarm, owing to a mistake by which he swallowed an embrocation containing a large amount of laudanum. Prompt measures, however, prevented any ill effects; and all danger was over before the letter was sent off which informed Coley of what had happened; but the bare idea of the peril was a great shock to one of such warm affections, and so deeply attached to his only brother. He wrote the two following letters to his father and sisters on the first impulse on the receipt of the intelligence:—

'Shrove Tuesday.

'My dearest Father,—I believe I speak truly when I say that I never in my life felt so thoroughly thankful and grateful to God for His great mercy as I did this morning, on reading of dear Jem's danger and safety. He is less accustomed to talk about his feelings than I am, in which I see his superiority, but partly because our tastes are in several respects different, chiefly because of his exceeding amiability and unselfishness. I am sure we love each other very dearly. Ever since his illness at Geneva, I have from time to time contemplated the utter blank, the real feeling of loss, which anything happening to him would bring with it, and the having it brought home close to me in this way quite upset me, as it well might. I pray God that no ill effects may follow, and from what you say I apprehend none. I have often thought that it is much better when two brothers propose to themselves different objects in life, and pursue them with tastes dissimilar on unimportant matters. They act better upon

one another; just as I look to Jem, as I have more than once told him, to give me a hint when he sees a want of common sense in anything I take up, because I know I act a good deal from impulse, and take an interest in many things which are perhaps not worth the time I spend on them. It is a mercy that I hope I shall never forget, never cease to be thankful for. Many and many a time, if it please God, I shall look to him in difficulties, and remember how nearly once he was lost to me. I can get away with the greatest ease for a few days on Thursday if desirable, and perhaps old Jem will feel low after this, when you have left him. I think this very likely, from what I know of him, and if you think it too, without asking him if he would like it, I will come up for some other reason. You will not go, I know, unless he is perfectly well; but he might, and I think would, like to have some one with him just at first. Let me know what you think.

'Good-bye, my dearest father.

'Ever your affectionate and dutiful son,

'J. C. PATTESON.'

'Merton, Shrove Tuesday.

'My dearest Joan and Fan,—How we must all have united this morning in pouring out our thanks to God for His great mercy! You will not suspect me of being wanting in love to you, if I say that the contemplation of what might have happened presented such a scene of desolation, such a void, that it would have

required all the strength I possess to turn to God in resignation and submission to His will. I have often, very often, thought of that illness at Geneva, but this brought it home to me, perhaps closer still; and I hope I shall never cease to be mindful of, and thankful for, this special providence. Father seems pretty confident that all mischief is prevented; and Jem wrote six hours after he took the laudanum, and had then felt no drowsiness to speak of, and Dr. Watson said there was no fear of anything happening after two hours had elapsed.

'I should like to join with you in showing our gratitude by some deed of charity, or whatever you think right. Something that without any show might be a thank-offering to God for His signal act of mercy.

'Ever your loving Brother,

'J. C. PATTESON

'5.30. I wrote this quite early this morning. I can hardly think yet what it all means. Now, I feel only a sense of some very heavy affliction removed. Poor dear Father, and all of us! what should we have been without him!'

A letter to the brother himself was written under the same impulse, even more tenderly affectionate, but so deep and intimate, that it would almost be treason to give it to the world. The next letter was written soon after the alarm had passed, but is undated:—

'My dear Fan,—Yesterday I was unluckily too seedy with headache to go on the ice, and this morning I have been skating for half an hour, but the ice is spoilt. Very jolly it is to be twisting and turning about once more. I thought of writing to old Jem to come down for it, as I should think the frost is not severe enough to freeze any but the shallow water of the floods, but it was not good enough to reward him for the trouble of coming so far.

'The constant sense of his preservation from that great danger really prevents my feeling so acutely perhaps as I ought to do the distress of others. I really think I ought to be less cheerful and happy than I feel myself to be. I had a pleasant little talk with Dr. Pusey on Monday: he was recommending me two or three books for Hebrew reading, but they would be of no use to me yet; the language is difficult to advance far into, and you know my shallow way of catching a thing at first rather quickly perhaps, but only superficially. I find my interest increasing greatly in philological studies. One language helps another very much; and the beautiful way in which the words, ideas, and the whole structure indeed, of language pervades whole families, and even the different families, (e.g., the Indo-Germanic and Semitic races,) is not only interesting, but very useful. I wish I had made myself a better Greek and Latin scholar, but unfortunately I used to hate classics. What desperate uphill work it was to read them, a regular exercise of self-denial every morning! Now I like it beyond any study, except Divinity proper, and I try to make up for lost time. There are admirable books in my possession

which facilitate the acquisition of critical scholarship very much, and I work at these, principally applying it to New Test. Greek, LXX, &c. But my real education began, I think, with my first foreign trip. It seems as if there was not time for all this, for I have Hebrew, Arabic, &c., to go on with (though this is a slow process), Pearson, Hooker, Blunt on the Reformation (a mere sketch which I read in a day or two at odd times), Commentaries, Trench's Books on Parables and Miracles, which are in my room at home, and would in parts interest you; he is a writer of good common sense, and a well-read man. But I of course want to be reading history as well, and that involves a good deal; physical geography, geology, &c., yet one things helps another very much. I don't work quite as methodically as I ought; and I much want some one to discuss matters with relating to what I read. I don't say all this, I am sure you know, as if I wanted to make out that I am working at grand subjects. I know exceeding little of any one of them, so little history, e.g., that a school girl could expose my ignorance directly, but I like to know what we are doing among ourselves, and we all get to know each other better thereby. I felt so much of late with regard to Jem, that a natural reserve prevents so often members even of the same family from communicating freely to each other their opinions, business, habits of life, experiences of sympathy, approval, disapproval, and the like; and when one member is gone, then it is felt how much more closely such a habit of dealing with each other would have taught us to know him.... Nothing tests one's knowledge so

well as questions and answers upon what we have read, stating difficulties, arguments which we can't understand, &c., to each other. Ladies who have no profession to prepare for, in spite of a very large correspondence and numerous household duties, may (in addition to their parochial work as curates!) take up a real course of reading and go into it thoroughly; and this gives girls not only employment for the time, but gives the mind power to seize every other subject presented to it. If you are quite alone, your reading is apt to become desultory. I find it useful to take once or twice a week a walk with Riddell of Balliol, and go through a certain period of Old Testament history; it makes me get it up, and then between us we hammer out so many more explanations of difficult passages than, at all events, I should do by myself. He is, moreover, about the best Greek scholar here, which is a great help to me. You have no idea of the light that such accurate scholarship as his throws upon many disputed passages in the Bible, e.g., "Wisdom is justified of her children," where the Greek preposition probably gives the key to the whole meaning, and many such. So you see, dear old Fan, that the want of some one to pour out this to, for it sounds fearfully pedantic, I confess, has drawn upon you this grievous infliction.

'My kindest love to Father and dear Joan,

'Ever your loving

Fanny Patteson answered with arguments on the other duties which hindered her from entering on the course of deep study which he had been recommending. He replies:—

'Feb. 25, 1853.

'My dearest Fan,—I must answer your very sensible well-written letter at once, because on our system of mutual explanation, there are two or three things I wish to notice in it. First, I never meant that anything should supersede duties which I am well aware you practise with real use to yourself and those about you, e.g., the kindness and sympathy shown to friends, and generally due observance of all social relations. Second, I quite believe that the practical application of what is already known, teaching, going about among the poor, is of far more consequence than the acquisition of knowledge, which, of course, for its own sake is worth nothing. Third, I think you perfectly right in keeping up music, singing, all the common amusements of a country life; of course I do, for indeed what I said did not apply to Joan or you, except so far as this, that we all know probably a great deal of which each one is separately ignorant, and the free communication of this to one another is desirable, I think.

'My own temptation consists perhaps chiefly in the love of reading for its own sake. I do honestly think that for a

considerable time past I have read, I believe, nothing which I do not expect to be of real use, for I have no taste naturally for novels, &c. (without, however, wishing to deny that there may be novels which teach a real insight into character). Barring "I Promessi Sposi" which I take up very seldom when tired, I have not read one for ages: I must except "Old Mortality," read last Vacation at Feniton; but I can't deny that I like the study of languages for its own sake, though I apply my little experience in it wholly to the interpretation of the Bible. I like improving my scholarship, it is true, but I can say honestly that it is used to read the Greek Testament with greater accuracy: so of the Hebrew, Syriac, Arabic. I feel, I confess, sometimes that it is nice, &c., to know several languages, but I try to drive away any such thoughts, and it is quite astonishing how, after a few weeks, a study which would suggest ideas of an unusual course of reading becomes so familiar that I never think of myself when pursuing it, e.g., I don't think that after two hours' grind at Arabic the stupid wrong feeling of its being an out-of-the-way study comes upon me now, it is getting quite natural. It comes out though when I talk or write perhaps with another, but I must try and get over it.

'I believe it to be a good thing to break off any work once or twice a day in the middle of any reading, for meditating a little while and for prayer. This is more easily done at College than elsewhere; and is, I hope, a preventive against such thoughts. Then, as I jog on I see how very little I know, what an immense deal I have to learn to become ordinarily well acquainted

with these things. I am in that state of mind, perhaps, when Ecclesiastes (which I am now reading) puts my own case exactly before me. I think, What's the good of it all? And the answer comes, it may be very good properly used, or very mischievous if abused. I do indeed look forward to active parochial work: I think I shall be very happy so employed, and I often try to anticipate the time in thought, and feel with perfect sincerity that nothing is so useful or so full of comfort as the consciousness of trying to fulfil the daily duties of my situation. Here of course I need do nothing; I mean there is nothing to prevent my sitting all day in an arm-chair and reading "Pickwick."... One word about the way languages help me, that you may not think what I am doing harder than it really is. These three bear the same kind of relation to each other (or rather say these five, Arabic, Syriac, Hebrew, Chaldee, Ethiopia; but of the last I know nothing whatever, and of Chaldee only so much as that it is a dialect of Hebrew in the same character, and consequently anyone who knows Hebrew knows something about it), as German to English, e.g., Bahlom (Arab.), Beel (Syr.), Baal (Heb.), are the same word, as you can see, only written in different characters, and all mean "a lord," so Baal, Beelzebub, or Baalzebeb. Baal Peor, which means, literally, "the Lord of the ravine," viz., the idol worshipped at the Pass in the wilderness. Consequently, in reading any one of these languages, the same word keeps on occurring in all; and the chief use is of course that often a word which occurs only once or twice in Hebrew perhaps is in common use in the others, and so

its meaning is fixed. Add to all this, that the Syriac version of the New Testament was made (as all agree) early in the second century, if not at the end of the first, and thus is the very best exponent of the New Testament where the Greek is doubtful; and the additional fact, that though a mixture of Chaldee and Syriac was the language of Palestine in our Lord's time, yet He certainly sometimes spoke what is now our Syriac (e.g., Talitha cumi, &c.), and the importance of it is apparent. Surely to read the language that our Blessed Lord himself used is no small profit as well as delight.

'So I think we may each go on in our several pursuits, each helping each, and each trying to do so without a foolish affectation of learning.

'My best love to dear Father and Joan,

'Ever your affectionate Brother,

'J. C. P.'

Fenelon has said that in a certain stage of piety there is much of self, and Coley was evidently in that stage. His own figure was the primary object before his eyes, neither indulged, nor admired, but criticised, repressed, and by his very best efforts thrust aside, whenever he was conscious that his self-contemplation was self-complacency. Still it was in his nature to behold it, and discuss it, and thus to conquer and outgrow the study in time, while leaving many observations upon self-culture and self-training, that will

no doubt become deeply valued as the result of the practical experience of one who so truly mastered that obtrusive self.

Patteson was one of the most decided workers for the admission of improvements and reduction of abuses within his own college, with which each Oxford foundation was endeavouring to forestall compulsory reformation by a University Commission. Mr. Roundell says:—

'His early years as Fellow of Merton coincided with the period of active reform at Oxford which followed upon the Report of the Commission in 1852. What part did the future Missionary Bishop take in that great movement? One who worked with him at that time—a time when University reform was as unfashionable as it is now fashionable—well remembers. He threw himself into the work with hearty zeal; he supported every liberal proposal. To his loyal fidelity and solid common sense is largely due the success with which the reform of Merton was carried out. And yet in those first days of college reform the only sure and constant nucleus of the floating-Liberal majority consisted of Patteson and one other. Whatever others did, those two were always on the same side. And so, somehow, owing no doubt to the general enlightenment which distinguished the senior Fellows of Merton under the old regime—an enlightenment unquestionably due to the predominance in that College of the lay non-resident element—the new reforming spirit found itself in the ascendency. It is to the honour of Patteson, and equally to the honour of the older Fellows of

the College at that time, that so great an inroad upon old traditions should have been made with such an entire absence of provocation on the one side, or of irritation on the other. But Patteson, with all his reforming zeal, was also a high-bred gentleman. He remembered what was due to others as well as to himself. His bearing was one of respect for authority, of deference towards those who were his superiors in age. He knew how to differ. He showed towards others the considerate courtesy which others in return so abundantly showed towards him. And this generous forbearance of the seniors had its reward. It entailed upon the juniors a reciprocity of respect. It was felt by them at the time to be an additional incentive to moderation, to sobriety, to desistance from extreme views. The result was that the work got done, and what was done left no heartburnings behind.

'Yet it would be delusive to pretend to claim Bishop Patteson as a Liberal in the political sense of the word. He was no such thing. If anything, his instincts, especially in Church matters, drew him the other way. But those who knew the man, like those who have seen the Ammergau Play, would as soon think of fastening upon that a sectarian character, as of fixing him with party names. His was a catholic mind. What distinguished him was his open-mindedness, his essential goodness, his singleness and simplicity of aim. He was a just man, and singularly free from perturbations of self, of temper, or of nerves. You did not care to ask what he would call himself. You felt what he was,

that you were in the presence of a man too pure for party, of one in whose presence ordinary party distinctions almost ceased to have a meaning. Such a man could scarcely be on the wrong side. Both the purity of his nature and the rectitude of his judgment would have kept him straight.'

Coley remained at Merton until the Long Vacation of 1853; when his Oxford life terminated, though not his connection with the University, for he retained his Fellowship until his death, and the friendships he had formed both at Balliol and Merton remained unbroken.

CHAPTER V. THE CURACY AT ALFINGTON. 1853-1855

Preparation for ordination had become Patteson's immediate object. As has been already said, his work was marked out. There was a hamlet of the parish of Ottery St. Mary, at a considerable distance from the church and town, and named Alfington.

Some time previously, the family of Sir John Kennaway had provided the place with a school, which afterwards passed into the hands of Mr. Justice Coleridge, who, in 1849, there built the small church of St. James, with parsonage, school, and house, on a rising ground overlooking the valley of Honiton, almost immediately opposite to Feniton; and, at the same time, took on himself the expenses of the curacy and school, for the vicar of the parish, the Rev. Dr. Cornish, formerly master of Ottery School.

The first curate of Alfington was Judge Coleridge's son Henry, the well-known author of the beautiful Life of St. Francis Xavier. On his leaving our communion, it was his father's wish that Coleridge Patteson should take the cure; and, until his ordination, it was committed temporarily to other hands, in especial to the Rev. Henry Gardiner, who was much beloved there. In the spring of 1853, he had a long and dangerous illness, when Coley came to nurse him, and became so much attached to him, that his influence and unconscious training became

of great importance. The church was served by such clerical friends as could give their assistance on Sunday, and the pastoral care, attention to the school, cottage visiting, &c., became the employment of the candidate for Holy Orders, who thus began his work under the direction of his disabled friend.

A letter to his sister shows how he plunged into the drudgery of the parish, doing that which always cost him most, namely, administering rebukes; so that it was no wonder that he wrote with a sort of elation at having lashed himself up to the point of giving a thorough warning:—

'Feniton: July 19, 1853.

'My dearest Fan,—I am going to Thorverton to-day to stay till Thursday. Gardiner came downstairs on Sunday, and again yesterday, and is making very rapid strides towards perfect recovery. He even went out yesterday for a few minutes. So I don't mind leaving him in the least; and indeed he is going to Sidmouth himself, probably at the end of the week. I have seen him every day without one exception, and have learnt a very great deal from him. He has studied very closely school work, condition of the labourer, boys' homes, best method of dispensing charity, &c., and on all these points his advice has been really invaluable. I feel now that I am quite to all intents working the district. People ask me about their children coming to school. I know almost all the people in the village, and a good many out of it, and begin to understand, in a very small way, what a clergyman's life is. A mixture of sorrow and pleasure

indeed! There are many very sad cases of hypocrisy, filthiness, and wickedness (as I suppose there are in every district); and yesterday I had a very hard-working and in one case most painful day.

'Some people had asked me to take their boy, three years and a half old, to school—a wretched pair, with a little savage for a son. I said I would speak to Miss Wilkins, and put plainly before her the character of parents and child. However, she wished to have him, and I knew it was so far well to get the boy away from home. But such a scene ensued! The boy was really like a little savage; kicked, dashed his head against the wall, and at length, with his nose bleeding violently, exhausted with his violence, fell asleep. Next day, he is so bad, he is sent home; when the mother drives him back to school, cursing and swearing, telling Miss Wilkins she may kill him if she pleases! Unluckily, I was not in school.

'Yesterday he was in school and more quiet, but did not kneel down at prayers, and seemed like a little beast beginning to be tamed. So, after school, I called him to me, and putting him before my knees asked him some questions very kindly: "Did he know who God was? Had he never been taught to kneel down and say his prayers? Of course he had not, but it gave me the proper opportunity of speaking to his parents. So having now considered the matter for two or three days previously, having ascertained all the facts about the people, after an hour among some others in the village, I went right into their cottage, and luckily found father and mother and grandmother at home, besides one or two

more (who are lodgers) in a room adjoining, with the door open. 'I am come to talk to you about William,' I began, whereupon I saw the woman turn quite red. However, I spoke for about ten minutes slowly and very quietly, without any appearance (as I believe) of anger or passion at all, but yet speaking my mind quite plainly. "I had no idea any child could be so neglected. Did they suppose the school was a place where any parent might send a child merely to get it out of the way (of course they do, you know, most of them)? Was it possible that a child could be made good as if by magic there, when it learns nothing but wicked words at home? Do you think you can or ought to get rid of the duties you owe your child? Do you suppose that God will not require from you an account of the way you have behaved towards him, you who have never taught him to know who God is, what God is, what is prayer, what is the church, who have taught that little mouth, which God created for praise and blessings, to curse and blaspheme? I know that many children do and say wicked things, but it is in most cases owing to the neglect of their parents, who do not speak kindly to their children, and do what they can to keep them out of temptation, but this is a different case. Your boy is not fit to come into the company of little Christians! Awful as it is to think of, he is already, at his early age, the very dread of the parents who live near you."

'They had not a word to say, not a syllable beyond the objection which I had already met, that other children were bad too. I did not say what I might have said with truth, because it is only

from Gardiner's report, not from my own knowledge—viz., that neither father nor mother ever come to church, and that their house is the centre of evil to the young people of the village.

'"Now," I said, in conclusion, "I fully meant to send back your boy, and tell you I would examine him six months hence, to see if he was fit to be brought into the school, but as I do trust he may behave better, and that this may be the means of recovering him from this sad state, I shall take him still, unless he behaves again very badly. But remember this—this is the turning point in the boy's life, and all, humanly speaking, depends on the example you set him. What an awful thing it would be, if it pleased God to take him away from you now, and a fit of measles, scarlatina, or any such illness, may do it any day! Remember that you are responsible to a very great extent for your child; that unless it sees you watchful over your thoughts, words, and actions; unless it sees you regular and devout in prayer at home (I don't believe they ever think of such a thing—God forgive me, if I am wrong); unless it sees you habitually in your place in God's house, you are not doing your duty to yourselves or your child, you are not laying up any hope or comfort whatever for the day of your sickness and death. Now I hope you clearly understand me. I have spoken plainly—exactly what I think, and what I mean to act upon. You know now the sort of person you have to deal with. Good morning,"—and thereupon I marched out, amazed at my own pluck, and heartily glad that I had said what I wished, and felt I ought to say.

'But I need hardly tell you that this left me in a state of no slight excitement, and that I should be much comforted by hearing what you and Father and Joan think of my behaviour.

'Meanwhile, there are some very nice people; I dearly love some of the boys and girls; and I do pray that this plan of a boys' home may save some from contamination. I, seated with Sanders last night, found him and his wife very hearty about it. I have only mentioned it to three people, but I rather wish it to be talked about a little now, that they may be curious, &c., to know exactly what I mean to do. The two cottages, with plenty of room for the Fley's family and eight boys, with half an acre of garden at £11. 5s. the year. I shall of course begin with only one or two boys—the thing may not answer at all; but everyone, Gardiner, several farmers, and two or three others, quite poor, in different places, all say it must work well, with God's blessing. I do not really wish to be scheming away, working a favourite hobby, &c., but I do believe this to be absolutely essential. The profligacy and impurity of the poor is beyond all belief. Every mother of a family answers (I mean every honest respectable mother of a family): "Oh sir, God will bless such a work, and it is for want of this that so much misery and wretchedness abound." I believe that for a year or so it will exhaust most of my money, but then it is one of the best uses to which I can apply it; for my theory is, that help and assistance is wanted in this way, and I would wish to make most of these things self-supporting. Half an acre more of garden, thoroughly well worked, will yield an astonishing return,

and I look to Mary as a person of really economical habits. It is a great relief to have poured all this out. It is no easy task that I am preparing for myself. I know that I fully expect to be very much disappointed, but I am determined to try it. I am determined to try and make the people see that I am not going to give way to everybody that asks; but that I am going to set on foot and help on all useful industrial schemes of every kind, for people of every age. I am hard at work, studying spade husbandry, inspectors' reports of industrial schools, &c. I am glad you are all so happy. I am so busy. Best love to all.

'Your loving

'J. C. P.'

Coley was thus already serving a vigorous apprenticeship in pastoral work, while preparing himself for receiving deacon's orders. It was a trying time both to his family and himself, for, as before said, his standard was very high, and his own strong habit of self-contemplation made his dissatisfaction with himself manifest in his manner to those nearest to him. He was always gentle and unselfish; not showing temper, but unhappiness.

Here are letters showing a good deal of his state of mind: the first only dated 'Saturday evening,' but evidently written about this time, in reply to the cautions with which his sister had replied to the above letter of eager plans of improvement.

'My dearest Fan,—Your letter has just reached me from

Honiton, and I have read it with very great interest. I liked it better on a second perusal of it, which showed in itself that I wanted it, for it is quite true that I require to be reminded of the only true principle upon which one ought to work; and I allow quite willingly that I trace interested motives—e.g., love of self-approval or applause in actions where such feelings ought least of all to enter. I certainly did feel pleased with myself for speaking plainly to those people, and I often find myself indulging the notion that I am going to be a very hard-working clergyman, with a remedy for all the evils of the age, &c. If I was to hunt about for an excuse, I might perhaps find one, by saying that I am in that state of mind which attends always, I suppose, the anticipation of any great crisis in a person's life; sometimes hard work and hard thought, sometimes (though alas! very seldom) a real sense of the very awful responsibility of ministering in the Church, sometimes a less natural urging of the mind to contemplate and realise this responsibility. I was for some time reading Wilberforce's new book, and this involved an examination of the question in other writers; but lately I have laid all controversial works aside almost entirely, and have been reading Pearson, Bull, and the Apostolical Fathers, Clement and Ignatius. I shall probably read Justin Martyr's Apologies, and some treatises of Tertullian before next month is over. I have read some part already. There is such a very strong practical element in these very early writings that they ought to soothe and calm the mind; but I cannot honestly conceal the fact that the theological

interest for the most part outweighs the practical teaching.

'My light reading is of a new and very amusing and interesting character—viz., books on school economy, management of school farms, allotments, the modern dairy, spade husbandry, agricultural chemistry. K, W, F, C, and G, and I have great talks; and as they all agree with me, I think them capital judges.

'I don't think at all that my present state of mind is quite natural. You quite repeat my own words when you say it is transitory. A calm undisturbed spirit of prayer and peace and contentment is a great gift of God, and to be waited for with patience. The motto of "The Christian Year" is very beautiful. I sent the roses on Tuesday. My best love to dear Father and Joan.

'Ever your loving Brother,

'J. C. P.'

These words 'love of self-approval' perfectly analysed that snare of Coley's early life, against which he so endeavoured to guard—not self-conceit, but love of self-approval.

So the Easter week drew on, and during it he writes to his cousin:—

'Friday, Wallis Lodgings, Exeter: September, 1853.

'My dear Sophy,—We have had a good examination, I think; perhaps rather harder than I expected. Woolecombe and Chancellor Harrington spoke to me this morning, thanking me for my papers, and telling me to read the Gospel at the

Ordination.

'I did feel very nervous last Sunday and Monday, and the Ember Prayer in the morning (when I was at Ottery) fairly upset me, but I don't think anybody saw it; now, I am thankful to say, I am very well, and feel thoroughly happy. I shall be nervous, no doubt, on Sunday, and especially at reading the Gospel, but not I think so nervous as to break down or do anything foolish; so when you know I am reading—for you won't hear me, if you are in the stalls, don't distress yourself about me.

'I can't tell what it was that upset me so on Sunday and Monday—thinking of dear Mamma and how she had wished for this, the overwhelming kindness of everybody about me, dear Father's simple words of very affectionate comfort and advice.

'But I walked into Exeter, and on the way got quite calm, and so I have been ever since. It is not strange that the realising the near approach of what I have for years wished for, and looked forward to, should at times come upon me with such force that I seem scarcely master of myself; but it is only excitement of feeling, and ought, I know, to be repressed, not for a moment to be entertained as a test of one's religious state, being by no means a desirable thing. I am very glad the examination is over. I did not worry myself about it, but it was rather hard work, and now I have my time to myself for quiet thought and meditation.

'Ever, dear Sophy, your affectionate Cousin,

The next evening he writes:—

'Saturday, 5.45 P.M.

'My dearest Father,—I must write my last letter as a layman to you. I can't tell you the hundredth part of the thoughts that have been passing through my mind this week. There has been no return of the excitement that I experienced last Sunday and Monday, and I have been very happy and well.

'To-day my eyes are not comfortable, from I know not what cause, but as all the work for them is over, it does not matter so much. I am glad to have had a quiet time for reflection. Indeed, I do not enough realise my great unworthiness and sinfulness, and the awful nature of the work I am undertaking. I pray God very earnestly for the great grace of humility, which I so sadly need: and for a spirit of earnest prayer, that I may be preserved from putting trust in myself, and may know and forget myself in my office and work. I never could be fit for such work, I know that, and yet I am very thankful that the time for it has come. I do not feel excited, yet I am somewhat nervous because it requires an effort to meditate steadily. I have thought so much of my early life, of dearest Mamma. What a snare it seems, so full of transitory earthly plans and pursuits; such a want of earnestness of purpose and steady performance of duty! God grant my life as a clergyman may be more innocent to myself, and more useful

to others! Tell dear Joan the gown came this morning. My kind love to her, Fan, and Jem.

'Ever, my dearest Father,

'Your affectionate and dutiful Son,

'J. C. PATTESON.'

On the ensuing day, Sunday, September 14, 1853, John Coleridge Patteson received the Diaconate at the hands of the venerable Bishop Phillpotts, in Exeter Cathedral. His being selected to read the Gospel was the proof of his superiority in the examination—no wonder, considering the two additional years that he had spent in preparation, and the deep study and searchings of heart of the last few months.

He was established in a small house at Alfington—the usual habitation of the Curate. And of his first sermon there, his uncle, Sir John Coleridge, gives the following touching description from his diary:—

'October 23, 1853.—Yesterday morning Arthur and I went to Alfington Church, to be present at Coley's first sermon. I don't know when I have been so much delighted and affected. His manner of saying the prayers was exceedingly good: his voice very sweet and musical; without seeming loud, it was fully audible, and gave assurance of more power if needed: his manner quite unaffected, but sweet and devout. His sermon was a very sound and good one, beautifully delivered; perhaps in the early

parts, from the very sweetness of his voice, and the very rapid delivery of his words, a little more variety of intonation would have helped in conveying his meaning more distinctly to those who formed the bulk of his congregation. But when he came to personal parts this was not needed. He made a kind allusion to me, very affecting to me; and when I was in this mood, and he came to the personal parts, touching himself and his new congregation, what he knew he ought to be to them and to do for them, what they should do for themselves, and earnestly besought their prayers, I was completely overcome, and weeping profusely.

Fanny Patteson and Arthur Coleridge were sitting with the Judge, and were equally overcome. When the service was over, and the congregation dispersed, Coley joined these three in the porch, holding out his hands, taking theirs and shedding tears, and they with him—tears of warm emotion too deep for words. He was evidently surprised at the effect produced. In fact, on looking at the sermon, it does not seem to have been in itself remarkable, but as his cousin Arthur says: 'I suppose the deep spirituality of the man, and the love we bore him for years, touched the emotional part of us.' The text was significant: 'We preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord; and ourselves your servants for Jesus' sake' (2 Cor. iv. 5).

The services that the newly-ordained Deacon undertook were the ordinary Sunday ones, and Wednesday and Friday Matins and Litany, Saints'-day prayers and lecture, and an Advent and Lent Evensong and lecture on Wednesdays and Fridays. These last

had that great popularity which attends late services. Dr. Cornish used to come on one Sunday in the month to celebrate the Holy Communion (which is given weekly in the mother Church); and when Mr. Grardiner was able to be at Sidmouth, recovering from his illness, he used to come over on the second Sunday in the month for the same purpose; and the next Lent, the Matins were daily, and followed by a lecture.

At this time Patteson's constitutional shrinking from general society was in full force, and he also had that dislike to 'speaking to' people in the way of censure, which so often goes with tender and refined natures, however strong; so that if his housekeeper needed a reproof, he would make his sister administer it, and creep out of reach himself; but this was one of the deficiencies with which he was struggling all his life, and fortunately it is a fact that the most effective lectures usually come from those to whom they cost the most.

This was the hardest part of his ministry. Where kindness and attention were needed, nothing could be more spontaneous, sweet, or winning than his ways. One of his parishioners, a farmer's daughter, writes:—

'Our personal knowledge of him began some months before his Ordination, owing, I suppose, to Mr. Gardiner's severe illness; and as he was very much respected, Mr. Patteson's attentions won from the first our admiration and gratitude, which went on and on until it deepened into that love which I do not think could have been surpassed by the Galatians for their beloved St. Paul,

which he records in his Epistle to them (chap. iv. 15). All were waiting for him at his Ordination, and a happy delusion seemed to have come over the minds of most, if not all, that he was as completely ours as if he had been ordained expressly for us.'

It was not his own feeling, for he knew that when his apprenticeship should be past, the place was too small, and the work too easy, for a man in full force and vigour, though for the sake of his father he was glad to accept it for the present, to train himself in the work, and to have full time for study; but he at that time looked to remaining in England during his father's lifetime, and perhaps transferring himself to Manchester, Liverpool, London, or some large city, where there was need of mission work among the neglected.

His father was on the City of London Charter Commission, and was in London from November to February, the daughters joining him there, but there was no lack of friends around Alfington. Indeed it was in the midst of an absolute clan of Coleridges, and in Buckerell parish, at Deerpark, that great old soldier, Lord Seaton, was spending the few years that passed between his Commissioner-ship in the Ionian Isles and his Commandership in Ireland.

He was connected with the Coleridges through the Yonge family, and the young people were all on familiar cousinly terms. Coley was much liked by him; and often joined in the rides through the lanes and to the hills with him and his daughters, when there were many conversations of much interest, as there

could not fail to be with a man who had never held a government without doing his utmost to promote God's work in the Church and for education; who had, moreover, strong opinions derived from experience of the Red Indians in Upper Canada—namely, that to reclaim the young, and educate them was the only hope of making Christianity take root in any fresh nation.

It was at Deerpark, at a dinner in the late autumn of this year 1853, that I saw Coley Patteson for the second and last time. I had seen him before in a visit of three days that I made at Feniton with my parents in the September of 1844, when he was an Eton boy, full of high spirits and merriment. I remember then, on the Sunday, that he and I accompanied our two fathers on a walk to the afternoon service at Ottery, and that on the way he began to show something of his inner self, and talked of his mother and her pleasure in Feniton; but it began to rain, and I stayed for the night at Heaths Court, so that our acquaintance ceased for that time. It was not a formal party at Deerpark, and the evening was chiefly spent in playing at games, thread paper verses and the like, in which Coley took his part with spirit. If I had guessed what he was to be, I should have observed him more; but though, in after years, our intercourse in letters makes us feel intimate with one another, these two brief meetings comprise the whole of my personal acquaintance with one in whom I then only saw a young clergyman with his heart in his work.

Perhaps this is the best place to mention his personal appearance, as the portrait at the beginning of this volume was

taken not more than a year later.

He was tall and of a large powerful frame, broad in the chest and shoulders, and with small neat hands and feet, with more of sheer muscular strength and power of endurance than of healthiness, so that though seldom breaking down and capable of undergoing a great deal of fatigue and exertion, he was often slightly ailing, and was very sensitive to cold. His complexion was very dark, and there was a strongly marked line between the cheeks and mouth, the corners of which drooped when at rest, so that it was a countenance peculiarly difficult to photograph successfully. The most striking feature was his eyes, which were of a very dark clear blue, full of an unusually deep earnest, and so to speak, inward, yet far away expression. His smile was remarkably bright, sweet and affectionate, like a gleam of sunshine, and was one element of his great attractiveness. So was his voice, which had the rich full sweetness inherited from his mother's family, and which always excited a winning influence over the hearers. Thus, though not a handsome man, he was more than commonly engaging, exciting the warmest affection in all who were concerned with him, and giving in return an immense amount of interest and sympathy, which only became intensified to old friends while it expanded towards new ones. Here is a letter to his father, undated, but written not long after his settling down at Alfington. After expressing his regret that his voice had been inaudible to his sister Joanna at a Friday evening service, he proceeds:—

'I did not speak very loud, because I don't think I could do so and at the same time keep my mind at work and thoughts collected. Anything which is so unnatural and unusual as to make me conscious of myself in a peculiar manner would prevent, I fear, my getting on with my oration at all.

'I am glad you think I could not have acted otherwise with E–. I quite expect ere long to find something going on which may call for my interference, and I specially guarded myself on this point. It is distinctly understood that I shall speak to him quite plainly whenever and wherever I think it necessary to do so. I do not suppose it very likely that he can go on long without my being forced to take some step; but I really feel so very unequal to expressing a decided opinion upon the great question of Bible readers, that I am certainly glad I have not taken up a hostile position hastily. As a matter of fact, he reads in very few cottages in my district; tracts he distributes almost everywhere.

'Now I see of course the distinction between a man making it his business to read the Bible and neighbours dropping in occasionally to read a chapter to one who is unable to read, but where you are distinctly told that the wish is most decidedly to support the clergyman, and answers not unsatisfactory are given upon main points, what difference remains between the two cases I have put that can furnish matter for fair argument, with a man from education, &c., disposed to take a different view of the whole question? Add to this, that I cannot appeal to the universal practice of the clergy. "Why," might it be said, "do you, as a

clergyman find a difficulty where Mr. H. finds none? You are, after all, acting on your own private opinion, though you lay claim to authority for it." I cannot successfully appeal to the distinctive teaching of our Church, clear and manifest as it is, for the very words I think conclusive contain no such evidence for him, and so on ad infinitum. Besides, to speak quite what I feel at present, though only so perhaps because my view is necessarily unformed, the natural order of things in such a district as this seems to be: gain the affections of the people by gentleness and showing real interest in their welfare, spiritual and temporal; show them in the Bible such teaching as the Church considers necessary (but not as yet upon the authority of the Church, or at least not so expressed to them); lead them gradually to the acknowledgment of such truths as these: that Christ did found a society called the Church, and appoint to certain persons whom he sent the Ministry of reconciliation; that if we have no guide but mere opinion, there will be thousands of conflicting opinions in the world even among good men, whereas Truth can be but one, and that practically this is found to be so; that it is no argument to say, that the Spirit so operated as to enlighten the reason of each individual to this extent, viz., that it may compose a Creed for him or herself; that the Spirit acts now in the ordinary, though not less real and heavenly manner; and that the infinite divisions among sectaries proves the fact to be as I state it.

'Thus I imagine the want of that external and visible Church will be felt as necessary to fix the Creeds pasa katadike.

'But to reverse this process, to cram positive teaching down their throats upon the authority of the Church before they know what the Church is, or feel the need of any power outside (so to speak) their own minds to guide them, does seem to me in a place like this (humanly speaking) suicidal. I cannot, of course, tell how much preparatory teaching they have received, but I must judge from what I see and hear, and deal accordingly in each cottage. Some few there are to whom I can speak, as to Church people in the real sense of the word, but these are as two or three in a hundred.

'One line to say whether you think me right or wrong, would be a great comfort to me. I feel no tendency to latitudinarianism, but only to see much good in systems unrecognised by your very highflyers. I believe that the Church teaching is represented in an unfavourable, often offensive, light to many of our poor, because they hear words and see things which find no response in their hearts; because they are told, ordered almost, to believe things the propriety of believing which they do not recognise; because the existence of wants is implied when they have never been felt, and a system for supplying them introduced which finds no room in the understanding or affections of the patient.

'But you know, dear Father, what I mean, without more dusky attempts at explaining myself.

'Do not many High Churchmen want a little more "experimental religion" in Bishop Jebb's sense of the terms: not a religion of the feelings, but a religion brought home to the heart,

and truly felt so as to prohibit any systematic criticism of the feelings?

'I am late this week with my sermons, I have not begun either of them, and may have one to-morrow evening if my voice will do its part. I write very long washy concerns, and find it difficult to do otherwise, for it is a good pull upon me week after week, and latterly I have not been able to read very much. I shall look out two or three that I think fair specimens, and ask you by-and-by to run your eye over them, that you may point out the defects.

'My ignorance of the Bible astonishes me, though not so much as it ought to do. I purpose, D.V., to commence a thorough study of the original texts. I must try to become something of a scholar, at all events, to make any progress in the work. I sometimes hope that, in spite of my many backslidings and broken resolutions, some move is taking place within, where most it is wanted; but I live here so quietly, that I have little (comparatively) food for some special faults. Good-bye, my dear Father,

'Your affectionate and dutiful Son,

'J. C. P.'

'Some move taking place within!' It is impossible not to pause and observe how as Confirmation and Communion had almost palpably strengthened the boy's struggles with his inherent faults, so the grace conferred with the Deacon's orders is now felt to be lifting him higher, and enabling him to see further than he has

yet seen.

Sermons were, however, never Patteson's forte. Though his pen flowed so freely in letters, and he could pour out his heart extemporaneously with great depth, fervour and simplicity, his sermons were laboured and metaphysical, as if he had taken too much pains with them as it were, and he could not speak to the abstract, as he could to the individual, or when he saw the effect of his words. It was perhaps owing to the defective system which threw two sermons a week upon a young deacon at a time when his mind was working through such an experimental course of study and thought. Yet his people, who had learnt to believe in little but preaching, would not have come to prayers alone; and the extemporary addresses, in which he would probably have been much more successful, would have seemed to him at his age and at that period—twenty years back—too presumptuous to be attempted, at any rate till he had better learnt his ground. How his system would have succeeded, we cannot tell. The nature of the peasantry of the county he had to deal with is, to be quick-witted, argumentative, and ready of retort; open to religious impressions, but with much of self-opinion and conceit, and not much reverence, and often less conscientious in matters of honesty and morality than denser rustics of less apparent piety. The Church had for a long-period been at a peculiarly low ebb in the county, and there is not a neighbourhood which has not traditions of incredibly ignorant, careless and underbred—if not dissipated—clergy; and though there were grand exceptions,

they were only respected as men; faith in the whole system, as a system, was destroyed. Bishop Phillpotts, coming down on such elements as these, was, in spite of his soundness of faith and grand trenchant force of character, better as a warrior than as a shepherd, and the controversial and political sides of his character, though invaluable to the Church, did not recommend him to the affections of the people of his diocese, who could not understand the points of the debate, and wanted the direct evidence of spirituality which they could appreciate.

The cholera of 1832 had been especially terrible in the unwholesome precincts of the Devonshire seaports, and the effect was a great craving for religion. The Church was in no condition to avail herself of it; in fact, she would have viewed it with distrust as excitement. Primitive Methodism and Plymouth Brethrenism supplied the void, gave opportunities of prayer, and gratified the quickened longing for devotion; and therewith arose that association of the Church with deadness and of Dissent with life, which infected even the most carefully tended villages, and with which Patteson was doing his best to contend at Alfington. The stage of gaining the people's affection and confidence, and of quickening their religious life, he had attained; and the further work of teaching them that the Church alone gives security of saving union with Christ, was yet to come when his inward call led him elsewhere.

On the 12th of December he says:—

'Yesterday was a very happy day; Gardiner came to help

me and he administered the Holy Communion to twenty-seven or twenty-eight of my own people. This is nearly double the average before I came, and two regular attendants are prevented by sickness from being at Church. I trust I have not urged the necessity of communicating unwisely upon them. I preach on it once a month, as you know, and in almost every sermon allude to it, and where occasion offers, speak about it to individuals at home; but I try to put before them the great awfulness of it as well as the danger of neglecting it, and I warn them against coming without feeling really satisfied from what I read to them, and they read in the Bible concerning it. Six came yesterday for the first time.... Old William (seventy-five years of age), who has never been a communicant, volunteered on Thursday to come, if I thought it right. He is, and always has been (I am told), a thoroughly respectable, sober, industrious man, regular at Church once a day; and I went to his cottage with a ticket in my pocket to urge him to consider the danger of going on as if content with what he did and without striving to press onwards, &c. But, after a long conversation on other matters, he said; "I should like, Sir, to come to the Sacrament, if you have no objection;" and very happy and thankful I felt, for I had prayed very earnestly that this old man might be led thither by God's grace, and now it was done without any urging on my part, beyond what he heard in Church and what I had said to his daughter about him.'

The next of his letters is occupied with the pecuniary affairs

of his lodging house for farm boys, and the obtaining of ground where they might grow vegetables for their own use.

In February his family returned home, and his sister Fanny thus speaks of him to a friend:—

'He does not look well; and at first we were quite uneasy, for his eyes were heavy and puffed, but he is much better, and confesses that dinners and evenings here do him good, though he quite denies the starving, and Mrs. Knowles also. She says he gets over anxious in mind, and was completely chilled the week he sat in the hall. No doubt his house is still both cold and damp, and the Church the same, and therefore the labour of reading and preaching is very great. We are by degrees interesting him in our winter life, having heard all his performances and plans; and he is very glad to have us back, though much too busy to have missed us when we were away. Now he has daily morning service, with a lecture; and if it lasts, the impression he has made is really extraordinary. We may well pray that he should not be vain of his works. There are men whose whole lives seem changed, if I am to believe what I hear.'

Such was the young Deacon's early success. With an affectionate brother close at hand, and friends within easy reach, his Fellowship preserving his connection with Oxford, his father's and brother's profession with London, in fact, all England could offer; and he would easily have it in his power to take fresh holidays on the Continent and enjoy those delights of scenery, architecture, art and music, which he loved with an appreciation

and enthusiasm that could easily have become an absorbing passion. Who could have a smoother, easier, pleasanter career open to him than the Rev. John Coleridge Patteson at six and twenty?

Yet even then, the wish breathed to his mother, at fourteen, that he might devote himself to the cause of the heathen, lay deep in his heart; although for the present, he was, as it were, waiting to see what God would have him do, whether his duty to his father required him to remain at hand, or whether he might be called to minister in some great English manufacturing town.

Early in 1854, it became known that the Bishop of New Zealand and Mrs. Selwyn were about to spend a year in England. Coley's aspirations to mission work were renewed. The thoughts excited by the sermons he had heard at Eton twelve years previously grew in force. He remembered his mother's promise of her blessing, and seriously considered of offering himself to assist in the work in the Southern Hemisphere. He discussed the matter seriously with his friend, Mr. Gardiner, who was strongly of opinion that the scheme ought not to be entertained during his father's lifetime. He acquiesced; but if his heart and mind were convinced, his soul and spirit were not, and the yearnings for the forefront of the battle were not quenched, though there was no slackening of zeal over the present little flock, to make them suspect that he had a thought beyond.

Old ties of friendship already mentioned made the Bishop and Mrs. Selwyn promise to spend a few days at Feniton; and on the

19th of August the New Zealand guests arrived at Feniton. After joining in the family welcome, Coley went apart, and gave way to a great burst of tears, due, perhaps, not so mueh to disappointed ardour, as to the fervent emotion excited by the actual presence of a hero of the Church Militant, who had so long been the object of deep silent enthusiasm. The next morning, Coley walked from Alfington to breakfast at home, and afterwards went into the garden with the Bishop, who led him to talk freely of his present work in all its details. By-and-by the question arose, Did it satisfy him?

Yes, the being near his father satisfied him that it was right for the present, but at some future time, he hoped to do more, go perhaps to some great manufacturing town, or, as he could not help going on to say, what he should like would be to go out as a missionary, only the thought of his father withheld him.

'But,' replied the Bishop, 'if you think about doing a thing of that sort, it should not be put off till you are getting on in life. It should be done with your full strength and vigour.'

Then followed an endeavour on both sides to ascertain whether the inclination was a real earnest desire, or only fancy for the romance of mission work. The test might be whether he were willing to go wherever he might be sent, or only where he was most interested. Coley replied, that he was willing to work anywhere, adding that his sister Fanny could testify whether his desire were a real one of long standing or the mere outcome of a fit of enthusiasm.

Therewith they separated, and Coley, going straight to Fanny, told her what had passed: 'I could not help it,' he said:—'I told the Bishop of my wish.'

'You ought to put it to my father, that he may decide it,' she answered; 'he is so great a man that he ought not to be deprived of the crown of the sacrifice if he be willing to make it.'

So Coley repaired to his father, and confessed his long cherished wish, and how it had come forth to the Bishop. Sir John was manifestly startled; but at once said: 'You have done quite right to speak to me, and not to wait. It is my first impulse to say No, but that would be very selfish.'

Coley explained that he was 'driven to speak;' he declared himself not dissatisfied with his present position, nor he hoped, impatient. If his staying at home were decided upon, he would cheerfully work on there without disappointment or imagining his wishes thwarted. He would leave the decision entirely in the hands of his father and the Bishop.

Luncheon brought the whole family together; and Sir John, making room for his younger daughter beside him, said, 'Fan, did you know this about Coley?'

She answered that she had some idea, but no more could pass till the meal was ended; when her father went into another room, and she followed him. The great grief broke out in the exclamation: 'I can't let him go;' but even as the words were uttered, they were caught back, as it were, with—'God forbid I should stop him.'

The subject could not be pursued, for the Bishop was public property among the friends and neighbours, and the rest of the day was bestowed upon them. He preached on the Sunday at Alfington, where the people thronged to hear him, little thinking of the consequences of his visit.

Not till afterwards were the Bishop and the father alone together, when Sir John brought the subject forward. The Bishop has since said that what struck him most was the calm balancing of arguments, like a true Christian Judge. Sir John spoke of the great comfort he had in this son, cut off as he was by his infirmity from so much of society, and enjoying the young man's coming in to talk about his work. He dwelt on all with entire absence of excitement, and added: 'But there, what right have I to stand in his way? How do I know that I may live another year?'

And as the conversation ended, 'Mind!' he said; 'I give him wholly, not with any thought of seeing him again. I will not have him thinking he must come home again to see me.'

That resolution was the cause of much peace of mind to both father and son. After family prayers that Sunday night, when all the rest had gone upstairs, the Bishop detained the young man, and told him the result of the conversation, then added: 'Now, my dear Coley, having ascertained your own state of mind and having spoken at length to your father and your family, I can no longer hesitate, as far as you recognise any power to call on my part, to invite you most distinctly to the work.'

The reply was full acceptance.

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

Such was the outward and such the inward vocation to the Deacon now within a month of the Priesthood. Was it not an evident call from Him by whom the whole Church is governed and sanctified? And surely the noble old man, who forced himself not to withhold 'his son, his firstborn son,' received his crown from Him who said: 'With blessing I will bless thee.'

And he wrote to his brother:—

'August 21.

'My dear old Jem,—I have news for you of an unexpected and startling kind; about myself: and I am afraid that it will cause you some pain to hear what I am to tell you. You must know that for years I have felt a strong leaning toward missionary work, and though my proceedings at Alfington and even the fact of going thither might seem to militate against such a notion, yet the feeling has been continually present to me, and constantly exercising an increasing influence over me. I trust I have not taken an enthusiastic or romantic view of things; my own firm hope and trust is that I have decided upon calm deliberate conviction, and it is some proof of this, that Fanny and Joan have already guessed my state of mind, and months ago anticipated what has now taken place.... And so, dear Jem, you must help them all to bear what will of course be a great trial. This is my trial also; for it is hard to bear the thought that

I may be giving unnecessary pain and causing distress without really having considered sufficiently the whole matter. But then I think God does not call now by an open vision; this thought has been for years working in my mind: it was His providence that brought me into contact with the Bishop in times past, and has led me to speak now. I cannot doubt this. I feel sure that if I was alone in the world I should go; the only question that remains is, "am I bound to stay for my dear Father's sake, or for the sake of you all?" and this has been answered for me by Father and the Bishop. And now, my dear Jem, think well over my character, sift it thoroughly, and try to see what there is which may have induced me to act wrongly in a matter of so much consequence. This is the kindest thing you can do; for we ought to take every precaution not to make a mistake before it is too late. Speak out quite plainly; do tell me distinctly as far as you can see them my prevailing faults, what they were in boyhood at Eton, and at College. It may help me to contemplate more clearly and truly the prospect before me. We shall have many opportunities, I trust, of discussing all this by-and-by. I shall tell Uncle John, because some arrangements must be made about Alfington as soon as may be. My tutor knows something about it already; it will soon be known to more. But do not suppose that I imagine myself better qualified for this work than hundreds of others more earnest, and infinitely more unselfish, and practically good; but I have received an invitation to a peculiar work, which is not offered to many others. We must all look onwards: we must try

to think of this world as but a short moment in our existence; our real life and home is beyond the grave. On September 24th I hope to be ordained Priest; think of me and pray for me, my dear old fellow, that God will give me more of your own unselfishness and care and interest for others, and teach me to act not according to my own will and pleasure, but solely with a view to His honour and glory. God bless you, my dear old Jem, my dear, dear brother.

'Your most loving brother,

'J. C. P

From that moment the matter was treated as fixed; and only three days later, the intention was announced to the relations at Thorverton.

This is the letter to the little fatherless cousin, Paulina Martyn, who had always been devoted to Coley, and whom he loved with a triple portion of the affection children always gained from him. She was only eight years old, but had the precocity of solitary children much attended to by their elders:—

'Feniton: August 24, 1854.

'My darling Pena,—I am going to tell you a secret, and I am afraid it is one which will make you feel very sorry for a little while. Do you remember my talking to you one day after breakfast rather gravely, and telling you afterwards it was my first sermon to you? Well, my darling, I was trying to hint to you

that you must not expect to go on very long in this world without troubles and trials, and that the use of them is to make us think more about God and about Heaven, and to remember that our real and unchangeable happiness is not to be found in this world, but in the next. It was rather strange for me to say all this to a bright happy good child like you, and I told you that you ought to be bright and happy, and to thank God for making you so. It is never right for us to try to make ourselves sad and grieve. Good people and good children are cheerful and happy, although they may have plenty of trials and troubles. You see how quietly and patiently Mamma and Grandpapa and Grandmamma take all their trouble about dear Aunty; that is a good lesson for us all. And now, my darling, I will tell you my secret. I am going to sail at Christmas, if I live so long, a great way from England, right to the other end of the world, with the good Bishop of New Zealand. I dare say you know where to find it on the globe. Clergymen are wanted out there to make known the Word of God to the poor ignorant people, and for many reasons it is thought right that I should go. So after Christmas you will not see me again for a very long time, perhaps never in this world; but I shall write to you very often, and send you ferns and seeds, and tell you about the Norfolk Island pines, and you must write to me, and tell me all about yourself, and always think of me, and pray for me, as one who loves you dearly with all his heart, and will never cease to pray God that the purity and innocence of your childhood may accompany you all through your life and make you a blessing (as

you are now, my darling) to your dear mother and all who know you.

'Ever your most affectionate,

'J. C. PATTESON.'

To the child's mother the words are:—

'I pray God that I may have chosen aright, and that if I have acted from sudden impulse too much, from love of display, or from desire to raise some interest about myself, or from any other selfish and unholy motive, it may be mercifully forgiven.

'Now, at all events, I must pray that with a single honest desire for God's glory, I may look straight onwards towards the mark. I must forget what is behind, I must not lose time in analysing my state of mind to see how, during years past, this wish has worked itself out. I trust the wish is from God, and now I must forget myself, and think only of the work whereunto I am called. But it is hard to flesh and blood to think of the pain I am causing my dear dear Father, and the pain I am causing to others outside my own circle here. But they are all satisfied that I am doing what is right, and it would surprise you, although you know them so well, to hear the calmness with which we talk about outfits.'

A heavy grief was even now on the family. The beloved, 'Uncle Frank,' so often affectionately mentioned, had been failing for some time. He had taken a journey abroad, with one of his daughters, in hopes of refreshment and invigoration, but the

fatigue and excitement were more than he could bear; he returned home, and took to his bed. He suffered no pain, and was in a heavenly state of mind indeed, a most blessed death-bed, most suggestive of comfort and peace to all who survive as a most evident proof of what the close of life may be, if only 'that life is spent faithfully in doing our duty to God'—as Patteson wrote to his old friend, Miss Neill.

'And now one word about myself, which at such a time I should not obtrude upon you, but that the visit of the Bishop of New Zealand made it necessary for me to speak.

'I am going with him to work, if all is well, at the Antipodes, believing that the growing desire for missionary work, which for years has been striving within me, ought no longer to be resisted, and trusting that I am not mistaken in supposing that this is the line of duty that God has marked out for me.

'You may be sure that all this is done with the full consent and approbation of my dear Father. He and the Bishop had a great deal of conversation about it, and I left it entirely for them to determine. That it will be a great trial to us all at Christmas when we sail, I cannot conceal from myself; it is so great a separation that I cannot expect ever to see my dear Father, perhaps not any of those I love best, again in this world. But if you all know that I am doing, or trying to do, what is right, you will all be happy about me; and what has just been taking place at the Manor House teaches us to look, on a little to a blessed meeting in a better place soon. It is from no dissatisfaction at my present

position, that I am induced to take this step. I have been very happy at Alfington; and I hope to be ordained Priest, on the 24th of September, with a calm mind. I trust I am not following any sudden hasty impulse, but obeying a real call to a real work, and (in the midst of much self-seeking and other alloy) not wholly without a sincere desire to labour for the honour and glory of God.'

With this purpose full in view, Coleridge Patteson received Ordination as a Priest in the ensuing Ember Week, again at the hands of Bishop Phillpotts, in Exeter Cathedral; where a beautiful marble pulpit is to commemorate the fact.

The wrench from home and friends could not but be terrible. The sisters, indeed, were so far prepared that they had been aware from the first of his wish and his mother's reception of it, and when they told their Father, he was pleased and comforted; for truly he was upheld by the strength of willing sacrifice. Those were likewise sustained who felt the spirit of missionary enterprise and sympathy, which was at that time so strongly infused into the Church; but the shock was severe to many, and especially to the brother who had been devoted to Coley from their earliest infancy, and among his relations the grief was great.

As to the district of Alfington, the distress was extreme. The people had viewed Mr. Patteson as their exclusive property, and could not forgive the Bishop of New Zealand for, as they imagined, tempting him away. 'Ah! Sir,' was the schoolmistress's answer to some warm words from Mr. Justice Coleridge in praise

of Bishop Selwyn, 'he may be—no doubt he is—a very good man. I only wish he had kept his hands off Alfington.' 'It would not be easy,' says the parishioner from whom I have already quoted, 'to describe the intense sorrow in view of separation. Mr. Patteson did all he could to assure us that it was his own will and act, consequent upon the conviction that it was God's will that he should go, and to exonerate the Bishop, but for some time he was regarded as the immediate cause of our loss; and he never knew half the hard things said of him by the same people who, when they heard he was coming, and would preach on the Sunday, did their utmost to make themselves and their children look their very best.'

Indeed, the affectionate writer seems to have shared the poor people's feeling that they had thus festally received a sort of traitor with designs upon their pastor. She goes on to tell of his ministrations to her mother, whose death-bed was the first he attended as a Priest.

It would be impossible for me to say all he was to her. Not long before her death, when he had just left the room, she said, 'I have not felt any pain or weakness whilst Mr. Patteson has been here.' I was not always present during his visits to her, and I think their closer communings were only known to Him above, but their effects were discernible in that deep confidence in him on her part, and that lasting impression on him, for you will remember, in his letter last April, he goes back in memory to that time, and calls it—'a solemn scene in my early ministry.' Solemn, indeed,

it was to us all that last night of her life upon earth. He was with her from about the middle of the day on Monday until about four o'clock on Tuesday morning; when, after commending her soul to God, he closed her eyes with his own hands, and taking out his watch, told us the hour and moment of her departure. He then went home and apprised Miss Wilkins of her death in these words: 'My soul fleeth unto the LORD before the morning watch, I say before the morning watch,' and at the earliest dawn of day, the villagers were made aware that she had passed away by the tolling bell, and tolled by him. This was not the only death during his ministry among us; but it was the first occasion where he gave the Communion of the Sick, also when he read the Burial Service. Cases of rejoicing with those that rejoiced as well as of weeping with those that wept, the child and the aged seemed alike to appreciate his goodness. In him were combined those qualities which could inspire with deep reverence and entire confidence. Many, many are or will be the stars in the crown of his rejoicing, and some owe to him under God, their deeper work of grace in the heart and their quickening in the divine life.'

A remarkable testimony is this to the impression remaining after the lapse of sixteen years from a ministry extending over no more than seventeen months. 'Our Mr. Patteson' the people called him to the last.

Yet, in the face of all this grief, the parting till death, the work broken off, the life cut short midway, the profusion of needs at home for able ministers, is it to be regretted that Coleridge

Patteson devoted himself to the more remote fields abroad? I think we shall find that his judgment was right. Alfington might love him dearly, but the numbers were too small to afford full scope for his powers, and he would have experienced the trials of cramped and unemployed energies had he remained there beyond his apprenticeship. Nor were his gifts, so far as can be judged, exactly those most requisite for work in large towns. He could deal with individuals better than with masses, and his metaphysical mind, coupled with the curious difficulty he had in writing to an unrealised public, either in sermons or reports, might have rendered him less effective than men of less ability. He avoided, moreover, the temptations, pain, and sting of the intellectual warfare within the bosom of the Church, and served her cause more effectually on her borders than he could in her home turmoils. His great and peculiar gifts of languages, seconded by his capacity for navigation, enabled him to be the builder up of the Melanesian Church in so remarkable a manner that one can hardly suppose but that he was marked out for it, and these endowments would have found no scope in an ordinary career. Above all, no man can safely refuse the call to obey the higher leadings of grace. If he deny them, he will probably fall below that which he was before, and lose 'even that which he seemeth to have.'

A few days later, he wrote to his cousin Arthur Coleridge an expression of his feelings regarding the step he had taken in the midst of the pain it was costing to others:—

'Feniton: November 11, 9 A.M.

'My dear Arthur,—Your letter was very acceptable because I am, I confess, in that state of mind occasionally when the assurance of my being right, coming from another, tends to strengthen my own conviction.

'I do not really doubt as I believe; and yet, knowing my want of consideration for others, and many other thoughts which naturally prevent my exercising a clear sound judgment on a matter affecting myself, I sometimes (when I have had a conversation, it throws me back upon analysing my own conduct) feel inclined to go over the whole process again, and that is somewhat trying.

'On the other hand, I am almost strangely free from excitement. I live on exactly as I did before: and even when alone with Father, talk just as I used to talk, have nothing more to tell him, not knowing how to make a better use of these last quiet evenings.

'By-and-by I shall wish I had done otherwise, perhaps, but I do not know now, that I have anything specially requiring our consideration: we talk about family matters, the movements in the theological and political world, &c., very little about ourselves.

'One of all others I delight to think of for the music's sake, and far more for the glorious thought that it conveys. "Then shall the righteous," not indeed that I dare apply it to myself (as you know), but it helps one on, teaches what we may be, what our two

dear parents are, and somehow the intervening, space becomes smaller as the eye is fixed steadily on the glory beyond.

'God bless you, my dear fellow.

'Ever your affectionate

'J. C. P.'

The Mission party intended to sail immediately after Christmas in the 'Southern Cross,' the schooner which was being built at Blackwall for voyages among the Melanesian isles. In expectation of this, Patteson went up to London in the beginning of December, when the admirable crayon likeness was taken by Mr. Richmond, an engraving from which is here given. He then took his last leave of his uncle, and of the cousins who had been so dear to him ever since the old days of daily meeting in childhood; and Miss Neill, then a permanent invalid, notes down: 'On December 13, I had the happiness of receiving the Holy Communion from dear Coley Patteson, and the following morning I parted from him, as I fear, for ever. God bless and prosper him, and guard him in all the dangers he will encounter!' He wrote thus soon after his return:—

'Feniton: December 22, 1854.

'My dear Miss Neill,—I began a note to you a day or two ago, but I could not go on with it, for I have had so very much to do in church and out of it, parochializing, writing sermons, &c. It makes some little difference in point of time whether I am living

here or at Alfington, and so the walking about from one house to another is not so convenient for writing letters as for thinking over sermons.

'I need not tell you what a real happiness and comfort it is to me to have been with you again and to have talked so long with you, and most of all to have received the Communion with you. It is a blessed thought that no interval of space or time can interrupt that Communion of the Spirit, and that we are one in Him, though working in different corners of the Lord's field.

'I want to look you out a little book or two; and Fanny has told you that if ever my picture is photographed, I have particularly desired them to send you a copy with my love. Your cross I have now round my neck, and I shall always wear it; it will hang there with a locket containing locks of hair of my dear Father and Mother, the girls, and Jem.

'You will be glad to hear that they all seem cheerful and hearty. Fan is not well, but I do not see that she is depressed or unhappy. In fact, the terrible events of the war prove a lesson to all, and they feel, I suppose, that it might be far worse, and that so long as I am doing my duty, there is no cause for sorrow.

'Still there will be seasons of loneliness and sadness, and it seems to me as if it always was so in the case of all the people of whom we read in the Bible. Our Lord distinctly taught His disciples to expect it to be so, and even experienced this sorrow of heart Himself, filling up the full measure of His cup of bitterness. So I don't learn that I ought exactly to wish it to be

otherwise, so much is said in the Bible about being made partaker of His, sufferings, only I pray that it may please God to bear me up in the midst of it. I must repeat that your example is constantly before me, as a witness to the power that God gives of enduring pain and sickness. It is indeed, and great comfort it gives me. He is not indeed keeping you still in the world without giving you a work to do, and enabling you from your bed of sickness to influence strongly a circle of friends.

'God bless you for all your kindness to me, and watchfulness over me as a child, for your daily thought of me and prayers for me, and may He grant that I may wear your precious gift not only on but in my heart.

'Always your very affectionate

'J. C. PATTESON

'P.S.—I do not expect to sail for three weeks; this morning I had a line about the ship, and they say that she cannot be ready for a fortnight.'

On Christmas-day, he was presented with a Bible subscribed for by the whole Alfington population. Here is a sentence from his letter of acknowledgment:—

'If these poor needy souls can, from love to a fellow creature whom they have known but a few months, deny themselves their very crumb of bread to show their affection, what should be our conduct to Him from whom we have received all things, and to

whom we owe our life, strength, and all that we possess?'

The farewell service was said by one of these poor old people to be like a great funeral. Sexagesima Sunday was Sir John's sixty-sixth birthday, and it was spent in expectation that it would be the last of the whole party at home, for on the Monday Sir John was obliged to go to London for a meeting of the Judicial Committee. The two notes his son wrote during his absence are, perhaps to prove good spirits, full of the delights of skating, which were afforded by the exceptionally severe frost of February 1855, which came opportunely to regale with this favourite pastime one who would never tread on solid ice again. He wrote with zest of the large merry party of cousins skating together, of the dismay of the old housekeeper when he skimmed her in a chair over the ice, sighing out, in her terror, 'My dear man, don't ye go so fast,' with all manner of endearing expressions—of the little boys to whom he threw nuts to be scrambled for, and of his own plunge through the thinner ice, when, regardless of drenched garments, he went on with the sport to the last, and came home with clothes frozen as stiff as a board.

He was not gone when his father and brother came home on the twenty-sixth, prepared to go with him to Southampton.

The note to his cousin Arthur written at this time thus ends: 'We worked together once at Dresden. Whatever we have acquired in the way of accomplishments, languages, love of art and music, everything brings us into contact with somebody, and gives us the power of influencing them for good, and all to the

glory of God.'

Many were touched when, on the first Sunday in Lent, as Sir John Patteson was wont to assist in Church by reading the Lessons, it fell to him to pronounce the blessing of God upon the patriarch for his willing surrender of his son.

After all, the 'Southern Cross' was detected in leaking again, and as she was so small that the Mission party would have been most inconveniently crowded for so long a voyage, the Bishop was at length persuaded to relinquish his intention of sailing in her, and passages were taken for himself, Mrs. Selwyn, Mr. Patteson, and another clergyman, in the 'Duke of Portland,' which did not sail till the end of March, when Patteson was to meet her at Gravesend.

Thus he did not depart till the 25th. 'I leave home this morning I may say, for it has struck midnight,' he wrote to Miss Neill. 'I bear with me to the world's end your cross, and the memory of one who is bearing with great and long-tried patience the cross that God has laid upon her.'

He chose to walk to the coach that would take him to join the railway at Cullompton. The last kisses were exchanged at the door, and the sisters watched him out of sight, then saw that their father was not standing with them. They consulted for a moment, and then one of them silently looked into his sitting room, and saw him with his little Bible, and their hearts were comforted concerning him. After that family prayers were never read without a clause for Missionaries, 'especially the absent

member of this family.'

He went up to his brother's chambers in London, whence a note was sent home the next day to his father:—

'I write one line to-night to tell you that I am, thank God, calm and even cheerful. I stayed a few minutes in the churchyard after I left you, picked a few primrose buds from dear mamma's grave, and then walked on.

'At intervals I felt a return of strong violent emotion, but I soon became calm; I read most of the way up, and felt surprised that I could master my own feelings so much.

'How much I owe to the cheerful calm composure which you all showed this morning! I know it must have cost you all a great effort. It spared me a great one.'

On the 27th the brothers went on board the 'Duke of Portland,' and surveyed the cabins, looking in at the wild scene of confusion sure to be presented by an emigrant ship on the last day in harbour. A long letter, with a minute description of the ship and the arrangements ends with: 'I have every blessing and comfort. Not one is wanting. I am not in any excitement, I think, certainly I do not believe myself to be in such a state as to involve a reaction of feeling. Of course if I am seedy at sea for a few days I shall feel low-spirited also most likely, and miss you all more in consequence. But that does not go below the surface. Beneath is calm tranquil peace of mind.'

On the 28th the two brothers joined the large number of friends who went down with the Mission party, among them Mr.

Edward Coleridge.

Parting notes were written from on board to all the most beloved; to little Paulina, of bright hopes, to Miss Neill of her cross; to Arthur the German greeting, 'Lebe wohl, doch nicht auf Ewigkeit,'—to Mr. Justice Coleridge:—

'March 28, 1855.

'My dear Uncle,—One line more to thank you for all your love and to pray for the blessing of God upon you and yours now and for ever.

'We sail to-day. Such letters from home, full of calm, patient, cheerful resignation to his will. Wonderfully has God supported us through this trial. My kind love to Arthur. Always, my dear Uncle, Your affectionate, grateful Nephew,

'JOHN COLERIDGE PATTESON.'

Perhaps the frame of mind in which Coley left England can best be gathered from the following extract from a letter to his father from his uncle Edward:—

'While on board I had a good deal of quiet talk with him, and was fully confirmed by his manner and words, of that which I did not doubt before, that the surrender of self, which he has made, has been put into his heart by God's Holy Spirit, and that all his impulses for good are based on the firm foundation of trust in God, and a due appreciation of his mortal, as well as professional condition. I never saw a hand set on the plough stead with more

firmness, yet entire modesty, or with an eye and heart less turned backwards on the world behind. I know you do not in any way repine at what you have allowed him to do; and I feel sure that ere long you will see cause to bless God not only for having given you such a son, but also for having put it into his heart so to devote himself to that particular work in the Great Vineyard.'

About 5 P.M. the 'Duke of Portland' swung round with the tide, strangers were ordered on shore, Coleridge and James Patteson said their last farewells, and while the younger brother went home by the night-train to carry the final greetings to his father and sisters, the ship weighed anchor and the voyage was begun.

CHAPTER VI. THE VOYAGE AND FIRST YEAR. 1855-1856

When the See of New Zealand was first formed, Archbishop Howley committed to the care of the first Bishop the multitudinous islands scattered in the South Pacific. The technical bounds of the diocese were not defined; but matters were to a certain degree simplified by Bishop Selwyn's resolution only to deal with totally heathen isles, and whatever superiority the authorised chief pastor might rightfully claim, not to confuse the minds of the heathen by the sight of variations among Christians, and thus never to preach in any place already occupied by Missions, a resolution from which he only once departed, in the case of a group apparently relinquished by its first teachers. This cut off all the properly called Polynesian isles, whose inhabitants are of the Malay type, and had been the objects of care to the London Mission, ever since the time of John Williams; also the Fiji Islands; and a few which had been taken in hand by a Scottish Presbyterian Mission; but the groups which seem to form the third fringe round the north-eastern curve of Australia, the New Hebrides, Banks Islands, and Solomon Isles, were almost entirely open ground, with their population called Melanesian or Black Islanders, from their having much of the Negro in their composition and complexion. These were

regarded as less quick but more steady than the Polynesian race, with somewhat the same difference of character as there is between the Teuton and the Kelt. The reputation of cannibalism hung about many of the islands, and there was no doubt of boats' crews having been lost among them, but in most cases there had been outrage to provoke reprisals.

These islands had as yet been little visited, except by Captain Cook, their first discoverer, and isolated Spanish exploring expeditions; but of late whalers and sandal wood traders, both English and American, had been finding their way among them, and too often acting as irresponsible adventurous men of a low class are apt to do towards those whom they regard as an inferior race.

Mission work had hardly reached this region. It was in attempting it that John Williams had met his death at Erromango, one of the New Hebrides; but one of his best institutions had been a school in one of the Samoan or Navigators' Islands, in which were educated young men of the native races to be sent to the isles to prepare the way for white men. Very nobly had these Samoan pupils carried out his intentions, braving dislike, disease and death in the islands to which they were appointed, and having the more to endure because they came without the prestige of a white man. Moreover, the language was no easier to them than to him, as their native speech is entirely different from the Melanesian; which is besides broken into such an extraordinary number of different dialects, varying from one village to another

in an island not twenty miles long, that a missionary declared that the people must have come straight from the Tower of Babel, and gone on dividing their speech ever since. Just at the time of the formation of the See of New Zealand, the excitement caused at home by Williams's death had subsided, and the London Mission's funds were at so low an ebb that, so far from extending their work, they had been obliged to let some of it fall into abeyance.

All this came to the knowledge of the Bishop of New Zealand while he was occupied with the cares of his first seven years in his more immediate diocese, and in 1848, he made a voyage of inspection in H.M.S. 'Dido.' He then perceived that to attempt the conversion of this host of isles of tropical climate through a resident English clergyman in each, would be impossible, besides which he knew that no Church takes root without native clergy, and he therefore intended bringing boys to New Zealand, and there educating them to become teachers to their countrymen. He had lately established, near Auckland, for the sons of the colonists, St. John's College, which in 1850 was placed under the Reverend Charles John Abraham, the former Eton master, who had joined the Bishop to act as Archdeacon and assist in the scheme of education; and here it was planned that the young Melanesians should be trained.

The Bishop possessed a little schooner of twenty-two tons, the 'Undine,' in which he was accustomed to make his expeditions along the coast; and in August 1849, he set forth in her, with

a crew of four, without a weapon of any sort, to 'launch out into the deep, and let down his nets for a draught.' Captain Erskine of H.M.S. 'Havannah' readily undertook to afford him any assistance practicable, and they were to cruise in company, the 'Undine' serving as a pilot boat or tender on coasts where the only guide was 'a few rough sketches collected from small trading vessels.'

They met near Tanna, but not before the Bishop had been in Dillon's Bay, on the island of Erromango, the scene of Williams's murder, and had allowed some of the natives to come on board his vessel as a first step towards friendly intercourse. The plan agreed on by the Bishop and the Captain was to go as far north as Vate, and return by way of the Loyalty Isles, which fringe the east coast of New Caledonia, to touch at that large island, and then visit the Island of Pines, at its extreme south point, and there enquire into a massacre said to have taken place. This was effected, and in each place the natives showed themselves friendly. From New Caledonia the Bishop brought away a pupil named Dallup, and at two of the Loyalty Islands, Nengone or Mare, and Lifu, where Samoan teachers had excited a great desire for farther instruction, boys eagerly begged to go with him, and two were taken from each, in especial Siapo, a young Nengone chief eighteen or nineteen years old, of very pleasing aspect, and with those dignified princely manners which rank is almost sure to give. The first thing done with such lads when they came on board was to make clothes for them, and when

they saw the needle employed in their service, they were almost sure to beg to be taught the art, and most of them soon became wonderfully dexterous in it.

On the Island of Pines, so called from the tower-like masses of the Norfolk pine on the shores, was at that time the French Bishop of New Caledonia, the Oul, as the natives called him and his countrymen, for whom they had little love. After an interview between the two bishops, the 'Undine' returned to New Zealand, where the native boys were brought to St. John's College. The system of education there combined agricultural labour and printing with study, and the authorities and the boys shared according to their strength in both, for there was nothing more prominent in the Bishop's plan than that the coloured man was not to be treated as a mere hewer of wood and drawer of water, but, as a Maori once expressed the idea: 'Gentleman—gentleman thought nothing that ought to be done at all too mean for him; pig-gentleman never worked.' The whole community, including the ladies and their guests, dined together in hall.

The five boys behaved well, Siapo being a leader in all that was good, and made advances in Christian knowledge; but it was one of the Bishop's principles that none of them should be baptized till he had proved whether his faith were strong enough to resist the trial of a return to his native home and heathen friends. The climate of New Zealand is far too chilly for these inhabitants of tropical regions, and it was absolutely necessary to return them to their homes during the winter quarter from June to August.

The scheme therefore was to touch at their islands, drop them there, proceed then further on the voyage, and then, returning the same way, resume them, if they were willing to come under instruction for baptism and return to the college. In the lack of a common language, Bishop Selwyn hoped to make them all learn English, and only communicate with one another in that.

The 'Undine,' not being large enough for the purpose, was exchanged for the 'Border Maid;' and in the course of the next three years an annual voyage was made, and boys to the number of from twelve to fourteen brought home. Siapo of Nengone was by far the most promising scholar. He was a strong influence, when at home, on behalf of the Samoan teachers, and assisted in the building of a round chapel, smoothly floored, and plastered with coral lime. In 1852 he was baptized, together with three of his friends, in this chapel, in his own island, by the Bishop, in the presence of a thousand persons, and received the name of George. When the 'Border Maid' returned, though he was convalescent from a severe illness, he not only begged that he might come back, but that the young girl to whom he was betrothed might be taken to New Zealand to be trained in Christian ways. Ready consent was given, and the little Wabisane, and her companion Wasitutru (Little Chattering Bird), were brought on board, and arrayed in petticoats fashioned by the Bishop's own hands, from his own counterpane, with white skirts above, embellished with a bow of scarlet ribbon, the only piece of finery to be found in the 'Border Maid.' The

Rev. William Nihill had spent the period of this trip at Nengone, and had become deeply interested in the people. The island was then thought likely to become a centre whence to work on adjacent places; but to the grief and disappointment of all, George Siapo did not live through the summer at St. John's. He had never recovered his illness at home, and rapidly declined; but his faith burnt brighter as his frame became weaker, and his heart was set on the conversion of his native country. He warmly begged Mr. Nihill to return thither, and recommended him to the protection of his friends, and he wished his own brother to become scholar at St. John's. His whole demeanour was that of a devoted Christian, and when he died, in the January of the year 1853, he might be regarded as the firstfruits of the Melanesian Church. Since Mr. Nihill was about to return to Nengone, and there was a certain leaven of Christianity in the place, the girls were not subjected to the probation of a return before baptism, but were christened Caroline and Sarah, after Mrs. Abraham and Mrs. Selwyn.

Another very satisfactory pupil was little Umao. An English sailor in a dreadful state of disease had been left behind by a whaler at Erromango, where the little Umao, a mere boy, had attached himself to him, and waited on him with the utmost care and patience, though meeting with no return but blows and rough words. The man moved to Tanna, where there are mineral springs highly esteemed by the natives, and when the 'Border Maid' touched there, in 1851, he was found in a terrible condition, but

with the little fellow faithfully attending him. The Englishman was carried to Sydney, and left in the hospital there; but Umao begged not to be sent home, for he said his parents cruelly ill-used him and his brothers, and set them to watch the fire all night to keep off evil spirits; so, when New Zealand became too cold for him, he was sent to winter at the London Society's station in Anaiteum. His sweet friendly nature expanded under Christian training, but his health failed, and in the course of the voyage of 1853 he became so ill that his baptism was hastened, and he shortly after died in the Bishop's arms.

Two more boys, cousins, from Lifu, also died. There never was any suspicion or displeasure shown among the relatives of these youths. Their own habits were frightfully unhealthy; they were not a long-lived people, and there was often great mortality among them, and though they were grieved at the loss of their sons, they never seemed distrustful or ungrateful. But it was evident that, even in the summer months, the climate of New Zealand was trying to these tropical constitutions, and as it was just then determined that Norfolk Island should no longer be the penal abode of the doubly convicted felons of Botany Bay, but should instead become the home of the descendants of the mutineers of the 'Bounty' who had outgrown Pitcairn's Island, the Bishop cast his eyes upon it as the place most likely to agree alike with English and Melanesian constitutions, and therefore eminently fitted for the place of instruction.

The expenses of the voyages in the 'Border Maid' had been

met partly by the Eton Association, and partly by another association at Sydney, where a warm interest in these attempts had been excited and maintained by the yearly visits of Bishop Selwyn, who usually visited Australia while the lads were wintering at their homes. But the 'Border Maid' was superannuated, nor had she ever been perfectly fitted for the purpose; and when, in 1853, the Bishop was obliged to come to England to take measures for dividing his diocese, he also hoped to obtain permission to establish a Melanesian school on Norfolk Island, and to obtain the means of building a schooner yacht, small enough to be navigated in the narrow, shallow creeks separating the clustered islets, and yet capacious enough for the numerous passengers. In the meantime Mr. Nihill went to Nengone with his wife and child. His lungs were much affected, but he hoped that the climate would prolong his power of working among the Christian community, who heartily loved and trusted him.

Other fellow-labourers the Bishop hoped to obtain at home, though it was his principle never to solicit men to come with him, only to take those who offered themselves; but all the particulars of the above narration had been known to Coley Patteson through the Bishop's correspondence with Mr. Edward Coleridge, as well as by the yearly report put forth by the Eton Association, and this no doubt served to keep up in his heart the flame that had burnt unseen for so many years, and to determine its direction, though he put himself unreservedly at the Bishop's disposal, to

work wherever he might be sent.

The means for the mission ship 'Southern Cross' were raised. She was built at Blackwall by Messrs. Wigram, and, after all the delays, sailed on the very same day as the 'Duke of Portland.'

Meantime here are a few extracts from Patteson's journal-letter during the voyage. Sea-sickness was very slightly disabling with him; he was up and about in a short time, and on the 8th of April was writing:—

'What a day this has been to me, the twenty-eighth anniversary of my baptism to begin with, and then Easter Day spent at sea!

'April 20th, lat, 4° N., long. 25° W.—Rather hot. It is very fine to see all the stars of the heavens almost rise and pass overhead and set—Great Bear and Southern Cross shining as in rivalry of each other, and both hemispheres showing forth all their glory. Only the Polar Star, that shines straight above you, is gone below our horizon; and One alone knows how much toil, and perhaps sorrow, there may be in store for me before I see it again. But there is and will be much happiness and comfort also, for indeed I have great peace of mind, and a firm conviction that I am doing what is right; a feeling that God is directing and ordering the course of my life, and whenever I take the only true view of the business of life, I am happy and cheerful.

'May 10.—It is, I find, quite settled, and was indeed always, that I am to go always with the Bishop, roving about the Melanesian department, so that for some years, if I live, I shall be generally six months at sea. And not little to my delight, I

find that the six winter months (i.e. your summer months) are the ones that we shall spend in sailing about the islands within or near the tropics, so that I shall have little more shivering limbs or blue hands, though I may feel in the long run the effect of a migratory swallow-like life. But the sea itself is a perpetual tonic, and when I am thoroughly accustomed to a sea life, I think I shall be better almost on board ship.'

This seems the place for Bishop Selwyn's impression, as written to a friend at this very time. 'Coley Patteson is a treasure which I humbly set down as a Divine recompense for our own boys*. He is a good fellow, and the tone of his mind is one which I can thoroughly enjoy, content with the 'to aei' present, yet always aiming at a brighter and better future.'

*(Footnote: Left at home for education.)

'June 18.—You must think of us at 8 P.M. on Sundays —just at 8.20 A.M. before you come down to prayers. The Bishop has a service in the College chapel; then, after all the "runners" (clergy who have district chapels) have returned, chanting Psalms, and reading collects, which bear especially on the subject of unity, introducing the special Communion thanksgiving for Whitsunday, and the Sanctus, and the Prayer for Unity in the Accession Service. I feel that it must be an impressive and very happy way of ending the Sunday, and you will be at Sunday prayers at the other end of the world praying with us.

'July 3.—Still at sea. As soon as we rounded the North Cape

on Friday, June 29, a contrary wind sprang up, and we have been beating about, tacking between North Cape and Cape Brett ever since. Fine sunny weather and light winds, but always from the south. To me it is a matter of entire indifference; I am quite ready to go ashore, but do not mind a few more days at sea. The climate is delightful, thermometer on deck 55° to 60°, and such glorious sunsets! There is really something peculiar in the delicacy of the colours here—faint pink and blue, and such an idea of distance is given by the great transparency of the air. It is full moon too now, and I walk the deck from eleven to twelve every night with no great-coat, thinking about you all and my future work. Last night the Bishop was with me, and told me definitely about my occupation for the time to come. All day we have been slowly, very slowly, passing along from the north headland of the Bay of Islands to Cape Brett, and along the land south of it. A fine coast it is, full of fine harbours and creeks, the bay itself like a large Torbay, only bolder. Due south of us is the Bream headland, then the Barrier Islands. We are only about a mile from the shore, and refreshing it is to look at it; but as yet we have seen no beach; the rock runs right into the sea. Such bustle and excitement on board! emigrants getting their things ready, carpenters making the old "Duke" look smart, sailors scrubbing, but no painting going on, to our extreme delight. It is so calm, quite as smooth as a small lake; indeed there is less perceptible motion than I have felt on the Lake of Como. No backs, no bones aching, though here I speak for others more than for myself, for the Bishop began his

talk last night by saying, "One great point is decided, that you are a good sailor. So far you are qualified for Melanesia."'

To this may be added that Patteson had been farther preparing for this work by a diligent study of the Maori language, and likewise of navigation; and what an instructor he had in the knowledge of the coasts may be gathered from the fact that an old sea captain living at Kohimarama sent a note to St. John's College stating that he was sure that the Bishop had come, for he knew every vessel that had ever come into Auckland harbour, and was sure this barque had never been there before; yet she had come in the night through all the intricate passages, and was rounding the heads without a pilot on board. He therefore concluded that the Bishop must be on board, as there was no other man that could have taken command of her at such a time, and brought her into that harbour.

The Bishop and Mrs. Selwyn went on shore as soon as possible; Patteson waited till the next day. Indeed he wrote on July 5 that he was in no hurry to land, since he knew no one in the whole neighbourhood but Archdeacon Abraham. Then he describes the aspect of Auckland from the sea:—

'It looks much like a small sea-side town, but not so substantially built, nor does it convey the same idea of comfort and wealth; rude warehouses, &c., being mixed up with private houses on the beach. The town already extends to a distance of perhaps half a mile on each side of this cove, on which the principal part of it is built. Just in the centre of the cove stands

the Wesleyan chapel. On the rising ground on the east of the cove is the Roman Catholic chapel, and on the west side is St. Paul's Church, an Early English stone building, looking really ecclesiastical and homelike. The College, at a distance of about five miles from the town, on some higher ground, northwest of it, is reached from the harbour by a boat ascending a creek to within a mile of the buildings, so that we shall not go into the town at all when we land. By water too will be our shortest, at all events our quickest way from the college to the town.

'July 9, St. John's College.—Though we reached harbour on July 5, and landed the next day, I have scarcely found a minute to write a line. Imagine my feelings as I touched land and jumped ashore at a creek under Judge Martin's house, in the presence of Rota Waitoa, the only native clergyman in the diocese; Levi, who is perhaps to be ordained, and four or five other natives. Tena ra fa koe e ho a? "How are you, my friends?" (the common New Zealand greeting), said I as I shook hands with them one by one. We walked up from the beach to the house. Roses in full flower, and mimosa with a delicate golden flower, and various other shrubs and flowers in full bloom. Midwinter, recollect. The fragrance of the air, the singing of the birds, the fresh smell (it was raining a little and the grass was steaming) were delicious, as you may suppose. Here I was, all at once, carrying up baggage, Maoris before and behind, and everything new and strange, and yet I felt as if it were all right and natural. The Bishop and Mrs. Selwyn had landed the day before, and we were heartily

welcomed. Mr. Martin took me into his study. "I am thankful to see you as a fresh labourer among us here; a man of your name needs no introduction to a lawyer." Nothing could exceed his kindness. He began talking of at once.

'We dined at about 12.30. Clean mutton chops, potatoes and pumpkin (very good indeed), jam pudding, bread, and plenty of water (beer I refused). It did taste so good, I am quite ashamed of thinking about it. About two o'clock I started with the Bishop for the College, nearly six miles from Auckland.

'The Bishop is at a kind of collegiate establishment on the outskirts of Auckland, where Mr. Kissling, a clergyman, is the resident, and thither I go on Wednesday, to live till October 1, when we start, please God, in the "Southern Cross" for the cruise around New Zealand. Here, at Mr. Kissling's, I shall have work with Maoris, learning each day, I trust, to speak more correctly and fluently. Young men for teachers, and it may be for clergymen, will form at once my companions and my pupils, a good proportion of them being nearly or quite of my own age. I am to be constantly at the Judge's, running in and out, working on Sundays anywhere as I may be sent. So much for myself.

'The College is really all that is necessary for a thoroughly good and complete place of education; the hall all lined with kauri pine wood, a large handsome room, collegiate, capable of holding two hundred persons; the school-room, eighty feet long, with admirable arrangements for holding classes separately. There are two very cosy rooms, which belong to the Bishop and

Mrs. Selwyn respectively, in one of which I am now sitting.... On the walls are hanging about certain tokens of Melanesia in the shape of gourds, calabashes, &c., such as I shall send you one day; a spade on one side, just as a common horse halter hanging from Abraham's bookshelf, betokens colonial life. Our rooms are quite large enough, bigger than my room at Feniton, but no furniture, of course, beyond a bedstead, a table for writing, and an old bookcase; but it is never cold enough to care about furniture… I clean, of course, my room in part, make my bed, help to clear away things after meals, &c., and am quite accustomed to do without servants for anything but cooking. There is a weaving room, which used to be well worked, a printing press (from C. M. S.) which has done some good work, and is now at work again—English, Maori, Greek and Hebrew types. Separate groups of buildings, which once were filled with lads from different Melanesian isles—farm buildings, barns, &c. Last of all, the little chapel of kauri wood, stained desk, like the inside of a really good ecclesiastical building in England, porch S.W. angle, a semicircular apse at the west, containing a large handsome stone font, open seats of course. The east end very simple, semicircular apse, small windows all full of stained glass, raised one step, no rails, the Bishop's chair on the north side, bench on the south. Here my eye and my mind rested contentedly and peacefully. The little chapel, holding about seventy persons, is already dear to me. I preached in it last night at the seven o'clock service. We chanted the Unity Psalms CXXII, CXXIII,

CXXIV, and CL, heartily, all joining to a dear old double chant in parts. I felt my heart very full as I spoke to them of the blessedness of prayer and spiritual communion. I was at Tamaki in the morning, where I read prayers, the Archdeacon preaching. A little stone church, very rude and simple, but singing again good, and congregation of fifty-one, attentive. At Panmure, about three miles off, in the afternoon, a tiny wooden church—where Abraham took all the duty. In the evening, in the chapel, he read prayers, and I preached to about thirty-five or forty people. We left the chapel just as you were getting ready for breakfast, and so passed my first Sunday in New Zealand. To-day I have had hard work; I walked with Abraham to Auckland—six miles of rough work, I promise you, except the two last.

I believe it was in the course of this walk that Patteson experimented on his Maori, a native whom they visited, and who presently turned upon the Archdeacon, and demanded, 'Why do you not speak like Te Pattihana?' Such a compliment has seldom been paid on so early an attempt at colloquialism in a new language. Journal continues:—

'Lugged down boxes, big empty ones, from the Judge's house to the beach. Went with the Bishop to the old ship, packed up books, brought away all our things almost, helped to pack them in a cart and drag, and then walked back to the College, which I reached in the dark at 7.30. It is delightful to see the delight of the natives when they see the Bishop. "E—h te Pikopa!" and then they all come round him like children, laughing and talking. Two

common men we met on Friday from Rotoma, 150 miles off, who said that their tribe had heard that the Queen of England had taken away his salary, and they had been having subscriptions for him every Sunday. They are of various shades of colour, some light brown, some nearly black, and some so tattooed all over that you can't tell what colour they are. I was talking to-day to the best of my power with a native teacher upon whose face I could not see one spot as big as a shilling that was not tattooed, beautifully done in a regular pattern, one side corresponding to the other. Each tribe, as it is said (I know not how truly), has a pattern of its own; so they wear their coats-of-arms on their faces, that is all. The young Christian natives are not tattooed at all, and I have been to-day with Sydney, whose father was the great fighting man of Honghi (miscalled Shanghi) who was presented to George IV. This young man's father helped to exterminate a whole tribe who lived on a part of the College property (as it is now), and he is said to be perhaps the first New Zealander who was baptized as an infant. I find it hard to understand them; they speak very indistinctly—not fast, but their voices are thick in general. I hope to learn a good deal before October. My first letter from the ends of the world tells of my peace of mind, of one sound and hearty in body, and, I thank God, happy, calm, and cheerful in spirit.'

'July 11, 1855; St. John's College, Auckland.

'My dear Fan,—I do not doubt that I am where I ought to be; I do think and trust that God has given me this work to do;

but I need earnest prayers for strength that I may do it. It is no light work to be suddenly transplanted from a quiet little country district, where every one knew me, and the prestige of dear Father's life and your active usefulness among the people made everything smooth for me, to a work exceeding in magnitude anything that falls to the lot of an ordinary parish priest in England—in a strange land, among a strange race of men, in a newly forming and worldly society, with no old familiar notions and customs to keep the machine moving; and then to be made acquainted with such a mass of information respecting Church government and discipline, educational schemes, conduct of clergy and teachers, etc., etc. It is well that I am hearty and sound in health, or I should be regularly overwhelmed with it. Two texts I think of constantly: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." "Sufficient for the day," etc. I hardly dare look forward to what my work may be on earth; I cannot see my way; but I feel sure that He is ordering it all, and I try to look on beyond the earth, when at length, by God's mercy, we may all find rest.

'That I have been so well in body and so cheerful in mind ever since I left home—I mean cheerful on the whole, not without seasons of sadness, but so mercifully strengthened at all times—must, I think, without any foolish enthusiasm, be remembered by me as a special act of God's goodness and mercy. I was not the least weary of the sea. Another month or two would have made very little difference to me, I think. I am very fond of it, and I think of my voyages to come without any degree of

dread from that cause, and I have no reason to expect any great discomfort from any other. I have my whole stock of lemon syrup and lime juice, so that the salt meat on the "Southern Cross" will be counteracted in that way; and going round those islands we shall be ashore every few days. But what most surprises me is this: that when I am alone, as here at night in a great (for it is large) cheerless, lonely room, as I should have thought it once; though I can't help thinking of my own comforts at home, and all dear faces around me, though I feel my whole heart swelling with love to you all, still I am not at all sad or gloomy, or cast down. This does surprise me: I did not think it would or could be so. I have indeed prayed for it, but I had not faith to believe that my prayer would be so granted. The fact itself is most certain. I have at Alfington, when alone of an evening, experienced a greater sense of loneliness than I have once done out here. Of this hitherto I feel no doubt: it may be otherwise any day of course; and to what else can I attribute this fact, in all soberness of mind, but to the mercy of God in strengthening me for my work? Much of it may be the effect of a splendid climate upon my physique, that is true; for indeed to find flowers in full blossom, green meadows, hot suns, birds singing, etc., in midwinter, with a cool, steady breeze from the sea invigorating me all the while, is no doubt just what I require; but to-day we have a north-easter, which answers to your south-west wind, with pouring rain, and yet my spirits are not going down with the barometer. All the same, the said barometer will probably soon recover himself; for I believe these

heavy storms seldom last long. There is no fire in the room where I sit, which is the Bishop's room when he is here; no fire-place indeed, as it opens into Mrs. Selwyn's room. The thermometer is 58°, and it is midwinter.'

To Miss Neill, on the same day, after repeating his conviction that he was in the right place, he says:—

'I have written to them at home what I ought not perhaps to have said of myself, but that it will give them comfort—that from all sides my being here as the Bishop's companion is hailed as likely to produce very beneficial results. But I must assure you that I fully know how your love for me and much too high opinion of me makes you fancy that I could be of use at home. But we must not, even taking this view, send our refuse men to the colonies. Newly forming societies must be moulded by men of energy, and power, and high character; in fact, churches must be organised, the Gospel must be preached by men of earnest zeal for God's glory in the salvation of souls. To lower the standard of Christian life by exhibiting a feeble faint glimmering instead of a burning shining light is to stamp upon the native mind a false impression, it may be for ever.

'Remember, we have no ancient customs nor time-hallowed usages to make up for personal indifference and apathy; we have no momentum to carry on the machine. We have to start it, and give it the first impulse, under the guidance of the Spirit of God; and oh! if it takes a wrong direction at first, who can calculate the evil that must follow? It is easy to steer a vessel in smooth water,

with a fair breeze; but how are you to keep her head straight in a rolling sea with no way on her?'

This letter, with two or three more, went by the first mail after his arrival. From that time he generally kept a journal-letter, and addressed it to one or other of his innermost home circle; while the arrival of each post from home produced a whole sheaf of answers, and comments on what was told, by each correspondent, of family, political or Church matters. Sometimes the letter is so full of the subject of immediate interest as absolutely to leave no room for personal details of his own actual life, and this became more the case as the residence in New Zealand or Norfolk Island lost its novelty, while it never absorbed him so as to narrow his interests. He never missed a mail in writing to his father and sisters, and a letter to his brother was equally regular, but these latter were generally too much concerned with James's own individual life to be as fully given as the other letters, which were in fact a diary of facts, thoughts, and impressions.

'July 12, St. Stephen's, Mr. Kissling's School-house.—You know I am to live here when not on the "Southern Cross," or journeying in the Bush; so I must describe, first, the place itself, then my room in it. The house is a large one-storied building of wood, no staircase in it, but only a succession of rooms.... There are at present fourteen or sixteen girls in the school, boarding here, besides Rota, who is a native deacon, spending a month here; Levi, who is preparing for ordination, and three other men. The house stands on table-land about four hundred yards from

the sea, commanding glorious views of the harbour, sea, and islands, which form groups close round the coast. It is Church property all round, and the site of a future cathedral is within a stone's throw of it.... Now for my room. Plenty large enough to begin with, not less than sixteen feet long by twelve wide, and at least eleven high, all wood, not papered or painted, which I like much, as the kauri is a darkish grained wood; no carpet of course, but I am writing now at 10 P.M., with no fire, and quite warm. The east side of the room is one great window, latticed, in a wooden frame; outside it a verandah, and such a beautiful view of the harbour and bay beyond. I will tell you exactly what I have done to-day since two o'clock, as a sample of my life.

'2 P.M., dinner, roast mutton; my seat between the Bishop and Eota. Fancy the long table with its double row of Maoris. After dinner, away with the Bishop to the hospital, a plain wooden building a mile off, capable of taking in about forty patients in all. I am to visit it regularly when here, taking that work off the parish clergyman's shoulders, and a great comfort it will be. I went through it to-day, and had a long talk with the physician and surgeon, and saw the male patients, two of them natives. One of them is dying, and so I am to be now talking as well as I can, but at all events reading and praying, with this poor fellow, and a great happiness it is to have such a privilege and so on. Came back to tea, very pleasant. After tea made Eota, and Sydney, a young-man who knows English pretty well, sit in my room (N.B., there is but one chair, in which I placed Eota), and then I made

them read Maori to me, and read a good deal myself, and then we talked as well as we could. At 6.15, prayers, the whole party of Maoris assembled. Mr. Kissling read the first verse of the chapter (Joshua vi.), and we each read one verse in turn, and then he questioned them for perhaps fifteen minutes. They were very intelligent and answered well, and it was striking to see grown-up men and young women sitting so patiently to be taught. Then the evening service prayers; and so I knelt with these good simple people and prayed with them for the first time. Very much I enjoyed all this. Soon after came supper, a little talking, and now here am I writing to you.

'I wish you could see the tree-ferns; some are quite twenty feet high in the trunk, for trunk it is, and the great broad frond waves over it in a way that would make that child Pena clap her hands with delight. Then the geraniums and roses in blossom, the yellow mimosa flower, the wild moncha, with a white flower, growing everywhere, and the great variety of evergreen trees (none that I have seen being deciduous) make the country very pretty. The great bare volcanic hills, each with its well-defined crater, stand up from among the woodlands, and now from among pastures grazing hundreds of oxen; and this, with the grand sea views, and shipping in the harbour, make a very fine sight.

'July 14.—I write to-night because you will like a line from me on the day when first I have in any way ministered to a native of the country. I was in the hospital to-day, talked a little, and read

St. Luke xv. to one, and prayed with another Maori. The latter is dying. He was baptized by the Wesleyans, but is not visited by them, so I do not scruple to go to him. Rota, the native deacon, was with me, and he talked a long while with the poor fellow. It is a great comfort to me to have made a beginning. I did little more than read a few prayers from the Visitation Service, but the man understood me well, so I may be of use, I hope. He has never received the Lord's Supper; but if there is time to prepare him, the Bishop wishes me to administer it to him.

'July 20.—Yesterday in sailed the "Southern Cross" with not a spar carried away or sail lost, perfectly sound, and in a fit state to be off again at once. She left England on the same day that we did, and arrived just a fortnight after us, and this is attributable to her having kept in low latitudes, not going higher than 39°; whereas we were in 51° 30', which diminished the distance and brought us in the way of more favourable winds. I saw from my windows about 9 A.M. a schooner in the distance, and told the Bishop I thought it might be the "Southern Cross" (she has no figure-head and a very straight bow). Through the day, which was very rainy, we kept looking from time to time through our glasses. At 3 P.M. the Bishop came in: "Come along, Coley; I do believe it is the 'Southern Cross.'" So I hurried on waterproofs, knowing that we were in for some mudlarking. Off we went, lugged down a borrowed boat to the water, tide being out. I took one oar, a Maori another, and off we went, Bishop steering. After twenty minutes' pull, or thereabouts, we met her, jumped on

board, and then such a broadside of questions and answers. They had a capital passage. Two men who were invalided when they started died on the voyage—one of dysentery, I think—all the rest flourishing, the three women respectable and tidy-looking individuals, and two children very well. After a while the Bishop and I went off to shore, in one of his boats, pulled by two of the crew, Lowestoft fishermen, fine young fellows as you ever saw. Then we bought fresh meat, onions, bread, etc., for them, and so home by 7 P.M. "Mudlarking" very slight on this occasion, only walking over the flat swamp of low-water marsh for a quarter of a mile; but on Tuesday we had a rich scene. Bishop and I went to the "Duke of Portland" and brought off the rest of our things; but it was low-water, so the boats could not come within a long way of the beach, and the custom is for carts to go over the muddy sand, which is tolerably hard, as far into the water as they can, perhaps two and a half or three feet deep when it is quite calm, as it was on Tuesday. Well, in went our cart, which had come from the College, with three valuable horses, while the Bishop and I stood on the edge of the water. Presently one of the horses lost his footing, and then all at once all three slipped up, and the danger was of their struggling violently and hurting themselves. One of those in the shafts had his head under water, too, for a time. Instanter Bishop and I had our coats off, my trousers were rolled over my knees, and in we rushed to the horses. Such a plunging and splashing! but they were all got up safe. This was about 4 P.M., and I was busy about the packages and getting them

into the carts, unloading at Mr. Kissling's till past 8; but I did not catch cold. Imagine an English Bishop with attending parson cutting into the water up to their knees to disentangle their cart-horses from the harness in full view of every person on the beach. "This is your first lesson in mudlarking, Coley," was the remark of the Bishop as we laughed over our respective appearance.

'July 21.—I was finishing my sermon for the soldiers to-morrow at 11.30, when Mr. Kissling came in to say that the schooner just come into the harbour was the vessel which had been sent to bring Mr. and Mrs. Nihill from Nengone or Mare Island. He was in very bad health when he went there, and great doubts were entertained as to his coming back. I was deputed to go and see. I ran a good part of the way to the town on to the pier, and there heard that Mr. Nihill was dead. An old acquaintance of Mrs. Nihill was on the pier, so I thought I should be in the way, and came back, told Mrs. Kissling, and went on to the Judge's, and told Mrs. Martin and Mrs. Selwyn. Whilst there we saw a boat land a young lady and child on the beach just below the house, and they sent me down. Pouring with rain here on the beach, taking shelter in a boat-house with her brother, I found this poor young widow; and so, leaning on my arm, she walked up to the house. I just waited to see Mrs. Selwyn throw her arms round her neck, and then walked straight off, feeling that the furious rain and wind chimed in with a violent struggle which was just going on in my own mind. I go through such scenes firmly enough at the time, but when my part is over I feel just

like a child, and I found the tears in my eyes; for the universal sympathy which has been expressed by everyone here for the lonely situation of the Nihills at Nengone made me feel almost a personal interest in them. He was a good linguist, and his loss will be severely felt by the Bishop.

'August 14.—I marked out to-day some pretty places for the two wooden houses for the "Southern Cross" sailors at Kohimarama (Focus of Light), a quiet retired spot, with a beautiful sparkling beach, the schooner lying just outside the little bay a third of a mile off. Forty or fifty acres of flat pasturage, but only sixteen properly cleared, and then an amphitheatre of low hills, covered with New Zealand vegetation. I passed fine ferns to-day quite thirty feet in the stem, with great spreading-fronds, like branches of the Norfolk Island pine almost.

'On the 17th of August came the welcome mail from home. "Oh what a delight it is to see your dear handwriting again!" is the cry in the reply. Father's I opened first, and read his letter, stopping often with tears of thankfulness in my eyes to thank God for enabling him not to be over-anxious about me, and for the blessing of knowing that he was as well as usual, and also because his work, so distasteful to him, was drawing to a close. Then I read Fan's, for I had a secret feeling that I should hear most from her about Alfington.'

On the evening of that day he wrote to Fanny. In answer to the expression of the pain, of separation, he says:—

'There is One above who knows what a trial it is to you. For myself, hard as it is, and almost too hard sometimes, yet I have relief in the variety and unceasing-multiplicity of my occupations. Not a moment of any day can I be said to be idle. Literally, I have not yet had a minute to untie my "Guardians;" but for you, with more time for meditating, with no change of scene, with every object that meets you at home and in your daily walks reminding you of me, it must indeed be such a trial as angels love to look upon when it is borne patiently, and with a perfect assurance that God is ordering all things for our good; and so let us struggle on to the end. All good powers are on our side, and we shall meet by the infinite mercy one day when there shall be no separation for ever.

'I read on in your letter till I came to "Dear Coley, it is very hard to live without you,"—and I broke down and cried like a child. I was quite alone out in the fields on a glorious bright day, and it was the relief I had longed for. The few simple words told me the whole story, and I prayed with my whole heart that you might find strength in the hour of sadness. Do (as you say you do) let your natural feelings work; do not force yourself to appear calm, do not get excited if you can help it; but if your mind is oppressed with the thought of my absence, do not try to drive it away by talking about something else, or taking up a book, etc.; follow it out, see what it ends in, trace out the spiritual help and comfort which have already, it may be, resulted from it, the growth of dependence upon God above; meditate upon the real

idea of separation, and think of Mamma and Uncle Frank.'

'August 26, 1855, 10.40 P.M.: S. Stephen's, Auckland. 'My dear Arthur,—I am tired with my Sunday work, which is heavy in a colony, but I just begin my note on the anniversary of your dear, dear father's death. How vividly I remember all the circumstances of the last ten days—the peaceful, holy, happy close of a pure and well-spent life! I do so think of him, not a day passing without my mind dwelling on him; I love to find myself calling up the image of his dear face, and my heart is very full when I recollect all his love for me, and the many, many tokens of affection which he used to pour out from his warm, generous, loving heart. I can hardly tell you what an indescribable comfort it is to me now I think of these things, cut off from the society and sympathy of friends and the associations of home; the memory is very active in recalling such scenes, and I almost live in them again. I have very little time for indulging in fancies of any kind now; I begin to get an idea of what work is; but in my walks or at night (if I am awake), I think of dear Mamma and your dear father, and others who are gone before, with unmixed joy and comfort. You may be quite sure that I am not likely to forget anybody or anything connected with home. How I do watch and follow them through the hours of the day or night when we are both awake and at our work! I turn out at 6.45, and think of them at dinner or tea; at 10, I think of them at evening prayers; and by my own bed-time they are in morning church or busied about their different occupations, and I fancy I can almost see them.

'So it goes on, and still I am calm and happy and very well; and I think I am in my place and hope to be made of some use some day. I like the natives in this school very much. The regular wild untamed fellow is not so pleasant at first—dirty, unclothed, always smoking, a mass of blankets, his wigwam sort of place filthy; his food ditto; but then he is probably intelligent, hospitable, and not insensible to the advantage of hearing about religion. It only wants a little practice to overcome one's English feelings about dress, civilisation, etc., and that will soon come.

'But here the men are nice fellows, and the women and girls make capital servants; and so whereas many of the clergy and gentry do not keep a servant (wages being enormous), and ladies like your sisters and mine do the whole work of the housemaid, nursery-maid, and cook (which I have seen and chatted about with them), I, on the contrary, by Miss Maria (a wondrous curly-headed, black-eyed Maori damsel, arrayed in a "smock," weiter nichts), have my room swept, bed made, tub—yes, even in New Zealand—daily filled and emptied, and indeed all the establishment will do anything for me. I did not care about it, as I did all for myself aboard ship; but still I take it with a very good grace.

'In about six weeks I expect we shall sail all round the English settlement of New Zealand, and go to Chatham Island. This will occupy about three months, and the voyage will be about 4,000 miles. Then we start at once, upon our return, for four months in the Bush, among the native villages, on foot. Then, once again

taking ship, away for Melanesia. So that, once off, I shall be roving about for nearly a year, and shall, if all goes well, begin the really missionary life.

'It is late, and the post goes to morrow. Good-bye, my dear Arthur; write when you can.

'Ever your affectionate

'J. C. PATTESON.'

'August 27.—I have just been interrupted by Mrs. Kissling, who came to ask me to baptize privately the young son of poor Eota, the native deacon, and his wife Terena. Poor fellow! This child was born two or three days after he left this place for Taranaki with the Bishop, so he has not seen his son as yet. He has one boy about four, and has lost three or four others; and now this little one, about three weeks old, seems to be dying. I was almost glad that the first time I baptized a native child, using the native language, should be on Fan's birthday. It was striking to see the unaffected sympathy of the natives here. The poor mother came with the child in her arms to the large room. A table with a white cloth in the centre, and nearly the whole establishment assembled. I doubt if you would have seen in England grown-up men and women more thoroughly in earnest. It was the most comforting private baptism I ever witnessed.

'Henri has been for an hour or more this morning asking me questions which you would seldom hear from farmers or

tradesmen at home, showing a real acquaintance with the Bible, and such a desire, hunger and thirst, for knowledge. What was the manna in the wilderness? he began. He thought it was food that angels actually lived upon, and quoted the verse in the Psalm readily, "So man did eat angel's food." So I took him into the whole question of the spiritual body; the various passages, "meats for the belly," etc., our Lord's answer to the Sadducees, and so on to 1 Cor. xv. Very interesting to watch the earnestness of the man and his real pleasure in assenting to the general conclusion expressed in 1 John iii. 2 concerning our ignorance of what we shall be, not implying want of power on God's part to explain, but His divine will in not withdrawing the veil wholly from so great a mystery. "E marama ana," (I see it clearly now): "He mea ngaro!" (a mystery). His mind had wholly passed from the carnal material view of life in heaven, and the idea of food for the support of the spiritual body, and the capacity for receiving the higher truths (as it were) of Christianity showed itself more clearly in the young New Zealander than you would find perhaps in the whole extent of a country parish. I think that when I know the language well enough to catechize freely, it will be far more interesting, and I shall have a far more intelligent set of catechumens, than in England. They seem especially fond of it, ask questions constantly, and will get to the bottom of the thing, and when the catechist is up to the mark and quick and wily in both question and illustration, they get so eager and animated, all answering together, quoting texts, etc. I think that

their knowledge of the Bible is in some sense attributable to its being almost the only book printed that they care much about.'

The 11th of September produced another long letter full of home feeling, drawn forth in response to his sister. Here are some extracts:—

'Sometimes I cannot help wishing that I could say all this, but not often. There is One who understands, and in really great trials even, it is well to lean only on Him. But I must write freely. You will not think me moody and downhearted, because I show you that I do miss you, and often feel lonely and shut up in myself. This is exactly what I experience, and I think if I was ill, as you often are, I should break down under it; but God is very merciful to me in keeping me in very good health, so that I am always actively engaged every day, and when night comes I am weary in body, and sleep sound almost always, so that the time passes very rapidly indeed, and I am living in a kind of dream, hardly realizing the fact of my being at half the world's distance from you, but borne on from day to day, I scarcely know how. Indeed, when I do look back upon the past six months, I have abundant cause to be thankful. I never perhaps shall know fully how it is, but somehow, as a matter of fact, I am on the whole cheerful, and always busy and calm in mind. I don't have tumultuous bursts of feeling and overwhelming floods of recollection that sweep right away all composure. Your first letters upset me more than once as I re-read them, but I think of you all habitually with real joy and peace of mind. And I am really happy, not in the sense that

happiness presents itself always, or exactly in the way that I used to feel it when with you all, or as I should feel it if I were walking up to the lodge with my whole heart swelling within me. It is much more quiet and subdued, and does not perhaps come and go quite as much; but yet in the midst of all, I half doubt sometimes whether everything about and within me is real. I just move on like a man in a dream, but this again does not make me idle. I don't suppose I ever worked harder, on the whole, than I do now, and I have much anxious work at the Hospital. Such cases, Fan! Only two hours ago, I left a poor sailor, by whose side I had been kneeling near three-quarters of an hour, holding his sinking head and moistening his mouth with wine, the dews of death on his forehead, and his poor emaciated frame heaving like one great pulse at each breath. For four days that he has been there (brought in a dying state from the Merchantman) I have been with him, and yesterday I administered to him the Holy Communion. He had spoken earnestly of his real desire to testify the sincerity of his repentance and faith and love. I have been there daily for nine days, but I cannot always manage it, as it is nearly two miles off. The responsibility is great of dealing with such cases, but I trust that God will pardon all my sad mistakes. I cannot withhold the Bread of Life when I see indications of real sorrow for sin, and the simple readiness to obey the command of Christ, even though there is great ignorance and but little time to train a soul for heaven. I cannot, as you may suppose, prepare for my Sunday work as I ought to do, from want of time. Last Sunday I had

three whole services, besides reading the Communion Service and preaching at 11 A.M., and reading Prayers at 5 P.M. I should have preached five times but that I left my sermon at Mr. T.'s, thinking to go back for it.... Mrs. K. gave me an old "Woolmer" the other day, which gladdened my eyes. Little bits of comfort come in, you see, in these ways. Nothing can be kinder than the people here, I mean in Auckland and its neighbourhood—real, simple, hearty kindness. Perhaps the work at Kohimarama is most irksome to me. It is no joke to keep sailors in good humour ashore, and I fear that our presence on board was much needed during the passage out.'

With reference to his sister's reading, he continues:—'Take care of Maurice, Fan; I do not think it too much to say that he is simply and plainly "unsound" on the doctrine of the Atonement; I don't charge him with heresy from his stand-point, but remember that you have not been brought into contact with Quakers, Socinians, &c., and that he may conceive of a way of reconciling metaphysically difficulties which a far inferior but less inquisitive and vorsehender geist pronounces for itself simply contrary to the word of God. There are two Greek prepositions which contain the gist of the whole matter, huper, in behalf of, and anti, instead of, in the place of. Maurice's doctrine goes far to do away with the truth of the last, as applied to the Sacrifice of Christ. I have an exceedingly high regard for him, and respect for his goodness no less than his ability. His position has exposed him to very great difficulties, and therefore, if he is decidedly wrong, it is not for

us to judge him. Read his "Kingdom of Christ," and his early books; but he is on very slippery and dangerous ground now. It is indeed a great and noble task to propose to oneself, viz.—to teach that God is our Father, and to expose the false and most unhappy idea that has at times prevailed of representing God as actuated by strong indignation, resentment, &c., against the human race, so that men turned from Him as from some fearful avenging power. This is the worst form of Anthropomorphism, but this is not the Scriptural idea of a just God. We cannot, perhaps, conceive of absolute justice; certainly we are no judges of God's own revealed scheme of reconciling Justice with Law, and so I call Maurice's, to a certain extent, human teaching, more philosophy than religion, more metaphysics than revelation.'

On the 22nd the Ordination took place, and the second Maori deacon was ordained, Levi (or according to Maori pronunciation, Eivata) Ahea, a man of about thirty-eight, whose character had long been tested. Immediately after, the Bishop, Mrs. Selwyn, Mr. Patteson, and the new deacon, set forth on a coasting expedition in the new vessel.

The language of the journal becomes nautical, and strong in praise of the conduct of the little ship, which took the party first to Nelson, where Sunday, the 7th of October, was spent, the Bishop going ashore while Patteson held a service for the sailors on board, first going round to the vessels anchored in the harbour to invite the men's attendance, but without much success. On the 10th he wrote:—

'Already I feel to a certain extent naturalized. I do not think I should despair of qualifying myself in three months for the charge of a native parish. I don't mean that I know the niceties of the language so as to speak it always correctly, but I should be able to communicate with them on ordinary subjects, and to preach and catechize. But, after all, Melanesia is becoming more and more a substantial reality.'

The history of Bishop Selwyn's visitation hardly belongs to Patteson's life; but after one Sunday morning's ministration at Queen Charlotte's Sound, Patteson was thus entreated: 'At 2.30 I was on shore again, and soon surrounded by some thirty or forty natives, with whom I talked a long while about the prospect of a clergyman being settled among them. "We want you! You speak so plainly, we can understand you!"

'"No, I am going to the islands, to the blacks there." (N.B. The Maoris speak of the Blacks with a little touch of contempt.)

'"You are wanted here! Never mind the blacks!"

'"Ought not the Gospel to be preached to them, too? They have no teacher. Is it not right they should be taught as you have been?"

'"Ke rae tika ana. Yes, yes, that is right!"'

The settlements, then new, of Canterbury and Dunedin were visited, and then, the Bishop remaining on shore on other work, the 'Southern Cross' started for the Chatham Isles, gaining high commendation for all the good qualities of which a schooner could be supposed capable.

'It was pretty to see the little, vessel running away from the great broad-backed rollers which rolled over the shore far above. Every now and then she shipped a sea, and once her deck was quite full of water, up to the gunwale nearly.' And as for her future skipper, he says, 'I had plenty of work at navigation. It really is very puzzling at first; so much to remember—currents, compass, variation, sun's declination, equation of time, lee way, &c. But I think I have done my work pretty well up to now, and of course it is a great pleasure as well as a considerable advantage to be able to give out the true and magnetic course of the ship, and to be able from day to day to give out her position.'

The Chatham Islands are dependencies of New Zealand, inhabited by Maoris, and as it has fallen to the lot of few to visit them, here is this extract concerning them:—

'I buried a man there, a retired sea captain who had spent some twenty years of his life in China, and his widow was a Chinese woman, a little dot of a thing, rather nice-looking. She spoke a little English and more Maori. We walked through the Pa to the burial-ground, some twenty natives all dressed in black, i.e. something black about them, and many in a good suit, attending the funeral. Levi had spent the day before (Sunday) with them and had told them about me. As I approached the Pa before the funeral they all raised the native cry of welcome, the "Tangi." I advanced, speaking to them collectively, and then went through the ceremony of shaking hands with each one in order as they stood in a row, saying something, if I could think of it, to each.

After the funeral they all (according to native custom) sat down in the open air, round a large cloth on the ground, on which were spread tins of potatoes, fish, pork, &c. The leader came to me and said, "This is the Maori fashion. Come, my friend, and sit with us," and deposited three bottles of beer at my feet, while provisions enough for Dan Lambert were stored around—a sort of Homeric way of honouring me, and perhaps they made a Benjamin of me. However, I had already eaten a mouldy biscuit and had a glass of beer at the house of the Chinawoman, so I only said grace for them, and after talking a little while, I shook hands all round and went off. Their hands, being used as knives and forks, were not a little greasy; but of course one does not think of that.

As I passed the end of the Pa I heard a cry, and saw a very old man with a perfectly white beard, too old to come to the feast, who had crawled out of his hut to see me. He had nothing on but a blanket, and I was sorry I had not known of his being there, that I might have gone to the old gentleman, so we talked and shook hands, and I set off for my eight miles walk back. The whole island is one vast peat field, in many places below in a state of ignition; then the earth crumbles away below and pits are formed, rank with vegetation, splendid soil for potatoes.'

Christmas-day was spent at Wellington, in services on shore, the Christmas dinner eaten on board, but the evening spent at the Governor's in blind man's buff and other games with the children, then evening prayers on board for the crew. The stay

at Wellington was altogether enjoyable, and it ended by Mr. Patteson taking the command of the vessel, and returning with Mrs. Selwyn to Auckland, while the Bishop pursued his journey by land, no small proof of the confidence inspired by so recent a mariner. He was sorry to lose the sight of the further visitation, and in his New Year's letter of 1856, written soon after receiving a budget from home, there is one little touch of home sickness:—

'Really it is a fine land, with wonderful facilities for large manufacturing, commercial, and agricultural interests; worth visiting, too, merely for the scenery, but somehow enjoying scenery depends a good deal upon having one's own friends to enjoy it with. One thing I do enjoy thoroughly, and that is the splendid sunsets. I don't remember anywhere to have seen such fine soft golden sunsets; and they are not wanting in variety, for occasionally he goes to bed among red and crimson and purple clouds, with wild scuds flying above, which suggest to me the propriety of turning up my bed and looking out for a good roll in the night. But there is certainly a peculiar transparency in the air which makes the distances look distant indeed.'

This trip, so cheerfully described, was rather a pull on the frame which had yet to become seasoned to the heat of the southern midsummer, and there was a languor about the outward man, the last remnant of the original sluggishness, which, if ever a doubt arose of the fitness of the instrument for the work, awoke it during the voyage. There was depression likewise, in part, no doubt, from the spending the first Christmas away from

home and friends, and partly from a secret disappointment at the arrangement which made him for a time acting-master, not to say steward, of the ship, so that he had to live on board of her, and make himself useful on Sundays, according to need, in the churches on shore, a desultory life very trying to him, but which he bore with his usual quiet determination to do obediently and faithfully the duty laid on him, without picking or choosing.

The journal-letters continue on the 17th of January: 'Wrote a Maori sermon this morning, not feeling able yet to preach extempore in the native language, though it is much better to do so as soon as I can. Now I must stick to the vessel again. I have been quite frisky, really, for two days past, and have actually slept on shore, the fourth time since September 24. The sensation is exceedingly pleasant of firm ground underneath and clean water, a basin, &c., to wash in. And yet I almost like coming back to my ship home: it is really very comfortable, and you know I always liked being a good deal alone. I am reading, for lightish reading, the first part of the third volume of Neander's Church History, which is all about Missions. It is the fifth volume in the way his works are usually bound up, and came out in this box the other day. It is very interesting, especially to me now, and it is curious to observe how much the great men insisted upon the necessity of attending to the more secular part of missionary work,—agriculture, fishing, and other means of humanizing the social condition of the heathen among whom they lived. Columbanus and Boniface, and his pupil Gregory, and others (all the German

Missionaries, almost) just went on the plan the Bishop wants to work out here.

'2. P.M. I am off to Otaki to see my native parishioners. What different work from calling in at S. W.'s and other good Alfingtonians! The walk will be pleasant, especially as I have been grinding away at navigation all the morning. My stupid head gets puzzled at that kind of work; and yet it is very good for me, just because it requires accuracy.

'29th. Just as I am beginning to get some hold of the Maori, so as to make real use of it, the Island languages are beginning to come into work. I have a curious collection here now—some given by the Judge, who is a great philologist, others belonging to the Bishop—a MS. grammar here, one chapter of St. Mark in another language, four Gospels in a third, a few chapters of Kings with the Lord's Prayer in a fourth, besides Marsden's Malay grammar and lexicon. Mrs. Nihill has given me some few sheets of the Nengone language, and also lent me her husband's MS. grammar. One letter, written (—);, but pronounced a sort of rg in the throat, yet not like an ordinary guttural, she declares took two years to learn. You may fancy I have enough to do, and then all my housekeeping affairs take up a deal of time, for I not only have to order things, but to weigh them out, help to cut out and weigh the meat, &c., and am quite learned in the mysteries of the store-room, which to be sure is a curious place on board ship. I hope you are well suited with a housekeeper: if I were at home I could fearlessly advertise for such a situation. I have passed through

the preliminary steps of housemaid and scullerymaid, and now, having taken to serving out stores, am quite qualified for the post, especially after my last performance of making bread, and even a cake.'

This seems to be the right place for the description which the wife of Chief Justice Martin gives of Mr. Patteson at this period. The first meeting, she says, 'was the beginning of an intimate friendship, which has been one of the great blessings of our lives. After a short stay at St. John's College, he came into residence at St. Stephen's native institution, of which Archdeacon Kissling was then the Principal. He learned rapidly to read and speak Maori, and won all hearts there by his gentle unassuming manners. My husband was at that time a great invalid, and as our dear friend was living within five minutes' walk of our house he came in whenever he had a spare half-hour. He used to bring Archer Butler's sermons to read with us, and I well remember the pleasant talks that ensued. The two minds were drawn together by common tasks and habits of thought. Both had great facility in acquiring languages, and interest in all questions of philology. Both were also readers of German writers on Church history and of critical interpretation of the New Testament, and I think it was a help to the younger man to be able to discuss these and kindred subjects with an older and more trained mind. I had heard much of our dear friend before he arrived, and I remember feeling a little disappointed at first, though much drawn to him by his gentle affectionate thoughtfulness and goodness. He said

little about his future work. He had come obedient to the call and was quietly waiting to do whatever should be set him to do. As my husband a few months later told Sir John Patteson, there was no sudden flame of enthusiasm which would die down, but a steady fire which would go on burning. To me he talked much of his home. He used to walk beside my pony, and tell me about "his dear father"—how lovingly his voice used to linger over those words!—of the struggle it had been to leave him, of the dreariness of the day of embarkation. Years after he could hardly bear to recall it to mind. I remember his bright look the first day it became certain that we must visit England. "Why, then you will see my dear father, and tell him all about me!" I knew all his people quite well before, and when I went to visit his little parish of Alfington I seemed to recognise each cottage and its humble inmates, so faithfully had he described his old people and haunts.

'One thing that specially impressed me was his reverent appreciation of the good he had gained from older friends. He certainly had not imbibed any of the indifference to the opinion of elders ascribed to the youth of this generation. "Dear old tutor," his uncles, Sir John Coleridge and Dr. Coleridge, to whom he looked up with almost filial reverence, the beloved Uncle Frank, whose holy life and death he dwelt on with a sort of awe, how gratefully and humbly he spoke of the help he had got from them! He was full of enthusiasm about music, painting, and art in general. He would flow on to willing listeners of Mendelssohn and other great composers, and when he found that we hoped to

visit Italy he was just as eager about pictures. He owned that both at Dresden and at Rome he had weakened his eyes by constant study of his favourite masters.

'Altogether he gave me the impression of having had a very happy youth and having enjoyed it thoroughly. His Eton and Oxford life, the society of men of thought at his father's house, home interests, foreign travel, art, happy days with his brother Jem in the Tyrol, were all entertained as pleasant memories, and yet he was able without conscious effort or struggle to put them all aside for his work's sake.

'The Bishop kindly gave us a passage to Wellington in the "Southern Cross," and Mr. Patteson went with us in charge of the vessel. We were five days at sea. I used to lie on the deck, and watch with amused interest the struggle going on between his student habits and his practical duties, which were peculiarly distasteful to him. He was never quite well at sea, but was headachy and uncomfortable. He was scrupulously neat and clean, and the dirt and stiffness displeased him—how much we never knew, till he spoke out one day when very ill at our house in 1870. He was not apt at teaching, but he used conscientiously to hear a young lad spell and read daily. He would come up with some book of thought in his hand, and seemed buried in it, till he suddenly would remember he ought to be directing or overlooking in some way. This would happen half a dozen times in an afternoon.

'He shrank at this time from finding fault. It was a positive

distress to him. At Wellington we parted. He seemed a little depressed, I remember, as to what use he would be. I said: "Why, you will be the son Timothy! This was after some years of partially failing health, when these feelings had become habitual. I do not think they existed in his earlier voyages so long waited for." His face brightened up at the thought. "Yes, if I can release the Bishop of some of his anxieties, that will be enough."'

No doubt he was depressed at parting with the Chief Justice and Mrs. Martin, who were thoroughly home-like friends, and whose return was then uncertain. His success as a sea-captain however encouraged him, and he wrote as follows on his return:—

'Kohimarama: March 6, 1856.

"Southern Cross."

'My dear Miss Neill,—How kind of you to write to me, and such a nice long letter. It cost you a great effort, I am sure, and much pain, I fear; but I know it was a comfort to you that it was written, and indeed it was a great happiness to me to read it. Oh, these letters! The intense enjoyment of hearing about you all at home, I know no pleasure like it now. Fond as I always was of reading letters and papers, the real happiness of a mail from England now is quite beyond the conception of any but a wanderer in foreign parts. Our mail went out yesterday at 2 P.M., rather unluckily for me, as I only returned from a very rapid and prosperous voyage to Wellington yesterday morning.

'I took the Chief Justice and Mrs. Martin (such dear, excellent

people) to Wellington to meet the "Seringa-patam," homeward bound from that port; and I brought back from Wellington the Governor's sick wife and suite. Only absent a fortnight for a voyage of 1,100 miles, including three days' stay at Wellington. The coast of New Zealand is so uncertain, and the corners so many in coasting from Auckland to Wellington, that the usual passage occupies seven or eight days; and when the "Southern Cross" appeared yesterday morning in harbour, I was told by several of the officers and other residents that they feared we had put back from foul weather, or because the Judge could not bear the motion of the vessel. They scarcely thought we could actually have been to Wellington and returned.

'Most thankful am I for such a fine passage, for I had two sets of invalids, the Judge being only now (as we trust) recovering from a severe illness, and Mrs. Martin very weakly; and I felt the responsibility of having the charge of them very much. This was my second trip as "Commodore," the Bishop still being on his land journey; but we expect him in Auckland at the end of the month. As you may suppose, I am getting on with my navigation, take sights, of course, and work out errors of watches, place of ship, &c.; it is pretty and interesting work, and though you know well enough that I have no turn for mathematics, yet this kind of thing is rendered so easy nowadays by the tables that are constructed for nautical purposes, that I do not think I should feel afraid of navigating a ship at all. The "seamanship" is another thing, and that the master of the ship is responsible

for.... You ask me, dear Miss Neill, where I am settled. Why, settled, I suppose I am never to be: I am a missionary, you know, not a "stationary." But, however, my home is the "Southern Cross," where I live always in harbour as well as at sea, highly compassionated by all my good friends here, from the Governor downwards, and highly contented myself with the sole possession of a cosy little cabin nicely furnished with table, lots of books, and my dear father's photograph, which is an invaluable treasure and comfort to me. In harbour I live in the cabin. It is hung round with barometers (aneroids), sympie-someters, fixed chest for chronometers, charts, &c. Of course, wherever the "Southern Cross" goes I go too, and I am a most complete skipper. I feel as natural with my quadrant in my hand as of old with a cricket bat. Then I do rather have good salt-water baths, and see glorious sunsets and sunrises, and star-light nights, and the great many-voiced ocean, the winds and waves chiming all night with a solemn sound, lapping against my ear as I lie in my canvas bed, six feet by two and a half, and fall sound asleep and dream of home. Oh! there is much that is really enjoyable in this kind of life; and if the cares of the vessel, management of men, &c., do harass me sometimes, it is very good for me; security from such troubles having been anxiously and selfishly pursued by me at home.

'If it please God to give success to our mission work, I may some day be "settled" (if I live) on some one of the countless islands of the South Pacific, looking after a kind of

Protestant Propaganda College for the education of teachers and missionaries from among the islanders, but this is all uncertain.

'Now good-bye, my dear Miss Neill. I never doubt that in all your sufferings God does administer abundant sources of consolation to you. Even my life, so painless and easy, is teaching me that we judge of these things by a relative standard only, and I can conceive of one duly trained and prepared for heaven that many most blessed anticipations of future rest may be vouchsafed in the midst of extreme bodily pain. It is in fact a kind of martyrdom, and truly so when borne patiently for the love of Christ.

'Always, my dear Miss Neill,

'Your very affectionate,

'J. C. PATTESON.'

The Sundays were days of little rest. Clergy were too scarce for one with no fixed cure not to be made available to the utmost, and the undeveloped state of the buildings and of all appliances of devotion fell heavily and coldly on one trained to beauty, both of architecture and music, though perhaps the variety of employment was the chief trial. His Good Friday and Easter Sunday's journal show the sort of work that came on him:—

'Taurarua, Good Friday.—I am tired, for walking about in a hot sun, with a Melanesian kit, as we call them, slung round the neck, with clothes and books, is really fatiguing. Yesterday

and to-day are just samples of colonial work. Thursday, 7.30, prayers in chapel; 10.30, Communion service in chapel. Walked two miles to see a parishioner of the Archdeacon's. 1.30, dinner; 2.30, walked to Taurarua, five and a half miles, in a burning sun; walked on to Mr. T.'s and back again, three miles and a half more. 7, tea, wrote a sermon and went to bed. To-day, service and sermon, for 600 soldiers at 9; Communion service and preached at 11. Back to Taurarua after three miles' walk, on to the College, and read prayers at 7. Not much work, it is true, but disjointed, and therefore more fatiguing. I do sometimes long almost for the rest of English life, the quiet evening after the busy day; but I must look on to a peaceful rest by and by; meanwhile work away, and to be sure I have a grand example in the Bishop.

'Easter Day.—I was at Tamaki chapel, a cold, bare, barn-like building of scoria, all this country being of volcanic origin. Fifty persons present perhaps: two or three faint female voices, two or three rough most discordant male voices, all the attempt at singing. No instrument of any kind. The burthen of trying to raise the tone of the whole service to a really rejoicing thankful character wholly, I suppose, upon myself, and I so unequal to it. But the happy blessed services themselves, they gradually absorbed the mind, and withdrew it from all relative and comparative ideas of externals of worship. What a training it is here for the appreciation of the wondrous beauty of our Church services, calming all feeling of excitement and irreverent passionate zeal, and enabling one to give full scope to the joy and

glory of one's heart, without, I hope, forgetting to rejoice with reverence and moderation. Here, at Tamaki, you have nothing but the help the services themselves give, and I suppose that is very good for one in reality, though at the time it makes one feel as if something was wanting in the hearty sympathy and support of earnest fellow-worshippers. The College chapel nicely decorated.

'1st Sunday after Easter: Taurarua.—I walked in from the College yesterday afternoon, took the soldiers' service at 9.15 A.M., Communion service and sermon at St. Matthew's at 11, Hospital at 2.30. Preached at St. Paul's at 6 P.M., reminding me of my Sunday's work when I was living at St. Stephen's. It is a comfort to have a Sunday in Auckland occasionally—more like a Sunday, with a real church, and people responding and singing.'

So passed that first year, which many an intending missionary before Patteson has found a crucial test which he has not taken into his calculations. The soreness of the wrench from home is still fresh, and there is no settled or regular work to occupy the mind, while the hardships are exactly of the kind that have not been anticipated, and are most harassing, though unsatisfying to the imagination, and all this when the health is adapting itself to a new climate, and the spirits are least in time, so that the temper is in the most likely condition to feel and resent any apparent slight or unexpected employment. No one knows how many high hopes have sunk, how many intended workers have been turned aside, by this ordeal of the first year.

Patteson, however, was accepting whatever was distasteful as wholesome training in the endurance of hardships, and soon felt the benefit he reaped from it. The fastidiousness of his nature was being conquered, his reluctance to rebuke forced out of being a hindrance, and no doubt the long-sought grace of humility was rendered far more attainable by the obedient fulfilment of these lowly tasks.

CHAPTER VII. THE MELANESIAN ISLES. 1856-1857

And now, in his twenty-ninth year, after all the unconscious preparation of his education, and the conscious preparation of two years, Coleridge Patteson began the definite work of his life. Bishop Selwyn was to sail with him in the "Southern Cross," making the voyage that had been intermitted during the expedition to England, introducing him to the Islands, and testing his adaptation to the work there. The first point was, however, to be Sydney, with the hope of obtaining leave to use Norfolk Island as the headquarters of the Mission. They meant to touch there, weather permitting, on their way northward.

Ascension Day was always Bishop Selwyn's favourite time for starting, so that the charge might be ringing freshly in his ears and those of his companions, 'Go ye and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.'

There was morning service and Holy Communion at the little College chapel on the 1st of May, Ascension Day of 1856; then the party went on board, but their first start was only to Coromandel Bay, in order that the Bishop might arrange a dispute with the Maoris, and they then returned to Auckland to take up Mrs. Selwyn. The crew were five in number, and Mr.

Leonard Harper, son of the future Bishop of Lyttelton, likewise accompanied them, and relieved Patteson of his onerous duties as steward.

The first adventure was such a storm as the little vessel had never yet encountered. The journal-letter thus describes it:—'On Saturday morning it began to blow from the north-east, and for the first time I experienced a circular gale or hurricane. Mrs. Somerville, I think, somewhere describes the nature of them in her "Physical Geography." The wind veered and hauled about a point or two, but blew from the north-east with great force, till about seven P.M. we could do no more with it and had to lie to. Ask old D. what that means, if you can't understand my description of it. The principle of it is to set two small sails, one fore and one aft, lash the rudder (wheel) amidships, make all snug, put on hatches, batten everything down, and trust to ride out the storm. As the vessel falls away from the wind by the action of one sail, it is brought up to it again by the other-sail. Thus her head is always kept to the wind, and she meets the seas, which if they caught her on the beam or the quarter would very likely send her down at once. About midnight on Saturday the wind suddenly chopped round to W.S.W., so that we were near the focus of the gale; it blew harder and harder till we took down the one sail forward, as the ropes and spars were enough for the wind to act upon. From 1 P.M. to 7 P.M. on Sunday it blew furiously. The whole sea was one drift of foam, and the surface of the water beaten down almost flat by the excessive

violence of the wind, which cut off the head of every wave as it strove to raise itself, and carried it in clouds of spray and great masses of water, driving and hurling it against any obstacle, such as our little vessel, with inconceivable fury. As I stood on deck, gasping for breath, my eyes literally unable to keep themselves open, and only by glimpses getting a view of this most grand and terrible sight, it seemed as if a furious snow-storm was raging over a swelling, heaving, dark mass of waters. When anything could be seen beyond the first or second line of waves, the sky and sea appeared to meet in one cataract of rain and spray. A few birds were driving about like spirits of the storm. It was, as Shakspeare calls it, a regular hurly. Add to this the straining of the masts, the creaking of the planks, the shrill whistle of the wind in the ropes and cordage, the occasional crash of a heavy sea as it struck us with a sharp sound, and the rush of water over the decks, down the companion and hatches, that followed, and you have a notion of a gale of wind. And yet this was far from all the wind and sea can do, and we were never in any danger, I believe. That is, an unlucky sea at such a time may be fatal, and if anything about the schooner had been unsound it might have been awkward. At prayers, the Bishop read the prayer to be used in a storm, but I never myself entertained the idea of our being really in peril, nor did I suffer anything like the anxiety that I did when we were rounding Cape Palliser on our way to Wellington with the Judge. Here we had sea room and no fear of driving upon rocks. It is blowing a good deal now, as you see by my

writing. I have a small ink-bottle of glass, made like an eel-pot (such as tax-gatherers use), tied to my buttonhole, and with this I can scribble away in almost any sea. Dear me! you could not sit still a minute, even now. I was qualmish on Saturday, and for a minute sick, but pretty comfortable on Sunday, though wearied by the constant pitching and rolling.'

The day after this, namely May 15, the Bishop and Mr. Patteson rowed into Cascade Bay, Norfolk Island, amid a heavy surf, but they saw no cascade, as there had been no rain for a long time; and there were only rocks surmounted by pine trees, no living creature, no landing-place, as they coasted along. At last they saw a smooth-looking rock with an iron staple, and concluding that it was the way of approach, they watched their time, and through the surf which broke over it they leapt on it, and dashed ashore before the returning swell caught them. They walked inland, and met a man, one of twelve convicts who had been left behind to receive the Pitcairners, who had not yet arrived, but were on their way from their original island in H.M.S. 'Juno.' The vegetation and climate struck them as beautiful; there were oranges, lemons, sweet potatoes, and common potatoes, and English vegetables, and the Norfolk Island pine growing to a great height: 'but,' writes Coley, 'it is coarser in the leaf and less symmetrical in shape than I had expected. I thought to have seen the tree of Veitch's nursery garden on a scale three or four times as large, and so I might have done in any of the gardens; but as they grow wild in the forest, they are not so very different from

the more common fir tribe.'

They saw one house, but had little time, and getting down to the smooth rock, stood there, barefooted, till the boat could back in between the rollers; the Bishop leapt in at the first, and the boat made off at once, and till it could return, Patteson had to cling to the clamps to hinder himself from being washed off, as six or seven waves broke over him before the boat could come near enough for another spring. These difficulties in landing were one of the recommendations of the island, by isolating the future inhabitants from the demoralising visits of chance vessels.

Then followed some days of great enjoyment of the calm warmth of the semi-tropical winter, chiefly varied by catching a young shark, and contrasting him with his attendant pilot, as the ugliest and prettiest of fish. Patteson used the calm to write (May 30) one of his introspective letters, owning that he felt physical discomfort, and found it hard to banish 'recollections of clean water, dry clothes, and drink not tasting like medicine; but that he most of all missed the perfect unconstrained ease of home conversation.'

Then he continues:—

'But now, don't you see, Fan, how good this is for me? If you think impartially of me, as you recollect me, you will see how soft and indolent I was, how easily I fell into self-indulgent habits, how little I cared to exert myself and try and exercise the influence, etc., a clergyman may be supposed to possess; there was nothing about me to indicate energy, to fit me for working

out a scheme and stamping my own mind upon others who came in contact with me. Perhaps there is no one person who can trace any sensible influence to anything I ever did or said.

'Now I don't of course venture to say that this is otherwise now; but I think that this is the best training to make it so. I think that I ought to be gaining strength of purpose, resolution, energy of character, under these circumstances. And observe, what should I be without some such change pressing on me? Just imagine me, such a one as I was at Alfington, alone on an island with twenty-five Melanesian boys, from half as many different islands, to be trained, clothed, brought into orderly habits, &c., the report of our proceedings made in some sort the test of the working of the Mission; and all this to be arranged, ordered, and worked out by me, who found H. B– and W. P– a care too great for me.

'Don't you see that I must become very different from what I was—more of a man; to say nothing of the higher and religious side of this question? While then there is much that my carnal self-indulgent nature does not at all like, and while it is always trying to rebel, my better sense and the true voice within tells me that, independently of this particular work requiring such a discipline, the discipline itself is good for the formation of my own character.... Oh! the month of June at Feniton! the rhododendrons, azaleas, and kalmias, the burst of flowers and trees, the song of thrush and blackbird (both unknown to New Zealand). The green meadows and cawing rooks, and church

towers and Sunday bells, and the bright sparkling river and leaping trout: and the hedges with primrose and violet (I should like to see a hedge again); and I am afraid I must add the green peas and beans, and various other garden productions, which would make salt pork more palatable! Yes, I should like to see it all again; but it is of the earth after all, and I have the "many-twinkling smile of Ocean," though there is no soft woodland dell to make it more beautiful by its contrast. Well, I have had a happy hour scribbling away, and now to work.'

'I am less distressed now,' he adds, a few days later, in the same strain, 'at the absence of all that is customary in England on these occasions (great festivals), though I dare not say how far the loss of all these privileges produces a bad effect upon my heart and character. One often loses the spirit when the form is withdrawn, and I still sorely long for the worship of God in the beauty of holiness, and my mind reverts to Ottery Church, and college chapels and vast glorious cathedrals.'

On the 10th of June the 'Southern Cross' was in Sydney harbour, and remained there a fortnight, Bishop Barker gladly welcoming the new arrivals, though in general Bishop Selwyn and his Chaplain announced themselves as like the man and woman in the weather-glass, only coming-out by turns, since one or other had to be in charge of the ship; but later an arrangement was made which set them more at liberty. And the churches at Sydney were a great delight to Patteson; the architecture, music, and all the arrangements being like those among which he had been

trained.

'A Sunday worth a dozen gales of wind!' he exclaims, 'but you can hardly judge of the effect produced by all the good substantial concomitants of Divine worship upon one who for fourteen months has scarcely seen anything but a small wooden church, with almost all the warmth of devotion resting on himself. I feel roused to the core. …I felt the blessing of worshipping the Lord with a full heart in the beauty of holiness. A very good organ well played, and my joy was great when we sang the long 78th Psalm to an old chant of itself almost enough to upset me, the congregation singing in parts with heart and voice.'

His exhilaration showed itself in a letter to his little cousin, Paulina Martin:—

"Southern Cross," Sydney Harbour: June 18, 1856.

'My darling Pena,—Are you so anxious to have a letter from me, and do you think I am going to forget all about you? However, you have had long before this two or three letters from me, I hope, and when I write to grandpapa or grandmamma or mamma, you must always take it as if a good deal was meant for you, for I have not quite so much time for writing as you have, I dare say, in spite of music and French and history and geography and all the rest of it. But I do dearly love to write to you when I can, and you must be quite certain that I shall always do so as I have opportunity.

'Don't you ever talk to me about any of your English watering-

places and sea-port towns! No one knows anything about what an harbour can be for perfect beauty of earth, air, and sea, for wooded banks and rocky heights, and fine shipping and handsome buildings, and all the bustle and stir of a town of 80,000 inhabitants somehow lost and hidden among gum trees and Norfolk Island pines and parks and gravel walks; and everywhere the magnificent sea view breaking in upon the eye. Don't be angry, darling, for I love Dawlish very much, and would sooner go and sail the "Mary Jane" with you in some dear little basin among the rocks at low tide, and watch all the little crabs and other creatures with long Latin names, than walk about Sydney arm-in-arm with the Bishops of New Zealand and Newcastle, to call on the Governor. But I must say what I think about the natural scenery of places that I visit, and nowhere, even in New Zealand—no, not even in Queen Charlotte's Sound, nor in Banks's Peninsula, have I seen anything so completely beautiful as this harbour—'"heoi ano" "that's enough." The Governor told us yesterday that when he was at Hobart Town, he made the convicts cut a path through one of the deep gullies running down from a mountain 4,500 feet high to the sea. The path was two miles long, and all the way the tree-ferns, between twenty and thirty feet high, formed a natural roof arched and vaulted like the fretted roofs of our Tudor churches and chapels. There is a botanical garden here with a very good collection of all the Australian trees and shrubs, and with many New Zealand and many semi-tropical plants besides. All the English flowers

and fruits grow here as well, so that in the warmer months it must look beautiful. It is close to the sea, which runs here in little creeks and bays close up among the public walks and buildings; and as the shore is all rocky and steep at low water, there is no mud or swamp or seaweed, but only clear green water quite deep and always calm and tranquil, because the harbour is so broken up and diversified by innumerable islets, gulfs, &c., that no wind can raise any sea of consequence in it.

'Just now it is winter time—slight frost at night, but no appearance of it after the sun is up; bright hot days, and bracing cold nights, the very perfection of a climate in winter, but in summer very hot. It is so funny to me to see regular stone and brick houses, and shops, and carriages, and cabs, &c., all quite new to me.

'To-night there is a great missionary meeting. Bishops of Sydney, New Zealand, and Newcastle present. Bishop of Newcastle and a Mr. King advocate the cause of the Australian blacks, and the Bishop of New Zealand and unfortunate I have to speechify about Melanesia. What on earth to say I don't know, for of course the Bishop will exhaust the subject before me.

'However, I must try and not be in a great fright; but I would sooner by half be going to have a talk with a parcel of Maoris. Now, you must get Fanny Patteson to tell you all about our voyage from New Zealand, our adventure at Norfolk Island, &c.

'We sail on Monday, 23rd, for Norfolk Island again, as it is in our way to the Solomon group, because we shall get the S.E.

trades just about there, and so run away in style to the Solomon Islands, and perhaps farther north still, but that is not probable this time.

'Always, my darling,

'Your affectionate cousin,

'J. C. PATTESON.'

This meeting was called by the Australian Board of Missions to receive information or propositions concerning the missions to the Australians and Melanesians. Bishop Barker of Sydney was in the chair, and the Bishop of Newcastle, who had made one Melanesian cruise in the 'Border Maid,' was likewise present. The room was crowded to excess, and from 900 to 1,000 were certainly present, many more failing to get in. Afterwards Patteson writes to his father:—

'The Bishop of New Zealand, in introducing me to the meeting, spoke before all these people of you and me in a way that almost unnerved me, and I had to speak next. What he said is not reported, or very badly—calling me his dear friend, with his voice quivering—I never saw him more, or so much affected —"I ought to be most thankful to God for giving me so dear a companion, &c." But he spoke so of you, and people here seemed to know of you, coming up to me, and asking about you, after the meeting. The Bishop of Newcastle spoke of you most kindly, and really with very great feeling. An evening I had

dreaded ended happily. Before I dined with the three Bishops; last night with Chief Justice Sir Alfred Stephen, and met the trio again, Bishop everywhere speaking of me as one of his family. "No, my boys are not with me; but we have my dear friend Mr. Patteson." Of course all this exhibition of feeling never comes out when we are alone, we know each other too well. And now the romance of Mission work is over, and the real labour is to begin. There has been bad work among the islands lately, but you know in whose hands we are.'

The collections both at the door and on the following Sunday were very large, and a strong warm feeling was excited in Sydney which has never since died away. Mr. Patteson was much beloved there, and always met with kind welcome and ready assistance from all classes. But there was one great disappointment. The Bishop of New Zealand, on formally setting before Sir William Denison, Governor-General of Australia, his plan for making Norfolk Island the site of a school for training Melanesian teachers, and eventually the seat of a bishopric, received a refusal, and was not permitted even to place a chaplain there. Sir William, as he tells us in his published diary, had heard from some quarter or other rumours respecting the Melanesian scholars which made him suppose that their presence might have a bad effect upon the Pitcairners; and repeated that his instructions were that the islanders should be left as much as possible to themselves. The request to be permitted to place Mr. Patteson there was refused on the ground that Norfolk Island

belonged to the see of Tasmania, and not to that of New Zealand. But the Bishop of Tasmania could hardly visit it without great inconvenience, and he had therefore placed it under the care of his brother of New Zealand, full in whose track it lay. The matter was referred to the Colonial Secretary, and in the meantime Bishop Selwyn adhered to his purpose of visiting it on leaving Sydney, and though he could not place his chaplain there, leaving Mrs. Selwyn to assist in the work of training the new comers to the novelties of a more temperate climate and a more genial soil than they had known on the torrid rock of Pitcairn's Island.

Accordingly, on the 4th of July, the 'Southern Cross' again approached the island, and finding that the Pitcairners had come, and that their magistrate and Mr. Nobbs, their clergyman, would gladly welcome assistance, the Bishop brought Mrs. Selwyn on shore, and left her there to assist Mr. Nobbs in preparing the entire population to be confirmed on his return. But the Pitcairners have been amply written about, and as Coleridge Patteson's connection with them was only incidental, I shall not dwell on them or their history.

The 'Southern Cross' reached Anaiteum on the 14th of July. This island was occupied by Mr. Inglis and Mr. Greddie, of the Scottish Presbyterian Mission, who had done much towards improving the natives. Small canoes soon began to come off to the vessel, little craft consisting of no more than the trunk of a tree hollowed out, seldom more than a foot broad, and perhaps eighteen inches deep, all with outriggers—namely, a

slight wooden frame or raft to balance them, and for the most part containing two men, or sometimes three or four. Before long, not less than fifteen or twenty had come on board, with woolly hair and mahogany skins, generally wearing a small strip of calico, but some without even this. They were small men, but lithe and supple, and walked about the deck quite at ease, chattering in a language no one understood except the words 'Missy Inglis,' as they pointed to a house. Presently another canoe arrived with a Samoan teacher with whom the Bishop could converse, and who said that Mr. Geddie was at Mare. They were soon followed by a whale boat with a Tahitian native teacher, a Futuma man, and a crew of Anaiteans.

'The Futuma man had expended his energies upon his hair, which was elaborately dressed after a fashion that precluded the possibility of any attention being bestowed upon the rest of his person, which was accordingly wholly unencumbered with any clothing. The perfection of this art apparently consisted in gathering up about a dozen hairs and binding them firmly with grass or fine twine of cocoa-nut fibre plastered with coral lime. As the hair grows, the binding is lengthened also, and only about four or five inches are suffered to escape from this confinement, and are then frizzed and curled, like a mop or a poodle's coat. Leonard Harper and I returned in this boat, Tahitian steering, Samoan, Futuman, and Anaiteans making one motley crew. The brisk trade soon carried us to the beach in front of Mr. Inglis's house, and arrived at the reef I rode out pick-a-back on the

Samoan, Leonard following on a half-naked Anaitean. We soon found ourselves in the midst of a number of men, women and children, standing round Mr. Inglis at the entrance of his garden. I explained to him the reason of the Bishop's being unable to land, that he alone knew the harbour on the other side of island, and so could not leave the vessel.

'Then, having delivered the boxes and letters we had brought for him from Auckland, we went into his house, gazing with delight at cocoanut trees, bananas, breadfruit trees, citrons, lemons, taro, &c., with bright tropical colouring thrown over all, lighting up the broad leaves and thick foliage of the trees around us.

'The house itself is built, after the fashion of these islands, of wattle plastered with coral lime, the roof thatched with the leaves of the cocoa-nut and pandana; the fences of the garden were made of cane, prettily worked together in a cross pattern; the path neatly kept, and everything looking clean and tidy. We sat down in a small, well-furnished room, and looked out upon the garden, verandah, and groups of men and women standing outside. Presently Mrs. Inglis came into the room, and after some discussion I was persuaded to stay all night, since the schooner could not reach her anchorage before dark, and the next day the water-casks were to be filled.

'An excellent dinner was provided: roast fowl with taro, a nutritious root somewhat like potato, rice and jam, bananas and delicious fruit, bread and Scotch cheese, with glasses of cocoa-

nut milk.

'Afterwards he showed us the arrangements for boarding young men and women—twelve of the former, and fourteen of the latter. Nothing could well exceed the cleanliness and order of their houses, sleeping rooms, and cooking rooms. The houses, wattled and plastered, had floors covered with native mats, beds laid upon a raised platform running round the inner room, mats and blankets for covering, and bamboo cane for a pillow. The boys were, some writing, some making twine, some summing, when we went in; the girls just putting on their bonnets, of their own manufacture, for school.

'They learn all household work—cooking, hemming, sewing, &c.; the boys tend the poultry, cows, cultivate taro, make arrowroot, &c. All of them could read fluently, and all looked happy, clean, and healthy. The girls wear their native petticoats of cocoa-nut leaves, with a calico body. Boys wear trousers, and some had shirts, some waistcoats, and a few jackets.

'We walked about a small wood adjoining the house, through which a small fresh-water stream runs. In the wood we saw specimens of the various trees and shrubs, and flowers of the island, including those already noticed in Mr. Inglis's garden, and the breadfruit tree and sugar-cane, and a beautiful bright flower of scarlet colour, a convolvulus, larger than any I had ever seen elsewhere; also a tree bearing a very beautiful yellow flower.

'We then returned to the house, and shortly afterwards went to the church, which is at present used also as the school-house,

though the uprights of a larger school-house are already fixed in the ground.

'Men, women, and children to the number of ninety-four had assembled in a large oblong building, wattled and plastered, with open windows on all sides; mats arranged on the floor, and a raised platform or bench running round the building for persons who prefer to sit after the English, instead of the native fashion,

'All that were called upon to read did so fluently; the singing was harsh and nasal enough, but in very good time; their counting very good, and their writing on slates quite equal to the average performance, I am satisfied, of a good English parish school. They listened attentively when Mr. Inglis spoke to them, and when at his request I said a few words, which he translated. The most perfect order and quiet prevailed all the time we were in the school. At the end of the lessons they came forward, and each one shook hands with Leonard Harper and myself, smiling and laughing with their quick intelligent eyes, and apparently pleased to see strangers among them.

'By this time it was dusk, and we went back to the Mission House, and spent a pleasant evening, asking and answering questions about Anaiteum and the world beyond it, until 8 P.M., when the boarders came to prayers, with two or three persons who live about the place. They read the third chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel in turns, verse by verse, and then a prayer from Mr. Inglis followed. At 8.30 we had private family prayers, and at 9 went to bed.

'July 16.—We got up at four, and were soon ready for our walk to the south side of the Island; Mr. Inglis came with us, and ten or twelve natives. For the first half-mile we walked along the beach among cocoa-nut trees, bananas and sugar-canes, the sun, not yet above the horizon, tingeing the light clouds with faint pink and purple lines, the freshness of the early dawn, and the soft breeze playing about us, gladdening at once our eyes and our hearts. Soon we struck off to the south, and passing through taro plantations, began to ascend the slopes of the island. As we walked along we heard the sound of the logs beaten together, summoning the people to attend the various schools planted in every locality, under the management of native teachers, and we had a good opportunity of observing the careful system of irrigation adopted by the natives for the cultivation of the taro plant. Following the course of a small mountain stream, we observed the labour with which the water was brought down from it upon causeways of earth, carried in baskets from very considerable distances; occasionally the water-course is led round the head of various small ravines; at other times the trunk of a tree is hollowed out and converted into an aqueduct; but no pains have been wanting to make provision for the growth of the staple food of the island.'

From this scene of hope and encouragement the 'Southern Cross' sailed on the sixteenth, and passing Erromango, came in sight of Fate, also called Sandwich, a wooded island beautiful beyond description, but with a bad character for cannibalism, and

where the Samoan teachers had been murdered. So the approach was cautious, and the vessel kept a mile from the shore, and was soon surrounded with canoes, one of them containing a native who had been instructed in Samoa, and was now acting as teacher.

'The first canoe that came had five men on board. Girdles of beautifully plaited cocoa-nut fibre round their waists were their only clothing, but some had wreaths of flowers and green leaves round their heads, and most of them wore mother-of-pearl shells, beads, &c., round their necks and in their ears. They do not tattoo, but brand their skins. All five came, and presently three more, and then another; but seeing a large double canoe with perhaps twenty men in her coming close, we stood away. Two of our visitors chose to stay, and we have them on board now: Alsoff, a man of perhaps forty-five, and Mospa, a very intelligent young man from whom I am picking up words as fast as I can. F. would have laughed to have seen me rigging them out in calico shirts, buttoning them up. Mospa gave me his wooden comb, which they push through their hair, as you ladies do coral or gold pins at parties. Another fellow whose head was elaborately frizzled and plastered with coral lime, departed with one of my common calico pocket-handkerchiefs with my name in Joan's marking. This is to adorn his head, and for aught I know, is the first, and certainly the best specimen of handwriting in the island. We hope to call at all these islands on our way back from the north, but at present we only dodge a few canoes, &c.

'July 20.—I suppose you like to know all little things, so I tell you that our Fate friends, being presented each with a blanket, just wound themselves up on the cabin floor, one close to Leonard and me, and slept away in style; that I soon taught them to eat with a knife and fork, and to-day have almost succeeded in making them believe that plum pudding (our Sunday dish) is a fine thing.

'July 21.—All day we have been very slowly drifting along the west side of Espiritu Santo. A grand mountainous chain runs along the whole island, the peaks we estimate at 4,000 feet high. This alone is a fine sight—luxuriant vegetation to nearly the top of the peaks, clouds resting upon the summit of the range, from the evaporation caused by the vast amount of vegetable matter.

'As we were lying to, about half-way along the coast, we espied a brig at anchor close on shore. Manned the boat and rowed about two miles to the brig, found it was under the command of a notorious man among the sandal-wood traders for many a dark deed of revenge and unscrupulous retaliation upon the natives. At Nengone he shot three in cold blood who swam off to his ship, because the people of the place were said to be about to attempt to take his vessel. At Mallicolo but lately I fear he killed not less than eight, though here there was some scuffling and provocation. For the Nengone affair he was tried for his life at Sydney, Captain Erskine and the Bishop having much to do with his prosecution. He is now dealing fairly (apparently) with these people, and is certainly on very friendly terms with them. The

Bishop has known him many years, and baptized some years ago his only child, a son. We are glad to let these men see that we are about in these seas, watching what they do; and the Bishop said, "Mr. Patteson is come from England on purpose to look after these islands," as much as to say, Now there will be a regular visitation of them, and outrages committed on the natives will probably be discovered.

'Well, on we rowed, half a mile to shore—such a lovely scene. A bend in the coral reef made a beautiful boat harbour, and into it we rowed. Clear as crystal was the water, bright as tropical sun at 2.30 P.M. could make it was the foliage on the shore. Numbers of children and boys were playing in the water or running about on the rocks and sands, and there were several men about, all of course naked, and as they lead an amphibious life they find it very convenient. They work little; breadfruit trees, cocoa-nut trees, and bananas grow naturally, and the yam and taro cultivations are weeded and tended by the women. They have nothing to do but eat, drink, and sleep, and lie on the warm coral rock, and bathe in the surf.

'There was no shyness on the part of the children, dear little fellows from six to ten clustering round me, unable to understand my coat with pockets, and what my socks could be—I seemed to have two or three skins. The men came up and soon shook hands, but did not seem to know the custom. A Nengone man was ashore, and with him I could talk a little. Soon I was walking on shore arm-in-arm with him, stark naked, and he was asking

me about Mrs. Nihill and her child. A little boy of the island held the other hand, and so, leaving the boat, we walked inland into the bush to see a native village. Ten minutes' walk brought us to it—cottages all of bamboos tied together with cocoa-nut fibre, thatched with leaves, a ridge-pole and sloping roof on either side reaching to the ground. No upright poles or side-walls; they were quite open at the two ends, perhaps 20, 30, or even 40 feet long; the general appearance clean and healthy. Their food was kept on raised stages as in New Zealand, and they had plenty of earthenware pots and basins, some of good shape, and all apparently strong and serviceable. Large wooden or earthenware platters are used for stirring up and pounding the yams with a heavy wooden pestle, and they have a peculiar way of scraping the yam, on a wooden board roughened like a grater, into a pulp, and then boiling it into a fine dough.

'They have plenty of pigs and dogs, which they eat, and some fowls. Spears I saw none, but bows and arrows. I took a bow out of a man's hand, and then an arrow, and fitted it to the string; he made signs that he shot birds with it. Clubs they have, but as far as I saw only used for killing pigs. There is a good deal of fighting on the island, however. Recollect with reference to all these places, that an island fifty or sixty miles long, one mass of forest with no path, is not like an English county. It may take months to get an accurate knowledge of one of them; we can only at present judge of the particular spots and bays we touch at. But there is every indication here of friendliness, of a gentle, soft disposition,

and I hope we shall take away some of the boys when we return. I never saw children more thoroughly attractive in appearance and manner,—dear little fellows, I longed to bring off some of them. You would have liked to have seen them playing with me, laughing and jumping about. These people don't look half so well when they have any clothes on, they look shabby and gentish; but seeing them on shore, or just coming out of a canoe, all glistening with water, and looking so lithe and free, they look very pleasant to the eye. The colour supplies the place of clothing. The chief and most of the men were unfortunately absent at a great feast held a few miles off, but there were several women and many children.

'We went to their watering place, about a quarter or half a mile from the beach, a picturesque spot in a part of the wood to which the water from the hills is carried in canes of bamboo, supported on cross sticks. The water was very clear and sweet, and one of our little guides soon had a good shower-bath, standing under the shoot and then walking in the sun till in a few minutes his glistening skin was dry again. Coming back we met a man carrying water in cocoa-nut shells, six or eight hanging by strings two feet long at each end of a bamboo cane slung across over his shoulder, nicely balanced and very pretty. One of our party carried perhaps two and a half gallons of water in a bamboo stuffed at the end with grass. About five P.M. we went back to the schooner and made sail for Bauro (San Cristoval).'

At this place there was a great disappointment at first in the

non-appearance of William Diddimang, an old baptized scholar at St. John's; and though he came at last, and dined on board, he had evidently so far fallen away as to be unwilling to meet the Bishop. The canoes here were remarkably beautiful, built of several pieces, fastened with a kind of gum. The shape was light and elegant, the thwarts elaborately carved with figures of birds or fish, and the high prow inlaid with mother-of-pearl let into black wood.

As a Sunday at sea was preferable to one among curious visitors who must be entertained, the schooner put out to sea to visit one to two other neighbouring islets, and then to return again to Bauro.

Kennell Island, where she touched on the 27th, proved to be inhabited by Maoris. One man, who swam alone to the vessel, offered the salutation of rubbing noses, New Zealand fashion, and converse could be held in that language. Two more joined him, and spent the night on board in singing a kaka or song of love for their visitors. Next day the island was visited. 'Oh the beauty of the deep clefts in the coral reef, lined with coral, purple, blue, scarlet, green, and white! the little blue fishes, the bright blue starfish, the little land-crabs walking away with other people's shells. But nothing of this can be seen by you; the coral loses its colour, and who can show you the bright line of surf breaking the clear blue of this truly Pacific Ocean, and the tropical sun piercing through masses of foliage which nothing less dazzling could penetrate. Our three friends, with two more

men, their wives and children, form the whole population of the south end of the island at all events, perhaps twenty in all. I trod upon and broke flowering-branches of coral that you would have wondered at.'

Bellona likewise had a Maori-speaking population. There was no passage through the reef, so the Bishop and Patteson took off their coats, one took two hatchets and the other two adzes, and with a good header, swam ashore. Walking up the beach, they found a place in the bush with nine beautiful canoes, with nets, and large wooden hooks in them, but at first no people; and they were leaving their presents in the canoes when Patteson spied two men, and advanced to them while the Bishop went back to fetch the goods. After a rubbing of noses and a Maori greeting, the men were reassured, and eleven more came up, one a chief with a spear in his hand. 'I had my straw hat fastened by a ribbon, which my friend coveted, so I let him take it, which he did by putting his adze (my gift) against it, close to my ear, and cutting it, off —not the least occasion to be afraid of them.' A characteristic comment, certainly! But there was no foolhardiness. The Bishop was on the alert, and when presently he saw his companion linger for a moment, a quick 'Come along,' was a reminder that 'this was not the beach at Sidmouth.' The peculiar quickness of eye —verily circumspect, though without the least betrayal of alarm or want of confidence, which was learnt from the need of being always as it were on guard, was soon learnt likewise by Patteson, while the air of suspicion or fear was most carefully avoided. The

swim back to the boat was in water 'too warm, but refreshing,' and ended with a dive under the boat for the pure pleasure of the thing.

Then, as before arranged, Bauro was revisited on another part of the coast, where Iri was ready with a welcome, but Diddimang appeared no more. He had returned to native habits, and had made no attempt at teaching, but the visits he had made to New Zealand were not lost, for the Bishop had acquired a knowledge of the language, and it was moreover established in the Bauro mind that a voyage in his ship was safe and desirable. 'This part of Bauro was exceedingly beautiful:—

'Here were coral crags, the masses of forest trees, the creepers literally hundreds of feet long, crawling along and hanging from the cliffs, the cocoa-nut trees and bananas, palms, &c., the dark figures on the edge of the rocks looking down upon us from among the trees, the people assembling on the bright beach—coral dust as it may be called, for it was worn as fine as white sand—cottages among the trees, and a pond of fresh water close by, winding away among the cliffs.'

Here a visit was paid to Iri's boathouse, which contained three exquisite canoes, beautifully inlaid; then to his house, long, low, and open at the ends, like those formerly described, but with low wattled side walls. Along the ridge-pole were ranged twenty-seven skulls, not yet blackened with smoke, and bones were scattered outside, for a fight had recently taken place near at hand. 'In this Golgotha,' the Bishop, using his little book of Bauro

words, talked to the people, and plainly told them that the Great God hated wars and cruelty, and such ornaments were horrible in his sight. Iri took it all in good part, and five boys willingly accepted the invitation to New Zealand. One little fellow about eight years old had attached himself to Coley, clinging about his waist with his arms, but he was too young to be taken away. Iri came down to the beach, and waded up to his waist in the water as the boat put off.

In the night Gera, or Guadalcanar, was reached, a fine mountainous island, with a detached reef. Numerous canoes surrounded the vessel, bringing yarns for barter. Fish-hooks were of no account; it was small hatchets that were in request, and the Bauro boys could hold some sort of converse with the people, though theirs was quite another dialect. They were gaily decked out with armlets, frontlets, bracelets, and girdles of shell, and almost all of them wore, not only nose-rings, but plugs of wood or mother-of-pearl in the tip of the nose. One man in particular had a shell eyelet-hole let into his nose, into which he inserted his unicorn decoration. The Bishop amused himself and Coley by saying, as he hung a fishhook on this man's nose-hook, 'Naso suspendis adunco.' Others had six or eight pieces of wood sticking out from either side of the nose, like a cat's whiskers. Two young men were taken from hence, and more would have gone, but it was not thought well to take married men.

The isle of Mara or Malanta had a very shy population, who seemed to live inland, having probably been molested by the

warlike Gera men. It had been supposed that there was a second islet here, but the 'Southern Cross' boat's crew found that what had been taken for a strait was only the mouth of a large river, where the casks were filled.

The wondrous beauty of the scene, sea and river alike fringed with the richest foliage, birds flying about (I saw a large blue bird, a parrot, I suppose), fish jumping, the perfectly still water, the mysterious smoke of a fire or two, the call of a man heard in the bush, just enough of novelty to quicken me to the full enjoyment of such a lovely bay as no English eyes save ours have ever seen.'

No communication with the native inhabitants was here accomplished, but at four little flat, cocoanut-covered islets, named after Torres, were the head-quarters of an English dealer in cocoa-nut oil. The native race were Maori-speaking, but their intercourse with sailors had given them a knowledge of the worst part of the English language, and as usual it was mournfully plain how much harm our countrymen instil.

The next group, sighted on the 17th of August, had already a remarkable history, to which Patteson refers in his journal, with no foreboding of the association those reefs and bays were to acquire for him, and far more through him.

Alvaro de Mendana had, in 1567, gone forth from Peru on a voyage of discovery in the Pacific, and had then found, and named, most of the Solomon Isles. Grera and Bauro owed their names of Guadalcanar and San Cristoval to him. In 1594, he obtained permission to found a colony on San Cristoval, and

set forth with his wife and four ships. But the Bauro people were spared that grievous misfortune of a Spanish settlement; Mendana missed his way, blundered into the Marquesas first, and then came upon a cluster of islands, one large and beautiful, two small, and one a volcano in full action.

He called the large island Santa Cruz, and fancied the natives of the same race he had seen in Bauro, but they knew nothing of the language he had learnt there, and though courteous at first, presently discharged their arrows. However, he found a beautiful harbour on the other side of the island, and a friendly and dignified old chief called Malope, who in South Sea fashion exchanged names and presents with him. Mendana and his wife Dona Ysabel seem to have wished to be on good terms with the natives, and taught them to sign the cross, and say amigos, and they proceeded to found their intended city, but neither Mendana nor Malope could restrain their followers; there were musket-shots on one side and arrow-shots on the other, and at last, the chief Malope himself fell into the hands of some Spanish soldiers, who murdered him. Mendana punished them with death; but his own health was fast failing, he died in a few weeks, and his widow deserted the intended city, and returned home with the colonists, having probably bequeathed to the island a distrust of white men.

All this was in Patteson's mind, as he shows by his journal, as the lovely scenery of Santa Cruz rose on him. The people came out in canoes with quantities of yams and taro, of which

they knew the full value; but the numbers were so large that no 'quiet work' could be done, and there was little to be done but to admire their costume, armlets, necklaces, plates of mother-of-pearl, but no nose ornaments. They had strips of a kind of cloth, woven of reed, and elaborate varieties of head-gear, some plastering their hair white with coral lime, others yellow, others red; others had shaved half the head with no better implement than a sharp shell, and others had produced two lines of bristles, like hogs' manes, on a shaven crown. Their decorations made a great sensation among the Solomon Islanders, who made offers of exchange of necklaces, &c.

In the evening the schooner made for the volcano, about three miles off. It was a magnificent sight—a perfect cone, the base of the mountain and all except the actual cone being under water. The cone was apparently about 2,000 feet high, clouds hanging about it near the top, lurid and fiery, increasing the grandeur of the glow at the summit. Every minute streams of fire, falling from the top or sides, rushed down the mount, so that for a space of perhaps half a mile in breadth the whole cone was always streaked, and sometimes covered with burning-masses of stones, cinders, &c. Bumbling noises were heard only a few times.

'About 7 to 9 A.M. we sailed quite round the island, and saw there that the fiery appearance at night is not actually fire or flame, but caused by hot burning stones and masses of scoria, &c., constantly falling down the sides of the cone, which on the lee side are almost perpendicular. On the weather side are cocoa-

nut trees, and one small house, but we could see no people. It was grand to see the great stones leaping and bounding down the sides of the cone, clearing 300 or 400 feet at a jump, and springing up many yards into the air, finally plunging into the sea with a roar, and the splash of the foam and steam combined.

This was on the 12th of August, and here is the ensuing note, how full now of significance, which it would be faithless to term melancholy:—'We then went on to Nukapu, an island completely encircled by a coral reef. The natives soon came off in canoes, and brought breadfruit and cocoa-nuts. They spoke a few words of Maori, but wore their hair like the people of Santa Cruz, and resembled them in the character of their ornaments and in their general appearance. They had bows and clubs of the same kind, tapa stained with turmeric, armlets, ear-rings and nose-rings of bone and tortoiseshell.'

Returning to Santa Cruz, a large supply of the produce was obtained by barter, but the people were still in such noisy crowds that nothing could be effected beyond these commercial transactions.

Tubua was the next ensuing island, a lovely spot within its encircling ring, over which the Bishop and Patteson waded, and found thirteen men on the beach. Patteson went up to the first, tied a bit of red tape round his head, and made signs that he wanted a cocoa-nut in exchange for a fish-hook. Plenty were forthcoming; but the Bishop, to his companion's surprise, made a sudden sign to come away, and when the boat was regained he

said: 'I saw some young men running through the bush with bows and arrows, and these young gentry have not the sense to behave well like their parents.'

Vanikoro was the next stage. This too had its history, encircled as it is with a complete reef of coral, in some parts double. In the year 1785, two French vessels, which were commanded by Count La Perouse, and named 'La Boussole' and 'L'Astrolabe,' had set forth from Brest on a voyage of discovery in the Pacific. They made a most discursive survey of that ocean, from Kamtschatka southwards, and at the end of 1787 were at the Samoan Isles, then unconverted, and where their two boats' crews were massacred, and the boats lost. The ships came to Port Jackson, in Australia, to build fresh boats, left it in February 1788, and were never heard of more. One or two attempts were made to ascertain their fate, but none succeeded till, in 1826, a sandal-wood trader named Dillon found in the possession of a European, who had lived since 1813 in Ticopia, the silver guard of a sword, and ascertained from him that the natives had several articles, such as china, glass, and the handle of a silver fork, which evidently came from a ship. He had been told that these articles had been procured from another isle called Vanikoro, where two large ships had been wrecked.

His intelligence led to the fitting out of a vessel, in which he was sent to ascertain the fate of the Frenchmen, and by the help of the man who had been so long in Ticopia, he was able to examine a Vanikoran chief. It appeared that the two ships had

run aground on the parallel reefs. One had sunk at once, and the crew while swimming out had been some of them eaten by the sharks, and others killed by the natives; indeed, there were sixty European skulls in a temple. The other vessel had drifted over the reef, and the crew entrenched themselves on shore, while building another vessel. They went out and foraged for themselves in the taro fields, but they made no friends; they were ship-spirits, with noses two hands long before their faces (their cocked hats). Articles were recovered that placed the fact beyond a doubt, and which were recognised by one of the expedition who had left it in Kamtschatka, the sole survivor. Of the fate of the two-masted vessel built by the shipwrecked crew, nothing was ever discovered.

The Mission party landed here, but saw nobody. They sent a black boy up a tree for cocoa-nuts, and left a tomahawk beneath it as payment. That there were inhabitants somewhere there was horrible proof, for a frightful odour led to search being made, and the New Zealander Hoari turning up the ground, found human bones with flesh hanging to them. A little farther off was a native oven, namely, a pit lined with stones.

This was Patteson's nearest contact with cannibalism, and it left a deep impression of horror.

The Banks group of islands came next—Great Banks Isle, or in the native language Vanua Lava, Valua or Saddle Isle, a long narrow ridge of hills, Mota or Sugarloaf Island, an equally descriptive name; Star Island, and Santa Maria. These places

were to become of great importance to the Mission, but little was seen of them at this time—the walls of coral round them were remarkably steep and difficult of access.

Valua had no beach and no canoes, and such swarms of natives clustering upon the cliffs that the Bishop did not think it prudent to land. In Mota, though the coast for the most part rises up in sheer crags, forty or fifty feet above the sea, with a great volcanic cone in the centre, a little cove was found with a good beach, where a number of inhabitants had assembled. They were entirely without clothing or ornament, neither tattooed nor disfigured by betel-nut, and their bright honest faces greatly attracted Patteson, though not a word of their language could be then understood. He wanted to swim ashore among them, but the Bishop would not allow it, lest it should be difficult to escape from the embraces of so many without giving offence. Great numbers swam out to the boat, and canoes brought fruits of all kinds, and bamboos decked with leaves and flowers. 'I crammed native combs in my hair,' says Patteson, 'picked up what words I could, and made up the rest by a grand display of gesticulation.'

At Santa Maria, the next day, there was the like scene around the boat, only the sight of a bit of striped calico caused immense excitement. At other islands it had been unheeded, but here the people were mad to get it, and offered their largest yams for strips of it, and a pair of scarlet braces were purchased for two beautiful bows.

At Vanua Lava, or Great Banks Island, on the 20th, a large

canoe with seven men came alongside, three-quarters of a mile from shore. They would not, however, venture on board till Patteson had gone into the water, and placed himself in their canoe, after which they were induced to come on deck, were 'decorated with the order of the tape,' and received axes. No weapon was seen among them, and there was reason to think them the tractable and hopeful race they have since proved.

Bligh Island, the next visited, plainly revealed itself as the cone of an enormous submerged volcano, the water forming a beautiful and extensive bay where numbers of people could be seen. There was a landing and a little trading for yams, and then, after the like intercourse with some of the inhabitants of the cluster of small islets named after Torres, the vessel steered for Espiritu Santo, but wind and time forbade a return to the part previously visited, nor was there time to do more than touch at Aurora, and exchange some fish-hooks for some bows.

At Malicolo, in 1851, the Bishop and his party, while fetching water, had been assailed with stones and arrows, and had only escaped by showing the utmost coolness. There was, therefore, much caution shown in approaching this bay, called Port Sandwich, and the boat stopped outside its breakwater coral reef, where numerous canoes flocked round, the people with their bows and arrows, not attempting to barter. Their faces were painted some red, some black, or yellow. An old chief named Melanbico was recognised by the Bishop, and called by name into the boat. Another old acquaintance named Nipati joined

him, and it was considered safe to row into the harbour. The Bishop had learnt a little of the language, and talked to these two, while Patteson examined Nipati's accoutrements—a club, a bow, arrows neatly made, handsomely feathered, and tipped with a deadly poison, tortoiseshell ear-rings, and a very handsome shell armlet covering the arm from the elbow eight or nine inches upward, his face painted red and black. The Bishop read out the list of names he had made on the former visit, and to several the answer was 'dead, or 'shot,' and it appeared that a great mortality had taken place. Large numbers, however, were on the beach, and the Bishop and Patteson landed among them, and conversed with them; but they showed no disposition to trade, and though some of the lads seemed half-disposed to come away with the party, they all changed their minds, and went back again. However, all had behaved well, and one little boy, when offered a fish-hook, at once showed that he had received one already. It was plain that a beginning had been made, which might lead to further results.

Two whales were seen while rowing back to the ship. One—about a third of a mile off—leapt several times fairly out of the water, and fell back on the sea 'with a regular crack,' dashing up the spray in clouds. There was now very little time to spare, as the time of an ordination at Auckland was fixed, and two important visits had yet to be paid, so the two Fate guests were sent ashore in the canoes of some of their friends, and the 'Southern Cross' reached Nengone on the 1st of September. The Bishop had left a boat there some years before, and the Samoan teacher, Mark,

who had been Mrs. Nihill's best friend and comforter, came out in it with a joyful party full of welcome. The Bishop and Patteson went ashore, taking with them their two Bauro scholars, to whom the most wonderful sight was a cow, they never having seen any quadruped bigger than a pig. All the native teachers and their wives were assembled, and many of the people, in front of the house where Mr. Nihill had died. They talked of him with touching affection, as they told how diligently he had striven to bring young and old to a knowledge of his God; and they eagerly assisted in planting at his grave a cross, which the Bishop had brought from Auckland for the purpose, and which bore the words: 'I am the Resurrection and the Life.'

The coral lime church and the houses of the teachers among the cocoa-nut trees gave the place a civilised look, and most of the people had some attempt at clothing. Here several passengers were taken in. The two girls, Caroline Wabisane and Sarah Wasitutru, were both married—Caroline to a Maori named Simeona, and Sarah to a man from her own isle called Nawiki. All these and two more men wished to go to St. John's for further instruction, and were taken on board, making up a party of fourteen Melanesians, besides Sarah's baby. 'Mrs. Nihill will be glad to have the women,' writes Coley, 'and I am glad to have the others—not the baby, of course.'

Close quarters indeed, but not for very long, for on the 3rd of September the schooner again put into Norfolk Island, and on the next Sunday Coley was present at the confirmation of

the whole population, excepting the younger children, and at the subsequent Communion. Strong hopes were then entertained that the Pitcairners, standing as it were between the English and the islanders, would greatly assist in the work of the Gospel, but this plan was found only capable of being very partially carried out.

Off Norfolk Island, he wrote to his brother an account of the way of life on the voyage, and of the people:—

'They are generally gentle, and seem to cling to one, not with the very independent goodwill of New Zealanders, but with the soft yielding character of the child of the tropics. They are fond, that is the word for them. I have had boys and men in a few minutes after landing, follow me like a dog, holding their hands in mine as a little child does with its nurse.

'My manner of life on board is as I described it before. I eschewed shoes and socks, rather liking to be paddling about all day, when not going on shore, or otherwise employed, which of course made up eight or ten out of the thirteen hours of daylight. When I went ashore (which I did whenever the boat went), then I put on my shoes, and always swam in them, for the coral would cut my feet to pieces. Usual swimming and wading attire—flannel shirt, dark grey trousers, cap or straw hat, shoes, basket round my neck with fish-hooks, or perhaps an adze or two in my hand. I enjoyed the tropical climate very much—really warm always in the water or out of it. On the reefs, when I waded in shallow water, the heat of it was literally unpleasant, more than a tepid bath.'

On the 13th of September, the little missionary vessel came safe into harbour at Auckland, and Coley and his boys—they were considered especially as his—took up their quarters at St. John's College. All through the voyage he had written the journals here followed for the general benefit of his kindred, and at other leisure moments he had written more personal letters. On his sister Fanny's birthday, when the visit to Malicolo was just over, after his birthday wishes, he goes on:—

'And now, how will you be when this reaches Feniton? I think of all your daily occupations,—school, garden, driving, &c.—your Sunday reading, visiting the cottages, &c., and the very thought of it makes me feel like old times. When occasionally I dream, or fall into a kind of trance when awake, and fancy myself walking up from the lodge to the house, and old forms and faces rise up before me, I can scarcely contain the burst of joy and happiness, and then I give a shake and say, "Well, it would be very nice, but look about the horizon, and see how many islands you can count!" and then, instead of thoughts of home for myself, I am tempted to induce others to leave their homes, though I don't really think many men have such a home to leave, or remain so long as I did, one of the home fire-side.

'I have been reading one or two of the German books you sent out. "Friedrich der Grosse" is interesting, but henceforth I don't think I shall have time for aught but a good German novel or two for wet days and jumping seas; or such a theological book as I may send for.'

The effect of the voyage seems to have shown itself in an inflamed leg, which was painful, but not disabled for some time. There was a welcome budget of letters awaiting him,—one from his uncle Dr. Coleridge, to which this is the reply:—

'September 15, 1856: St. John's College.

'Your letter of March 26 was awaiting my arrival here. How thankful I am that (as Fan says) in little as in great things God is so good to us. Letters from me arriving on the anniversary of my departure! and all at Thorverton!

'You are clearly right in what you say about my post in the S. X. I did not like it at first, just as a schoolboy does not like going back to school; but that it was good for me I have no doubt; and now see! here I am on shore for seven or eight months, if I live so long—my occupations most interesting, working away with twelve Melanesians at languages, etc., with the highest of all incentives to perseverance, trying to form in them habits of cleanliness, order, decency, etc.

'Last night (Sunday—their first Sunday in New Zealand), after explaining to the Solomon Islands boys, seven in number, the nature of the Lord's Prayer as far as my knowledge of their language would carry me, I thought myself justified in making them kneel down round me, and they uttered with their lips after me (i.e. the five most intelligent) the first words of prayer to their Father in Heaven. I don't venture to say that they understood much—neither does the young child taught at his or her mother's knees—neither do many grown persons perhaps know much

about the fulness of the Prayer of Prayers—(these scenes teach me my ignorance, which is one great gain)—yet they knew, I think, that they were praying to some great and mighty one—not an abstraction—a conscious loving Being, a Father, and they know at least the name of His Son, Jesus Christ.

'Their first formula was: "God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, only One God." I can't yet explain that our Blessed Lord came from heaven and died for our sins; neither (as far as human thought may reach) does the power of God's Spirit as yet work in their hearts consciousness of sin, and with that the sense of the need of a Redeemer and Saviour. I asked in my sermon yesterday the prayers of the people for the grace of God's Holy Spirit to touch the hearts and enlighten the understandings of these heathen children of a common Father, and I added that greatly did their teachers need their prayers that God would make them apt to teach, and wise and simple in endeavouring to bring before their minds the things that belong unto their peace. You too, dear Uncle, will think I know of these things, for my trust is great. In this cold climate, 26° or 27° of latitude south of their own island, I have much anxiety about their bodily health, and more about their souls.

'The four youngest, sixteen to eighteen, sleep in my room. One is now on my bed, wrapped up in a great opossum rug, with cold and slight fever; last night his pulse was high, to-day he is better. I have to watch over them like a cat. Think of living till now in a constant temperature of 84°, and being suddenly brought to 56°.

New Zealand is too cold for them, and the College is a cold place, wind howling round it now.

'Norfolk Island is the place, and the Pitcairners themselves are most co-operative and hearty; I trust that in another year I may be there.

'Thank you for all your kind wishes on my birthday. I ought to wish to live many years, perhaps, to try and be of use; especially as I am so unfit to go now, or rather I ought not to wish at all. Sometimes I feel almost fainthearted, which is cowardly and forgetful of our calling "to fight manfully under Christ's banner." Ah! my Bishop is indeed a warrior of the Cross. I can't bear the things Sophy said in one of her letters about my having given up.

It seems mock humility to write it; but, dear Uncle, if I am conscious of a life so utterly unlike what all you dear ones fancy it to be, what must it be in the sight of God and His holy angels? What advantages I have always had, and have now! and not a day goes by and I can say I have done my duty. Good-bye, dear dear Uncle.

'Always your affectionate and grateful nephew,

'J. C. PATTESON

'Love to dear Aunt.'

Almost the first experience after settling in at St. John's College was a sharp attack of fever that fell on Kerearua, one of the Bauro lads. Such illnesses, it seemed, were frequent at home

and generally fatal. His companion Hirika remarked, 'Kerearua like this in Bauro ah! in a few days he would die; by-and-by we go back to Bauro.' The sick boys were always lodged in Coley's own room to be more quiet and thoroughly nursed. Fastidiousness had been so entirely crushed that he really seemed to take pleasure in the arrangement, speaking with enthusiasm of the patient's obedience and gratitude, and adding, 'He looks quite nice in one of my night-shirts with my plaid counterpane, and the plaid Joan gave me over it, a blanket next to him.'

The Melanesians readily fell into the regular habits of short school, work out of doors, meals in hall and bed-time, and they were allowed a good deal of the free use of their limbs, needful to keep them happy and healthy. Now and then they would be taken into Auckland, as a great treat, to see the soldiers on parade, and of course the mere living with civilization was an immense education to them, besides the direct instruction they received.

The languages of Nengone and Bauro were becoming sufficiently familiar to Mr. Patteson to enable him to understand much of what they said to him. He writes to Miss Neill (October 17):—

'I talk with them about common things, and learn a great deal of their wild savage customs and habits, but I can do but little as yet in the way of real instruction. Some ideas, I trust, they are beginning to acquire concerning our Blessed Lord. Is it not a significant fact that the god worshiped in Gfera, and in one village of Bauro, is the Serpent, the very type of evil? I need not

say that these dear boys have won their way to my heart, they are most docile and affectionate. I think some will really, if they live, leave their own island and live with me at Norfolk Island, or here, or wherever my dwelling may be whenever I am not in the "Southern Cross."

'But of course I must not dwell on such notions. If it come to pass that for some years I can retain a hold upon them, they may be instructed sufficiently to make them teachers in their turn to their own people. But all this is in the hands of God. My home journal will tell you particulars of our voyage. Don't believe in the ferocity, &c., of the islanders. When their passions are excited, they do commit fearful deeds, and they are almost universally cannibals, i.e. after a battle there will be always a cannibal feast, not otherwise. But treat them well and prudently, and I apprehend that there is little danger in visiting them, meaning by visiting merely landing on the beach the first time, going perhaps to a native village the next time, sleeping on shore the third, spending ten days the fourth, &c., &c. The language once learnt from the pupils we bring away, all is clear. And now good-bye, my dear Miss Neill. That I think of you and pray for you, you know, and I need not add that I value most highly your prayers for me. When I think of my happiness and good spirits, I must attribute much, very much, to God's goodness in accepting the prayers of my friends.'

After the old custom of telling the home party all his doings, the journal-letter of the 27th of November goes through the

teaching to the Bauro boys:—

'I really think they comprehend thus much, that God, who made all things, made man, Adam and Eve, very good and holy; that Adam and Eve sinned, that they did not listen to the word of God, but to the Bad Spirit; that God found them out, though they were afraid and tried to hide (for He sees and knows all things); that He drove them out of the beautiful garden, and said that they must die; that they had two sons, Cain and Abel; that Cain killed his brother, and that all fighting and killing people, and all other sins (I mention all for which I have names) came into the world because of sin; that God and man were far apart, not living near, no peace between them because men were so evil. That God was so good that He loved men all the time, and that He promised to save all men who would believe in His Son Jesus Christ, who was to die for them (for I can't yet express, "was to die that men might not go down to the fire, but live for ever with God "); that by and by He sent a flood and drowned all men except Noah and seven other people, because men would not be good; that afterwards there was a very good man, named Abraham, who believed all about Jesus Christ, and God chose him, and his son Isaac, and his son Jacob, and his twelve sons, to be the fathers of a people called Jews; that those people alone knew about God, and had teachers and praying men: and that they killed lambs and offered them (gave them to God as a sign of Jesus Christ being one day slain and offered to God on a cross) but these very men became wicked too, and at last, when no man knew how to

be happy and good, Jesus Christ came down from heaven. His mother was Mary, but He had no father on earth, only God the Father in heaven was His Father: the Holy Ghost made Mary to be mother of Jesus Christ.

'Then I take two books, or anything else, and say, This one is God, and this is man. They are far apart, because man is so bad and God is so good. But Jesus Christ came in the middle between them, and joins them together. He is God and He is Man too; so in(side) Him, God and Man meet, like the meeting of two men in one path; and He says Himself He is the true Way, the only true Path to God and heaven. God was angry with us because we sinned; but Jesus Christ died on the cross, and then God the Father forgave us because Jesus Christ gave His life that we might always live, and not die. By and by He will come to judge us; and He knows what we do, whether we steal and lie, or whether we pray and teach what is good. Men of Bauro and Gera and Santa Cruz don't know that yet, but you do, and you must remember, if you go on doing as they do after you know God's will, you will be sent down to the fire, and not see Jesus Christ, who died that you might live.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.