

of remaining in one house during the day, and going to another during the night.

Next day he began his homeward journey avoiding the road he had previously travelled, as this was blocked up by a large crowd waiting for his return. The people crowded round him at several places, and were very sullen, refusing even to speak; but he was not subjected to any further trouble. The day after New Year, Mr. Eckard again reached Chefoo, and was gladly received by the missionaries, and by the foreign residents of the city.

### BISHOP PATTESON.

The Gospel of Christ from the very beginning led those who believed it to encounter all hardship and peril, and all sorts of death in its behalf. Christ Himself died a martyr to the truth which He proclaimed. Every land conquered by King Immanuel has been conquered through tears and blood. All the ages have made their additions, more or less illustrious, to the noble army of martyrs. Even this hard, scientific, money-making, matter-of-fact nineteenth century, has given its contributions to that numberless host of witnesses before God and men. Men are still willing to encounter the severest deprivations, the sorest hardships, nay, death in its ghastliest forms, for the Lord Jesus Christ. Our own Gordons, our Mathesons, our Johnston and Morrison and Geddies were all martyrs in spirit and will, and some of them in fact. But of modern martyrs none deserve more loving remembrance than John Coleridge Patteson, Missionary Bishop of Milanesia. His name has been for years familiar to many of our readers through the letters of our missionaries in the New Hebrides, who often and often had occasion to make grateful mention of his friendly and helpful visits.

He was the elder son of Sir John Patteson, an English judge. He was a graduate of Oxford, and he might look forward to a successful if not a brilliant career at home, but when Bishop Selwyn called for aid, young Patteson bravely volunteered. Says the editor of the *Sunday Magazine*, after describing the young man's parting with father and friends, and the father's cheerful resignation: "We say deliberately

we have seldom seen anything more beautiful than this or more fitted to rebuke the selfishness of parents who won't let their sons go abroad in the service of the Lord."

The young Christian hero, brought up in the lap of luxury and surrounded with every refinement, was yet willing to serve Christ anywhere, and so he obeyed the call to go out to the dark and blood-stained isles of the South Pacific. Here is an example to our own young men. Are they ever reluctant to endure the hardships and privations, we will not say of Foreign Mission stations, but of Home Mission stations, far away in the lonely wilderness or by desolate shores? Is there not a little ambition shewn sometimes to be near towns, or in towns or villages, or at least near railway lines? This in passing.

Patteson was appointed Bishop at the age of thirty-two. His time was devoted to gathering young men from the islands, bringing them to a central institution, teaching and training them there, and then sending them back to their homes as native missionaries. New Zealand was his "base of operations." Like our own missionaries, he was always ready to labour with his hands as occasion required. "Every missionary," said he, "should be a carpenter, a mason, something of a butcher, and a great deal of a cook." He further advises young men to learn something of glazing, tinkering, chopping down trees, sawing logs, building houses, setting limbs, drawing teeth, &c., sorts of work with which he had himself of necessity become acquainted. But these things were all stepping-stones to the one grand end. "His longings, his dreams, his prayers, were all for the conversion of men's hearts to God through faith in His Son; his plans, his studies, his labours, were all directed to no inferior end, and when success was vouchsafed, his joy was overflowing and unbounded.

He had great respect and affection for the natives; and in this he reminds us of Dr. Geddies, who always insisted on the strong common sense and natural sagacity of the Polynesians, and who loved them deeply, as a father loves his children.