

a thrill must have passed through Mr. Nott when that request was made, especially as he looked upon the anxious face of the well-known warrior who made it. Read it again? Yes, a hundred times if you like, and with a silent prayer, no doubt, that God would bless it to the poor man's soul. Amid unusual stillness, every eye turned to the missionary; he reads solemnly, emphatically, joyfully: "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have eternal life."

We can easily see what words would be emphasized in this verse—how the last two would echo through the cocoanut grove! and before the echoes had died away the savage earnestly asks another question, "Does that mean Tahiti?" Mr. Nott looked steadfastly at the man, and stretching out his arm, with his finger pointing at him, said, "It means YOU." That man became the first convert in the islands of the sea.

Those who count heads, money, and years in estimating the success of missions, might say, "One convert after all this expenditure of life, labor, and money for seventeen years!" and then begin to reckon how long it would take to convert the world at this rate. The same might have been said when any of our great reformers and preachers were converted, although the conversion of such an one meant the conversion of half the world. Spiritual work cannot be measured by man. How can we measure a thing of which we can only see one end, the other stretching into eternity? and who can estimate the influence for good of that first convert of the South Sea Islands? He was a trained and noted warrior, who became a valiant soldier of the cross, ready to go anywhere, do and dare anything, and make any sacrifice for his newly found Saviour and King.

The South Sea Islands mission has been pre-eminently distinguished for its noble band of native pioneer evangelists. The European pioneers at Tahiti labored for seventeen years before a native embraced the Gospel; but where native pioneers have gone it has rarely been as many months, and they have gone from island to island and group to group, from Tahiti to New Guinea. The secret of their success is that they are, above all things, *consecrated* men. From their early days they have been trained as warriors, beginning their education with toy bows and arrows and spears. When they embrace the Gospel they carry their war-spirit with them. "We have been," as I have often heard them say, "the soldiers of the devil. We are now the soldiers of Jesus Christ. Tell us what He would like us to do."

The writer has trained over a hundred of these native pastors and pioneer evangelists, and consequently knows them well, and greatly admires the beautiful simplicity of their Christian life and faith. Tell them that Christ would not like them to go to a place, and they say, "Then I won't go;" that He would not like to hear them using such language, and the reply is, "Then I won't say that any more;" that He would not like to see them doing so and so, "Then I won't do it," is the quick response.