

A Circuit of the Globe.

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No. ix - "The isles shall wait for his law."

As we steam out from Honolulu towards Japan, we can not but think of the islands lying to the south of us. A glance at the map of the Pacific will show how numerous these are. "The whole ocean is studded with ocean gems, as if the mirror of the starry sky above it." Three hundred of these islands have been evangelized and are centers of light and life.

The Hawaiians felt at an early day that they ought to carry the Gospel to those sitting in darkness and the shadow of death. They rightly felt that only thus could they retain the truth which they had received and become strengthened and established in the faith. In 1853 two native pastors and their wives, in answer to a call from the Marquesas Islands, volunteered for that field. Rev. P. W. Parker, an American, accompanied them, that he might counsel and encourage them. A Roman Catholic priest demanded that these missionaries should be sent away, on the ground that these islands belonged to the French. One of the chiefs said: "No; the land is not yours. It belongs to this people. There never was a Frenchman born here. These teachers must not be sent back." Some years afterward a native was invited to dine on board a whale-ship. He would not eat anything until he had asked a blessing. In his broken English he said: "O Great Fader! Got no fader; got no moder; got no broder; got no sister! Make first the sea; make first the dry land; make first the moon and stars; make first the trees: then He make man. And now, Great Fader, give man his belly full. Amen." This might have been couched in smoother language, but it would be difficult to make it more expressive or more appropriate. Once an American whale-ship touched at these islands for supplies. The mate, on going ashore, was seized and dragged away to be killed. Some young men had been stolen by another ship to be sold as slaves. The day of vengeance had now come. The mate was in their power. Through the interposition of a Christian girl and one of the missionaries, the mate was saved and sent back to his ship. President Lincoln hearing of this sent two gold watches and two silver medals, and other gifts, costing five hundred dollars in all, to be distributed among the deliverers. The missionary wrote to the President: "When I saw one of your

countrymen ill-treated, and about to be baked and eaten, as a pig is eaten, I ran to deliver him, full of pity and grief at the evil deed of those benighted people. As to this friendly deed of mine, its seed came from your great land, and was brought by certain of your countrymen, who had received the love of God. It was planted in Hawaii, and I brought it to plant in this land and in these dark regions, that they might receive the root of all that is good and true, which is love." When this letter reached Washington, the President was dead and the nation in mourning.

Other workers were sent to the Marshall Islands and to the Gilbert Islands. In the last-named group there are nine Hawaiian missionaries and their wives. One of the most precious incidents of my stay in Honolulu was a visit to Dr. Hiram Bingham and his family. He is a son of the pioneer missionary of the same name. His wife is a born linguist and a born missionary. She is a descendant of the Brewster of the Mayflower. His sister is the wife of the sainted Titus Coan. His son, the third Hiram Bingham, is a student in Yale, and expects to go to China as a medical missionary. Dr. Gilbert now lives in Honolulu, but he has given his life to the Gilbert Islands. He and his wife were left alone with God among a savage people. Those who think that the natives without the Gospel are innocent and happy would do well to interview Dr. Bingham. They began the study of the language at once. As none understood English, this was slow work. They picked up one word after another, till in six months they were able to address the people on Gospel themes. They visited the islands and preached Christ wherever they found an open door. They took their own food and cooking utensils and bedding with them. They heard from the great world beyond only once a year. They undertook to reduce the language to a written form. There are only thirteen letters in this language. In 1859 Dr. Bingham began the translation of the New Testament. In fourteen years it was completed. In 1883 he began the Old Testament. This was completed in seven years. Mrs. Bingham greatly assisted him. Two natives aided him on the Old Testament. When they came to the last verse a photographer took a picture of the translators and their tools. Dr. Bingham gave one a copy. No other gift could be so highly prized. Mrs. Bingham has written a book of Bible stories. They have also procured a hymn-book.

The London Missionary Society, the

Wesleyan Missionary Society, the Church Missionary Society, and the United Presbyterian Society of Scotland have sent workers to these islands. It was in Fiji that John Hunt and James Calvert did their work. John Williams and his associates labored in the Hervey and Samoan groups, and won them to Christ. Norfolk Island was the scene of the labors of Patteson. Marsden and Selwyn did their work farther south among the Maoris. The New Hebrides were evangelized, by Geddis, Gordon and Paton. Several efforts were made to drive Paton away; he would not go. He would stay at any cost. They sought to kill him; he would not be killed. He lived to see fourteen thousand converts. He still lives and may see as many more. He tells of his effort to print the Bible. He was not a printer, but by persistence he got the types in their proper place. When the first page was printed he went out and threw up his hat and shouted and danced for joy. It was long after midnight; the natives were sound asleep; and he was a missionary. But his dance was like David's when he brought back the ark; it was an act of worship. When water failed he proposed to dig a well. The people thought he was insane. They had seen the water come down from the cloud, and never heard of it coming up from the heart of the earth. When they did strike water, they changed their minds and regarded him as a god. He describes the dress of a bride. Over her grass skirts she wore a man's overcoat, buttoned from her chin to her toes. Over that she wore a man's vest. To each shoulder she fastened a man's shirt; one was red and the other was striped. When she walked these moved like wings. Then she took a pair of man's pantaloons and placed the body of them over her head and allowed the legs to hang down her back. Her head-dress was made of a red shirt, and one sleeve hung over one ear, and the other sleeve over the other ear. In this apparel she came to the altar in a July day. The humorous is blended with the heroic.

On Savage Island all natives and strangers were sacrificed for their inhuman feasts. A number of Society Island converts determined to make an effort to introduce the Gospel among them. The effort cost the participants their lives. Some three years later a native convert named Lake sought permission to make another trial. He was taken in a ship as near the island as was thought prudent for it to go. Luke took a bundle of clothes and a New Testament, and fastening them on

his head leaped into the sea and swam ashore. He was seized and was about to be sacrificed. He made himself understood and was allowed to deliver his message. The people were interested and spared him till the next day. Having gained their ears, he soon gained their hearts. Two or three years later the missionary ship ventured near these shores. They found to their astonishment and delight the whole island revolutionized. Savagery had been renounced, and the whole people wanted to be taught the Christian way. In course of time some workers from this island went to New Guinea. They were all massacred. The question was asked, Who will take their place? Twenty arose and offered themselves for this desperate service. So the work spreads from island to island. The Gospel must propagate itself. Those who have it can not keep the good news to themselves. The natives of the Friendly Islands were so ignorant that they did not know of fire. They ate everything raw. They did not know that water would boil. One missionary says: "When I kindled a fire and boiled some water I could scarce restrain them from worshiping me as a god. You can imagine how they marvelled when myself and wife reduced their language to writing, and printed the Word of God in our own little printing press." This man lived to see thirty thousand converts on this group. Montgomery wrote:

The immense Pacific smiles
Round ten thousand little isles,
Haunts of violence and wiles;
But the powers of darkness yield,
For the Cross is in the field,
And the Light of life revealed.

It is even so. War and waste are giving place to fruitful strifes and rivalries of peace. These islands, that once produced nothing, now produce figs, limes, oranges, bananas, breadfruit, guavas, melons, pineapples, yams, sweet potatoes, peanuts, tea, coffee, hemp, leather, silk, wax, timber, copper, tin, gold. And people, who once were as stupid as death, and as indifferent as the grave, are now intensely interested in the Word and work of life.

The Lord, speaking through the Prophet, said: "The isles shall wait for his law." "The isles shall wait for me, and on mine arm shall they trust." "Surely the isles shall wait for me." These prophecies have been largely fulfilled. The Gospel has reached Madagascar, Formosa, Java, Sumatra, Celebes, Borneo, New Guinea, New Zealand. Over the door of the post office in Hong Kong are the words, 'As cold water is to a thirsty soul, so