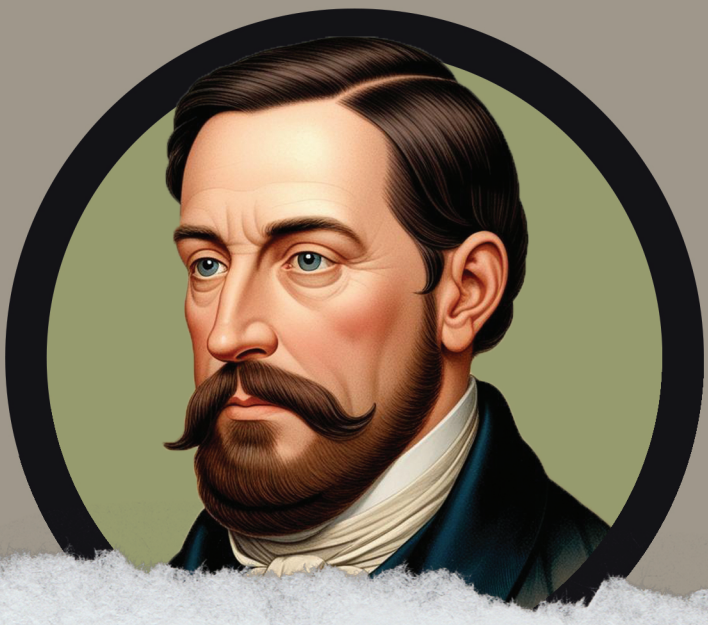

HISTORY SHAPERS

THE STORY OF BISHOP PATTESON

EMLA K. PAGET

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The Story of Bishop Patteson

by

Elma K. Paget

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PLEASE NOTE

In this series, you will read about historical figures who displayed courage, bravery, self-sacrifice, and many other admirable traits. Their stories remind us that many people in history took bold actions and made tough choices. Yet, even those who achieved great things sometimes held ideas or pursued goals that were not beneficial to everyone. History is full of complex individuals—parts of their lives inspire us to be brave and stand up for what is right, while other parts remind us to consider the unintended consequences of our actions.

As you explore these biographies, we invite you to reflect on the qualities that enabled these figures to achieve greatness and the lessons we can learn from their mistakes. Maybe you too can become a History Shaper—someone who learns from the past and helps to make our world a better place for everyone.

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TO SAM

MY DEAR SAM,

Once, when you were a small boy of three up in Barbon Village, in the beautiful Lune Valley, you bought a farthing surprise packet in the village shop. Inside, we found a few chalky sweets that I was obliged to throw into the beck (but we bought some acid drops to make up), a thin tin medal of Lord Salisbury, who did so much to help govern England, and a "fortune."

This was what the "fortune" said: -

"Your heart is set on missionary work in foreign lands. You will be discouraged by your friends, but be brave and determined, and you will succeed. It will be a hard life, but the good you will do will amply repay all your toil. You will not be rich but will have sufficient money to help mankind and secure the necessaries of life."

However, when I suggest that you might be a missionary, you always agree to leave it to Paul, and when I ask Paul, he is perfectly willing to leave it to you. So, for the present, the fortune goes unclaimed.

This book is not meant to make you both missionaries. It will tell you, however, in the simple story of a good

man's life that there are missionaries who have their place in the great company of the heroes, even though they pass through the world without sharing in its praise or its rewards. And since every sensible boy was born with a talent for hero-worship, let us, when we praise great men, remember such names as John Coleridge Patteson.

Your loving,

Elma K. Paget

CHAPTER I

WHEN COLEY WAS A LITTLE BOY

A GREAT number of years ago, in 1827, a little boy was born in a long, dull street in London called Gower Street. His name was John Coleridge Patteson, but, as very few people in this world ever make use of all their names, he was usually called Coley.

Every year, things are shifting and changing and altering, as you may know for yourself if you trouble to think about it. So, as Coley was born the better part of a hundred years ago, his world was very different from ours.

King George IV was on the throne, though three years later, he died and was succeeded by William IV, who was followed, in his turn, by good Queen Victoria. Instead of our trains, trams, and tubes, four-horse coaches used to come rattling into London with cracking whips and the flourish of splendid horns. Stately ships, with their sails spread like the wings of some beautiful bird, carried you across the sea instead of, as now, our great ocean-going steamers. No cable lay curled at the bottom of the sea, serpent-like. No one had invented postage stamps — in fact, there were not very many people who wanted to write

letters; and if they did, the charges were high enough to make them think twice about it. The coaches would carry the letters three miles from London for twopence and for threepence if it were as far as ten miles. Punctually at eight o'clock, the mails would start from London, the leather bags piled high upon the coach, the four horses eager to be off, while the guard sounded a merry note on his horn. Regularly, also, each evening, the postman would pass along the streets ringing his bell and calling to the people to bring out their letters ready for the mail.

"The Postboy galloping away
With letter-bag you'll find,
The wharf, the ship, the lady gay,
The beggar lame and blind,
The boatman plying at his oar,
The gard'ner and his greens,
The knife-grinder, with many more
Of London's city scenes."

That, according to a little, old, tattered book, was London when Coley was a boy — a very different London from the noisy, great city you know now.

If you think about all these things, you will see that when Coley was born, it must have taken ever such a long time traveling, and ever so much longer to hear from your friends who went away. So, for the most part, people liked best to stop safe and sound at home in England.

When Coley was three years old, his father was made

a judge. Of course, the little boy must have been pleased and amused to see the great, curly grey wig and splendid scarlet gown that his father had to wear. Judge Patteson was an honourable and God-fearing judge, respected on all sides for his just administration of the law. But in those days, the laws of England were sterner and harsher than now, and such a gentle judge must often have been troubled by the verdict or decision he had to give. Convicts were still transported out of England into her distant colonies; men and women were still punished without mercy for small thefts or forgeries; the prisons were still evil, miserable, poisonous places.

Coley had the best and dearest mother, who was usually called "Mama," two sisters, and a brother, with whom he played and with whom he quarreled. For, like a good number of boys, Coley had a temper. He could scream, kick, and pinch, and even try to stab his sister Fanny with a pencil. "Mama" had her hands full to keep the peace.

Lessons were learned each day with a governess named Miss Neill, whom all the children loved and who was to remain one of Coley's best friends all through his life.

When he was five years old, he could read, and his father gave him a Bible for his birthday present. Coley loved spelling out the great, solemn, beautiful words, even though he could hardly understand what they meant. He used to think, in his own quaint little way, that he would almost like to be a clergyman when he grew up because he

thought that he could make so many people happy when he read the *Absolution* or Forgiveness of Sins.

Although, as you know, it was difficult and lonely work at that time to travel into far countries, a cousin of Coley's had gone out to be a missionary bishop in the island of the Barbadoes. One day, a great hurricane swept over the islands, breaking down the houses and churches and rooting up trees. This quite took Coley's fancy when he heard of it. Here was a land of adventure better than all the Gower Streets in the world. Off he rushed to "Mama," crying out, "I will be a bishop, and I will have a hurricane!"

When Coley was eight years old, he had to go to school, and, like most other boys, he did not in the least want to go. Still, the school was in the country, away down in Devonshire at Ottery St. Mary, where his grandfather lived, so that it must have had some advantages. Ottery St. Mary is a very happy place for a boy who loves the country. There are great, wide-spreading trees that open their arms as if they were stretching in the warm, soft air. There is a river whose very name — the Otter — must speak to boys of early-morning hunting, when the dew still hangs upon the grass and the sun is up but not yet warm, as is very often the case with the boys themselves. The grave church stands like a mother with the little town at her knee, and, if you climb to the hills and the heather, you look away to the sea, which has called and is still calling to so many Devon boys.

Notwithstanding all this, Coley wrote a very miserable little letter to his father and mother:

"I can never be happy till I have left college, except in the holidays. School is a place of torment almost to me, but I must go to school some time or other, or else I shall never be a judge, as I hope to be some day. To think of you all makes me *chry*. I believe you will not mind that blot, for it was a tear just before it fell."

All the same, Coley got on very well and was particularly good at cricket, riding, and running races; and there were few things he enjoyed more than the fireworks on the 5th of November. Above all, his younger brother James soon joined him at school, so he was not lonely anymore. He loved to get leave from school to go and see his grandfather and granny at Heaths Court, partly because he was an especially loving little boy, partly because most little boys like play better than work. One day, Coley wanted to go to Heaths Court so badly that he told his master a number of fibs in order to get leave. Fibs are usually found out very quickly, and they are even more uncomfortable and unpleasant when they are not found out. However, the master very soon discovered that Coley had not spoken the truth, and, for a little while, all the pleasant leave was stopped, and, as a punishment, the little boy was kept prisoner in the school courtyard. At which, he was very miserable and very sorry, and wrote a long, pitiful letter to say he was the worst boy in the world, but he meant to try and be better.

CHAPTER II

COLEY HEARS THREE SOLEMN VOICES AND GETS INTO THE CRICKET ELEVEN

IN 1838, when Victoria had been Queen of England for nearly a whole year, and when Coley was eleven years old, he was sent from the school at Ottery to the great and famous school of Eton. Everyone has heard of that marvellous old place, that teaches and trains its sons, and then sends them out into the world to teach, work, and rule. The beautiful red-brick buildings and grey, uplifted chapel seem almost to rise out of the calm, wide river Thames. High above the river and the school, the great castle of Windsor lifts itself up like some wise, wakeful giant who has to guard the small people hurrying about his feet.

Coley was a very little boy to go to Eton; the young girl up at the castle was very young to be Queen of England. Perhaps the little boy looked up at the castle and longed to serve the girl who lived within; perhaps the girl looked

out of her windows across the meadows and longed to play and amuse herself like the schoolboys who had no cares of state.

One day, when the young Queen was out driving, the cheering and excited crowd swept round her carriage, carrying little Coley forward with the rush and pressing him right under the wheels. He must have been run over if the Queen had not stretched out a royal hand to save her small subject.

Two years afterward, the Queen was married, and the Eton boys decked themselves out with white favours and white gloves; which, undoubtedly, show us that Eton boys were very nice and proper in those days. But when the 5,000 lamps were alight on the triumphal arch, when the news sped of the arrival of the royal pair from London, even the white gloves proved no hindrance, and away rushed the boys, shouting, pushing, and cheering. They only paused now and again on their way to the castle to give a runaway knock at the houses they passed. Of the 550 Eton boys, only two were able to force their way into the great quadrangle of the castle, but Coley was one of the two.

He ends his letter of excited description with a little outburst of rejoicing: "I was so happy!"

Cricket, bathing, and boating were the chief delights of Coley's life. Now and again, he worked hard at his lessons. Now and again, he did nothing of the sort, with the result that he got unsatisfactory reports and became very

miserable, and then had to set to work again with better pluck and determination.

While Coley was enjoying all the fun and happiness of Eton life, three solemn things happened to him. They came like three voices calling to him to see if he were beginning to get ready for a life of hard, unselfish work as well as the life of play. They tried and tested him as you try the ice to see if it will bear.

The first voice was a sermon.

One Sunday morning, when Coley was fourteen, he went off to New Windsor Church to hear George Augustus Selwyn, first Bishop of New Zealand, preach. A bishop sounds as if he must be very grand; a man with a big house, a big gold ring, and perhaps a gold cross hanging round his neck. Bishop Selwyn had none of these. He had no palace to go to, only a nice home in England to leave behind. He was going to plant the good seed of the Word of God in the strange, little-known world of islands, where he would find a few English colonists and any number and every variety of heathen, savage tribes. The bishop was well known in Windsor, and as he spoke, the people in the crowded church listened and wept, for they could not bear to let him go. Coley, unable to get a seat, stood the whole time. He also listened and listened.

It was the first Voice speaking very gently to him.

A little while after, during his holidays, the same Voice spoke again when the bishop, in saying good-bye to Lady Patteson, added, "Will you give me Coley?" Coley's

mother did not answer. Perhaps she had heard the Voice too.

The next Voice to call Coley was his Confirmation, when he knelt before the bishop to receive the gift of the Spirit and to give himself to God. He had been working hard at school, and he had climbed to a good place, besides getting a great deal of praise for his Latin verses.

Coley had grown thoughtful; he was not a bit afraid of being serious when there was anything worth being serious about. He read his Bible with some other boys in his room, but as he was very shy of being considered good, he kept an open Shakespeare on the table and a drawer into which he could slip his Bible if anyone happened to come into the room. At the Confirmation, the bishop spoke to the boys about the noble self-denial of Bishop Selwyn, and Coley kept the saying in his heart.

The third Voice to call Coley was a great sorrow. He was called home from Eton to see his mother, who lay dying. It must be very hard to kiss your mother for the last time.

These are grave things to tell you, but Coley was preparing for a grave work.

Above all other things, Coley wished to get into the cricket eleven and play for Eton on Lord's cricket ground. In those days, the ground was neither so large nor so grand as at present. The boys could see and recognize, from their places in the field, the friends who rode or drove to the ground to see the match.

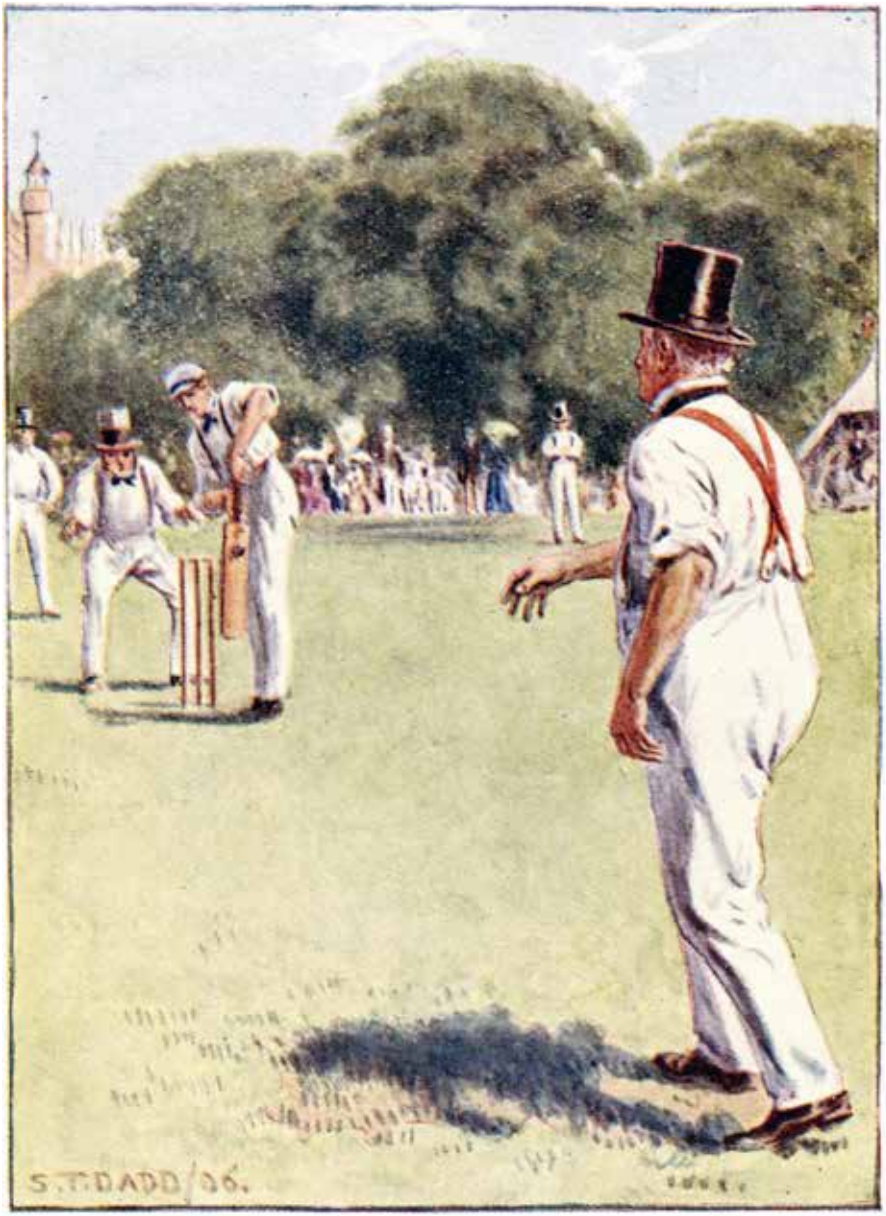
Coley first got into the eleven in 1843 and went up that

summer to play in the two great matches at Lord's — the Eton v. Harrow and the Eton v. Winchester. Perhaps the celebrated cricket professional Lillywhite was there to watch him. Certainly, once at Eton, Lillywhite got quite cross because he could not bowl Coley out.

Coley did especially well at Lord's his second year. He was sent in first in the Harrow match, and it was all he could do to keep up his wicket against the straight, steady bowling. However, he scored fifty runs with only one hit for four and quite broke the bowling, so that Eton won easily. Coley made a brilliant catch at point, which got the last Harrow man out.

Then came the Eton v. Winchester. Though all went well at first, the Winchester captain played an uphill game so finely that it almost seemed as if his side must win. Then Coley and the Eton captain had a great consultation about the bowlers, and, at last, Coley's advice was followed. Though the match was a very close one, his advice won the game. Depend upon it, Coley slept soundly that night; for there is no success like a boy's success when he saves a match for his school.

In another and less popular way, Coley had to help the school. Once every year, the cricket eleven and the eight of the boats met at dinner at a hotel in Slough. Bad habits will grow up in school like ill weeds in a garden, and it was the custom at these dinners to sing songs that were neither good to sing nor to hear. Coley would not hear them. "If that doesn't stop," he called out, "I shall leave



Lillywhite could not bowl Coley out

the room." The boy went on with the horrid, vulgar song, and Coley got up and, with a few others, left the room.

Of all the good things that fall to the fortune of an Englishman, cricket is perhaps the best; but there may come a time when even cricket must be sacrificed. So Coley wrote to the captain of the eleven to tell him that unless an apology were made, he must leave the eleven. They sent the apology at once, and the songs were never sung again.

The time at Eton was drawing to a close, but the last term was to add just one more happy victory to those delightful school days.

Coley shall tell you about it himself, in a letter written home: -

"You may suppose I was miserable at leaving Eton. I did not, I assure you, without thanking God for the many advantages I have 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."

CHAPTER III

COLEY WEARS A BLACK COAT AND GETS TO WORK

THERE are a good many people in the world who take everything very much as they find it, without asking any questions. Now it is wise to look well at a question to see if perhaps it has another side; for it usually has, and sometimes a very ugly one too, that must be faced if you are to do any good in the world.

Coley, grown tall and broad-shouldered, with as tough muscles as cricket, boating, and all sorts of exercise could give him, went up to Oxford and found himself very happily settled at Balliol College. He brought to Oxford a good many things. He had a name and a fame as a capital cricketer and a capital companion; he brought a certain amount of praise for his book learning and a real talent for learning languages. Besides this, he had made up his mind to take a good look all round a question before he tried to answer it. This is sometimes called the power of judgment and was a good thing for a judge's son to possess.

The first question he had to answer was about as difficult as any that ever came to him. Directly he got to Balliol, he was asked to play cricket for Oxford and offered his blue. There must have been some stronger power at work behind Coley's mind that even made him hesitate before answering "Yes" to such a tempting offer. You may be sure his Eton coat and cap were in his box when he came up to the university; he had, without doubt, the bat that scored those fifty runs at Lord's, and he was as safe a catch and as good a point as anyone could desire. All that! And yet Coley said "No." For above and beyond the joy of cricket, there was forming in his mind a wish to work, to grasp out and get something bigger, stronger, firmer — something that would last forever, that would be of use to other men. He looked quite simply at the chance of playing for Oxford and refused it because it would cost too much money and take up too much time.

Every one knows the story of the dog with eyes as big as saucers who guarded the pennies, and the dog with eyes as big as soup-plates who looked after the silver, and the dog with eyes as big as windmills (he was a terribly fierce fellow) who had care of the gold. And how the brave little soldier came and stuffed his pockets full of pennies, and then threw them away for the silver; and, coming to the third dog, whom he hardly dared approach, he at last gathered up courage to throw away the silver and pack his pockets full of gold.

It was rather like this with Coley at Oxford; he had got

as far as the soup-plate dog and had thrown away the pennies to get silver in exchange.

Never, however, did Coley cease to regret those most delightful years at Eton — never had the old school a more faithful son, never was it more passionately loved. "To stay at Eton in the summer is paradise." That is Coley's written opinion.

At last, when the time came for Coley to leave Oxford, he had to make up his mind what he would be. He had done as well at his books as anyone had expected, he had got a Fellowship at Merton, and he was twenty-two. In the old days, he had wanted to be a judge, but he had changed his mind and had made the dull choice of wearing a black coat and becoming a clergyman.

If you tell your cherry-stones, as every sensible person does who has the chance of a helping of cherry tart, you probably say: "Soldier, sailor, tinker, tailor, rich man, poor man, beggar-man, thief." And they all sound very interesting professions, except perhaps the poor man. You could be a splendid soldier, a daring sailor, a traveling tinker, perhaps a political tailor, or a rich man to do as he pleases. A beggar-man, if he is a tramp, sees a good deal of the world; and as for a thief, why, you could be a second Dick Turpin!

But a clergyman! He isn't even mentioned in the cherry-stone fortunes; and if you are a clergyman, it means, or ought to mean, that you write that difficult word "Self-sacrifice" right across your life.

It was another question to look at before Coley could answer. But this question always puts its ugly side to the front, and when you look all around it, you see the real beauty that it possesses. For the other side of the question is feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, visiting the sick, helping the prisoners, and teaching the ignorant. So Coley made his choice, and on September 14, 1853, he was ordained in Exeter Cathedral and started work immediately afterward as curate of Alphington, a little village two miles from Feniton Court, where his father now lived.

Coley began work with a good store of books, and they were not quite all sermons and Bible lessons. He was to live in the country, and so he was determined to learn all he could about the country. He bought books about farms and allotments, which are the little gardens given to the cottagers. He studied dairy work, digging, and gardening; he read about cottages and village schools — everything, in short, that might help and interest his cottage neighbors.

He started a lodging house for farm boys; for all his life long he loved to get hold of boys and to give them the best sort of games and books, teaching and training.

All this while, Coley had a pleasant time with the dog with the soup-plate eyes, and he had collected plenty of silver instead of the other good things he had given up. Now came the time to throw away the silver and to make

the acquaintance of the fierce-looking fellow who guarded the gold — to pass on from better to best.

Bishop Selwyn, who, you will remember, went away from Windsor to New Zealand, came home for a holiday and went, of course, to stay at Feniton Court.

August had come, and the country round Ottery, Alphington, and Feniton was looking its very best. All the gardens were bright with early autumn and late summer flowers, the ripe fruit hung heavy on garden walls, the bees droned lazily and pleasantly, while away in the fields, harvest had begun, and the reapers were busy with their scythes.

It was stay-at-home holiday weather, and Coley walked off to Feniton Court to breakfast, full of his plans and his work, and eager to meet Bishop Selwyn. After breakfast, Coley and the bishop walked out into the garden. Shady leaves and green lawns, and the bright flower beds, with a blue sky overhead — what more could he want? And yet the bishop looked at Coley, and right through Coley, and he said to him, "Are you satisfied?"

Now then, Coley, are you ready to throw away the silver and stretch out your hands to grasp the gold?

He hesitated a bit and said, "Yes," and "Well, *perhaps* not quite — and *perhaps* one day he would go and work in a big town — or perhaps he would be a missionary."

"If you wish to be a missionary," said the bishop, "you must be a missionary now, while you are young and well