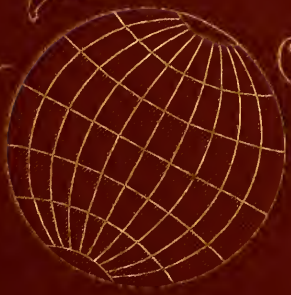
The World for Christ



Christ for the World

W. G. LAWES. S. MCFARLANE. J. CHALMERS.

PIONEERS OF THE NEW GUINEA MISSION.

AMONG THE CANNIBALS

OF

NEW GUINEA:

BEING

THE STORY OF THE NEW GUINEA MISSION OF THE LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

BY

REV. S. McFARLANE, LL.D., F.R.G.S., Etc.

ILLUSTRATED WITH A SERIES OF ORIGINAL DRAWINGS BY AN ARTIST WHO HAS VISITED THE ISLAND.

PHILADELPHIA:
PRESBYTERIAN BOARD OF PUBLICATION
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PREFACE

TO THE ENGLISH EDITION.

THE following pages have been written for the directors of the London Missionary Society, as the first of a series of manuals giving an account of the different missions connected with the Society, which they are intending to publish.

Before their wish to issue such a manual was made known to me, my dear friend Mr. Abraham Haworth, of Manchester, and others, had been seriously urging me to write the story of the New Guinea Mission, being the only one (as they said) who could, from experience, relate the interesting story of those first years of pioneer work, when we had to form the acquaintance and acquire the language of the savage tribes, and establish the mission, not only "in perils in the sea, and in perils by the heathen," but amidst the sickness, suffering, and death of the members of the mission.

Although I began the book somewhat reluctantly—knowing that it would have to be written chiefly at odd times, whilst going about the country attending missionary meetings,—still I must confess that it has been a pleasing occupation. I have simply (as in writing "The Story of the Lifu Mission") gone back in thought and lived over again our life in New Guinea.

It leaves my hands with the earnest wish and prayer that it may be the means of deepening the interest and faith of Christians of all sections of the Church of Christ in the truest and greatest of all enterprises—*Christian missions to the heathen.*

S. McFARLANE.

ELMSTONE LODGE,
BROMHAM ROAD, BEDFORD,
Mar.10th, 1888.

PREFACE

TO THE AMERICAN EDITION.

THIS work was originally published by the London Missionary Society, and it is now republished, with the consent of that society, by the Presbyterian Board of Publication and Sabbath-School Work, as one of its Missionary Series. The republication was undertaken on the earnest recommendation of the late venerated President of the Presbyterian Board, the Rev. William P. Breed, D. D.

The work is now presented to the Church in the confident expectation that it will prove not only interesting, but highly instructive, and also stimulative to missionary labor.

E. R. CRAVEN,
Secretary of the Presbyterian Board of P. and S.-S. W.

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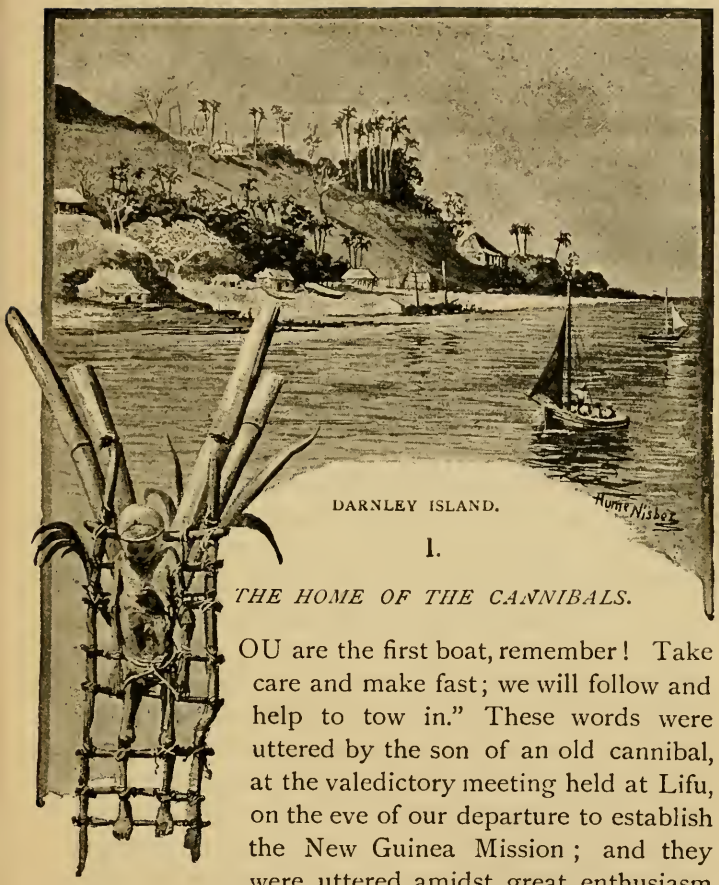


DARNLEY ISLAND.

I.

THE HOME OF THE CANNIBALS.

"YOU are the first boat, remember! Take care and make fast; we will follow and help to tow in." These words were uttered by the son of an old cannibal, at the valedictory meeting held at Lifu, on the eve of our departure to establish the New Guinea Mission; and they were uttered amidst great enthusiasm The speaker was describing the process of catching whales, with which the people were familiar, as the whaling ships came annually to Lifu, and many of the young men were employed as boats' crews during the season. He was one of the seniors in the institution

for the training of pastors and pioneer evangelists, and he was addressing four of his fellow-students, whom I had selected, with four of the native pastors, to be the pioneers of our New Guinea Mission. His father had been the king's orator in heathen times, whose business it was to address the multitude on feast days and great occasions, and he was a powerful and very popular speaker. The son had inherited some of his father's fire, and was turning it to better account. He drew a graphic picture of the mode of whale catching —sighting the whale—the chase—the harpooning, requiring a steady aim and strong arm in order to "make fast," then the assembling of the boats to assist in towing in the monster. "Now," he said, turning to the pioneers, "New Guinea is the whale. It is sighted. We are going to chase it. You are the first boat, remember. Take care and make fast; and we will follow and help to tow in. The consequences of any mismanagement on your part may be very serious. You may only wound and irritate the whale, and drive it away." Here he spoke most earnestly and pointedly about the importance of their *living* the Christian life before the natives of New Guinea; only by such means could they reasonably hope to *make fast*. If their conduct was bad, they would throw the harpoon (preach) in vain. His speech produced a great impression. Others followed in the same strain, until the meeting became one of the longest and most enthusiastic we ever had at Lifu.

The crowded and well-dressed assembly, the eight teachers being consecrated to foreign missionary work, the spacious and substantial stone chapel, the animated speakers, and the attentive hearers, presented a

thrilling scene. Not many years before they had worshipped in a house, near the one in which they were assembled, made of poles, string, and grass. They had but few articles of European clothing amongst them, and were a sad, yet interesting, and in some respects very ludicrous sight. Now they were met together to send forth missionaries from amongst their own people to other and distant heathen lands. What but the gospel could have produced such an astonishing change in twelve years?

The glory of our South Sea mission has been that when the natives of an island have received the gospel and felt its power, they have offered themselves as missionaries to carry the good news to the heathen beyond; thus our Lifu and Maré converts became the pioneers of the New Guinea Mission, and the meeting to which I have referred was the beginning of their foreign mission work. As therefore the New Guinea Mission is but the extension of our Loyalty Islands mission, I must take you to Lifu before going to New Guinea.

The voyage is much pleasanter and quicker now than it was when I went there thirty years ago. It took us eight months to reach our station in those days, but it may be done now in a less number of weeks. I have a lively recollection of the hard biscuit, pea soup, American dried apples, and cockroaches, and the weary tossing in an over-loaded vessel, with the water sometimes six inches deep in both cabin and saloon. There were no Plimsoll's marks in those days! You must please to imagine yourselves there without having endured the wearisome voyage, or hard fare, or any of those peculiar

feelings which sea-going people suffer on their first voyage, or having found it necessary to pay tribute to Neptune.

It was a lovely morning in August when we first landed on one of those charming South Sea islands—not the August of the northern hemisphere, which is associated in our minds with fields of waving yellow corn, trees loaded with apples, pears, plums, and luscious fruit, purple grapes, and leaves turning russet brown ; but the August of the southern tropics, one of the coolest months of the twelve. The August of lands waving with majestic palm trees and the graceful, large-leafed banana plants and ferns ; where the sky-line is broken by the feathery tops of cocoa-nut trees, and the dense jungle is gaudy with brilliant flowers and crotons, and where the lovely orchids, in all their bewildering variety of tint and shape and size, excite the admiration of the traveller, and the delight of the scientific collector.

When we came on deck on that memorable morning, a soft breeze, warm as new milk, was just beginning to stir the air, but not yet strong enough to lift the pale mist from the sea, to which it was clinging closely. In the distance, dim and indistinct, could be heard the lapping of the waves on the shore, as they rolled up the broken shells and coral on the beach, as yet invisible for the fog. Gradually the blue overhead became more and more distinct, and the gray mist seemed to melt away as the rising sun began to exert its power. As the fog rose, we first saw the tops of the adjoining hills, then the middle heights and knolls, and, lastly, the white, shimmering sandy beach. The sea had not a ripple on its surface ; it was smooth as oil. There

was just a faint heave, in which the reflection of the land was curved and bent, but not broken.

Our vessel was soon surrounded by canoes filled with young cocoanuts, bananas, and oranges, coral, shells, and curios, which the noisy natives were anxious to exchange for European articles. We lower our boat and pull in to the beach, where a crowd of natives are waiting to receive us. It is a strange scene. Instead of the oak and the elm and the beech, the majestic yews and chestnuts and poplars, the apple and pear and plum trees of this beautiful England, there rise before you the stately palms, the wide-spreading banyan, the tamarind, with its thick foliage, and the mango, with its abundant wood and rich burden of luscious fruit; orange, banana, and cocoanut groves, instead of our stately orchards; and plantations of yams and sugar-cane, melons and papao apples, instead of our waving cornfields. And instead of our stone and brick houses, there are grass huts surrounded by stockades, in the midst of rank vegetation, close by stagnant pools and deadly swamps.

I must not dwell on those first years of missionary labour at Lifu. Whilst they were years of disappointment, danger, toil, and loneliness, they were also years of great blessing, of most useful experience, and of encouragement and happiness. I may say that before I had been six weeks on the island I had travelled round it a distance of one hundred and fifty miles, visiting the villages and trying to acquire the language. Three months after our arrival I began to preach to the people, which I continued regularly afterwards.

Although there was plenty of work for my suc-

cessor to do after I left to establish the New Guinea Mission, still a marvellous change had taken place in those twelve years, from idolatry, cannibalism, and constant wars, to the worship of the true God, peaceful industry, and a growing education. Schools and churches were established throughout the island, and the New Testament and Psalms translated into the language of the people. The Teachers' Seminary was in good working order, supplying native teachers and pastors and pioneer evangelists. European stores were established in different parts of the island on account of the rapidly growing trade with the natives, and the people were not only paying for their books and providing for their pastors, but also making a very handsome annual subscription to the London Missionary Society, to help to send the gospel to the heathen beyond. For many years I had in that mission, as my devoted colleague, Rev. James Sleigh, who had been previously settled as a Congregational minister, both in England and Australia, and who rendered good service in the Lifu mission in the revision of the New Testament and the translation of the Psalms, besides by his faithful pastoral work. I was succeeded by my friend, Rev. S. M. Creagh, who left his station on the neighbouring island of Maré to take charge of the seminary at Lifu, by appointment.

In 1870 I was informed by the secretary of the London Missionary Society, that it was the wish of the directors that I should turn my attention to New Guinea, and make arrangements for commencing a mission on this largest, darkest, and most neglected island in the world. Accordingly I began at once to collect information and mature plans. There was

very little known about New Guinea in those days, and that little was far from encouraging. So I determined to make a prospecting voyage with a few of our best natives, to *spy out the land.* I laid the matter before the students, native pastors, and churches of Lifu, and asked for volunteers, giving them to understand plainly the dangerous character of the work, on account of the climate and the savages. Every native pastor on the island and student in the seminary offered himself for the work. We selected four experienced pastors and four of the best students, and had some glorious meetings in connection with their appointment and departure.

I chartered the *John Knox*, a small vessel that for many years had been owned by the Presbyterian mission in the New Hebrides group, where she had done good work. Although small, she was a good sea boat ; rather uncomfortable for so long a voyage, but still quite safe.

My arrangements were all made when the *John Williams* arrived at Lifu, with Mr. and Mrs. Murray on board. They were leaving (on account of health) the Samoan mission, and had been appointed by the directors to join that in the Loyalty Islands. As Mr. Murray had had great experience in the location of pioneer evangelists in the South Sea islands, I proposed that he should leave his wife with mine at Lifu, and accompany me on this interesting voyage to New Guinea, and share the responsibility and the honour of establishing the new and important mission. I was delighted to find that he readily consented, although he decidedly objected to going in so small a vessel as the one I had chartered, which led to some

alteration in my plans and to the commencement of the mission on a larger scale than I had originally intended. The committee in Sydney were authorized to charter a suitable vessel, and send it to us at Lifu. The schooner *Emma Paterson* was engaged, but never reached us. She was wrecked on the coast of New Caledonia, on her way to Lifu. The crew abandoned her, leaving the captain alone on the wreck, and taking with them a good supply of provisions and *spirits*, declared their intention of going to the then newly discovered goldfield at the north end of New Caledonia. A boat was found on the coast about ten days after they had left the wreck, which was half full of water, and contained a human hand and foot, and these are supposed to be the remnant of the crew of the *Emma Paterson*. I arranged with the captain of one of the South Sea island traders, who called at Lifu, and was open to charter, and in July, 1871, we started for New Guinea.

It would be difficult to describe our feelings as we sailed towards that great land of cannibals, a land which, viewed from a scientific, political, commercial, or religious point of view, possesses an interest peculiarly its own. Whilst empires have risen, flourished, and decayed ; whilst Christianity, science, and philosophy have been transforming nations, and travellers have been crossing polar seas and African deserts, and astonishing the world by their discoveries, New Guinea has remained the same : sitting in the blue, warm, Southern Ocean, kissing the equator at the north and shaking hands with Australia in the south, bearing on her bosom magnificent forests and luxuriant tropical vegetation, yet lifting her snow-capped

head into the clear, cold atmosphere 17,000 feet above the level of the sea—steaming hot at the base, where the natives may be seen in the cocoanut groves mending their bows and poisoning their arrows, making their bamboo knives and spears, and revelling in war and cannibalism as they have been doing for ages, but freezing cold at the summit, where the foot of man has never disturbed the eternal snows. It was this *terra incognita* that we were approaching, with its primeval forests and mineral wealth and savage inhabitants.

In these days, when so many have done what not many years ago was known as the "grand tour"; when alligator shooting on the Nile, lion hunting in Nubia, or tiger potting in India can be arranged by contract with Cook's tickets; when the Holy Land, Mecca, or Khiva are all accessible to tourists; when every mountain in the Alps has been scaled, and even the Himalayas made the scene of mountaineering triumphs; when shooting buffaloes in the "Rockies" is almost as common as potting grouse on the moors, —it comes with a sense of relief to visit a country really new, about which little is known, a country of *bonâ fide* cannibals and genuine savages, where the pioneer missionary and explorer truly carries his life in his hand. A land of gold, yet a land where a string of beads will buy more than a nugget of the precious metal. A land of promise, capable of sustaining millions of people, in which however the natives live on yams, bananas, and cocoa-nuts. A land of mighty cedars and giant trees, where notwithstanding the native huts are made of sticks, and roofed with palm leaves. A land consisting of millions of acres of glorious grass, capable of fattening multitudes of

cattle, where however neither flocks nor herds are known. A land of splendid mountains, magnificent forests, and mighty rivers, but to us a land of heathen darkness, cruelty, cannibalism, and death. We were going to plant the gospel standard on this, the largest island in the world, and win it for Christ; and as the gospel had worked such marvels in other parts of the world, we felt sure that it would not fail in this home of the Papuan and cannibal tribes, of which I must now give some account.

About 370 years ago New Guinea was discovered by a mere accident. There were in those days a number of gallant spirits who were immortalising their names and that of their country by their "glorious exploits." Among these was Don Jorge de Meneses, a distinguished Portuguese navigator, who was proceeding on a voyage from Malacca, to dislodge the Spaniards from the Moluccas. The usual route home to which the Portuguese had been accustomed was by the south of Borneo and of the Celebes, and by the island of Amboyna. But Don Jorge thought he would try another course, and so went round the northern end of Borneo, and being set to the eastward by currents, and standing afterwards to the south, made the discovery of New Guinea, where he landed and remained a month. Two years later, another Portuguese (Alvarez de Saavedra) landed on its shores; and although there is no record of his having penetrated inland, he called the island by the high-sounding title of *Isla del Oro*, from the idea which he formed of its abounding in gold. In 1545, a Spanish mariner named Ynigo Ortiz de Rez, also voyaging to the Moluccas, sailed 250 miles along

its northern coast, and gave it the name of Neuva Guinea, from some fancied resemblance it bore to the Guinea coast on the west of Africa.[1] In 1616 Schouten visited the country in the Dutch ship *Unity*, and discovered one large and several smaller volcanoes.[2] In 1699, Dampier, in the *Roebuck*, circumnavigated the island. On landing, he was met with considerable resistance, the natives using clubs and spears and hollow sticks from which they threw fire at their opponents. In 1768, the French vessels *La Boudeuse* and *L'Etoile*, under the command of M. de Bougainville, sailed along the southern and eastern coasts. In 1770, Captain Cook sailed along the coast, and confirmed the statement of its disconnection from the continent of New Holland. There were several visitors after this: amongst others, Captain Edwards, in the *Pandora*, in 1791 ; Bampton, in 1793 ; and Blackwood, in 1845 ; but little or no further information relative to the place was given until Stanley, in H.M.S. *Rattlesnake*, ran along the coast and made a rough survey of a portion of it. Still, although the island has been visited at various points by Portuguese, Spanish, French, Dutch, and English navigators, very little was known either of the country or its inhabitants, until after the establishment of our mission there in 1871. And as our mission is divided

[1] The name by which it was known in the Moluccas long before Europeans knew of its existence, and by which it is still known there, is Tanna Papua, the land of the frizzly-haired people ; and being the home of the Papuan race, *Papua* is a more appropriate name than New Guinea.

[2] The names given by the early Dutch voyagers to the two principal rivers they discovered, Moordenaar or Murderer, and Doodslaager or Slaughter, prove their intercourse to have been anything but friendly.

into three districts—western, central, and eastern—I shall observe that order in speaking of that part of the country which is the portion that now belongs to Great Britain.

The western district extends from the Baxter River to Bald Head, comprising nearly the whole of the Papuan Gulf. All this part of the country is low, with the exception of a hill at the mouth of the Mabidauan River, 100 feet high, another about forty miles inland, and a similar one about twenty miles up the Fly River. Although the land is generally low, a large portion of it being under water during the rainy season, the soil is a rich alluvial, in some places ten feet deep. Up the Baxter and Fly rivers I found the banks sometimes twenty feet high, the country undulating, patches well wooded, others being covered with merely a thick scrub, all good land; and for hundreds of miles up the Fly River there are no natives to be seen, although they are pretty numerous for the first hundred miles from the coast. The country abounds in sago palms, wild nutmeg, betel-nut, banana, and cocoanut trees. The Papuan Gulf is the most valuable part of the English portion of the island. Here lie the water-ways into the interior of this great country, along whose fertile banks the finest sugar-cane may be cultivated, and on whose bosom the immense logs of valuable timber from the magnificent forests, also produce from the interior, may be floated down to the sea at comparatively little expense. This is the great delta of the country, and the easiest way of reaching the interior, and must soon become the centre of active commercial enterprise. It was in this district that our mission was com-

menced, and here we made our most valuable geographical discoveries.

The central district extends from Bald Head to Orangerie Bay. The east side of the gulf has a bold and rocky shore, with extensive coral reefs. The peninsula is exceedingly mountainous. When visiting the hill tribes about twenty-five or thirty miles inland from Port Moresby, I was surprised and disappointed to find, from the summit of a mountain over 2,000 feet high, the country looking so mountainous. We were then about twenty miles from Mount Owen Stanley, and as far as we could see, in every direction, the hills seemed to rise tier upon tier in the wildest confusion. The highest mountains on the peninsula are Mount Owen Stanley, which is 13,205 feet, Mount Suckling, 11,226 feet, and Mount Yule, 10,046 feet. There are also many others of great altitude. There is a back range of very lofty mountains running east and west on the other side of the Owen Stanley range, with a great deep gorge dividing the two ranges. The Owen Stanley range runs out about ten miles to the west of Mount Yule, the back range continuing to the west as far as the eye can reach, right into the heart of New Guinea. The Port Moresby district is one of the healthiest parts of the peninsula, being a dry, barren locality compared with the country to the east and west. In the latter districts there is more rain, richer land, and altogether much finer and more fruitful country. Probably the finest tracts of land on the peninsula are to be found in the vicinity of Yule Island ; and the splendid harbour between that island and the mainland makes Hall Sound the most valuable port on the peninsula, it being the one nearest

the rich country of the gulf. Yule Island itself is a beautiful and fertile country. I have visited it many times, and travelled all over it. M. d'Albertis, the naturalist, lived there about a year; and we both, as well as others, regarded Hall Sound as being the best place on the peninsula for a settlement with a view to govern or open up the country.

The fact of our having a mission station at Port Moresby has led to several expensive, fruitless, and disastrous attempts to explore the country. Being situated about 200 miles from the main body of the island, there has been, and always will be, trouble about carriers. No one has crossed the peninsula yet, although it is not more than ninety miles broad, and we have only just heard of a naturalist having reached Mount Owen Stanley, which is but fifty miles from the coast. So that to attempt to explore the interior of the country from Port Moresby is a useless waste of time, energy, money, and even life. A party might take their tent and supplies in a boat, and going by the tide up the Fly or Aird rivers reach, with comparative ease, safety, and little expense, the very heart of New Guinea, and there form a depôt and commence their travels. In the vicinity of Hood Bay there is some good, fertile land, and the finest native tribes with which we are acquainted in New Guinea. In walking round that large bay from Hula to Kerepunu, I saw the most extensive and best made plantations I have seen in the island. I noticed the same up the rivers on both sides of the bay. Aroma is a thickly populated, sandy peninsula. Entering McFarlane Harbour, sailing across Marshall Lagoon, and up the Devitt River, we passed through many miles of low,

swampy country ; but there appeared to be very good land beyond. Cloudy Bay is true to its name, for although I have passed it many times, I have never seen it clear.

From Orangerie Bay to East Cape is the eastern district. There is not much to tempt a foreigner (unless he be a missionary) in this eastern district. The natives are numerous, and require nearly the whole of the land for their plantations. There may be, and probably is, mineral wealth amongst the mountains of the peninsula ; but the ore must be very rich to make it payable, as the expenses would be great. That gold exists in New Guinea has been long known. I myself obtained from the bed of the Baxter River ample proof of this fact two years before traces of it were discovered on the peninsula. The fact is, that notwithstanding all the writing about it, and searching for it, nothing more has yet been discovered than might be obtained in almost any river in Queensland. The *locale* of payable gold has yet to be discovered in New Guinea. That it is found amongst the sand and mud of rivers in minute quantities is a fact of little value, seeing that gold is the most widely distributed of all metals, and that these small grains may have travelled hundreds of miles from the parent stock. Although we do not know where payable gold exists in New Guinea, we do know where there is fine sugar-growing country, and plenty of splendid timber, and suitable places for the cultivation of coffee, rice, and sago ; and with these valuable birds in the hand, the others had better for a time be left in the bush.

Taking the island as a whole, we may justly regard

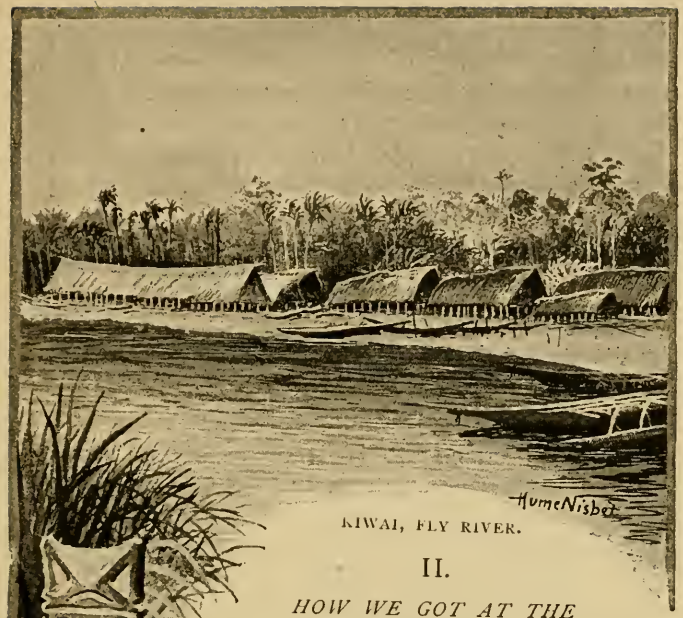
it as one of the richest in the world. It has its snowy mountains 17,000 feet high, its splendid ranges and fertile valleys, its green-clad hills and sunny slopes and rich plains, its magnificent forests of valuable timber and beautiful birds, its noble rivers and grand waterfalls, its flowing streams and dashing cascades, its extensive cocoanut groves, well-cultivated gardens, and numerous wild fruit trees, its vast alluvial plains for the cultivation of sugar-cane, its extensive tracts of country for raising cattle, its presumably great mineral wealth. All combine to make it a most valuable and interesting country.

Who knows what new species may not be hidden in the interior, remaining traces of those that are now considered extinct? And it is quite possible that ancient structures may be found similar to those in the Marshall group, which are supposed to have been built by a prehistoric race of men, at a period when a continent connected all those islands, where now the Pacific Ocean rolls between. The country is larger than any in Europe except Russia. It is 1,500 miles long, and from 30 to nearly 500 miles wide, containing an area of 303,241 square miles, or, including the immediately adjoining islands, of 311,958 square miles. Consequently its area is about the same as the united area of the British Islands and France, or of the British Islands, Italy, Turkey, and Greece. With the groups of New Britain, Admiralty Islands, the Solomon Islands, the New Hebrides, and Loyalty Islands, all lying to the east and south-east, it forms that division of the islands of the Pacific which geographers have named *Melanesia*, or black islands, from the colour of the inhabitants.

Situated close to the equator, and extending only eleven degrees south of it, the climate of New Guinea is hot and uniform, and the rains abundant, leading there, as elsewhere in similar situations, to the growth of a luxuriant forest vegetation, which clothes hill and valley with an ever-verdant mantle. Only on the coasts nearest to Australia, and probably influenced by the dry winds from that continent, are there any open or thinly wooded spaces ; and there alone do we find some approach to the Australian type of vegetation in the occurrence of numerous eucalypti and acacias. Everywhere else however, even in the extreme south-east peninsula and adjacent islands, the vegetation is essentially Malayan ; but Dr. Beccari, who collected plants extensively in the north-western peninsula and its islands, was disappointed, both as regards its variety and novelty. The forests of New Guinea are everywhere grand and luxuriant, rivalling those of Borneo and Brazil in the beauty of their forms of vegetable life. The animal life is also interesting, although the mammalia are singularly few, and with the exception of a peculiar wild pig all belong to the marsupial tribe, or to the still lower monotremes of Australia. Wallace declares that the tigers, apes, and buffaloes described in the fictitious travels of Captain Lawson would be as much out of their real place there as they would be in the highlands of Scotland. The tracks of large animals discovered by recent travellers are now known to be those of the cassowary, which, as far as we know, is the largest land animal of New Guinea.

Having now given some account of the *home* of these cannibal tribes, I must proceed to describe how we got *at* them and how we found them.

The *country* is interesting, but the *people* are much more so. Our primary object in going there was not that we might render it safe to land upon its shores, which are lined with cocoanut, banana, sago, betel-nut, fig, wild date, mango, and other fruit trees; it was not that we might open up the interior, and render the iron-wood, ebony, canary-wood, cedar, and other valuable timber, besides the pepper, ginger, turmeric, and spices, accessible; it was not that we might facilitate the acquisition of birds of paradise, crown pigeons, parrots, lories, and other beautiful birds that dwell in the dark, tangled, luxuriant, and magnificent forests; it was not that we might render life and property secure whilst the miner digs for coal, iron, and gold, which are known to exist there, or whilst the sailor collects from its shores the trepang, pearl, turtle-shell, and fish, which treasures there abound—although we are fully persuaded that the introduction of Christianity will do this more effectually than anything else: it was not the treasures of the country, but the inhabitants that we sought—the multitude of souls who have lost the image of God, which Jesus Christ, whose gospel we are commanded to carry to the very ends of the earth, and preach to every creature, came to restore; and we are fully convinced that this gospel is not only the best civilizer, the best reformer, and the best handmaid to science, but that it is the only way to eternal life, and indeed the only means of preventing the natives from being swept from the face of the earth by the great tidal wave of what we are pleased to call "human progress and civilization."



KIWAI, FLY RIVER.

II.

HOW WE GOT AT THE CANNIBALS.

I MUST begin by describing some of the peculiar difficulties which we had to encounter in conveying the message of the Cross to these cannibal tribes. In the first place, our captain would not take the vessel we had chartered within twenty miles of the New Guinea coast, where we commenced our mission. It was an unsurveyed coast. Navigation was exceedingly dangerous. If he had lost his vessel, he would have lost the insurance; so he anchored off an island in Torres Straits, twenty miles from New Guinea, and positively refused to go any nearer. Hence our first difficulty arose from the

dangerous character of the unsurveyed coast; rocks, reefs, sand-banks, mud-flats, rendered invisible by the muddy water poured out of the great rivers in the Papuan Gulf. We were obliged to leave our vessel and take to the boats.

How well I remember that first sail along the mangrove coast of the island, with a few Lifu teachers in our boat, to form our first mission station! It was a day long to be remembered. Dark clouds hung over the dark land, and occasional showers and bursts of sunshine and sickly heat reminded us of the deadly fever of the country. Our hearts, like the heavens, were ready to burst, as we thought of the ignorance, cruelty, darkness, and death of the long-neglected tribes of the great island before us, yet were glad that the time had at length arrived for attacking this stronghold of heathenism. We knew something of the immense difficulties and dangers before us; but our strength was in the name of the Lord of hosts. We were as David before the mighty Goliath, but we knew what the smooth stones from the brook would do. We were simply going to form the acquaintance of these savages, and leave with them a few teachers, who seemed men very much like themselves—that was all. But what great issues depended upon so insignificant an event! We felt that we were beginning a work destined to change these people and their surroundings most completely. But what would happen before the light penetrated the darkness? What labours, and prayers, and tears, and suffering, and persecution, and wars, and death, before the tribes were won for Christ!—all of which have come to pass to an appalling degree Of the final result we had

no doubt. That Christianity would triumph over the superstition and cruelty of those benighted people we were convinced. But how many of those in the boat would live to see it? How many would, ere long, fall, by the fever of the country or the spears of the savages, was a painful question. Not long afterwards, and not far from the village we visited that day, the first martyrs of the New Guinea Mission suffered, two Lifu teachers and their wives being murdered by the ignorant savages, who soon found, as they afterwards confessed, that they had murdered their best friends, supposing them to be enemies. They have since received teachers from our Papuan Institute, and embraced Christianity, and are now living at peace among themselves, and with their neighbours.

Having overcome the difficulties and dangers of an unsurveyed coast, and reached the people, the next thing was to communicate with them. Here is another great difficulty peculiar to New Guinea. In most of our missions in the South Seas one language prevails throughout the group, where, in some cases, there is a population of over one hundred thousand people, as in the Sandwich and Fiji Islands. Indeed, one language may be said to prevail over the whole of Eastern Polynesia, the differences being of a merely dialectic form; whilst those in Western Polynesia, not only differ greatly from Eastern Polynesian dialects, but also differ from each other. In New Guinea however you meet with a different dialect, on an average, about every fifty miles; and this increases enormously the difficulties of missionary work.

Then there is another serious difficulty with which we were unacquainted in the South Seas, and that is

the absence of powerful chiefs. We found them, as a rule, in the South Seas, despotic. The word of the chief was law, and a law against which there was no appeal; so that if a missionary by presents, kindness, and tact gained the confidence of the chief, and became his acknowledged friend, he might move about the district in safety, and would be listened to attentively and treated kindly, as the friend of the king. But in New Guinea it is totally different. There are no real chiefs, but simply *headmen*, who are leaders in time of war, but have little influence or power in times of peace beyond their own families. So that in landing amongst these people you are exposed to the anger, jealousy, or cupidity of any man who may wish to enrich himself or to spite his enemies by taking your life; and this is by no means a pleasant feeling, especially if you happen to be in a cannibal district.

Even when you have reached the coast in safety, and gained the confidence of the people, and acquired their language, then you have to encounter the sickly climate, which has proved fatal to so many members of our mission. A consideration of the known, as well as the unknown and probable difficulties, led me to select *Darnley Island* as the most safe, central, and in every way the most suitable place at which to commence our mission. For such a work as we were beginning, we required a central station, which we might make our sanatorium, city of refuge, and educational centre. As a Scotchman, I remembered *Iona* and its history in connection with the evangelization of Scotland, and hoped that *Darnley* would prove the Iona of New Guinea. So that on leaving Lifu, we sailed direct for Darnley in the Papuan Gulf,

and anchored there in Treachery Bay, on Saturday evening, July 1st, 1871.

It may be interesting to state whence this bay derived its name, as illustrating the difficulties from another quarter with which the missionaries who are commencing a mission amongst savage tribes have to contend. Observing the name on the chart, I turned to the sailing instructions for an explanation, and there found it stated that the natives of Darnley are a wild, savage, and treacherous people, that they murdered a boat's crew, and must not be trusted. Nothing however is said of the *cause* of this massacre. Doubtless nothing was known of it by the writer. When I became acquainted with the people and their language, I asked the old men if they remembered a vessel calling, and a boat's crew being killed. "Oh, yes," they said, "we remember the event very well; every man was killed." Then they stated the *cause*, which does not appear in the published account. It was this. The captain sent in two boats to get water at the only place on the island where there is water throughout the year. I have known the people there to be eight months without rain, and all the wells on the island dry, except this pool in Treachery Bay. The natives did not object to their filling the casks, because there was plenty for all; but having filled them and towed them off to the ship, a number of the sailors returned with a bundle of dirty clothes and a bar of soap, and began washing and bathing in the only drinking water the natives had. The natives very naturally objected; but the sailors, thinking themselves masters of the situation on account of their revolvers, persisted, and the consequence was,

as stated in the sailing instructions, every one of that boat's crew was murdered. Of course many of the natives were killed, some during the affray and others by the revenge party sent on shore by the captain immediately afterwards, who did all the mischief they could, both to the people and their houses and plantations, besides taking away a number of girls as prisoners.[1]

Without knowing the cause of the massacre, we judged from the name of the bay that there must have been some foul play; and as we did not know the language of the people, nor they ours, we determined to make, if possible, the impression upon their minds that we were different from others who had called there. *Acts of kindness* are a language that people can understand all the world over, and that was the only language we were able to use in our first touch with these cannibal tribes at different points of our mission. The first man upon whom we tried this language was the leading warrior of the island, who is now the senior deacon of the church there. Soon after we cast anchor on that memorable Saturday evening he made his appearance on the hill, evidently to reconnoitre.

[1] Many Europeans, in dealing with savage and half-civilized tribes, are apt to place too much faith in their revolvers and rifles, and to suppose that a single shot will frighten away the natives. I know there are times when it will do so; indeed, such times have occurred in my own experience, when to frighten them away, and prevent a collision, in which much blood would have been shed, was certainly the most humane thing to do. But I have seen the mate of a vessel holding a revolver at the breast of a Lifu native, during the first year of my missionary life, without frightening him into submission. A few of the native's friends stood by, and coolly told the mate, in broken English, that if he shot the man they would kill him instantly. Had I not been there, the crew of that boat would most likely have been killed as the result of their injustice and folly.

We beckoned to him, and then jumped into our boat and met him on the beach. That meeting, like many other of our first meetings with the cannibals in New Guinea, was very different from the pictures in books and magazines of the missionary's first landing amongst savages. I have often been amused at the pictures of Moffat, Williams, etc., compared with my own experience. Instead of standing on the beach in a suit of broadcloth with Bible in hand, the pioneer missionary in New Guinea might be seen on the beach in very little and very light clothing, with an umbrella in one hand and a small bag in the other, containing (not Bibles and tracts, but) beads, jew's harps, small looking-glasses, and matches ; not pointing to heaven, giving the impression that he is a rainmaker, but sitting on a stone with his shoe and stocking off, surrounded by an admiring crowd, who are examining his white foot, and rolling up his wet trousers (he having waded on shore from the boat) to see if he has a white leg, and then motioning for him to bare his breast, that they may see if that also is white. The opening and shutting of an umbrella for protection from the sun, the striking of a match, the ticking and movement of a watch—these things cause great surprise and delight, and loud exclamations. I remember being thus engaged on one occasion when two large war canoes arrived. We soon became aware of great excitement and noise in the village. Suspecting that the new arrivals meant mischief, and knowing that our best plan was, as a rule, to keep down excitement and appear indifferent, we commenced to sing to the people who were standing around us, to their great delight. But I am afraid we sang that

hymn as many are often sung in this country, that is, without thinking about the words we were uttering: for the tide had gone and left our boat high and dry on a mud-flat, so that our eyes were on our boat, anxiously watching the rising tide, and our ears engaged with the noise of angry words and strife going on in the village close by, which we had reason to believe was about ourselves, and which proved to be so; for we found afterwards that the strangers had proposed to kill us and take our boat and all that we had, but the people amongst whom we had landed regarded us as their guests, and drove their neighbours out of the village. Picture us however sitting upon a log on the beach, singing, under these circumstances, "O'er the gloomy hills of darkness"! It may, at this distance, appear a very poetical situation! I certainly did not consider it so at the time. It was, like some other situations I have been in during those first years of pioneering work, a very unpleasant reality.

What we did, when we met this savage on the beach at Darnley, was to induce him to enter our boat and accompany us to our vessel, which, after a few friendly demonstrations, we succeeded in doing, though he was evidently very much afraid. We talked to him on board in a manner most effectual. Not knowing the way to his heart through his ear, we took the familiar road through his stomach by giving him a good dinner, then made him a few small presents, and sent him away rejoicing, giving him to understand, by signs, that he was to return next morning at sunrise and bring his friends with him. It would have been interesting to know what was said around the fires in the cocoanut groves that night.

Our presents would be handed round for inspection, and gazed upon with longing eyes. They would naturally feel that there were plenty more where they came from, and the question would be *how to get them.* On these occasions some propose *stealing*, and sometimes even suggest *murder* and *plunder.* The wiser men however advise *barter* and *begging.* They have probably had intercourse with some foreign vessel, or have heard of natives who have, where the murder and plunder theory has been tried with results far from encouraging. Long before sunrise we heard unmistakable evidence of a crowd having assembled on the beach, they were chattering away like cockatoos! After our morning bath on deck (one of the greatest luxuries in such a climate), during which there were loud exclamations at our white skins, we sent in the boats to bring them off to the vessel. This took some time, there being a large number, and all being anxious to get on board, hoping, no doubt, to be treated like our friend the night before! On such occasions, in our first contact with savages, we take the precaution to fasten a rope across the after part of the vessel, beyond which we do not allow the natives to come. Two or three of the crew are stationed in the bows of the vessel, the mate and remainder stand behind the rope in the after part, keeping a sharp lookout on the crowd. All movable articles, which might tempt the natives, are put below, and the hatches fastened. The way to and from the cabin is in the reserved part of the vessel, which the natives are not allowed to approach till we are acquainted with them. Neglect or contempt of these precautions

has often led to very serious and fatal consequences. As a rule, pioneers should not allow natives who are savages and cannibals to get behind them. The temptation to a savage who is walking behind you with a club or tomahawk on his shoulder is often very great; he knows of no tribunal in heaven or on earth to punish him, and is often led to kill, not from revenge, but from sheer ambition, knowing that if he is successful he will gain both approval and popularity from his countrymen.

Imagine then this crowd of savages on board our vessel, naked, and ornamented with paint, feathers, and shells; all talking at once, examining everything, peering into every place, pressing against the rope which they are trying to remove or surmount in order to get to the cabin, standing in the rigging to get a better view. Some of them falling, or being pushed overboard amidst the laughter of their friends. What were we to do with such a congregation on that memorable Sabbath morning! How I longed to be able to speak to them! All we could hope to accomplish was to make a favourable impression upon their minds, and show, by our conduct, that we were different from others who had visited them. To this end I conducted our morning service in the Lifu language. The crew joined our eight teachers and their wives, who all appeared on the after part of the deck in Sunday attire. Seven nationalities were represented, from the educated European to the debased savage. Every shade of colour might be seen, both in skin and dress, from white to black. It was a strange and most interesting sight. Never before or since have I preached to such an audience.

We sang, to the astonishment and delight of the savages, "Jesus shall reign," etc.; and the hills sent back the response in solemn and glorious echo, "Jesus shall reign." We prayed together, good old Mr. Murray praying in English, that God would direct, protect, and bless His servants in the great work they were beginning, for never did men feel more than we did then their absolute dependence upon Divine help. I preached in the Lifuan tongue, that being the language understood by the majority of those connected with our vessel. The savages looked on in silence and wonder. After the service we mingled with them freely, and took some of the leading men into the cabin; then made them a few presents, and sent them away, feeling (as I afterwards found) that whoever we were, we differed from those who had hitherto visited them.

In the afternoon we visited the village, where we were received kindly, return presents being made by the people. Of their houses and manners and customs, I shall treat in another chapter, and so need not do more here than state how we gained their confidence and established the mission. For three or four days they continued to visit us on board, and we them on shore. We are always very careful on these occasions not to give cause of offence. We never enter their sacred places against their will, nor ridicule their superstitious ceremonies, nor take a cocoanut or banana without buying it. We show our interest in the sick and make presents of jews' harps and beads to the children, but never make free with the women or girls, lest the object of our visit should be mistaken. Thus, in a few days, confidence is established

to a very considerable extent, and the natives, as a rule, are willing to allow us to leave native teachers amongst them. It was so at Darnley, and on the fourth day we succeeded in obtaining, by barter, a grass hut, in which the teachers were to live until they built a house for themselves. We knew from experience that if our native teachers were only allowed to live amongst the people, they would very soon, not only gain their confidence, but also their affection. The men I selected to occupy our first mission station were from Lifu. One of them (Gucheng by name) came to us as our servant boy when we landed there in 1859; he remained in our family for five years, then entered the seminary which I established at Lifu for the training of native pastors and pioneer evangelists, in which he remained for another five years; he then became the pastor (by the choice of the people) of a model village which I had succeeded in getting the natives to construct, and thence proceeded to New Guinea, being the first of the eight teachers selected as pioneers for the New Guinea Mission.

How well I remember standing near the door of that grass hut on the morning of the fifth day, when the teachers' boxes and bundles had been landed, and all was ready for us to start for the point on the New Guinea coast where we intended, if possible, to form our next station! The teachers did not know that I was there; they were sitting on their goods, which were placed together in one corner of the hut, as emigrants do on the wharf in a strange land. As I approached, I heard one of the women crying most piteously; it was Gucheng's wife, who had been a girl

in my wife's school. I stood for a few minutes outside, unwilling to intrude, for such grief seemed to render the place sacred. "O my country! Why did we leave our happy home? Would that I were back at Lifu again! I told you I did not want to come to New Guinea! These people will kill us when the mission vessel leaves, or they will steal all we possess." Then I heard her husband, in tremulous tones, saying: "We must remember for what we have come here. Not to get pearl shell, or trepang, or any earthly riches, but to tell these people about the true God and the loving Saviour Jesus Christ. We must think of what He suffered for us. If they kill us, or steal our goods, whatever we have to suffer, it will be very little compared with what He suffered for us." I could stand it no longer, but walked away till I recovered myself; then I entered the hut, and talked and prayed and wept with them. Our party soon joined us, and when we walked down to the boat, I need scarcely say that we were all sad and sorrowful; and as we pulled off to the ship, and beheld the weeping little group on the beach, surrounded by naked, noisy savages, one could not help feeling how little the world knows of its truest heroes.

Having formed our first station on an island that we considered the most suitable for a sanatorium, city of refuge, and educational centre for our mission, the next thing was to proceed to the coast of the mainland, and begin the work there. As all this part of the coast is low land, intersected by fresh-water rivers and salt-water creeks, the rivers having formed mud-flats and sand-banks for miles off the coast, navigation is (and was especially so at that time) exceedingly

dangerous. Perceiving the risk, the captain of our vessel (as I have already stated on a previous page) positively refused to go within twenty miles of the coast, and we could not blame him, though the prospect of two or three days and nights in an open boat, at such a place, and amongst such a people, was not very pleasant. However we had gone to do a certain work, and intended, if possible, to do it; and as this seemed the only possible way, we adopted it. Leaving the ship and crew at Warrior Island, we (Mr. Murray and I, the native teachers and their wives, and a few natives in charge of the boat) sailed for *Dauan*, a small island, about 1,500 feet high, a couple or three miles from the coast, being the only high land near the coast in that part of New Guinea. The pearl-shellers were, about that time, beginning their work in Torres Straits. They had formed a station at Warrior Island, where we left our vessel, and a South Sea islander, who had been to Dauan, accompanied us as one of our crew. One of our great difficulties and dangers, in our first contact with savages, arises from the treatment which they have received from foreigners who may have preceded us; and this South Sea islander being rather a notorious character, his presence and knowledge of the island was a somewhat doubtful advantage to us.

The first night we slept in the boat, anchored off one of the small, uninhabited islands in Torres Straits. On the afternoon of the second day we reached Dauan, anchored our boat a hundred yards from the beach, and some of us waded on shore, where we were met by the chief and a few of his people. The women and children had all retreated

DAUAN ISLAND.

to the bush on the approach of the boat, and the men carried spears and bows and arrows, as they generally do, to be ready for any emergency. Our mode of procedure on this and other occasions, when first coming in contact with savages, was similar to that at Darnley ; further description is therefore unnecessary—presents, tact, forbearance, kindness,—indeed, all may be summed up in the exercise of *common sense*, without which a man may be ever so pious, and clever, and self-sacrificing, and kindly disposed towards the natives, and yet fail in his mission.

The first night we spent on shore was a memorable one. After all was landed, and our teachers were preparing the supper, Mr. Murray and I walked along the beach, and sat down by a creek, with the great land of New Guinea before us. The sun had set, and the dark outline of the land stretched away on either side. We were alone, for all the natives were busy with their evening meal. We sang a few of the good old missionary hymns, and prayed together, and talked of the great work we were beginning, with its probable consequences, both of a depressing and encouraging nature ; but we little thought that we should live to see and hear of so many martyrs of the New Guinea Mission, most of them none the less martyrs because they have been struck down by the deadly fever of the climate, whilst others have fallen by the clubs, spears, and poison of the natives.

At evening prayers, the savages looked on in silence and wonder, and afterwards we all sang, to their great delight. The houses are built on posts, and the natives usually sleep in a kind of loft over the general

room, in order to get away from the mosquitoes. We had secured a house for our teachers, and Mr. Murray and I slept in the loft, whilst our teachers occupied the general room. We did not find the mosquitoes very troublesome; but the rats were numerous and annoying, careering over our bodies, and displaying quite an inquisitive turn of mind.

From Dauan we proceeded to the Katau River, to form our third and last station. The Katau is situated between the Baxter and Fly rivers, and is the river which was explored by the Macleay expedition a few years after we commenced our mission. There is a large village at the entrance, on the main body of the great island, at the outskirts of which I have often seen cassowaries and kangaroos. We learnt from the natives of Dauan of the existence of this village, and determined to form there, if possible, our first mission station on "New Guinea proper." We started from Dauan in the gray morning, with a light, fair wind and favourable tide. We had not proceeded very far when I perceived something hanging before my face from the brim of my straw hat, and found it to be a centipede! We slept in our clothes in that "upper room," and this venomous creature must have got on to me in the night. I remember on another occasion, when sleeping on board our mission vessel, the *Ellengowan*, raising myself to turn my pillow, which is very pleasant on a hot night, when, to my great surprise, I discovered a scorpion between the two!

On arriving at Katau we found the natives very much excited. The women and children had been sent away, and bows and bundles of arrows collected and placed in readiness behind one of the long houses.

This was only very natural precaution, at which we were not surprised, seeing that we were strangers, and knowing that all strangers are regarded as enemies, and the mode of treating enemies in cannibal districts is to cook and eat them, the only fear being lest the enemy should prove too strong for them, and they themselves should become the victims. It takes a long time for the savages to learn that the missionary settles amongst them purely for their benefit. They cannot understand such disinterested motives, and sometimes for years are trying to find out some selfish reason for his living amongst them. I remember a captain of a vessel telling me at Lifu, after I had been living amongst the people for three years, that the natives had been asking him privately who and what we missionaries were. "We can understand you captains," they said; "you come and trade with us, and then return to your own country to sell what you get: but who are these missionaries? Have they done something in their country, that they dare not return?" They seemed to regard us at that time as those who had been sent away for their country's benefit!

I remember another amusing instance of this want of confidence in us, which happened on the New Guinea coast. We were visiting a part of the south-east peninsula, where the natives are not cannibals, but are very much afraid of them. Our vessel was crowded with these savages, and as usual they were peering into every place, and examining everything. I noticed a group around the salt-beef cask; they were talking seriously, and pointing to the few pieces of salt beef that remained. This group rapidly increased, until "the harness cask" seemed to become the centre of attraction.

Suddenly there was a general stampede. The natives were flying over the side of the vessel in all directions, and pulling away with all their might. We tried to persuade them to remain on board, but the more we did so, the more anxious they appeared to get away. Upon inquiry, we found that the pieces of beef had puzzled them, and created the alarm. They knew of no animal to which they could belong except man, and came to the conclusion that we were cannibals; and seeing the cask nearly empty, they thought that our object was to replenish it!—hence the hurry to leave the ship.

We introduced the two teachers and their wives to the people of Katau, got the usual permission for them to live amongst the people, and the usual promise from the chief of protection, and made the leading men of the village the usual presents, but felt that it would be wise to advise the four teachers to live together at Dauan for a short time, till they became acquainted with the people and their language; so the two teachers for Katau returned with us to Dauan. We left a boat with them, and a supply of such things as they were likely to need, in order that they might visit the villages, or escape from them if necessary. All being arranged, we commended them in prayer to the care of the great Missionary, and returned to our vessel at Warrior Island, to reach which it took us two days' hard beating against the strong trade wind in our open boat—a most disagreeable voyage.

We had still two of our eight native teachers to locate, our intention being to form *four* mission stations; but an unlooked for and serious event occurred, which led us to alter our plans, and abandon, for a

time, the idea of forming one at the mouth of the Fly River, as we intended. Whilst on our way thither, we were met by a boat, sent by two of the teachers whom we had left at Dauan, with a letter for me, from which we were surprised and grieved to learn that trouble had arisen, leading two of our teachers and their wives to escape in the boat, who declared that they thought the others were murdered.

This was startling and terrible news to us. We were anchored off a small, uninhabited island, where all around seemed blackness and darkness as we sat on deck on that memorable night. The sound of the wind in the rigging, like the strains of an æolian harp, had never before seemed so mournful, and the rippling waters lapping the sides of the vessel, with an occasional wave breaking on the bows, and murmuring past in the stillness of the night, made us feel increasingly sad and lonely. When all had retired, I paced the deck, as I have often done since, in deep, anxious, perplexed thought. This was our first great trouble in the New Guinea Mission, to be followed, alas! by so many others. It had, at least, one good result, in developing the noble character of some of the men I had selected as pioneer evangelists. The two teachers whom we had not yet located came to me as I sat alone on deck that night. They had evidently been thoughtfully considering the whole situation. "We have something to say to you," they said. "Well," I replied, "what is it?" They answered: "We know that your heart is very heavy on account of the sad news that we have received. We have been talking and praying over the matter, and this is what we wish to say. If we find, when we return to Dauan,

that the people have killed the teachers, we want to take their places; and if we find that they are not killed, then we will take the place of the two who have run away from their post." This was a noble offer, displaying a truly heroic spirit. Seldom do we find instances of greater devotion and self-sacrifice than this. The responsibility of a pioneer missionary is very great, when he has such a splendid staff of native teachers as we get from our South Sea mission, who are ready to go anywhere and dare anything for Christ, if the missionary desires or approves; their very readiness to face the deadly fever of the country, or its savage, cannibal inhabitants, has often made me shrink from locating them in some parts of New Guinea.

We returned to Warrior Island, left our vessel there as before, and proceeded to Dauan in an open boat. Our feelings on the voyage, and especially as we drew near the place, may be more easily imagined than described. We knew enough of savages to feel that if our teachers were murdered, their wives would most likely be spared for a worse fate. What we ought to do in that case was the question. We felt that we could not leave them in the hands of these savages without making some effort to save them. But what should the effort be? We might, in trying to rescue them, be the cause of their death. It was indeed an anxious time, one amongst a few others of the kind that stand out prominently in my recollection of those first years of pioneer work in New Guinea. However, fortunately, as some would say, *providentially*, we consider, we found that our teachers had not been murdered. As we were wading from the boat

to the beach, one of them made his appearance, to our intense relief. On my reaching the beach, the old chief who had received my present and promised to take care of the teachers clapped me on the back, and pointed to the objects of our anxiety, indicating that he had kept his word. I returned him a friendly slap, and made him understand that I appreciated his faithfulness. If he had any misgivings during the previous week, there could be little doubt that he now rejoiced in having saved the lives of the teachers we had committed to his care.

I must state what led to all the trouble, which will show the difficulties and dangers with which we had to contend from another quarter in our pioneer work. Two days after we had left the native teachers at Dauan, a trading vessel called there (several had recently arrived from the South Seas in search of pearl shell). The captain, ignorant of our arrival in Torres Straits, sent two boats with armed crews of South Sea islanders, in charge of two white men, to plunder the plantations of the natives. Some of these men stood guard with loaded muskets, whilst the others helped themselves to yams, bananas, cocoanuts, etc., filling their boats, and returning to the ship without giving the plundered people anything in return. As a natural consequence, the savages were enraged, and thirsting for blood. They dared not go near the men with muskets, but they saw that most of them resembled those that we had left as teachers two days before, and they were at once associated in their minds. Revenge is the first thing a savage thinks about upon receiving an injury, and that is taken either upon the offender, or upon the tribe to which he belongs.

In this case, seeing they could not punish the men who had robbed their gardens, they determined to be revenged upon those whom they thought belonged to the same tribe, and were probably, in some way, associated with them.

So they assembled under a large tree in front of the house in which the teachers were lodged, and commenced the war dance. It was necessary to obtain the consent of the old chief with whom we left the teachers before the people dared to kill them, and this the old man refused to give. Throughout the night he was urged to yield. One after another the savages tried their powers of persuasion, but the old warrior hung his head in silence. The sun set and rose again, and still they danced round the fire in their feathers, paint, and shells, looking wild and hideous, as I have often seen them. What a long, anxious, terrible night it must have been to the teachers and their wives, whose house was close by, not knowing what moment the savages might begin the massacre! Whilst they were imploring the chief to consent to their murderous plan, the teachers were also imploring their great Chief to protect them. Two went into the loft to pray, whilst the other two remained below with the women, to try and comfort them; and when they descended, the other two took their place, so that a constant stream of prayer was kept up the whole night. And what a prayer-meeting that would be! With what intense anxiety the teachers' wives must have watched the savage crowd, especially those who, from time to time, were pleading with the old chief for permission to kill their husbands, which would leave them defenceless, and exposed to a worse death!

At length the morning came, after a long night of anxious watching. The sun chased away the dark clouds, and lifted the thick veil of mist that hangs over the swampy coast of New Guinea at night, but the savages made no sign of separating and returning to their homes. The fire and the noise and the excitement were kept up; and under these circumstances, it is not surprising that two of our teachers proposed to escape in their boat. They felt that the old chief would get no peace until he complied with the wishes of the people, and that sooner or later, with or without his consent, they would be murdered, and their goods and wives seized and appropriated. The other two and their wives however refused to leave their post. They said: "The missionaries have placed us here to acquire the language and teach the people, and here we will remain till they take us away. If we die, we die; if we live, we live; we are in the hands of God." They all felt that we ought to be communicated with, and their position made known to us; so the two who proposed leaving put a few things together, and with their wives entered the boat, which lay at anchor opposite their door, hoisted the sail, and left the place. What must have been the feelings of their friends as they stood on the beach and watched the boat gradually disappear! It was the last link severed. Whether the savages admired the courage of those who remained, or were afraid of consequences, is not very clear. Although they are generally moved most powerfully by the latter consideration, they are nevertheless often actuated by the former. Be that as it may, the departure of the boat was followed by a turn in the tide of

affairs. The assembly was broken up, and the old chief took a present of food to comfort the teachers who remained and was ever afterwards their stanch friend.

Our second visit had the happiest results. The teachers were greatly comforted and encouraged, and the savages were led to feel that the natives we had left amongst them were cared for, and that if they killed them they might bring upon themselves serious trouble. We had taken back the boat, but not the two teachers who left in it, they remained by the vessel, the other two who had volunteered taking their place; and on our return to Warrior Island we decided to leave them there for two reasons. First, that they might be a check upon the South Sea islanders, who were then beginning to arrive in Torres Straits, in the employ of pearl-shellers, and who, being liberally supplied with muskets and ammunition for their protection, and with rum and gin to induce them to work and as rewards for working well, often found their recreation in visiting heathen villages, and plundering plantations and homes, taking food from the one and wives and daughters from the other. The poor savages soon found that their clubs and spears were of little use against snider rifles, and so fled to the bush on the approach of these civilized (?) natives. Our mission in Torres Straits greatly checked, and eventually stopped these outrages. Another reason for leaving two teachers at Warrior Island was, that the Warrior islanders had intercourse with those of Bampton, an island off the mouth of the Fly River, where we contemplated forming our other mission station.

Warrior appeared healthy, Bampton did not; and so we thought it wise to leave them for a time, where we knew it was tolerably healthy and safe, till they became acquainted with the people and place of their destination.

After establishing these mission stations, we ran across the straits to Cape York, where a Government station had been formed for assisting and protecting shipwrecked crews, and where we found a police magistrate, with half-a-dozen water police and as many black troopers. Mr. Jardine, the police magistrate, received us kindly, expressed interest in our work, and promised to visit the teachers during our absence. The next part of our programme was to re-visit Darnley, where we had left our first teachers, and then cross the Papuan Gulf and try and find out what the natives on the south-east peninsula were like, so that we might be the better able to advise the directors of the London Missionary Society, and mature our plans for working the mission. At Darnley we found all well. The teachers were encouraged by the attitude of the people towards them. They had assisted them in putting up a neat little cottage, made of grass and leaves, so far indicating their desire that the teachers should remain amongst them. Thus at this early stage of the mission, we had the pleasure of seeing our teachers comfortably housed. We spent a Sunday with them, and had a most interesting service in the cocoanut grove—the best of all places for worship in such climates.

Before we left Darnley the *John Knox* arrived, which caused great rejoicing amongst our party. This was the little vessel that I first chartered for our

prospecting voyage to New Guinea. The master and owner, Mr. Thorngren, had decided to embark in the pearl-shell fishery in Torres Straits, and found no difficulty in getting a crew at Lifu amongst the friends of our teachers. They had a most adventurous voyage in this vessel of eleven tons burden. Had they made a direct course on leaving New Caledonia, they would have had to traverse fifteen or sixteen hundred miles of ocean; how many they really did travel it is difficult to say. They made for the Louisiades, but were carried by currents and contrary winds to the Solomon Archipelago, which Mr. Thorngren mistook for the Louisiades. Then New Britain was mistaken for New Guinea, until sailing along the coast he found that they were on the wrong side of the peninsula. On their way they spent twenty-one days among the islands of the D'Entrecasteaux group, having peaceful intercourse with the natives, whom they found to resemble those of Eastern Polynesia in colour, hair, language, canoes, etc. This was important information for us. We had found the natives in the Papuan Gulf to be Papuan, their noses being the distinguishing feature. It would be interesting to see what they were like at Redscar Bay, near the middle of the peninsula, the next place to which we were bound.

Leaving Darnley, we sailed across the gulf, keeping as much to windward as possible, seeing that we were really on our homeward voyage, and had a long way to beat to windward. We made the coast at Yule Island, running in near enough to see the natives, but did not land. Yule Island lies in the mouth of a bay about six miles wide, blocked at one

end by reefs, with a fine passage at the other for large vessels, making, between it and the mainland, one of the finest harbours in New Guinea, known as Hall Sound. As we passed it and gazed upon its green-clad hills and thick forest land, both Mr. Murray and I felt that it might prove a good Dauan for that part of the country. We regarded such islands, close to the mainland, as likely to be of great service in carrying on the evangelization of New Guinea. Rough weather set in whilst we were off Yule Island, causing us a week's hard beating to reach Redscar Head, where we anchored to have intercourse with the people. We found them at first exceedingly shy, showing no disposition to come near our vessel; but after a visit on shore we succeeded in getting a number to come on board, where we treated them in the usual way. Our object was accomplished. We found them lighter in colour than those in the gulf, with a language resembling the Eastern Polynesian, and like them wearing the *maro*. Mr. Murray recognised in their numerals and other words a very marked likeness to the Samoan, and the people themselves appeared to be of the same kind as those we saw at Hood Bay, seventy-five miles to the eastward, and those described by Mr. Thorngren, with whom he had intercourse at the east end and opposite side of the peninsula. We had good reasons therefore for concluding that the whole of the south-east peninsula was peopled by these Malayo-Polynesians, and consequently decided to recommend the directors of our society to appoint a couple of missionaries from Eastern Polynesia, with a staff of teachers from that branch of our South Sea mission, to take up the

work on the south-east peninsula of New Guinea, leaving our Western Polynesian teachers to carry on the work in the Papuan Gulf, where we had begun the mission amongst the darker tribes, who were more like themselves.

It is a somewhat remarkable fact that the London Missionary Society was the only society in a position to supply missionaries and native evangelists from both Eastern and Western Polynesia, to meet the peculiar wants of a mission in New Guinea. Our society had just the kind of agency needed for the evangelization of the two races in that portion of New Guinea which we intended to make the field of our mission, and which has now become a colony of Great Britain. Here was a fine field for mission work for the native Churches of Polynesia: the Loyalty Islands mission taking the dark race; and the Tahitian mission, the Hervey Islands mission, the Niue mission, and the Samoan mission, the lighter coloured tribes on the peninsula. If nothing more had been done in the South Seas than prepare a native agency for this great work, it would be a grand result.

In our return voyage to Lifu we encountered strong head winds and currents, in consequence of which we ran short of provisions. The native portion of the crew were reduced to one cocoanut each per day and we to a little dry biscuit and coffee; and we all had fish when we could catch them! At Lifu, they had begun to entertain grave doubts about our safety which was perfectly natural, seeing that we hoped to return in three months, and were absent five, and considering the dangerous navigation and the savage

character of the natives of New Guinea. Great was the joy therefore on our return, and equally great was our gratitude to God for His goodness to us, and to those we had left behind. We had sent our report to the directors of our society from one of the northern ports of Australia, and so had not long to wait for their reply, which expressed their glad surprise, devout thankfulness, and hearty sympathy and co-operation. In appointing me to this New Guinea work, their idea was that I should begin after my visit to England, from which I had been absent thirteen years, and to which I was about to return, to carry through the press the New Testament and Psalms in the Lifu language; but being a "canny Scotchman," I was anxious to make a prospecting voyage to my new sphere *before* meeting the directors in London, in order to be able to speak from experience in discussing plans for carrying on so great and difficult a work. My brethren in the Loyalty group were unanimous in authorizing me, at our annual meeting, to engage the *John Knox* for the purpose; which I did, at the rate of £20 per month.

In order to meet the peculiar difficulties of our new mission, it was evident that we must adopt some other plan than that which had hitherto been pursued in the South Seas. To go in the *John Williams* and locate teachers on New Guinea, to be left unvisited till her return voyage twelve months afterwards, would be simply inhuman. Two things appeared essential: missionaries must be on the spot, and they must have the means of paying frequent visits to the teachers, in order to direct, protect, and if necessary remove them. Mr. Murray was consequently directed

to return to New Guinea, and take charge of the infant mission, whilst I was in England. It was arranged that he should proceed thither in the *John Williams*, taking with him Eastern Polynesian teachers to commence the mission amongst the lighter coloured tribes on the south-east peninsula at Redscar Bay, where we had held intercourse with the people, and some more from Lifu and Maré for the Papuan Gulf. The eastern teachers were from the Hervey Islands, and were accompanied by their missionary, Rev. W. Wyatt Gill, who was proceeding to England on furlough, and who rendered Mr. Murray valuable help in locating the new teachers and visiting all the stations.

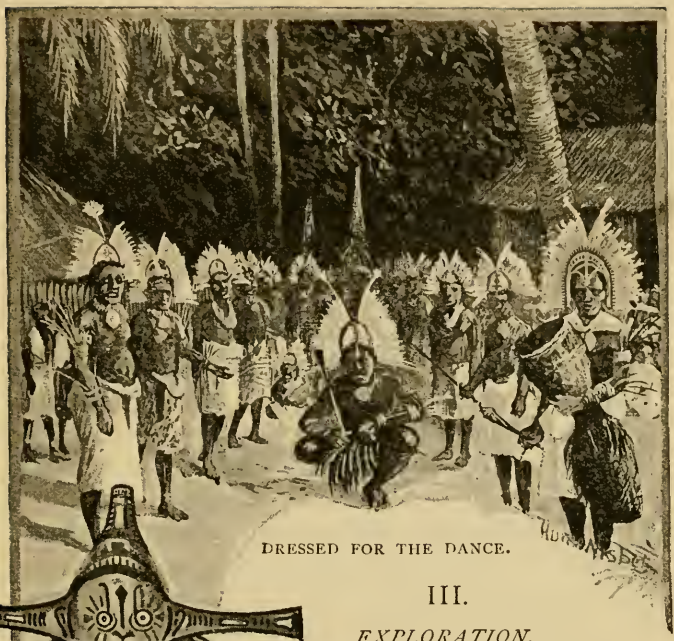
On that occasion the central branch of our mission was commenced at the mouth of the Manumanu River, in Redscar Bay; but the place proved so exceedingly unhealthy, that the surviving teachers were removed to Port Moresby in the following year, that port having just been discovered by Captain Moresby. Messrs. Murray and Gill also landed teachers at Bampton Island, near the Fly River, the place that we intended to visit during our prospecting voyage, but were prevented by the trouble at Dauan. These two teachers (Lifuans) and their wives however were the first martyrs of our New Guinea mission. In their zeal, they had unwisely interfered with some of the superstitious rites of the heathen, who retaliated by giving them the fatal blow with a club whilst their heads were bowed at evening prayers. Their wives lived for some time after. The heathen quarrelled about them, one being ultimately killed by the enemy of the warrior who had taken her as his wife. The other

was caught by a crocodile whilst wading out to a point, where she had been in the habit of going to see if any boat or vessel was coming to her rescue. Such is the most authentic account I could obtain from the natives of the place years afterwards, although they were reluctant to speak on the subject. These were the people of whom I have written, who confessed the great mistake they had made in murdering their best friends, supposing them to be enemies, and where we have now a prosperous mission station.

Mrs. Murray accompanied her husband to New Guinea, and the Queensland Government kindly allowed them to use an unoccupied house on the hill, adjoining the one where the police magistrate had quarters, at Somerset, Cape York, thus providing, for a time, a sanatorium for the mission, until we were able to decide upon the most suitable place for our central station. With the *John Knox* and a friend like Mr. Thorngren in Torres Straits, Mr. Murray was able to superintend the young mission until we arrived with the new vessel, *Ellengowan.* It was a trying time however for a man of his age; still the danger and discomfort of travelling in boats and small vessels, and the anxiety arising from the unhealthy state of the mission, and the sickness and death of the teachers, were a fitting close to so long and honourable a missionary career.

I have now given some account of "How we Got at the Cannibals," and established our mission amongst them, both on the main body of the island and on the south-east peninsula; also on some of the islands off the coast, to be used as stepping-stones to the

mainland, and as sanatoriums and "cities of refuge" for the mission. I will now proceed to describe briefly the opening up of the country, and the progress of our work.



DRESSED FOR THE DANCE.

III.

EXPLORATION.

THE OPENING UP OF THE COUNTRY, AND THE PROGRESS OF THE MISSION.

THE experience gained from our prospecting voyage convinced me that a small vessel with steam power was highly desirable, if not absolutely necessary, during the first years of our pioneer work and explorations; and I determined, if possible, during my visit to England to obtain such a vessel. Soon after my arrival, I was sent to Scotland to represent our society at some of the annual missionary meetings, and whilst attending those at Dundee was the guest of Miss Baxter, to whom I unfolded my plans

for carrying on and extending the work. That benevolent lady took a warm interest in our mission from the first, and her interest was of a very practical kind. She listened to all I had to say, without saying much herself, made inquiries from practical men, sea captains, and others; and finding that all agreed that it would be unwise, if not even a useless waste of life, time, and money, to attempt such a work as we contemplated, without a small vessel with steam power, she consulted ship-builders and engineers as to the best kind of vessel and probable cost. When I left Dundee, she desired me to inform the directors that she would provide such a vessel for the New Guinea Mission as they might consider most suitable. This led to the purchase and equipment of a small steamer of thirty-six tons register, which was named *Ellengowan*, that being the name of Miss Baxter's residence, near Dundee. The *Ellengowan* steamed from London to Torres Straits, *viâ* the Suez Canal.

A missionary's furlough in England is often the busiest time of his life. Mine was unusually so, as I had carried through the press the New Testament and Psalms in the Lifu language, published "The Story of the Lifu Mission," and spent much time in connection with committees and arrangements with reference to our new mission, besides taking my full share of deputation work amongst the Churches. Our directors feel that a missionary who has been at his station (often a lonely and sickly one) for ten or twelve years needs a change; and they seldom allow him to return without his being fully convinced that he has had it, and being equally convinced that one may have too much of a good thing!

Amongst other things, the directors of the London Missionary Society decided that the staff of missionaries for New Guinea should be increased to *four*, and that we should follow the scriptural rule, and go "two and two," to superintend the eastern and western branches of the mission. In the meantime, they would appoint another experienced missionary to accompany me, and after we had fixed upon headquarters for both branches of the mission, they would send out two young missionaries (one being a medical missionary), that the new and the old might be associated at each of our central stations. This was an admirable arrangement, and they succeeded in securing for me an excellent colleague, one of the best missionaries in the South Seas, Rev. W. G. Lawes, of Savage Island, an able, plodding, cautious, conscientious, kind, and gentlemanly man, who had been to Savage Island pretty much what I had been to Lifu, and was the first missionary who lived amongst the people, translated the New Testament and the Psalms into their language, and trained a native agency. We met in Australia, and came home in the same vessel. Of course we talked much of the new mission, which I was anxious he should join, and had reason to believe that he would do so, if asked by the directors. They felt that he would be just the man, and formally requested him to transfer his services to the New Guinea Mission.

We were also fortunate in securing for our pioneer steamer, the *Ellengowan*, a good captain and engineer, Christian men of experience and ability, who were in perfect sympathy with us in our work. The former

had been trained as a ship-builder. He went to sea as a ship's carpenter, studied navigation, became mate of the *John Williams*, and was a favourite amongst the natives throughout the islands where the *John Williams* called. Mr. Runcie appeared to be the very man we wanted, for he could both navigate our vessel and repair it. I met him in Sydney, on the eve of my departure for England, and found that he would be willing to take charge of our vessel, which appointment he ultimately received from the directors of our society. We were equally fortunate in our engineer. He was a member of one of our London Churches, and the minister, Rev. A. Buzacott, finding that I was in search of a suitable man for this important post in our little steamer, recommended Mr. Smithurst to me, as being the very person we wanted. I had an interview with him, looked over his testimonials, which were of a high order, felt convinced that he was the man for us, and mentioned him to the directors, who appointed him at once to assist in getting the *Ellengowan* ready for her long sea voyage. Considering the nature of the service in which the captain and engineer were to be engaged, it was of the utmost importance that they should be intelligent Christian men, in sympathy with mission work. We had reason therefore to be thankful at having secured such men as Captain Runcie and Mr. Smithurst, who both rendered such excellent service in very trying circumstances.

It was arranged that we should meet the *Ellengowan* in Torres Straits,—she steaming out *viâ* the Suez Canal, calling at certain ports for coal and sup-

plies; we, the mission party, proceeding in a sailing vessel to Sydney, where we were to meet the *John Williams*, which was to take us to Cape York, the temporary headquarters of the mission. On our arrival in Sydney, it was considered desirable that I should proceed at once to Cape York by one of the coasting steamers, to make preparations for the arrival of our party. There were no means of informing Mr. Murray, who was not even aware of our arrival in Sydney. Judge of his and Mrs. Murray's surprise, when I presented myself at the door of their house, about nine o'clock on a dark night. The joy and relief and general excitement proved too much for Mr. Murray, who soon after my arrival had a serious illness, which he regarded as an indication that it was time for him to retire from active missionary work. Consequently he prepared to leave in the *John Williams*.

The news of my arrival spread amongst our teachers, some of whom soon found their way to Cape York, and assisted in erecting a large grass house for the reception of the teachers who were coming by the *John Williams*. I had taken some weather-boards, with which we inclosed a portion of the verandah of the house occupied by Mr and Mrs. Murray, thereby increasing its size to meet the large demands that would soon be made upon it. Mr. Jardine, the police magistrate, kindly allowed me to use the Government cutter, in which I visited some of our mission stations. Then the *Ellengowan* arrived from England; and about the same time H.M.S. *Challenger*, on her deep-sea sounding expedition, called at Cape York, and remained a week. Captain (afterwards Sir George) Nares made

that week a very pleasant one for me, frequently sending in a boat for me to go off to dinner, and coming up to the mission house without any ceremony—so different from the visits of captains of French men-of-war at Lifu. The scientific staff on board the *Challenger* made their mess the largest in the British navy, so that the evenings spent on board are remembered as amongst the most pleasant of my life. The *Ellengowan* had arrived with a leaky boiler, but Captain Nares sent his boiler-makers on board, who soon made the necessary repairs. Three weeks after her arrival she had been beached and thoroughly overhauled, and was again ready for sea before the *John Williams* reached Cape York.

Not only was the *Ellengowan* in readiness, but the house was erected for the accommodation of the teachers, and the alterations and additions made to the mission house completed, and Mr. Murray had nearly all his things packed ready to leave, when, to our great surprise, Mr. and Mrs. Lawes and child arrived by one of the steamers passing through Torres Straits. Before I left Sydney, we had arranged that I should go on first to make preparations, and that he would follow in the *John Williams*, in charge of the mission party. Unfortunately however, at the last moment, when all his goods were on board, his youngest child was seized with what was supposed to be scarlet fever, and he and Mrs. Lawes decided to remain, and follow in a steamer, which was to leave for Torres Straits the following week ; hence their arrival at Cape York before the *John Williams*. We were of course delighted to see them, but naturally very anxious

about my wife and family, and the native teachers and their wives, when we found that the *John Williams* had started from Sydney with so many passengers, without as usual, a missionary on board to attend to them in case of sickness. We were however glad to learn that all were well when the vessel left Sydney, and hoped to find them so on its arrival. We had not long to wait, and when she appeared we were soon on board, to meet the dear ones, and congratulate the captain upon his successful navigation in such dangerous waters.

I learnt that day what it is to pass in a moment from real joy to deep grief on finding that my daughter had died, and been buried at sea, and that the watching, grief, and anxiety had almost proved too much for my dear wife. Our beloved child was six years of age, a sweet little girl, the very light of our home, and who, we thought, would be especially so during the first dark years of our New Guinea Mission life. She was perfectly well when the *John Williams* left Sydney; but the voyage was a rough one, and she suffered intensely from sea-sickness. After leaving Sydney harbour she took to her bed, and never left it, being unable to take any nourishment. She died on the seventh day out from sheer exhaustion, being quite conscious up to the last. When one of the native teachers' wives was praying by her bedside, she said, "I love Jesus, and Jesus loves me, and I am going to His house." Just before she died she became blind, and called for her mother, and putting her arms round her neck, said, "I'm not afraid, mamma, I'm not afraid; I'm just going to lie and think"; and so she passed away from the arms

of her lonely, disconsolate mother. Captain Turpie's kindness and attention during this trying time were beyond all praise, especially considering his anxiety about the navigation and management of his vessel.

The directors recommended, as the wisest course, that Mr. Lawes should leave his family with mine at Cape York, whilst he and I made a thorough survey of our new mission field, and decided upon the most suitable points for central stations. Before he left Sydney however he was led to see the desirability of proceeding to Port Moresby at once in the *John Williams* upon her arrival at Cape York, there being some talk of a party of explorers and gold-diggers going there, and from the good report of the place given by the discoverer, Captain Moresby, and also from the fact of Eastern Polynesian teachers having been located there the previous year by Messrs. Murray and Gill. Under other circumstances, the getting our goods on shore and unpacked, and Mr. Murray's packed and on board, the landing and re-embarking of teachers, etc., would have been an enjoyable excitement; but in our great grief it was all confusion, and like a dream when we actually saw the *John Williams* being towed out of the harbour by our little *Ellengowan* with our friends on board. The least I can say is, that we felt *lonely*, and could not help thinking of the beautiful home and prosperous mission we had left at Lifu, and of the happy home we might have had in England, with our dear children around us. But these were not the thoughts to be indulged in by a pioneer missionary, and we knew from experience that they were only to be exorcised by work, plenty of which had to be done

PORT MORESBY, SHOWING MISSION STATION.

before the return of the *Ellengowan* from Port Moresby.

My colleague, Mr. Lawes, soon found himself in the midst of work, excitement, and anxiety. The teachers had erected, at the mission station, good houses for themselves and their friends, such as they had been accustomed to in the South Seas, and Mr. Lawes had taken a weather-board house from Sydney, also the tent which we got in London for the mission. The *John Williams* and the *Ellengowan* remained at Port Moresby until these were put up, the crews of both vessels assisting in their erection, and doing all in their power, not only to make the stores secure and the house comfortable, but also to maintain and increase the good feeling existing between the mission and the people. The teachers had only been there about a year, and although the place was considered tolerably healthy, it was evident that the confidence of the natives had yet to be gained and the character of the climate in that locality tested ; and the accomplishment of these objects sorely tried the faith, patience, and courage of my colleague and his staff of teachers.

During the first season we got our baptism of New Guinea fever. The acclimatizing attacks are generally the worst ; mine lasted twelve days, accompanied by severe vomiting. The teachers, in both branches of the mission, suffered much, indeed many of them did not recover. Port Moresby proved exceedingly unhealthy, so that our hospital at Cape York was soon filled with teachers from both branches of the mission. This state of things led to our search for healthy localities suitable for mission stations. In the Papuan

Gulf the land is low and swampy. Our Lifu and Maré teachers found it impossible to live on the mainland at Katau and Tureture ; fortunately they had Dauan and Darnley to fall back upon, or Katau, like Port Moresby, might have been called "the grave of the mission."

I learnt from the natives of the existence of a large river, lake, or inland sea (it was difficult to make out which from their description) about twenty miles to the west of Dauan, and determined to visit it, and see if it were possible by it to reach high land and populous districts for our mission work. I was accompanied on that interesting voyage by two friends, James Orkney, Esq., member of the Victorian parliament, and Mr. Octavius Stone, F.R.G.S. The former had rendered valuable service to the mission in his private yacht, during my absence in England, and was greatly interested in our work. The latter has written a book about New Guinea, in which he speaks for himself. We were delighted to find a noble river, about a mile wide at the entrance, six or seven fathoms deep, without any bar or impediment to a steamer of 500 tons burden for a distance of seventy or eighty miles, although the approach to the river's mouth from Dauan is rather intricate and dangerous. Having gone about ninety miles, we were stopped by fallen trees and snags. The river had become very narrow, and we had passed many tributaries of considerable size. Some of the largest of these however were salt, and as I found afterwards led to the coast farther to the west, thus forming a large island. We did not see any villages, although we landed every morning whilst the crew

were cutting fuel for our day's run, and penetrated a considerable distance into the interior on both sides of the river. Only on two occasions did we see natives, and they appeared very much afraid, and disappeared as we approached. Their tracks, and sometimes temporary dwellings, were seen at several points. At one place we found a tobacco and banana plantation. We were disappointed however in not being able to reach the high lands. Before returning, we cut a frame in the trunk of a tree, in which we placed a portrait of her majesty the queen, and around it hung a few presents for the natives—hatchets, knives, a looking-glass, etc. Being the first Europeans to enter this river, we named it in honour of the donor of our missionary steamer, by means of which our explorations were made, calling it the *Baxter River.*

Failing to find suitable places for mission stations up the Baxter River, I resolved to take the first favourable opportunity of trying the Fly River. At the Royal Geographical Society I had met Captain Evans, hydrographer to the Admiralty, who was midshipman with Captain Blackwood during his visit to New Guinea in 1845, and learnt from him all that was known about the Fly River. They discovered what they supposed to be the mouth of a large river, judging from the body of fresh water flowing out, attempted to enter it in the ship's pinnace, were met by large canoes full of savage-looking men, who were evidently coming to attack them, and having no desire to shed blood, returned to the ship, and gave the name of their vessel to the river. Captain Evans declared it to be his firm conviction that it

would require two of her majesty's gunboats to open up that river; and when my report of our voyage up the river was read before the Royal Geographical Society, he declared to the meeting that he considered it one of the best pioneer voyages of modern times. When I informed Mr. Lawes of my intention, he replied that I had better send the *Ellengowan* back to Port Moresby with a large supply of stores, before I commenced so perilous a voyage!

I was fully alive to the difficulties of the task, and made my arrangements accordingly. As my object was to see if there were suitable localities for mission stations which could be conveniently reached by the river, I determined to avoid, if possible, any chance of collision with the natives (who of course were ignorant of our friendly intentions), by landing to cut fuel at uninhabited places. If successful in the object of our search, it would be a comparatively easy matter afterwards to conciliate the natives, and give them a true idea as to whom and what we were. I was accompanied on this, as on the previous voyage, by two gentlemen, who were anxious to form part of the expedition—Mr. Chester, the police magistrate at Cape York, and Signor d'Albertis, the Italian naturalist. The latter was particularly fortunate in arriving just in time to join us, which led to his obtaining a steam launch from the New South Wales Government the following year, and ascending the river much higher than I felt justified in going. We had difficulty in finding a passage into the river, and owing to its great width and numerous sand-banks, mud-flats, and small islands, very considerable difficulty in ascending it. We found that what we at

first supposed to be the eastern bank was really a large island about thirty-five miles long, on each side of which the Fly River empties itself into the sea, pouring forth such a body of fresh water, that the line between that and the salt sea may be seen miles from the coast. The river is about eight miles wide where it branches off on each side of the island of Kiwai. It narrows rapidly to three or four miles, and then gradually becomes more defined. It is studded with small and beautiful islands, whilst the banks are lined with stemless palms and cocoanut groves, in which are numerous villages and towns of warlike people. These savages at several points came out to attack us, in large and fleet canoes, holding twenty-five or thirty men each. They looked well in their war-paint, feathers, and shell ornaments, with a kind of helmet surmounted by a paradise bird plume, kept waving by their excited movements. One could not but admire their courage. We were strangers to them, and regarded by them as enemies come to murder and plunder; and like men, they came out to defend their homes and families, probably hoping to return, as they had often done, with trophies of their success, in the shape of human heads and plunder. Whenever we found that it was impossible to hold communication with them, and that they were determined to attack us, some standing with bows strung and arrows fixed, just waiting excitedly to get within range, we felt that the most humane thing to do was to prevent a collision, which would have led to much loss of life, and this we did by frightening them away in a harmless manner.

We found the banks of the river pretty thickly

populated for the first eighty miles or so, but for the next eighty or ninety miles we did not see any natives, and only on one occasion did we find any traces of them. As we proceeded the banks became higher, in some places rising to twenty feet, and the soil, as may be supposed, is a rich alluvial. The wild nutmeg and other spices abound. Pigeons shot had generally their crops full of the former. There are immense tracts of good sugar land on the upper parts of the Fly River, where the country appears to be very thinly populated. This great river is the Thames of New Guinea, running 500 miles into the interior. We went up about 160 miles in the *Ellengowan;* but as there was no prospect of finding that for which I, as a missionary, was in search (for neither mountains nor natives could be seen), provisions running short, and our crew beginning to suffer from fever, our own legs also beginning the ominous swelling, I determined to return.

About seventy miles from the mouth of the river we had the misfortune to ground on a sand-bank and break our shaft, and this right opposite a village of howling savages. Afterwards, during a visit to a village near that place, I measured one of the houses, and found it to be 512 feet long. There was little fear in ascending the river, because we went with the flowing tide, so that if we stuck, we were soon afloat again. But in returning (the tide being too strong for us to steam against it) with an ebb tide the case was totally different, and often very serious. We had made a chart of the river during our ascent, but could not then find the deep water channel at the place where we grounded coming down. The river is there about three miles wide, with numerous banks and

small islands. I found afterwards that the deep channel is close in shore, by the village.

Our prospects were far from pleasing when we found that our vessel was really "hard and fast" on that bank, and that the shaft, by attempting to back the engine, had broken close by the propeller. We looked at the fleet of canoes that had for some time been following us, at the crowd of noisy savages in front of the village, and at each other with something like dismay. However there was no time to be lost. The water was fast leaving our vessel, and it might be serious to allow the *Ellengowan* (from her peculiar shape) to heel over on her side. For such emergencies, which often occurred in those days, we carried eight good chocks or spars, by means of which we kept the vessel upright until the return of the tide. At low water it was only ankle deep around the *Ellengowan*. We hoisted the propeller on deck, and got all ready for the midnight high tide. The natives watched our movements in the evening, but did not come near, and were probably very much surprised and disappointed to find next morning that we had disappeared. With two boats towing we went with the tide, anchoring when it changed, and thus, in three days, got out of the river. At some of our anchorages we managed to hold friendly intercourse with the natives, and thus paved the way for the establishment of our mission amongst them two or three years afterwards. At the mouth of the river we got a light, fair wind, to which we spread our sails and soon ran across Torres Straits to Cape York, where our engineer and captain in a few days repaired the damage with the duplicate shaft, etc., which I had taken the precaution to bring from England.

Failing to find high land, or healthy and populous localities up those large rivers in the Papuan Gulf, and seeing that the teachers were suffering and dying around us, both in the Papuan Gulf and at Port Moresby, I determined to try the east end of the peninsula. It seemed from the narrow and mountainous character of the peninsula that we might find it more healthy at the extreme end, working from East and South Capes westward. It was clearly our duty to make every effort to find tolerably healthy localities, and with this object I arranged to visit China Straits, and find out what the place was like, before coming to any decision about forming a mission there. Calling at Port Moresby, I consulted with Mr. Lawes, who joined me in this expedition. We visited many places on the coast on our way down, and made some important discoveries of harbours, lagoons, rivers, islands, and passes; amongst which may be mentioned, as likely to become useful for commerce, a fine harbour off the town off Kerepunu, in Hood Bay; Mullens' Harbour, in Orangerie Bay; and Stacey Island, which was supposed to be South Cape, between which and the mainland there is splendid anchorage for vessels of any size, and plenty of good water.

Our voyage proved most interesting and encouraging. The natives were numerous, and with the exception of Orangerie Bay apparently disposed to be friendly. At that place however we should probably have had serious trouble if we had not had steam power. The savages, who in that district are cannibals, tried to pick a quarrel with some of our crew who were cutting fuel on shore. They afterwards came off in large numbers and crowded our deck, and became very impudent. With-

out noticing it, the anchor was quietly heaved up, the propeller set in motion, and the vessel slowly moved out of the harbour. The natives, in the midst of their excitement, did not at first observe this. When it was noticed, and the attention of the crowd called to it, the effect was most ludicrous. Whatever their ideas might have been about taking our vessel, they were instantly changed to anxiety and impatience to leave it. We never had our deck cleared in so short a time. They tumbled over the side in a most extraordinary manner. Some dropping into canoes, some on to catamarans, others into the sea, in the wildest confusion, whilst we steamed quietly away. In China Straits, which Captain Moresby had discovered the year before, there appeared to be likely places for mission stations, and it seemed that this very populous district might be worked from a central station on one of the islands with very fair prospects of success. This visit led to the formation of the third branch of our New Guinea Mission in the following year.

In this brief account of exploration in those first years, I must not omit to mention two of our most important discoveries. During the south-east monsoon, many vessels, bound from Australia to China, pass through Torres Straits, where it is well known a large percentage have been wrecked. A slight error in reckoning or in the chronometer causes the captains to miss Bramble Cay; then, to avoid what looks on the charts a terribly dangerous place, they attempt to beat away from the extensive Warrior Reef, on to which some of them are driven by a strong wind and tide. To our surprise and delight we found a fine passage

through the Warrior Reef at the north end, three miles wide, with six or seven fathoms of water. There is good anchorage on the lee side of the reef. This became our usual way between the Fly River and Thursday Island, being much pleasanter and safer on the lee than on the weather side of this long and dangerous reef. Being the discoverer, I named the passage "Missionary Passage."

The other important discovery I made about this time, when beginning the Fly River mission, was a good passage into the river, about eight miles to the eastward of Bampton Island, with an even, sandy bottom, gradually shallowing from nine to three fathoms and a half, and then as gradually deepening to six fathoms; and a fine harbour, formed by three islands situated in the middle of the river, safe at all seasons, and smooth as a mill pond, with six fathoms of water close to the shore. Here we commenced our mission work in the Fly River, and to this port we conducted the Australian geographical exploring party, led by Captain Everill; and this port is likely to become of great service in Fly River commerce.

Whilst I was thus engaged in becoming acquainted with the western district and extending the mission, my colleague, Mr. Lawes, was also busy at Port Moresby, which he decided to make the headquarters of that branch of the mission, and along the coast eastward as far as Hood Bay, forming mission stations, becoming acquainted with the people and their language, and attending to the sick and dying teachers. His chief difficulty and greatest trouble and anxiety arose from the sickly nature of the climate, which caused an appalling mortality amongst the teachers.

The little mission cemetery of two years' growth, situated behind the village, with its eighteen graves, told a sad tale.

Owing to the unhealthiness of the district the directors appointed a medical missionary to be associated with Mr. Lawes, the son of the well known missionary who was the founder and for so many years the head of the training institution in Samoa, Dr. Turner. This appointment however was no benefit to the mission, as the young doctor only remained a few months in the field. His wife (an excellent Christian lady) died from the fever of the country, and he returned to England with his infant child. Mr. Lawes also left Port Moresby at the same time, and sent his wife and child to England, informing the directors that he had given the place a fair trial of two and a half years, and considered it (Port Moresby) quite unfit for a place of residence for Europeans. Those who know Mr. Lawes will feel that he is not the man to give up readily anything he has undertaken, so that his decision about Port Moresby was not a hasty one. That season however had been an unusually bad one. Not only foreigners, but the natives themselves had suffered severely from the fatal fever.

Mr. Lawes lived with us some time at Cape York, visiting the teachers on the peninsula occasionally, until the arrival of Rev. James Chalmers, who had been appointed to the New Guinea Mission. Most of the Eastern Polynesian teachers there having come from Rarotonga, where he had been labouring for many years, his presence as their missionary and his knowledge of their language, combined with his energetic spirit and great influence over them, was like

new life to them. He had brought a number with him from Rarotonga, to take the places of those who had fallen, and to extend the mission. Meeting these had the happiest effects upon their friends in the mission. From that time our mission took a new departure. Mr. Lawes left on a much-needed furlough, whilst Mr. Chalmers and I decided to try the east end of the peninsula, which seemed to Mr. Lawes and me, the year before, to offer such fair prospects for mission work. Before doing so however we made a short trip of twenty-five or thirty miles into the interior from Port Moresby, in order to visit the hill tribes, and see what inducement there was to establish an inland mission in that locality. The very mountainous character of the country, and the sparse population, scattered on the tops of hills and mountains, many of the houses being built in the forks of trees, convinced us that on the peninsula, as in the Papuan Gulf, the population is mostly on the coast, where the large and numerous villages have the stronger claims.

Before the arrival of Mr. Chalmers, I had selected six of the best Lifu and Maré teachers for this East Cape mission, and arranged that they should leave their wives with Mrs. McFarlane, until we got the mission fairly established, and learnt from experience the nature of the climate. Mr. Chalmers joined with six of the Rarotongans he had brought with him; and as his wife accompanied him, their wives accompanied her. We arranged that he, with the Rarotongans, should take the South Cape district, whilst I, with the Lifu teachers, took that of East Cape. He selected, as his headquarters, a small village on Stacey Island,

near South Cape, which he regarded as the most central and suitable point from which to work the district. I selected an island in China Straits, as being the most central and healthy-looking place in the East Cape district. We each located our teachers at what we considered the most healthy points, and threw ourselves heartily into the work of clearing and building at our central stations. The natives were a wild set of cannibals, both troublesome and dangerous, easily excited but fortunately easily appeased. It was a new experience for Mr. and Mrs. Chalmers, who had been accustomed to the civilized natives of Rarotonga ; but, like true missionaries, they adapted themselves to the circumstances, and settled down amongst this savage people, to learn their language and improve their condition.

Mr. Chalmers located his teachers between South Cape and Orangerie Bay ; but to our great disappointment and grief the place proved exceedingly unhealthy, even more so than Port Moresby. Mrs. Chalmers and four of the teachers died, and Mr. Chalmers returned to Port Moresby, to take charge of the Rarotongan teachers in that district. All the stations in the South Cape district were broken up, except the one on Stacey Island, where Mr. and Mrs. Chalmers had lived for a time.

The death of Mrs. Chalmers was not only a great loss to her husband, but a serious loss to the mission, especially to the Rarotongan teachers and their wives. Like Mrs. Turner, she had come to New Guinea with a malady which the climate rapidly developed. Her family in New Zealand and her friends in Australia, all urged her to remain in Sydney, whilst Mr. Chal-

mers paid the desired visit to New Guinea, before proceeding to England on furlough, as they intended. She declared however that, having no family, she would go where her husband went. Her death led Mr. Chalmers to postpone his visit to England, and to devote himself to the extension of the mission in the Port Moresby district, making his home with Mr. and Mrs. Lawes. His love of travel and missionary zeal led to numerous journeys, of which he has given detailed accounts in "Life and Adventure in New Guinea." These however have all been confined to the south side of the south-east peninsula. He has not yet visited the Fly River, nor indeed any part of the great body of the island, so that there still remains plenty of congenial work for our friend in British New Guinea.

In establishing the East Cape branch of our mission, I determined to pursue the same plan as I had adopted in the west; namely, to form a station on a tolerably healthy island off the coast, as a retreat in cases of serious illness. Teste Island became to the mission at the east end what Darnley was in the west—a city of refuge. There we formed our first mission station in that district, which has grown and prospered ever since. The next was on the mainland, in Milne Bay, near East Cape; then in Discovery Bay; and after thoroughly examining the different points of the district, I decided to form the central station on a small island in China Straits, called *Dinner Island* by Captain Moresby, between which and the mainland and Heath Island, there is a splendid harbour. I purchased this small island from the natives, for the London Missionary Society, for the

headquarters of our mission in that part of New Guinea, and had it cleared, and houses put up, and vegetable gardens made. It soon became known to the surrounding tribes as neutral ground. We were visited from all parts, and sometimes had over a hundred canoes and catamarans at the place at one time. From the first we were greatly encouraged by the attitude of the natives. Although cannibals and notorious thieves, they were friendly, willing to help us, and evidently anxious that we should remain amongst them. They probably thought that it would be more profitable to fleece us than to eat us, seeing that we formed the connecting link between them and the land of hoop iron and beads and hatchets.

The opening up of the eastern branch of our mission was an interesting experience. As in the west, the captain of our vessel would not go near the mainland at East Cape, owing to the dangerous character of the navigation, so that we had to go in boats, there being no one to introduce us, and we utterly ignorant of the language of the people, and they of ours. The teachers, as usual, worked well. They soon gained the confidence of the people, who assisted them in erecting good houses and chapels ; after which their wives joined them, and commenced work amongst the women. They suffered however, as in the Port Moresby and western districts, from the deadly fever of the country. Some died, others had to be removed ; and I was obliged to give up all hope of finding suitable localities in New Guinea for our South Sea Islands teachers. It became painfully evident that New Guinea must be evangelized, if evangelized at all, by

New Guineans. The responsibility of bringing South Sea islanders to a place where half of them died was too great, hence my resolve to establish the "Papuan Institute," and train a native agency from amongst the people themselves.

KEREPUNU.

IV.

THE PAPUAN INSTITUTE.

MY object was to found an institution that should be worthy the London Missionary Society and the New Guinea Mission, and work it on somewhat different lines from similar institutions in the South Seas, so as to meet the peculiar wants of this mission; *viz.* to assemble promising young men and boys from different points of the mission, speaking different languages, at a central station; and there, removed from their evil surroundings and family influences, teach them, making the *English language* and an *industrial school* prominent features in the course of their

instruction. Like most schemes that verge from the beaten track, it met with considerable opposition, being declared "impracticable," "utopian," etc., which led to difficulty and delay in obtaining the sanction of the directors. But as in my recommendation to provide a small steamer for pioneering work during the first few years of the mission, the question was solved by Miss Baxter supplying the steamer; so in the case of the Papuan Institute, the same kind lady offered to provide institution buildings and £100 a year towards the annual expenses of the institution. These are the kind of arguments that make a quick impression upon directors.

The first thing was to select the most suitable site for such an institution. The place required to be *healthy* for a sanatorium for the mission; *fertile*, in order to supply plenty of native food for the institution; and *central*, for conveniently reaching all parts of the Papuan Gulf: and these requirements could only be found on one of the islands of the two small groups situated opposite the mouth of the Fly River, the Darnley and Murray groups, which are totally distinct in their physical features from all the other islands in Torres Straits, bearing a luxuriant tropical vegetation like the adjacent mainland of New Guinea, whilst the other islands are barren, like the adjacent mainland of Australia. We decided upon Murray Island on account of its population and position, there being between 300 and 400 natives on the island, and its being a little out of the track of vessels, which is a decided advantage for educational purposes.

As Murray Island is the *Iona* of New Guinea, it may be interesting to give some account of it

in connection with the establishment of the Papuan Institute. It is about two miles long and one broad, and is surrounded by a reef which extends half a mile from the shore on the south-east side, but on the north-west is only about 100 yards wide. The south-west end of the island rises rather abruptly from the sea in a conical peaked hill to the height of 750 feet, from the summit of which a narrow-backed ridge runs in a north-easterly direction, the length of the island gradually inclining, until it terminates near the end of the island, about 150 feet above the level of the sea. The land from the top of this ridge on the north-west side of the island slopes at about fifteen degrees down to within eighty yards of the sea, between which and the beach there is a fine belt of planting ground, where the natives have their houses. After descending 400 feet from the summit of the cone, the interior of the island is almost level with the ridge in question, with a similar slope on the south-east side. This table-land (slightly depressed in the middle) abounds with cocoanut trees and tropical fruits, and is exceedingly fertile. It is evident that an active volcano formerly existed on the island, the crater being at the south-west end, from which the conical peak and narrow ridge have been formed. As one looks on the huge piles of trap rock here, and on the two adjacent small islands, the mind naturally wanders back to the pre-historic era, when the silence of many a dark night was broken by the booming of eruptions, and the hill sides were aglow with molten lava, creeping down like a thing of life, and the surrounding waters danced and sparkled in the glare of this monster beacon.

Disintegration has long been doing its work, and now the whole island (hill-sides included) is covered with a deep, rich soil. The mission houses are erected on the slope on the north-west side of the island, 100 feet above the sea level, the Papuan Institute buildings being on the level below. The situation is healthy, convenient, and pleasant. The anchorage is opposite the mission premises, and is very good during the south-east season, or about nine months in the year. In the north-west season it is on the opposite side of the island inside the reef, but only suitable for small vessels. The island being high, and only four miles from the great barrier reef, forms a good mark from the gulf. There are several clear breaks in the reef behind the island, through which vessels of 100 tons might, with a fair wind, enter with perfect safety. Flinders Entrance however is convenient, and may be used at all seasons, for vessels of any size. There are also three passages on the Torres Straits side: the Cumberland Passage, one by the barrier reef, and one by way of Darnley Island. So that although the island is surrounded by reefs, it is by no means so difficult to get at as a stranger is apt to suppose.

The natives, when visited by Captain Flinders in 1802, are described as being a warlike race, and very dexterous in the use of their weapons, which consisted of bows and arrows of a very superior construction, requiring great strength and skill in their use. They possessed large and fast canoes, capable of carrying eighteen or twenty men, and were regarded as rather formidable enemies. Their canoes and weapons were obtained from the Fly River, in exchange for shell

ornaments. Although at one time great warriors, they are now at peace with their neighbours and amongst themselves. They have but few wants, which are abundantly supplied by the eagerness of the pearl-shellers to get vegetables. The old people have but little ambition to improve their surroundings, although the boys and girls are bright and intelligent, and anxious to learn. The whole population has embraced Christianity, and attends public worship, and all have family worship at their homes. There is amongst them a growing trade, and a growing education, which is gradually overcoming their indolence. The island has proved a very suitable "city of refuge," sanatorium, and educational centre.

Having decided upon the *site* for the Papuan Institute, the next thing was to find pupils willing to leave their homes to be educated at Murray Island, and this could only be accomplished after having gained the confidence of the people. My plan was to obtain a few of the first converts of the mission, to form a nucleus around which others might be gathered, and by whom they might be influenced for good; and so gradually create a desire to learn, and a desire to be good and to do good. I selected nine of our most promising and energetic young converts for this purpose, without telling them what I hoped they would become. One of our South Sea Island teachers happened to say to one of them that they would become pioneer teachers to the people of the Fly River, which led to a good deal of fear and trembling and anxiety, that could only be removed by my assuring them that they would not be sent anywhere in that capacity unless it was their own expressed wish to go.

It was evident that they were not prepared to face their old enemies with no weapons but the word of God. They little thought then what they would become at their own earnest request.

After these young men and their wives—most of them being married—had been with us for nearly three years, and had become better acquainted with Christian truth and Christian duty, and were amongst the first members of the infant Church established at Murray Island, and were looking forward with earnest expectation to being pioneers of the gospel, which was becoming to them more and more precious, the time appeared to have arrived for making the attempt to obtain sixty or eighty young men and boys from our stations and villages with which we were well acquainted, and so formally establish the "Papuan Industrial School and Teachers' Seminary," which had in the meantime received the sanction of the board of directors in London, and the pecuniary support of a kind friend, as already intimated.

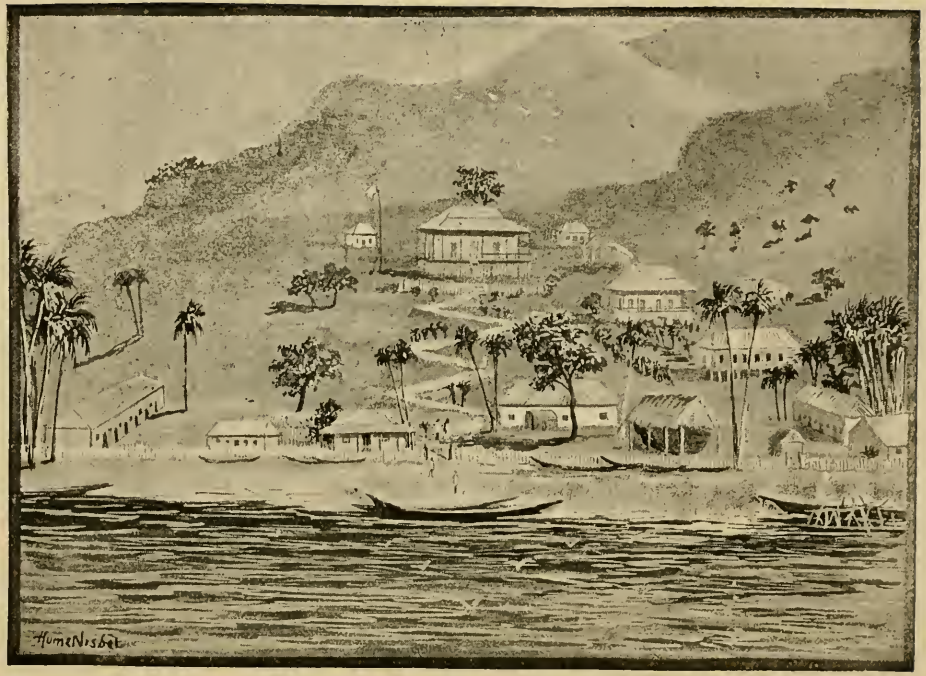
From the time that we commenced the mission on Dauan and Saibai, in 1871, I looked to those islands as the stepping-stones to the great body of New Guinea, about three miles distant, and hoped and believed and prayed that the savage, skull-hunting tribes who lived there would furnish earnest, energetic, enthusiastic pioneer teachers for the sickly adjacent country to which they were accustomed. For years these people refused to embrace Christianity, because it condemned skull-hunting and war, in which they found their delight. Twice the South Sea Island teacher had to fly for his life, and once they attempted to poison him. At last however they yielded to

better influences, burnt their idols, and assured me that they had embraced Christianity. On my next visit I determined to test their profession, and accordingly informed them that we were commencing a large school at Murray Island to teach them good and useful things, and that I wished them to let me have *twenty* of their best young men and boys to accompany me to the institution for instruction, which they would no doubt be anxious for their sons to receive now that they had really embraced the gospel. I do not suppose they expected to have their faith tested in this way; but they were equal to the occasion, and brought off to the *Ellengowan* next morning *twenty-three* of their sons, some of them fine-looking young fellows, and others interesting, sharp lads. I did not give presents of any kind to the fathers or friends, lest it might be taken as a sort of payment. They were given up freely, and have remained willingly (after the first six months), visiting their homes once a year during the vacation. From Mabuiag I obtained a similar number in a similar way. The rest came from Poigu, Katau, Tureture, and Bampton; also a few from Darnley and Murray, numbering in all about a hundred persons.

The Papuan Institute is divided into two branches, the industrial school and teachers' seminary—the former being the feeder of the latter. Several who have joined the Church and entered the latter came to the industrial school as heathen young men from heathen villages, and are now able and faithful evangelists on the New Guinea coast. Our object has been to create a healthy *tone* and missionary spirit in the institution, and I am happy to say that we have

so far succeeded, that, whereas it was difficult at first to get pupils and retain them, now there is not one of them who would not consider it a disgrace to be expelled, and they all seem glad to return after the holidays.

For the industrial school department we have secured the services of Mr. Robert Bruce, a yacht-builder from Glasgow, whose work there has been favourably noticed in the public journals of that city. He and Mrs. Bruce are members of the Church, and in sympathy with the mission. We have been very busy in this department since it was established. The institution building—sixty feet long by thirty feet wide, made in Sydney—has been erected; also a house for my colleague, Rev. Harry Scott. A work-shop, sixty feet long by twenty-five feet wide, has been built, in which are to be found carpenters' benches, blacksmith's forge, a turning-lathe for wood and iron, with iron bed and slide-rest complete, circular-saw bench, with self-acting gear. A house has been built for the assistant teacher, who is a South Sea islander; also two rows of cottages for the pupils, all of which are built of lath and plaster, with corrugated iron roofs. The frame of a house has also been prepared for our central station on the Fly River, where the mission there was commenced. The old *Venture*, a five-ton craft of light draught that I bought for £30 after the wreck of the *Mayri*, has been almost rebuilt, and fitted up for our work on the Fly River. The yacht *Mary*, about twenty tons, has been a great undertaking. All the wood was cut at Murray Island, dragged from the bush over the hill, and sawn on the premises, and the work done by Mr. Bruce and the



MURRAY ISLAND MISSION PREMISES.

pupils. She is strongly built, and most conveniently fitted up. The cabin provides comfortable sleeping accommodation for five persons, and is neatly finished and panelled. Every available space is used for cupboards, lockers, etc. The fore part of the vessel is fitted up for the crew, and there also is sleeping accommodation for five persons. The middle portion is large and airy, and as all the ballast (six tons) is under the flooring, there is plenty of room for either natives or cargo. There is no necessity to carry both at the same time. This boat has been built expressly for work in the Papuan Gulf for which the *Ellengowan* is too large ; and, having nobody to please in its construction but ourselves, we have what is now admitted by all to be a most suitable craft for the work. In addition to all this, my own house has been completed, and servants' houses built ; and a gallery, desks, and forms made for the institution building. Mission boats have had to be repaired, and an immense quantity of timber cut, and coral collected for making lime for all these buildings. So it will be seen that the industrial school is no mere empty name, but that solid, needful work has been done, and, in consequence, much useful experience gained.

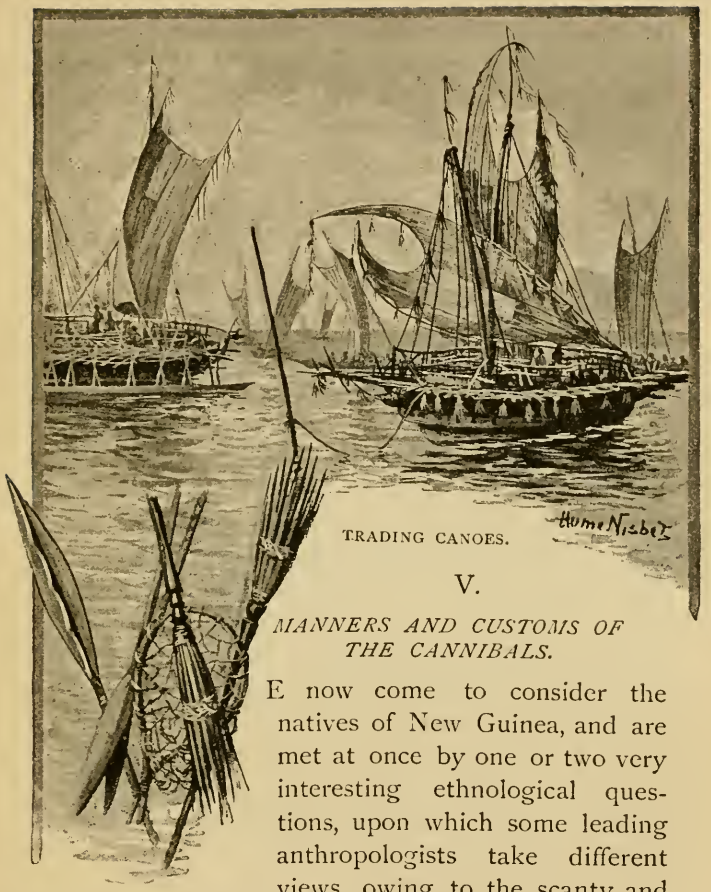
Now we come to the seminary, in which the young men are specially trained for the real work of pioneer teachers. Before they enter this department they are expected to be able to read and write tolerably well, and to be acquainted with the elements of arithmetic. They then receive a course of instruction in the English language, geography, practical arithmetic, object lessons, Bible history, and indeed every subject which the portion of Scripture in hand suggests. We have

also a sermon class four days in the week, the outlines of each sermon being copied into their note-books for future use. On the arrival of Rev. Harry Scott, a student of Cheshunt College, to be my colleague, he and his amiable and devoted wife threw themselves heartily into the work. Mr. Scott relieved me of most of the work in the institution, allowing me more time for translating, and superintending the teachers in this rapidly extending branch of the mission.

Over twenty students have passed through the Papuan Institute, and been appointed to stations where they are doing a good work, sixteen in and near the Fly River, and six on islands in Torres Straits. It is six years since we received any teachers from the South Sea Islands for this branch of the mission, and the old ones are being gradually returned to their homes, being unsuitable for the sickly climate of New Guinea, and their places are being filled with teachers from the Papuan Institute. Thus the mission is fairly established on a sound basis, and reasonable hopes may be entertained of its steady progress. The Fly and adjacent rivers are evidently the great waterways into the interior of New Guinea. The population in their vicinity is most numerous, the land the most fertile and heavily timbered, and the climate the most sickly, necessitating trained pioneers from amongst the people themselves; hence the importance of the Papuan Institute.

Having tried the Papuan Institute for the Gulf district, and found that it worked well, a similar training institution was started at Port Moresby, for which ten or twelve boys were collected from different parts of the peninsula, as far as East Cape. This institu-

tion is also growing in numbers and power. It has already sent forth eight trained New Guineans as native teachers, who, like those in the western branch, are doing good service amongst their countrymen. Another such seminary is about to be established in the eastern branch of the mission, to which two missionaries have been appointed. These three institutions, kept in good working order, will soon supply the great want of the New Guinea Mission—*a good native agency raised from amongst the people themselves.*



TRADING CANOES.

V.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE CANNIBALS.

E now come to consider the natives of New Guinea, and are met at once by one or two very interesting ethnological questions, upon which some leading anthropologists take different views, owing to the scanty and contradictory nature of the information received. It is unfortunate for the elucidation of these questions that so much is written by many who know so little of the subject. Almost every visitor to New Guinea considers himself qualified to pronounce upon matters which those who have lived amongst the people for

years and studied feel reluctant to hazard an opinion; and these statements appear, not only in newspapers, reviews, and books, but also in papers read before scientific societies, where the natives of the south-east peninsula have been described as Malays, although in the description the writer has shown that he was unacquainted with Malay characteristics. Drs. Meyer, Beccari, Micklucho Maclay, Signor d'Albertis, and Mr. Wallace can speak with authority on these topics, having resided amongst the natives for a considerable time, and made them their special study; and having done this at different parts of the great island very much enhances the value of the conclusions to which they have arrived. These, although differing in some respects, all concur in regarding the tribes throughout New Guinea as belonging to one race, notwithstanding the common opinion that they are composed of two distinct races, Papuan and Malayan. Having seen a good deal of the native tribes along the coast from the Baxter River to East Cape, since my first acquaintance with them in 1871, and being almost the only European who has visited the bush tribes on the great body of the island, in the vicinity of the Fly, Baxter, and Katau rivers, and having taken some interest in these questions, I may perhaps, without presumption, claim a hearing on the ethnology of these people.

To know *whence* the natives are, we must find out *who* they are; and this can only be done by observing *what* they are—what they are chiefly in language, legends, and cult. It is now established by the best philologists, that all languages in their development proceed from the simple to the complex, from mono-

syllables to polysyllables, from agglutinative to inflexional. Thus considered, the languages of Papua and Polynesia, through all their various dialects, are amongst the oldest living on the face of the earth. Dieffenbach, in his "Travels in New Zealand," states that "the Polynesian language is, in its whole formation and construction, by far more primitive than the Malayan and the rest of the Javano-Talago languages. It belongs to a primitive state of society." If this be true of the language of the brown Polynesians, who are considered a pre-Malayan race, how much more so of the language of the Papuans, who are evidently a much older race, the dialects of which not only greatly differ from the Polynesian, but differ very much from each other!

It is by no means an uncommon opinion, even amongst intelligent people, that degraded savages, like the Papuans, many of whom are notorious cannibals, have no proper language at all, and that the missionary who settles amongst them has to make one for them. I remember seeing, in a well-known magazine, an account of the distinguished African missionary, Dr. Moffat, written by a reverend doctor of divinity, who stated about the missionary hero that "he set to work by himself and made a language, reduced it to writing, taught it to the natives, (!) and then commenced a translation of the Bible." This idea of a missionary making a language is rather amusing, considering the difficulty some of us have in acquiring the one we find in existence. The fact is, that a missionary has simply to learn the language of his people, write it out, translate into it, and teach the people to read. It does not follow that because

a tribe or nation has no written language, that their speech is merely a kind of gibberish, not having any correct sense, sound, or grammar. I have been a missionary amongst the Papuans for nearly thirty years, and have reduced four of their languages to writing, and can testify that in some respects they are even superior to our own. Some of them have a court and a common language, inclusive and exclusive pronouns, dual and trinal numbers, seven words for the pronoun *you*, all differing in grade, so that a person may be complimented or insulted by the *you* applied to him ; and the words are all as precise in their meanings as if they had been defined by Johnson. The grammar is as regular and uniform as if it had been formed by Lindley Murray, whilst the pronunciation is as exact as if it had been settled and phonographed by Walker, Webster, or Worcester ; thus clearly pointing backward to a higher state of civilization from which they are falling. How came these cannibals to have such a language, if they have not brought it down with them ? If all our civilization is to be traced to a slow but gradual development from a state of primitive barbarism and savage existence, how are we to account for the state of the natives in New Guinea and the South Seas ? Here are two large sections of prehistoric men, who are still in the age of stone and lake villages. Where is the evidence that they are advancing in civilization, intelligence, morality, or happiness ? The fact is, there is abundant evidence that both races are retrograding, and none whatever that they are advancing, except from influences from without.

Since I became acquainted with the bush tribes in

the vicinity of the Fly River, I have been much interested in the discovery that some of them practise cremation, waiting and mourning till the body is reduced to ashes, which are placed together in the form of a human figure and left. If it be true that "the custom of burning the dead was well-nigh universal in remote ages in the countries of the old world," then it is probable that the Papuans brought this custom, as well as others, with them. It seems from Homer to have been the general custom in the most primitive period of the history of Greece. It was also a druidic rite, which is said to "agree better than burying with the venerable druidic theory of transmigration, which is so little understood at the present, but which is so closely associated with the doctrine of evolution."

By the side of cremation may be placed the rite of circumcision, which is practised in some parts of New Guinea and on some of the South Sea Islands. Making fishing-nets might also be referred to as a branch of industry amongst the natives, the knowledge of which was brought from some of the old centres of civilization. In different parts of New Guinea, my wife has surprised and amused the natives by taking their netting out of their hands and doing a little for them. It is the same stitch as that in our own country. The stone gods and charms found amongst the natives of New Guinea, and on most of the islands in the South Pacific—some standing erect, from one to eight feet in height, others portable, and carried about by the natives—also point to very ancient forms of worship: the Linga symbolism of the Shiva cult in India, for instance. Linguists, like the lamented Bishop Patteson, have also noticed a striking resemblance

between the grammatical structure of the Hebrew language and the Papuan dialects, especially as to tenses. The poetry of these people seems also more akin to Hebrew than either Greek or Latin. It is not measured by feet. It is neither rhyme nor blank verse, nor does it correspond in structure to the Hebrew parallelisms. It seems little else than prose —elevated prose it may be—but cut up into divisions, like verses, and these are followed by choruses, chiefly single syllables with no meaning. This, according to Dr. Kitto, was the kind of singing with which Laban wished to send away Jacob. The style of the poetry seems to afford facilities for improvising. The music is a kind of chanting. It runs along on the principle of a short note and a long one alternately, within a narrow scale.

I might also refer to their legends, some of which are remarkably like the records of Old Testament history, and may be found in my "Story of the Lifu Mission." All these things, and much more of the kind, plainly indicate that these natives have fallen from a higher civilization, that their progress is downwards, and that they are merely the remnant of a worn-out race.

Now let us consider that the first empires which arose in the world were formed by descendants of Ham Nimrûd, the grandson of Ham, went into Assyria and founded Nineveh, and the city which he built and the empire he founded continued for ages to overshadow all western Asia. Mizraim, the son of Ham, founded the Egyptian monarchy and the Philistian commonwealth. Canaan, the fourth son of Ham, settled in Palestine, and his descendants founded first the Canaanitish kingdoms, then Tyre, and subse-

quently Carthage. These were for a very long time the leading nations of the world; they possessed its highest civilization, and held all but a monopoly of its commerce. These young monarchies no doubt sent forth strong and vigorous colonies, which took possession of the Asiatic archipelago, Australia, New Guinea, and Western Polynesia. From the Asiatic archipelago they appear to have been driven out by a succeeding and superior race, who also in time being similarly treated by the Malays, passed on to occupy the islands in Eastern Polynesia, fighting and mingling with the Papuans on their way; in some cases succeeding in driving them into the interior, and forming settlements on the coast, as on the south-east peninsula of New Guinea and some of the large islands in the South Sea. This pre-Malay or Polynesian race have left mementoes of their passage in the Polynesian names of various places, and in outlying remnants of their own race on scattered points of the Papuan archipelago. Perhaps the last and best confirmed attempt of these Polynesian wanderers at permanent settlement on Papuan soil was at the Fiji Islands. The number of Polynesian names by which these islands and places in them are called even now by their Papuan inhabitants argues a permanence of residence that cannot well be disputed. The large infusion of Polynesian vocables in the Fijian language, and the mixture of the two races, especially in the south-eastern part of the group, indicate a protracted sojourn and an intercourse of peace as well as of war. I think the foregoing considerations plainly indicate the part of the world from which the people of New Guinea and Western Polynesia have migrated.

We will now consider some of the manners and customs of the natives of New Guinea. My diocese, both in Western Polynesia and in New Guinea, being composed chiefly of cannibal tribes, I shall first notice that ancient and horrible custom.

The name cannibal is derived from *Caribs*, the original inhabitants of the West India Islands, who were reported to be man-eaters, and some tribes of whom, having no "r" in their language, pronounced their name *Canib*, and that latinized became *canibales*, which has come into popular use as a generic term for man-eaters, *cannibals*. These Caribs were a bold and warlike race, and, like many of their class in the South Seas and New Guinea, made a stout resistance to the progress of European civilization. Cannibalism is frequently referred to by classical and early Christian writers. Perhaps some of my friends and fellow countrymen are not aware that St. Jerome gives his personal testimony to the practice in a way not very flattering to our ancestors. He states "that when he was a boy living in Gaul he beheld the Scots —a people of Britain—eating human flesh ; and though there were plenty of cattle and sheep at their disposal, yet they would prefer a ham of the herdsman or a piece of female breast as a luxury"! Statements of old authors still more absurd induced some thinkers to believe that cannibalism is unnatural, and to deny that it was ever practised by human beings except under the pressure of starvation. The accurate observation of late travellers has however put it beyond doubt that cannibalism has been and is systematically practised, and practised by those who are by no means the most degraded of the human race. The

aborigines of Australia, for instance, who are generally considered an extremely degraded type, feed on herbs, snakes, worms; whilst the aborigines of New Zealand, who are admitted to be the most highly developed race with which European civilization has had to compete, were, until recently, systematic feeders on human flesh. It has been supposed that the reason why, among the Jews and several eastern nations, the eating of swine's flesh was forbidden as an unclean food was its resemblance to human flesh, and the danger that persons accustomed to the one might not retain their abhorrence of the other. The question is how the abominable practice arose. Some say from superstition; others, from hunger; others, again, from revenge. An instance has been given to show that it is the natural development of ferocity in degraded natures; *viz.* the fate of the Princess Lamballe in the French Revolution, whose heart was plucked out by one of the savages of the mob, taken to a restaurant, and there cooked and eaten by him.

It is well known that amongst the notorious cannibals of Fiji it was considered an act of supreme revenge upon a fallen enemy; and we are informed that the most violent exhibition of wrath one man could manifest to another was to say to him, "I will eat you." "In any action," observes Dr. Seemann, "where the national honour had to be avenged, it was incumbent upon the king and principal chiefs—in fact, a duty they owed to their exalted station—to avenge the insult offered to their country by eating the perpetrators of it." But the same writer thinks it worthy of inquiry if their practice of cannibal feasts did not, in some degree, partake of a religious ceremony. His

supposition, he thinks, is countenanced by a very singular fact. Not only are the ovens used for this purpose never appropriated to any other use, but whereas every other kind of food is eaten with the fingers, three or four-pronged forks, made of hard wood, are used for eating human flesh. Every one of these forks, he says, is known by its particular—often obscene—name; and they are handed down from generation to generation, and greatly valued. Dr. Seemann mentions the great difficulty they had in obtaining specimens for their ethnological collection. And when they were afterwards shown to natives who did not know how they had been obtained, they always looked grave, and were especially anxious that they should not be displayed before their children. "My handling them," says the doctor, "seemed to give as much pain as if I had gone into a Christian church and used the chalice for drinking water." In the centre of one of the Fiji Islands there stands a great banyan tree—the *akautabu*, sacred tree, or "the tree with the forbidden fruit." Under its spreading branches war and licentious dances were practised, accompanied by the murder of prisoners and by cannibal feasts. Before cooking the victims, sometimes even before their death, certain parts of the bodies of both sexes used to be cut off and hung in the branches of this tree, which was sometimes perfectly loaded with this singular and repulsive fruit. The renowned cannibal chief Thakumbau is known to have revelled in all the abominations of cannibalism under this sacred tree. On one occasion, for instance, he cut out the tongue of a captive chief who had used it to beg for a speedy death, and jocosely ate it before his face.

My object however is not to write a chapter of horrors on cannibalism, which might easily be done, but simply to show that it is a terrible reality, that it exists in New Guinea, and that its practice does not indicate the lowest type of humanity. Judging from my own experience of cannibal tribes, I am inclined to the opinion that the practice arose from *revenge.* Both in New Guinea and the South Sea, so far as I know (with but one exception, the Tugarians, of whom I shall speak presently) it is only the bodies of enemies that are eaten. Still, it may have originated in connection with some religious observance. The religion of these natives has some peculiar features. and the use made of them by the priests must tend to infuse a taste for those revolting practices. We are painfully reminded in history that the greatest refinements of cruelty and the most brutal disregard of human suffering have been at one time or another and in various places connected with religion at comparatively advanced periods of national progress. Baking and boiling alive have a terrific sound, and are regarded as indications of a very savage condition ; but the slow combustion by fire of the living heretic, the frightful tortures of the inquisition, are facts equally remarkable for their cruelty and equally depreciatory of our nature, yet were not deformities belonging to our savage state. We are accustomed to hold the microscope over these natives and exclaim with horror at their practices, when it might be well to turn it upon ourselves and consider some of the enormities associated with our civilization.

I can testify to the possession of many noble qualities by the cannibals. They are not deficient in

courage, manliness, and even humanity, as some people foolishly declare them to be; and they are even distinguished for their hospitality. Indeed they are as a rule a good-tempered, liberal people—greatly superior in these qualities to their lighter coloured neighbours who look down upon them. On the south-east peninsula of New Guinea, for instance, we have the cannibal tribes occupying each end—those who are generally regarded as their superiors being in the centre. The latter speak with contempt of the former—although they take good care not to do so in their presence—and look upon them as being greatly their inferiors. Such is the blind, arrogant pride of human nature. The fact is, that the cannibal tribes make better houses, better canoes, better weapons, and better drums—and keep a better table, they would say—than their neighbours; indeed, they exhibit great skill and taste in carving; and any one who has visited both tribes will at once notice the good-natured hospitality of the cannibals, compared with the selfishness and greed of their neighbours, who are incorrigible beggars. Still their cannibalism is the distinctive feature which separates them from other tribes. And even cannibalism has its degrees. Those at the east end of New Guinea consider themselves quite respectable cannibals compared with their neighbours in the D'Entrecasteaux group. I remember trying to persuade some of them to accompany me on a visit to Normanby Island, when they described the natives of that place as a set of degraded cannibals, who ate *every part* of the human body, even the hair being boiled with the blood and devoured. And yet, when visiting one of the villages of these exemplary canni-

bals, in company with Mr. Chester (the police magistrate of Thursday Island) and Mr. Chalmers, we were disturbed at night by a great noise in the village, and went out to see what it was all about. We found our friend the chief—a notorious old cannibal, who wore a necklace of small bones indicating the number of persons he had killed—mounted on the village rostrum, which he paced most excitedly, as he poured forth what appeared to be quite an oration. Upon inquiry we found that the object of his vituperation was a woman in a small village about a mile distant, who had that day been visited by some friends from a distance, and being anxious to place before them the best she had, had served up the body of her husband, who had died the day before! Old Bony's proposition was that they should banish their wives, lest they should treat their bodies with like disrespect after death. His proposal however met with little favour, a native who stood near us jocosely remarking that he was only angry because they did not send him a piece.

Of the cannibals in the western branch of our mission the Tugarians are the most savage, warlike, and cruel. They are a cannibal tribe of pirates, who come from the west of the Baxter River and make periodical raids upon the villages along the eastern coast, well known and greatly feared by the natives between the Baxter and Fly rivers, although no one seems to know where the Tugarian village is situated. These cannibal pirates use long, fleet canoes, propelled by paddles, in which they steal along the coast and up the rivers and creeks, plundering, murdering, and making prisoners as they go. They break the arms and legs of the prisoners when taken, so as to pre-

vent their fighting or running away, and then keep them as fresh meat until required, cooking one or two bodies at a time. Their piratical voyages last several months sometimes, as they are in the habit of camping on the coast at different places after successful raids.

The island of Poigu, at the mouth of the Baxter River, has been almost depopulated by these cannibals, who however are not always successful. I remember being much interested in the Poiguans' account of the only successful encounter they ever had with their mortal enemies. On this occasion the Tugarians were seen approaching the island in the daytime in their outriggerless canoes. The Poiguans, whose canoes have double outriggers and a platform, determined to make a desperate effort to save their families, homes, and plantations; and so hastily collected stones, which they placed on the platforms of their canoes, seized their weapons and paddles, and hastened to meet the enemy at sea, where they hoped to have the advantage over their more numerous and powerful enemy. Their wives and children watched the canoes approach each other, although not in "breathless silence," yet we can imagine with what intense anxiety. The Tugarians, flushed with success, and confident in their numbers, yelled and flourished their paddles at their insignificant foes. The Poiguans locked their shields to protect the rowers, and approached the enemy amidst a shower of arrows. When close to them they suddenly made such use of their stones and spears as to produce the utmost confusion amongst the enemy, most of whose canoes were soon capsized and smashed. Many were killed, and the rest fled, leaving the Poiguans to re-

turn victorious to their rejoicing wives and families. Subsequent night attacks however have proved most disastrous to the Poiguans, only a comparatively few of whom now remain, and they are taking refuge at our mission station at Dauan. Two of our senior students when I left were Poiguans—real good, smart fellows. They are now engaged in evangelistic work in the Fly River.

Perhaps the worst defeat which the Tugarians have ever suffered happened to them three years ago, when they attacked the Saibaians. Saibai is one of the oldest stations of our New Guinea Mission. It is about three miles from Dauan, and a mile and a half from the mainland of New Guinea. The inhabitants until recently were desperate skull-hunters ; many of their finest young men are now in the Papuan institute, preparing to go as evangelists to the Papuan Gulf. The Saibaians received a terrible warning of the approach of the Tugarians. The latter, having fallen upon a village on the mainland opposite and killed twelve of the inhabitants, were camped within sight of Saibai, the smoke from their cannibal feasts rising before the eyes of those who, the Tugarians thought, were to be their next victims. The Saibaians, on hearing the news from some natives who had fled from the attacked village, at once assembled, held a council of war, and decided to meet them at sea. Crossing over, they met the canoe fleet off the New Guinea coast, and, according to arrangement, tried friendly overtures ; but these were replied to by most warlike demonstrations. The Tugarians, confident in their numbers, disdained any peace overtures, and performed before the Saibaians some very insult-

ing acts, which aroused the war spirit in some of the Saibai men; but the chief restrained them, and it was not until he himself was wounded that the order was given to return the fire. The Saibai men, though comparatively few in number, had a rifle and two muskets, which they had obtained from their friends in Torres Straits; and these were a host in themselves, causing the Tugarians to beat a quick retreat, leaving fifteen of their canoes behind them. How many were killed or wounded (if any) is not known, the canoes being abandoned. It is to be hoped that they will not make their appearance again, although I heard, when visiting some inland tribes in that part of New Guinea a short time ago, that they had informed some of their friends of their intention to be revenged upon the Saibaians. It is during the calm season of the year that these expeditions are made, so the Saibaians at that time keep a sharp look out.

There is no doubt that the cannibals are very fond of human flesh. I remember, when at Lifu, putting the question plainly to one of my pundits, who had been a notorious cannibal, but was at that time, and had been for many years, a deacon of the Church and a very consistent, devoted, and spiritually minded man. I asked him to tell me honestly whether they, as cannibals, really liked human flesh. The old man looked ashamed, and expressed a desire not to speak on the subject, saying that "those were dark days." I pressed the question however, telling him that I had an object in wishing to know the real state of the case. He then solemnly assured me, that although they had tasted fish, fowl, turtle, turkey, beef, pork, etc., there was nothing so good as human flesh. No

doubt he is right. Man is the best fed animal, and I dare say if we had a piece of well-cooked human flesh served up, without knowing what it was, we should pronounce it to be the best bit of meat that we had tasted for a long time. Considering the great liking that cannibals have for human flesh, and that cannibalism very soon sneaks out at the back door when Christianity has entered at the front, we still behold the power of the old gospel over the human heart—the response of the soul, however degraded, to the call of its Master.

Cannibalism has received its death blow in New Guinea. It may "die hard" in some places, but die it must. Not only is the axe laid at the root of that terrible tree, but the tree itself has been struck with a fatal blow that will quiver through all its branches, carrying death to the remotest twig.

In concluding my remarks on this subject, I will give two instances of how cannibalism begins to disappear before the march of the gospel of peace and love. Calling at the Engineer Group when visiting the eastern branch of our mission before I left New Guinea, I heard of their last cannibal feast. The chief Aualu is a tall, powerful, notorious cannibal. Near his house there stands a sacred inclosure made of carved slabs. Inside of the inclosure the women are never allowed to enter. It is the receptacle of all the human bodies taken in war. Here they are prepared for the cannibal feast, and divided amongst the villages. Unlike the cannibals I have lived amongst in the South Pacific, these people do not cook the bodies whole and then cut them up, as they do pigs. The warriors stand around whilst the victims are being singed with a

torch and skinned, and then cut up into suitable portions for each village. The cooking is done in pots, and not, as in the South Seas, amidst hot stones. The victims of the last cannibal feast were from Brooker Island. The commodore from Sydney, with two men-of-war, had been to punish the Brooker islanders for the massacre of Mr. Ingram's party and other white men. Aualu, who was a friend of Mr. Ingram's, was not at all satisfied with the punishment inflicted by the commodore, no one being either killed or wounded. He consequently assembled his warriors and held a council of war, when it was decided that the Brooker islanders ought to have a greater number of their people killed than they had killed of Mr. Ingram's party. The war canoes were got ready, and Aualu started to avenge the death of his friends. They returned to their homes with twelve bodies of the enemy, had a grand cannibal feast, and then promised the native missionary at Teste Island it should be the last. They have lived in peace ever since, and seemed very anxious that I should locate a teacher amongst them.

We had staying with us an interesting little Papuan girl about nine years of age, who was saved by one of our native missionaries from a horrible death, under circumstances which illustrate how cannibalism recedes before the gospel. One of our Lifu teachers, hearing that the natives of a neighbouring village had brought home the bodies of two men whom they had caught and killed, also a little girl, doubtless the daughter of one of the murdered men, hastened to the spot, and there beheld the two bodies lying beside a large fire that was being prepared to cook them, the heads severed and placed by themselves, and a child still in

the canoe, which was guarded by some natives on the beach. He took in the situation at once, and saw that there was no time to be lost. He had been living with the people for several years, and they had learned to respect and value him, which he knew very well, and therefore spoke accordingly. After telling them how grieved he was to see them persisting in cannibalism after all he had said, he informed them that his Master's commands were that they should leave the people who would not receive their message, and go somewhere else; he should therefore be obliged to leave them unless they gave up those bodies to be buried, and spared the life of that child by handing it over to his wife. The fact that they ultimately complied with the teacher's wish, considering the circumstances, was to me, who knew something of what it meant to give up those bodies, a very pleasing proof of the beginning of a good work amongst them; and I am happy to say that there has not been any cannibalism there since. Thus this horrible custom disappears before Christianity.

With reference to government in New Guinea, we have not yet found any chiefs in New Guinea worthy the name. Those represented as such are simply leaders in time of war—headmen, who, compared with the chiefs of the South Sea Islands with which I am acquainted, are powerless in time of peace. They cannot impose a tax of any kind, and have no control over the people beyond their own family. I was particularly impressed with this fact when we established a mission station at the village of one of these headmen, who had been represented to us as the biggest chief in New Guinea, and who has been exhibited as

such in Queensland to the wondering community of Cooktown. The fact is, that he, like the rest, has no authority except as a war leader. Physically he is a big man, certainly one of the most powerful-looking men I have seen in New Guinea, and he greatly boasts of his strength and exploits, and is feared as the bully of a village is feared. His name is Koapena. When we arrived at his village, according to arrangement, with two South Sea Island teachers and their boxes, he met us on the beach with a crowd of natives. To see the man and hear him talk one would suppose that he was a powerful and despotic chief; indeed, this was our first impression; but when it came to carrying the teachers' luggage up to his house, his true position became ludicrously evident. We begged him to ask some of his men to carry the goods, and we would pay them. He spoke to them, he entreated, he stormed; but they only laughed at him, and told him to carry them himself. Finally, in a rage, he and his own sons shouldered the boxes and walked off with them, amidst the laughter of the crowd. When in his house, we were crowded almost to suffocation, and begged him to send some of the people out, that we might get a little fresh air. Here again he seemed utterly powerless even to send the boys out of his own house; and, to complete his humiliation in our estimation, when we made him a present those around snatched the things out of his hand and bore them away in triumph, notwithstanding his protestations. it was quite evident that this great man, of whom we had heard so much, was no chief at all, but simply a noted warrior, who, by physical strength and daring, had forced himself to the front.

These headmen live and dress just like their neighbours. They have to make their own plantations and build their own houses, also fish and hunt for themselves. It is only when there is a council of war or an actual engagement that they come to the front and speak with authority. If cannibals, they superintend the cutting up and dividing of the victims. Amongst most of the tribes the headmanship is hereditary; sometimes however the tribes become dissatisfied with his leadership, and he is deposed and another appointed in his place, though this seldom happens. His badge and source of authority is really his club, which is generally a very superior one, made of stone.

The absence of powerful chiefs, as amongst the South Sea Islands, has been seriously felt by us in establishing mission stations amongst the people. The interest and protection of a powerful chief (which is not difficult to secure by presents and kindness) is not only a source of security, but of advancement for the mission; whereas there is generally but little advantage in having a New Guinea chief for your friend, his influence being so small that he can neither protect your life nor property. You may be attacked by any man in the village without his asking the sanction or fearing the frown of the headman or anybody else, except the party attacked and his friends. Still these headmen may be descendants of chiefs who were as powerful and despotic as those now reigning in the South Sea; for not only do the sons succeed to the office, but they generally succeed also to the name. Query therefore: Is democracy a sign of advancement or retrogression?

In their government the natives of New Guinea, so far as we know them, are patriarchal and democratic.

All important matters are decided in a general council of the village, at which the headmen and sacred men, or priests, have most to say, and whose advice is generally followed. I mean by *headmen* the heads of families—a family being a combined group of sons, daughters, uncles, cousins, nieces, etc. The *sacred men* are the doctors and sorcerers of the village.

All land, both cultivated and uncultivated, is owned by the heads of families. Having no written language they, of course, had no written laws. The boundaries of their lands are however well defined, and their land laws strictly observed. Any disputes about land boundaries (which rarely occur) are settled, like all other grievances, by public opinion in a general council of the people. Crimes, such as stealing, adultery, etc., are dealt with very summarily, the offender being punished by the person injured. Club law prevails, sustained by public opinion. Death is the usual punishment for murder and often for adultery. The injured party being at liberty to seek revenge on the brother, son, or any member of the family to which the guilty party belonged, sometimes the culprit and his family seek refuge in another village, which proves a city of refuge. It is seldom any one dares to pursue them and risk hostilities with the village that protects them. The revenge then takes the form of burning down their houses and plundering their plantations.

Wars generally originate about women or in some private quarrel between two individuals, which the village takes up. Their weapons are clubs, spears, bows and arrows, stones, and wooden swords, which are generally made of ebony and artistically carved. Some of their short spears are also well carved.

Their bows are mostly made from bamboos and very powerful, their arrows being made from reeds and pointed with bone, which is often a human bone saturated with poison. In war they never stand up in orderly ranks and shoot at each other ; according to their notions that would be the height of folly. Their favourite tactics are rather of the surprise and skirmishing order. I remember one of the chiefs questioning me about our mode of warfare, and his look of amazement when I described the rows of men placed opposite each other and firing at one another with guns. He eagerly inquired whether the men were within range, and when I replied in the affirmative he exclaimed : "Then you are great fools. We thought you were wise men, but it seems you are fools." Then he asked where the chief stood. "Oh," I said, "he remains at home and sends his men to fight." At which there was a burst of laughter, the chief remarking proudly that New Guinea chiefs not only accompanied the fighting men, but kept *in front.* And it occurred to me that if we were to adopt a similar custom our wars would probably be less sanguinary. The heroes are those who obtain the greatest number of human heads. They are often, like Achilles, swift of foot, who dash towards the enemy and hurl a spear with great precision. Their great ambition is to signalise themselves by the number of *heads* hanging in their houses. No hero in the Grecian games rejoices more over his chaplet than does the young Papuan glory in the distinction of having cut off a man's head. I remember the pride with which the young chief of Saibai pointed out to me five skulls hanging in front of his house. His

bravery was the subject of village song. He is now a devoted and leading member of the church there.

Their wars are not very sanguinary. They have not yet learnt the art of killing by hundreds and thousands. A dozen slain at a battle is a large number. It is usually two or three on each side, and a few wounded, both sides claiming the victory. The women sometimes accompany the warriors, and whilst the men are fighting or skirmishing the women are plundering the plantations of the enemy ; and when they return twit their husbands with their want of success, pointing to their baskets full of yams, and asking them where the skulls are which they have brought.

Of all the tribes with which I am acquainted in New Guinea, there are none equal, either in bravery or cruelty, to the Tugarians. I have in my possession a battle-axe from this tribe, the only iron weapon I have seen amongst the savages of New Guinea along the 600 miles of coast-line with which I am acquainted. It is evidently made from a piece of iron from some wreck, and is more like a small pickaxe than an ordinary axe. So far as we know, the natives of New Guinea have no idea of working the minerals with which their country abounds, so that the absence of gold ornaments by no means indicates the absence of gold, any more than it did in Australia. They value iron of any kind very highly, especially thick hoop-iron, which they sharpen and use as axes. Long knives are greatly prized, being used for clearing the scrub for their plantations and as swords in war.

They possess very few and very inferior tools,

which are made from stones, flint, and bones; yet their carving is surprisingly well done, showing considerable artistic skill, both in the design and in the execution. They carve images of birds, fish, and men, and ornament their canoes, paddles, houses, drums, clubs, etc., with tolerably well-executed drawings and carvings. A large nail is to them quite a treasure. They sharpen it and use it as a small chisel. I have seen a cannibal native execute some very good work on his canoe with a spike nail that I gave him.

There is a good deal of ingenuity displayed by the natives in the construction and ornamentation of their canoes. Any one can tie a bundle of bamboos together and form a raft, as the natives in the interior do for crossing rivers. Nor does it require much skill to fell a tree, cut off the branches, and hollow out the log, as many of the inland tribes do who live on the banks of creeks and arms of the large rivers. But to construct a war canoe, with its single or double outrigger, and its artistically carved stem and sternposts, its carved images, and handsome steering paddle, and well-executed drawings of fish, etc., on its sides, is the work of a distinct and not very numerous class of professional carpenters and painters. The *lakatoi* or large trading canoe used by the natives in the barren district of Port Moresby for obtaining food from the fertile Papuan Gulf, is a kind of raft, made by lashing six or eight canoes together, upon which a platform is raised, made from pieces of old canoes, the sides being made in the same way as their houses, of leaves sewn together, and the whole propelled by an immense mat sail or sails. Of course, they can only go with a fair wind, and so leave for the gulf at the south-east

monsoon, and return with the first of the north-west. The best canoes I have seen in New Guinea are those at the east end, which are really well-built boats, consisting of two or three planks sewn to the sides of a log neatly hollowed out. Timbers and thwarts are fitted, and the whole ornamented with carved work, drawings, shells, streamers, etc. They have an outrigger, and are propelled by a large mat sail, which they handle very dexterously in beating to windward. These canoes will outsail an ordinary whaleboat, and go to windward of it.

Their sails, like their canoes, differ widely, from a plaited cocoanut leaf to a well-made mat sail like an immense kite, the top being concave instead of convex. The canoe paddles of the savages at the eastern end of the south-east peninsula are the best I have seen. They are generally made of cedar, smaller than an ordinary paddle, prettily shaped and regularly cut, the top of the handle being neatly carved.

Native houses, like native canoes, differ very much amongst different tribes. Some are like gigantic beehives ; others are like a row of cottages without any partitions. As previously mentioned, I measured one of this kind at an inland village thirty miles up the Fly River, and found it to be 512 feet in length. Some are built on posts all sizes and all shapes, often like a boat turned bottom upwards. I noticed amongst the inland tribes in the Papuan Gulf, near the Fly River, that the houses were built of bark instead of grass or leaves, as is generally the case ; still, like those of the inland tribes on the peninsula, they are inferior to the houses on the coast. The hill tribes often build their houses for safety in the forks of

trees. They first make a platform, which not only bears the house, but also a quantity of stones, which are always kept handy to defend it from the enemy. They live on the ridges of the hills, which are sometimes very narrow. I remember spending a night at one of these places. We had more than one reason for preferring camping out to sleeping in one of their houses. My hammock was slung between two posts, but it seemed so dangerous as I lay and looked down the steep sides of the mountain, which was over 1,000 feet high, that I got out and lay on the ground.

The most peculiar and interesting are the villages built on posts in the lagoons, and on some parts of the coasts, varying in distance up to a mile from the beach, reminding one of the old lake dwellings. These houses are much like large, ricketty pigeon cots, along the floors and platforms of which you tread your way with fear and trembling, expecting every moment to drop through into the sea. The interior of many of the native houses is both clean and comfortable. The better class consist of a platform or portico, then the large living room, and above a sleeping apartment. They are well thatched, the sides made of leaves neatly sewn together, and stand upon strong posts six or eight feet high.

The natives are mostly vegetarians. Occasionally they get some fish, kangaroos, or human flesh; but this is rare, except at a few fishing villages on the coast. Their food consists of yams, taro, bananas, cocoanuts, sugar-cane, and sago, the last-named article being cultivated chiefly in the Papuan Gulf, where there is plenty of fresh water. It is the

chief article of export from the gulf, being exchanged with the tribes about Port Moresby for pottery. We also purchase a good deal from the natives of the Fly River for food for our Papuan Institute. This very useful palm has a creeping stem-root like a nipa palm. When it is fifteen years old it sends up an immense terminal spike of flowers, after which it dies. It is not so tall as a cocoanut tree, but is thicker and larger. The mid-ribs of its immense leaves are twelve or fifteen feet long, and sometimes the lower part is as thick as a man's leg. They are very light, consisting of a firm pith covered with a hard rind. The pith in the upper part is of snowy whiteness and of the consistency of a hardish pear, with woody fibres running through it a quarter of an inch from each other. The pith is pounded by a club while still in the trunk. It is then washed in a kind of trough formed of the large sheathing bases of the leaves. A net-like strainer is made from the fibrous covering from the leaf-stalks of the cocoanuts. The trough being deep at the centre and shallow at the ends, the starch which is dissolved sinks down to the bottom of the trough, while the water runs away from the upper part. It is then made into bundles of 60 lbs. or 80 lbs. each, encased in the sheathing bases of the leaves, and kept for use or barter. It has a reddish tinge, and being made up soon spoils. Rewashed and thoroughly dried it makes good sago, and keeps a long time.

The natives have also abundance of wild fruits and edible roots, amongst which may be mentioned the bread fruit, mango, wild date, rose apple, and native plum. Nature bountifully supplies them with the

MURRAY ISLAND BY MOONLIGHT.

necessaries of life. For plates they use wooden platters, plaited cocoanut leaves, and the beautiful banana leaf. Knives and forks are easily made from bamboos, and spoons from pearl and cocoanut shells. Some cook in earthenware pots, others on hot stones. Their plantations are carefully cultivated and well fenced in. I have seen miles of them looking like well-kept gardens. The soil is turned over with pointed sticks by the men, the women following, breaking it up and throwing out the weeds. The yams, bananas, etc., are planted in straight rows, for which purpose they use a line, and the bunches of bananas are carefully preserved from the birds by being encased in dried banana leaves. In the vicinity of the Fly River they drain the land by means of deep trenches, which reveal to the stranger the great depth of the rich alluvial soil. These trenches are well made and carefully kept, and bridged over wherever there is a road. In visiting a village off one of the arms of the Fly River, about thirty miles from the coast, I was surprised to find such luxuriant vegetation, well-cultivated plantations, numerous deeply dug trenches, and apparently abundance of food everywhere. Some of these inland tribes trade with those on the coast, bartering vegetables, paradise birds' feathers, etc., in exchange for fish and salt. The women generally do the bartering, and are very noisy and acute in the transaction.

In Hood Lagoon there is a village of agriculturists close to one of fishermen, where there is a regular market for the almost daily exchange of their fish and vegetables. It is a regular Billingsgate. To see the women exhibiting their fish to the best advantage

is really amusing. The chief articles of barter amongst the natives, however are pottery, sago, pearl shells, armlets, and canoes. The last-named are generally obtained in exchange for armlets and pearl shell; one large size armlet being the price of a fully equipped canoe, or equivalent to a man; *i.e.* if a person is killed an armlet will generally atone for the offence and prevent a war. The armlets are made from the heads of conical shells found in Torres Straits and off the east end of New Guinea. Fish are mostly caught by nets, though often by line and hook, and sometimes by spear. I have seen them catching sardines in a very ingenious way. These small fish move about the reef in immense shoals. They keep close together, and move on very slowly in a compact body. The natives have a hand-basket, which is strongly, neatly, and lightly made in the shape of an extinguisher. The fisherman stands with this in his hand opposite the shoals which are near the beach. On each side of him stands a man with a long bamboo, on the end of which is fixed a light ball. When all are ready these two men rapidly push their poles into the shoal at an angle, allowing them to meet at the ends, which of course causes the sardines to retreat from the pole-heads, and as they dart towards the beach, the man with the basket at the same instant plunges in and scoops them out. This is repeated along the beach, and they follow the sardines until they have as many as they want. Dugong are speared from a platform erected on the reef.

Turtle are very cleverly caught at sea. On our way to and from the Fly River we often catch them. When seen lying listlessly on the surface, the boat is

steered towards it. A native fastens a small rope to his arm, others stand by ready to haul in, and there is perfect silence whilst the boat glides up to the monster. It generally gets close up to the turtle before the latter is aware. The moment it dives the man with the rope fastened to his arm plunges in, and as he can dive quicker than the turtle, he soon catches it and seizes the shell firmly with both arms, giving the signal to pull. Now the excitement on deck becomes intense as the natives haul in the rope. Presently there is a most ludicrous scene. Man and turtle both appear, the one on top of the other, holding on for dear life, both turning over and over like a patent log as they are dragged along by the boat. Another native jumps in and fastens a rope to the arm of the turtle, by which those on board haul it on deck. Green turtle weigh from 300 lbs. to 600 lbs. each. The students in our Papuan seminary caught sixteen the year before I left for the Christmas feast. The eggs are considered a great delicacy by the natives. Sandbanks and uninhabited islands are the most likely places to find them. Whenever we anchor for the night at such places, the natives go ashore with pointed sticks or small iron bars, with which they probe the sand in likely places, examining the points carefully to see if they are wet. As soon as they see any indication of having probed an egg they quickly remove the sand, and often find as many as 150 or 200 eggs in a nest. It is at these places that the turtle are most easily and plentifully caught. The natives remain on shore during the night, and when the turtle come up on the beach beyond highwater mark to lay their eggs, the natives go quietly and turn them over on their backs, which

renders them helpless. They sometimes get half a dozen in a night in this way.

Their hunting is confined to the kangaroo, wild pig, and cassowary, these being the only animals there are to hunt in New Guinea. Kangaroos are caught with strong nets, into which they are driven by setting fire to the long grass in front of the nets, the natives guarding the sides to prevent their escape, and so driving them into the semicircle formed by the net. The ends are then drawn together and the circle gradually lessened, surrounded by the natives, who, when the circle becomes small enough, commence a general slaughter. They catch as many as forty at once in this way. The cassowaries are more difficult to obtain. To secure them the natives use spears and bows and arrows. The wild boar hunt is the most dangerous and exciting, in which spears are almost exclusively used. The animal often turns upon its pursuers, and is not unfrequently victorious in the encounter. I know of two instances where the struggle proved fatal to both hunter and hunted. Not long ago a war party were proceeding to a bush village near the Fly River, on a skull-hunting expedition. Their road lay through a forest of tall trees where wild pigs abound. They had not gone far when one crossed their path. Spears and arrows instantly flew after it, but missed. Some of the men pursued, but being intent on the business of war, soon returned. One man however continued the chase, whom they found on their return lying at the root of a tree gored to death, the boar also lying dead not far off. The condition of both showed that there must have been a fearful struggle for life.

The smoking practised by the natives is worthy of remark. When it was introduced we cannot say. In 1871 we found the natives at Saibai and Katau smoking from bamboo pipes, and on our voyages up the Baxter and Fly rivers found tobacco plantations far in the interior. On the south-east peninsula however it is a recently acquired habit. They did not know the use of tobacco when we first met them. They have learnt to smoke from foreigners. It is also very probable that the natives of the Fly River district acquired the habit from the Torres Straits natives, who most likely were taught by the early *bêche de mer* fishers. Wherever it came from, the habit is now universal amongst all the tribes with which we are acquainted; men, women, and children, old and young, all smoke, and tobacco is the most eagerly sought article of trade. They use bamboo pipes, from two to four feet in length, ornamented with fanciful designs, burnt in. All the sections of the bamboo are opened except the end one, near which a small hole is made, giving it the appearance of a flute. On the peninsula, in the vicinity of Port Moresby, the tobacco is rolled in a leaf, and the smoke inhaled from the end of the bamboo. In the Gulf they place the tobacco in a small bamboo, about four inches long and three-quarters of an inch in diameter, in appearance like a large cigar. This they insert in a small hole of the pipe, and place the lighted end in their mouth, as boys place a lighted candle. They blow the large bamboo full of smoke, then take out the small bamboo and inhale the smoke from the small hole, taking one pull and handing it on. When empty, it is handed back

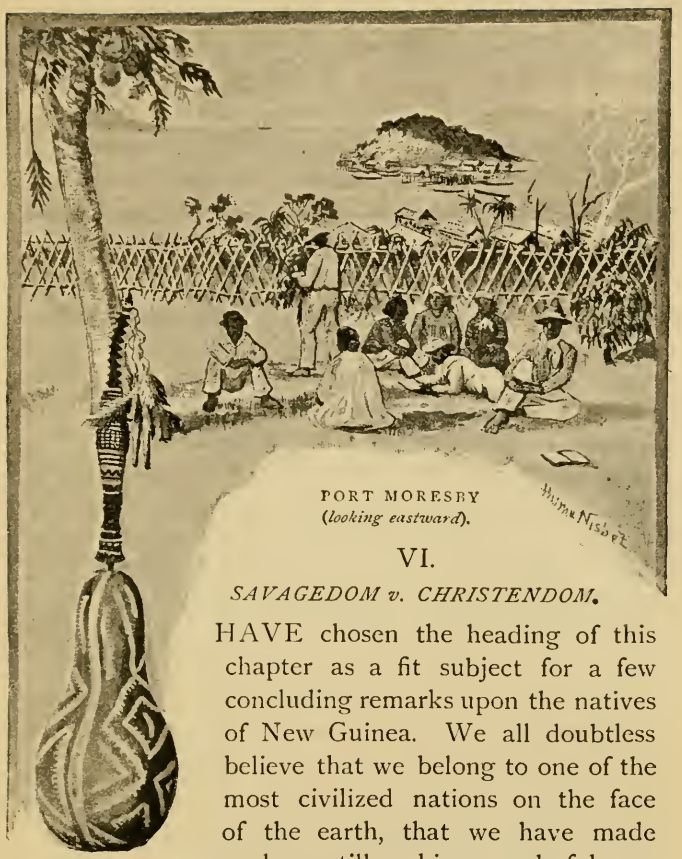
to the young man who is manipulating, and he repeats the performance.

The well-known Fijian custom of kava-drinking is not practised on the south-east peninsula at all, so far as we know, but I find that it exists amongst the natives of the great body of the island near the Fly River, although there is a difference—if no improvement—in the way in which it is prepared. In the South Sea Islands it is the girls who make it; here it is the boys who chew the root.

The Gulf tribes also tattoo differently from those on the peninsula. The latter do it in the ordinary way by painting and pricking the skin, like the New Zealanders; whilst the former do it by cutting and inserting into the wound powdered shell, which gives it when healed a swollen, rib-like appearance. This custom is practised also amongst the aborigines of Australia. The cuts vary in length according to the part of the body where they are made.

The natives of both sexes are as fond of ornamenting their bodies as the belles and swells in our own country. They do not wear much clothing in their heathen state, nor do they require it in such a hot climate, but they use a profusion of ornaments and paint. The hair is frizzed out carefully and cut in fantastic shapes. Sometimes it is done up in scores of small curls like whipcords, from which are suspended portions of human bones. I have a segment of a human backbone that I cut from the back hair of a young cannibal. They use a variety of head-dress made chiefly from paradise birds' plumes and cassowary feathers. Their necklaces are made of white and red coral beads of their own manufacture, which involve an immense

amount of labour and are greatly prized. Some are made of dogs' and kangaroos' feet. A large pearl shell cut in the form of a crescent and ornamented is worn on the breast, suspended from the neck. Ear-rings are made from turtle shell. I have got as many as twenty-five small rings from the lobe of one ear. They have many ways of decorating their ears. The lobe is generally pierced, and the hole greatly distended by inserting bits of wood and a piece of the strong part of the cocoanut leaf, which acts like a spring. When the surface has become large and set it is filled with ear-rings. In some cases it is severed, and a weight attached to the end, which is worn till the elongated lobe hangs like a tassel from the ear. This is then pierced with small holes, which extend all round the edge of the ear, and coral beads laced along both sides, which they consider looks very handsome. The septum of the nose is also pierced, and a neatly prepared piece of shell, like a clay pipe-stem slightly curved, from four to eight inches long, inserted. The arms are decorated with bracelets and shell armlets, and white cowries are tied to the legs just under the knee. Add to all this a painted face, flowers, and gay crotons fastened to the arms and legs, and you will form an idea of a New Guinea native in full dress ready for the dance, of which they never seem to get tired. Night after night you hear the drums beating, the noise often continuing till daybreak.



PORT MORESBY
(*looking eastward*).

VI.

SAVAGEDOM v. CHRISTENDOM.

HAVE chosen the heading of this chapter as a fit subject for a few concluding remarks upon the natives of New Guinea. We all doubtless believe that we belong to one of the most civilized nations on the face of the earth, that we have made and are still making wonderful progress, and we look down upon savages (some with pity, others with contempt, and many with indifference) as being far below us. Yet few seriously consider, amidst this intellectual and material advancement, what is really the end aimed at. What is the ideally perfect social state towards which mankind ever has been and still is tending? There must be

some goal, some state of perfection which we may never reach, but to which all true progress must bring us nearer. Our best thinkers maintain that "it is a state of individual freedom and self-government, rendered possible by the equal development and just balance of the intellectual, moral, and physical parts of our nature—a state in which we shall each be so perfectly fitted for social existence by knowing what is right, and at the same time feeling an irresistible impulse to do what we know to be right, that all laws and all punishments shall be unnecessary. In such a state every man would have a sufficiently well-balanced intellectual organization to understand the moral law in all its details, and would require no other motive but the free impulses of his own nature to obey that law." Now where do we find the nearest approach to such a perfect social state? Amongst savage or civilized nations? Some say that it is to be found in one part, and some in another of Christendom; but who ever thinks of looking for such a state of things in savagedom? And yet I do not hesitate to say that I have found the natives in the South Seas and New Guinea, in their low state of civilization, approaching nearer that ideal perfect social state. My object in this chapter is to lead the reader to consider a few things which may be observed in each of these kingdoms worthy the attention of all who are interested in human progress. First let us take a peep at savagedom.

Many people form their opinion of savagedom from the miserable hordes of natives that hang on the skirts of European settlements, leading a precarious and vagabond existence. These are too commonly

composed of degraded beings, corrupted and enfeebled by the vices of society without being benefited by its civilization. Their spirits are humiliated and debased by a sense of inferiority, and their native courage cowed and daunted by the superior knowledge and power of their enlightened neighbours. Society has advanced upon them like one of those withering airs that will sometimes spread desolation over a whole region of fertility. It has enervated their strength, multiplied their diseases, and added to their original barbarity the low vices of artificial life. It has given them a thousand superfluous wants, leading to selfishness, covetousness, and arousing the basest passions of the soul. They become drunken, indolent, feeble, thievish, and pusillanimous. In savage life they were gentlemen, as far as having the means to supply their wants goes to make a gentleman; but in the face of civilization they feel keenly their numerous wants and repine in hopeless poverty, which, like a canker of the mind, corrodes their spirits and blights the free and noble qualities of their nature. Like vagrants they loiter about the settlements, once their happy hunting grounds, now covered with spacious dwellings replete with elaborate comforts, which only render them sensible of the comparative wretchedness of their own condition. Luxury spreads its ample board before their eyes, but they are excluded from the banquet Plenty revels over the fields, but they are starving in the midst of its abundance. The whole wilderness has blossomed into a garden, but they feel as reptiles that infest it.

It is not amongst this class that we must look for the "noble savage," not where civilization has met

him and clothed him in its most filthy garments, but in New Guinea, where the natives are found in their primitive simplicity, the undisputed lords of the soil, displaying a proud independence, their lives void of care, and with little to excite either ambition or jealousy, as they see every one around them sharing the same lot, enduring the same hardships, feeding on the same food, and arrayed in the same rude garments. They have no laws or law courts (so far as we know), but the public opinion of the village freely expressed. Each man respects the rights of his fellows, and any infraction of those rights very rarely takes place. In these communities all are nearly equal. There are none of those wide distinctions of education and ignorance, wealth and poverty, master and servant, which are the product of our civilization. There is none of that widespread division of labour, which, while it increases wealth, produces also conflicting interests. There is not that severe competition and struggle for existence, or for wealth, which the dense population of civilized countries inevitably creates. All incitements to great crimes are thus wanting, and petty ones are suppressed, partly by the influence of public opinion, but chiefly by that natural sense of justice and of his neighbours' rights which seems to be in some degree inherent in every race of man. These remarks of course apply to separate communities. There are tribal wars, as in civilized countries, although the natives do not yet understand the art of wholesale slaughter as we do, and moreover the man who makes the quarrel has to lead in the fight. Still they consider it perfectly right to plunder and kill the enemy

Now look at *Christendom* and *civilization*. What do we find? Take our country for example. We are the richest nation in the world, and yet one-twentieth of our population are parish paupers, and one-thirtieth known criminals. Add to these the criminals who escape detection, and the poor who live mainly on private charity—which, according to Dr. Hawkesley, expends £7,000,000 sterling annually in London alone,—and we may be sure that more than one-tenth of our population are actually paupers or criminals. Each criminal costs us annually in our prisons more than the wages of an honest agricultural labourer. We allow over 100,000 persons known to have no means of subsistence but crime to remain at large, and prey upon the community. Yet we like to boast of our rapid increase in wealth, of our enormous commerce and gigantic manufactures, of our mechanical skill and scientific knowledge, of our high civilization and Christianity, although perhaps it might be more justly termed a state of social barbarism.

Nearly all of us, I suppose, associate savages with dark skins, and seem to think that white savages cannot exist, but only people, who, if trouble enough were taken, and money enough spent, would become, at least to an endurable degree, civilized persons. They do not wish, it is alleged, to be savages, and are only forced into that condition by the pressure of circumstances, lasting perhaps for generations. That comforting theory may of course be true, for we hardly know what effects generations of untoward circumstances will cause; but those of us who have been behind the scenes in the South Sea Islands,

New Guinea, and in some of the large cities in this country, know very well there are thousands of persons (and some of them well educated) who hate civilization, with all its restraints, with a hatred which is incurable by any fear, or any reward, or any kind of inspection. They are not criminals, as a rule, any more than the wild tribes are ; but they are savages, loving above all things to live lives untrammelled by the infinite series of minute restraints and obligations which go to make up civilization. If the climate is cold, they will wear clothes—they will hardly do that in warm climates,—but that is the sole concession they will make to the claims of civilization. They do not care to clean anything, or preserve anything, or provide for anything. It is useless to give them furniture, for they prefer to camp ; useless to store food for them, for they will consume it all at once. They will work when there is nothing to eat, but if they are full they abhor work until they are empty again. It is possible to live without washing, or decency, or furniture, or foresight, or care ; and they prefer so to live, though the result seems to the civilized unqualified misery and pain. They do not think it unqualified, but qualified very greatly by their freedom, holding only three things to be essential, food, sleep, and wives, and only three to be luxuries— more food drink, and tobacco, just as the millions do whom we all agree in calling savages.

I have no hesitation in pronouncing the savages of Christendom infinitely worse than those of heathendom, and infinitely more difficult to improve. And whatever my views may be about the "development theory," I am forced, from known cases, to admit the

possibility of complete retrogression from a civilized state, although many writers deny it. And I believe that in every civilized community there is a considerable percentage of both men and women, to whom the first condition of external civilization, the incessant taking of minute trouble, is utterly hateful, and who, if left to themselves, would not take it, but would prefer a condition of pure savagery. The rich, of course, seldom reveal this disposition, because others take the trouble for them; but unskilled labourers in this country, who earn possibly only twelve shillings a week, who know nothing, and are pressed by no public opinion, are constantly tempted to throw off the burden of respectability, abandon furniture, give up the small decencies and formalities of life, and camp in a room on straw, as uncleanly and nearly as free as savages would be. They live from hand to mouth, shift from room to room, are beyond prosecution for money, drink if they have the cash, smoke somehow whether they have it or not, and are perfectly indifferent to the opinion of society—are, in fact, savages.

Now I can conceive but one remedy for this savagery wherever it exists, and that is religion—a pure, simple, elevating religion, like that of Jesus Christ. You cannot elevate savage tribes in heathendom by giving them tomahawks and tobacco, beads and blankets; for they will soon sell these, and even their food, for brandy. Nor can you elevate the savages of Christendom by putting them in good houses and providing them with honest work, for very soon your model houses would be like styes, and the honest work abandoned. My contention is

however that, supposing both classes of savages to embrace the gospel, those of heathendom find themselves nearer the goal which civilization has been aiming at and striving for during many centuries. What we are pleased to term civilization generally begins in despotism, or, I might even say, in murder and plunder. A country is seized, the land appropriated, and the natives subdued, and placed under laws. Then, as education advances, and the subdued begin to feel their power, the struggle begins, and goes on for ages, between radicals and conservatives ; the one trying to regain the rights and liberties of their fathers, and the other trying to retain what was gained by conquest. All I can say is, that I devoutly hope that New Guinea may be preserved from such civilizing influences.

MISSION STATION, MABUIAG.

VII.

NATIVE AGENCY AND NATIVE CHURCHES.

ONE of the greatest peculiarities of the spread of Christianity in the South Pacific and New Guinea is the work accomplished by *native agency*. From Tahiti to New Guinea, the native converts have been the pioneer evangelists. Island after island, and group after group, first learnt the message of love from the lips of these simple, earnest, faithful men and their heroic wives. These native teachers are better acquainted with the habits and manners and customs of the heathen than missionaries are, and so are well

adapted to fill the gap between the debased savage and the European missionary. They quite naturally avoid mistakes and dangers which a young missionary, in all the plenitude of his wisdom, is apt to make amongst a savage people. No amount of piety or zeal or intelligence, or all combined, will preserve a man from falling into grave errors, if he lacks experience.

My experience goes to show that our native teachers can get *at* the heathen of their class, and influence them in favour of Christianity, quicker than European missionaries. So that a missionary is not making the most of his time when he settles down amongst a savage people to do that which a native teacher can do quite as well. There is plenty of work for a missionary to do, that a native teacher cannot do. It requires the educated European missionary to reduce the languages to writing, and to translate the Scriptures, and prepare school books; to establish and superintend schools, and train a native ministry; and above all, in a new mission, to move about as rapidly as possible, directing, stimulating, and protecting the native teachers. This is the machinery which requires to be well oiled, and kept in good working order, and which has been used more in the South Sea than perhaps in any other mission, and with the most encouraging results.

Most people in this country have but a very indefinite idea of what sort of a person a native teacher really is. He is not like your village schoolmaster, or your local preacher, or indeed any agency with which you are acquainted. The eight pioneer teachers with whom we commenced the New Guinea Mission, for

instance, were all the sons of cannibals, indeed two of them had themselves been cannibals. Some of our best teachers are removed but one generation ahead of the cannibals amongst whom they labour. I have known some of them who could scarcely read or write. As soon as they lay hold of the primitive truths of Christianity, or rather, as soon as those truths lay hold upon them, they are anxious to be sent to convey the glad tidings to the islands beyond. They may not have taken their degrees in science and divinity, but they have in *prayer* and *faith.* They may know nothing about the theory of evolution, but they know something about the transforming power of the gospel. To hear them *pray* and *preach* is to be convinced of the reality of their conversion, and of their faith in the simple, full, and free gospel.

It must not be supposed however that our native teachers are, as a rule, uneducated. One of the eight Loyalty islanders with whom we commenced the New Guinea Mission in 1871, and who is still doing good service in that difficult field, where so many of his comrades have fallen around him, can speak and write four languages fluently, besides possessing a very fair knowledge of English, being able to read the English Bible, and write a tolerably good English letter. I have seen long letters which he has written to a Queensland magistrate, a friend of mine, which give evidence of a fair English education. His father was a cannibal. Another of the eight pioneers can also speak and write four languages, and he also has a fair knowledge of the English language. He has translated the Gospel of Mark from the Lifuan into

one of the New Guinea languages, also a catechism and small hymn-book. Of course there must be many imperfections in translating the Scriptures from any but the original languages, even if done by a European missionary. Still it is a great work for a native teacher, the son of a cannibal, to undertake and accomplish.

The native teachers from Eastern Polynesia, where the power of Christianity has been felt for a much longer period, are further advanced in civilization than those from Western Polynesia. Rarotongan teachers especially are fine, strong, energetic, and intelligent natives, who make the best Polynesian pioneer evangelists, and who have done splendid work in Western Polynesia and New Guinea.

It will appear from what I have said about the the New Guinea pioneer native teachers, that some of these men are real heroes, and are accompanied by heroic wives. They will settle down amongst tribes, however savage, and brave dangers, however great, in order to teach their fellow men the message of the Cross. This spirit is well illustrated in the words and conduct of one of the Lifu men that I trained and took to New Guinea in 1871. A party were sitting round the fire in the cocoanut grove, at one of our stations, eating sugarcane, and drinking cocoanuts, whilst the teacher told them of the wonderful effects of the gospel upon the South Sea islanders. When he expressed his intention to carry the gospel to a neighbouring heathen district, the natives at once and unanimously opposed it, saying that it was madness to think of going there. It was very difficult to get at, on account of reefs and banks and currents;

that the river was full of crocodiles, and the bush full of snakes, etc.

"Are there any people there?" asked the teacher.

"Oh, yes," they replied; "but they are dreadful savages and cannibals, great warriors, and very treacherous."

"That is enough," said the teacher; "*wherever there are people, missionaries must go.*"

And these good men, when they are appointed to a station, do not always wait to be taken there in the mission vessel and introduced by the missionaries in the usual way.

Pao, for instance, the energetic, devoted, and brave apostle of Lifu, was left at Maré with the teachers appointed to that island, until the return of the *John Williams*. Pao grew impatient however to get to his sphere of labour. Long before the return of the mission vessel, Pao might be seen with his companions in a canoe which he had prepared, with his Rarotongan Bible and a few clothes tied in a bundle and stowed away in the end of his small craft, hoisting his mat sail to a gentle breeze one fine morning and starting for Lifu, forty miles distant. What must have been his feelings, as he sat in the stern of that little canoe, with his long paddle guiding her as she sped over the crested waves! And when he sighted the island, what peculiar emotions must have struggled in his breast! How he would grasp more firmly the steering-paddle and eagerly watch the island as it appeared to rise inch by inch to view! And as they neared the island, and began to discern the houses or huts, then the natives, and approaching the reef saw them assembled on the beach all armed, his feelings

may be better imagined than described. He did not, however, as many missionaries do, haul down his sail, and paddle about outside the reef, waiting for some canoe to come off to get information ; he dashed over it and sailed right on to the beach, and placed himself at once in the hands of the natives. The king received him as his *enemu* (friend), and so the good work began. Had the king regarded him as an enemy, he would have been clubbed, cooked, and eaten.

One of the Lifu teachers whom I left at Darnley in 1871 to become acquainted with the language and people before taking him to Murray, seems to have remembered Pao's action at Lifu, and followed his example. He also crossed over in a canoe, which he had made, from Darnley to Murray, and landed amongst the natives, who were then wild, naked savages. And in this way these good men have been the real pioneers in Polynesia and New Guinea. There are some islands in the South Sea where they have had no other missionaries than these native teachers, and yet the populations have become Christian, good stone churches have been built, schools established and kept in good working order, and the whole made self-supporting. Of course the teachers have been visited annually by European missionaries, and would not, it must be admitted, accomplish much without such supervision.

The following is the testimony of the police magistrate of Cooktown, who paid a semi-official visit to our mission stations, and whose report was published in the *Queenslander :*

"I had many opportunities of closely observing the South Sea

Island teachers, male and female, having had them frequently at my house at Cooktown, having travelled with them almost daily during my stay in New Guinea, having been a frequent visitor to their houses and a partaker of their hospitality. I found them to be a most excellent people, physically and mentally of a superior class. They are a devoted and self-sacrificing body of men. Many of them in their own islands were men of property and influence, but have given up all those advantages to assist in spreading the gospel, which they had themselves received from the missionaries, among the savage and benighted inhabitants of New Guinea. Nor in doing this can they be said to be influenced by mercenary motives or hope of profit. The London Missionary Society pays them £20 a year each, not a very magnificent sum for the services of two people, a man and his wife both fairly educated. They are not permitted to trade with the natives except for articles necessary for their subsistence, such as an occasional pig, yams, cocoanuts, and the like. Many of these men have proved their devotion by the sacrifice of their lives, and have died either by the club of the savage native, or from the scarcely less deadly influence of the climate in some of the localities where stations were at first formed. Nor can they even look forward to a posthumous fame as an incentive to their work or as a reward for their zeal. They die by violence or disease, and beyond the narrow circle of the missionaries or their fellow labourers nothing more is heard of them. The world knew them not, and cares next to nothing about their fate. The names of John Williams and Bishop Patteson are widely known, and wherever known deservedly reverenced as martyrs to the cause to which they had devoted their energies and dedicated their lives. Their lives have been written, their example is cited as an incentive to future missionaries. Their virtues and courage, their energy and zeal are extolled, and most justly. No such distinction awaits the teacher-martyr; and yet martyrs they are, as true and devoted as any that fill the long roll of those who suffered for their faith. If New Guinea is ever evangelized it will in a great measure be due to the devoted efforts of the humble native teachers. All honour to them! And, in saying this, let me not be supposed to depreciate the patience, the courage, the energy, and perseverance shown by the European missionaries —their efforts are beyond all praise; but while fully and grate-

fully recognising their zeal and devotion, let us not fail to do justice to the virtues of their humble coadjutors."

As to the churches established in Polynesia and New Guinea, there can be no doubt that in their organization and management a good deal of wisdom and foresight, common sense and sound piety, have been displayed by the missionaries. If we take the Acts of the Apostles and the epistles of Paul, Peter, James, and John, or the New Testament as a whole, for our guide, we shall find that the churches organized by nonconformist missionaries in Polynesia will compare favourably with the primitive churches gathered by the apostles in various parts of the Roman empire during the first century of the Christian era. Indeed in many respects there is a most striking resemblance between the churches organized by the apostles and the Polynesian churches. And the more closely the examination is made, and comparison drawn, the more manifest the parallel will appear. The very language employed by some ecclesiastical historians respecting the churches of the first century would aptly describe the organization of nonconformist mission churches in the South Sea Islands and New Guinea. All those great ecclesiastical establishments, and "Church and State" arrangements, centreing in Antioch, Constantinople, Rome, and elsewhere, were an aftergrowth—may we not say *fungus*-growth?—when Christianity became corrupt.

Some of our methods may be a little surprising to a portion of the Christian public in this country, though they seem perfectly justifiable to us, both from Scripture and the circumstances of the case.

For instance, in our Loyalty Islands mission we made a new departure in the elements used at the administration of the Lord's Supper. It appeared to us very incongruous to see what was used for bread and wine at times. When the *John Williams* was anxiously looked for by the missionary to bring a fresh supply of flour, a curious compound would be made for *bread;* and water, coloured with wine or treacle, used as the *wine.* Moreover we were training a native agency, and preparing the people to supply, from amongst themselves, the elements for carrying on spiritual work. How would the native pastors be able to get wine for this ordinance? Were they to seek it on board the trading vessels that called at the islands? What sort of wine (!) would they be likely to get from the traders? And although they might not have so much difficulty in obtaining flour, what sort of *bread* would they make? These were plain, practical questions, which led us to ask, What would Christ Himself be most likely to do under the circumstances? and the answer of reason and common sense, borne out by Scripture, was, that He would naturally use the *bread and wine of the country.* We accordingly commenced a practice which has now spread nearly all over the South Sea Islands, of using at the ordinance of the Lord's Supper the unmixed and refreshing milk from young cocoanuts and the pure white yam—the ordinary meat and drink of the people. These are used as symbols, just as our Lord used the ordinary food of the country when He and His disciples partook of that memorable supper. To have introduced *foreign* bread and wine would have led, most likely, to undue importance being attached

to the elements. Our object has been to prevent any mystery from gathering round the symbols, and direct the attention of the natives to what they symbolize.

Then again, in the matter of baptism, we have adopted, in our New Guinea Mission, a somewhat different method from what we, like the other missionaries, pursued in the South Pacific. If a New Guinea native wishes to embrace Christianity, and we have reason to believe that he is sincere in his renunciation of idolatry, he receives the ordinance of baptism (and his family too, if he has any), and is placed under special instruction in our seekers' class, until he is admitted to the church. Thus some of them are baptized months and even years before they become members of the church and partake of the ordinance of the Lord's Supper. We see no scriptural reason for withholding baptism from those who wish to join the Christian community. It is a public pledge of their renouncing heathenism and embracing Christianity. Before becoming members of the church however, they should know what it means, and what it involves, and prove themselves worthy of joining that inner circle.

We have made another departure in our New Guinea Mission in the admission to church fellowship of natives who have more than one wife. I must confess that, during my missionary life at Lifu, I often had serious misgivings about conforming to the usual rule of requiring a native, with two or three wives, when he abandons idolatry, to forsake them all, except one. Why should he be required to make this selection? The other one or two are, according to the laws of the country, as much his wives as the one

selected. They are the mothers of some of his children. In some cases they have lived together many years in peace and happiness, and I have known it to be very difficult for the man to decide which to retain and which to abandon. The women thus forsaken were exposed to temptation and ill-treatment, which sometimes led to serious trouble. Moreover such an arrangement appears as unscriptural as it is unkind and unjust.

In beginning the New Guinea Mission I consulted with Dr. Mullens and some of the directors on the subject, and was pleased to find that they also considered the arrangement harsh and unscriptural. And so I determined not to interfere with these social relationships in which the gospel found the people of New Guinea. If a native who has two wives embraces the gospel, he is not relieved of his obligations to either, although, if one dies, he cannot take another in her place so long as he has a wife. And of course the young men who marry under the gospel dispensation can only take one wife. The rule affects only the *married* heathen who embrace Christianity, or rather the small portion of them who have more than one wife; and it seems to be in harmony with the teaching of the New Testament and with reason and common sense.

The polity of our native churches is *Congregational.* They are trained to select and provide for their pastors, and manage their own affairs as soon as possible. There is however a very marked Presbyterian element manifest in that polity, the annual meeting of missionaries and native pastors being a kind of synod. Representing an undenominational society,

we do not feel bound to follow any particular form of church government ; consequently we are eclectic.

The grand distinguishing feature of these Polynesian and New Guinea churches is their zeal in missionary work. They have experienced the blessings of Christianity, and they lay themselves and their substance freely upon the missionary altar. With many of them the extension of Christ's kingdom becomes a passion. Missionary meetings are the most enthusiastic gatherings of the natives, and to become a missionary to the heathen is the highest ambition of Christian young men. The churches in this highly favoured land have much to learn in this respect from the piety, faith, and devotedness of these young converts.

VIII.

RESULTS.

THE regeneration of the world being God's work, we may expect it to proceed like all other great changes in the world and the universe, slowly. Everything in nature teaches us to *work* and *wait*. No form of existence is presented at once complete and perfect. The forms of vegetable life have their germination, their budding, their flowers, their ripened fruit or seed, their stately and progressive growth. And when their decay comes on, it is but preparatory to a resurrection of new beauty, without

any interruption to the mysterious continuity of life. Analogous to this are the forms of animal existence. A feeble beginning; a gradual growth and development of strength, beauty, and sagacity. Minerals are formed in the bowels of the earth by slow, secret, but sure processes. By the abrasion of rocks soils are collected, and barrenness is clothed with verdure, and waving forests spring up and become so ancient that no one can tell the story of their birth. The ocean gradually recedes from one continent and gradually approaches another; and the headlands and harbours of the ancient navigators are changed. In the ocean depths curious and minute operations are busy, century after century, building up the coral caves and mountains, a fairyland of the watery world, and the stable foundations of future continents. Astronomy teaches that in the wide and illimitable space nebulous matter is gradually congreting and forming into new worlds. And thus creation, through endless ages, is extending by processes which appear to us slow, but which are under sure laws. Geology has detected in our globe signs which cannot be mistaken, indicating the gradual upbuilding of the crust on which we live, the formation of the mountains and valleys, the rivers, lakes, and oceans.

God does not complete His work at once. The wonder, the beauty, and the glory of His skill appear in successive, and, we may believe, endless presentations of new forms of increasing perfection. We may expect therefore to find the same gradual growth in the moral and spiritual kingdom. God has given us the *seed*, which is adapted to all nations. It is not our business to try to analyse or comprehend it, but

to *plant* it, according to the command of our Lord. In the great work of enlightening the world, we must remember that, as in the kingdom of nature, so in the kingdom of God, the seed must be sown, and sown in harmony with the conditions that God has established. The work is difficult, and the progress slow. Still, it is no more so than in the kingdom of nature ; and the great mysteries of spiritual life and development are no greater than in the seed ; and success is given in proportion to our efforts in both cases. As we sow, so shall we reap, in more senses than one. Increased effort means enlarged success. Results however must not be judged by the *number of converts*, but rather by the *extent of our obedience ;* not by the number of those who *receive* the message, but by the number of those before whom its grand persuasives have been so faithfully placed, that they have been obliged either to receive or reject it. There are few missions however in which the visible results have been more encouraging than in our New Guinea Mission, considering the time and the means employed. The first five years were the most trying time. They were years of disappointment, sickness, suffering, and death. After the mission was fairly started at the different points to which I have referred, the progress became steady, healthy, and, on the whole, most encouraging.

From the central stations the mission extended right and left. In the Port Moresby district, our energetic brother Chalmers soon became acquainted with the principal tribes to the east and west of Port Moresby, and mission stations were planted as far as the Aroma district on the one side, and the Maiva district on the other. Mr. Lawes made occasional

trips to these places, but, as a rule, he found more congenial and not less useful work in teaching and translating at the central station. Besides having to reduce the language to writing, translate the Scriptures, prepare school books, and attend to the schools and native seminary, he very soon had a good deal of his time occupied by European visitors and settlers.

Port Moresby being a fine harbour and easy of access, it became the rendezvous of traders, travellers, explorers, and a number of those men who seem to be drifting about the world with no particular object in view. Parties came to search for gold, others to look for cedar. Some came to purchase land as a speculation, and others to get native labour for sugar plantations in Queensland. In fact, New Guinea began to attract so much attention, that the Australian colonies very naturally became alarmed lest the French or Germans, or some other power that might become unfriendly to Australia in the future, should step in and annex the unclaimed half of this large and valuable island, where they might found a colony, possessing magnificent harbours and rivers and natural resources, in dangerous proximity to Australia.

As New Guinea is only ninety miles distant, Queensland, being the adjacent colony, naturally felt most strongly on the subject ; and knowing how difficult it would be to convince the home Government of the real gravity of the situation, and lead them to move in the matter in time to keep others out, they determined to take possession first, and communicate with the imperial Government afterwards. Accordingly the police magistrate at Port Kennedy was sent across to Port Moresby, in the man-of-war schooner *Pearl*, to hoist

the British flag, and proclaim a protectorate over the half of New Guinea not claimed by the Dutch. It was confidently hoped that the home Government, being relieved of the responsibility of taking the initiative, would sanction this somewhat bold step of the Queensland government, and thus acquire a valuable territory, and gratify her Australian colonies, without costing her a penny; for the colonial governments were prepared to take all pecuniary responsibility in the matter if the authority was granted.

The home Government however declined to sanction the step taken by the Queensland government, thereby causing a good deal of official and newspaper correspondence, which created a very strong feeling in the colonies at the time, and which might have become serious had not the home Government ultimately consented to secure the portion of the island adjacent to Australia. For this purpose the commodore was sent to Port Moresby with several men-of-war to proclaim a protectorate over the half of the unclaimed portion of New Guinea, *i.e.* over about a quarter of the island—thus leaving an equal portion still exposed to the French, to be taken for a convict settlement, which the Australians had reason to dread. They felt that it would be a very simple matter to proclaim the protectorate over the whole, just as the Dutch did over the other half, and so secure it to Australia, to whom it most naturally belongs, and who might in future be embarrassed by some powerful and unfriendly neighbour. The imperial Government however thought it sufficient to proclaim to the world that it would consider it an unfriendly act in any power to take possession of the

adjacent unannexed portion ; notwithstanding which the Germans immediately annexed the territory in question. It is some satisfaction to feel that we have at least got good neighbours and good colonists. That the whole of New Guinea will ultimately belong to Australia there can be but little doubt. It is only a question of time ; so that most Australians regard all who go to New Guinea, to spend life and money in developing the country, as contributing to the future greatness of Australia. Still they feel that future complications might have been prevented by the home government sanctioning the hoisting of the British flag in New Guinea by the government of Queensland.

I need not describe the ceremonies connected with establishing the protectorate. They are matters of history. They all took place on the south-east peninsula at different points, the navigation being considered too dangerous for the men-of-war to visit the western branch of our mission, and hoist the flag on the great body of the island, in or near the Fly River. This accounts for my not being present at these ceremonies, which caused some surprise and inquiries amongst many friends. To meet with officers of her majesty's ships in the mission field, and especially in New Guinea, has always been to me a source of real enjoyment ; so that it was at considerable self-sacrifice that I remained at my work in the Papuan Gulf whilst these gentlemen were on the coast of the peninsula, a couple of hundred miles away. My colleagues, Messrs. Lawes and Chalmers, were on the spot, so that my services were not required ; hence my duty was plain. Had the commo-

dore wished to visit the Fly or adjacent rivers, or any part of the western district, I should have been pleased to place my services at his disposal.

Port Moresby soon became the centre of an active Government staff, chief of which was Sir Peter Scratchley, as high commissioner, who in a very short time died from the fever of the country, and was succeeded by the Hon. John Douglas, C.M.G., late premier of Queensland, a gentleman whose appointment gave great satisfaction to all the Australian colonies, where he is well known and highly respected. Mr. Douglas was fortunate in having as his lieutenant a young gentleman of ability and enthusiasm—Mr. Musgrave, the nephew of the governor of Queensland, who told me that New Guinea had been the dream of his nephew's life. I made his acquaintance at Port Moresby, where he has been for years actively engaged in carrying on the government for the benefit of both natives and Europeans. In fact, he is spoken of there as "the government." There can be little doubt that his successful administration in New Guinea is due largely to the splendid training he received under his distinguished uncle, Sir Anthony Musgrave.

The influx of explorers, travellers, traders, etc., to Port Moresby, whilst often forming an agreeable break in the monotony of missionary life in such places, often also interferes seriously with missionary work, and especially where there is a training institution for the education of native teachers. The young students learn more at a port than we like them to know. Hence in Samoa the missionaries established the native seminary at Malua, which is about twelve miles from the port, and they found it

quite near enough. For the same reason I selected Murray Island, instead of Darnley, for the Papuan Institute, and have had abundant reason to be thankful for being so guided in my choice; so that from a missionary point of view it would have been better if the Government had selected some other place than Port Moresby as the base of their operations. It was perfectly natural however that they should make that their headquarters. It was discovered by Captain Moresby. It is a fine harbour; easily approached from the sea, and being about the middle of the peninsula, is central for governing British New Guinea.

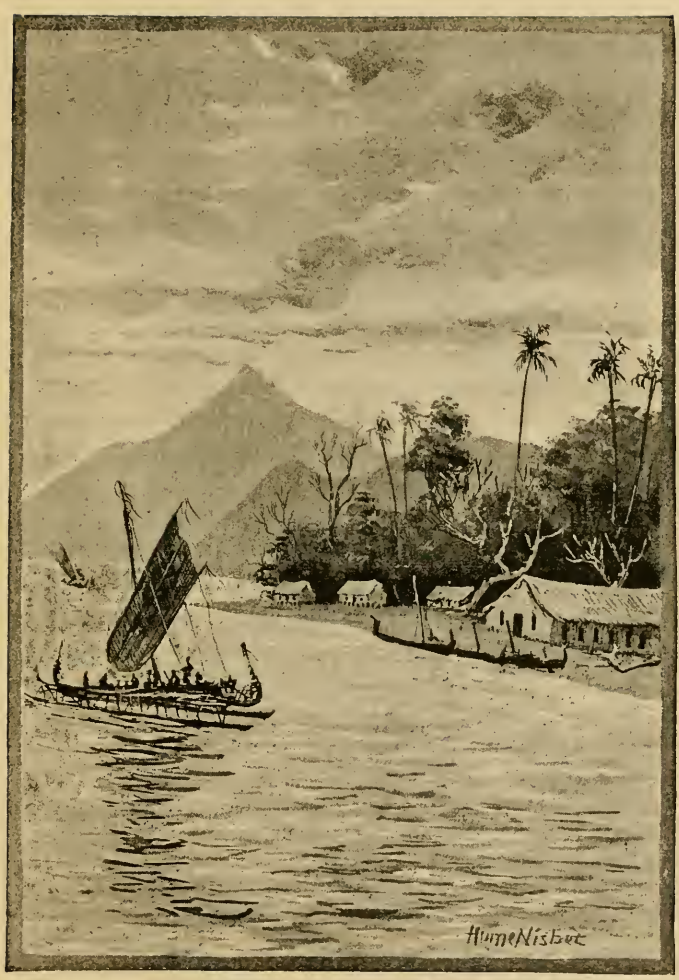
The demands made upon the time of Messrs. Lawes and Chalmers by the arrival of Government officials, explorers, travellers, and traders was very considerable, the latter often accompanying the men-of-war to different parts of the peninsula, whilst the former had his duties increased at the port. Both however very willingly rendered what service they could, which was often of great benefit to the natives. Whilst Mr. Lawes devoted himself to educational work and the translation of the Scriptures and preparation of school books, Mr. Chalmers found congenial work for his restless, energetic spirit in extending the mission westward, towards the great body of New Guinea, amongst the cannibal tribes, where the Port Moresby canoes are accustomed to go during the summer months to barter their pottery for sago. Westward from Port Moresby the tribes become more numerous and more warlike, and as the Papuan Gulf is approached, the cannibals begin to appear. Mr. Chalmers has published an interesting account

of these journeys and his intercourse with the natives.

Whilst the mission was being extended by my colleagues in the central branch, I was busy with my faithful lieutenants (the Loyalty Islands teachers) doing similar work in the eastern and western branches. The mission station on Stacey Island, near South Cape, where Mr. and Mrs. Chalmers first settled when they joined our New Guinea Mission, was continued by Rarotongan teachers, and occasionally visited by Mr. Chalmers; all the others in the eastern district were conducted by teachers from Lifu and Maré, and by local preachers who were trained by our teachers, and who rendered good service. I purchased an old weather-board building in Cooktown, which had been used as a store, took it over in the *Ellengowan*, and erected it on Samarai (Dinner Island), where it still stands as the mission house, surrounded by other buildings and native plantations, the rendezvous of the surrounding tribes, especially during the visits of the missionary or men-of-war. This was the centre from which we branched out in all directions, forming mission stations on both sides of Milne Bay, on the large islands (Heath and Haytor) in China Straits, as well as on those off the east end of New Guinea, as far as the Engineer Group, where I formed a mission station at the village of the notorious old cannibal chief Aualu, of whom and of whose last cannibal feast I have already written. By steadily pursuing these methods, and as opportunity offered, and the staff of native helpers at our disposal admitted, gradually extending our operations in all directions, the work has grown larger and more important.

Superintending the eastern branch of the mission necessitated my being away from my home in the western branch a good deal, the time of absence varying from four weeks to five months. I had to pass Port Moresby to reach East Cape, which afforded an opportunity for intercourse with the brethren there; and I generally called with supplies for the Rarotongan teachers on my way eastward, Mr. Chalmers doing the same for the Lifu and Maré teachers in the eastern branch, when he visited his station at Stacey Island. We were each obliged to superintend our own teachers, wherever they might be located, as I could not talk to the Rarotongans in their language, any more than Messrs. Lawes and Chalmers could talk to the Lifu and Maré men in theirs; and moreover no one can manage these Polynesian teachers like their own missionaries. I was delighted therefore when Messrs. Sharpe and Savage arrived from England to take charge of this eastern branch of our mission.

It was quite a red-letter day when I introduced them to the teachers and people as the missionaries who were going to settle amongst them. They assembled in great numbers from all sides, bringing presents of food of all kinds, and in the best way they could conceive showed their delight and gratitude. The missionaries were greatly pleased with all they saw, and after carefully surveying the whole district, decided to make their headquarters at Samarai, which I had selected six years before as being the most suitable place for the central station. Both Messrs. Sharpe and Savage however got their baptism of fever at Port Moresby, whilst on their way to settle at China Straits; from which the



DINNER ISLAND (SAMARAI), CHINA STRAITS.

former died, the latter proceeding to Murray Island, where he recovered, and joined the western branch of the mission. The Rev. Albert Pearse, who for many years has been labouring in the South Pacific, has been appointed to carry on the work in this most interesting and most successful branch of our mission. Some of our Lifu and Maré teachers have died, and the remainder have returned to their homes, their places being filled by Eastern Polynesian teachers, some of whom have been trained by Mr. Pearse, and with whose language he is, of course, familiar. He has for his colleague a young man whom I met several years ago in Adelaide. He was then a very promising student in the college there, and spoken of very highly by the professors and ministers, who expressed their disappointment at his wish to go to New Guinea, regarding him as a man likely to make his mark amongst the churches at home. It is to be hoped that the eastern branch of our mission will rapidly develop under the management of two such men, with a staff of teachers who regard Mr. Pearse as their father, and a seminary that will soon supply evangelists from amongst the people themselves.

The natives throughout the district are begging for teachers to be located amongst them. Many of the towns and villages have given up war and cannibalism, refrain from work on Sundays, and even conduct public worship amongst themselves as best they can. Indeed they are in pretty much the same state as the masses of Malagasy were during those memorable and anxious years immediately after the queen declared herself a Christian. At the stations where the teachers are settled, the people are more advanced. Schools

are established, and many of the natives can read and write; hundreds of them have renounced idolatry, and been baptized. I have myself baptized about five hundred natives in the East Cape district, and Mr. Chalmers has done similar work in the South Cape branch. The teachers in both districts have, with our help, reduced the languages to writing, and translated portions of Scripture, which have been printed in Sydney. Thus it will be seen that the eastern branch of the New Guinea Mission is in a very hopeful condition. Were it not for the fever of the country, this would be one of the most encouraging and delightful mission fields in the world.

In the *western* branch we have more difficulties to contend with than either in the central or eastern districts. The country is low and swampy, intersected by rivers and creeks, and studded with islands. The inhabitants (who are numerous on the coast and on the banks of the rivers near the sea) are a wild, warlike race of cannibals and skull-hunters, who delight in war and plunder, making frequent voyages for the express purpose. It is impossible for foreigners to live throughout the year on this low land. To attempt to form our central station on the mainland in this part of New Guinea would have been to prove my unfitness to establish and superintend a mission in this district. The first consideration of a missionary who has a foreign native agency under his care in a sickly country is to provide, if possible, a sanatorium at some central point, which may not only become a *refuge* in times of sickness and danger, but also an *educational centre*, where the missionary can carry on his work of instruction and translation, and where

he and his wife can attend to the wants of the sick teachers, instead of their having to be nursed by them. We should have liked to find such an island as Murray nearer the mainland; it would have greatly facilitated our work in the Papuan Gulf. Still the most distant point and mission station in that district is not nearly so far from Murray Island as some of the mission stations in the central district are from Port Moresby. So that Murray is tolerably central, and unquestionably the most healthy point in the New Guinea mission.

Before the arrival of Mr. Chalmers, Mr. Lawes and I arranged that the western branch of our mission should extend eastward as far as Yule Island. My plan for working this district was to establish our headquarters at Murray Island, which is central, and then attack the district from each end. Accordingly I established a mission station on Yule Island in the east, and on Talbot Island in the west, the latter being at the mouth of the Baxter River, the former in Hall Sound, hoping that the mission would extend eastward and westward, till the workers met about the Aird River. Although we had to sail across the Papuan Gulf in order to reach Yule Island from Murray, a distance of one hundred and fifty miles, still, considering that there is a fair wind both ways during both monsoons, and that we can leave Yule Island in the evening, and be at Murray by noon next day, and *vice versâ*, it will be seen that our central station was convenient for both ends of the district, as well as for the Fly River, which is immediately opposite.

Yule Island is one of the most important points in British New Guinea, as a government, missionary, or commercial centre. Between it and the main-

land there is a magnificent harbour, known as Hall Sound. The island itself is beautiful and fertile, one of the prettiest sights along the coast, the glorious grass and forests of trees on the green-clad hills and sunny slopes giving it the appearance of park-land. The back country, east and west, is rich and thickly populated, whilst Mount Yule lifts its giant head 11,000 feet above the sea, in solemn grandeur, apparently surveying and guarding the district.

I have a lively recollection of our first landing at this place. The natives had a bad reputation, so we arranged our plans accordingly. Leaving our steamer *Ellengowan* in Hall Sound, with the captain and European portion of the crew, I proceeded with our Lifu and Maré teachers and sailors in an open boat, to the principal village, which was about two miles distant. As we pulled along the coast inside the reef, we saw the naked, painted savages assembling on the beach with their weapons, and in a gathering crowd hastening to the place of landing. On such occasions I usually appoint two men to remain in the boat, which they keep afloat in readiness, whilst the others accompany me on shore, to endeavour to gain the confidence of the natives, and give them some idea of our object. Our intention was to wade from the boat when we reached shallow water near the beach, leaving two of our number to push it out a little, and wait for us. On several occasions I have had cause to be thankful that the boat was thus in readiness, enabling us to get quickly away from hostile demonstrations, and even flying arrows and spears. These Yule islanders however quite upset our plans. The crowd stood on the beach watching their opportunity, and the

moment we got within reach they dashed into the sea, seized the boat, and dragged it up the beach, before we had time to leave it, until it was far beyond high-water mark, the bows being right in the bush This was done amidst great noise and excitement, and when accomplished, they motioned to us to leave the boat. There was a comical side even to that situation, for the two men who were to have remained in the boat, looking a little bewildered, asked, "What about keeping the boat in deep water?" There was a determined expression on the countenances of the others as they turned towards me for the reply, which seemed to say, "Just give the word, and we will take the boat back in spite of them." "Never mind the boat," I said; "jump out, and let us all go together to the village. Make good use of your *eyes*, your ears are of little use here."

The moment we jumped out of the boat we were all "taken in charge." The chief seized me by the hand. The South Sea islanders accompanying me were each taken in the same way, and we were all marched along a narrow path through the bush. As the village is generally near the beach, we were not only surprised, but, I confess, considerably alarmed after walking about a quarter of a mile without seeing any signs of either village or plantations. My native companions were well acquainted with the manners and customs and stratagems of such people, having themselves been born and bred in similar circumstances, and they advised that we should make a stand and try and get back to the boat. "These people," they said, "are only taking us into the bush to kill us." Although generally guided by them in

such matters, I felt that on this occasion it would be unwise to follow their advice, seeing that the conduct of the natives would bear a *favourable* as well as an adverse interpretation. I therefore ordered the continuation of our journey, and was delighted to find soon afterwards that we had, at least, arrived at the village. It was a large cleared space in the forest, with neat and well-built houses all round, and a rostrum in the middle, to which we were conducted, and where presents were exchanged, and a friendly feeling established, which led to the formation of a mission station on my next trip.

I regularly visited this island for several years. It was one of our wooding stations when we had the steamer *Ellengowan*, and I was hoping that it would soon become one of our central stations. Indeed, Dr. Turner, on his arrival, was seriously thinking of settling there, and accompanied me over a large portion of the island, looking for the most suitable site for his house. I was obliged to remove the teachers when a neighbouring tribe murdered Dr. James and Captain Thorngren, who were engaged collecting natural history specimens. The whole district was in such an excited state about the massacre, that I deemed it prudent to remove the teachers for a time. Mr. Chalmers, soon after his arrival in New Guinea, reopened the mission with some of his Rarotongan teachers, forming the station on the mainland opposite, considering that point a more convenient centre for the populous district. The Roman Catholic priests, who have followed us in our missions in the South Sea Islands, arrived soon afterwards, and finding Yule Island unoccupied by our society, estab-

lished themselves there. Judging from their conduct in the Pacific, they would probably have settled at this important centre, even if we had had a native teacher living at the old station; but our mission station having been moved to the opposite side of the harbour, gave them a good opportunity and excuse for making Yule Island the basis of their operations, of which they were not slow to avail themselves.

I met the two French priests at Thursday Island, on their arrival to commence their mission on New Guinea, having been asked by the collector of customs to act as interpreter for him. I called upon them afterwards and had a friendly interview, during which I endeavoured to persuade them to commence their mission on a part of the island beyond the boundary occupied by the London Missionary Society, in order to avoid misunderstandings and trouble and collisions, which not only hinder the progress of Christianity, but are a disgrace to it. The high commissioner, Sir Peter Scratchley, also urged upon them the same course; but their reply was, that they were under orders from Rome, and had no alternative but to settle in some part of British New Guinea, and as our society had no station on Yule Island, they regarded that as the most suitable place for them. They have now quite a staff of priests, laymen, and sisters of mercy there, right in the middle of our mission field. We may be thankful that our Government have taken possession of that portion of New Guinea where our mission work is carried on, otherwise we might have a repetition of the policy pursued by the French in the South Pacific and Madagascar.

Leaving the Yule Island district to the care of my

colleagues, Messrs. Lawes and Chalmers, I turned my attention to the establishment of mission stations on the banks of the Fly and Katau rivers, and their back country.

It was at the mouth of the latter river that we formed our first mission station on the mainland of New Guinea, but owing to the very malarious character of the country, our Lifu and Maré teachers were unable to remain there. For twelve years we tried the place with eight different South Sea Island teachers, all of whom were obliged to leave on account of the deadly fever of the district, and all would probably have died if we had not had a sanatorium provided for them on an island in Torres Straits, where they all recovered, and were appointed to other stations. The old chief Maino was our friend all along, although he had a weakness for cutting off the heads of his enemies, and declined to embrace Christianity because its precepts forbade him this pleasure. The last time I saw him (he died two or three years ago) he was sitting, as usual, cross-legged, on a mat in front of his house, waiting to receive us, and looking as dirty and as ugly and as great a savage as when I first saw him thirteen years before. He was getting too old to pursue his favourite sport, skull-hunting. His son and successor is a fine, tall, powerful man, who attached himself to the teachers from the first, and by whom he was educated. He has been for many years an earnest Christian and indefatigable local preacher. Owing to our South Sea Island teachers being unable to remain at the place for more than short periods, very little was done for the elevation of the people during the first twelve years, until we got

teachers ready from our Papuan Institute, who are accustomed to the climate. It was after these good men had permanently settled at Katau and Tureture, that I determined to commence a mission amongst the inland tribes in the back country, a short account of which may be interesting.

Having taken teachers from our Papuan Institute, we proceeded to Saibai, where I remained two days, holding the usual meetings, examinations, services, and administering the sacrament. We then organized an expedition to visit the bush tribes, who had expressed a desire to see the white missionary and have a teacher located amongst them. I had two teachers from our Papuan seminary with me for this purpose. In forming stations on the coast, the presence of our mission vessel has a salutary effect upon the natives. They see that the teachers are not like driftwood, but are well supported and will be looked after. To make a similar impression upon the minds of the savages inland, it is desirable that the teachers be accompanied by a large number of their friends. About sixty of the Saibaians readily volunteered, the bush between the coast and the place where we were to meet the bush tribes by appointment being good hunting ground for kangaroos, cassowaries, wild fowl, and pigs. We started in the *Venture* (mission boat) and seven canoes, and proceeded along the coast eastward for ten miles to the Mabidauan River, where we commenced our journey inland.

On the western side of this three-mouthed river there is the only hill in this part of New Guinea. It is about 100 feet high, and stretching away from it to the westward there is very good land, free from man-

grove trees and swamps, with four miles of a fine sandy beach. The natives about this part of the coast have all retired inland from fear of the Tugarian cannibal pirates, who make periodical voyages along the coast, murdering and plundering wherever they get a chance. Messengers had preceded us to inform the bush tribes of our approach and the place of meeting. After walking through six miles of good sugar-country we arrived at the rendezvous nearly two hours before the bushmen. We hoped and desired to see a large gathering of the people, but there were only a few representative men from each of the tribes.

The bushmen, as far as I have seen them, both on the south-east peninsula and on the great body of the island, are decidedly inferior to the coast tribes physically, socially, and morally. They are diminutive in stature, dwell in inferior houses, and live together pretty much like fowls. Skin diseases are prevalent, and I am told that they never wash themselves. They greatly fear the coast tribes, both to the east and west, who for ages have regarded the bush as their happy skull-hunting ground, and have driven the inland tribes to select most out-of-the-way places for their villages, which, judging from those I have visited, are well fortified by swamps and rivers. I proposed to the bush tribes, whose representatives met us, that they should assemble at our place of rendezvous, where their forefathers resided, and form a township, assuring them that there is no longer cause to fear their former enemies of Saibai and Fly River, as Christian teachers were now living amongst them. They seemed very anxious to occupy their former planting ground, and promised to remove thither at

once and build their houses, also one for the teachers who are to reside with them. The place is well wooded, is near a river, contains a cocoanut grove and good plantation ground, and my hope was to see ere long these scattered and persecuted tribes living unmolested with their teachers and advancing in civilization. We returned to the coast, and on our way managed to bag a cassowary, two wild pigs, two kangaroos, and a few wild fowl and pigeons.

We camped on the beach for the night, and very soon the fires were lit and the game roasting on hot stones. Break-winds were made by a fence of cocoanut leaves, and I was accommodated with a mat on the ground and a sail overhead. It is especially observable amongst the natives how a good meal puts everybody in a good humour. All our party seemed unusually happy that evening. After evening worship we had a long talk about their heathen customs, much to the delight of the old men, who were the oracles of the evening. The only thing we had to fear was rain, and as there had not been any rain for months, we felt pretty safe, especially as the night was beautifully clear. Owing to an extensive sand-flat the *Venture* was anchored nearly two miles off, so that in any case it would be difficult to find her at night. As the evening advanced conversation flagged, one after another rolled himself up in his mat, and the babel of voices was reduced to a few quiet conversations at different fires. Finally, silence and darkness reigned, until we were all awoke about two o'clock in the morning by a very formidable enemy in the shape of a heavy downpour of rain. Its effects were highly amusing, as well as decidedly unpleasant. The sleeping camp

was soon astir; silence gave place to noise and confusion. At first we all supposed that it was only a passing shower, and there was a good deal of merriment amongst those who had secured dry spots under trees, whilst others were rushing hither and thither trying to improve their quarters. Five minutes had made a most ludicrous difference in our camp. The natives now, instead of being stretched on their mats in every direction, apparently endeavouring to cover as much space as possible, were sitting on stones or pieces of wood with their knees drawn up under their chin, and their mats over their heads. Fortunately for me I had taken my sun umbrella on shore, under which, like the rest, I tried to occupy as little space as possible, squatting like the natives, with my pillow (the bag containing our provisions and barter goods) on my knee. With my umbrella and the sail I managed pretty well to keep off the waters from above; it was the streams below that caused us trouble. However, as there is an end to the longest lane, so there is to the greatest tropical shower and most unpleasant night. With the break of day came fine weather. The sun rose in a clear sky, and everything looked peaceful and bright, as if there had been no disturbing element during the night. Nature smiled, and so did we. The Saibaians returned in their canoes to their homes, and we proceeded eastward to the Katau River, which we reached at sunset.

On the following morning we started for an inland town of which I had heard a good deal, and where I was anxious to place a teacher. We could scarcely have been more unfortunate in the day, as there had just been a thunderstorm, and, for three hours before we

started, the rain fell in torrents. However the journey was on my programme, and I saw no sufficient reason for crossing it out. It may interest some to know that this is the point whence the mythical "Captain Lawson" commenced his wonderful travels in New Guinea! Our party consisted of about twenty, with Maino's son as guide and interpreter. We were prepared to walk, wade, or swim. There was not much to be feared from the people, except that they would run away on our approach, a thing which we endeavoured to prevent by sending a messenger ahead.

Just before we started a large alligator was seen on the opposite side of the river, about 200 yards off. The monster had about half his body out of the water, nibbling away at something on the bank. A rifle bullet struck him on the head, causing him to spring up and fall backwards into the river. This reminds me of the first alligator we saw when the *Ellengowan* anchored at Port Spicer. We had just arrived, and were admiring the harbour, with its banks of stemless palms, when we saw a large alligator drifting down the middle of the harbour with the tide, with his head half out of the water. A shot was fired at him, the bullet entering the water close to his head; he ducked, and when opposite the vessel raised just his eye above the water for a few seconds to take a good survey of this new phenomenon in those waters. We should like to have put a bullet into it, but before we were ready he seemed to have come to the conclusion that it was safer below, so we saw no more of him.

Behind the village of Katau there is but a narrow belt of mangrove, passing which we came to fine open country studded with plantations, all well inclosed

with strong and close bamboo fences, nearly six feet high, to preserve them from the numerous wild pigs, kangaroos, and cassowaries. Indeed, scarcely had we left the mangrove belt when we started a kangaroo on our track. Hnawia, a handsome young Papuan, who lived with his teacher, justified the opinion that I had formed of his love of sport, for no sooner was the kangaroo seen than he bounded after it, hopping over the long wet grass very much like the animal he was pursuing. We heard a shot, and waited for the result. He soon returned "like a drowned rat," with his red waistcloth in tatters, but without the kangaroo; still he was smiling and shaking his head knowingly at the narrow escape the animal had had, and seemed to be explaining to his friends how that the ball had passed through the kangaroo's ear, but that not being a vital part it had escaped.

We walked about six miles through fine country, in which it is difficult to find a stone. It is deep, rich, alluvial soil, covered chiefly with long grass and scrub, with here and there some very fine timber. There are miles of plantations, and it is probable that the plains through which we passed have been cleared by the natives for that purpose, for the bits of forest through which our road lay are heavily timbered. There is abundance of water. We crossed two arms of the Katau River, over which the natives have constructed a very good bamboo bridge, about 100 feet in length. In fact, there is far too much water in this part of New Guinea; but if the land were drained by digging trenches, as it is near the native villages, I have no doubt that it would be considered amongst the best of sugar-growing land. The wild nutmeg

seems to indicate that spices that have failed in Singapore might flourish here.

When within about two miles of the town we began to meet natives of the place, and from that to our destination the number increased. The last mile was the worst part of the road, being through a swamp. It appears that the people used to live on the opposite side, but being exposed to attacks from the coast tribes, they removed their houses to the place where the town now stands. There was a crowd awaiting our arrival at the entrance to the town, but the moment they caught sight of me they fled in all directions. We were received by two chiefs and principal people in an open space surrounded by houses, and some cocoanuts and bananas were placed before us. I made them a small present, and explained the object of my visit. I told them that we were men of peace, and that I had come to place a teacher amongst them to tell them about the true God and good things; that their enemies had received teachers, and therefore they need not fear any more attacks from them; that we wished them all to live in peace and learn the gospel of peace, which the teacher had come to proclaim. They not only expressed their willingness to receive a teacher, but proposed to return to the site of their former settlement and live there with him, which is nearer the planting ground. I expressed my delight at this suggestion, as it will place their township two miles nearer Katau, and avoid the necessity of crossing that disagreeable swamp to reach it.

During our meeting groups of women and children were peering at us through the trees and from behind the houses, and when we walked through the town

(for a town I may call it, having counted eighty-five houses, some of which were sixty feet long by twenty-four feet broad), men, women, and children stood at the corners of the streets and peeped at us from behind the houses, uttering exclamations of wonder. Few, if any of them, had seen a white man before, and they were quite amazed at my size, they being a diminutive race. When we stood for a few minutes I was immediately surrounded by a group of admiring and wondering spectators, who seemed to measure me with their eyes from my feet upwards, and then exclaim; but none had the courage to come near enough to touch me. I was thus saved from the disagreeable handling which I have been accustomed to receive on the coast and south-east peninsula. The moment I moved, the women and children fled in all directions in apparent terror. They are an inferior race to the coast tribes, and speak quite a different language. They are, as a rule, short, thin, and dirty; live in inferior houses, which are built, not as the coast tribes, on posts, but on the ground, and more like sheds, the sides being of bark and bamboos, thatched with the usual pandanus leaves. The interior of their houses, like their persons, are filthy. The trophies of the chase hang about in all directions in the shape of bones of the wild pig, cassowary, and kangaroo. I did not see any skulls. I suppose it is the skulls of these inland tribes that chiefly adorn the houses of the coast people.

When we returned a large party accompanied us for a couple of miles to the place where they propose forming their new township. A very suitable place it is. There is a grove of cocoanut trees, and plenty of splendid timber and bamboos for house and fence

building close by, and being near an arm of the Katau River, there is plenty of good water, which they all greatly need. It is to be hoped that the settlement of a teacher amongst them will be the beginning of brighter days for them. On our return we were tired, wet, and hungry. I should like to have plunged into the river, but knew there were too many alligators about, so I had several bucketfuls of water poured over me ; and then, after a good meal and a good sleep, was prepared for our next day's journey, which was to another inland tribe in the opposite direction, at a village situated twelve miles up the Katau River, behind Tureture.

We arranged to make this trip in a canoe and the little dingy that we carry on the deck of the *Venture*. We started after breakfast with a flood tide, the dingy being towed by the canoe, which was propelled by six strong men with large paddles. I had been a few miles up this river before many years ago, and, remembering its beauty, was anticipating a very enjoyable trip, in which I was not disappointed. The pleasure was very much increased, of course, by the fact that we are now known to the natives and are regarded by them as their friends, and that I was going to form a mission station in the interior. Fancy me in a pyjama suit and big straw hat, sitting in state in the dingy, with a box of sardines and a few biscuits and a couple of cocoanuts in the stern, my fowling-piece between my knees, gliding along this beautiful winding river, admiring the rich, dense, and endless variety of its tropical foliage, the graceful creepers trailing in the stream, the huge vines encircling the trees like great boa-constrictors, stemless palms, mag-

nificent tree-ferns, immense bamboos, large cane, and tall trees, the home of beautiful birds. Whenever one was seen paddles and tongues were still, and we glided on with the tide to get within range. In this however we did not succeed so often as we wished. I shot in this way a beautiful bird about the size of a large pigeon. It had a long beak, white breast, reddish back, and wings the colour of the paradisea riggiana, and a black head, on the crown of which were three fine white feathers about ten inches long.

For the first six miles there are mud and mangrove, the land seems low. After that the banks become higher, plantations appear, and natives at work on them. These were all friendly, knowing whom we were. We had the same interpreter as the day before, these inland tribes speaking the same language. As we passed along, a place on the bank was pointed out where a native woman had recently been caught by an alligator. She was going down to drink when the alligator suddenly caught her and dragged her under in the sight of her friends, who saw no more of her. After a three hours' hard pull we tied our canoe to a tree and walked two miles through splendid country, on the banks of the river to the village. The people and houses were much the same as those visited the day before, although fewer in number. There are several other villages near which I had not time to visit, as we wished to get back before sunset. The teacher and chief from Tureture walked inland and met us at this point. We were well received by the natives, who were expecting us, and who gladly accepted a teacher, promising to build him a house at once. He will leave his wife at Tureture for a time

There were considerable excitement, wonder, and fear manifested by the natives at the village, as at the one we visited the day before. Being small men, they were very much astonished at my height. I was much amused when we were walking back to the boat by one of our escort immediately in front of me, who seemed much concerned about the safety of my head amongst the branches of the trees as we passed along. Sometimes he would stop under a branch that I could scarcely touch with my outstretched arm, and looking and pointing upwards, would tell me to take care of my head! When we reached the canoe and dingey we found that the tide had not yet turned, so we had some refreshment before starting, which proved intensely interesting to the natives. When the tin of sardines was opened there was a great shout. Fish are scarce in the bush. They had probably never seen so many at one time before—certainly not in so small a compass, and as each sardine disappeared—all but the tail—there was an exclamation. They stood around and peered at us from all sides. When we gave them a biscuit they smelt it, tasted it, and then passed it on. Not so those who had accompanied us from Katau. It was amusing to see them laughing at the ignorance and simplicity of their bush friends, they themselves being but a step in advance. We returned delighted with our visit, reaching the mouth of the river at sunset.

A thickly wooded island, about a mile in circumference, is situated at the entrance to the river, which forms a very safe and pretty little harbour for small vessels. This is now the port for four of our mission

stations. From Port Spicer, in the Fly River, we reach five others, and from Saibai, three more. We have now twelve mission stations in that part of New Guinea, including Saibai and Dauan, where the mission was commenced, which are close to the mainland, and have been used as stepping stones to it. Three of the most central stations are occupied by Lifu teachers, the rest by the young men with whom I commenced the Papuan Institute. I have been anxious to secure these different points simultaneously, so as to prevent jealousies and war. It depends upon the villages now occupied by our teachers whether there shall be war or peace in this part of New Guinea, and there is every prospect of the latter now that the mission stations are established. These skull-hunters will, we trust—by the blessing of God upon the teaching of these simple, earnest, good men—learn war no more.

We commenced our return voyage from Katau, intending to call at our newly formed station, Ugar, in Torres Straits, on our way ; but this proved by far the most formidable, unpleasant, and dangerous part of our voyage. It was a dead beat to windward, and the weather, which had been so calm that we had often to pull the *Venture* with oars, became, after our first day out, very boisterous. During the first day and night we beat up from Katau, through Missionary Pass, and by the following night reached Ugar, after a very rough, wet, and altogether disagreeable passage. In the morning I had a long pull over the reef in the dingey, and was received on the beach by the teacher, Papi, and the chief and people. The teacher's house is finished, and they are about to commence their church. They are a small com-

munity of superior natives, living on one of the most fertile islands in Torres Straits, and appear very happy with their teacher, who is a quiet, good man, adapted to the place.

Starting with the tide, we hoped to reach Darnley before dark, but were doomed to bitter disappointment, not arriving till noon next day. In all my experience of boating, and few missionaries have had more, I never spent such a night at sea, and I hope I may never spend another like it. When within about six miles of Darnley, it began to blow and rain in true tropical style. The squalls were very heavy, and unfortunately we were in the "big ship channel," through Torres Straits, to the north of Darnley, with the heavy seas from the gulf rolling in upon us past Bramble Cay. We reefed our sails with difficulty, and tried to make headway. Tack after tack, but no nearer the land. The sun went down, and left us to battle with the elements in the dark. No one but those who know something of boating can form anything like an adequate idea of our position. *Fifteen of us in a boat thirty feet long by eight feet broad, with a cargo of sago in the hold and a dingey on deck!* To watch the waves on a dark, stormy night from the deck of a large vessel, with a feeling of security and a comfortable cabin below, is a very different thing from sitting on the deck of the *Venture*, holding on to the rigging amidst blinding rain and spray and a howling wind; not looking *down* upon the great black, white-crested waves as they go hissing past on a dark night, but really looking *up* at them, and that in no very poetical mood, especially as they frequently break over our little craft. My great fear was lest

considering the great strain upon the masts, rigging, sheets, etc., something should carry away. Slowly, wearily, most anxiously the night wore on. Never did I long so much for daybreak. We were wet and cold and hungry, and had not been able to make a fire for twenty-four hours. It came at last, but slowly, as any other morning, notwithstanding our anxiety. Finding ourselves near a sandbank, we made for it, anchored our boat to leeward, took some firewood and water on shore, and made some tea; then shot and cooked a dozen birds, and, after a good meal, started for Darnley, which we reached in a few hours.

There we spent a day and night to recruit. I need hardly say how thankful we were to reach this point in safety. Thence to Murray Island we were amongst known reefs, on and behind which we could anchor, and, if anything happened, fall back upon Darnley. We used to think the passage between Darnley and Murray very intricate and dangerous, as most strangers do, but there are really two good passages for large vessels. Boats like the *Venture* find the reefs very convenient. We anchored on one for the night, the sea being quite smooth, although there was a good breeze. We thought it would be deep enough to keep us afloat at low water, but at midnight we were aroused by the vessel bumping. Our business was to see that she did not settle down on any stones. A native jumped overboard and removed them all around our craft, and having made her bed, we all went to sleep. Next day we reached Murray Island.

The next and most important extension in the western branch of the mission was the establishment of mission stations in the Fly River, an event which

PORT SPICER, ON THE FLY RIVER.

will long be remembered by those who took part in it. There was not much danger or difficulty in establishing the missions to which I have just referred, owing to our being well known at Katau and Tureture. In the Fly River however the case was very different. Amongst these hostile and warlike tribes it was necessary to move cautiously. Here I followed the same plan as the one adopted both in Torres Straits and China Straits, the western and eastern branches of our mission; *viz.* to commence at some central and neutral point, and proclaim ourselves the friends of all. We found just such a place on an island in the middle of the river, opposite the town of Kiwai, which, with the other islands, forms a fine harbour of the shape of a T, with three ways of getting in and out, and splendid anchorage in the stem of the T at all seasons, smooth as a mill-pond, and six fathoms deep to within a few yards of the beach. The mouths of the Fly River being exposed to the strong south-east trade wind and the heavy seas rolling up the Papuan Gulf, and this being the only good anchorage near the principal mouth of this great river, it is likely to become of considerable commercial importance in developing the resources of the interior of the island; we have therefore named it *Port Spicer*, after an honoured family, whose name has become a household word in connection with Christian missions and philanthropic work.

Here we erected the house which had been constructed at the industrial school in connection with our Papuan Institute, the *Ellengowan* remaining at anchor in the port whilst the work was being done, the captain and crew, in the meantime, rendering

good service. In five days the house was put up, and on a flag-staff at each end might be seen waving the dove and olive branch and the union jack—the flags of our society and our country. As at Samarai in China Straits, so at Mibu in the Fly River, the tribes came from both sides to the mission station, and thus enabled us to form their acquaintance and gain their confidence. We visited both districts, and, after becoming well known as the friends of all, moved our station to the town of Kiwai, at the request of the people. We were anxious to get a footing at this place, as the Kiwai warriors are numerous and powerful, and the terror of the surrounding district; so that we gladly availed ourselves of the opportunity, although we felt that the invitation was not given from any desire to listen to the gospel of peace and love that we had to preach. It was these Kiwaians who went to attack the boats of H.M.S. *Fly*, when they were entering this great river, which they named after their ship. And these were the savages who murdered a shipwrecked crew of twenty-three, a short time before we commenced our mission amongst them. They gave us a good deal of trouble and anxiety for several years. On one occasion they arranged to murder our teachers to supply animal food at a great feast time, and the teachers only saved their lives by escaping in the night. I managed some time afterwards to re-establish the mission. On another occasion they surrounded and seized my boat, and it was with great difficulty that we succeeded in getting away. Now the mission is firmly established, and the good work progressing most encouragingly.

Of late years we have used Kiwai as our central

station in the Fly River. The farthest point at which we have formed a mission station is at Sumaiut, a large village about thirty miles higher up the river, to which we conducted the geographical expedition of Australia when they visited the Fly River, and where, on my first visit, we found a party in the village, led by the medicine-man, strongly opposed to us. Ultimately arrows were shot to disperse us, one of which stuck in a cocoanut tree just over my head. Our interpreter, an old chief from Bampton Island, at the mouth of the river, hearing what was going on, quietly slipped into his canoe and got away in the midst of the excitement, without our missing him, until we required his services. Under these circumstances we too thought it wise to slip away to our boat in the most quiet and expeditious manner possible. Considering the character of the tribes that we have visited, and amongst whom we have established missions, the marvel is that, during our pioneer work, we have never come into collision with the natives where there has been blood shed; and that is somewhat surprising when we remember that in many, I may say almost all, districts a stranger is regarded as an enemy to be killed, and, amongst the cannibals, to be cooked and eaten. We have abundant reason to feel that in our New Guinea Mission we have been under Divine guidance and Divine protection, and results show that we have had the Divine blessing.

In the western branch of our mission we have formed three churches at different points for the surrounding districts. One at Murray Island, one at Mabuiag, and one at Saibai; these contain an aggregate of over 400 members. At all these places the

whole population have embraced Christianity, and are to be seen respectably clothed in European garments, or rather in neat garments made of European material. When the natives renounce idolatry and embrace Christianity, the outward sign of that change is clothing. The very name for embracing Christianity amongst most tribes is the word for fastening on the loin cloth. Many natives attend our churches who have not yet adopted clothing, just as worldly people attend church in this country; but as soon as they become seriously affected by the gospel, and are led to abandon idolatry, they adopt clothing of some kind. In connection with these churches we have good schools, attended by nearly all the young people of the place, and a good many of the old ones too, all being anxious to learn to read. In this district they are now paying for their books, and making a handsome annual contribution to the parent society. Two years before I left we felt that the time had arrived to commence "May meetings" amongst them, and so teach them that those who receive the gospel are to hand it on to the heathen beyond. At our first May meeting the people of this district contributed £45 8*s*., and at the meeting before I left the collection amounted to £64 10*s*.—a very tangible proof of their appreciation of the gospel, and their desire for other heathen tribes to receive this good news.

In our mission work in New Guinea we have had to contend with difficulties quite peculiar to the place. We have had to sail in unknown and dangerous waters in order to reach the natives. We have had to contend with savages and cannibals, who regard strangers generally as enemies to be killed, cooked, and

eaten. We have had to pass through sickly swamps and be exposed to deadly fevers in planting and superintending our mission stations. We have had to reduce the languages to writing, and translate portions of the Scriptures, school books, and hymn-books into them. We have had to battle with the evil influences of abandoned sailors, although we have been helped rather than otherwise by many of the visitors and travellers who have come to New Guinea. We have had to guide the natives in making and administering laws, in developing the resources of their country, in building houses, making roads, and, in fact, in everything connected with their material as well as their spiritual progress. It is therefore some encouragement to feel that we have opened up about six hundred miles of coast line, gained the confidence of the natives, and established our sixty mission stations all along the coast, except between the Fly River and Motumotu in the west, and Aroma and Orangerie Bay in the east. We have formed six churches, which contain an aggregate of between six and seven hundred members, reduced six of the languages or dialects to writing, and translated portions of the New Testament, a school book, catechism, and hymn-book into each. We have two institutions at work for the training of native pioneer evangelists and pastors : the Papuan Institute at Murray Island in the Papuan Gulf, containing over fifty students ; and the institution at Port Moresby, containing ten or twelve. Twenty-five have been sent out from the former, and eight from the latter, as native pioneer teachers, and are located at stations in the interior, on the coast, and on islands off the coast, and are doing

excellent Christian work amongst the people with whom, in many instances, their fathers used to fight.

Upon these and similar institutions must depend the evangelization of New Guinea. The climate has proved fatal to over a hundred members of our mission, European and Polynesian missionaries and their wives and families; more than half the number who have joined our mission have died in the field, thus clearly indicating that the native agency must be raised from amongst the people themselves. This consideration was forced upon me during the early years of the mission by the appalling mortality amongst our South Sea Island teachers, and induced me to attempt the formation of the Papuan Institute; the success of which led to a similar attempt being made, some years afterwards, at Port Moresby, where there is now a growing seminary. We get the best of our young converts for these institutions; and considering the evil influences and temptations by which they are surrounded in their villages, and the number of languages spoken throughout our districts, we feel the importance of removing them to our central stations for instruction, where they spend four or five years surrounded by Christian influences, and are taught useful arts, as well as Bible truths, and learn to speak and understand a little of the English language, which proves exceedingly useful to them when they are appointed as native evangelists and pastors, enabling them often to arrange difficulties between traders and natives, and to act as interpreters when captains of men-of-war and others visit the places where they are located. I have been told repeatedly

by officers of her majesty's ships that they consider it very important that our native teachers should be able to speak a little English. The hope of New Guinea lies in a good staff of these native agents. With a few European missionaries to train and superintend them, these men will carry the gospel to the very heart of the island. It is an agency easily obtained, and will be increasingly so, as Christianity and civilization advance. It is economical; a native teacher only costs £12 a year. It is an agency that has proved exceedingly successful in the South Sea Islands, and thus far in New Guinea. Our difficulty hitherto has not been in obtaining native teachers, but in getting missionaries who are able and willing to remain in the field.

Our New Guinea mission, like that in Central Africa, has proved fatal to many of its faithful labourers, and exceedingly trying to all. Out of eight missionaries who were sent out from England to help us, only two remain in the field. The Rev. Harry Scott and his excellent wife, who joined the western branch of the mission two years before I left, and from whom we were expecting so much, have been obliged to leave on account of the fever, and the doctor forbids their return. This is exceedingly unfortunate, as they had acquired the language, and thrown themselves most heartily into the work, for which Mr. Scott has many peculiar qualifications. He rendered most valuable service during his connection with the mission, and my wife and I were delighted to feel that we were leaving our station in charge of such an able and devoted couple. The Rev. E. B. Savage took charge of the Papuan

Institute, and the mission in the Papuan Gulf, when Mr. Scott left; and he has since been delighted to welcome the arrival of a fellow-student as his colleague—Rev. A. E. Hunt, who, with his devoted, practical, and energetic wife, has entered enthusiastically upon the important work of training a native agency, and superintending and extending the work in the Papuan Gulf.

There are now six European missionaries in the New Guinea Mission. Two in each of the three branches, each couple having a good staff of native teachers, numbering altogether about eighty. Two very promising young men from Cheshunt College are about to join the missionary band there; so that with such a European staff, and a native agency growing up from amongst the people themselves, we have reason to believe that this largest, darkest, and most neglected island in the world will soon have proclaimed through its length and breadth the gospel of *peace*, and *light*, and *love*, and *life eternal*.

In conclusion, I call the attention of the Christian Church to the New Guinea Mission as another proof of the transforming power of the gospel, calculated to create and stimulate the missionary spirit. Let the present appearance and condition of some of the towns and villages where we have mission stations be compared with what they were fifteen years ago, and the difference is truly wonderful. Instead of the war song, the cannibal feast, and the night dance, churches and schools and family worship are established. Instead of the wild-looking appearance of the people, dressed in feathers and shells and paint, they are now respectably clothed, and ashamed of their former

appearance and habits. Instead of dirty huts, lazy and cruel husbands, and neglected children, there are now well-built houses, industrious and kind husbands, and bright and intelligent children. Instead of every man doing as he liked, which led to village quarrels, plunder, and war, there are now laws established, magistrates and policemen appointed, and law and order prevail.

This, of course, can only be said of some of our mission stations, and our mission embraces but a very small portion of the island. Like the heathen world, this great country has only, as yet, been touched by Christianity; but wherever it has been touched, it has been changed. Christianity never fails, although its preachers and professors sometimes do. Wherever the gospel seed is planted in harmony with the Divine conditions, prayer and faith, it is sure to grow. It must be so, for the growth is the work of God, and He never fails to perform His part in the missionary work of leading the world to its Saviour.

A change is taking place in New Guinea as marvellous and as rapid as that which transformed the natives of the South Sea Islands. Instead of heathenism and cannibalism, there is springing up a growing education and a thriving trade. Side by side with the preaching of the gospel goes the social improvement of the natives. Better roads are made; better houses are built, which are soon furnished with the useful appliances of civilized life; and whilst the missionary is forming Christian churches, his wife is forming (what is equally important) Christian homes. It must not be supposed that unmarried missionaries, male or female, could possibly have accomplished the

good which may now be witnessed. Christian principles have been exemplified in family life before the heathen with the happiest results. In the South Sea Islands there are multitudes of homes which are centres of refinement, culture, happiness, and intelligence, presided over by woman, officiating in those offices recognised as her sphere of duty. In these abodes it is no mockery now to sing "Home, Sweet Home."

My hope and prayer is, that the story of the New Guinea Mission, which I now bring to a close, may be the means, not only of strengthening the faith and quickening the zeal of those who are interested in Christian missions, but also of leading the sceptical to reconsider their views on the question, in order that the Church, in all its branches, may take a new departure, and make a great, united, and determined effort to carry out the instructions of our Lord, who has commanded us to PREACH THE GOSPEL TO EVERY CREATURE. In this, the greatest and grandest of all reforms, we are sustained by numerous promises, and ought to be impelled by every feeling of humanity and a strong sense of duty. We are certainly encouraged by the most remarkable success.

The history of missions during the last century has proved the adaptability of the gospel to all races, classes, and conditions of men. It has met and subdued every form of evil, mitigated every species of suffering, substituted in many places the revelation of God for the lies of heathenism, and the morality of the gospel for the vices of idolatry. It has rescued women from a degrading servitude, and children from an early death. It has substituted order for anarchy,

law for despotism, benevolence for cruelty, and justice for oppression. It has elevated tribes and nations, and given them a knowledge of our literature and laws, our arts and institutions. It has made property secure and industry profitable, and created contentment and domestic affection where vice and discord made existence a curse. It has given children the blessing of paternal care, and parents the joy of filial gratitude. It has indeed turned men from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan to God, teaching them how to live and how to die, fitting them for the duties of this life, and preparing them for the life to come.

Considering what Christianity has done and is still doing for heathen nations, the marvel is that more of the wealth and talent of the Church are not devoted to this glorious enterprise. The time for speculation and discussion on the question has gone. The success of missions is their defence and their appeal. Who that is interested in the welfare and progress of his fellow men, of whatever creed or nation, would, if he could, stamp out Christianity and restore idolatry? Who would pull down the churches and disband the members, or scatter the week-day and Sunday schools, or burn the school books and Bibles? Or who would rebuild the old temples, rekindle the fires upon their altars, call forth the victims for sacrifice, make the hills and valleys ring with the shouts of midnight revellers around the burning pile? And if all are bound to admit that Christianity has been a great blessing to these tribes, none can escape the obligation to propagate it. God has clearly indicated the means by which the world is to be saved, and the millions of

heathen must remain for ever ignorant of the salvation of Jesus, and perish in the blindness of idolatry, unless the news of His mercy be conveyed to them by the lips of its living heralds. The command and the promise are clear and emphatic. "Go ye therefore, and make disciples of all the nations." "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

THE END.