NEW GUINEA

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JAMES CHALMERS, THE PIONEER MISSIONARY OF NEW GUINEA

PIONEER LIFE AND WORK

IN

NEW GUINEA

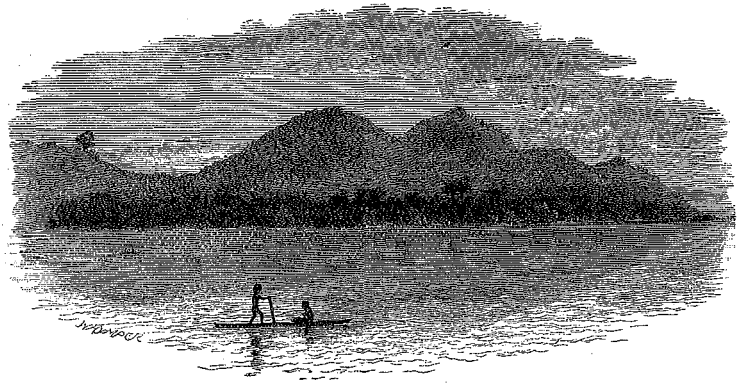
1877–1894

BY

JAMES CHALMERS

WITH A MAP AND FORTY-THREE ILLUSTRATIONS FROM ORIGINAL SKETCHES AND PHOTOGRAPHS

LONDON
THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY
56 PATERNOSTER ROW AND 65 ST PAUL'S CHURCHYARD
1895



COAST SCENE AT THE EAST END

PREFACE

IN 1877 the Rev. James Chalmers joined the New Guinea Mission, and his arrival formed an epoch in its history. He is wonderfully equipped for the work to which he has, under God's Providence, put his hand. He is the white man best known to all the natives along the south coast. From the first he had gone among them unarmed, and though not unfrequently in imminent peril, has been marvellously preserved. He has combined the qualities of missionary and explorer in a very high degree, and universally known by the natives as 'Tamate' (the nearest approach native lips can make to Chalmers), has added enormously to the stock of our geographical knowledge of

New Guinea, and to our accurate acquaintance with the ways of thinking, the habits, superstitions, and mode of life of the various tribes of natives.

This volume contains sketches of his travels and labours in New Guinea during the years 1878 to 1894. Mr. Chalmers has made no effort to work them up into a finished book. Had he attempted to do so, they would have never seen the light. He is more at home in his whale-boat or steam launch off the New Guinea coast than in his study, and his hand takes more readily to the tiller than to the pen. Hence the bulk of this volume is made up of extracts from journals hastily written while sitting on the platforms of New Guinea houses, surrounded by cannibals, or while resting, after a laborious day's tramp, under a fly-tent on some outlying spur of the Owen Stanley Mountains, or while sailing along the south-eastern coast or the Fly River. Writing thus, liable to manifold interruptions, Mr. Chalmers has sought to preserve only what was essential to his purpose, viz., to record exactly what he saw and did ; how the natives look and speak, and think and act ; what in his judgment New Guinea needs, and how her needs can be best supplied.

The circumstances of Mr. Chalmers' work have given him a unique position in the great Papuan Island. He is well known to many of the tribes, and he is the personal friend of many of the chiefs. He has travelled up and down in all its accessible districts, so that now both the villages and inhabitants are more familiar to him than to

any other white man. The influence of the Gospel of peace is already so marked, that it is working rapid changes in the thoughts and habits of the natives. No white man of this generation can possibly see New Guinea and its people under exactly the same conditions. Succeeding missionaries and observers can never see these people in the same stage of savagery as when he acquired their friendship. Hence another reason for printing these rough sketches of the life and habits and beliefs of New Guinea is that they may be on record, and thus serve to measure the progress which is now being made in New Guinea, and will continue to be made in the upward growth towards Christianity and civilisation.

Considerable portions of this book have been printed before in *Work and Adventure in New Guinea*, and *Pioneering in New Guinea*. Both these volumes are out of print. The new portions consist of various visits and adventures on the part of Mr. Chalmers during the last nine years, and especially the opening up of the Fly River.

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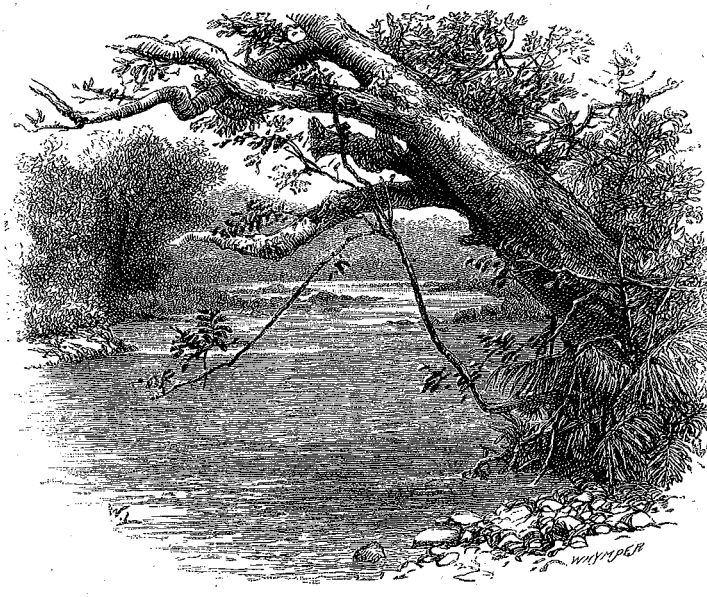
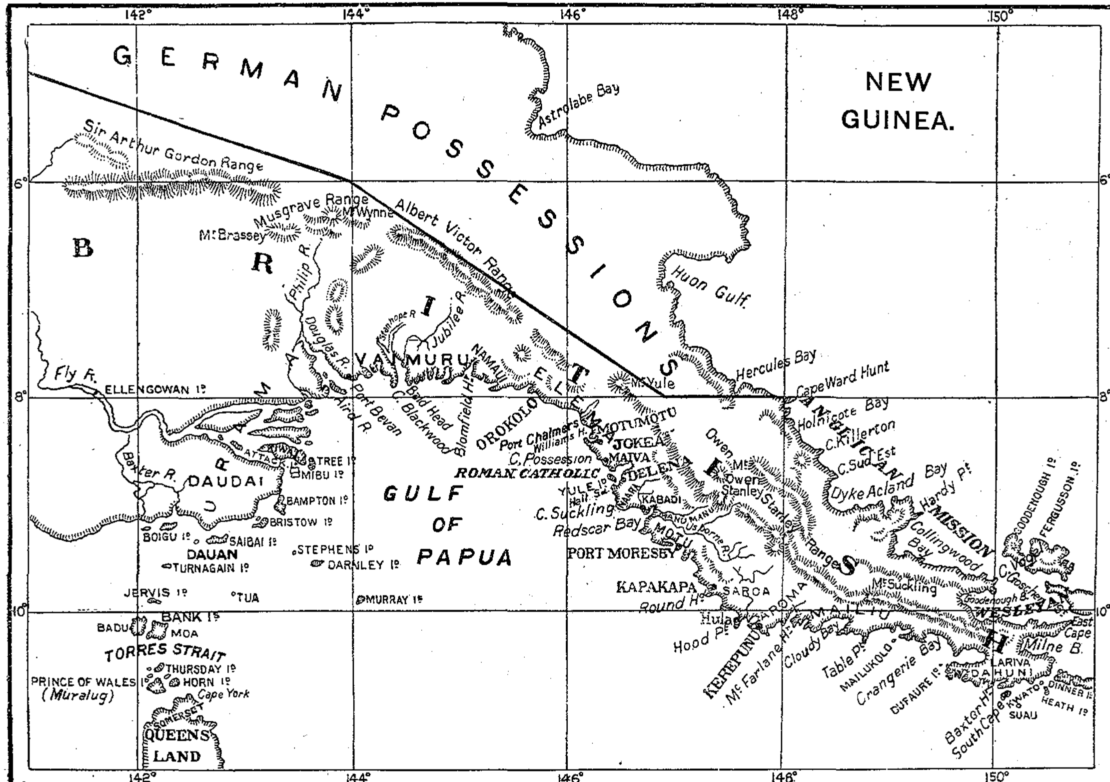


A NEW GUINEA RIVER

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.


142°
144°
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GERMAN POSSESSIONS
NEW GUINEA.
Astrolabe Bay
Huon Gulf
Hercules Bay
Cape Ward Hunt
Sir Arthur Gordon Range
Musgrave Range
Mt Wynne
Albert Victor Range
Mt Brassey
BRITISH
Philip R.
Douglas R.
Stanhope R.
Jubilee R.
VAIMURU
NAMAU
ELEMA
Mt Yule
Fly R.
ELLENGOWAN Is
Aird R.
Port Bevan
C. Blackwood
Bald Head
Blomfield H.
OROKOLO
Port Chalmers
Williams H.
MOTUMOTU
JOKEA
MAIVA
C. Possession
ROMAN CATHOLIC
YULE Is
Hall Sd
DELENA
KABADI
C. Suckling
Redscar Bay
MOTU
Usborne R.
PORT MORESBY
KAPAKAPA
SAROA
Round Hd
Hula
Hood Pt
KEREPUNU
AROMA
MAILU
Mc Farlane Hr
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DUFAURE Is
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South Cape
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HEATH Is
DINNER Is
LARIVA
DAHUNI
Milne B.
East Cape
WESLEYAN
Goodenough B.
Goschen St.
C. Vogel
GOODENOUGH Is
FERGUSSON Is
MISSION
Collingwood Bay
Mt Suckling
Hardy Pt
Dyke Acland Bay
C. Sud Est
C. Killerton
Holnicote Bay
ANGLICAN
Owen Stanley Range
Mt Owen Stanley
GULF OF PAPUA
Baxter R.
DAUDAI
KIWAI
ATTACK
TREE Is
MIBU Is
BAMPTON Is
BRISTOW Is
BOIGU Is
SAIBAI Is
DAUAN
TURNAGAIN Is
STEPHENS Is
DARNLEY Is
JERVIS Is
TUA
MURRAY Is
BANK Is
BADU
MOA
TORRES STRAIT
THURSDAY Is
HORN Is
PRINCE OF WALES Is
(Muralug)
Cape York
SOMERSET
QUEENSLAND
6°
8°
10°

PIONEER LIFE AND WORK

IN

NEW GUINEA

CHAPTER I

HOW NEW GUINEA CAME UNDER CHRISTIAN TRAINING

To the north and north-west of Samoa are several groups of islands known on the chart as the Gilbert Group, Ellice Group, and Tokelau Group. When it became known that a mission was contemplated by the British missionaries of Samoa to these islands, the missionaries of the Hervey Group, with which I was then connected, were anxious to join in the enterprise, so that the churches in their care might have an outlet for their zeal in Christ's work. The Samoan missionaries, however, thought, and rightly too, that they could undertake the entire mission alone, having at that time a large number of teachers and students. Moreover, these small groups of islands were much nearer to them than to us.

Our chief reason for wishing to take part in the work was because Elikana, the first to bring the gospel to these islands, was a native of one of our islands, and a deacon in one of our mission churches. The circumstances of his coming to these islands were intensely interesting.

The natives had held their May meeting on Manihiki, an island of the Humphrey Group; and getting a large number of cocoanuts into a canoe, several of them had started to cross over to Rakahanga, another island of the same group about thirty miles away. When they left, the weather was fine and the wind just fresh, and they hoped to be over in a few hours; but when more than half-way across a heavy squall came down on them. In the darkness they lost sight of land, and must have got headed off. When the squall passed they could see no land anywhere, and although they beat about they could pick none up. For days they hoped, but in vain, and so they gave themselves up for lost. After many days of much suffering and many disappointments, seeing low islands, but unable to make them, they were at last driven on to an island. Some had died, and others were drowned, and Elikana and two more got ashore in a very weak state.

They were found by natives and treated kindly, and taken to the chief, who received them as friends. Elikana had saved a *Pilgrim's Progress*, and, I think, his Bible, by having them fastened in a cloth round his waist. They astonished the natives with morning and evening prayers; and soon after their recovery from the effects of the long exposure they began teaching and telling the story of Divine love as seen in Christ.

The *Pilgrim's Progress* was divided out in leaves amongst the people, and several were taught to read. After a few years Elikana decided to get to Samoa, if possible, and inform the missionaries that these islands were waiting for the Gospel. He felt he was not sufficiently educated for the work, and was anxious, if he could, to get back to his home, and to Rarotonga, to be better educated, that he might return qualified to act as a teacher. Reaching Samoa, he told his story. The missionaries heard it with joy, and gave God thanks. They received him into the

Malua College, and arranged to send teachers at once. From that day to this the work has prospered, and there are now churches on every island.

The Samoan missionaries being able to undertake the work in these islands themselves, and declining our assistance, and we feeling that the life of the native churches in the Hervey Group and out-stations depended largely in being in close relationship with the heathen, and in active service for Christ, we all betook ourselves to earnest prayer that God would give us fields for labour. I shall never forget those years. Meetings were frequently held in the chapels and grew in intenseness, and then meetings for prayer were gathered in many homes, and these becoming too small, houses were built in all the districts, and several times a week many met at night in these houses to ask God's blessing and fields for labour. Then came 1871, when the Directors of the London Missionary Society decided on extending their South Pacific field of operations to the great island of New Guinea, and Messrs. Murray and Macfarlane were asked to charter a vessel, take a few teachers, and proceed to that great land. In the Hervey Group the excitement was great, as we felt we too might take part in that work. Then came the request for more teachers, and I now remember it with a thrill of pleasure. Meetings for thanksgiving were held for the wide field opened, and for the honour bestowed upon us in being permitted to take part with Christ in His great work.

My dear old friend and fellow-worker, the Rev. Dr. Gill, had arranged to go home on his first furlough in 1872, and we decided in committee to ask him to take a number of teachers in charge, and with Mr. Murray place them on the mainland of New Guinea. Dr. Macfarlane, after the visit in 1871, returned to England, and Mr. Murray was left in charge, taking up his residence at Somerset, Northern Queensland, near to Cape York.

Preparations were at once begun to get our first contingent away. At one early morning meeting the chapel was crowded, and I proposed that we should pray that God would help us to select the best men for the very important undertaking. At that meeting several old men stood up and said, 'Take us all: if we cannot learn the language to speak for Jesus we can live for Him, and help the younger men in station work.' The enthusiasm was intense. Five men and their wives were selected, and from all the islands we had numerous offers of service.

The time was drawing near when they must leave. Who that witnessed that 'setting apart' Sunday at Avarua, Rarotonga, will ever forget it? Old men and women, young men and women, wept with real joy. That sobbed 'Amen' of the setting-apart prayer of the whole assembly I hear now. Five men and their wives leaving home and friends and all that was dear to them for the name of the Lord Jesus Christ! I think of it now with wonder and praise. The churches and congregations were everywhere thrilled.

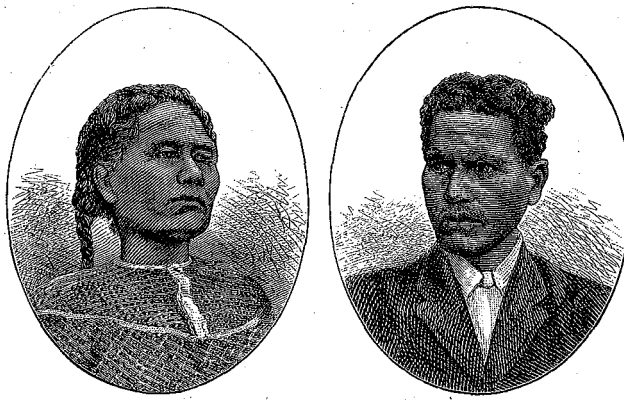
The John Williams arrived and remained a few days. Then the parting came, a never-to-be-forgotten day. Twenty-two years have gone since then, but the memory is still fresh. One of the five, Ruatoka, was sent with fear and trembling, being apparently in bad health and very weak, and I was strongly urged not to send him. He much wished to go, and thinking he could bear it, I agreed; and to-day he is the only one left, all the others are dead and buried. The names were—

Ruatoka and wife	From Mangaia.
Rau and wife	„ Aitutaki.
Heneri and wife	„ Manihiki.
Adamu and wife	„ „
Anederea and wife	„ Rarotonga.

They called at Aitutaki, and there the interest was as

intense as on Rarotonga and Mangaia. At Samoa they were joined by Piri and his wife, who were there in charge of a Rarotonga colony, so that they were now six.

The John Williams left the teachers and Dr. Gill at Somerset, with Mr. Murray, and she proceeded to Sydney. Murray and Gill chartered a small vessel, and crossed the Papuan Gulf to Redscar Bay, and there came to an anchor near to some small islands off the coast at Redscar Head. They were soon in communication with the natives, and after visiting several places decided to leave the teachers



RUATOKA AND HIS WIFE

at Manumanu, the largest village in the bay. The chief and people seemed friendly, and all promised to treat the teachers well. The chief's name was Naime. Some years after when visiting him, I found him without a teacher. He sat in front of me, and pretending to shiver as with cold, said, 'Tamate, listen! Why am I left out in the cold? What have I done that no teacher should be living here now? Did not I defend the teachers when they first came, and was this not the door by which you all entered into this land? Some sought to kill them; I would not allow them. When I had food, did I not always share it

with them? and so now tell me what I have done to be left in poverty and cold.'

Manumanu proved very unhealthy, several teachers died, and the living were removed to Somerset; but not before they had made many good friends with the other sections of the Motu tribe, especially those who visited them from Hanuabada, afterwards named by Captain Moresby, Port Moresby. The captain called in Redscar Bay, and finding some of the teachers very ill he got them on board his ship the Basilisk, and treated them very kindly. They were on board when Port Moresby was discovered. Over the reports that were received from Manumanu many tears were shed and prayers offered, but never once did the Hervey Group churches waver in their love to Christ, and holy resolve to teach New Guinea about Him.

The teachers who were removed to Somerset remained there until November of 1873, when Mr. Murray brought them back to New Guinea, and this time to Port Moresby, where they had a right good reception from the natives at home, many others being in the Gulf on their long trading trip for canoes and sago.

In 1874, Mr. and Mrs. Lawes, with their son Charles, settled at Port Moresby, the only white people on the whole of New Guinea, and, with a few teachers, claimed the island for Christ our King.

Of all those first teachers only Ruatoka, still at Port Moresby, now remains. All are dead, some from the climate, others by the hands of the natives. It is proposed to erect tablets to their memory in the small English church at Port Moresby, so that their names may be perpetuated in the memory of succeeding generations.

The first teachers were from Lifu and Maré in 1871. In 1872 the Rarotonga Institution sent its first, and in 1874 Niué joined. In 1878, Raiatea gave a good contingent;

and visit after visit of the John Williams brought us numbers of these men and women. In 1884, I think it was, Samoa agreed to help us, and since then she has sent us men and women who have done good service for Christ. Of many of them also it can be said they were 'Faithful unto death.'

Such were the beginnings. At the East End there is now a good strong mission. The central station is at Kwato, where there is a large institution, almost self-supporting, and where a healthy gospel is lived and taught. Connected with Kwato the brethren have numerous out-stations to the east in Milne Bay, and on to East Cape. There they meet the Wesleyan brethren, who take up the work from East Cape to Cape Vogel, and also occupy the D'Entrecasteaux Group and Louisiade Archipelago. From Cape Vogel to Mitre Rock, the boundary between Germany and Britain, the Anglican Church of Australia is now working.

To the west of Kwato there are stations to Suau and on towards Orangerie Bay in charge of New Guinea natives who have been trained for the work.

At Toulon or Mailukolo, Mr. Walker has begun another central station, and has charge of teachers in Amazon Bay and on to Table Point.

At Kerepunu Mr. Pearse resides, and his district extends from Table Point to Round Head, and he has many teachers from Eastern Polynesia, and others that he has trained himself at various points along the coast. The progress made in this district in late years has been great, and at present Mr. Pearse is training a goodly company of young men and their wives, who will eventually be placed at stations to teach their countrymen of Christ.

The next central station to Kerepunu is at Port Moresby, which for years was our one basis of operations for mission-work. East and west there are teachers,

Polynesians and New Guineans, and their work is being greatly prospered.

At Delena, in Hall Sound, is another central station. Across the Sound from Delena is Yule Island, where the members of the Sacred Heart Mission reside. They have begun work in a large inland district, Mekeo, and have already several stations. Being the first white man to visit Mekeo, and having made many friends at several of the villages, I had hoped to have placed teachers at various points; but scarcity of men and money prevented it at the time, and soon after the Roman Catholic Mission of the Sacred Heart arrived and established itself.

To the west of Cape Possession is the large Elema district, the latest to be brought under the influence of the Gospel. The central station is for the present at Yokea, where there is sufficient ground for cultivation to have a large institution for the training of native evangelists.

At Orokolo, the most westerly part of Elema, we have two teachers, whose influence has been already felt, and there were a few seeking baptism when I was there last. A murder had been committed at the beginning of the year, and the murderers were asked to give themselves up when the Government should demand them. Sir William Macgregor in his despatch states that on his demanding the murderers two of them did give themselves up, while the third was in the bush getting food, and therefore left for the present.

A few miles to the west of Orokolo is the large Namau district, where cannibalism is practised. As yet we have no mission there, but hope soon to have one. The people have been long waiting for teachers, and have promised to receive them and treat them kindly. I have visited nearly all the villages of that district, and have been able to make friends everywhere.

The Fly River is a long way to the west of Namau.

In these western districts it will be difficult to work with our noble Polynesian teachers, because of the unhealthiness of the climate, arising from the low, swampy nature of the country, and so it will become necessary to employ New Guineans, and for that we are now preparing. Teachers were placed at the mouth of the estuary of the Fly by Dr. Macfarlane, but because of the unhealthiness of the climate many died and others left; and only two remained, one on Bampton Island, and another at Sumai on Kiwai. In 1893 I baptized on the former island forty candidates, and was well pleased with the public statements of the men; and at Sumai sixteen were baptized, the men all publicly testifying of their acceptance of the Gospel and their faith in the Lord Jesus Christ as their Saviour. Early in the same year, we had the ordinance of the Lord's Supper for the first time in the Fly River district, and a very solemn and interesting occasion it was. I hope that from these two churches we shall get young people to train as evangelists. Then when the time comes to occupy places farther up the river, we shall have men and women ready.

It was in 1883, if I remember rightly, that a college was begun at Port Moresby, in order that young men and their wives who had chosen Christ might be received from the various districts and trained for the work of preaching Him. Some of these are to-day our best teachers, and have been the means of great good in various parts. They have led many to Christ, who have been baptized, and are united in small churches which keep increasing every year. That this work of educating native evangelists might be more efficiently carried on, the district committee and the Directors arranged for a college on a more permanent basis, and that it should be under the charge of a missionary whose time might be entirely devoted to it. The plan is this; that young men and their wives who have been con-

verted and are good workers, and assist their teachers, and are anxious to become teachers themselves, be taken to the central station where the white missionary lives, and there be instructed and prepared for admission to the college. At the college they will remain for a few years and receive instruction in English and Motuan, the latter being the language into which the New Testament has been translated. When fit they will be drafted from the college to villages where they will reside as teachers. Mr. Lawes, who is to take charge of the college, has already built houses a little inland of Kapakapa, a village thirty-two miles east of Port Moresby.

CHAPTER II

EARLY EXPERIENCES

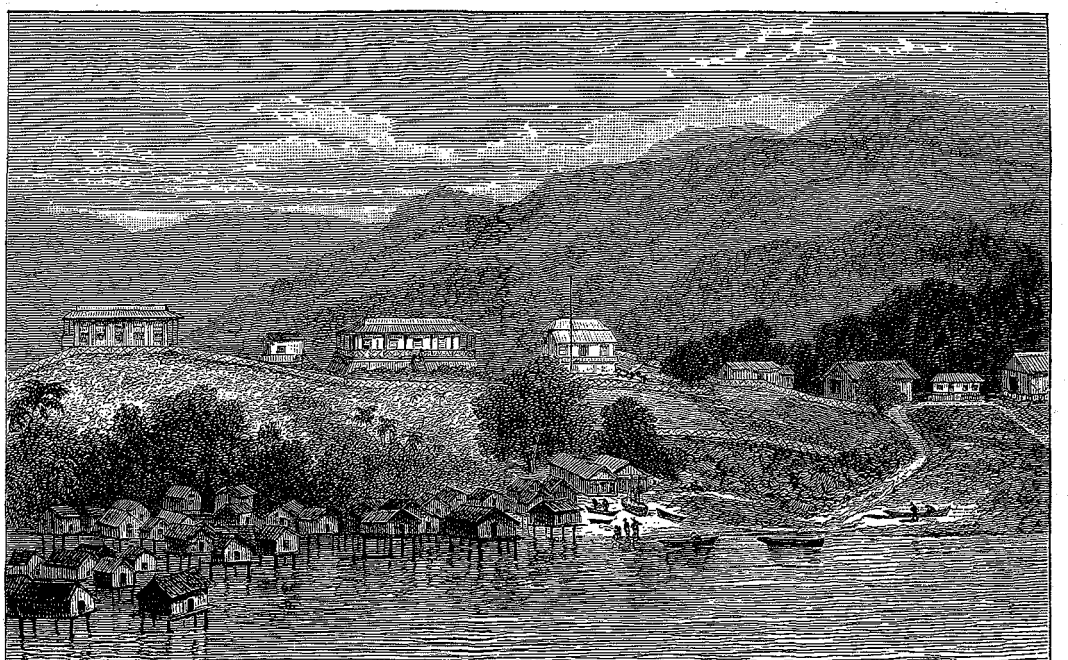
TOWARDS the close of 1877, Mr. Chalmers and Mr. Macfarlane visited New Guinea for the purpose of exploring the coast, landing native teachers at suitable spots, and thus opening the way for future missionary effort. What followed is given in Mr. Chalmers' words :—

We left Sydney by the Dutch steamer William M'Kinnon on September 20, 1877, for Somerset. The sail inside the Barrier Reef is most enjoyable. The numerous islands passed and the varied coast scenery make the voyage a very pleasant one—especially with such men as our captain and mates. On Sunday, September 30, we reached Somerset, where we were met by the Bertha, with Mr. Macfarlane on board of her. Mr. Macfarlane was soon on board of the steamer to welcome us, and remained with us till the evening. There was very little of the Sabbath observed that day—all was bustle and confusion. Quite a number of the pearl-shelling boats were at Somerset awaiting the arrival of the steamer, and the masters of these boats were soon on and around the steamer receiving their goods.

On Tuesday, October 2, we left Somerset in the Bertha for Murray Island, anchoring that night off Albany. On Wednesday night we anchored off a sandbank, and on Thursday off a miserable-looking island, called Village Island. On Friday we came to York Island, where we went ashore and saw only four natives—one man and three

boys. At 11 P.M. on Saturday we anchored at Darnley Island. This is a fine island, and more suitable for vessels and landing goods than Murray, but supposed to be not so healthy. The island is about 500 feet in height, in some parts thickly wooded, in others bare. It was here the natives cut off a boat's crew about thirty years ago, for which they suffered—the captain landing with part of his crew, well-armed, killing many, and chasing them right round the island. They never again attempted anything of the kind. As a native of the island expressed himself on the subject :—'White fellow, he too much make fright, man he all run away, no want see white fellow gun no more.' In 1871 the first teachers were landed here.

Our party was a tolerably large one—Ruatoka (the Port Moresby teacher), some Port Moresby natives, and four Loyalty Island teachers, on their way to East Cape. We did not see a strange native all the way. We had our hammocks made fast in the bush by the river-side, and rested until 3 P.M., when we started for another part of the river, about seven miles off, in a south-east direction. After sunset we reached the point where the river was to be crossed, and there we meant to remain for the night. At 3 A.M. of October 26 we struck camp, and after morning prayers we began to cross the river, which was not over four feet in the deepest part. It was here Mr. Lawes crossed when he first visited the inland tribes ; so now, led by Ruatoka, we were on his track. The moon was often hidden by dark clouds, so we had some difficulty in keeping to the path. We pressed on, as we were anxious to get to a deserted village which Mr. Goldie knew to breakfast. We reached the village about six, and after we had partaken of breakfast we set off for the mountains. When we had gone about four miles the road became more uneven. Wallabies were not to be seen, and soon we were in a valley close by the river, which we followed for a long way, and



College Mr. Lawes' House First Mission House

PORT MORESBY

then began to ascend. We climbed it under a burning sun, Ruatoka calling out, *Tepiake, tepiake, tepiake* (Friends, friends, friends). Armed natives soon appeared on the ridge, shouting, *Misi Lao, Misi Lao.* Ruatoka called back, *Misi Lao* (Mr. Lawes), and all was right—spears were put away and they came to meet us, escorting us to a sort of reception-room, where we all squatted, glad to get in the shade from the sun.

We were now about 1,100 feet above the sea level. We were surprised to see their houses built on the highest tree-tops they could find on the top of the ridge. One of the teachers remarked, 'Queer fellows these; not only do they live on the mountain tops, but they must select the highest trees they can find for their houses.' We were very soon friends; they seemed at ease, some smoking tobacco, others chewing betel nuts. I changed my shirt, and when those near me saw my white skin they raised a shout that soon brought the others round. Bartering soon began—taro, sugar-cane, sweet yams, and water were got in exchange for tobacco, beads, and cloth.

After resting about two hours, we proceeded to the next village, five miles farther along the ridge. Some of our party were too tired to accompany us; they remained where we expected to camp for the night. After walking some miles we came unexpectedly on some natives. As soon as they saw us they rushed for their spears, and seemed determined to dispute our way. By a number of signs—touching our chins with our right hands, etc.—they understood we were not foes, so they soon became friendly. They had their faces blackened with soot, plumbago, and gum, and then sprinkled over with white; their mouths and teeth were in a terrible mess from chewing the betel nut. On our leaving them, they shouted on to the next village. An old man lay outside on the platform of the next house we came to; he looked terribly frightened as

we approached him, but as, instead of injuring him, we gave him a present, he soon rallied and got us water to drink. By-and-by a few gathered round. We understood them to say the most of the people were away on the plains hunting for wallabies. One young woman had a net over her shoulders and covering her breasts, as a token

NATIVES IN MOURNING

of mourning—an improvement on their ordinary attire, which is simply a short grass petticoat—the men *nil.*

After a short stay, we returned to where we thought of camping for the night, but for want of water we went on to the village we had visited in the forenoon. We slung our hammocks in the reception-room, had supper, and turned in for the night. It felt bleak and cold, and the narrowness of the ridge made us careful, even in our sleep, lest we should fall out and over. On coming across the highest

peak in the afternoon, we had a magnificent view of Mount Owen Stanley, with his two peaks rising far away above the other mountains by which he is surrounded. It must have been about thirty miles off, and, I should think, impossible to reach from where we were. We were entirely surrounded by mountains: mountains north, east, south, and west—above us and below us. I question if it will ever be a country worth settling in.

We were anxious to spend the Sabbath at Port Moresby, so, leaving the most of our party, who were too tired to come with us, to rest till Monday, Mr. Macfarlane, Ruatoka, and I set off on our return very early on Saturday morning, and had strangely difficult work in getting down the mountain side and along the river. Fireflies danced all round in hundreds, and we awakened many strange birds before their time, which gave forth a note or two, only to sleep again. We reached Port Moresby about mid-day, tired indeed, and very footsore. Oh, that shoemakers had only to wear the boots they send to missionaries!

Early on Sunday morning a great many natives went out with their spears, nets, and dogs, to hunt wallabies. A goodly number attended the forenoon service, when Mr. Lawes preached. A good many strangers were present from an inland village on the Astrolabe side. There is not yet much observance of the Sabbath. Poi, one of the chief men of the place, is very friendly: he kept quite a party of his inland friends from hunting, and brought them to the services. Mr. Lawes preached again in the afternoon. As we went to church in the afternoon the hunters were returning: they had evidently had a successful day's hunting. During the day a canoe came in from Hula, laden with old cocoanuts, which were traded for pottery.

In the evening an old sorceress died, and great was the

wailing over her body. She was buried on the Monday morning, just opposite the house in which she lived. A grave was dug two feet deep, and spread over with mats, on which the corpse was laid. Her husband lay on the body, in the grave, for some time, and, after some talking to the departed spirit, got up, and lay down by the side of the grave, covered with a mat. About mid-day the grave was covered over with the earth, and friends sat on it weeping. The relatives of the dead put on mourning by blackening their bodies all over, and besmearing them with ashes.

On October 31 the Bertha left for Kerepunu. As I was anxious to see all the mission stations along the coast between Port Moresby and Kerepunu, I remained, to accompany Mr. Lawes in the small schooner Mayri. We left on the following day, and sailed down the coast inside the reef. We arrived at Tupuselei about mid-day. There were two teachers here, and Mr. Lawes having decided to remove one, we got him on board, and sailed for Kaili. The villages of Tupuselei and Kaili are quite in the sea. I fear they are very unhealthy—mangroves and low swampy ground abound. The Astrolabe Range is not far from the shore we were sailing along all day. There is a fine bold coast line, with many bays.

In the early morning our small vessel of only seven tons was crowded with natives. We left the vessel about 9 A.M. for a walk inland, accompanied by a number of natives, who all went to their houses for their arms before they would leave their village. They have no faith whatever in one another. We passed through a large swamp covered with mangroves—then into a dense tropical bush, passing through a large grove of sago palms and large mango trees. The mangoes were small—about the size of a plum—and very sweet. At some distance inland I took up a peculiar-looking seed; one of the natives, thinking

I was going to eat it, very earnestly urged me to throw it away, and with signs gave me to understand that if I ate it I should swell out to an enormous size, and die.

We walked about seven miles through bush, and then began the ascent of one of the spurs of the Astrolabe. On nearing the inland village for which we were bound, the natives became somewhat afraid, and the leader stopped, and, turning to Mr. Lawes, asked him if he would indeed not kill any of the people. He was assured all was right, and then he moved on a few paces, to stop again, and re-inquire if all was right. When reassured, we all went on, not a word spoken by anyone, and so in silence we entered the village. When we were observed, spears began rattling in the houses ; but our party shouted, *Maino, maino* (Peace, peace), *Misi Lao, Misi Lao !* The women escaped through the trap-doors in the floors of their houses, and away down the side of the hill into the bush. We reached the chief's house, and there remained.

The people soon regained confidence, and came round us, wondering greatly at the first white men they had ever seen in their village. The women returned from their flight, and began to cook food, which, when ready, they brought to us, and of which we all heartily partook. We gave them presents, and they would not suffer us to depart till they had brought us a return present of uncooked food. They are a fine, healthy-looking people, lighter than those on the coast. Many were in deep mourning, and frightfully besmeared. There are a number of villages close by, on the various ridges. We returned by a different way, following the bed of what must be in the rainy season a large river. The banks were in many places from eight to nine feet high.

On the following morning, November 3, we weighed anchor and set sail, passing Kapakapa, a double village in

the sea. The houses are large and well built. There are numerous villages on the hills at the back of it, and not too far away to be visited. We anchored off Round Head, which does not, as represented on the charts, rise boldly from the sea. There is a plain between two and three miles broad between the sea and the hill called Round Head. There are many villages on the hills along this part of the coast. We anchored close to the shore. A number of natives were on the beach, but could not be induced to visit us on board. We went ashore to them after dinner. They knew Mr. Lawes by name only, and became more easy when he assured them that he was really and truly *Misi Lao.* They professed friendship by calling out, *Maino, maino!* catching hold of their noses, and pointing to their stomachs. After a little time, two ventured to accompany Mr. Lawes on board, and received presents. I remained ashore, astonishing others by striking matches, and showing off my arms and chest. The women were so frightened that they all kept at a respectful distance. These are the natives from an inland village that killed a Port Moresby native about the beginning of the year. When those who accompanied Mr. Lawes on board the Mayri returned to the shore, they were instantly surrounded by their friends, who seized the presents and made off. They had received fish, biscuit, and taro. The taro and fish were smelt all over, and carefully examined before eaten. The biscuit was wrapped up again in the paper.

On Sunday, November 4, we were beating down through innumerable reefs, and at 8 P.M. we anchored about three miles from Hula. The following morning we went up to the village, the Mayri anchoring close by the houses. The country about here looks fine and green, a very striking contrast to that around Port Moresby. The further east we get from Port Moresby, the finer the

country looks. The people are also superior—finer made men and women, and really pretty boys and girls—more, altogether, like our eastern South Sea Islanders. The married women spoil their looks by keeping their heads shaven. They seem fond of their children: men and women nurse them. They were busy preparing their large canoes to visit Port Moresby, on the return of the Port Moresby canoes from the west with sago.

About 3 in the afternoon an old woman made her appearance at the door of the mission-house, bawling out, 'Well, what liars these Hula people are; some of them were inland this morning, and the chief asked them if *Misi Lao* had come, and they said no.' The chief, who saw the vessel from the hill-top where his village is, thought it strange the vessel should be there without *Misi Lao*, so sent this woman to learn the truth. She received a present for herself and the chief, and went away quite happy.

Next morning, November 6, we left Hula with a fair wind, and were anchored close to Kerepunu by 9 A.M. The Bertha was anchored fully two miles off. Kerepunu is a magnificent place, and its people are very fine-looking. It is one large town of seven districts, with fine houses, all arranged in streets, crotons and other plants growing about, and cockatoos perching in front of nearly every house. One part of the population plant, another fish, and the planters buy the fish with their produce. Men, women, and children are all workers; they go to their plantations in the morning and return to their homes in the evening, only sick ones remaining at home; thus accounting for the number of scrofulous people we saw going about when we first landed. They have a rule, to which they strictly adhere all the year round, of working for two days and resting the third.

The Bertha arrived here on Friday evening. Mrs.

Chalmers was at the forenoon service on the Sunday, and found there a large congregation. The service was held on the platform of one of the largest houses. Anederea preached, a number sitting on the platform, others in the house, others on the ground all round, and many at the doors of their own houses, where they could hear all that was said. Mr. Lawes decided to remain at Kerepunu, to revise for the press a small book Anederea has been preparing, and to follow us to Teste Island in the Ellengowan.

We left Kerepunu on the morning of November 8, the Mayri leaving at the same time, to sail down inside the surf. We went right out to sea, so as to beat down, had fine weather, and were off Teste Island by the 16th. After dinner we took the boat, and with the captain went in on the east side of the island through the reef, to sound and find anchorage. When we reached the lagoon a catamaran with three natives on it came off to us. We asked for Koitau, the chief, which at once gave them confidence in us, so that they came alongside, one getting into the boat. He expressed his friendship to us in the usual way—viz. by touching his nose and stomach—and being very much excited, seized hold of Mr. Macfarlane and rubbed noses with him, doing the same to me. He received a present of a piece of hoop-iron and some red braid, which greatly pleased him. We found the water was deep enough over the reef for the vessel, and good anchorage inside. We went on to the village, to see about the supply of water.

The people were very friendly, and crowded round us. We were led up to a platform in front of one of their large houses, and there seated and regaled with cocoanuts. The natives here are much darker than are those at Kerepunu; most of them suffer from a very offensive-looking skin disease, which causes the skin to peel off in scales. In their conversation with one another I recognised several

Polynesian words. The water is obtained by digging in the sand, and is very brackish.

We came to anchor next morning, and soon were surrounded with canoes, and our deck swarmed with natives trading their curios, yams, cocoanuts, and fish for beads and hoop-iron. Many were swearing friendship, and exchanging names with us, in hopes of getting hoop-iron. There is as great a demand for hoop-iron here as for tobacco at Port Moresby. They told us they disliked fighting, but delighted in the dance, betel nut, and sleep. The majority have jet-black teeth, which they consider very beautiful, and all have their noses and ears pierced, with various sorts of nose and ear-rings, chiefly made from shell, inserted. A crown piece could easily be put through the lobe of their ears.

We went ashore in the afternoon. There are three villages, all close to one another. Their houses are built on poles, and are shaped like a canoe turned bottom upwards, others like one in the water. They ornament their houses on the outside with cocoanuts and shells. The nabobs of the place had skulls on the posts of their houses, which they said belonged to the enemies they had killed and eaten. One skull was very much fractured; they told us it was done with a stone axe, and showed us how they used these weapons.

We tried to explain to them that no one was to come to the vessel the next day, as it was a sacred day. In the early morning some canoes came off to trade, but we sent them ashore; a few more followed about breakfast time, which were also sent ashore. In the afternoon our old friend of the preceding day came off with his wife and two sons. He called out that he did not wish to come on board, but that he had brought some cooked food. We accepted his present, and he remained with his family in his canoe alongside the vessel for some time, and then went quietly ashore. We had three services on board, one

in the forenoon in Lifuan, in the afternoon in Rarotongan, and in the evening in English.

As Teste Island is about twenty miles from the mainland, with a dead beat to it, I decided to seek for a position more accessible to New Guinea, and as I had not a teacher to spare for this little island, Mr. Macfarlane decided to leave two of the Loyalty Island teachers here. It is fertile, and appears healthy, is two and a half miles long and half a mile broad. A ridge of hills runs right through its centre from east-north-east to west-south-west. The natives have some fine plantations on the north side, and on the south and east sides they have yam plantations to the very tops of the hills. There are plantations and fruit trees all round the island.

On Monday I accompanied Mr. Macfarlane when he went ashore to make arrangements to land his teachers and secure a house for them. The people seemed pleased that some of our party would remain with them. We passed a tabooed place, or rather would have done so had we not been forced to take a circuitous path in the bush. None of the natives spoke as we passed the place, nor till we were clear of it; they made signs also to us to be silent. A woman had died there lately, and the friends were still mourning. There had been no dancing in the settlement since the death, nor would there be any for some days to come.

I think women are more respected here than they are in some other heathen lands. They seem to keep fast hold of their own possessions. A man stole an ornament belonging to his wife, and sold it for hoop-iron on board the Bertha. When he went ashore he was met on the beach by his spouse, who had in the meantime missed her trinket; she assailed him with tongue, stick, and stone, and demanded the hoop-iron.

The teachers were landed in the afternoon, and were

well received. The natives all promised to care for them, and treat them kindly. There are about 250 natives on the island. Next morning we left, but, owing to light winds, we did not anchor in Hoop Iron Bay, off Moresby Island, till the morning of November 22. The anchorage here is in an open roadstead. It is a very fine island—the vegetation from the water's edge right up to the mountain tops. Plantations are to be seen all round. The people live in small detached companies, and are not so pleasant and friendly-looking a people as are the Teste Islanders. This is the great Basilaki, and the natives are apparently the deadly foes of all the islanders round. Before we anchored, we were surrounded by catamarans (three small logs lashed together) and canoes—spears in them all.

Mr. Macfarlane decided, as soon as we came to the island, that he would not land his teachers here; and I did not consider it a suitable place as a head station for New Guinea. We left Moresby Island at 6 A.M. on November 23, and beat through Fortescue Straits, between Moresby and Basilisk Islands. The scenery was grand—everything looked so fresh and green, very different from the death-like appearance of Port Moresby and vicinity. The four teachers were close behind us, in their large whale-boat, with part of their things. On getting out of the straits, we saw East Cape; but as there is no anchorage there we made for Killerton Island, about ten miles from the cape. The wind being very light, it was 8 P.M. before we anchored: the boat got up an hour after us. There was apparently great excitement ashore; lights were moving about in all directions, but none came to us. In the morning, a catamaran with two boys ventured alongside of us; they got a present, and went away shouting. Soon we were surrounded with catamarans and canoes, with three or four natives in each. They had no

FRUIT SELLERS COMING OFF TO A VESSEL

spears with them, nor did they kill a dog on our quarter-deck, as they did on that of the Basilisk. They appeared quite friendly, and free from shyness. They brought off their curios to barter for beads, red cloth, and the much-valued hoop-iron. The whole country looked productive and beautiful. After breakfast, we went ashore, and were led through swampy ground to see the water. On our return to the shore, we went in search of a position for the mission settlement, but could not get one far enough away from the swamp, so we took the boat and sailed a mile or two nearer the cape, where we found an excellent position near a river. Mr. Macfarlane obtained a fine new house for the teachers, in which they are to remain till they get a house built. We took all the teachers' goods ashore, which the natives helped to carry to the house. One man, who considered himself well dressed, kept near us all day. He had a pair of trousers, minus a leg: he fastened the body of the trousers round his head, and let the leg fall gracefully down his back.

On the following morning, two large canoes—twenty paddles in each—came in from somewhere about Milne Bay. They remained for some time near the shore, getting all the news they could about us from the shore folk; then the leader amongst them stood up and caught his nose and pointed to his stomach—we doing the same. The large canoes went ashore, and the chief came off to us in a small one. We gave him a present, which greatly pleased him.

After breakfast, we went ashore to hold a service with the teachers. We met under a large tree, near their house. About 600 natives were about us, and all round outside of the crowd were men armed with spears and clubs. Mr. Macfarlane preached. When the first hymn was being sung, a number of women and children got up and ran into the bush. The service was short; at its close we sat down

and sang hymns, which seemed to amuse them greatly. The painted and armed men were not at all pleasant-looking fellows.

At 2 in the morning (Monday) we weighed anchor and returned to Moresby Island. The wind was very light, and we had to anchor at the entrance to Fortescue Straits. Next morning we sailed through the straits, and on coming out on the opposite side we were glad to see the Bertha beating outside. By noon we were on board the Bertha and off for South Cape, the Mayri going to Teste Island with a letter, telling the captain of the Ellengowan to follow us, and also to see if the teachers were all right.

By evening we were well up to South Cape. The captain did not care to get too near at night, and stood away till morning. About 10 next morning I accompanied the captain in the boat, to sound and look for anchorage, which we found in twenty-two fathoms, near South-West Point. By half-past 5 that evening we anchored. The excitement ashore was great, and before the anchor was really down we were surrounded by canoes. As a people, they are small and puny, and much darker than the Eastern Polynesians. They were greatly excited over Pi's baby, a fine plump little fellow, seven months old, who, beside them, seemed a white child. Indeed, all they saw greatly astonished them. Canoes came off to us very early in the morning. About half-past 7, when we were ready to go ashore, there arose great consternation amongst the natives. Three large war canoes, with conch shells blowing, appeared off the mainland and paddled across the Mayri Straits. Soon a large war canoe appeared near the vessel. A great many small canoes from various parts of the mainland were ordered off by those on whose side we were anchored. They had to leave. On their departure a great shout was raised by the victorious party, and in a

short time all returned quietly to their bartering. It seemed that the Stacy Islanders wished to keep all the bartering to themselves. They did not wish the rest to obtain hoop-iron or any other foreign wealth. They are at feud with one party on the mainland, and I suppose in their late contests have been victorious, for they told us with great exultation that they had lately killed and eaten ten of their enemies from the mainland.

About 9, we went ashore near the anchorage. I crossed the island to the village, but did not feel satisfied as to the position. One of our guides to the village wore, as an armlet, the jawbone of a man from the mainland he had killed and eaten; others strutted about with human bones dangling from their hair and about their necks. It is only the village Tepauri on the mainland with which they are unfriendly. We returned to the boat, and sailed along the coast. On turning a cape, we came to a pretty village, on a well-wooded point. The people were friendly, and led us to see the water, of which there is a good supply. This is the spot for which we have been in search as a station for beginning work. We can go anywhere from here, and are surrounded by villages. The mainland is not more than a gun-shot across. God has led us. We made arrangements for a house for the teachers; then returned to the vessel.

In the afternoon I landed the teachers, their wives, and part of their goods—the people helping to carry the stuff to the house. The house in which the teachers are to reside till our own is finished is the largest in the place, but they can only get the use of one end of it—the owner, who considers himself the chief man of the place, requiring the other end for himself and family. The partition between the two ends is only two feet high. Skulls, shells, and cocoanuts are hung all about the house; the skulls are those of the enemies he and his people have eaten. Inside

the house, hung up on the wall, is a very large collection of human bones, bones of animals and of fish.

I selected a spot for our house on the point of land nearest the mainland. It is a large sand-hill, and well wooded at the back. We have a good piece of land, with bread-fruit and other fruit trees on it, which I hope soon to have cleared and planted with food, for the benefit of the teachers who may be here awaiting their stations, as well as for the teacher for the place. The frontage is the straits, with the mainland right opposite. There is a fine anchorage close to the house for vessels of any size.

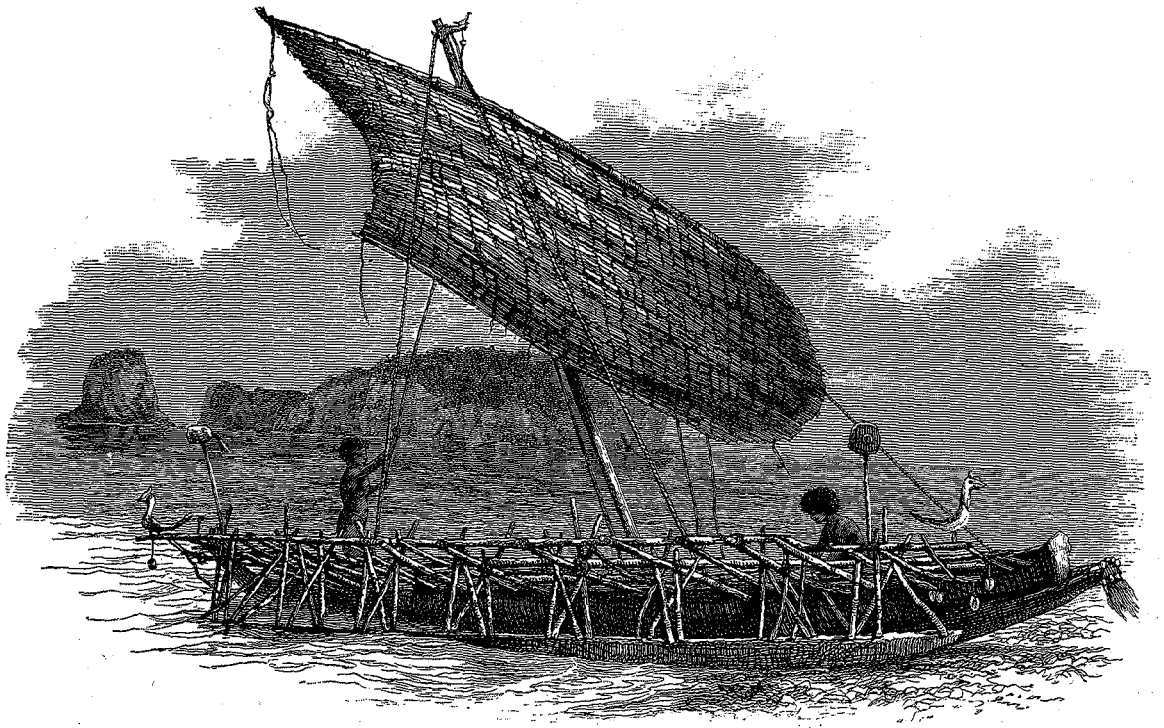
Early next morning there was great excitement ashore. The large war canoe came off, with drums beating and men dancing. They came alongside the Bertha, and presented us with a small pig and food. Then the men came on board and danced. The captain gave them a return present. Mr. Macfarlane and I went ashore immediately after breakfast, and found that the teachers had been kindly treated. We gave some natives a few axes, and they at once set off to cut wood for the house, and before we returned to the vessel in the evening two posts were up. As the Bertha's time was up, and the season for the trade winds closing, everything was done to get on with the house. Mr. Macfarlane worked well. Two men from the Bertha and two from the Mayri joined with the four teachers in the work, and by Tuesday the framework was nearly up. We landed our things that day, and immediately after breakfast on Wednesday, December 5, we went ashore to reside; and about 10 A.M. the Bertha left. On the Tuesday, Mr. Macfarlane and I visited several villages on the mainland: three in a deep bay, which must be very unhealthy, from the many swamps and high mountains around. The people appeared friendly, and got very excited over the presents we gave them.

On Sunday, we met for our usual public services under

a large tree, and a number of natives attended, who of course could not make out what was said, as they were conducted in Rarotongan. At our morning and evening prayers numbers are always about who seem to enjoy the singing. We see quite a number of strangers every day—some from Brumer Island, Tissot, Teste, China Straits, Catamaran Bay, Farm Bay, and other places. Those from Vakavaka—a place over by China Straits—are lighter and better-looking than those here. The women there do not seem to tattoo themselves. Here they tattoo themselves all over their faces and bodies, and make themselves look very ugly. I have not seen one large man or woman amongst them all.

We had much difficulty in getting a sufficient supply of plaited cocoanut leaves for the walls and roof of our house. By December 14 we had the walls and roof finished, when all our party moved into it. We had a curtain of unbleached calico put up between the teachers' end and ours, and curtains for doors and windows, but were glad to get into it in that unfinished state; the weather was breaking, and we felt anxious about the teachers sleeping in the tent when it rained, and we had no privacy at all where we were, and were tired of squatting on the ground, for we could not get a chair in our part of the house; indeed, the flooring was of such a construction that the legs of a chair or table would have soon gone through it.

On December 13 we were busy getting the wood we had cut for the flooring of our house into the sea to be rafted along; got ten large pieces into the water by breakfast time. After breakfast, Mrs. Chalmers and I were at the new house, with the captain of the Mayri, when we heard a noise like quarrelling. On looking out, I saw the natives very excited, and many of them running with spears and clubs towards the house where Mrs. Chalmers, about



A CHINA STRAITS CANOE

five minutes before, had left the teachers rising from breakfast. I hastened over, and pushed my way amongst the natives till I got to the front, when, to my horror, I was right in front of a gun aimed by one of the Mayri's crew (who had been helping us with the house) at a young man brandishing a spear. The aim was perfect: had the gun been fired—as it would have been had I not arrived in time—the native would have been shot dead. I pushed the native aside, and ordered the gun to be put down, and turned to the natives, shouting, *Besi, besi!* (Enough, enough!) Some of them returned their spears and clubs, but others remained threatening. I spoke to our party against using firearms, and then I caught the youth who was flourishing his spear, and with difficulty got it from him. Poor fellow! he cried with rage, yet he did me no harm. I clapped him, and got him to go away. All day he sat under a tree, which we had frequently to pass, but he would have nothing to say to us. It seems a knife had been stolen, and he being the only one about the house when it was missed, was accused of taking it. One of the teachers was winding line, and he caught the young fellow by the arm to inquire about the knife. The lad thought he was going to be tied up with the line: he struggled, got free, and raised the alarm.

Only the night before I had to warn the teachers against using firearms to alarm or threaten the natives. An axe was stolen; every place about was searched for it, and for some time without its being found. At last, a native found it buried in the sand near where it was last used. It had evidently been hidden there till a favourable opportunity should occur of taking it away. During the search, the owner of the axe (one of the teachers) ran off for his gun, and came rushing over with it. I ordered him to take it back, and in the evening told them it was only in New Guinea that guns were used by missionaries. It was not

so in any other mission I knew of, and if we could not live amongst the natives without arms, we had better remain at home ; and if I saw arms used again by them for anything except birds, or the like, I should have the whole of them thrown into the sea.

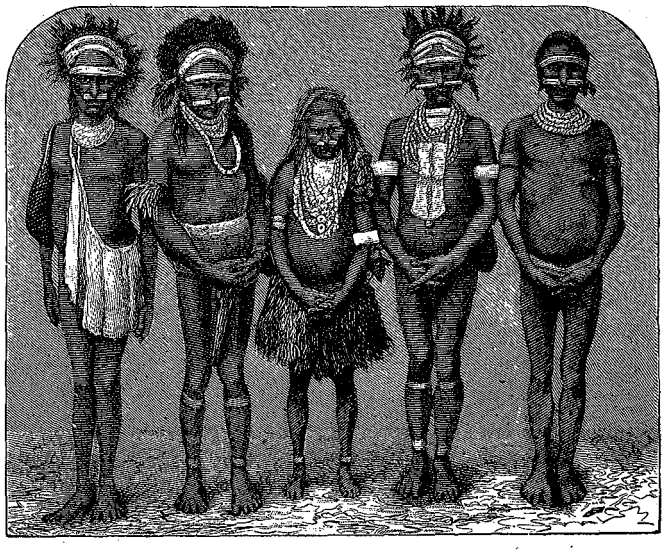
In the afternoon of December 14 I went over to the house in which we had been staying, to stir up the teachers to get the things over more quickly ; Mrs. Chalmers remaining at the new house to look after the things there, as, without doors or flooring, everything was exposed. I went to the seaside to call to the captain of the Mayri to send us the boat ashore, when, on looking towards my left, I saw twenty armed natives hurrying along. Though painted, I recognised some of them as those who were very friendly on board the Bertha, and spoke to them ; but they hurried past, frowning, and saying something I did not understand. They went straight on to the chief's house, and surrounded our party. I passed through, and stood in front of them. One very ugly-looking customer was brandishing his spear close by me. It was an anxious moment, and one in which I am sure many would have used firearms. I called out to the teachers, 'Remain quiet.' Our chief sprung out on to the platform in front of the house and harangued. He was very excited. Shortly he called to the teachers, in signs and words, to bring out their guns and fire. They refused. He then rushed into the house and seized a gun, and was making off with it when one of the teachers caught hold of him. I, seeing the teacher with the chief, thought something was wrong, and went to them. We quieted him, and did our best to explain to him that we were no fighters, but men of peace. The babel all round us was terrible. By-and-by a request was made to me to give the chief from the other side a present, and get him away. I said, 'No ; had he come in peace, and as a chief, I would have given him a present, but I will not do so now.' They

retired to deliberate, and sent another request for a present. 'No; no presents to men in arms. If the chief returns to-morrow unarmed, he will get a present.' It seems they are vexed with our living here instead of with them, because they find those here are getting what they consider very rich by our living with them. When quiet was restored, we returned to the carrying of our things. When we came to the last few things, our chief objected to their removal until he got a farewell present. He had been paid for the use of the house before any of us entered it; but we gave him another present, and so finished the business.

Our large cross-cut saw was stolen during the hubbub. It belonged to the teachers at East Cape. It had only been lent to us, so we had to get it back. The next morning the chief from the other side came to see me. He received a present, and looked particularly sheepish when I tried to explain to him that we did not like fighting. All day I took care to show that I was very displeased at the loss of the saw, and by the evening I was told that it had been taken by those on the other side; and offers of returning it were made, but I saw I was expected to buy it from them. I said, 'No; I will not buy what was stolen from me; the saw must be returned, and I will give an axe to the one who goes for it, and fetches it to me.'

The following day, Sunday, we held the usual services under a large tree near the mission-house. A great many strangers present; the latter were very troublesome. On Monday afternoon the saw was returned. The Mayri left us that day, to visit the teachers at East Cape. The people are getting quieter. At present they are chiefly interested in the sawing of the wood for the flooring of the house. They work willingly for a piece of hoop-iron and a few beads, but cannot do much continuously. They seem to

have no kind of worship, and their sports are few. The children swing, bathe, and sail small canoes. The grown-up people have their dance—a very poor sort of thing. A band of youths with drums stand close together, and in a most monotonous tone sing whilst they beat the drums. The dancers dance round the men once or twice, and all stop to rest a bit. I have been twice present when only



NATIVES OF SOUTH-EASTERN NEW GUINEA

the women danced. They bury their dead, and place houses over the graves, which they fence round, planting crotons, bananas, etc., inside. They do their cooking inside their houses. It was very hot and uncomfortable when we were in the native house. The master being a sort of chief, and having a large household, a great deal of cooking was required. Three large fires were generally burning in their end of the house for the greater part of the

day. The heat and smoke from these fires were not nice. Indeed, they generally had one or two burning all night, to serve for blankets, I suppose.

We went on with our work about the place, getting on well with the natives and with those from other parts. We became so friendly with the natives that I had hoped to go about with them in their canoes. Several natives from one of the settlements invited me to visit their place, and said that if I went with them in their canoe they would return me. I went with them, and was well received by all the people at the settlement, where I spent some hours. On December 21 the Mayri returned from East Cape, and reported that all were sick, but that the people were very friendly and kind to teachers. Anxious to keep the vessel employed, and to prepare the way for landing teachers, I resolved to visit a settlement on the mainland at deadly feud with this people. The people here tried hard to dissuade me from going, telling me that as I stayed with them my head would be cut off. Seeing me determined to go, they brought skulls, saying mine would be like that, to adorn their enemies' war canoe, or hang outside the chief's house. Feeling sure that they did not wish me to go because they were afraid the hoop-iron, the knives, axes, beads, and cloth might also be distributed on the other side, I told them I must go ; so they left me to my fate.

I took the teacher with me that I hoped to leave there. We were received very kindly by the people. They led us inland, to show us there was water, and when we got back to the seaside they regaled us with sugar-cane and cocoa-nuts. They then told us that they did not live at the village, but at the next, and merely came here for food. We then got into a canoe, and were paddled up to the other village, where a great crowd assembled, and where we publicly gave the chiefs our presents. They danced

with delight, and told the teacher not to be long until he came to reside with them.

On our return we thought our friends seemed disappointed. We had suffered no harm; however, as I had been unwell for some days, and felt worse on the day following my trip, they felt comforted, and assured me it was because of our visiting Tepauri. We had several things stolen, and amongst other things a camp oven, which we miss much. Yet these are things which must be borne, and we can hope that some day their stealing propensities will change. From a very unexpected source, and in a very unexpected manner, the whole prospects of this eastern mission seemed all at once to be upset.

About 12 o'clock on December 29 three lads from the Mayri came ashore to cut firewood. One of them came to me, saying, 'I 'fraid, sir, our captain he too fast with natives. One big follow he come on board, and he sit down below. Captain he tell him get up; he no get up. Captain he get sword, and he tell him, s'pose he no get up he cut head off; he get up, go ashore. I fear he no all right.' They left me and went towards the sawpit. Some men were clearing at the back of my house, some were putting up a cook-house, and the teachers were sawing wood. On the cook-house being finished, I was paying the men, when, on hearing a great noise, I rose up and saw those who were at the sawpit running away and leaping the fence, and heard firing as if from the vessel. I rushed into the house with my bag, and then out to see what it was. I saw natives on board the Mayri, and some in canoes; they were getting the hawser ashore, and pulling up the anchor, no doubt to take the vessel. Everywhere natives were appearing, some armed, and others unarmed. Two of the lads from the vessel, wishing to get on board, went to their boat, but found the natives would not let it go. I shouted to the natives detaining it to let

it go, which they did. Had I not been near, they would certainly have been fired upon by the two lads, who were armed with muskets. Before the boat got to the vessel I saw natives jump overboard, and soon the firing became brisker. I rushed along the beach, calling upon the natives to get into the bush, and to those on board to cease firing. Firing ceased, and soon I heard great wailing at the chief's house, where I was pressed to go. A man was shot through the leg and arm. On running through the village to the house to get something for the wounded man, I was stopped to see a young man bleeding profusely, shot through the left arm, the bullet entering the chest. I got some medicine and applied it to both.

When I reached the house I found Mrs. Chalmers the only calm person there. Natives were all around armed. When at the chief's house with medicine I was told there was still another, and he was on board. They kept shouting, 'Boeasi, Boeasi,' the name of the man who was on board in the morning. I found a small canoe all over blood, and two natives paddled me off. On getting alongside, I saw the captain sitting on deck, looking very white, and blood all about him. I asked, 'Is there still a man on board?' Answer: 'Yes.' 'Is he shot?' 'Yes.' 'Dead?' 'Yes.' He was dead, and lying below. I was afraid to remain long on board, and would not risk landing with the body; nor would it do for the body to be landed before me, as then I might be prevented from landing at all; so I got into the canoe, in which one native was sitting. The other was getting the body to place in the canoe; but I said, 'Not in this one, but a larger one.' So ashore I went, and hastened to the house. I understood the captain to say that they attempted to take his life, and this big man, armed with a large sugar-cane knife, was coming close up, and he shot him dead. The captain's foot was frightfully cut. He had a spear head in his side, and several other wounds.

The principal people seemed friendly, and kept assuring us that all was right, we should not be harmed. Great was the wailing when the body was landed, and arms were up and down pretty frequently. Canoes began to crowd in from the regions around. A man who had all along been very friendly and kept close by us advised us strongly to leave during the night, as assuredly, when the war canoes from the different parts came in, we should be murdered. I asked Mrs. Chalmers what she thought, but she was decidedly opposed to our leaving. She said, 'God will protect us. The vessel is too small, and not provisioned, and to leave will be to lose our position as well as endangering Teste and East Cape. We came here for Christ's work, and He will protect us.'

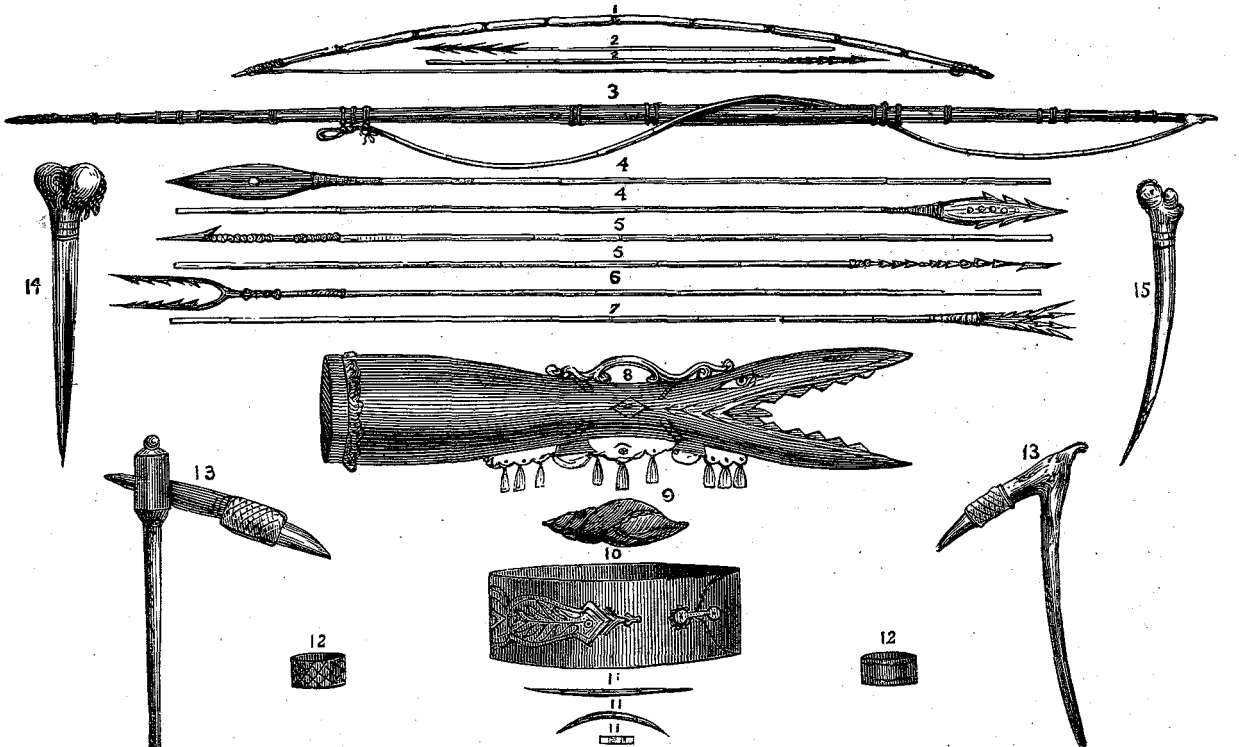
In the dusk one of the crew came ashore, saying that the captain was very ill, and wanted to go off to Murray Island. I could not go on board and leave them here. We consented to the vessel's leaving, and I gave the lad some medicine for the captain, and asked him to send on shore all he could spare in the way of beads, etc. I took all that was necessary, and about half-past 7 the vessel left. We were told we should have to pay something to smooth over the trouble, which we were quite willing to do. Late at night we had things ready. We had our evening prayers in Rarotongan, reading Psalm xlvi., and feeling that God was truly our refuge.

People were early about on the 30th. We gave the things which were prepared, and they were accepted. The people from the settlement to which the man belonged who was shot came to attack us, but the people here ordered them back. Many people came in from islands and mainland. A number of so-called chiefs tell us no one will injure us, and that we can go on with our work. We thought it not well to have services out of doors to-day, so held prayer-meetings in the house.

Great crowds came in from all round on the 31st, and many war canoes. The people were extremely impudent, jumping the fence and taking no heed of what we said. One of the chief men of the settlement to which the man who was shot belongs returned from Vaare (Teste Island). He seemed friendly, and I gave him a present. I had an invitation to attend a cannibal feast at one of the settlements. Some said it would consist of two men and a child, others of five and a child. The people continued troublesome all day, and seemed to think we had nothing else to do than attend to their demands.

On January 1 we were told we might be attacked. There was a great wailing assembly at the other village. A canoe from Tanosine, with a great many ugly-looking men, passed, and our friends here seemed to fear they would attack us. We thought everything settled, and that we should have no more to pay. The warp belonging to the Mayri was carried past to-day and offered for sale; but I would have nothing to do with it. We have tried the meek and quiet up till now, and they only become more impudent and threatening. Having tried the peaceful and pleasant, we determined to show the natives that we were not afraid, and resisted every demand, and insisted that there should be no more leaping the fence. On demands being made, I shouted, 'No more; wait, and when Beritama fighting canoe comes, then make your demands.' They seemed afraid, and became less troublesome.

In the afternoon of January 2 the parties who had the hawser brought it to me; but I would have nothing to do with it. I told them if Pouairo, the settlement of the man who was shot, determines to attack us, let them come; we, too, can fight. One of the teachers fired off his gun at some distance from a bread-fruit tree, and the bullet went clean through a limb of it; it caused great exclamations, and crowds went to look at it.



NEW GUINEA WEAPONS AND ORNAMENTS

The hawser was returned and left outside. We took no notice of it. The people were much quieter, and no demands were made. The cannibal feast was held. Some of our friends appeared with pieces of human flesh dangling from their neck and arms. The child was spared for a future time, it being considered too small. Amidst all the troubles Mrs. Chalmers was the only one who kept calm and well.

The Ellengowan arrived on January 20. The natives were beginning to think no vessel would come ; but when it arrived they were frightened, and willing to forget the Mayri affair. A few days before she arrived some of our friends warned us against going too far away from the house. After her arrival we were able to go about among the people again.

CHAPTER III

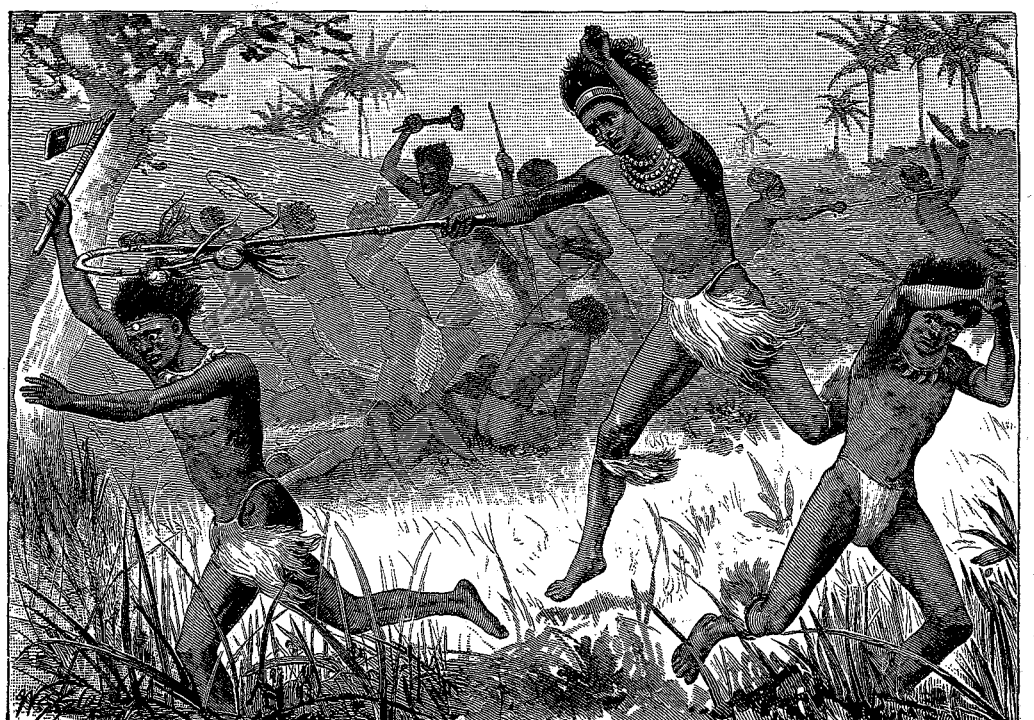
SOUTH CAPE IN 1878 AND IN 1882

IN 1878 missionary work was begun at South Cape, and four years after the establishment of that mission, on a review of the past, what evidences of progress were to be seen! There were signs of light breaking in upon the long, dark night of heathenism. Looking at the condition of this people when the missionaries and teachers first landed, what did they find? A people sunk in crime that to them has become a custom and religion—a people in whom murder is the finest art, and who from their earliest years study it. Disease, sickness, and death have all to be accounted for. They know nothing of malaria, filth, or contagion. Hence they hold that an enemy causes these things, and friends have to see that due punishment is made. The large night firefly helps to point in the direction of that enemy, or the spirits of departed ones are called in through spiritists' influence to come and assist and the medium pronouncing a neighbouring tribe guilty, the time is near when that tribe will be visited and cruel deeds done. They know nothing of a God of Love—only gods and spirits who are ever revengeful, and must be appeased; who fly about in the night and disturb the peace of homes. It is gross darkness and cruelty, brother's hand raised against brother's. Great is the chief who claims many skulls; and the youth who may wear a jawbone as an armlet is to be admired.

When we first landed here, the natives lived only to

fight, and the victory was celebrated by a cannibal feast. It is painfully significant to find that the only field in which New Guinea natives have shown much skill and ingenuity is in the manufacture of weapons. The illustration shows one of the most deadly of these in use. It is known as a man-catcher, and was invented by the natives of Hood Bay, but all over the vast island this loop of rattan cane is the constant companion of head-hunters. The peculiarity of the weapon is the deadly spike inserted in the handle. The *modus operandi* is as follows:—The loop is thrown over the unhappy wretch who is in retreat, and a vigorous pull from the brawny arm of the vengeful captor jerks the victim upon the spike, which (if the weapon be deftly handled) penetrates the body at the base of the brain, or if lower down, in the spine, in either case inflicting a death-wound.

All these things are changed, or in process of change. For several years there have been no cannibal ovens, no desire for skulls. Tribes that could not formerly meet but to fight, now meet as friends, and sit side by side in the same house worshipping the true God. Men and women who, on the arrival of the mission, sought the missionaries' lives, are only anxious now to do what they can to assist them, even to the washing of their feet. How the change came about is simply by the use of the same means as those acted upon in many islands in the Pacific. The first missionaries landed not only to preach the Gospel of Divine love, but also to live it, and to show to the savage a more excellent way than theirs. Learning the language, mixing freely with them, showing kindnesses, receiving the same, travelling with them, differing from them, making friends, assisting them in their trading, and in every way making them feel that their good only was sought. They thought at first that we were compelled to leave our own land because of hunger!



SAVAGE LIFE IN NEW GUINEA

Teachers were placed amongst the people; many sickened and died. There was a time of great trial, but how changed is everything now! Four years pass on, and in 1882 we visit them. We left Port Moresby, and arrived at South Cape on a Sunday. Morning service was finished, and from the vessel we saw a number of natives well dressed, standing near the mission-house, waiting to receive us. The teachers came off, and with them several lads, neatly dressed. After hearing from them of the work, and of how the people were observing the Sabbath, we landed, and were met by a quiet, orderly company of men, women, and boys, who welcomed us as real friends. The first to shake hands with us was a chief from the opposite side of the bay, who in early days gave us much trouble, and had to be well watched. Now he was dressed, and his appearance much altered. It was now possible to meet him and feel he was a friend. We found Pi Vaine very ill, and not likely to live long; yet she lived long enough to rejoice in the glorious success of the Gospel of Christ, and to see many of those for whom she laboured profess Christianity. We were astonished, when we met in the afternoon, at the orderly service, the nice, well-tuned singing of hymns, translated by the teacher, and the attention when he read a chapter in Mark's Gospel—translated by him from the Rarotongan into the dialect of the place. When he preached to them, all listened attentively, and seemed to be anxious not to forget a single word. Two natives prayed with great earnestness and solemnity. After service all remained, and were catechised on the sermon, and then several present stood up and exhorted their friends to receive the Gospel. Many strangers were present, and they were exhorted to come as often as possible and hear the good news. Then, again, others offered prayers. We found that numbers came in on the Saturday with food and cooking pots, and remained until

Monday morning. They lived with the teachers, and attended all the services, beginning with a prayer-meeting on Saturday night.

During our stay of a few days they all remained at the station, and we saw much of them. The teachers said there were twenty-one who professed faith in Christ and had given up heathenism and desired baptism. We visited further on to the east, and we were a week away on our return to South Cape, and after close examination of each candidate we decided to baptize them on the following Tuesday. The service was most interesting, and well attended by persons from various places. At night we examined the children and grown-up people who attended school, and were much pleased with them. A few could read in the Motu dialect; others knew how to put letters together and form words. Of those baptized several were anxious to be instructed, that they might be better fitted to do work for Christ amongst their own countrymen. Already they held services, and exhorted in other villages, and when travelling they did all the good they could to others.

The harvest ripens fast: where shall we look for labourers? The Master has said, 'Pray.' May they soon be sent! The light is shining, the darkness is breaking, and the thick clouds are moving, and the hidden ones are being gathered in. We have already plucked the first flowers; stern winter yields, and soon we shall have the full spring, the singing of birds, and the trees in full blossom. Hasten it, O Lord, we plead!

CHAPTER IV

A TRIP TO OIABU AND MEKEO

VISITING the West in 1883 and placing teachers at Maiva afforded us a good opportunity of seeing the district of Oiabu. Three years before, when visiting in the Gulf, we passed the eastern villages of this district, leaving them unvisited because the natives with us would not land, and spoke of the inhabitants as a tribe of pirates and murderers. As we were about to land young and inexperienced teachers in a new field, we were very anxious, and intended staying near them much longer than we are generally able to do. Invited by an old Oiabuan chief, who visited us at Maiva, to go to his village, we sent him home, saying we should soon follow. Before starting on a trip there is a great deal of work and excitement about the station. Orders are being given on all hands; sails, oars, mast, and boat are all under way; swag-making, food-boxing, collecting articles for trade, such as knives, tomahawks, beads, and tobacco, are all in full swing.

It was a beautiful morning, a fine land breeze and a smooth sea, little surf on the beach, and our small colony all alive long before daylight. A hurried breakfast, and soon it is, 'Launch boat, and let us away.' For the first time Maiva natives are to act as crew; only one Motu native accompanies us, our friend Vaaburi, who swears he can never leave me, but where I go he must go, and where I stay he must stay. It was delightful sailing along the

A TREE HOUSE FOR WOMEN AT KOIARI

coast, light wind, and two oars out. On rounding Cape Possession we had a strong current from the west, and the wind getting very light, we had to put out four oars and pull in close by the breakers. Soon our Maiva crew gave in and pulled away weakly, our Motu friend blowing them up, and saying he thought they were strong and able for any distance. 'Only wait until we become accustomed to these oars, and then!' 'Ah, do you think you will beat us then?' And so the quiet chaff goes on, helping to keep up the Maiva boys a little. About 11 o'clock A.M. we were off the first western village, where no white face had ever been seen. Getting through the surf, we struck on a bank, where we were met by the natives. Just beyond was another sheet of water, then the shore. Anxious that Mrs. Lawes should have the satisfaction of being the first to land among these pirates and murderers and on this part of the coast, a teacher on board picked her up and attempted to carry her from the bank to the shore, but, misjudging her weight, by comparing her in his mind with fever-stricken and worn-out beings, he was compelled to let her down in about three feet of water, when she waded ashore, the first really to land amongst these savages.

What a reception! Men, women, and children gather round, all are talking and shouting; a number come off to us, and help us into the lagoon, and soon we are all received in grand style, our boat is caught up, and away they walk with her far beyond high-water mark into the bush. What boots it now? We are entirely in their hands, and away we go, they carrying our goods to the village, a miserable collection of houses for New Guinea. There was one large temple. When Mrs. Lawes saw it she said, 'Why, impossible; I cannot go there. You surely do not expect me to ascend that ladder to such a height!' Ah, well, madam, if a better can be found, and something more terrestrial, so much the better. 'Take our gear somewhere else; the

lady cannot climb up these poles!' Away we go to another. Well, it was one foot lower, but certainly not more, and there were, perhaps, one or two more rungs in the ladder. It was a house 70 feet long and 20 feet broad, built on posts 18 feet from the ground; in front a large entrance or platform, in shape like a crocodile's mouth under jaw—platform, upper jaw—shade. Ah, dear lady, and what now? No weapons of any kind, and a crowd of excited savages all round, all urging ascent. Rungs are about 2½ feet apart, and made for more nimble legs. Here goes; and we climb. Not nearly so bad as was anticipated: the shaky binding gave way, and we might easily have gone over; but never mind, up, and wait to go down. The dubu is clean, and is at once handed over to us.

'Tamate, you take all for yourself and friends.'

I was never here before, yet find I am an old friend.

Having been long without food, we soon had a good fire on the platform, and kettle and pans on. I enjoy this kind of camping when with good, free-hearted companions, men and women who look upon a little roughing as thoroughly enjoyable, and who for the sake of it would leave their comfortable homes to have a spell of it. The dubu has only one small door into it from the verandah; inside it is dark, but when the eyes become accustomed, benches down both sides are seen, and nets, drums, bows, and arrows are all about. A large crowd of men gather on the platform, in order to have a good look at us. No women or children are allowed to ascend the ladder. The cooking was intensely interesting to them. While we were dining they behaved remarkably well, permitting us to eat in peace, and, sitting down, making quiet remarks amongst themselves.

On our leaving, the chief proffered his services to lead his new-made friends about. We crossed the creek and came to a tolerably large village, where there was drum-

ming, dancing, and feasting. It was one of their annual feasts. Squatting right in the centre of the village is our friend Vaaburi, surrounded by an admiring crowd. He is teaching them some new music, accompanying it with the drum. When he was with me on the Wolverene one of the tars presented him with a blue jumper, of which he was very proud, and wore for months; he now had it on. Our appearance, however, proved to be a more forcible attraction. A mat was spread, and we were invited to be seated. The crowd increased very much. After a little, three finely-dressed swells appeared, one of whom immediately claimed friendship with Mrs. Lawes. Vaaburi was interpreter. He said:

'Misi Haine, that is your friend; you met him and were kind to him long, long ago. Tamate, these are your friends. When you called here before, their fathers gave you cocoanuts and bananas and became your friends; they are dead, and now these are glad to see you.'

During our absence the ladder to our dubu had been strengthened and the rungs put much closer. We spent the hours until 10 P.M. singing, and then spread our mats on the platform, fearing to go inside because of the mice with which the dubu was infested. A little after 10 our native friends arrived to see how we were getting on, and insisted on Mrs. Lawes accompanying them to their home. They remained long, and would have remained all night but for a few presents, and being asked to leave us to sleep and return in the morning.

In the morning, at daylight, our friends returned, and with them a number of men, women, and children, carrying cooked and uncooked food. We had morning prayers, during which all remained very quiet. When we had finished breakfast we sang 'Auld lang syne,' and joined hands. The shouting and roaring were something terrible, and again and again we had to sing it, they joining hands

with great delight. *Encore* and again *encore*, and sing we must. Every new arrival must hear the song and join hands.

They brought us food and pigs; the latter we left for another occasion, the former filled our boat. They carried all our things down, and then walked the boat into the sea. What a farewell! Men, women, and children handshaking and shouting:

'Now do return soon; go, but let not many moons pass until we see you again.'

'Good-bye, Oiabu friends! we hope soon to return;' and away we went through the surf and returned to Maiva.

During my various visits to Maiva, the chief Meauri and his friends have always been anxious that I should visit a district friendly with them called Mekeo. They spoke of it as inhabited by a kindly people, who grew large quantities of various kinds of food, and had betel nuts in such abundance that they knew not what to do with them. During our present visit Meauri reminded me of a promise made some time ago that I certainly had forgotten, and begged me to go in and fulfil it.

We arranged to start on Monday morning, Meauri to accompany us; but when the morning came his lordship found some plausible excuse to remain behind, and we started, led by Meauri's two uncles, several cousins following. We found swamps at the back of the inland Maiva villages, between the latter and the low range of hills, about half a mile in breadth. We came to the first village, about nine miles from Maiva, close to a large, deep swamp. The houses were few, and built on very high posts. The natives were much afraid at first. It was soon evident that our guides had only to order what they desired, and it was at once fetched. After being refreshed with cocoanut we again started, and having walked about four miles we came to another small village, where we met Anapanau,

chief of Aepena, who was living here because he had recently lost one of his wives. He is a fine old fellow, light-coloured, tall, and well-proportioned, with enormous teeth, one formed like a horse's hoof. In the house in which we were resting were two large peculiar-looking things, made from the fibrous network, of a light-brown colour, got from the top of the cocoanut and sago-palm. The various pieces were carefully sewn together with the fibre from the bark of a tree. They were about seven feet long and three broad, and looked like cases in which dead bodies might be kept. Finding no peculiar effluvia, I made bold to ask, and was informed they were used as mosquito nettings; the sleepers crawled inside from the top, and then fastened down the door, preferring rather to be stewed than eaten.

The chief told us he was sorry he could not go on to the large village, but his brother would certainly receive us kindly. From the first village to this we had no swamps, only muddy patches here and there; the country was tolerably open, with long grass and clumps of trees. So it was from Aepena to Inauepae, three miles. We were right in the village before we were observed. We were warmly received by Anapanau's brother, Maino Parau. The afternoon being well advanced, cooking was soon begun, and a cup of refreshing tea made us feel less tired. The village is a large one, with an extensive cocoanut grove running right round. There are two rows of houses, with a nice clean street in the centre, and a miserable reception-house at each end. Some of the houses are well built, but not much can be said of others. The natives bury their dead in the front of their dwellings, and cover the grave with a small house, in which the near relatives sleep for several months.

Smoking long, we at last made a show of retiring, when fires were lighted all round and underneath. Down

blankets, up mosquito nettings, and turn in. I really cannot say which was worse, to be eaten by mosquitos or smoke-dried while living. Without the smoking, our faces would be like those of the boys who went to steal the honey in the night. By tucking our nets carefully under our blankets we were soon able to give orders to remove the underneath fires. The flooring of our house was only round pieces of different kinds of wood. We slept well, and were up betimes, walking about. Again our last night's visitors returned, and we determined to follow them. Our guides and new-made friends objected, but it was no use, we told them we must go on.

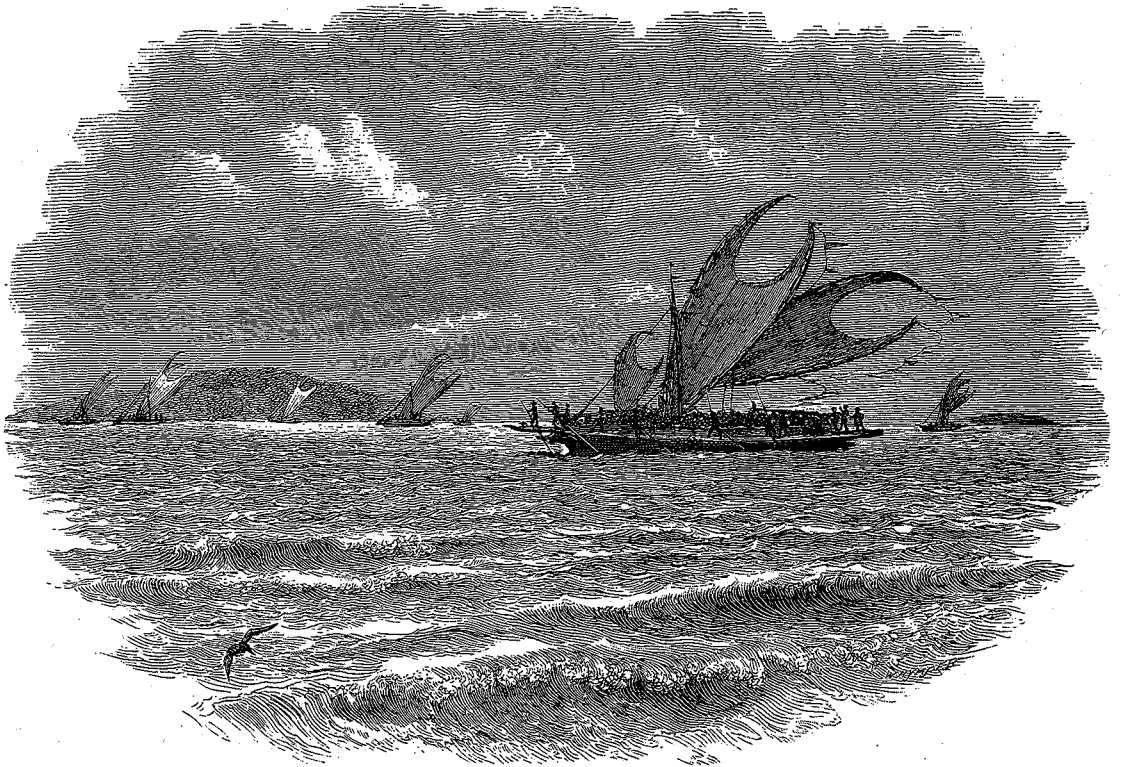
The natives are a very fine-looking people, light-coloured, tall, and well-built, and resemble those of Hood Bay more than any others I know. Having got our swags ready in the early morning, we were soon on the road for our homeward journey. Our carriers were heavily laden with betel nuts, and one with a dead dog and taro. Shortly after our arrival our hosts killed two dogs to entertain us, which our followers soon dismissed; the third was killed and sent to Meauri. In killing the dogs they struck them on the head with a large stick, and then broke all their legs. We arrived at Maiva about 2 P.M., wet and tired.

CHAPTER V

A TRADING VOYAGE WITH THE NATIVES

IN this chapter we shall, by means of brief extracts from the journal of a voyage undertaken in 1883, endeavour to convey to the reader some idea of the most interesting incidents in one of the annual trading trips to the West. This is the only known instance of a white man going on such a trip. The extracts are given at length, and it may not be amiss to point out that this was the only voyage that had at that date been made along the Papuan Gulf by a white man with natives in their lakatois.

October 5, 1883.—Long before daylight, sounds of weeping and wailing came from the village, and we knew that at last the sago traders to the West were really going to start. Long have I had a desire to take a trip in one of the lakatois, so yesterday I took my passage on board of the Kevaubada, commanded by Vaaburi and Aruako, and was, therefore, early astir this morning. A few tears and a little wailing awaited my exit. Saying good-bye to friends, I took the whale-boat and followed the canoes, which had left some time before, and joined mine at Kohu, about two miles from Port Moresby. Many friends were there to bid farewell to the adventurous spirits who for at least four months would be absent from their homes. Wood and water were put on board, sails were squared, and then began a terrible scene, weeping, howling, tearing hair, scratching faces until the blood flowed, clasping dear ones



FLEET OF LAKATOIS STARTING FOR THE WEST

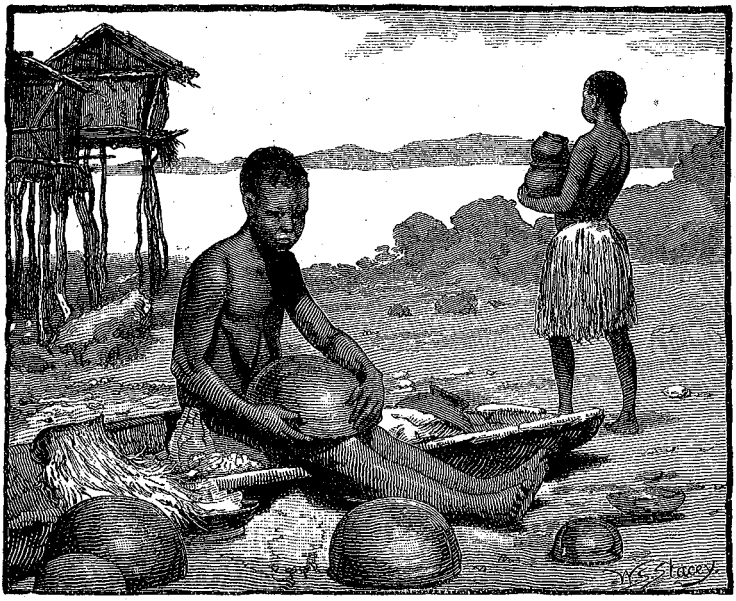
in long embraces: wives their husbands, children their parents, and young ladies their future husbands. It was enough to melt a stony heart.

At Idlers' Bay we parted with the last of our friends, and there tears were dried up and the ocean-singing began in right earnest. The laughing and joking was, however, strained, and not the hearty outburst of joyous hearts. We were thirty-five all told. Our lakatoi consisted of four large canoes lashed together, with good bulwarks made of leaves strongly bound together with mangrove saplings. We had two masts of mangrove, stepped on top of the canoes with stays and backstays of rattan cane. Our sails were made of mats and shaped like the large crab claw. Fore and aft were good-sized houses, made of wood, and packed full of pottery. Running right round was a platform $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet wide. The canoes were full of the pottery which for months past the women have been making, and in the centre, between the masts, was a large crate also full. On the top of the crate were two planks covered with a mat, and on these I slept. Close by me was Vaaburi, who seldom spoke, and who, until we passed Idlers' Bay, kept himself covered with a blanket; and on the other side was Keroro, a lad of ten years, who was acting for Aruako, and who was also considered *helaga* (=sacred). Hanging close by each was a small pot, in which was good-wind and favourable-weather medicine, consisting of burnt banana leaves. They told me although it was a good breeze it was impossible for the lakatoi to sail well to-day as there was too much feeling with the friends left behind, but to-morrow I should see what could be done.

We went about four knots an hour. We had several boys on board; each had his station, and was kept pretty constantly baling. About 11 P.M. we anchored eight miles east of Hall Sound. All were tired, and throats were very

sore from singing so much, so there was no need to drone to sleep.

October 6.—Not early awake, as when we rose the sun had already appeared in his gigantic striding over the high mountains of the Stanley Range. We have on board several church members, and before turning-to we had morning service, and then breakfast, when we poled in



WOMEN MAKING POTTERY

towards the shore reef, where all the young men landed to get wood, cane, and a large stone to be used as an anchor. They did all heartily, and seem to have got over the parting of yesterday. We have four cooking-places—two on the platform, and two inside, close by my quarters. The latter belong to the two chief men, and they being sacred can only have their food cooked there, and each has

a man to cook for him. The food must not be touched with the hands, and when they are eating they never speak. The former belong to the crew, and only there may they have their food cooked. The food in its uncooked state is first presented at each mast, when something like a prayer is offered to the spirits of their ancestors. On this voyage, a church member engaged in prayer to the only living and true God.

All ready; but we have to wait for wind, so the time is spent in going over their wealth. What a collection! Arm-shells, large and small; tomahawks, old and new; beads, foreign and native; cloth of all colours, nose-jewels, frontlets and breastplates. All exhibit, and in rotation.

I am anxious to press on, as I fear wind will fail in a day or two; but other canoes suggest our spending Sunday here. I am decidedly opposed, and propose spending Sunday at sea. Some of our crew are busy lashing the anchor—i.e. a large stone about three hundredweight—and they say they will soon be ready.

Noon.—I insist on leaving, so up sails, in hawsers (canes), and we clear away, soon followed by others, who are growling all the time they are getting ready. Everybody seems master, and I fancy all do as they like. Orders are given with great hesitancy, and in such a manner as if doubtful whether they will be attended to. Some wish to return and wait, and I fancy would be glad of an excuse to go back. To them this journey of 200 miles is something awful. The excuse is that the wind is not strong enough. I am asked to give orders for a short time, but decline, as I am anxious to see how they will act. All I insist on is that they keep on, and on no account dilly-dally so as to lose the wind. They have become very scrupulous about Sunday, and are anxious to put into Delena; but I explain to them the day can be more quietly and profitably spent at sea.

We were quite away, and I was standing on my deck bunk—dinner being spread for the crew—when Aruako, an old robber-chief, who was the cause of much suffering in past years, said, 'Tamate, would you sit down for a little until I ask God's blessing on this food, that my boys may eat?' He lacks knowledge, but from all I have seen of him he means well.

When in front of Hall Sound entrance, the lakatoi was brought right up in the wind, and the robber-chief took his little nephew by the hand and handing him two wisps of cassowary feathers, stood in front shaking them with a peculiar motion of the body, and turning to the foremast did the same; then came aft, and turning to the mainmast went through the same performance. When breaking her off again all shouted, as if driving something away.

Long ago, it seems, the Motuans, to keep an open coast, killed many Loloans, who had interfered with one of their canoes, and since then the Lolo spirits have been troublesome in that one place, detaining the lakatois; hence the above incantation to drive them away. We were successful, and got beyond the passage all right, the tide being on the slack at the time.

Immediately after, several bunches of bananas were brought to each mast, which formerly would have been presented as a thank- and peace-offering to the spirits of ancestors, and I doubt not were so in many minds now, only the church members sought blessing on food from Him whom they profess to love and serve. How busy all are, scraping bananas, cleaning pots, and getting water!

Nothing is thrown overboard: the banana skin is carefully kept, to be thrown into the river we enter. To throw anything overboard now would be a terrible crime, and cause the spirits to oppose us in every way. Unfortunately, I cannot remember, and so often offend with banana skin

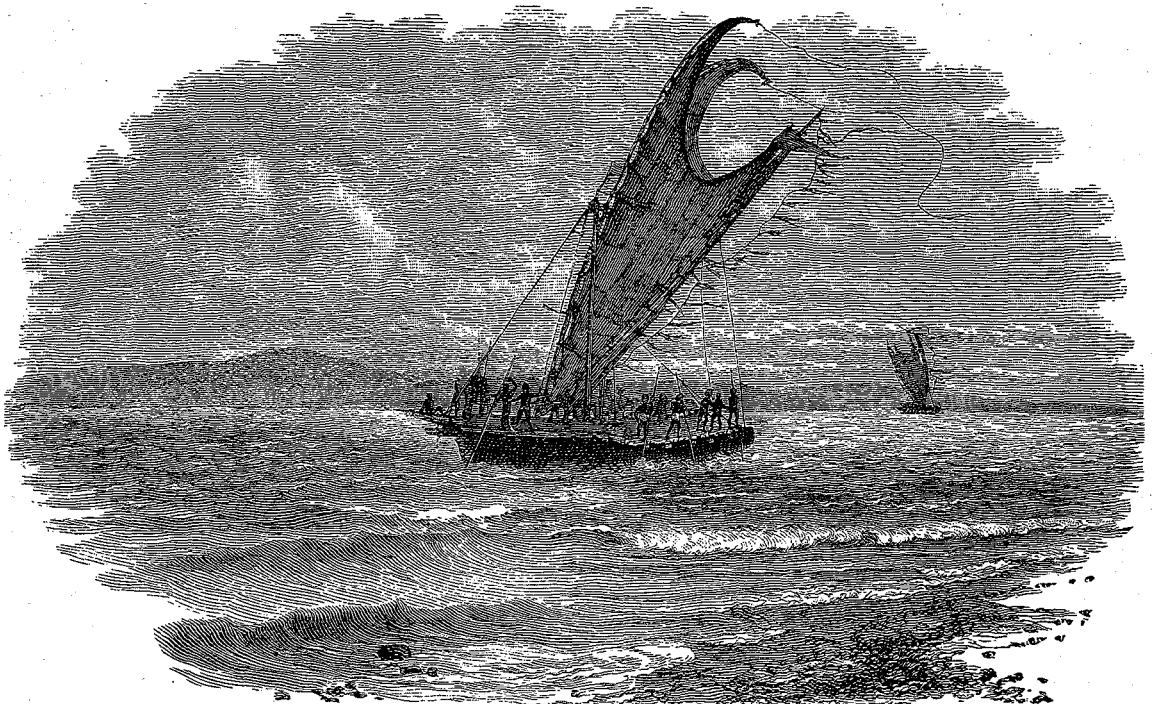
and cocoanut shell. At sunset we were off Maiva; the other lakatois put into Delena.

SUNDAY, October 7.—During the night there was very little wind, and at daybreak we were only off Oiabu, round Cape Possession. All night long the singing and drumming were continued, so now that it is morning all are quiet and many asleep. In the singing Vaaburi coaches them. We are nearing Iokea, and hope to have communication. The wind has entirely failed, and after pulling for two hours we found we were going back with the strong current; so out anchor, with about thirty fathoms of cane rope. The cane is made fast to the mast. After anchoring, all are assembled; and we have a very pleasant service, conducted chiefly by the Motuans. It was short, but I think to the point. Many of the Motuans have a tendency to exceedingly long prayers, but to-day, having been told beforehand, they were short and precise, not wandering over many fields. The Iokeans seem to be away from home, possibly hunting.

Afternoon.—We have been anxiously waiting for wind, but, alas! that commodity seems scarce indeed, so we are still at anchor, and have another short interesting service. I fear there is no chance of a start to-day, and some are now talking of a hunt to-morrow. I did hope to see some old friends from the shore with cocoanuts and some cooked food.

In the evening we heaved anchor, and dropped down with the tide nearer the village, to be ready to get wood and water in the morning.

October 8.—Very early in the morning we saw the other canoes far out, and bearing away for Maclatchie Point. The Porebada and Tatana canoes have just anchored close by us. A small canoe came off from the shore, and in it three old friends with cocoanuts. I landed at Iokea, and met my old friend Rahe Makeu, of Motumotu,



LAKATOIS IN FULL SAIL

who is here planting. He is very pleased to meet me, and wishes I would go now to Motumotu. This is the beginning of Elema, and the beginning of nose-rubbing. Sharp noses would soon be flattened in this district, and it would be as well to carry a small pocket looking-glass, as the face-colours are varied.

About twelve we bade farewell to our friends, up sail, in anchor, and away. We have a fine breeze, but a strong current against us. Near sundown we were off Motumotu, and saw the Tatana and Porebada lakatois enter the river. Our sail gave way, so it had to be lowered for repairs, which were soon executed. All the food to be cooked for the crew is first placed close by the masts. To-night several bunches were so placed and presented to the spirits, that we might get along quicker. The current is very strong against us, and the wind is light. Instead of following the old customs, they consent to one of the church members engaging in prayer. The singing and drum-beating continues, and hopes are great that we shall anchor to-morrow at Vailala or Perau, on the Annie River.

October 9.—We have had the strong current all night, and a light easterly wind. This morning the wind is so light that the long paddles are out and several are pulling hard. Last night, about 9, we were close alongside a large schooner beating to the eastward. I had turned in, thinking the light we saw was one of the other lakatois, so we kept away from her, but not long after there was a terrific shout, *Nao, nao* (foreigner), so I sprang up, and found we were close under the schooner. I hailed her, but all we could make out was that she was from Thursday Island.

Soon after, I went to sleep, but not for long, as I was aroused by those on duty, who must have thought the bay full of foreign vessels, as they reported more lights. This time the lights were from the lakatois we had seen far out

in the morning, and who, finding the current too strong, stood in. We were then close to the Cupola and near to Uamai and Silo. We spoke the lakatois, and then instructions were given for no more lights to be shown and no more singing, as the natives from the shore might see us, and come off in canoes and take us, simply for the sake of the pottery.

It seems that about midnight one of the canoes put about and bore down, wishing all to turn back to Karama and Motumotu, because of the strong current. Our people said, 'No; pull away till morning. We have Tamate on board, and must do our best to get to Vailala,' and stood on, when the others followed. Had I not been on board, the whole party would have gone back to the above places.

We are this morning in sight of Maclatchie Point. Pisi is on our starboard beam; right ahead are the Searle Hills, and away at the back the Albert Range.

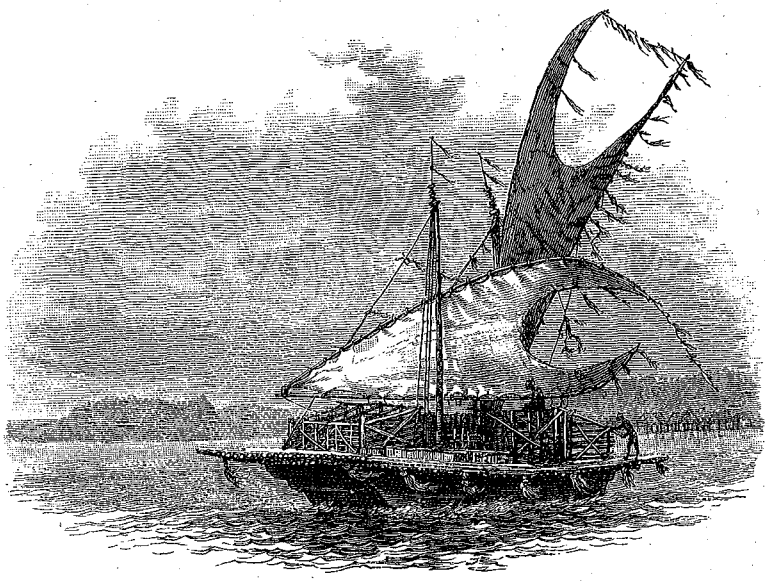
11 A.M.—No wind; we are pulling, and only just able to hold our own against the current. A large fighting canoe is coming towards us, and our folks seem much concerned; they ask Johnnie, my boy from the East End, to get his old fowling-piece charged, so as to be ready; but he takes no notice, and they are afraid to appeal to me. We have been boarded by a noisy, impudent lot. Before they approached, our boys hid all their valuables. As they neared I saw they were making for the bow, so I ordered them aft, and called out that they must not come on board. They seemed prepared to fight; bows and arrows were all handy on the platform, fighting armlets were on, and a few had their clubs hanging on their backs. They said they had come for us, and Tamate and the lakatoi must go with them. I told them, 'No, Tamate must go to Vailala, and I intended going to Namau.' They replied, 'You will not go on; we shall keep you;' and their canoe getting close,

two of them stepped on board, giving orders to make for their place. One of them seized me, and rubbed noses, and begged of me, as his friend, to land. 'No, I will go on; I shall not go in here.' They were very excited, and looked nasty; but our people were beginning to look as nasty, especially Aruako, the robber-chief. I was anxious to avoid a collision, as this would make it unpleasant for me afterwards. A piece of rope fell into the water, and was picked up by them. Their canoe being close enough, Aruako stepped into it and took it from them, when one of them seized his club. Aruako looked black and fierce, and asked if they wanted to fight, for if they did just say so, and they would have plenty, for his first action would be to break up their canoe, and then with arrows to shoot them down. 'No, no, we do not wish to fight; but, great chief, your lakatoi must come to us. Our wives say we are weak and worthless, hence we have no lakatoi, and they have sent us off.' We insisted on their leaving; and, anxious they should do so without a threat, I addressed my new friend, and told him they must not press on us, as I must go to Vailala. Again we rubbed noses; he asked me for an uro, and as I had none he begged for a piece of cloth. I took off my shirt, which wanted washing, and gave it to him, and so saved myself trouble with soap and water. Again we rubbed noses, and spoke of sincere friendship; they got into the canoe and left us, saying, 'It is good; Tamate go.'

Another lakatoi, about two miles from us, was then made for, joined by two more canoes from Pisi: and whilst I write the three are alongside. I do hope there will be no trouble. We cannot help them, so they must make the best of it. The plan they adopt is to board the lakatois, and if strong enough take everything of value, and so compel their victims to go with them. They will pay well for everything taken. If the Motuans resist, of course a fight

takes place. They will be ashamed to return if they do not succeed, and will probably visit Kerema, on the other side of the harbour, where two lakatois have already gone, and quarrel with them, to show their wives they have done their best. Their one cry is for pottery to cook their food, and that they may have hot water (gravy) to drink.

A light breeze is coming up, and we are beginning to



A LAKATOI GOING WEST

move from their vicinity. The sun has been hot, very hot, all the morning. We are moving on.

October 10.—Two canoes got in before us yesterday. We got in about 7 P.M., making the passage after dark. What excitement! We hoped for a clear sunset, but the sun disappeared behind a thick covering ere taking his nightly bath. When nearing the passage, orders were many, and great were the preparations made. We must

go in on the other tack. "'Bout ship,' and all young fellows were warned to keep to their stations, fore-and-aft men stand with paddles, the hawsers (canes) are all got ready to be thrown to the crowd standing on the point, who are to pull us over the bank and up the stream. The deep passage is avoided, as the wind is light and the river-current strong. When I heard that the hawser was to be handed ashore, I thought immediately of getting my books and a few things I wished to keep dry together, and if possible get them ashore, for I expected nothing but a general smash-up in the great white surf. I looked steadily ahead; on she goes, up, down, all around terrific breakers. Ah! there it is now; one sea has boarded us; we are right in the breakers; shore-lights are guiding us, everybody is shouting; one man is calling on his ancestors and talking to the wild seas, and saying, 'Oh, my lakatoi, my lakatoi; oh, my lakatoi will be broken.' Well done, she is on the bank. I now see all know what they are about. Hallo! a terrific sea; she swings, is soon righted; a loud voice calls, 'Boys, don't be afraid, keep to your stations;' she is away, sails are drawing, excitement getting greater; shouting fore and aft, some calling, 'Pray, oh pray!' On we go on the tops of seas; nearer, still nearer; the men on the shore are close by; what now?

The hawser is left, we are aground; one rush on to the platform over the bulwarks, fore and aft, regardless of lakatoi coming to grief; about 150 men have boarded us, shouting, yelling, and rubbing noses. What is it? In the dark one might think a certain region had opened wide its portals and the imprisoned got free. Oh no, they are all excited friends; joy overflowing at meeting us. All right now; majority step overboard into the surf, seize the hawser, and soon walk us away into calm water, and up the river to the village. We are all right; no damage, not even a wetting.

I have friends innumerable who claim me. Alas, alas! I cannot say I like this nose-rubbing; and having no looking-glass, I cannot tell the state of my face. When your nose is flattened, or at a peculiar angle, and your face one mass of pigment! Cover it over, and say no more.

In getting near the village a canoe comes down to us, and there is soon on board my old friend Avea. The excitement is something terrible—shouting, bawling, screaming, kept up until 10 P.M., when I land and make myself comfortable on the roomy verandah or platform of a large dubu. The people in the dubu receive many instructions concerning me, and are warned to be quiet and treat me well.

So ends my trip on board the Motu lakatoi, Kevaubada. I enjoyed it much; it was unique, and I shall not soon forget the kindness of all on board. They managed their cumbersome craft well, and would do so, I doubt not, in much worse weather than we had. I was more comfortable than I could have been on board the whale-boat, in which I have often had to make long voyages. We had not been in long when it blew hard from the east, and about 1 A.M. it began to rain, and continued until daylight, a true torrid zone downpour. When it began, Keni, a Motu celebrity from one of the other lakatois, came to me, saying he was going to keep me company and see that all went well with me; but the rain was too much for him, and he soon disappeared into the more sacred and warmer precincts of the dubu.

What a day! These people need much to be taught, constantly taught, that 'the merciful man is merciful to his beast.' On board of the canoes, goods were early disposed of; toeas (arm-shells), large and small, tomahawks, native beads, shirts, etc., were given away, each going to his own particular friend. And now the slaughtering or murdering is going on. Several dogs have departed this life. They

were caught by the hind legs and their brains dashed out against the canoes. Horns have been blowing, and pigs, some large, others of ordinary size, have been brought in well bound, and, hanging on poles, have had their skulls smashed with pieces of wood or stone clubs. It is so horrible that I dare not taste pork, but my expostulations are only laughed at. They seem drunken with dogs and swine, and care for nothing. Hanging all round the lakatois, and in numerous pots ready for cooking, are large supplies of the above. Inside of the bulwarks a terrible mess—betel nuts, pepper, cocoanuts, old and young, and sago, cooked and uncooked, with natives squatting everywhere. Now is feasting time; after some days canoe-cutting will begin, and in return for the things now given the natives will help, and when the new canoes leave give payment in sago over and above that received all the time the lakatois are here. The pottery is disposed of last.

My quarters are not at all bad. The dubu is large, about fifty feet in height in front; the platform I am on is about ten feet from the ground, and one with the flooring of the dubu. I am outside, preferring it for light and air; and hanging all round there are charms large and small, nets used for river and surf fishing, and fish-traps made like fools' caps of the spines of the sago frond, bows and arrows, and a few clubs. Entering by a small aperture, we are quite in, and when the eyes become accustomed to the darkness many are the charms, masks, bows, and arrows to be seen; and running along on each side places like stalls, inside of which are fireplaces, with pieces of rope hanging over—on these the sleepers hang their feet. During the day very few are about, but at night the building is well filled with men, who come tumbling in at all hours. My compartment is seven feet by three, with room for my goods and chattels, and for Johnnie to sleep alongside. I have slung my hammock between the posts on the plat-

form. Over my head in the thatch are numerous arrows which have been shot there. The custom is, when the warriors return from a successful fight, to fire off arrows that will stick in the thatch.

Afternoon.—One of the lakatois has begun disposing of cargo. All the pottery belonging to a man is arranged on the beach, and into each two small pieces of wood are put, and when finished the owner returns along the row, takes one piece out, and the purchaser follows, taking the other. Both parties tie the tokens carefully up, and put them away in a safe place, then the purchaser's family and friends come and carry away the pottery. When the time arrives for the lakatoi to return, the purchaser and all his friends set to work and get the sago required, one bundle of sago for each piece of wood. When the sago is finished he sends for the Motuan, who enters the sago-house with his small parcel, counts the tokens, and then counts the sago, and if all is right he then carries them on board ; if one or more bundles is short, there is a lively disturbance. In front of every dubu to-day are numbers of bows and arrows, all ready for action in the event of a disturbance over the trading.

October 11.—One night, the lakatois being close by the large platform on which I live, I gave instructions that when they saw my lamp burning brightly all should be quiet, and we would have evening prayers. So about 7 P.M. quietness stole over the immense gulf-sailing crafts and the usually noisy Vailala natives about me. I read from St. Matthew's Gospel, and then gave an address. The audience was large, and seemed to be deeply interested.

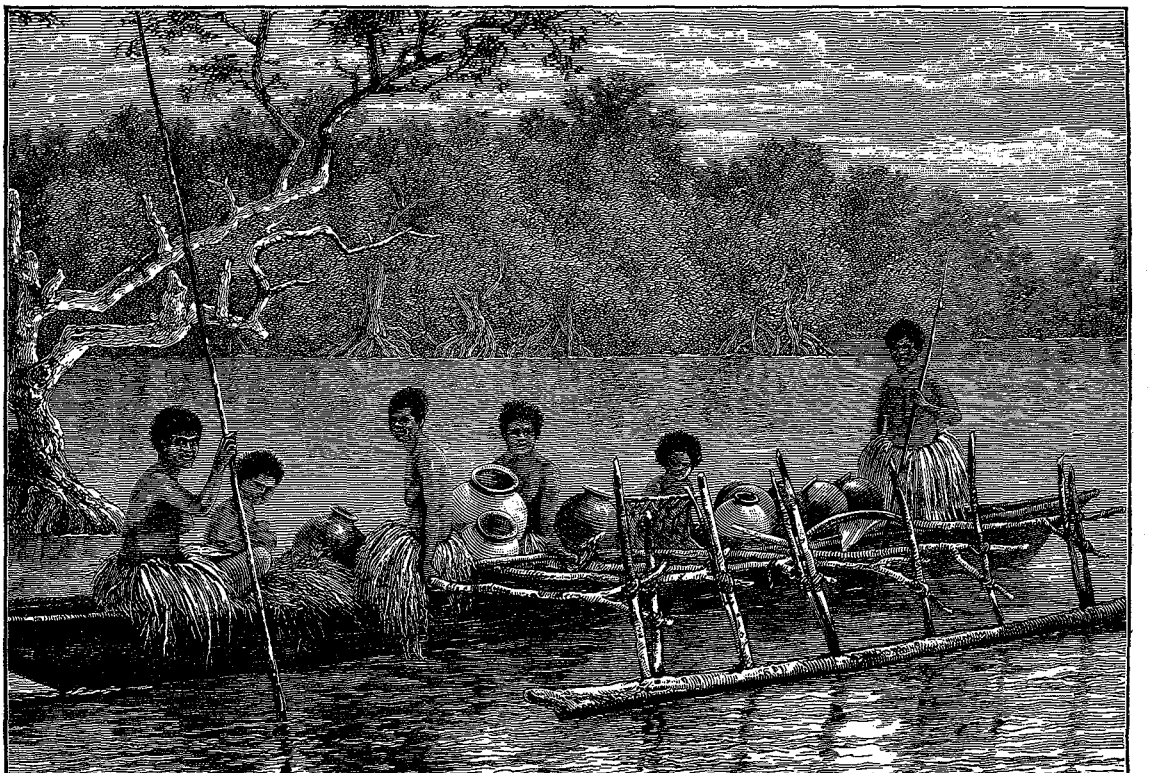
A so-called friend has just been here to say he is very angry because I have not given him a tomahawk. I tell him I give nothing and want nothing until I return from the West, and then I shall buy a pig for the expected boat's crew from Port Moresby, but no sago.

For my western trip I must go to Orokolo, and to my friend Apohe. There is a Maipua man here, Kunu, who will accompany me. He says he will go with me to other places. The people here are too busy, and will be so for a long time. They say now they are afraid; but the first night they were not so, promising heartily to go with me.

A crowd of Orokolans have come in, and with them the chiefs, Mama and Apohe. When I asked the latter to accompany me to Namau, he at once willingly consented; but my angry friend of the morning said something, and all was changed. He found that he could not go—that he had killed people belonging to each place. I stopped negotiations at once, and went away as if terribly displeased. We shall see how this ends.

There are chiefs in from several places, and all wish me to visit their districts. I tell them I have come for one object, and that I must accomplish, before I undertake anything else. The crews of the lakatois close by insist on my accepting a present of pottery. I am doubtful, but yield and say, 'All right.' Now, what am I to do with the pottery; and then what am I to give the crews for the articles? Will they ever be satisfied? Presents from natives are not so easily accepted, and I fancy are never paid for, as the givers ever remind you, although you may have made presents in return a dozen times the value.

I have just had to assert myself, and show them I must not be hampered. Having given Mama and Apohe of Orokolo presents, our dubu chief in coming up was very angry. He scowled, shouted, and talked much. Having leather belts, I thought I would try him, and went to give him one, pretending to think he was angry with some one else; but he gave me his back. All right, friend. With savages I do not give up soon. I put the belt in his bag, when he looked black as a dark thundercloud, and again began shouting and talking loud, and on my approaching



WOMEN'S CANOE LADEN WITH POTTERY

him would have none of me. Now, I must have liberty to do as I like, give to whom I like, and go where I like. It is now my turn to look black and to speak loud, so in Motu I tell the crowd to stand out of the way, and then I call on boys from the lakatoi to come at once and pick up my things, and turning round roll up my mat and blanket to tie up, when the old fellow came, saying, 'Oh, Tamate, stay, stay. I was not angry with you, but with others. Do stay; do not leave me;' and insisted on rubbing noses. The boys came, and I got them to explain that I came for one object; and if not attained, I return with all I have got, and that I must be allowed to do as I like, to give what I like, and to whomsoever I like. The old fellow says, 'All right,' and I must not be vexed; just so, and I am not.

It is really pleasant to see so many old men and women about. Some have seen many, many years indeed, and have their children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren about them. This cannot certainly be an unhealthy place, and there is always a constant supply of good food. The great blessing of the ancient city may be seen here, old men and women, and the streets echoing again with the noise of children. May it long, long continue!

CHAPTER VI

AMONG THE CANNIBALS

I HOPE to start on Saturday for Orokolo, spend Sunday there, and on Monday morning away for Maipua. Delay is dangerous with natives, and the work of to-day left until to-morrow, to-morrow, the everlasting to-morrow, which never comes, and wearies the soul out of all strength and doing. I would get rid of to-morrow, if to-day were only long enough.

October 12, 1883.—Rained, thundered, and blew all night. My blanket is rather heavy this morning. The dubu was well filled. The natives must have been packed sardine fashion. This morning at prayers on the platform Aruadaela prayed that their young men might be saved from the devil's power, 'and, if fishing in the river by-and-by, be preserved from these devils (crocodiles) floating about.' Great is the demand for fish-hooks. They are preferred to anything else, except tomahawks. I wished to get a fine carved pipe, and offered a knife, but was refused. My boy, Friday, got it for three fish-hooks.

We have just finished our first school, held on our platform. When teaching our pupils 'A' they were convulsed with laughter, but after a time repeated well, one old handsome gentleman remembering so as to repeat several letters alone. A few years ago we prepared a sheet of sentences, the Commandments, and Lord's Prayer in their dialect, and now begin teaching it here. We sung A B C to the tune of 'Auld lang syne;' all tried to join,

and it was like a thunderstorm between two hills, or over a city.

Afternoon.—I have been trying to translate two hymns, but I find the Motuans do not know a word of the true Elema dialect. They have a trading dialect, understood well by both parties, but neither can tell whence it came, nor who first used it, and it is only used by the Motuans and themselves. They say it is from ancient times, and friend Keni suggests it was taught to Edae by the spirit, in the ocean cave. With Avea's help I have finished two hymns, which, when read over and sung, are pronounced good by the people. Sitting in front of me is a man busily engaged in carving a spoon, made from the shell of the cocoanut, and his only tools are a small shell and a piece of flint brought from the east.

October 13.—Hoped to have left to-day for Orokolo, but now raining very steadily, and likely to continue.

The natives have Kaevakuku here also. We saw the men wearing the masks first on the other side, and taking a canoe, they crossed, paddling themselves. When coming along the beach from their canoe some of the men and all the lads in our dubu began shouting, sprung down from the platform, and away to the bush. The shouting informed the people in the village of the arrival, and the place was soon cleared of all women and children.

The Kaevakuku are connected with a sacred festival, and they hold the power of taboo over cocoanuts and food required for the coming feast. All the men engaged in Kaevakuku are sacred for at least three moons before the feast, not seeing wife or children, and not living anywhere near their own houses. They have large masks, two, three, four feet in height, which they wear when going about. Eight of these masks are now deposited in the Sydney Museum. These masks are generally shaped like a fool's cap, and the face represents some animal with a very long

A STREET IN AN AROMA VILLAGE

mouth and teeth. The hat is made with small branches, wickerwork covered with native cloth, painted white, red, and black. They wear a cloak about 2½ feet long, and a petticoat or kilt about eighteen inches long, both made from the fibre of the large yellow hibiscus. They are not nearly so imposing as the Maiva Kaevakukus, who look like walking haystacks with large masks on the top.

Before coming up to our platform they danced and rushed about, brandishing a stick held in the right hand. When finished, they ascended and went right in, where they undressed for a breathing spell. I tried one of the masks on, but it was too small for my large pate.

So as to get away easily and quietly this morning, Johnnie and I packed last night in the dark. Our friends here are afraid I shall take away everything to Orokolo and Maipua. This is one of the difficulties of travelling amongst natives, the people you are with will do all they can to prevent their neighbours or neighbouring tribe getting anything. I have a borrowed iron box, a splendid article; it locks, and into that I have packed everything of value. We have only one basket and my swag, everything else is left here.

How interested they are in my writing! Every day when at it I have admiring crowds to witness, and when new arrivals come on to the platform it is the one thing most spoken about, and I am generally pressed to do a little. Having cleared up, and 'the pride of the morning' departed, we had breakfast and were away by 9 o'clock. Passing through the village on the other side I met my friend Meka, who insisted on my visiting his dubu and drinking a cocoanut. It is a very fine building. On entering it was very dark, but after a little I could see better. There were eighty masks arranged down each side, forty a side, and alongside of each mask a stick. There were drums; pretty small ladders, made of cane, and used to

ascend when beautifying the dubu ; spears, clubs, bows and arrows, and many other things. Outside there is a splendid platform at present, because of Kaevakuku surrounded with cocoanut leaves, so that impure eyes may not peer into the mysteries. Overhead, very high up, is the long peaked roof, in which many arrows were sticking, and small pieces of wood ornamented with feathers representing the spirits. Anxious to get away, I bade my friend 'stay,' and promised, if I had time on my return, to spend a night in his dubu.

The tide being low, we travelled along the beach in a broiling sun ; no wind ; and although by this time I ought to be accustomed to it, yet I did indeed feel it hot. We passed several fishing parties, men with nets about nine feet square attached to two sticks, which they lifted up and down in the water. The women had bag nets on a long stick, and used them much in the same way. They had also small bags hanging from their heads down their backs, and into which all fish caught were put. The young lads had hand-traps made of the ribs of the sago frond, with which they ran about and placed over fish, putting their hands in from the top to catch them.

It was thirsty travelling, and I longed for a cocoanut, but was told to wait. So wait I did, until about half-way, when I was told that friends from Orokolo were coming to meet me. Soon I could see a white shirt with red trappings in the bush, and I knew my good friend Apohe was awaiting me, and with him about fifty young men. The native 'champagne' (cocoanut water) is all ready in dozens, and soon the necks are flying, and serving-men are rushing around handing it to all new-comers. When all are finished, I say I should like another bottle; and orders are at once given to ascend to the cellar, and in a few minutes we have more in abundance, cooler far than the former, and cooler and better than all the champagne ever

produced in the wine countries of Europe. We drank it under the beautiful shade of a splendid hibiscus, with a magnificent grove of wine-cellars behind. Feeling refreshed, we rose up and started, accompanied by over a hundred armed men, who have come out to do honour to Apohe's friend.

Our Maipua friends from Vailala come on behind, and say we had better go to the most westerly village of Orokolo, as being nearer Maipua. All right, friends, so we will; and Apohe is quite willing. This dubu is falling to pieces; but Apohe says, 'Ah! when you return you will see a splendid dubu. I will soon begin a new one that will surpass this.'

We left Kovara (Apohe's village) about 3 P.M., came inland for some distance over splendid land, and then on to the beach. I have never anywhere seen children swarm as here; boys and girls in crowds accompanied us, shouting, laughing, dancing, and running with all the hilarity of happy youth. Side by side Apohe and I walked in state, until we arrived at Mama's dubu, where his lordship was dressed to receive us. There was a very large crowd on the platform. Mama was standing up in the centre with a short lady's jacket on, and on his head for a cap a small coloured bag I had given him two years ago. On my ascending the platform, he came forward to meet me, to shake hands, and rub noses.

His dubu is a new one, and inside is nice and clean. I soon entered and selected my sleeping apartment, and then went out to be seen, examined, and scrutinised by the crowd of old and young. My heavy black travelling boots were the wonder of all, and certainly the majority thought I had peculiarly black feet. The unlacing of one caused mouths to be opened wide; but on taking it off, how shall I describe that terrific shout? 'twas as of a mighty host, and beggars all description. I removed my sock, and then

another shout, and those not too much afraid pressed round the platform to have a nearer look, and some to feel. I exposed my breast, and that, too, excited great wonder. What seemed to astonish them much was the softness of the skin, especially of the sole of the foot, which was carefully examined. I thought I was safe enough here, but it may be as well not to do so at Maipua, as they might take a fancy to cooked feet and breast.

Mama and the natives were anxious to hear a shot, and Johnnie, having an old fowling-piece, of which he is very proud, was asked to fire. He appealed to me, and I said he might. He seemed to be taking a very long time about it, so I inquired what was up. 'I have no powder, it is at Vailala.' 'Ah, well; it is good, leave it there.' Worse far than forgetting powder, he has left all my beads behind, although the night before I several times asked him if he had got them. I am sorry for the beads, as they are much sought after here, and will be more so next week.

About sundown I walked through the large scattered village, with many good houses and many wretched hovels. They seemed to throw all their strength into building dubus. Everywhere near the houses I saw small plantations of tobacco strongly fenced. Men, women, and children, pigs and dogs, all seemed terribly excited. On my return it was getting dark, and my host having entered the gloomy precincts of his dubu, there I went too. Sombre it was indeed, and only here and there a small flicker of light from dying fires, with natives asleep close by, breathing heavily.

SUNDAY, October 14.—Last night, in the dark, we had evening prayers. The deacon gave a short address; I, through him, another; then he engaged in prayer. It was a strange, weird meeting. There were about a dozen present, and we taught them to pray, 'O Lord Jesus, give us light, save us.' Nothing more; it was quite enough; and

will He not answer them? Long the deacon spoke to them and told them of God's love.

This morning, long before I was ready to get up, the crowd appeared, but, having been disturbed during the night by some too lively bed-fellows, I rolled myself up in my blanket and stole some sleep.

Last night, in the dark, one old fellow got up and spoke: 'Tamate, we are glad you have come again, that we all might see you, as we heard so much of you. We thought you must be a spirit; now we see you are a man like ourselves—only white.'

We have just had service: a hymn, a few verses of St. Matthew, and prayer by the deacon in the Elema dialect. The deacon also gave an address on God's love to man, and His desire that all might be saved. Some are very attentive, others chew betel nut or smoke; we are all squatting tailor-fashion. They soon tire, so we finish.

I forgot to mention that when these people want a good light at night, they take a dried young cocoanut shell and put on the fire, when they have a splendid blaze for a few minutes. They preserve the shells and string them together; there are several strings of them hanging over the fire-places.

Aruadaera (the deacon) and Aruako have been away for a long time, and have just returned. They have, on the platform of the neighbouring dubu, been telling the story of Divine love as expressed in the gift of Christ. Again and again had they to go over the good old story. The people, they say, were much astonished, and very attentive.

I hear Mama has sent on to Maipua to inform the natives there of our arrival here, and that to-morrow they are to come with their canoes to this side of the river Alele, and meet us. It is perhaps better they should know beforehand.

Several are busy husking betel nuts, and stringing the kernels to dry over the fire. When dried they will keep for any length of time, but before being chewed they are steeped in water and well washed. One man is busy carving with a small piece of shell; another is smoothing a drum with a rough leaf; and some are diligently examining the construction of my boots. A man from inland, called a Koitapuan, has just arrived, and is begging me to go with him. I find the Koitapuans here hold power over *vatavata* (spirits) and rain, not over sun, wind, and sea.

5 P.M.—One of the messengers sent to Maipua has returned. He says all rejoiced at the news he brought, and to-morrow the chief and a large party are to come and meet me. When the people there heard that I had arrived at Orokolo they said, 'You only deceive us;' so a piece of foreign tobacco was produced, with the question, 'Is that ours, or like it?' then they sat down and had a smoke, and all believed. Two messengers went, but the people insisted on one staying, so as to insure the return of the other with the party in the morning.

October 15.—Not starting early enough, we had to wait for the ebb tide, and it was 10 o'clock when we got off. We had a very large escort to near the river Alele, where we were to meet the Maipuans. We reached the river about noon, having crossed one salt-water creek. Our escort returned, they being at war at present with Maipua. A wretchedly small canoe, a dug-out tree without an outrigger, came over with one man. I did not care to risk myself in it, as the river is full of crocodiles; and we asked if there was not a bigger canoe, and on the reply being given in the affirmative, sent Aruako and one of our Vailala boys over, making three with the man who brought the canoe across. On their reaching the other side we had not long to wait until we saw a much larger canoe, without an outrigger, approaching. On getting to the beach close

to where we were standing, a man sprung out and ran up to me with open arms, giving me a hearty squeeze. This was Ipaivaitani, the leading chief of Maipua. We were soon all on board, with swag, &c.: including crew, we were eleven altogether. The current was running strongly, and I felt rather dubious as to our getting across at all, but it was an unwarrantable doubt, as we got over without shipping a drop of water. On the other side we took more on board until we numbered twenty-three, and away we pulled through various creeks lined with the *Nipa fruticans*, palms, and mangroves, until we came to a splendid river, the largest I have yet seen east of Bald Head; it is the largest without doubt, for I know them all. I call the main stream inland the 'Wickham,' after a dear friend. The current was swift, it being ebb tide at the time of our crossing, but our bark was handled so well that we got over all right. This is the Aivei on the chart.

We then came easily along from one creek to another, through stinking swamps, until we reached Maipua about 5 P.M. It is indeed a large village, with splendid houses and fine large temples. I estimate the population at from fifteen to eighteen hundred people. In front of nearly all the houses hang large representations of Semese. The houses are shaped like the temples, large in front and tapering small to back. But what a horrible hole! a real swamp, with miles of swamp all round. The streets are all laid with long large trees, and in front of many of the houses, as in front of the temples, long platforms of wood rise gradually from the streets. The village is intersected with small creeks, and these are crossed by very good bridges.

The temple where I am sitting is the largest, and it is the finest thing of the kind I have yet seen. There are two large posts in front, eighty feet high, on which rests the large peaked shade, around which there hangs a grace-

ful fringe of young sago leaf. The front is about thirty feet wide, and the whole length of the house is about 160 feet, tapering gradually down to the back, where it is small. Our compartment is about twenty feet high and ten broad. The front is a common platform floored with the outer skin of the sago palm, and kept beautifully clean. The whole is divided into courts, with divisions of cocoanut leaves, nine feet high, on which hang various figures, not at all good-looking. From the top to the cocoanut leaves hang graceful curtains of the young frond of the sago palm. Standing on the platform in front and looking down the whole length along the passage or hall, with the various divisions and their curtains, it has a wonderful effect. In each of the courts are numerous skulls of men, women, and children, crocodiles and wild boars, also many breasts of the cassowary. All are carved and many painted. The human skulls are of those who have been killed and eaten. The daintiest dish here is man, and it is considered that only fools refuse and despise it.

In the last court there are the same kinds of ornaments, and then a screen with curiously formed things of wood and native cloth hanging on it; also sihis (their only clothing), belts, small bags, and other things belonging to those murdered, which have been presented to the gods. Inside of that court is the most sacred place of all. Few ever enter there.

On my arrival, I had to stand up in the canoe, that I might be seen by all the people. On ascending the wooden steps from the canoe to the platform, I was conducted by the chief to the temple, where, sitting down each side of the passage, were many men ready to receive me. They never spoke a word while I went down the centre and back to the platform, followed by the chief; then they all rose, and, after giving a great shout, gathered round me. The passage I walked along had the appearance of glazed cloth,

with various figures carved on it; it was carpeted with the outer skin of the sago palm, glazed by the blood of the victims so frequently dragged over it and by the constant walking on it. After being examined and pronounced a human being, I returned with the chief through the various courts to the sacred place. I was allowed to enter, but the chief was too frightened, and he remained outside, and would only speak in a whisper to those near. I entered into that eerie place, where small bats in abundance flew about, and saw six curious-looking figures, made of cane. The mouth was like a frog's, enormously large and wide open; the body, seven feet high in the centre, and about nine feet long, had the appearance of a large dugong. Out of these mouths flew, in constant succession, the small bats.

The whole temple looks splendid, and although my new friends are cannibals, yet it goes to show that they are something beyond the mere wild savage; might I call them 'cannibal semi-civilised savages?' In the various courts are fire-places, alongside of which the men sleep. The chief, Ipaivaitani, has given me his quarters, but I do not think I shall sleep in them.

I have just had dinner and breakfast all in one. I could have enjoyed it better if there had not been so many skulls in a heap close by, some of which were tolerably new. These skulls are at present down for cleaning and repairs, but when all is in order they are hung on pegs all round; no scientific collection could be better kept. I fancy each man who has killed or helped to kill a foe has his own peculiar painting and carving on the skull.

Everywhere along the large creek that joins the two large streams running close in front of the village, and by the sides of all the small streams, are to be seen beautifully cut out canoes. Many are very fancifully carved, but none of them have outriggers. On these the Maipuans do all

their fighting, and for days travel up the river until near the Sir Arthur Gordon range of mountains, where they hunt the wallaby and wild boar.

Many women are making sago; and alongside the bank are rafts of sago palm brought down by the men from inland. They are hauled up on the bank as required, prepared by the men for digging, and then left for the women. The pith is dug out and carried to a raised trough, by which a woman stands with a long stick; she beats it well, then pours water on it and squeezes it, allowing it to run down the stem of the sago frond into a small bag, made of fibre. It passes through this and along the channel, when it is again met by another sieve made from the covering of the frond of the sago palm. Passing through this, it falls into a receptacle like a large basin, where it is allowed to settle. Lastly, the water is poured off, and the sago is taken out and packed away.

As in the temples in the Elema district, numerous arrows are shot off into the walls of the temple on returning from a successful man-hunt. They have some horribly filthy practices. One is—I can only describe it in part—that when a man is shot down a rush is made, and the first to bite his nose clean off and swallow it is looked upon as greater than the person who shot him; great is the glory attached to the act. On returning from the fight, and when near the bank of the creek, the women come out and ask, 'Who are the killers?' 'Who are the nose-eaters?' and when the latter question is replied to, great is the singing, dancing, and rejoicing.

On asking them why they eat human flesh, they told me that the women first urged the men to kill human beings for eating purposes. The legend is that the husbands once returning from a successful hunt far inland, they began horn-blowing, singing, and dancing far up the river. As they approached the village the women went

out to meet them on the bank. They had in the canoes wallabies, boars, and cassowaries. The women called out to them, 'What success, husbands, that you are singing and dancing?' 'Great success; plenty to eat.' 'Where?' 'Here, come and see.' They drew closer to the river side, and when they saw what was in the canoes they said, 'That dirty stuff, who is going to eat it? Is that your successful hunt?' The men began reasoning among themselves, saying, 'What do our wives mean?' One, a little more enlightened, said, after a little time, 'I know, it is man;' and throwing the wallabies and other animals ashore, away they started to a neighbouring village, and brought back ten bodies; returning without the horn-blowing, singing, or dancing. On drawing near the bank the women saw what they had: they shouted, 'Yes, yes, that is it; dance and sing now; you have something worth dancing and singing for; that is what we want.' The bodies were singed, cooked, and eaten, and pronounced good; and they have ever since been eaten, and pronounced vastly superior to any other flesh.

This man-killing led to the building of dubus, in order that the men might be sacred and have a place to themselves; that they might have a sacred place for Kanibu, where to present the slain; and that they might have a place for rejoicing when they returned from a successful man-hunt. These are the reasons given me for the existence of dubus.

I slept outside on the platform, and had a splendid night. Aruako fulfilled his promise, given at Orokolo, and for long held forth on Adam and Eve, Noah and the Flood; and both he and Aruadaera spoke about Jesus our Lord and His love. It was a strangely weird scene. A large dark temple, lit only by flickering fire-lights; a crowd of savages, real cannibals, who pronounce man to be the best of all flesh, and whose wives also relish it; skulls

in abundance in the various courts, and at the end, in the most sacred place, six Kanibus, who hold life and death, fighting and peace, within themselves; and in the centre of the crowd, Aruako and Aruadaera preaching Christ as the revealer of God's love and the Saviour of sinful men. It was the most attentive congregation of the kind I have ever met. They listened well, asked questions, and expatiated freely. Soon after sunset it commenced, and when I sought sleep it was still going on. Although not a prepossessing people, yet they seem kind, and would I believe listen to the Gospel and receive it as good news from God to man.

When I awoke, the sun, I found, had preceded me, and they were then, perhaps *still*, talking and listening. I went into the dubu, and looking my friend Aruako, who was now quite hoarse, in the face, I said, 'Arua, have you been at it all night?' He replied, 'Yes, and when I lay down, they kept asking questions, and I had to get up, go on and explain. But enough, I am now at Jesus Christ, and must tell them all about Him.'

Yes, my friend had reached Him to whom we all must come for light and help and peace. When Arua had finished there was but one response from all their lips: 'No more fighting, Tamate; no more man-eating; we have heard good news, and we shall strive for peace.'

Anxious to start for other villages, I appealed to my chief friends; but they refused point-blank to take me on, as they want to go first and tell them they have seen me, and that I have stayed with them; but they say that when I return on a second visit they will take me everywhere. Natives always desire the honour of being the first to report any great event, and this one, the first visit of a white man, was of such importance that they wished to be the first to report it.

I encourage all who are with me to tell what they

know of us and the Gospel, so Kunu, a Maipuan who has been living at Vailala, and has accompanied us, held forth on what he has heard and seen. At prayers this morning we had a crowd, orderly in every respect, and when the deacon stood up to pray at Kunu's call, every head was bent low, and not a sound was heard from anyone.

To the Kanibus the inhabitants of Maipua give offerings; pearl-shells, arm-shells, pigs, human beings, and skulls. The sick apply to them for healing, their friends presenting gifts. When wishing to fight, they appeal for direction and help to these wicker images; and they assured me they got the former audibly from the mouths, and the latter in success. For days before fighting all the men are sacred, and no woman must be seen or approached; and when one of their number is wounded, he is accused of breaking through the sacredness. All the bodies of the slain are dragged by the heels into the dubu and up to the sacred place, where they are given to Kanibu.

Ipaivaitani, the chief, wished to give me a pig, but I said, 'No, friend, leave that for the present, and some other day, when you can take me to the other villages, I will have your pig.' I have but few things with me, and certainly not sufficient to give as an exchange-present for a good-sized pig.

A small vessel, that went without sails and had a big wheel aft, once entered the Alele. The Maipuans, who happened to be there fishing, were anxious to see this wonder, but on drawing near were warned away. Wood was wanted, and the natives were employed to cut it, but dare not go near the vessel. The vessel's boat took all on board, having first frightened the natives away by firing over them. The natives returned and found a few tomahawks, some beads, and red cloth. They again went off to the vessel, and this time the foreigners took their things, such as bows and arrows and long daggers, but, instead of

paying for them, ordered the natives away, and even fired to frighten them.

Much useless fear and slaughtering of natives by white men could be avoided, if the latter would only keep calm and do all possible to avoid exciting the natives. They should only allow one trading party on board at a time, and remember that the natives come to the vessel to trade. Many white men fancy when they see a canoe with several bows and arrows that it means a fight, and the natives are treacherous, but it is not so. I warned these natives that when they went alongside a vessel not to go armed, nor talk loudly, but to go quietly and watch the white man's signs. They were not to be afraid, as no white man would willingly hurt them (was I right in that?), and not to be over-anxious to get on board, lest they might be taken to other lands.

I have just returned from visiting the village and dubus. A good part of the visiting was done in a canoe. One dubu is 200 feet long, and has in its sacred place twelve Kanibus. The carpet of sago bark down the centre passage is really beautiful; it has figures of men, crocodiles, etc., carved along all its length. The men, as yesterday, sat in rows down each side to receive me, not speaking a word. The two Motuans with me are terribly afraid of going near the sacred place; they have heard some awful stories of the mighty doings there. In each dubu we preached Christ, God the Father's expression of love, and begged of them to give up fighting and man-eating, which they faithfully promised to do.

Near all their dwelling-houses they have small flower-gardens. A platform is made about ten feet high, surrounded with a fence, and inside earth, brought from far inland and the coast, is placed to the thickness of about two feet. Various kinds of plants are grown, but in the majority tobacco prevails. I think these gardens

furnish further evidence that there is a kind of civilisation amongst these people ; and this taste for the beautiful can surely be worked upon with much good result.

I grow weary of walking on the trees of their streets and bridges, and some of the latter are very shaky indeed. The tide is just now high, and it is simply water everywhere, not an inch of dry land to be seen. The houses inside are commodious, and each wife has her own compartment, with its fire-place and all necessary utensils for cooking. I was much pleased with the cleanly appearance of their houses.

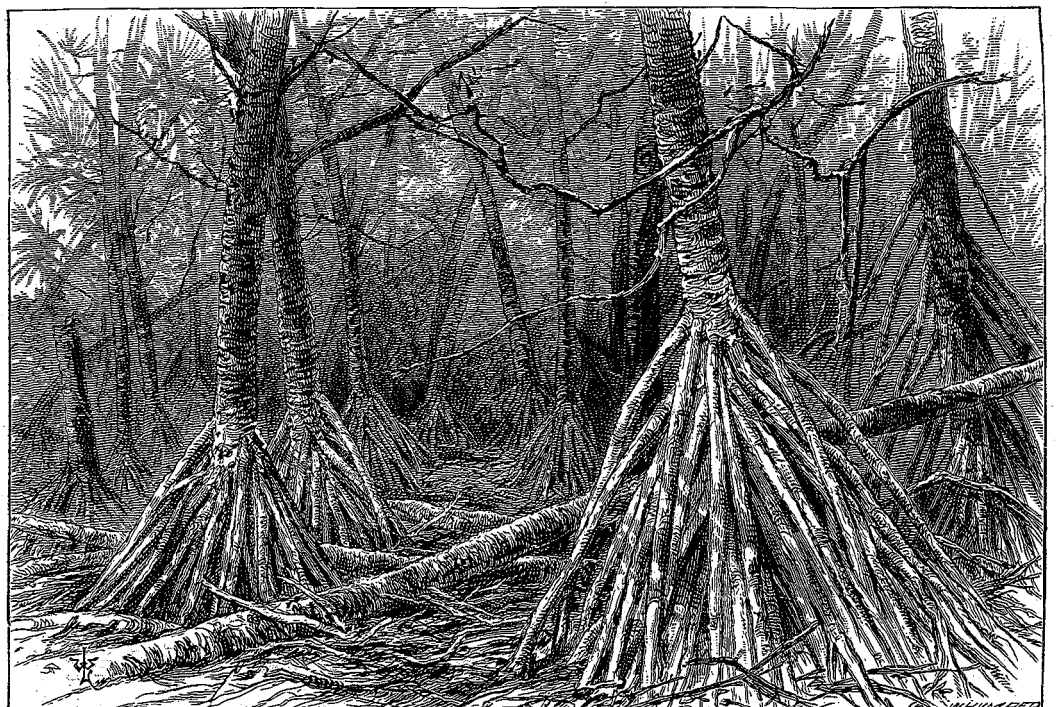
They bury their dead close to the sea-shore. They keep the body a short time to weep over, then canoe it down the streams to the burial-place, where a small house is built, and friends remain there to mourn.

I asked them why they did not live on the coast, where there was good dry land, instead of in this swamp. They replied, 'Our ancestors lived here, and we cannot leave their place.'

The principal villages of Namau are Maipua, Kaipurave, Ukerave, Koropanairu, Kailiu, and Vaimuru ; there are also several small ones built on the banks of the various creeks. Vaimuru I think must be on the Aird River. The Vaimuruans first came from Urama, which is far away (possibly the Fly River), to the setting sun, where the spirits of the dead now go. Their pearl-shell comes in large quantities from Urama, and long, long ago tobacco came to them from there.

When the young people of these nations marry, no price is paid, only exchange feasts of sago are given. Widows must be bought, and cost much, the payment going to friends of the dead husband. Young women are more sacred than married women ; the latter are often bought.

The dress of the men is exceedingly simple, the ma-



A FOREST OF PANDANUS TREES

jority wear nothing at all, and the few only a small string or vine. The women certainly do not wear much, and I am not astonished at it. They are very modest, and think themselves respectably and well clothed. Why savages should be always spoken of as immoral I fail to see. They are not so when compared with the more highly civilised countries of the world. I am sorry to have to say that it is contact with the civilised white that demoralises them, and they then become loose and immoral.

I am at last in the canoe on the return journey. When about to leave, a very old man came with a broken piece of an uro, saying, 'Will you not pity us, and get Motu to visit us? I have only this to cook food in, and others have nothing at all.' The last cannibal feast they had lost much of its relish from their not having large supplies of gravy!

We have made a splendid start, in a larger canoe than yesterday, and have an escort of nine other canoes. Leaving the village, the tide being now on the ebb, we float gently down stream, questioning and being questioned.

Our Vailala friends are glad indeed we are off, as they were terribly afraid of being killed, cooked, and eaten! Arua tells me it was near daylight when he sought a little sleep. They spent the whole night in going over and over the grand old story of God's love.

My friend Ipaivaitani has nine wives living, some are dead. He has often eaten human flesh, and pronounces it good; but he says, 'Enough, you have come, we shall give it up.'

The sun is frightfully hot, but fortunately we have frequent shade. I have to sing constantly for them; and just now, two large canoes of women have gone by another creek, and, *nolens volens*, I must sing, 'that when Tamate's face is lost they may hear his voice, and weep that he so soon leaves Maipua.' How delighted they are with

my sewing gear! My pocket knife they will not soon forget.

Now for the last time, 'Would you mind undoing your shirt and showing us your chest, that we may have one look and feel before you leave?' Mute astonishment; the other canoes close round, and I allow all to put their hand on me, which gives great satisfaction; and then it is, 'Tamate, come back soon, very soon; do not disappoint us, and we will bring you everywhere on the rivers.'

Orokolo, evening.—We spent an hour on the west bank of the Alele with our cannibal friends. They gave us cooked sago and cocoanuts. Our friends seemed, and no doubt were, very sorry to part with us. They are to be at Vailala soon, to meet the Motuans, and secure if possible a few uros. Before entering the canoe the chief knotted two strings with nine knots; one string he kept, the other he gave me, so that I might know that he will be in Vailala after nine sleeps (nights), if the weather should be fine.

As a people they are kind, and if well treated can be easily handled. They are small in stature, some of the women being remarkably so. Taking them all in all, they are very like the Koiari tribe at the back of Port Moresby. They wear wisps of cassowary feathers behind, many have beards and moustache, and many of the old men are very like some of our Koiari friends.

Maipua and Orokolo have been fighting for some time, and only very lately the former had a feast of Orokoloans. They told me to tell the Orokoloans they were for peace, and hoped there would be no more fighting. We arrived at Orokolo about 3 P.M.

October 17.—About 4 A.M. we were ready for our start, and walking along the beach in the cool, accompanied by Apohe and others, we arrived at Perau about 8. Johnnie and I crossed the river in a very rickety old canoe

in which I got soaked for the first time during the trip. The soaking came all right, but I was in terror of the 'devils' (crocodiles), and felt really happy when the canoe touched shore.

We found all well, and all right glad to see us back. Our things were just as we left them. The old chief put a taboo on our division of the dubu, and so prevented the intrusion of stragglers and thieves. My experience amongst savages is that, when trusted with entire charge, they do their best to see that all is right, and no one is allowed to meddle.

How pleased the old man was when I told him I was glad to get back, and that I was also glad to find everything as we had left it! 'What, did you think anyone would touch anything belonging to you in my charge whilst you were away?'

'No, friend, I knew you would care for my things.'

All able-bodied Motuans, with many Elemaites, are up the river cutting down trees to make new large canoes. To-morrow all able to go from the various villages ascend to drag the trees into the river and float them down. The Motuans have hard work before them now for the next few months.

October 18.—Last night, after getting to sleep, I was aroused by a noisy crowd returning from tree-felling. They squatted close beside me on the platform and talked incessantly of the day's doings, until after midnight. When they went to sleep I soon followed suit, up to 4 A.M., when I was aroused by the party returning to the river. I am short of food, and dreamt last night of friends, of feasting, and of plenty. The weather is very dirty; strong S.E. wind all night.

October 19.—Feeling that a house was necessary to hold services and school in, this morning I set about building a simple house, yet one suitable for the climate. It is thirty-

eight feet long and twenty broad. We have nearly finished, and hope on Sunday to open it. The natives assist willingly. God grant that light may enter the hearts of these poor natives, and that in this new house some may learn to know Christ as the Light, and their Saviour from sin and superstition and all their consequences!

I have to go to a large feast at Kaevakuku. A large crowd has assembled from the villages round, and many from Orokolo. Everywhere there is food, cooked and uncooked, in heaps and hanging on poles, chiefly sago prepared in every imaginable way. Betel nuts and pepper also abound. On the platform of my friend Meka's dubu is a large quantity of cut-up pork, and all around the platform streamers are flying, made from the young sago frond. I stay down with the crowd, as I have a better view than from the dubu platform.

I have not long to wait until there comes a man dressed in a tall hat, or mask, resembling some strange animal with peculiar mouth and sharp teeth; his cloak and kilt are of yellow hibiscus fibre, and a small stick is in his hand. He has come from some distance back in the bush, where, I am told, many are assembled, and that all the masks and dresses I saw the other day in the dubu, with their owners, are there. He danced about for a short time, when an old man came before him with a large piece of pork, gave it to him, and he went away, followed by two young men carrying a long pole of food, sago, cocoanuts, betel nuts, and pepper. Another Kaevakuku followed and did the same as the first, this time in the dubu; the conch-shell is being blown as for a pig, and soon a live one appears on a pole between two men. It is placed on the ground, Kaevakuku dancing round and over it, when a bow and arrow is presented to him, and he backs a little, says something, lets fly, and the pig soon breathes his last. The two men pick the pig up and all leave, followed by two youths carrying

food. More Kaevakukus come, this time five; and all dance until they receive presentation of pig, when they too clear out. So on it goes until the whole eighty have been. Some get dogs, whereupon they catch them by the hind legs and strike the head furiously on the ground. Not a few are displeased with the small quantity given, and persistently remain until they get more.

I walked into the bush about a quarter of a mile, where there was a large crowd of men, some armed, and everywhere I turned weapons could be seen. Some were cutting up pigs, others dogs, putting the pieces into uros and upon the fire to cook. Some distance back was a large representation of Semese. It was a mask, fully ten feet high and three broad: it was surrounded with feathers of various kinds, and down the middle was curiously painted. I was anxious to secure some of the masks, and especially the one representing Semese, but was told that they all had to be burned. I saw some of my friends, who assisted me in securing seven, but neither love nor tomahawks could obtain Semese. Soon, all round, fires were lighted, and masks, cloaks, and kilts were blazing. I could not remove the masks I had obtained until dark, that no one might see them, and especially lest a woman should, as, according to tradition, she would soon sicken and die. I collected them and set sentries to watch, as I feared in the burning mania they might be seized.

After a walk about in the bush and in the village, I return to find that all the masks had been burned except my seven, so I asked Meka and his brother to carry them into the dubu at night, and leave them there until the schooner comes for sago, when she will take them. The helaga is over, and all the men go to their homes, from which they have been separated for some months.

When I first showed these natives pictures they took not the slightest interest in them, but now they are begin-

ning to show some appreciation. I have had an interesting gathering going over my magazines, the natives looking at the pictures, and passing remarks on each. Singing they like much, and a good singer, with life and heartiness, would be to them as one divine. My singing, I fear, will never steal their hearts away.

I was much interested in my afternoon assembly. Aruadaera, speaking of peace, life, and love in Christ, was frequently asked to thoroughly explain it all. One old chief wondered if he should send his son to Port Moresby to be taught, so that he might know more of these things. He seemed afraid that he might starve, being so far away from home, with a raging sea between. I hope our explanations and assurances were satisfactory, and I shall then obtain two boys to add to the number of students at Port Moresby.

This is indeed a splendid field for missionary labour. Will the Church of Christ in the South Seas give the men, and the Church in Britain and the Colonies the money with a few more missionaries? How niggardly we act in everything for Christ! We speak too much of sacrifices for the Gospel's sake, or for Christ. I do hope we shall for ever wipe the word 'sacrifice,' as concerning what we do, from the missionary speech of New Guinea. May there never be a missionary or his wife in this mission who will speak of their 'sacrifices,' or of what 'they have suffered!'

October 21.—This morning, when the bell was ringing for early service, there was a terrific shout, then cries of 'Sail ho!' in the native language could be heard. On crossing to the beach I saw it to be our boat, the Rarotonga. It was still far off, and so we went to service. Our new house was packed; and outside were as many more. The noise and confusion were truly awful; everybody was trying to quiet everybody else, and nobody was to be shut up by any other body. The women were much worse than the

men, and I think I almost wished there were no women in creation. We had quiet at times, and especially at the close. Altogether we had a good service. I like these first services; and it is most interesting, years after, to visit the people and see the change. I spoke in Motu; Aruadaera and Gabe spoke in Elema. When the service was finished all rushed for the beach; and what a shout! it was that of a mighty host.

About 8 A.M. the Rarotonga got in, being nearly swamped crossing the bar. Fortunately, Charlie Oahu, who knows the passage and can handle a boat skilfully, was in command.

October 22.—Very early this morning we were all roused by loud horn-blowing, calling on all able-bodied men to get up and make ready to go inland to assist the Motuans in dragging their large trees into the river. Soon large canoes were full of men, paddling away up the Annie.

We had a fine lot of children at school this morning (112). They seemed much interested, and I do hope the Motu boys will interest them sufficiently to keep it up. To pronounce six, I think, will beat them hollow; pronounce it they never will, their nearest is 'shekist;' and feeling its impossibility, they give one great shout. They returned again in the afternoon, willing to learn, but full of mischief and fun; and I should be sorry to see them otherwise.

October 23.—The large trees are being floated in, and soon every Motuan will be busy making canoes. What a difference between the Motuans and Eastern Polynesians! The former lack energy: go into our school, and you will see them apparently almost dead, asleep half their time; and yet they do hard work, but not with that zest which the Eastern Polynesians manifest. They are very selfish, and scarcely ever help one another. They will take all given them, and look for more, but never think of a return

present; and for everything they give or do they look for payment. Even here the people seem more lively, and certainly are much more generous. As a tribe, the Motuans are hard, close-fisted, sharp traders.

October 24.—Blew hard from the south-east all night, but now quite a change; I hope to get away to-morrow. We went early to church for service, but no big folks came: we had over 100 children, so had school. In school work I am disappointed with the Motuans, who I hoped would take up the work more zealously. My friends, knowing that my time for leaving draws near, are beginning to come in with presents of food, cocoanuts, betel nuts, and pepper. I have had to warn them against bringing too much. I am in tolerable health, and should like to get away, so as to be at Port Moresby about the end of next week.

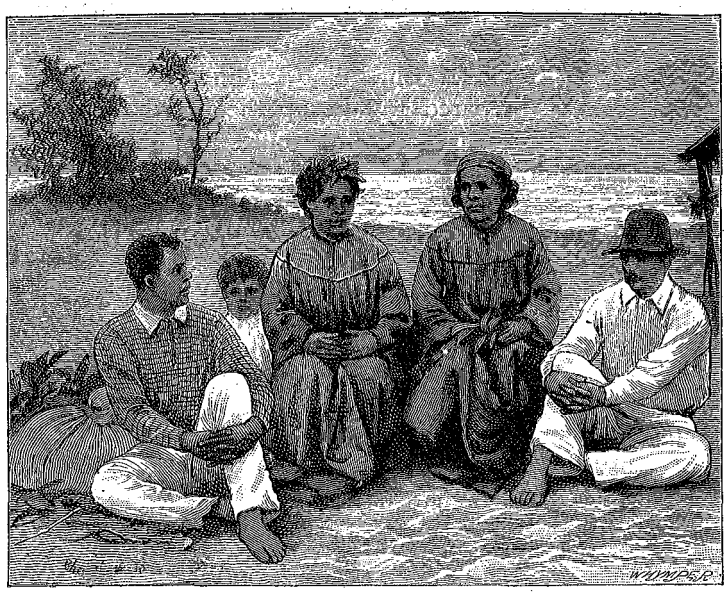
October 26.—Blowing strong from the south-east all night, and this morning a deluge of rain greeted us. When ebb-tide set in the rain left off, and we made a start; one of our crew deserting. Notwithstanding all my care yesterday, we were very heavily laden. I gave orders again and again to carry nothing for anyone, and that the crew should only be allowed to take a few betel nuts. It is a long journey to take in an open boat and in a nasty Gulf sea. Before getting to the bar we shipped a great deal of water, and as we got nearer it was evident the boat would never ride the heavy seas. I fancied I might be of some use another day, and as to attempt to cross the bar undoubtedly meant death to all, I gave orders to put about. In doing so we shipped a large quantity of water, and, oh horror! close by us was a huge ugly crocodile. Imagine my feelings—for describe them I cannot—on seeing the monster. We had to keep baling, and found it difficult to make headway against the strong current. I felt very anxious, as I have a horrible dread of crocodiles. 'A long pull, a hard pull, and a pull altogether,' brought us right in

and up to our landing, where we were met by a sympathising crowd, who feared when they saw us near the bar that we should never be seen again. We have landed everything, and I have spoken seriously to the Motuans about sending things in a small boat to their friends. It is difficult to say now when we can get away, but if possible we shall try again to-morrow.

October 27.—Good sea, fair wind. We again got ready, and were soon out, followed by a large crocodile. There being a calm, when we got out we pulled seaward for several miles, until, meeting a south-west wind, we gave sail and stood away for Motumotu. We had good wind and a smooth sea, and by sundown were three miles to the west of Motumotu. We anchored, and three of the crew swam ashore, and walked over to the river and got information about other canoes.

October 29.—At it all night, getting to Iokea about 6 A.M. I landed and had breakfast, and intended spending the day there, but the crew being anxious to get home, and the sea being smooth, I gave orders to get ready, and we soon stood away for Maiva. We got a nice fair wind, and by 1 P.M. we were ashore, where we found all well, and glad to see us.

At Cape Suckling we experienced a stiff south-easter and a very heavy sea, and had to put in for shelter. We remained two nights and a day on the beach, when, the wind and sea moderating, we started again, arriving at Port Moresby on November 1. When we landed and reported all well, great was the rejoicing, and the feat we accomplished has remained the wonder of all along the coast.



NATIVE TEACHERS

CHAPTER VII

PIONEER MISSION WORK IN 1884

THE success that has attended the labours of native teachers on New Guinea proper during the last few years must be very gratifying to the friends of humanity and the London Missionary Society, and should greatly encourage them for the future. Since 1872 mission work has been carried on in New Guinea, and I know of no mission connected with this Society, or indeed any other Society, that can compare with it in results. We must do all we can to keep the South Sea Churches connected with New Guinea,

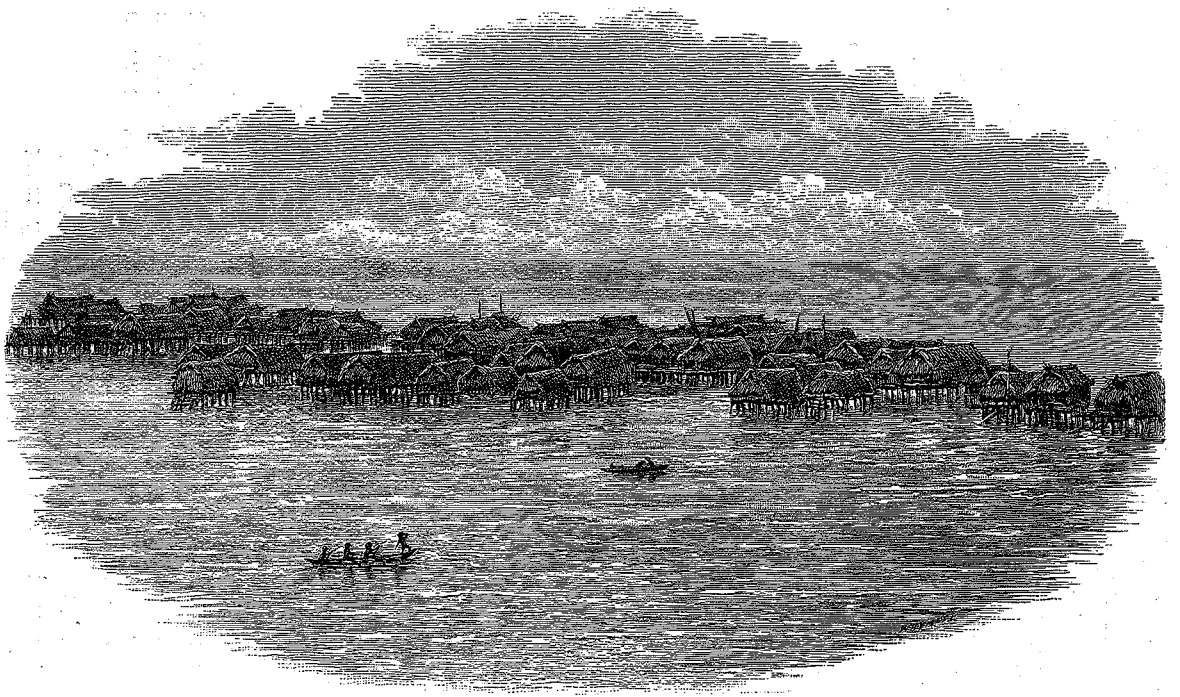
and so preserve the working, sympathetic Christ-life amongst them. As our knowledge of New Guinea increases, the Church of Christ in Britain and the South Seas should be prepared to take up the work. Hitherto the Directors have put no limit to our extending, and we have gone on doing so.

In February, 1884, our mission barque, John Williams, visited us, conveying thirteen teachers and their wives, accompanied by our old friend and co-worker, Mr. Gill, late of Rarotonga. On the John Williams leaving us we distributed the teachers amongst the old stations, that they might be near to us, and have also the care of the old and acclimatised teachers, until the south-east monsoon had really set in, when they would be placed at their own stations. Teachers on first arrival are almost sure to have fever, and it is better that they should stay where they can be attended to.

In May, 1884, we began to locate these teachers at their own stations, and a sketch of one journey may serve to show how, in the opinion of those best qualified to judge, New Guinea can most rapidly and most successfully be Christianised and civilised.

The first to be located was Sunia, a Tongan, educated by Mr. Gill on Rarotonga. Having married a widow here, who understands the Motu dialect, we thought they should take Tupuselei, a village fourteen miles from Port Moresby, where formerly a Niue teacher lived. The natives were highly delighted at having a teacher again amongst them, and gave Sunia and his wife a good welcome. Since the death of their old teacher they have had much trouble with the hill-tribes, old scores thought to be forgotten have been paid and repaid; but now a teacher is with them they will be able to live peaceably.

From Tupuselei we continued our boating to Kapakapa, where there were two new teachers and their wives living



TUPUSELEI

with the old teacher appointed to Saroa, the fine large district behind Round Head. For long the Saroa natives had been expecting teachers, knowing when they got them it would tend to secure peace all round. For the last few months they had been busy paying off compensations (for murders committed by them) and making peace.

On our arrival at Kapakapa a large number of men

CANOE OFF TUPUSELEI

came in to carry the teachers' goods, and they told us it was now all peace. The following morning we started with a large company, and taking it leisurely, arrived about 10 A.M. at Rigo, the first of the Saroa villages. A new house had been finished for the teacher, and from it the view is unsurpassed on New Guinea. After placing the other teacher at another village, about two miles further east

and visiting other villages, and hearing entreaties for more teachers, we returned to Rigo.

Having some students and several Port Moresby natives with us, we went into the village and spent several hours singing on one of their large platforms. It was a beautifully clear moonlight night, and leaving the singers, we walked to a good position at the west end of the village, where the view was splendid. I have travelled much in this great land, but have seen nothing to surpass the view of that night for picturesqueness.

On our right were the Gerese Hills, and on our left the Coast Range, and lying before us the hills and valleys of Saroa and Manukolo, and behind these the higher hills of Kerema stretching away to the Astrolabe Range. Further inland, as if guarding these and rising dark above them all, is the Owen Stanley Range, ending in the high unvisited mountain of the same name. Everywhere near us were well-watered valleys and ridges, with plantations and villages scattered here and there, containing kindly-disposed people. It is to be hoped there will soon be sufficient teachers to occupy all the principal villages. We returned to Port Moresby, and after spending one night sailed in the Ellengowan for the west.

Ever since Mr. Lawes joined the mission, the one cry of the Motu natives has been 'Westward ho.' The largest population, and the freest, kindest, wildest natives are there. They, especially those in Freshwater Bay, care for no one, domineer the other tribes, and think their sweet will is law. I know them well, and my cry has also been, 'To the west —to the west with our youngest, strongest, bravest, best teachers.' Again and again have the natives of Motumotu asked for teachers, promising to treat them well, and to live peaceably with their neighbours. They have them now, and they feel our promise is sure, though often long delayed through no fault of ours.

We found good anchorage in two fathoms just outside Alice Meade Lagoon, about two miles from Motumotu.

The foreign ladies, Mrs. Lawes and the teachers' wives, caused great excitement, but the excitement *par excellence* was Taui, the infant daughter of one of the teachers, who had been baptized by the Rev. J. Jefferis, at Pitt Street Congregational Church, Sydney. From before sunrise to after sunset she was nursed by nurses innumerable. She is a pretty child, nearly as white as an English-born infant, but during our stay, by the too kindly attentions of her nurses, was made as black as a Motumotuan. She was often washed, only to be made as black as ever.

Motumotu is at the mouth of the Williams River. I had often wished to go up this river, and visit a reported large village, Moveave, for years at enmity with Motumotu, but could never before find sufficient time. We intended spending a few days with the teachers, so as to give them a good start with their new demonstrative friends, and we decided to ascend the river. We got a canoe, and paddled up one of the branches into a small creek, where we were dragged through more mud than water up to the village. As we neared the village our friends from Motumotu were somewhat fearful and anxious; and not until after we had been some time in the village did they gain confidence. The population is very large, the houses are well built on posts, and there are many dubus. Our old friend Semese proclaimed words of peace, which were reiterated by the Moveaveans, and all felt that it was well, and friendship was restored. We were at first met by a large armed party, with bows and arrows innumerable; this was speedily converted into a noisy, demonstrative peace party, and increased much in numbers. Before we had finished our visit to the village and dubus, not a weapon was to be seen. Fires were started, and pots containing queer viands were soon placed on them.

W. G. LAWES, OF PORT MORESBY

We ascended one dubu to the platform, twenty feet from the ground, where we sat down on a mat given for the purpose. So great a crowd followed us that the platform gave unmistakable signs of a very hurried and unpleasant descent. Several posts and cross-beams gave way, and we thought it advisable to get off as quickly as possible. In the street in front a temporary shade was erected for us, and mats spread, on which we squatted, with more than a thousand people around us. We received presents of areca nuts and betel, pepper and cocoanuts, bananas and yams, and various dishes of cooked food. On the islands of the west highlands of Scotland the poor people make porridge mixed with shell-fish. At Moveave they make sago porridge mixed with the same ; also with dried fish and other things. Taking one of the dishes, and thinking it contained sago and dried fish, I began eating heartily, until I noticed peculiar claws and a rather long tail, and on inquiry found I had been relishing stewed iguana !

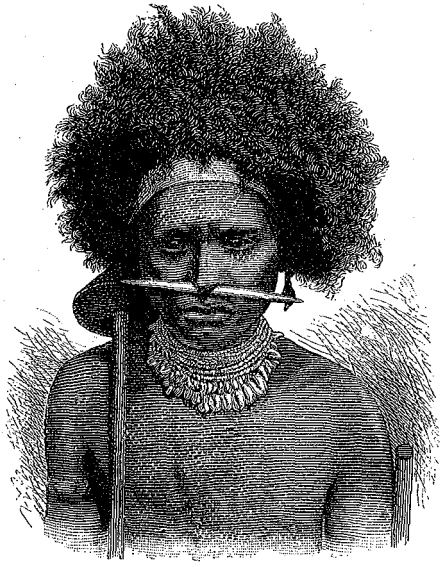
After the crowd had enjoyed a smoke all round, there were loud and persistent calls that we should sing ; so getting our singing companions near us we sang, to their great delight, and were encored again and again. But the sun kept hurrying down, and before he dipped we wished to be at Motumotu ; so we had to get up and bid them good-bye, promising soon to return again.

We arrived at Motumotu before sundown, and were in time to see one of the most interesting and fairy-like sights I have yet witnessed on New Guinea. When some distance from the village we heard drums beating, and knew that a dance was on. From the sound of the drums and loud singing, we could tell it was a lively one. Ere long we were in the village, and sitting beside them. A thorough fancy dress ball, the beginning of a series, was being held. This afternoon's was for the little children

assisted by young men and women. In front the young men, to the number of thirty, were drumming, dancing, and singing; and to their time young men and women, arm in arm and facing them, were singing and dancing; and behind them again younger ones, arm in arm; and behind these, children holding one another's hands, all earnestly engaged in the same occupation. From the child of four years to the young man and maiden of eighteen and twenty, all were happy and terribly in earnest. Every head was wonderfully cropped; some had squares, others circles, and others triangles; their faces were painted with many colours, variegated leaves hung from their arms, waist, and legs. The ladies had beautiful petticoats, made from the young sago palm leaf and dyed various colours, and all had fastened on to their backs, rising over their heads more than two feet, and hanging gracefully in a curve like a Prince of Wales feather, the youngest leaf of the sago nicely prepared. Tied round their knees and ankles was plaited bark with tassels attached. How happy all were, and how pleased at being admired! Mothers everywhere are alike, and here they were standing by, each thinking her own child or children the best, and every now and again throwing out a suggestion or giving an encouraging word. When the sun set all was over, and they retired to their homes.

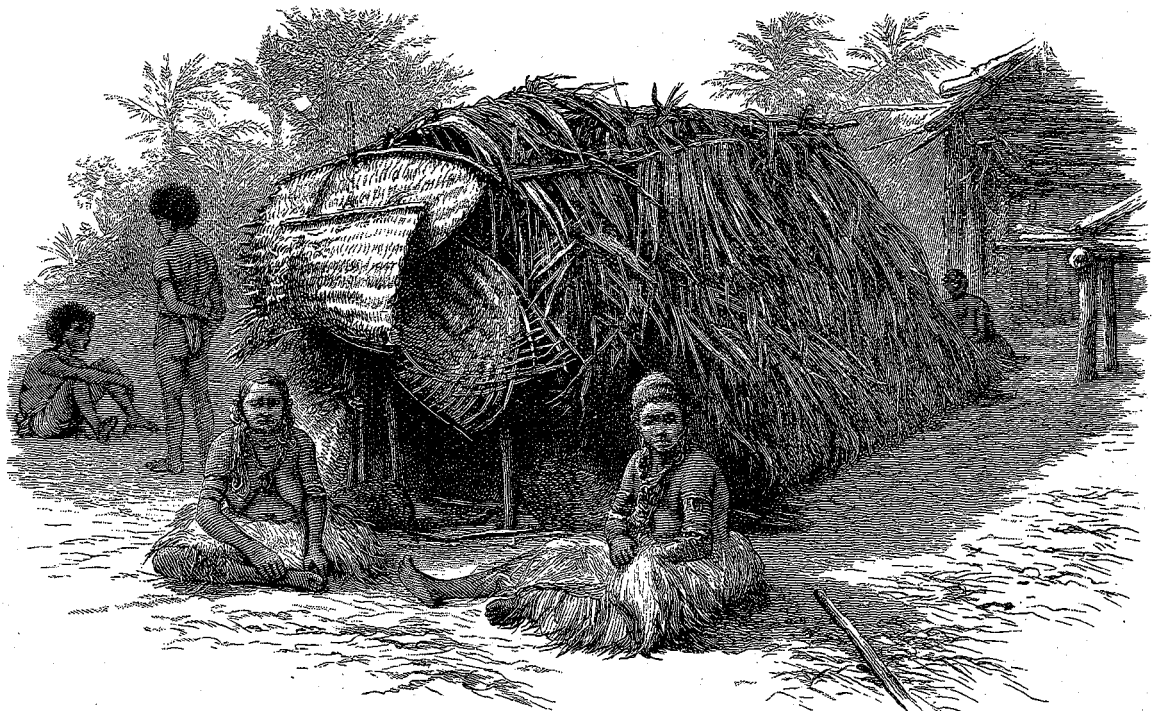
One afternoon, walking through the east part of the village, we saw a young swell with two men and one woman dressing him for some very important occasion. He was being dressed in his very best, and the best also of his parents, for that afternoon he was to be married and take his bride home. Every hair on his head seemed in place. He wore a coronet of plumes made from the feathers of various birds, conspicuously the *Paradisea Raggiana*; on his forehead a frontlet of small shells; hanging from his ears a number of tortoise-shell earrings; in his nose the much-

prized shell ornament; his face beautifully marked in small squares with red, yellow, and black. Round his neck were strings of shell beads; hanging on his chest a large pearl shell; round his waist a finely carved and painted bark belt, and as trousers a new sihi. He was gorgeously got up, and many friends looked on and admired. Standing close by the house were quantities of sago and bananas, and some women tying up bows and



A NATIVE OF PORT MORESBY

arrows into bundles. We returned to our camp, and were squatting at tea, when we observed a large crowd, and as they passed we saw our swell masher in the centre, hand in hand with a buxom, handsomely dressed lady, who was well besmeared with red ochre. They were preceded by a crowd of shouting urchins, and followed by a number of old women carrying bananas; behind these came a small army of young men and women carrying sago and bananas,



WIDOW MOURNERS AND A DEAD-HOUSE

and last of all an old man with several bunches of ripe bananas, from which he plucked a few, and from time to time threw over the heads of the married party into the crowd ahead, when a scramble took place, all evidently being anxious to secure one. The bride and bridegroom on arriving at home were received by the bride's friends, who took all the food, and gave a large return present.

One morning very early we were awakened by drums beating and loud wailing. A long time ago a man had died and was buried close by; to-day his widows leave his grave and don the knitted garment of widowhood prepared by them during all the months they have been indoors with the dead. We visited the grave, which was covered in. Several were sitting by, some mourning, others fitting knitted gaiters on the widows' legs; up till now they have been quite naked. Outside, under a shade, was a banana stump dressed to represent the dead, with all his dress and ornaments on, and all round it the old men of the village were sitting, looking solemn and speaking of their dead friend. Afterwards food was brought, and placed before the supposed dead, who was said to have given his last feast. The old men divided the food, and ate it in his memory; and when finished they took his dress and ornaments and divided them amongst the relatives. When the feast was over, the widows came out into public dressed in their knitted garments, which covered them close from the neck to under the knees.

On the Sunday we had two well-attended services, for singing and preaching, but prayer drove the crowd helter-skelter to their homes. Some years ago, on the occasion of my first visit, the same happened. I asked an old Motu friend to prepare them for prayer, and having done so, he began by shutting his eyes, and at the sound of the first words the earth trembled with the stampede.

Securing Motumotu means our filling up the whole

Elema district in a few years, and then pressing inland. I think 20,000 is too low an estimate for the Elema population, and they being once under tuition, Namau and Vaimuru will follow in no far away future; and so an extensive coast-line will be open, or rather is even now open, to Christianity and to commerce.

We bade our friends farewell, leaving these young men and women, who for Christ's sake and from sympathy with Him in His great work of redeeming the race had left their comfortable homes, peace, and plenty in Eastern Polynesia, willing to endure sickness, want, and trials, relying upon His care who alone can care for them. They are certainly the heroes and martyrs of the nineteenth century.

A strong south-easter having sprung up, we tumbled and tossed for forty-two hours in the Gulf, when we anchored in Hall Sound. We rested one night, and on the following morning got into our boat and pulled away to Maiva to place the Kivori teachers. We landed some miles to the east of Maiva, fearing the sea was too rough for us to land at the first station.

We anchored our boat safely in a creek, and then went to a point close by to satisfy our hunger. Our luncheon was ample, and only just a little spoiled by being somewhat gritty from the sand blown along before the strong south-easter.

The tramp in rain along the beach was certainly better and more enjoyable than the sail in the rough sea outside would be. We had good fun crossing a large creek: the tide being well out, we waded across in three and four feet of water, but when in the middle we met with soft sinking sand, and in some places sank down so far that it became necessary to swim.

On our arrival at Maiva we had a hearty welcome from the teachers and friends, and we felt as if at home. How

changed everything had become in a few years! Once we sojourned with the Maivans, sleeping in their out-places, platforms, streets, and dubus, wondering if our lives were safe; now, we were lodged in comfortable teachers' houses, near churches where every day life in Christ is preached, surrounded by friendly, peaceable natives, whose one anxiety is to make us comfortable. We always liked the Maivans, but more so now that they have listened to words of peace, and a few, we trust, have believed the words of eternal life. They are our friends and the friends of all, and are anxious to live as such. Only the Gospel of Christ as lived by the teachers could have produced such results. God's power unto salvation in the past is His power now, and will ever be so.

We had now been hard at work for nearly three weeks by land and sea, and often day and night, and felt very pleased with the prospect of a rest—a rest broken only by a few days' work leisurely spent placing teachers at Kivori, near Cape Possession. We left Maiva one morning with quite an army of natives, some carrying boxes, etc., the property of the teachers, others our swags, articles for trade and food. Other friends accompanied us who were anxious for a holiday, a change from their otherwise never-changing life. The Kivori natives received us well. They had the one teacher's house finished, a fine large one, where soon we were camping and feeling at home as if at an old station. After a short siesta (much needed, as we had walked along a sandy beach in a burning sun and little wind) we were barricaded with numerous dishes of food and cocoanuts. We showed every respect to our numerous hosts, tasted several dishes, held on to one because of its thoroughly excellent quality, and disposed of the others amongst our followers. We met all the chiefs, spoke to them of the teachers and their mission, and then received their sincere promise to treat the teachers kindly. On

Sunday we had services, and as usual the singing was greatly enjoyed. At services in the house we dispensed with singing because of the crush it caused, and the difficulty experienced in getting rid of the excited crowd when it was over.

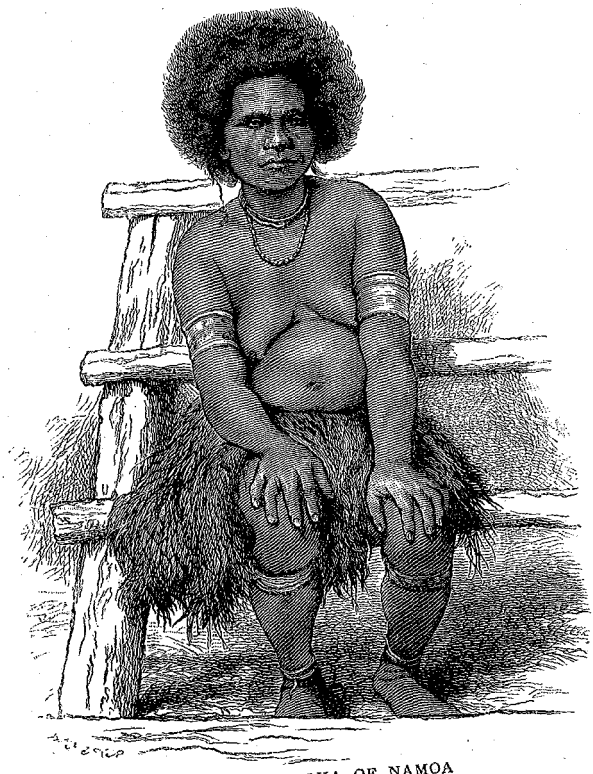
On Sunday afternoon we returned to Maiva, when we met five people anxious for baptism—one, a good old friend, who begged earnestly to be received into the Church of Christ. On the Monday there was one of those soul-stirring gatherings that are met with in these heathen lands, composed of a crowd of natives who have come to see the first native converts baptized into the Church of Christ, the converts themselves, and the mission party. Only after a long period of preparation as catechumens and receiving instruction, and after a thorough public profession of faith in Christ, do we baptize them. In this instance the five were men who have been for a long time connected with the mission, taken part in the services, and held short services in other villages. The wholesale baptizing of natives simply because they would like to be, or were told to be, or because they were willing to do *lotu* by taking a piece of cloth or shirt, is surely not Christianity, and can only be done for effect. If the mere adhesion to the mission and the willingness to have clothing is sufficient, then thousands connected with us should long ago have been baptized. But of what use would it be, as they are still heathen, though friendly? The enlightening goes on, and one after another is led from the dense darkness through the glimmering light on to the full light of glorious freedom in Christ and His cross—set free from their superstition by His truth. But not in the present or following generation will the superstitions of these people be entirely overcome. There are nearly 2,000 people being taught on New Guinea connected with our branch of the mission; and it may safely be hoped the young will

know little of the past, and they will be free from much their parents believed.

On our leaving Maiva we walked along the beach to the boat, where the sea was breaking very heavily on the bar of the creek, and a light boat being best for our weak crew, we decided to walk along the beach to Aoo Point; and instructing the crew how to manage, we sent them off. They got over the bar, with only a few 'tops' getting on board, and stood away for the Point. The walk for eight miles barefooted was most enjoyable. By this walking we have found that we can visit Maiva in all kinds of weather.

We reached Delena about sundown. At night I could not help feeling that perhaps for *quiet* picturesqueness we have no station to surpass this. The mission premises are on a flat about seventy-five feet above sea-level, and surrounded by extensive banana plantations; on the side of the hill there is a tall bush, and on the coast dense mangrove scrub, over which the mission-house looks; the village nestles at the foot of the hill on the shore of Hall Sound, where our vessel, the Ellengowan, is at anchor, and across the Sound is Yule Island, and away beyond that the Gulf of Papua, stretching to Torres Straits. The night was still; not sufficient wind to rustle the leaves; the moon was in the west, near the first quarter, with a cloudless sky, and stretching a silver band from the station across the Sound and over the Gulf to herself. Our thoughts were varied, but one was uppermost—God binding us all to Himself by the band of love, and so blessing all the present Christian work in which we are engaged.

The following morning, after an early breakfast, we were away again on our road to Naara, behind Cape Suckling, to give our Queen Koloka her long-promised teacher. The weather was fine, but there was a long heavy swell



QUEEN KOLOKA OF NAMOA

breaking on the reef, from the south-west, and causing a nasty sea inside. Once or twice our boat, which was fairly laden, eighteen all told, besides teachers' goods, was nearly swamped. We had to keep baling all the way until we entered the creek, where we left the boat and took to walking. We had six miles to walk to Namoa, Koloka's village, where we had the usual kind reception. All were delighted that at last they had their teacher. Koloka said, 'I did not think you intended keeping your word; it has been long to wait.' We slept in the large house built for the teacher, and the following morning returned to the boat. The sea was much better, and a light south-easter was blowing; we gave sheet, and were not long in getting to Delena. We rested there, and went on board the following morning, and in thirty-six hours landed at Port Moresby.

There we heard a report that foreigners had been murdered inland of Aroma, and knowing Aroma's liking for that kind of business, we felt uncomfortable. One gentleman who was said to have been murdered had been kind to the natives, and very kind to our teachers, and by his example had done much to assist them. But in the course of a few days we heard truthful news, and learnt that our friend was well, and would be at Port Moresby soon. So we felt more comfortable in going on with our work of locating teachers.

We did not now require the Ellengowan, so she was sent to Murray Island; and we took boat and started for Boera, where two Samoan teachers and their wives were anxiously waiting to get away. These were the first to come to New Guinea from the Samoan Mission, and they were removing to one of the nearest, quietest, and best districts.

By 9 o'clock on a fine clear moonlight night we left Boera, with three boats all heavily laden. We had a fine

strong breeze with us through Caution Bay into Redscar Bay, where the wind dropped to a calm, and we had to pull to an anchorage in the Manumanu. By half-past 2 A.M. we were all asleep, beautifully packed, sardine-fashion. By 6 A.M. we were again under way, and pulling up the Apisi Creek. At 9 o'clock we anchored, landed everything, and then marched away across country, through stinking swamps, to Kabadi.

For some time, owing to raids by the Motumotu and Lese natives, the coast villages of Kabadi had been nearly deserted, and the natives had been living on their plantations, very much scattered. We had one teacher for the coast, and one for the villages inland, on the right bank of the Aroa River. The natives were glad to see us, and promised to finish the house for the teacher immediately. We slept one night there, and the following morning walked inland, where great joy was expressed on seeing their teacher. The old chief, Naime, told us he did not know what to think; he did not like to think we should break our promise, but so long a time had passed since the promise that he certainly was afraid that no teacher was coming. Now it was all right, and the great event was celebrated by a feast. We spent a few very pleasant days at Kabadi, and then returned to Port Moresby.

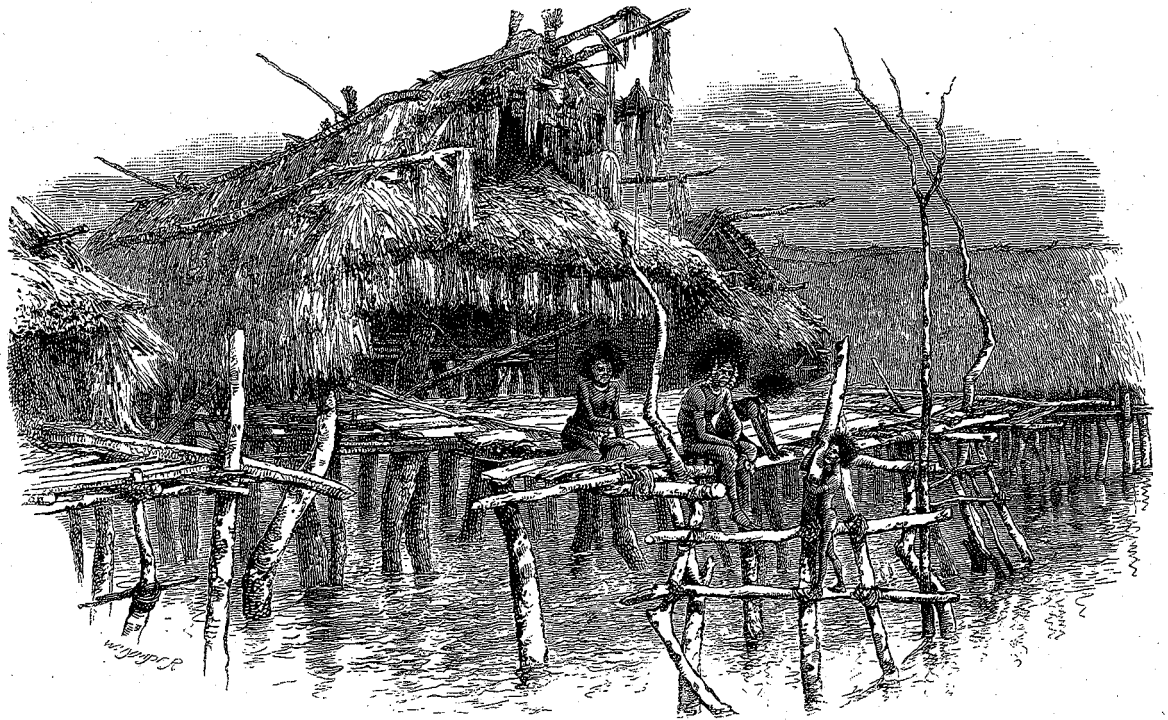
On July 23, 1885, I got my boat out, packed in the stores, and started for a trip to some of the stations east of Port Moresby. It took us all day to get to Pyramid Point. Being dark, the wind blowing fresh, and the sea breaking heavily against the Point, we anchored for the night, and the following morning at daybreak, in calm weather, we pulled to Tupuselei, where we breakfasted. Leaving Tupuselei, we stood well out to the Barrier Reef; the wind freshening, we put about and stood well up for Kaile, where we anchored early in the afternoon. At

sundown the wind ceased, and we pulled to Kapakapa, leaving teachers' supplies, and pushed on until we got to Round Head, where we met the south-easter again, with rain. We kept on until Friday morning about 2 o'clock, when we anchored and waited for day.

By daylight we were away again, hoping to get to Hulā, i.e. Hood Point, early; but the wind increasing and the sea running heavily, we did not reach our destination until 4 P.M. All were tired, and I decided to remain there until Monday morning. On Saturday I distributed presents from the Government of Queensland to the natives, who had rendered timely assistance at the wreck of a *bêche-de-mer* vessel, the Pride of the Logan. On Sunday we had several well-attended services of old and young.

Ever since the visit of H.M. ship Wolverene to Kalo, in 1881, when the natives were punished for their cruel massacre of the teachers, they have been anxious to have a teacher again stationed with them, and had promised to treat him well. From the last band of native teachers from Eastern Polynesia we selected one, Tau and his wife, from Rarotonga, to go there. During the few months that had elapsed since their arrival they had had fever, but were well now, and anxious to get to work. A good house was built by the Kalo people, under the superintendence of the Hulā teacher, and after the house was finished many were the visits paid to Hulā, to know when their teachers would come to live with them. The week before I arrived, several came in to Hulā, determined to carry their teacher and his wife off, saying they were afraid we were only going to deceive them.

On the Saturday I sent a messenger to inform them of my arrival, and on the Sunday we had quite a number of them at each of the services. The two leading chiefs were also present, and in the afternoon they said they would



THE CHIEF'S HOUSE AT TUPUSELEI

return and prepare for our arrival, and get plenty of food cooked.

On Monday morning Renaki, the senior Hulā chief, and a number of young men came, and we started, taking with us all the things that Tau and his wife wished, leaving the most of their goods at Hulā. There had been a great deal of rain the night before; it was still raining a little, and the grass was wet, so the walking was not very pleasant. Arriving at Kalo, we at once took possession of the house, which was soon crowded with an enthusiastic and rejoicing lot of natives. After a little while I paid for the house, and then sent for all the chiefs, four in number, to whom I gave presents, and begged of them to be kind to Tau and his wife, which they cheerfully promised. The chief's son, with whom the former teacher lived, and who was one of the active murderers, told me that the piece of land belonging to the Society had never been touched, and he hoped that, as the past had been forgiven, Tau would take possession at once, and begin planting. Kulu, a chief who had had nothing whatever to do with the massacre, told the Hulā teacher that they were all afraid and ashamed, but that now they felt more comfortable, and would assist the teacher. All assured me they would take care that our trust in them would not again be forfeited. In the afternoon the eldest son of the chief Quaipo, who planned the attack, came with a pig and a large quantity of food. At one time we received twenty-four dishes of cooked food, and several hundreds of young cocoanuts.

In the evening a number of our Hulā friends returned; but, anxious to show the Kalo natives that I trusted them, I decided to remain, and to return to Hulā the following morning. Shortly after sundown we were left alone, and at first I doubted if I had done right in remaining, lest I should be the means of leading our teachers and their wives and my boat's crew into trouble. No Europeans

had slept there since the massacre. We were quite at their mercy, being in an unprotected house and unarmed, and had they attacked me we should all have been killed. In one sense it was foolhardy, as the natives had often said that nothing would satisfy them but my head. On the other hand, if all went well, it would be the best augury for future success. I did not feel quite at my ease, and had fully intended to keep awake and watchful through the night. But after evening prayers I rolled myself up in my blanket, feeling it very cold. In spite of my prudent intentions, I soon was sound asleep, and never woke until the next morning at daylight. The people were pleased that I should have shown such confidence in them, as they all knew we were quite unarmed. May He who protected us soon become known unto them!

On Wednesday, the weather being fine, I proceeded to Aroma, calling at Kerepunu. All were well, and glad to see me, as they had long expected me, and the teacher and his wife appointed to Belerupu, Macfarlane Harbour, were wearying to be at work. Both had suffered a great deal from fever, but were now much better. For some time their house had been finished, and the people were anxious to have them both amongst them. The next morning by 3.30 we were off in two boats, and by 9 o'clock were ashore and in the house. The people appear to be quiet and kind; they received us well, and appeared delighted that at length they too had their teacher. There are about six hundred people in the village, half living ashore and half at sea in the harbour. The Clara River (so named by the late Mr. Beswick, he being the first to ascend it) enters the harbour close by the village. The people, although now apparently quiet and friendly, have had, I fear, a great deal to do with the various murders on the coast at Cloudy Bay. Belerupu is the most easterly village of the Aroma district, and the one holding the most communication with

the Mailiu district, especially with Mailiukolu, or Toulon Island. The inhabitants seem to be under the Maopa natives, and our old friend Koapena has some power over them, for to him they give tribute, in food, pigs, and fish. Anxious to get back to Parimata, the most westerly of the Aroma villages, and near to Keppel Point, before it began to blow again—for when blowing hard it is dangerous to cross the Keakalo Bay in an open boat—we left in the afternoon.

I was glad to find at Aroma that at last there were a few who were anxious to be taught, and were inquiring more diligently into the Gospel preached to them during these last few years. I spent a very pleasant, and I trust to all a profitable evening at Parimata. In speaking to Koapena of the teacher and his teaching, I asked him when he was going to receive and believe the Gospel. Turning to a teacher who was interpreting for me, he said, 'Teach me more, only keep teaching me, and if you had done that, I might have been the first to understand and believe.' Well done, Koapena; faith, blind faith, without knowledge, you are not willing to have; mere acquiescence would never become my big, strong-minded friend. He is said to be the finest physical specimen of a native in all the Western Pacific.

By daylight the next morning I was in the boat, and bowling along before a fine steady breeze. Calling at Kerepunu, and finding that all was right there, we continued to Hulā, just in time to avoid a strong south-easter and dark, dirty weather. There I received a letter from Tau, saying he and his wife were well, and the people and chiefs were treating them kindly. We also received a few limes from a tree planted by the former teacher. Next year, Tau says, they will have oranges.

Fearing the weather might get worse, and being anxious to get back to Port Moresby, I left Hulā at night,

running before a strong wind, in some places not at all pleasant because of the many reefs, every now and again pulling up or running off. At Pyramid Point it was particularly nasty, and very dark; but we passed safely, and bowled along at a grand rate near the Barrier Reef. By 4.30 A.M. we landed at Port Moresby, ready for a good sleep. And so east and west we keep extending, and I trust will continue to do so until New Guinea is occupied with earnest men and women preaching Christ and leading thousands to Him.

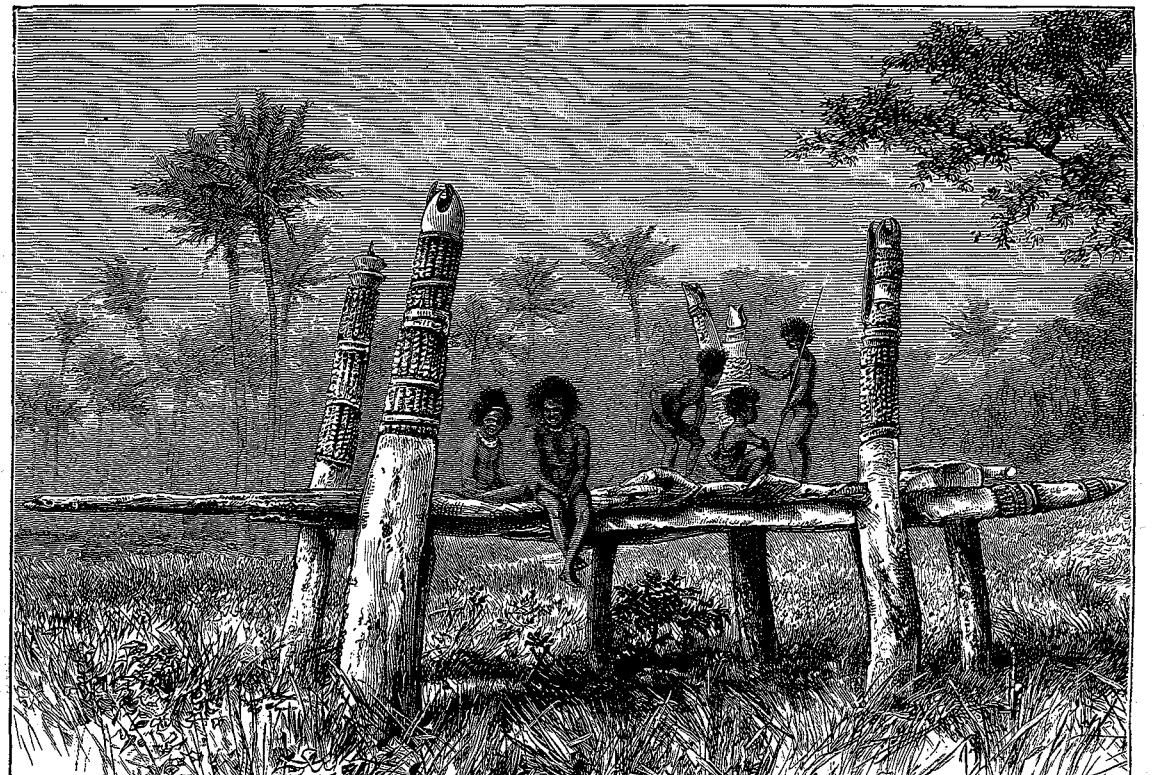
CHAPTER VIII

SOME NEW GUINEA CELEBRITIES

I. GRANNY: ONE OF THE EARLY FRIENDS OF THE NEW GUINEA MISSION

IN 1872 the mission on New Guinea proper was begun at Manumanu. Six teachers, with their wives, were left there by Messrs. Murray and Gill, in the hope that as they became acquainted with the people they would strike out on either side and possess the land. During the earlier days visitors were numerous, and came in from every direction. Among these was a smart, kindly woman, who determined to make these foreigners her friends, and to help them in every possible way. Her name was Keua; she was a widow, and had a child sixteen months old. She was constantly moving around the teachers' house, and as they became familiar with the dialect they found that her one and constant exclamation was: 'You are in the wrong place. Come to Hanuabada, the largest of all the villages on this part of the coast. It is my land, and the centre of this tribe. We are one. Come and see.'

'What does this woman mean by a large village, not very far away, and more healthy than Manumanu? Let us see for ourselves.' So reasoned the teachers; and they hoped to return with her to her home; but fever set in, and one after another died from it. Keua returned to her home, but ever since that time she became intimately connected with our mission. In all the older missions of the



MARAE AT TUPUSELEI

South Pacific there were a few who came to the teachers at the outset, and who with great consistency have adhered to them throughout. Many have gone home, both men and women, who were faithful unto death, and a few remain, who await the time when they too shall go.

The teachers were removed from Manumanu in 1873, and were placed at Port Moresby by Mr. Murray, the father of the New Guinea Mission. Soon the active widow appeared on the scene, and claimed peculiar friendship with the new arrivals. They were all placed on the eastern side; her home was on the western side. She thought it unjust that her side should have no teachers, and expressed herself accordingly. But the old chief objected, saying, 'They will bring us sickness, and we shall all die. You,' he said, referring to Keua, 'brought them here. What right had you to tell them of our land? and who but you invited them to come and live amongst us?'

She came daily to the teachers, and helped them in every possible way—carrying wood, getting water, and cooking for them. The people tried daily to persuade her to leave them and have nothing more to do with them, but she persistently turned a deaf ear to all their entreaties. She began to relish foreign food, such as rice and biscuits, which she used herself and gave to her child. Her friends grew frantic with terror, and became assured she had gone mad. A few months passed, and she delivered up her child to Ruatoka's wife, who accepted it by giving it a new name, Sema, which the youth now bears.

A year passed, and Mr. and Mrs. Lawes arrived. As Keua had not sufficient work to keep herself employed at home, she went over daily to assist Mrs. Lawes. Had it not been for her, they would often have been without wood and water. During the two years Mrs. Lawes was in the mission, Keua hung on, frequently helping herself to things

not her own. It was her failing that she did not understand the law of *meum* and *tuum*. Often she stole things that could have been of no use to her, and when she was accused she was, according to her own account, ever innocent, never guilty. On one of Mr. Lawes' inland trips she proved to be one of the best carriers in the whole party, never flagging under her heavy burden.

On the arrival of the John Williams on one occasion, she went off with others to see the vessel, having taken the precaution before leaving the house to get a paper on which was written in large letters, 'This is Mrs. Lawes' servant.' When she arrived on board she was greeted by all the white people as a friend, and cast all the other natives into the shade. She says, 'The foreigners would come and look at my mark, shake my hand, and smile, and would then give me tobacco and cloth.' As she smokes, tobacco was a very valuable present to her.

When Mrs. Chalmers and myself arrived in New Guinea, we found her about the mission-house. We soon made friends with her, giving her the new name of 'Granny.' She became very much attached to Mrs. Chalmers. She religiously keeps dresses given her years ago, wearing them only on very extraordinary occasions, and when asked, 'Granny, why not wear that dress?' she replies, 'No; it was given me by Tamate Vaine, and I must keep it.'

As she was a good-looking native woman, strong and active, I often wondered why she never married again, and I once said to her, 'Now, Granny, how comes it that you do not marry? Motu women soon marry after mourning for their first husbands, and still you are unmarried.'

'No, never again, never!' she replied. 'My first husband beat me, and see on my shoulder the mark of a spear which he threw at me. Men are bad; they are wild and passionate, and only think of women as beasts. Many prefer their pig and dog to their wife. I will never, never

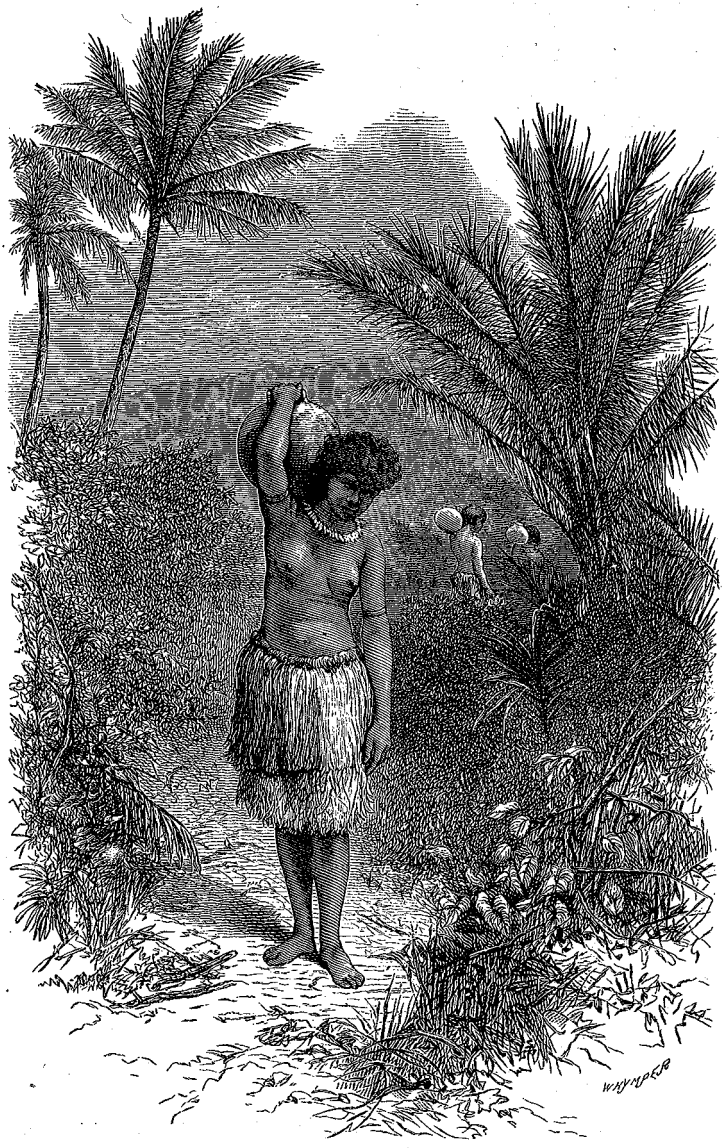
again marry! I am happy now, and I shall remain as I am.'

On another occasion she said: 'No Motu man could ever propose for me, the price he would have to give would be much more than any one could ever collect.' The price of Keua was as follows: three pigs, one tusk, dresses, two large bundles of sago, eighteen arm-shells, and large pieces of dugong and turtle.

Women are much better treated on the coast than they are inland. Inland they are often speared or clubbed to death for the slightest offence. Once when we interfered to save a woman from some men who were running after her to spear her, an old Koiari woman said to us, 'Why do you interfere? Don't you know the Koiari man kills his wife when he likes, knowing he will soon get another?'

On the coast, I fancy, they have too much to do and say, and it is only when they are terribly exasperated that the men beat their women. Generally the woman will leave her lord after a beating, and go to her own friends; but the quarrel ends in the lord eating humble-pie, and coming to the friends as a suppliant, confessing his fault, and begging for his wife. He will on such an occasion bring a pig, an arm-shell, or some other present to appease the wrath of the friends—a peace-offering, or a token, I fear, of his submission.

My friend, Oa of Maiva, tried hard to get Granny to accompany him to his home. I was appealed to, and, fancying the lady rather inclined to it, I said it was for her to decide. Her sons—married men—on hearing it were wild, and entreated their mother to give up all thought of it. Their tears brought her back to her former determination, and she told Oa that she would never marry again. Her sons were doubtful, and as the time drew near for Oa's return to his own home, they armed themselves, and jealously watched their mother day and night, afraid lest she might



A PORT MORESBY GIRL

change her mind, and in some secret way disappear. Oa, attracted by a younger woman, formed a new friendship, and gave up all idea of our friend.

One night, when camping on the Astrolabe Hills, Granny entertained us with an amusing account of her husband, when he wished to introduce a second wife into the house. For a long time he had looked on this woman, and wished much that she could share his house, but he had some fear about it. At last he told his relatives, and they assisted him. Granny said, 'I often wondered why he was collecting shell-armlets, and, at times, I feared it was for a second wife; but I was determined that no second wife should ever live with my husband while I was alive. I did not know that he wished another, and always thought myself a good wife, and sufficient for him. One morning his friends entered my house, bringing a woman with them; also several earthenware pots and various kinds of food. I knew well what they wanted, but appeared ignorant. I said, "You need not come here to cook; I am young, and strong, and well, and can do that. You need bring no food here, my store-house is full of all kinds; and as for pots, these I can make as well as any woman in the Motu tribe. Away with you now, and for ever." I then took their pots and threw them out, and sent the food after them. My husband's friends were wild with anger. He himself was silent and hung down his head. I told the woman that as the sun was high she could wait until the cool of the afternoon, but then she must leave my house and my husband for ever. In the evening she left, after I had given her something to eat. I never expect again to see her, although she lives only a few miles from here.'

'You know,' she continued, 'I was a very proud, haughty woman.'

'Indeed you were, Keua; and hard to please,' said some natives, who stood close by and heard her words.

'No,' she replied. 'Two women in one house cannot agree, and I would never consent to such an arrangement.'

In many of my inland and coast trips, Granny accompanied me, as I found her to be a most useful help. When we could not get carriers, and each had to carry our own swag, Granny never grumbled at having to carry camp utensils and other things; and besides that she was always ready to cook food and attend on us. Often she has been left entirely in charge of camp, with all our barter goods open, but never have we missed anything. She is a marvellous woman in accommodating herself to all kinds of circumstances; able to sleep anywhere, or to do without sleep; to eat anything that we had, or to go without food; in sun or rain, by day or night, always contented. She could hold conversation with all the tribes we met, and we everywhere found her invaluable as an interpreter.

She had no difficulty in making herself at home with the women; and naturally they gathered round her to hear her wonderful tales of the white people who lived in her land, far away on the coast, and of all the tribes we had visited, and the countries we had seen. It was amusing on these trips to hear her speak disdainfully of the dark heathen people amongst whom we were sojourning: they were not like her people, who were now enlightened. She seemed never to be afraid, though always keeping a good look-out. On several occasions we were in rather peculiar circumstances, and had reason to suspect that things were not all right, yet Granny kept apparently calm.

Granny was good for coasting as well as for inland travel. She was never sea-sick, and always ready to get a fire and cook when we landed.

Time wears on, and the work of past years, and the continuous listening to reading and prayer, and—when at home—the constant attendance at school and services,

were seen in what we believe was the changed life in dear old Granny. She learned to pray, and said that she desired to love Christ—to be His alone. Her knowledge of Christ and of His Word was scant indeed; but looking to her change in life, and to her expressed desire, we could not but baptize her as one of the loving Saviour's own disciples.

II. Kirikeu of South Cape.

Upon first reaching a new station there are generally two or three men who take to you and you to them. Sometimes they are men of influence, and become great helps. They are not always the first to receive the Gospel; it more generally happens that some unknown outsider is the first to come forward and declare for Christ and His Word. The man I am now going to sketch was old when we arrived at South Cape, and being a man of influence and much respected, was indeed very helpful to us in many ways.

The first time we went to South Cape we anchored in the evening, and in the morning were surrounded with canoes full of noisy natives, who came on board and made themselves quite at home. One old man, who seemed to think he had a right to go everywhere in our schooner, found his way aft and made friends with Tamate Vaine (Mrs. Chalmers). He wore round his neck a string of bones, and offered these as a mark of friendship, but they were not accepted. From these bones he was called ever after 'Bag o' Bones,' and for a long time was known by no other name. His real name was Kirikeu. When he knew that we wished to stay and build, he was very anxious we should live near him; and on our deciding for his village he was perfectly satisfied, and then, I now believe, became our real friend, resolved to help us in every possible way. The strip of land now belonging to the London Missionary Society was bought from him and paid in trade. Remem-

bering the many things said against missionaries cheating the natives in land purchases, I determined to pay for all land bought for mission use what I considered a fair price, so that in future it might not be said we had outreached the natives. I paid at the rate of thirty shillings per acre—a good price, I think, for unused land. The old man and his friends were highly delighted, and now he looked upon us as his children. When we were in great danger, surrounded by a painted and armed crowd while living in Manuegu's house, the old man was in the bush. On hearing what was taking place, he hurried in, advising me to accede to the demands ; but on finding I would not yield, he got the chief to lead his party away into the bush. The old man returned home, asking me for something, to which I answered, 'No, no ; never to threats.' He left, and after some time came and sat by us until late at night.

He was the great talker of the village, and at night, or very early in the morning, would get on to his platform when all were asleep or near it, and express his thoughts on things general or particular. That is very common throughout this part of New Guinea. Pent-up wrath often explodes on the platform. Hunters returning unsuccessful from the chase let forth on the sorcerers and evil spirits. Fishermen, after a weary day or night trying the net in many places, but 'catching nothing,' will, in the weary sleepy native hour between 8 and 9 at night, pour forth their fulminations of wrath. They may contain themselves till the morning, but when the morning star has climbed the near hills they begin, and continue until light has spread itself like a gauzy garment over all Nature. Then wrath is gone, and they hope for more success in future. Our old friend was great at this work.

When we were passing through what we called the Mayri troubles, he was our adviser as to where we should

go and what we should do; and I believe *now* he used his influence for our preservation. During that time he always came to us armed with a large knife, assuring us that he and his son would defend us with their lives. He often came looking anxious, and besought us to keep a good look-out and not go far away. On the day of the burial of a native who had been shot, when great crowds were about our house, he would not go to the meeting, but remained by us all day, taking an occasional walk round in the bush. Knowing that sorcerers were being employed to pray us or exorcise us dead, he employed two old sorcerers from the mainland to use their powers on our behalf.

Some time after, when opening a box, I brought out a bag of pease; Kirikeu was assisting me: he thought they were shot, and at once left to inform them in the village that we were terribly armed, and they must be careful. When he returned in the afternoon I spoke sharply to him; but he thought them shot until he saw them boiled and eaten. Our tinned meat he, with other natives, believed to be man; and long after our arrival would he shake his head incredulously when we would try to assure him it was *poro* (pig). He came to me once in great trouble. A chief came to the house one morning, and was very troublesome, saying, 'You are useless as a chief, having no arms; wherever you go, you are unarmed.' I told them I was a man of peace, had come to preach peace, but if necessary should defend myself. I brought out two bottles —one containing sulphuric acid and the other muriatic acid. I poured a little of each on the ground close by him; the fumes went into his face. Frightened, he started and ran, I believe, quicker than he ever did before; he got to Manuegu's house, and complained of being ill, assuring them that I had killed him. There was great consternation, and the old man came to inquire and beg of me to remove

the evil influence. I told him it was all right, that nothing would happen. He was quite satisfied, and left. A fortnight afterwards the chief returned, wishing to make friends.

As time wore on it became evident my old friend was very jealous of the attention shown to another native, named Quaiani; and once when the latter came to see us and was in the house, Kirikeu rushed down to the beach and began breaking the canoe. I ran down and dragged him away; he was in a terrible passion. We were house-building at the time. I stopped the work, and told the people unless I was allowed to have my friends come and see me unmolested I must leave. They insisted on the old man giving compensation to me; and knowing well it was a native custom, when he came with his armlets I accepted them, saying I was sorry for what had happened, and hoped we should have no repetition of it. In the afternoon our whole party went to him on his platform, where he sat very disconsolate, and presented him with things he liked much. Now all was right, and we became good friends again. He accompanied me once down the coast, introducing me as his son to many of his friends. On the night of our return he helped to exorcise the wind. One boy becoming ill, he assured me that he was inwardly speared by some power!

Sitting enjoying an evening pipe with friends, we were astonished to hear our old friend beginning one of his wrathful harangues. Curiosity brought us out to see and hear him. He was on high pitch, and laying forth with great energy.

'Kirikeu, what is the matter, and why are you so angry?'

'Have you not heard what a Bonorua woman has done?'

'No; what is it?'

'She dug up her buried husband to feed her friends who came to condole with her, she having no pig.'

'And what of that? it is only what you all do—eat human flesh.'

'What? Who can let such be done? When I die, my wife might do the same with me. No; the whole crowd of women must go, go for ever. There, they can take these canoes; let them be gone before morning, or they will be killed. Will you have them? Take the whole crowd, and never return.'

A woman challenged the old man, and marched up and down in front, telling him to be quiet as long as he ate human flesh. It looked serious for that woman, as he threatened to come down to her.

On hearing of Tamate Vaine's (Mrs. Chalmers) death, the old man cried bitterly.

I left them for a long time, and then returned to find my good old friend in great trouble: he had lost his only son—a man thirty-five years old. Instead of painting his body black, he had got on old clothes given him by the teacher, but I would certainly have preferred him in his native mourning. He attended all services in the teacher's house, and was never absent from services in the chapel. Everywhere he advised the natives to give up cannibalism, and spoke on behalf of peace. When some of our teachers were poisoned at Isiuisu, he advised the teachers on no account to accept of cooked food from the people, and be careful who went for water. On recalling the past, I cannot but feel thankful for so good a friend in those early days; may he receive the light, and be made free!

III. Oa of Maiva.

In 1879, visiting Port Moresby from South Cape, I found several strange natives living with the Motuans, and on inquiring whence they came was told from Maiva, a

district in the west, but then without any chart position. They were a little different from the Motu natives, being physically larger, with hair not so bushy, and more respectably dressed, having nearly as much covering as is necessary. When they came to call on me each had a piece of native cloth hanging down his back. They invited me to visit their home, speaking of it as a place vastly superior to Port Moresby, with plenty of food of every kind, sago in special abundance. I found the principal man was named Oa, and that he was a great chief. He spent some time at Port Moresby securing armlets and shell beads.

Oa often visited me to have a smoke, and, as the Motuans were short of food, to get some from my servants. At home he had several wives, but he had set his heart on one young damsel here, and have her to take home with him he must. The young lady did not wish so old a lover, and her friends were against her going so far away. Oa was about fifty years old, five feet nine inches in height, strongly built, a very determined expression on his face—a man who could not easily be turned aside from his purpose, and, I believe, a most inveterate enemy to those he disliked. He made up his mind to carry off the girl, and succeeded in getting her some miles away, when he was overtaken by her friends, who with great crying and many presents so softened Oa's heart that he yielded and gave her up. He told them that when he returned, if she still remained unmarried, he would certainly take her to Maiva. She was sold soon after, and on Oa's next visit she was safe in her husband's house.

We became excellent friends. He was a great sorcerer, and much feared in Maiva and the surrounding districts. All the tribes were ever anxious to make and retain friendship with him, and for him the best pigs were reserved and the best portions of food at all feasts. Although beyond

the age when men, civilised or savage, as a rule think much of dress, he was very dressy, and adorned himself with a strict regard to fashion. I visited Maiva two or three times, but was never fortunate enough to find him at home. In 1880 they were building a large dubu, or temple, in which he took great interest. The following October he came to see me, and invited me to visit him soon. He had finished the dubu, and they were now preparing for a season of retirement. I gave him some presents, and amongst them an American tomahawk, telling him to proceed on his return, and when the moon was near the hill-tops at sunset I should set out to visit him. He was greatly delighted, and all along the coast told the natives I was coming to visit him and Maiva.

About a fortnight after, I followed, but, on getting to Delena, heard that Oa was dead—that he had died suddenly. Some fears were entertained as to our reception, and we were advised to be careful as to what we ate, and that we should cook our own food. My crew at one time refused to go with me, and suggested returning or remaining at Delena. To the latter I did not object, only telling them I thought they were cowards. When near starting, and asking for another crew, my own crew all came, saying they would go to live or die with me.

On arriving at Maiva I was first led into Oa's house, and made to sit on a mat spread on the top of his grave. And then the terrible wailing began, the pulling of the hair, and cutting of the face and head with sharp shells. The present I intended for him I placed on his grave and retired. Many things had been buried with him, and at the head of his grave were stuck spears, bows and arrows, and, hanging on them, frontlets, armlets, necklaces, and large ear-pendants.

Oa was a most vindictive man, and never forgot an injury, and he was able to hide his intentions under a

studied friendship. A good friend, a terrible enemy. Many years ago some Maivans were killed by Boerans on the small islands on the Barrier Reef, near Boera. Maiva learned what had become of their lost friends, said nothing, but pretended true friendship; and Oa and his people came regularly to Boera, the latter thinking Maiva knew nothing of the tragedy. The time of vengeance at last came. Three trading canoes from Boera that had been in the Gulf for sago were overtaken when off Cape Possession by a severe storm, and ran into Maiva. The crews were at first well received, and advised to take their lakatois well up the creek. The gale was abating, and they were hoping soon to get out and away home. Maiva, at Oa's instigation, rose in mass one night and slew 177; three escaped to the bush, and worked their way through bush, swamp, and river, over hills and dales, travelling at night through districts inhabited by hostile tribes, to Manumanu, in Redscar Bay, where they thought they were safe. Tired, hungry, and thirsty, one ascended a cocoanut tree, and had begun to throw the nuts down, when the owner and son came along, listened to their story, and decided on killing them. Being friendly with Maiva, the Manumanu felt they could easily destroy the only informants and witnesses of the dastard deed. They speared the two on the ground, ordered the third to come down from the tree, and despatched him in a like manner. They buried the bodies close by, and returned to the village saying nothing. Long after, Boera heard of the deed, while a teacher was with them, but being too weak and anxious for peace, they said nothing. Once, I believe, Oa was taxed with the slaughter, but all he said was, 'My children murdered at Baava are paid for; let us keep peace.'

A month before these events took place, the whole side of a limestone hill near Boera village gave way, falling with a terrible crash. Men women, and children mourned

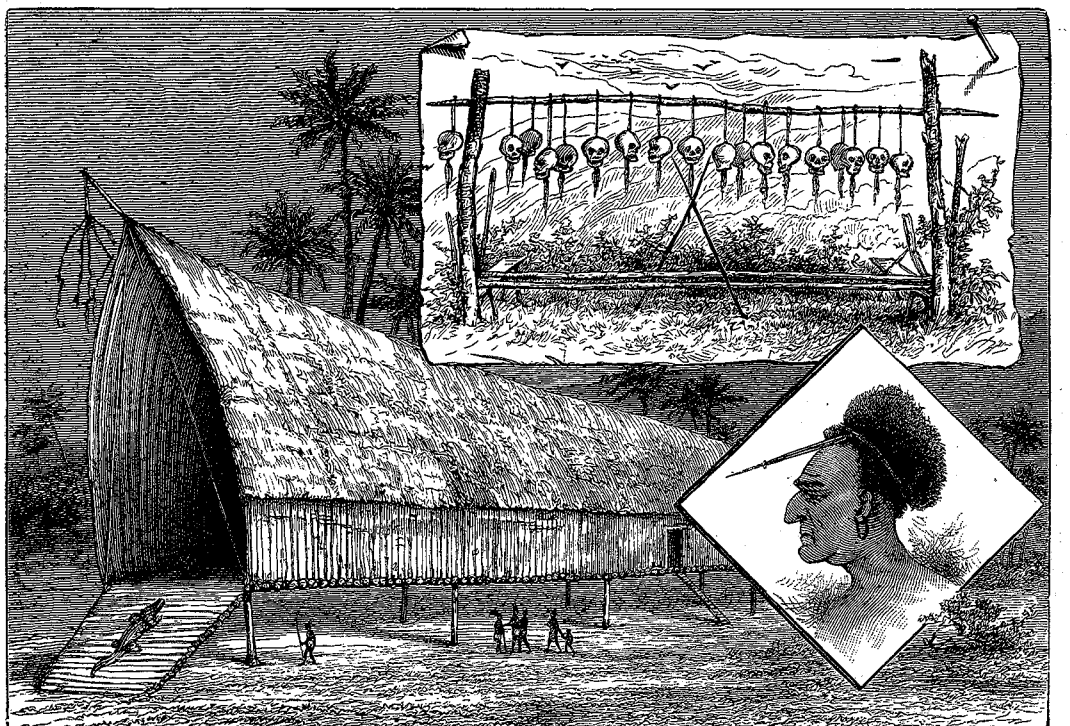
with great mourning, assured that something terrible was to happen to those trading in the west. Omens innumerable were seen, but none that caused so much consternation.

It was during my visit that I became acquainted with Meauri, Oa's eldest son. He could not enter the dubu where I lodged, because of having touched the dead and having attended thereon. He used to call me outside and inquire as to my comforts and wants, telling his friends to see well to me, and not suffer me to be neglected. He had already six wives; and when one left, *ten* applied to be received in her place. He lacks stability; and if ever he takes first place, it will only be after long and patient uphill work.

A few months after my visit the large dubu was burnt down, only two small stumps of posts being left. One afternoon a woman was weeding near it, and when she had finished her work she set fire to the weeds. The wind came up strong from the south-east and blew some of the fire about, some resting on the dubu, which was soon in a blaze, and in a few minutes gone.

IV. Koapena of Aroma.

Not many years ago Aroma appeared on the chart for the first time, and in 1880 the first white man landed, and visited fourteen villages in the district, and then he and his party were in great danger of being speared and clubbed. It was the most desperate plight I have ever been in in New Guinea, and I have had a few narrow escapes. Here, in 1882, seven Chinamen were murdered by the natives, their heads boiled and cleaned, and to-day the skulls adorn the sacred place of the largest village. In 1881 teachers were placed at Parimata and Maopa, and the head chief promised to care for them. Long before their arrival the chief, Koapena, begged for teachers, and when told that the people might kill them, he laughed



DUBUS AT VAILALA AND MAOPA.—KOAPENA, CHIEF OF MAOPA

at the idea of any interference during his lifetime. In December, 1884, we visited Aroma, and opened the first two churches. A goodly number attended the services, and the feasts afterwards were thoroughly appreciated by the natives. At Hulā and Kerepunu fears were entertained that we should all be murdered, as a meeting of all the missionaries and teachers would be a suitable occasion for the old Aroma spirit to assert itself, and cause the natives to surround the party and murder all. But remembering we were in good keeping, we feared no ill; and after spending some time at both places, experiencing great kindness from the people and much attention—especially the lady of our party, who was the first white lady ever to land in this part of New Guinea—we returned home.

All this, however, merely by way of introduction. I wish to say something about the chief, Koapena, who is certainly the finest man in this part of New Guinea—from Bald Head to East Cape, a distance of about five hundred miles. How he loves his children, and how they love and respect him! It would astonish you to see his attachment to the missionaries, and how anxious he is to make them happy. I remember many years ago seeing Garibaldi at the Crystal Palace, and the one thing that struck me most was the trustful simplicity of the lion visage. In Koapena I can see in his peculiar face and in his great frame that same simplicity—a terrible enemy, but a friend in time of need. He is about five feet ten inches high, splendidly built, having the appearance of a perfect Hercules—every muscle well defined, his gait erect and truly proud, as if conscious of power and superiority. I noticed him the other day, when he stepped out of our boat some distance from Keppel Point to bathe, preparatory to landing and meeting his wives and friends. Having finished his ablutions, and the boat having got ahead of him, he rushed ashore, sending the water flying all around. He has on his

body over fifty tattoo-marks, representing that his people have killed over fifty men, women, and children. I have seen many large clubs in the various districts known to us in New Guinea, but none will match with his; it is fastened to the outer post of his house, and is seen by all who enter, warning intruders to beware. He has an arm that can wield it, too. Once he said to me, 'Who dare touch you? Should any injure you, or speak ill to you, where can they go? Will they ascend to heaven, that I cannot find them? Will they sink underground beyond my reach? No; no one must injure you.'

After the murder of the Chinamen he said, 'All of your country are my friends, but Sinito (Chinese) never; I will kill all who land here.' They certainly did give the greatest provocation. I said, 'Koapena, Victoria has many different kinds of children, and she would certainly be angry if you killed any belonging to her, be they white, black, or yellow, and you had better beware.' 'Tamate, I will kill every Chinaman who lands here; all other foreigners, white or black, are my friends.'

I hope he is now more agreeably disposed towards the Celestials, and would even be willing to make friends with them. He has great influence over the whole Aroma district, and from all parts receives presents. He is always referred to in other villages along the coast, when anything serious is brewing; and it is generally, 'What does Koapena say?' not, 'What does Aroma say?'

Commodore Erskine once visited Aroma. Koapena went on board to see the great chief. He was much struck with all he saw, but what astonished him most was the band playing. He shook with fear from head to foot, and, ashamed of it, sat down. At our opening service of the Maopa church he gave a short address, something like the following: 'Now listen; it must be peace with us and the foreigners; they' (referring to the teachers) 'have brought

us words of peace: it is time we received them. If any of you think you can do as you like with the foreigners, that they are not strong, let me tell you to visit a ship such as I have seen, and see for yourselves, and you will never again speak boastfully. I have seen guns, large and small, the sound of which is too much; I have seen men in numbers greater than all Aroma can speak of.' (He thought they were different men he saw in different parts of the ship, and the continual movements of the men astonished him much.)

At one time he was very anxious to visit the Straits or Cooktown; it was arranged that he should pay a visit to the former. The day before leaving, two of his wives asked to be allowed to visit the mission steamer and see for themselves where their lord was to be accommodated. They were taken over the vessel, and at last he was anxious that they should see the engine-room; but they would not leave the deck, satisfied with what they could see from there. The furnace-door was opened, and they ran back in great excitement, saying to him, 'You must not go; see, these foreigners keep this great fire to burn up all they kill.' The next morning he came off when ready to start, saying, 'I cannot go; I have spent a miserable night; my wives have done nothing but cry over me all night, and I must stay. By-and-by, when they become more accustomed to you, and your wife can stay here with them, we can go and just do as we like.' He has been to Cooktown since, and was greatly astonished at all he saw. He is kind and attentive to the teachers, and helps them in many ways.

A short time ago, when, at Aroma, my boatman, Bob Samoa, of D'Albertis celebrity, was taken very ill and died, Koapena showed great sympathy, and insisted on digging the grave, assisted by two other chiefs, and would allow no others but themselves to descend into the grave and receive the body.

When walking one day through his cocoanut plantation, I saw hanging up in various places old cocoanuts with the husk much torn. Wondering what they could mean, I inquired of his nephew, who was with me. 'Oh, that is a warning to cocoanut thieves that any stealing Koapena's cocoanuts will have their heads served in the same way.'

After the massacre at Kalo, and before Aroma had heard of it, the Aroma teachers were removed, as we feared the murdering contagion would spread, as it was said by the natives on all hands it would. Koapena wondered much why the teachers should so hurriedly be removed, but on their leaving he gave orders that no one was to go near their houses. A fortnight after, I visited him, and had to land with caution, as we could not tell how we should be received.

We landed at Keppel Point, and were only met by a few people. Always when landing before, Koapena was soon there to meet me, but this time my friend was not to be seen. We walked along the beach to Maopa, but met no Koapena; up the sand-hill and over to the village, and there on his platform with a few old men was the chief, with his back turned to me, and no word of welcome. I wondered if our friendship was so soon broken, although I felt we had done him an injury in not trusting him; but as I drew near it was too much for the warm 'savage' heart, and he turned round and saluted me. 'Oh, Tamate, how foolish you have been! but come.' Then, meeting me, he threw his arms round my neck, saying in a very sorrowful voice, 'Tamate, you might have trusted me with your children; you know well no one belonging to you will be injured here.' We went to the teacher's house, and there everything was just as it was left; a knife and tomahawk carelessly left in front of the cook-house, with a few yams, were untouched, and just as when they had been put down by the teacher's wife, on her hearing of the

murders. When the teachers were returned, Koapena was greatly delighted.

At a national feast, when numerous pigs were to be slain, I have seen him dressed in European clothing, in his hand a branch, surrounded by his wives carrying all his and their treasures, and twenty men gaudily dressed with feathers of every description, beating drums, he dancing and moving backwards, leading the great procession very slowly through the various narrow streets, followed by the pigs gaily dressed with leaves, and borne by the young men to the Aroma sacred place, where human skulls hang, and where only pigs can be slain.

Remember, he is not a Christian, and makes no profession of desiring greater blessings than he already possesses. He only dresses in European clothing on great occasions, and is perfectly satisfied with the small clothing he is accustomed to.

Koapena in shirt and trousers is not half the man he is in his strings. May we not hope that when he receives Christ as his Light, Saviour, and Friend he will use his influence for the advancement of the knowledge of His name? It may be now he is being led by the hand of Light to light, and that soon that light will break forth in him.

Such are a few notes on my interesting friend Koapena—a savage, it is true, but one whom I love.

V. The Motu Robber-Chief, Aruako.

In all the tribes of New Guinea there are numerous chiefs, but in ancient times it was not so. They had one, and one only, whose word was law for war or peace. In the Motu tribe, the ancestors of Boi Vagi, the late chief of Port Moresby, who died in the Christian faith in 1886, were great chiefs, and in his father's time he alone held the power. Wherever he went he was looked upon as the ruler of the Motu tribe, and was treated accordingly; pigs

were killed, food was cooked, and large presents given to him. Since his death the chiefs have never been able to obtain all his power and influence, although the chief at Port Moresby is looked upon as the principal chief of the Motu by the people of that and other tribes. The younger branch of the family held the power of making raids to secure property, and the father of the robber-chief was a

A NEW GUINEA DANDY

noted man all along the coast in that particular science. When he proposed a raid on any particular village, he always had a large number of daring spirits to listen to his proposals, and who longed for such work.

The son, Aruako, it seems, took after his father, and as he grew up to manhood was well educated in that particular department. When I knew him first he was a wild-looking savage, with the largest, longest, frizziest head of hair on

the coast, or that I had seen in New Guinea. He in no way made any friendly advances to the missionary or teachers. His expression was sour and repellent, and gave the impression that he was always angry. He is about forty-five years of age, well-built, and about five feet eight inches in height. He has two sisters as wives. He says that being sisters they do not disturb him by quarrelling, as the younger always submits to the elder. He would certainly be an ugly customer to deal with as an enemy, and some years ago the less any one had to do with him the better. He used to punish the slightest insult to himself or his friends, at once and satisfactorily, not by taking life, but by robbery.

The arrival of the teachers, and Boi Vagi's becoming their friend, rather spoiled Aruako's vocation, and he settled down in a sulky manner to watch the changes that might take place. To make things worse, he was a man who believed much in witchcraft, and was full of superstition, the kind of man that any one would find difficult to win over. He says he never robbed without a cause, and never killed in his robbing raids. Once, when at Manumanu with other canoes returning from Kabadi, they were waiting until night to get along the coast. He saw that the people of Manumanu had been fishing, and were very successful. He expected to get some fish from his friends, but after waiting some time and no dish of fish appearing, he went up to the village and asked for a few cooked fish. One of the chiefs said, 'Yes; wait on your canoes.' He returned and waited, but no one came near them. It was too much; he could wait no longer, and he called those in the other canoes to come with him and help themselves. They helped themselves so freely to everything that some of their canoes came near sinking. The Manumanuans said nothing, and dared not resist; and Aruako says they have a lively recollection of it to the

present day, for never again was he or any other of his tribe insulted by them in like manner.

There is a great deal of magnanimity amongst savages. A Boera man was killed at Naara, and Aruako took up the quarrel. Naara had always been friendly with the Motuans, and it was not meant to make them enemies now. A large party of young men were got together, and at night surrounded the village. At daybreak they entered, telling the chiefs and people not to be afraid, that no one would be hurt if they did not resist, but they had come to help themselves. They were very free with the Naara goods, and when each had enough to carry and were going away, the chief said:

'Stay and part friends; you will not return to kill.'

'Certainly not; it is finished.'

'Then here, accept of our hospitality.'

They did remain, each by his stuff, and had a glorious feast of pig and yam, then started for the coast, and returned home quite elated.

Another time, they were returning from Redscar Bay, in company with many other canoes, and on arriving at Boera they found the well where they usually drew water when on journeys filled with refuse. This was reported by the women of the party, and the chief went and saw for himself. He was full of wrath, and at once called on the others to be up and doing—to enter the village and help themselves. This was soon done, and their booty was abundant. The Boerans submitted, and acknowledged that their children were to blame. He told them to teach their children that everything belonged to Motu, in order that they might never again do the like. It never happened again. What Motumotu is now, or has been, on the coast, so Motu was in former days. On one occasion he said to me, 'You remember what I told you, I never robbed without cause. We could stand no insult of any kind; we

knew we were the strongest tribe, and were ever feared; and wherever we went everybody treated us well, so as to keep friends with us.'

His cousin, who is married at Manumanu, hearing they had plenty of sago at Port Moresby, came to her cousins to get some, and they assisted her freely. She returned the following day with great gladness, until she arrived at Boera, where a number of Hulā canoes were assembled. Two came out to meet her, and, on seeing the sago, helped themselves, she crying bitterly, and saying, 'I am Aruako's cousin, and it was he and the others who gave me the sago.' They replied, 'Shut up! who is Aruako, and who is afraid of him?' When they had taken all, they left her to proceed with an empty canoe. It was more than she could do, and she returned to Borebada, where her sister was living, and told her tale. The sister at once started, and arrived at Port Moresby in the evening. She went straight to Boi Vagi's house, and on the platform outside began: 'Yes, here you all are quietly at home, when others are suffering; tears are falling, which I suppose none of you care anything about.' She went on in this strain for some time, and would give no explanation of what she meant. Aruako, hearing her from his house, came out and approached towards the platform. On seeing him she addressed him pointedly, saying, 'Here, take my rami, give me your sihi; I'll play the man, you the woman.' Several times she said this. He was impatient, and grew angry, and demanded an explanation. Seeing that she was successful in rousing him and others, she then said:

'You gave sago to my sister, your cousin.'

'Yes; where is it?'

'Other birds ate it; she will never taste it, though she is alive and in my house.'

'Who dared touch her or it?'

'Hulā has robbed her of everything.'

Canoes were got ready, and away they went for Boera. On arriving at Borebada they met the people attempting to get away, but, on seeing the Motuans, they came together. As the Motu canoes drew near, some shouted, 'We had nothing to do with it; those canoes in the centre did it.' All were ordered to clear away and leave the centre ones alone. Aruako stood in his canoe, which was the first to approach. Renaki, the head Hulā chief, was sitting on one of the canoes. Aruako made straight for that one, leaped on board, and with his thick stick dealt Renaki a hard blow across the back that pitched him into the sea. The canoes were seized, and everything taken, including all the sago. He wanted to kill Renaki, but his friends would not have that. They considered they had done enough and would leave. The Borebada people assembled to assist Hulā, but were told if they spoke a word even they would be robbed and every house burned to the ground. On leaving, Aruako took Renaki's best canoe; and the latter, having recovered, got into it, crying bitterly, and saying, 'Oh, take everything, everything, but leave me this.' He was helped by others, and they pulled the fine new canoe away with Renaki still in it. The chief continuing to cry, Aruako turned round and said, 'Finish him off, and pitch him into the sea!' and acting accordingly, he seized his stick and was making for him when he was prevented by others. They closed in shore, and Renaki had to land. On landing he was told that it was all right again, and they must be friends, but that they had brought it upon themselves. He was presented with a large bundle of spears, and told to go quietly away. Long after, Aruako went to Hulā and made friends with Renaki.

Such was our friend Aruako on the arrival of the teachers. Some time after Mr. Murray (of whom they still speak as an old friend) left, Aruako attempted to burn his house because he had no share in presents, and Boi Vagi

somehow or other was left out. He did not wish the teachers to remain, and would rather they left. A few years ago he began attending services, and soon took an intelligent interest in them, which grew into a desire to change his mode of life. He is now a reformed man. His fierceness of expression has gone, the determined look remains. He is a man of will seeking to do right. He has become an active preacher of Christianity.

VI. Valina Kina, or 'Saul' of Kalo.

On my first visits to Kerepunu, and before I visited Kalo, I had often seen a fine strapping youth marching about with an air of great superiority, and on inquiring who he was, I was told he was from Kalo. The first time I saw him to real advantage was at the Kerepuna harvest feast of thanksgiving, when he came dressed in a manner well becoming him, in shell and feather ornaments, with long streamers of bleached pandanus leaves hanging down his back. There were many natives from other places, one and all gorgeously dressed, and admired by all the lookers-on ; but, although not dressed to kill, as some were, Valina was the most admired. With his white head-dress of cockatoo feathers he stood above his fellows, and with his drum in hand and gracefully moving about in the dance, with a couple of the best-looking damsels by his side, and his altogether aristocratic appearance, he was certainly worth noticing. Even then many were jealous of the notice taken of him, jealous of his prowess, and jealous of his power over the fair sex.

He was a brave youth, with several warrior marks tattooed on his back. He was then unmarried, and the difficulty would have been for him to select from the many who flocked around him, had the selection been left to him, but parents and friends had that business on hand. We soon became friends, and our friendship remained unbroken

up to his death. When I placed the first teacher at Kalo, Valina took little interest in him or his teaching, being occupied in what was to him the more congenial occupations of dancing and fighting. He was then looked upon as the greatest warrior they had, and was feared by all the tribes not on friendly terms with Kalo. He soon after married, and settled down a little more to home duties ; still, he was ever to the front in feasting and dancing time. When I placed their teacher, we remained two days at Kalo, and saw much of him. H.M.S. Sappho was then at Kerepunu, and the captain and a few of the officers came to Kalo, and all were much interested in Saul, as we now called him, on account of his height. They taught him to sing an English-Chinese song, and long afterwards when we met he would begin with 'Laugh Kai ha!' We had some leaping ; but when Saul stepped to the front and easily walked over our highest mark, the interest died out, and we thought it time to give it up.

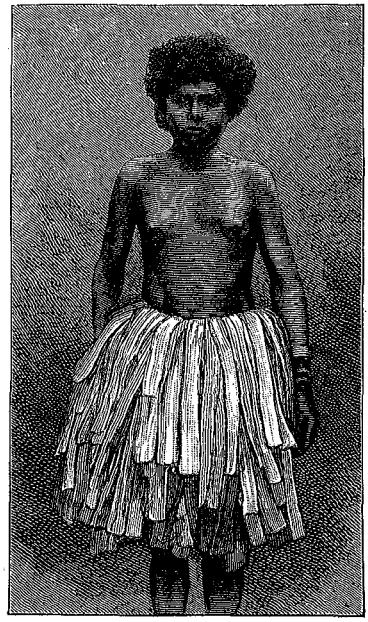
I am not aware he ever attended school or services ; still, he was always friendly, and showed no opposition.

A year or two before the Kalo massacre, the Kalo natives went inland to fight with Quiapo, a hill tribe. Saul was not interested in the attack, and went somewhere else to hunt wallaby. In the afternoon word was brought to him that his friends were surrounded, and likely to get the worst of the fight. He at once armed and started, broke through the cordon to his friends, and taking the lead, fought so desperately that he brought them all safely back, carrying with him to the village one head, for which he was tattooed and highly honoured by the people. The custom on such occasions is to drag the head round and through the village, casting indignity upon it, and in song praising the brave who secured it. The head is then taken and cooked until the skull can be cleaned, when it is fixed on their sacred place. According to the rank of the slain

the feasting continues at short intervals for several months; if a man of no note, a woman, or a child, the feasting is soon over.

Another engagement with Quaipo took place, in which the chief's daughter and a warrior were killed, and their heads carried in triumph into Kalo. The old chief was inconsolable for his daughter, and vowed that nothing would satisfy him but the head of Saul; but as Quaipo had killed several Kalo natives it was thought advisable to make peace—Kalo supposed abiding peace, but Maopoa, the Quaipo chief, only intended it to last until opportunity offered to gain his object. During this time of apparent friendship Saul had many skirmishes with other tribes, and always came out scatheless. It was during this time that the Wolverene visited New Guinea, to punish the massacre at Kalo. After identifying the body as that of the dead chief who was the instigator of the massacre, and who assisted in it, Saul came on board the warship, and was well received by the commodore. At that time it was thought and hoped he would become chief, but he cared nothing for the position. The commodore gave him presents, and handed over to him two natives who were made prisoners on the morning of the attack. He bore himself well, and although it must have been difficult for him to conceal his feelings he did not show the least fear or excitement. He told me he was glad Kalo was punished, and it was good for Kalo that the chief Quaipo had been shot—that it would be peace truly, and foreigners need not now fear. He was much astonished at the clemency shown to his people by the commodore, and said, 'Only a great chief and powerful people could act so.' Hearing I was at Hulā a few months after the Wolverene visited them, he came over, bringing with him his cousin Kulu, the fighting chief, with a present of food. He accompanied me in the boat to Kerepunu, and then told

me the story of the massacre, and of the feeling in Kalo of the justice and mercy of the punishment, and the fear amongst the people that it was not all over yet. I assured him it was true and lasting peace and friendship with us so long as they remained friendly to foreigners. He returned home and narrated the story of our interview, and



A HULA GIRL

told the people he believed all he was told, and trusted the word of the 'white man.' From that time he had several skirmishes with outsiders, and seemed pleased to have a fight when others quarrelled, but never, so far as I am aware, stirring up strife himself. He had long been persistent to have another teacher, and when at length he was told another was appointed, he returned with joy to

his home to cheer the hearts of all the Kalo natives. We appointed Tau and his wife, both Rarotongans, and during the time they were at Hulā waiting for the completion of their house many were the visits made to them. They were located, and one of their best friends was Saul, who promised to see they were 'never hungry, and that no one should molest them;' but for school and services he had no taste.

A few weeks after leaving Tau and his wife at Kalo, Saul and a few others went wallaby hunting, and joined a party of Kerepunu natives who were planting between Hood Lagoon and the Quaipo Hills. When the wind had increased they set fire to the grass, and were soon scattered in various directions, looking out for their prey. They had not been hunting long when they saw a few hill natives, and the Kerepunuans shouted to the Kalo natives to run, as the Quaipo natives were in force and hidden in the long grass. All started, and soon left the hunting-ground far behind them; but Saul and his cousin, being nearest to the enemy, and not feeling inclined to run, the former turned to the Kerepunuans and said, 'No, I shall not run, but fight; and carry back with me two heads.' He and his cousin were soon surrounded. They fought splendidly, it is said, Saul holding his own well against the force of the enemy, who determined, if possible, to have him whom they feared so terribly. He broke through the cordon with a spear hanging to his thigh, which he pulled out and threw back at his enemies. He was going to run, when he heard his cousin call, 'Will you leave me here to be killed alone?' and he fought his way back to his side, and for long kept off the enemy. At length, speared in the chest and several other places, he fell with his cousin, and both died near each other. On his falling, Maopoa, the Quaipo chief, rushed in, and with his feathered bamboo knife cut his head off, then his thumbs, and last of all the marks he

had on his body. His cousin's head was also cut off, and both were dragged to the hills to be defiled, spat upon, trampled on, and finally boiled, in order that the clean skulls might be fixed on the sacred place—an offering to the spirit that assisted them so signally that day in securing their hated foe. The headless and mutilated bodies were brought afterwards into Kalo, and buried with much sincere grief, loud wailing, tearing of hair, and scratching of faces until blood flowed copiously, for it was to Kalo a day of woe indeed; she had lost her greatest fighter, the man most feared by surrounding tribes.

I arrived at Kalo the following week, to find all stricken, all courage gone, and a great fear of the mountain tribes. I visited Saul's grave, and gave my small present and returned to meet the chiefs. Their one hope was to get the white men to assist them, and they begged hard for it; but I assured them it was useless, as no white man could interfere in their quarrels, at all events to avenge. They admitted they could do little fighting in the hills, and feared to go far beyond the Kemp Welch River.

They were not averse to peace, if it could be brought about in any way so as not to degrade them before the other tribes. I knew they were to blame, and, according to native custom, Quaipo had only done right, and would probably now be willing to make a lasting peace. Kalo would like me to say decidedly they must remain quiet, and on no account seek payment for Saul in murdering others; but to do so at once would never do, as Saul was my friend, and thought much of by the people, and to seem to pass his death over lightly would look to many as if I had little regard for friendship, and cared little about the death of my friends, and placed little value on human life. So I had to be cautious, and during my stay put off the decision, on the ground that it would not do to be precipitate, and it would be useless for them to go to the hills.

At Kerepunu I could act more freely, have more time, and bring the Kerepunu influence to bear on Kalo. At Kerepunu I met the chiefs, and they strongly advised peace, seeing the Kalo people were to blame, and Quaipo only paid old debts.

I found that Kulu, the fighting chief at Kalo, had for many years been unfriendly with Kiniope, the principal chief of Kerepunu, and I also knew that the former held strong feelings against Kerepunu for their not helping Saul—they even went so far as to say that Kerepunu enticed him to the hunt, having previously arranged with Quaipo. To bring, therefore, Kulu and Kila, sons of the chief who was shot at the time of the Wolverene's visit, and the Kerepunu chiefs together would be very good work. I sent to Kalo for the two to come to Kerepunu, and I also despatched a messenger to Quaipo to my old acquaintance Maopoa to come in the following day, or, if he preferred it, I would go to the hills, but only if he was willing for peace. I gave the Quaipo messenger a knife and a stick of tobacco for the chief, that he might see I was really at Kerepunu, and no trap had been laid for him.

On the Sunday forenoon the Kalo chiefs, with a number of followers, came in, met the Kerepunu chiefs and people in my presence, had a long and animated talk, and finally made friends. Kerepunu offered to assist me in making peace with Quaipo, and agreed that to continue fighting would be of little use. The Kalo natives and chiefs seemed pleased; and, I believe, were glad of the opportunity of making peace, as they could say it was Tamate who did it. It would be peace with honour, and, they would add, they have now a teacher, and they wish for nothing but peace. We had Sabbath school and afternoon service together. When at the latter the Quaipo messenger returned, and I could see that his news was unsatisfactory, from the strange, anxious look on the Kalo faces

as the messenger sat down beside them and told the result of his visit to Maopoa. When the service was concluded we all retired to the Mission House, where the messenger reported something near to the following: 'I return your knife and tobacco, as Maopoa says he cannot now accept them. He cannot come to Kerepunu, as the spirit would be displeased, seeing it is his sacred time after so successful a fight. He is now sacred, and must remain so for some time, because his hands are stained with blood. He will not again seek to fight, and says I am to tell you that he has already put aside his spear and shield. You are not to go in now, but wait until this moon now beginning in the west is gone, and another comes, and then he will come to see you here, and bring you back with him.' The Kerepunu natives said it was satisfactory; the Kalo natives thought otherwise, and at once departed.

VII. Lohia Maraga of Taburi.

Towards the end of August 1879 I had been travelling for a whole week with a party over new country and carrying our own swag, when we rested for the Sunday at a village, Keninumu, on the top of the Vetura Range. On Monday morning, September 1, we started again, determined to spend another week travelling eastward at the back of the Astrolabe. It was about mid-day, the sun was hot, and we were somewhat tired when we neared the village of Chokinumu. At the cross-roads near the village we came upon a posse of natives, who on seeing us were so frightened that they ran for the bush, leaving their spears and clubs behind. They had never before seen a white man, and the apparition was too much for them. They must have signalled to the village, for as we came up to it men, women, and children were running away, and the more we called, the quicker they ran. The village com-

prised about a dozen houses built on a rock, with a very pretty background of hills studded with trees.

We were hungry and anxious to cook some food; but, before beginning operations, we thought it safer to meet some of the natives, tell them who we were, and see how they would take it. We were sitting on our swags smoking, when one man appeared with his lime calabash and chewing betel nut. We called on him to come and hear what we had to say. Keua, old Granny, spoke to him, and on seeing her he gained more confidence and came up close to us. When he heard who we were, he was delighted, and at once gave a long, loud, peculiar 'cooey,' which brought his wife and some others back. He had often heard of me and of white men, but had never before seen any. Now he was glad that the first foreigners he met were friends. He told us his name was Lohia Maraga, and that he would be our friend. His wife was soon cooking yams, and those who returned with them were away getting sugar-cane. It was not long before we were feasting like lords.

Anxious to get on further, if possible to Makápili—a district that seemed to be at enmity with all parties—we told Lohia that we must be going, and asked him to send one of his youths to show us the track. He had made up his mind that we were to remain with him for some time; but I told him we had been so long inland that our time for returning to the coast was near, and I was anxious to see as much as possible in the allotted time. Of course we did not know where any of the places were, nor how long it might take to reach them. I insisted on going. Then he and his wife had a long conversation; after which he told us, through Granny, that they would accompany us, and some of their youths would go part of the way and carry our swags—at which I felt happy and much relieved. Lohia told us that for a long time the Taburians, his tribe,

LOHIA MARAGA AND OTHER KOIARI CHIEFS

and the Makapilians had been at enmity; and although he and Kunia, the chief of Makapili, were near relatives, they had not met for years; but when war parties went out, he always gave them strict injunctions not to harm the old man, whom he hoped to meet some day. Some time had elapsed since they had had any fighting, but no formal peace had been made, and no advances in that direction had begun on either side. However, he and his wife, a Makapilian, would risk a meeting, and bringing them such important personages, he was almost sure that no harm would come to them; and as we tried everywhere to make peace among the tribes, now would be a splendid opportunity to meet the old man and arrange for peace.

Lohia's wife picked up my swag, Lohia another's, and a few youths the others. We walked for some hours until we arrived at a stream which, we were told, divided the Taburi and Makapilian districts. Just beyond was a large village on a table-rock, with a stockade all round it, but it was deserted. Not long before, the Sogerians, a tribe further in towards the Owen Stanley Range, attacked them at night and killed several of them. We trudged on along spurs of the Astrolabe until we came to another small stream, close by which several men were burning grass, and who commenced to run away when Lohia called to them; they stood for a few minutes, and then disappeared. We sat on large stones in the stream, and presently an old man, unattended, appeared. Lohia rose hastily, and, crying bitterly, went to meet him. They embraced, and both sat down, and with arms round each other and heads together cried long and loud. When they had finished, the old man, Kunia by name, came to Lohia's wife and embraced her. She then seized him round the knees and wept bitterly, at times chanting, and then breaking out into a long, loud wail.

Old Kunia then came and sat down beside us, telling us, as if ashamed of his weakness, that years had gone since he had seen Lohia, and he knew he was then alive because of the former's thoughtfulness, and that was why he cried ; his stomach was full of feeling, and he could not help himself. After some time the old man 'cooeyed,' and some younger ones came, picked up our swags, and marched off. Lohia and his wife proposed returning, but I objected, and Kunia said they need not fear ; only over his body could they be injured. At sunset we reached the half-finished village ; but, preferring to camp by ourselves, we ascended one of the neighbouring spurs and there pitched our tent. Lohia kept close by us all the time, and heartily rejoiced when the day came for our return to his village. He had arranged for peace, which was afterwards concluded.

We remained at Chokinumu for a few days, visiting about, and during that time received great kindness from Lohia and his friends, the former going everywhere with us. Anxious to visit Janara and Epakari, he told us he would lead us to the mountain top and then show us the way. He and his lads accompanied us, and when on the top of the Astrolabe he pointed out these districts to us. After this we were picking up our swags, having bade them adieu, when he suddenly rose and, with tears in his eyes said, 'No, I cannot leave you—I must see you to Epakari.' He then ordered his boys to pick up the swags and proceed. Of this we were glad, as it was a long day's tramp. The following day he kept close by us, although we had more carriers than we required. On the following Saturday we arrived at Epakari, and then again bade him farewell, he telling us that he was now off for home. Before going he got us splendid quarters, and gave such instructions that nothing seemed too good for us. On the Sunday after breakfast, when we were having a short service, fancy our

astonishment to see our good friend appear! He told Granny they had left at daylight and gone a long way, when they felt such a desire to be with us that they returned, and would not leave us until they saw us fairly on our way to our main camp; and they kept their word.

CHAPTER IX

SKETCHES OF NEW GUINEA LIFE

I. FAMINE TIME AND A FEAST

MANY think of New Guinea as a land flowing with gold, milk, and honey, where the inhabitant never hungers, never knows what want is, and where daily the three meals are spread. How different is the reality to all this—how often is hunger known, and for many days little is ound between the teeth! There are often seasons when there is the greatest difficulty to keep death by starvation from the home. It may have been in such a season that smallpox, sixteen or seventeen years ago, swept along the coast, and cut down the people in hundreds, wiping out whole families, dead bodies lying about to be devoured by pigs, no one being strong enough to bury them; others were put into canoes and sent off to sea. In some homes both parents were dead, and only little children were left to care for one another. In other homes infants were left all alone; father mother, brothers, and sisters all dead. God only knows how any survived.

In a season when food was scarce, the severity of the epidemic would be all the greater. Although more frequent in the Port Moresby district, yet these famine seasons are not confined to it, but extend all along the peninsula to East Cape, and I have met with famine inland also. In 1880 I left Kerepunu in our small dingy, accompanied by Anederea, Taria, and a Kerepunu native, and

pulled up through the Hood Lagoon into a large salt-water creek, marked on the chart as the Dundee River. Pulling up this creek for some miles, we left our boat and tramped away through swamps to the hills, the eastern part of the Macgillivray Range. We ascended over a thousand feet, when we came to villages scattered over the top. We had a splendid view from our position, stretching far east and west. At first we saw but few natives, and these in a poor condition. When we came to the second, third, and fourth villages, the miserable condition of the people was more evident. The pictures of famines in Persia and India would well suit what I saw in Animarupu. Little children scarcely able to crawl, and with little or no flesh on their bones; men and women like skeletons lying about, unable to work; a few stronger women in the gulleys close by, digging for any kind of roots they might be fortunate enough to find; many in the houses ill and unable to come out. Ah! how I did pity them, and wished much I could help them; but they were a long way from the coast, and I was a long, long way from home, where I could have got them rice and arrowroot.

They had a long dry season; month after month passed and not a drop of rain fell, their taro all died, and the sugar-cane refused to stretch; the banana plants died from the top downwards, as the multitudinous cells dried up, and long ago most of their wild yams had been dug and consumed, and the few that might still be found required stronger women than those we saw to find them. To add to the distress of a dry season, they were at enmity with Aroma, and dare not go down to the valleys. The week before we arrived, some, seeking food on the low ground, were attacked by Maopa natives and all killed. Nor were the Aroma natives the only ones they had to fear; the strong, light-coloured, muscular natives of Quaipo, on the hills to the west, caused them much trouble, and

IN BERTHA LAGOON—CLOUDY MOUNTAIN IN THE DISTANCE

occasionally killed a few of them. A more harassed tribe, and one more afflicted, I have not seen.

Soon after our visit rain fell in abundance, their sugar-cane soon shot up, and they were saved. I sent word to Quaipo to be friendly with them, and I afterwards heard peace had been made. When I became well known in Aroma and very friendly with Koapena, I begged of them to leave my Animarupu friends alone ; and since then they have visited the coast, and Koapena and others have been into their villages.

Sometimes the natives at Port Moresby are very badly off, and men, women, and children may be seen sitting about looking very haggard, and with their skin hanging loosely. Then, services and schools are ill attended, and when anything is said the reply is, 'Who can go to school or church when so hungry?' During these seasons they make excursions along the coast in quest of food. In former days, before the mission was started, it was on such occasions that raids were made on the villages along the coast ; men took what they could, and, if opposed, murdered those attempting to resist. When it was known that the Hanuabada natives were out foraging, or about to go out, the people of the villages to be passed used to pack up and fly, living in the bush until it was known that the marauders had returned.

They live much on the fruit of the mangrove, which is prepared by first cooking, then peeling and cutting up fine, putting in a net bag, and hanging on a pole in the sea for some days and nights ; it is again cooked, and when ready looks like a pudding, and is eaten with cocoanut sauce. The breadfruit is also much used, and prepared in the same way.

When in Thursday Island, I got half a ton of rice, and on my return, finding the people very badly off, I made work in order to give them food. One week it was blowing

hard for some time, and they were not able to go west to Lealea or Manumanu for the mangrove fruit. On the Sunday I walked through the village, and found children lying down in the sun, and many crying. The noise and laugh were gone; childhood's jollity disappeared before the qualms of hunger. I returned to the house and asked my good friends Ruatoka and his wife to assist. They entered heartily into my proposition, and so did all the girls and old women. It was a sight not quite Sunday-looking, perhaps—wood-breaking, roaring fires, rice-washing, pots with rice placed on fires, and soon boiling.

'Now, my lad,' to our bell-boy, 'go and ring your bell through the village, and bring up every girl and boy, that they may have a good feed of rice.' They came in swarms, and sat down looking happier certainly. They soon cleared off all we had cooked. Begin again, cook as much more, and again it is finished. On pots again, and now the children sing, and are more noisy; soon the large tin dishes are again before them, but this time they cannot eat all, so I tell them I am glad, and they must take the remainder to their homes. That Sunday afternoon was a rather noisy one, but I do not know that I could have felt happier than when I saw those dear bairns quite satisfied and heard their loud, hearty laughing. Since then many a hungry stomach has been satisfied at the mission premises. Lest it should be thought we give it only to our adherents, I beg to state we give it to all, and make no stipulations about attending services or school.

From Yule Island in the west to East Cape in the east, with a few exceptions, there are many seasons when there is not much more food to be had than suffices to keep soul and body together. The exceptions are Naara, Kabadi, Hulā peninsula, including Kalo and part of Aroma; and even in these in an over-dry season, when the drought has been long, there has not been too much food. The

introduction of pumpkins, melons, and papao apples has been a great blessing. Once, when at Yule, the natives had no other food but pumpkin, and every morning and evening large pots of that vegetable might be seen boiling inside their houses; they told me that it saved them, as they knew not what they should have done without it.

We are introducing various kinds of peas, and hope soon to have the guava flourishing, so that in future hunger will not be so often felt. Another great help to Port Moresby, Boera, Porobada, Tatana, Pari, and Vapukori is Hulā. When the teacher Taria first landed, the Hulāns had no plantations, and lived entirely on food brought from Kalo, Papaka, and Kamali, with the fish they caught. Fishing was their only source of supply. Taria secured a piece of land, and planted it with sweet potatoes, yams, and sugar-cane. The soil being good, he soon had returns. The Hulāns perceived it would be a good thing to do as Taria had done, and planted small plantations; then, finding they could sell their food, they planted larger ones, until now they all have splendid plantations, and in the season large quantities of food, which they sell along the coast, and when out of season they trade largely in cocoanuts.

As the people receive Christianity and foreign products are introduced, famines will disappear and plenty abound.

II. Kerepunu Feasts and Burials.

May in all the Christianised islands of the Pacific is the one month of the year for great feasting; then the tribes assemble with great rejoicing, eat and are merry, and give of their substance to help on the great work of Christian missions. In heathen lands also, the same month is a great time for feastings and rejoicing. On Rarotonga, where I

spent ten years, it was the custom of the natives in heathen times to hold their greatest feasts in that month, when their best food was cooked and their finest pigs killed.

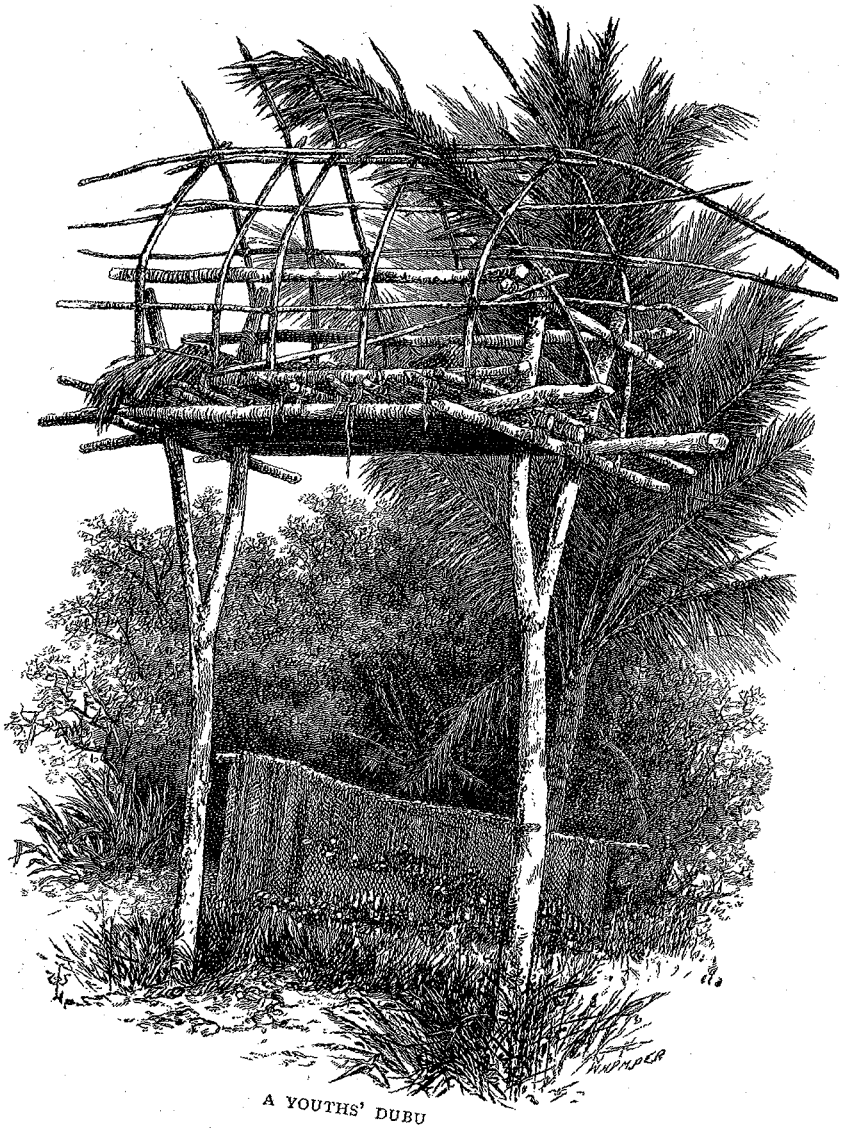
On coming to New Guinea, I found in Hood Bay the same custom in the same month, and twice have I been present at the May feast of Kerepunu. Inland and coast tribes assemble; for days they are coming, and it often happens on the last day fighting takes place, and many are killed. Sometimes a weak tribe is attacked, to pay off an old score that they were led to believe they had made peace for by the gift of tocas (armlets), tomahawks, spears, and pigs. A few years ago at Kalo two men of an inland tribe came to a feast. On the afternoon of the last day, when returning home, they were attacked. One was killed, a poor old man not able to run; the other, a younger man, got into the bush and away.

But of all the feasts I have attended in New Guinea, none was so interesting as this at Kerepunu. The great work begins by getting trees from fifty feet to seventy feet high; small superfluous branches are cut off, the larger ones are left. These trees are brought into the principal village and planted upright on both sides of the street; they are then hung with bananas and cocoanuts from top to bottom, so thickly that no wood is seen. As they are set deep in the ground, there is no fear of their falling. Some days before the grand day, the dancing begins, and is carried on from sunset to sunrise without intermission, and during the day at various times. During that time, friends arriving are entertained by their own special friends. All are elegantly dressed. For head-dresses the white feather predominates, and at Kerepunu, so that they may always have a good supply of white feathers, cockatoos are kept, and may be seen in front of nearly every house. Before the feast-time these poor cockatoos are plucked, and made to look very wretched indeed. The feathers are

fastened on to the end of large combs, and when stuck in their hair the white bouquets look well.

At last the morning comes—the morning of the greatest day of the year to them. Long before daybreak the loud screaming of pigs is heard from all quarters, and some of the very fine pigs, weighing three and four hundredweight, that were running about yesterday, are already fast and on the poles. After sunrise, all the pigs appointed for this day's feast are ready to be carried into the sacred place, where they will be speared by the two men who alone in all Kerepunu may do that work, and whose ancestors have done it from of old. The sacred place is at the back of the village, and consists only of two platforms on a swamp, with a long pole in front. Formerly there was a house, in which a priest lived, to whom all pigs were brought to be killed, but of late the house has fallen into disuse. A story is told of one of these priests feeding tabooed pigs. He wore his white bouquet of feathers; one of the pigs, mistaking it for cocoanut, tried to get it, and bit his nose off! Since then the white feathers have not been worn on the sacred place.

Food is now being collected on the platform, and betel nuts in abundance. Youths, whose years range from twelve to twenty-six, handsomely dressed and feeling important, wend their way inland with the crowd. The pigs are carried one after another, and placed in rows in front, just under the long pole on which bananas are hung. The crowd increases, but keeps at a distance. On my first visit I was not allowed nearer than fifty yards; on my second I had a good position about twenty yards off. The youths, to the number of twenty-two, sat on the lower platform; eleven women, sisters of chiefs, ranged themselves in front, holding drums; and all the chiefs with drums stood near. On no head was there a white feather, but those on the platform wore a profusion of many-coloured



A YOUTHS' DUBU

feathers. The women strike up, beating their drums and chanting in a very low, pleasant key; all the time their heads are bent, never once looking up. When this is finished the youths leave the platform, split open a few old cocoanuts, take out the meat, and each one strings a piece and proceeds to tie it on the heads of the women, the piece of cocoanut looking like a frontlet. When finished, the women again beat their drums and chant in the same manner, all the chiefs and those on the platform standing. When this is over, the same youths leave the platform and take eleven bunches of bananas from the long pole in front and hang one on each woman's shoulder, when they return, and all join in singing.

The women then have finished their part, and now the chiefs slowly march round the platforms and pigs, beating their drums and reciting. The two men who have to kill the pigs advance close to them, and with blunted spears begin sticking. The pigs are hanging feet up, and the spear enters just inside the left fore leg. The work of sticking takes some time, being very slowly done, the chiefs surrounding the place until it is finished. Two pigs are reserved. Two young men descend from the platform and sit on improvised chairs made over the two pigs; a number of men take hold of the poles attached to these chairs and lift pig and youth at once. The chiefs and their sisters beat their drums; all on the platform stand up, and all turn to the east, chanting in a more lively manner; they then turn to the west, beating drums and chanting as before, and the same is done to the north and south. The two youths are now initiated, and have taken the place of their fathers, who died during the year, and will now be permitted to give food and pigs on such an occasion as this. They ascend the platform, and the pigs are placed in front again: the chiefs walk round as before, and both the pigs are stuck. During this last performance

the food on the platform beside the youths is divided, half remaining and half being placed on the higher platform. Next, eleven men ascend the higher platform, eleven remaining on the lower; the chiefs and women in front beat the drums and chant a lively strain, those on the platforms holding in each hand a yam and bunches of betel nuts. All turn to the east. The chanting is much more lively, and all appear more joyful. Then they turn to the west, and in the same manner to the north and south.

The crowd now becomes excited, and those who have brought the little hand-nets try to get in front. From both platforms the food is scattered to the crowd, and the desire to possess some of it must indeed be great if the noise and excitement are any evidence. The pigs are now removed, each young man taking his own, to the villages, when they are divided amongst the families and friends, and the bananas and cocoanuts are taken down from the high scaffolding and distributed to the visitors. I may mention that here, and nowhere else, can pigs be killed in Kerepunu, and by none but Kerepunuans.

The skulls hanging on the long pole in front of the platforms are heads of murdered natives. One was lately brought by the natives of Hulā. Formerly there was no village at Hood Point, all the Hulā natives lived at Kerepunu in the fishing village, and were the fishers. The Kerepunuans interfered with their women, and quarrelling, they had to leave. Having no sacred place at New Hulā, they bring in the heads of those murdered by them to Kerepunu. When recently fighting with Babaga, from the many they killed they brought one head to the opposite side of the mouth of the Hood Lagoon, and called on the Kerepunuans. It seems that only one man can cross and receive the head. He crossed, got the head, and returned to the village, the Hulā natives returning home. He

fastens a string to the hair, and when near to the beach throws the head ashore. The string is seized, and the head is dragged through the various streets of the different villages. Every indignity possible is heaped on that head. It is kicked, spat upon, and the mouth is filled with filth. When finished, friends or relatives of the murdered man, some of whom are certain to be living at Kerepunu, come and pick up the head, place it on their platform, and mourn over it with loud lamentations. In about an hour it is again given to the populace, who treat it as before for some time, when the man who received it from the Hulāns takes it up and home, where he boils it, to remove all the flesh. When clean, he places it on the sacred place.

The day is spent in cooking and feasting, and soon after sunset the last great dance comes off. Men and women, young and old, chiefs and commoners, in two long rows, drums beating, advance slowly along the main street, return, advance several times, then up at right angles another street to the finest-built house in Kerepunu, at the side of which is the famous upright log named 'Alamakea.' Of this log it is said several tribes tried to lift it and remove it, but all failed except the Lovalupuans. This was in a far misty past, and the log is where it was planted by their forefathers, near the house of the custodian of their ancient sayings and mythology, and the priest who presents their offerings to the spirit or spirits. In front of this house the dancing is indeed slow, and the beating of drums and chanting low and monotonous. Then it becomes a little more lively, and I, who have watched them for three hours, wonder when they are going to stop. Then my old friend Koapena speaks, quicker dancing follows, backwards, forwards, backwards, back, back, right into the lagoon, when a loud shout arises and the drums are all bathed and made useless, to be put aside for another season. So ended the Kerepunu feast.

Connected with offerings, the following may be interesting. Natives never believe in being sick from anything but spiritual causes, and that death, unless by murder, can take place from nothing but the wrath of the spirits. When there is sickness in a family, all the relatives begin to wonder what it means. The sick person getting no better, they conclude something must be done. A present is given, perhaps food is taken and placed on the sacred place, then removed and divided amongst friends. The invalid still being no better, a pig is taken on to the sacred place and there speared and presented to the spirits. It is then returned and divided to be eaten. When death comes, great is the mourning, and the cause, if not already known, is still inquired into. It may have been breaking some taboo, or doing something the spirits did not like. Soon the body must be buried, and generally a grave is dug under the house. The older women of the family stand in the grave and receive the body, holding it in their hands if a child, laying it on one side if heavy, saying, 'O great Spirit, you have been angry with us. We presented you with food, and that did not satisfy. We gave a pig, and still that did not satisfy. You have in your wrath taken this. Let that suffice thy wrath, and take no more.' The body is thus placed in the grave and buried.

At every feast, large or small, and often with ordinary food, a small portion is placed beside the principal post in the house, as the spirits' portion.

Ilamea is the name of the sacred man, priest, or holder of all ancient mythology. He is the sorcerer of the place, foretelling events, and through him the spirit speaks. When anxious to go to war, they first consult him, and if the spirit appears to him with cocoanuts in hand they may go out and fight, for they will be prosperous. Should the spirit appear with a wooden rareva (sword) in hand, there is no use going out; any attempt would be futile; many

would be killed, and they would return to mourn, not to rejoice.

III. New Guinea Life in its Native Happiness.

It is often said, Why not leave the savages alone in their virgin glory? only then are they truly happy. How little those who so speak and write know what savage life is! A savage seldom sleeps well at night. He fears ghosts and hobgoblins; these midnight wanderers cause him much alarm, as they are heard in falling leaves, chirping lizards, or disturbed birds singing; but, besides these, there are embodied spirits that he has good cause to fear, and especially at that uncanny hour between the morning star and glimmering light of the approaching lord of day, the hour of yawning and arm-stretching, when the awakening pipe is lighted and the first smoke of the day is enjoyed. The following narrative explains what I mean.

Paitana is a village up one of the creeks from Hall Sound, near Yule Island, surrounded by mangrove swamps; but in the village, cocoanut, betel nut, and bread-fruit grow luxuriantly. The natives have always been looked upon as treacherous, but having visited them some time ago it was hoped they would become more friendly. On my return to Yule, I found that on my previous visit some had arranged to have my head, and I can remember many things that looked very suspicious. Some years ago two foreigners were killed in Hall Sound by the Paitana natives. They have also killed people from Delena, Maiva, and other villages, but the climax was reached when they killed a man from Lese who was visiting them as a friend. When the news of the murder reached Lese they determined to have revenge, but resolved to wait until the planting season was over.

For long the Paitana natives lived away in towards the

hills, but thinking Lese had in the meantime given up all idea of 'payment,' they returned to the village. During all that time the Lese natives were preparing revarevas (war canoes), and keeping very quiet as to the time of their attack; but it came at last, and a terrible payment it was. Paitana, in her fancied security so far up a creek, in through very long grass, and surrounded by thick mangrove bush, little dreamt of what the morning would yield. All the revarevas were got ready, and men and women shipped.

When visiting Motumotu some time ago, we slept in our boat one night between Lese and the former. I was very tired, having been over a week in the boats. About 2 A.M. I was awakened by shouting, and on looking over the gunwale saw to my astonishment a fully equipped revareva. Forty men are carried in each canoe, with paddles, and a number of men stand on the centre platform with bows and arrows. After hearing who we were, we soon became friends and exchanged presents. The revareva is composed of two very long canoes lashed together by long poles, with a platform between.

Twenty-four of these were got ready by Lese, and started. Pulling all night, they arrived on the south-west side of Yule before daybreak, and they remained until the following night. After sunset, and when quite dark, they pulled for the creek, where they met a canoe with a man and two women belonging to Roro in it. They made the man prisoner, saying they did not mean to kill him, but that to save his own life and that of the women he must become their guide to Paitana. To that he consented, and they allowed the women to depart. He led them up the creek, through the swamps, long grass, bush, etc., close to the village, when they allowed him to return.

They then surrounded the village, sending a strong

party into the main street. All sat down quietly and waited for a little more light. The morning star was up, and soon there would be light for their dreadful work. A native awakes, lights his baubau (pipe), has a smoke, a yawn, and a stretch, looks out and sees people in the village. He calls out,—

'Who are you?'

'We are Leseans come to pay for our friend you murdered. Long have we waited to see you paid for your murdering propensities, but all seem afraid. You have tried on us, and now we shall see.'

In other houses the aroused natives are in a state of confusion, the arrows begin to fly in showers, and men, women, and children are wounded in their houses. Many fleeing are caught and clubbed, or their brains are beaten out with clubs. Many remain in their houses, hoping that they may be omitted from the general carnage. The houses are entered and everything valuable is carried away, and then the whole is set in a blaze, when the dead, those dying from wounds, and the living are all burnt in the one great fire. Men, women, and children all suffered; mercy was shown to none. I asked a native who got through the environment how many were killed. He said it was impossible to tell the number of the dead, but only ten who slept in the village that night escaped.

Flushed with victory and weighted with loot, the Leseans returned to their revarevas, pulled down the creek and along the coast, with horns blowing and men and women dancing and singing on the platforms of the revarevas. Mercy the savage does not know, but still he can appreciate it when extended to himself.

While staying at Maiva, where those who escaped are living, a child six years old was brought to me as a Paitana child. In the first scrimmage he got through the surrounding army unnoticed, and ran away into the bush, where he

A TREE HOUSE, KOIARI

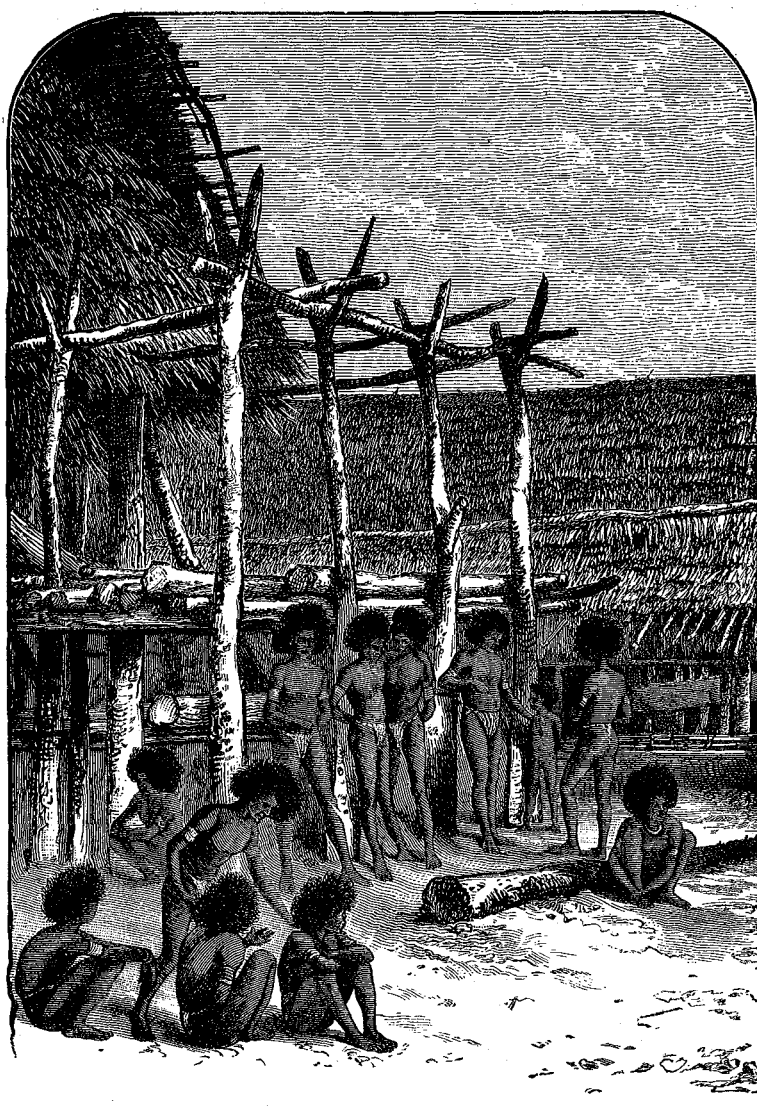
remained until he heard the Leseans departing. Then he returned to the village to look for his mother, brothers, and sisters. He found the dead charred bodies of them all. A man told me that little children were caught by the feet and dashed against the cocoanut-trees.

On their return home the Leseans had feasting and dancing; and ever since they had gloried much in their great bravery, and they recount again and again the scenes of murder, of rapine, and robbery. Lese wishes to have a teacher, and will treat him well; they are now very good friends of mine, and promise to remain quiet.

Savage life is not the joyous hilarity that many writers would lead us to understand. It is not all the happy laugh, the feast and the dance. There are often seasons when communities are scattered, hiding in large trees, in caves under rocks, in other villages, and far away from their own. Not long ago, inland from Port Moresby, a large hunting-party camping in a cave were smoked out by their enemies and all killed but one. When travelling inland, we found the Makapili tribe in terrible weather living in the bush, under shelving rocks, among the long grass, and in hollow trees.

At Port Moresby they say that now for the first time they can sleep in peace, and that as they can trust the peace of God's Word they mean to keep to it. Being themselves pirates, robbers, and murderers, they might well fear others.

Some time ago the large tribe of Saroa came over the hills in strong battle array, and in the early morning ascended the Manukolo hills, surrounded the villages, killed men, women, and children, old and young, from the poor old grey-headed sire to the infant in arms. About forty got away to Kaile, but soon had to leave, as Saroa threatened to burn Kaile, if they continued to harbour the



A NEW GUINEA VILLAGE IN THE GULF

fugitives. They pleaded for peace, but in vain; Saroa said all must die. The quarrel began about a pig.

And so it has been all along the coast of New Guinea for ages past. But a better day is dawning. We are doing better than leave the fine, active, intelligent New Guinea natives to their 'happy' state of savage life. The Gospel is pre-eminently to them a Gospel of peace, and it is only during the last ten years that the inhabitants of New Guinea have begun to know what real happiness is.

CHAPTER X

AN ADVENTUROUS JOURNEY ON THE GULF OF PAPUA

TEN years ago, when little was known of the people west of Manumanu in Redscar Bay, I hoped, if God spared my life, to introduce the Gospel to all the districts as far as Ŏrokolo, and thought that the work might occupy a fair lifetime. We got to Orokolo in January 1892, and now my desire has enlarged, and I hope yet to carry the Gospel to the Fly River, and to the westward. The plan I have always adopted is to visit frequently, get thoroughly known by living with the people, and, through interpreters, tell them the story of Divine love, and so prepare the way for teachers living with them. I place no teacher where I have not first lived myself, and where I should be unwilling to live frequently.

No accounts of unknown districts I have ever received from natives equalled in real savagery those relating to the Namau districts, and of course these gave a charm to the plan of trying to be the first to visit it. In March 1891, our Governor, visiting to the west of Namau, was attacked, but repulsed the savages by firing on them ; I thought it possible the more western natives of the district might be implicated.

When at Port Moresby in June 1893, I secured a good interpreter, Vaaburi, an active, elderly, comical fellow, but thoroughly reliable for such an expedition as I was planning. In former years he was constantly with me, and never liked my taking even a short trip without him.

When I told him what I wanted, all he said was, 'I go gladly, but let me go and hear what my wife and daughter say.' They said, 'Yes, certainly, go with Tamate.' It was a busy time, getting plantations ready for planting yams. The old lady said she and her daughter would do all the work, but I gladdened their hearts by giving her sufficient trade to get all done by relatives. When leaving Port Moresby all came to see us off. The old fellow's last words to his relatives were, 'God watch over you—I will think of you, and perhaps Tamate will let me send you some sago in the Hanamoa.'

On arrival at Toaripi in Motumotu, we found the sea too heavy for us to go into the Gulf in a whale-boat, and so waited until the wind and sea went down. My outfit was simple, and the only weapon of defence we had was the stout hazel wand presented to me by an old Inverary friend. The sail to Vailala was slow, and we did not arrive until midnight. During the evening the wind increased, and the night looked dirty. When off the river Vailala we met a heavy sea, and had to decide whether to go in or remain outside for the night; either course was dangerous. The wind and sea were increasing, and the latter seemed likely to get much worse; I determined to risk the bar, although if swamped and upset no life would be saved. Down sails and mast, and my best men to the oars. Our only light was from the white foam of the breakers all round. Several heavy ones have gone on. 'Pull lads, pull,'—'Steady,'—'Stop her way,' and all round us were white running seas. But we must not let one master us, and carry us on. Again a long pull, a strong pull, and away goes an oar broken in two. 'Keep at it lads, we're just in.' The wild crashing breakers are passed, and now we have only the heavy inside swell and strong current, and soon after midnight we drop anchor near the mission house. After prayers we shake

ourselves into positions for a few hours' sleep, which we got, all of us being accustomed to this kind of life.

Early in the morning we were seen, and the teacher was soon on the beach calling us ashore. We landed, had a service and breakfast, and there being a change for the better in the wind and sea, we started for Orokolo, where we arrived early in the day. We ought to have four teachers here instead of two. One great advantage at Orokolo is the large and varied supply of food; in this respect resembling much an Eastern Polynesian island. I do not think we have another district where children are so numerous. It is an interesting sight to watch them at play on the beach. We landed at the eastern station, and in the afternoon walked over to the western, where we remained that night.

Next morning we were all early astir, and by seven were ready for a start. We tried to take the boat through the surf, but it looked like getting wet, so I had her taken ashore and carried up beyond high-water mark. It is not far, about six miles, to the first river, so we got carriers and were soon there. There were three creeks to cross, and to the great delight of the young men I allowed myself to be carried over in a horizontal position. On arriving at the river we found a small canoe on the bank, and I sent Vaaburi and two young men across, so that if possible they were to get word sent to Apope on the Arere to our old friend Ipai of Maipua, who was living there, that I was at Aivei, and wanted to get to him. We waited some hours, and a large canoe coming along, we hired it, and crossed to the other side. Two men arrived saying that Ipai and a large party were coming in a large canoe, and would soon be there. They soon appeared, and the first I saw was Tamate Ipai, a child about eight years old, who ever shadows her father, and I knew well the chief was not far off. They pulled up near. His wife, the one

who was with him at Motumotu, had died about eighteen months ago, and he was still in mourning for her, and part of his mourning was the dress, well worn now and dirty, given to her by my wife three years ago. No time was lost, we got into the canoe, and away we went, but now there was no hurry, and it was smoke, chat, laugh and shout ; and a two hours' pull takes us quite four to do, but it does not matter, we are not going further than Apope that day. Kamake (they cannot pronounce the T in Tamate) takes my hazel wand as her special charge.

Apope is a new village on the west bank of the Arere, built by Ipai and a number of Maipuans. Ipai says, 'Kamake, fighting and eating human flesh I have done with. I have come here with all these people, and will settle here for good if you will give us a teacher. You told me long ago you would not give me a teacher for Maipua because of the swamp. Here you can have good ground, as much as you like, and we will at once build the house.' 'Why, Ipai, there is a swamp, there is another, and the smell is strong.' The village is built on a piece of good sandy ground, with a swamp on either side. He said, 'Stay until you have rested, and then let us go and see the land I have referred to.' We started, got to the beach, and walking a short distance, came to a really good piece of land, with cocoanuts in abundance, and, pointing to a tree, Ipai said, 'Give us a teacher, and from here to the river the whole point is yours. We build the house and we bridge the swamp for him to walk on.' I promised, as I saw a good opening here to the whole district, and a convenient place of call for myself when coming from the Fly River.

Ipai's wife is buried *in* the ground. He took me to the grave. A house covers it, and at head and feet two pretty crotons grow. A broken cooking pot and dish, and one or two other little things lie by the side. She was a quiet, modest, kind, savage woman. Ipai has two more wives left,

but I fancy the dead woman was his favourite. She was Kamake's mother, and the affection between father and daughter is truly wonderful. See the father anywhere, and the daughter will soon come into view; and see the daughter, and the father is sure to be near. We returned to the house, and I arranged to sleep on the platform rather than in Ipai's temple, or club house, where the crowd was great, and it felt, to say the least, stuffy. We had service, the singing pleasing them much, and the interpreter told them the story of God's love to us all. My candle light astonished them greatly. Before spreading out my blanket I asked Ipai to take off the woman's dress, and I would give him a shirt to travel in with us. He did so, and I gave him a white flannel shirt I was wearing, which, of course, added greatly to the value of the present. He consented to let us have his large canoe to accompany us, and to get a good crew, and that we should start early in the morning.

I was very tired, and ready, as I thought, to sleep under any circumstances, so spread out my Malagasy cloth, presented by the ever good friend of missionaries, the late Mrs. Swan, of Edinburgh, and on it my blanket. Sleep! all chance of it had gone. The present and future are with me. The Gospel is being preached all through Namau, and I saw the end of killing and cannibalism, and another people won to Christ. My interpreter and Ipai were busy also, the one asking questions and the other answering, with smokes. Cock-crowing is near, and I must sleep; so I get two hours or thereabouts. By daylight I am up, quite refreshed, ready for a hard day.

After breakfast and service I muster all hands, but find the crew I expected for the canoe have backed out, because we are going to places they do not like. I won't give up one place, and tell Ipai I must find my way without them, and so with my own boys I start for the canoe. It has to

be put into the water, and alone we cannot manage it. We have not long to wait; Kamake appears, and then her father, followed by others, and the canoe having been got afloat we are soon on board and away. Kamake is left behind, as it is not considered safe for her, and she returns to the village crying bitterly, but comforted, I have no doubt, with her presents and the prospect of others when we return, as she knows we have left a case of things behind in care of the two wives.

About 9 o'clock we slowly passed Maipua, and were hailed by many old friends, but did not land. Canoes followed us some distance, and for disobedience and insolence I had to land one of my youths to await our return. That over we had quite a holiday trip, though under a burning sun. We crossed Port Blomfield, and rowed up the Panaroa some distance into creeks, large streams, some with currents in our favour, and others against. In the afternoon we crossed the Urita at the mouth: a fine big harbour and, I should think, good entrance.

Some miles up the river we came suddenly upon a canoe full of youths, who on seeing us were frightened so much that they could only shout. We took no notice of them, and went on into another creek, where we came upon a canoe with a man and a woman on board. Poor things! I do not think I have ever seen natives so frightened. It took us some time to calm them, by assuring them we were friends, and that they had only to look and they would see we were all friends. Vaaburi said, 'Of old, Maipua used to come this way and kill all they met, and then attack the villages.' When calmed the woman, recognising Vaaburi, said, 'Oh me, I live, why should I be afraid, and you here?' Giving them a small present, we started them ahead to inform the people we were near, and that they were not to be afraid; the interpreter adding: 'Now, no bows and arrows, but meet us as real friends, for I have brought you

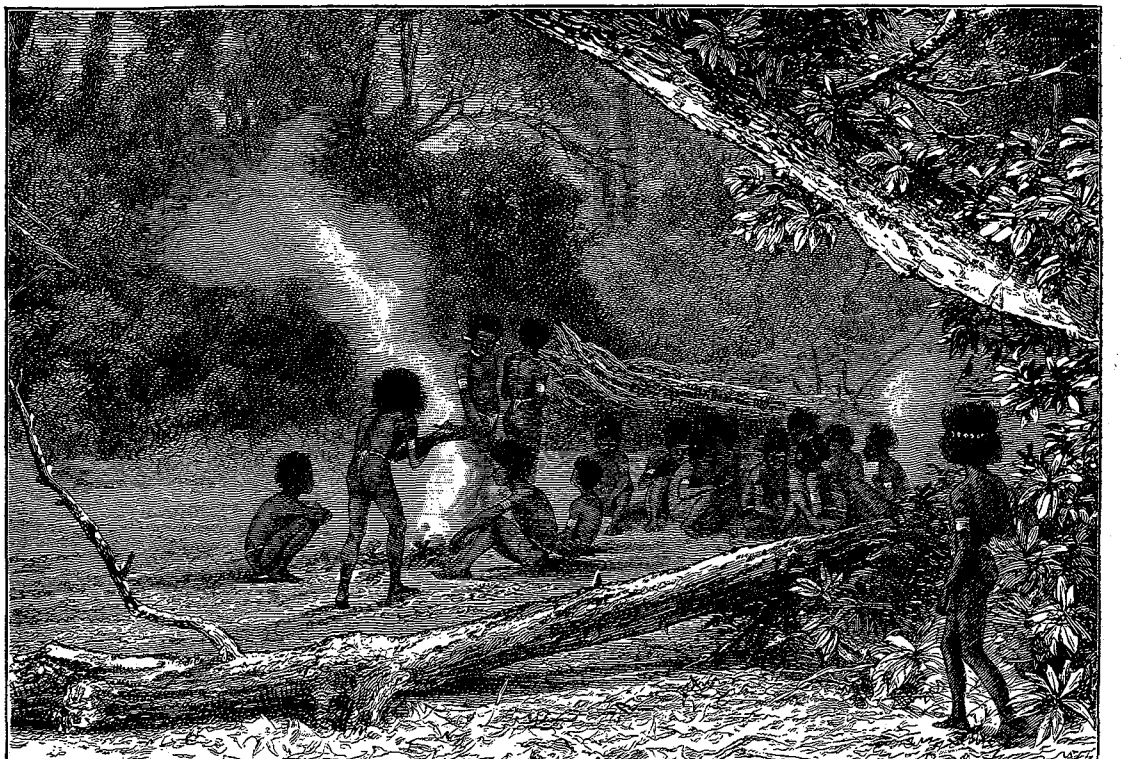
Tamate, you have heard of, and he is unarmed.' Ipai told them, 'It is all peace and friendship, and we have come with the white man.' They were soon out of sight.

We took a short cut through a dirty mud creek, where all got out, and just dragged the canoe through. The smell was bad indeed. My Motumotuans were very frightened, as they thought we were simply in the hands of the cannibals, who might be in ambush on either bank. We came out into a good stream, and soon saw houses and a large temple. This was Koropanairu, a village which had suffered much from Maipua in the past. There were houses on both banks, and people excited and shouting. Some of the women danced and sang, others screamed and beat their breasts, and little children were held up to see a white man. I stood up in the canoe, so as to give every one a chance. Near to the houses were platforms covered with sago palm leaves, and on each platform was a dead body. They place their dead on these platforms, as the whole place is simply mud and water, no solid ground anywhere. The smell was too strong to permit of any of us taking food.

On arriving at the large stream, the Arai, we turned round, and, accompanied by numerous canoes, packed nearly to sinking, we made for the large dubu. Lest I should wet my feet, a way was made of long sticks over the mud, on which I walked to the platform of the dubu. The chief was away from home, but the wife in charge had quantities of food cooked and sent to us; but not one of my boys would touch it, saying it might have been cooked in pots used for cooking human flesh, or prepared by hands unwashed since last they rubbed themselves over with the juice from the dead bodies about. No use arguing, eat they would not; and I confess I could not lead off, and so give them an example. Ipai, the Maipuans, and the interpreter were not so nice, so they enjoyed a

hearty meal. Eh, it was a noisy, excited crowd which gathered round us in that dubu. My boys were all terribly frightened, and cowered close up behind me. Every action on our part was of interest, but the most exciting things are a lighted match, my writing, and my foot. The latter is tenderly handled, and instructions are rigorously given on no account to press it, lest it should hurt. It is dark, and inside the dubu pitch dark, but the crowd still continues, and the place is very hot and stuffy. I get Vaaburi and Ipai to tell them we are going to have service, and I want quiet. Everybody is shouting to everybody else to be quiet, and it took some time before we began. I did not light a candle, as I hoped the crowd would clear out and leave us, after service.

In that strange place, where there are charms and fetishes of all kinds, and skulls of human beings, crocodiles, pigs, and cassowaries, placed in each division, and where at the small end there are six hideous Kanibus, gods, we sing a translation of the hymn, 'Hark! the voice of love and mercy,' and I do not think I ever heard it sound better, yet none of us can boast of singing power. Prayer was offered by a young Toaripian, and again the interpreter explained the Gospel to them. Service over, no one would go, so I lighted my candle, which caused great excitement. There was a great noise outside, and much shouting in. I wondered what it meant. My boys thought it meant slaughter this time, and they crouched in the darkness behind me. I held the candle up, and found that way was being made for an old chap, who is told to be sure and give his right hand when Tamate gives his, as that is the mark of peace and friendship with the white men. He does it well, and is followed by a young well-dressed fellow, who goes through the same handshaking, and then both squat in front of me. It is the chief and his son from Ukerave, a cluster of villages to be visited to-morrow.



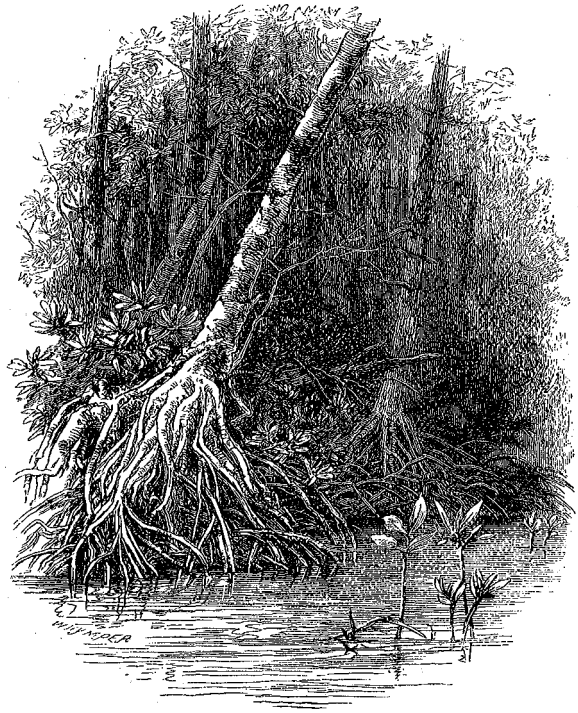
NEW GUINEA NATIVES COOKING YAMS

Shouting, laughing, smoking, all talking, and trying to talk one another down, left me a quiet spectator of a peculiarly weird scene. Hundreds felt my foot, and shouted with astonishment at its softness and whiteness. It was getting late, and the old chief must go home, but he must have my promise that I would not pass his door without a call, and to insure it the son must remain and conduct me.

Telling Ipai I was tired, and wanted to lie down in a corner near the platform, he asked me if he might talk all night, as he had much to say. 'Certainly, talk away; as I am so sleepy, I think I can sleep through it all.' My youths were astonished that I could even think of sleep in this place. My blanket was spread, and I send the candle to Ipai, and know no more until daybreak, when it is time to be up and getting ready for a start. More food is cooked and eaten by those who consumed yesterday evening's. The crowd increases quickly, and we have service, when near the end of prayer there is a fearful voluminous shout, and prayer is quickly ended. A crowd, led by a well-feathered, good-looking, kindly man, press into the dubu, and he comes near to where I am. All are unarmed, so it is all right. I am told this is the chief Avai, returned from his expedition. I had already given the present for him and the dubus, and sent some beads for his wife. He is very much disappointed that we are leaving so soon, but I believe in first visits being short, just giving them a taste as it were, and then leaving them to think, and wonder when I shall again return. But we must not leave without a pig. Avai goes out, and calls a name, and 'Mai mai,' and a good-sized pig comes right up to the platform. It is soon despatched with a club, lifted up and placed in the canoe, as I decided it should be cooked at our next halt.

We passed several canoes along the bank, and when we came to Avai's home, he being in our canoe, the chief

insisted on our pulling up alongside one in charge of a good-looking motherly body, who wanted us to take everything she had into the canoe. She was Avai's best beloved wife, and had been travelling with him; all night they were in the canoes. Native-like, my people would



MANGROVE SWAMP

have taken everything, but I confined them to a few areca nuts and betel peppers.

We were accompanied by many canoes, all packed with a noisy, excited crowd.

Leaving Kailiu, an extension of Koropanairu, on our

right, we descended the creek, and soon came to a fine large opening, part of the Arai—there we met a large flotilla of canoes. There were fifty accompanying us, and on meeting the others these backed. We pulled on, the canoes meeting us opened to right and left; when we were in the centre they closed in, and on we slowly went, until near a village of Ukerave, when they opened up again and we went alongside the bank. It is a dirty, bad-smelling hole. To get to the chief's house a way was made over the mud with canoes end to end, along which I was to walk, lest I should wet my feet. The chief Ipai (I think nearly all the great men in this part are called Ipai) and his son both had hold of me, and I was led up on to the verandah of his house, where there was a mat spread on which I was to squat. The crowd was very great, and two-thirds of them were armed. I got my boys after some little trouble to go aside and cook, but they would keep coming near to me. There were certainly some very villainous-looking fellows in that crowd. The pig was got ready, cut up and on the fire, when the conch shell was heard in the distance, and up sprang cooks and everybody else belonging to me, on to the verandah, and close to me. The interpreter explained from the chief that it was a new canoe being tried by the young men of a neighbouring village. I was satisfied, but my people were not to be gulled, as they said, in that way, and not one of them would go down, until I threatened to go down and do the cooking myself; then two of the bravest found their way to the fire. Nearer and nearer the conch blowing approached, and I stood up to see the canoe come round the bend of the river. It was a pretty sight. A large canoe painted various colours with ochre and lime, twenty finely built youths gorgeously dressed with feathers and colours, standing up and pulling as one, and at their hardest—conscious, I have no doubt, that they were being observed by a white man, as no

others had ever been observed there before. Other young men were sitting in the bottom of the canoe, and one of them had the conch shell, which he was blowing. It was only a moment, but as they passed they gave one glance to the verandah, and for the first time saw a white man, and then on.

After breakfast—mine was a very light one—we had service, and then to canoe. Most of the pig was brought into the canoe in baskets made of cocoanut leaves. Ipai soon followed, saying he wanted a tomahawk. Asking him what he wanted it for, he said for another pig which the chief's son Koivi wanted us to have. The tomahawk I got for him, but the pig I would not have. I gave orders to move off, but we were not only hemmed in with canoes, but held fast by many hands. No use saying anything, the excitement was too great, and I felt sure a very little spark would cause a fearful catastrophe. Vaaburi had been chewing betel so much that I could get little help from him. All my boys were particularly frightened, and the Maipuans hung their heads. Ipai looked very glum. Grasping the situation at last—that Koivi was ashamed to let us go without a pig—I told the interpreter to say that I hoped to return with a steamer in six moons, and the pig should wait till that visit. There was a lull, and we were moving away, but again were closed in and held fast. A loud shout and a rattling of arrows, and I began to think things were growing unpleasant. The tomahawk I had given to Ipai was still lying near him, and I saw he was anxiously watching every movement. I was going ashore to get to Koivi, and disarm him, but I was prevented, and then I was told he thought I would not have his present, because the pig was a small one, and he was going to kill the biggest he could get in the village. Everywhere it was excitement, but eventually I made myself heard, calling for Koivi. Leaving his bows and arrows behind, he came

down, and again I told him, when the moon came to my wrist (six moons) he was to look out for me, and then we should eat pig; that perhaps the governor, of whom they had heard much during the last few hours, might visit them before me, and if so he was to have it. I gave him a small present, we clasped hands, the way opened, and we got out into midstream, surrounded with nearly a hundred canoes, large and small, from all quarters. I was sitting looking ahead when I felt our canoe taken hold of, and a large canoe shooting up on our port side. On looking round there was Ipai, Koivi's father, handing me a well-fed young live dog, which I took and handed to our Ipai, then picked up the tomahawk, and gave it to the old fellow. In handing me the dog, he said, 'You must have something in leaving my village.' I assured him again that in six moons I should visit them, and the interpreter explained what the steamer was like, telling them not to be afraid when they saw it. The flotilla opened, and we passed out, my boys devoutly hoping I had made up my mind to return home. On learning I had not, and that I meant to go right on, some got ill, others glum, and one poor wretch simply sat down and cried. I suppose they knew their own savage nature better than I did, and were frightened accordingly.

Ukerave is a collection of villages, and I believe contains a very large population. I would not suggest placing teachers here until we can send them New Guineans. It is quite possible, now that there is peace, they may leave the swamps up the river, and go down to the mouth, where there is a good position for one or two large villages on land suitable for teachers to live. The strange thing is that all the men, women and children living in these swamps should look so well and healthy—the children are especially bright and intelligent. The women are scantily clothed, but they are about the most modest I have seen.

They remind me of women far inland at the back of Hall Sound, who were as scantily clothed, and like them in modesty. Going down stream after a loud talk, screaming laughter, and a good feed, there is any amount of joking over the pipe (all are now brave as lions), and will go anywhere with Tamate and his hazel stick. I confess that once I thought mischief was brewing, and we might all be slaughtered, and I found Ipai had thought the same. We kept quiet, pretended we were quite careless about getting away, and we trusted them. Only since my last visit have they and Maipua been friendly. Formerly the Maipuans killed many of them, ate them, and hung their heads as trophies in the dubus.

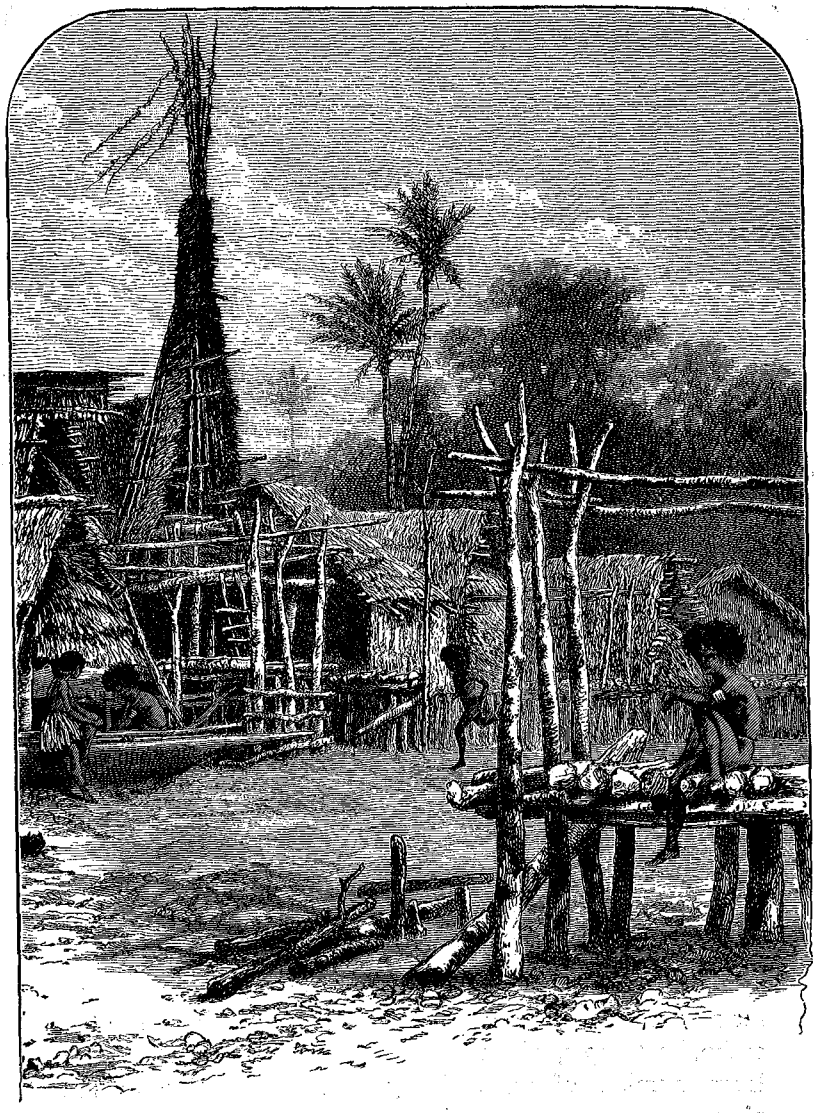
The Arai is a splendid stream, and has a fine capacious harbour at the mouth. It was now up one creek and down another for some hours. In one stream we met a canoe with a man and two boys in it; they showed no fear, but came alongside and had a smoke. They were from Kaiburave, whither we were now bound. They gave us cocoanuts and sugar cane, and told us to go on, and they would follow by-and-by with more food. It was easily seen we were now very near the coast, tall mangrove and nipa palms abounding, and soon the water became brackish. We met another canoe with a man and a woman, but neither appeared the least afraid. We gave them a present, and sent them on ahead to prepare the people for our arrival. At last we rounded a great bend, and we were at the first of the Kaiburave villages, Kove, built on a point of land between two salt-water creeks. We pulled on and passed another, Kaurave, also on a muddy point between two creeks, and arrived at Aperave, where we were to camp.

Crowds flocked everywhere, and my instructions were to stand up, which I did that I might be seen by all. The chief, Kiromia, a fine gentlemanly man, took me by the

hand and led me up the logs to his house, the largest and finest native dwelling I have yet seen in New Guinea. The outer part was given to us, and the inner part screened off with blinds, or curtains, such as the Chinese make from bamboo (only Kaiburave ones are made from the spine of the sago leaf split into strips). This portion of the house was reserved for his wives and daughters. One wife he introduced to us, a kindly woman, in mourning for someone.

The sun coming upon me, orders were given immediately to shade well with cocoanut leaves, that my beautiful complexion might not be destroyed. No one was allowed to crowd on my mat. As I was anxious to get on to the coast, Kiromia at once gave orders for a canoe, and in about ten minutes they were ready. We had twenty paddlers, a fine strong-looking lot of fellows, who evidently thought it a capital joke to have a white man all to themselves.

We pulled down the creek Kaumari about six miles to the mouth. I felt very thirsty and wished for a cocoanut, and away sprung several ashore along the beach to a grove some distance off, and returned laden. As I was not to be allowed to get wet on any account, three men assisted me to land, and Kiromia, the chief, kept near me wherever I went. This point of land at the mouth on the western side will, I hope, be yet occupied by Kiromia and a party, and a teacher. In coming down every canoe we saw was hailed, and Tamate and his party expatiated upon, whilst the paddlers gave a shout, and made additional remarks. On returning it was moonlight, and we raced with another large canoe and got beaten, so youth-like there was banter and challenge until Kiromia stopped it, knowing well to what it would lead. During my absence my boys had been so frightened that they proposed taking a canoe and coming in search of me. They felt their only safety was in being



A STREET IN NEW GUINEA

near to me. They cooked their pig and their own sago, but would touch no food cooked by others.

During prayers the natives were most respectful, and listened attentively to the interpreter discoursing on God's love. The one God of love staggers them, and that He has told us so in a book is more than they can comprehend. There was a great babel. Our singing had a wonderful charm, for we had complete silence, and requests to go on. The note in my diary is as follows:

'The house is now full, we have had prayers, and have been singing, and truly the savage breast, or lungs, or throat is soothed, for they are very quiet.' About 9 o'clock the audience began to disperse, and on my intimating a desire to turn in, all left except the house folk and our party.

I then gave the chief my present, gladdening his heart by taking off my shirt and putting it on him. In these trips the wardrobe decreases considerably, and I always return with a much lighter swag than when I start. I asked for his queen wife, and the lady of the afternoon was brought to me. I gave her a present of various small things, but the most valuable of all in her eyes, and also her husband's, was a small parcel of beads, which they both gloated over for some time. I believe the old fellow was better pleased with his wife's present than the one he received himself. I spread my Malagasy on the outer verandah, and was soon asleep. At about 2 A.M. heavy rain awoke me, and I had to go inside. There was still a big fire burning, and earnest conversation going on.

At daylight we were all up, and had not long to wait for an audience. After breakfast I went in a canoe to the erabo, or temple, where I was received by Kiromia and a large number of men, sitting down each side of the aisle.

The place is full of masks, fetishes, etc., and hanging on pegs on each division of the temple are many human skulls, altogether nearly 400, while lying on the floor, arranged in rows, are crocodiles', pigs', and cassowaries' skulls. At the far end, where the temple tapers to only seven feet high, and shut off with a screen from the main portion, is the sacred place, where there were twenty of those hideous wicker-work Kanibus, homes for the small bat, which inhabits them in hundreds. Of course my people were with me, and I noticed that alongside of our Toaripians (Motumotuans) the people were a shade darker, and alongside our Hall Sound boys, two shades darker. As a rule they are short, although they have some fine specimens of manhood. The hair is short and tufty, and nowhere did I meet a native with a large frizzy head of hair. I was sorry not to be able to take measurements, but the excitement was too great, and might have caused trouble. When in the temple, the natives were very anxious to impress me with the greatness of Kiromia and Aua, who are equal, and are 'as the sun and moon in splendour.'

I gave them a picture of my wife to study, and it was amusing to watch them. They turned it all ways, hurriedly from back to front, and *vice versâ*, up, down, put it aside, then tried it again, but of no use; they could not grasp it, nor did all the explanation of the interpreter help them any. They gave it up, and returned it with a 'Can't see any wife there.'

During the day the crowd increased, all pressing near to get a sight of the 'white man who brings peace and friendship.' About mid-day I was informed that several of my boys were sick, and we were out of water and cocoanuts, so had to leave.

The farewells were those of sincere friendship. Kiromia helped me down to the canoe, and hundreds of men, women, and children lined the bank. I said good-bye, got

on board; Ipai followed with a small bundle of arrows carefully wrapped in his hand. A few words were spoken, and we quietly moved away, Kiromia, dressed in my shirt, standing on a log, weeping, and calling out, 'Kamake, Kamake,' and holding his wrist, to intimate I was sure to return in six moons. The crowd gave one long shout, and away we went, full speed ahead. The moon was small and our light dim, in some places dark. At last the moon set, and we could see but little. At one place all apparently were tired and sleepy, when the man in the bow gave a fearful scream that startled everybody, and then shouted that he was gone. It turned out he had been nearly asleep, a branch standing across the stream caught him, and he thought it was a crocodile. It caused great merriment and awoke all hands. It was uncertain work crossing the mouths of the large rivers in the dark, as it was blowing and raining hard, but all were anxious to get on, and we risked everything. Wet and cold, we arrived in early morning on the east point of Port Blomfield, and the crew, tired and wet, landed, lighted fires, and intended sleeping. Being left alone in the canoe I made myself comfortable in it, and was nearly off when I was aroused by a big flambeau blazing over me, and Ipai saying, 'Kamake, it is going to rain hard, we must make for the village,' and I was glad. When going through the village to the eastern side, where Ipai's old temple is, we had to pass several belonging to other chiefs. From each we were challenged, and Ipai always answered, and also gave a short account of our trip. We found the youth I had landed and left behind very much better in every way. I got about two hours' rest, and then got up and away. To Apope we had a company of canoes, with eager listeners on board of each, and every canoe we met interviewed us. The home meeting at Apope was affectionate, all were glad to see us back, and little Kamake spun around terribly

excited. When sitting on the verandah, the daughter got so excited and beyond bounds that the father spoke sharply to her, and she began to cry bitterly. I imitated her, and the crowd standing round did not know what to make of it, until I burst out laughing, and sent all into fits; some threw themselves on the ground and rolled about, others held their sides, not a few rushed off, and Ipai rolled about and dare not look me in the face; tears rolled down his cheeks, and he could do nothing but laugh. He felt very sore after it.

A pig and food were cooked and eaten, we got into canoe, and paddled away for the Aivei, where we landed on the Orokolo side. Hilarity had gone, and we were all very sorry to part from one another. I left Ipai sitting on a log and crying bitterly. Farewells were shouted as long as we could be heard, and in the distance beyond hearing, uplifted hands. At Orokolo we spent three days. We nearly came to grief entering the Vailala. Spent a day with the teacher and people there, and on coming out of the river one sea broke aboard that nearly swamped us; certainly a second one would have done so, and we should have gone over, but we pulled well out, and then up with sail and stood away for home.

All was not well at home. One woman who had a quarrel with her husband, to spite him had hanged herself, and other two wretches had decoyed a boy along the beach, and when some distance from our eastern mission house cruelly murdered him with sticks, dug a hole in the sand near a cocoanut grove, and buried the body in it. Fortunately such acts of murder are very infrequent in New Guinea. The boy, an orphan, was missed by relatives and search made, but he could not be found until the younger of the murderers, a lad of fifteen or thereabout, told his sisters, who told the boy's sister. The relatives wished condign punishment at once, and to kill the murderers,

according to custom, but order prevailed, and the word of Lahari, a young warrior chief, was listened to, not to kill or quarrel, but to leave it, and see what the Governor will do. This is a wonderful advance in Toaripi in two or three years.

Influenza has been very bad, and there have been many deaths.

CHAPTER XI

THE FIRST TRIP OF THE LAUNCH MIRO

IT had been for some time felt that to re-begin and carry on work on the Fly River, steam was necessary, especially as the work was to be carried on by teachers or evangelists from the South Seas or Eastern Polynesia. A very successful beginning was made in 1892 at Saguane and Ipisia, villages on the island of Kiwai, at the very mouth of the Fly River. Many other places had been visited and land secured for building purposes, but without steam the work would be difficult and trying to those engaged in it.

On January 5, 1892, the Miro arrived in Thursday Island, and was at once taken over by me, the crew from Sydney discharged, a new crew shipped, and the vessel got ready for her work. It was very far into the north-west monsoon; still much might be done. On January 12, at mid-day, we cast off from Burns, Philip, & Co.'s wharf, and steamed away into Torres Straits, arriving at The Sisters in the evening. The next morning we steamed away for Masig (York Island), and anchored in the afternoon. We got wood and water on board, and the following day at noon we up anchor, and away to Darnley, where we anchored on the east side of the island. The following day, being the Sabbath, we remained.

I arranged for the services to be held the following day, and so made it a great day on the island. For the first time in several years they had the Lord's Supper, and several extra meetings. The building was crowded, chiefly

with men and women from Murray Island, who were across upon a feast to be given on the Tuesday following. At the close of the services I arranged for the teacher, a native of Mabuiag, to leave and take Masig, and that a Samoan would take Darnley. The Mabuiag man has not the slightest influence over the South Sea Islanders, who are numerous on the island, and the people I fear fancy they are better than he. He ought to have been removed long ago. When writing this the Mary has just come in, and the captain reports that he has, according to my instructions, removed Paiwaini, of Darnley, to Masig, and placed Tuuanga, a Samoan, and his wife and children on the former, and that at each place the teachers had a good reception. On Monday at 10.50 we left Darnley, and arrived at Murray Island 3 P.M. We got everything out of the vessel here, and had her thoroughly cleaned fore and aft.

On January 20 we were glad to get away at daybreak, as she had been dragging during the night, and the weather looked stormy. We arrived at Darnley, and the following morning (Saturday) steamed for Zamut (Dalrymple). I landed on the Sabbath, and had service with the people. They are sixteen all told. Three were away on a shelling boat, and the thirteen were there. A native of the island, named John, acts as missionary, and does his work very well. He lived some years on Darnley, and was taught to read there by a Lifu teacher, and on returning to his home began mission work. He has prayers in the church every morning and evening, and on Sabbaths three services. The church was well built, having on the floor nice clean white coral sand. Certainly the man is very ignorant, but he knows that God is love, and Jesus loves us.

On Monday we left for Dauan, going through the Warrior Reef by a passage not in the chart. We anchored off the settlement about 8 P.M., and landed all our passengers. The next forenoon we got wood and water on board, and

MARINE DWELLINGS

away to Saibai, where we remained until the next morning. We then started for the east, calling at Mabudauan, the Government station, and thence to Tureture, where we anchored. Nothing is being done, so I informed the teacher that on my return I should remove him. On my return I found that after we left his wife died, and he was only too anxious to get back to his home on Saibai, where he now is.

At Bampton I met the teachers, and spoke to them of their work, and that I expected they would have school every day. I do wish the people of Gaziro, the eastern village, would leave their present situation, and go on to the mainland and live. To get to them at present is a difficult matter, because of sandbanks and swamps.

We steamed across the right mouth of the Fly River, to Saguane, where we dropped anchor opposite the mission house at 4 in the afternoon. Saturday was spent in filling up with wood for the long run across the head of the Papuan Gulf. On Sunday we had capital services—men, women, and children attending. I ascribe the presence of the women to the influence of the teacher's wife. I hope it will continue, for two-thirds of the fight is over when the women are won to Christ.

At 10 A.M. on Monday we stood away for Orokolo, and the following day we were anchored off our eastern mission station in that district. We had dirty weather during the night, and had to take in all our awnings. Fortunately the wind was just abaft the beam, and so helped us. The Miro did splendidly, taking very little water on board. At Orokolo we met the Governor, Sir William MacGregor, and a large party going west to the Namau district. The two teachers and their wives had been very ill, and were at Motumotu awaiting me, so that I could hold no services. The following morning we steamed up to Vailala. I was sorry to hear of the death of a chief who has been all along a great friend of the teachers. He had died a few

weeks previously. He once visited me at Motumotu, and seeing me always going about with a cane, on his return home he determined I should have a heavier and a stronger one than the one I generally carried, so he went up the river, and got a nice straight wand, with a little head, brought it back, and had it smoothed. My following visit he presented me with it, saying it was better than mine.

Poor Iaupu! I had known him for a long time, and I have a good hope that he loved Christ, notwithstanding his many peculiarities and superstitions. The teacher has finished a fine weather-board house, with a verandah running right round. He only wanted a wife to make it a comfortable home.

We left on February 3 for Kerema at 9 A.M., and anchored off the mission house at 4 P.M. The teacher and his wife were well, and were living in a large weather-board house with a verandah back and front. Too much time has been given to the building of the house, and so school and real mission work have suffered.

Leaving Kerema, we called at Karama, the cluster of villages in Freshwater Bay. During my long absence in Torres Straits the teacher died of influenza. I was glad to find that the people had not stolen all his things nor broken down the house, nor destroyed the plantation, as they often do, according to native custom. We then steamed across the bay to Motumotu, entering the river and anchoring at 7.30 P.M. There was great excitement and rejoicing in both villages, and lights were everywhere, and canoes coming and going with all sorts of news.

On the Sunday we had a really good time, and I was much pleased with the report of the teachers, except that for about a fortnight there had been trouble about the Sabbath. 'Tis a pity those placed in authority over us forget when the Sabbath is, and also forget that the natives will ever

quote them as examples. For some time they have been told by the Government officers they must not bury in the villages, but take all the bodies to the ground selected some distance away from the village. Though a really good and necessary regulation, it is hard for natives to carry out, as it is altogether against their ideas of care and sympathy. A few acquiesced, but four bodies in a fortnight were buried in the village. Mr. F. Lawes, the magistrate of the Central Division, was there, and announced that the bodies must be taken up, or if not, he would have to send his policemen to do it. Early in the morning some natives came to intimate that one body had been taken up and buried right outside, shortly others followed to say the same had been done with all the bodies. The first reported was all right, but the others had only the sand covering turned up a little. When the attempt to deceive was found out by sticking spears in the graves, the natives took it in good part, and set to, and in the presence of the police removed all the bodies. My only words on the Sunday night were, 'We must have no trouble.' I confess I was astonished at the change in the people. A year or two ago, and it would mean bows and arrows *versus* Martini-Henry rifles. They are not cowed, and do not give the appearance of being such, but they are changed.

In 1891, when walking from Motumotu to Oiapu, I was accompanied by a great crowd of them, all armed, and certainly looking a very formidable army; but during the days we were together there was no robbing of plantations, and never an ill word said, in any of the villages we passed through. At our last open-air service at Oiapu, I was going to Maiva in a canoe, they were going to Mekeo; I begged of them to behave themselves, and I hoped on my return to hear they had done so. Several spoke, saying things were altogether changed, that they had come along from Motumotu, and there was no robbing,

and they would continue so, and I am glad to say they did. Don't misunderstand me, they are not Christians, converts, nor catechumens.

There was much to do, so I did not get away until Wednesday, the 8th. I called at Lese, but finding they had not built the church, nor did the children come to school, I refused to land, and spoke as plainly as possible to the teacher and those who came off. We anchored at Yokea, and I visited our new grounds there, and was greatly delighted with the work done. A fine large bungalow and six cottages were finished, and plantations connected with each cottage cleared and planted. The institution grounds are about a mile and a half from the village, which is a good thing. God grant it may be a home of much life, light and real work! I was sorry I had to speak to the teacher about neglecting work, but they have been busy with the church, which is now finished, and I hope my next visit will be more satisfactory.

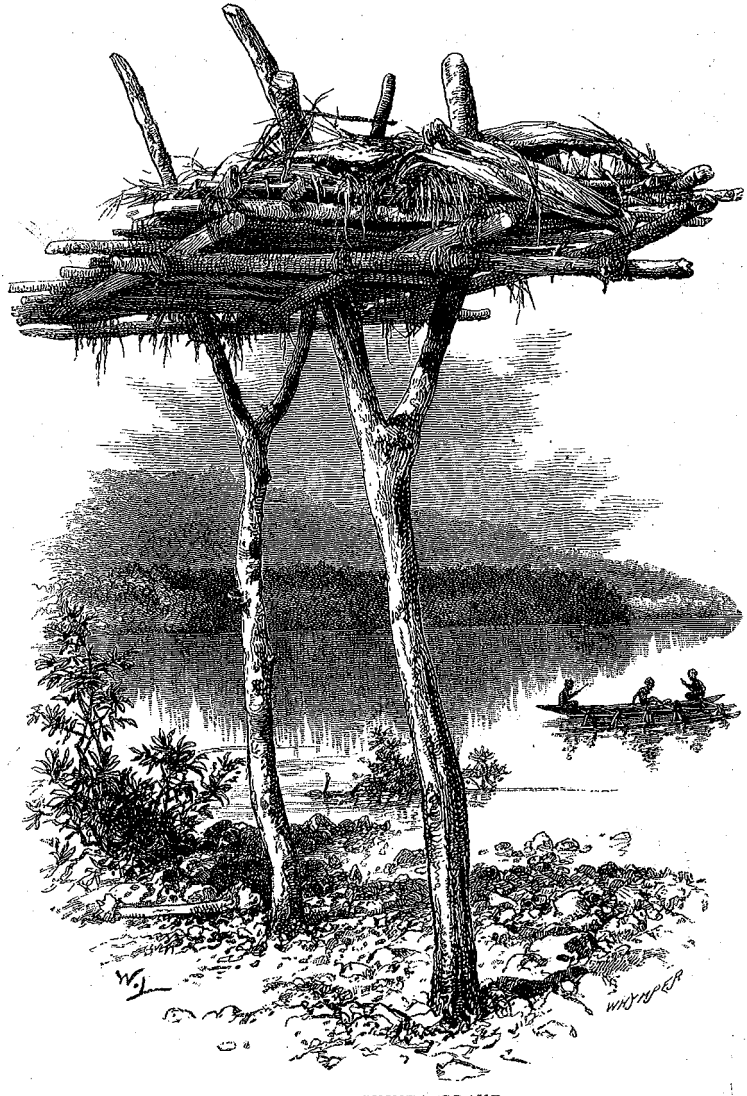
We left Yokea on the 9th, taking with us a sick teacher and his wife for change. The teacher at Oiapu western villages was at Yokea ill, and the fine young teacher at the eastern villages has recently lost his wife in giving birth to a child, so I did not stay there, but took Ola, the young teacher, on board, and proceeded to Maiva. Ola's wife was an excellent woman, and a daughter of the first New Guinea convert, who is a deacon in the church at Port Moresby. The deacon has three daughters in the mission field, and I long to see his son a converted man, and also engaged in mission work. In the death of Ola's wife we have lost a good Christian woman and earnest worker.

When off Maiva the weather looked bad, and I decided simply to call and then hurry away to Hall Sound, where we should get safe anchorage. We just got to anchor in time, for it began to rain and blow, and continued so until Saturday at noon.

On Saturday I took canoe and got round to Cape Suckling, and then away inland to Naara, where I remained until Monday. I can only speak well of this station. Good progress has been made in teaching, and many new ones can read. The Sabbath observance reminded me of an old station in the South Seas, and the prayer meetings on the Saturday evening, and several times on the Sabbath, of many refreshing seasons I have had many years ago. The church was crowded at each service; simply everybody was there but three sick ones. There were four, two men and their wives, ready for baptism. I think they are good, earnest people. The women could read fluently, the men slowly. After baptism we had the Lord's Supper, and a very refreshing season it was. The chieftainess, Koloka, and her husband, were most attentive, and reminded one much of kind, loving chiefs and chieftainesses in Eastern Polynesia.

On Monday I returned to Delena, calling at Keabada, where Ikupa, our teacher, is. His wife is a daughter of the deacon. I was not so well pleased with the school. We had an intensely interesting prayer meeting in the teacher's fine new house, when those who were to be baptized engaged in prayer. There were five seeking baptism, and on examination I could not but baptize them. Two of them were women, for which I felt really thankful. All were present at the service, and I feel sure the appeals made by the men, after they were baptized, will be blessed to others. I fear the backwardness of the school arises from the great demand for sandal-wood by traders, this being the district where it is chiefly found. Before daybreak, old and young have been away cutting the wood and carrying it in.

We left Delena on Tuesday, the 14th, and arrived at Port Moresby at 4 P.M. We visited Tupuslei with a picnic party, and a few days after carried, to their great



A NEW GUINEA GRAVE

delight, about one hundred and fifty children to Boera, where they regaled themselves on large supplies of rice.

On our return voyage we left Port Moresby on Thursday, the 23rd, but the weather turned out so stormy that we had to remain at Boera, twelve miles west of Port, until the Saturday morning, arriving at Delena late at night. We had a really good Sabbath here. In the forenoon we elected Goani, a good, staid fellow, as deacon. He spent nearly two years with us at Motumotu, but feeling he was too old, I returned him to his home. He is a fine man, and I believe a thoroughly godly one. There are thirteen here awaiting baptism. Several of them I had seen before; some I have known for years; and all of them have been regular attenders at all services for a long time. I saw them all, and decided to baptize them. In the afternoon the church was crowded. We had several meetings for prayer during the day—prayer for the evidence of the Holy Spirit's presence with us, and for a real baptismal time, nor were we disappointed. We began with a short service, at which I gave an address, and then those to be baptized took part, some engaging in prayer, and others saying a few words. After baptizing them we had the Lord's Supper, a season to be remembered in future. In the evening, at family prayers, we had the whole population present, and instead of the ordinary service we turned it into a thorough good prayer meeting. On the Monday I held the school examination, and all I can say is, it is better than last year, but by no means what it ought to be. The sandal-wood trade is also brisk here, and I fear the teacher has got smitten with the easy mode of making money; but more of that hereafter.

Getting wood and water on board, we steamed away on Tuesday morning to Maiva, where I landed in the afternoon. At Tipoki's station on the coast we had several meetings and a school examination, and I was better

pleased with the work done than I have been for some years. Tipoki, the teacher, has been very ill with rheumatism and sores for about nine months; still, he and his wife have been able to do more than formerly.

Thirteen, who have been a long time seeking baptism, were baptized, amongst them several women. There was a good deal of enthusiasm at the meetings, which I trust will continue. At the western inland group of villages, where we had a good mission, is failure. The teacher died last August, and the people themselves have not been able to carry on. I hope to give them another teacher this year.

At Ratu's village I baptized ten, and we had several good meetings. The school, I fear, is not so advanced as last year, arising from all spare time being given to the making of copra and collecting cane for export. I fear only a few of our teachers can resist the temptation of making a few shillings when they can easily, and then the schools are neglected, the teacher believing it is because the children won't come. I walked over to Kivori, where we had good services, especially at Rarua's station, where I baptized six good young men and two women and three children. I was much pleased with the school. At Vagi's station things were not so bright as they were last year; but that, I felt sure, was the teacher's fault, and told him so. Altogether though, I was pleased with Kivori, and hope soon to have several students at Yokea from there.

I called again at Oiapu, and landed Ola and his boy, and at Yokea we filled up with wood. Finding that Terai and all the students and their wives had gone on to Motumotu, I followed on Friday, calling at Lese, where I found a good new church had been put up; and the people had thought over what I had said to the teacher and those with him on my way up. We had a good service, and then away to our old home, where we anchored in the

river at mid-day. Preparations had been made for a really good time, and so I give you the account of the following Sabbath.

The Saturday prayer meetings were earnest ones, especially as I had informed four of the students they were to be set apart on the morrow to Christ's work, and the following week I should take three of them to stations. The excitement was great; supplies of various kinds were given out to each. For some time several Motumotuans who have been much with us, and have helped us latterly in meetings, had intimated their desires to join the institution; so, after meeting with each student going out, I had to meet with each one wishing to join. How thoroughly I enjoyed it all, and how I wished my wife, who has done much and been greatly blessed in bringing this state of things about, had been present with us! Late on Saturday night all the teachers and their wives met me for a meeting for prayer and consecration. There were present six teachers and their wives.

The final service on the Sabbath was for prayer, and both places were well attended. The forenoon services were crowded, and reference was made to the work before us. There were five to be baptized—four men and one woman, the first woman in the whole of the Elema district. She said to me the night before, when leaving with her husband, 'Tamate, I do love Jesus, and I do want always to love Him.'

At 11 o'clock, the large class-room in the institution grounds was crowded, a space being left in front for those to be baptized to occupy. How eagerly the proceedings were watched by all present! The men to be baptized were in downright earnest, and I hope some of them will become good workers for Christ. I baptized them, and gave them the right hand of fellowship in receiving them into Christ's membership. We then had the Lord's Supper, a

season that will not soon be forgotten by any one present.

We began the afternoon with a meeting for prayer, and at 3.30 met again in the class-room. Each student to be set apart gave a short address, in which he related how he was led to love Jesus, and how he came to desire the work of an evangelist. Some of our older teachers spoke to the point in urging entire consecration. The prayers were made in three languages, and there were as many as four languages used in the addresses. I arranged it so that everyone present might understand. Although the service lasted for an hour and a half, not one seemed tired.

At 5.30 there was another meeting, when I absented myself, to give all more scope for a downright good time. The house was packed, and the young teachers and others, and one or two who have not signified any drawings to Christ, I hear spoke good earnest words. To me it was certainly a great day. God grant many such days may be known in Elema!

We anchored off Karama at 8.15, and at once landed with Ume and his wife, one of the young couples set apart on the Sabbath, who were to occupy the station vacated by the death of the South Sea Island teacher. They had a right good reception. We had a short service in the house, and the chief and people promised to be kind to them.

From Karama we steamed away to Kerema, and there I landed Ikupu and his wife, to occupy the western group of villages. The few people who were at home were delighted to get a teacher, and they too promised to assist them in every way. We anchored for the night off the eastern station.

The following morning we were away early, and before mid-day we were at Vailala. Coming to an anchor we got

very quietly on to a bank, so quietly that I was the only one on board who felt her go on. The tide was falling fast, so we remained there. I went ashore and placed Naime and wife at the mission house on the eastern bank, where a Polynesian was for a few months before he died. The people knew Naime well, from his being so often with me when visiting them, and were glad to have him. His wife was a Yokea girl, and a very earnest, intelligent Christian. She soon had many claiming relationship. When I returned to the vessel the teacher from the western bank was on board, and ready to start with the Orokolo teachers and their wives that we had picked up at Motumotu. The news having soon reached Orokolo that the teachers were at Vailala, many came in to carry them away at once.

It was nearly midnight, and in a gale of wind and heavy rain we pulled the Miro off, not knowing until next morning we had left the rudder behind. We got her over and on to the eastern bank, and found the stern-post must have been broken for some time, so giving too much to the weight of the rudder. I offered a reward, and a dozen canoes started, and in half an hour returned with the rudder. It was evident there had been a flaw in the casting, and which must have been seen, for it had been brazed over. The engineer turned to and fixed the stern-post, and by Saturday had the rudder ready to swing. All was finished, and we were ready for an early start on Monday morning. Sunday I spent ashore between the two stations. I forgot to mention that I had obtained for the teacher's home the one ornament that could make it homely—a good wife—and they were married on the day of our arrival. The woman was a widow of one of our Motumotu teachers, and since her husband's death has lived a quiet, useful life at Yokea.

We weighed anchor at 5 on Monday morning, and steamed away west, hoping to enter the river, and yet

doubting as to its safety with our patched rudder. On anchoring off the Aivei, the bar looked bad, and I decided to keep on towards Bald Head, and then steer across the head of the Gulf to the Midge Isles.

Sir William MacGregor and a large party came in some hours after us from the Midge Isles, where they had been taking prisoners for attacking a neighbouring tribe, and he was anxious I should return and comfort those remaining. I certainly should have done so, but I had to be in Thursday Island by the 23rd, to catch the schooner for Kwato, China Straits.

We arrived at Dauan on the Saturday, and got ready for going into Thursday Island. The Sabbath was a high day for the natives. It was long since they had an opportunity of all meeting a white missionary on a Sabbath. Fortunately all were in from Boigou. The day was fully occupied to the great delight of all. I baptized 23 men and women, and 30 little children, and we had the ordinance—I fancy the first ever administered there.

At night I was detained to answer questions, and set some matters right.

We arrived at Thursday Island on the 22nd, to find the Myrtle had not arrived from New Guinea. I was sorry I had not gone back to comfort the Waboda (Midge Isles) natives, and arrange for a mission station. We had all had attacks of fever, mine having been sharp for a few days.

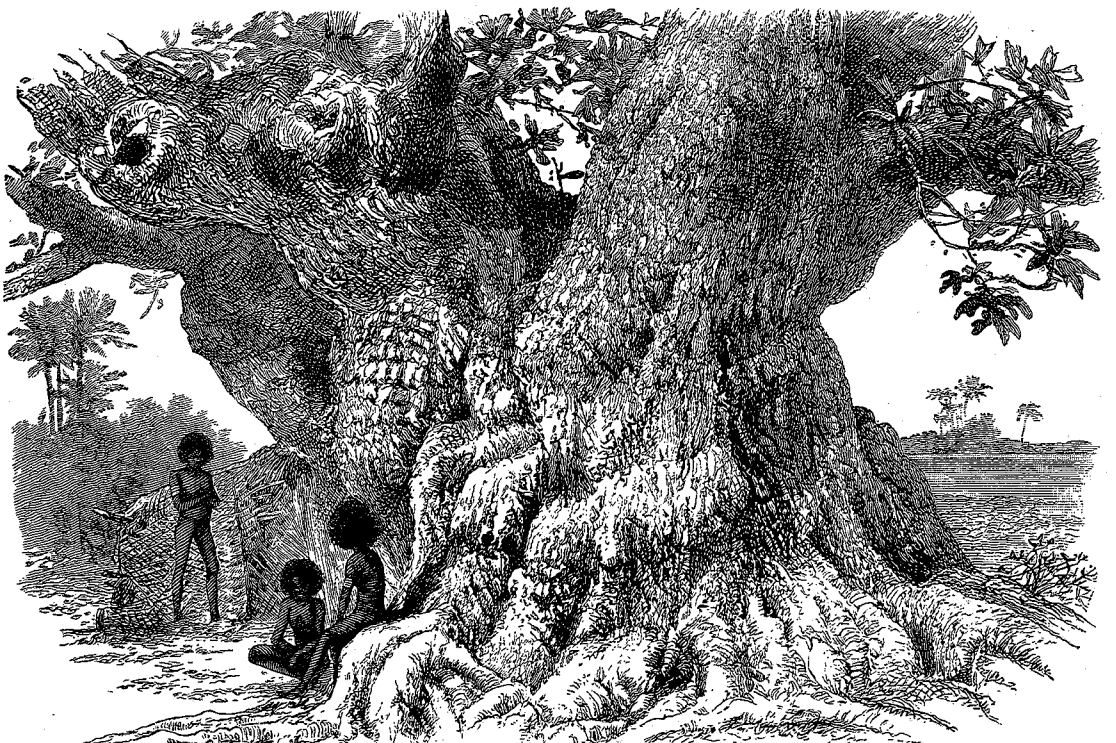
CHAPTER XII

THE MIRO ON THE FLY RIVER

FOUR expeditions have ascended the Fly River during the last twenty years, and on each occasion the natives appeared in numerous canoes, and bore down on the expeditions as if to attack them, so that they had to fire. I was strongly advised not to go near these people, but felt I could not return to Britain and leave them unvisited and unfriendly.

On leaving Sumai to visit the unfriendly tribes on the Fly River, I took the teacher Mapa, and Edea, the appointed government chief, and Agia of Auti, a small village two miles farther up than Sumai, as interpreters. Anxious to get on, we steamed past Baramura, telling the people on a canoe that on our return we should visit them. Coming near to some islands, we saw a village on the right bank, and so steamed in for it. We had difficulty in finding the passage, but moving slowly we carried two fathoms, then a fathom and a half, going down to 4 feet 6 inches. It was then a critical time, as several canoes were bearing down on us. Only one I allowed alongside, and would only have two men on board, ordering the canoe to keep off. After some anxiety we got into deeper water, and eventually to four fathoms, when I found a present for the two men, and so made friends.

We steamed up against the current for some distance, and dropped anchor opposite an opening in the bush. On landing we were taken charge of and conducted into the



GIGANTIC MALAVA TREE

bush, to a place where there were several small temporary buildings, in place of the very large house recently burned down. The excitement was great, as they had never before seen white men, except at rifle range, and now they saw and touched. The noise and shouting were great, and to an excitable and imaginative person it might have appeared that the hour of our doom had come. We were, as always, unarmed, having only a walking stick, which is useful in going over native bridges and for long walks. Some of the men were very evil-looking, and the women, who were gathered in the houses—the few we saw—were not at all prepossessing. A few of the men had been to Sumai, and had obtained in exchange for yams, taro, bows and arrows, old filthy shirts, and they certainly looked fearful guys.

We held a service in front of the houses, at which Mapa spoke as interpreter for me, but I fear he was not understood. When Edea and Agia spoke and prayed, all seemed to understand them, and gave audible assent to their statements. How strange it must be for tribes such as these, when they hear for the first time 'The Great Spirit is love,' and loves them!

We got on to the small verandah of one of the houses, and with difficulty passed presents on to the women and children inside. All looked as if a bath would do them good. It may be they are afraid of crocodiles, and so bathe very seldom. Many of the men wear the hair in long small ringlets, as at Domori, some distance down the river on the left bank. These ringlets are the growth of years, and matted with dirt. A few of them have beards, some very long and wound round on the chin to a knot. I bought one, two feet long, cut it off myself, and folded it away in brown paper.

There were some very suspicious movements—groups consulting, men going to the houses, and a noise of arrows

being handled; and so after a little we thought it advisable to get back to the launch.

We were not disturbed during the night, and being anxious to get on were early astir, and ready for a start. I had arranged the evening before with two men, Savopo and Duma, to accompany us, and to introduce us to other villages farther up the river. Just at dawn natives were seen on the bank, and soon after our two friends came off. Getting up anchor we steamed along the bank for a few miles, and came to shallow water. There we anchored, some distance from the one large house village of Aduru.

We soon had over one hundred and fifty canoes around us, and on an average four men in each canoe, and all shouting at their loudest. We could not keep them from crowding on board, and at one time it was very uncomfortable, and they seemed as if they meant to be unpleasant. I was ill with fever, and did not feel inclined to land, and also thought it advisable to remain on the launch, so that if trouble arose I should be at hand. The engineer and interpreters landed, remaining for some time, and on their return reported the place to be swampy and full of strong smells. A young man, Zagai, whom they called a chief, I made friends with by means of a present, and prevailed on him to accompany us up the river. But his people were much opposed to it, and at one time became very noisy on board about it. I gave them to understand I would not take him, and he then, in his turn, became angry with them, and told them he would go with the white man.

I asked all to leave, but to that they objected, and I then gave orders to weigh anchor and go ahead. As soon as our visitors felt the launch moving, there was a rush for the canoes. The young chief remained, undertaking to become our pilot; but his knowledge of what water we drew was deficient, and as he had never had any experience of anything else than a canoe, he was of no use. We kept

the lead going, but could find no channel deep enough, so had to make our way round by Pisirame, and out by that channel into the main stream.

When near to Pisirame I saw a canoe coming off to us, and our friends from there, with the young chief from Aduru, were getting ready to leave us. Savopo came to me and said, 'Tamate, I want to land, as my wife is crying bitterly.' I said, 'Tell the man in the canoe to tell your wife Savopo is all right.' They were suspicious of our back movement, and so were alarmed, but I resolved they should remain on board to introduce us farther up, to receive our kindness, and learn to have confidence in us. I therefore ordered 'full speed,' and we shot past the canoe and left it far behind. On getting to the main stream we headed up the river, and our friends became more confident, and went about the launch as if long acquainted with us. The stoke-hole and engine-room greatly interested them, but they would not go below.

I remember once, on board of the old Ellengowan, the New Guinea mission steamer, I was taking back a man and his wife and another native to their homes in the Gulf of Papua. After much persuasion, the two men consented to go down into the stoke-hole. Before they descended there was a great embracing of husband and wife, and a very affectionate farewell; and then the first solemnly went down. He looked around until the furnace door was opened, when never was that ladder more quickly ascended. On getting on deck again he threw himself into his wife's arms, and both cried, hugging one another with great joy. The other man, the woman's brother, took a long and affectionate farewell of his sister, and left her his bag of valuables—he fancied he might not return. On going down he kept looking ahead for the furnace door but it not being opened, he got down, and had a good look about. There was nothing more to see, when the stoker opened the door to

show him the inside, but he was on deck in a twinkling. The three of them sat with their arms round each other, their heads together, and crying profusely. It was amusing to see how proud the woman was of their feat, saying to me, 'Tamate, they are the bravest in all Elema'—the Gulf district.

A similar thing happened with Koapena, the Aroma chief, when visiting a man-of-war. He was greatly interested in all he saw, and was descending just after me into the stoke-hole, when a furnace door was opened. Instantly he sprang up the ladder, disappeared over the side into a canoe and made for the shore. Nothing would induce him to return. He once told me he would like to accompany me, but his wives objected; and he asked if I would take them off and show them the vessel, for then it would be all right. We were to start for Cloudy Bay in the morning, and I told him to bring them on board when he came. In the morning he came with his food and a pig for the journey, accompanied by his two wives and daughter. All went well, the anchor was being weighed, and I felt sure we had our big friend. The wives and daughter were getting ready to go into the canoe, and just then the stoker opened the furnace door; the women hearing the noise below looked down and saw the great flaming fire. There was one fearful yell, a loud call for Koapena, and in a few seconds he and all of them were in the canoe and hurrying to the shore.

We steamed up to Tagota, but saw no house where we expected one, as marked on the chart, the inmates having gone a little farther up the river, and back into the bush.

When our governor, Sir William MacGregor, ascended the river, the natives came out, apparently to oppose his progress, and they were turned back. The governor afterwards landed and met some of them. We steamed up to where we saw natives working at a canoe. They all fled

into the bush. Coming to an anchor we got our friend Zagai to shout for the chief, whose name was Aipi, and to tell them we were friends. After a while a man came out on to the bank and called to us that Aipi was not there, but Waria was. Zagai then told him we were good friends, and that 'Tamate the white man wanted to see Waria.' Soon a small canoe was put into the river, and one man got into it, whom Zagai said was Waria. It was amusing to watch him. He would paddle a little, then consider, hear what was said from the bush, and what Zagai had to say, then a few more strokes, and another stop. Zagai was greatly amused, he having got over all fear, and being now the white man's friend he seemed to be assuring Waria that it was all right. At length Waria came alongside, a native took hold of his canoe and made it fast to the launch. He stepped on board trembling all over, but on getting seated and receiving a small present he became bolder, and told us how frightened they were ashore, but no, *he* was not frightened. We sent Zagai and the down-river interpreters ashore in the canoe, and ourselves landed in the dingey.

The village was some distance in the bush, and there were several small swamps to be crossed on logs that were very slippery. On reaching the village called Baisasarara, the women and children were not to be seen, being shut up in the houses; but after giving Waria to understand that we must make friends with the women and children as well as the men, we soon had them all out, and gave them small parcels of red beads.

We held a service, but I fear not much was understood. When the fear had passed off they became excited and very noisy. They all accompanied us to the boat. I could not get Waria to come with us up the river, and the others, those from Pisirame, and Zagai from Aduru, decidedly objected to go on board if we went any farther. The presents I had given them, with a bit of pork, they

had left on board, and they came off for these in a canoe that was to take them back. I again tried to persuade them, but it was of no use, and so I decided to take them to their homes. They were greatly delighted with that decision, and on getting to their homes would no doubt magnify all they saw, but more especially tell of our taking them back when they objected to go any farther.

We spent Sunday near to Pisirame, and on the Monday morning weighed anchor and proceeded up the river again to Tagota, hoping still to persuade Waria to accompany us. When near to our former anchorage we saw a canoe with three natives in it, one standing up and shouting. It proved to be Aipi, the chief we had been inquiring for, and with him was a native from Domori who knew me; both at once came boldly on board. With them was a son of Aipi. We anchored and a canoe came off. Waria was in the bush behind the village, and so we got Aipi and the Domari man and two strange men to accompany us from Tagota.

We steamed up the river for some miles, against a strong current, until we came to where there were two creeks, one running south and the other west. We anchored a little way up, in ten fathoms of water, but the débris coming down was so great that we had to remove to another anchorage a little farther down, and near to the creek running south, and called Maupa. The village Kewarmuni is on the small creek which I believe runs no distance into the mainland. Maupa, they told us, runs some distance into the land and breaks into two, one branch bends again to the river, and comes out between Adura and Tagota, just inside the islands. Where does the other go? Perhaps into the Maikasa. The Kewarmuni natives were slow in coming off, but on getting their first canoe alongside we were soon friends and many other canoes followed.

The man of most importance was Darom, and when he got over his fear, and came on board and received a present, he was greatly astonished at all he saw, and was soon followed by many. The men alongside and on board all had skin disease as bad as the worst cases at the east end of New Guinea.

We landed and found one long house and five smaller. In the latter were all the women and children, the doors barricaded with wood. Nothing would induce them to let the women and children out to receive presents of beads. It is quite possible our companions from down the river had frightened them with some stories, so as to prevent them getting beads, and being on an equality with their wives and children.

We held a service in the large house, but I am afraid not much was understood. On going to the vessel we were followed by canoes, in which were many natives, and three small pigs. When alongside they proceeded to kill the pigs by drowning, but I stopped that, and got them on board. I believe drowning is their mode of killing the pig.

While ashore we saw several drums like those I got from the Busilag, near to the mouth of the Maikasa. We tried to induce them to part with one, but not even a tomahawk would persuade them to do so. We heard several names of people corresponding to those on Saibai and Mabuiag in Torres Straits.

We took back the two natives to Baisasarara, and the following day renewed our exploration with Aipi and Ona. The latter claimed particular friendship, and proved the best interpreter I yet had on the river. In going up we found many long shallow sandbanks towards the left bank, but on the right side deep water.

We anchored near to a high bank, where there were houses, named Digana, but on landing found them tumbling

to pieces, with creepers growing over them, and having the appearance of having been long ago deserted. We have noticed that where there are villages, bundles of twigs fastened together and looking like brooms are made fast to the tops of the highest trees. At night it would be very necessary to have these marks, so as not to pass the landings.

Weighing anchor again we proceeded up the river until we came to another large creek. It is possible this creek may find its way to the river Morehead, near the boundary on the west of British New Guinea. We could only get a very little information; they told us it went far away, but that no one had ever been down to the mouth. There is a village up the creek on the left bank, called Jauna.

We anchored off the mouth of the creek. Soon we saw numbers of men armed in the banana plantation at the point. Some left their arms and came down the bank to the water's edge, whilst the greatest number remained carrying their bows and arrows, and ready for whatever might take place. Very cautiously a canoe was seen coming down the creek, and with a good deal of shouting, inviting them alongside, we prevailed on them to come. Then another followed, and soon we had several. I got into a canoe and ordered my interpreters to come with me; the dingey was to follow some time after. I fancied we were safer in the canoe, and it gave the natives more confidence in us. Paddling up the creek I saw the natives on the bank handling their bows and placing arrows, and I protested through the interpreters against this manner of receiving friends. There was a great deal of shouting and a spurt of paddling, until we got to the village. I landed, and having got the chief's name I called for him, and in his presence emphatically protested against the men with arms lining the bank. Ona assisted, saying I was a great friend of the Domori chiefs, and was a man of peace, and

that our 'fire canoe' was a 'peace canoe.' The women and children were all hidden away in houses in the bush close by, and on approaching near to them I was asked to go no farther, so I returned to the one large house where all the men were. It was probably fear that made them hide the women and children, but it might also have been a sacred time, as there was a large feast in progress, and drums were about, as if in use, and at such times women and children are not supposed to be near the men. March and April are the moons when the young men of the Fly River tribes are initiated into manhood.

The leading man's name is Dunda. Another was also introduced to me named Sera, but his influence did not seem so great as that of the former. There must be a large population somewhere in the neighbourhood, considering the number of young men that lined the banks of the creek. There were many plantations of bananas and yams, and these looked well with crotons of various kinds growing amongst them.

I gave Dunda and Sera presents and promised them teachers, which I hope will yet be accomplished. The large house was crowded with men, old and young, during our service, and although they were all very quiet, yet few, I fear, understood what was said.

Getting on board we weighed anchor and steamed still farther up the river, but could find no traces of villages. At Kamkamura, beyond Howling Point, we hoped we might see natives, but Aipi and Ona told us that some time ago the Jauna natives, assisted by other tribes down the river, attacked these at this part, and since then they had gone right away back into the bush. Ona went ashore, but could find no traces ; even the old footpaths were quite grown over.

My time was up, so we decided to return down the river, having accomplished the object for which we came—to

make friends, and so open the way for the introduction of the Gospel.

On our way down we called at Baramura, and were well received by the chief and all the people. We were much struck with the very fine plantations of yams and bananas. Each plantation was well drained, and all the water drawn off into the creek. We held a service in the large house, and at the close told the chief and people that we hoped they would soon have a teacher and his wife living with them. On leaving, the women and children met us outside, and to each we gave a small present of red beads. All the men accompanied us to the vessel, and said on parting: 'Return soon, and bring our teacher.'

THE END.

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