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"THE EYES OF THE SAVAGE WERE DAZZLED AS WITH A BAR OF GOLD."

TAMATE

The Life and Adventures of a Christian Hero

BY

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AUTHOR OF "JAMES CHALMERS: HIS AUTOBIOGRAPHY AND LETTERS," ETC.

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PREFACE

JAMES CHALMERS was as brave a man as ever fought in the British Army or Navy. He was as true a hero as any Englishman who has ever been honoured by the nation for victories won in the field or on the sea. The aim of this book is to tell the story of his life in such a way as to interest boys. The main purpose of the author has been to show that Tamate, whose great aim in life was to do good to others, was as bold, as courageous, and as worthy of imitation as any explorer, man of science, soldier, or statesman whose name is famous in British annals.

It is a good thing that young readers, and especially boys, should see that a true Christian man can also be a hero. Tamate loved and served Jesus Christ himself, and from love to Christ spent all his time and strength in making known the love of Jesus to degraded cannibals and fierce savages. In this work he often endured hardship, hunger, fever, shipwreck and weary toil, and on not a few occasions risked even life itself. His career should prove an inspiration to young and earnest hearts.

The book of necessity contains much that has already appeared in Tamate's own books, and in the standard life of the great missionary. But it also contains a number of letters and diaries that have never before appeared in print. For some of the most valuable of these the author is indebted to the courtesy of the Rev. H. M. Harrison-Chalmers. He is also specially indebted to the Rev. A. T. Saville, who was Chalmers's fellow passenger in the long and stormy and trying voyage of the 'John Williams,' which ended in the total wreck of that vessel. Mr. Saville kindly allowed extracts to be made from this which add greatly to the interest of Chapters iii and iv.

The book is sent forth with the prayer that the brave deeds and stirring words and consecrated life of Tamate may kindle in many a young heart the desire and the ambition to follow in his steps, as a brave soldier, in the struggle to bring light and truth and hope to those, whether at home or abroad, who are yet in the darkness and sorrow of sin.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
I.	A Broth of a Boy	9
II.	A Call and the Answer	17
III.	In Perils of Waters	34
IV.	A Pirate of the Pacific	62
V.	The Gem of the Pacific	73
VI.	Off to New Guinea	90
VII.	On the Brink of Death	101
VIII.	The Man with the Club	128
IX.	Life in the Tree-tops	140
X.	A Cruel Revenge	153
XI.	A Noble Savage	165
XII.	Riding Pacific Surges	173
XIII.	Life on a Lakatoi	187
XIV.	Among the Cannibals of Maipua	202

Contents.

CHAPTER		PAGE
XV.	How New Guinea came under the Flag	220
XVI.	Boys whom Tamate trained	237
XVII.	Life at Toaripi	252
XVIII.	The Wreck of the 'Harrier'	279
XIX.	How Tamate made Friends with Savages	286
XX.	Up and down the Fly River	296
XXI.	The End of a Noble Life	309

SOUTH EAST
NEW GUINEA

Scale, 1:5,500,000

Statute Miles.

G. Philip & Son, Ltd. London Geographical Institute.

MAP OF SOUTH-EASTERN NEW GUINEA.

TAMATE

CHAPTER I

A BROTH OF A BOY

WHEN the telegraph in April, 1901, flashed the news from Australia to England that James Chalmers had been murdered by cannibals in New Guinea, multitudes felt that they had lost a personal friend, and multitudes more that a great champion in the fight for freedom and truth had fallen. For a week or two the papers of the whole civilized world reported the brief tidings of the death of the great missionary, of his young colleague, and of all the native helpers who had landed with him at Dopima on that fateful morning.

Yet in the year 1841 James Chalmers had been born of very humble parents in a remote district of Scotland. What made him the man that he became? What gave him so much influence that when his life reached a sudden and tragic close the papers of the whole civilized world reported the fact? The object of this book is to show that it was because James Chalmers when a youth gave himself up to the leading of God's Spirit, and devoted his life to the great task of trying to benefit and to bless others. He did this with his whole heart and with entire devotion to duty, and hence it was that he became one of the great heroes of the nineteenth century.

James Chalmers was born in the village of Ardrishaig, in the county of Argyleshire. His father was a stone-mason who had come from Aberdeen to Inverary to

help in the building of a stone quay at that place. His wife, the mother of James Chalmers, was a fine type of the Scotch peasant. She was a Highlander, born in the lovely little village of Luss, on the shores of Loch Lomond, in the midst of that beautiful scenery familiar to every boy who loves the romantic poetry and the fascinating stories of Sir Walter Scott. In the neighbourhood of Ardrishaig the early years of Chalmers's life were spent. 'My first school,' he says, 'was on the south side of the canal, and I can well remember my mother leading me to the master and giving him strict instructions not to spare the rod.' This master soon after emigrated to Australia. At the next school which Chalmers attended the master was popular because he frequently gave sweets to his scholars, and also, unhappily, because his liking for whisky was so great that the boys had, in consequence of his drinking habits, many whole and half-holidays.

Chalmers was brought up under the severe discipline and the simple habits of a Scotch peasant home. But he lived in the midst of some of the loveliest scenery in Great Britain, he breathed a bracing and invigorating air, and from his infancy he was taught lessons of self-reliance. He had to make his way by resolutely holding his own with those who were but too ready to tyrannize over him. To this free, open-hearted, strong-handed life of his boyhood James Chalmers owed the strong body, the dauntless courage, the great energy and power of work which he possessed in the later years of his life.

'My father,' he tells us, 'was very seldom at home. I can well remember how I earned the first money I ever possessed. On one occasion when he had walked out from Inverary to Ardrishaig to spend the Sunday with us, he promised that he would give me sixpence if

I could learn and repeat the Twenty-third Psalm before night. I did it without a mistake, and got the prize; but sixpence was considered far too great a sum of money for me to deal with, and so I had to hand that over to my mother, who took care of it, and gave me one penny as my own share.'

The life of those days, though less than seventy years distant in time from to-day, was very much further away from our life in opinion and habits and knowledge. Chalmers tells us that the people among whom he spent his boyhood were very superstitious. If a child fell ill, instead of bringing a doctor, a donkey was found, and women stood on each side of the creature and passed the sick child under and over it, and believed that this fantastic action would result in a cure. A dog's whine was believed to be the sure sign of a death. Chalmers states that once when he and his companions were playing they heard a big dog cry, and they stopped at once, and begun to wonder who could be dead. He and his playmates were on the bank of the canal, and shortly afterwards there came along, by one of those strange coincidences that happen in real life, a horse dragging a canal-boat, and in the boat there was a coffin. This made such a deep impression upon the child that throughout his life, even to the end of it, it was always a shock to Chalmers to hear the cry of a dog.

Although Chalmers became a great missionary, there was nothing of the story-book good boy about him in his early years. He lived a wild free life, near one of the great lochs of Scotland, and it was natural that the high-spirited boy should play many pranks and get into many difficulties. He soon came to love the sea with a passionate love. He was never happier than when in a boat, and if no boat could be found, then a

log or a plank of wood was made to serve his purpose. 'I have had,' he says, 'many narrow escapes, many thrashings from my mother and friends in consequence of these escapades. Three times I was carried home supposed to be dead by drowning, and my father used to say, "You will never die by drowning." I was very restless, and dearly loved adventure; the greater the danger, the more exhilarating the action.'

It is not surprising to learn that Chalmers was a great favourite with the hardy fishermen on the shores of Loch Fyne. The keen-eyed, open-faced boy, so ready for adventure and so full of courage, was sure to be a favourite of men of that type. They frequently allowed him to go out with them in their boats, and thus very early in life he learned much of their own skill in the management of boats and knowledge of winds and tides and currents and weather. One of his school escapades has come down to us. He and four of his comrades thought that they could build a boat for themselves, and decided to do it. But they found this task beyond their powers, and so they tried, by caulking and tarring a herring-box, to get a craft that would serve their purpose.

They were so eager to try this novel boat, that they did not trouble to finish their work thoroughly. As Chalmers was captain, he had the privilege of the first sail. 'We got a long line,' he says; 'I sat in and tried to steer the herring-box as it was dragged along in the sea parallel to the beach. But at last the line broke, and I was carried out to sea by the strong current. There was considerable difficulty in saving me because of the force of the current that was running at the time.' This was only a foreshadowing of many an adventure in his later life, when Chalmers steered a boat-crew of New Guinea natives through the raging surf of a Pacific

beach, or when he navigated the little mission schooner through the wild storms that sweep over the great Gulf of Papua.

When Chalmers was about eight years old the family removed to Glenaray, near Inverary. This village was almost under the walls of the great castle of the Duke of Argyll, and Chalmers came in later years to look upon himself as a clansman of the duke, and ever felt pride in his connexion with one of the famous spots in Great Britain.

Life in Glenaray in the year 1850 was rough and wild. 'I can remember,' he says, 'that it was a fearful place for whisky-drinking. It was also a great centre of the fishing industry; but the constant drinking during the buying and the selling and the curing of the fish was bad for all concerned. There were frequent fights, frequent arrests, and frequent trips on the part of those who had been arrested and banished to Inverary.'

In this Glenaray home Chalmers spent several happy years. He had two sisters, and the three used to go together daily to the Glenaray school. The master was quite a famous man in his way, one of the fine types of schoolmaster so common throughout Scotland. His name was John McArthur. The Scotch schools of that date, even in the country districts like Argyleshire, were much better than any but the best class of grammar schools in England. The scholars under Mr. McArthur's care were taught all the ordinary elementary subjects, and also Latin and Euclid. Chalmers mentions with pride that in the competitive examinations which were occasionally held in the district, the school to which he belonged several times stood first. Many of the boys trained at that little country Scotch school were afterwards scattered over the globe, filling places of

importance and of influence. 'The master,' Chalmers writes, 'was proud of us, and we were certainly proud of him, and loved him.'

At the same time the schoolmaster had a somewhat turbulent and unruly brood of youngsters to deal with. The wild blood and fierce border strife of their Highland ancestors lived on in the boys in the milder form of a spirit of rivalry that led to frequent fights. The settlement of all differences was by means of their fists. Not only were there frequent fights between individuals, but the scholars of the village school looked upon the scholars of the town school as their mortal enemies, and whenever the rival factions met, going to or returning from school, immediate hostilities took place. Chalmers recalls that not unfrequent thrashings were administered by the master to his pupils because they appeared at class with black eyes and other signs of pugilistic encounter. The minister of the parish even found that his own son was a ringleader in these engagements.

It is needless to say that in the life of a school like this Chalmers was a foremost boy. He was a prominent leader in the battles with rival schools, and the frequent victories which he and his fellows secured were largely due to his tactics, energy and physical force. But though often in scrapes Chalmers was a thoroughly straightforward, courageous lad. He remembered to the last days of his life an injustice that unwittingly the schoolmaster, whom he earnestly loved, inflicted upon him. He was wrongfully accused of a fault, and the master having made up his mind that Chalmers was the guilty boy, and being unable to bring him to the point of confession, became so wrathful, and thrashed him so soundly, that he broke several canes upon him. Chalmers tells us that more than thirty years later, when on a visit

to the Glen, he met his old schoolmaster. The latter referred to that thrashing, and then told him how sorry he afterwards became when he found out that Chalmers had had nothing whatever to do with the affair, for his supposed share in which he had been so severely punished.

Chalmers's love of the sea, and his skill and readiness in coping with difficulties even in his boyhood, enabled him from time to time to be of great service to others. When only about ten years old he saved one of the lads belonging to a rival school from drowning. The boys had been in school all day, and it had rained that morning as it only can at times in Scotland. Just as the schools closed the sun came out brightly and the afternoon was fine. The tremendous rainfall had produced in the river Aray what is locally called a 'spate,' and the river, which is usually a small stream, was rushing and roaring along like a mountain torrent. At a place called the Three Bridges the river was crossed by a rough bridge, and while Chalmers was some short distance away there was a shout that a boy had fallen in and was being carried away by the rushing stream. Chalmers ran forward, and as he went, with that readiness for action that was one of his most marked qualities both as boy and man, he tore off his jacket. He saw the boy being rolled along in the stream. 'I quickly ran,' he tells us, 'to the lower side of the bridge, and holding on to the timber, and stretching well out as he was passing under the bridge, I was able to seize him, and to bring him near, and hold him tightly with my left hand. I then slipped down a little, and allowed the current to carry us both some distance further, where I was able to seize a branch, and getting near the bank was helped by the others to draw out the boy. Why I went down

to the lower side and acted as I did, I cannot say; but it was the only way in which he could have been saved.'

This incident, happening when he was only ten years old, was very characteristic. It shows that there was inborn in the boy who was afterwards to become a great pioneer leader, that readiness and instinctive perception of the right thing to do, which so often in later life saved his own life and the lives of all who were working with him.

Some time after this event he was standing on the quay at Inverary one afternoon, and there were only one or two others within sight. Suddenly he heard a loud scream, and on looking round, saw a woman crying out in great distress that her child was drowning. By this time Chalmers had become a powerful swimmer. He ran along the quay, taking off his coat as he ran, sprang into the sea, seized the child (who, apparently dead, was being floated away by the stream) by the dress, and drew him ashore. Though very nearly drowned, ultimately he was restored to life and strength.

In this vigorous, open-air, merry life, the early years of Chalmers were passed. They brought him health, a keen eye and a ready hand, and a heart already prompt not only to sympathize with those in danger, but quick to give just the help that could be most effective for good.

CHAPTER II

A CALL AND THE ANSWER

WHEN Chalmers was thirteen years old he left the Glen school and attended one of higher status called the grammar school. His father was anxious that he should become a civil engineer, but was too poor to enable his boy to enter upon this path in life. Two or three other things were suggested and tried, and when Chalmers was about fifteen he was placed in a lawyer's office at Inverary. There he remained for some three years; but there is no evidence in his after-life that his legal studies had made any deep impression upon him.

It was during this period that the whole bent and purpose of his life was changed. He had been brought up in a strict Scottish home; his father belonged to what was known in Scotland as the Auld Kirk. But he was wider in his sympathies than many of his class, and he held in great respect the minister of the United Presbyterian Church at Inverary, named Mr. Meikle. Some of Chalmers's old school-fellows had induced him to attend the Sunday school connected with the United Presbyterian Church, and for several years Chalmers was a regular attendant. While a scholar there he reached what he calls the great decision of his life.

He attended a class on the Sunday afternoon that was held in the vestry of the church. One afternoon, when the lesson for the day had been finished and the scholars had all entered the church to receive a brief address and

to sing the closing hymn, Mr. Meikle, who was acting as the superintendent, produced a copy of the *United Presbyterian Record*, and read to the children a striking letter from a missionary in the Fiji Islands. The letter described the horrible cannibals and the savage life they lived there, and the power that the Gospel had already obtained over them, leading many of them to give up their savage practices, and to begin living better lives. When the minister had finished reading this letter he looked round the school and said, 'I wonder if there is a boy here this afternoon who will become a missionary and by and by bring the Gospel to cannibals?' Immediately Chalmers in his heart said, 'Yes, God helping me, I will.'

He made no outward sign, nor did he tell any one at that time of the decision which he had reached. He went away home alone. The scene had impressed itself so strongly upon his heart that, when he reached a certain point in the road where there was a wall, he climbed over this wall, and kneeled down on the other side, and asked God in prayer to accept him and to make him a good missionary to the heathen.

Many lads under the powerful impression produced upon them by a good speaker or a striking letter and tale of the kind which had been addressed to Chalmers that afternoon, soon forget it; and even good resolves made under these conditions soon pass away. This was the case with Chalmers himself. He tells us that for some time he was greatly impressed, but the impression passed away, and at last he forgot all about it. For a time he fell into bad company. He even ceased going to the school and to the church; but his impression came back to him in a very striking form some two or three years later.

In November, 1859, two preachers came from the North of Ireland to Inverary to hold a series of evangelistic meetings. They had come at the urgent request of Mr. Meikle. Meetings of this kind were a novelty at Inverary at that date, and that group of harum-scarum young fellows with whom Chalmers was then associating determined to break up the meetings, and to prevent any conversions. In the afternoon of the day on which the first meeting was to be held, Chalmers happened to look in at the shop of a friend. He had been in the habit of often dropping in on this friend for a chat. On this occasion his friend asked him why he was not going to the meeting, and said he ought to go that night. Chalmers raised many objections, but his friend was resolved that he should go, and he gave him a small Bible to use at the service, and at last Chalmers consented.

It was raining hard, and when Chalmers came to the stairs leading to the room where the meeting was to be held, he found that the congregation was singing the well-known hymn 'All people that on earth do dwell,' to the familiar Old Hundredth tune. 'I thought,' he said, 'I never heard such singing before, so solemn and yet so joyful.' He went up the steps to enter the room, and found a large congregation there, all of whom were intensely in earnest. One of the evangelists gave an address based on Revelation xxii. 17; 'And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.' This address appeared to James Chalmers as though directed straight at himself. He felt very much impressed, and at the close of the meeting slipped away to his home.

The following Sunday night, Chalmers tells us, 'in the Free Church I was pierced through and through from the conviction of sin, and felt lost beyond all

hope of salvation. On the Monday Mr. Meikle came to my help, and led me kindly to promises and to light. As he quoted the passage "The Blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin," I felt that this salvation was possible for me, and some gladness came to my heart. After a time the light increased, and I felt that God was speaking to me in His Word, and I believed unto salvation.'

When a young man of Chalmers's type passes through a strong religious experience of this kind, the results appear at once in his life. He soon began to speak at religious meetings, both in the town and in the country, and one day the remembrance of the old vow which he had made as a schoolboy came back to him, that promise that he would give himself to the great work of carrying to the heathen the glad tidings of Jesus Christ. 'Never again,' he says, 'was this forgotten.'

James Chalmers was one of a group of Scottish lads who resolutely came to the great decision to give their lives to Jesus Christ, and for His sake to the service of men. The decision in every case was made early in life, and the result of the choice was to give great force and influence for good to all their subsequent work. Another member of this group was David Livingstone, the first white man to make his way into the heart of the dark continent of Africa; the man who by God's blessing aroused the conscience of the modern world against the crimes of Central African slavery, and made possible that wonderful development which occurred during the last half of the nineteenth century in Central and in Southern Africa.

Livingstone had been preceded by a man almost equally remarkable, though for other qualities—Robert Moffat, who went out to Africa in 1817, and spent fifty

years of strenuous labour in Bechuanaland, striving to lift up the natives in the scale of civilization and to bring them to the light of the Gospel. The developed state of Bechuanaland and the presence in the native life there of such a man as Khama, the Bechuanaland chief, are the evidences of the good work that Robert Moffat did.

The third member of this remarkable group was James Gilmour, who, after being educated at Glasgow University and Cheshunt College, went out to Mongolia and devoted his talents and his spirit of altogether extraordinary consecration to the great task of enlightening that dark and difficult region.

In this little company of men, destined in such a remarkable way to help in the uplifting of humanity, James Chalmers takes a high place. His conversion having once and for all settled the path of life which he was to tread, all the power of his strong nature led him along the way thus marked out. He had to overcome difficulties that would have crushed a weaker youth. His parents, he tells us, were too poor to give him any University training. He had become a member of the United Presbyterian Church in Inverary, of which the Rev. Gilbert Meikle was then the pastor, and he was a regular teacher in the Sunday school which for many years he had attended as a lad. He used frequently to ponder how the perplexing problem of securing a proper education for the work he wished to do in life could be solved. Mr. Meikle helped him in many ways, and especially in Latin and in Euclid. He also encouraged the Highland youth by telling him that many students had managed to get a college course by doing work in connexion with some of the churches at Glasgow.

In the course of the year 1861, at some of the religious meetings held in Inverary, a Mr. William Turner, from

Glasgow, was present. He was the brother of a famous South Sea missionary, Dr. Turner, who spent forty years in the important Samoan Mission. Mr. Turner talked freely with Chalmers about his brother and about mission work in the South Seas, and these talks strengthened the desire that Chalmers already felt so strongly, to become a missionary himself. Where there is a powerful desire of this kind, and especially in early life, a strong will is certain to find the way.

In the course of 1861 Chalmers managed to secure an appointment as a worker in the Glasgow City Mission. Dr. Turner, the missionary, happened to be at home at that time resident in Glasgow, engaged in the work of seeing through the press a new edition of the Bible in the Samoan language. Through his brother Chalmers got to know Dr. Turner, who soon perceived in the young Scotchman qualities that were certain to make him of very great service in mission work in the South Pacific. The two had many long chats, and in the end Dr. Turner was the means of solving for James Chalmers the educational problem. He suggested that the best thing for Chalmers to do was to offer his services to the Directors of the London Missionary Society in London. If they accepted him, he would then be sent to a college for a preliminary training, and ultimately appointed to some station in one of the many great mission fields under the care of that Society.

These chats and the carrying out of this plan necessarily took a good deal of time, and all this while Chalmers was entirely dependent upon his own efforts for support. He had made it not only a matter of pride, but a matter of duty, to be independent of his parents so far as his maintenance was concerned. He managed to live on the scanty wages that he received as a worker in

connexion with the Glasgow City Mission—one of the most difficult positions that any Christian youth could occupy. It is a reproach to our civilization that in every great centre, like Glasgow and Liverpool and London, and even in many of the country districts and smaller villages of our land, there are regions almost as degraded and there are men and women almost as savage and as strange to all true and good influences as in the worst parts of the heathen field.

The work which Chalmers was now doing took him into the worst slums of Glasgow. He had to try to help the worst men and women in the darkest districts of that great city. He was associated with the Mission Church that was in connexion with the Greyfriars Church over which at that time Dr. Calderwood was the pastor. Unhappily Chalmers never wrote down any recollections of the months that he spent in Glasgow. He was there for the greater part of a year, and the discipline through which he passed at that time was of invaluable service to him in later life. He used to say that he never met any New Guinea or Rarotongan man or woman more degraded and harder to influence for good than some of those with whom he came into contact and whom he tried to benefit in the alleys and cellars of Glasgow.

After Chalmers had been in Glasgow about eight months, the correspondence with the Directors of the London Missionary Society led to his going up to London to meet them. In the end he was accepted by them as a missionary student, and was sent for his training to Cheshunt College, a Theological Institution situated about thirteen miles from London, where in the course of the last century a large number of prominent missionaries received their early training. On the roll of the men who went forth from Cheshunt to the work

in the heathen field are such names as Dr. Muirhead and Dr. Chalmers of China, James Gilmour of Mongolia, G. O. Newport and Edward Rice of South India, and many others, including Mr. Wardlaw Thompson, the Foreign Secretary of the London Missionary Society, who have had great influence in the work of modern missionary enterprise.

Cheshunt College, at the time when Chalmers entered it, had for its president and its inspiration Dr. Reynolds, a man of exceptional intellectual gifts, but of even higher personal graces and charm. He was endowed with a spiritual influence of quite an extraordinary quality. In college training the personality of the man at the head of the institution is the most important factor in the education there given; and all students at Cheshunt College from the year 1860 to the year 1895 were fortunate in coming under the influence of so rich and ripe and inspiring a personality as that of Dr. Reynolds. Chalmers describes his first interview with him. 'He asked me,' he says, 'many questions about Greek, Latin, Mathematics, and being satisfied then said, his whole face speaking, "But, brother, the most important thing of all is your state in relation to our Lord Jesus Christ." Every student of our St. Anselm's time looks back with holy and blessed memories to Cheshunt.'

Chalmers was at Cheshunt for only two years. The full course in those days was four years. Under the increasing pressure of intellectual developments, the course is now five or six years, but Chalmers's early training had not fitted him to receive benefit from a long intellectual course. From the first his bent was towards practical matters; and it was soon obvious that he was a man much more likely to do good service in the South Seas or in some pioneer mission than at such centres of

ancient heathen civilization as Benares or Calcutta, Peking or Hankow.

Money matters were an additional difficulty, because although in the case of missionary students their tuition fees and board were paid by the Society, the student was expected to provide his own personal expenses. To men training for the foreign field a small allowance was at that time made for these by the Society; but even Chalmers, frugal and economical as he was, having come through the hard training of his boyhood and early manhood, found it extremely difficult with the sum allowed to make both ends meet. But hard as the struggle was, he went at it with the energy that marked all his actions. 'I have no doubt,' he says, 'that I will get this session battled through in some way, and it may in after life prove one of the best lessons I had while at college. It teaches how to economize, but in rather a difficult way.'

It might not be a bad thing in many other educational institutions if the students in them, instead of having, as in many cases they now do, allowances so large that they are tempted into extravagant habits in early life, were compelled to weigh every item of expenditure, and to avoid all forms of extravagance and even some forms of almost necessary expenses, as a discipline for the monetary problems of later life. How often does it happen that the boy and the youth for whom the pathway in life is made so smooth, that he really knows nothing about anxieties and cares and difficulties, turns out a useless or an insignificant member of society, while the boy whose struggles are a trial from first to last succeeds in making his mark in the life of the community in which he lives.

Though never likely to become a scholar, Chalmers went at his tasks with great vigour. 'I am beginning,'

he says, 'to make use of the Greek for my Testament, and I rather like it, although I cannot say I like the languages as well as theology and mathematics. But by the blessing of God I am determined to master all the languages I have to undertake.' It is to be feared that the mastery which Chalmers secured over Latin and Greek and Hebrew was of a shadowy and unsubstantial kind, but there is no doubt that the discipline which he went through at Cheshunt fitted him for his later language-studies. He acquired such a knowledge of Rarotongan that it became as familiar to him as his native tongue, and many of the native assistants who in later years went from the island of Rarotonga to the New Guinea Mission were encouraged in hours of difficulty, were comforted in times of sorrow, and were sustained in the valley of the shadow of death by the power and the beauty with which Chalmers could speak their own tongue.

Those who were students at Cheshunt College in the years when Chalmers was there have vivid recollections of his personal influence and his boundless energy and high spirit. One of them tells us that he was then tall and thin, not at all portly, as he became in later years. His complexion was pale and freckled, his hair was black, and his eyes hazel with an endless sparkle in them. He was active and muscular, lithe but strong. He had the frame of an athlete, and was a powerful skater and a vigorous football player. By all his natural qualities of body, mind and spirit he was a born pioneer and leader of men.

There is universal testimony on the part of his fellow students that he was always ready for pranks and for practical jokes. The only way in which peace could be preserved in the college corridors near his room was to

make him a sort of college policeman whose duty it was to keep the peace. As an instance of the practical jokes to which he was addicted we describe the one that seems to have made the greatest impression on his contemporaries. 'Who, for instance,' writes one of these, 'that was at Cheshunt at the time can forget the awful apparition of the great brown bear? Chalmers had made the acquaintance of Mr. Tugwell, curate at Goff's Oak. Mr. Tugwell had been for a time a missionary among the North American Indians, and had brought home with him some interesting curios. Among others there was an enormous bear's skin, with the head and paws complete, prepared by the Indians to be worn in some of their dances. Chalmers promptly borrowed this skin, and brought it down by night to the college. He confided his secret to only one or two confederates, and at the close of a very quiet evening, when prayers were over, and the men were all in the dining-hall at supper, the door was suddenly flung open and the bear appeared, standing on its hind-legs, and roaring ominously. It shambled quickly into the room among the startled students, made for one of the quietest, subjected him to a terrible hug, and then pursued others. At this juncture a confederate turned out the gas, and the scene of excitement in the dark may be better imagined than described. When the light was turned on again it was discovered that it was Chalmers who was masquerading in this fashion. For a week after that bear was the central figure in numberless jokes. I shall never forget the abject terror on the face of an old Irishman who used to come into the college as a vendor of fruit and other luxuries, when the bear suddenly met him at the end of the corridor, and seized him and his basket in its ample embrace.'

All the qualities for which his boyhood had been remarkable, muscular strength, decision, the power of seeing the right thing to do and doing it at the moment, also served him in good stead at Cheshunt. A fellow student has recorded how by his readiness he saved the lives of two others:—

'One hot day, near the end of April, eight of the students, including Chalmers, agreed to go for an afternoon's boating on the river Lea. Having pulled for an hour, as the day was so hot, they agreed to have a swim; but Chalmers, not being very well, resolved to remain on the river's bank. Of the seven who entered the water, six were good swimmers; the one unable to swim did not venture far from the river's brink. Having been ten or fifteen minutes in the water the six swimmers landed, and were drying themselves, one of them being a little distance from the rest. The one man unable to swim remained in the water for a little time longer. Suddenly there was a splash and a scream; but one man (the writer), who was apart from the others, clearly saw that the man in the water was beyond his depth, and ran the few yards to the margin of the river and jumped in. The others thought that the man who screamed was only larking. Instantly the drowning man clutched hold of his deliverer in such a way as made it impossible for him to swim; and although he pleaded with him to relax his hold, saying that he could easily save him if he did so, the frightened man clung all the closer; and both men were in the greatest danger of being drowned. Their struggles forced them towards the middle of the river, when Chalmers perceived the greatness of the peril, and called upon the other six men, who were still undressed, to plunge into the river, and to swim out one a little beyond the other, so as to

be able to make a chain of hands, when he, having only thrown off his coat and waistcoat, jumped into the water, and swam towards the drowning pair. Having taken a secure hold of one of them as they were sinking together for the last time, with the other hand he seized one hand of the outermost set of the swimmers, and called upon them to haul him and the endangered men ashore. By this means both of their lives were saved. Chalmers's skill, as well as courage, was revealed by the instantaneous formation of the plan that saved his colleagues from what otherwise would have been certain death.'

In addition to the intellectual life and work at Cheshunt, the college under Dr. Reynolds maintained a high level of spiritual life. Some of the severer type of students found it a little difficult to reconcile Chalmers' high spirits and intense love of practical joking with the more solemn and serious side of a college life where men were being trained for the ministry. They saw the uproarious student pouring water upon his colleagues from a window, and then they saw the same man earnestly engaged in prayer at one of the devotional meetings or in one of the services at the college chapel. But this was one of Chalmers's great qualities. He could take keen interest in the humorous side of life and in the fun and frolic of every day, and yet at the proper time be as earnest, as devout, and as truthful in his devotional spirit as any man could desire to be.

There are connected with Cheshunt College a number of little village churches. Each year a student is appointed to take special superintendence of one of these village churches, and is called by the high-sounding title of 'the dean.' Possibly because of his muscular build and powers of walking, Chalmers was made the

dean of a little place situated at Hertford Heath, some seven miles away from the college. This station, at the time when Chalmers was at Cheshunt, possessed special interest, because it was under the care of a famous Sanskrit scholar of Haileybury College, at that time a training school for the Indian Civil Service, viz. Professor Johnson. Between Professor Johnson and Chalmers a warm friendship sprang up. Chalmers frequently used to cover the fourteen miles involved in the journey to Hertford Heath and back. He often preached in this chapel and worked heartily for the welfare of its tiny congregation, and for more than a generation one of the proudest memories of that congregation was that the 'Great-heart of New Guinea' was one of their early deans.

During his college course Chalmers entered into an engagement of marriage with Miss Hercus of Greenock, a lady, as will appear in the later pages of this story, in every way qualified to be a worthy helper of such a man. After leaving Cheshunt Chalmers went for twelve months to a Missionary College conducted at Farquhar House, Highgate, by Dr. John Wardlaw. One who knew him well there has summed up the main points of his character at the close of his college course: 'He had his faults, as we all have; he was too impulsive; he was sometimes inclined to be very strongly prejudiced, and to take up very unreasonable positions; nor was it easy to get him to alter his views when once formed. But these failings were but spots on the sun; the great qualities which impressed his fellow students remained with him and were his power throughout his missionary life, an intense humanity, absolute fearlessness, a beautiful simplicity of nature, and absence of selfishness, and a whole-hearted devotion to the work of the Lord Jesus

Christ, to which he had given his life, and for which he was prepared to do anything that might be required in the interests of the great cause.

'Some of his fellow-students in later years were greatly amused when they heard of him at Rarotonga as presiding over a Training Institution for the preparation of native evangelists. We could scarcely imagine our old associate tethered to the desk, or methodically teaching and lecturing; yet when I saw the same Chalmers at Saguane, walking up and down the sanded floor of his little school-chapel, and for the love of Christ teaching some three-and-twenty wild young New Guineans arithmetic, geography, and the English language, I fully understood and appreciated the way in which he would undertake the duties of a tutor of theological students. The great missionary explorer, with his boundless energy, seemed grotesquely out of place in giving an elementary lesson to the young New Guineans, but he did not feel it to be so. It was work which had to be done, there was no one else to do it; he therefore quite naturally and simply took it up, prepared to hand it over to any one who could do it better, or to stick to it as long as it was necessary for him to do so. I laughed heartily with him, and I fear chaffed him unmercifully, but none the less I got a new view of his simple and noble character, and admired and honoured him more than ever for his devotion to duty.'

The influences that mould a boy or a man are many and complex. But the highest and the best is to come into close touch with a noble and saintly personality. The fact that he had there passed through this experience more than anything else bound Chalmers to Cheshunt by unbreakable bonds. No two men could possibly have differed more in their outward respects than Dr.

Reynolds and James Chalmers when a student. The one was a quiet scholar, an English gentleman, a man of profound spiritual insight, great in prayer, great in his power of seizing and of applying to character and to life the teaching of the Scriptures. Chalmers was a man of action, a man of high spirit, a man who loved to be in the open air, who was never happier than when in a boat on the sea, or climbing a mountain, or facing a horde of savages. Yet when many years later Dr. Reynolds sent him a copy of his book called *The Lamps of the Temple*, in his letter acknowledging the gift, Chalmers recalls the old college days. He says, 'I have been listening to you again and again, and drinking in new life from the Water of Life flowing through you. I have read all these addresses, and to-day begin them again. At times of devotion may they be to me as the very Lamp of God! These lamps will bring to every college fellow the past, and flash anew through his soul thoughts and inspirations that in the past were his through you.'

And Dr. Reynolds on his side, writing long years later of these college days, said: 'Chalmers gave me the idea of lofty consecration to the Divine work of saving those for whom Christ died. His faith was simple, unswerving, and enthusiastic, and while he could throw a giant's strength into all kinds of work, he was gentle as a child and submissive as a soldier. He used to pray for help as if he were sure of the message he had then to deliver.'

If Cheshunt did not give to Chalmers much of the knowledge usually taught at such institutions, yet the spiritual life imparted through Dr. Reynolds deepened even his devotion and enthusiasm and intense longing for the salvation of men. On the other hand, his vigorous

physical life, his love of fun, his freedom from all convention, rendered Chalmers a breezy, helpful and abiding influence for good over the men who were with him at Cheshunt. One of them said, in recalling his recollections: 'I count it one of the joys, the great joys of my life, to have known James Chalmers.'

CHAPTER III

IN PERILS OF WATERS

BEFORE the close of his college training, the Directors of the London Missionary Society decided that Chalmers should go to the island of Mangaia, one of the Hervey Group in the far South Pacific. But before the time came for him to sail his place of work was changed, and he was appointed to the island of Rarotonga. In October, 1865, he was ordained to the Christian ministry at Finchley, in North London, and two days before his ordination he was married to Miss Hercus.

Although only forty years have passed since those days, the changes in the modes of travel and in the means of reaching distant parts of the earth have been so great, that it is hard now to understand the conditions of that time. In 1865 there were no steamships or even sailing vessels trading regularly to any of the South Pacific Islands. And even to-day there is regular mail communication with only a few of the groups. Hence the Societies at work in the South Pacific found it necessary to provide vessels of their own which could convey the missionaries to and from their stations, and also carry to the different stations the stores and goods and publications required for their work.

When John Williams, one of the most famous missionaries connected with the London Missionary Society, came to England on furlough in the year 1834, his energetic and thrilling speeches about the wonderful

progress made in the South Sea islands aroused such enthusiasm that a special vessel, called the 'Camden,' was purchased and set aside for the work of conveying missionaries and their wives, native agents, and teachers to these different mission stations. John Williams went out again in the first voyage that the 'Camden' made, and in the year 1839 was murdered by the wild and ferocious natives on the island of Erromanga. The 'Camden' returned to England in 1843, and was then sold. As a memorial of John Williams, the martyr, the children of England raised £6,000 to build a new missionary ship on a much larger scale. This when launched was called the 'John Williams,' and from 1844 to 1864 did splendid service in the work of the mission. But on December 10, 1864, she became a total wreck on the coral reef of Pukapuka, or Danger Island.

When the news of this loss reached England the children of a later generation, with enthusiasm like that of their predecessors, raised the money to build a still larger and finer 'John Williams.' In this new vessel Chalmers and his wife sailed for Australia on January 4, 1866. 'The first "John Williams,"' writes Chalmers in his autobiography, 'was wrecked on Danger Island, and to replace her a very fine clipper ship was built in Aberdeen, and also named the "John Williams." In her, on January 4, 1866, we left Gravesend. The vessel was commanded by Captain Williams, and his mate was Mr. Turpie, afterwards so well known as captain of the third "John Williams."

'We had a rough time in the Channel, and at one period it was thought we should certainly be wrecked, and every soul lost. We met and survived the gale of wind in which the "London" was lost. We suffered

a good deal of damage, and put into Weymouth for repairs, where we remained for over a fortnight. The missionaries and their wives landed, accepting the kind and pressing invitation of the many friends ashore; but my wife and I preferred to stay on board. Mrs. Williams, the captain's wife, was also on board. Throughout January the weather continued bad. Towards the end of the month we weighed anchor, and stood away to sunnier climes.

'We had a long stiff beat in getting to the South, but how we did enjoy the warm weather when we got into it! Our party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Michie, Mr. and Mrs. Watson, and Mr. and Mrs. Davies, bound for Samoa; Mr. and Mrs. Saville, bound for Huahine; and ourselves, bound for Rarotonga. I am now (1900) alone in the field.'

A letter dated, 'Ship "John Williams," near Australia, April 25, 1866,' gives some pleasant glimpses of life on the missionary ship after their stormy start was over:—

'We are now within 900 miles of Adelaide, and hope to get there within a few days. It has been a truly happy, pleasant, and blessed time to us all. We have felt none of the monotony of sea life, so much spoken about, but on the contrary have enjoyed change and variety in the heavens, sea, and atmosphere. The Bible class and prayer-meetings with the men have been blessed. Prayers offered on our behalf have truly been answered, and God has blessed souls. The careless have been led to inquire for salvation, and the praying on board have been aroused to greater earnestness. Our Sabbath services and prayer-meetings in the saloon have been to thirsty ones wellsprings of salvation. I have enjoyed and benefited much by the voyage thus far, and sincerely trust it will prove all through a grand

spiritual preparation for the great work. Souls and God's glory are all that we desire.

'In health God has largely blessed us. We have been in excellent health all the way. After leaving Weymouth we had a slight touch of sea-sickness, by which I think we benefited much. I hope we won't be getting like the sailors, land-sick after being on shore a little. Mrs. Chalmers has proved the best sailor of the ladies in the saloon; in fact, beating some of the gentlemen.'

We are able to extend this somewhat meagre sketch of a long and very interesting voyage by some extracts from a diary kept by Mr. Saville, one of Mr. Chalmers's companions, who kindly placed it at the disposal of the author. Mr. Saville's notes enable the reader to see what a voyage to Australia in a sailing ship in 1866 was like. The following incident took place in that famous region known to sailors as 'The Doldrums':—

'Friday, March 2, lat. N. 1°58'; long. W. 23°40'. Yesterday passed away as many other days have done on board, without anything particular taking place. It was intensely hot, and some parts of the day there was not a puff of wind. To-day we have had plenty of recreation and excitement. Early this morning we found ourselves at good signalling distance from a well-built iron clipper barque, and though we scarcely expected that the master of the ship would signal with us, yet our captain had a try. Our ensign was hoisted, and very soon they replied by hoisting theirs. Some time before breakfast we were engaged in a very pleasant and friendly chat. We learned from the captain's signals that her name was "Arequipa," that she was from Liverpool and bound for Arica, a Peruvian port on the west coast of South America, and that she was thirty-one days out

from Liverpool. We answered a number of questions which her captain put to us, thanked him for his kindness, and bade him farewell and a pleasant voyage, little thinking that we should have still closer converse with him before we finally parted.

'After breakfast we hurried on deck to see how far our friendly ship had gone from us, when to our astonishment we found that whilst we were quite becalmed she had met with a strong current of wind which had brought her within almost speaking distance of us. At first she was on our starboard side, but in a very short time she was carried across our bows, and not long after this she was close to our port side. Whilst we were down at prayers the wind carried her round our stern, and very soon after this she was again on our starboard. These strange manœuvres were to us an interesting illustration of the remarkable and changeful winds which are invariably met with in these latitudes.

'After we had both got fairly into the same current of wind, they signalled to us to know if all were well on board; they then asked us if we would come on board. We had scarcely expected such an invitation, but Captain Williams at once signalled that he would send a boat. Then commenced the excitement. Such a pleasant change in our sea life was very agreeable to all of the brethren, and we could hardly have been more excited in our preparations if we had been just making ready to go ashore at Adelaide. The boat was soon lowered and manned, and we were rowed speedily in the little craft alongside the "Arequipa," which was about half a mile from our own ship. As we rowed away the "John Williams" looked beautiful with her sails all set and gently filled with the light wind which was blowing.

'We received a kind welcome on board the "Arequipa"

from the captain. He had but one passenger on board. He did not seem particularly interested when he learned that ours was a missionary ship. His chief reason for getting us on board was to learn how it was we had beaten him in speed. On the previous evening he had sighted us many miles astern of him, but when daylight came he found us ahead of him. He said he had beaten every ship he had seen since leaving port till ours came in sight. We were not surprised at this, for we have got ahead of every vessel we have met since we left Gravesend, no matter how lightly built or how much sail they carried. We have made many a captain sore beside the master of the "Arequipa." We told him that there was not a ship upon the waters which could beat us for speed, and I do not think there is. He would not believe us, but boasted finely about his own; and indeed he had reason for doing this, since she was beautifully built.

'After some friendly teasing on both sides we got back again into our boat, and as we pushed off the crew of the "Arequipa" gave us three noisy cheers, and we returned the compliment by three still noisier ones. Meanwhile a breeze sprang up, and directly we had left the ship the captain set every available sail in order to get the start of the "John Williams." But the effort was futile. For some time he kept ahead of us, and signalled to know if he should put a tow-line out to help us along. In a very short time he was behind us, and we then asked him if we should put two tow-lines out to assist him to follow us. Before night he was many miles astern of us.'

The next incident illustrates the diversions that used to be common on sailing vessels, but have become impossible since the advent of the steam-driven ocean greyhounds:—

'We had fine sport early yesterday morning. Immediately after I had taken my bath on deck a shark was seen at the stern. All the men were determined to have this one, as we had been disappointed of a small one on a previous occasion. A piece of pork was placed on a great hook which was made fast to a strong rope. He soon noticed it when it was dropped into the water, and after smelling it, turned over on his back, opened his great mouth, and took it in. All hands then pulled lustily at the rope, but, alas! when he had been raised some distance out of the water he got clear of the hook, and swam away. But he could not resist coming again, the morsel was too sweet for him to lose. So back he came, smelt again, turned over his great body once more, closed his immense jaws upon the piece of pork and hook, and then once more the ropes were pulled. This time he was hoisted far above the water, a noose was passed over his head, another over his tail, and the monster was brought on deck. He struggled with terrible force, but had no chance for escape; his great jaws opened and closed with immense fury, and if any of us had been caught by them we must certainly have come off minus a limb. We measured the great fish, and found him to be 6 feet 10¾ inches in length. This the sailors call a small shark. The monster was soon cut up, but although his tail, fins and spine were removed, and his bowels taken out, he continued for an hour or more to struggle with much violence, and to open and close his mouth in such a manner that it would not have been safe to have had one's leg near it. In the afternoon some parts of the fish were cooked for the sailors, which they appeared to enjoy quite as much as we can relish a piece of salmon.'

The next paragraph is of special interest, since the

Society which publishes this book from time to time sends out gifts of literature to the dwellers on the lonely little islet referred to:—

'Soon after breakfast some of us were on deck, and were not a little surprised to see through the mist, which rested upon the waters, a large ship at no great distance from us. We hoped to signal with her, but to the mortification of us all she went ahead of us in a very short time, and left us far behind. This is the first ship we have met with since we left Gravesend which has beaten us in speed. The mists and the clouded sun have also disappointed us of a pleasant treat. At midday and most of this afternoon we were less than twenty miles from the small island called Tristan da Cunha. There is a mountain in the island quite as lofty as the one in Tahiti, and on a clear day it is easy to see the island when quite ninety miles from it. As the mist became thinner, several times some of us thought we were just able to discern the peak, but it was very indistinct.

'We found in our almanacks that a total eclipse of the moon was to take place early on Saturday morning. We thought we could all very well spare an hour from our beds in the night, so we arranged that Mr. Turpie, the chief officer, who was on watch that night, should blow the fog-horn when the eclipse was nearly total. At four o'clock a.m. all of us were suddenly aroused by an immense blast of the fog-horn, and in a very short time most of us were on deck. There were a few dark clouds occasionally passing over the moon; apart from this everything combined to give us a good sight of an eclipse at sea. And it was really a beautiful scene to watch the gradual progress of the shadow as it spread over the silvery brilliancy of the moon, and to see the slowly diminishing pathway of light which it reflected

upon the waters. We remained on deck about an hour, and were then very glad to come to our warmer quarters below.'

Here is another illustration of the way in which, on the old sailing ships, it was possible to study the natural history of the ocean in a manner seldom available to-day:

'During part of this morning there was no wind, and our ship lay quite quiet in the waters, apart from the rolling which occasional swells caused. This was a first-rate opportunity for catching the birds, and the boatswain with Mr. Michie and myself made an effort to bring one on board. A line was let out from the stern with a number of small hooks attached, on which some pieces of raw pork were made fast. For some time the birds, although they saw the meat, refused to yield to temptation. At length a fine albatross came down to the floating pork, made an effort to swallow it, and in making this attempt he, to our great satisfaction, got the hook firmly fixed in his beak. We instantly hauled in the rope, while the great bird tried in vain to disgorge the unfriendly morsel from his mouth.

'When we brought the bird over the stern and placed him on the deck we were surprised at his immense size and with his beauty. When flying about the ship he did not look much larger than a goose, but when he came on deck he proved to be larger than any bird I ever saw. We spread his wings out, and I measured from the tip of one to the tip of the other, and found that they were more than ten feet across; while from the tail to the end of the beak the measurement was three feet four inches. The beak was six or eight inches in length. The parts under the wings of the entire bird were covered with beautiful white feathers. The feathers on the other part of the body were brown. His feet, which were a great

size, were of the web-footed kind. His legs were not the least use to him on deck; whenever he made an effort to stand he fell forwards on to his beak. These birds can fly only from the water. Although he opened his great wings many times in his attempts to fly he was not able to raise himself from the deck.

'The albatross did not seem to be the least alarmed at us, but sat down quite content in our midst. When, however, any of us came near enough to him to defile him with our touch he made an unpleasant noise in his throat, not unlike that of a goose, and snapped at us with his great beak, and if any of us had come near enough to allow him to touch our fingers he would soon have severed them from the hand. Some of the men begged hard for him in order that they might make what they call sea-pie of him; but sailors generally have strange superstitions respecting the albatross, and most of them would sooner give up their dinner to these birds than kill them. Some of our men cling to these ancient superstitions, and when we had all done looking at our strange visitor, he was thrown overboard greatly to his own satisfaction. The bird was very sick immediately on reaching water, and while on board he was vomiting. The sailors say these birds are generally sick after being on board a ship for a short time.'

The well-known and always feared 'rolling forties' treated the passengers on the 'John Williams' to a trying spell of the discomfort accompanying very rough weather at sea:—

'Thursday, April 12. None of us are likely to forget the troubles of to-day. Our painful experiences in the Channel have been brought afresh to our minds, and we have been made to feel once more how insecure is our floating habitation, and how dependent we are for our

lives upon Him Who holds the great waters in His hands and Who stayeth the noise of the tempest by His word. Long before we rose from our berths this morning we were uncomfortably informed that the wind and the sea had risen considerably, for we were rolled from side to side of our berths in such a manner as made it impossible for us to sleep. After breakfast I went on deck, and found the sea running very much higher than I had seen it for many weeks past. The sun was shining beautifully, and I thought as I saw the majestic waves come careering along with their foaming heads glistening in the sunshine like so many snow-capped hillocks sparkling in the light of day that I had never, not even on land, seen a sight more glorious. As far as the eye could reach on every hand, great hills of water were tossing their snowy heads high in the air. Sometimes our ship was carried high upon their lofty summits; at other times we were far below in a valley of dark-blue waters.

'As the day advanced the weather kept fine, but the wind became stronger, so much so that many of the sails were furled. A few small seas broke over the ship during the morning, and made the deck rather damp. Apart from this we were as comfortable as when under the influence of lighter winds. Some of us went on deck immediately after dinner, but fortunately we did not remain there after three o'clock. Soon after that hour an immense sea broke over the ship. It fell upon the deck with a crashing noise like a clap of loud thunder. Its full force came upon the saloon skylight, completely carrying away three of the panes of glass, then rolling down into the saloon like a great waterfall. We were all startled, and the ladies were greatly alarmed. After the first rush of water came down, the rolling of the

vessel brought four or five more torrents upon us, which added not a little to the first alarm.

'The water soon made its way into the cabins, and in a short time all light boxes, portmanteaus, shoes, slippers, &c., were floating about. For a few minutes we seemed paralyzed at this sudden and forlorn state of affairs; but we soon came to ourselves, and then all hands were quickly at work baling out our rude visitor, and by half-past four o'clock we were all comfortably seated at the tea-table. The water made sad work in some of the cabins, but we had nothing seriously hurt. The second mate was on deck at the time the sea came over. He saw it advancing before it broke over the ship, and as the mighty volume of water came rushing on, he fully expected that it would sweep everything from the decks. Fortunately only a little of the great mass came on board, so that in the midst of our trouble we soon felt that we had great cause for gratitude.'

Religious work was not neglected on board. Not only were regular services held on the Sundays, and meetings for prayer both morning and evening, but from time to time special meetings were held with the crew, resulting in the conversion of some of the sailors:—

'To-night I went forward to the weekly prayer-meeting which our men hold in the forecastle. We enjoyed a season of great refreshing from the Lord. I think none of us who were present will easily forget the happy moments we spent together. God was very near to us. For some time past we have had many manifest signs that God was working mightily among many of our crew, and to-night our hearts were gladdened with even more stirring tokens than we have hitherto seen. Mr. Chalmers and I led the little meeting. Many of the men engaged in prayer in a most touching

and fervent manner. I felt ashamed of my own piety as I listened to the simple earnestness of these good men.

'Towards the close of the meeting, Mr. Chalmers said we were convinced that God was working in the hearts of some who till recently had been strangers to the love of Jesus, and if any of these would like to unite with us in praying to God, we should be glad if they would kneel down and pray with us. This was no sooner said than one of the sailors fell upon his knees, and for the first time in his life prayed in the presence of others. His prayer was only a few words, but they were touching words rising from a wounded heart. Directly he had finished, another of our seamen who came on board the ship, an ungodly man, strove to pray with us. He had never prayed with us before, and so greatly were our hearts gladdened to hear his voice, that I know not whether he or we felt most during the few moments he was upon his knees. His prayer was scarcely heard by us, for the few sentences he uttered were broken by sobs and strong feelings.'

On May 20 the 'John Williams' arrived in Adelaide, and received a hearty welcome from the Christian people of that beautiful city. Mrs. Chalmers's father came from New Zealand, and met his daughter and her husband. The party of young missionaries visited Melbourne, Geelong, Ballarat, Hobart, and Sydney, where they spent some weeks. The interest taken in them and the kindness shown in each city and town they visited were great. They left Australia feeling that they had many friends whom they would long remember.

The following letter, which appeared in *The Australian Christian World* for May 17, 1901, refers to this visit to Sydney, and illustrates a phase of Chalmers's character which was always prominent:—

'About thirty-five years ago five missionaries, belonging to the London Missionary Society, arrived in Sydney; three of them were young men, and two were returned missionaries. The company comprised Messrs. J. Chalmers and A. T. Saville. All were received warmly by the Congregational body in that city. At Bourke Street there was a very large meeting held in the Congregational Church, the pastor, Rev. Thomas Johnston, presiding. That was the first time I either heard or saw young Chalmers, and I shall never forget him. Mr. Saville was the first young man to speak. He made some remarks on the work they were about to enter upon, and was winding up his short speech by saying "that he trusted he would live to see the Australian colonies under one Federal Union," when the chairman rose and said with much warmth, "Come, come, sir, we'll have no republicanism here." Mr. Saville at once sat down. I was, comparatively speaking, a young man then, full of warm blood, and I felt indignant at the manner in which Mr. Saville was addressed.

'However, I had not to wait long until his friend, the Rev. James Chalmers, was called upon by the chairman to speak. He at once stood up in the vigour of youthful manhood, a fine specimen of a young man, just twenty-five years of age, about five feet nine inches in height, and with a well-knit, powerful frame. He said, "Mr. Chairman, before I touch on the subject-matter I wish to speak upon, I first wish to put my friend, Mr. Saville, right with this audience. Respecting the federation of the Australian colonies, I endorse every word he said, and I trust also to live to see the colonies under one Federal Union. Mr. Saville is no more a republican than I am, and I consider he is as loyal to the throne of England as any one in this room."

I have never forgotten the fire of indignation that was expressed both in the attitude and utterance of the few words I have written, which I believe are the exact words spoken on the occasion.

'Young Chalmers was greeted with applause for his manly defence on behalf of his friend. I well remember what I said to a friend at the time: "Chalmers is every inch a man, and he will make his mark in after years." He made a telling speech that night, and there is no doubt whatever that his frank, generous, manly bearing won the hearts of the audience.'

In August the 'John Williams' left Sydney, and stood away for the New Hebrides. She had Dr. and Mrs. Geddie and Mr. and Mrs. Neilson on board as passengers from Sydney, and they were to be landed on Aneiteum. The afternoon she entered the harbour of Aneiteum was clear, and there was a good south-east breeze blowing. All her passengers visiting the South Seas for the first time were charmed with the new scenery, and were standing aft, entranced with watching the many beautiful colours of the reef near to which they were sailing. Suddenly several were thrown down upon their backs on the deck. The vessel had struck upon an unobserved reef with every stitch of canvas set. There she stuck hard and fast for some days. Her forefoot was smashed, and a great piece of her false keel carried away.

Here again Mr. Saville's diary gives fuller details of this new misfortune. He wrote:—

'Sad and unexpected have been the events which have transpired since I wrote here last. Our ship, of which we have boasted so much concerning her beauty and strength, is now anchored in the harbour here, broken and leaky, stripped of her cargo, and noisy with her pumps, which are being worked night and

day to keep her free from water. Last Wednesday morning, the day after we had sighted Tanna, we were gladdened by seeing the hills of Aneiteum in the distance. We were only eight or ten miles from the nearest point of land at breakfast time, but it took us all day to beat up to the bay because of adverse winds. As we neared the land in different parts of the island we were delighted with the lovely character of the scenery, and with a view of the schoolrooms and other premises belonging to the mission which Mr. Geddie pointed out to us.

'Early in the afternoon the wind became more favourable and carried us to a position where by the aid of the glasses we could see Mr. Geddie's home and the large neat-looking chapel. Very quickly after this we were fairly in the bay with the surf foaming about us on the coral reefs which lay near the entrance to the harbour. All our hearts were light and joyous with the prospect of so soon having a near view of this lovely island and seeing for the first time missionary operations, when suddenly alarm came upon all, as the ship with a great crash ran upon a reef and fastened herself upon it. The sails were put back, but still we were stationary. For a time we all seemed to be speechless, and looked with wonder into the face of each other, not daring to give utterance to what each of us felt to be a fact, viz. that our ship had struck a reef with great violence, and was now fast upon it.

'In a few minutes we were surrounded with boats and canoes filled with natives, they soon crowded our deck, and made the scene even more exciting than it was before. Not one of them were dressed alike, most of them wore little else than a short covering over the loins. Many of them had their heads decorated with

green leaves, and others with handkerchiefs and caps. After making for each of us to shake our hands they speedily ran to the ropes, and helped our men to back the sails, and to get the boats down to the water.

'While all of this was going on, which occupied but a very short space of time, our minds were in a most tumultuous condition. The accident was so sudden that at first we scarcely realized it as a fact; but soon we became anxious to know the extent of the damage. We wondered if we were in danger, if the ship had sprung a leak, and whether it would be well for us to go below and prepare to go ashore. We soon became assured that however much damage the ship had sustained, she was making little or no water, and therefore we were safe for a time on board of her. An invitation was instantly sent from the shore for us to land and leave for the time our unfortunate ship.

'All that day was employed in turning out luggage from the ship which was afterwards stowed away in the schoolroom and a large boathouse on the beach. Several native divers went below the ship, and stuffed oakum in the holes which the reef had made, and nailed tarred blankets and pieces of wood over the broken parts. This considerably lessened the leakage, although it was still necessary for the pumps to be kept constantly at work. At low tide the ship looked in a most pitiable condition, for while her fore part rested on the sunken reef, her stern went down with the falling tide, and made her look as if she would plunge stern foremost into the water. And this was indeed the fear which was felt by all for some days, until after being considerably lightened by removing her cargo, she was heaved from her dangerous resting-place into deep water. This was an occasion of great joy to us all. The natives gave

a great shout when she slipped from the rock, and then tried to give three cheers in English fashion.

'Tuesday, September 18. This day week the "Dayspring" arrived here with all of the missionaries of the New Hebrides Mission on board of her. In the afternoon a meeting of the missionaries and captains of both ships was called to consider what was the best course to be taken for the repairs of the "John Williams," and it was decided that she was to return to Sydney, and that a number of natives should be engaged to go with her to help in working the pumps, and that the "Dayspring" accompany her for the safety of those on board. The missionaries and most of the luggage of both ships were to remain at Aneiteum until the return of the "John Williams."'

The return voyage to Sydney lasted nearly three weeks. Twenty-two natives had been taken on board to work the pumps, and they had to be kept going day and night in order to keep the 'John Williams' afloat. This was too good an opportunity for Chalmers to lose. All the other missionaries remained at Aneiteum, but Chalmers and his wife returned in the damaged 'John Williams.'

The Sydney friends were considerably astonished to see them back so soon, and sorry indeed when they heard the reason. The necessary repairs took six weeks. This period Mr. and Mrs. Chalmers occupied in trying to arouse the interest of colonial friends in the work of the missions.

Considering the stormy passage they had through the English Channel, and that they had escaped total wreck at Aneiteum only by the very narrowest margin, the travellers might reasonably have expected that the rest of their voyage would be peaceful. But this was not to

prove the case. They left Sydney on November 15 with the 'John Williams' fully repaired, and as strong as ever. In four weeks from the day she left Sydney they had finished all their work at Aneiteum and the Loyalty Isles, and with high hopes in the hearts of her passengers the ship went on her way to Niue. She arrived there on January 3, 1866, after a passage of three weeks from Mare. She had to beat all the way, and for nine days before getting to Niue she had to sail amongst dangerous reefs by dead reckoning.

In the afternoon of January 3 all the passengers, except Mr. and Mrs. Davies, who were not very well, came on shore to see Mr. and Mrs. Lawes, the missionaries then living on Niue, and were persuaded by them to remain on the island all night. Mrs. Williams, the captain's wife, also remained on shore, leaving the captain to return to the ship alone.

During the night the wind changed, and blew with such violence as to prevent any communication being held with the ship till the morning of Tuesday, January 8, when the captain came on shore with the remainder of Mr. Lawes' goods. After sending on board a quantity of cocoanuts, taro, and yams, presents from the natives, Mr. Chalmers and his wife accompanied the captain and Mrs. Williams to the ship. They hoped, and fully expected, to be able to sail for Samoa next day.

The boats were soon swung on the davits, and the 'John Williams' stood out to sea for the night, with a fair breeze. The sea is so deep around these coral islands that at most of them it is impossible to anchor. Soon the ship was a long way out. The sky had a squally appearance, and this brought comfort to those on board, as they knew a squall was safer for them than a calm. But by half-past seven in the evening it fell quite calm,

with a heavy swell driving in towards the land. A short time after this the vessel was observed to have lost all way and to be beginning to drift astern. Still as they were so far out to sea no danger was apprehended. All means were at once resorted to keep the vessel out to sea. The whaleboat, the pinnace, and the gig were well manned with rowers, and soon had the vessel in tow. The sails were also kept trimmed, so as to catch any wind that might spring up. All the native teachers on board toiled at the oars as well as the sailors. But soon it became evident that all these efforts were of no avail. The ship still went astern; nearer and nearer she approached the dreadful reef. About nine, Mrs. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Davies, and Mr. and Mrs. Chalmers went into the saloon for prayer, whilst at the same time the native teachers engaged in prayer on the main-deck. Fervent were the prayers offered that the Lord would save their justly prized ship—His own ship—from the doom that was threatening her, and that she might be spared for many years to carry the good news of salvation to these lovely isles.

After prayer they went on deck, and fired off some rockets and blue lights to warn the friends on shore of the great danger they were in; though they knew only too well that those on shore could not help them. The agony of that hour was such that none but those who lived through it could realize it fully. The splendid ship was being slowly and steadily drifted to destruction, and the efforts and toil over which all were breaking their hearts were unable to save her.

The night had become densely dark; lightnings began to flash, and the anxious watchers on deck began to think that the wind would spring up and save her. But not a breath of air could be felt. 'About ten o'clock the

gig was ordered alongside, and the ladies were dropped into it from the side of the vessel. There was no time for ceremony; there were seventy-two souls, including several native women and children, on board. Already the back swell of the reef could be felt. By twenty minutes past eleven all were in the boats. A few minutes after the vessel struck full on the reef with a terrible crash that soon destroyed all hope that she could be saved, and sent a pang through the hearts of the anxious watchers. They loved the vessel, and it seemed like losing a friend to lose her.

'The position of those in the boats was not very comfortable. They had put a few things into bags, but these had had to be left on the deck. It rained as it can rain only in the tropics, and they were some miles from the mission premises. The shipwrecked passengers and crew made for these as soon as they could, keeping the boats together by ropes. It was very dark, but they found out the way by means of a succession of torches which the natives kept lighting on shore. By three a.m. they all reached the landing-place. The surf was very high, thundering heavily on the reef. No boat could possibly get near the beach that night. But the natives came off in canoes, and took the forlorn travellers out of the boats and brought them safely through the heaviest surge. They were then dragged through the surf on the beach by the natives, and carried on their backs up a long extent of steep rocks, over which the surf was constantly rushing. By half-past four a.m. all were safely landed. They were very wet, very cold, very weary; but by using precautionary measures at once all escaped illness.'

Mr. Chalmers's narrative, as given above, tells the story as it appeared to those on the ill-fated ship. Mr. Saville's

diary describes the events as they appeared to the friends who had been left ashore on Niue.

'We spent a very happy evening together; we had a number of the natives collected in one of the rooms, and I, with the assistance of the carpenter, was doing my best to teach them a couple of tunes. They are excellent singers, and during the short time we spent with them they could nearly sing the National Anthem and tune Evan. I arranged to meet them two hours before breakfast in the morning in order to make them perfect in these tunes before leaving the island, little thinking how our happy pleasures would be disarranged by a disaster, the beginning of which was already filling the remainder of our party with sorrow and anxiety.

'Towards ten o'clock the carpenter, who had been outside, came hurriedly into the house telling us that they were sending up rockets from the ship. We all ran out, and after looking through the darkness for a time we saw several rockets shoot into the air. At first we tried to encourage the thought that they were only sending these up for the amusement of the natives, but when presently they burnt a blue light on the ship we felt convinced that something serious was the matter, and that they required help. The blue light also enabled us to see that they were not so far from the rocks. Fires were instantly lighted opposite the house, and the natives were aroused in all directions. A great canoe was put into the water filled with natives. Twice the heavy seas washed it back again on to the reef; a third time it was safely launched.

'Mr. Watson, the carpenter, and myself, accompanied by a few natives, started at full gallop for the point of rock opposite to which we saw the lights of the ship. The night was inky dark, which made the narrow coral

way along which we hastened exceedingly difficult and dangerous for our feet. At length the men got torches made of sticks brought by women from the houses on our way, and these helped us a little. While we ran along the natives kept up a continual hooting, which sounded strange and almost horrible in the middle of the night. By this shouting they aroused all sleepers, and informed them that the ship was in trouble.

'After running for nearly four miles we scrambled to the edge of a jutting rock, and there some distance before us to our dismay we saw the "John Williams" almost close under the rocks. Through the darkness we ran on still further. Then, by the aid of the natives, we were conducted over a shaggy extent of coral till we reached the summit of a precipice. We looked down. The angry surf was foaming and boiling below; and in the midst of this the dim light of the native torches enabled us to see our ship rolling to and fro upon the reef. Every wave which struck her sent her crashing upon the coral reefs. She had all her sails set. The top parts of two of her masts were already broken, and we were expecting every moment to see all of her heavy iron masts break off, and fall with great weight over her side. Sea after sea rolled against her with immense force. Still her masts stood well.

'We were very anxious to know if any one was on board, or if they had left in the boats. We shouted again and again; but no sound of human voice came in return. The lights continued to burn in the saloon, for we could see them flickering through the skylight. We were greatly relieved at length to see a rocket dart up through the darkness from some distant object in the water, since we were pretty sure it came from one of the ship's boats. This was followed by several blue lights,

all of which, showed us that the boats were making for the mission station.

'During all this time the darkness was terrible, and the rain came down in torrents. The natives brought great leaves to shelter us, but notwithstanding this we were saturated with wet. They also brought great logs of wood and made fires to keep us warm. But we had become cold and wet, and could do nothing to the wreck till daylight, so we turned our faces to return to the station, with our minds stunned with what we had seen. It seemed to us a dream. We could not believe that our ship, the pride of so many, the new "John Williams," was lost with all our earthly possessions except those which we carried on our backs. A thousand thoughts hurried through our bewildered brains as we retraced our steps to tell the anxious ones at Alofi of what our eyes had seen.

'The rain continued to come down heavier and heavier, and the darkness seemed to increase about us. In the midst of all this the natives kept up their constant wild crying and shouting, which distracted and distressed one still more. We reached the mission premises at last without a dry thing upon us. It was then nearly three o'clock in the morning. Canoes had been out to the boats and brought the joyful news that every one was saved. There were seventy-three in all, and of these a great many were Rarotongan and Samoan teachers with their wives and children returning to their homes.

'No one thought they would venture to bring the boats ashore before daylight, for the sea was rolling in so strongly towards the land that it was almost impossible to enter the boat-opening in the reef with safety. They were all, however, so drenched with the pouring rain, and so cold in consequence, that they chose

to come ashore by being transferred to the canoes. We got all the blankets, dry clothes, and stimulants we could find, ready for these shipwrecked sufferers, and as they were brought in one by one we did our best to restore them from their fainting and half-drowned condition.

'When things had quietened down a little they told us the tale of the wreck, the substance of which was that they were drifted to the shore in a calm, just as the old ship was lost, and just as this ship would have been lost the previous night if the wind had not sprung up. They found they were being carried towards the land by the swell of the sea at sunset. Every stretch of canvas was raised in order to catch the faintest breeze of wind which might blow from the shore, and the three boats were lowered in order to take the ship in tow. They were drifting too fast ashore, however, for the boats to hold her back, on and on she went till it was found there was no hope. All were then ordered from the ship into the boats, and so our beautiful ship in the midst of that dark miserable night was abandoned and left a wreck upon the rocks of this iron-bound coast.

'It is now a fortnight since the wreck. Still the ship has not entirely broken up. The heavy seas and high tides have carried her further upon the reef into shallower water. The great waves of the surf continue to dash and break over her with terrible force. Her masts are all down. Great holes are in her sides through which the water is continually pouring. Her back is broken, and she is now a shapeless hulk upon the rocks.

'A number of natives ventured on board the ship the next morning at the risk of the great masts and yards falling upon them. They dragged up from the cabin every box they could seize, then threw them overboard to find their way to the beach as best they could. It

was a pitiful sight for us, as we stood upon the rocks, to see the things we had prized floating upon the water, or lying wet and spoilt in heaps upon the rocks. Next day I was carried on a native's shoulder to the side of the ship, which I soon climbed by means of a rope ladder. She was lying nearly on her side, and every sea which struck her sent her crashing against the rocks as if all her timbers were about to separate, so that it was only possible to keep one's footing by holding firmly to whatever was at hand. There was plenty of water in the hold, but I managed to get down to a part where some of the things were dry, and from there our men, with the assistance of the natives, managed to get a pretty good stock of provisions, enough to supply us with food for a short time.

'The natives have no idea of the value of property. They found a number of axes on board, and with these they chopped open every case or barrel they could find, scattering their contents in all directions after their curiosity had been satisfied.'

In this unforeseen and unwelcome manner the voyage, so full of dangers and hindrances, had come to an untimely end. Mr. and Mrs. Lawes cared as well as they could for their shipwrecked friends, and taxed the resources of the mission to the utmost to meet the necessities of the large company thus unexpectedly thrust upon their hands.

A shipwreck in the Pacific at that date was a serious matter for the survivors. Communication between the islands was very uncertain and irregular, and a party of shipwrecked travellers might be weeks or even months upon an island like the remote and solitary Niue before a passing vessel appeared that could take them either part or the whole of the way to their destination. They

were compelled to stay on Niue for some weeks. In the interval Chalmers, with his usual spirit of adventure and eagerness in all physical exercises, nearly lost his life.

The natives of Niue, in common with those of most of the islands of the Pacific, are very fond of surf-swimming. This is a sport which derives part of its pleasure from the danger involved in it. The amount of danger differs with the kind of coast upon which it is tried. Where there is a level beach there is comparatively little risk; where, as in the case of Niue, the beach is rocky and broken there may be very considerable danger to any but a strong and skilful native swimmer. The sport consists in swimming some distance out to sea, the swimmer carrying with him a small piece of board. When well out beyond the line of breakers the swimmer waits until a wave is passing that seems suitable for his purpose. Then he skilfully places himself on the crest of the wave with the flat board beneath his chest. Thus mounted on the very crest of the rushing wave surrounded by foam and spray he shoots towards the shore at almost express speed. Sometimes the natives when they reach the breakers fall behind the wave or dive backwards and allow it to pass over their heads. The South Sea Islanders are so much at home in the water that, although the opportunities for dangerous accidents are exceedingly numerous in surf-swimming, they very seldom occur.

Obviously to become proficient in this sport one should begin early in life. Chalmers watching the natives enjoying the pleasure it gives found it impossible to resist the temptation to indulge in it himself. The result may be given in his own words:—

'During our stay on the island I nearly lost my life. I was greatly interested in the surf-swimming, and often

watched the lads at it. One day the sea was particularly big, and I determined whilst bathing to try and run in on a sea with a plank. I got too far out, and was sucked back to the big boulders, and the seas washing me about, I got much bruised and cut. I can remember feeling that all was lost, when a great sea caught me, and threw me on to a boulder. I felt that it was now or never with me, and by a terrible effort I clung to the rock, and, then rising, gave one spring and landed where the watchful natives could bring help to me. I was picked up and carried to the house. I was in bed for several days I never again tried surf-swimming.'

He thus once again escaped from sea peril with his life, but a considerable part of the six weeks which the shipwrecked were compelled to pass on the Niue were occupied, so far as Chalmers was concerned, in regaining health and strength after his terrible battle with the waves. At the end of that time a small schooner visited Niue, and on her Mr. and Mrs. Chalmers, two of their fellow-travellers, and a few members of the crew of the 'John Williams' took passage to Samoa. They were eleven days in reaching Apia and on that voyage they ran out of water, and had to be placed upon very short rations of food. This experience illustrates the difficulties at that time of South Pacific travel. On reaching Samoa they were very kindly received by the little community resident at Apia, and the British Consul did all in his power for the comfort and welfare of the shipwrecked crew. Mr. Murray, one of the veteran missionaries of the London Missionary Society, entertained all the members of the missionary party.

CHAPTER IV

A PIRATE OF THE PACIFIC

IN order to understand the forlorn condition of Chalmers and his companions, we have to bear in mind that they had lost all their spare clothing in the wreck, and that such things as clothing were extremely difficult to replace at that time and in that part of the world. All the missionaries also were eager to reach the stations to which the Directors of the Society had assigned them, and among these the most eager were Chalmers and his wife. While waiting at Samoa for a ship that could be chartered, there came to that port a brig of one hundred and fifty tons, called the 'Rona.' It was commanded and sailed by a man who in later years became the most notorious character in the whole Pacific, known at that time all over the islands by the name of 'Bully Hayes.' Most people would have hesitated to embark on a ship commanded by a man of this type; but we are inclined to think that his personality, even imperfectly known as it then was, rather attracted than repelled Chalmers. At any rate, as the result of certain business negotiations, the 'Rona,' belonging to Hayes, was chartered to go back to Niue and bring to Apia the remaining members of the shipwrecked crew and shipwrecked party and all the spoiled cargo that had been saved from the 'John Williams.'

On the return of the 'Rona' to Apia the salvage was divided between the missionaries in Samoa, the Society

Islands, and the Cook Islands. In order to apportion the things the missionaries drew lots. Chalmers writes, 'I had a chest of tea in my lot, and believed it good; but on opening it in Rarotonga months later, we found that it had been wetted and was quite spoilt.'

Another six weeks were spent at Apia in preparation for the voyage, and then the 'Rona' sailed to convey Mr. and Mrs. Saville, Chalmers's fellow travellers, to Huahine, and Mr. and Mrs. Chalmers to Rarotonga.

There is no authentic account of the captain in whose ship Chalmers made the last stage of his eventful voyage from England to Rarotonga, but a number of books of adventure have been written in which his personality and deeds form the central part. Hayes was a giant some six feet four in height, and measuring round his chest from shoulder to shoulder about four feet. He was possessed of immense physical strength, and of this he was extremely proud. He was also a handsome man with bright blue eyes, a strong nose and well-cut mouth, and large moustache, and long clustering hair. In his manner, in his figure, in his appearance, he was the prominent personality in any gathering at which he was present. The most marked feature in his character was a temper that when once roused passed entirely out of his control. In these moments of ungovernable rage he became little short of a madman. Those who knew him well tell us that in a moment his smiling face would turn into that of a demon; his eyes became almost black, and his face flushed into a deep purple. In these moments he would do deeds of the greatest cruelty, not scrupling even to take the life of those who offended him.

With Hayes, as with men of strong passions of this nature, the rebound when it came was also extreme. He could be generous to a fault, and he could fascinate those

whom but a few moments before he had terrified beyond endurance. He was possessed of considerable culture, speaking German, French, and Spanish fluently. His career was possible in the Pacific Ocean in the middle of the nineteenth century.

For many years before the missionaries of the 'John Williams' came in contact with him Hayes was known in many parts of the world as the terrible highwayman of the seas. His scandalous performances had made him an outlaw in almost every civilized port. If he had dropped anchor in any one of these ports the 'Rona' would have been seized, and he would have been handed over to the Government officers.

A sharp outlook was kept for him at Melbourne in consequence of an unscrupulous fraud he played upon the officials on the occasion of his last visit. He had on board three hundred Chinamen whom he had brought from Hong Kong. At that time a poll-tax of £10 was paid by every Chinaman landing at Melbourne. Before going on board each of these men paid 'Bully Hayes' their £10 as well as the charges for the voyage. But the knavish captain had no thought or intention of paying over to the Australian authorities the large amount he had received as poll-tax, amounting in all to something like £3,000.

When the port was within sight he with the assistance of his carpenter managed to scuttle the vessel by making a large hole in the ship's side. In this water-logged and apparently sinking condition the vessel slowly entered the harbour. Hayes ordered that a flag of distress should be hoisted on the mast-head. Immediately the pilot and a number of tug-boats put out from the shore to assist the disabled vessel. When they came alongside the captain shouted—telling them of his sinking, hopeless

condition—'And,' said he, 'for mercy sake, don't stop to tow us to the shore, but save these hundreds of poor distracted creatures by getting them ashore at once in your boats. I care nothing about my own life, if you will only save these poor fellows. Then, when they are ashore, come immediately for us. In the meantime we will work away at the pumps to keep the ship afloat.'

Accordingly the three hundred Chinamen were passed over the side of the vessel into the various tug-boats and conveyed to the landing-place which was several miles away. Whilst this was being done the hole in the side of the ship was closed. All hands were put to work on the pumps, the bow of the vessel was set towards the sea, away went the 'Rona' and her scoundrel of a captain. He had managed to land the three hundred Chinamen, and yet keep the £3,000 poll-tax for himself instead of paying it over to the colonial authorities.

This was a cruel business for the Pilot Company. They had to pay that large amount themselves, and it nearly ruined the company. Henceforth, however, Hayes could never again show his face in Melbourne if he hoped to escape prison life.

In like manner the various ports of New Zealand had become dangerous for him to revisit. On one occasion he went to Auckland and filled his vessel with a valuable cargo of cattle. He spoke of sailing on the following day, and promised that before doing so he would call early in the morning to settle with the man from whom he had purchased the cattle. But long before the morning dawned he lifted the anchor, and sailed away during the stillness of the night with his precious cargo for which he had not paid a cent.

At San Francisco Hayes's vessel mysteriously disappeared in the night with a great cargo on board and

a quantity of valuable jewels ordered for Mr. Hayes. The outlaw had once more duped custom-house officers, merchants, and tradesmen. In most of the ports of the China Seas he was not only in danger of prison but of death; for he had there shed much blood in effecting his deeds of robbery.

'This was the man,' writes Mr. Saville, 'who when he found the large doors for the world's commerce closed against him turned his attentions to the South Sea Islands. He had paid several visits to Niue before Chalmers met him, and he was also known in Samoa. The missionaries regarded him with an air of suspicion, for smiling and fair as he seemed to be, they were not quite sure of their man, although the terrible facts of his life were then unknown to them.

'It was a strange Providence which cast Mr. and Mrs. Chalmers, my wife and myself, for a voyage of 2,000 miles, upon the tender mercies of this outlaw. But if the association was perilous for us, it was fortunate for him. He was paid £500 for our passage-money, and more than this, he was able once more to secure the confidence of traders by announcing the fact that he had become a missionary captain. When we reached Tahiti he bought freely and was trusted largely. If he had been captain of the "John Williams" he could not have been treated better by the merchants.

'During our voyage of six or seven weeks his self-suppression was perfect, not a foul word or oath escaped his lips. His rough crew were kept in check in the same manner. Tamate and I were permitted to conduct prayers on deck each day when the weather permitted—and each Sunday we held services. The day before we landed at Huahine a note was put into the hand of Tamate and another into my own, written in the name

of the captain, in which we were thanked for the services held on board, and assured that both the services and our society had been of great religious helpfulness to all on board. Not many hours after receiving these epistles, when we were entering the harbour at Huahine, the pent-up passions of the captain broke out, and in his madness he ran the vessel upon the reef and flung his wife's jewellery together with a bag of dollars into the sea. Fortunately the ship was removed from its dangerous position, and we landed safely with very thankful hearts.

'Tamate and his wife had still to be carried 600 miles further west to Rarotonga. We trembled for their safety, so did they. Afterwards I heard from my dear old friend that the remainder of the voyage was terrible. Daily oaths and curses pained their ears, and the constant fits of passion from the captain filled their hearts with alarm. When Rarotonga was reached Tamate had a very narrow escape of his life. The captain tried to run the boat down in which he was being pulled to the shore.

'Hayes bought the wreck of the "John Williams" for a little more than £100. This was a splendid bargain for him. He made great profit out of the purchase. With this and with the £500 he had received as our passage-money he returned to Tahiti, bought a small schooner called the "Samoa," filled her with a cargo of goods to be sold in the small islands to the westward, and put his mate on board as captain. His wife and twin children had become an incumbrance to him. These he left unprovided for at Apia.

'After starting the "Samoa" on her trading voyage to the westward, he sailed the "Rona" to Huahine. There he filled up with a great cargo of oranges for British Columbia. But the way of transgressors is hard. A

few days after leaving Huahine the vessel was overtaken by a terrific storm. She was a rotten, unsafe craft, even under favouring circumstances; but exposed to the force of a great storm she sprang a leak, and began to sink. Hurriedly the longboat was lowered, a compass and some kegs of water and food were put in her, and Bully Hayes and his crew left the sinking "Rona" for the boat. They steered for the westward in the hope of finding the "Samoa" at one of the Cook Islands.

'After many days and nights of hardship in the open boat they reached Mauke, and found the schooner they were seeking; but as they came nearer to the shore they found she was a wreck upon the reef. The captain and crew were busy building a boat from her broken planks to convey them to one of the islands of the Samoan group. So Hayes had now lost all which he gained through our misfortunes.

'When the boat was finished he and the crews of both vessels sailed for Samoa. After being there for a time he chartered a vessel and started upon the kidnapping business. He made frequent voyages to savage and heathen islands. When the natives came off in their canoes he decoyed them on board, induced them to go below to see the goods which were spread out to fascinate their eyes, he then had the hatches closed upon them and the canoes broken. The kidnapped savages were then carried to the Fiji plantations or to any other place where he could get a price for them.

'After a time the British cruisers were put on his track, but he always cleverly managed to evade them. The British Consul in Samoa was, however, instructed to take him prisoner if he ever tried to land there. Not knowing that he was thus in danger he sailed his vessel to Tutuila, an island of the Samoan group. He went

ashore in a canoe manned by natives; but before doing so he thrust a couple of revolvers into his side pocket. The natives observed this, and when the canoe was half-way across the bay an unexpected and unusual event took place. The canoe was overturned, and away went Bully Hayes beneath the blue waters. The natives immediately swam around him, delivered him from the perilous waters, righted the canoe, and were profuse in their apologies for the accident.

'Directly Hayes stepped ashore an effort was made to arrest him by Consul Williams. Hayes drew his two revolvers at once and tried to fire at the Consul; but the powder was damp. The natives smiled, and Hayes was easily made a prisoner.

'Hayes was, however, easier to catch than to keep. It was hoped that he might be kept until an English man-of-war arrived; but long before the expected vessel arrived he had made his escape. It was found that one bright moonlight night he had sailed away on board of a vessel of very questionable character to some unknown port.

'Later on Hayes was again traced. This time he was trading in the Torres Straits in a vessel he had obtained for himself through fraud. Still later we read in the newspapers that the Mexican authorities had placed "the notorious Bully Hayes" in jail.

'Last of all we learned from English newspapers that after leaving jail he was once more the captain of a vessel, and that in a quarrel he was murdered by his first mate.'

Such was the type of man who attracted Chalmers during his stay in Samoa, and he was utilized by him for the conveyance of the Savilles to Huahine, and of himself and his wife to Rarotonga, because no other ready method

presented itself. Chalmers would rather go on board a pirate ship than wait week after week at Samoa. And Hayes himself seems to have come strongly under the fascination of Chalmers's personality. 'Hayes,' he tells us, 'seemed to take to me during the frequent meetings we had on shore, and before going on board for good I met him one afternoon, and said to him, "Captain Hayes, I hope you will have no objection to our having morning and evening service on board, and twice on Sabbaths. All will be short, and only those who like to come need attend." "Certainly not;" he replied, "my ship is a missionary ship now, and I hope you will feel it so. All on board will attend these services." "Only if they are inclined," I replied.'

'We were well treated on board,' writes Chalmers. 'Hayes was a perfect host, and a thorough gentleman. His wife and children were on board; and although we had fearful weather nearly all the time, yet I must say we enjoyed ourselves. Instead of going to Rarotonga first, we had gone so far south that we could easily fetch Tahiti, and so we stood for it, causing us to be much longer on board.'

The Savilles were landed in due course at Huahine, and then the 'Rona' called at Mangaia, where Chalmers and his wife were very kindly received by Mr. and Mrs. Wyatt Gill and their people. They arrived on a Sunday in stormy weather, and landed just after sunset. On Monday morning Mr. Chalmers returned to the ship for Mrs. Chalmers, and about midday they went ashore with the captain, hoping to return in the evening. The wind was easterly and very strong. The boat remained outside the reef, going to and from the ship with goods and provisions. About dark, a wet and disagreeable night, the boat was ready outside the surf

to return to the ship. Both the captain and Chalmers were anxious to get on board, and were quite ready to go, but the natives refused to put them over the reef, as it was very rough. The captain offered them five dollars to get on board. Neither requests nor commands moved them, the pilot saying, 'It is easy for me to take you to the boat, but I feel certain that boat will never reach the ship.' Little did they suppose that by this refusal their lives were preserved.

The boat left for the ship which lay off and on, at no great distance from the reef. All night they felt anxious about the ship, for the night was dark and stormy. The next morning no ship was to be seen, and it was not until Thursday she hove in sight. The captain went on board immediately. Soon a flag went up, but alas! it was only half-mast, then another. It too was half-mast. What could be wrong? Mr. Gill and Chalmers got a canoe and went off, but before getting to the ship they saw what was wrong. No whaleboat could be seen on the starboard davits, and getting on board they found the boat had never reached the ship. There were two men in the boat, one a native of the Sandwich Islands, who was second mate, and the other a native of Ireland, named Hughes, who was working his passage from Huahine. The supposition is that the boat was swamped, or was run down by the ship. They were last heard cooeying close to the ship but could not be seen. Chalmers writes; 'We had had many merciful deliverances since we set sail from Gravesend on January 4, 1866, and again our prayer was that life thus preserved might entirely be devoted to the service of God.'

The rest of the voyage to Rarotonga passed without any special or exciting incident. On May 20, 1867, the vessel anchored in the harbour of Avarua. Chalmers

was the first to land, and as he was being carried ashore from the boat by a native, the latter asked, 'What fellow name belong you?' He wished to know in order that he might shout the name out to those who were standing on the shore. Chalmers answered 'Chalmers,' and the native roared out 'Tamate.' This was the nearest approach to the sounds of the missionary's name that a South Sea Islander could make. It was in this way that Mr. Chalmers, just as he was first setting foot on the island of Rarotonga, received the name by which he was to become known in that lovely little island of the far Pacific, and then in later years over the whole of the South Eastern Coast of New Guinea.

CHAPTER V

THE GEM OF THE PACIFIC

THE title of this chapter is an apt description of the island of Rarotonga upon which Chalmers was to spend the next ten years of his life. Scattered about through the vast Pacific Ocean are many islands of extreme beauty, and Rarotonga holds a front place in this respect. It consists of mountains that rise up abruptly to a height of about 4,000 feet above the level of the sea. The slopes in these mountains contain lovely little valleys, and they are wooded with palms and with beautiful trees down to the level of the sea.

Entirely surrounding the island is a great barrier reef of coral forming a huge protective wall. This reef varies from a few feet to nearly half a mile in width. At low tide most of it is bare, at high tide it has upon it from four to six feet of water. Here and there in the course of the reef are openings which allow canoes to pass in and out. One or two of these openings are large enough to admit small vessels. This coral reef forms a huge barrier against which the mighty waves of the Pacific of deepest blue rise to a height of more than twenty feet and then curling over break in myriad forms of silvery white spray. On the other side of the lagoon within the reef is a long white sandy beach varying from ten to a hundred feet wide, forming a natural margin round the whole of the island. It is richly covered with groves of chestnut,

cocoanut, bread-fruit and banana trees. So far as outward beauty goes no spot on earth could be lovelier, and the conditions of life there are such that with very little labour the necessary food and clothing can be procured.

In the earlier part of the nineteenth century this paradise of the Pacific was the home of most revolting cruelty and degraded savagery. The island was occupied by two or three tribes that were continually at war one against another. The power of the chief was absolute. All the property on the island, all the lives on the island were absolutely at his disposal. In the old heathen days the chief of the tribe was carried about on the shoulders of men because his feet were too sacred to tread the common earth. Whenever he rested, it was upon the bodies of his slaves, and so sacred was he that if, as he passed by, his shadow fell upon any of his tribesmen, the man was immediately killed since the shadow of the chief falling upon him had made him sacred.

The religious ideas of the people necessitated human sacrifices in order to avert the anger of the gods. One of the missionaries who spent long years upon the island soon after its conversion to Christianity tells us that whenever the people had reason, from famine or sickness or war or death, to think that the gods were angry with them, in order to appease them, they offered human sacrifices. Two or three natives either of their own or of some other tribe were secured. Their arms and legs were bound with green thongs, and they were then dragged to the great altar of sacrifice on which they were presented alive to the gods, the priest at the same time confessing the sins of the people, and asking the gods to remove the calamity. When this ceremony was over the living bodies of the victims were placed

upon an immense oven of red-hot stones and there sacrificed as an atonement for the sins of the people.

Dr. Gill, in a book written in the year 1855, says:—'Three or four years ago, in company with a few old men, who had spent the first years of their manhood in heathen life, I visited this great oven of national sacrifice. The paths leading to it had long since grown over with brushwood, which we had to cut down as we advanced. On reaching the spot I found an area of comparatively clear ground about a hundred feet in circumference, surrounded by high trees and dense bush. In the centre was a pit five feet deep and twelve feet wide. This pit used to be filled with firewood, on the top of which were piled large basaltic stones. These were heated to a red-hot heat, and as the wood consumed they sank to a level with the ground. This was the oven, and on it the living human sacrifices were placed and burnt to death, as an atonement for the sins of the people. As we gazed on this scene, and remembered the generations of bygone days, our hearts were filled with emotions of mournful interest; and, singing a hymn, expressive of sympathy with the heathen yet in darkness, we retired, praising God that the knowledge of the true atonement for sin had been brought to the inhabitants of Rarotonga, not a few of whom had proved its efficacy and rejoiced in its grace.'

In the same volume Dr. Gill gives a picture of the cruelties of those old savage and cannibal days. When Christianity had been introduced into the island and when the people had become semi-civilized, there were of course many who remembered the former days of cruelty and terror. Once when the children of the different Sunday Schools were gathered together for their annual treat, an old man who had in former years

been a warrior and a cannibal, sang one of the old invocations to the great idol Tangaroa, the chief idol of the Rarotongans. He then went on to say 'You have often been told of the dark deeds practised in this land before the love of God reached us. Before the word of God shone upon us we were at war with the people of the other side of the island. There was no safety at that time. If men or women or children left home in the morning, perhaps they would be killed before night. During this war a father and mother left their house on yonder mountain to fish in the sea towards Avarua. They had a little child whom they took with them, and, being weary, they sat under a tree to rest. While there they were surprised by the sudden approach of two men from the enemy's station. They put the child up in the tree, and hid themselves in the bush. Alas! the child was seen by the two men. They took it, and with wild shouting, dashed it to death on a heap of stones. But this did not satisfy them; they took up the stones and crushed its body to atoms. My heart weeps for that child. Had the word of God come in his time, he would have lived, and perhaps would now have been in our midst.'

The story of how Christianity came to the island of Rarotonga is famous and inspiring. In the early part of the last century, the island of Rarotonga had been discovered and visited by an English ship whose captain and crew lived on shore there for some months. But they never reported their discovery, because they were guilty of such crimes that at last the islanders rose against them, and drove them away from the beach.

The rediscovery of Rarotonga was due to the great pioneer missionary, John Williams, the true predecessor of James Chalmers. In 1822 he visited the Hervey Group

islands, and while off the island of Atiu was informed by the chief that a long way off in the direction south-west by west the island of Rarotonga would be found. John Williams determined to go in search of the island. Contrary winds baffled the voyagers. Their provisions were nearly consumed, and their patience exhausted, when early one morning the captain of the ship came to John Williams and said, 'We must give up this search, or we shall all be starved.' It was agreed to continue the search until eight o'clock and if no land was sighted by that time, the ship was to return.

John Williams tells us, 'this was an hour of great anxiety. I had sent a native to the top of the mast four times. He went up a fifth time, and when the clock stood at half-past seven and we were within half an hour of giving up search, the clouds which had hitherto hidden the towering heights of Rarotonga from us were chased away by the heat of the ascending sun, and our anxieties were all forgotten in the shout of land, land, that came from the mast-head.' This naturally changed the feeling at once of every one on board. Faces brightened and new interest was aroused, and all were grateful to Him Who had led them by the right way.

On board the ship were a little party of Rarotongan natives who had been living on the island of Aitutaki. John Williams recognized how valuable these natives would be should he succeed in finding Rarotonga, and so he had brought them with him. When the visitors reached the island the leading chief, Makea by name, came to see John Williams. He was rejoiced to find that among the little band whom the stranger had brought back there was his own cousin. An active, earnest young native teacher, Papeiha by name, and two other teachers with their wives were landed in the

hope that they would be able to make a settlement on the island. But the next morning they came back to the ship in a sad plight. A chief had come and had demanded some of them as his prisoners, and it was only by the most strenuous efforts on the part of Makea's cousin, the princess whose name was Tapaeru, that they had been preserved from outrage.

It looked at first as though John Williams would have to give up all hope of leaving a teacher on the island, but the faith of Papeiha rose to the height of a great action. At his own request he was left alone, the only request being that a friend whom he named should be sent to help him as soon as possible. He landed, carrying with him his clothes, his native testament, and a little bundle of books which he hoped to find useful in teaching the natives to read. He took no other property with him because he knew that if he did he would be instantly robbed. He was not entirely without friends, since the two men and the four women who had been brought back from Aitutaki had become Christians, and all of these promised to help him. The friend he had asked for was sent to him. They lived and worked on the island for twelve months, and at the end of that time through their labours and life of prayer the whole of the island was led to renounce idolatry. When John Williams a year or two later revisited the island he was rejoiced to find that the savages, who, when he had last seen them, appeared to be the most ferocious that he had ever met, were now changed, and becomingly clothed, and in their right minds.

It was to this island—so lovely in itself, so terrible in its memories, so romantic in its rapid conversion to Christianity—that Chalmers and his wife had been sent by the Directors of the London Missionary Society to

carry on Christian work. It was not at all the place nor the work that he himself would have chosen. The early missionaries, Charles Pitman and Aaron Buzacott, built wisely and well upon the foundation laid by the heroic Papeiha and the great John Williams. The wild warlike race of savages had been transformed into a half-civilized law-abiding people. Long before the eye of Chalmers looked upon the mountains and valleys, lagoons and reefs of Rarotonga, the old heathenism had passed away. Many of the islanders had been converted, and had become good Christian people; but numbers of them were Christians only in name, and needed still to be helped and taught and guided.

As soon as Chalmers himself realized the conditions of life on the island he began to look out beyond it. The experience of John Williams at Raiatea was repeated by Chalmers. John Williams had written in the year 1817, in a letter to the Directors of the Society, a sentence which afterwards became famous. 'I can never consent to be confined within the limits of a single reef.' He looked out, and saw beyond many islands, the inhabitants of which were living in the darkest and most cruel savagery. The great heart of John Williams yearned over those savages, and he was soon helped by God to carry the Gospel to many of them.

Similar feelings ruled in the heart of James Chalmers. 'For years,' he writes, 'I had longed to get amongst real heathen and savages, and I was disappointed when we landed on Rarotonga, and found them so much civilized and Christianized. I wrote to the Directors stating my disappointment, and begged them to appoint us to Espiritu Santo in the New Hebrides. At the District Committee Meeting, held very shortly after we landed, the first I ever attended, I stated my feelings to

the brethren, and suggested that Mr. Green, formerly of Tahiti, and at that time on Tahaa, should be appointed to Rarotonga. A minute to that effect was actually passed, but nothing came of it, and we lived on Rarotonga for ten years. Those years were full of happiness, of life, and of work.'

Though not permitted to do the work upon which his heart was set, Chalmers, like all strong, wise and good men, set himself resolutely to do the work close at hand. He took classes in the training institution. He preached on the Sundays and often during the week. He visited the different villages on the island. He found that in Rarotonga there were strong and fierce temptations that assailed the hearts of men.

'In that Paradise of the Pacific,' he wrote, 'there was one fearful curse, strong drink, and that we tried to combat. I turned policeman, and used to find out where the meetings for drink were held. My experience is that native chiefs and policemen are not fit in themselves to carry out laws. They put on a spurt for a fortnight, and then things drift back, and are left to become worse than before. During the chief Makea Abela's time, we succeeded in putting it down to a considerable extent; but he was a great hindrance, being himself much addicted to drink, both foreign and native.'

Chalmers found living upon Rarotonga in the year 1867 some who had lived in the old time of savagery and cruelty. Manarangi, who had been chief of the island in the days of heathenism, was still alive. Chalmers tells an incident that illustrated the sacred character attributed by the natives to their chiefs. He says:—

'I remember once getting some of the inferior chiefs together and going on deputation to Makea and Manarangi, who was chief justice and had lapsed from church

membership and from his social position through drink. They both received us well, and listened to all we had to say. One of the lesser chiefs spoke very seriously to Makea, and Manarangi pulled him up by asking, in a bit of song, "Whence is Makea?" and the old native replied in song, "From heaven he came," and then Manarangi wound up with, "Who then can speak?" and we returned, forced to remember that Makea in native opinion was beyond and above all law and all human beings. In the light of an incident like this we can understand how and why in heathen times any one who crossed even his shadow was instantly clubbed to death.'

Chalmers himself told the writer of this book an incident which illustrates at once his own character, and the risks that a man bold and courageous may run through ignorance of locality. A few days after he landed on the island he was being rowed across the lagoon between the reef and the beach of Rarotonga. The rowers consisted of stalwart Rarotongans. When the boat neared the reef Chalmers stood up on the bow, and as the keel was about to touch he jumped forward upon the reef, which was slightly covered with water. His foot slipped and he fell forward over the outer edge of the reef. Fortunately one of the natives, a stalwart active man in the prime of life, had heard the sound of his foot on the coral, and realized instantly what had happened. He sprang forward and was able to seize Chalmers by the hair just as he was being swept under the reef by the wave. His muscular strength was such that he was able to drag him back out of the surf and land him upon the reef. Had it not been for the quickness of the native, Chalmers's life would have ended then and there, because even the strongest native swimmers, if they are once swept by the surf over the outward

edge of the reef, are powerless to save themselves from death either by being dashed against the coral or by being sucked under by the current.

An incident that illustrates the great risk that Chalmers ran on this occasion is recorded by his old friend Dr. Wyatt Gill. 'Moanakino and two companions, natives of the island Mangaia, went fishing on the coral reef. It was a lovely day. They had been fishing some time with good success, and were just saying to each other that they would return home, when two of their number unfortunately found that their fish-hooks were caught in the coral in rather deep water. In those days the natives set great value on their fish-hooks. As the sea was tolerably smooth they dived for them, the usual practice of fishermen under such circumstances. But, alas! they had scarcely dived into the sea when suddenly a breeze sprung up and immediately the sea became rough. They tried to return to the reef, but they were continually baffled in their attempts by the surf, which by this time was running high and dashing with great force against the sharp shelving coral. Their friend ashore on the reef could do but little for them. He held out his long fishing-rod, a bamboo cane, for them to catch hold of; but, alas! it was too short. There was no canoe near, but he immediately ran off for one. An hour elapsed ere the canoe arrived. In the meantime one of the poor fellows in the ocean complained that he was getting weak and very cold. His friend tried to hold him up by his arm. After a time poor Moanakino, fearing his friend's strength might also fail, said, "Let us pray together to God for help; but if He should see fit to take us to Himself, we will say, Thy will be done." When the prayer was concluded, Moanakino said, "I must die. I have no sensation in any of my limbs.

Now leave your hold of me, for fear you also should sink. Farewell, I am going to Jesus and to heaven." His friend continued holding on to his hair as long as he could, and for some time after he was dead. The body at length sank to the coral bottom. When the canoe arrived several men dived for Moanakino's body, which they obtained with great difficulty. I tried every means I could think of to restore animation, but to no purpose.'

When Chalmers had settled down to steady work he found that the worst enemy he had to fight on Rarotonga was strong drink, and the ravages which indulgence in it was working in the lives of many of the natives. How best to fight this evil constantly occupied his thoughts and the strength of the man came out in his readiness to use any methods that would give him power in fighting this great curse. He has himself described for us in his own way the method that he found most effective:—

'About two years ago there was started by the beer-drinkers at this settlement a volunteer corps. They were drilled by a man who had been in Tahiti for some time. They had been practising drill some time before I knew anything of it. They were recognized by the chiefs, and the majority were men who for many years had never attended any service of any kind. I knew them only by seeing them in their sacred grove at night, around orange-beer barrels and a great fire, naked and fierce. Sabbath and week-day were both alike to them. They were unknown to the missionaries. Well, these men met for drill, and I felt that here was a new thing growing up amongst us, which, if seized and guided, might be turned to good account. If it were left alone, or if any attempt were made to put an end to it, evil

would result. I had no power to stop it, even had I desired to do so, which certainly I did not.

'Weeks passed, and at length I saw these men and said to them, "You meet for drill, why do you not come to church on the Sabbath instead of living even worse lives than your fathers when in heathenism? If you remain volunteers you must come to church." I told them that I did not wish them to give up drilling. And I did so because I felt that I had a better chance of speaking to them when they were sober and at drill. The following Sabbath a few came to the service, but not all. I addressed them as young men belonging to a volunteer corps of their own formation, and I pressed them to make Christ their portion, their captain, and to believe on Him as their Saviour.

'The idea took; they were now volunteers, and of some account, and soon all began to attend church regularly. I then asked them to meet separately at other times for instruction and prayer, and this they did. Drinking diminished, and the drilling became very popular. I formed them into classes for reading, writing, and arithmetic. On Sabbaths they met by themselves under the superintendence of a teacher, after the conclusion of the forenoon service, and went over the sermon which had just been preached, sang a hymn and engaged in prayer. I held a Bible class with them every Sabbath evening, and on Thursday morning taught them English. They all began planting their lands and doing everything possible to get new clothes to attend drill, meetings, and church. They became interested in the services, and I kept on encouraging volunteering, as I felt good was being done. The beer-drinking diminished, and we had full instead of empty seats in the gallery.

'When it was necessary to repair the church these young men cut all the coral required for the platform and the staircase. They became thoroughly concerned about all that belonged to the Church, and many of them are now much interested in the Great Head of the Church. God has answered prayer, and the majority, if they have not found Christ precious, feel their need, I trust, and will be found of Him. But for the volunteering, begun, as described by themselves, they might still be living unknown in the bush in wickedness. I could not frown upon them. I thought it a good opportunity to be of help to them.'

From the early days of his settlement on Rarotonga Chalmers made no secret of his desire to be chosen as a missionary to the fierce and barbarous heathen, of whom there were still so many who had never yet had an opportunity of hearing the Gospel, and to whom not even a native evangelist or teacher had been sent. Like Livingstone he felt that the islands and tribes which had been long evangelized might safely be left to native pastors and teachers, with only slight European supervision. For this work, and for the duty of training native teachers, he felt that there were many better qualified than himself, who would feel these quieter and safer duties less irksome than he did. He was dominated by that energy of a noble restlessness which was ever urging him onwards towards 'the regions beyond.' John Williams, in an earlier generation, had had to overcome the opposition of colleagues and the objections of home authorities; and Chalmers now had to convince similar gainsayers, although he was not without encouragement both at home and in the field. But God had a noble work in store for His wholehearted and devoted servant, and step by step the way was made plain for the young

missionary that led from the quiet round of daily tasks in Rarotonga to those thrilling years in New Guinea, so full of adventure, of peril, of hairbreadth escapes, of successful presentation of the glad tidings to multitudes who had never before heard the name of Jesus, or realized the meaning of such graces as love and peace and pardon and light.

It is not strange to find that a man who could throw himself into his work with such energy and whole-heartedness soon began to gain power with the people. Even the drunkards on Rarotonga, he wrote, 'rather liked the missionary and are very ready to help him in work. I have frequently been in the midst of the large drinking-meetings and found natives in all stages of drunkenness and fighting, and yet I always felt quite safe, and I have never met with the least insult or abuse from any Rarotongan. I made it a rule that, as I am neither policeman nor judge, those I find drinking are not to be fined; the chiefs agree with me in this.' This passage is most characteristic of the man and so also is the following:—

'All work and no play,' he wrote at another time, 'is just as irksome for missionaries, I mean those of the Rarotongan stamp, as for boys. I have been on every mountain-top in Rarotonga, and there are few valleys I have not explored. I find a mountain trip excellent medicine, and so, when out of sorts, and not quite up to the mark for Jeremiah or Ezekiel, the Acts of the Apostles or Ephesians, the history of the Jews from Malachi to Christ, or my condensed History, ancient and modern, I throw down the pen and away I go.'

During the ten years that Chalmers spent on Rarotonga, God was preparing him by ways that he knew not for the great work of his life: the extension

of the Gospel in New Guinea. The quiet years he spent in teaching natives who were very slow to learn, in taking services that he sometimes felt irksome, in going through a quiet round of daily duties when he would have liked to have been up and away scouring the Pacific Ocean, strengthened within him his good qualities and gave him that self-discipline without which no good work can be done in the world. He came to know the Rarotongans intimately. He could speak their language as well as a native. Many of them became his closest personal friends, and some of the latter were men who in ancient days had been amongst the most degraded and the most fierce on the island.

One of these, Teava by name, had been converted by Papeiha himself, and as he came to know in his own heart the light and the joy of the Truth of the Gospel, the desire grew within him to carry the glad tidings to savage tribes still in darkness. He himself became a missionary and was the first Christian Evangelist sent to the Samoan group of islands. There he spent more than twenty years with his life in his hand. He used to travel about in an open canoe from island to island doing all that he could to remove the prejudices of the people, and to prepare the way for the Christian missionaries to live among them, and to understand the teaching that they brought.

In later life he returned to Rarotonga, and there Chalmers came to know him and to love him. 'During the last nine years,' he wrote in 1876, 'I have seen much of Teava, and learned to admire the man. He lived much in prayer, and in the study of God's Word. At prayer-meetings he was always first there, coming at least half an hour before any one else, so that he might have time to pray and receive a blessing for himself, and

others before the service began. He was never absent from the deacons' Saturday afternoon prayer-meeting. He was always ready to speak to the Church, ever pointing the members to Christ, and warning them against the many evils to which they are exposed. From his long, true and earnest life he was able to speak to them as only very few could. He spoke very plainly, not at all mincing matters, when occasion required. He had great regard for the *Pilgrim's Progress*, and his delight was to have me sit with him and go over a part of Christian's journey to Mount Zion, the Heavenly Jerusalem.

'For five weeks before his death he was unable to attend the services in church, but he welcomed any who could spend a short time with him in prayer in his own house. He told me some days before he died that he was just waiting on; he knew the Master had sent for him. He said he was done with all below, and looked only for Christ's presence. Not in what he had done did he trust, but in the Cross of Christ alone. One day he asked for a little food. It was given him, but he could not eat it; he got up and walked a very short distance in the house, when he said, "I think the messenger has come to fetch me; I shall die." His wife and another woman laid him down on his mat, when he quietly passed away. What a change! In his youth he was a heathen, had fought with, and had captured men, and cooked and helped to eat them. In his manhood he was converted to Christ, became a true soldier of the Cross, and led many to the Saviour. In his death he trusted alone to Christ, conquered death in Christ and went up to hear Him say, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."'

In labours of the kind that we have described, and

among people like these, Chalmers worked until the year 1877. For some time prior to that date the Directors had come to the conviction that New Guinea was the right sphere for the energies and the powers which Chalmers possessed. But it was not until May, 1877, that they were set free, and then to Chalmers and his wife there came the grief of parting from many with whom they had worked side by side in happy fellowship, and to part from whom was a grief to their loving hearts.

CHAPTER VI

OFF TO NEW GUINEA

IN 1872 five of the men Tamate had trained, with their wives, were sent to take part in the attempt to establish a mission on the mainland of New Guinea. In Samoa they were joined by Piri and his wife, making up the total to six couples. Mr. Wyatt Gill was then going home on furlough, and these native missionaries were placed in his charge by the Committee. Their names were: Ruatoka, Anederea, Adamu, Henere, Rau and Piri.

'At Somerset Gill was joined by Mr. A. W. Murray, and together they placed the above in Redscar Bay at Manumanu. Years after, when I called at Manumanu, the old chief Naime came to me, pretending to be very cold, and sitting down, I asked him if he were ill, and he answered, "Yes, very. Tamate, listen! What have I done that I am thus left out in the cold whilst others are happy? Why have I no teacher? Was not I the first to receive teachers, and did I not treat them kindly? When many wished to murder them, did I not prevent it? And now you leave me alone. Tamate, you must give me a teacher."

'We had a grand year of refreshing before that first contingent left Rarotonga. Many meetings for prayer were held, and the Church, I believe, had never had such a time of refreshing since Buzacott's time. Many were

led to give their lives to Christ and joined the Church. What a day the Sunday before the teachers left us was! The excitement was intense; old men with tears streaming down their faces begged to be also sent, alleging that their knowledge of savage life and heathen customs well fitted them for the work. Never before or since have I experienced such emotions, and I felt that I must go too.'

Chalmers did go, but not until four years later. In 1876 he left the lovely Pacific island to embark on wholly unknown but certainly dangerous and toilsome experiences in New Guinea. But no heart was ever lighter or happier than Tamate's at this time. He loved, as we have seen, his friends in Rarotonga, he grieved to say good-bye; but, like St. Paul, his eye was ever upon the 'regions beyond,' yet living in the power of the wicked one, and he was eager to be up and off there to fight the battle against ignorance, cruelty, superstition, terror, and sin.

He left Rarotonga in 1877, and, after visiting his wife's friends and relations in New Zealand, and old friends in Australia, he reached New Guinea in the schooner 'Bertha' in October of that year.

New Guinea is the largest island in the world. It had been known by name for about three centuries, but so little was really known about it, except the extreme north-west end, that it was practically an unknown country. It was supposed to be a country flowing with milk and honey. Spice groves were said to lade the air with their sweet perfume; gold and precious stones abundant, while valuable woods were so plentiful that although it was extremely probable any visitor to its shores might be clubbed to death by the savage natives his friends would have the satisfaction

of knowing that the deed was done with the best ebony. There was good reason also to believe that his body would furnish forth a cannibal feast.

'Notwithstanding its character for commercial wealth, although separated from Australia only by Torres Straits—and Australians are by no means wanting in love of adventure—yet the uncertain navigation and the ferocious character of its inhabitants were such that, until it was opened up by the missionaries of the London Missionary Society in 1872, the south-east part of New Guinea was an unknown and unexplored country. The island is 1,400 miles long, and about three times as large as Great Britain; there is in it very great diversity of climate, of products, and of peoples, and it is always important when a statement in reference to New Guinea is made, to know to which part of this great island the statement refers.

'Every village then lived in suspicion of its neighbours, and at enmity with them, so that they were practically as isolated and separated as if they were living on some lone island in mid-ocean. The natives of the south-eastern coast are a light-coloured race, belonging to the Malayo-Polynesian family, of which the Maories of New Zealand, the Tahitians, and Samoans are the best-known representatives. Physically they are a fine race; but, whatever good looks they possess, they owe neither to the tailor nor the dressmaker. There is the usual profusion of barbaric ornaments in the shape of nose-sticks, earrings, necklaces, feathers, tattooing, and paint.

'Some of the natives live in lake dwellings, such as those of which relics are to be found in different parts of Europe. Some villages are always surrounded by water, so that the mission steamer can anchor in the main street with safety. The stone age still prevailed

in 1872. No implement, utensil, or weapon could be found made of iron or any metal; but even at that time after visiting the canoe-making yards at Hood Bay, and seeing the carving from Orangerie Bay, the observer had a greater respect for the stone age than before. The fine houses testified to the excellence of their tools, as well as to the industry, perseverance, and skill of their builders. Their houses, however, were empty of furniture. They dispensed easily with chairs, and every man slept on a plank bed without a pillow.

'So primitive were their habits that neither the use of money was known, nor its want felt. They were supremely indifferent to the state of the money market. But there was a wonderful absence of that abject squalor and wretchedness only too familiar to dwellers in the large towns and cities of Europe, America, and Australia. A man without a penny to his name, a coat to his back, or a bed to lie on could enjoy life fairly well in New Guinea. He had no morning newspaper to disturb his peace of mind. He had no pile of letters to answer, no telegraph boy to alarm him.

'But there were dark features which detracted from the inviting character of this picture. There were some terrible habits and vices. Cannibalism in all its hideousness flourished on many parts of the coast. At Port Moresby cannibalism was not practised, but the sanctity of human life was unknown, and every man was a thief and a liar. The thing of which the men were most proud was the tattooing marks, which meant that the man who was tattooed had shed human blood. He had no right to this distinction until he had murdered some one. They "gloried in their shame."

'Woman was not so degraded and down-trodden as in many parts of the heathen world. They were certainly

the burden-carriers of the community; but that did not imply the degradation which it does with us, and they resented any interference on the part of the men with the fetching of water and the carrying of wood, as an infringement of women's rights. Domestic affection existed to a degree which surprised the first missionaries. Parents cared for the children, long after they had grown up to maturity, with great affection and tenderness, and, what was more remarkable, the children cared for the parents and watched over them when they had become infirm or sick. The vice of drunkenness was gladly missed, for no man drank anything stronger than water. There was a wonderful absence, too, of open immorality. The natives were industrious. They cultivated the soil with great care, and the early explorers saw what is seldom found except in civilized life—flowers cultivated in gardens. This alone spoke hopefully for the future development of the people.

'The only religious idea of the New Guinea savages seems to have been a slavish fear of evil spirits and a belief in the deathlessness of the soul. Their spiritual darkness could be felt, but could scarcely be described. It was most intense at the grave. The hope which Christianity gives of reunion after the grave caught their attention in a way which nothing else seemed to command.'

Such was the island, such were the people among whom Tamate was to spend the next twenty-five years of his life. The 'Bertha' sighted the New Guinea coast off Yule Island, and Boera was the first of its mission stations that Chalmers saw. The only European missionary then on the mainland of New Guinea was Mr. Lawes, who had been at Port Moresby since 1872. Mr. Macfarlane, whose station was at Murray Island, was

also on board the 'Bertha' with Mr. Chalmers. Tamate himself tells us the story of his first impressions of New Guinea and its savage tribes.

'Near to the place where we anchored was a low swampy ground covered with mangrove. Soon after we anchored a canoe came alongside with Mr. Lawes and Piri, the Rarotongan native teacher stationed at Boera, on board. Piri was a strong, hearty fellow; the climate seemed to have had little effect on him. They remained some time on board, and then they went ashore in the vessel's boat—Piri taking the teachers, whoever wished to land there, and their wives ashore with him.

'We arrived at Port Moresby Oct. 22, 1877. I cannot say I was much charmed with the place, it had such a burnt-up, barren appearance. Close to the village is a mangrove swamp, and the whole bay is enclosed with high hills. At the back of the mission premises, and close to them, is a large swampy place, which in wet weather is full of water. There can be no doubt about Port Moresby being a very unhealthy place.

'We went ashore for breakfast next day, and in the afternoon visited the school; about forty children were present—an unusually large number. Many of the children knew the alphabet, and a few could spell words of two or three letters. In walking through the village in the afternoon we saw the women making large numbers of crockery pots, preparing for the men's voyage to the Gulf, the next season, when these pots will be taken west and exchanged for large quantities of sago.

'As it had been decided that the "Bertha" should not leave for a few days, Mr. Macfarlane and I took a trip inland. I was anxious to see for myself if anything could be done for the natives living in the mountains.

'Mrs. Lawes and I left Port Moresby on Nov. 1, and

sailed down the coast inside the reef. We arrived at Tupuselei about midday. There were two teachers here, and Mr. Lawes had decided to remove one. We got him on board, and sailed for Kaile. The houses of Tupuselei and Kaile are built upon piles standing in the sea. The Astrolabe Range is not far from the shore, along which we sailed all day. This part of the island has a fine, bold coast-line, with many bays.

'In the early morning our small vessel, the "Mayri," of only seven tons, was crowded with natives. We left the vessel about nine a.m. for a walk inland, accompanied by a number of natives, who all went to their houses to get their arms before they would leave their village. The natives 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.

'We walked about seven miles through bush, and began the ascent of one of the spurs of the Astrolabe range. 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-enquire if all was right. When reassured, we all went on, not a word spoken by any one, 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*[1]. The women escaped through the trap-doors in the floors of their houses, and away

[1] The nearest approach native lips could make to 'Mr. Lawes.'

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. We returned by a different way, following the bed of what must be in the rainy season a large river.

'On the following morning, Nov. 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, easily visited. We anchored off Round Head.

'The vessel continued her eastward voyage, and Hula, Kerepunu, and Teste Island were visited in turn. At the latter place 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 next morning we were soon surrounded with canoes, and our deck swarmed with natives trading 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[1]. 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

[1] At this time hoop-iron, about three-quarters of an inch thick, and capable of being used in many ways by the natives, was much more precious to them than gold. Hoop-iron and tobacco were the money of New Guinea at that period.

majority had jet-black teeth, which they consider very beautiful, and all had 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. The three villages were all close to one another. Their houses were built on poles, some shaped like a canoe turned bottom upwards, others like one in the water. The houses were ornamented on the outside with cocoanuts and shells. The nabobs of the place had on the posts of their houses skulls, which they said had 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.

'A few days later Mr. Macfarlane stationed some teachers near East Cape. 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 we began to sing the first hymn a number of women and children got up and ran into the bush. They were frightened at the strange sounds to them of words being sung in tune. The service was short; at its close we sat down and sang hymns. This, as they got used to it, seemed to amuse them greatly. The painted men were not pleasant-looking fellows.

'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 we had already landed were all right.

'By evening we were well up to South Cape. The captain did not care to get too near the shore at night, and stood away in the open sea till morning. About ten next morning I accompanied the captain in the boat, to sound and look for anchorage, which we found in 22 fathoms, near South-West Point. By half-past five that evening we anchored. The excitement caused ashore by the arrival and anchoring of the "Bertha" was great, and before the anchor was really down we were surrounded by canoes.

'The people were small and puny, and much darker than the Eastern Polynesians. Canoes came off to us again very early in the morning. About half-past seven, when we were ready to go ashore, there arose great consternation amongst the natives. Three large war canoes, with warriors on board blowing conch-shells, 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 near whose villages 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 were at feud with one party on the mainland, and their late contests had been victorious, for they told us with great exultation that they had lately killed and eaten ten of their enemies from the mainland.

'We went ashore near the anchorage on Nov. 29, 1877. I crossed the island to the village, but did not feel satisfied

as to the suitable nature of its position for a station. One of our guides to the village wore, as an armlet, the jawbone of a man from the mainland whom he had killed and eaten. Others strutted about with human bones dangling from their hair, and about their necks. It was only with the village Tepauri on the mainland that they were unfriendly.

'We embarked again 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 at once appeared to be the spot for which we had been in search as a station where we could begin work. We could go anywhere from it, and were surrounded by villages. The mainland was not more than a gun-shot across. It seemed to us that God had led us to the right and to a good place. We made arrangements for a house for the teachers; then returned to the vessel.'

CHAPTER VII

ON THE BRINK OF DEATH

IN the way and by the steps graphically described in the last chapter James Chalmers and his brave and devoted wife had been led by God to the spot where they could begin the work upon which their hearts had been set for long years. They had obtained a foothold in the midst of a community of ferocious cannibal savages. These people had never seen any one before who had shown the least desire to help and to benefit them. They had no glimmering of an idea about God and the Gospel and the glad tidings of salvation. They had no knowledge of civilization, and no desire to know anything about it. Their main occupation was tribal war; their only industries were the getting of food and the making of weapons wherewith to kill their neighbours; their chief pleasure was a riotous carouse, in which they gorged themselves with the roasted flesh of their dead enemies. The power of the love of Jesus Christ in the hearts that truly receive Him is shown by the fact that Chalmers and his wife *rejoiced* to be able to make their home amidst savages like these, because they believed God would help them to bless and to civilize these fierce and ignorant natives.

We take up the story of the next few weeks in Chalmers's own words.

'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 were to reside till our own was finished was the largest in the place, but they could only get the use of one end of it—the owner, who considered himself the chief man of the place, requiring the other end for himself and family. The partition between the two ends was only two feet high. Skulls, shells, and cocoanuts hung about the house; the skulls were those of the enemies whom the chief and his people had eaten. Inside the house, hung up on the wall, was a very large collection of human bones, bones of animals and of fish.

'I selected a spot for my own house on the point of land nearest the mainland. It was a large sand-hill, and well wooded at the back. We had a good piece of land, with bread-fruit and other fruit trees on it, which I hoped to have cleared and planted with food, for the benefit of the teachers who might come here from time to time and have to wait awhile before going to their stations, as well as for the teacher of the station.

'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 on the deck. The captain gave them a return present. Mr. Macfarlane and I went ashore immediately after breakfast, and found that the Rarotongan teachers had been kindly treated. We gave some natives a few axes, and they at once set off to cut wood for the house. Before we returned to the vessel in the evening two posts were up.

'As the time for which the "Bertha" had been chartered was up, and the season for the trade winds was closing, everything was done to get on fast 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. Mr. Macfarlane and I visited several villages on the mainland. The people appeared friendly, and got very excited over the presents we gave them. We landed all our things also on Tuesday, and immediately after breakfast on Wednesday, December 5, 1877, we went ashore to reside; and about ten a.m. the "Bertha" sailed away.

'We took up our quarters in the chief's house. Hanging close by us were human skulls, and all round us the bones of pigs and cassowaries and fishes. The division between our small apartment and the chief's was about two feet high, and in the early morning, about three o'clock, he and others stepped over it, and across our mattress. The whole surroundings were peculiar, and it was a weird sight to look out in the moonlight between these human skulls. A very fine tamano tree grew close by, and had been growing there for ages, and one could only wonder what scenes had been enacted under its shade.

'Sabbath came, and we held a service in the Rarotongan language, and sang many hymns sitting under the shade of the old tamano tree. We were all in excellent health, and very fit for work. The "Mayri" was anchored opposite and close by the shore. We worked on steadily, trying to get my house finished. We were anxious not to excite the native cupidity by a display of tools, tomahawks, and cloth, and so landed from the "Mayri" only such things as were absolutely necessary.

'We had much difficulty in getting a sufficient supply of plaited cocoanut leaves for the walls and roof of our house. By Dec. 12 we had the walls and roof of the house finished, and then 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. We were glad to get into the house even while it was in that unfinished state, for the weather was breaking, and we felt anxious about the health of the teachers while they had to sleep 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 into 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 Dec. 13 we were busy getting the wood we had cut for the flooring of our house into the sea to be rafted along; and had 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 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 put down their spears and clubs, but others remained threatening. I spoke to our party against using firearms, and then I caught the young savage who was flourishing his spear, and with difficulty

took it from him. Poor fellow, he cried with rage; yet he did me no harm. I clapped him on the back, 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 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. Finally, 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 to shoot birds, or the like, I should have the whole of the guns thrown into the sea.

'One afternoon, after resting, we were turning again to work, and I went down the beach to the water's edge, and called to the captain of the "Mayri" to look in a certain box, and find a saw, and send it ashore. I heard a noise, and on turning round saw our house surrounded by an armed, ugly-looking mob of painted savages.

I signed to the captain not to send ashore, and I rushed up and got through the cordon, and upon the platform in front of where we slept. The excitement was intense. The men were demanding tomahawks, knives, hoop-iron, beads; and by signs gave us to understand that if they did not get them then they would murder us. I felt vexed, since we had been particularly careful to avoid trouble, and had given no occasion for offence.

'One evil-looking fellow, wearing a human jaw-bone, and carrying a heavy stone club, rushed towards me as if to strike. Looking him steadily in the face our eyes met, and I demanded in loud, angry tones what he wanted. He said tomahawks, knives, iron, beads, and that if we did not give them they were going to kill us. "You may kill us, but never a thing will you get from us." Some of the teachers suggested it would be better to let them have a few things than for us to be murdered. I replied, "Can't you see if we give to these men, other parties from all round will come and make demands, and the end will be that we shall all be murdered?" "No," I said, "if they mean to kill us, let them do it now, and be done with it." I was in quite a don't care mood.

'Kirikeu then approached, and advised me to give the men a small present, as those who were troubling us were people from the other side of the island, and our friends at Suau could not do much for us against them. Again I replied, "No, my friend, never to people carrying arms do I give a present. All the time we have been here we have never carried arms, and have dwelt amongst you as friends."

'Kirikeu then began to harangue the crowd, assisted by the chief Manuegu, and all retired to the bush

behind the house. A deputation waited upon me from the bush, again asking me to give something, but they received the same answer, "I never give to armed people."

'This commotion stopped our work, and that night, for the first time since we landed, we kept a watch all night. There was a good deal of unrest throughout the night, and natives were seen moving about in the bush. The next morning we resumed work just as if nothing had happened. We were getting the wall-plates on when Kirikeu came, accompanied by a very decent-looking native, and saying, "This is the chief of yesterday, and he is sorry for what took place." I liked the look of the man, and tried to explain to him his error, and that now he was unarmed and clean we were glad to make friends with him, and I went over to the house, taking him with me, and there gave him a present.

'When the house was finished, and half the flooring down, we left the chief's house, and were glad to get quarters of our own. We had begun sawing wood for flooring and other necessary work. During our stay in the chief's house my wife used to sit on the platform sewing or tatting, and every day Bocasi, a very fine-looking young warrior, wearing the shells that marked him out as a fighting-man, came and sat in front of her. He helped her to learn the language, and she taught him tatting and knitting.

'The shifting of the goods from the chief's house to our new home was no easy matter; and twice spears and clubs were handled by the natives very suspiciously. They claimed everything we had taken into the house, but at length we got all our property away. Many things were stolen. The loss which troubled us most

was the theft of our camp oven. We never saw it again for two years, and then found it had been stolen by a man who had been most friendly towards the teachers. I afterwards sent the chief a present, in addition to paying him for the use of his house, and for the ground the teachers had occupied with their tents.

'We now began to feel ill and feverish, I suffering most because of a severe attack of diarrhoea. It was nearing the end of the year, and I, having bought a piece of land for planting purposes, was anxious to have it cleared and planted, so that on January 1, 1878, I might be free to travel along the coast to Orangerie Bay on the one side, and Leocadie on the other. We missed Bocasi for some time, and wondered what had become of him. We got news that some white men had been murdered on an island, and everything they possessed divided out among the murderers. This led to great unsettledness among the natives; but we went steadily on with our work.

'We were getting to know many of the people, and we fancied that we had gained their confidence. Many of the natives showed kindness in bringing us vegetables and fish. We also received numerous invitations to feasts, some of which were to cannibal feasts. We were still watched day and night.

'About noon on Dec. 29, I was with some natives in the bush at the back clearing away some bush, the teachers were at the seaside sawing wood, when Johnnie, one of the crew of the "Mayri," who was ashore getting wood and water for our trip to the west, came to me in the bush, and said, "I think we are going to have trouble. Natives all look bad, and he been off trying make row we fellow." "Oh no, I think it is all right," I replied. But I told the men to knock off work, and come to the cook-

house, where I would pay them for what they had done. I was paying them, when I heard two shots fired from the "Mayri." I quickly picked up my things, and made a bound for the house. The sawyers did the same. Two of the crew of the "Mayri" were with us, and this left on board only the captain and the cook, a Darnley islander, named Kangaroo.

'I insisted that the crew should return on board, and on looking out towards the vessel, I saw that she was in charge of natives, and the long sennit hawser kept on deck had been passed ashore to natives on the reef. Some natives were pulling up the anchor, and in a few minutes more the vessel would have been ashore. I also heard shouting from the beach where the dinghey was, and one of the crew came running up to say that they would not let them get the boat away. I sprang down from the house, and vaulted over the fence, ran to the boat and sent the natives flying, and got her off. The natives on board the vessel, seeing the dinghey coming off, let go the anchor, and sprang overboard, and those on the reef ran along the beach to the village.

'Firing began from the vessel as soon as the crew got on board, and the shots came to the village, and into the bush. Natives were arming, and the bush seemed all alive with them. I went on to the beach, and as far as the chief's house, where I saw two men who had been wounded, and came back to the house for bandages. A crowd was gathering round the house, all carrying arms, spears and clubs. When at the chief's house I was told that a native named Bocasi was on board the vessel. Getting into a small canoe I took two men with me, and they paddled off. I thought that possibly the native was detained as a hostage for peace, but on nearing the vessel I called out, "Is there still a man on board?" and

the answer was, "Yes, he board." I felt he was dead, and so I said, "Is he shot?" "Yes, he shot dead, yes, he dead."

'Getting on board, I found the deck covered with blood, and the captain leaning against the mainmast white and weak from loss of blood. He had been speared in the side, and he had a fearful cut on his foot. In the small hold was the body of Bocasi, and my canoe-men decided to take it ashore; they were getting it on deck, but I felt that it would never do to allow them to land it. To take the body to land with me would mean instant death to us all at the hands of the enraged natives. To allow it to land before me would mean the death of those ashore, and also that I should not be allowed to return to the land. So I stepped quickly into the canoe, caught the man in it under his arm and made him come with me. He was a son of our old friend Kirikeu, and I asked him to let me get to the house before he said anything.

'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 taken up and then put down again frequently. Canoes began to crowd in from the regions around.

'At dusk I sent off to the "Mayri" some things for the native who was going to act as captain, and for the mate, and I told them to send by the native teacher in the canoe all the barter that could be spared us, and to stand in readiness for the signal to set off. A native then came in to us quietly through the bush and said, "Tamate, you must get away to-night if you can; at midnight, perhaps, you may have a chance; to-morrow morning, when the big star rises, they will murder you."

"Are you sure of it?" I asked. "Yes; I have just come from their meeting at the chief's house, and that is their decision; they will do nothing till to-morrow morning." Just before that there had been a rush of the natives, as if they were going to take the mission house; but still they did not break the fence. They came close up to the fence, defying us and vowing vengeance. The chief himself came to the house at dusk and said, "You must give compensation." "Yes," I said, "I will give compensation; but, remember, I have had nothing to do with Bocasi's death." "You must give it now," he said. "I cannot," I replied; "if you come to-morrow when the big star rises, I will give it you." He then went sulkily away.

'I told Mrs. Chalmers what the chief had told me, and I said, "It is for you to decide. Shall we men stay and you women go, as there is not room enough for us all on the vessel? Or shall we try all of us to go? Or shall we all stay?" The answer I received was, "We have come here to preach the Gospel and do these people good; God, Whom we serve, will take care of us. We will stay. If we die, we die; if we live, we live." The teachers' wives then came up, and I put the same question to them; and they said that whatever my wife did they would do; "Let us live together or die together." We decided to stay, and we then had evening prayer. We dared not sing the evening hymn, because it would draw the people about us. I read the forty-sixth Psalm and engaged in prayer. As I was praying in the Rarotongan dialect we heard the anchor being pulled up, and when I had finished I could see the last of the "Mayri" going out of the bay. The bridge was then broken, and we had simply to trust Him Who alone could care for us.

'The noise during the night had somewhat abated, but in the morning we could hear the natives coming all round from very long distances, from which the war-horn called them. At four o'clock the chief came to see me. During the night I had got tomahawks, hoop-iron, red beads, and cloth together. Mrs. Chalmers and myself made parcels of them—a large parcel for the friends of the one who was killed, and smaller parcels for the wounded. These were shown to the chief. "It is not enough," he said; "cannot you give any more?" I replied, "If you will wait till the steamer comes I may be able to give you more; but at present I cannot." "I must have more now." "I cannot give you more now." The man then went away, and we expected that the natives would attack us immediately. Several of them came as far as the fence and demanded more, but we took no notice, and they went away.

'During all that day (Sunday) we could not tell when the attack would be made. Of course during the night and day we had to keep watch and watch. On Monday, when a funeral feast was going on, and the man who was killed was being buried, we thought that surely the attack would be made. The old man, who seemed to be very friendly, kept close by us, and told us that we must not on any account go outside, and that he would be our friend.

'I had been on watch in the night, and at three o'clock I had just turned in. I had not been long asleep when Mrs. Chalmers called out: "Quick! they have taken the house." I sprang from my bed and rushed to one of the doors, which was simply a piece of cloth hung in the doorway. I threw the cloth aside, and there was a large armed party standing in front of us, and others at the end of the house. I could see in the dimness of the

morning that they were led by the old chief from the mainland. Standing before him, I said, "What do you want?" "Give us more compensation," said he, "or we will kill you and burn the house now." "Kill you may," I said, "but no more compensation do I give. Remember, if we die we shall die fighting; and there is an end of it." The old man got frightened. Then, for the first time, I took down a musket and showed it to the old man. Some powder was put in and some small shot. The people had seen us shoot birds before. I said to the old man, "Go! tell them that we are going to fight, and there must be an end to this. The first man that crosses the line where that fence stood" (for it had been thrown down) "is a dead man! Go!" They retired, leaving us alone with Him Who ever cares for His children.

'For about an hour and a half the savages held a long discussion. At last the old man came back, calling me by name. I challenged him; I would not allow him to come inside the fence, as we feared treachery. He said, "It is all right," and looking out we saw a large war canoe manned, and several hundred smaller canoes being lifted into the water. The natives in the war canoe were standing up and saying to the people on shore, "To-morrow we return, not only to kill the white man and his friends, but to kill all of you." The uproar and confusion at last ended in this way. The chief had said, "Before this white man came here with his friends I was nobody; they have brought me tomahawks, hoop-iron, red beads, and cloth; you have no white man, and if you try to kill him, you kill him over my body." So our lives were saved. We dared not, however, go far into the bush or into the eastern side of the village for some considerable time.

'Amidst all the troubles Mrs. Chalmers was the only

one who kept calm and well. The people became much quieter, and no new demands were made upon us. A few days later a cannibal feast of which we had heard was held, and some of our friends took part in it.

'The steamer "Ellengowan" arrived on January 20, 1878. The natives began to think no vessel would come; but when she arrived they were frightened, and willing to forget the Mayri affair. After her arrival we were able to go about among the people again.'

Such were the conditions and such the savages among whom for several weeks Tamate and his devoted wife were literally on the brink of death. Later on they came to know well most of the chief actors in those stirring scenes, and they also witnessed a wondrous change in many of those savage hearts. Years afterwards, in the light of fuller knowledge, Tamate drew the portraits of some of these South Cape cannibals.

'Two men,' he wrote, 'who were old when we arrived at South Cape, and men of influence among their neighbours, were very helpful to us in many ways. Kirikeu belonged to Suau, and Quaiani to the mainland in Catamaran Bay. The natives of this bay have had a bad name from old time, as cannibals, not respecting life, and delighting in robbery. They were all thieves, and took everything they could lay their fingers on, causing us much trouble and great anxiety.

'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 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 a house, he was very anxious we should live near him. On our deciding for his village he was perfectly satisfied, and then 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 for in goods. Remembering the many charges brought against missionaries of 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 that we had overreached the natives. I paid at the rate of thirty shillings per acre—a good price, I think, for unused land. Kirikeu and his friends were delighted, and he now looked upon us as his children.

'Kirikeu was the talker of the village, and at night, or very early in the morning, used to get on to the platform in front of his house when all were asleep or near it, and express his thoughts on things general or particular. That is a very common habit on the part of the natives 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 of trying the net in many places, but "catching nothing," will, in the weary, sleepy native hour between eight and nine 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. By that time their wrath is gone, and they hope for more success in future. Kirikeu 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. Kirikeu knew that sorcerers were being employed to pray us or exorcise us dead, so he employed two old sorcerers from the mainland to use their powers on our behalf. Quaiani was one of them, and was considered one of the best sorcerers in that part. Having faith in the latter as a chief, and knowing him to be a man of influence, when he visited us on the day of the funeral, at the request of Kirikeu, I gave him a present. On the morning, when, worn out with anxiety and with the constant threats of the natives, I invited them to attack us, saying that we should defend ourselves, he was one of those I detained in the house to see the preparation for defence, and he it was who returned to report progress and tell us that the natives had finally agreed that it should be peace.

'Some time after, when opening a box, I brought out a bag of peas. Kirikeu was assisting me: he thought the peas 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 still thought the peas were shot until he saw them boiled and eaten. Our tinned meat he, with other natives, believed to be man; and long after our arrival he would shake his head incredulously when we tried to assure him it was pig.

'Kirikeu came to me once in great trouble. A chief had come to his house one morning, and had been very troublesome, telling him the white man was useless as a chief, having no arms; that wherever he went he was unarmed. I told him I was a man of peace, I 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.

'As time wore on it became evident Kirikeu was jealous of the attention shown to 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. They made all right, and we became good friends again.

'I left the South Cape for a long time, and then returned to find Kirikeu 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.

'Quaiani was a different man; much more likeable, much more excitable, but not so determined. I could not think him guilty of doing much killing; but Kirikeu in his savage days gloried in nothing so much as in recounting the number of men he had killed and eaten. Quaiani adorned himself with cassowary feathers hanging down behind from his arms and on his head. He attended all native feasts, and was considered a great dancer, and all round that region he was very much respected.

'When I first visited him in his own village of Varauru, he presented me with taro, yams, and sugar-cane, and a dog that he wished to have slain at once; but I objected, not desiring to have to eat any of it. My not doing so, if once it were cooked, would annoy him. He brought me all his friends, and it was through him I got to know natives from all about Cloudy Mountain and the ranges

extending to the west and east. On my first long walk in New Guinea, Quaiani was my guide, introducer, and interpreter. When we reached Vagavaga, the village in Possession Bay, he resigned me entirely into the hands of the chiefs, saying, "I have done, I have led you safely over; now your friends will look after you"; and assuredly he did leave us. He was much pleased with the presents he and his people received. He never made any profession of caring anything about the Gospel, but remained a good friend of the mission right through. It is strange that two men so very unlike should have become our fast friends.

'In those early days at Suau I also got to know two cannibals, pure and simple. Ribuna lived at Suau, and was a man of much influence; he had a very white skin for a native, and his hair and whiskers were of a sandy colour. Rabena lived at Diduduna, a village about two miles from Suau; he was a very quiet, deep man, such as could be a good friend, or a nasty, underhand, sneaking enemy.

'Of the former I knew more than the latter, because at one time I saw him every day, and had frequent quarrels with him. On my first arrival at Suau, Ribuna thought us all insane; and as we became acquainted with him and the dialect, and began to teach the people about the one living and true God, and of His infinite love to all mankind, and when we told them that we came to teach them about the God of love and His Son Jesus Christ, Ribuna thought it was all falsehood, and that our mission was a truly useless one. He often laughed when we spoke of the Great Spirit, and of His willingness to save men.

'Ribuna was a terrible pilferer, and used to pick up small things on every occasion. Once he was in a great

passion with us, because of a pig. He rushed up to the house, threw great stones at it, and pulled down part of the fence. I had to speak very plainly to him and warn him off. When he went to his house I followed him, and found him surrounded by a number of men armed. I tried to make friends with him; it was of no use. He sat all day, surrounded by a large party, till nearly sunset, when he came to me, and asked me to be friendly and forgive him for what he had said and done.

'Once when there was a serious fight on the beach, of which he was the cause, spears were thrown, and stones. A stone struck him on the head, and knocked him senseless on the sand. When he recovered he was full of wrath, but I interfered, and got him away. He nursed his wrath all that night, and the following morning was preparing for another fight, when the opposite party came and made friends. During the time when we were on the brink of death at Suau, and when many sought our lives, he was at first against us, but afterwards decided in our favour, and resolved that we should live. Ribuna was not a man we could wholly trust, yet he professed to be our friend, and came frequently as such to see us.

'Rabena attended our religious service, but seldom visited us in a friendly way. When he did so it was to pick up something. Iron of any kind was much sought after by the natives at that time, and was our principal article of barter. Anything that Rabena thought would make good iron for tomahawks he stole. For a long while after one of these thefts he would not come near us, but his wife used to visit Mrs. Chalmers, and bring supplies of food to her for sale.

'When I knew these two men first, they were good

friends, but later on they became deadly enemies, and were kept from attacking one another only by the influence of the mission. Rabena was afraid to come to Suau to attack Ribuna, lest the latter should be helped by the mission. The cause of their quarrel was the following. Ribuna's wife had been visiting friends, at one of the neighbouring villages, on the mainland. There she met an old man, Rabena's uncle, and in conversation with him took some betel-nut from him, and chewed it with pepper and lime. She returned home, and soon afterwards died. Ribuna and his sons said that she had been poisoned, and determined to take revenge for her death. Nothing was said until after the burial. Then the sons of Ribuna armed themselves, and crossed to the other side. They had not long to wait before they saw Rabena's uncle coming towards them along the path, not suspecting any danger. When he came opposite to them, they rushed out, speared him in several places, and with a club broke his skull. They left him dead on the path, hurried to their canoe, crossed to Suau, and reported what they had done, glorying in the savage deed. When Rabena heard of it, he hurried across to the mainland, mourned with other friends for his relative, and at the burial vowed revenge.

'Ribuna later on repented of the cruel deed, and made friends by payment to the relatives. All accepted payment but Rabena, but he would have none of it, saying that he would be satisfied only when Ribuna had been eaten by him. A long time passed, and they did not meet. Ribuna had been for some time attending all our services regularly. Rabena and his wife also began to come frequently to the mission house, and became much attached to the native teachers. Both Ribuna and Rabena

became anxious to be taught, though when they attended services, they sat on different sides of the house. The teachers frequently tried to reconcile the two men, but without success; all Ribuna would say was, "Teach Rabena and leave him alone; it may be the light will remove his hatred." Ribuna was anxious for peace and friendship; but had it not been for the influence of the Gospel, the quarrel would have soon been settled by the death of one or both of the men.

'Time passed on, and the entrance of light into his mind and heart softened Rabena. In this good work his wife helped him much. She learned more and faster than her husband; and used all her influence to bring him to a right state of mind. As the months passed on, several natives from various parts round Suau joined the catechumen class, and became anxious for baptism—amongst them Rabena's wife. She was an earnest, intelligent woman. In 1882, twenty-one were baptized into the Church of Christ, and amongst them Rabena's wife. When the service was over, Rabena expressed a desire, through the teachers, to be made friends with Ribuna. This was accordingly done in the native fashion by an exchange of presents, the teachers assisting both parties. After shaking hands, they sat down together, and prayer was offered for them both, and for all present, that they might live in peace and true friendship, in holy and sincere love to Christ. Soon after this happy event Rabena joined the classes, was baptized, after an earnest profession of faith in Christ, was received into the Church. Thus, in the case of these two men, the teaching of the Gospel prevented murder and cannibalism. Who shall say it has lost any of its glorious ancient power?'

Many years later a young colleague of Tamate's in

the New Guinea Mission, the Rev. C. W. Abel, of Kwato, visited Suau. He has given an account of this visit, which exhibits in a striking way Tamate's extraordinary power over the savage mind and heart.

'I remember, some years ago, spending an evening at Suau, in the Daui district, where Tamate passed a night and a day as a prisoner, and where the destruction of his life was only postponed from hour to hour because of a wrangle amongst the people as to who had the right to kill him and claim his body as a prize. I was speaking to a group of men in the little mission house there, two of whom had been prominent actors on the occasion of Tamate's detention. They had of course the most vivid recollection of every incident of that night's stirring episode. They were able to tell me of the conflicting passions which swayed their minds; they described the excitement which the capture and incarceration of this strange white man caused in the vicinity of their village, and they told me how their friends from the other side of the island and across the narrow strait on the mainland came in their canoes to participate in the sensation, and to share in the spoils of bloodshed; they were able now to rejoice in the fact that, through a local dispute, the life of the man who afterwards became their friend was saved. They were cannibals at Suau at that time; but the practice was abandoned at this village before Tamate left the east end to join Dr. Lawes at Port Moresby.

'It was on another occasion when I was speaking to Manurewa, the chief of Suau, that the subject of cannibalism came under discussion.

'"What led you," I asked, "to give up this practice?"

'Manurewa straightened himself up, clenched his hands, and his usually calm face wore a stern, deter-

mined expression: he was evidently unconsciously remembering a scene of bygone days, and in his mind there was the figure of a man to whom command came natural.

'"Tamate!" he said; and with a gesture of insistence he continued, "Tamate said, 'You must give up cannibalism': and we did."'

Early in 1878 Tamate visited all the stations along the coast from Suau to Port Moresby, from thence he went on to Murray Island, and to Thursday Island and Cooktown. From Cooktown, after coaling and refitting, the 'Ellengowan' returned to South Cape. He was away for several weeks, and on his return to Suau he wrote:

'Mrs. Chalmers was well, and had been treated right kindly by the savages, they bringing her food, and telling her that she must eat plenty, so that when Tamate returned she might be looking well and strong. Mrs. Chalmers says it is well she remained, as the natives saw we had confidence in them, and the day following our departure they were saying amongst themselves, "They trust us; we must treat them kindly. They cannot mean us harm, or Tamate would not have left his wife behind."'

In the splendid record of nineteenth-century missions no more courageous and self-denying action can be found than this decision of Mrs. Chalmers to remain alone amid a horde of cannibals for the sake of Christ's work among them, and for the benefit of her Rarotongan fellow workers. Tamate wished her to go with him. But she felt that if she did the work would suffer, and the Rarotongan teachers might sicken and die. So she decided to stay. When her husband left her there was no possibility of receiving any tidings of him until he

himself brought back the tale of his wanderings. She knew well enough that danger attracted him, that the worse the reputation of any tribe or place the more likely he was to go there.

The terrible experiences she and her husband had passed through only a few weeks before might well have unnerved the strongest heart. Chalmers came to know afterwards, from one of the chiefs, that again and again the murder of the whole missionary party had been determined, and those appointed to do the deed had come once and again to the low fence which surrounded the rough mission home. They had only to step over it and rush in upon and murder the unarmed man and his wife. Had they done so their companions would have hailed them as heroes. But the same chief told Chalmers that at the low fence some mysterious thing kept them back. What was it? Can there be any doubt? It was the restraining Hand of that God and Father in Whom both His servants so firmly trusted, at Whose call they had come to Suau, and for Whose sake they were willing to lay down their lives.

Yet Mrs. Chalmers allowed her husband at the call of duty to go from her, leaving her at the mercy of savages who were only just beginning to know them and their ways. Her only helpers were two or three Rarotongan teachers and their wives. All her possessions were eagerly coveted by the savages who surrounded her, and the bodies of herself and the Rarotongan teachers would have been considered choice dainties for a great cannibal feast. We marvel at her courage, at her faith, at the quiet heroism which led her to endure the unendurable because she did not think it right to leave the weaker teachers to bear the strain alone, and because she

thought that if she went with her husband the absence of both would injure the work so well and so hopefully begun.

But though her courage and her faith rose supreme, the strain upon her health was great. Probably some inherent weakness in her constitution would never have permitted her long to endure the life in New Guinea. And there can be no doubt that the nervous excitement of the thrilling scenes through which she had passed during the previous three months, and the intense strain which she had to bear through her weeks of loneliness, rendered her more susceptible to fever, and hastened the end. Neither she nor her husband had realized how serious her state of health was; and when one remembers how ill-health depresses, and tends to weaken courage, we find only more reason to wonder that she was able to act as she did.

In October, 1878, Mrs. Chalmers was so ill that she had to leave Suau and go on a visit to friends at Sydney, in the hope that there she might get better. Everything that skill and kindness could do was done; but all in vain. In February, 1879, she died, and a life of splendid devotion and heroic courage in the service of God and of men was brought to an early close. Tamate had not gone to Sydney with her, keeping at work in obedience to her own urgent request. 'On no account leave the teachers,' was her solemn charge to him in the last letter he ever received from her. One who was with her in the last days of her life on earth wrote:—

'Her mind to the last was bright and vigorous. She delighted to talk on the missionary work, and especially on scenes and events in the New Guinea Mission, regarding the prospects of which she was very hopeful. Had

it pleased God to spare her to return to that mission, she would have proved a most valuable labourer; but He has, in His inscrutable will, called her away to the heavenly rest, and New Guinea and the Missionary Society have lost one of the brightest heroines the mission field has known.'

CHAPTER VIII

THE MAN WITH THE CLUB

THE thrilling experiences described in the last chapter only whetted Chalmers's desire to see more of New Guinea and to get to know better her fierce and savage people. The 'Ellengowan' had been thoroughly refitted at Sydney; and in the spring of 1878 Chalmers embarked on a cruise from east to west along the south coast of New Guinea. He visited in all one hundred and five villages, and of these ninety for the first time in him saw a white man. Several bays, harbours, rivers, and islands were discovered and named; the country between Meikle and Orangerie Bays, together with that lying at the back of Kerepunu, was explored, and the entire coast line, from Keppel Point to Macfarlane Harbour, traversed on foot.

'I began my journeys on New Guinea,' he tells us, 'in parts hitherto unknown, and amongst tribes supposed to be hostile. I resolved, come what might, to travel unarmed, trusting to Him in Whose work I was engaged, and feeling that no harm could come to me while in His care.

'On leaving Heath Island we really began on new and little known seas and country, and we first anchored in a bay we called Inverary Bay. On landing we were met by a few men, the others coming out with goods and chattels. We steamed round by the Leocadie, through what forms a good harbour for small vessels, and over

by the sandbanks in Catamaran Bay.' He also went further east round Rugged Head to Farm Bay, and well up to the head of the bay, anchoring opposite to Naroopoo. He there landed, and soon had an admiring crowd round him. He was dressed in white, with black leather boots. Sitting on a verandah, some of the natives, more daring than others, came up, touched his shirt and trousers, bit their fingers and ran away. Again and again this was done by the bold ones, who always eyed his boots. After consultation, one old woman mustered enough courage and came up and touched his trousers, and finally his boots. She was trembling all over, but when Chalmers lifted his foot and pulled his boot off, she screamed wildly and ran away at full speed, some others setting out with her, nor did they stop until quite out of sight.

The following morning many canoes came alongside, and on the 'Ellengowan' getting up steam they were much afraid. It was evident they wanted to show that they had confidence in their visitors, but it was difficult with the steam up, the snorting and general commotion on board being so great. They were warned on getting up anchor to clear off. Why should they? There was no sail, and they did not see how the ship was going to move. When the signal to start was given there was a commotion aft, the canoes with their crews clearing away to a very safe distance. One canoe bolder than the rest hung on and was pulled under the water. There was a wild shout, a moment's silence, and then a loud roar of laughter, when the others saw the canoe and paddlers appear some distance astern. The 'Ellengowan' rounded One Tree Point, and, keeping on, anchored outside the Roux Islands, in a fine safe harbour.

'We had some difficulty,' says Mr. Chalmers, 'in getting

a canoe to come alongside, and it was not until we had fastened a piece of red cloth to a stick, and floated it astern, that the first canoe would come near. The natives approached and picked up the red cloth. We then showed them pieces of hoop-iron. They gradually came near enough to take hold of a piece, to look well at it; and then finally decided to come alongside. After they were once alongside we soon became friendly; and seeing what had happened to their friends other canoes came off, and trading for curios began.

'I asked the captain to keep on trading as long as possible, and then I hastened ashore, to see the chief of one of the villages. As long as trading canoes remain alongside a visiting vessel any persons who land are perfectly safe; but care should be taken to return on board as soon as possible after the canoes leave the vessel. The tide was far out when our boat touched the beach. A crowd met us, and in every hand was a club or spear. I stood on the bow of the boat ready to spring ashore, but I was warned not to land. I told them I had come to see the chief, to give him a present; and that I must see him.

'"Give us your present, and we will give it to him," they replied, "but you must not land."

'"I am Tamate, from Suau, and have come as a friend to visit your old chief, and I must land."

'An elderly woman came close up to the boat, saying, "You must not land, but I will take the present, or," pointing to a young man close by, "he will take it for his father, as he is the chief's son."

'"No," I replied, "I must see the chief for myself; but the son I should also like to know, and will give him a present to ."

'The tide was far out and two of the crew, South Sea

Islanders, were left in the boat with careful instructions to keep her afloat.

'I stepped into the water, followed by the mate, a fine daring fellow, much accustomed to roughing it on the diggings, and not the least afraid of natives. We walked up the long beach to the village, through the mangrove to the chief's house. The old man was seated on the platform in front of the house, nursing a small child, and did not even deign to rise to receive us. I told him who I was, and the object of my coming. He heard me through, and then replied that he knew all about me. I placed my present on the platform in front of him, and then, hoping to please him, offered a present to the child. I waited for some word of satisfaction; but none escaped the stern old chieftain. He picked up the things I had tried to give him, and threw them back at me. Presents of beads were handed to little children in arms, but indignantly returned. There was loud laughing on the outskirts of the crowd and a little jostling, and I could see a storm was brewing.

'"Gould," said I to the mate, "I think we had better get away from here; keep your eyes open, and let us make quietly for the beach."

'To the chief I said, "Friend, I am going, you stay." Lifting his eyebrows, he said, "Go."

'As we passed through the mangrove, we could see that the bush all around us was full of natives armed with clubs and spears. We were followed by a big crowd, and one man with a large round club walked behind me, and uncomfortably near. The thought crossed my mind that if I had that club in my hand, I should feel a little more comfortable. We reached the beach and saw that the canoes had left the vessel, and were hurrying ashore. Our boat was afloat, but we still had some distance to go.

'Again I felt I must have that club, or that club will have me. I had a large piece of hoop-iron, such as is highly prized by the natives, in my satchel. I took it out, wheeled quickly round, presented it to the savage, whose eyes were dazzled by it as ours would be with a bar of gold. With my left hand I seized the club and wrenched it out of his hand, and before he knew what was done I was heading that procession, armed as a savage, and feeling a good deal more comfortable than I had a minute or two before. The crew of the boat in their excitement had allowed it to ground. I stood in the water holding the club and facing and keeping the crowd back until the boat was floated. We got safely away.

'We learned long afterwards why they treated us so. Our Suau natives had been there, showed them some knives we had given them and challenged them to fight. They also taunted them, "You have no white living with you." Hence when they saw me they said, "Now the Suau white man is in our hands. Let us kill him and those with him."

'From Fyfe Bay we went round to Meikle Bay, where I visited all the villages, and was well received. At one some distance inland our mate, who had his fowling-piece with him, saw a very pretty parrot on a cocoanut tree. He approached until close under—the natives, about forty in number, standing breathlessly round, and wondering what was going to happen. He raised his gun; there was a loud bang. Down dropped the parrot; a wail arose, hands were clapped to ears, there was a shout, and we were left alone with the chief, who happened to be standing close by me. Those natives only ceased running when they reached their homes.

'We visited several villages, and at sundown returned. In the dark we travelled along the bed of a creek,

passing small villages, whose inhabitants were terribly alarmed, but none more so than the chief who had stood near me when the parrot was shot. Poor fellow, he *was* frightened. How nimbly he ascended his platform on our arrival at his house, where his two wives were crying, thinking he had already been slain by the terrible white men, but now rejoiced to see him in the body. Long ago the escort had returned with a terrible tale, and they had feared whether their husband could have lived through it all. But now that he had returned safely he was considered a veritable hero, to be sung about in many a song and shouted about in many a dance. Friends gathered round; he told the thrilling tale; he showed the bird; the wives examined it, then the crowd of relatives. He afraid! oh dear no! But he looked pale for a native, and no quantity of hoop-iron could induce him to move from that platform and the sides of those dear wives that night.

'The following day we got round to Ellengowan Bay. After visiting all the villages, I went right up to the head of the bay to see Silo and its chief. The tide was very low, and after pulling the boat some distance through mud we left her in charge of the two rowers, the mate and I going to the village. He had hoop-iron cut in seven-inch lengths in his pockets. The old chief received us graciously, and began giving me a long story of what he wished to do in the way of pigs and food, if I would only stay two days. It was a sickly-looking hole, and not being quite rid of fever, I wanted to get on board and sail away in an hour. A large crowd gathered round, all armed, all very noisy, and certainly not gentle. A slight scuffle took place, but was soon over. The mate missed some of his hoop-iron, caught one young man with a piece, and took it from

him. The crowd increased. I told the chief I should prefer his people unarmed, and not so noisy. He spoke to them. Some put down their clubs and spears; but only hid them in the bush close by. We bade the chief good-bye, but he expressed a great wish to see us in the boat. Trying to appear as careless as possible we made towards the beach, attended by a noisy crowd, who had all picked up their arms again.

'Remembering the difficulty we had had in landing, and knowing that savages always prefer to kill strangers who visit them outside their own villages, since hospitality ends when friends have left the precincts, I determined not to have that crowd near the boat. I asked the chief to send them back. But to him they would not listen, and still the noisy crowd followed hard upon us. I shouted to them to return, and not come troubling us, as we were going away in the boat. It was all no use; on they followed; and that boat they meant to visit. I stood still, and not feeling particularly cheerful, I told them to go on, and go off to the vessel—that I should wait and return to the village. Stamping my foot, as if in a towering passion, I told the chief, "Go with all your people to the boat; as for me, I shall return." This had the desired effect. The people fled, and the few who remained listened to the old chief, and came after us no further. We got to the boat and away, thankful to have escaped without, what might have so easily happened, the loss of all our lives.'

Any one who ever heard Tamate's trumpet tones on a platform when he was speaking under excitement, can understand why that shout terrified the wild savages eager to murder them.

A third incident of the same kind happened soon after. 'I went ashore,' Chalmers tells us, 'in one of the

canoes, to be landed at Bootu, in order to walk across to Milne Bay. Before leaving the vessel I engaged with the natives to take me to the head of the lagoon, and, when I had seen Milne Bay, to return me to the vessel. As soon as they had done this I promised to pay them well for all their trouble. So with our bags and a few eatables we started. But when about a mile away from the vessel, they headed the canoe more in towards the right shore, and no amount of talk, either in calmness or wrath, could get them to do otherwise. We touched at a place not far from a village we had visited some time before—some of the natives left us, and we thus became too weak to proceed on the journey we had planned.

'We ran down to the village, where we landed with my bag; and then away went my native canoe-men. Neither love nor money would move the villagers, and they became exceedingly impudent, knowing well that we were quite in their hands. My friend the mate, who had insisted on accompanying me, agreed with me that things were in a bad way with us, and that a sharp eye, and quick ear, and quick action were of prime importance. The savages at once went to get their clubs and spears, and begged and insisted on presents. But they were astonished, I doubt not, to find their begging of little avail.

'"Go to the vessel, if you want presents."

'"Why are you anchored so far off?"

'"Can't get nearer, and only wish you would show me the way in close to here."

'Pointing to a passage close in shore, I suggested they had better take us off, and we would try and get the ship round when the tide rose. But to this they objected, and instead of becoming more friendly, it seemed to us they were just going the other way. But that may have

been merely our fancy, since we were looking at them through the coloured glasses of suspicion, and of doubt whether we should again see the vessel.

'A few men came running along the beach. I met them, and hurriedly asked them to take us off, promising to give them hoop-iron and beads.

'"Yes."

'"Quick! do not let them think! Into the nearest canoe."

'Away in the distance those in the village were shouting and gesticulating.

'"Come back! Come back, at once."

'"Oh no, my friends; pull, you must pull!"

'While they were discussing we were paddling. I tell our canoe-men it will be dangerous to attempt going back. On we go, beyond small islands in sight of vessel; and at last our crew give up speaking of returning. We got off; and I paid the fellows well.'

One other incident illustrates the risks Tamate constantly ran at this time in his efforts to become friendly with the natives of as many parts of New Guinea as he could:—

'After visiting the Keakaro and Aroma districts, our journeyings were nearly brought to a sudden close. We were walking along half-way between the point next to Macfarlane Harbour and Mailu, when we saw the boat, and waved to them to come in and take us off. They came near to the surf, but not near enough for us to get on board. I called out to them to go along to a boat entrance at Mailu, further along the coast. Great numbers of natives were with us; we saw, in the distance, numbers more sitting on the beach, and armed. Some of those following us were armed. When within two miles of where the boat was to await us, we came upon a crowd of men and women. The men carried spears,

clubs, or pieces of hard wood, used in opening cocoanuts; the women had clubs. Some time before this, I said to the teacher and Loyalty Islander, "Keep a good look-out; I fear there will be mischief here."

'When we came upon the last group of natives, I asked for a cocoanut in exchange for beads. A man was giving it to me, when a young man stepped forward, and sent him back. We hastened our steps, so as to get to the village. The teacher heard them discussing as to the best place for the attack. I said to him, "What are they saying?" He replied, "They are saying they intend to kill us. Let us kneel down and pray." "No, no," I replied, "let us walk and pray," and I strode resolutely forward. I carried a satchel, which had beads and hoop-iron in it; they tried to get hold of it. I gave presents of beads; but some of these were indignantly returned. I was marching along in front, between two men with clubs, who kept telling me I was a bad man. I held their hands, one of theirs in each of mine, and kept them so that they could not use their clubs. The Loyalty Islander had a fowling-piece which we had brought with us, thinking we might be away some days, and might have to shoot game for our dinners. The natives tried hard to get him to fire the gun off, and twice they tried to wrest it from him. They knew what guns were, and with reason. They tried to trip us; they jostled us; but on we went.

'When near the village two men came close up behind me with large wooden clubs, but these were taken from them by two women, who ran off to the village. Things looked black indeed, and each of us prayed in silence to Him Who rules over the heathen. Soon a man came rushing along, seized the club, and took it from the man on my left, and threw it in the sea. He tried

to do the same with the one on my right; but he was too light a man and did not succeed. An old woman, when at the point, came out and asked them what they meant, and followed us, talking to them all the way, so diverting their thoughts.

'An old chief, whom we had seen on our way up, came hurriedly along to meet us, calling out, "Mine is the peace! What have these foreigners done that you want to kill them?" He closed up to the teacher, and took him by the hand. Another chief walked close behind me. They began to talk loudly amongst themselves. Some were blaming others that we had been allowed to get near the village; and others were saying that there was yet time to kill us. The boat was anchored some distance off and we got her to come in nearer. Just when we were ready to move off to the boat, I opened my satchel, gave hoop-iron to our friends, the chiefs, and threw beads amongst the crowd. I shouted for Kapumari, a sturdy young fellow whom I knew. He fought his way through the crowd. I gave him a piece of hoop-iron, and, with the help of our friendly chiefs, he forced the crowd back, calling on us to be quick and get away.

'So into the water we waded, the chiefs calling out, "Go quick; go quick!" We got on board; but our Chinamen were flustered, and very nearly let the boat drift broadside on the beach. But with poles and oars we got her round and off shore, and sails set, and then away we went for Kerepunu. Before changing clothes we thanked God our Father for His protection and care over us. We felt that He alone had saved us. He had unsettled their thoughts as to who should be killed first, and where, and when; and it was He Who gave us friends.

'Why did they want to kill us? Not merely for the contents of the small satchel I carried. I believe it was revenge. Some years ago a vessel called at Aroma. Some trading for food was done on board; and some thieving went on. Food was sold twice over; revolvers and rifles were brought out; the natives were fired on, several were wounded, and very likely some were killed. Natives on the beach were fired upon, and some were wounded who were hiding in the bush close by. We land—the first foreigners to visit them after this deed of violence—and they resolve that on us they will be revenged. What a pity that those foreigners who fire on the natives do not return the following week, and so receive their deserts! The wretches steer clear of such parts.

'A week later a chief from Maopa came with a Kerepunu chief to see me. I recognized him as the one who kept back the crowd at Aroma, and opened the way for me to get into the water, and so into the boat. He said that from the moment of our landing in the morning they had determined to kill us, but the suitable time did not arrive. When we arrived at a place where some large canoes from Toulon and Daunai were lying, it was arranged by the Aroma people and those from the canoes that the natives of Aroma should kill us and have all our property they could get; and that those from the canoes should have our bodies to eat. He said the natives kept putting it off, until, finally, they decided the deed should be done at the boat, then they would get boat also and all its contents, but he and two other chiefs arrived just in time. He said it was not revenge. Turning to the Kerepunu man with him he remarked, "You know Aroma from of old, and how all strangers visiting there are killed."'

CHAPTER IX

LIFE IN THE TREE-TOPS

IN its savage state every village in New Guinea was the enemy of every other village. Hence along the coast at Port Moresby and Tupuselei and elsewhere houses were built on piles out in the sea, so that it was not easy for enemies to approach and attack them. In the villages on the mainland the houses were often built in the tops of the trees, for the same reason, that it might be easy to defend themselves and hard for enemies to attack them. Chalmers early in his wanderings came upon some of these villages and their strange dwellings.

On his arrival at Port Moresby in 1877 he took a long walk inland and visited one of these tree villages.

'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 made friends, and the natives seemed at ease. Some of them were smoking tobacco, and others chewing betel-nuts. I changed my shirt, and when those near me saw my white skin they raised a shout of surprise that soon brought all the others round me. 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 further 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—by touching our chins with our right hands and in other ways—we made them understand that we were not foes, and they soon became friendly. They had their faces blackened with soot, plumbago, and gum, and then sprinkled over with white; and 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. . . .

'For nearly six hours we have been travelling with our bags, and I can honestly say I feel tired. We are now at a new village—the houses just going up—on the top of the high green hill in front of Munikahila, overlooking the Kupa Moumiri valley. The village is named Keninumu, and consists of four houses at present, two on high trees and two on high rocks. We have pitched our tent close by, and intend resting until Monday, when we hope to start for the plain—a very fine country, but no natives. This part of the plain is dry and barren, with stunted gum-trees. A party met us when near the village, and a woman with a child on her shoulder, I suppose seeing me look tired, insisted on my giving her

my bag. I looked at the child, and wondered how she was going to manage, but that was soon arranged; she made the child sit on her left shoulder, holding her by the hair; then she took my bundle, and away she went. Some young men have come in from one of the districts we wish to visit, and I hope to keep them until we leave; it will be a help and of great value as an introduction at this time of trouble. We are 1,440 feet above sea-level.'

On a later trip Tamate writes: 'Before we came here the women and children slept in the bush at night, the men in the village. They are at enmity with the natives on the flat across the ravine, and it seems that sometimes they get a night visit, and then a man is murdered. For the last two nights the women have been in the village, but every sound heard causes a shout. Last night, when just getting off, they came rushing up to our house, and calling on us to get up with our guns, as their enemies were coming. "Only fire off a gun, and it will frighten them away." We told them to go and sleep, and not be afraid.

'The state of fear of one another in which the savage lives is truly pitiful. To him every stranger is one who seeks his life; and this indeed is true of every other savage. The falling of a dry leaf at night, the tread of a pig, or the passage of a bird over his house, all these sounds rouse the savage, and he trembles at them with fear for his life.

'Here, as in all other parts of New Guinea, it is not the most powerful man who fights and kills the most; but the bulk of the crimes are the work of abominable little sneaks, who are treacherous and crafty in the extreme.

'The village in which we are now is built on the ridge, the chief's house right on the high end and looking east,

our small house close by on the side of the others, on each side leaving a pathway in the centre. At the very end of the ridge is a house on a very high tree, used as a look-out house and a refuge for women and children in case of attack. There are quite a number of tree-houses in the various villages on the ridges seen from here.

'A number of strangers slept, or rather made a noise all night in houses close by, and amongst them was a spiritist, whose hideous singing and chanting of revelations was enough to drive one frantic. We tried to quiet him, but it was of no use—silenced he would not be. A man sitting by us when having morning tea asked for some of the salt we were using. We told him it was not salt, but sugar. He insisted that it was salt, and we gave him some on his taro. He began eating, and the look of disgust on his face was worth seeing. He rose up, went out, spat out what he had in his mouth, and threw the remainder away.

'We cannot get the natives to move; they say they are tired, and will have to rest until to-morrow morning, and that they are also afraid of their enemies. The excitement is great, but what it all means is difficult for us to say. At noon all the men cleared out with spears, clubs, and shields, two men having been killed in a village near. They have gone to get hold of the murderers if they can. Dressed in their feathers and fighting gear, with faces streaked, they do certainly look ugly. After being away some time they returned, saying the enemy had gone off to the back mountains.'

In 1878 Tamate walked right across the eastern end of New Guinea, being thus doubtless the first white man who had ever accomplished the feat. He came upon many new and novel experiences in the course of this

hard and adventurous journey, one or two of which we quote as samples of the whole.

'In October, 1880, I started to visit Doura, a district near the base of Mount Owen Stanley, but on arriving at Manumanu, in Redscar Bay, I was informed that the day before a party of coast natives had gone up the river and surprised the nearest village, killing twenty, and taking away everything they could carry. It would be useless for us to go then, as the natives of the other villages would have fled to the mountains, and would not return for some time; so I determined we should visit Naara, the district around Cape Suckling. A few miles east of Cape Suckling there is a small salt-water creek, in which we left our boat, and walked to the village of Tobokau, ten miles inland.

'The country is very swampy near the coast, but between the swamp and the hills is very fine, level country. The village is on one of the ridges, 150 feet above sea-level, with low, thick scrub all round; for that part of New Guinea it is a large village. Houses belonging to one family adjoin, with one verandah covered over. A man with more wives than one has for each wife a separate house. Food, children, house duties, planting, are all distinct. Sometimes the wives are very friendly, and assist one another in planting and cooking, but more generally the opposite, and then the poor husband wishes their houses were in different villages, instead of being close by one another with one verandah. A native asked me if I knew he once had two wives, and on my replying I was not aware of it, he said, "Yes, I had two wives; but they nearly broke my heart. It was a continuous quarrel, so I sent one about her business, telling her she must never appear again in my house. Lately she sent to me for a little

tobacco, and to know if I would have her back. I gave no tobacco, and to have her back I know better than that."

'They were having a grand feast when we entered the village. Some were dancing, others were cutting up pigs, so that we had come right into the village before they noticed us. On seeing us the men rushed for their arms, and the women and children climbed up on to the verandahs of their huts much quicker than they generally do. But when they knew who we were, they put down their arms, and a crowd gathered round us. Some were covered with blood from pig-cutting, others were dressed regardless of expense. There were head-dresses of many shapes, and a few had hats seven feet high, built upon a wooden frame, one mass of feathers and plumes. Some had large pieces of native cloth, beautifully marked, like tartan; from others, long streamers of the pandanus leaf hung from the neck, arms, and legs; and nearly all had necklaces, armlets, and anklets made of shells.

'About three miles further inland is Gerise, nine hundred feet above sea-level, with a population of about two hundred. They were having a grand feast when we arrived, and insisted on our remaining to see the opening dance. At the opposite end of the village we heard drumming, and soon four girls, beautifully tattooed, came on dancing, followed by thirty men drumming and dancing, and two more girls brought up the rear. The dancing was wild and the drumming noisy. These girls were being publicly introduced into society. They were skilfully dressed with feathers and shells, and short dress petticoats, made for the occasion. It was amusing to see the anxiety of the female relatives that the dress and every motion should be as correct as possible.

'In the centre of the village they had what I call a gigantic Christmas-tree, about seventy-five feet high, and branches in proportion, laden with cocoanuts, betel-nuts, bananas, and yams, and numerous pandanus-leaf streamers, croton leaves and flowers all hung about. In front of the houses were collections of food, and every verandah was nicely decorated with flowers, variegated leaves, and food. A great many natives, all armed, had come in from various districts, and many that we met in our last long tramp came to touch chins.

'All up the Laroki and in the creek and lagoons the alligators were very numerous. Beautiful lilies, tinted blue and white, adorned the fever-stinking swamp. Paddling, poling, and wading brought us about five o'clock to the village—a miserable locality in very truth. We were given the dubu [1]—the sacred place or platform—to sleep on. It is about twenty feet from the ground, the posts are carved, and on each side are representations of men, women, and alligators, roughly done, and showing very little taste. The people were exceedingly kind, giving us food cooked and uncooked. Shooting ducks on the way up frightened them much, but having heard I was likely to be about soon, some thought they would risk coming down in their double canoe and have a look, others were rushing through the bush with their arms. On seeing us, and learning who we were and what we wanted, they shouted to the village, so that on our landing we were received as friends.

'Stinking swamps were all round us, and the mosquitoes

[1] Most New Guinea villages possess a dubu or sacred place. Some of them are immense buildings. Only men are allowed to enter, and prior to certain initiation ceremonies which many of the tribes practise the men live in the dubu for a considerable time. These dubus are often referred to in later chapters.

so numerous that even their singing outside of the net prevented sleep. The boards on the sacred place were so uneven that they could not be spoken of as "very comfortable," and between them the mosquitoes found me out. It was a most romantic night; clear moonlight, beautiful lilies, tropical forests with gigantic trees; sleeping on a platform twenty feet high, with coarsely-carved figures and pigs' jaws fastened as pegs, on which we hung our things, mosquitoes singing outside your net, and rascally ones biting you inside; men, women, and children coughing, and the last, also, crying; and ugly dingoes collected underneath, with evil designs, and howling frightfully.

'The district is called Lariva, and comprises eighteen villages, with fine rich land well watered. I always understood that cocoanuts only grew on the coast, and never far away from the sea, but here there were splendid groves of healthy trees and plenty of good large nuts on them.

'We had not long to wait before there was a great commotion, much conch-shell blowing, and shouting of men, women, and children, and then a crowd approached us carrying two pigs and quantities of yams, taro, sugar-cane, and bananas. We were sitting on the platform in front of the house, and they came near. The poles on which the pigs were fastened were supported by cross sticks and the food was placed close by. One who had been told off to make the presentation did so in a short, serious speech, saying how glad they were we had come, and how full of wonder they all were at our appearance. They had heard of us from some of their friends who had seen us, but they doubted much what had been told them. Now they saw for themselves, and could only wonder.

'The old chief then took possession, and gave orders to our young men to spear, clean, and cut up the pigs; and this was soon done. Earthenware pots were brought out, and fires were soon made all round. It was a grand time, and all were happy. During the cooking of the food we were the centre of attraction, and men, women, and children crowded round. Our clothes, legs, arms, and chest were carefully examined. Our boots they could not understand, and amongst themselves they discussed the question whether they were really part of our skin or not.

'The people are of the same tribe as those on the coast; they wear the same things, speak a dialect of the same language, build the same kind of houses, and bury their dead in the same manner. All day long we were interviewed, touched, rubbed, admired, and in the evening a bath was considered necessary. Our singing was thoroughly appreciated, and I do not suppose they will soon forget the way in which we sang "Auld Lang Syne," or, at all events, the joining of hands. We had a large congregation at our evening service, when Quaiani explained as much as he could to them.

'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 Island I found that on my previous visit some of the natives had formed a plan to get my head, and I remember many things that looked very suspicious on that occasion. Some years ago two foreigners were killed in Hall Sound by the Paitana natives. They had 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 the Lese people, they determined to have revenge, but resolved to wait until the planting season was over.

'For a long while the Paitana natives lived away inland towards the hills, but thinking Lese had in the meantime given up all idea of "payment," they returned to their old village. During all that time the Lese natives were preparing 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 far up a creek, to be reached only by forcing a way through very long grass, and surrounded by thick mangrove bush, little dreamt of what the morning would yield.

'Once, when visiting Motumotu, we slept in our boat one night between Lese and the former. I was very tired, and had been over a week knocking about in the boats. About two a.m. I was awakened by shouting,

and on looking over the gunwale saw to my astonishment a fully equipped war canoe. 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 war canoe is made up of two very long canoes lashed together by long poles, with a platform between.

'Twenty-four of these canoes were got ready by Lese and started. Pulling all night, they arrived on the south-west side of Yule Island before daybreak, and there 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 Lolo 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, and 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 was light enough for their dreadful work. A native awoke, lit his pipe, had a smoke, a yawn, and a stretch, looked out and saw people in the village. He called 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 murdered one of us, and now we shall see."

'In other houses the hastily aroused natives were in

a state of confusion, the arrows began to fly in showers, and men, women, and children were wounded in their houses. Many fleeing were caught and clubbed, or had their brains beaten out with clubs. Many remained in their houses, hoping thus to escape the general carnage. The houses were entered and everything valuable carried away, and then the whole was set in a blaze, when the dead, those dying from wounds, and the living were all burnt in the one great fire. Men, women, and children all suffered; mercy was shown to none. I asked a native of Lese who had managed to escape 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 canoes, pulled down the creek and along the coast, with horns blowing and men and women dancing and singing on the platforms of the canoes. Mercy the savage does not know; but still he can appreciate it when extended to himself.

'While staying at Maiva, where the few who escaped lived, 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 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.

'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. 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 since the mission came 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 it. Having been 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 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

A CRUEL REVENGE

TAMATE in the year 1890 visited Samoa. While there he stayed at the Malua Institution, where many young Samoans are trained who afterwards become evangelists in New Guinea and in outlying islands in the vast Pacific Ocean. All the students were gathered together to be addressed by the veteran missionary. As a warning of what terrible consequences might follow a careless or a selfish word and deed, he told them the following story:—'The Rarotongan teacher's wife at Kalo was visited by the young wife of the chief. This woman had been rather troublesome begging for tobacco and other things. The Rarotongan woman, going out upon the verandah of the house (which was elevated above the ground as such houses are in New Guinea) where the New Guinea woman was standing, gave her a push, and the woman fell down from the verandah on to the ground below. She was not hurt at all, but she went home, and when her husband came he found her sulking in the house. Without replying to his questions in words, she pointed to the spears and arrows in the roof of the house, and with a taunt ordered him to avenge the insult she had suffered by killing the strange teachers. As he gathered his young men together a party of teachers landed, who were calling at Kalo for their colleague, intending to take him and his wife with them to a meeting of the mission or district at

Port Moresby.' This is what happened in consequence of that careless action on the part of the teacher's wife.

'On March 7, 1881, Taria, the native teacher of Hula, along with five Hula boys, went in a boat to Kalo and Kerepunu, to bring the teachers and their families to Hula, on account of the ill health of some of the party. He called at Kalo on the way thither, and told the teacher there that he would call for him on the return journey. At Kerepunu he took on board a teacher there whose name was Anederea, his wife and two children, and a native youth. The party then proceeded to Kalo. During the interval of waiting there the chief and pretended friend of the Kalo teacher got into the boat for a chat. On the arrival of the Kalo teacher, along with his wife and two children, the chief stepped out of the boat. This was the prearranged signal for attack to the crowds assembled on the bank.

'At the outset the Kalo chief ordered his followers not to injure the Hula and Kerepunu boys; but this order did not prevent two of the former being killed. The other four boys escaped by swimming the river. The mission party were so cooped up in the boat, and spears flew so thickly and fast, that resistance and escape were alike impossible. Taria resisted for a time, but a fourth spear put an end to his life. The others were killed with little trouble. A single spear slew both mother and babe in the case of both women. The only bodies recovered were those of the Kerepunu teacher's wife and her babe; the natives of Hula and Kerepunu severally interred the two bodies. The rest of the bodies became a prey to the alligators. For the two Hula boys who were slain speedy compensation was made by the Kalo people. The whaleboat, too, was recovered by the Hula natives.

'The sad intelligence of this cruel deed reached Port Moresby just as the schooner "Harriet" was about to leave for Thursday Island, and the "Mayri" about to take me to Hula, whilst a party of foreigners were leaving for the East End. The news, of course, upset all arrangements, and, after the first moments of excitement were over, our next concern was about the safety of the two Aroma teachers. With as little delay as possible, but with forebodings of coming evil, a large party of us left for Aroma. We reached Aroma, and whilst our three boats lay off a little, so as not to arouse suspicion, a teacher and myself went ashore. With devout gratitude I heard that both teachers and natives were ignorant of the massacre. In less than an hour the two teachers and their families were safely ensconced in their whaleboat, taking along with them but a minimum of their property, according to the orders given. By these means the chiefs and natives of Aroma were left in utter ignorance as to the cause of our erratic movements, nor did they seem to suspect anything.

'At Kerepunu we experienced considerable noise and worry. Here, too, we judged it prudent to remove very little belonging to the deceased teacher. At Hula my house had been entered, but the few things stolen were mostly returned. Here, too, we have left goods, until some definite course be decided upon. Strange to say, at Hula, where we expected the least trouble and danger, there we had the greatest; indeed, on one or two occasions affairs assumed a rather serious aspect. The main idea present in the native mind was to take advantage of us in our weakness and sorrow. After a very brief stay at Hula, we returned to Port Moresby.

'I should have visited Kalo at once, but was afraid of compromising the mission, as it was possible that the

government would at once take steps to punish the natives for the outrage. And this in the end proved to be the case.

'The native is very impulsive, and often commits deeds for which he is afterwards sorry. Much of the same impulse is noticeable in white men, and deeds are often committed under the influence of excitement or passion for which they also are afterwards very sorry. Some of those who have been murdered on the New Guinea coast brought about their own destruction; others suffered for the misdeeds of white men, and a few because of the cupidity of the native. In every case the native has been more or less punished, but in none to such advantage as at Kalo.

'After the Kalo massacre a man-of-war came to make inquiries, so as to report to the commodore of the station. We decidedly objected to any interference, and opposed any punishment of the Kalo natives, and, as a mission, refused to report on the subject. The captain was persistent, saying his instructions were to make inquiries, and report; which he did. A few months afterwards he returned, saying that the commodore had decided to make an example of Kalo, so as to put a stop for the future to these coast murders.

'I was on the coast at the time, and was sent for; and on the day after my arrival the flag-ship "Wolverene" came into Port Moresby with Commodore Wilson, late Rear-Admiral Wilson, on board. He came to the mission-house, and asked me to accompany him, as he had determined to make war on Kalo, secure the chief, the real instigator of the crime, and hang him. I objected; but he said my accompanying him would make his mission one of peace, and he should be sorry if a single shot were fired. His plan was to make the Kalo people

give up Quaipo, the chief—but this I felt certain they would never do—and on their failing to do this, try to get the Kerepunu natives to seize him. But they would have taken to the bush sooner than interfere with Kalo and Quaipo.

'The next, and only feasible plan, was to surround the village and make the chief a prisoner. Some weeks before the arrival of the "Wolverene" I received a message from Quaipo that he was watching everywhere, and would not be satisfied until he had my head on his sacred place. I returned another message, that I should visit Kalo, and would leave his village with my head on my shoulders, and not on his dubu. I did not then know how this was to be accomplished.

'Finally I consented to go with the commodore. A man-of-war schooner was taken in tow, and when off Round Head arrangements were made for a landing party. The officers were appointed, and the surgeons were busy examining the blue-jackets and marines, so that no one should land who was in any way maimed. We dropped anchor between Round Head and Hula, as it was necessary that the Hula natives should know nothing of the overland party. All were called aft, and before leaving in the pinnace and boats for the "Beagle" the commodore said, in effect:—

'"Now, officers and men, I do hope there will be no firing. Remember, there is neither honour nor glory attached to this business. You can shoot these savages down hundreds of yards away, and they must be close on you before they can do you any harm. Try and get the chief, make him a prisoner, and bring him off." The commodore's anxiety to secure the chief without bloodshed was great, and again and again he said to me, "Everything to prevent firing." The "Wolverene"

steamed round to Hood Bay, so as to draw the attention of the natives, and divert them from thinking of an inland attack. Nearly 200 of us went on board the 'Beagle,' and at night—and such a night, heavy rain and dreadfully dark and blowing hard—tried to sail or beat up to Hula Point, where we were to land and go overland to Kalo. We got amongst reefs and had to anchor, and then I accompanied Commander Watson in a boat to find the Point. We succeeded, and at once the landing began. I had an attack of fever, and had to lie on the beach for a short time. All having landed, we started in the rain and darkness to find the path, led by Taria's wife, her husband having been one of the men murdered. I thought I knew the place well, and she had lived near there for years, but neither of us could find it. So we had to go on to Hula, and there securing the aid of one of our mission boys, we were soon on our way. Instead of getting to Kalo by four a.m. it was eight o'clock, and anxiously the commodore awaited us, he having landed with a party on the opposite shore of the Kemp Welch River in order to cut off the retreat.

'Commander Watson, with a party, went to the eastern side of the village; a lieutenant with a party which I accompanied entered the village; and another lieutenant with his party closed in on the western side, so as to be able to surround the chief's house. I told the natives whom we met that we had come to seize the chief Quaipo, and nothing more. Our party took up a position near to one of the chief's houses, so as to prevent any from escaping. The western party, while closing in, came in view of a large armed party of natives, headed by Quaipo, who all night through had been watching the river, and from daylight had been defying the commodore and his party. The natives,

finding they were taken in the rear, wheeled round and at once attacked the blue-jackets and marines. After three of the former had been severely wounded, the young lieutenant, seeing the natives were getting too near, ordered "Fire!" and the first to fall, as we were afterwards informed, was Quaipo. In all, four were shot dead, several wounded, and two taken prisoners. There was no looting, not a cocoanut touched, not a pig shot, and not a woman or a child molested.

'After the firing not a native could be seen anywhere. The bugle sounded, and we all made for the boats. The commodore determined to make sure the chief was dead, and would not accept the evidence of the Kerepunu natives. He insisted that the body should be brought in for identification, and this was done. Finding we had left, the natives took the dead and at once buried them; but on the commodore's demanding the body of Quaipo, it was carried five miles by his people, in order that it might be identified.

'On the Monday a party landed, and with native help destroyed the chief's largest house. Anxious for peace, pigs and presents were brought to the commodore, and he in return gave presents. At Kalo and everywhere else along the coast the affair is well known, and it has had a wonderful effect. All the natives say that only a very powerful chief and people could ever thus mingle mercy with justice, show so much mercy when all power was theirs. Indiscriminate shooting down of innocent natives, burning villages, and cutting down cocoanut-trees, I think mere barbarism. It ought never to be done by our Navy. Every shot fired and every deed done by our blue-jackets and marines are acts of war; and is it right that a great nation should do such things to savages? Better far that we should suffer than that

we should do wrong, and I altogether object to our Navy being used in such mean service, especially when, in many instances, some of our countrymen have suffered for their own or others' misdeeds.'

Chalmers has given a sketch of the Kerepunu teacher whose useful labours were cut short in the cruel way described above:—

'Anederea was a native of Titikaveka, Rarotonga. He was the son of a good man, who took a great interest in mission work. The son for a few years had led a wild, reckless life. He went to sea on board a whale-ship, and on his return home settled down to orange-beer drinking and to other evils. I had not been very long on Rarotonga when Anederea professed conversion, and was received into the church fellowship. His life became altogether changed, and he was a good worker in the church. Through his teacher he applied to be received as a student into the Institution of which I was then in charge. I admitted him, and during his six months' probation found him both earnest and willing. He got on well, and when his probation was over I received him as a student. He worked hard, and was soon the best scholar I had.

'In his spare time I employed him in the printing office, and there he soon developed into a good compositor and an all-round man in everything pertaining to printing. He began to fear that I meant to keep him always at printing, and that he would not be sent to preach Christ to the heathen. So he came to me and resigned all connexion with the printing office, and said that he would have nothing more to do with it unless I faithfully promised him he should certainly be sent to the heathen.

'When it was decided to send teachers from Rarotonga

to New Guinea he was one of those selected. He was in great spirits, and started at once to inform his Titikaveka friends. As a preacher he was well liked everywhere, and during his last year he had preached often at the villages on the island. His wife was a good woman, but slow and somewhat untidy, whereas he was active and very particular about his clothing. He helped me much in teaching, especially with the first-year students, and they all liked him as a teacher. He was one of the first band of those who left Rarotonga in 1872. In the first few years he suffered much from fever, and lost his wife. Some time after he married the widow of a teacher, a very capable woman, and a very suitable woman in every way to be his wife. She was a Mangaian, and in the New Guinea Mission the Mangaian women proved themselves to be excellent missionaries' wives, and good earnest workers.

'The year before I reached New Guinea, 1876, Anederea was placed by Mr. Lawes at Kerepunu, and he and his wife soon learned the language, and the people became much attached to them. There were no baptisms, but the few children who attended school were more advanced than those from any other station, and at our first competitive examination his school stood first. It certainly was only the day of small things, but it was a good beginning.

'In the beginning of 1881 I was at Port Moresby, doing what I could to translate the four Gospels, when one morning Taria, the Hula teacher, came in to tell me that Anederea was very ill, and to ask me to visit him or to send the proper medicine for him. He was suffering from fever, so I gave the medicine, and sent Taria back immediately, instructing him to proceed to Kerepunu, give the medicine, and tell Anederea to come on to Hula,

and that next week I would send the boat there for him. The medicine which was sent he took, and he felt better, and a few days after Taria went in the whaleboat to bring him with his wife and children to Hula. They called at Kalo on their return to take Materua and his family on with them.

'When Taria landed, leaving the others in the boat, Anederea, his wife and children, were sitting aft, and Quaipo, the chief, stepped into the boat and sat down beside the teacher. A great crowd gathered on the beach, behind the boat, and most of the natives had arms. Anederea wondered what this meant, but the chief assured him that all was right. The chief stepped out of the boat, and then the massacre began. He seized a tomahawk which he carried in his netted bag, and struck at Anederea, who, looking at him, said, "My friend, surely you are not going to kill us?" The chief struck another blow on Anederea's head, and he fell dead.

'As soon as the natives had been punished for their cruel massacre of the teachers, they were anxious to have a teacher again stationed with them; but this was not possible until 1884. In that year a band of native teachers arrived from Polynesia, and we selected one, Tau, and his wife, from Rarotonga, to go to Kalo. We started, taking with us all the things that Tau and his wife wished to have, but leaving the most of their goods at Hula. There had been a good 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 had 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 Hula 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 Hula friends returned; but, anxious to show the Kalo natives that I trusted them, I decided to remain, and to return to Hula 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 all!'

CHAPTER XI

A NOBLE SAVAGE

In his early visits to the district about Cape Suckling Tamate made the acquaintance of a native whom he soon came to love. Here is the account of their meeting.

'When a few miles beyond Cape Suckling we met three Delena canoes laden with pottery. It seems that in ancient times the Boera natives were one with this people, and now a great many Boera women are married to Delena natives. The canoes were waiting for the Namoa natives to come down and trade for their pottery with smoked kangaroo. We all landed, and, after luncheon, a party was arranged to visit Namoa. When about to start, I said, "I fear it will rain before we can return." A woman sitting close by said, "It cannot rain until after we return home to Delena."

'"Why not?" I asked.

'"The rain-maker is with us, and he alone has power."

'"Where is he?" and she pointed to the chief Kone.

'"Kone, my friend," said I, "what about the rain?"

'"It cannot rain; so do not be afraid."

'"But I think it will rain this afternoon, and I am not sure of going to Namoa until our return from Maiva."

'"You need not fear; so let us start."

'The natives were exceedingly desirous that we should at once start. So off we set for a walk of about three miles. When crossing a piece of level country, I said, "Now, Kone, it will rain."

'"It will not!" and he cried out, "Rain, stay on the mountains."

'I said, "No use, Kone, rain will come."

'We reached Namoa, and the rain came, and there we had to stay, weatherbound, as prisoners. Kone only says—

'"Do you think I thought you were a man of no power? You are a Lohiabada (great chief), and so am I, but the rain has listened to you."

'Kone laughed when I replied, "Come, my friend, remember what I have been telling you of the great and good Spirit and His power."

'He was greatly relieved when it began to clear up, and the stars to peep out. We were led into the great meeting-house, and as a mark of friendship were at once presented with betel-nuts and cooked food.'

From time to time, when on his coast trips in the whale-boat, Tamate looked in upon his friend. In January, 1881, he writes:—

'We spent the hour of midnight with Kone and Lavao, chiefs of Delena, telling them of our visit to the west, and its success in establishing peace. They were greatly delighted, and will do me the honour of visiting me at Port Moresby, that is, will relieve me of some tomahawks.'

'On the Sunday after landing,' Chalmers writes, 'we went down and had service in the village. Kone interpreted into Lolo. When telling the people we had no work for them on Sunday, Kone said: "Oh! we know, and we, too, are going to be *helaka* (sacred) to-morrow."

I asked him, "Come, Kone, how do you know?" "From Boera." I met a lad repeating the Lord's Prayer in Motu, and found he had been taught by Piri of Boera.

'What nonsense one could write of the reception here—such as, "Everybody at service this morning listened attentively; commented on address or conversation; children all come to school, so intelligent, and seemingly anxious to learn; and, altogether, prospects are bright." At home they would say, Why, they are being converted; see the speedy triumph! Alas! they are but savages, pure and simple, rejoicing in the prospect of an unlimited supply of tobacco, beads, and tomahawks.'

During this stay at Delena, one of those warlike incursions by hostile tribes so common in New Guinea took place. Chalmers's presence and influence happily brought about an early and satisfactory settlement of the dispute. In his journal for June, 1881, he wrote:—

'Our friends seem troubled. I find they have heard that the Lolo tribe intend making a raid on them. Is it on them, or on us? The great hope of these natives is that we shall use our guns, and so frighten the invaders. I tell them that we cannot do this; that we are men of peace, and have no wish to frighten any one.

'We had to keep a good look-out at night. Our friends seemed very troubled and excited. I had given warning that any one coming near our camp must call out my name and his or her own. No one could come near without our knowing, as my terrier Flora was a splendid watch-dog. One evening some women passed the camp, carrying their valuables to hide away in the bush. Bob Samoa, my boy, asked, "Suppose Lolo natives come to us, what we do?" "Of course they will not come near to us unless they mean to attack, and then we must

defend ourselves. The guns are ready." It was not pleasant; but I managed to sleep well, knowing we were well cared for by Him Who is never far off. Through much trouble in ways like this we get to be known, and the purpose for which we came to New Guinea comes to be understood.

'The next night I slept lightly, with Flora on watch, and Bob easily aroused. After midnight he kept watch. We placed the lights beyond tents on each side, and so arranged that the light would strike on any native nearing camp. About two a.m. word came that the Loloans were coming. There was very loud and noisy talking in the village. At four we called out for Kone, who came up telling us that we were to be attacked first, and then Delena. I went to the village, and saw the old friendly chief from Lavao. I told him that any Loloan coming over the brow of the hill with weapons in his hands would be considered as coming to fight, and that we were ready. At five, women and children crowded into camp, with all their belongings, and asked for protection. Certainly; we promised to do what we could for them.

'Men were running about, planting arms in convenient places in the bush. We were told to keep a good look-out—and that we did. It was now daylight, so we did not care much. A fight had begun in the village. Some Loloans, running after Delena natives, rushed uphill; we warned them back, and they retired. There was a loud shout for us to go to the village and fight. I left Bob with guns and cartridges to keep watch over the camp. I had more confidence in going into the skirmish unarmed, and I had no wish for the savages to think I had come to fight. I shouted out *Maino* (Peace), and soon there was a hush in the terrible storm.

'I was allowed to walk through the village, and disarm

one or two warriors. On my return to our friend Kone's end of the village, he whispered to me, "There is Arua," understanding him to mean the chief, or *vata tauna* (sorcerer). I recognized in him the sorcerer introduced to me on a former visit, and who in wrath had gone away from my presence. Now this may be his time to pay me out. I took his weapons from him, linked my arm in his, and walked him up the hill. I spoke kindly to him, showed him the flag, and told him we were *maino* (at peace), and warned him that his people must on no account ascend the hill. He promised that he would stop the fighting. I sat down in camp for awhile, when again they rushed up for me, saying that Kone was to be killed. Again leaving Bob in charge of the arms, I went down to the village, and without my hat. More canoes had arrived. What a crowd of painted fiends! I was surrounded, and had no way of escape. Sticks and spears rattled round about me. I got a knock on the head, and a piece of stick fell on my hand. My old Lavao friend got hold of me and walked me to the outskirts of the crowd. Arua and Lauma, chiefs of Lolo, assured me they would not ascend the hill, and that we had better not interfere with them. "Right, friends; but you must stop, and on no account injure my friend Kone." We could have easily frightened them had we gone armed into the village, but then we should not have been able to stay there twenty-four hours after. I was able to do more for the natives unarmed. I was glad to be able to mix with both parties.

'After all this uproar and tumult no one was killed, but several were severely wounded, and a few houses were destroyed. They made peace at last, and I had a meeting in the village with them all. The Loloans promised

to be quiet. I told them we could not stay if they were to be constantly threatening. In the afternoon the chiefs came up, and I promised to visit them all. My head ached a little. Had I been killed, I alone should have been to blame, and not the natives. The Delena natives say: "Well, Tamate, had you not been here many of us would have been killed, and the remainder gone to Naara, never to return." There is pleasure in being of use even to savages.

'The next Sunday we had a splendid service. All the young fellows dressed for it by painting their faces. It was amusing and interesting to hear them interpret all I said from Motuan into Loloan; and when I attempted to use a Lolo word, they corrected me if I wrongly pronounced or misplaced it. After service we had all the children and young men to school. A goodly number have learnt most of the letters. Some of the natives would beat native cloth, and thus disturb the school, and Kone grew very angry, and, because they would not listen to him, threatened to pull up his recently buried child. I sent word that he must on no account do that, and must say no more to the men beating cloth. By and by his people will become more enlightened, and then they will understand how to keep the Sabbath. Kone's idea is that they ought now and at once to understand.

'A few days later I left Delena for Maiva, and, although a heavy sea was running at the time, landed safely at eleven a.m. at Miria's village, on the Maiva coast.

'In October, 1881, we left Port Moresby in the "Mayri" with a good breeze, and were soon at Boera, where, after an hour's trading for earthenware pots to take west, for which we were to receive sago in return, I took fifty on board, and set sail for Delena, intending

to get my boat for river work, and to take my friend Kone with me. He was well known, and liked all along the Gulf coast to Bald Head.

'We anchored next morning about three miles from Delena, and at daylight ran down to the anchorage off the village. Very soon we saw the boat coming, Lavao standing up aft, and several of the men with native cloth on their heads, a sign of mourning. I missed Kone, and anxiously waited for them to come alongside. As they neared the vessel, there was no loud talking, and all looked sorrowful. Lavao stepped on board, and I asked at once, "Where is Kone?" After a time he said, "Oh, Tamate, Kone, your friend, is dead."

'"Dead, Lavao?" I was so overcome that I had to sit down.

'"Yes, Kone is dead, and we buried him on your ground, near your house; the house of his one great friend."

'"Did Kone die of sickness?"

'"No; he was speared by your friend Laoma. After you left, there was a feast at Delena. Kone and others were there, also some Naara natives. At night, Laoma came with his spears to kill a Naara man, and when about to throw a spear, Kone caught the Naara man and placed him behind him. The spear intended for the Naara man entered Kone's own breast. We carried him home, and on the second moon he died."

'My poor Kone! The kindliest savage I have ever met; how I shall miss you! I had hoped that you would have been a great help to me in introducing the Gospel along the shores of the Gulf. How anxious Kone was to be taught and to learn how to pray! I taught him this short prayer: "God of love, give me light; lead me to Christ." Who will deny that my

wind-making and rain-making friend has passed from this darkness into the light that he prayed for?

'After breakfast I landed, and found Kone's house just as we left it—hammocks swung underneath, and small houses all about. Where I pitched my tent on my first visit to Delena they had built a good-sized house, and in this Kone's body was buried. I entered, and found Kaia, Kone's widow, enveloped in cloth. She began wailing and cutting her head with a shell held in her right hand, the blood flowing freely, and would certainly have done herself much harm had I not interfered. I felt sorry indeed for her; but what could I say to comfort her? I did not think it out of place to pray, sitting on that grave, whilst for a little while the loud wailing was hushed. After sitting for some time by the grave, I gave our presents to the dead and the living, placing those for Kone on the mat covering his grave. Leaving the grave, I went up to the house, where several dishes of bananas and fish were presented to me. Everything we had left in charge of Kone and other natives had been well cared for, and the boat was in excellent order.'

CHAPTER XII

RIDING THE PACIFIC SURGES

TAMATE was a born explorer and pioneer. From his early boyhood he had been familiar with the sea in calm and in storm, and he was as much at home in a boat as on land. It was his constant habit to make trips along the New Guinea coast in a whaleboat, and scenes of peril, where only nerve and judgement and a strong arm at the steering oar could avert deadly peril, were of almost daily occurrence.

In many parts of New Guinea at certain seasons of the year the great breakers of the Papuan Gulf crash ceaselessly on the beach. If a landing has to be made it can be made only either in a native canoe or in a boat which can successfully ride through the seven lines of huge breakers that guard the shore. Great skill is required in choosing the right kind of wave on which to ride through the breakers. If too big a wave is chosen it may break over the boat and overturn and swamp it, with the result that some or all of the crew lose their lives. In this riding of the Pacific surges Tamate was an expert, and hundreds of times he successfully did it. From the many incidents available we select three or four to illustrate this dangerous side of New Guinea life and work.

At the end of October, 1881, Tamate left Vailala on a stormy morning, hoping that during the day it would clear up, and that he would get along all right. There

was a heavy sea on the bar of the river, and to avoid it he kept away west, between sandbanks, and when opposite to Maclatchie Point, the boat pulled out to sea. On leaving the sandbanks, it met a nasty sea, and the boat shipped one sea that nearly swamped it, soaking everything, and mixing up together tea, sugar, bread, and tobacco, so that all were useless. The crew pulled until the boat got right out to sea, when they set sail, and away she bowled before a freshening breeze and an increasing sea.

When off the Aivei River, the eastern mouth of the Purari Delta, in the Namau district, and not far from Maipua, there was a very heavy sea breaking on the bar right across the mouth of the river, and it would have been madness to attempt to enter. So there was nothing for it but to put back.

It was blowing hard, and the weather was dirty, with a very heavy sea running. They took a reef in the sail, and bore away for Orokolo, where they found a succession of breaking seas between them and the beach. So little did Tamate like the look of things that he thought of beating back to Vailala. But in such weather there was no hope of getting there before dark, and to be out all night in the open sea was a danger he did not wish to risk. What was to be done? There was nothing for it but to run through the breakers; and then arose another fear—would the savages on the beach, who were unknown to him, receive them kindly or otherwise?

Two years before, in the 'Ellengowan,' he was off Orokolo, and about the same place, and then he believed the people were not friendly. They came off in large fighting canoes, with many bundles of arrows and bows, and fighting men, with arm-guards on, standing on the fighting platforms. He thought they had planned to

attack him. As they neared him, two Motuans, who were with him, said they were going to fight. So he asked the captain to keep the 'Ellengowan' moving, and to see that there was a good reserve of steam for a spurt if necessary. He watched the canoes closely, and saw a strange movement amongst them. They were surrounding him, and the fighting men had their bows strung. Then he thought it advisable to head out, and give her all the steam she could carry. For a short distance they headed him, but seemed afraid to close in, and he, keeping at full speed, got away from them altogether.

'Now, on this, my second visit,' wrote Tamate, 'I wondered what kind of reception we should have. On one of my journeys at the east end of New Guinea, when we landed on the beach, we were welcomed by having about a dozen spears thrown at us. But before the savages could get too near we got into the boat and pulled away. Now if we got safely over these long lines of heavy breakers it would not be pleasant to be met on landing with arrows and clubs, for there was no chance of our being able to get the boat out to sea again.

'We anchored, then down sails and mast, and made all snug. Then we had prayer, and trusted Him on Whose business we were.

'Out came the long steer oar; we shipped rowlocks, out came the oars, our best men were placed at the oars, and in came the anchor. The boat is swept round, head right in shore, where a great crowd of natives awaited us on the beach. "Pull easy and steady, lads; watch and listen." Away we go, and we are soon into a heavy sea, and a surging, roaring mass of water all round. At times the boat is flying through the water

on top of a fierce roller, just as if shot from a catapult; at others, though pulling hard, it is difficult to feel that she is making any headway, there being only a confused mass of waves around. "Easy, easy, lads; let this wave and the next pass." Then comes a suitable, smoother, swelling billow. "Now, lads, give her it; pull, pull. Easy again." A great sea is close on us; it curls, roars, breaks all round, followed by another and another, and now again the shout is given, "Lads, pull, pull as for dear life!" The oars are bending; God grant no oar may break.

'By this time the boat is close in to the shore, and we look anxiously behind us, whilst long rollers gather strength, and we have to manœuvre to save the boat from being swamped. All are watching, so as to seize the first chance of a lesser roller. Here it comes, and away we are again on the back of that last one—"Pull, let her have it." Here it comes; she tilts, she bounds, she threatens to swing broadside and upset; but is in control with the long steer oar. The natives, unarmed, are rushing into the water; the rowers cast their oars into the boat, and themselves plunge overboard. The boat is seized and carried by an excited, shouting, yelling crowd to a point far beyond high-water mark.

'A kindly-looking man comes through the crowd, takes hold of my arm, and gives me to understand that I am to be his friend and guest. We are all marched up to the large dubu, or sacred house, and there I am given a corner with a fireplace on the floor, to make myself at home in until the weather moderates. And this is how we often land on a New Guinea beach.

'The following day was a Sunday, and after an early breakfast and service, I left my man, Bob, in charge of our things, and went with our crew to the western

villages, and held services in each. About midday I returned, and found a very angry crowd, armed with bows and arrows, all crowded together in front of our dubu, and I could see mischief was meant. On getting in, I found my man had been threatened, and it was hinted we might all be killed because we had not distributed things to all the chiefs connected with the dubu. I sent for the chiefs, and, through an interpreter, we had a good time, a straight talk, and when finished they went away, I think, more ashamed than when they came. They certainly were made to understand no one ever got anything by threatening me. Bows and arrows were all placed away, and we had quiet for the rest of the day.

'It was on this visit that I first met Aveo, the sorcerer. I had heard from the Port Moresby natives, who visit the Gulf yearly for sago, that this Aveo had very powerful "things"—that he could, through them, raise storms, make calms, cause droughts and famines, give plenty, create lightnings and thunderings, and earthquakes, until all the people trembled with fear, and that when they were about to return from the west to their home, with their large rafts and canoes laden with sago, they took the precaution of making Aveo a good present, and ask him for quiet, favourable weather.

'When I met him at Orokolo, I promised to visit his village on my way back to Vailala. When I did so, I was led into thick brush, through swamp, and across several creeks to a good-sized village in a cleared space in the bush. We were given the use of a good-sized erabo or dubu and were comfortable. Aveo provided us with food, fish, and cocoanuts, and in the afternoon killed a pig for us. Whilst the pig was being cooked, I got Aveo to sit down beside me, and he told me that

what I had heard of his "wonderful things" was true. I asked him to show me them, but he point-blank refused, saying,

'"Tamate, you are now my friend; and if I showed you these things, you would die, as no one but myself must see them."

'"Aveo, there is not the slightest chance of my dying, or being sick even, by seeing your things."

'"Never, Tamate, my friend, no, never."

'"It is all right, Aveo, they can do me no harm."

'A Motuan standing by, and hearing us, said to Aveo, "You may let him see them, as they will have no effect whatever upon him; he goes everywhere, sees everything, and he is all right."

'A long sigh, and then Aveo said, "I fear, but I will think about it."

'I was determined to see them.

'After an evening service, we all turned in, I into my hammock, swung on the platform of the erabo. It was a hot, close night, and, although tired, yet I could not get off into a good, sound, healthy sleep. Near midnight I saw a figure approach me, and when alongside touched me, saying in a whisper,

'"Are you asleep?"

'"No, I am not. Is it you, Aveo?"

'"Yes—do you really want to see those things?"

'"Yes, I do."

'"They won't kill you? You will not get sick, and then die, after you have seen them?"

'"No, certainly not."

'"I am afraid, greatly afraid, but come with me," and he led me through the village to the end house, built on the ground.

'We passed through two rooms, and into a very small

room, which he told me was his. He carefully put the door up, then stirred a fire and got dry wood, and we had a good light. A small, dirty, netted bag was taken down, and he began to undo. Stopping, he said,

'"That must be enough, Tamate; you will die, and what then will I do?"

'"No, Aveo, I will not die, so fear not."

'A small parcel is taken from the bag; yards and yards of twine, made from cocoanut fibre, are unwound; pieces of native cloth, made from the bark of the mulberry shrub, are also unwound, and at length something is nearing. From the quantities of twine and native cloth, I was beginning to think there was a bit of a swindle. I stir up the fire, he stops, the tears are trickling down his cheeks, his hands shake, and again he says, in a voice full of emotion,

'"Oh, Tamate, you will die."

'"No, Aveo, no; I am all right; go on."

'The last roll, and then three pieces of wood appear, which he placed carefully on the mat. Two were like small dolls, a male and a female, and the other a very small Indian club. They looked ancient, and he told me they were very very ancient, handed down from father to son, through many generations, and no one living but himself had ever seen them, and now I had. He was beginning to pack them up, and I suggested my buying them, but that was sacrilege; so I told him again, as we had done during the day, that by and by a missionary would be placed near to him, who would teach him of the true God, Who made all things, and Who loves us all, and Who gave Jesus to show us He loves us, and then he would believe the missionary, and not want these things any more. He was to give them or sell them to no one else but me.

'A quiet smile, a very sarcastic reply, "Yes, should it ever happen. These things I will give to my son after I have taught him all."

'Stealthily I stole back to my quarters and slept. The next day, after breakfast, we left for Vailala.

'In a few years' time I placed teachers at Vailala and Orokolo. Aveo's village was forsaken, and he went to live on the eastern side of the river. A few years more, and then Mr. Holmes took charge of the whole western district, and I went on to the Fly River. Mr. Holmes, being very ill with fever, had to go to Sydney and the South Seas for change, and I paid a visit for him to all the Gulf stations. I had forgotten all about Aveo's "things."

'I was sitting in the teacher's house on the western side of the river, after a busy morning, when in comes my old friend. We had some conversation, and then he said,

'"What of those things, Tamate?"

'"What things, Aveo?"

'"Why, have you forgotten them?"—and then there flashed across my memory the long-ago night, and I say,

'"No, I remember them well; and what of them, Aveo?"

'"Do you want them now?"

'"Certainly I do, and I will pay for them, if you will let me have them."

'"No, no payment, Tamate, but you will have them. When you come to our side of the river, and at night, when no one is about, you will get them."

'I crossed over, and had finished my work, and arranged to sail the following morning. About 9.30 p.m. I was sitting writing when Aveo appeared. He first

had a good look all over the place, and when he came on to the verandah, he saw two men at the back door who were watching me writing, and he said, "Who are these men? What do they want? Send them away." So, giving them a smoke, I told them to be gone. He asked that all doors and windows should be shut, and, seating himself down beside me, placed the old bag before me as of old, unwound twine and native cloth, until there were the identical figures. "All right, my friend; pack them up quick"—which was done with much heavy breathing, sighing, and mutterings.

'He handed the parcel to me, and I told him to wait whilst I went to the "Niue" anchored close by. I was afraid lest he should change his mind, and so wanted the parcel safe on the vessel. I soon had it in one of the lockers. I returned and gave Aveo a suitable present.

'I slept ashore that night, and the next morning early was on board the "Niue," ready for a start. The tide was on the slack; there was a light breeze from inland, but with the tide sufficient to take us out. There was a heavy sea on the bar, breaking white right across, but I was anxious to get on. The wind failed, so we dropped anchor. In about half an hour after again the land breeze came up, and we up anchor and stood out. Skylights and ports were all tightly closed, and a small terrier I had with me was shut up down below. We were certainly a little too far west, but we all hoped to clear the point. Then the thought struck us, Will the wind fail us now? Stand by the anchor!

'Bob, our captain, an excellent Aitutakian, was steering; the mate, a Manilla man, was looking queer. She was being swept on; she won't clear the point: the wind dropped altogether. If we go on that point there

will be little hope for us, as a fearful sea was breaking on it. "Let go that anchor!" was roared out; but too late. We were in it, and before the anchor caught she was on the point, and seas were washing her fore and aft. Jimi, my boy, came close up to me, and I put my arm round him, and with the right clung to the port main rigging. It was fearful. Bob found his way forward, but he felt nothing could be done. She was bumping, thumping, swinging from port to starboard, and starboard to port. I shouted to Bob, "Give her all the chain, and let her be swept out of this into better water, and we may have a chance."

'We were seen from the shore, but no one could come near us; yet there was hope for us now. We had been lifted by the breakers in beyond where they broke furiously, and a whaleboat in charge of a white man, a trader, came near, and with difficulty Jimi and I got in. I remembered the dog, and got him up and on board the boat. Two men were baling all the time, so as to keep the boat afloat. The canoes came near, and everything worth saving was put on them, and all left the vessel. We landed near to the teacher's, and awaited low water.

'The vessel was high and dry at low water, and so all were able to arrange to float her off at the next tide. Many natives came off, and the anchors were placed well in towards the shore, so that when the vessel rose she would swing to them in smooth water. The ballast was all taken out, and landed, and we had just to wait the incoming tide. Near to high water she floated, and came right in to a good anchorage. But it took us a week to get her ready for sea.

'When the natives saw us go ashore, there was a great shout, "Tamate has got Aveo's 'things,' and the 'Niue' is wrecked and Tamate drowned." East and

west the report rang that the "Niue" was a total wreck, Tamate drowned, and all because of Aveo's "things." In the afternoon Aveo appeared, in great distress, but I comforted him by assuring him it was the wind failing us that caused the mischief, and God had been good to us, and no lives were lost. The "things" also were all right, and would yet find their way to Beritani.

'When the "Niue" was ready for sea, the sea on the bar was still very bad, so I determined to go on by canoe, the teacher offering to take me in his fine, large one. The sea was so bad on the coast that, after trying to get through it, and not succeeding, several of our crew left us, and took to the bush. We got a few others, and were two hours trying, when at last the teacher, who was in charge, called out, "Pull, pull, pull hard!" Up, down, easing off, keeping to, seas curling, breaking all round, and the rowers fagging; still the teacher's "Pull, pull, pull away, children," and at length a great shout, and we were outside of all breakers, and in a nice sea, with a fine, steady, favourable breeze. The "Niue" got out a few days after.'

Here is another landing, which did not end so happily. It occurred in the year 1888.

'A week ago I went to Kabadi. Mr. Romilly hearing I was going, decided to go with me, so the Government cutter took us to the Skittles (Kekeni), Redscar Bay, and there my whaleboat met us. About four p.m. we left the cutter, eighteen all told on board the boat, and we were very deeply laden. Mr. Romilly was against landing until the morning. But I was anxious to spend as long a time as possible with the teacher and people and visit all the villages; hence my hurry to get ashore. I had a trusty native at the oar steering.

'On nearing the bar it did not seem to me as *very*

dangerous, so we stood on. The first bar sea sped us on, the second one caught us, we shipped some water, the steer oar got jammed, the boat swung round broadside to the sea and went over. It was in deep water and the seas were heavy, and for a short time it seemed as though some of us must be drowned. It is a terrible place for crocodiles, but I suppose so many of us in the water at once frightened them. The smashing in the surf was enough to kill us all.

'The boat's crew of native students did nobly, and at length we got ashore. I feared at one time that Romilly was drowning; and I felt somewhat exhausted myself. I fancy Romilly must have been struck with an oar. The boys got the boat in to the beach after a good hour's hard work. I got three times on to the boat's keel, and each time I was swept away by the seas. At last I got an oar, and assisted by a native reached a sandbank, and after resting there a little, reached the shore. A fire was lighted, around which we all gathered, when one of the students engaged in prayer, and with full hearts we all joined him in thanksgiving. During the night things were washed ashore and amongst them my swag. We remained by the fire all night. The teacher, on hearing of what had happened, brought us a change each, but being a small man there were difficulties in using what he brought. The next morning we pulled through the surf, and got on board the cutter, and ran to Manumanu. We all felt sore and unfit for much exertion. I spent the Sunday ashore at the teacher's and had two services.

'Don't moralize on the foregoing and say, "Rash man." Yes, I am, but have been blessed and successful in all kinds of hazards for the last eleven years in this land. No use talking; I will do it again, I must do it again and again, hoping to get through all right. I am exceedingly

cautious, especially when others are with me; but there is such a thing as excess of caution.'

The last incident of the kind we describe is one in which Mr. Chalmers and his second wife were concerned. It illustrates the hardships missionaries' wives often so bravely meet. Fever had grievously injured Mrs. Chalmers's health and a visit to Port Moresby became necessary in May, 1889. The journey, made in the whale-boat from Motumotu, was one of the worst that even Tamate had ever made. But it illustrates his great skill in handling a boat in the wild Papuan surf and his nerve at a critical moment. 'The long journey in the boat,' writes Mrs. Chalmers, 'was terrible. The first morning we were nearly upset, and shipped a big sea. I was drenched. Everything was wet through and completely ruined; most of our provisions were spoilt too. Well, Tamate wrapped me in a blanket, and there I had to remain till sundown. All day there was a rough, nasty sea, and very heavy swell, but the wind and current fortunately were in our favour. I thought at times that the waves must engulf us, but the little boat rose to them splendidly; sometimes she seemed almost perpendicular, and then down into a deep trough, with waves as high as a house behind and before.

'Arriving off Maiva we were warned not to land—the boiling surf looked dreadful right along the beach. Two splendid fellows swam out to us and said we could not land in safety. Tamate nearly lost his life here years ago, when he attempted to run the boat ashore in such a sea. It was sunset, I was ill and wet, we had had nothing all day but biscuits and water, the wind was now right ahead, and the boys would have to pull to Delena, fifteen or twenty miles off. Tamate said that it looked like a stormy night, and so he determined to risk

the run in, especially as we now had two fresh men to pull. I sat straight up and threw off the blankets. I think the excitement cured my sickness and headache. Before turning the boat for the boiling surf, Tamate said: "Now, Lizzie, in a surf like this, the boat, if she goes at all, will turn right over, so do not cling to it, but keep clear of her if possible. The boys and every one will think first of you: and if we get ashore alive, never mind if all goes. The anchor will fall out and keep the boat."

'Then we faced it. The men were so excited, but Tamate and Naimi timed the pulling well. We got over the first line of surf all right, and there was a great shout from shore; then a second and third line were crossed successfully; in the last line we were a little too late, and should have been washed back, and, meeting the next breaker, have been swamped, but dozens of the natives rushed in up to their necks and dragged us on to the beach. We were pretty wet, but thankful.'

CHAPTER XIII

LIFE ON A LAKATOI

ONCE a year the natives of Port Moresby, in great canoes called lakatois, make a voyage to the west for sago. For many weeks before large quantities of pottery are made which is to be exchanged in due time for sago. The men have nothing whatever to do with the manufacture of these things; the art belongs entirely to the female portion of the community. The men are, however, busy getting their canoes together, working all day and at night poling them well out, where the man who is captain sleeps with a few others. There are six officers in all—one fore and one aft, two for the mast and two for the sail. For a long time the captain has been observing ceremonies which have made him sacred.

In the morning at sunrise the lakatoi is brought in for construction. Four large canoes are lashed together, then bulwarks are made from leaves of the Nipa palm, sewn together, well fastened with long, strong mangrove poles, and caulked with dry banana leaves. A stage is made all round, so that the sailors can work her without getting inside the bulwarks. Masts of mangrove with the roots are stepped on to the centre, and large sails, made of mats sewn together and shaped like crab toes, are fixed for working with ropes made from the bark of the large yellow hibiscus. The anchor is a large stone made fast with long canes, which are sometimes 100 fathoms in length. Fore and aft are small covered-in houses strong enough to withstand a very heavy sea,

where the captain, mates, and boatswains sleep and smoke. There are strong divisions of wicker-work in each canoe, into which pottery is put, each division having an owner. The pottery is well packed with dried banana leaves, and only when thrown ashore in a gale do they have much breakage.

A day or two before leaving they sail about the harbour racing,—with all the young swells, male and female, dressed in the height of New Guinea fashion, on board,—and then they have a hearty song with drums beating and bodies and grass petticoats swaying—altogether making a very pretty picture.

At last the cargo is on board, and, the wind being favourable, the crew pull out a mile or two to windward, then set sail and away, with a fine breeze following fast, whilst friends at home remain to weep. The men most worked are the steerers. Of these there are several, with large paddles, standing aft, whilst the others are drum-beating and singing.

When the port whither the traders are bound is reached they are received with great delight; pigs and dogs are killed for the reception feast, after which they distribute their pottery, to be paid for when they are ready to take their return journey. They sleep on the lakatoi, their shore friends cooking them food and taking it to them. The first month they do nothing but enjoy themselves; after that they ascend the rivers, cut down large trees, and make canoes of them, to take home on their return journey laden with sago. When they return they will have as many as fourteen or fifteen canoes for one lakatoi, making it very cumbersome. In rough weather these canoes labour fearfully, and often they have to cut all away but two, in which they save their lives; sometimes they are wrecked and never heard of more.

Since New Guinea has been open to mission work the natives go on these trading voyages much better equipped than formerly, taking with them tomahawks, knives, beads, looking-glasses, red cloth, and tobacco. They return with many tons of sago, which they dispose of to Tupuselei, Kaile, Kapakapa, Hula, and Kerepunu, the natives of these parts paying them in arm-shells and other native articles.

In 1883 Tamate sailed west from Port Moresby on one of these lakatois—certainly at that period the first and only white man who had ventured, or who would have thought of venturing, upon such a novel and dangerous experience. The following incidents are from the journal he kept at the time.

'*Oct.* 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 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 whaleboat and followed the canoes, which had left some time before, and joined mine 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 in long embraces; wives their husbands; children their parents; and young ladies their future husbands. It was enough to melt a stony heart.

'At Idler's 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. The company in our craft 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 two-and-a-half feet wide.

'The canoes were full of pottery, 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 or ever spoke, and who, until we passed Idler's 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 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 that 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 eleven 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.

'*Oct.* 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 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.

'All is ready for a start; but we have to wait for wind, so the crew are spending their time 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 their treasures in rotation.

'Noon.—I insist on leaving, so up sails, in with the cane hawsers, and we clear away, soon followed by others. Nobody seems master on this craft, and I fancy all do as they like. Orders are given with great hesitancy, and in such a manner as if the giver were doubtful whether they would 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 well under way, 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 all along this coast 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?"

'When in front of Hall Sound entrance, the lakatoi was brought right up in the wind, and Aruako took his little nephew by the hand and handed 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.

'A long while 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 was necessary in order to drive them away. We were successful, and got beyond the passage all right, the tide being on the slack at the time.

'Immediately afterwards, several bunches of bananas were brought to each mast, and these formerly would have been presented as a thank-offering and peace-offering to the spirits of their ancestors. And I doubt not they were so considered in many minds now. It was only the church members who sought a blessing on food from Him Whom they profess to love and serve. All are very busy scraping bananas, cleaning pots, and getting water.

'Nothing is thrown overboard; the banana skin is carefully kept, to be thrown into any river we may 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 this, and

often offend them by throwing overboard banana-skin and cocoanut-shell.

'At sunset we were off Maiva; the other lakatois put into Delena.

'Sunday, *Oct.* 7.—During the night there was very little wind, and at daybreak we were only off Oiabu, round Cape Possession. All night long singing and drumming were continued, so now that it is morning all are quiet and many asleep. We are nearing Iokea, and hope to have communication. The wind 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.

'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. 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.

'*Oct.* 8.—Early in the morning we saw the other canoes very 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. We got some sago cake and cocoanuts, also some water;

and then went on board for a start, to prevent any hunting. 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 very varied.

'About twelve we became alive, bade farewell to our friends, up sail, in anchor, and were away again. We had 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, but these 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.

'*Oct.* 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 nine, 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 was 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, in order to rob us of the pottery.

'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." They stood on, and then the others followed. Had I not been on board, the whole party would have gone back to the above places.

'We have no wind, and make little progress pulling. Some canoes came off from Pisi and Kerema, and tried hard to persuade us to go to them; but no use, we are bound further west. They are gone to try their fortune with the other canoes. 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 that our visitors 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 that Tamate and the lakatoi must go with them. I told them, "No, Tamate must go to Vailala, and on to Namau." They replied, "You will not go on; we shall keep you." Their canoe came close, and 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."

'The strangers became 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. 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, spoke of sincere friendship, they

got into the canoe and left us, saying, "It is good; Tamate go."

"Our visitors then made for another lakatoi, about two miles from us, and they were joined by two more canoes from Pisi. We cannot help them, so they must make the best of it. The plan these natives adopt is to board the lakatois, and if they are strong enough they take everything of value, and so compel their victims to go with them. They say they will pay well for everything taken. If the Motuans resist of course a fight takes place. The natives from the shore will be ashamed to return if they do not succeed in getting something, and they will probably visit Kerema, on the other side of the harbour, where two lakatois have already gone, and quarrel with them, in order to show their wives that they have done their best. They are very eager to get pottery to cook their food in, and that they may have hot water (gravy) to drink.

'We are moving on. It seems that what brought Aruako aft was a remark he overheard from some one in the canoe, "What can Motu do if we use our weapons —will they live?" He then came aft and said, "What do you say? Are you ashore, that you speak so? Say more, and you will have to swim ashore.' And seeing the piece of rope, he stepped into the canoe; and the man in front, fearing he was going to carry out his words, drew his club. Of course all our boys pose now the bravest of the brave. I fear the other canoe is in much trouble, and they are now making for Pisi. We are nearing Vailala, and for the first time yams have been cooked—a sign they hope to get in to-night.

'*Oct.* 10.—Two canoes got in to Vailala before us yesterday. We got in about seven 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 are all got ready to be thrown to the crowd standing on the point, who were to pull us over the bank and up the stream. The deep passage was avoided, as the wind was light and the river-current strong.

'When I heard that the hawser was to be handed ashore, I gathered my books and a few things I wished to keep dry together, intending if possible to get them ashore. For I expected nothing but a general smash-up of the lakatoi in the great white surf on the bar. I looked steadily ahead; on she goes, up, down. All around us are 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 that they all know what they are about. Hallo! a terrific sea; she swings broadside to the sea but is soon righted. A loud voice calls out, "Boys, don't be afraid, keep to your stations." She is away, sails are drawing, and the excitement is getting greater. There is much shouting fore and aft, some are calling out, "Pray, oh, pray!" Forward we go on the tops of the seas; nearer, still nearer to the beach; the men on the shore are close by; what now?

'The hawser is dropped and we are aground. There is one great rush on to the platform and over the bulwarks, fore and aft, regardless of the 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 undesirable region had opened wide its portals and that the imprisoned got free. Oh no, they are all excited friends; with joy overflowing at meeting us. All is right now. The 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; with no damage done, not even a wetting.

'Friends innumerable 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. Promiscuous kissing with white folks, male or female, is mightily insipid—but this! When your nose is flattened, or at a peculiar angle, and your face one mass of pigment! Cover over the scene and say no more.

'When getting near the village a canoe came down to us, and there was soon on board my old friend Avea, calling out, "Tamate, where are Misi Lao and Misi Haine?" (Mr. and Mrs. Lawes). "I thought they were to have been here long ago." I could not see the face in the dark, but I knew the voice well. "Let me go, Avea; this hugging business on an empty stomach is bad."

'The excitement was something terrible—shouting, bawling, screaming, kept up until ten p.m., when I landed and made myself comfortable on the roomy verandah or platform of a large dubu. The people in the dubu received many instructions concerning me, and were warned to be quiet and treat me well.

'So ended my trip on board the Motu lakatoi, "Kevau-bada." 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 whaleboat, in which I have often to make long voyages. We had not been in long when it blew hard from the east, and about one a.m. it began to rain and continued until daylight, a true torrid zone downpour.

'What a day the next was! These people need much to be taught, constantly taught, that "the merciful man is merciful to his beast." On board the canoes, goods were early disposed of; arm-shells large and small, tomahawks, native beads, shirts, and other articles were given away, each going to his own particular friend. And now the slaughtering or murdering in preparation for the friendly feast 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 to care for nothing else. Inside the bulwarks there is a terrible mess—betel-nuts, pepper, cocoanuts, old and young, and sago, cooked and uncooked, with natives squatting everywhere. Now is feasting time. After a few days canoe-cutting will begin, and in return for the things now given the natives of Vailala will help, and when the new canoes leave give payment in sago over and above that received all the time the lakatois are here. All the pottery that has been brought from Port Moresby is disposed of last of all.

'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 foolscaps of the spines of the sago frond, bows and arrows, and a few clubs.'

Thus ended one of the most daring and striking episodes in Tamate's personal history, and in the story of New Guinea exploration and civilization.

CHAPTER XIV

AMONG THE CANNIBALS OF MAIPUA

TAMATE took the voyage described in the last chapter because he liked the novelty and adventure of it. But he always made adventure help forward his great task of getting to know and to become friendly with savages he had not yet met. Hence the end of the voyage on the lakatoi was only a starting-point for a visit he was very eager to pay to Orokolo and the fierce cannibals who dwelt there. He had no sooner landed at Vailala than he began preparations for his journey still further west. His diary at this time shows how difficult it is to enforce the white man's views and methods of work among savages. It also records some of the most interesting of his early experiences in the Gulf of Papua.

'I have just had to assert myself, and show my friends here that I must not be hampered. Having given Mama and Apohe of Orokolo presents, our dubu chief came up and 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 the belt back. All right, my friend. With savages I exercise patience. I put the belt in his bag, and then he looked black as a dark thundercloud, and again began shouting and talking loud, and on my approaching him would have nothing to do with me. Now, I must have liberty

to do as I like, give to whom I like, and go where I like. So it is now my turn to look black and to speak loud. In Motu I tell the crowd to stand out of the way, and then I call on the boys from the lakatoi to come at once, and pick up my things, and turning round roll up my mat and blanket to tie it up. Then the old fellow came back saying, "Oh, Tamate, stay, stay. I was not angry with you, but with others. Do stay; do not leave me." He then insisted on rubbing noses. The boys came, and I got them to explain that I came for one object; and that if I could not attain that, I should return with all I have; 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, that was exactly what I wanted him to say, and I am not at all vexed.

'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 is left until to-morrow, to-morrow, the everlasting to-morrow, which never comes, and wearies the soul out of all strength and power of doing anything. I would get rid of to-morrow, if to-day were only long enough.

'*Oct.* 12, 1883.—Rained, thundered, and blew all night. My blanket was rather heavy this morning. The dubu was well filled. The natives must have been packed sardine fashion. This morning at prayers on the platform Aruadaera 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.

'Here comes a swell in the most fashionable dress. His woolly hair is tied well back, and round it is a circle of bright red hibiscus flowers, backed by a coronet of beautiful feathers, and enlivened in front with a chain of white shells. On his forehead is a frontlet of shells; between the eyebrows a round shell, with a finely cut piece of tortoise-shell something like a large watch-wheel, and on each temple the same. In his nose is a large piece of round shell, and hanging from his ears are various fancy pieces of tortoise-shell. His face is one mass of red ochre, and round his neck is a large necklace made of small shells, and hanging underneath are a crescent-shaped pearl-shell and a large boar's tusk. On his arms are arm-shells and wrought armlets and new bowstring guards, and round his waist a large carved belt made from the bark of a tree and coloured red and white; his trousers consist of a narrow stripe of native cloth of various colours, and ends hanging down in front, and under his knees and ankles are very nicely knitted garters and anklets. He feels himself handsome, and knows that he is now being admired.

'We have just finished school, the first attempt, and we have held it on our platform. When teaching our pupils to say "A" they were convulsed with laughter, but, after a time, repeated that and other letters well, one handsome old 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 we 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 thunder-storm between two hills, or over a city.

'*Oct.* 13.—I hoped to have left to-day for Orokolo, but it is now raining very steadily, and likely to continue. Should it clear away, I will do my utmost to start. The natives have Kaevakuku, or dancing in hideous face-masks, 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. Then they sprang down from the platform, and ran away into the bush. The shouting informed the people in the village of the arrival of the masks, 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. These masks are generally shaped like a fool's cap, and the face represents some animal with a very long 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 two-and-a-half 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.

'I have had to go to a feast at Kaevakuku. A large crowd had assembled from the villages round, and many from Orokolo. Everywhere there was 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 was a large quantity of cut-up pork, and all around the platform streamers were flying, made from the young sago frond. I stayed down with the crowd, as I had a better view than from the dubu platform.

'I had not long to wait until there came a man dressed in a tall hat, or mask, resembling some strange animal with peculiar mouth and sharp teeth; his cloak and kilt were of yellow hibiscus fibre, and a small stick was in his hand. He had come from some distance back in the bush, where, I was told, many are assembled, and that all the masks and dresses I saw the other day in the dubu, with their owners, are kept 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 was placed on the ground, Kaevakuku dancing round and over it, when a bow and arrow were presented to him, and he backed a little, said something, let fly, and the pig soon breathed his last. The two men picked the pig up and all left, followed by two youths carrying food. More Kaevakukus came, this time five; and all danced until they received presentation of pig, when they too cleared out. So on it went until the whole eighty had been. Some got dogs; whereupon they caught them by the hind legs and struck the head furiously on the ground.

Not a few were displeased with the small quantity given, and persistently remained until they got 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.

'So as to get away easily and quietly this morning, Johnny 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 savages. The people you are with do all in their power to prevent you from leaving them, and their neighbours or neighbouring tribes from getting anything.

'How interested they are in my writing! Every day when I am at it I have admiring crowds looking on. 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.

'We really started this morning. The weather having cleared up, and "the pride of the morning" departed, we had breakfast and were away by nine 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 the sides, forty a-side, and alongside 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 surrounded with cocoanut leaves because of Kaevakuku, 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. There was 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) was all ready in dozens. Soon the necks of the cocoanuts are flying, and serving-men are rushing around handing the cool drink to all new-comers. When all have finished, I say I should like another bottle. Orders are at once given to ascend to the cellar. A man quickly climbs a tall cocoanut-tree, 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 friends.

'We left Kovara (Apohe's village) about three 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 comfortable and clean. I soon entered and selected my sleeping apartment, and then went out to be seen, examined, and scrutinized 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 the mouths to be opened wide. But when I took the boot 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 even to feel the foot and so make sure. I exposed my chest, 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 well for me not to do this at Maipua, as the cannibals there might take a fancy to cooked feet and breast.

'About sundown I walked through the large scattered village, which contained 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, *Oct.* 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? The deacon spoke to them for a long while, 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.

'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 have they had 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.

'Five p.m.—One of the messengers sent to Maipua has returned. 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 ensure the return of the other with the party in the morning.

'*Oct.* 15.—Not starting early enough, we had to wait for the ebb tide, and it was ten 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. We saw a large 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. 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 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 river on the chart.

'We then came easily along from one creek to another, through stinking swamps, until we reached Maipua about five 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. 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, and on these rests the large peaked shade, around which there hangs a graceful fringe of young sago leaf. The front is about thirty feet wide, and the house is about 160 feet long, 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 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 onducted 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-civilized savages"? In the various courts are fireplaces, alongside 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 breakfast and dinner 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.

'*Oct.* 16.—Slept outside on the platform, and had a splendid night. Aruako fulfilled his promise, given at Orokolo, and for long held forth to the crowd of listening cannibals 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 firelights; a crowd of savages, real cannibals, who pronounce man to be the best of all flesh, and whose wives also relish it. Human skulls in abundance ornament the various courts, and at the end, in the most sacred place, six Kanibus, or great idols, who hold life and death, fighting and peace, within themselves. In the centre of this weird crowd sit Aruako and Aruadaera, both of them until recently wild

savages themselves, 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 on what they heard. Soon after sunset the service commenced, and when I sought sleep it was still going on.

'When I awoke, the sun, I found, had preceded me, and Aruako and Aruadaera were *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."

'To the Kanibus, or gods of the dubu, 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 get directions audibly from their mouths. For days before any fighting is to take place 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 presented to Kanibu.

'I have just returned from visiting other dubus in the village. 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, and other creatures 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 civilization 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 fireplace and all necessary utensils for cooking. I was much pleased with the cleanly appearance of their houses.

'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 made a splendid start in a large canoe, and had an escort of nine other canoes. Leaving the village, the tide being now on the ebb, we floated gently down stream, questioning and being questioned. Our Vailala friends were glad indeed to get 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 going over and over the grand old story of God's love.

'The sun was frightfully hot, but fortunately we had frequent shade. I had to sing constantly for the natives; and we met two large canoes of women, and *nolens volens* I had to sing for them, in order "that when Tamate's face is lost they may hear his voice, and weep that he so soon leaves Maipua." How delighted they were when I showed them my sewing-gear. And the pocket-knife with its many blades they will not soon forget.

'Now for the last time comes the request, "Would you mind undoing your shirt and showing us your chest, that we may have one look and feel before you leave?" Mute astonishment possessed all who had not seen it before; the other canoes closed round, and I allowed all who wished to put their hand on me. This gave great satisfaction; and then came the farewell words, "Tamate, come back soon, very soon; do not disappoint us, and we will bring you everywhere on the rivers."

'*Orokolo.*—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.

'*Oct.* 17.—About four a.m. we were ready to start for Vailala, and walking along the beach in the cool, accompanied by Apohe and others, we arrived at Perau about eight. 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.

'A successful mission has for many years been carried on among these fierce cannibals—first by Tamate and his native teachers, and then by Tamate's friend and colleague Mr. Holmes.'

CHAPTER XV

HOW NEW GUINEA CAME UNDER THE FLAG

THE annexation of New Guinea was talked of long before it came to pass and the Union Jack was hoisted, and then the transaction was cancelled several times before the final and authoritative act. In this Tamate took an active part, and was able to render great service to the government officials concerned, by explaining matters to the native chiefs, by securing their good-will and friendship, and by inducing them to come on board the men-of-war to meet Commodore Erskine and the other officers entrusted with this important duty. Dr. Lawes rendered most important aid at Port Moresby and the neighbourhood, while Tamate's influence with the natives was such that he did what no other man could have accomplished in the Gulf of Papua, at the east end, and along the north-eastern coasts of New Guinea. We give the sketch of this important public service in Tamate's own words:—

'I was in the Gulf hard at work placing teachers and visiting the various mission stations when I received a letter from Mr. Lawes, suggesting that I should return to Port Moresby, and so be in time for a grand display of British power. Anxious to see the grand display that would be made by the full Australian Squadron with the commodore in command of the largest ship in the Pacific waters, and also to behold the pageantry of

the final hoisting of the British Union Jack on New Guinea soil, I hastened back to Port Moresby. We found the "Harrier" and the "Raven" in harbour still waiting for the others, and daily expecting the commodore in the battleship "Nelson." On Saturday, November 1, 1884, the "Swinger" came in from Cooktown, and on Sunday about midday the "Nelson," and soon after the "Espiegle," arrived, followed some days later by the "Dart." It was a peculiarly busy and exciting time. Native chiefs from a coast-line sixty miles in extent were assembled to witness the hoisting of the flag.

'On the afternoon of November 5 all the chiefs were assembled on the "Nelson," and after a feast, the prime essential in all transactions with a native, the commodore, surrounded by his officers, read the official address. This was interpreted to all the chiefs present by the Rev. W. G. Lawes, and when he had finished they were all asked if they understood what was meant, and all said that they did. Another very important part of the palaver then took place, each chief being handed a suitable present by the commodore. Several shots were fired from two of the big guns, which astonished the natives much. At night the electric search-light was shown, blue lights were burned and rockets fired off. All of these incidents were thoroughly appreciated by the crowds on shore; but when the climax of the day came in the weird, fiendish, and altogether unearthly noise of the syren, man and beast alike became alarmed. Sometimes it sounded as if away back in the hills, then as if in the village, then from the reef, and finally from a long, long distance, only to shriek forth again uncannily close at hand. Dogs rushed madly about, but soon escaped into snug places where they thought themselves

safe. Human beings asked one another what it meant, grew alarmed, fearful lest fiends from nether regions had been exorcised to this sphere and to this particular spot; and they too sought the shelter of their houses. This ended the ceremonies for that day, and for one night at least peace reigned in the village of Port Moresby.

'November 6 was the day of days for Port Moresby, and for all who saw the grand sight when New Guinea, or rather its south-eastern portion, was taken under the very powerful wing of Her Most Gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria, her heirs and successors for all time coming. Although previous actions of taking possession were more complete, and to some seemed more statesmanlike, yet this act was expressly ordered and arranged to supersede all the earlier acts.

'Soon after breakfast, boats landed officers and men, blue-jackets and marines. They were soon followed by Commodore Erskine, who was met on the beach by a large number of his officers and the band of the "Nelson." They marched up from the beach to the mission premises, where the great act took place, the band playing all the way. The blue-jackets and marines were drawn up round the flagstaff, whilst the commodore, his officers, and the missionaries took their stations on the verandah of the mission-house.

'When all was ready, the commodore, standing in front, read the Proclamation, which was immediately afterwards translated by Mr. Lawes to the native chiefs. Firing of salutes and cheering then took place, and the final and complete annexation of New Guinea was accomplished. It is impossible to conceive of its being better done than it was then, and perhaps no better man could have been selected than Commodore Erskine to perform the ceremony.

'The following day the men-of-war weighed anchors and sailed for the west. That night they anchored in Hall Sound, and on Saturday, November 8, in the presence of chiefs from all the districts round, hoisted the flag on a flagstaff erected by the blue-jackets that morning on a hill overlooking the village. The same care was taken by the commodore here as at Port Moresby, that all should thoroughly understand what was done and the reasons for doing it. Queen Koloka of Naara, who calls herself Queen Victoria's sister, was present, and told the commodore everything he said was good. She received presents, and so did the other chiefs.

'After Hall Sound the squadron visited Motumotu and Freshwater Bay. The chiefs slept one night on board the "Nelson," feeling safe and at home, and the following morning landed with the commodore and party to see the flag hoisted and hear the proclamation. The natives, men, women, and children, crowded round the flagstaff, and showed no fear whatever. At each place a stick with a silver queen's head on the top—a florin, I suppose—was given to the principal chief. Here it was given to Semese, an old warrior, the very picture of what an old savage should be. His days of active life were over, but he still walked stately and erect about Motumotu, seeing with his one eye as much as any two ordinary good ones. In the fighting ardour of the youth of the tribe he took delight; but he had been brought to think that peace was better, and to use his influence on its behalf.

'On Tuesday all the ships were back again at Port Moresby, where a few days were spent, during which the officers made various journeys inland in quest of game.

'On Monday, Nov. 17, in the afternoon, the meeting of chiefs from all round Hood Bay and Aroma took place on board the "Nelson." All were delighted with their reception, and thoroughly approved of the address and of its objects. Some of the chiefs, to be certain of their position, put questions, and had them satisfactorily answered, and they left, saying it was all good. On the morning of Nov. 18, the commodore, officers, and a party landed at Kerepunu. In a square, named then Espiegle Square, in front of the principal chief's house, the Union Jack was hoisted on a flagstaff that had been erected that morning by the carpenter and a few blue-jackets from the "Espiegle." On Wednesday, Nov. 19, the "Espiegle" called at Toulon, and Captain Bridge read an address to the chiefs and people, and told them to warn the Cloudy Bay natives against interfering with white men. At Argyle Bay, near Dufaure Island, the ships again met the "Nelson," and after getting all the chiefs in the neighbourhood on board the flagship, the same formalities were gone through as in the other places. On the morning of Thursday, Nov. 20, the flag was hoisted in the presence of a large number of natives, who nearly all fled when the firing begun. On the afternoon of the same day all were anchored in front of the mission station on Stacey Island.

'On the following day the flag was hoisted at Suau. Here the chiefs complained to the commodore respecting two of their youths, who had been staying at Moresby Island, and were taken to Queensland for three moons, and who had not yet returned, although nearly a year had passed. The commodore promised to do his utmost to have them sent back, which gave great satisfaction, and, if accomplished, will help much in showing the natives that the promises of the Protectorate are real.

'Whilst the squadron was at anchor at Suau a party was got together from the various ships to ascend Cloudy Mountain. As fine and hearty a number assembled on the beach as it was possible to wish for. The senior officer was Captain Bridge of the "Espiegle," and next was Captain Henderson of the "Nelson." Several other officers, blue-jackets, and marines, with some of the missionaries, composed the party. About thirty natives came to act as guides and carriers. The ascent was steep, and in some places difficult, because of the thick scrub. Before getting to the top, and whilst some were shouting "Excelsior," others, I fear, were thinking of the comforts on board ship, and the folly of undertaking such a useless business, and would gladly have gone back. About four p.m. the top was reached, and *all* at once went to work forming camp, then to cooking and making all comfortable for the night.

'The mountain mist was very heavy, and came down in copious showers; blankets were stretched over wood to form tents, and so preserve us from the very heavy rain. It was a jolly party, and as sleep was out of the question to the majority, the greater part of the night was spent in smoking and singing. The natives enjoyed the sport, and entered fully into the spirit of the fun, singing songs of their own, so as not to be outdone by "Beritani dimdims." At midnight my blanket-fellow turned round, saying, "Just think of the comfortable bed at the mission house and the folly of being here."

'The following morning the Union Jack was fastened to a long pole made from a tree, and set up, a mark to all comers that in solitude as well as in busy scenes Britain's voice must be heard. Some Britons think the world was made for the Anglo-Saxon. Three cheers were heartily given under the grand old flag, and we

descended, leaving it to fly alone, a wonder to all living things up in those solitudes.

'The descent was soon made, and at the bottom breakfast was prepared, where all assembled perfectly ready for refreshments. Feeling better and livelier, all started for Bertha Lagoon, where boats were met, and by one p.m. all were on board their various ships, and the natives at their homes rejoicing in what they considered good payment.

'On Sunday the "Espiegle" arrived at Moresby Island with natives of that island who had been taken to Queensland under false pretences. They had escaped from their plantations, and risked a cockle-shell boat in a south-east gale and the chances of being murdered by savages, rather than remain in servitude any longer. Fortunately they made Murray Island, and were kindly treated. Their friends on Moresby Island had given them up and mourned for them as dead, blackened themselves, and put on various articles of mourning, and cooked food for their spirits. Some of their friends came on board, having heard that some of the lost ones had returned, and the scene was most affecting. On landing they were received with great demonstrations of weeping, and many were the questions they had to answer respecting others. A chief who was amongst those returned landed in our boat, and when met on the beach he tried hard to play the Stoic. Several women threw themselves at his feet crying, then rose and went a few yards away, crying bitterly, he standing at the waterside gazing into space. It was too much for him, and his stoicism giving way he sat down, and the women gathering round him he gave free vent to his feelings.

'The natives were not ungrateful for the kindness

shown them, and in the evening they brought off a pig, and a large quantity of food for Captain Bridge. Many came off begging the captain to bring back the others, saying, "You have brought light and joy to some homes, but what of the darkness and sorrow in others? We thought them all dead, and our mourning is great; we have no glad tears; no, not until you bring ours back." They wept bitterly; if the captain would only go now and get them, they would fill his ship with pigs and food. Captain Bridge begged of them, or at all events some of their chiefs, to accompany him in the "Espiegle" to meet the commodore at Dinner Island; but there was ever the one answer, "No, we will not go; bring back our boys."

'The squadron met on Monday, Nov. 24, at Dinner Island, where the flag was hoisted and the same ceremony gone through as at other places. When finished, the flagship and one or two others weighed anchors and made for Killerton Island, near East Cape, the "Swinger" calling at Discovery Bay and at Kabi, both in Milne Bay. We had no difficulty in getting my old friend of Vagavaga on board, but at Kabi the old chief, who had just left a cannibal feast to meet us, was not so sure. Linking my arm in his, I walked him into the boat with his son, and before he had time to think of the situation we were well off on our way to the ship. The people on shore were crying and calling on him to return, but that was now out of the question. After being some time on board he began to breathe more freely, and felt it was all right. He told us the men were out that morning, and had killed three belonging to a neighbouring village, one man and two women; the latter were left for their friends to remove, the former was taken and eaten.

'That night he accompanied the Vagavaga chiefs on board the "Nelson," and the following morning all were present at the ceremony ashore, which must have been to them very terrible. They too had complaints to make of men who had been taken away to Queensland for three moons and not returned.

'The ceremony ashore being over, early after breakfast all the ships cleared away for Teste Island, the most westerly of the Louisiade Group. Here they came to the end of proclaiming and explaining. On the following morning, Wednesday, Nov. 26, all were full of life on board the ships, for all knew the end of the business had come, and Sydney was not many days distant. Some were disappointed because they had received orders to remain for a while longer on the New Guinea coast. A flagstaff was erected on the north-west side of the island, and at nine o'clock the final ceremony was performed. On the arrival of the party on board there was a lively scene alongside the "Nelson." Many canoes had drawn near, and the occupants were plentifully supplied with tobacco, for which they had to dive. That noxious weed was thrown overboard quite regardless of quantity, since it was known that no more would be required to procure curios.

'It was impossible, I think, to have such work better done than it was by Commodore Erskine. Everywhere the Address and Proclamation were carefully explained to the natives, and it was evident they understood it, from the questions they put and the remarks they made. I do not know of a single hitch anywhere in all the proceedings. About midday I went on board the "Raven," the "Nelson," with Mr. and Mrs. Lawes on board, steaming away to the south.

'The following morning the "Raven" returned to

South Cape, where I went on with my mission work, placing New Guinea natives as teachers amongst their own countrymen. The last few weeks had been full of excitement and considerable knocking about in ships and boats by day and night, and I was not sorry for a rest and change of work.'

'In December, 1884, H.M.S. "Raven" received instructions at Cooktown to proceed immediately and take me on board, and with all dispatch proceed to Huon Gulf, and there hoist the British flag. The "Raven" arrived at Port Moresby, after picking up the "Ellengowan" and towing her in, on December 26. Commander Ross was anxious, according to instructions, to get hold of me, and he knew, "No 'Ellengowan' no Chalmers"—the former reaching port, the latter was ready to go. There was some difficulty in getting natives to coal the "Raven"; but even that was overcome, and on Dec. 27 she was again ready for sea. This terrible haste astonished the New Guinea natives, who, generation after generation, have been accustomed to do as their fathers did—move by seasons, and not press time.

'On Sunday morning by daybreak we were away, having Tamate on board as interpreter. The errand of the "Raven" was to proclaim a Protectorate over all the then unknown annexed portion of New Guinea. With tide and wind in our favour, instead of getting to South Cape by six p.m. we were there before noon. Three weeks before the "Raven" had been there, and left a teacher belonging to the London Missionary Society, well and hearty, a jolly, kind-hearted fellow whom all liked, and who was a favourite with the natives, one who had done the London Missionary Society good and faithful service. The first words spoken to us on the beach were, "Mataio is dead." He had died suddenly from yellow fever.

'Natives, in charge of a fine young New Guinea teacher, were sent to get spars suitable for flagstaffs. Long before sundown they came in with six good spars suitable to hoist our good old flag on. Next morning by daybreak we were off for Dinner Island. I was anxious to get Paulo, a native chief, and finding that he had just gone to Heath Island, we accordingly steamed there, and soon picked him up. We found Heath Island and Hayter Island at war. Captain Ross told them there must be no fighting until he returned and met the chiefs and decided the whole affair. I liked that, and felt proud of our British Protectorate.

'We then steamed for Killerton. The mission station here is a model farm, splendidly laid out, and sufficiently extensive for all purposes. The kindness of these South Sea Island teachers beat everything. On our return to the ship we were laden with presents, and our excellent commander was much concerned what to do in regard to a return present. On the last day of 1884 we left Killerton, and steamed away for East Cape, soon to find our exit barred by innumerable reefs; so we had to right about, hold away in, round the reefs, and then run close by Lydia and the smaller islands, and steam full speed through Goschen Straits.

'It was a splendid sight: on the left the high mountains of the east end of New Guinea rising until their tops were lost in clouds, and on the right the grand bold land of Normanby Island rising still higher—magnificent outposts of the grandest island in the world. Very little level country was to be seen on either hand, but plenty of what may yet be the region of large tea, coffee, and cinchona plantations. All night we kept on, our gallant commander being anxious to carry out his instructions to the letter, and if possible get to Huon Gulf the next

day. Well, *Fortuna favet fortibus.* At daybreak we were amongst countless reefs and ugly pointed rocks. "Back," "slow," "ahead," "back," and so on; for hours we were wending our weary way through these sea terrors.

'In the afternoon we anchored in Porlock Bay, and soon preparations were made for landing. "Lower boats, lash spar to gig, embark blue-jackets and marines," were the orders given, and then Captain Ross, his officers, myself with the native interpreters, followed. A few natives were seen on the beach, but on the approach of the boats they all, except two, disappeared in the bush, and these also decamped on our getting nearer. Our native interpreters at once got out in the surf and gave chase, coming up to one about a mile inland. They say he was terribly frightened, and would on no account return with them. They gave him presents, and not being able to speak to him, not knowing the dialect, by signs begged of him to accompany them; he, by signs, told them he would go inland and get all his friends, and then return. He left, not to be seen again.

'The captain, feeling anxious for the bush party, went inland some distance, and meeting them, returned to find the staff erected and all ready. They then hoisted the flag, and from the "Raven" twenty-one guns were fired. The blue-jackets and marines gave three rounds *feu-de-joie*, and then, to conclude, three hearty English cheers rang out for the Queen. The captain buried a bottle containing the Proclamation, and left a large present near the flagstaff.

'In the evening we saw from the ship about a dozen natives near where the presents were left. They were carrying sugar-cane, and we at once landed. On our nearing the shore all disappeared, and we found the

presents untouched, the present given to the man met in the bush returned, and lying alongside the other things, and close by a large bundle of good sugar-cane, and eighteen cooked bread-fruit. Our interpreters went into the bush, but did not succeed in seeing any one. We left, taking their present, and leaving all ours. We pulled some distance round the bay, hoping to meet some one, but failing, and night and rain coming on, we returned to the ship.

'On January 3 we left early, and steamed slowly along the coast. We anchored near to Caution Point, and were delighted to see numbers of natives on the beach. At sunrise next morning we went ashore, and were met by a large crowd, and helped through the surf. They danced madly round us, and each sought a friend. They dug the hole, and carried up the staff, and assisted to erect it; but when the blue-jackets and marines fell in and marched up to the staff, and the doctor was seen fixing his camera, what they thought we know not, only there was a general stampede to the bush. We detained, by coaxing, about a dozen natives, and with them the old chief, whom we all liked. Fearing to frighten them, there was no firing, only, after reading the Proclamation, presenting arms to the flag aloft; then were three lusty British cheers given, and again a few decamped. We gave presents all round, and to the old chief several, including a tomahawk, which he certainly did not know how to use or what it was for. The majority now returned, and witnessed the old chief receive the Proclamation and take charge of the flag.

'A series of similar incidents on the return voyage closed the proclaiming of the Protectorate over all this country or countries between Huon Gulf and East Cape, and all the islands of the D'Entrecasteaux Group. The

work was well done, and Captain Ross and his officers shunned no difficulties in doing it well.'

In his official report, dated Sydney, December, 1884, Commodore Erskine wrote:—

'It will readily be seen that it would have been impossible for me to have carried out this programme without the assistance of the Revs. Messrs. Chalmers and Lawes, whose acquaintance with the people and knowledge of their habits are well known and acknowledged. From the moment of my arrival these gentlemen have placed their invaluable services entirely at my disposal. They have been ready day and night to assist me in every possible way; they have spared no pains in translating and explaining the terms of the Proclamation and addresses which I have made, and in collecting the numerous chiefs who, but for them, would never have come near the ship.

'These gentlemen, who first came and settled single-handed amongst these wild and cannibal tribes about ten years ago, have by their firm but conciliatory and upright dealings, established such a hold over the natives, as many a crowned head would be proud to possess. I have been lost in admiration of the influence which they command over these savage but intelligent people.

'Under these circumstances I desire to testify to the invaluable services which have been rendered to me by Messrs. Chalmers and Lawes, and to express the hope that they will be duly acknowledged by Her Majesty's Government. The wonderful confidence shown by the natives must be entirely attributed to their influence.'

It need scarcely be said that the Government paid no attention to the commodore's hope that some official recognition of their services would be made. Many

difficulties would be averted, and not unfrequently bloodshed and expense avoided, if the officials of Britain, which is professedly a Christian country, could bring themselves to believe that missionaries are intelligent men who love their own country none the less because they are seeking to uplift the savages or the heathen among whom they live.

It is only fair to bear in mind that the last thing any true missionary desires is government reward. In all parts of the world missionaries place their services at the disposal of the government when this can be done without interfering with their proper work, and they do this ungrudgingly and without the desire or the expectation of any recompense. But the ordinary Christian Englishman sometimes gets indignant when British officials make all kinds of wild blunders in dealing with foreign peoples, from which they could be saved if they were as ready to consult the missionary as they are the globe-trotter and the trader. Not for the benefit of the missionary, but for the credit of our government, it would be a desirable change if the high authorities of our Foreign and Colonial Offices could convince themselves that a man who has given his life to the work, and who knows the language and thoughts of the people, is at least as good a judge and as sound an authority to be consulted as the consul, who knows little about the people and cares even less, or as the man who is living abroad simply to make money and then depart.

Officers like Commodore Erskine often acknowledge in the handsomest way their indebtedness to missionaries; but so far as the British Government is concerned, in official action and official speech, missionaries are not always regarded as men of knowledge and common

sense whose experience should be turned to good account.

We cannot better close this chapter in the life of Chalmers than by recording the testimony to his worth, and the exceptional value of the services he rendered to the nation, given by Vice-Admiral Bridge. In a letter to the *Times*, dated May 4, 1901, Admiral Bridge said:—

'I first met Mr. Chalmers in 1884, when the British flag was hoisted in Southern New Guinea by the present Sir James Erskine, who then commanded the squadron on the Australian station. I was at that time serving under Sir James's orders; and I am sure that my distinguished chief will be most ready to testify to the value of the assistance rendered him in a difficult operation by Mr. Chalmers and his colleague Dr. Lawes.

'Mr. Chalmers accompanied me in the ship I then commanded on an expedition to Kapakapa and Kailé, on which I had been sent by Sir James Erskine. At my earnest request Mr. Chalmers again accompanied me, early in 1885, on a special expedition—in H.M.S. "Dart," accompanied by the present Captain W. Usborne Moore —to North-eastern New Guinea and Rook Island. His vigilance, cheeriness, readiness of resource, and extraordinary influence over native savages made his help quite invaluable. I can honestly say that I do not know how I should have got on without him. He had an equal power of winning the confidence of savages quite unused to strangers, and the respect, and even love, of white seamen. Notwithstanding the great inconvenience and, I fear, not inconsiderable expense to which he had been put by giving his valuable services in the expeditions mentioned, he firmly refused to allow his name to be officially submitted in any claim for pecuniary remunera-

tion, or even to accept the legitimate compensation to which he was entitled.

'It is difficult to do justice in writing to the character of this really great Englishman. One had only to know and live with him in out-of-the-way lands to be convinced that he was endowed with the splendid characteristics which distinguished our most eminent explorers and pioneers.'

Another of the officers concerned in these events wrote in later years :—

'New Guinea is an unknown tropical corner of our Empire, and from a commercial point of view of comparatively little value; but the pioneer work done by James Chalmers in opening up communications with the natives, and thus rendering Europeans' exploitations possible, was emphatically imperial in character. As an explorer and pioneer, his name should stand high in the annals of our Imperial history. With regard to the man himself, I can only consider myself as most fortunate to have, in a very small way, shared in his work, and to have been accounted by him amongst his friends. He will ever live in memory as a rich emotional nature allied with finest fighting qualities of our Saxon race, and as one who achieved difficult and disappointing work with noble sympathy and courage.'

CHAPTER XVI

BOYS WHOM TAMATE TRAINED

TAMATE had all the qualities of a great leader. Hence when those with him would have hung back in dangerous duties, his courage and power carried them forward. The native teachers whom he either trained or led did splendid service in New Guinea. Up to the full measure of their ability they toiled hard to teach the New Guinea savages all that they themselves knew. And many of them died bravely in lonely stations while doing the work with which Tamate had entrusted them. He has sketched for us the character and work of some of these men, who may fairly be taken as examples of like courage and devotion shown by large numbers whose names even are unknown.

'Piri, who was in charge of the station at Boera when I first landed in New Guinea, was a noted character. He was a very powerful man, stronger far than any New Guinean I have met. He was born at Avarua about the year 1835, twelve years after the landing of Papeiha, who was the first teacher to bring the Gospel to the islands. Piri attended the village school, and was taught to read and write there. As he grew up towards manhood, he cast off all restraint, and gave way to all the evil passions of the youthful native. Orange-beer drinking was introduced about this time from Tahiti, and spread all round the island.

'Piri was one of the ringleaders in making the orange

beer and drinking it, and was often fined. In 1857 the law was executed with a little more stringency, and several times Piri came under its ban. For this he blamed the white missionary, and determined to kill him with his own hands.

'Once when drunk Piri took a spade and made for the mission house. He was seen, and a party armed with sticks and having a rope set off in pursuit of him. As he was getting on to the verandah of the mission house they seized him, and with great difficulty bound him, and led him back to the coast. He was kept in charge for some days, and when really sober saw the terribleness of the crime he had been saved from committing, and vowed that, with God's help, he would never again taste drink. He began attending the services, and became truly converted.

'Piri became a man so filled with the Holy Spirit as to earnestly seek the salvation of souls, and felt compelled to go to the heathen. He joined the Institution, and after a four years' course was sent to Samoa to take charge there of a colony of Cook Islanders. He hoped in this way to get nearer than he could at home to the fulfilment of his great desire. He did good work whilst in Samoa. His wife died there. Some time after, Maki, the widow of a teacher who died in the New Hebrides, landed at Apia on her way to her home on Mangaia. Piri asked her in marriage, and she consenting, they were married.

'This wife was a very fine woman. Piri was her second husband. In the New Hebrides fever attacked the missionary party, and all except two women, Piri's wife one of them, died. These women were at first afraid they would be taken by the chiefs and kept as their wives; but one old chief took them, and treated them as

his daughters. For long they waited, and every morning they used to ascend a small hill at the back of the house, and scan the horizon for a sail. Even when sick with fever they used to crawl up. It was a long weary waiting, and then one died, leaving Maki alone. All hope of ever getting away was given up, but after nearly two years, when Maki one morning ascended to the lookout she saw a speck in the far-away distance. As the speck increased, and the ship came near, the poor woman was overjoyed, and wept profusely. The old chief was sorry to lose his daughter, but when the vessel, which turned out to be the "John Williams," was off the island, and the boat came ashore, he accompanied her to the boat weeping bitterly. The "John Williams" had been to England in the interval, hence the delay.

'In 1872 Messrs. Murray and Wyatt Gill had been appointed to take the first batch of teachers to New Guinea, and see them landed safely somewhere on that savage island. In July, 1872, they left Rarotonga in the "John Williams," calling at Samoa on their way to New Guinea. There Piri and his wife pressed Mr. Gill so hard that they might be taken to New Guinea that he consented, and so they made the sixth couple in the company of native teachers.

'Piri was a very fine specimen of humanity. He was about six feet two inches in height, and large in proportion. When they arrived in Redscar Bay Mr. Murray and Mr. Gill decided to land them all at Manumanu. Piri landed in a flaming red shirt, which was long remembered by the older natives. The natives respected him much and feared him. He was not easily moved to anger, but when he was once aroused it was advisable to keep out of his way.

'I remember on one occasion arriving at Boera in the

night, and going up to Piri's house to have a sleep. Everything was left in the boat, so as to be ready to start when the tide suited, we then having no fear of thieves. After breakfast, the boat being afloat, I went on board with the crew, and we found that not a row-lock was left. Piri was on the beach with his wife, and I landed and told them what had happened. His wife got very wroth, but no one seemed to mind her as she went through the village demanding the return of the rowlocks. We then sent for the chief and headmen, and met them in Piri's house. Piri quietly told them that the rowlocks must be returned to the boat. The chief and headmen had a run through the village, but it was of no use. Piri, now thoroughly roused, stalked to the end of the village and demanded the rowlocks, and said that no one should leave the village until they were returned, and that every house should be searched. He looked as if he meant what he said, and then in a very strange way we received back the rowlocks from a woman who said she had found them in the street. I never again missed anything when at Boera.'

From Manumanu Piri and his wife were removed with the others because of serious illness, fever being very bad there. One man had died and three of the women. Finally all were removed to Somerset, to be near Mr. Murray. In November, 1873, being much better, the teachers were returned to New Guinea and placed at Port Moresby. For sixteen years Piri and his wife did good service at Boera, and their work was blessed. 'Piri accompanied me in many of my trips, especially to the west in the Gulf. Several Gulf natives who had stayed at Boera, and received many kindnesses from Piri and his wife, gave us a good welcome to their villages, and made our stay with the people much more

satisfactory than it might otherwise have been. He is said to have introduced the large potato, and for years along both the east and west coast it was called by his name. In 1878 he and his wife spent a few months with us at Suau, and I saw much of Piri then. He was a good man, and a man of prayer, and when addressing new teachers he always told them to live much in prayer, and to remember that Jesus our Master was never far away, but ever near. In 1887 he and his wife accompanied us to Motumotu. While there he was attacked with dysentery. He got better, and as soon as he was able to travel he left us, we hoping to meet him again at Boera, but his work was done. They got safely to Boera, where he had a relapse, and they were taking him to Port Moresby to Mr. Lawes when he died on the way, in January, 1888. In May of the same year his wife followed him. She was to have gone home to Mangaia, but I was glad she was called to higher service where her husband was. They both rest side by side at Boera, near to the house on the hill by the village.

'What can I say of Ruatoka? As a young man, we were greatly attached to him and his wife. He was born at Tamarua, Mangaia, in the year 1846. His parents dedicated him when young to the work of God. When a lad he attended Mr. Wyatt Gill's school, and made fair progress. He joined the church, and afterwards came to live with the missionary in order to prepare for entrance into the Rarotonga Institution. He married Tungane, the daughter of a very excellent Christian couple. Her father had for many years been the missionary's right-hand man. He and his wife came to the Institution. As a young man he was very tall and very thin, and I feared not very strong. He was

all that could be desired, and I never once heard anything against him or his wife. We became very much attached to them.

'The year before sending the first contingent of teachers to New Guinea, and before any had been selected for the work, Ruatoka broke down in health, and I feared would never be able to go out. Recovering a little, I appointed him one of the pioneer band, contrary to the strongly expressed views of many in Rarotonga, who thought I was throwing away a valuable life. Both Ruatoka and his wife were in ecstasies at the thought of going, yet they were afraid with a great fear that I might be influenced to change the appointment, and detain them. Going about to the villages agreed with him, and he certainly grew stronger. Those opposed to his going even in the last week thought it was a sin to send him only to die shortly after landing on New Guinea. But I felt convinced I was right in sending them, and for years he was the only one remaining out of that band and of several subsequent bands that were sent.

'In the first years Ruatoka and his wife had very hard times, knowing much sickness, often suffering from hunger, and their lives frequently threatened. They have often had to keep watch all night, lest they should be attacked unawares; for the natives everywhere prefer that style of fighting. All subsequent bands of teachers were landed at Port Moresby, and then placed at their stations by the white missionary. Ruatoka and his wife were as father and mother to these newcomers. When the sick teachers were brought to Port Moresby they nursed them day and night. Many died, and Ruatoka and his wife made their coffins, superintended the digging of their graves, and gave them Christian burial.

'In 1878 a large party of gold prospectors came to New Guinea, making Port Moresby their head quarters. Very many of them became sick, and many died, and to them all Rua and his wife were ever kind. Ruatoka did much for them. Once he heard the prospectors were about to be attacked by inland tribes, and he determined if possible to stop it. Getting together a few Port Moresby, Motuan, and Koitapuan natives, he marched inland, visited the prospectors, and told them what he had heard. They feared that something was about to happen from the stealthy ways the natives were seen to move about. At times some had approached near to the camp at night, and one prospector had been badly used by some natives.

'Rua had heard the tribe were to meet at Moumiri, and so he determined to go right in amongst them. The prospectors chose a party from amongst themselves, all armed, to accompany Rua, and if necessary fight for him; but Rua decidedly objected, and went with his natives right into Moumiri, where there was a great gathering of armed men from all the region round. At first the natives threatened him, but he took no further notice than to say, "Why do you want to kill me? what have I done?" He then reasoned with them, preached to them, prayed for them, and the end was that they all dispersed to their homes. The prospectors on his return thanked him, as they were very anxious to be on friendly terms with all the natives, and succeeded in being that right through.

'On two occasions Ruatoka carried prospectors a long distance on his back to his own house, and so saved their lives. One was Neville, a gentleman by birth, and an army man, who begged of the prospectors in Sydney to be allowed to accompany them for the

sake of adventure. He was on his way in from the Larogi to Port Moresby, and was taken very ill, and lay down to die. Natives found him, but as it was getting near night, and he looked like dying, they were afraid to touch him. They on arriving at Port Moresby told Rua, and he begged them to return with him, and help him. But no New Guinea native could do such a thing, as the spirit might ever afterwards haunt them.

'Ruatoka got a long piece of cloth, a small lantern, and bottle of water, and started in the dark. About five miles out he was searching in the long grass when he heard low moaning, and going whence the sound came he found poor Neville nearly dead, quite unconscious. He gave him a little water, then fastening the cloth round him he bent down, and taking the two ends in his hands, and using all his strength, he got the sick man on his back, and began his return journey. He had to cross a range of hills over 300 feet high, and as day was breaking he arrived at his house, and laid the sick man on their one bed, to be cared for by his wife, whilst he lay down dead beat. Neville was nursed back to life, and was able to return inland, where some time after he died from another attack of fever.

'Rua was a true Sabbatarian, and it often vexed his soul to see the abuse of that sacred day. No Sabbath passed that Rua did not make some reference to it to the few natives who attended the services. It was hoped gold would be found in large quantities, and a German thought the best paying concern would be a store. So he built one a little way from the back of the mission ground. When the store was finished he wanted a cook-house, and that he got a Scotchman who was in from the river to put up. The roof was put on, and

on the Sabbath, when Rua was holding his forenoon service, there was the loud noise of hammering iron. For a short time he stood it, but at last, telling his audience to go home, he went to his own house to get an English Bible, in which he found the chapter and verses containing the Fourth Commandment. He then marched to where the cook-house was being put up.

'The German and a friend were sitting on the door-step of the store, and saw the teacher coming, and wondered what was the matter, as he looked very solemn. The Scotchman was on the top of the cook-house. Rua came just beneath him, and knowing only a little Pidgin English, he said, pointing to the man on the house, "Say, come down." The white man was somewhat astonished to have such a peremptory order from a coloured man, and did not answer. "Say, you know savee, I speak come down." The white man found his tongue, and I believe his wrath exploded in fearful cursing. Again Rua said, "What do you talk? You white fellow send missionary along my country, and my country he get good, and he like Sabati much. Before my countrymen he eat you, but no now. I come along New Guinea, I speak man Sabati he tapu, no work, no fish, no hunt, no build house on Sabati; and New Guinea man, he say, Ruatoka, you make lie, white man, he work Sabati. What for you make him? Come down." Once again very forceful adjectives, and the teacher's wrath rises. The tall, powerful man at last makes as though he would ascend the ladder, when the German, knowing well what would take place, shouts out, "Rua, my friend, stop!" and to the white man, "You fool, come down at once, can't you see it is our friend the teacher, and we are wrong?" Rua was roused, so when the white man came down, he

handed him the Bible, and ordered him to read the verses he pointed out, and at once. The white man did it, and then the teacher said, "God, He speak, you no work now. Put down hammer belong you." There was a quiet Sabbath for the remainder of the day.

'I took many trips with Rua along the coast and inland, and ever found him an excellent travelling companion. It was when away on one of these, looking out for an inland position as a head station, that his wife was left in entire charge, and she conducted schools and services just as when Rua was at home. One Sabbath morning she was speaking about God's love in giving Jesus, and that day the services were well attended. In the afternoon she spoke of the need for the Holy Spirit to work in all their hearts, and said that when He did they would be changed and love Jesus. Nearly midnight, long after she and her girls had gone to bed, there was a knock at the door, and she called out, "Who is there?" she was answered, "I." "Who are you?" again, "I." No native likes giving his name. The girls were awakened, and one of them recognized the voice as that of Aruadaera, and said so. Then she called out, "Is it you, Aruadaera?" and he answered, "It is." "What do you want?" "Open the door and let me in, and I will tell you." He was evidently in great distress, but she replied, "It is now very late, and we are all in bed, so come in the morning." "No, now; I cannot wait until the morning."

'She had to strike a match, and light the lamp, and let him in. "Now, what is it?" "I do not know what it is, but I am afraid, and I think it must be the Spirit you spoke of working in my heart. I am afraid to lie down, lest I should die, for I know I am bad." So then and there she told him of Jesus, and prayed for him, and

advised him to go home, and come back in the morning; but he insisted on hearing more, and being prayed for again. He left, but before daylight was back again, and sitting outside the door waiting for it to be opened. He accepted pardon through Christ, and became quite a changed man. He was the first baptized native in New Guinea. For many years he was a deacon in the Port Moresby church, and an earnest Christian man. He was well advanced in years when he was converted, but he learned to read and write. Three of his daughters became wives of teachers, and did very excellent work. He was a great help to Ruatoka in many ways.

'In December, 1885, Ruatoka lost his wife, after a very short illness. She had shared the sufferings of the first hard years of the mission, and had been the first to teach girls to read, sew and iron. Some time after Ruatoka married the widow of a teacher, and she became a very great help to him in all his work.

'During the many changes of white missionaries at Port Moresby, Ruatoka stuck bravely to his work there. For twenty-six years he had only one change, and that to Cooktown, where he spent a few days. He was greatly respected by all. The governor, government officials, and all the whites spoke highly of him, and the natives looked to him as to a father. His was a grand career.'

He did not long survive his beloved master Tamate. After the news of his death at Dopima Ruatoka asked to be allowed to go and preach the Gospel to the savages who had killed unwittingly their best friend. But this, though it shows the spirit and courage of Ruatoka, could not be. His long and useful life closed in 1903. He died at Port Moresby in a ripe old age, respected by all who ever met him, and beloved by those

who had worked by his side and seen the beauty and power of his life.

We give two or three other examples of how the love of Christ can and does transform savages into happy and useful Christian workers. Tamate wrote of another:

'Pi was the first of the Rarotongan boys brought up under my care who desired to become a teacher. He was a quiet, good boy, and although not over quick, was a good plodder, and made progress. His father, Paniani, was a queer mixture, a man full of good intentions, but weak, and ever stepping forward, only to drift back again. He gave his son gladly to the work of Christ, and he ever spoke of his son, who was for Christ's sake preparing for foreign work, as an honour to his father. After some years Pi wished to prepare for New Guinea. He married a quiet, intelligent girl, and they both lived happily with us. After four years of student life he and his wife were sent to New Guinea. No one could ever say an evil word of either of them. During all the years Pi was with us I never once heard his name connected with any evil.

'He stayed with us for some time at Suau, and then I placed him at the Leocadie. But in a short time so many teachers died that I was forced to bring Pi back to take charge of Suau, and right well he did his work. There he lost his wife, and after some time he married the widow of one of our teachers, and she dying, he was again left a widower, and for a long time simply gave himself to his work. In 1885 he married the widow of one of the teachers murdered at Kalo, but she only lived a short time, and in 1887, when on a visit to Port Moresby, Pi died. He was greatly mourned by the natives of the east end of New Guinea, for whose

uplifting he had worked hard during ten years. He was quiet and lovable, and yet very firm. These were qualities not found in the New Guinea savages, yet thoroughly appreciated by them.

'In 1878, at Suau, I translated a few hymns and two chapters of Mark's Gospel. For a long while these were all the literature we had to help us in our work. Pi gained a wonderfully correct knowledge of the language, and I urged him to translate the Gospel of Mark and to get the assistance of the most suitable natives. After a long time he finished the Gospel, revised, and re-revised it, and then, accompanied by the natives who had helped him, brought the manuscript to me at Port Moresby, and we together again revised it, and then sent it to Sydney, where it was printed. The New Guinea Mission could do with many more men like Pi.'

When Tamate returned to take up work at Toaripi he had relied greatly upon the help of a young devoted native teacher named Tauraki. But shortly before his return the natives of the Moveave district murdered him. Tauraki was the son of Elikana, a native of Rakaanga, one of the islands of the Penrhyn Group, the man, who by a series of adventures among the most romantic and striking in the history of the Pacific, was the agent in introducing Christianity into the Ellice Islands. Tauraki, his son, had in early days been a favourite pupil in Chalmers's boys' school in Rarotonga, and followed him to New Guinea, and settled at Toaripi.

Chalmers in a letter dated September 28, 1887, tells the story of his end:—

'Tauraki, who was murdered, his wife and child and ten natives, left their homes one Sunday night about ten o'clock, and went down some distance to an island just

at the mouth of a river, and slept there, so as to be ready for an early start in the morning. They wished to ascend the river, and collect the bulb used in making the best arrowroot. Monday and Tuesday were spent in collecting this bulb. They returned down the river on Tuesday afternoon, and when approaching a bend they saw a large number of canoes, each with the fighting-wisp in front. They tried to get back by another route, but that way was also blocked. They then just drifted down the stream, and the canoes closed on them.

'Tauraki's wife begged him to fire a shot from his fowling-piece or rifle, and thus to frighten the natives, but he would not. There was a contention amongst the enemy—some pleading that there should be no fighting, others declaring that they would murder the whole party. Hoping to make friends, the wife distributed some tobacco; but soon the arrows began to fly. Tauraki's child was wounded by an arrow. His wife was also wounded, and two natives fell dead. She had the fowling-piece in her hand, and fired, and the shot scared those near. Tauraki's party had two canoes lashed together, and some of their natives sprang overboard and got between the canoes. His wife with the child followed, and the husband stood up with several arrows sticking in him, and began firing his rifle. This scared the enemy, and they all plunged into the river.

'Those with Tauraki who were still alive, and his wife and child, got into the canoe, and paddled away. It was then getting dark, and they were a long way from home. Their great want was water, but they kept on, and about midnight got to the beach near their own house. On landing the child expired. The teacher and wife were helped up to the house of Mr. Edelfelt, resident at Toaripi, who with his wife did everything possible for

them. But on Saturday morning Tauraki died, the wife recovering.

'Five natives of Motumotu who had been in Tauraki's canoe were dead. The attack was really made in order to kill the natives with him. If Tauraki would have consented to go on board one of the enemy's canoes, with his wife and child, all would have been well for them. But that he nobly refused to do, saying that he would stand by his friends, and if need be die with them. Eh, 'tis a sad, sad story. He was our very best teacher, and from him I hoped much.'

In a subsequent letter of this time, Chalmers wrote:—
'We had another teacher and his wife at Motumotu. In January of this year the husband died from fever, and a few months later the wife followed. Yet there is light in the darkness—lives given to Christ and man. Following in His footsteps, they count not their lives dear; as He went to Calvary, knowing all, so do they, trusting in Him, and following His example. Christ shows us how to live, and also how to die, and there are still Calvarys with their grand life-ending.'

CHAPTER XVII

LIFE AT TOARIPI

IN 1886 Tamate revisited Great Britain for the first time in twenty-one years. He made an immense number of friends. He spoke at many meetings both small and great, and wherever he went he became an inspiration to those who met and heard him. His influence extended far beyond the ordinary religious circles because his sympathies were so wide. The secret of this influence is found in speeches like that which he gave at a great meeting in Exeter Hall.

'I have had twenty-one years' experience amongst natives. I have seen the semi-civilized and the uncivilized; I have lived with the Christian native, and I have lived, dined, and slept with the cannibal. I have visited the islands of the New Hebrides. I have visited the Loyalty Group, I have seen the work of missions in the Samoan Group, I know all the islands of the Society Group, I have lived for ten years in the Hervey Group, I know a few of the groups close on the line, and for at least nine years of my life I have lived with the savages of New Guinea; but I have never yet met with a single man or woman, or a single people, that your civilization without Christianity has civilized. For God's sake let it be done at once! Gospel and commerce, but remember this, it must be the Gospel first. Wherever there has been the slightest spark of civilization in the Southern Seas it has been because the Gospel has been preached

there, and wherever you find in the Island of New Guinea a friendly people, or a people that will welcome you, there the missionaries of the Cross have been preaching Christ. Civilization! The rampart can only be stormed by those who carry the Cross.

'Recall the twenty-one years, give me back all its experience, give me its shipwrecks, give me its standings in the face of death, give it me surrounded with savages with spears and clubs, give it me back again with spears flying about me, with the club knocking me to the ground, give it me back, and I will still be your missionary!

'How do we preach the Gospel? No, we do not go with a black coat and white necktie, standing in the boat with a Bible in our hand. We go as man to man, to try and live the Gospel.'

Tamate returned to New Guinea in June, 1887. He had determined to make Motumotu or Toaripi, to give it the correct name, his new head quarters. This station lies some distance to the west of Port Moresby, and the natives there were a wild, rowdy lot. They thus presented an especial attraction to Tamate. While at home he became engaged to be married to an old and intimate friend of his first wife, and in 1888 this lady came out to him, and they were married at Cooktown. Together they went to Toaripi to attempt to establish there a Christian home, and a centre of light and help for the wild natives who hitherto had rejoiced only in robbery and bloodshed. The following description of the place and people and conditions of life there is from the pen of Mrs. Chalmers:—

'There are a great number of creeks about Toaripi, near the coast, and often when the Port Moresby natives came up, the tide was high, and they found the creeks

full of water, which turned the place into a number of islands. So they named the district Motu-Motu, for in their language Motu means an island, and Motu-Motu is the plural, meaning a number of islands.

'I first arrived at Toaripi in the middle of the night, and could not see anything, except wild-looking, dark figures, waving lighted torches, and dancing about in great excitement amidst showers of bright sparks. Next morning I was awake early, and heard a great chattering outside. At first, for a few moments, I could not remember where I was. I will tell you about our room, and you can imagine how strange it looked when I opened my eyes. The walls were of dark and very rough-looking wood; the planks did not fit well together, and so daylight showed through in many places. A high thatched roof, well and evenly done; no windows; three doorways, but never a door, simply a native mat before the two outer doorways, and a blanket hung before the one leading to the other room. The partition between the rooms was about seven feet high, half the floor covered by a native mat, and on it our mattress. Two boxes and an empty packing-case, with a bowl on it, served as washstand.

'A little light showed over the partition from the open doors of the next room. The voices seemed very close to me, and when I looked down, where the mat did not cover, I saw between the floor planks several dark forms moving about underneath the house; for you must remember the house was built on piles six feet above the ground.

'When dressed I drew aside the mat which did duty for a door. Glorious sunshine, and the grand sea waves rolling up to within a few yards of the house. On the strip of sand in front a great number of natives waiting

to see me. Very many children—bright, happy-looking boys and girls: some full of mischief and pranks, and all anxious to see the white lady. When I appeared there were shouts of welcome, and all called me by the name of Tamate Hahine, that means Tamate's wife.

'How I longed to be able to talk to them, and to understand what they were saying about me. I wanted to ask and answer many questions, but of course I could not do so. I was evidently a great curiosity to them. The bolder ones came up, took hold of my hands, touched my hair, and examined my clothes. They were especially interested in my shoes and stockings. As I sat on the verandah or platform, they could reach my slippers; first they stroked, and then ventured to draw them on and off. You would think the children very strange, and I am afraid that at first you might say: "Dear me, how ugly these New Guinea children are"; but, when you examine the little faces, many of them are quite bonnie. Their heads are shaved; only a small tuft of hair left on the crown of the head, and another near the front. They do not wear clothes, and have brown skins, the colour of nice bright chocolate. Tamate joined me outside, and we tried to talk to them. You would have been very much amused. We did not know a word of their language, and of course they did not know one word of ours. They are very quick to understand, and some began to tell me the names of the things I touched, and so we began to learn a little, but we made very funny mistakes on both sides, and there was much laughter. I gave them beads, and small fish-hooks, and we became very good friends. Later on they escorted me through their village, showed me their homes, and fathers and mothers.

'Parents are very fond of their children, and nurse,

kiss, and play with them quite as much as good white parents do with their little ones. They have such a funny way of kissing—instead of pressing the lips together, they press their noses together, and rub them gently. I have seen little ones run to father or mother, climb into their arms, and rub noses in a loving manner, and they seem to enjoy it very much.

'All the children are very fond of playing cat's cradle, and they are much cleverer at the game than we are. The boys have many merry games, and, like British boys, they have different games for different times of the year. Fathers and elder brothers help them to make pretty canoes, with neat sails and paddles. Some of these are large enough for a small child to get inside, and paddle about in shallow waters; others are simply toys. They are fond of mimic warfare, and have toy bows and arrows, clubs, and throwing-sticks sharpened like spears. The older men take great interest in this pastime, and teach the boys how to use their arms like warriors. The girls have not many games; they are fond of playing and dancing on the beach, and they take great care of their wee sisters and brothers, and help to plant food, to fish, and to do other work.

'The sea is a grand playfellow for all the young people, and they spend more than half their leisure time in or on the water. Even the small children can swim, and the boys are fond of practising surf-swimming. We have a great deal of surf. When the waves break one behind another, often three or more lines of them, and send up grand showers of white spray, then is a fine time for the boys. They get a piece of wood plank, about a foot wide and two feet long, and hollow a place at one end for the arm to rest in; then swim out, away beyond the wild breakers. When the next wave comes,

they throw themselves upon it, resting one arm on the board, and ride in on the very top of the high waves amidst the white surf. Often I lose sight of them altogether—can see nothing but the mass of foam and spray, and I think they must have been carried away; but they always turn up safe and sound on the beach, where they give themselves a good shake. A few moments in the hot sun, and they are dry, have got a new supply of breath, and are ready for another start. I think it must be a fine sensation to be carried in on the top of those big waves.

'One afternoon I saw a number of boys standing in a line on the firm beach. Each had a good-sized hoop made of bamboo, and a long, pointed stick sharpened like a spear. Suddenly there was a shout, and away bowled the hoops; but, instead of the boys running after them, as I expected, they just advanced a short distance, and each threw a stick after his own hoop. The aim was to make the stick pass through the running hoop, fix in the ground, and so cause the hoop to fall around it. Very many succeeded in doing the trick, and I am sure it must have been difficult to manage. It would be a good game for English boys to try on a sandy beach.

'Very often the children go to the lagoon or the river to bathe, but they always go in numbers, for it is not safe to go singly, on account of the crocodiles. At the lagoon they get quantities of shell-fish, something like our cockles and oysters. After bathing, they make fires on the sand, roast their shell-fish, and have a good time. I have seen as many as a dozen fires at once, with a little group round each, enjoying themselves.

'I used to wonder why they made such a deafening noise when bathing; such a yelling, splashing, shouting,

and screaming I never heard. I was told it was to frighten away the crocodiles, who do not like a great noise, and will not attack a crowd. They are dreadful creatures, and often lie in wait near the bank, just under the surface of the water, ready to seize any poor unfortunate mortal who gets separated from the others.

'I had a native boy—a dear, bright little fellow, about seven years old. He had been with me some time, and was quick to learn and very affectionate. I was very fond of dear little Piri. One day he and two or three more little playfellows were amusing themselves on the beach, near the mouth of the river. Hand in hand, with great shouting and splashing, they had been running to meet and jump over the incoming wave as it broke on the sand. Little Piri suddenly left the others, and ran to jump over a larger wave, further from the shore. Poor laddie, he was never seen again. Only one cry and the blood on the water told his dreadful fate. Ah, it was very sad; his poor father and mother were almost heartbroken for the loss of their eldest son, and I shed many tears for our dear little Piri. Piri's father and mother are both Christians, and so they look forward to meeting their little boy in heaven, and they know he is safe and happy there.'

The house in which Tamate and his wife lived was about fifty feet long, and divided into three rooms; the partitions were the height of the outer walls only, and left the very high, pointed, thatched roof open from end to end. At night it was *too* lively—rats, mice, and, on the roof, lizards running all over it in armies. The latter, Mrs. Chalmers tells us, were very tame, and made a cheery chirp, and hunted the spiders, tarantulas and others, big and little, cockroaches and crickets, and beetles of all kinds.

The district of Toaripi was inhabited by about 3,000 wild savages, big, fine, handsome men, arrayed in truly savage style. Every day about 5 p.m. some of the swells visited the house fully got up for conquest. They looked very fine, with their hair in a great bush, and beautifully dressed; some had plumes a yard long made of tiny white feathers, and leaves and flowers tucked into their belts and armlets. The faces of some of them were beautifully painted in various designs and colours, like fine network, while others were horridly smeared with paint—their bodies also were greased and polished to perfection. The tight belt round the waist was the only clothing the men wore.

Tamate and his wife felt that this was a fine sphere of work, that these savages were people worth helping, and when they settled down there they expected to spend the rest of their working life at Toaripi.

From the earliest days of their life at Toaripi Mrs. Chalmers had to get used to being left alone. The trips taken by Tamate, in the prosecution of his work, varied in length from three or four days to six or seven weeks. They were for him seasons of hard work, exposure to storms and difficult landings. To his wife they were times of loneliness, often of vexation and difficulty with her boys and girls, and sometimes, in the early days, of extreme danger. But she always bore them bravely and uncomplainingly, as the following letter shows:—

'Here I am, all alone. Tamate left this morning. I think I should have gone with him, but since my attack of fever three weeks ago I have been so weak and ill that I did not think it advisable to venture. Tamate said not a word about going until after breakfast, and then suddenly, at nine a.m., "Lassie, there is a good wind

and sea, so I must away." Naimi sought up a crew, and by ten a.m. they were really off, bag and baggage. The wind has been favourable, so I hope all is well with them.

'I have been very busy, and the day has passed quickly away. I had all our boys for lessons, and *they* enjoyed it. I could not hear reading and spelling, but we had counting tables, and sums, and then writing. We make each other understand somehow, and they think it fine fun all round. I shall take them every day if I keep well. Many natives have been round to visit me, and to tell me there is a good wind for Tamate. Really they came to beg tobacco, but I only gave to our old pensioners.'

In a community like Toaripi life was not likely to be dull. Mrs. Chalmers notes in her journal constantly events like the following:—

'These people are very quiet at present, but there has been fighting at Maiva and Kivori, and very cruel spearing to death. The other day Tamate started up, saying, "Listen, there's the death wail." Again and again it sounded, such a weird, mournful sound, and then two women, the wife and daughter of the dead man, came out of the house, quite nude, each heading a procession of women; they went in opposite directions, taking the paths he was most accustomed to tread, each leader chanting a sad solo, and now and again at various stopping-places all the women joined in chorus. It was a strange sight and sounded most mournful. We have lost three teachers here in less than six weeks; two were confined and fever at the same time, and one fever alone. They are most difficult to manage when ill, and do not give themselves a fair chance of recovery.

'There have been two fights here lately—some were

badly hurt. The last was unpleasantly near the mission house, as one party were in the bush close to our fence. I was on the verandah, and some cocoanut shells and one or two sticks came over close to me, so I retired. Tamate went out and sent off one party (I should think there were 200) to their own village, and then Tamate went into the bushes and routed out the other side; they were angry at the interruption, but eventually cleared off. They will, I expect, fight it out some time, and go further away to do it. It is a quarrel between the young men of the different dubus, and formerly would have led to a desperate fight between the tribes, but now we are here the chiefs will not join in, and they try to stop the fight. The young men have been shut up in the dubus for eighteen months, only coming out on very rare occasions, and at night to get a little fresh air on the beach. They are most of them fine strong fellows, and anxious to try their strength on each side. They have just come out this month, and freedom makes them rather wild. I think I never felt myself amongst savages as I have done this last week, the excitement has been so great. The feast to "Semese" has been held. It is only held, I believe, at intervals of many years, and now we are here and getting an influence over the people, it will most likely never be held again in all its wild savagery. I am glad to have seen it, for from description one could not possibly imagine it.

'Yesterday we went inland. Tamate thought he would like me to see Moveave in its wild state. It is tiresome to get there in a boat—the canoes go a short cut through some winding narrow creeks; we went in the boat up some splendid streams of water, tributaries of the large river. It was very pretty indeed; the banks were covered with nipa, sago, and cocoanut palms, and

the mangrove swamps look pretty, though they are so deadly. We disturbed two crocodiles on the way, one twenty feet long at least, but they slid so quickly into the water I could not get a real good look. They are wonderfully quick in their movements, and being the exact colour of the muddy bank one can't get a good look at them.

'At the first little village, I was so hot and tired, we had a halt. Huari carried my folding-chair, and I sat down comfortably, as I thought, to rest, while the chief sent a boy up a tall tree for fresh nuts. The milk was delicious, but the rest was not; the chair was low, and the natives crowded round in a circle, men, women, and children, so that I could not feel a breath of air. I gave up the notion of having anything to eat there, and was glad to move on soon.

'It was very hot in the bush, and I was glad to reach Moveave and know I could rest and eat. It is very much larger than I expected, and the houses are built on a nice open plain, which felt airy after the close bush. The first sight was a sad one. An old chief died a fortnight ago, and we had to halt at his place; in front of the house was the grave in an enclosure, nine feet square, and inside this the whole family—widow, children, and grandchildren—are living, sleeping, cooking, and eating. The widow does not come out at all for three months, but she came to me, naked and daubed with clay—so wretched, and so dirty, for they do not bathe during the first mourning. We left them and went on into the village.

'There were quite a large number of dubus, some of them much higher from the ground than any Tamate had seen before. I longed to get up, but did not think it at all possible. The steps are just tree-stems tied

across, two feet apart (sometimes more), to two long slender poles, and they are not as a rule very straight across. I was terribly tired, and hot, hungry, and thirsty. There were a great many strangers in the village, as a great feast was in progress. The houses were half hidden by immense quantities of food; splendid bunches of bananas hung round the platforms, and piled high on the platform were taro, sweet potatoes, yams, cocoanuts in all stages of growth, and bundles of sago. A great amount of cooking was going on in front of the houses, and there did not seem one place to rest and cool off. On a dubu we saw some of our people who had come by canoe.

'Tamate, to please them, walked with me round the village; such a scene of noise and excitement it is impossible to describe. They crowded round me until I felt stifled. Out again in the centre, which is rather open, we were near a large new dubu, twenty-two or more feet from the ground, and my chair was placed underneath for shade and coolness; but it was no use, they would stand round me and keep away the air. Ka and Naimi and some of the men set to work and put more strands across the ladder, and I determined to venture. I shall never forget the ascent as long as I live; but at last I was safely landed, and it was delightfully cool and shady—so far above them all. I unpacked the food, and we had cocoanuts to drink.

'The getting down was dreadful; and there was a sudden misunderstanding between some of our teachers and the natives. In a moment every one seemed armed—bows, arrows, and those dreadful clubs. Fortunately I did not see the quarrel, and when the natives suddenly appeared armed and around us, I thought it was part of the show for our entertainment, and I had only just time

to realize danger before it was over. We had a narrow escape, and five minutes might have seen the end of us all, and no one left to tell the tale. Tamate seems equal to any emergency, however, and everything was made right. It was want of tact, and nervousness, on the part of one of the new teachers which caused it all.'

We give a few hitherto unpublished letters of Tamate's and Mrs. Chalmers's which illustrate the life he lived, the kind of work he tried to do, and the experiences through which he passed at Toaripi from 1888 to 1895. The first is a characteristic letter of the kind Tamate sometimes wrote to young people, and was, for him, an unusually long letter.

MOTUMOTU, *December* 10, 1888.

'My dear young friends: It is a very long time since I wrote to my old Sunday school, the school of my youth. It is not an easy matter to get sufficient time together so as to be able to write a letter worth the postage. How very different our letters are to those the natives send. Yesterday I sent up the river for sago, and in the afternoon the double canoe returned with forty-five bundles only. They brought me a native letter which I must try and enclose for you to see. It reads as follows: "To Tamate. Let Tamate know that we are going to make sago, and in three sleeps it will be ready, on the fourth let him send for it." I have had invitations to feasts and dances with knotted string. If the string spoke it would say: "Know, Tamate, that in fourteen sleeps (number of knots) you are to come; the pigs will be ready and there will be food in abundance; the dancing will begin before sunset and continue until long after sunrise." Some years ago, before the Port Moresby natives understood our divisions of time, and when they only knew the Sabbath by the informing bell

on the Saturday night, I sent a native with one of the large trading canoes to the west and told him to hold services and teach the people of the place of Jesus Who came to reveal our Father's love. Some weeks after I went down in the boat, and on entering the river in the dark a small canoe met us, and in it the Christian native I sent. He reported all well and the people interested. I asked him what day it was, and he answered correctly. I asked him when the Sabati would be, and he soon answered. I was astonished, as many of our teachers get wrong in the day. I have gone to places on the Saturday or Monday and found them holding services, and on asking what day it was was told it was Sabati. From fever I have known them two days wrong. I asked him, How do you know the time so well? and he answered, "Feel that." I felt a piece of string he had attached to a small bag similar to those carried by all natives, and found it knotted. Here and there it had large knots and between small ones. The latter stood for days of the week and the former for Sabbaths. Every morning he made a knot, and so on the seventh doubled it, and in that way he kept time correctly for several months.

'The people here are a fine wild independent lot. Some time ago at one of our services during the closing prayer a lad was noisy, at the close I detained him to talk to, and told the others to leave. They left very slowly, only a few of the first running on to the village. I wanted to speak to him alone, and so insisted on the others leaving. I would not let the boy go. On looking out I saw a crowd gathering and armed with clubs and sticks, and knew well what it meant; they were coming to attack us and take away the boy. I determined they should do neither, so I made for the door. I was just in

time to meet the leader entering carrying his club ready; by one hand I seized him and with the other wrenched the club from him. He turned and in one spring cleared steps and everything. I was now armed and not feeling particularly amiable, and I have no doubt looking anything but it; and you should have seen that crowd go—they scattered and ran helter-skelter into the bush. In the confusion my boy thought he would escape, but oh dear no! I got him, cleared the house and talked to him. Afterwards I went through the village with my club, and I have it now.

'We are often getting messages from neighbouring peoples that we are to be murdered, and I send them back word or take it: "It is very bad to say bad things, and they must never again say it; as for doing it, they are not children and cannot." I am leaving this week to bring two tribes together who have been killing one another for some time. Both are now anxious for peace and friendship. Some of their murders are fearfully cruel; and knowing those who commit them, I often wonder how they can commit them. Some murders are committed by small, insignificant, sneaking fellows for whom you would have the greatest contempt, and think them not worthy a thought. They are the very fellows to be careful of and just keep your eyes and ears about you, or rather alive, without them knowing it.

'We have begun three new stations, one is at Vailala on the "Annie." It is a fearful place for crocodiles, and often a native is taken. When we were anchoring there was a shout, and away went all the canoes; but no use, a fine young woman had been taken, and was never again seen. In the afternoon it was very sad to stand near the house, and hear her poor mother with all her relatives and girls of her own age wailing. She had gone with a

dish to the river near the house to draw water, and on bending down was seized and taken: there was only one loud scream, and nothing more—gone, gone for ever. A few days after a man was taken, and so on. Here we have crocodiles, but they are not so vicious. At Lese, near here, a few days ago, a young woman who was going to be married was seized: she screamed, a number of men near plunged into the water and killed the crocodile. The girl was too terribly lacerated; she died a few minutes after bringing her to the village.

'I suppose all of you belong to the "Band of Hope"? If you don't you ought to. Fancy being able to say when old, "I do not know the taste of spirits." Our natives can say that, and our new and excellent Governor means they shall continue to do so. With us pray they may be kept from the fiend destroyer.

'Their great luxury is the areca nut and betel pepper, and that they are ever chewing with lime. They constantly tell us it is a splendid specific for fever. When I first came to New Guinea I tried it and rather liked it; but one day I overdid it. I chewed nearly all day long—a regular spree. Unfortunately it was a calm, I was in a small vessel, and there was nothing else to do, and we lay, "like a painted ship upon a painted ocean." Eh, I remember it well, a brawling sun overhead, little or no shade, and chewing. Night came on, and for the first time in many years, perhaps the first in my life, I had a racking headache. I slept, and the next morning felt queer, and then and there bade farewell to the betel. I was cured. Nearly all our teachers like it. Had I had the headache first I should never have chewed betel.

'We have got eight students here being taught, so that in a few years they may go to their countrymen and

tell them "God is love." We have also a few boys—these are taught English. How you would laugh to hear their first attempts. Never mind, they are getting on well, and perhaps some day may become teachers. They all dearly love stories, and to them there is no wearying when Bible stories are told. I have sent for my magic-lantern so that they may have an opportunity of seeing some pictures. The excitement will be great, and I only hope they will not rush the table. At Port Moresby they dearly love comic slides, and they also enjoy seeing David standing on Goliath and cutting off his head. Here the whole will be new, and I have no doubt will be much appreciated.

'We have two village schools, one for the east, and one for the west. Some of the boys are getting on, but unless there is plenty of fun only a few attend. I fear no school inspector would pass us, we are such a rowdy lot. They, the children, dearly love to get me for an hour with them, for then we sing, we march, we learn tables and geography, marching. You should hear them sing; I have never heard anything like it. I wonder if they will ever learn to sing.

'They are very irregular in their attendance and often play truant. I did that once, only once; it was quite enough, it is a memory. There were two of us: we heard there was to be blasting on or near to Mr. Blair's farm, and the temptation was strong, so we had breakfast, pretended to go to school, crossed the river at Low Ballantyre into the woods and away along to the scene of the blasting. It was not half a day, there were ghosts following us all day long, and we had to keep in hiding much of our time. There was some fine blasting, but it did not compensate for the risk of exposure. Never mind how it was settled. I have already said it is a memory.

On Rarotonga I have often got on my horse and run the truants in.

'I must be closing, or you will all be saying, Hold, yarn enough! Some day we may meet, and then I must yarn on. I have men sawing, some boat-cleaning, others fence-repairing, so must stop. Hallo, I forgot the real reason of my writing. Thank you all ever so much for your kind box of presents for the natives. Why, one would imagine you had been here, and you knew what was wanted. It was right good in you all to so remember us; and how jolly the natives will feel wearing and using the things. I am going to close, and not a bit of a sermon, and you all shout hurrah. Hurrah! good-bye. God bless you.

'Your old friend
TAMATE.'

'*July* 15, 1890.

'We had the ordinance service on Sunday, and a good congregation of natives to witness it, they were very attentive and interested, and Tamate tried to explain to them. We have no church members here yet, but with teachers from other stations, ourselves, new teachers, Maimi, Ikupu and one of the "Harrier" crew, some four natives from Pari, we made a goodly number. It was a solemn and strange service in this wild place. I could not help contrasting this service with the one at home, here the bright sun outside, and on one side the dazzling sea breaking in heavy waves up to the very steps of the church, on the other, a portion of sandy beach, some native houses, looking like haystacks on high posts, cocoanuts, palms, and little peeps in between, and underneath the houses, of the wide river beyond, plenty of dogs and pigs running about. Inside, my table covered

with a white cloth; and on it a jug of cocoanut milk, and two glasses, and two plates of bread. Tamate at the table, a teacher on either hand. I sat at the right hand, and on the floor at my side the native members, on the left hand the teachers and wives, in front a gathering of orderly, interested-looking natives, many gorgeously painted and befeathered, and dark faces peering in at the six doors. Can you picture it at all? The church is built by the natives, walls of nipa palm spines, and thatched roof of palm leaves, floor of bark—two doorways on each side, and one at each end, and plenty of square openings for windows. We have no church members here yet, but we think of the Moffats and feel encouraged, they were fifteen years working at one station, and not one member, and yet she asked a friend to send her an ordinary service, and directly after it arrived, they needed it.'

'MOTUMOTU, *April* 26, 1890.

'My dear Pastor: I returned from the Fly River a few weeks ago, and since then have been fairly busy with classes, writing, and superintending house-building. I was absent from here nine weeks and on my return found Tamate Vaine tolerably well, although during my absence she had two bad attacks of fever. When I left Mr. Savage was here, but he had gone some weeks before my return. Tamate Vaine carried on the work splendidly and got on well with all parties, the people causing her no trouble. She kept the teachers and students well up to the mark. My visit to the west was a long one and we went over much ground, some old, more new. The Governor was exceedingly kind and gave me every opportunity of seeing the mission stations and other places suitable for mission stations. I am

sorry to have to report that our work near the Fly River is *nil*. The few teachers seem quite disheartened and simply vegetate, their houses are the most miserable of teachers' houses. I am sorry for them, as I fancy more could have been done with them. I think I told you of the request from Blomfield Street to go to Torres Straits and take up the Fly Mission. We go and make Dauan our head quarters, working the coast and river with a steam launch. We both expect to leave here in July for the Colonies and South Seas. Our hope is to get a goodly number of teachers from Samoa and Rarotonga.

'The country visited is uninteresting, but it is new. It is a terribly wet country, with swamps everywhere, and no ground could I see for which I would give a cent an acre. The population is sparse and I should think very suspicious. On the island of Kiwai there is a tolerably large population, but all the other islands in the mouth of the Fly are uninhabited. About sixty miles up is the island of Domoro with a small population, and there I hope soon to have a station. It will be central for working both banks of the river. We know nothing of what is inside the river scrub, the population may be large but I fancy it is small. The few people I saw were frightened as March hares. At Kiwai they speak "pidgeon" English, and all day long you hear "No savee," "My word, no gammon," and interlarded profusely with rich adjectives which many whites think very effective and which the natives soon get a hold of. A native giving me a present in the heartiest and most good-humoured way, swore profusely without knowing what he did. Would you believe it, there are white men who *deliberately teach* the natives to curse and swear and to use the filthiest language. The "mean

white" is a low man; our "white man" is a good fellow.

'Our visit to Saibai was most interesting. Many years ago I visited the island and they were then a wild uncouth lot, who several times threatened the teacher and his wife. They were the wildest skull-hunters on the whole coast and had heaps of skulls under the shade of their sacred trees. That is all changed, they are now a quiet, law-abiding people, and many of them I believe earnest Christian men and women. The king is a little man, squat, active, and very intelligent, and a great man in the church. Here is a good one—a hint—for the elders. The king is a deacon and carries a wand, a switch, and his quick-seeing eyes sweep over the assembly when in church, and any poor unfortunate whose head should hang, or nod, or whose eyes are closed except at prayer-time, is soon discovered and away goes the king, sets the head right, or touches the culprit with the wand and informs him or her, no sleeping in church. With what gusto he sings! He reminds me of your Mrs. McKay in the Orkneys, a lady I heard you speak of thirty years ago, and of how sorry you were when the regular precentor was able to take his duties. Well our Saibai king is the same, 'tis a pity when the regular precentor is in his place. They sing all and well. God's Gospel of love to man is all powerful; only that blessed Gospel could have wrought so great a change.

'Well, we met the Tugeri and became right friendly. They are Dutch men. They are certainly a fine lot, and if only won to Christ will make splendid pioneers. We hoped to meet them in British territory, and so would have taught them not to skull-hunt any more. I believe His Excellency would have insisted on their returning

home. We ascended one new river through swampy country. In some places we had a constant supply of wild geese, so much so that I tired of goose. We had a small explosion in the steam launch one day and some of us went at the quick over the stern, preferring cool water to boiling.'

Here is Mrs. Chalmers's view of the same period from the very different standpoint of the one left at home to carry on the routine work, while the equally necessary duty of exploring new districts and visiting lonely native teachers was being discharged by her adventurous husband.

'MOTUMOTU, *April* 6, 1890.

'You cannot think how I welcomed Tamate home after nine weeks' absence, five of which I spent alone here. I had one or two amusing adventures with the natives. On the whole I managed very well, and Tamate is delighted because I have been able to carry on all the work, college, schools, and buildings, etc. The anxiety and worry has been so much, that now the strain is over, *I'm done*, and submit to be coddled and nursed up. Being independent is all very well sometimes, but it's nice to be taken care of again. I get on well with these savages, and Tamate is much amused at the way I order these big wild men about, and even take their clubs away, if they bring them to the house. The men themselves laugh, and pat me on the shoulder, but they all do as I tell them. They will take more from me than they would from a man, and they see I am not in the least afraid of them, or their sorcerers either.'

A lady friend who visited Mrs. Chalmers two or three years after the home at Toaripi was set up has left an

account full of interest of her visit. With some extracts from her account we close this period of Tamate's life [1].

'Let me tell you what a brave woman Mrs. Chalmers is, and what a missionary's wife in New Guinea has to endure. She has often been left *entirely* alone with these savages for weeks at a time, while her husband has been on duty elsewhere, settling native teachers in new stations or exploring new country. To realize what this means you must remember that, as I said before, there are no roads in New Guinea, and no possibility of communication, however great the emergency, with any civilized being nearer than Port Moresby, 150 miles away. During one of Tamate's absences his wife lay for weeks desperately ill of fever, alone, entirely at the mercy of the natives, and without attendance except for any care the teachers' wives could give her. She lay thus in constant dread that she might die before Mr. Chalmers got back, or, worse still, sink into a state of coma and be buried alive. By the good providence of God, her husband returned just in time to draw her away by tender care and wise nursing from the gates of death she had so nearly passed through.

'All the many dangers of various kinds that have threatened her even she herself could not tell you, but I think one story of her courage will not be inappropriate here. One night, when she was quite alone in the mission house, she was awakened by a slight noise on the verandah. She got up and went out to see what it was, and discovered that the house was surrounded by the natives, chiefly the young warriors, all fully armed, crouching in the darkness under the verandah. Instead of being overcome with fear she went down amongst

[1] These extracts are from a paper by Frances Baildon, entitled 'A Lady's Visit to New Guinea.'

them, asked them how they dared to come there at that hour of night, and gave them a good sound scolding for disturbing her. Whether they were daunted by her coolness, or what it was that deterred them from attacking her, no one will ever know, but an old chief came up to her and patting her on the shoulder told her to have no fear, and he would make these men go away and she was to go back to the house and rest. True to his word, she heard him, during the remainder of a sleepless night, patrolling the verandah, keeping watch over her. And so the adventure ended, but there is little doubt they came to kill her, and were only prevented by her courage and self-possession.

'The day after our arrival we were taken through the native villages, and Mr. Chalmers made me go up into two of the houses, which were as usual built on piles ten to twelve feet above the ground. These were reached by means of a very rudimentary ladder made of branches of trees, varying from one to two feet apart. I had to scramble up these unaided as best I could, it being against New Guinea etiquette for Mr. Chalmers to accompany me. When I reached the platform I was greeted in friendly fashion by the women and children, and, not being able to communicate in language, we were very liberal with our smiles and handshakes. Then they showed me their houses, which consist of a platform with the roof hanging over it like a porch, and where they usually sit, and then a long darkish room and a further one darker still. During our walk afterwards we met an extraordinary spectre-like figure of a whitish ash colour. This was a widow in deep mourning, and whose only covering consisted of the clay she had smeared over her body.

'Next morning we started on a canoe voyage up the

Williams River to a place called Moveave, where the people are still so ferocious and so entirely in their savage condition that the only teacher ever placed there was murdered, and Mr. and Mrs. Chalmers recently had a very narrow escape of their lives.

'Our canoe voyage was very interesting. We soon got out of the main river and turned into a creek, and the scenery became like fairyland, the canoe being paddled slowly along between banks covered with the loveliest trailing ferns, sago, nipa and cocoanut palms, with their great feathery leaves bending down and meeting across the water. So low did these fall that we had often to lie almost flat in the canoe to avoid contact with the prickly leaf-stems of the sago palm.

'After two or three hours' voyage, sometimes crossing broader streams and then taking short cuts up narrow creeks, we began to see people on the banks and various signs of a native village at hand. When we landed a little later at the end of one of these creeks, the situation looked a little alarming. There were no women to be seen amongst the savages who came to meet us, which was a very bad sign, and all the men were fully armed with their clubs and bows and arrows, and appeared sullen and distrustful. We all had to be very careful in our behaviour, as the least misunderstanding would have cost us our lives. Our stay was limited by the fact that the creek on which Moveave was situated was a tidal one, and, as the tide had already turned, too long a delay might have involved a wait of many hours, which would have been very dangerous in the present temper of the people. Perhaps the fact of our party having a white woman with them helped to keep the peace, and as I was only the third they had ever seen they were greatly interested in me. Here the houses were built

even higher from the ground than any we had seen before, and the people were extremely terrible-looking and very fierce. To add to their already dreadful appearance they chew betel-nut, which leaves their teeth black and their gums blood-red.

'In spite of this not encouraging reception we made a tour through the village, and I walked along with Mr. Chalmers, who remonstrated with the natives for meeting us armed to the teeth. For the first time I saw he was uneasy, and consequently I felt rather alarmed, but was able not to appear so. By this time we had crowds round us, and my brother and one of the other missionaries came up and photographed us in groups. The three men nearest me were simply hideous, though, according to their ideas of beauty, they were most elaborately got up, with endless ornaments, painted faces, and frizzed-out hair. After this we made for the canoe, accompanied by a large escort, which considerably delayed our progress. At last we embarked, but were at once surrounded by the natives, still apparently displeased and jabbering away in a language I could not of course understand. I confess then I thought we were doomed, and that I should never see home or friends again. There was no use making a fuss, however, so I sat perfectly still, trying to judge from their faces and gestures what our fate was to be. But after much jabbering and gesticulation, and some presents of tobacco, we pushed off, followed however on both banks by these unpleasantly well-armed savages until we got into the main river, where they left us; and I think, though nothing was *said*, we were all deeply thankful to God for preserving us alive.

'We had a safe voyage back to Motumotu, where we remained over a Sunday and witnessed some interesting services with the natives, especially a communion service.

The communicants were principally teachers and students and their wives, as Mr. Chalmers is very careful not to admit any to the sacrament who do not quite understand the meaning of it.'

CHAPTER XVIII

THE WRECK OF THE 'HARRIER'

In the year 1891, after spending a few days at Port Moresby on returning from a visit to Kerepunu on June 30, Tamate and Mrs. Chalmers, and all the Rarotongan teachers and their wives sailed in the 'Harrier'[1] from Port Moresby to Motumotu, where they arrived on July 4. They could not land that night, and had to toss the long night through in a heavy gulf-swell. Here is Mrs. Chalmers's account of that night:—

'What a terrible night we had for discomfort, to be sure! the ship swung a little and got nearly broadside on the seas, and with every roll she shipped a sea one side or the other. The men lashed me firmly to the seat, which is bolted to the companion-way, and I just rolled with the ship, feeling every time she went down on my side that the great wall of water must come over us. I never passed such a night; and there opposite was our own home, and every time the ship came right side up I caught a glimpse of the lantern which our people kept on the flagstaff. Of course no one slept. Tamate stayed down below. He could not stand on deck, and he could not keep in the berth either. Tamate struggled up and peeped over at me two or three times. I was fast enough, and could move only with the ship.

[1] The 'Harrier' was a large schooner which had been purchased from the Government by the Directors of the London Missionary Society and was used exclusively in the service of the New Guinea Mission.

'The following morning we landed, and were all delighted with the work done, especially that done in our absence.'

'At Motumotu,' says Mr. Chalmers, 'I left my students in charge of a very excellent Tahitian, who has done well. In manual labour during my absence thay have sawn a large quantity of timber for a house for the Fly River; and have also sawn timber for and built a very fine schoolroom—the best in the mission. The teacher, Terai, has also built for himself a house every way suitable for Motumotu, and thoroughly comfortable.

'The teachers report that the people now attend services much better, and I was delighted to find that several children could really and truly read. The students do arithmetic to simple division entirely in English, and read the Motuan Gospels well. I believe what I thought before I left an impossibility will shortly become a fact—the young people will sing, and do so with intelligence.

'On July 10 I left Motumotu for Port Moresby. All were well then and hearty. Owing to light winds and calm we did not arrive in Port Moresby until Monday, July 13. Wood and water were got on board, the ship cleared at the Customs, and on Saturday, July 18, we sailed for Cooktown. We had as passengers three teachers who came with us for change of air, one young Irish gentleman who was anxious to get away from Port Moresby, and Belford, so often mentioned in our Governor's report, who was also wanting a change.

'The weather came on very dirty just after we left; but having southerly wind we got to Kerepuna on Sunday afternoon. We found Mr. and Mrs. Pearse well. Theirs is a pretty station, and one where much good work is being done. The earnest, steady work carried on must soon tell, and be felt all round.

'On Monday, July 20, we weighed anchor, and stood away for Cooktown. It was blowing very hard, and the weather was very thick. On Thursday, July 24, we entered the Barrier through Cook's opening, a little to the north of Lizard Island; and we all hoped to be in Cooktown the following morning. It was a rough night, and when light came we were only a little to the south of the Lizard. We kept at it all day, carrying away our head-sails several times, and two of the forestays. To repair damages we anchored for a short time to leeward of Three Islands; and at four p.m. weighed anchor again, and began pile-driving into a very heavy head-sea.

'At eight p.m., off Cape Bedford, we rounded ship, and stood off on the starboard tack, hoping that when we put about again we should stand right into Cooktown. Several of our crew were married, and their wives living in Cooktown, so "Homeward bound" was frequently said and sung.

'The night was wet, dark and stormy, and I turned into my bunk some time before nine o'clock. I was half asleep when the captain, in his oilskins, came down to the saloon, and had a look at his chart, and then went back. Presently, there was a grating, a bound, and a fearful thump! I knew we were ashore, and sprang to my feet: on coat and slippers, and rushed on deck.

'In passing up the companion I looked at the clock, the time was 9.15. All were on deck. Orders were immediately given to lower away the head-sails, fore-sail and main-sail. Another order was that the second officer with the crew should take a kedge-anchor in the whaleboat, find deep water, and drop it. This was done, and soon all were heaving away at the kedge, hoping to get our good ship off. But she was fast aground, and we could not make her move

toward deep water. As the tide went out she settled on her bilge, in which position we were anything but comfortable.

'Throughout the night she continued bumping; and in the morning some felt there was little hope of saving her. The kedge was moved into deep water aft, and the hawser passed in over the starboard quarter and away to the windlass, when it was hove tight.

'During the day part of the iron ballast was got on deck to be thrown overboard if she righted with the night tide, and that so there might be a chance of getting her off.

'Flags of distress were flying all day, but no vessel saw us. After dark, blue lights were burned and rockets fired, and a great blaze was produced by firing tow steeped in kerosene. Our hope was that our signals might be observed from Grassy Hill, Cooktown, and that a boat would be sent to our relief in the morning.

'Shortly after ten p.m. the ship righted. Instantly all were hard at work, some throwing ballast overboard, others heaving away at the windlass until they nearly broke the hawser, but all in vain—she was on too fast to be got off.

'As the tide receded she again settled on her bilge. During the night wind and sea increased and in the morning it was evident something must be done to save our lives. The ship had heeled over a great deal more, and the heavy sea breaking on her starboard quarter made us fear she might go over altogether. It was painful work hanging on to her.

'Up to four a.m. on Sunday the pumps kept her dry, but after that pumping was of no use, as the water flowed freely in and out. Between seven and eight a.m. it was decided to cut away the masts, in order to ease the

great strain they made on the wreck; and in a short time the lee rigging was hanging away free of the ship; the forestays were cut away, the masts nicked on the port side, and then the starboard rigging was cut. When all was free, the distress signals were hauled down from the mainmast: there came one fearful crashing sea: a loud crack of the masts giving way: a starboard swing, and away went the masts! Eh! it was a sair, sair sicht to see our pretty "Harrier" then.

'Orders were now given to get the whaleboat ready. The sea was running so heavy that I confess I did not like the idea of crossing over to the Three Islands. Still there was no hope of rescue any other way. Those islands were near the deep route for vessels, and we also knew that a steamer was due that night from Normanton to Cooktown.

'The water was now all over the ship. Provisions for the boat and for those remaining on the wreck, also our few effects, were got ready. Our second mate, Macdougall, a young man from Stornoway, was put in charge of the boat with three of the crew. The boat was well handled, and kept up under the jibboom while food and our effects were passed along, and dropped into her. Our cook, a lame man, followed, and then we, the passengers, letting ourselves down by holding on to a line, and as the boat rose, carefully letting go and taking a seat.

'Climbing along the deck, I saw one of the sailors diving into the hold. I called out to him, "What are you doing?" He answered, "I am looking for the poor cat, to save him by taking him into the boat." He found "Master Tom," and so *he* had a passage.

'When I got to the windlass I found there a young cockatoo, more dead than alive, and screeching. I asked,

"What about Cockie?" to which one fellow replied, "Oh, we save him; he go in boat."

'There were eleven of us all told in the boat, together with our provisions and effects. Many of the others, as well as myself, never expected to reach land. We were heavily laden, a gale of wind was blowing, and a very high sea running. But by the aid of constant bailing, and Macdougall's splendid management with his steer-oar, we rounded the reef, got under the lee of and landed on Three Islands. I think every heart was honest in returning thanks to our heavenly Father for His care over us.

'We took possession of a beche-de-mer station, and soon had a fire going, changed our clothes, and put out all the wet things to dry. "Tom" was a real ship's cat, and when he touched the sand it was amusing to see him shake his feet as cats do when crossing wet. It was too much for him, so he rushed back into the water, and up on to the boat. "Cockie" did look a pitiable object, and when put down was heard calling for his sailor friend. He was picked up, placed by the fire, and soon recovered, but would not be left alone.

'There was a large patch of dry grass on the island, which we fired to let those on board know we had arrived, and to show passing vessels that the island was inhabited. Of course we were all anxious to see a vessel of some kind, and about two hours after landing a small lugger passed to the north, but did not see our signals of distress. About five p.m. another vessel was seen beating down from the north, and she was anxiously watched; but keeping well in under the mainland, she did not see our signals, and the sun set. When quite dark we burned two blue lights, and fired one rocket in hopes of attracting the attention of those on board

the vessel we had seen just before sunset. We were all sore and tired, and right glad to lay down on the sand and rest, keeping watch about. Often during the night we fancied we could see a steamer's light approaching, but it was mere imagination.

'After sunrise we saw the lugger that had passed north beating back towards us, and shortly after the other vessel running down to the lee of the island. The latter we soon recognized to be the Queensland Government vessel the "Governor Cairns," and soon after she came to anchor we were all on board of her. The lugger eased away her main sheet, and stood before the wind for the north. Captain Cole of the "Governor Cairns" received us kindly, and on hearing there were others on the wreck immediately weighed anchor and beat to the leeward of the reef.

'By one p.m. we anchored to the lee of the reef, and by four o'clock all those who had been left on the wreck were on board; the anchor was weighed, and we made for Cooktown, arriving there that night.

'On landing at Three Islands, the cook preceded us up the beach, and when near the shanties formerly occupied by the beche-de-mer fishermen, he turned round, and producing a cake of Pears' soap, said, "Now if any of you want a wash, here's the soap, but no towels." How he came by the soap is a mystery.'

CHAPTER XIX

HOW TAMATE MADE FRIENDS WITH SAVAGES

MR. C. W. ABEL of Kwato, New Guinea, an old friend and junior colleague of Chalmers, has given a striking sketch of Tamate, as he appeared when making friends with new tribes. Mr. Abel and his wife at the time this characteristic incident happened were on board a vessel anchored off the Purari river.

'The officer who had been ashore brought me a note written in pencil. I opened it, and to my surprise and delight found that it was from Tamate. He told me he was at the mouth of the river with his steam launch "Miro." It was an ill-wind, he reminded me, which served no one, and he would be off to see me and to make my wife's acquaintance later in the day. He concluded his note by saying that he had something important to suggest to me.

'By and by the little launch steamed out of the river, and in half an hour Tamate was with us. He was in the highest spirits. Tamate's temperament was not always hilarious. There were times when he was uncommunicative, and almost inaccessible. His seriousness on Sundays was very marked; and he spent these times with his own reflections. His prevailing disposition was in striking contrast to these periodically pensive moods. Then grey hairs seemed inappropriate, and his

buoyant spirits unfailing. He came on board the steam yacht in the highest spirits. It was not long before he took me aside, and opened up the subject to which he had alluded in his note.

'He had learnt from the Governor that the steamer would be detained at her present anchorage for ten days. We might chafe, he said, at our misfortune, but it was better for us to accept our position philosophically and make the best of it. Here was a splendid opportunity for a trip up the Aivai river together. There was a big, influential tribe somewhere up there he wanted to visit. They had never seen a white man yet; and I might spend the time of my enforced leisure to good purpose, if we went and opened the way to future intercourse with these savages.

'He put the idea before me with the air of a schoolboy who has an unexpected holiday in prospect; but I do Tamate an injustice unless I add that his jubilant spirits were the outcome of no mere love of excitement and adventure, though this was always strong in him, but of a deep and earnest conviction that he was engaging in a glorious enterprise for Christ. Tamate's face wore an expression of disappointment, when, after telling him how delighted I should be to join him, I went on to say that I might be something like the man in the parable, and have to excuse myself on the grounds of my recent marriage. I left him on deck to go and seek my wife, and get her permission for me to leave her alone on board for a day or two.

'My wife put the matter in an entirely new light; and I had to return to Tamate with a suggestion I was doubtful whether he would agree to.

'"If," said my wife, "I may accompany you, certainly you may go."

'Tamate received this intimation in silence. Then he shook his head gravely. At last he said:

'"It's very rough work you know for a woman—we may get into serious trouble—it's hardly the place to take a young lady, is it?"

'Then his face underwent a sudden change. "Come along," said he, quite carried away by a new idea; "splendid! splendid! We'll make it the white woman's peace. Bravo!" And he praised my wife for the stand she had taken.

'By nine o'clock the following morning we were steaming up the Aivai river in the "Miro." There was something strange in the thought that we were the first civilized people to navigate that rapid stream. This was the atmosphere in which Tamate had lived, on and off, for years; but he seemed to find as much enjoyment in it that morning as if it was a novelty. There was nothing to be seen, mile after mile, but the dead level of the mangroves, and the alternating thick bush which lined the banks on either side.

'We had only a very imperfect idea of the distance we had to go. Iala, the village we were presently to take by surprise, was known to only one man in our party. Iko was to introduce us to this new tribe. He was very emphatic in all his answers to the many questions with which we plied him, as to the distance we had yet to travel. He measured his miles along the joints of his forefinger. Tamate always addressed him through an interpreter. Tamate spoke in Motuan to old Vaaburi, and Vaaburi passed his remark on in another dialect to Iko. Then Iko's forefinger was usually brought into requisition, and though we were doubtful to begin with whether the full length of this indispensable digit represented ten, or twenty, or fifty miles, it was a source

of satisfaction to us to find that after midday we were approaching Iko's claw-like nail.

'Tamate always had a retinue of old men with him on his travels. They were not necessarily men who had been chosen to accompany him because of their Christian character. They were oftener, I think, men who of their own accord attached themselves to him. Vaaburi, though his sympathies were with the mission, was not a strong man; but Tamate fascinated him. It was amusing to witness Tamate's occasional banter with his shifty-eyed admirer. Vaaburi's ecstasy was unbounded when his master would stand up in front of him, and addressing him sternly in English—a language no word of which he understood—would tell him what a rare rascal he was, and how seriously his presence compromised the mission. "You old humbug, you!" Tamate would say in conclusion; and Vaaburi's cup of joy would be full.

'About three o'clock, after we had been steaming for six hours, Iko had reached the middle of his nail; and as we turned each successive bend in the river, we looked expectantly ahead for any sign of Iala. Our position was growing more and more exciting every minute. Somewhere, a little ahead of us, a large savage community were engaged in their ordinary daily occupations, of whatsoever sort they were, in utter ignorance of our approach. What a day to be remembered by them this was to be, when for the first time they were to see people with white skins, and when their first introduction to civilization was to be the sudden approach of our steam launch!

'At length we turned a sharp bend in the river, and a long straight reach lay before us. Iko ejaculated something which arrested our attention. There was

no doubt as to his meaning. We peered ahead, and there, in the far distance, were the clustered houses of Iala, on both banks of the narrow river.

'"Slow!" shouted Tamate to the West Indian in charge of the engine.

'The "Miro" slackened speed, and for some time only just managed to stem the swift current.

'"It will be a bit of a shock to them," said Tamate, "to see this thing. We'll give them time to collect their scattered wits."

'A little later the order was given to go full speed ahead; and as we lessened the distance between us and our startled friends, we could see through our glasses the commotion we were causing amongst them. Men were rushing about in frantic excitement, while canoes were hurriedly crossing and recrossing the river in the wildest bewilderment. It was much like the agitation you have noticed when you have trodden unconsciously upon an ant-hill.

'"Go slow!" Tamate ordered again; and the engines were slowed down a second time.

'"It will never do," said Tamate, "to drop amongst them while they are in that state. They'll settle down presently."

'He looked up to the narrow strip of sky between the thickly timbered banks of the river.

'"We've a good two hours' daylight yet," he said. "There's plenty of time."

'I have watched the Motumotu whaleboat coxswain waiting patiently off the shore for an opportunity to get through the pounding surf, and land his boat on the beach in safety. The man's experienced eye would scan the water seaward, while he held his crew with their long oars in readiness to pull hard as soon as he should give the

order. Presently he would detect some slight abatement amongst the surging billows, and this would be his opportunity. The order given, the six oars would bend to their work, and the boat would fly towards the beach. She would get amongst the breakers. One would catch her astern and lift her bodily, and breaking and boiling along her sides would land her home in a sea of seething foam. The breaker before it, or the breaker after it, would have swamped the boat.

'Tamate had this rare faculty of opportuneness. He knew how to wait for the favourable moment. He knew exactly when to act, and, what is quite as essential in the pioneer, he knew precisely when to finish his work for the time being, and get away.

'The commotion having subsided to some extent, Tamate ordered the engines ahead once more; and we crept slowly up the river, and drew nearer and nearer to Iala. We came up to the first houses, and then passed along between the villages on both sides of us until we reached the heart of this strange community. Hundreds of men stood on either bank as silent and motionless as the trees of the primaeval forest around them. They had hauled their canoes partly up the river-bank, but ready to be launched at a moment's notice; and they stood erect in rows along the bottoms of their boats. There was not a woman or a child to be seen in all that dense crowd. These were the fighting men of Iala; and they were prepared, dumbfounded as they were, to defend themselves against an attack from gods, or devils, or men, or whatever it might be that was invading them.

'Iko took up a position in the bows of the "Miro." Tamate stood a few feet away from him. Neither of them spoke, as we slowly came to our anchorage, and then stopped, and dropped the kedge overboard. Not

a sound reached us from the hundreds of men who surrounded us. As soon as the West Indian engineer heard the anchor-chain pay out, he took upon himself to express his jubilant feelings by blowing the steam-whistle. A trifling mistake of this kind might have cost us our lives. No sooner had the sharp shriek been given than a spontaneous buzz arose, and every man was armed and ready to discharge his arrow at us. Before this we had seen no weapons. They had carefully hidden their long bows down their bodies on the side turned away from us, and their arrows were in their feet. When the whistle blew, without stooping they lifted the arrows between their toes, and like a flash they had fixed them, and, taking up a defiant attitude, were holding their bows taut, and taking aim at our exposed and defenceless position.

'The old man Iko mounted the low bulwark, and shouted a word at the top of his voice. That word reached every ear in Iala. He paused a moment, and shouted the same word again. "Peace! Peace!"

'Then he called again, "Pouta!" This was the name of the chief of the savages who held us at their mercy. After a brief silence a voice answered from the eastern bank of the river; and with the precision of a trained army the men took up their former attitude, and not a weapon was to be seen. A brisk conversation followed between Iko and his friend Pouta, Tamate prompting the sentiments through his interpreter. We had no means of getting ashore, as we had left our dinghey at the mouth of the river. After considerable hesitation a canoe was launched, and slowly approached the "Miro." As it came towards us Tamate left his position forward and joined us amidships. To say he was not anxious would be misleading.

He saw the imminent danger we were in, but he was calm and self-possessed, and perfectly master of the situation. This was his particular forte. He relaxed for a few moments, and standing beside my wife, congratulated her on her composure.

'"You see," he said, "you have the distinction of being the only woman here. Nothing will give these savages greater confidence in us than your presence."

'The canoe came alongside, and we all got in and pushed off, and were soon being paddled to the landing-place, where the crowd was densest. We grounded; and Tamate, who was in the fore end of the canoe, stepped out. Iko followed him and led him to Pouta. Tamate embraced him heartily.

'Pouta took up a prominent position, and for two minutes harangued his men at the top of his voice. Then he returned to where we were standing. What he said none of us knew; but the effect of his short oration was to be seen in the fact that no man moved from his position. Where we stood we were completely encircled by a multitude of bewildered men. Their faces were almost expressionless with emotion. They stood spell-bound, as they gazed upon the strange apparition of our presence.

'Tamate got to work at once. He addressed Pouta and his men through Vaaburi and Iko. He told them that we had sought them out in order that we might become their friends. We came unarmed. We brought with us a woman. They were not to suppose we were enemies because we were strangers. We had great things to tell them, of which they were ignorant. Some day we would come again, and stay with them, and tell them our message. At Tamate's suggestion Iko, closing his eyes, offered a short prayer to God.

"God of all mercy, save this people;" that must have been the prayer Tamate put into Iko's mouth.

'The short prayer finished, Tamate said to me:—

'"Now, Abel, we must get aboard as quickly as we can. Ten minutes of this strain is as much as these people can stand. My plan for a first visit," he continued, "is to arrive, make friends, and get away again before the people realize what has happened. Everything depends now upon our dispatch. After we are gone they can think calmly about us; and next time we come we shall come amongst friends."

'We got into the canoe again and were paddled to the "Miro." A minute after we reached the launch the anchor was weighed. With some difficulty the "Miro" swung round, the engines were started, and with the full sweep of the strong current with us, we were soon past the silent men who lined the banks; Iala was behind us, and our work for Christ that day was done.

'Tamate's power over savages was partly a personal thing. To attempt to describe it would be to describe the man. It was in his presence, his carriage, his eye, his voice. It was not only wild men whom he fascinated. There was something almost hypnotic about him, and his subjects might be savages, or they might be saints. "Tamate said we must give up cannibalism . . . *and we did*." There is a short biography of the pioneer in old Manurewa's words. Then again, his judgement, largely the result of wide experience in critical situations, was unerring. He saw evil brooding where an inexperienced eye would have seen nothing to fear; he was equally certain everything was satisfactory, when a novice would have suspected danger.

'His fearlessness must have been a great factor of

success in his hazardous work. He disarmed men by boldly going amongst them unarmed. Even savages must think twice before they strike a man who is not only defenceless, but unconcerned in the presence of poised spears. Run away, and they will hunt you: tremble before them, and they will quickly justify your fears and torture you: but face them—if you can—as if their weapons were toys and they your friends, and whatever thoughts were in their minds they will withhold the deed; and in postponing their violence you are saved.

'Tamate was not only fearless, but as a pioneer he was also perfectly cool. These characteristics do not always go hand in hand; though both are essential to success in such unique work as Tamate's. It was a surprise to me to find that he possessed this quality, because under ordinary circumstances he was often impetuous and excitable. His perfect composure, as well as his judgement, and tact, and fearlessness, humanly speaking, saved our party from disaster at Iala, as this rare combination of qualities must have brought him through a hundred difficulties of a like kind, during his long service for Christ in New Guinea.'

CHAPTER XX

UP AND DOWN THE FLY RIVER

THE great Fly River had for many years attracted Tamate's attention. He thought that it would be the most easy road to the vast unexplored interior of New Guinea. He was anxious to evangelize the wild tribes along its banks. The London Missionary Society were eager to establish stations near the mouth and far up the great stream. For this work a steam launch was necessary, and in the course of 1891 the gifts of friends in New Zealand and Australia enabled Tamate to secure a boat which he named the 'Miro.' This enabled new stations to be opened on the island of Kiwai, in the delta of the Fly River, at Ipisia and Saguane.

On Jan. 5, 1892, the 'Miro' reached Thursday Island, and was at once taken over by Tamate. On Jan. 12 she sailed on her first voyage, and went by way of Darnley Island, Murray Island, and Dauan to Saguane, and then across to Vailala. Thence Tamate visited all the main stations on the coast as far as Tupuselei, calling both on the outward and return journey.

The 'Miro's' next trip was up the great river itself. Between 1873 and 1893 four expeditions ascended the Fly River, 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. Tamate was strongly advised not to go near these people, but he felt

he could not return to Britain and leave them unvisited and unfriendly. So he steamed up the mighty stream, landing wherever he could, in order if possible to make friends with the natives. It was hard work, and dangerous work. Here are one or two illustrations of how it was done, and what it meant.

On leaving Sumai to visit the unfriendly tribes on the Fly River, he steamed up against the current for some distance, and dropped anchor opposite an opening in the bush. On landing he was taken charge of and conducted into the bush, to a place where there were several small temporary buildings, in place of a very large house which had been recently burned down. The excitement was great, as these natives had never before seen white men, except at rifle range, and now they saw and touched one. The noise and shouting were great, and to an excitable and imaginative person it might have appeared that the hour of doom had come. Tamate and his party were, as always, unarmed, he himself having only a walking-stick, which was 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, 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, in which they certainly looked fearful guys.

Tamate held a service in front of the houses, at which his interpreters 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!

Tamate got on to the small verandah of one of the houses, and with difficulty passed presents on to the

women and children inside. 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 time it was thought advisable to get back to the launch.

Getting up anchor next morning the 'Miro' steamed along the bank for a few miles, and came to shallow water. There it anchored, some distance from the one large house village of Aduru. Soon over one hundred and fifty canoes gathered around it, and on an average four men in each canoe, all shouting at their loudest. The natives could not be kept from crowding on board, and at one time it was very uncomfortable, and they seemed as if they meant to be unpleasant. Tamate 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 he might 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. Tamate made friends with a young man, named Zagai, whom they called a chief, by means of a present, and prevailed on him to accompany us up the river. But his people, after the habit of savages, were much opposed to his going, and at one time became very noisy on board about it. Tamate gave them to understand at last that he would not take him, and Zagai then, in his turn, became angry with his people, and told them he would go with the white man.

A few days later the 'Miro' steamed up the river for some miles, against a strong current, until it came to where there were two creeks, one running south and the other west. Tamate 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.

Weighing anchor again, the 'Miro' proceeded up the river until it came to another large creek. The 'Miro' anchored off the mouth of the creek. Soon those on board could see numbers of armed men 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. Tamate got into a canoe and ordered his interpreters to come with him; the dinghey was to follow some time after. Paddling up the creek he saw the natives on the bank handling their bows and placing arrows, and he 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. Tamate landed, and having got the chief's name called for him, and in his presence emphatically protested against the men with arms lining the bank. Ona, one of the interpreters, assisted, saying that Tamate was a great friend of the Domori chiefs, and was a man of peace, and that his 'fire canoe' was a 'peace canoe.'

Tamate's time was now up, so he decided to return down the river, having accomplished the object for which he came—to make friends with the dwellers on the banks of the Fly River, and so open the way for the introduction of the Gospel at a later date.

Unhappily closer acquaintance with the Fly River

soon made two things clear. First, that the engines of the 'Miro' were not nearly powerful enough to contend with the vast waters; secondly, the difficulties of reaching the natives in any effective way were greater and more serious than even Tamate anticipated. Here is an illustration of how the Fly River dealt with the 'Miro.'

'DAUAN, *September* 22, 1893.

'A few hours ago I arrived here in the whaleboat from the Fly River. That word "river" has been the bane of my life since I came here. Everybody seems to think of a splendid stream of fresh water gently flowing through tropical countries and falling into the Papuan Gulf. I myself, until this last season's experience, thought it might be a little boisterous at the mouth, but up the river a large, calm, peaceful stream. I now know it to be a fearful place for gales of wind and heavy seas, and up it a dangerous bore during spring tides.

'At Domori I got the chief on board, and, anxious to get him right away, cleared out for the island close by where I have been before. Crossing to the island we were carrying one fathom good all the way, when suddenly we were on a mud-bank fast enough. About 6.30 the tide rose a little, and we pulled on a kedge I had got out astern. We were off when we heard a peculiar express train noise, and soon were on the bank again, and all on board thought it was all up with us. A big bore tore down on us, and carried the "Miro" bodily, anchor and all, on to the bank, and away across it. Although we gave her the bow anchor that too went with us. We pulled up in six fathoms of water to find the rudder would not work. Next morning we kedged her ashore on to a bank of the mainland, and when the water left her high and dry we found the rudder-post bent and

cracked, and the stern-post carried quite away on the under part. For two nights we remained on that bank, but had to clear out into better quarters.

'No use burking it, we want more powerful engines and a different boiler, and a protracted keel to protect the propeller and strong enough to hold the rudder. There are banks innumerable and unknown in the river, and we must be prepared for them. No one *knows* the Fly River, and only now are tribes and villages coming to light, and to each one of these we want to bring the Gospel. No use finding fault with any one, the Fly River is a river, but a bad, bad river, unknown to any one. I think, and am troubled about the expense, but I look through glasses beautifully clear, and I see savage tribes now unknown sitting and being taught of Jesus.'

The Centenary celebrations of the London Missionary Society began in 1895. The Directors, in view of that great event, deemed it advisable to secure the magnetic and heart-stirring advocacy of Tamate at the great meetings which were to be held all over the country. On reaching Thursday Island in March, 1894, he found a telegram awaiting him, brief but to the point; 'Directors want you home.' By the middle of May he was on his way to England.

Chalmers landed at Tilbury in 1894 with very different feelings from those which dominated him in 1887. Then he felt himself a stranger, more at home in a canoe than in a train, far more at ease in a dubu than in a church. He dreaded the duty of addressing audiences, and he contemplated a speedy return flight from the restraints of civilization. In 1894 he looked forward to meeting hosts of loving friends, he had tested his power to move audiences, his enthusiasm for his life-work was even more fervent than in 1887, and he felt that God had a work

for him to do and would give him grace and strength to perform it.

At every great missionary assembly, and at multitudes of the smaller meetings also, the one indispensable orator during the last half of 1894 and the first half of 1895 was Chalmers. Throughout Britain he travelled unceasingly, speaking, preaching, kindling into burning flame of love and zeal alike the individuals who were fortunate enough to come into close touch with his virile, sympathetic, Christ-possessed humanity, and also the great assemblies that were enthralled by his rugged eloquence and unquenchable enthusiasm for the uplifting of humanity.

Chalmers on the platform and in the pulpit was great; but in the quiet home, after the day's deputation work was over, in congenial society—it was then that the simplicity, the single-heartedness, the consecration, the Christ-likeness of the man shone out most brightly. On these occasions as Chalmers talked you saw the wild, fierce face of the cannibal soften at the story of the Cross; you trod with the intrepid missionary across the beach to the chief's hut, not knowing whether you would return alive; you sat at the Lord's Table with men and women who but a few years before had eaten their enemies; you clung to the boat as she swung backward and forth on the surge until the wave came big enough to float you over the reef and into the lagoon, beyond the reach of the thundering and dangerous surf.

Early in June, 1895, while in Birmingham, Chalmers had a severe breakdown, and was for a time quite seriously ill. The strain through which he had for months been passing was greater almost than any man should be called upon to bear. Yet his own eager desire to do all that he could, and the imperative demands for his presence that would take no denial, combined to

produce the disaster. Happily rest and his own vigorous constitution speedily brought him back again to his working level.

Inverary by this time was so impressed with the greatness of her son that the burghers of that ancient town conferred upon Chalmers the highest honour in their power—the freedom of the burgh.

Tamate returned to New Guinea at the close of 1895. He had determined to make Saguane, in the Fly River Delta, his new home. His work at this period was the superintendence of the stations scattered over the Torres Straits on various islands, from Murray Island in the south to Bampton Island in the north. These communities were small in numbers and widely scattered. To visit them repeatedly—and only by this means could the work of the native teachers be rendered effective—involved constant voyages in either the tiny mission schooner, or in the still smaller and more cramped whaleboat. The whole region is one in which navigation is of the most difficult order; stormy weather is frequent, and the squalls exceedingly violent, and the task of landing on the different islands toilsome and dangerous. To pastoral visitation of this nature the last years of Tamate's life were devoted.

Saguane, on the island of Kiwai in the very jaws of the Fly River Delta, was chosen as his base, on Chalmers's fundamental principle of always stationing himself as near as possible to the strategic point for work. And if the doing of this involved hardship and the excitement of danger, so much the more he liked it. Probably no less inviting spot in the whole region could have been found. It was low, desolate, swampy land, only a few feet above the sea-level, and it finally had to be abandoned because of the resistless encroachment of the sea.

Here at Saguane, when not off upon his visitation voyages, Chalmers spent days and weeks, patiently instructing savage children in the rudiments of knowledge, and conducting simple daily services of prayer and praise with handfuls of natives who came but slowly to any comprehension of the meaning of the actions in which they took part. He was ever seeking and ever gaining more and more hold upon the savages who, attracted by his residence there, and by his irresistible personality, came in the first instance to see what they could either get or steal from the white man, and ended by being compelled under his constraining influence to surrender all the worst features of their savagery. It would be hard to find in the whole mission field a more striking instance of surrender to duty than that of Chalmers, the intrepid explorer, the man who was never happier than when keenly reading the faces of hitherto unseen savages, the man whose services were sought by learned societies all over the world, who could thrill vast audiences by the power of his personality and the burning force of his enthusiasm, patiently giving himself to the work of an infant-school teacher with the savage children of Saguane.

In August, 1897, Mrs. Chalmers reached Saguane, more than three years after her health had compelled her to leave Toaripi. She found both place and people at Saguane very different from the stormy beach and the wild savages she had learned to love at Toaripi. But she soon set herself, for the Master's sake, to the duty of loving and caring for the degraded children and natives around her. On Dec. 1, 1897, she wrote:—

'My children are a handful, perfect young savages, and if anything goes wrong, they fight tooth and nail, the former being the favourite mode. Sometimes I hear

screams and yells, as if some one was being murdered, and I find that a boy or girl has made the teeth meet in the flesh of another.

'We get good attendance at school, although most of the parents discourage their children from coming. The attendance at church is fairly good. I look round and long to see some sign of real interest. It is early days yet, and we must just work on in patience. I want you to pray that I may grow to *love* these people. I do not feel to love them as I did my Toaripians. They are a much lower type than the latter; they are so mean, and dirty, and selfish—but Jesus loves them all, and oh, how they need His love, and they need ours too. Tamate, bless him, seems to like them well, and shakes hands, and puts his arm over their shoulders, and never minds dirt or disease.'

In May, 1898, Chalmers started on the 'Niue' to visit his teachers in the Straits, and fortunately, as it turned out, Mrs. Chalmers accompanied him. They had hardly started when one of the worst series of gales ever known, even in that region, overtook them. They were compelled to take refuge at Thursday Island, where first Mrs. Chalmers was laid up, and then Tamate himself had a dangerous illness, due partly to a fall and partly to the exposure, fatigue, and drenchings occasioned by the terrible weather through which the 'Niue' passed. Mrs. Chalmers, on June 13, wrote home an account of this time of peril and suffering:—

'We left Saguane May 19, and had a most terrible time in these Straits. They are dangerous at all times, anywhere out of the big ship channel, and every island is reef-bound—besides the sunken reefs, and many sandbanks. For over a fortnight we were out, and battling with awful seas and constant squalls night and day. The

little "Niue" is always what we call a wet boat, but during this time she had seas over her from stem to stern—and often the water came into the cabin, and our mattresses, pillows, and selves were soaked. We were beating and tacking the whole time—anchoring at night under lee of islands or reefs, and pitching, rolling, and dancing the whole night; only twice we had a quieter anchorage. Tamate was on deck nearly the whole day long, wet through and through, but obliged to be there in such stormy weather.'

Gradually evidences of success attended the work in this trying field. Chalmers writes:

'God is blessing our work very abundantly, and many are seeking baptism. Last month I baptized at Parama sixty-four, and at Geavi thirty-two, and at each place hosts of children. Last Sunday I baptized fourteen here and seven children. We need more teachers at many places; they hold services and do their best. The Master sees it all, and will bless them. Now that the hard up-pull is easier, the long, dreech waiting over, I would gladly give up to a younger man.'

Mrs. Chalmers's health, which had begun to fail steadily, necessitated at this time a visit to Australia. There Tamate joined her towards the close of her stay. He was ever alert to utilize such visits and the opportunities they afforded for stimulating assemblies and for consulting friends and officials who could help on his work.

An old college friend who visited Tamate at this time has well described his work: 'I once saw him in his Fly River home, the most oppressively lonely mission station I have ever seen. To have lived at Saguane, in the midst of the mangrove swamps of the Fly Delta, would have been an unbearable exile to most men, but there, on an island mid-stream, which

seemed to him to be a strategic position for his work, he planted his home. There was no permanent village near, but he gathered a few friendly natives around him, and formed the nucleus of a Christian community. At daybreak I visited with him the rudely constructed schoolhouse he had built on the sand, just above high-water mark. Twenty-three boys and girls were gathered before him. He knew their language, but he was teaching them English, and with a small bamboo stick for a bâton, which I brought away as a memento of the scene, he led them as they sang the first verse of "God save the Queen," and "All hail the power of Jesu's name." I do not think Chalmers ever appeared to me quite so great a man as when I saw him thus teaching that group of Fly River children.'

In July, 1900, Mrs. Chalmers became seriously ill, and as week after week passed without improvement, it gradually dawned upon them both that there was only one possible end to her sufferings. Chalmers prepared, during his last lonely months at Daru, a sketch of his wife's life. The latter portion of this tells tenderly the story of these last sorrowful weeks:—

'Lizzie came out to me in 1897, and enjoyed Saguane much at first. With the old spirit she threw herself into teaching, and her bairns made progress. In the beginning of 1899 she went to the colonies, where she soon recovered. I went to Sydney to meet her, and stayed four weeks, when we returned to Saguane. Towards the end of the year illness returned, and she suffered a good deal internally. In 1900 she still carried on her classes. In May we went to Thursday Island, where I left her.

'On my return I found her much better, and anxious to get back to work, and especially to prepare for our

removal to Daru, which had become necessary owing to the washing away by the sea of the shore at Saguane. Soon after our return she and the boys packed away all her small things. She carried on her classes, and on July 23 she had her evening class, and on my going to her she complained of feeling very poorly. I got her to bed, from which she never again rose without assistance.

'For fourteen weeks she was ill, but steadily growing in Christ. She was thankful for her long illness, notwithstanding the great suffering, as it gave her time to understand better, to get a clearer view and a stronger faith. Often she could be heard in praise, and saying, "Peace, perfect peace!" "In my Father's house are many mansions;" "Jesus is near, very near." She loved to hear the children sing.

'One thing she feared was that she might die at Saguane, and so would have to be buried in the swamp, and earnestly prayed she might be spared to reach Daru and be buried there. On October 24 we carried her on board the "Niue." We had a very fine run across, and at 10.30 we anchored off Daru. I said when the anchor was going down, "Daru, dear," and with great satisfaction she replied, "Yes." My hope was to get her to Thursday Island and on to Sydney. But that night she became much worse, was sometimes unconscious, slept a good deal, and was evidently soon to pass on yonder. She knew me until 9 a.m. on October 25, and at 10.40 she quietly went home. She rests in the native cemetery. The few whites were all exceedingly kind and sympathetic, and helped me in every way. The teachers were as sons, and did all they could. Thank God for sympathy and love! The world is full of both as it is of God.'

CHAPTER XXI

THE END OF A NOBLE LIFE

AFTER his wife's death in October, 1900, Tamate gave himself more earnestly than ever to the work of the mission. His head quarters were removed from Saguane to Daru; and the closing weeks of 1900 and the early part of 1901 found him busily engaged in getting his new quarters straight and fit for effective service. Before his plans could be completed the end came.

In April, 1900, Chalmers had been encouraged by the arrival of a young colleague, the Rev. Oliver F. Tomkins, who was to superintend the Torres Straits Mission, and thus leave Tamate free to explore the Fly River and to attempt to extend the mission eastwards from that river. He was a colleague after Tamate's own heart, a man of fine physique, of beautiful spirit, of a missionary enthusiasm akin to Chalmers's own. From the first Tamate loved him. 'He will do; send us two more of the same sort,' was the message the veteran sent home about him. Through the trying scenes of the last illness of Mrs. Chalmers he was as a son to his elder colleague. 'What can I say of him who was the sharer of his martyrdom,' said Dr. Lawes, at a great meeting in the Albert Hall in May, 1901, 'except that he had won all hearts, and that we expected great things from him for many years to come? A man of faith and prayer, mighty in the Scriptures, he was a great help, comfort, and joy to Tamate.'

The following letters, certainly the last Tamate penned, were written only the day before the 'Niue' left Daru on that trip from which so many of her passengers were never to return :—

'DARU, *April* 3, 1901.

'We leave to-morrow for the east, Risk Point, and Cape Blackwood, and I shall be away for over a fortnight. Our work here gets on very slowly. Sometimes the greatness of it oppresses me, but He keeps saying, "Be strong and of a good courage," and I know He is with us, so all is well.

'We had the "John Williams" here a fortnight ago, and held committee meetings ashore on this verandah. Oh, it was a good time. I keep well—a slight touch of fever about a fortnight ago, just after the "John Williams" left. I have got very lazy and must break it off, and so will be on the move for the next six weeks.'

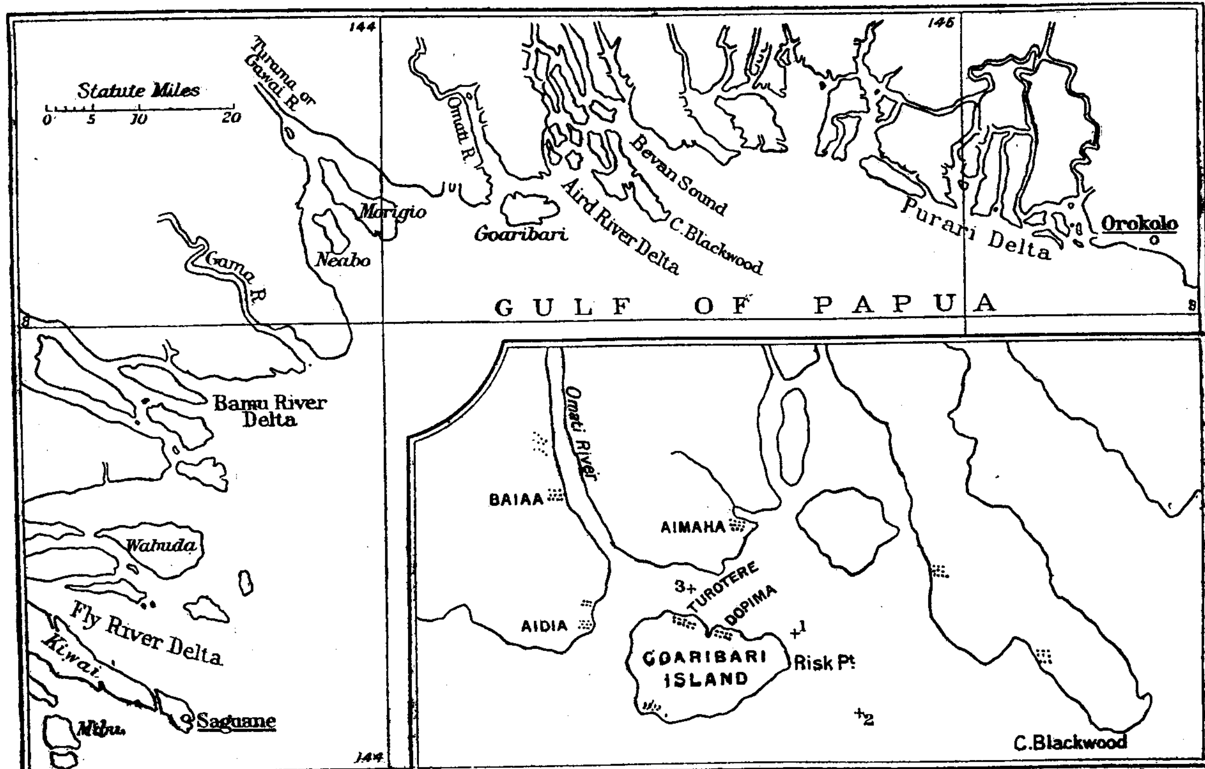
'DARU, *April* 3, 1901.

'Just a wee note to leave for any chance there may be to Thursday Island. We leave to-morrow for the east, as far as Cape Blackwood, and expect to be away more than a fortnight. Many years ago I used Law's *Serious Call to a Devout Life*, and am again at it. We are apt to get so formal and lukewarm and need occasional stimulus.

'The sun is shining, and a south-east wind has come up, and I feel cheered. For more than two months we have not had such a day.'

The next day Tamate began that voyage which ended so disastrously at Goaribari Island.

On April 4 Tamate sailed from Daru in the 'Niue' to visit the district around Cape Blackwood. This part of the Papuan Gulf is inhabited by some of the wildest and fiercest New Guinea tribes. Chalmers had for many



MAP OF THE FLY RIVER DELTA, SHOWING SAGUANE AND GOARIBARI ISLAND.

1. Where the 'Niue' anchored. 2. Where the 'Merrie England' anchored. 3. Where the 'Parua' anchored.

years been eager to gain a foothold there for mission work. He loved the big savage cannibal chiefs and natives there. He knew they were skull-hunters. He knew that any one landing amongst them took his life in his hand. He knew also that if he could win them the victory for Christ and for civilization would be won along the whole Papuan Gulf. And so he went on the expedition from which he never returned. Here is the terrible story of the next few days.

The captain of the 'Niue,' who escaped with his life, reported that he left Daru, on April 4, with Tamate and Tomkins, Hiro, a Rarotongan teacher, the chief of Ipisia, and a party of ten mission boys. They made for Risk Point, and arrived there April 7, at four p.m. Directly the vessel anchored the natives came off, and stayed on the vessel till sunset, when Tamate persuaded them to go ashore, and promised to visit them in their village the next day. At five a.m. the next morning a great crowd of natives came off, and crowded the decks so that there was no room to move. The canoes in which they came were filled with bows and arrows, clubs, bamboo knives and spears. Those on board the 'Niue' tried to persuade the natives to go on shore, but they refused. Tamate then decided to go on shore himself, thinking he might thereby induce the natives to leave the vessel. Tomkins at once said he would accompany him, and Tamate in vain tried to persuade him to remain with the vessel. The two missionaries got into the whaleboat with the mission boys and the Ipisia chief, Hiro remaining on board to help the captain. Tamate said he would not stay more than half an hour, and would return again to the 'Niue' to breakfast, after which they would make for another village.

Those left on board watched the boat go away, followed

by about half the natives, the rest remaining on board. When the boat neared the village they saw it go in, then come out again, and then in again, after which they could see nothing more of it.

About seven o'clock a breeze sprang up, and the 'Niue' was got under way and taken to an anchorage right opposite the village of Dopima, to which Tamate had gone. The vessel waited there till noon, but could see no signs of the party. It sailed on a little further, but still could see no signs of either the mission party or the boat. The captain waited till sunset, but still there was no sign. The 'Niue' was then taken outside the island, and anchored for the night. Next morning they went along the coast for some distance, but could see no sign of their comrades, and at eight a.m. on April 9 the 'Niue' left for Daru to report the matter to the governor.

The natives who had remained on board the 'Niue' when Tamate and Tomkins went ashore, looted the vessel, taking all the barter goods and the clothes and stores belonging to Tamate and Tomkins. The latter had no stores of any kind with them when they went ashore.

As soon as the sad tidings reached the governor the 'Merrie England' was sent with a sufficient force to find out exactly what had happened. One of the natives of the district was captured, and his tale was the following:—

'The first suggestion for massacring the London Missionary Society party came from the chief Garopo, off whose village, Dopima, the "Niue" was anchored. Word was at once sent round that night to villages in the vicinity to come to help. It is the usual custom for people of surrounding villages, when a large boat is

sighted, to congregate in one place. Dopima, Turotere, and eight other villages took part. The next morning all the canoes went off and persuaded Messrs. Chalmers and Tomkins and party to come on shore in the whale-boat. Some of the natives remained to loot the "Niue."

'When they got on shore Messrs. Chalmers and Tomkins and a few boys entered the long house, the rest of the boys remaining to guard the boat. These last, however, were also enticed inside the house on pretence of giving them something to eat. The signal for a general massacre was given by knocking simultaneously from behind both Messrs. Chalmers and Tomkins on the head with stone clubs. Chalmers was struck by Iake, of Turotere, and Tomkins by Arau-u, of Turotere. Kaiture, of Dopima, then stabbed Mr. Chalmers in the right side with a cassowary dagger, and then Muroroa cut off his head. Ema cut off Mr. Tomkins's head. They both fell senseless at the first blow of the clubs.

'All the heads were immediately cut off. We, however, lost one man, Gahibai, of Dopima. He was running to knock a big man, Naragi, chief of Ipisia, on the head, when the latter snatched a stone club from a man standing near, and killed Gahibai. Naragi was, however, immediately overpowered. The other boys were too small to make any resistance.

'In the meantime the people in canoes left at the "Niue" had come back after looting her. This party was led by Kautiri, of Dopima. Finding the party on shore dead, it was determined to go back to the "Niue" and kill those on board. However, the "Niue" had got under way, and left, so they could not accomplish their purpose. Then Pakara, of Aimaha, called out to all the people to come and break up the boat, which

had been taken right inside the creek, it being high water[1]. This was done, and the pieces were divided amongst people from the various villages.

'Directly the heads had been cut off the bodies some men cut the latter up and handed the pieces over to the women to cook, which they did, mixing the flesh with sago. They were eaten the same day. Gebai took Mr. Chalmers's head to Dopima, and Mahikaha took Mr. Tomkins's head to Turotere. The rest of the heads were divided amongst various individuals. Anybody having a new head would naturally, on seeing strange people coming to the village, hide it away in the bush, and leave only the old skulls in the houses. The same applies to the loot from the "Niue." As regards the skulls in the houses, those having artificial noses attached to them are of people who have died natural deaths; those that have no noses attached have been killed.'

Punishment for the tragedy was exacted by the government in order to put a stop to such events in the future, and not from any desire on the part of Tamate's friends and fellow helpers for revenge. The last desire in their hearts was for any vengeance upon the poor ignorant savages who had, all unwittingly, murdered their best friends.

The governor started with the steam launch, with six boats in tow. Off the village of Dopima two of the boats were cast off, while the governor with the other four went about a mile and a half further up to the second village, Turotere. He no sooner got abreast of the village than the natives rushed down, and opened fire upon him. Not till then did he hold up a white flag

[1] This was the splendid boat which just before her death Mrs. Chalmers had presented to the mission.

(the signal to fire). A few rounds were fired, the whole party scrambled ashore through the mud, and in a short time had possession of the village. At Dopima the attack was not made till after that on Turotere had begun. Leaving two boats at Turotere, the governor went round the north end of the island to a village on the mainland. Here again he was attacked. Heavy rain came on as he and his party from Dopima joined those at Turotere. In the dark and the wet they went ashore and camped in the dubu. For hours a most violent thunderstorm raged. Despite this the natives made two attacks on the dubu, and wounded one of the native police.

'The next morning the governor went away to Aimaha with four of the boats, leaving two others to destroy the war canoes and the dubus. He had given orders that none of the family houses were to be touched. This order was obeyed, except in the case where the wind carried the flame to other houses, and best part of the village was burnt. One of these dubus was fully 300 yards long, and the shortest would not be less than 150 yards long. At Turotere four of these dubus were fired, and no sooner did the smoke begin to rise than all along the mangrove edge was lined with men in very small canoes. Some few of them tried to cross, but they vanished into the mangrove the moment the small launch tried to capture them. The governor had given orders that there was to be no more firing except in case of need, and this order was in keeping with the spirit in which the whole affair was carried out. During Friday and Saturday ten villages were visited, and the fighting dubus in each destroyed.'

The Lieutenant-Governor of British New Guinea, who was present in person at the events first described, sent

in a full official report of his proceedings, and we quote some passages from this:—

'The locality is one which has a very bad reputation; the population is large and savage. It was first visited, as far as I know, by Captain Blackwood (after whom the cape to the east of it is named) in 1845. Sir William Macgregor visited it twice, in 1892 and 1898, and on one occasion only prevented a collision between his party and the natives of the Omati River, who were stealing from his boat, by holding back with his own hand one of his crew who had struck a thief who had stolen his shirt.

'I went through the long dubu, which I should say was 300 yards long, divided up on either side into small partitions or cubicles screened off from the centre passage, which was wide and clear from end to end. There were quantities of bows and arrows, many of the latter barbed and of a soft, easily broken wood, probably intentional to make their extraction more difficult. The most curious objects were fantastically carved and painted figures fastened to a sort of seat, with dozens of skulls, some of them carved and painted, in front of them; each skull was attached to the figure or to the frame of the seat by a thick twisted cord with a loop at the end which slipped over a peg; there were hundreds of these skulls before numerous figures, which we take to be idols of some kind, in all the dubus. Some had pieces smashed out by the death-blow, others were uninjured. Some had artificial noses and teeth made of gum and wool. We found bamboo head-knives and the daggers of cassowary bone with which they dispatch their victims. When a man is seized the dagger is plunged downwards into his gullet, and his head is immediately cut off with the bamboo knife.

'I had to decide what punishment I ought to inflict on all those villages which I had reason to believe were implicated or connected in any way with the dreadful tragedy, and I at length, after careful consideration, decided to visit them all with one or other of our parties and burn down the dubus, but not to touch any of the ordinary dwelling-houses of the married men with their women and children. I consulted those of my officers whom I knew were sympathetic and experienced with natives, and we came to the conclusion that it was the right thing to do under the circumstances; but, while I took their opinion, the decision was mine and I was entirely responsible for it.

'By burning these dubus only, the punishment fell only on the fighting men. The houses are made of sago-palm, and can be rebuilt, but of course with a considerable amount of time and labour; the blow to the prestige of the village would be greatly felt, and that is of more weight in this case than the material loss of the buildings. It was necessary, in my opinion, to leave a lesson behind me which would not only be felt by those punished, but the report of which would spread amongst their neighbours far and wide. I also decided to destroy several of the large war canoes—dug-outs without outriggers.

'It is in surroundings such as these that the Pioneer Missionary, and one of the mission's latest recruits, and their faithful followers, lost their lives by the hands of those they had come to befriend; the first because he knew of nothing that could stop him, and the others because where their leader went they went too. It was stated by the survivors on the "Niue" that Mr. Chalmers probably anticipated some danger, as he wished to leave Mr. Tomkins on board; but the latter would not let him go without him, and they were called away together at

each other's side. I am not alone in the opinion that Mr. Chalmers has won the death he would have wished for of all others—in New Guinea and for New Guinea—and if I am right in the belief that this sacrifice will prove to be the means of putting an end to such tragedies anywhere on the coast of the Possession—and they could only occur in this last part of it which we had not yet in hand—I know that he, or any others of his brother missionaries here, would unhesitatingly welcome the opportunity for the sake of its end.'

His old friend and colleague, Dr. Lawes, wrote of him:—

'That which characterized our beloved Tamate most as a missionary, and as a leader among his brethren, was spiritual power. He was a Christian of the robust, healthy type, with instinctive hatred of all cant and sham. A man of great faith, mighty in prayer, and full of the love of Christ. He realized to a greater degree than most men what it is to live *in* Christ, and to him His presence was very real, and true, and constant. And this spiritual power was the secret of his wonderful influence over men, and of his great success as a missionary: by it "he being dead, yet speaketh." The memory of his Christ-life in its consecration and unselfishness, its large-heartedness, its childlike faith, its communion with God, its unwearied service, and in its bright hopefulness is the rich legacy he has left wherever his name and fame may come.

In this sudden and, as it seems to us who read the story, terrible way came the end to a noble life. In landing as he did Tamate took only once more a risk he had taken scores of times before. He had often and often in his wonderful life been on the very brink of destruction. Hitherto God had preserved him; now He

allowed the blow to fall, and His faithful servant to be called up home. Could Chalmers have chosen his end we do not think he would have had it other than it was. He died at the post of duty. He died while trying to benefit fierce savages whom his great heart loved. And he has left a splendid example of faithfulness unto the end for all who read the story of his life to follow in their own path of duty.