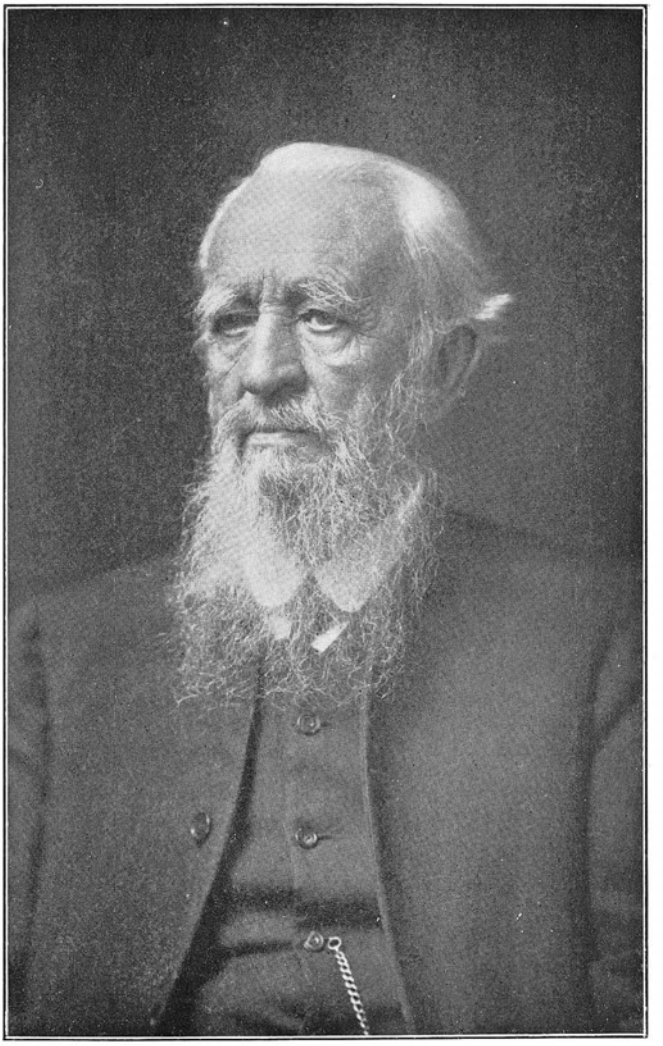
MISI



"MISI"

Yours faithfully
Oscar Michelsen.

MISI

By
REV. OSCAR MICHELSEN

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AUTHOR'S NOTE

"I HAVE often been asked to write an account of my early days in Norway, my life in New Zealand, and more especially of my experiences among the cannibals of the New Hebrides. Well, here it is."

OSCAR MICHELSEN.

Devonport, Auckland, New Zealand.

THE SNOWFLAKES

Like living messengers of love
The snowflakes gently do descend
In endless following from above,
Reminding of a holy Friend
Who gave His life to bless the earth,
And to the weary hope give birth.

"We humbly carry needed rest
To fit the earth once more to toil,
That men from labour may be blest
And be rewarded from the soil.
We then whene'er our task is done
Will disappear, but still go on.

"Of purity we are a sign
Of fitness for that holy place
Where sinners washed in Fount Divine
Alone can join that heavenly praise,
And add a note to angels' song,
To magnify that holy throng."

FOREWORD

THE venerable author of this book has asked me to write a few words of preface for it; and if I do so, it is with the most profound feeling of inadequacy for the task.

I was the junior lieutenant of H.M.S. *Dart* when, in 1890, we were sent to make a hydrographic survey of the Shepherd Group, New Hebrides, and of the adjacent waters—then almost unknown to mariners.

Tongoa was our headquarters for a few months while the Survey proceeded, and during that time all of us, from Captain Frederick in command down to the last rating in the ship, came to know and to love Mr. Michelsen.

He had then been for a few years working among the natives of the Group, who, before he began, were described in the Admiralty Sailing Directions as being "dangerous cannibals." At the time of our arrival, his influence among them during even so short a period had been such that all had "taken the Book," and had begun to be civilized people. We man-of-war's men found that we could go fearlessly among them entirely unarmed, even far into the bush, and up the mountains of such large islands as Epi and Emae, to set up our theodolites on their summits; and that we were

able to camp (as I myself did) for weeks at a time on Tongariki, without the least fear of treacherous attack.

This state of affairs had been brought about, as I say, entirely by Oscar Michelsen; and it was through his pluck, his tact, and his personality that the way was made easy for us in the *Dart* to carry out our work.

It was thanks to him that the charts were easily produced which have permitted vessels of all sizes and classes to navigate those dangerous waters without fear, and thus bring about, through connection with the outside world, the condition of civilization, trade, and prosperity, to which the islanders have now reached.

I say nothing of Christianity itself, which he, first of white men, brought to this region, as I am not competent to do so, and in any case it is out of my province. But anyone, even the greatest sneerer at missionary work (and there are, unfortunately, many ignorant people who do sneer still) who visited the New Hebrides in 1890 must have been struck by the marvellous difference between the natives of the Christian and of the heathen islands—all of them men of the same race.

In the first-named, one landed among smiles, and to the outstretched hand of peace and friendship; and one found the same even in the hill villages, far inland.

In the heathen islands only a few miles distant one was met with scowls, blackened faces, and muskets; while the treacherous club was ever ready to fall from behind on the skull of any white man who should be sufficiently venturesome to

move even a few hundred yards along the dark bush-track in from the beach.

All honour, then, to the pioneers of "peace, goodwill towards men"—and now let me stand aside and allow one of the most successful among them to tell the story of fifty years of this thrilling work for the good of mankind.

BOYLE T. SOMERVILLE, C.M.G.
Vice Admiral.

September, 1934.

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MISI

CHAPTER I

EARLY LIFE IN NORWAY

LOOKING back across the vista of the years to my boyhood days in Norway, I recognize that, apart from the influence of my home and family, the most potent factor in shaping my character was my love of the beauty of Nature. While I was quite young it was my delight to wander among the mighty pine trees, or to climb a mountain and look down upon the country-side stretching away to the horizon. I loved the exhilarating sports of winter, and the inspiring joys of spring-time.

I was born on December 4th, 1844. I had a loving, Christian mother, who tenderly cared for her children. My father had a very limited income, and so, with a family of eleven to feed, clothe and educate, the strictest economy was needed.

Crises which help to direct the whole course of one's life often occur in an unexpected manner. My first " milestone " was passed in this way : one Sunday afternoon, as I stood splashing in a pool in which I used often to play, I repeated in Norwegian a verse we had in our Bible history under the title " David." The idea was evidently taken

from the thirty-second Psalm, and the lines ran something like this:

"O blessed is the man indeed
Whose burden God has changed to praise.
From sin and anguish now He's freed,
They're buried in a sea of grace."

I repeated these words over and over again. I pictured David a boy like myself, walking about among the bushes, as I did.

"Well," I thought, "evidently God had buried his sins in an ocean of grace." Here was I, a boy like him. I wished for that same experience, and I never had such a feeling of gladness as I had at that moment. I felt almost as if I had wings to fly to my mother to tell her how happy I was. It was an experience and joy I could never forget.

The next "milestone" was passed when I was about sixteen. In the Lutheran Church it is the practice for youths of that age to report to the Ministers as catechumens. The Minster to whom I went was a spiritually-minded man. My younger brother and I went to his class for about six months, and we also attended his church on Sundays. I remember distinctly how he used to plead with his congregation to be reconciled to God through Christ.

In Norway, Confirmation marks the passing from boyhood to manhood. While I received much blessing during the preparation, and in the Confirmation service felt that I had made a public confession of being a believer in Christ, I am afraid my mind was too much taken up with the idea

of being a "man." Most of my surroundings were of a worldly kind, and did much to fill my mind with things that were spiritually harmful. I had, however, a friend, August Omberg, who was preparing for the ministry. We had many talks concerning spiritual things. We agreed well on all points except two: he could never make me believe in baptismal regeneration and transubstantiation. His stock argument on the latter topic always was,

"Luther says, 'This is My body and blood'." But I could not be moved to give up my "heresy." It was therefore quite a relief to me later to find myself among people who were of the same mind as myself. Practically I was of the Reformed faith without knowing it.

After leaving school I had four years of office work. During this time my old desire to get out into the world revived. Even as a boy of ten or twelve, my mind often took its flight far away to foreign lands and among strange peoples. Now a desire awakened in me to follow a friend of mine who had gone to the West Indies. But my second brother, who was a capable man of business, had no sympathy with the idea. Soon afterward, a friend of my brother decided to go to New Zealand, and I saw in this fact an opportunity of getting abroad. I suggested that I too might go to New Zealand, and my brother, who through his sound judgment and better financial position had become practically the head of the family, approved at once.

Months elapsed, however, before we could get away. During the waiting time my eldest sister,

who was a godly woman, did all in her power to lead me to take a firm Christian stand, and doubtless, with many like-minded, made me the subject of many prayers. Preparations went on steadily, but as the day of departure drew near a bitter experience befell me.

My dear mother said, "If one of my children had died, it would not have been such a lasting grief as this." I would not draw back, but if I had anticipated, before I had decided to go, what grief I was thus to cause her, I do not think that I should have gone at all. I have no doubt that my father felt as keenly as she did, but as he was more reticent, we did not realize that it was so.

It was in early April, 1867, that I said my last farewell to my father, mother, three sisters and six brothers. I tried to show no emotion. I sat in the family circle, and played my guitar, when suddenly I said, "It is time for me to be off."

But, when it came to the last moment, there was no hiding of feelings on either side. My feelings of regret, however, grew lighter as we steamed down the fjord of Christiana, and I sent my last look back on Akershus, the venerable old-fashioned fort, and Oscar's Hall, a pretty little royal villa on the opposite side of the fjord.

CHAPTER II

FIRST EFFORTS IN CHRISTIAN SERVICE

DURING the journey to New Zealand I sometimes wondered what I should do for a living, but the calm I experienced on approaching that land suggested to me that there was no need for anxiety. I left myself in the Master's hands, and was sure that He would lead me.

On the morning following my arrival I went to an ironmonger's firm in Hokitika, to which I had an introduction. The ironmonger suggested that I should call in at every shop and ask if they wanted a young man. I decided that that was not exactly the method I intended to follow. I also had an introduction to a Norwegian, who was an assistant in a grocer's shop. He was interested to see me, but, said he, "I am leaving here and want a place myself." He sent me to another Norwegian, the son of a minister, who had charge of a little shop higher up the street. His employer had his principal shop further down the street, and when he heard that I was looking for a situation he offered me a position in it.

I hardly knew what that meant. In Hokitika at that time every shop was open on Sundays. Coming as I did from a non-British country, it did not occur to me that serving in the shop on Sunday was undesirable. I had trusted God to

help me, and I felt that His hand must be in this engagement, as I was just spending my last money to pay for the week's board.

I took my meals at the cottage at the back. Here I found that my employer's wife was a Christian lady. She soon "took my measure," and it was not long ere she had her plans laid to use me as an instrument to get the shop closed on Sundays. She said to me,

"You are a Christian, and do you think you are right to serve in the shop on Sundays?" I was always allowed to go to Church at least on Sunday evenings, but she pointed out to me that that was not wholly as it ought to be, and urged me to ask for Sunday completely to myself.

While I was always looking back to my experience of sins pardoned in my childhood in Norway, it was only after I arrived in New Zealand that I fully realized my duties and privileges as a Christian, and the necessity for taking my stand as such. It was becoming quite clear to me now that something would have to be done. I was not quite sure that the course I was urged to take was the correct one, so I prayed for direction. One Sunday morning, when people were on their way to Church, and it seemed to me as with Othniel of old that the Spirit of the Lord was upon me, I felt that I could bear this no longer. I had no other way to turn, but this was clear to me, that my being behind the counter on Sunday must cease. It is true that I might have tried the advice of my employer's wife; but in all probability I would have been told by my employer that if I was not satisfied with his working days and hours, I could

try some other place. And so I decided to forestall him, and told him I would have to leave. There was an "explosion," after which he rushed up to my countryman in the other shop and said,

"That young fellow has given me notice that he is going to leave; his objection is that he has to be in the shop on Sundays. If he had told me so, I would have given him the whole Sunday, but he comes and gives notice that he is leaving. I wish that you would speak to him." He did speak to me, and I replied,

"If he desires to have me for six days in the week, it is for him to say." My friend urged me to ask leave to remain in my situation, with Sunday free. I was not willing to take that course, so on the day before I was to leave, my employer came to me and asked if my friend had spoken to me. "Yes," I replied. "Perhaps you would rather not stay?" he queried. I answered, "It is not for me to dictate to you what days you are to carry on your business. My only objection is to Sunday work. If you wish to have me for six days that removes my only objection to remaining with you." "Well," he said, "that is all right, then, you can have the whole Sunday to yourself."

I am not sure at what stage he turned to his wife, but evidently he suspected her of being behind all this, so he said to her, "Did you speak to that young fellow?" She answered that she did. That is about all I heard of the words that passed between them; but the lady was one who, besides being guided by the grace of God, had a strong mind, and could speak it out like a mighty thunderstorm.

She soon made him feel that he was in the wrong and that she and I were in the right. She told me that he fell on his knees before her and confessed that he had deceived her, that he was a Jew. What else passed between them I do not know, but the next Sunday I had to myself, and on the Monday when he paid me my wages, he gave me ten shillings more and said, "I think you deserve it."

Another matter I had to decide was what Church I should attend. There were three Churches in the place—the Church of England, Presbyterian, and Methodist. My employer's wife was Methodist. Having been brought up a Lutheran, I inferred that the Church of England would be most suitable to my taste. I gave it the first trial. I could not follow the service, but I remember the minister's text. It was Proverbs 4. 18: "The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." I did not like the sermon and decided to try the other Churches before settling down anywhere. As I, even in my own country, had been a "heretic" on the subject of Baptism and the Lord's Supper, I was not going to go to the other end of the earth to take in what I received even at home with mental reservation. I inferred from the sermon that such would be the case if I settled down under that minister as my teacher.

The next thing was to turn to the Methodist Church. I was quite satisfied with the preaching; but I wanted to see the whole thing out, and I stayed on for the prayer-meeting too. I began to feel rather queer when, while one person was praying, there were sundry shouts and groans and

hallelujahs, all over the place; and at the close of the meeting, before I was even up from my knees, several of them came near to me with, "Dear brother, I am glad to see you here," etc. Coming as I did from semi-Arctic Norway, I felt this tropical atmosphere too hot for me, and did not feel inclined to go to that place until long after, when I was a little acclimatised.

I had yet to try the Presbyterian Church. There was nothing tropical there. I was shown into the empty front seat, right up against the precentor. I got hold of the Psalmody book, and soon took my bass part, and quite enjoyed the solid preaching. It was all sound as far as I could understand. There was no effort to show off any superior learning or mental gifts. The minister's business was to preach the Gospel and that he did with power. A strange and interesting thing occurred in connection with the same preacher and one of his sermons. On the day on which I had given up my situation in obedience to the will of God, he preached upon Phil. 4. 6, 7. "Be careful for nothing, but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God, and the peace of God which passeth all understanding shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus." It was simply splendid. If he had searched the whole Bible he could not have chosen a text to suit me better; and the sermon too was all I could wish. Little did he know how the young fellow sitting in the front seat was one who took in the sermon as if it had been specially composed for him. That sermon made me feel that I was in the path

acceptable to God, and, whatever might follow, I was sure I would have Him with me.

My employer continued to attend to the shop himself on Sundays, and I walked past him several times every Sunday, for I had my room behind the shop. After some weeks he became tired of that, and closed his shop on Sundays. For some time his weekly takings were less than when he had his shop open, but gradually his Sunday customers found out the alteration, and made their purchases on Saturday, so that his weekly takings became as good as formerly, and even better.

The Church people soon found out what step I had taken, and I was invited to the Sunday School, where I was given a class. Subsequently I was appointed Secretary and Librarian. I soon felt I had my task well in hand. As the children entered the School they handed in their books, and at the close of the School each pupil received a book of his own choice. From the teachers I ascertained the reason why any pupils were absent on the previous Sunday. This information was entered in my register. At the monthly meeting I reported upon the attendance, the number of absentees in each class, and those not accounted for.

After I had been in my situation for a year circumstances developed which issued in my leaving. I could easily have found other employment entailing Sunday work, but refused. I found some small appointments that sufficed for my living, but wide opportunities were opened up for usefulness. I was often moving about in the streets, and that gave me opportunities to work for the Sunday School. I had my pockets filled

with children's tracts, and, through the children of the School, I gradually became acquainted with all the children in the town; so that when I found children not attending any Sunday School, if I could not induce them to come to ours, I gave them no peace until they went somewhere. My time being practically my own, I arranged to visit the absentees on behalf of any Sunday School teacher who had not the time to do so, as I had. The result was a constantly increasing roll. When I took up the work we had about eighty children. In a comparatively short time, we had two hundred and forty on the roll with a very high attendance percentage.

I do not know what other Sunday Schools did, but I am sure of this that by the time I left the place, there were not many children in the town who went nowhere. Very often, as I was walking through the streets, I had children walking beside me. Another young man and I were living together in the outskirts of the town. We had a garden, and often children would come up and help me weed or put in new plants. One day a little girl came to me, and said "Oh, I had such a nice dream last night. I dreamed I was in Heaven helping Jesus to work in the garden. Oh! It was lovely."

My Sundays in Hokitika were busy and happy days. After breakfast I would set out for Big Paddock, a gold digging about four miles away. I usually met another Sunday School teacher, and we followed the wooden-railed tramway line through the forest. About mid-way, at the darkest part of the forest, there was a log-built public-

house. I had been told that the bush-rangers who murdered Dopson, the surgeon, obtained their supplies there. We did not know if all had been caught. The place was suggestive of anything. Arriving at the Paddock, we usually met two other friends. It was truly a happy gathering. Nearly all the children of the place were there. I look back on those years of work among the children as some of the happiest of my life. I do not think that at any other time I felt more than I did then that I was a co-worker with God.

In 1872 I decided to open a small business in Reefton, therefore I had to resign my post in the Sunday School at Hokitika. The staff of the School presented me with a testimonial in which they expressed affection for myself, and appreciation of the work I had performed.

The business in Reefton did not prove a success. However, opportunity was given there too for service. I soon opened a Sunday School for the few children I could gather. I had not yet ventured to preach, but I helped others as best I could. A Methodist preacher came up to the small township above Reefton where I lived. We soon became friends, and I helped him to gather a congregation. An Episcopalian minister, a fine godly man, also came up our way every second Sunday, and I did my best to gather a congregation for him also. My Methodist friend and I, I believe, were helpful to each other. That was so far good, but both of us were young and aggressive. He tried hard to make a Methodist of me, and I tried as hard to make of him, what I considered much better, a Calvinist. We both failed in our efforts.

Something had to be done to get out of the place, as the business was evidently going to be a failure. I wrote to my good old minister, who by that time was in Dunedin. He soon invited me to come over. I had to wind up the business. Much of our stock was taken back to the coast. I had paid heavy carriage from the coast, by river boat, waggon and pack-horses; and now it cost much to get the goods back. As a result I found myself in debt, which it took me some time to clear. I was sorry to go away, as I felt I was doing some good, but it had to be so. Of course I knew many of the diggers, and I was delighted to know that when some of them had been down to the larger township making fools of themselves with drink, they took care not to go past my house when they were going home. A shanty-keeper came to me and said he was sorry I was going away. "Sorry!" said I, "I thought you would be pleased to get rid of one so hurtful to your business." "No," he replied, "we are all living quietly up there at present, but when you go away we may require ten policemen to take your place."

CHAPTER III

COLPORTAGE WORK IN OTAGO

THOUGH it was necessary for me to depart from Reefton it was not without regret that I left many good friends. I made my way down to the coast and thence by steamer to Dunedin, where a friend had invited me to set up a bookshop for the sale of religious literature. Before my arrival, he discovered that other friends had also seen the need for such an undertaking. As he did not wish to set up in opposition, the two parties arranged to join; but the other friends had an asset in a volunteer willing to look after the shop without salary. My services were therefore unnecessary. In any case, from the position of the business at that time, it was quite clear to me that I was one too many. The principal literature was tracts, and there were also some nick-nacks "to make the thing pay." I was opposed to the latter and had them taken out, and as long as I had anything to do with the business they were kept out.

It was suggested that I should be provided with a horse to ride round the country and visit every Manse in an endeavour to interest the ministers in this enterprise. This I was willing to do, though after consideration I suggested that they might give me a load of books to sell. They readily agreed to that, and procured an express

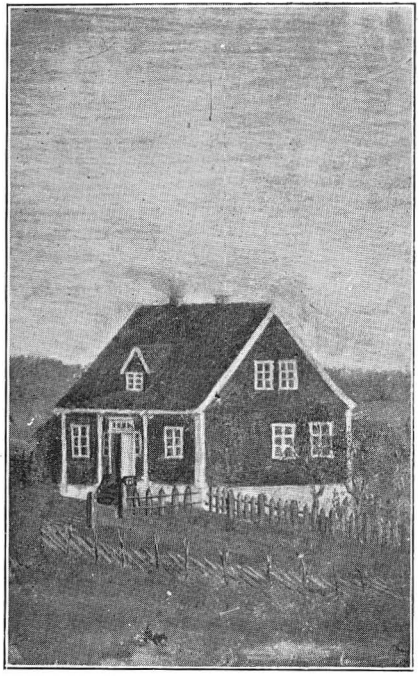
waggon and horse for me. I obtained some empty cases, put hinges on the lids, and packed the books into them. The books were obtained locally wherever they could be had at that time.

Blueskin was my first place of call, then Waikouaiti, Palmerston, Naseby, Clyde, Cromwell, Queenstown, and back by Alexandra and Roxburgh to Dunedin. I succeeded beyond all expectations. Case after case of books reached me to supplement my fast dwindling stock. This was real missionary work, and I was delighted. It was hard work, but I did not mind that. I scattered good literature, and even as a business undertaking it was a success. I had a free hand to sell or give tracts and booklets. *Scatter* was the point, and that was done freely. I often put up at public houses for the night, where, after tea, I usually had the loan of the billiard table, and there I often arranged my entire stock. As a rule my customers were quite civil, though sometimes a voice was raised in opposition.

At one place, when I arrived late in the afternoon, I inquired from the publican's wife the whereabouts of a certain godly man who lived not far from the public-house. It was a Saturday night and I thought it would be refreshing if I could be with him over Sunday. She gave me the information, and then asked if I had "The Sunday at Home." It at once dawned on me that I should attend to my business and not set out to have a happy time to myself on Sunday. After a little hesitation, I told her I would not go any further that day. It was nearly dark, and so I tended my horse, and said I would show her my books in the evening. The dining room was behind the bar, and I sat there

waiting while she set the table. As she was so engaged, she was quietly humming some hymn tunes, no doubt to make me feel that, although it was a public-house, she was not disinterested in sacred things. When she was humming "The Christian's Home in Glory" I took the bass part. That was all right, but when a number of working men boarders came in, the scene changed. It seemed that the head of the house had been in the habit of entertaining the company with all manner of blasphemous and bad jokes. This time it would not take on. One man at the table said, "What is the matter here to-night? Is the Holy Ghost coming?" In my heart I prayed He would. After the table had been cleared, my prospective customer nodded to me, which was the signal for me to bring in my books. Case after case was brought in and emptied out upon the dining table, and my new friend picked up one book after another. The brisker the business went on the more fiery was the swearing from the other side of the house. She did not attempt to answer her husband, but was quietly humming some hymn tune, and I usually took the bass part. The more he swore, the more we sang.

On Sunday morning the mother and the children, a servant girl and I walked over to the Methodist friend who was in the habit of conducting a service at his house on Sunday morning. I had dinner with him and spent much of the afternoon with him and returned to the public house for the evening. I don't know where the head man was, but I had a good time singing hymns and talking with the women and children.



My Home in Norway

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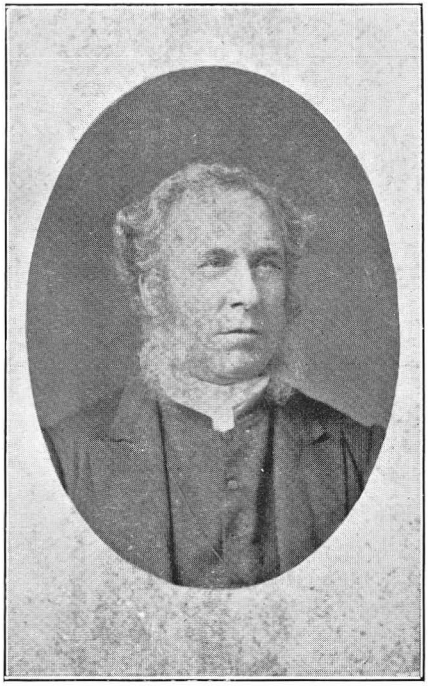
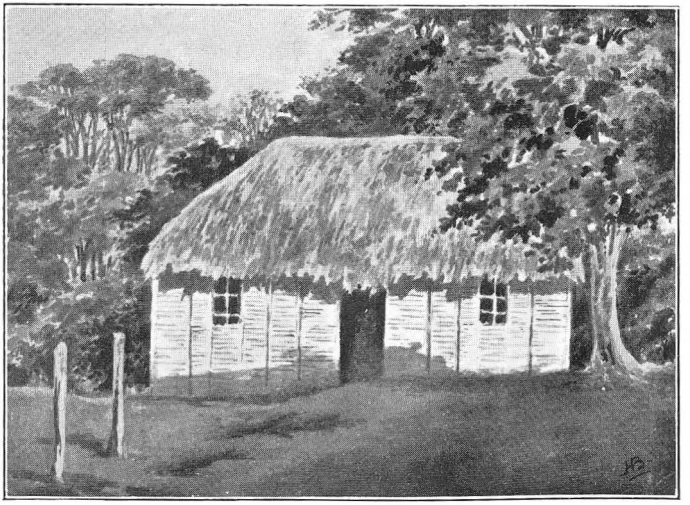


Rev. John Gow
(See page 9)

Plate I

MY PARENTS AND FAMILY



MY FIRST HOME ON TONGOA

(See page 60)

On Monday morning I left for other places, and called on my new friend as I passed his house. My plan was to go to Cromwell and Queenstown and all the other places on the way. It would be weeks and even months before I would be back again to this "pub"; but I was determined to return and spend one other Sunday there. This I did, and I found that the lady had taken such a decided stand for the right, that her husband had left the house. In any case we had another good day. For a long time I corresponded with my Methodist friend, who reported how things were going at the public-house. The servant girl was taken ill and had to be sent to the Queenstown Hospital, where she died singing one of the hymns I had taught them.

I kept no record of interesting incidents and do not intend to give a general account of that work, but one incident will illustrate how the scattered seed took root. While passing through a village, an old lady asked me if I had a Church Service. I took out several copies and she decided on one. Then I induced her to buy a copy of Bonar's "God's Way of Peace." I passed on, intending to spend some days there on my return. On coming back I secured an empty shop and opened business there. The old lady appeared again and asked if I had a book called "God's Peace." I replied, lifting up the book, "God's Way of Peace." "Oh yes," she said, "I got that from you when you passed through here before. I read it and felt so nice. I lent it to some of my friends and they felt just like myself. I want to have some copies of it to lend out."

While I was travelling, big orders had to be sent to Britain for books which I was able to sell at much lower prices than I could when my stock was procured in Dunedin. I felt a great responsibility on me, and pushed my sales like the keenest hawker, not readily taking a rebuff. Coming to a village one Saturday afternoon, I called from house to house and could not sell a book. When Sunday morning came, I put up a bag of booklets and tracts, probably about ten shillings' worth. Calling again at every house, I left booklets and tracts in each. The people offered to pay for them, but I would not take any money, explaining that I was not selling them that day, but would be round in the morning and would be glad then to sell anything that would suit them. On the Monday morning I went round with the van and sold about five pounds' worth of books.

As I passed along, I called at farms and other houses, and when I came to a village I opened up a shop for a few days. Diggings somewhat out of the way, where it was impossible to take the horse, I visited with a big bag of books on my back and very often a parcel in each hand, the total weight at times being as much as one hundredweight. Almost invariably I was well received everywhere. Occasionally when I was not, to begin with, the folk usually ended by inviting me to have a cup of tea, and buying a few books afterwards.

At Cromwell an interesting incident happened. I had opened up a shop on Saturday evening, and a highland shepherd came in and asked if I had a diary. I had not, but showed him a daily text

book with open spaces for every day, and told him it was the nearest thing I had to a diary. He took it. Then I commenced to show him other books. Ignoring his protest that he had all he wanted, I laid open a "British Workman." The pictures attracted him and he took it. Then I opened a "Sunday at Home," saying he would have a great deal of varied reading in it which would help to shorten the evenings in his lonely hut, all for eight shillings. So he took that also. With the man still protesting, I went on to show him other books, among them the "Life of Dr. Guthrie." He took that too, but was quite determined that he would have no more. Then I asked him if he had a Bible, and slowly he drawled out "No." "You a Scotsman and have not got a Bible! Here is one for one shilling, another for one and sixpence," and so on. At last he decided on one for three and sixpence, when I was satisfied, and let him go.

I often had cases of books sent after me, and not infrequently I had more stock than I could carry in the van; but it never happened, when I wanted help to carry stock from one place to another, that the man was not there to carry the cases for me. One striking instance of that kind happened at Milton. I had told a Christian man at that place how the Lord always sent me help when I wanted it. On this particular occasion, when I made inquiries at the hotel where I was staying, I was told there was no carrier in the town. However I packed up what I had to take in the van, also some cases I wanted sent back to Dunedin, and went back to the hotel for my dinner. On going down to the shop I saw my friend on the other

side of the street. He came over and I pointed out a small object far away up the street. He asked what it was, and I told him that it was the man who was coming to carry my cases to Dunedin. He wanted to know how I knew, but I just said, "You will see." We stood there talking till the man came near. I asked him where he was going, and when he said, "To Dunedin," I asked him if he could take some cases for me. He agreed to do so, and landed the cases safely in Dunedin. When he was asked how much there was to pay, he said there was nothing. He was a Christian man and did it for the Master. In this, as in many other instances, I could clearly see that there was a ruling hand working with me.

I once came to Oamaru, and as always, called at the Manse first. I told Mr. Todd that I wanted to open a shop for a few days. "Oh!" he said, "There is no vacant shop here at present," I told him I never came to a place where I wanted a shop, but that there was one waiting for me. "Well," he said. "You can go and see one of my elders. If there should be any such place, he will know; but I am pretty sure there is none." I called on the elder, and got the same reply. I said, "I am sure the place is waiting for me." So, after a little talk I walked up the street and there found the place I wanted. Straightway I approached the owner, and was given the shop free of charge. There I started business and sold a great many books, and had some interesting talks.

One day a drunken man came rolling in. He said, "You don't know who I am." "Yes, I

know very well. You are a poor sinner, and if you don't seek shelter in Jesus Christ you will be lost." "Oh! I am Macadam. It was my father who invented macadamised roads." "Well, that may be so, but your father will not be able to save you." I continued to charge home on him. And, as I continued to speak to him and pointed out the way of life, he only continued to say, "Yes, yes, that is so," and he walked out. The next day, as we were sitting at dinner in the boarding house, one of the boarders came in and said, "Did you hear of the man who fell dead on the street to-day?" "No, who was that?" "Oh, it was that drunken Macadam."

The day came when I thought it was time to move on. I put the short notice in the window "LAST DAY." One after another walking past read "LAST DAY." A newspaper reporter looking at the books in the window, was struck by the continued repetition of the words, LAST DAY. He took notice of it in his paper. The next two or three days were wet, so I could not get away. The shop was thus advertised and a number of people came to see the "Last Day" shop. I sold more books on those extra days than I had sold for a whole week before.

I believe God intended me to be a missionary, and I felt very much at home in that work. I again set out for another round. I went by Milton and Lawrence first. At the latter place I met a Christian man with whom I had had some friendly talks when I was there before. "Well," he said, "How do you like the travelling?" I replied "I like it very much, but I know I shall not con-

tinue long at it." "How do you know that?" he questioned. "I know it as if it were a thing in the past. I know I shall get as far as Clyde and no further." In spite of this presentiment, I went on my way through Roxburgh and Alexandra, to go on by Clyde and Cromwell towards Queenstown. When I reached Clyde I did not feel very well, and went down to the hospital to consult the doctor. "Oh," he said, "There is nothing serious the matter with you, but you should take a few days' rest." I wrote to Dunedin to that effect, and intended to rest for a week or two. A reply came by wire from Dunedin, "Don't go any further, we have engaged another man." There was nothing in my letter to suggest that I was either wishing to give up the travelling or that I thought there was any necessity for so doing.

CHAPTER IV

AN OPENED DOOR

ARRANGEMENTS having thus been made, I, of course, had no choice. The man came the next day. When I returned to Dunedin I was asked to occupy the shop. By that time the business had increased very much, and there was need for me there. I at once went back to St. Andrew's Church and the Sunday School. I was not long in the Sunday School when I saw an opening for greater usefulness. There were numbers of children in what was then known as "The Devil's half-acre" in Stafford Street, who seemed to go to no Sunday School. Mrs. Burns, widow of Dr. Burns of First Church, owned a small hall there which she readily lent me for a Sunday School, and, with a few friends from St. Andrew's, I soon had a little Sunday School there. The number steadily increased. Gradually one after another felt that they would like to join a more respectable company; and, of course, we were pleased to see them go over to the big school.

After some time I commenced a Sunday evening meeting for the children and their parents. We had some rough scenes at these meetings, but by degrees I had the audience well in hand, and good was being done. However, I was looking for mission work to which I could give my whole time.

The shop did not satisfy that desire. I then hit upon the idea that if I could learn the Chinese language, work among the Chinese would probably come my way. I made the acquaintance of a Chinese merchant, who taught me Chinese whilst I taught him English. I made fairly good progress. One day I saw an advertisement for a colporteur for China. I thought I might have a good chance of getting the appointment, as I had already made a success of colportage work; I had made a good beginning with Chinese, and had been working upon various other foreign languages since early boyhood. I wrote my application and sent the message boy up to the Post Office. He, however, did not hurry himself, and just as he arrived the door was shut. I therefore had to wait until next month, not doubting that the hand of God was in this unexpected delay.

Before the next monthly mail left something again "happened," that entirely changed my course. The Mission ship, *Dayspring* arrived in Dunedin with two missionaries, Dr. Inglis and Mr. Watt, on board. It was just at the time of the Otago Synod. These two missionaries were pleading with the Church to send another missionary to the New Hebrides. "But," said they, "we have no one to send." I took my Sunday school on board the *Dayspring*. There I met my faithful friend, the Rev. Lindsay Mackie. Said I to him, "Do you know, Mr. Mackie, what I have been thinking? "What is that?" "These Islands." He replied, very emphatically, "That is the very thing! That is just what I have been thinking too. You drop that Chinese business and make

your application. I shall support your application most heartily. While you prepare for it, I shall engage you as my missionary." So I made my application. Quite a number of the ministers who knew me from my travelling days spoke kindly of me. There was not one voice raised against my being accepted. I left the Bible Depôt with the shortest possible notice. Very regretfully I had to give up the Sunday School, in connection with which I put together the following farewell verses:

How sweet to me those days we met
To guide your youthful feet,
Them on the Rock of Ages set,
With Christ our Friend to meet.

We prayed, and worked, and sang and taught,
Our hearts were bent on you,
That you to Jesus might be brought,
To serve and love Him too.

Those days are gone—my work with you
Was quickly brought to end;
My Master with His work in view,
To other fields me'll send.

Though absent from your School and land,
Your voice and image clear
I'll carry to that distant strand,
In memory so dear.

I leave you, but a better Friend
Will linger with you still,
To lead you to that chiefest end,
To dwell on Zion's hill.

Farewell, my friends, I say farewell,
And pray that we may meet
Up yonder, of God's love to tell,
And sing at Jesu's feet.

I took up my studies under Professor Salmond, and I look back to my time at his feet as among the happiest hours of my life. I was also set to work in connection with First Church, being appointed to work in South Dunedin, which at that time was part of the First Church Parish. I commenced with cottage meetings—two every week. In the afternoon I called at the various houses inviting people to come to the meeting in the evening. After some time I managed to obtain the loan of a hall. I think it was the then Council Chambers where I opened a Sunday School. I also commenced a Sunday evening meeting there. I had some very hearty meetings too. Things continued to improve, and at last steps were taken to have a little Church built. My last day in that sphere of service was the opening of that Church. That was the first and only Presbyterian Church in the whole of South Dunedin. I was then getting myself ready to go away to the Islands. When I told a lady of our Y.M.C.A. Choir, who also helped me with the singing at Sunday services, that I was going to the Islands, she said, "Don't go there, they are horrible cannibals." I answered that I would not consider myself safe anywhere else. I did not want to play the Jonah.

At a meeting of the Y.M.C.A., of whose Choir I had been an active member as long as I was in Dunedin, I was presented with a purse of sovereigns

—as useful a parting gift as they could have given me. (In 1930 I paid a hurried visit to Dunedin, when I had the pleasure of being present at the Jubilee of the South Dunedin Church. I was delighted to meet quite a number who had been of my congregation fifty years before, or who had been members of my Sunday School.)

It was early in March, 1878, that I left Port Chalmers in the *Wakatipu* for Sydney. It was a solemn and happy time. I had been doing Christian work ever since I came to New Zealand, but my prayer and longing was to go to the mission field. I left many kind friends in New Zealand, but the joy of at last being able to go out as a missionary by far eclipsed the sorrow of the parting and the abandoning of work which I loved. The trip over to Sydney was uneventful; as my mind was on what lay before me, I did not even worry about how to get on in Sydney. Two of the New Hebrides missionaries happened to be on holiday in Sydney at the time of my arrival there. They came on board to meet me, and did all in their power to make me feel that Sydney welcomed me. They also succeeded in giving me a foretaste of Island hospitality and brotherliness.

Whatever attractions Sydney might have had, even at that time, there was nothing to interest me very much. All I had in mind was the mission field and the getting ready for it. April soon came round, and the two mission families and I went on board. Shifting over from the *Wakatipu*, which at that time was a kind of *Great Eastern* in comparison with the 160-ton *Dayspring*; or thinking of ourselves, the mission party, in the

midst of the busy city of moneymakers, I could not help feeling that the cause for which we lived had a very small place in this world. A number of missionary friends gathered on board to convoy us well out to sea. Dr. Steel presided at a short service on board. As we sailed down the harbour, I felt there was a warm feeling of sympathy with us, the outgoing missionaries. Among the hymns we sang, I specially remember one, "We shall meet in the Eden above." Strange enough, the person who suggested it never met any of us again on earth, but went on before. After we were well out from land, our friends transhipped to the tug, and soon we were separated.

Before night came on, we were tossed about very roughly by a gale and a roaring sea. The little schooner rolled from side to side, and the mast, which went through the saloon, gave a peculiar "squeak, squeak," with every motion of the ship. It was a new experience for me. I was not yet aware of what our little craft was able to bear. I thought during the dark night that perhaps we should never see land again. I left myself in God's hand, and was ready to say, "Thy will be done." We soon had easier weather, and the eighteen days to Aneityum passed away quickly.

CHAPTER V

ARRIVAL AT THE NEW HEBRIDES

As the island of Aneityum appeared, what a sight met our eyes! In the distance we saw the mountains covered with forests. As we came nearer we could see the waves breaking over the coral reef. Indeed, I was surprised when I learnt that it was there we were to enter the harbour. However, after passing roaring breakers on both sides of us, we found ourselves suddenly in a calm lagoon. On that bright Sunday morning we were anchored in the Anelgauhat Harbour. It was a sight I can never forget. There were the stone Church, one hundred feet long, and the snow-white mission house inside a neat reed fence, beyond the white coral beach, surrounded by tropical green. Mr. Annand, the missionary, came out in his boat rowed by bright and happy-looking natives. They knew the other passengers on board, and seemed delighted to learn that I, the only stranger, was a new missionary. It was most encouraging to see what the Gospel had done for these men. Everyone looked so bright and happy. But *the* sight awaited me—grotesquely dressed natives, many with a basket turned upside down on the head for a hat, gathering on Sunday morning into that venerable Church, built by those people in the days of their first love, sitting down on

the mat-covered floor, singing God's praises and attentively listening to the sermon. I, of course, could not understand a word of what was said, except the number of the hymns and chapter and verses in the Scriptures, which were given in English.

Forty miles east of Aneityum is Futuna, a coral rock lifted hundreds of feet out of the sea; it is inhabited by a people related to the eastern race and speaking a language more like the Maori than most of the New Hebrideans and they are of fairer colour. The women, unlike the Aneityumese, Tannese and Erromangas with their long skirts of pandanus leaves sweeping the ground, have neat short skirts. Many of the women are really bright and pleasant-looking.

John Williams sailed in his own home-made vessel, and made his first call here in 1839 on his arrival in the New Hebrides, conversing with the people in their own language. He next called at Tanna, then he made his fatal landing on Erromanga where he and Mr. Harris were killed and eaten.

Mr. Copeland first took up mission work on Futuna and laboured for several years until his wife died. He then left with his two little girls. When I first called at Futuna I found the mission house blown down and the roof on the ground, making the only shelter on the station. Dr. Wm. Gunn then took up the work and successfully evangelized the island.

Aniwa is a low coral island, fourteen miles east of Tanna, it is so flat that it is not seen until you are quite near to it. It was here that Dr. and Mrs. Paton laboured and evangelized the island.

After enjoying Mr. and Mrs. Annand's hospitality, we went on to Tanna. Our first call was at Mr. Watt's station, Kwamera, where there was no reef-protected harbour to sail into. Old Captain Braithwaite was not of those who took any unnecessary risk, so he hove-to at a safe distance from land. Then the boat was loaded up with mission boxes and all manner of stuff, being supplies for the next six months. I thought it did not look very safe to send out a boat so loaded up in that rough sea; but, to my surprise, we, the passengers, were told to take our place on top of that. After a long pull through the rough sea, we found ourselves in front of the mission station. The sea was breaking white all over the coral rocks, but there was a narrow passage into the little boat harbour. Just as we were entering, a heavy swell threw us on top of the rock on one side of the entrance. A native sitting in the bow of the boat had presence of mind enough to jump on to the rock and push the boat into deep water before the wave receded. Otherwise the boat would have been left a wreck on the rock, and the cargo at the mercy of the next sea.

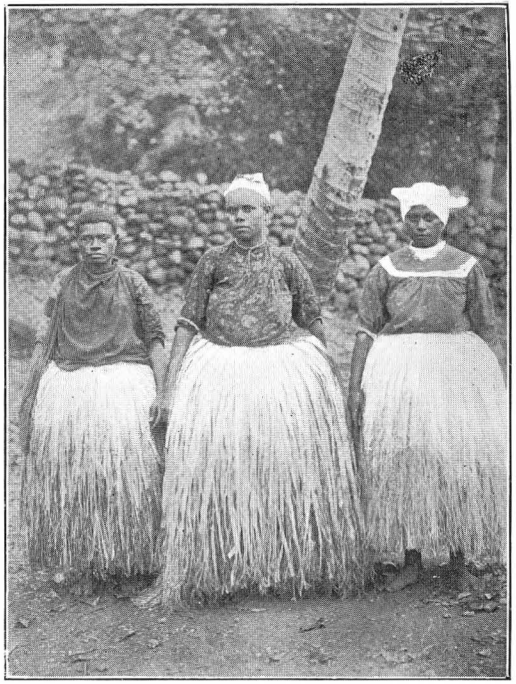
Here again, a hearty welcome waited us; however it was not a matter of days as at Aneityum, but only a few hours before we returned to our ship. Our reception by the missionaries was as hearty at the one place as at the other; but the difference in the natives was very marked. On Aneityum all were clothed and smiling as we met them, their whole appearance suggesting peace and happiness. On Tanna the men were practically naked and were painted, each man having his gun

in his hand. No smile there; but a look that seemed to say: "We will let you pass if you do not offend us, but . . ."

By the time of our re-embarking the *Dayspring* was tossing about miles out to sea, almost out of sight. The men pulled with all their might, for it looked as if we should not reach the ship before dark. The mate, who had charge of the boat, saw the danger, and took off his jacket and put it on top of an oar to signal the *Dayspring*. The Captain interpreted the signal and came in, so that we managed to get on board before dark. While we were ashore Mr. Watt handed a letter to the Captain warning him against sailing into Port Resolution Harbour, as there had been two terrible earthquakes there, by one of which the bottom of the harbour had been lifted up twenty feet and by the other eighteen feet. Captain Cook had spent much time at this harbour taking observations. He called it after his own ship the *Resolution*. For safety's sake we anchored at the entrance to the harbour, and cargo and passengers were taken in by boat. Here again a warm welcome waited us from Mr. and Mrs. Neilson. Mr. Neilson was a son-in-law of Dr. Geddie, the pioneer missionary of the Group, who was settled on Aneityum in 1848.

It was at Port Resolution that Dr. Paton commenced his mission work; he and his wife suffered much from fever at that place. In the early days mission stations were usually planted quite near to the beach. In Dr. Paton's case, it was not only near the sea, but also in a low fever locality. Mrs. Paton died there, and visitors may see her lonely

CHRISTIAN NATIVE OF FUTUNA
(See page 30)



NATIVES OF ERROMANGA
(See page 30)

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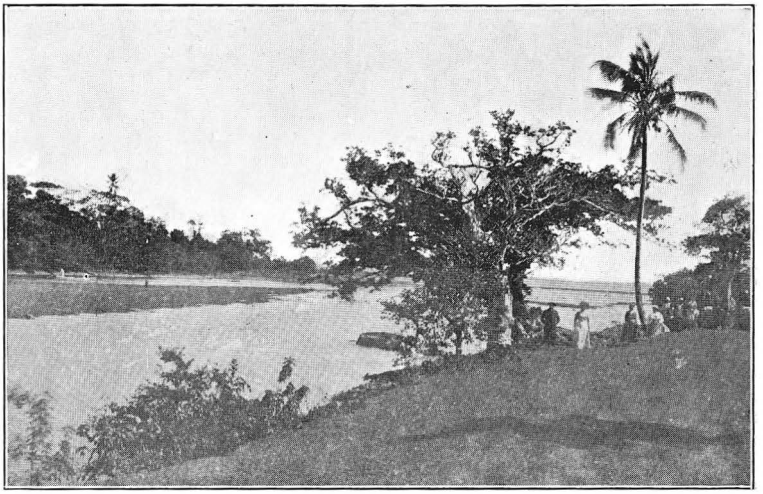

WHERE JOHN WILLIAMS WAS MURDERED
(See page 30)

DR. PATON'S STATION ON ANIWA
(See page 30)

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grave surrounded by a white coral fence, close to the site of the original mission station. From Port Resolution Dr. Paton had to flee from the savages. Later he took up mission work at Aniwa. As we were enjoying an evening ashore, an old chief had something very confidential to say to Mr. Neilson. It was this: He understood that I was a new missionary, and he thought it would be very nice if I would settle at his village. It was very kind, but to us it was little more than a joke, the idea of settling a new man alongside another missionary, while in the north there were thousands and thousands of cannibals far out of reach of any missionary.

At Tanna in the evening we had a splendid view of the volcano. Every few minutes there was an explosion of red-hot scoriae and ashes. It is said that it has continued in that state since the days of Captain Cook. From Tanna we made for Erromanga, the Martyr Island. We anchored at Dillon's Bay, on the west side of the island. The mission station lies on a rather narrow piece of land near the Williams River. Right behind the mission station rises an almost perpendicular rock. (The greater part of that island is a high coral rock. Indeed, several islands, as Futuna and most of Efate, are coral rocks lifted out of the sea several hundred feet.) Beyond that is a sight very unusual in the Islands—a great stretch of open tableland with here and there a tree on it. One was almost tempted to ask where the farmhouses were, but at that time there was no inhabitant on that plateau. Now a prosperous sheep farmer lives there.

Looking toward the shore, Mr. Robertson, who was on board, showed us the mission station. After breakfast the boat was put out. We first crossed the bar, then, some little distance up on the left-hand side of the river where the landing for the mission station was, appeared a crowd of bright and happy natives to welcome us all; but no doubt, especially the Robertsons, who had a new baby to show them. The baby afterwards became Mrs. Fred Paton. She often used to say in her own bright and happy way that she and I came to the mission at the same time. We were not long at that lovely mission station ere we felt quite at home with our host and hostess. Mr. Robertson took us over the river and showed us the place where Mr. John Williams and Mr. Harris were quartered after the murder. He also showed us where the Gordons were killed, and their graves. The sad story of the past made the fine sight of the native Christians a very telling contrast. The fact that Mr. Robertson, and even more so his young wife, had settled in that place after five missionaries had been killed there, portrays the spirit of true heroism. During the afternoon some of us walked up the riverside to a big pool in the river to have a bathe. We all enjoyed the bathe, but we noticed up on the hillside a number of armed natives which, after all we had heard, did not seem very encouraging. We told Mr. Robertson of this, and asked what it could mean. "Oh!" he said, "Those were Christian natives who went up to see that the heathen did not interfere with you." That was the first of many delightful and memorable visits to that station.

Leaving Erromanga, we set sail on the seventy mile run to Efate. The next morning we sailed into the picturesque harbour of Vila. In those days that place knew nothing of present-day developments. Now it is the Condominium Capital of the Group, with a British and a French Commissioner, Government offices, large stores, British and French hospitals and Presbyterian and R. C. Churches. On the smaller islands of Mele and Vila in the harbour were a people speaking a language very different from that spoken on the mainland of Efate, and more like Maori. Mr. (later Dr.) and Mrs. Annand were settled on Eririki Island, hoping to work among the people there; but they found the people determined to resist all efforts to evangelize them. Consequently, in 1874, the Annands shifted to Aneityum, to the station first occupied by Dr. Geddie. Several missionaries had occupied stations in the neighbourhood of Vila, the only one remaining at that time was Mr. (afterwards Dr.) Mackenzie. He was one of those men who, seen away from his field of labour, would not be reckoned among the great missionaries; but, seen at work in the field, he could not but be recognized as an ideal missionary.

Mr. Morrison, who preceded him, had evidently made a great impression on the natives, for some servants I had from that station often repeated what Mr. Morrison said to them, though he had been dead for many years. Dr. Mackenzie's station was not at Vila but Erakoro, a small island in a lagoon, one of those idyllic places in the midst of most entrancing coral islands, such as are

described by some of the great writers. The name Erakoro means " the place of a fence," not a common fence, but a fish fence. The natives make a fence (of stones, as a rule) some distance from the shore. It is under water at high tide, and, as the tide goes out, the fish are left inside on the dry beach and at the mercy of the natives.

Let us now think of the *Dayspring* anchored in Vila Harbour, naturally a pretty place, with a few settlers about it; but nothing to us except that it was the anchorage and the place from which we made our way to our good friends, Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie. The boat of the *Dayspring* took us past the little island of Eririki into the corner of the harbour, whence we walked over a ridge to the lagoon. What a sight on a sunny morning! There it lay like a mirror before us, reflecting the surrounding land and the picturesque island of Erakoro on which the old-fashioned mission station with its white-plastered walls and thatched roof was situated. There warm hearts were ready to welcome missionary visitors, after an isolation of nearly six months since the *Dayspring* called before—six months of a trying hot season with its fevers and other sicknesses. Some native canoes met us to convey us to the mission station—a new experience, enlivened by stories of former visits of the old missionaries and of swamped canoes and amusing incidents.

Early one morning I took a small canoe lying on the beach, paddled half way over to the mainland, and took a photograph of the island. The sea was like glass, in which whole island was reflected. On the sea were several native canoes which the

people use to paddle over to the mainland, to their gardens. At the far end of the lagoon the forest-clad mountains rose one above the other and were reflected in the water. It was the kind of coral strand that we sing about. The natives seemed to reflect the spirit of the holy men under whose influence they had been and were.

Eririki, which, as stated above, was at one time occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Annand, and then given up for the time being by our mission, is by far the healthiest spot at Vila. Many years ago, part of it was given by the mission for a residence for the British Commissioner. When it was decided to build a J. G. Paton Memorial Hospital at Vila it was felt that no more suitable place could be found than the remaining part of Eririki. It is and has been the best memorial one could think of to one who, like Dr. Paton, lived to bless.

Thence we went to Havannah Harbour, at that time the principal place in the Group. All the Queensland recruiting ships and other vessels called there for water, and some for "water" of a stronger nature. Sometimes as many as six or seven ships might be anchored there. I believe much, if not all of the land on which the natives lived, was really mission property. As long as there have been British missions in the Islands, there has been British enterprise. Since 1839, when the Rev. John Williams was martyred, there have been British missions and other settlement yet no British political move in the Islands; but so strong is British influence, that when the natives were asked to say if they wished to be British or French, one said to me, "What is this you are

talking about! We *are* British and ever have been since Captain Cook found us." Havannah Harbour is very unlike Vila. There is more open country round it. Perhaps the most noticeable part of it is the white sandy beach near which the mission station is situated, suggesting peace and the very object for which the station is there.

CHAPTER VI

MY YEAR AT NGUNA

FROM Havannah Harbour our ship sailed round to Nguna. Although it seemed no distance, it took hours to reach our destination. With the forest clad Nguna on our left and the more or less open country on the Efate side, the high Pele Island in front, and the flat Kakula Island between Pele and Efate, the scene differed very much from any part of the Islands I had seen up till then. We pulled in a boat over the coral reef and landed on the white coral sand beach. Mr. and Mrs. Milne welcomed me on the shore, and conducted me to the house. Beside the air of hearty welcome, the neatness and comfort of the place impressed me at once.

Before many days had elapsed, I was impressed by the aesthetic taste which guided Mr. Milne in all his building work. The little two-roomed cottage with verandah was all neatness. Originally, it had a verandah at the back also. Part of it had been made into a pantry, and part of it at the other end had been joined up with part of the bedroom to form a study. All the walls throughout were perfectly plastered, as was also the ceiling of the study. It was all done by Mr. Milne. As the family increased, and probably also for the sake of

entertaining the Mission Synod, a large dining-room of native material was put up at the back.

After a couple of days Mr. Milne and I again joined the *Dayspring* to go to the meeting of Synod, which was held at Aneityum that year. I was heartily welcomed by the members. There were present Revs. Paton, Watt, Neilson, Milne, Robertson, Macdonald and Mackenzie. Two claims were put in for me. One was on behalf of Tanna to set Mr. Watt free from his station in order to take up Dr. Inglis's station on Aneityum; and Mr. Milne claimed me for Tongoa. My Church graciously left my settlement in the hands of the Mission Synod; but it was well known that it was their wish that I should occupy some place north of Nguna, where the same language was spoken or understood. Indeed, Mr. Milne had visited these Islands and had given a report of his visits, so that they were really regarded as Otago (N.Z.) Mission Field. Mr. Milne won the day. Probably because I had no wife, it was decided that I should remain on Nguna for a year, during which time I would learn the language and form my own ideas as to what I was or was not to do.

Mr. Milne was in many respects an exceptional man. His energy, zeal, and self-sacrifice would always be far beyond mine whether they were called for in the study or abroad. He seldom left his study till long after midnight. There he toiled over his translations, seeking to render the Scriptures into the simple, undeveloped, native language. When he went abroad, you would find him sailing

(he loved a good sail) or rowing in his boat to distant islands. Sometimes the island of his destination was so distant as to be out of sight, and on one occasion he was lost at sea. When he landed on these expeditions, he would live among the natives with a grass hut for shelter, sleeping on an earth floor, and depending for his food, cooking, and general comforts on what natives could provide. At home part of his day's programme was to clean and doctor repulsive native sores, thus saving the natives the trouble of doing so themselves. He died at his post at the age of ninty-four.

A prominent New Zealand Minister remarked that I had been "apprenticed" to the Mission. I did not take quite such a humble view of my position, but did not worry over the remark. I felt that I was sent out by my Church to do Mission work, and I felt still more the Master's word, "Lo, I am with you," ringing in my ears. I did not think of Him as protector only, but more particularly that He had a use for me.

It was well on in the day when I landed on Nguna. Early the next morning I took a walk down on the beautiful white coral sand beach. A man came up to me and said in broken English, "Me Tief." (I am chief.) "No," I replied, "you cannot be chief. A chief is a great man, and what we learn helps to make us great. You hear the school bell ringing, but you make no attempt to go to school." "By and by," was his short reply. I said, "Is it not good?" "Yes, very good." "Well, if it is good, you had better go at once."

He held on to his "By and by," and I held on to my "At once." I gained the victory, brought him with me to school and commenced to teach him the letters, afterwards the spelling and reading. He continued at school and Church till his dying day. He was the chief of the village nearest to the Mission Station. The people had apparently got into a kind of stereotyped way of feeling that, while the missionaries were their best friends, Christianity was not for them. After the chief had taken his stand, his people gradually came in. There was apparently only one Christian man in the early morning school, and if I remember aright, three other adults, and two boys. Clearly a new life was coming into the school. I think I am correct in saying that God used me to be "the straw that broke the camel's back." The Milnes were of course delighted to see the change.

Mr. Milne said, "This is good, but there is a chief in the middle of the Island. If you could get hold of him it would break the back of heathenism on the Island." I said I would try. I sent for him and he came down. His name was Matokoale. There was a new difficulty. He could not speak a word of English and I had very little more of his language. Having made signs to him to sit down on the verandah, I brought out a piece of turkey red twill, a sheath knife and various other little presents. These he understood quite well. Then I took out my guitar and played and sang to him. He looked interested, but said nothing I could understand. A little later a man who could speak some broken English came up.

The chief on being asked through him how he liked the music said it was beautiful. "Oh," I said, "this is nothing. Up in Heaven there is music infinitely better than this, and if you come to school and to Church you will find out how to get there when you die." He said he would come. Two or three school days passed; but he did not come. Nor was he in the Church on Sunday morning when service commenced. Later on I heard a whisper among the little congregation of "Matokoale, Matokoale." I looked round and there he was with all the paint washed off his face and body, and wearing his new turkey-red loin cloth. He took his seat in the congregation, and from that time on he continued to come, and later became a pillar of the Church. As we came out of the Church I laid my hand on his shoulder and asked him to come to school next morning. He did, and I took him in hand also and taught him to read.

In the good old days of the *Dayspring*, when we at times had to fall in with wind and weather in their freaks and fits, we had a ship in which we could tell even the Captain what he had to do. Thus it was decided that Mr. Milne and I should have the *Dayspring* at our disposal to visit some of the islands north of Nguna. We went ashore at the smaller islands of Ewose and Buninga, but we did not manage to get to Tongariki. Tongoa was reserved for the next day. We anchored early in the morning. Mr. Milne had been there, I believe, twice before. Once he was there and bought a little piece of stolen land and put up a grass hut on it. He and Mrs. Milne stayed there for

a week, so he felt somewhat at home on the island.

The first man we fell in with was the chief of Ravenga, Malesu, a kindly man, and Tarisaliu, the chief of Purau, who had been driven away from his own village, and found hospitality with Malakaleo, or Tinapua as he was then. Indeed, he and his people lived exactly where our present mission station is. We did not go ashore at the ordinary landing beach, but near Ravenga. There was nothing special about the appearance of Malesu but Tarisaliu was certainly remarkable for his height, and for his way of doing up his body. The Tongoans and the people of Emae were known in the Queensland labour traffic as the "long calico men." They had a way of putting their loin-cloth so that it hung down to their knees. That was not good enough for Tarisaliu. He had his long legs covered with his loin-cloth. It hung right down to his ankles. His hair was lime-washed and tied up in a bunch on the top of his head, and on top of that he had stuck a straw hat. He and Malesu had promised to take us to the bush village of Pele. As we were walking on the bush track, Tarisaliu's hat blew off, but, being placed on the top of his hair, it was so far removed from his real self that he was not aware of what had happened. A boy picked it up and ran and handed it to him. The track from Ravenga to Pele went through a forest of big trees. To me it seemed much longer than it really was. Arriving at Pele, Tarisaliu went to see the chief, Maraki. We were kept waiting a very long time. Maybe they were having a consultation about how they

were going to receive us, in a friendly way or otherwise.[1]

At length Tarisaliu came back with a large piece of freshly baked pork on a stick about eighteen inches long, and handed it to me. It did not arouse my appetite nor did Mr. Milne feel drawn to it. Our native companions seemed to feel as much at home with it as we would with a tempting piece of roast goose served in the daintiest fashion.[2] Still we waited and waited for "His Excellency" to appear. Eventually he came, a fine strong looking savage, I thought, fit to preside at any cannibal feast. I heard while we were waiting that he had been in the French colony of New Caledonia. I said, "Bon jour, Monseigneur." He replied, "Me no talk that way. Me talk all the same you." So we were able to speak pidgin English. He seemed quite friendly. He told me that he had been in New Caledonia. He had been a kind of bush policeman and black tracker, and had had some strange experiences which had not made him less fit for a bush chief and cannibal. We had quite an interesting visit to his village. According to native custom he accompanied us a considerable distance out of the village. I fancy

[1] Only recently I had a talk with an old man from that village. I told him of our long waiting for the chief and that I suspected they discussed whether they should kill us or not.

"Yes," he said, "you were right. There was a big Takuari (a valiant murderer) Sasamaki, who wanted to kill you all, but Maraki said, 'No I have been in New Caledonia and there all the villagers who had killed a missionary had died out, and I don't want my people to die out'." And his side won.

[2] It was always inferred in heathen days that if a visitor was left a long time without having food given him, they intended murder. I can easily understand, therefore, that our native companions would eat the pork with double avidity.

the object of this convoy is to make a visitor feel that he is not in danger from any one at that place. Some distance out of the village we met a few women who " dutifully " stepped out of the track for us.

We took another track back towards the shore—a path that leads through Lumbukuti, a village placed on a high point over-looking the anchorage. This village had for generations been at war with our bush friends except for a few weeks or so during the time of heathen feasting ; but at heart that temporary friendship did not go very deep. Both Tarisaliu's and Malesu's villages were very small so they prudently tried to keep on good terms with the largest village. They were on that account quite ready to guide us to Lumbukuti. We chanced to come there on a very special occasion. It is common on Tongoa for the chief to pass over the chieftainship to his eldest son at the time when the chief might be supposed to have gathered experience enough to rule his own village properly. There may be some wisdom in it. In reality the old man continues to rule, but in the case of any mischief he may do he will be ready to blame the young man. We just chanced to come into the village on the day the young man was being elevated to the chieftainship. The name, " Ti Napua," was passed over to him, and the old man took to himself the name Malakaleo. The old man was well known as a vicious cannibal and a tyrant even among his own people. The young man, as he stood there duly painted and decorated with a wreath of creeper with green leaves and white flowers, looked as mild and harmless

as a child. As we had had a service with these people on the beach in the morning we did not offer to preach to them again in the afternoon, but I told them that it was my intention to come back and settle on the island in a year's time. After some friendly talk we climbed down the steep hill-side and went on board our ship, sailing back to Nguna during the night.

I soon picked up enough of the language to talk with the natives, and all broken English was given up. Before I had been there four months, I ventured to preach in Ngunese. While there was little *apparent* fruit on Nguna itself when I came there, the work was much brighter on the islands of Pele and Mataso, and no doubt the people on Nguna itself were in a state of preparedness. I once asked the chief Mariwota what their ideas were about Christianity before they became Christian. He said: "We knew we were resisting the right thing." One day in the morning school as he was reading 1st. John 3. 1: "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God." "Boist!" said he. "Here we have lived so near the light, and did not know it."

When I began my work on Nguna I enjoyed splendid health, and thought I was proof against fever. The place swarmed with mosquitoes, but it was not known at that time that these insignificant creatures had anything to do with fever. And yet I remember a native telling me that fever and "patiriki" (little teeth) went together. I certainly disliked to hear them buzzing about my

ears, but otherwise never suspected any harm to come from them.

One morning as we sat at breakfast, a report came of a terrible murder that had been committed on the other side of the bay. After a drought and a hurricane there was a great scarcity of food in the islands, and an expedition had come from the island of Makura to Efate to dig "taumako," a wild root which grows plentifully there and is very good food. The natives of Siviri, a village on Efate, thought this too much of a temptation, especially in a time of scarcity. They came up to the strangers pretending friendship, and, as soon as they saw their opportunity, they attacked them. I believe they killed most of the men, but the women were too valuable to make roast meat of. As soon as we heard of the slaughter and that some were being kept alive for future feasting, Mr. Milne and I put out the little dinghy into the sea. Three Christian natives went with us, two to pull the boat, and the third the leading chief on Nguna who it was hoped would have a helpful influence.

We met Taripamata, the chief, on the beach, and when he was charged with the murder he denied the truth of the story. Mr. Milne held on to him, insisting on the truth of the report; but he would not admit anything. I took a walk down to the shore where lay a canoe, and alongside it was the trunk of a man's body rolling in the surf, while in the canoe lay the man's head. In the meantime our three natives went into the village. There they saw the men roasting the man's legs and arms. With this information and what I saw myself, I went back to the chief and told him what I had seen

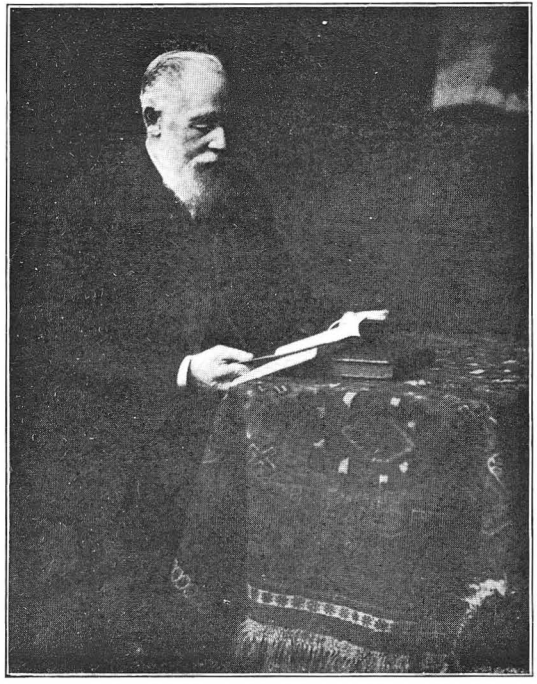

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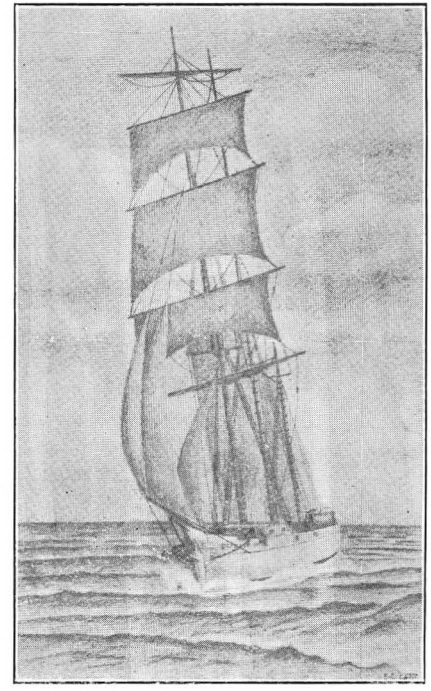
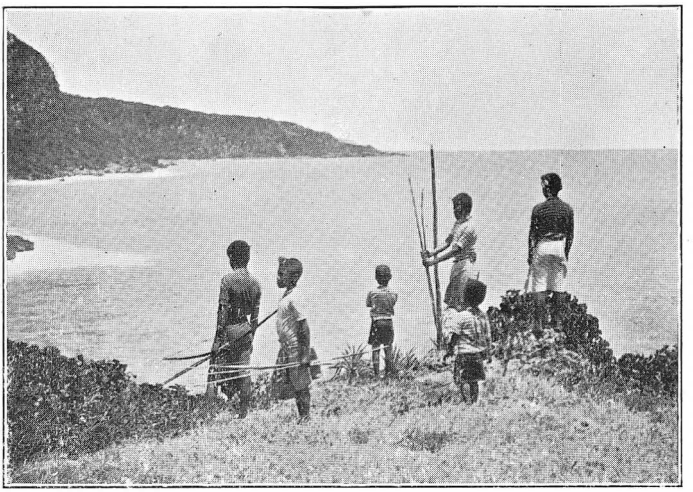
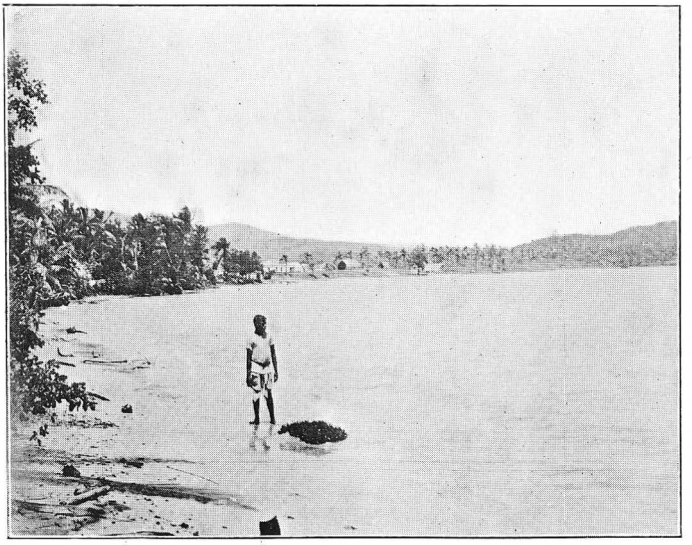
PLATE V



THE "DAYSPRING"



NORTH COAST OF FUTUNA



FUTUNA
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and knew, so he need not deny the fact of the murder. "Well," said he, "Christianity is all very well for you white men, but it does not suit us black men." Matokoale, the Christian chief, who was with us, then stepped forward, and looking the cannibal chief in the face said: "I am a black man and it is good for me." We hoped that we might have been able to save some who were still alive, but we had no success, and so we pulled out the boat to return to the Mission Station. We were not far out when we saw some distance away a procession coming along the beach—two men carrying a human body lashed to a long stick, some men walking before swinging their spears between their fingers, and others following after. This is the only cannibal feast I have been at, except at Nguna the following day, where the people at a village had received one of the bodies from their friends across the bay. We did not return then, but Mr. Milne was not yet satisfied, and he continued to chase after these poor wretches as they were hawking about the dead bodies among their heathen friends on Nguna. I went with him though I failed to see how we could do any good by it. At one village where we landed I noticed an ominous withdrawal of the women. Some of the natives told me afterwards that if I had not been there they would have killed Mr. Milne.

Years afterwards, I happened to be on Nguna Bay and saw a neat, white little village Church on the very beach where the cannibal feast had taken place.

At the village near the Mission Station on Nguna, there was an old woman called Pati Sa. (Bad

Tooth.) Natives do not trouble about anyone's feelings in a case like that. A man who has lost his hair must be prepared to be called bald-head, or a lame person will be called Pito, (*i.e.*, lame).

One morning the house girls told us they had buried Pati Sa. "Buried her? We did not know she was dead." "No, she was not dead." "How could they bury her then?" "Yes, they buried her."

It used to be the practice among the natives, when someone became too old to provide for himself, to bury him out of the way.

One day I noticed a canoe coming over from the island of Pele, from which a woman lifted a tall boy, and carried him on her back. I made inquiries and learned that he had left his parents' home because they objected to his going to school. He had been taken ill, and she was carrying him home to die. At the other island there was a Christian teacher and he was able to get from him the light that he was so anxious to have. I hurried over to the boy's village and to his parents' house. I spoke to him but was told that he had long since given up speaking. However I spoke on and after a while said, "Riki, shall I sing to you?" "Umph," he answered; so I sang what was then a favourite hymn in the Ngunese language: "My Jesus I love thee, I know thou art mine." When I came to the refrain which in Ngunese is, "I love thee, dear Jesus," he joined in and even after I had sung the whole hymn, he kept on saying, though faintly until his last breath, "I love thee my dear Jesus."

I had many pleasant outings on Nguna Bay,

visiting neighbours at Havannah Harbour and on the Bay. One of these trips was a striking exception to the general rule. I went out with the three men who accompanied us to the cannibal feast. We went in the little dinghy (it was so small that Mr. Milne and I often carried it down to the beach) to visit Mr. Macdonald at Havannah Harbour. We crossed the bay comfortably, went through the beautifully picturesque narrow boat-passage, and then to the other end of the Harbour. On our return late in the afternoon, we passed through the boat passage quite pleasantly; but darkness came on very fast, and toward the west I saw an ominous cloud rising. We were not far out when we found ourselves tossed about in our little boat. The waves were getting higher and higher. Mariwato and Matuele were rowing and I was steering. Mariwato became useless with fear, and so I took his oar and told him to steer. Matokoale was bailing, for the waves were dashing fast into the boat.

For hours we toiled on. I was hoping every moment to find ourselves near Nguna, but there was no outline of land, and no sound of breakers. About midnight I heard breakers. I looked and behold we were back to Siviri, where the cannibal feast had been, not very far from the boat passage through which we had passed between five and six in the afternoon. We altered our course so as not to get into the heavy breakers, keeping slowly at a safe distance out to sea. Suddenly it was calm and we knew that we were back at the boat passage, and came back to Havannah Harbour. Following the shore to our left, we came to a trader's

place. We wakened him up, and his people did their best for us, making a bed for me on a couch, and sending my men into the men's house. I had no mosquito curtain, and the little tormentors swarmed round me. I tried to put my head under the clothes but could not breathe. I spent the whole time alternately fighting the mosquitoes and covering my head for a few minutes, so was glad when morning came. When I met the men I asked them how they slept. "Oh!" they said, "It was patiriki, patiriki, all patiriki and no sleep."

After breakfast we started again for Nguna. When I asked my steersman in the night what possessed him to steer back from Nguna, he answered, "Ah! I saw the lights of the evil spirits (natemate) that wanted to lead us on to the rocks, and so I turned away." Rather, I believe it was a loving Providence who overruled for our safety.

As we came near the coast of Nguna, we saw Mrs. Milne's house girls following the shore, looking for wreckage of our boat. But we had been in safe keeping in spite of the gale, the raging sea, natemate, a nerveless boatman, and patiriki.

When I first came to Nguna, the Milnes had only two children, James and Willie (the present Rev. W. V. Milne). A dark cloud was cast on the lonely island home: James, the eldest, was taken away. I made the coffin and conducted the funeral. It is on such occasions a missionary in these islands feels the loneliness most keenly.

One day, about February, 1879, Mr. Milne took me for a trip to the other end of Nguna, to the village of Utanilagi, and from there to the top of the island.

A striking sight was their faria (men's community house). Unlike the men's public meeting house on Tongoa which is open on one side, this had the whole of one end open, as is the more common style on Nguna. The striking feature of the house was that on the left hand rafter, which, with the one on the opposite side, forms the entrance arch, were tied up nineteen jaws of men who had been eaten in that house. No doubt the Ngunese, like all other island savages, gloried in their cannibalism. We did not stay long at the village, but made our way up to the top of the hill which had a hollow in the centre, evidently being an extinct volcano. After the hot climb up the hill, I enjoyed the fresh breeze, and opened up my clothes to cool myself, not knowing what I was preparing for. From that hill we had the most magnificent view I have come on anywhere in the Group. We first saw over the nearest hill of Efate to Havannah Harbour, where in those days usually a few sailing vessels were anchored. Beyond that was Hat Island, and beyond that again was Vila Harbour with the islands of Mele, Eririke and Vila within the harbour.

After feasting our eyes on that lovely and peaceful view in the midst of a heathen and cannibal land, we returned to the shore and pulled back along the picturesque east coast of Nguna, and came up to the station before dark. I felt that I had been well rewarded for the climb up the hill, and altogether had a most enjoyable day. The next day I did not feel so well. On the hill I had enjoyed the cool breeze, but now I commenced to feel too cool, and before I was aware of it I was in a violent ague.

No doubt the patiriki (mosquitoes) had poisoned my blood, and, as I have often said, when you have the mischief in you, the fever will take any excuse for breaking out. A chill, over heating, over exertion, getting wet, or almost anything, will give you an attack. From that time forward I had fever and ague every second day if not oftener, as long as I was on the island.

At the Mission Synod it had been decided that I should go to Tongoa and open independent work there. Mr. Robertson and Mr. Macdonald were missionaries appointed to go with me to help build my house. It was not with the usual joy I heard the natives call out, "Sail oh!" as I lay in bed shivering till the whole bed shook, knowing that the ship had come to take me on to Tongoa to commence work among savages as worthy of their name as were the Ngunese. Indeed, both Mr. and Mrs. Milne were agreed that the only chance of saving my life was that I should go up to Sydney for the trip. I heard the two missionaries walk past my room to meet the Milnes in the dining-room. They were told how low I was, and that it was out of the question for me to go to Tongoa to commence work there alone in my present state of health. When they came into my room, I said that I was afraid there was no more mission work for me. Mr. Macdonald said, "It is only fever. We have all had that." "Well," I replied, "wait till this attack is over and we will go." I thought that after all I might do more good dying in my effort to begin work among the cannibals on Tongoa than dying in a comfortable bed on Nguna, or probably on the way to Sydney.

I cannot find words to express my indebtedness to Mr. and Mrs. Milne for their kindness to me during the time I was on Nguna, especially during my protracted illness. When I suggested paying for my board, Mr. Milne refused to take more than one-third of his grocer's bill, an act which tells its own story.

CHAPTER VII

BEGINNING WORK ON TONGOA

DURING the night, as we were sailing north to Tongoa, I had another attack of fever. Just about daylight we anchored in a calm sea on the lee side of the island. I was over the attack of fever and enjoyed the lovely sight before me. Between the ship and the shore there was smooth sea, very welcome after the wild tossing we had to endure throughout the night. Here the light swell of the sea was lazily rolling up, not on a white coral beach, but on a beach of black iron sand. Beyond the beach was a little level bush-covered land which, no doubt, had at one time been a bay. At the back, to the left and the right the steep forest-clad hill-sides rose to some four hundred or five hundred feet. Here and there stood tremendous banyan trees, sending out their huge branches above the other trees, draped with various creepers hanging down from their long arms. These mighty banyan trees, so high and so draped, looked as though they were the rulers of the forest. On the other hand there were the graceful coco-nut palms with their light green branches studding hills which rose one above the other. All looked peaceful and inviting, so that it was hard to imagine that savages and cannibals could be found there. I said to the Captain : " This is the prettiest island I have seen."

He replied: "Yes, and that you will ever see." It vividly called to mind the words of the hymn that, "Every prospect pleases, and only man is vile."

Suddenly a shout was heard up on the hill. A native had seen the ship as he woke up from his sleep. His shout was taken up by many voices. No more stillness now! After some fifteen minutes or less, numbers of natives were seen through the trees wending their way to the shore and stepping out from the bushes on to the black sand. They were all most fantastically painted and adorned with strings of beads and shells, and plumes standing out of their lime-washed hair. Their long, waving loin-cloths, originally white or grey, were dyed with tumeric. This plant grows freely on the island and was a favourite dye. I am not sure but there was some superstition connected with it. Men and boys played about on the beach as if they had nothing in the world to trouble them. Had I not known better from what I saw on Nguna, I might have felt inclined to agree with the would-be-wise globe-trotter that there was no need to disturb the "happiness" of these "children of nature." Even then, as a matter of fact, they were living in a state of war, and one of them might have been shot down at any moment. It simply illustrated how men will adjust themselves to almost any surroundings. And yet there *is* something in the idea of "children of nature." Our civilization carries with it much that promotes neither health nor happiness. If we could only learn to graft on the simple life of Christianity and leave out all the evils accompanying Western civilization!

As I stood there on deck observing these energetic and light-hearted people, I prayed that God would give me even two or three years among them. In my broken-down state of health I thought I almost asked for a miracle. After breakfast the boat took me ashore. I had with me a handbag containing various presents for chiefs. The bouncing chief Malakaleo, as he was called then, said, "What have you got in the bag?" I answered, "Wait a bit and you will see." I made him a present of a turkey-red loin-cloth, beads and a sheath knife, etc., and, looking round I asked, "Is there any other chief here?" There were not a few who were prepared to be chiefs then. Hoping that I had made a good impression, I thought it time to let the people know what my business was. I turned to Malakaleo again and said: "I should like to come and live among you altogether." Malakaleo replied: "We are afraid of you." Afraid of me, a solitary, sick man! The cannibal chief was afraid of the leaven of Christianity. He felt that if Christianity were to be brought into the island there would be no room for cannibalism, nor polygamy, nor heathen feasting, nor anything that made him great among heathen surroundings. On a second thought it occurred to him that he might venture to keep me on the beach, and he offered me a piece of land there. He would then be able, he thought, to receive any good things of this world that I had with me, without having to accept the ways of God. There was a good deal of talking; but I made it clear that I would not set up a house away from the people. I must be with them. At last a chief

from another village not more than a mile away from the beach and nearly two miles away from Lumbukuti, Malakaleo's village, made an offer. That seemed then to be the only opening. Sick and weak as I was, I proceeded to the place, supported on my left hand by one of the men, and with my stick in my right hand. My missionary friends came with me, and not a few of my painted savage friends.

The chief showed us the land which was fairly suitable, the only objection being that his village was a very small one; but, as nothing else offered, I took it that it was the hand of God that guided. I learned afterwards that it was a piece of land stolen from Malai, and, not only so, but it was an old grave-yard. Consequently it would be a great matter to get a sacred man to occupy it, and drive away the evil spirits. We noticed also that all the Tongoans were very helpful clearing the bush; but they carefully left the Christian natives who were with us to do the clearing of part of the land. It was, I should think, some two hundred or three hundred feet above sea level, fairly open but with hills on one side, and had the appearance of being quite a healthy spot. A document was made out and signed in which the chief agreed to sell me the land including all the stones and trees on it, and setting out on my side the number of axes, clearing knives, yards of calico, the pounds of beads, etc., that he was to receive. My friends, with some native helpers from Erromanga and Efate, remained with me for nine days.

Although I was the one settling there, I cannot

say I did much towards the building of the house. Some days I went ashore and others I remained on board, being laid up with fever and ague. My friends left the house roughly finished. There was just one rough coat of plastering, and I could see daylight through the wall anywhere I looked. The roof was thatched. They left me with a cask of water from the ship ; where to get the next water I knew not.

I was prepared to lay down my life if I should be required to do so. After shaking hands with everyone on board, I went ashore alone, leaving myself in God's hands. Mr. Robertson told me afterwards that he stood on deck beside the Captain's wife, and remarked as they watched me walking along the shore towards my lonely home : " Look at that. One solitary witness for Christ among probably a thousand savages. I am confident that some day we shall hear of the whole island being won for Christ." Who then can doubt the power of the Gospel ?

Some days I was laid up with fever, other days I was about, but weak. Gradually the fever passed off, and after a few more days it left me entirely, and strength rapidly returned. At first I could only go down as far as to Panita, the nearest village, where I gathered up a few boys. I sang with them and gave them reading lessons. Of course I talked to them a good deal. The men were still planning to have a heathen feast, and therefore did not wish to touch a book, fearing that some judgment would come upon them when they returned to any heathen practice. I wish those who are more enlightened would be as decided not to attempt to serve two

masters. Whilst they did not wish to touch the book, I took care that they, as well as the boys, heard what I had to say, and also that they learnt to sing our hymns. Not many days passed before I could hear our Christian hymns sounding from the hills where the people had their gardens. In spite of themselves they not only learnt our songs, but actually, in singing these Gospel hymns, helped to spread abroad the message of salvation. In a very few days the fever had left me, and I decided to go and visit other villages.

It must have been on the second Sunday after the *Dayspring* left that I had my first service at Panita, standing in front of the heathen drums. These drums are hollowed out of trees and are erected to represent some dead person. The heathen beat and dance round them, and make sacrifices to their dead. I spoke to them from the commandments. Suddenly there was a sharp earthquake shock, and I told them that was how God shook the earth when he first gave these commandments, and reminded them that they must not make light of it when He commands.

After the service at Panita I went to another village two miles away. When I reached the open space of that village I took my stand at one end of it. Behind me I saw various human bones tied up as trophies of their cannibalism. There were no jaws, indicating that the victims had not been killed by these people, but the bones were from "presents" sent to them by other villages. I commenced to sing a hymn, and soon some women appeared. They squatted down, got up, sat down, and kept on drawing nearer. I asked them, "Do

you like my song? Shall I sing another song?" They replied, "Yes." I then read out another hymn and explained it to them, but when they began to show impatience, I sang. In that way I went through several hymns.

From this village I went on to Meriu, a couple of miles further on. On arriving there, the chief, Timataso, met me and said: "I am so glad you have come." I asked, "How is that?" "Well," he answered, "Many years ago I had a strange dream. I dreamed I saw a ladder from earth up to heaven, and when you came here I knew you were the man belonging to it, and I want you to come as often as possible, and tell us all about it." That, of course, I was glad to do. He also sent over to my station later one of his men, Maripatoko, to learn more. This man, who was a harmless kind of man, had no personal interest in the Gospel story, but came because the chief told him to. After he had been with me some time I found that he had discovered a lonely spot on the mission ground where he planted some kava (a root from which native fire-water is made). I calmly pulled it all out. One day Timataso was there I made a big fire and laid the kava on it and burnt it, to Timataso's great amusement.

After my service at Meriu I went to another village, Tevelau, about one-and-a-half miles further on, and held another service very much like the previous ones, with singing and speaking from the words of the hymns. Then another walk of about the same distance to Mangarisu. The chief, Ti Tongoa of Mangarisu, was the great sacred chief of the island. He received me kindly and allowed

me to speak. Leaving there, I took a course in a north-westerly direction through the bush to Lumbukuti, Malakaleo's village, a distance of some four or five miles. A number of Panita boys and men went with me as guides. One of the men, Jack Bobongi, with great civility suggested, "Let Misi go first." No doubt the reason behind this was that if there should be any trouble Misi would meet it and they would have time to escape.

Having arrived at the village, I gave out a hymn, but had not sung far when the roaring voice of Malakaleo was heard. He most emphatically objected to my holding a service at his village. All his fighting men came with him. He dug a hole in the ground and took a young coco-nut and poured the milk into the hole. The object of this was to bewitch me so that I too would soon go into the ground. I fancy he had some doubt about the efficacy of his charm for I noticed a club in his hand which did not indicate any good. A friendly native made a sign to me not to stand too near him. Had he lifted his club to me a crowd of his men were ready to follow him up.

In the midst of the excitement one voice was lifted in my defence, that of Maliu, Malakaleo's own brother. He was a man of the proverbial native eloquence. He tried to explain that I had come there as a friend, that I did not come to obtain anything from them, but only to do them good, that they themselves had seen me at my house, and that I had only shown them kindness. He reminded them that if they interfered with me the white men would come and make them suffer for it. I was then allowed to leave the village

unhurt. With another couple of miles to walk, I completed the circle back to my home, with thanks to God for what I had been permitted to accomplish and for His deliverance from all danger. I felt very little tired after the long day's work. I was astonished at my rapid recovery of strength since I landed only a couple of weeks before.

This first decided opposition to the Gospel was no doubt the best thing that could have happened. Two individuals were thus placed prominently before the people—Malakaleo and the missionary, and not only the two individuals but also the two causes—Christianity and heathenism. Malakaleo was looked upon even by the heathen as a bad, cruel, unmerciful man. Of the missionary no one had anything of that kind to say. Once I visited Lumbukuti when I met some of Malakaleo's wives. They said to me, "Our captain is a bad man." When they said that they expressed an opinion which was shared by most persons on the island, except perhaps by a few men of the same stamp who gloried in brutality. I was told by some of his people that one of Malakaleo's predecessors was a man very much like him, and at last his own people became so tired of his reign of terror that they decided to kill him. One day a crowd of his men came to his house and told him they would not endure any more of his rule. With that they fell upon him and killed him then and there with their clubs.

I had not been long settled at my first station when some of the Malakaleo's fighters walked into my house, each with his gun in his hand (even in the earliest days of my life on the island, it was

regarded as bad manners for a man to take his gun into my house). One of these men demanded to know how many guns I had with me. I said, "I have none."

"You tell a lie," he replied.

"Well," I said, "I have one."

"Let us see it."

I went into my bedroom, and brought out my Bible. They smiled at my "simplicity." I said, "This gun is going to silence all your guns."

Four of those men were killed and eaten before the Bible had done its promised work there, but to-day the largest church on the island stands at their own village.

From the beginning the natives brought me various kinds of food to barter for beads, sheath-knives, turkey-red loin-cloths, and a variety of other things. I usually took almost everything they brought. Every day one of my Efatese boys took out a wheel-barrow full of yams to bake for the next lot who came to barter. When a chief paid me a first visit I made him a present of a long clearing knife, a fathom of turkey-red twill, and various other things. In the early days when a tribe came to barter from any village outside the ordinary three, I usually sang some hymns to them and spoke on the words of the hymn. When I heard of anyone being ill, I went to see him whether I was sent for or not. When, therefore, the people discussed the missionary and Malakaleo, they had in their minds at the same time the two causes for which they stood, and all that was said about the one was in his favour and all that was

said about the other only confirmed what his wives said about him.

There were many conspicuously bad men on the island beside Malakaleo. He had a band of "takuaris" (fearless men), who gloried in nothing but murder. Hence they always saved the jaws or skulls of persons they had killed and eaten, and placed them in some prominent position. On the other hand, I believe there were not a few men among these savages who took no pleasure in brutal murders, men really of a kindly disposition. They had not the courage to oppose such deeds, and when the takuaris were telling stories of their "heroisms" they would sit silent, though no doubt they would enjoy a piece of roast man with the others. These were the men I sought to win, and in many cases I succeeded. They did not come out immediately as Christians. They might say kind things about me and even about the religion I was preaching, without declaring themselves for it. Indeed, I knew I had an increasing number of secret friends at every village. It is very likely that the kindly feeling towards me helped to stimulate the bravado of the decided "takuaris."

There is a small village called Bongaboga, the inhabitants of which were too few in number to take up a fight against any village except one less than two miles from them. They depended for their cannibal feasts chiefly either on a small roast sent from Lumbukuti, or any person within their reach they might steal. During the first year I was there, they were having a heathen feast. To show their friends what heroes they were, they

put in as a refrain to the song they had composed:

"We'll eat the missionary, we'll eat the missionary."

For a long time my ordinary Sunday work was to preach at Panita first, then at Bongaboga at the south-west corner of the island. From there I went along the south coast to Meriu (the "Jacob's ladder" village), and then home again,—usually with a severe headache (as I know now, from drinking too many coco-nuts). Then I would take a cup of tea and a rest. In the evening a number of boys from the near village of Panita would come up to sing hymns. That was such a regular practice that they commenced to call the house the "Sunday house." Generally, several of those boys would go with me on my preaching tours. On weekdays I paid irregular visits to other villages.

As months passed my stock of barter ran out, and I had nothing to buy food with, and no prospect of getting either mission boxes or purchases from Sydney. All that I could do was to pray that something would happen to help me over the difficulty. I was alone among these savages, most of whom were concerned only about what they could get out of me. One day a great procession of men and women came up to my house carrying yams, taro, bananas, coco-nuts and other articles of food. I said: "This is what I want; but I have nothing to pay for it with." They answered, "We know that. It is all a present." "And who is giving it to me?" I asked. "Maraki," was the reply. Now Maraki was the bush chief, the greediest beggar and most inveterate cannibal

on the island, from whom an effort to make a roast of me might have been expected rather than help to keep me alive.

Early in September I learned that preparations were being made to hold a heathen feast in Lumbukuti, and for another in Mangarisu next year. That meant that there was no hope of getting a footing at either of these villages until they were over. All I could do then was to work as much as I could among the children at Panita. I taught the boys at the village and a class of girls at the house, and was making good progress with both.

CHAPTER VIII

EARLY CONVERTS AND EXPERIENCES

CHIEFS had come from all parts of the island to see me, but there was one who had never put in an appearance and that was Manambalea. I feared that he might be opposed to the worship, like Malakaleo, but he was more consistent in his opposition. One afternoon when I came back from a visit to other villages Manamoana, a Panita man, came and said: "Here is Manambalea, who is a great man on this island." I was very glad of course to see him. It dawned on me at once that his long delayed visit was due to his wanting to know what this new teaching was before he would commit himself to it. Quite a number of his men had been with me, professedly to work in clearing the ground. All such workers had also to go to my morning school, where they learnt to read, and received also the Christian instruction I gave the boys of the near village. Evidently Manambalea had sent these men to find out what this new teaching was.

Among these workers was a very intelligent man named Malesu. This same man came one day with a number of women and said, "We would see Jesus." I answered, "Jesus is not here." "Oh yes, you showed Him to us. He was nailed to a cross with His arms stretched out." It was

the picture he meant. I brought it out. "Ah yes," he said, "that is it." Turning to the women he said, "He died for us." "No," responded they, "you are telling a lie." Turning to me he asked: "Is it not true?" It was easy for me to assure them of the fact. These women then, deeply interested, listened to me as I told the story of the Cross.

It was quite evident that Manambalea had sent these people to me to find out what this new teaching was. He had now come himself to take it all in at once. He remained with me till tea-time learning to sing hymns, and to hear the word I had to tell him. Then I sent him out to have tea with my native boys. After tea he came in again and continued till a late hour. He went home the next day but after a couple of days came back again for more instruction. As far as his light went, he soon became my right hand supporter, and remained such till his last day. It is quite clear to me that his friendliness was not a mere accident, but he was raised up as the very man needed at that stage. He was fearless, determined, and laughed at impossibilities.

One day a boy of about sixteen named Karisi came to me with part of his upper lip hanging down over his mouth. He had fallen on a big knife he had in his hand, and had given his lip a very ugly gash. I made him lie down, cleaned the cut, and stitched on his lip again. He came back day after day for me to dress it, until at last he asked me if he could stay with me. I readily agreed with that, for when I dressed his sore, I would talk to him. Evidently it was not for the

sake of the lip that he wanted to stay with me, for it was getting better; it clearly was for the Word.

He soon learnt to read and sing. For hours he would sit in the evenings, or lie down and sing one hymn after another. Not only so, but he learnt to pray, and took his turn with two Efatese Christian boys who were with me as servants. Even when they were in the house he did not hesitate to engage in prayer. More than that, he had courage to speak to men about their sins, so much so that he was nicknamed, "The little missionary." I daresay he was quite pleased with the name, although those who gave it to him did not intend to please, but rather to shame him, implying that he took on himself something that did not suit them as natives of these islands. Even those "takuaris" at Lumbukuti had come into contact with him, he having rebuked them for their sins.

One night I heard a knock at the door long after I had gone to bed. I jumped up and asked who was there. It was Karisi. I opened the door and asked what was the matter. He then told me that he had heard that the Lumbukuti people intended to kill him that night. I told him to sleep in the front room, and, if he heard anything, not to answer, but to let me know. Then I would go out to speak to them, and he was to crawl under my bed. I lay down again and listened and thought I heard some voice. At first it seemed as though it were outside, but I soon discovered it was Karisi himself singing a hymn and praying. He prayed that God would protect us, and he prayed for the would-be murderers that they might be led

to see their folly and to give their hearts to God. All his prayers have been heard. Not only did these men not come, but, as we shall see later on, his wider and greater prayers were answered.

A man named Bobongi of Panita worked for me. One day he did not come to work, so I made inquiries about him. No one seemed to know anything about him, or perhaps they did not really wish to let me know. I learnt afterwards that the Panita people of whom Jack Bobongi was one, had had some human flesh sent them from Lumbukuti and Jack had carried a piece to Bongabonga. The victim was one of Maraki's wives whom they had murdered; and as Maraki was their most dangerous enemy, one of his wives would be a special trophy.

In October, 1879, Malai, the real owner of the land on which my station stood, put in an appearance. He said: "You are living on my land." By this time I knew we had been tricked over the first mission land sale. I replied, "Yes, I know that, and I shall pay you for it." He seemed quite pleased with that. Malai was once the chief of Tonga-lapa or great Tonga. At one time he had been a great man, with many fighting men under him, and had taken part in many a fight, and, being a dangerous neighbour he had many enemies rising up against him who made it a point to reduce the number of his warriors. I may explain here that the name goes with the chieftainship of Tongoa. I cannot tell how many generations back it is since the first Malai was a great and dangerous chief. I know that this man fled from the place where my house was, and camped

high up on the hill at the far end of the land with the few remaining men he had. Even there they were not safe, and so they fled to the island of Emae.

It was on a visit from that island he came to see me. I asked him what he wanted for the land. He readily sold it all to the church. This was not land grabbing; but it was protecting it from native "land-grabbers." The village of Lumbukuti evidently tried to take possession of the land without his permission and Malai was pleased to have an opportunity to sell his land and disappoint these would-be land robbers. Now no one can sell it, and, as the population on Tongoa is increasing, the land in time may be needed for free planting land for natives, or the natives may need it some day for planting for the support of the mission. The first purchase of the old graveyard, of course, is worthless.

About this time an incident happened which illustrated what a "powder cask" a savage is. Karisi had cut some sticks in the bush to make an addition to the hut in which he and my other boys lived. A Panita man, who was working for me, Maserenua, had also intended to cut these sticks for his house, but really he had no more right to them than my boys had. However, he was angry with Karisi and commenced to whip him. As soon as I heard of this I spoke to Maserenua, saying: "Don't lay your hand on my boys who have been entrusted to me by their parents. If they do anything wrong, speak to me about it and we shall settle the matter." He said nothing, but ran away. He soon came back again with his Snider rifle in

his hand and pointing it at me said: "What do you say now?" I fixed my eyes on him and repeated what I had said before. He was trembling with rage, but, speaking very calmly to him, I said, "Stop your nonsense. Take your gun home and go on with your work." He did so as if nothing had happened. Several years afterwards he proved himself as determined for the right, as I shall show.

Lumbukuti people were talking of war with Pele, the bush village. I spoke to Malakaleo about "taking the worship." He said: "Yes we will take the worship as soon as we have settled our disputes with the Pele people." I told him that he need not hope to reach peace by murder. The right way to peace was to place themselves under the Prince of Peace.

With all the seeming opposition of the Lumbukuti people, there evidently was a disposition on the part of Tinapua, the junior chief of that village, to accept the Word, and I know many of the people felt with him. He is even said to have told his people that he did not wish them to work on Sundays. Mataputi (the "Jacob's ladder" chief) had difficulty with some of his people who refused to come to church. "Well," he said, "I cannot compel you to go to church, but I forbid you to work on Sunday." I thought that a wonderful idea for a man just emerged from heathenism.

On November 5th, 1879, I finished translating my "Bible Stories," in spite of many difficulties with pundits who either did not turn up or sat with a muddled brain after drinking kava.

The following day I was busy cutting a comparatively easy track up the hill to my house. To do this I had to cut into the hill to reduce the gradient, and I had servants and other boys to help. One of the Erakoro boys, expecting the *Dayspring* to be near, was so excited that he could not settle down to work, but sat at a look-out point, and when at last he saw the mission ship he ran up to where we were working at such a rate that he almost lost his breath and could only say: "Ah! Ah! Ah! Sail oh!" Soon "Sail oh! Sail oh!" sounded and resounded over hills and valleys. The fact occupied all minds. I had not seen a white face since the *Dayspring* left me in July. She brought much needed stores and a big mail. What a joy and awakening out of the loneliness and manifold worries with the savages! I spent the whole forenoon on board with my friends, and had them ashore in the afternoon. There were on board Mr. Paton and Mr. Macdonald. The *Dayspring* remained at Tongoa three days, and I had these missionaries with me on the Sunday, speaking at the three villages of Panita, Bongabonga, and Meriu which at that time was my regular Sunday round. Mr. Macdonald's dialect was fairly well understood on Tongoa, and I translated for Mr. Paton.

I took a run over to Epi in the *Dayspring* to the villages of Sakau and Kamalipokasi where a dialect of the Nguna-Tongoa language is spoken. People from both of these places had been over to Tongoa to see me. The chief of the latter village had actually built a boat house for me, in case I should come over in my boat. After returning from Epi

I busied myself writing letters to be ready for the *Dayspring* when she came back from the north.

Dayspring arrived, and I left with her for Nguna, which we reached the next day. I was weather-bound at Nguna till December 12th. I really was not sorry to have a little rest from the savages on Tongoa, for, although I had friends among them, I scarcely had a day without some excitement. If it were not some plan against myself, there was some threat of fighting between two villages. Not only was it pleasant to be with the Milnes, but the Christian natives of Nguna were as delighted to have me with them again for a few days as I was to be surrounded by these friends, who were also anxious to hear my accounts of the work on Tongoa. When I reported my success at some of the villages they all expressed surprise, calling to mind how they themselves had resisted the Gospel invitation for so long. Matokoale said, "Friends, why should we be surprised. Have not we been praying for that ever since our friend left us?"

On December 12th, I returned to Tongoa in my boat. I found much increased confidence in me and, no matter what individuals might feel or think, I am sure that the population as a whole even then felt that heathenism was doomed. Yet love for their feasts, dancings, and kava drinking was still in the hearts of many people, and they were inclined to put me off by saying that such and such a village was to have a feast this year or next year; but after that we will "take the book." It would have been a very easy thing to have led all too declare themselves for Christianity if I had told them that they might keep up their drinking

of kava, and retain their plurality of wives as long as they did not add any fresh ones.

Manaura, the past sacred chief of Mangarisu, visited me, bringing a present of yams to show his gratitude for medicine I had given him, and which he believed had been the means of his recovery from a severe illness. Manaura was a great man on Tongoa in heathen days. As a chief he was known as Ti Tongoa, which name he passed on to his son. He was acknowledged as the sacred chief of Tongoa, and his word was law. Manambalea was a half-brother of his. He, Manambalea, told me a terrible story of Manaura's doings. Another brother had aroused his jealousy and had to be dealt with. Manaura came over to Selembanga where several of his brothers, including the offender, lived. He went into his house and ordered a grave to be dug. Manambalea who described himself as being at the time only a bare stick (*i.e.*, he had not yet worn any clothing) was made to hold the torch while the men who had come with Manaura dug the hole. The brother was ordered to lie down in it, and was buried alive. The village of Selembanga was a much stronger village than Mangarisu (Manaura's village), but they did not venture to interfere, although the chief was a near relation of Manaura. Sacred man as he thought himself, he evidently considered me even more so, for he came over one day with a baby and asked me to look at it, believing that my look would convey some charm. He was a thin, hunch-backed man who always wore a stiff glazed hat. I don't remember ever seeing paint on his body or any clothing beyond a loin-cloth and the

hat. Years passed in which he showed no heathenism nor made any attempt to accept Christianity.

To resume. The season was getting very hot and, though I was much strengthened and cheered after spending some time with the missionaries on board the *Dayspring* and on Nguna, I soon found I needed all the strength I had gained. I was pleased to see the Panita people very friendly, and also some of the Lumbukuti men. At Meriu I had an unusually large gathering, which cheered me much. People from Tevelau and Mangarisu were attending too.

It was now time to think of the approach of the hurricane season, for my house was not fit to stand a hurricane. It had only two rooms, and they were neither strong nor supported. I decided to make a verandah all round these rooms with strong posts in the ground. This year 1879 ended in hard work. I did not attempt to make any feast as I did in later years, but quietly and alone gave thanks to a heavenly Father for guiding and supporting me. I must say that at that time more than at any other I felt lonely. I could, and did, look only to God who is always waiting to be gracious. I sang then as I often did when I felt lonely, " I to the hills will lift mine eyes." Sometimes my hopes were raised by the kindly visit of some of the Lumbukuti people, but ere long dark rumours of what was going on there found their way to me.

A report reached me in January that a fight had broken out between Meriu and Tevelau (the latter being only an outpost of Mangarisu, Manaura's village). The report said that Manaura had sent

word to Meriu claiming the body of a man they had shot, and that Mataputi refused to give it up. When I went over I found that no one had been killed at Meriu, but that a Tevelau woman had been shot through the ankle by a Meriu man when he was driving back the Tevelau people, and that she was in a grave condition. The wound was several days old, and was in an indescribable state. It took me days and nights of working and watching ere I could get it cleaned, and the shattered bones removed. I had, of course, to stay at the village for days. Often I was called in the night when the pain seemed unbearable. After some days I was able to go home to sleep. In a few more days I not only had the wound well cleaned but actually closed up. Some weeks later the woman brought me two yams (worth about 4d.) to pay me for my trouble! However, I had a reward she did not know of, for, had she died, other lives would undoubtedly have been taken in revenge, and I was the indirect means of saving them.

Not long after this, a messenger came one morning very early from Lumbukuti asking for the loan of my boat. I told the messenger that I could not let the boat go into the sea unless I was in it, and also that I could not leave the house until I had it finished. This was on a Sunday morning. When I came down to the village of Panita to preach I met a number of Lumbukuti people who told me they had taken their things down to the boat and had drawn the boat into the sea. I could only tell them what I had told the first messenger. They did not seem at all pleased. After the service at Panita I went on my usual

round. I preached to my congregation about the folly and wickedness of their fighting. Rumours came that three villages were going to fight the Meriu people for having wounded that woman. I sent word that they were to do no such thing, but were to settle the matter in a friendly way. To this they agreed. Three pigs were paid and then three more were to follow. Before I returned that same day the Lumbukuti people had carried away the helm and other things belonging to the boat up to their own village. Days after Tinapua (the junior chief of Lumbukuti) came over and said he was sorry his people had interfered with the boat, and that they did it without his knowledge or consent. One of my goats had been found dead and it was said that Lumbukuti men had killed it. He said he knew nothing about that. Nevertheless Panita people were cleaning their guns.

Quite unexpectedly I heard that Matokae who was living at Panita had just been shot dead by a man from Euta, one of the bush villages. Matokae was the most harmless of men and I never thought he had any enemies. I soon heard that the bushmen had done it to oblige the chief of the village where he lived. It was years before I learnt why the chief wanted to have him out of the way. Matokae was one of the last survivors of his village. He really was the chief of his place, but he did not care to live alone there. I discovered that the Panita chief coveted his land, and thought that if he could get him out of the way, he would have a short way to his land. Accordingly the murder was committed; but the peculiar thing about it was that the murderer was counted quite innocent.

According to their heathen ideas, the instigator alone was responsible for the deed.

A message came from Lumbukuti for me to come and see Lei Masi, Tinapua's wife, who in a temper had rammed a poisoned arrow into her leg. I found her in great pain which had already gone up into her hip. I started with hot cloths over the wound and with cold above it. She soon experienced relief. Gradually I got the broken (human) bones of the arrow removed, and I ultimately succeeded in saving her from what I believe would have been death.

Once a person brought me a small parcel of food and asked more than twice its value for it. This I refused to give. The chief of Panita, who was present, was very angry because I would not give the amount asked for. There was some strong talk about pulling down my house, and so on. A number of men from Selembanga who were working for me proposed to pick up their muskets and run away. I told them to do as they pleased, I did not ask their protection. They decided to stay on. The storm blew over and justice and right prevailed. I mention this to show what sort of people one had to deal with in the early days. It is not uncommon among natives even to this day to pay what they are asked no matter how unreasonable the amount. They do not seem to have the courage to say that they think another native is asking too much.

About this time heathen drums and heathen songs filled the air. I prayed that I might live to see the day when these should be replaced by the songs of Zion and Church bells calling the people

together to the worship of the true God. Some men working for me suddenly asked to be paid off as they had heard that plans had been laid to kill them, and they hurriedly left. This was not an isolated case of that kind, but a thing that happened several times.

Later, a hurricane was raging. I felt pretty uncomfortable in the night. During these days I wrote two new hymns. On the third day the wind had abated somewhat, but the rain continued. Trees were broken down and branches lay across the road. A tremendous sea was breaking and thundering on the shore. It was not until February 16th that I was able to resume school. Several of the village men now showed a desire to learn to read.

Sunday services at this time were not always what I might desire. It was not uncommon to hear two men talking at the service. No doubt their minds were full of the heathen feasting going on at various parts of the island. Chiefs and people from various villages were coming to me, and seemed quite friendly. Although it cost me a good deal to have these visitors, I was always glad to see them and through them was able to "feel the pulse of the island."

The Panita people had their first-fruit feast to the natemate (spirits of the dead). They even worshipped the spirits when they were going to drink kava. The root of their worship of the dead was not thanksgiving but an act of propitiation to the spirits. They took a kava leaf and laid it over the ring formed by putting the thumb and first finger of the left hand together

and, with a heavy slap breaking the leaf, said: "Natemate, anigo" (spirits this is for you). Rather a cheap offering. They did not waste any of the root on the natemates, but masticated every particle of that for their own drinking.

Two days after resuming school, I decided to take a walk up to Pele, one of the two bush villages. I took my cook with me to carry my medicines, etc. As I passed through Panita (the village near my station) all warned me not to go to Pele as they had heard that the bush people intended to kill me the first time I went there. The last words I heard from the chief were: "They will club the two of you to-day." My cook was not much cheered by this warning and would gladly have gone back, but I suppose he did not wish to show that he was afraid. I told the chief not to be afraid, as God would take care of us. It was a hot day, and I did not look forward to a pleasant outing; but I did not anticipate such a hard walk as it proved to be. We walked through Lumbukuti (Malakaleo's village) to Voitasi, where Samori not only was chief but the sacred chief, to get him with me. When I arrived at his village I was told that he was in his garden. We found him there and he came with me.

After my first visit to the bush village I was able to tell of the charming forest and the luxuriant vegetation I had seen. Not so this time. Most of the trees had lost their leaves in the recent hurricane. Many trees were blown down. Again and again we had to climb over fallen trees and huge branches. Instead of passing along on a cool shady path we were now exposed to the scorching

sun. If I picked up a stone it was so hot that I could hardly hold it in my hand. When at last we reached our destination, I was glad I had not to go and hunt for the chief in his bush garden but found him in the village. I met him in front of his house where I was most cordially received. As soon as I met him in the open square he called out to his wives, " Women, blow the fire," which meant to prepare to cook food. They " blew the fire " and set to work to make a banana pudding and another dish of pieces of yam soaked in coco-nut cream, not milk. This is a very palatable dish if it is guaranteed to be clean. Native women, especially the heathen ones, can hardly be said to have learned to wash their hands. The coco-nut cream is made in this way : a handful of scraped coco-nut is laid on a bunch of coco-nut fibre and then squeezed through the women's hands.

In the meantime I held a service, and was listened to with attention. The chief then brought out what he thought would be more palatable than my sermon. He had a large piece of kava root which he cut into smaller pieces and distributed them among the men to prepare for us. The process of this preparation is very simple. Each man masticates it until it gets fairly juicy, then he takes it out of his mouth and squeezes it into half a coco-nut shell. Then it goes back into his mouth for a repetition of the first process. Then another squeeze, and so on, until all the strength is out of the root. The men then stand up and those who have least in the shells receive of the superfluity of their neighbours' kava. The chief offered me some of their saliva to drink. I told " mine host "

that I could not drink their beastly stuff. I took some of the yam to eat, peeled off the outside part and tried to persuade myself that the rest was clean. No doubt I would have pleased them better had I eaten their pudding and yam like my companions. But I decided that in the end I would raise myself in their estimation by keeping clear of their primitive doings.

As we left, the chief and several of his men followed us half a mile or so on our way. This is ordinary native etiquette, and also to make sure that no one would interfere with us. He asked me to come back again soon, and in every way indicated that he appreciated my visit. I daresay he hoped to receive more presents, but I think there was something else behind. They were always in fear of their neighbours, and they knew that if the island were to become Christian they would be out of that danger. I returned thoroughly pleased with my visit. I reached Panita about dark. Men, women and children came out of their houses, taking hold of me and expressing their joy in seeing me alive with them again. It was quite clear they believed all they had heard. It may be added here, that these same bush people were fit for any cruel deed, as they proved afterwards.

Manaura, the senior chief of Mangarisu, who was supposed to be a sacred chief; Usamoli, the junior chief of Selembanga; and Samori, the other sacred chief, who had authority over several chiefs on Tongoa and Emae, all visited me often. This may not seem a matter of importance to others, but it was so to me. It implied that my presence

on the island was being felt. One day Manambalea sent for me to go and forbid a heathen feast at the bush village of Euta. I told the messengers that I had not come to be chief over them; it was my business to make God known to them, and to declare His laws to them, which I was doing. They might obey or disobey as they thought fit, but they would do that at their own risk.

In the evening of that day my men had some meat sent them from a heathen feast at a near village, and wanted to know if they were right to take and eat it. I read 1 Corinthians 8 to them and left it to themselves to decide.

CHAPTER IX

EXTENDING INFLUENCE

ONE afternoon in March, 1880, as we were having our service in the village square in the presence of a kava party, one man left the kava drinkers and placed himself behind us, so as to hear better and not to be distracted by his companions' talk, for the men of that village had not yet declared themselves for Christianity. After we had sung a number of hymns, I heard several voices calling out "sing more." This was a sure indication that the message was winning its way into their hearts.

Usamoli, the junior chief of Selembanga went with me to the services at the next two villages. No doubt he saw that heathenism is not the truth. I had all my heathen working men present at the prayer meeting. They seemed much interested when I showed them from nature that all things testify to the existence of a loving God. There were present a number of heathen people from the island of Emae on a visit to the village of Panita, and they seemed much interested. One man said, "Ah, that is a good word." This man became a prominent supporter of Christianity when it was introduced on his own island.

Three young men from the bush village of Euta came asking for work and instruction. One of

them was the son of the chief. His father had forbidden him to come, because he wanted to learn to read and to learn about "nalotuana" (the worship) so he ran away before his father was awake. I told him that he had better go back and obtain his father's consent, and if he still objected I would go and talk to him myself.

The chief of Euta brought his son, so also did the chief of Meriu, both for the purpose of leaving them with me to receive instruction. There has always been a close connection between the two villages, so it evidently was the result of a careful conference. The Panita people were under obligation to other villages to make a heathen feast with dancing and singing. It was therefore hopeless to get them to give that up for the time being. I had to stop the school for the young, and taking advantage of not being bound to the school, I walked to Selembanga on the other side of the island. I took with me my friends Manambalea, Mataputi the chief of Meriu, Malesu (a Selembanga man), another man, and the young man from Euta. I left the three young fellows of that village there.

When we were within a mile or so of the village we came upon a nice road with fences on both sides, and behind these a succession of yam gardens with other vegetables. Looking at these tidily kept gardens with the carefully trained yam vines one would have difficulty in realizing that they were owned by savages, who had hardly risen above the stage of cannibalism. It has sometimes been suggested to me, "I suppose you teach these natives a good deal in the way of agriculture?"

It is very little that we can teach them in the cultivation of tropical vegetables, indeed we learn from them. What seems offensive to the European eye is that they have sometimes very crooked fences. They also have excuse for these, for they often run a fence up against a tree, which helps to steady it, making it more secure against a hurricane.

We first stopped at a village called Nala-kena tava, (the foot of the hill). Entering the village, I was struck by the bigness of everything. The houses were big, the heathen drums were big and many. There were about fifty men standing in the middle of the dancing ground, which was nearly covered by the immense branches of the banyan trees. These and many similar scenes, and the carved and painted faces on the heathen drums, reminded me of Deut. 12. 2, "Ye shall utterly destroy all the places wherein the nations which ye shall possess served their gods upon the high mountains and upon the hills and under every green tree." On one side of the square stood the "farea" (probably the same word as the Maori "whare"), a splendid building large enough to shelter a great company of visitors.

We remained with the young and responsible chief till the old chief came. At last the old chief put in an appearance, but with regard to his size he proved to be out of keeping with most chiefs that I had seen. He was quite a little man. He took me to his house, where I had my dinner, which I had brought with me, and which was supplemented by a little fresh-baked yam, and green coconuts for drinking. Altogether I was

made to feel quite at home with my new friends. We called at several dwellings, and as we passed some of the houses, considerable amusement was afforded by many of the women and the children who ran away at their first sight of a white man, screaming as they ran. They soon calmed down, however, and expressed joy at seeing me among them. Manambalea took me to a blind man's house and said, "I have brought the man of God, who has come to see you," "Oh," replied the poor man as he crawled out of his house, "Let me feel him," and he did feel me most carefully, then said, "Oh, that I actually should feel the man of God!" Selembanga is really three villages under three different chiefs, but they are so close together that a stranger naturally looks upon them as one village.

Seeing the welcome they gave, I ventured to say to Usamoli in half a joke, "Where is the place you propose to give me to put up a house on?" He said, "Are you really in earnest?" "Yes," I answered, "if you wish me to come and stay among you at any time." I suggested a small knoll I had seen at some distance, perhaps one hundred and fifty feet above the village. He and my friend Manambalea went up to have a look at it. I was greatly delighted with the place. On one side I could look down to the villages; to the South there was a view towards the island of Tongariki; to the East the fresh open ocean breaking white over the rocks; to the North first two small islands, further on a volcano, a peak standing 5,000 feet out of the sea, and beyond this the islands of Paama and Ambrim, while on

a clear day the island of Pentecost could be seen. All did their best to show me what a fine place it was, but nothing they could say came up to the impression that I myself had formed of that charming spot. I arranged there and then to purchase the place. On another visit we marked out the boundaries, including a road to the beach, and a natural rock-bound boat harbour.

I arranged with Manambalea that they should set up a grass house for me on that lovely hillock for an occasional visit. Not many days later the house was built. Little did I know then what was to happen to me on that place. I decided to sleep at their village that night. A heathen feast was being prepared, and many of the men were away the next morning for yams, but I had a gathering of some fifty or sixty men at the *farea*.

Immediately after the service I set out on my return journey, calling at Euta where I had left the boys on the way. The chief gave me a hearty welcome, and I held a service there. The chief's name was Napau-ni-manu which means "head of thousand." It suggested that it had been a large village at one time, but we must not infer that there ever were one thousand people there. Untutored natives have a very vague idea of numbers. They understand *rua lima* (two hands). When they get up to ten tens they are near their limit. I have heard savages say, "Is it hundreds or thousands?"

By the time I found the thousand, there were only a few tens. The chief presented me with a fowl and a few yams. I thanked him for his kindness, but as it was Sunday I could not carry

these things with me. Besides, I had to call at other villages. After that I went to Mangarisu and Meriu, two villages on the South coast, where I had hearty services. When I came home I found Manambalea and several other Selembanga people there before me. All remained to the next day, when others also came, some to sell yams and some with presents. They evidently were determined to captivate me, no less than I was in laying my plans to get hold of them. By this time Manambalea regarded himself as a "partner" in the task of winning the whole island for Christ. I asked him what chance we had of winning Manaura and Ti Tongoa of Mangarisu. He answered, "We will draw them with us."

On March 25th, I was sent for to dress the wound on a woman's head, which her savage husband had inflicted—a fearful blow with his musket. As the women were commenting on my supposed skill one said, "All the people he goes to see recover."

I had long promised myself a visit to the villages of Purau and Kurumampe, and set out one day in March for those places. I went *via* Lumbukuti and Pele. At the latter place I met Maraki with some men who were busy digging out a tree by the roots for a heathen drum. I reminded them of the vanity of that work. I sang to them and read the second commandment, but it did not seem to interest them very much. They told me, however, that they would never do it again. After a little talk with them we went on our way to Kurumampe. The people there were very proud of my visit but some of the women were rather shy.

The chief himself was absent at the small island of Laika. They made a signal fire to him. Whilst waiting for him, I started with Malesu the chief of Ravenga for Purau. We found that Tarisaliu, the chief of Purau, had gone to the shore for a bathe. He was sent for, and after a while he put in an appearance. I had a short talk with him and proposed to have a service. To that he readily consented. I had a congregation of some thirty or forty. For raw savages, they listened very well. Tarisaliu professed to be very pleased when I told him I would call again some day. Poor man, he lived forty-five years after that, but his Christianity never reached beyond a pretence. Probably no other man on this island retained his heathen heart so untouched. He was not capable enough to be a leader in wickedness, but being a chief his animal life kept his people back very much.

When I returned to Kurumampe I went by the "hot place." It is a stretch of many acres. Only a few blades of grass are to be seen here and there, and there are no trees on it. Some parts are so hot that the natives often lay their food on the ground and cover it up with a sack, and in a short time the food is baked. I cannot say what it is like underneath, but one thing is certain, that when you are walking over that place, it sounds quite hollow. At that time the people lived quite near the place. I repeatedly urged them to shift away from it, but only after a year did I succeed in getting them to do so.

From the "hot place" I went into the village. A number of voices called out, "Misi, Misi,

Misi oh!" and many of the women clapped their hands. Being a little tired after the walking, I sat down in the *farea* and several patients came to me with sores to dress for them. After a while the chief Taripoamata appeared dressed in his "Sunday best." He was quite a nice and thoughtful-looking man. By the time he came and I had some talk with him, the shadows were getting long and I was glad to take his invitation to stay till the next day. I sang some hymns to the people and had a good deal of talk with them of the things of eternity, but did not have a regular service till the morning. The chief, his father and the people listened attentively and seemed interested. Speaking of the heavenly world, both the chief and his father said, "Let us all go there."

In those days the bush tracks were not easily negotiable owing to many years of tribal wars. It struck me that as the chief seemed to be somewhat of a seafaring man it might be a simple matter for him to take me round to my station in his canoe, a distance not more than five miles round the N.W. corner of the island to my station. Twice we started to get out through the surf, twice the canoe filled and we had to go back to get it emptied. The third time we floated over the breakers and we were able by means of vigorous bailing to keep our craft afloat. The tide was in our favour and we glided over the lively rip very briskly. We passed over a sunken island where it was very shallow. Before I knew what canoeing meant I had laid my plans to get a canoe and visit the villages round the island in it. I changed my mind after my experience at Kurumampe. We

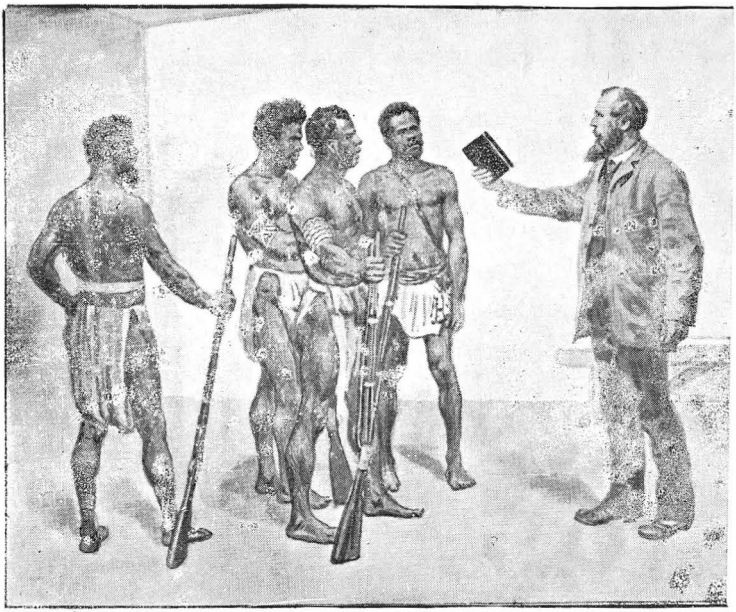
whirled about over the sunken island as though we were shooting the rapids. Indeed I expected any moment to see our canoe flung away beyond our Captain's control, and the out-rigger torn from the "mother" (the natives call the body of the canoe "mother"). After some struggle we found ourselves in deeper water, and landed safely at my destination; but I was soundly cured of my dreams of canoeing on the rough seas round Tongoa.

As this chief had been so kind to me, I offered to make him a grey calico sail for his canoe. It was a bigger undertaking than I expected. I also made him a mast, so that he returned to his village a richer man than he went away. Before he left, Ti Mataso of Meriu and Napau-ni-manu of Euta also came to see me. It was refreshing to have with me at one time three chiefs who undoubtedly were friendly to the Gospel. I was thankful for this manifest beginning of a hold on three more villages. Whatever battle there might be before me, I took this as an indication of the fulfilment of the promise, "Lo I am with you."

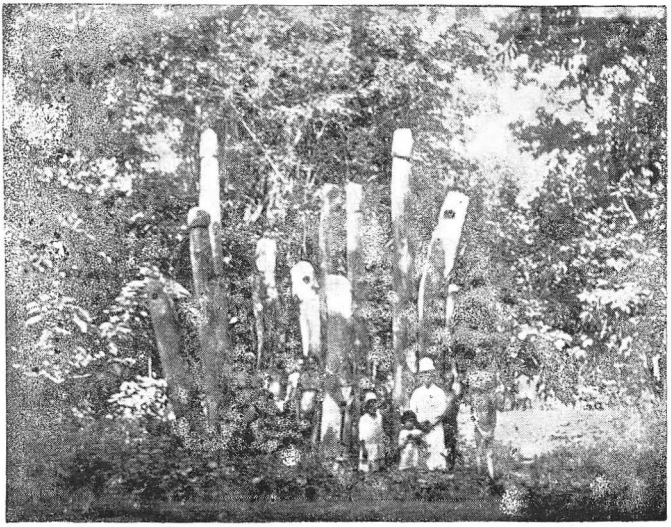
I was making preparation for taking Malakaleo and his friends to the island of Emae as he had asked me, but I certainly did not anticipate a pleasurable trip. I felt that showing him a kindness would help to win him. I also wanted to see Malai, the chief from whom I was purchasing the mission station. I trusted God to guide me and to overrule all for good. Malakaleo himself was not able to go and we started without him the next day. When we arrived at Emae the people of that

island proved very friendly. It may be that Malakaleo not being in the boat, they were able to give more of their attention to me. It proved a far more interesting trip than I had expected. To receive such a hearty welcome from these heathen people, and to see this coral island after my stay on Tongoa with its black iron sand beach, was a pleasant change.

I had heard that the Emae people were some of the most impudent people in the group. I was therefore delighted to see no indication of that, but only the greatest kindliness and friendliness. Varatia, the chief of the village we were going to visit, told me that Malai, the chief I wished to see, was in his garden, but he came while I was waiting at the *farea*, and took me to his house. He gave orders for some to dig yams, others to kill a fowl, others again to fetch water. Here, evidently, was wholehearted hospitality. Next evening I sat in the hut and sang hymns to Malai and his friends, singing and talking till far into the night. In the morning I handed him the remainder of the purchase goods for Tongalapa. He seemed well pleased, and handed me a pig and five mats as well as nine enormous yams. This is the usual native way of expressing acceptance of a payment. In a solemn voice he said, "Now be thou Malai of Tongoa and I shall be Malai of Emae." We had a very heavy load in the boat, not only with my presents, but the natives, who, of course, having gone mainly for what they might receive, were well supplied with every good thing from this island. We had a stiff pull back and reached Tongoa after dark.



MY "GUN" (See page 65)



NATIVE DRUMS (See page 101)

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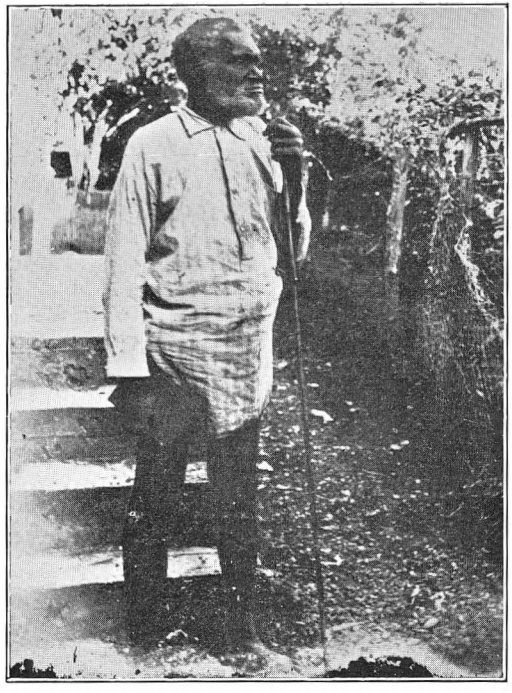


MANANGORIVI
One of the would-be Murderers ; he died a Christian
(See page 140)

LEI NASU AT LUMBUKUTI STATION
(See page 166)

PLATE VIII

On the following day a Queensland recruiting vessel came to anchor. These people certainly looked upon the missionaries as their enemies, and we looked upon them as the enemies of the mission work. It too often happened that some of our most useful young men were induced to go away, nor could it be hid from our eyes that it had much to do with the population decreasing on many of the islands. Many returned suffering from consumption and other diseases. It must also be admitted that those that could stand the strain came back stronger. In the early days the spiritual influence in Queensland was bad, but for many years much was done by missions to the kanakas. As a rule I found that those that went away as Christians came back better, but I think also that many who went away as heathen, though having been somewhat under Christian influence, came back as merely "white-washed" Christians.

On the occasion of the visit of these two ships two of my most promising boys went away. The ships stayed over Sunday and the people were distracted, the presence of these unwelcome visitors upsetting our services.

I was cheered the next day by the arrival of a boat from Mr. Milne's district with Ta, the Raratongan teacher of Mataso, and a crew of Christian natives. It is cheering when surrounded by heathens however friendly, and though they may give much promise of "looking this way," to meet men who are decided Christians, no matter what the colour of their skin. Ta went away to visit the island of Buninga in company with some of the Panita people, and I felt rather

anxious about him going to that heathen island, but after a few days he came back safely. On his return I had a happy meeting at the house in the evening with Ta and his companions, and some of the Panita people. I felt more and more that the word was taking root in the island.

On April 18th, I preached at every village I visited from, "He that loveth not knoweth not God, for God is love." As this was right in the dancing season I could not expect large congregations, but I felt confident that when this excitement was over they would gather round me better. I was pleased not to see any of the people with painted faces, indicating that their sympathies were more with Christianity than with heathenism.

In the early days of my life at Tongalapa, after a service at Panita (the village close by the mission house) a man said to me, "Those are good words you gave us. There is life in them. Many people let them go in at one ear and out at the other. We should not let these words go out again." It was encouraging to hear even one man take hold of the word. Not many weeks later he became ill, and I went to see him. After talking some time with him he said, "I want you to talk to the Great One up there for me." I prayed. He said, "That is good, I want you to talk to Him for me again." I prayed again. He was not satisfied until I had prayed a third time. I sat beside him a considerable time, not only talking about his sickness but also about spiritual things. I paid him daily visits, and it was clear to me he accepted the Gospel in all simplicity and faith. One day as I sat beside him, he jumped up from

the stretcher I had lent him. I asked, "Where are you going?" Staring towards the door, he said, "Don't you see them?" "Whom do you see?" I questioned. "Don't you see the angels have come for me?" I got him to lie down again, but his eyes were still looking earnestly towards the door (the opening on the side of the hut through which they pass in and out). Shortly afterwards his spirit had departed unto God who gave it.

Tinapua, the junior chief of Lumbukuti, visited me one day. He had been at the heathen feast and dancing at Selembanga and was full of the spirit of the thing. He met Taviroto at Panita. Taviroto was really a Lumbukuti boy, but was staying at Panita. He was an intelligent youth. He at once seemed to take to Christianity, learnt to read, and seemed to be quite ready to give up heathenism. Tinapua was very friendly with me, and doubtless was looking forward to the day when Christianity would be universal on the island. But he did not approve of any of his people becoming Christian until it was to be done by "Order of the King," and therefore ordered poor Taviroto to come home. He did not go at that time, and tried hard not to be drawn in with their heathenism, but old Malakaleo had his eye on him and was determined to punish Taviroto for his predilections towards Christianity. The next time they were having a cannibal feast Taviroto was sent for, a gun was pointed at him, and he was compelled to do the cutting up.

This became too much for Taviroto and he decided to leave the island. When the first Queensland recruiting vessel came along, he offered

himself, but the captain was more considerate than most of those visitors. He saw Taviroto wearing a jumper I had made him and asked if he were a mission boy; he said, "Yes." "Well," answered the Captain, "I cannot take you then." When the next recruiting vessel came along, Taviroto, supposing every Captain would be as considerate, left his jumper at home, and was accepted. But poor Taviroto was not altogether set free. The "powers that be" had decided he was to be married to a girl he did not wish to have, and, besides that, he considered himself too young to marry. She was brought on board, and it was stated that she was his "woman." Taviroto could not repudiate the arrangement, nor did the Captain object to another recruit, and she was duly booked. I do not know how they got on, but I know that in Queensland she proved not to be the right girl for him. She fell in with another boy and Taviroto did not break his heart, but rather was glad to be set free. He had learned to read fairly well, but I had not given him or anyone else writing lessons before he went away. One day somewhat to my surprise I received a letter from Queensland. When I opened the letter it was signed Taviroto, he had printed in letters as he saw them in the book. Every letter was perfectly legible. He gave me some account of his experiences. In due time he returned and held several positions as a teacher.

The heathen dancing was still going on at Selembanga under the direction of Usamoli the junior, but really the responsible chief. He was not what I would call a bad man. He was too weak to

refuse to have anything to do with heathenism; but Manambalea, "the past chief ruler," still had a great influence at Selembanga as well as all over Tongoa. He had a considerable following, and was not the man to let himself be stopped in his purpose by Usamoli. He was determined to have Christianity planted at Selembanga and all over the island.

The month of May is the time for feasting. The yams are ripe and the people have plenty of food for their gatherings. Much may be said both for and against this feasting. Native dancing by itself can compare favourably with almost any European dancing. Men dance by themselves and women dance by themselves, hopping along on one foot at a time and each person by himself. Many who have seen these dances and have looked no further into it fail to see what objection there can be to them. Not only so, but one could not but admire the splendid time they keep. You hear the drums going three four time, then suddenly it changed to four four time, and as suddenly again to six eight time. The singing keeps time perfectly, and also the drums. These are simply hollowed out trees, all of different size and sound, each with a carved face representing someone departed. The whole set stood in the middle of the open square usually under a large banyan tree.

I shall never forget the first "sing song" I heard. It was the women's night. They sang with their clear voices to the time beaten by the drummers. These native drums are real musical instruments, unlike the European drum which is a big rattle compared with these. I should

have liked to be present but it might have been misunderstood. They profess to do this performance to please the dead, that they may not bring on them any sickness or other trouble.

Indeed, all their religion is a system of fear of the dead. If a heathen is sick he ties up a pig at the entrance of his house, as much as to say, "natemate (spirit of the dead), I give you this." If the man dies, the promise is carried out in their own way; the pig is killed and the survivors eat it; but if the man gets better the pig is let loose! As for the dancing and the singing round the wooden drums, I doubt very much if this worship of the dead sinks very deep, but they profess to worship and we must take them on their profession. The really objectionable part of their heathen feasts is neither their dancing nor their feasting but the immorality that always accompanies it. It is true that the men have their dancing nights and the women have theirs, but the women are present on the men's night and the men on the women's. The dancing is kept up often till the morning. When some other missionaries and I were at Ambrim helping to build the house for Mr. Murray, the new missionary, we slept on board the *Dayspring*. In going ashore in the morning, we passed the dancing ground, wondering if the dancing were still going on. All the young men had danced till they were tired, the women too had gone away. It was a drizzling wet morning. There stood old Malnaim, the chief, most religiously stamping in the mud without a stitch of clothing on, holding over him an umbrella, dancing and singing his solo.

Whilst this old man and others of his years really seemed to do the thing religiously, I still doubt if there is much religion about it on the part of the majority. It is rather, I think, an expression of national feeling, just as an old Scot abroad, calling to mind the happy days of his youth, would sing "Auld Lang Syne" nearly as solemnly as if it were the Old Hundredth, and almost feel himself among the bonny hills of dear old Scotland. He certainly would look upon a Scot who would not care to join him as half a heathen.

By May 10th, my stores and barter were exhausted, so I started in a boat for Nguna with nine boys, none of whom could pull an oar, so I gave them paddles. Midway between Tongoa and Nguna, Karisi, my most promising boy, was busy talking and his paddle missed the water and he went head first into the sea, much to the amusement of all the other boys. After three days at Nguna I went on to Havannah Harbour where I met the *Dayspring*. It was refreshing to receive a mail from abroad; with it and the Milne's mail I hurried back to Nguna. Mr. Holt, a new missionary, also came on with me to Nguna. The *Dayspring* was slow in her movements, and it took her four days to reach Nguna. I did not regret being detained there for a few days after the months of loneliness and constant excitement on Tongoa.

We started for Tongoa in the *Dayspring* on May 21st, and I was glad to have fresh supplies. Mr. Holt went with me on my ordinary round on the Sunday. On Tuesday I went away with him to Epi to help him in selecting a site

for a mission station. Verityuo, the chief, when he saw there was a prospect of a missionary for his place (he, like the people of the nearer villages on Epi, had heard of the mission on Tongoa) was determined to hold on to him, and agreed to sell a site for a mission station in a beautiful and healthy position. When we were leaving the shore he jumped into the boat and insisted on going with this new missionary until he could bring him back again to his place. He went with us all the way to the Mission Synod. I took advantage of having him with us to gather up a little vocabulary of his language for Mr. Holt, so that he would have something for a beginning.

Mr. Holt was a man of burning evangelistic spirit, had tact, and a natural gift for dealing with people. During the short time he was on Epi he succeeded in getting a wonderful hold of the people. On the next visit of the *Dayspring* to Epi, the Holts went on board to say good-bye. When they came up to their station they found the house burnt down. They believed it was caused by a black iron pipe from the kitchen fire, which had been put through a thatched roof! He and his family then had to live in an open grass house near the shore. There in the low lying mosquito infested locality they took fever and so were forced to go to Australia. It was decided then that they should not venture to go back to Epi, a step of which I very much disapproved.

When I came to Tongoa I had three young fellows from Christian islands as servants. The heathen were keen to learn how things were done on Christian islands. One of my boys said to

some of his listeners, "And then, when they have the holy eating, they eat bread and drink grog." Natives are very fond of bread and as for grog, they do not need to be asked about it, all seem to take it for granted it is something to be desired. (So that part of Christianity would appear to be quite desirable!)

The people seemed very friendly on my return from the Synod, but I could see that there was something wrong; even the boys who always were most frank and friendly seemed strange. I found out then that the Lumbukuti people had broken into the house and had stolen everything they thought would suit them. The next day when the boys came up again, I told them a magic lantern had been sent me from New Zealand, and that I would show it in the evening. Instead of evincing pleasure at the prospect, they looked very strange and all ran away. In the meantime I had a pig killed to treat the chief of my village and also my boys, who had done very well during my absence. After a couple of hours, a message came from Tinabua, the chief of Lumbukuti saying, "Do us no harm, all the things will come back to-morrow." They evidently thought the magic lantern was to work vengeance on them! Not only so, but that the killing of the pig also had to do with the pouring out of vengeance on them. That would have been quite in keeping with some of their own doings. In the case of rain making, or the "making" of hurricanes, or a drought, or anything beyond human power, the killing of a pig, as a sacrifice to evil spirits would be required.

Before the magic lantern exhibition was quite over a secret message came to the chief of Panita, saying that Matokai, the most brutal murderer at Lumbukuti, had gone out with his gun in his hand, and asked him to keep a good watch, as he suspected his intention was to kill me. Our village chief told me not to fear, and that he and another man would keep watch round the house all night. So they did. Any time I was awake I heard him walking not very far from the house, blowing his Pans pipe—a very weird music—through the night. I was glad to learn that Malakaleo himself did not wish to have me killed and that my own village chief was prepared to take a certain personal risk for the sake of my safety. For my own part I felt that "Except the Lord keep the city the watchman waketh but in vain."

The next day Tinabua appeared with most of the thieves and the stolen goods as far as they could be recovered. I told Tinabua that I had nothing to say to the thieves, that was his business; provided the goods were returned I would not receive them from the thieves but from him. I said I had no sympathy with the natives' practice of paying the thieves for bringing back stolen goods, but they ought to be punished as well. I made a present to the two Lumbukuti chiefs, and to the Panita chief, for their help in this matter.

One day I witnessed a native beating his wife most savagely, throwing pieces of wood after her, but he missed his aim. She then ran into the house where a scuffle ensued. He was savage enough to have killed her, but she defended herself

very well. I could have held him back, but I knew that he would have attacked her later. I would have made him an enemy, so I only entreated him to leave her alone.

July 7th was a great barter day. I went through a hundred and forty transactions. I bought, of course, a lot of food and other things which I did not want, but did it mainly for the sake of keeping the people about me. Manambalea and Usamoli from Selembanga came and wanted me to go with them to buy a site for an out-station. I went with them and bought the little hill near the village, also the boat landing, which I had seen on a previous visit, and a road between the shore and the little hill. As it was Saturday I slept at Selembanga and had a service there the next day.

At this time there were many tokens of good. Karisi, who slept in the house with me, wakened up at midnight singing and praying. At a prayer meeting in the house I had eighteen present, of whom sixteen were Tongoans. Indications of spiritual life in several individuals.

There was a good man at Bongabonga, called Harry, of whom I had the greatest expectation. The Lumbukuti people had heard that he had induced a Lumbukuti woman to put her foot on a sacred stone (probably an old grave stone). The " consequence " was that she was now mad and probably would die. So to " square " the account with Bongabonga (Harry's village) they would " need " to have someone from Bongabonga killed. Naturally Karisi being a Bongabonga boy would be the simplest to get hold of. I therefore had him shut up in my house.

During the day Matabuti of Meriu came over, and as the road to Meriu lay through Bongabonga Karisi suggested that he might follow him on his way home. I did not want to take any risk of his being killed owing to staying with me, and decided to let him go. It was not without the deepest regret that I did so. He was the first fruit of my work on Tongoa and a fresh bright Christian, but I felt that I could not keep him. I called in Nimala, a Christian young fellow from Matase, and we had prayers with Karisi before we parted. When he left the room I could not withhold a sudden burst of tears. I felt as if he were more precious to me than anyone else living. But I knew the Lord does all things well, and no doubt this would turn out to be for His glory and the advancement of His cause on Tongoa. I did not take this as so much opposition to the Gospel, but simply as the outcome of their superstition. I could see a great deal of kindly feeling toward myself, and a continued good attendance at the prayer meetings. It was quite clear that whatever heathen feasts many might intend to have, all felt and knew that Christianity was as sure to come on Tongoa as the to-morrow's sun.

That is how Tongoa stood after a year on the island. As I entered on the second year I felt that whilst very few had decided to give up heathen feasts, they realised that that day was coming; but real enemity existed now only at Lumbukuti, and there only among a dozen or a score of fighting men, who could see nothing for themselves in Christianity.

One Sunday in July, Malakaleo sent for me to

come and see his daughter who was very ill with dysentry. I was away on my ordinary preaching tour, and it was late in the afternoon when I came home. As soon as I had had a cup of tea, I hurried down to the beach to go to Lumbukuti (the road to Lumbukuti goes by the beach). There I met some of his wives, who had the entrails of a freshly killed pig to wash in the sea. They told me that the girl was dead. As it was useless for me to go any further, I returned to the station. It is an old custom to kill a pig to sweeten the hearts of the mourners (I suppose). Much as I might disapprove of the practice it would be useless at that time to say anything. I learnt afterwards that the body of the girl was kept for two days to mourn over.

A heart-rending account came of the manner the father gave expression to his grief. It had been a custom when a chief died to bury one or two of his wives with him to look after him in the next world. But this poor dark heathen had so much love for his child, that he was prepared to give up two of his wives for the " benefit " of his daughter. The women begged to be spared, but he would not listen to them. Chiefs and people from other villages as well as his own son begged him to spare them. They ran from one house to another entreating friends to intercede. Malakaleo himself struck one of them on the face with a large piece of wood and the blood flowed down her face. This, of course, added much to the sympathy of the bystanders. Yet no one, nor even the company as a whole, had the courage to protest. The poor helpless creatures were driven down into the

grave and were buried alive with the child. When years after I knew this same man as a Christian I could judge him more leniently than I did when I knew him only as a savage. It was not only that he acted brutally to the two women, but he made a great sacrifice. To a heathen a woman is a valuable asset, and he himself would be the loser in this case. Not only so, but savage as he was, it is not likely that he did this without some feeling of sympathy which added to his sacrifice. The whole incident serves as an illustration to show what heathenism is. When those who were present told me about the whole affair, I asked, "Why did you not protest?" "Oh," they said, "he spoke too hard." Their not daring to protest is another proof of the reign of terror that exists among savages.

Four days after, some of his wives and other women came to the mission station professedly to barter, but most likely they came to hear what I had to say about the murder. Evidently Malakaleo was not very happy himself. When I was at that village some time afterwards to see a sick person, I noticed a solid reed fence dividing the houses in which these women had lived from Malakaleo's and the other women's houses; also two small holes in the fence. I understood what they were for, but I asked one of the wives why the fence was there. "Oh," she said, "These women are here every night throwing stones on our houses." "And what are the holes for?" "Oh," she replied, "we put out food for them every night." "And do they take it?" "Yes," she answered. I laughed at her, but she assured me that it was

true. Hungry village dogs and rats easily accounted for the disappearance of the food!

Manambalea and Usamoli, the Selembanga chiefs came on July 29th, to be paid for the little hill they had sold me for an out-station. There were eighteen items in their list, which altogether amounted to the value of £10.14.0. I did not at that time expect that this purchase was to prove as important as it did. The greatest advantage I expected from it was that the people of that place would feel a greater moral obligation to place themselves under Christian teaching. I took a similar step later at Meriu where I purchased a piece of land with a number of coconut trees on it for the benefit of any teacher who might be settled there. On returning from school the following morning we were not a little surprised to find that the *Dayspring* had anchored. I was most of all delighted to find that there was a native teacher and his wife on board. They had been sent from the older station of Erakor on Efata. They spoke a dialect of the same language as is spoken on Tongoa, and they also understood the Tongoan language. Indeed they told me that their forefathers spoke like the Tongoans.

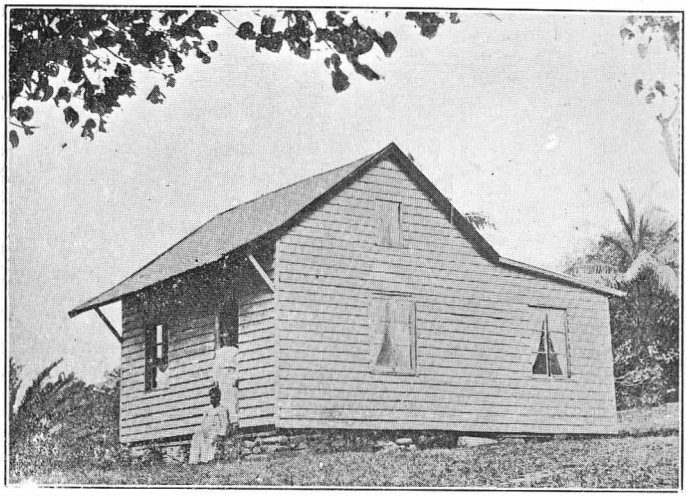
Malakaleo sent for me one day, as he had been giving one of his wives a terrible beating. He received me kindly and told me he had been afraid to come and see me since he had buried his two wives alive. All treated me with more respect than usual. I went over to the *farea* where the men were gathered. If anyone interrupted, another would call out "silence"! that all might hear every word I said. I did not attempt to hold

a regular service, but I spoke in a conversational way, sometimes in answer to questions put to me. The next day Malakaleo sent for me again. Without the Lord's hand in it, it would seem strange that he should be placed so much under obligation to me. He was freely hated by many even of his own people. The patient gradually improved.

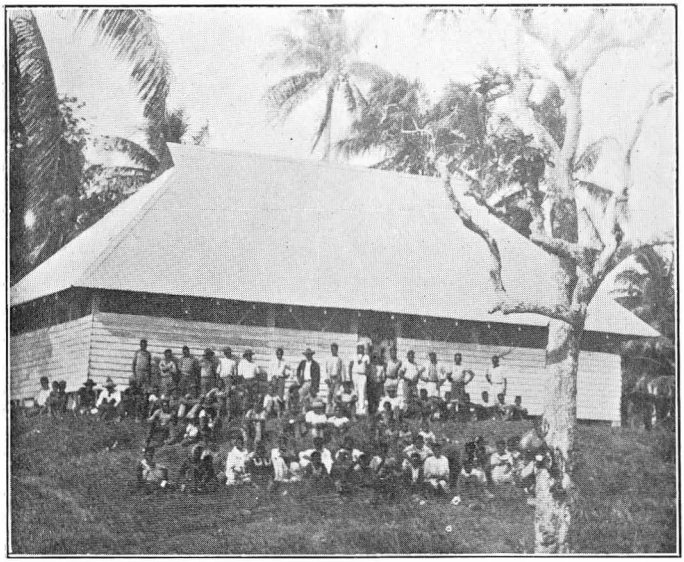
Another missionary had asked me to buy arrow-root tubers for him, so Manambalea came with something like two hundred people with the root to sell. I could not help admiring the energy of these people, who not only had been looking for the root in the bush and had been digging it, but also carried it about six miles through trackless bush. I do not suppose they would, on an average, receive more than sixpence worth of barter. There was energy and enterprise in that. Lumbukuti people had counted on meeting Harry of Bonga-bonga, who was supposed to have got a Lumbukuti woman to put her foot on a sacred stone, but they were disappointed. The next day there was more ominous talk, indeed they had actually been to Bongabonga, but I suppose having failed to meet anyone alone, they returned empty handed. The matter was settled later on by Bongabonga giving Lumbukuti a woman to become the wife of a man at that village.

I have in my diary for August 9th, " Twenty-two persons at my prayer meeting." That went far to cheer me up, and strengthen my faith. In spite of all existing heathenism, it was clear that the Word was steadily taking root.

In the early hours of that same day a man-of-war passed; I hoped they would call in. If they

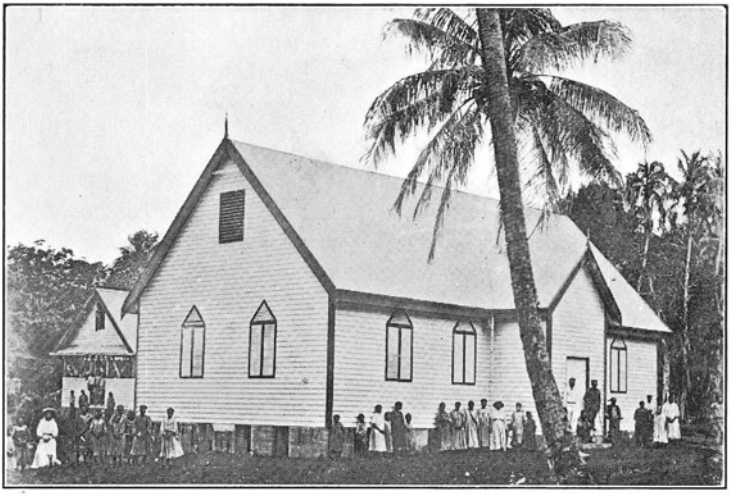


OUTSTATION ON TONGARIKI



CHURCH OUTSTATION ON EPI

(See page 172)



CHURCH AND SCHOOL ON TONGOA, BEFORE HURRICANE

CHURCH USED AS SCHOOL, AFTER HURRICANE
(See page 211)

had simply come ashore to shake hands with me, it would have made a great impression on the natives. During those days I was feeling unwell, and quite anticipated some severe sickness. In spite of many things to depress, I was full of gratitude to God for green blades of hope springing up here and there all over the island. There can be no mistake about Manambalea, every time I see him he is getting more and more out of heathenism.

Again Malakaleo sent for me to see one of his wives who was ill. I brought him a few presents, which sweetened him very much. The next day he sent me return presents of food. During these days reports come in continually both disheartening and cheering from almost every village, but the fighting talks are nearly all from Malakaleo's *takuaris*.

At this time I made preparations for going to New Zealand. Many natives showed plainly that they regretted my going away. A message came up from a near village that a man was very ill. When I saw him I concluded that he had taken some poison. I had but little doubt as to what that poison was—an overdose of kava. I gave him a good emetic and he soon improved. Our mission has always been opposed to the kava, as it is used in the New Hebrides. In the early days when I had many men coming to the school, who often indulged in it, I could tell at once if a man had been drinking kava the previous evening, as he could not think and could not keep hold of what I had taught him. Then there was a sickness in the early days they called "lump." It is a hard internal

swelling from which no one ever recovered. I hear of none of the "lumps" now. I am almost certain that that lump was cancer.

Before I was out of bed on the morning of September 22nd I heard "Sail oh." It was the *Dayspring*, returned from her visit North and come for me. I very quickly finished my packing, natives helping me, including Tinabua of Lumbukuti. I had a big goat killed and made a farewell feast to my boys and friends.

The sixteen months thus concluded were by far the most trying and most important of my mission life. The next morning before going on board, Manambalea came to me and said, "Will you give me Karisi?" "What do you want to do with him?" "I want him to teach me." To that I readily gave consent. A crowd followed me down to the beach, many also even on board. It was a sad parting both for me and for many of the natives, but it was only to be a separation for a few months. Despite the sadness it was certainly a great rest to me to be away from the constant excitement and strain. The few Christians who were to be left alone practically among savages pressed my hand and looked at me with a sad smile. As I passed through the islands from station to station I was able greatly to interest the other missionaries by giving a report of my work during those months. Our last call was at Aneityum. Thence we set out for Sydney. We had fairly good weather till we were near Lord Howe Island, when a storm arose. I have been in the Bay of Biscay, and have had a full exhibition of the worst of the Irish Sea, and the North Sea, and rough

times round Cape Horn, but now the Pacific showed me that in spite of its soothing name it is quite able to make as mighty an exhibition of its rage as these others. One moment we had a mountain before and another behind, it looked as if we were about to be swallowed up. Then it seemed a relief to find ourselves on top of the mountain, yet the next moment we were back in the trough. So it went on. Our little wooden craft seemed like a chip in the sea; our captain doubtless had passed through such experiences before and knew how to handle his little vessel.

The storm passed off as soon as we were a little beyond Lord Howe Island, and we had quite an easy trip to Sydney. I did not stay long there, but having been asked to go on to Melbourne to represent the New Hebrides at a preliminary meeting of the Presbyterian Church of Australia, I readily went and was glad to be there to say a word for our mission and for the natives whose life blood was being drained by the Queensland planter. I had not been in Melbourne since I landed in 1867, and had no anticipation of meeting any person there I knew, yet one of the first persons I saw in the street was my own mission convenor, Dr. Bannerman, who introduced me to various Christian friends.

CHAPTER X

RETURN TO TONGOA AFTER FURLOUGH

AFTER the Assembly I proceeded to New Zealand with Dr. Bannerman, who could not have shown me greater kindness had I been his own son. As I was just back from work among raw cannibals I was well received in New Zealand, and many were keen to hear my story. To tell that story was not, however, my sole object. I was under orders from the mission Committee to be " ordained and married." The ordination I knew they themselves were able to attend to. They might have given some thought to the other matter too, but they did not tell me so, and evidently left that to me. As that is a step on which so much depends, I gave much thought and prayer to it. There was no dearth of Christian ladies in this country, who, instead of being frightened by my cannibal stories, would have been ready to join in the struggle and danger, but my mind was directed to a young lady I had known for years as a thoughtful Christian woman, Jane Langmuir. She was an only daughter, living with her widowed mother. After giving her time to think over the matter, I went back for her answer. She was prepared to meet all that might be waiting for her. When I laid the matter before her mother she said, " She

is all I have, but the Lord is requiring her, and I cannot refuse."

After the necessary preparation we were married and set out for Sydney to meet the *Dayspring*. On the 1st April, 1881, we sailed out between the heads. We had an easy passage to Aneityum, the most southerly of the New Hebrides island. As we sailed from station to station, my young wife was heartily welcomed, and she on her part was greatly interested in all that she saw. The interest grew deeper as we drew nearer to Tongoa. We had first to call at Nguna, where I had spent my first year in the mission. My old friends were delighted to see me better fortified for the work by a wife. They had seen what a help Mrs. Milne was to the work on Nguna. We had now arrived as far north as there were any missionaries, and had to return to gather the mission families to the meeting at Erromanga. After about a week at this delightful place and with that delightful family, in happy meetings and attending to mission business, the *Dayspring* was to return all to our respective stations. Tongoa being the northernmost, we were the last to land. We sailed from Nguna to Tongoa in the night, and, as too often is the case, it was a rough passage; white foaming seas paid frequent visits on deck, and the usual "squeak, squeak" of the masts which passed through the saloon was now more than ever the dismal monotony of the night.

I was on deck very early. It was a delight to me in the early dawn once more to see in the distance the hills of Tongoa. As the fresh breeze carried us nearer under lee of the land our lively

little craft became quieter in her tossing about, and she soon slid into the anchorage. Almost immediately shouts were heard up on the cliff, where the village is situated, of "sail ho! sail ho!" The whole village was suddenly awakened. Men, women and children were seen hurrying down to the beach. I knew my young wife felt her heart beat doubly strong as she looked on that beautiful land, so full of life and spirit, whose people were coming down to meet the *Dayspring*. After breakfast some of our goods were put into the boats, and there were two passengers who were keen to be in the first boat. As we drew near to the shore there was a sudden rush down to the beach. I heard one man say, "It is he!" It was repeated among the crowd. A silence, and "There is a woman." I was carried on a man's back on to the beach. Two men with their hands formed what they call in Norway "a golden chair" for "the woman." When we were put down on the beach, the crowd came to shake hands with us. The women were not satisfied to shake hands with my wife, but they had to feel her all over and to examine her clothes. When I told them she was my wife, there was at first a short silence, then one woman, as by a sudden impulse shouted "Aninginda" (ours) and the others repeated "aninginda" meaning, "she has come to stay with us."

As we were walking up to the house, the women swarmed round us like bees, talking and laughing and making all manner of kind remarks about this "our woman." The men carried up our goods. There was one large case and all were

anxious to know what was in it. It was opened, and it contained our new American organ, and when this interesting "woman" who had arrived on their island commenced to play on it, they opened their mouths and eyes, and could only stare. Even Malakaleo was greatly interested. The women certainly felt that something new and interesting had come to them. The "woman" was now surrounded and overwhelmed with awestruck admiration by men, women and children who were little more than savages. She came up to the house followed by a large company of interested natives. All was new to her, but what made her feel as if transplanted into another world was the great interest that everyone seemed to take in her, and the joy they showed in having her with them. Think of any Christian lady being taken to some cannibal island, and receiving such a reception.

Gradually the excitement wore off and they settled down in a quiet, good-humoured and pleasant mood. Men and women were ready and willing to carry our things up to the house. All wanted to know what everything was. People from all parts of the island, especially women, came to see my wife, and hear her sing and play the organ. I soon commenced to make inquiries about what had been going on during my absence. Manambalea was not long in putting in an appearance.

"Well, what have you been doing?"

"Teaching a school."

"Did many learn to read?"

"Oh, yes."

"What were you doing on Sundays?"

"Preaching of course."

It seemed Manambalea went with the boy Karisi. He himself called at the houses and invited people to come to the services. Manambalea would make a few remarks by way of introduction. He would say, "The missionary has come to Tongoa and tells us that the Son of God has come into the world to save us from our sins and to make us happy, and now Karisi will tell you all about it." Some years after he and I went to the island of Makura with Mr. Milne. He was asked to speak. After his address Mr. Milne remarked, "If you have many like that one you will be all right." Indeed, very soon Manambalea showed that he could make good use of every little bit of knowledge he had.

I had not long been back when disquieting reports came to my ears. There had been fighting on the island and fourteen persons had been killed, several of whom had been eaten. This was sad news, but it was not a great surprise to me. Peace had never been made between the bush people and Lumbukuti, and it would not take much to fan the old enmity into a flame. These again would get other villages into the fight.

A busy time was before us. Our great difficulty was that we had more people wishing to learn to read than we were able to instruct. Manambalea meant well, although he was not a teacher. He was useful in talking to the people and trying to put an end to fighting, and we certainly succeeded in putting an end to open fight. There were certain individuals who could not resist the

temptation of sending a bullet into an enemy. One of these was a most intelligent man and a "friend" of mine named Sixpence who often helped me in translating. When he came over to our place, I usually kept him for some hours to get hold of some native words. Perhaps days after such a visit I would learn that he had killed a man on his way home. I had him brought face to face with his enemies and both parties promised to behave themselves, but I could never be sure that it was final.

As soon as possible I settled "teachers" at the small village near us as well as at the other side of the island where Manambalea lives, and energetically supported the teacher in his work, but that place was too far away for me to visit often. These teachers of course were crudely prepared for their work. When they could read and were good men they possessed the first qualification for their office as witnesses for the Gospel light. In spite of all war talk and the bitter enmity of a few heathen men, the work of planting the Gospel was going on. Really it was Malakaleo or rather his brutal supporters that kept up the war spirit, and the bush people of course were not likely to return love for hatred. Gradually it came out too that during my absence the Selembanga people had also taken part in the fight. I sent for Manambalea and asked how it was that he had allowed the Selembanga people to take part in the war.

"Oh," he said, "the Gospel will never prosper on Tongoa until these people are killed out of the way."

"What! is that how you propose to help me to establish the work of God on this island? Our way of fighting is by love." I, of course, dwelt on how we must go on if we are to succeed in our work.

"Shall I go and stop the war between Selembanga and the bush people?"

"Of course, if you can."

With that he went home, where he reported what I had told him and said that he intended to go up alone to the bush village to stop the war. All protested that he must not go alone but take with him all the fighting men of his place. He again said that was not the way to make peace. The end of it was that only his wife and Karisi and Nimala, the young man from Mataso who was with me, went with him. The bush people were all assembled in the *farea*, and when they saw Manambalea, every man grasped his gun expecting a fight at close quarters. He held up his hands and said, "No, no, I have not come to fight but to speak peace to you." They had been hard pressed on every side, and were delighted to hear the word "peace." They threw down their guns and came forward to listen to what he had to say. He informed them that I told him that he must go and stop the fighting, that he had forbidden the Selembanga people to fight, so that now they must not expect any attack from that quarter, but all must look for guidance to the Word of God in all their affairs. However little they might love their neighbours, they were quite ready now to obey the Word of God when it forbade fighting. At once Manambalea and they became the best of friends;

food was prepared and cooked, and after the meal Manambalea went home to his own village and reported the result of his visit to the bush tribe. He did not stay long there, but hurried over to the mission station, and gave a cheering account of his meeting with these people. After his glowing account of their desire for the Gospel of peace we decided to go there together on the following Sunday.

I little thought that our intended visit to that place would give offence to the fighters at Lumbukuti, but so it did. If the bush people were to become Christians it would spoil their sport of killing and eating bushmen. That was more than they would allow. Gradually their plans were being laid for preventing that sort of interference with their game. However, they imprudently told their plans to their allies, the people of Kurumambe, who, though their allies, would not allow anything to happen to Manambalea, who was closely connected with them, and very likely they would not like anything to happen to me. So they sent word to Selembanga to inform Manambalea's people, and sent messengers to the mission station to let us know the Lumbukuti people's plans, which were these. The most dependable murderers were to waylay Manambalea and myself. Those of a milder type were to go over to the mission station to bring my wife to Malakaleo's village. I at once called my Christian boys into the house, and we had prayers and a consultation over the matter. My friends at Selembanga had already put up a fairly good native hut on the hill I had bought, where I intended sometimes to spend a few days.

I little anticipated what it was to become. We might have stayed on at the mission station and have escaped the hand of these would-be murderers for the present, but they evidently were determined not to let us go and preach to the bush tribe. At any rate, going out from the station we would have been in the hands of these men, whereas from the other side we would be free to go to almost any part of the island. I thought I could see the hand of God pointing us to move to Selembanga at once. Manambalea was delighted, and sent the messengers back with the order for the whole of his tribe to come over early on Monday morning to carry our things over.

On Sunday morning I took the service at Panita as usual, instead of going to the bush village as planned, Manambalea and I remained at the station, and sent Karisi and two or three other young fellows to take our usual services at Bongabonga and Meriu. The company of men who had been sent to take away my wife had evidently been waiting in the bush, and when they thought sufficient time had elapsed for Manambalea and myself to be well on the way to the bush village, they came up to the station. I stood in the door and Manambalea stepped out of the boy's house and walked up to them. He said, "Oh, you have come."

"We are going to Bongabonga to borrow a canoe," they replied.

"Oh, we know what you have come for; go on with it."

"Oh, no."

"Oh, yes, you go ahead, we have been waiting for you."

The more he pressed them, the more they seemed to feel ashamed, having met us instead of a lonely woman. They soon passed on and went down to the beach and back to their own village. Manambalea and I remained at home for the rest of the day.

CHAPTER XI

THE FLIGHT TO SELEMBANGA

THAT we had decided to go to Selembanga was good news to the people there. As soon as the messengers arrived back, the war drums were beaten, all rushed out of their houses, and the whole of the day was spent in very little beside talking of what was before them, and getting their guns in order. About one o'clock on Monday morning the crowds from Selembanga began to come, so that by daylight there was a company of about two hundred men, women and youths. When parcels and bundles were rolled out of the door they were picked up and carried away. The men went back through the bush by the way they had come. The women went by the longer and safer track round the coast. Tinabua, the younger chief of Lumbukuti, when he heard of our leaving, came over to ask me to stay. I told him that I had come to preach the Gospel.

"The people at the other side of the island wish to have the Gospel, you do not wish to have it; when you are open to have it, I shall give it to you." He personally had nothing to do with the murder plan, and very likely knew nothing about the arrangement of the fighting men.

It became clear to me when our flight had been decided on, that it was the hand of God. We

were driven away from, maybe, not much more than a hundred people scattered in three villages, to a population of some three hundred in one place, who were ready to receive the word. I should perhaps rather say receive us, for after all comparatively few had any clear idea of what that word could be. From there, too, I should have fairly easy access to four other villages.

As we moved toward Selembanga, Timataso, who went ahead, swung his gun over his head, and said, in quite a lively tone, "If you hear a gun fired you run: you will know then that they have shot me." We had hardly reached the top of the hill when it was quite dark. Anything said was almost in a whisper. At last we two could see no more, the natives, of course, are more used to night travel and possibly feel with their bare feet as well. Moving ahead on the crooked bush track, I held on to Manambalea and my wife held on to me. As we neared a large banyan tree on the descent, on the other side of the dividing hill I heard one whisper to another in the Selembanga language, "If there is any danger we will soon be near it now." My wife asked me what they said, as she did not understand that language. I did not give her any definite reply. For a good while, maybe three quarters of an hour, all walked in silence. Suddenly there was a shout. I said, "What is that?"

One answered, "We are all right, we are far into the land of another village now. If they had wanted to attack us, they would have done it some time ago." We learnt, afterwards, that the Lumbukuti men actually had been there. Whatever

was in their minds, I cannot say, but they never attempted to carry out what they were there to do. The Lord's overruling could be the only explanation.

Arriving at the open dancing ground at Selembanga on that dark evening, we were soon surrounded by a number of our friends who heartily shook hands with us. Many of them escorted us up to the hut on that charming little hill. Tired after the packing and the long walk through the bush and feeling safe with these friends, we slept as if nothing had happened, and made that hut our home for the next seven weeks. I had a few flooring boards, and made a small house with reed walls and a thatched roof. That was our next home, and it was a great comfort to shift into it and have a wooden floor.

As our house at the old station was not sufficient for a permanent home I had ordered the frame for a two-roomed house from Australia. Our flight took place before that arrived, so that when it came I had it landed at the new station. In preparation for it I had levelled the ground and even laid the foundation before the house came ashore. The levelling of the ground was a great undertaking, thousands of cubic feet of soil, or rather pumice stone, were taken off the top of the hill. Scores of volunteers came forward to do the work for us. The work did not worry us, but to find ourselves among hundreds of savages who thus welcomed us among them was an unspeakable joy. We felt we were breathing a new atmosphere, and that we had been shifted, as it were, into a new country.

I can never forget little Nasia (now one of the best local preachers on the island), a boy I found crawling on hands and feet, when I came to Selembanga. I made a pair of crutches for him; he gradually stretched out and I had to make several new pairs for him. Now he was as keen as any of them, running with his basket of soil dangling round his crutches. No one asked to be paid for the work. In due time the *Dayspring* arrived and was anchored at the west side of the island. The house and all cargo were boated round through the pass between Tongoa and Epi, where many parts are rather shallow, and at times the tide runs like a river. The distance is probably between seven and eight miles. It was a great joy to us to see the first two boats with mails and necessaries of every kind. No doubt the sailors, who had to do the hard work, did not find much joy in it. There was no motor launch to tow them along in those days, so the men had to struggle and pull through it all, and navigate in between the rocks. No wonder they felt relieved when they had everything safely landed on the rocks. Looking back on the days of toil, old Sesil, an old Crimean warrior, stood there looking at the white foaming breakers, "Well," said he, "look here, this place and Balaclava are the two worst landings I have been at."

Our living conditions steadily improved. Manambalea also built for himself a little house on the lower level of the hill. He had had the heathen drums burnt before we came over, and now that we were there he set to work to have a large school-church erected of native material. The men

were sent up to the bush and hill for the timber, singing and rejoicing as they carried the heavy posts and wall plates and rafters. In a few days the forked posts stood up and as quickly the wall plates were laid on, the rafters were lashed on to these, then smaller sticks, and the thatch followed. All seemed to go as if they realized a new era was setting in. A house large enough to hold two hundred people sprang up as by magic on the very spot where heathen dancing had been carried on and where only a few years before forty enemies had been slaughtered.

The story may as well be told here. Purau is a village not very far from Selembanga, near the beach. If anyone from Selembanga went down to the sea and there chanced to meet some of the Purau men, he would be in danger of being killed. Nothing was known but that he was "lost." There was no doubt in the minds of the Selembanga people what had happened to him. The Selembanga men laid their plans; they pretended to be friendly and made a feast for their Purau neighbours, who readily accepted the invitation and came in force. They were painted and dressed up with plumes and feathers and everything fantastic, which at that time was regarded as the proper style. Pigs had been killed and roasted, and abundance of kava prepared for them. In the night when they had reached the height of their excitement, the Selembanga men fell on them, slaughtering forty of these savages. The feast following would need someone else to describe it. When I spoke to some of them about

the brutal murder they said, "That was only what the British and the French had to do to the Germans when they tried to run them down."

The day for the opening of the church came, and the people were called together. To those of the village that Manambalea missed he gave a call and soon had them in the church, and the house was filled. The first service was a little peculiar, logs had been laid across the house for seats. A number of boisterous young fellows had prudently for their own purpose taken the back seat. I gave out the first hymn and it was sung fairly well; several of the congregation having worked for me at the other station, and so knew the hymns. I noticed there was something going on in the back seat, these youthful members of the congregation were picking up pumice stone pebbles off the ground and shooting them with their fingers on to the people sitting in front of them. After prayer I gave out the second hymn, and seeing the sport continued, walked round to the other end of the church and asked the congregation kindly to turn round; the young fellows also did so, smiling good-naturedly. I again took up the hymn and the youths behaved well for the rest of the service. I had no more difficulty with them after that. If in after times I noticed anyone speaking to his neighbour during the service, or in any way turning his attention away from the service I would ask him kindly to wait till I had finished. Thus all our services were held in a homely sort of way, and I never had any difficulty in managing a congregation of these people.

What a blessing it was that we came over to Selembanga! Apart from our safety we now had access to the greater part of the population of the island, the three villages that I had preached to from the old station could be worked by native preachers, and the fact of Selembanga being the largest village on the island and having "taken the Book" would make a tremendous impression on the others.

It was only after we fled for our lives to the east side of Tongoa, that we heard of a truly remarkable man, Marikitilangi. His name means "the man of (or, from) heaven." They said he had walked about all over the island, no one interfering with him, visiting friends and foes of his own village, preaching against war and murder, and persuading men to give up all violence and bitterness. He had said, "After I am dead people will come here whose faces are white; they will bring axes, not like our shell axes; they will have nice soft cloth,—not like out hard bark cloth, and many other good things. The man who is to give you the great Light is to live on Mahilumbau" (the little hillock near his own village).

When I arrived at Tongoa many of the natives came to sell yams and other things, and the chiefs knew I would give them a present of some kind. Manambalea was the only chief who did not come. Several men from his village came to work for me, and I enlightened them as much as I could during their short stay with me. Manambalea evidently felt very much like John, who sent to Jesus saying, "Art thou he that should come

or do we wait for another?" All Manambalea had heard of me seemed to suggest what the prophet had predicted except that I did not live at Mahilumbau. His messengers told Manambalea that I was teaching about the Son of God, who came into the world to die for us, and to help us to get to heaven. All this sounded like what Marikitilangi had said, the only fact missing was that I did not live on Mahilumbau.

When the necessity came for us to flee to Selembanga I did not look upon it as a misfortune but only as one of the incidents in the promise, "Lo I am with you," when we saw how the people received us with open arms and we found ourselves free from all danger. Manambalea, who hesitated at first, could not help rejoicing in his own soul, when he was able to take us up to Mahilumbau, where he already had put up a hut for a possible visit. Now we were actually there to live. The people knew all about Marikitilangi's prediction and felt this was the fulfilling of it, and they received us joyfully feeling that God was in it.

I soon had the early morning school for all the people in full swing, and Manambalea did not readily take any excuse for non-attendance. I gathered up all my forces for the teaching of reading, I even had a small "first book" prepared in the Selembanga language, and commenced to make hymns in that language, but I found that the Selembanga people had a fairly good idea of the language spoken on the other side of the island as well as on Nguna, so I early decided

to work the whole island with the one language. Looking back now I see it was a wise step.

As soon as I could, I commenced to give special training to some youths from among whom I hoped to select teachers. That was in the days of the Queensland labour traffic. The recruiters seemed to be specially fond of picking up " mission boys." Most likely they would behave better, it may be also because they knew how reluctantly we saw those to whom we had given so much time and thought to fit them for a better life, go away.

Many of these recruiters seemed to think it fine sport to get any of our boys away. One day a ship was seen at our side of the island. There was a rush for the beach. One report came, telling me that one boy had gone, then another one was reported as having " signed on," and so on till nearly all my boys had gone. Next came a report that the father of one of the boys was very angry because his son had gone, and that he was coming up to kill the missionary for having lost his boy. To go and hide would be the worst thing I could do; to wait for him and try and reason with him would have been little better, so I ran to the backyard and there poured out in the air a volley of bitterness against these recruiters, who were carrying away our boys. A number of people gathered round me, soon came also this man, who was so angry because I had lost his boy. He too wanted to know what I was so angry about, and joined the crowd surrounding me. When he heard what it was, he said, " You are quite right, Misi," and turned

his bitterness from me to the recruiters. I certainly felt sad to see my boys whom I had fed, clothed and taught, thus taken away. We had a prayer meeting in the evening, we prayed that God would not allow these people to spoil the work of the mission in that way, and that in some way their efforts would be frustrated. The next day in the afternoon the boys came back again.

"Hullo," I said, "Paid off already?"

"Yes," they answered, "and we paid ourselves, the ship is on the rocks on the weather side. Things were put ashore, and everybody helped themselves, so did we." It seemed that the heathen of Mangarisu,—a village near where the ship was wrecked, had kept my boys prisoners there so long as they could steal anything of what was put ashore. When at last there was no more coming ashore they allowed my boys to go.

I was concerned about the white men, knowing that they "had fallen among thieves." I learned however that they had gone to Meriu, the village of Mataputi (the "Jacob's ladder" man). Mataputi himself had gone down to the beach and sat there reading his book to let the white men understand that he was a friend. I called Manambalea and said, "We must go over there and see about the white men."

"Yes," he answered.

"Will you take any armed men?"

"No," he replied, "we will talk them down."

So off we went as fast as we could. When we came to Meriu we found the white men in the schoolhouse. They seemed well supplied with

"drinkables," a large number of men from the heathen village of Mangarisu was gathered outside and as far as I could infer were having a consultation about how to go to work to kill the white men. We had not been long at the village when a crowd of armed men from Selembanga came after us; we took as many of the ship's company with us as were sober enough to walk and left the armed men to look after the rest for the night.

When we arrived back at the mission station we learnt that Mrs. Michelsen had had a somewhat exciting experience during our absence. The Government agent had gone round in a boat with all the firearms to our side for safety. A number of Selembanga men, who even yet were little more than heathen, simply helped themselves to these guns as they were landed. When Mrs. Michelsen came down to the shore all these firearms were scattered among the men. She at once ordered them to give them up and secured a number of women to carry them to the mission station. The next morning Manambalea and I started off for the scene of the wreck. We had not gone far when we met the remainder of the shipwrecked company with the men we had left to look after them. The captain sent a boat to the island of Malekula and two or three days after they came back with another recruiting ship, which took away the whole shipwrecked company.

Two months after our flight to Selembanga our first baby was born. At least in our sight, she was the sweetest little treasure imaginable. She was with us for seven weeks, when she was

called away to a better land. During the time she was with us she had brought us two nearer to each other than ever.

I suggested that we put out the boat and go to see our neighbours, the Milnes on Nguna. It meant a boat voyage of some thirty-five miles; what that would be we did not know until we tried it. My wife quite readily fell in with my suggestion. In the afternoon of that day we were on the sea; when we had gone as far as Tongariki, a distance of some four or five miles it was getting dark, so we decided to go ashore there for the night. The people of that island were still heathen, and we could not tell what kind of a reception we would meet with. We anchored our boat and waited for the people from the shore to come out for us. It is very unsafe for a boat to attempt a landing there, as there is no sandy beach; it is a high pile of rough boulders and with a very heavy sea breaking on the shore. These large stones are flung up and rolled down with a terrific roar.

We noticed some people coming down the steep hill to our left, and we concluded that these were preparing to give us a friendly reception, but they seemed to hesitate a little. Not long after a number of men came down the hill to our right. Soon after the first party withdrew and some men of the second party came out in their canoes to help us ashore. My wife and I stepped into the first canoe, it slid along very smoothly till we came near the shore, then they stopped—they were waiting for the right time. Two heavy breakers were allowed to pass us, then when the

third came, the crew laid on all their force and paddled in on top of it. We were shot up high on the pile of stones, where some ten or twelve men stood ready and caught the canoe the moment it struck the shore. They dragged the canoe with us in it high up on the stones beyond the reach of the next breaker.

The chief Sasamaki took us up to his village, over five hundred feet above sea level, and made us as comfortable for the night as he could. Before our evening meal he spread mats on the ground of his hut. He gave us green coconuts to drink with our sandwiches, and also brought us a nice baked yam. Sasamaki was a chief of the good old kind; there was something noble about his appearance and his doings that commanded respect; indeed throughout the many years I knew him, I never heard of him doing a mean thing. We had the boat anchored for the night and the two men slept in it. The next morning our host again had yams baked for us and we made quite a good breakfast. He escorted us down to the shore, put us in his canoe, and skilfully paddled us over the great breakers and to the boat. We were much delighted with this our first visit to this island, giving good prospect of future work.

We made a fresh start. As soon as we came round the corner of the island a stiff wind met us, and it grew stronger and stronger as we struggled along. The men strove hard pulling against the wind. I said to Malesu, my most trusted boatman, "What do you think about it?" He replied as if it were a matter of the greatest indifference, "I think we will go down to-day."

We then decided to set sail and run before the wind. Only once in all my after life have I had such a sail. It was impossible to get back to where we had left, and the only place we could make a landing was at the Lumbukuti beach, where our safety might be somewhat doubtful. We landed safely, however, and walked across the island to our new station. We never renewed our efforts to get to Nguna.

About this time dysentry broke out among the Epians, who lived at the Selembanga station, and quite a number died. Among these was the eldest son of the chief. The chief, to express his grief, and probably for his son's future happiness, took his gun to kill his wife, so that she might be buried with his son. I came down at the time, and took the gun away from him. He then took up the axe, which I also took away and remained there till Maripau, Manambalea's brother, came along and I left him in charge till the young man was buried.

On New Year's day, 1882, which was a Sunday, I did not feel very well nor fit for a long walk. I sent Manambalea and some of the young fellows to conduct services at the different villages. When they came home, as soon as they saw me, they called out, "The Pele people have killed Matokae." Matokae was the leader of the men who went out to kill Manambalea and myself the time we were proposing to go and preach the gospel at Pele. As soon as Maraki, the chief, had my preachers with him he took them over to the corpse and addressed the dead man, saying, "You purposed to kill our missionary, now we are giving you

your just reward for your wickedness: we shall eat you." They told me when they came home that the excitement was so great that it was out of the question to have a service at that village. It is a strange fact that from the day that Matokae and eight others went out to kill us until this man, the leader of that band, himself was killed, no one had been killed on the island. Three men of the same band were also killed and eaten. A little later three more of the same company planned to take a Queensland ship that was anchored at our island, but before they had time to kill anyone, they were all shot and thrown into the sea. The Captain sent me word about the whole affair. The eighth died, an old Christian man, while the ninth is still living, an old unhappy man. He comes to church regularly like the rest, shaking hands with me as he goes out.

My friend Taripoa Mata of Kurumampe, who once conveyed me from his village in his canoe to my old station at Tonga Lapa, came to me one day and told me that he had been at the East side of Epi at the village of Nambuka. He was told that a stronger village used to raid them from time to time, killing a person, whom they would carry home to eat. He said that they were not strong enough to resist them, and could see no hope of their not being exterminated, if they remained on Epi. It so happened that at that time natives from Nguna were on a visit to Tongo in Mr. Milne's boat. I told him I would send the two boats over with him to rescue the whole village. They left the next morning and came back in the evening with half of the Nambukas. The

rest were brought over with Maripau, one of the Tongoans who had been left to protect the remaining people of the village who were brought over later. There were forty in all. The boats could not go ashore on account of the rocks, and the people had to swim out to the boats. They were a people very different from the Tongoans both in appearance and language—not so strong or tall, and different in temperament. The Tongoans are fond of a good joke; you have to be very careful how you try to amuse an Epian. If a Tongoan owes you money he is very apt to "forget"; an Epian rarely forgets to pay his debts.

Many years ago when the Tongoans had murdered the forty men, they did not want to waste these, and yet they could not devour them all themselves. They sent for these very Epians to come and help them, and I believe they did their share well. The old chief Usamoli, when he came to the old dancing ground, and called to mind where he had seen the dead bodies, as he went from one spot to another said, "Awi! awi! awi!" in an unusually sad tone—evidently it caught his conscience.

On another part of Epi the Tongoan language is spoken, so when it was arranged that half of them were to stay with Taripomata and half with me, it appeared a few of them had considerable knowledge of the language of Tongoa. One man in particular, Ti Mataso, knew it as well as any Tongoan. Here was my opportunity. I at once set to work to learn the language of East and North of Epi. I soon had a primer put

together and a few hymns in their language. I wrote an outline Bible History from Abraham to Christ. This book became a great favourite with the Epians. It commenced with the word "Abraham" and long after it was out of print they came and asked for "Abraham." The next book I took in hand was the Gospel of Matthew which was printed in London by the B.F.B.S. After my return from Europe I translated and printed and bound the Gospel of Luke on Tongoa.

Whilst Ti Mataso helped me to a knowledge of his language, the truth that passed through his mind took hold of his heart, he became one of the two most wholehearted Christians I have ever met with in my work in the islands. Often in translating it is necessary not only to get the word but to explain thoroughly the meaning and the situation in which the word occurred. I once had two other men with me helping in the translation of Matt. 4. 10, "I will make you fishers of men." We were at the word "fishers," one of my pundits brightened up as if he had just hit the idea and I nearly put it down, when Ti Mataso protested. It seemed they had a superstition that there was a being in the sea who would sometimes catch men when they were bathing or otherwise were in the sea, and gave the name of this supposed submarine and supernatural being. This gives an idea how easily a missionary may be led astray. The Tongoans and the Tongoa speaking people on Epi consider themselves superior to the Epians, but when I appointed Ti Mataso as teacher to one of those villages there was no word

of his being their inferior. By his high spiritual life and intellect he was so far their superior that all had to look up to him. These Epians remained on Tongoa for several years until they commenced to long for their own Epi. I told them that as soon as they could join with their former enemies under one teacher they could go back. That was arranged and Taviroto, who in his early days took off his jumper to get to Queensland to escape persecution, went as their first teacher.

About fifteen months after our flight to Selembanga, Ngole, one of my school boys, preached and gave a nice little address. He said, "Misi first lived in his own good land, and then he left for this island. What did he come here for? He did not come to get our yams or pigs. No, he had heard of our darkness, how we were eating one another and how we were worshipping Natimati (spirits of the dead) and all through life lived in misery and in death and went down into darkness. He knew that the Word is good, and the only remedy for all these ills. He loved us and came to give us the Word of God. He first lived at Parita, but the people there did not take proper hold of the Word. He had to flee to this side of the island. Some people here have accepted the Word; others have yet to come, be not slow in taking hold of the "Come," and hear the preaching, and be not lazy to come to school, and learn to read the Word, and then study it carefully. Now that the light has come let us do as much for it as we did for heathenism. In the days of darkness we were always ready to give food and our strength to it. Now let us give

our all to the Light. The Light is Truth. Our heathenism is a lie. Let us not be like pigs, who only think of eating. Many forget that they have souls, let us also attend to their needs. Again I say, accept the Word, it is good. Jesus loves us, He came to save us. I know but little and my word is short, but Misi will make it up."

CHAPTER XII

RETURN TO PANITA

THE chief at Panita, the village near Tonga Lapa, who sold me the old graveyard, which he did not own, and who was very friendly when we lived beside him, after we left was inclined to turn away from the Gospel and to become a hindrance to the work on his side of the island. News came to me one day that he had gone as boats-crew with one of the Queensland recruiting vessels. I decided that this was our opportunity to go back and resume work at the old station. By this time we had imported a horse from Sydney. A bridle track was made across the island to the old house, as we intended to keep the two stations going.

We usually spent six days at the old station, and on Saturday afternoon returned to Selembanga. By that time as we had two little girls, my wife took the eldest one on the horse with her, and I carried the younger one on my back. The people of Panita received us heartily. A school house was erected, and all came to school and soon learned to read. We had a delightful time with the people. The Lumbukuti people, our old enemies, were by this time quite friendly. No doubt, now that Malakaleo had lost seven out of the nine would-be murderers, and the worship

was being planted on the other side of the island, a great impression was made on him. With our journeyings between the two stations and the people on both sides being kind and willing to be taught, the prospects before us became very bright. We also enjoyed good health. Our position was delightful. We had abundance of work to do, and being young and strong, the work was a pleasure to us. We had our disappointments, but saw so much progress that we could meet disappointments calmly. By July, 1883, about six hundred Tongoans had the Gospel preached to them every Sunday.

Sometime after that we had an unhappy "explosion," which, like those of the past turned out to be for good. The chief of Panita came back from his boating occupation with the Queensland recruiting ship. On arriving home he found to his great disappointment that he was the only heathen in his village. What could he do? That same afternoon I heard a terrible crying and yelling at the village. I went down with Manambalea and his wife, Lei Riki. Maritariliu had lashed his wife to a tree and was beating her unmercifully. I asked him to let her go.

"No," he answered.

"Well," said Lei Riki, "I shall unloose her."

"If you do I shall shoot you."

"Ah," she replied, "That would be like a coward such as you to shoot a woman."

He soon released his wife. On the Sunday morning, before we were out of bed, he came up to our house and said he wanted to see me. I hurried out to learn why I should be required

at that hour. I saw him standing only a few paces from me with his long rifle in his hand. He was shouting to excite himself into a rage, and was getting his gun in position to fire. My "crime" was that I had Christianised his people without his permission. My wife, hearing how he was raging, also came out. Her presence came on him as cold water on a flame. He did not say much more but walked home. Then he forbade his people to go to church. He said that he would shoot the first person who ventured into the church. Strange, the only man who had the courage to do so was Ti Mataso Maserenua, the man who some years before, himself lifted his gun to me. The persecution did not end there. He first named one man whom he said he would kill. He left the village and fled to Lumbukuti. One by one the men were driven away by threats; and to Lumbukuti they all went. After some time the village was almost deserted. We commenced to talk of shifting back to our other quarters, to Selembanga, then Tinabua, the younger and real chief of Lumbukuti came to me, and said, "Now that you are on our side of the island do not go back again."

"Well," I said, "Nearly all the people have left the village, so it is useless for us to remain here, if you wish us to be on your side of the island, you must show me a place at your own village, and we will set up our station there."

To that he readily agreed. He took me to a splendid place with a wide sea view, where nearly half a score of islands could be seen. Ships coming

our way are seen on a clear day about twenty miles away, or even boats passing or coming to our island help to break the monotony of our isolation. The site he showed me is over four hundred feet above the sea, a place where seldom a mosquito is seen. It was then getting near the time for our furlough. So I said, "We will go back to Selembanga now, but when we return I will come and shift our house from Tonga Lapa to your place. During our absence I want you to put me up a little grass hut, in which I can live while I am building." He accepted my suggestion heartily.

Our furlough came, and we had a happy time in New Zealand. I had many opportunities of telling the stories of God's wonderful guidance and support during the short time I had been at Tongoa, and how the prayers of our New Zealand friends had been so wonderfully answered. On our return to Tongoa we were warmly welcomed by the people, who had come down to the beach to meet us.

The news we gathered was both cheering and disappointing. The preaching and teaching had been going on very well, but there had been two sad murders. One victim was a very harmless man who used to attend the services. But his crime was that he was almost the only survivor of a small village, and as the chief of Panita coveted his land, he employed a bushman to come and shoot him. The murderer was not punished, but he was disrespected to his dying day, indicating that the public opinion was greatly improved on the island. In heathen days in a case like this the instigator

was the only man guilty of the murder but not the man who carried it out.

The other murdered man may be termed a real martyr. He was one of the first converts at Selembanga. Before going away I had appointed to each of the Christian men their work during my absence. This man came to me and said, "What shall I do?" He was too old to be sent out as a teacher, so I replied, "I have a work for you to do too. I want you to go up to the mission station every morning and bring down with you to the school all the Epians, who live up there." He took up the task faithfully. One morning as he was going up as usual he met a hardened heathen, with whom he had joined in the ordinary daily kava drinking in former days, but whose company he had now left. The heathen very coolly said, "I am going to shoot you." Poor old Manoai answered, "You must just do as you like, I cannot hinder you; if you kill me I shall go home to Jesus so much sooner."

Without any further words the shot was fired, and the poor man fell down dead. It was suggested that the murderer be tied in a canoe and set out to sea to take his chance. If any one had taken it in hand to carry out that threat, all would have approved. There was no one, however, who was prepared to do that, so the murderer was left to his Maker to deal with him.

I had now before me the task of setting up the new station at Lumbukuti. The grass hut was duly built by Tinabua, and I spent six days in the week working at a small one-roomed house, and spent Sunday on the other side. When the little

house was nearly finished Mrs. Michelsen came over with our two little ones. I first had a small lumber room added, made of native material. One day I received a letter from my neighbour, Mr. Milne, saying that he was coming over to see us. Where could I put him? I then decided to make a small six feet wide lean-to on the side of our room. I plastered the walls, and having sufficient material, I was able to lay a good floor in it. Subsequently this room became my study.

We of course took up school work from the beginning. After a year's work there were few persons in that large village who could not read. I taught the men and boys, and Mrs. Michelsen taught the women and girls. We naturally made use of the fugitives from Panita, after we had taught our new pupils the letters. These fugitives acted as the "salt of the earth" at the heathen village of Lumbukuti, thus showing how the hand of God was in that unpleasant explosion at Panita.

On Sundays I preached in the morning, and if I did not go out to other villages I also took the afternoon services at Lumbukuti. Mrs. Michelsen conducted what she called Sunday school; she really gave a regular Bible reading. She had as full a church as I had. We lived happily in our little house until a better one was put up. At last, then, we were settled at the only suitable place for a head station, the place where I tried to get a footing, but failed, on my first landing on the island. At last we were at Malakaleo's own village and soon had in him a staunch friend. One after another came out as real Christians. Tinabua,

the junior chief, took a firm stand for the truth. Often when he had any proposal to make to his people he would preface his words by, "I believe it is the will of God that we should do so and so." Sometime after we came to stay at Lumbukuti I spoke to him about his wives. "Well," he said, "I am in some difficulty." "I thought Lei Tonga was your favourite." "Yes," he said, "but another is the mother of the children." After some time he put away his favourite wife and the others, and kept Lei Taripoa, the mother of the children. He made a farewell feast to his other wives. Malakaleo did very much the same. Indeed several of his wives held very loosely to him, some of them left of their own accord, and said that they were afraid to remain with him now that Christianity had come. He too made a great farewell feast to his wives.

Not only did Tinabua take a firm stand for Christ, but Malakaleo turned out to be a really good man and our most dependable friend. If it happened that we were short of food—there might be some native visitors at the station either from our district, or from other stations,—we only had to let Malakaleo know, and not long afterwards his wife would be up with a basket of yams or some other native food on her head. On one occasion, when we had a great gathering of natives from all parts of the island, he stood up and said, "I want to say a word to you brother chiefs. When Misi came among us at first we chiefs were his greatest enemies, but now that we have found out that he is our best friend we must try and made up for the wrong we did him."

Everything went on happily, the fact that Selembanga and Lumbukuti, the largest villages on the island, were both for the Gospel made it out of the question for the other villages to persist in heathenism, though, of course, many hearts were heathen still.

The people of Lumbukuti went over to our old station at Tonga Lapa, pulled down the houses there and carried the material to Lumbukuti, and it formed the beginning of the permanent station. We had plenty of hard work, not only at our new station, but also all over the island. The people of Pele, the bush village, were practically heathen, though they were quite friendly to me, but their hearts were still clinging to the old ways. I learned that old Maraki, who afterwards took the name of Manatuatua (flying devil), told his people that when the missionary came he would ring the bell (an old cow bell he had), but they were not to go to the meeting; consequently my congregation there was very small, but I kept on going. Indeed he told some natives that he did not want natives to preach to him. I told him if he were hungry he would not ask any questions whether the food was presented to him on a white dish or on a wooden home-made basin such as they used.

A half-brother of Maraki's, who lived at Kurumampe, though the two villages had never made peace since the last war, was a Christian, and being a half-brother of the chief of Pele, was allowed to visit that place. He took advantage of this privilege in his own quiet way, to speak of his Master to Maraki, who would listen patiently

for some time, but from a native, and his own half-brother, it was too much for him, so he gave the order that next time his brother came to see him they were to shoot him. One day he came as usual, suspecting no harm, but when he was on his way home he was fired at. Days afterwards the Pele people learnt that he had not arrived home: a search party was sent out, which found his body and carried it up to Pele, but the people said to Maraki, "This is one of our own, we cannot eat him." Maraki answered, "If you will not eat him, at least I will." We had no idea of what had happened, but as Mrs. Michelsen and I stood outside our little cabin we noticed a huge smoke rising at Pele. We learnt afterwards that it had been the heating of the stones to bake the body of Buliliu.

One Sunday afternoon as I was just about to go to Pele to preach I said to the Lumbukuti people, "Who will go with me to Pele?" I really did not expect that anyone would venture to go. One man, Ti Makura, came forward and said that he would go. I had a small congregation round me at Pele. Maraki himself was lying in his hut with a gun in his hand. Evidently Ti Makura had not noticed him. As Ti Makura moved a little out in the open I also moved so as to stand between him and Maraki. I had not the slightest doubt he saw in this man's presence at his village an opportunity to kill one of his enemies. If my preaching at his village did not make any impression on Maraki, God had ordered another way. I do not know whether Maraki and his people were so opposed to the Gospel as the way of life, because they thought they

could not leave their heathen worship of the dead, or whether their hatred of their enemies was too intense to allow room for Christianity.

It was always a time of rejoicing when a new missionary came to our groups. Thus it was in the year 1886, when Rev. W. B. Murray joined our company. The Mission synod had decided that he should be settled on the island of Ambrim. Mr. Milne, Mr. Lawrie, and I volunteered to go with him to help build the house. Although it was at the time of a " sing-sing " (a heathen dance with singing) the natives showed no objection to having a missionary among them. We bought a piece of land at the village of Ranon, on the north side of the island. A road was cut from the shore to the place, the site was cleared of bush, stones were carried up and the foundation was laid, and the material landed and carried up. At that time we had no natives who could help, except to carry stones, or material.

To begin with, we, the volunteer carpenters, planned roughly where to build the house while Mr. Murray got hold of a man to help him to pick up words. Quite a number of natives were about us. For some reason they were very anxious to see our noses; whether they had heard, or had some knowledge of a special virtue in, or accompanying a long nose or not, I do not know. There was one of our company who had not had his nose put to the test, that was Mr. Murray. We, the others, had become quite familiar with this test, whether of power, wisdom, or magic, I cannot say. The three of us watched to see how he would take this wonderful performance. He was

not a little startled when he saw these savages surround him, and actually lay their hands on his nose. Could it be to see which of us was most fit to be baked? He looked up, and evidently saw—as we had seen before—that they were not in a combative mood. In fact, the feast they were keeping was what they called "tamate" which means peace—a feast of peace, *i.e.*, peace with the living and the dead.

One day, before we went back to the ship for the evening, a boat from a man-of-war arrived with two officers on board. They had been at Craig's Cove where a white man had been murdered, and had made arrangements for punishing the perpetrators. They stayed on board our ship that night. During the following night the ship came up to punish the village. After they had done so, they called as many natives together as possible, and also sent for us missionaries to be there to help speak to the natives, probably also to give the impression that if the natives were to interfere with the missionary, they might be prepared to have a visit from the man-of-war. The natives wanted to make the Captain believe that it was quite accidental, and said they were shooting flying foxes. The Captain replied, "I advise you to shoot no more such flying foxes."

I do not remember how many natives were killed. Several of them climbed trees, and shot at least one blue jacket, but they themselves made good targets, in the trees. That island has been waiting long for a missionary to take up the work. A young man and his wife is now about to settle there.

When we (for my wife was with me) came back, a great surprise was waiting for us. Tinabua had called all his people together one Sunday morning, ordered all men and women to put on their best clothes and go with him to the bush village. They were inclined to hesitate, but Tinabua's order was not readily disobeyed. In a short time all were ready. Very few white persons had ever been to Pele besides myself, my wife, and Rev. P. Milne. Suddenly, and without any warning, appeared probably one hundred and fifty persons, more than half of them women dressed in their brightest clothing. This utterly unexpected sight took the villagers out of their ordinary way of reasoning. So many persons in clothing naturally made them think of white people, particularly of my wife and I. It is doubtful if Tinabua had ever been to that village before. Although it was under three miles from his own village, for generations there had been almost an incessant state of war between the two places, and chiefs do not take part in fighting away from their own village. Tinabua, in his own mild way of speaking, pointed out how foolish it was for them to kill each other, and how much happier it would be to live at peace, how there was no way of doing that unless they made Jesus their master. He reminded them of the past, how not long after they had made peace fighting would break out again. They agreed to his proposals. But who was to come there as a teacher? One of Tinabua's men, Tai Mata volunteered to go.

It was not so strange that these bush people were overwhelmed by the sight of such a number

of people in bright clothing, an outward sign of Christianity as seen by these people, but a solitary man and his wife left among these, up till now enemies, and really raw savages, was a different matter. I could never cease to admire Tai Mata for taking the risk that he did. Pele has been a village that has given much disappointment, showing how little they were to be depended on. This man remained among them for many years. He did very well, perhaps not so much by his preaching and teaching, as by his quiet, humble, and self-sacrificing life. At last he grew too old to continue there, and returned to his own village where he ended his days.

Maraki was a man of big undertakings. When they decided to build a church an ordinary bungalow building would not satisfy him. When he was in New Caledonia he had seen some of the churches of that island, and took his pattern from them. It was large enough to hold three hundred people. It looked more like a huge beehive than anything else.

Not only had Tinabua settled a teacher at Pele, but he cut a track to connect the two villages, and succeeded to a wonderful extent to keep up friendly relations. He had the idea of making roads from me: he had seen how I had made a bridle track from the Selembanga station to Tonga Lapa, and had seen my zigzag track down from my Lumbukuti station to the beach.

In 1885, shortly after we had succeeded in getting a footing at Lumbukuti, a boat was seen coming up from Epi. A number of men ran down to the

sandy beach, and as the boat touched the shore they gathered round, and to assure the newcomers that they had nothing to fear they said, "There is a missionary here," having already laid their hands on the boat ready to help pull it up on the beach. "Oh, if there is a missionary here, we don't want to stay here," was the reply. With that the natives withdrew from the surf. "Help us to pull up the boat, at any rate." The natives, who felt this as an insult to their friendly reception, had changed face, and said, "If you pay us for it, we will help you." They stood indifferently on the shore while the boat was being dashed about in the breakers until the newcomers had paid for their help.

The traders noticed a freshly built house not far from the beach, found it unoccupied, and ordered their boat crew to carry up their stuff to that house. The Tongoans objected, but they took no notice. The natives hurried up to me, and told me all that had happened, and added, "Shall we shoot them?" "No," I said, "just leave them alone, they will soon leave."

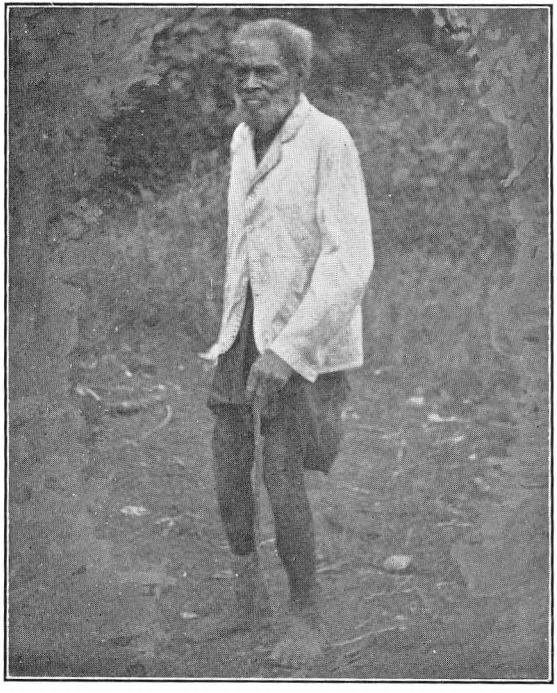
A couple of hours after, they left, and made their way round the corner of the island to the south side. Some distance along they found a possible landing. There they managed to come to better terms with the heathen people, who had a young man among them who had been at my school in my early Tonga Lapa days, and who had learned to read Tongoan and could write a little and had some idea of arithmetic. This was the man for them. He soon made friends with the traders,

and helped them to get a store put up. It was not very easy to beach the boat there and they took it back to the corner of the island where they anchored it. They found that they could do some business with the heathen in tobacco and fire-arms at least, but they found they had to go back to Epi for more stock. When they came to their boat, they found they had anchored it on a reef, and at low tide it had been very much battered on the coral, and had to be repaired. They went up to my old Tonga Lapa station where they found some boards they could use. These they stole, and came up to me and begged for some nails. I asked both to come in and have dinner with us. One of them, a Norwegian who did not seem to sympathise with his mate in his rough ways, came in, but the other, who evidently had been indulging too much in strong drink, said he had no appetite for food. I gave them the nails they wanted, and they left.

After several days they came back to their store at Mangarisu, which they had carefully locked, but when they came inside they found that any of their stock the natives could make use of had been stolen. They found then what a mistake they had made in refusing to live near the missionary, but were too proud to go back there, and left for the Epi store.

Many months afterwards I saw a letter in a Norwegian newspaper from the Norwegian. He was telling of his adventures among the savages, and how he had never slept without embracing his gun all night. I sent a letter to the same paper, telling how my wife and I had crossed that same

Epi, heathen men carrying our two little girls on their back—all unarmed as we were and never for a moment fearing anything. I added if these traders were to treat the natives as we do they would not have very much to fear.



NATIVE OF PELE

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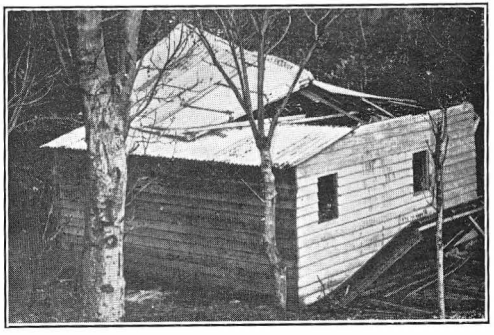
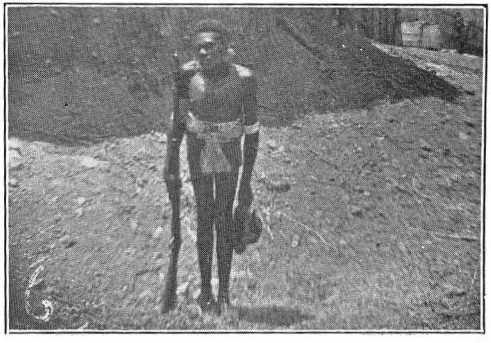
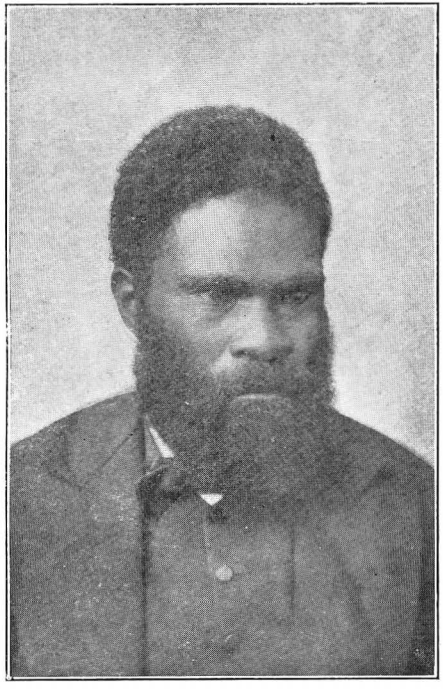


HURRICANE WRECKAGE
(See page 200)



MANAURA
(See page 161)

PLATE XI



MANAMBALEA
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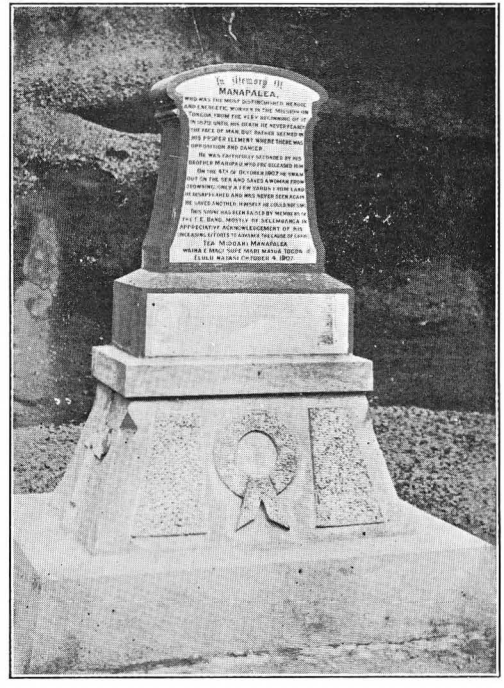


MONUMENT TO MANAMBALEA
Erected by Tongoa Christian Endeavourers

CHAPTER XIII

SOME OUTSTANDING TONGOANS

MANAURA was an interesting link with the days of high savagery. He was the retired chief of the village of Mangarisu. Any one seeing him as I did would never imagine he had such a blood-thirsty history. He was rather small, thin, and hunchbacked, without ornaments in either nose or ears, or round his neck. His clothing was very scanty. It was common when I came to Tongoa for men to wear a broad belt, five or six inches wide. His belt was of the narrowest. As for a loin-cloth, that too was of the scantiest. He always wore a glazed hat. He often had a kindly smile, almost suggesting that he was incapable of an act of cruelty or even of violence. From what I heard, however, he was capable of any cruelty, and no one dared resist his will.

A thing that went far to make a chief great in those days was the possession of many wives. They enabled him to have large food gardens, and to feed many pigs and fowls, and thus to show liberal hospitality to visitors, sending them home with a present of a pig, and a load of food. This hospitality also enabled him, during the dancing season to show his friends what he could do. I was told that in the course of his life, he had had fifty wives. He was also the great sacred

chief of the island. I have heard of a few of his doings during the days of his power, but regret I had not time to enquire more into his activities when those who knew of them were still living. He was a half-brother of Manambalea, and when I came to the island there were several of those half-brothers still living at Selembanga. They were all men of energy and savage enterprise as instance the time when Manaura buried alive one of his brothers who had offended him.

During the time of the Queensland labour traffic one of Manaura's wives had managed to get away to Queensland; most likely as the wife of another man. Whether she had come back to the islands with such a man or not I do not know, but instead of returning to Tongoa, she went ashore at the village of Siviri on the Nguna bay, and Manaura got word of this. He sent word in all directions, to surrounding islands, and it was said, raised a fleet of fifty canoes (I have a suspicion that it was a small fifty). They landed very early in the morning, and when the people came out from their huts they found their village surrounded by these "Vikings" from the north, who demanded to have this woman given to them. The number of the men of Manaura's fleet was so large that it was out of the question to resist. A pig was killed and baked, and a liberal breakfast was provided, and the men were sent away in peace with the woman. The distance from Tongoa to the village of Siviri is about thirty-five miles.

Manaura was a frequent visitor to the mission station, and we had many talks together. His son, who had then taken up the chieftainship,

was still holding out against Christianity, so Manaura was always silent regarding his own views. Years rolled on. Still he kept silent regarding his inner life. When at last he felt he was dying he sent for Manambalea, who remained with him, and talked with him to the last, and as he was gradually sinking, he kept saying, "Jesus, Jesus, Jesus!" Evidently Jesus was all in all to him.

The last chief of Tongoa to "hold the fort" for the old heathenism was Ti Tongoa of Mangarisu. He was a prudent man in his own way. The village is far from being the largest on the island, but being looked upon as a sacred chief, he would well understand that "sacredness" would not carry him into Christianity. All the other villages had accepted teachers and had built school-churches several years before. Indeed many of his own people were often present at the services at a near village. At last he decided to put the matter to the test. He said, "I shall make a big feast, and will invite the people of all the villages to come. If they are what they profess to be, they will not come. If they do come I shall know that their Christianity is not true." The first he invited was Pau Nimanu of Euta. "No," he said, "I would not go to it if you were to give me bullock to eat." "Oh!" said Ti Tongoa, "You need not talk; you have not yet cleaned your own house," meaning that he had not formally put away a second wife. Then he threatened to "pull down a hurricane" on them if they would not come. As it happened, a hurricane came, but it did not do much harm except at his own place. I met him some time after and innocently said to

him, "I understand it was you that pulled down that hurricane." "Oh! no, it was not I." "Ah! but I know it, you said so yourself." "No, it was not I." "You need not deny it, but you must have pulled the wrong string." He had no more to say.

In due time the feast came off, and many individuals went, but no village went formally. He gave in, took a teacher, and all along he has supported the teacher better than any other chief on the island. Indeed, at times when there has been a vacancy he has seen to the school himself. He was not satisfied with teaching only, but joined the local preachers and kept it up for years. For fifty years he was chief of that village. When his strength seemed to fail, he had to give up his place on the preacher's roll. I visited him during his illness, and the last time I saw him he seemed much better. On the morning of September 14th, 1927, word came that he was dead. More than any other native, he was a personal friend of our family. He gave a piece of land to the mission, the best site possible for a school house for young men. Ti Tongoa's son is too young to assume the chieftainship, so a man who has been Ti Tongoa's helper for many years, has taken the responsibility for the present.

It had been my regret for years that I could not adequately discharge all the opportunities for teaching. I asked the Committee years ago to give me a teacher, but they had not sufficient funds. Then for one year I kept a teacher at my own expense. Afterwards I had some years alone,

so now I felt we should put all energy into the teaching. Indeed I think there is no other mission station in the group with the same opportunity for teaching, as Tongoa. I have no great confidence in natives as teachers, but a good Christian man as the village teacher is most desirable. A native can conduct the early morning teaching, and in course of time teach the children to read, and he can do much to keep up the Christian life in the village; but no progress will be made in the matter of real teaching.

Samori was a little man who spent part of his time on Emai, and part on Tongoa. He evidently was the remaining ashes of a one-time great ancestor. Indeed, the name is found on many islands. He was regarded as a sacred chief with authority over several villages. He paid me frequent visits, and evidently wanted me to feel that he stood nearer to me than the common natives.

He told me that he was the son of God. (We must not attach our meaning to the word.) "Well," I said, "I have come here with a message from God, so you must come to hear what He has to say." He did come now and then. One day he fancied he had hit upon the way of winning my heart; he had noticed that I was not married, and in the islands all aim at marriage as the proper form of life, so he had brought a nice young woman, and assured me of all her good qualities, then concluded that he had put things right for me. When I told him I had not come to the island for that, he was quite disappointed. He could not understand what kind of man I was. He assured me that she was a really good woman.

From the very beginning of my life on Tongoa Lei Nasu showed an interest in Christianity. She had heard of it from Efati, and felt that this was the thing for her. Her chequered life from early childhood was enough to make her long for something better than heathenism. After our flight to Selembanga she came forward as the first Tongoan woman to be our servant. She knew nothing of European methods, but did her best, and soon learnt what was required of her. A native, if she does not feel very well, says nothing, but goes and lies down, leaving things to take care of themselves. Not so Lei Nasu. She might have a headache, but still she went on with her work and never stopped while there was anything to do.

The first New Year's day we were at Selembanga we invited all to come to that village. We provided a good deal of food, and Manambalea roused up the people to do all that was wanted. At the close of my address I said, "Now you have heard what God offers to you; who is willing to give his whole life to God?" There was a short silence. Then I saw at the far end of the great crowd the tall figure of Lei Nasu stand up, alone for a while, then a good few followed. It was a memorable gathering when more than half of the population of the island were thus challenged, "Is it to be Christ, or darkness?" and Lei Nasu led the way.

For some time she continued faithfully as our servant, then I thought her husband was fit to go out as a teacher. They set out as the light bearers to one village after another, she being the greater light, as her husband never developed much as a

teacher, and the time came, when a better man had to be sent out. Lei Nasu and her husband once had charge of the mission station, while we were on holiday. In the end they retired to Selembanga, where the husband died. Whenever we went to Selembanga to conduct the Sunday services there, Lei Nasu would always bring us what she had prepared for her own dinner. She remained with us the last night we spent on the island, and next morning early, when the steamer called for us, she was speechless, while her tears flowed freely. She is now not far from ninety years of age, and from the last letters from Tongoa I learn that she has become blind.

CHAPTER XIV

ROAD MAKING

FROM almost the beginning I have felt the necessity of changing the island from a savage bush country to a civilised and progressive land. Indeed, Christianity cannot live without progressing, yet it cannot progress with everything round it standing still. One of the first essentials in civilization is roads, so it is not surprising that I had to become road-maker.

Tongoa is practically a forest-clad island. When a native goes out to make his annual garden he goes to a piece of bushland, where he has his banana plants put in at the same time as his yam, and gathers the bananas the next year. The third year he may go back and cut down the reeds which he put in the ground for trailing the yam vines the first year, but which have now taken root and are big bunches of reeds. These are used for trailing a new crop of yams, or for thatching houses, or even for making reed fences. The bunches of reeds, which look like big sheaves, may be eight or ten feet long, and are carried usually on women's heads over all sorts of crooked tracks. When a native sees a piece of land he likes for a yam garden, there he makes it. As likely as not anyone having a garden further on will have to make a new track outside the fence, so, naturally, bush

tracks are a wonderful succession of crooks. After a hurricane many big trees are found blown down, and natives cannot see a reason for "wasting time" to clear the track, with the consequence that if a track is straightened, it is sheer accident.

To travel on that sort of track is not my idea of a permanent road. I have already mentioned how I made a bridle track from one station to the other over hills at least eight hundred feet high, connecting the two sides of the island. That, I regarded as only a temporary thing. What I aimed at was a cart road across the island. As soon as we began to set up the station at Lumbukuti two tracks were opened, one by Pele, and one by Euta, the two bush villages, but they were very much as natives had made them. I remember once, when walking alone, being overtaken by darkness, and had to feel repeatedly with my hands, to discover whether I was on the track or not. I felt it imperative to make a proper road. Therefore I arranged with a party of natives to make the road by Euta to Lumbukuti, for payment of so much per hundred yards. They did very well for a few hundred yards. One day a Queensland recruiter came, and they dropped their picks and shovels and booked for Queensland.

The fact of the matter was that one of my road men had conceived the idea of leaving his own wife to run away with a young woman. Manambalea was not going to let a thing like that pass. Knowing that the man had "signed on" he did not attempt to bring him back, but he brought the man's wife on board and told the Captain that he had got the wrong woman, saying, "This is his wife."

The man could not deny the fact, and Manambalea brought the runaway woman ashore with him. Some three or four years later my road man came back. After some days he and the others came up to me and said, "We were working on the road for you but you did not pay us." Although I never took up that road after they left, I decided to pay them for the work.

The next road I undertook was by Pele. I first made a nice cart road. After bringing it forward for about half a mile, I decided to go on with only a bridle track; I might have alterations to make as there was no way of making a survey through the bush. At last I reached the village of Pele. "Well," said Maraki, "you are here now. If you pay me for all the people of my village that the Lumbukuti people have killed you can take it through to Lumbukuti." I told him I could have nothing to do with that.

It was about 1902 that I took up the matter again. In my former efforts I was only thinking of a mission road, but my ideas developed. The natives could all get about from one place to another on their own tracks, but I wanted a road that one could travel on in a gig, or a motor car. I called a meeting of the chiefs to consider the matter, and succeeded in interesting them. An arrangement was signed whereby all the villages were to give free labour, and the village nearest the working was to provide the food. All this sounded very well. The one thing that I insisted on was my freedom to make the road where I judged best, and that no compensation was to be made. The difference in this undertaking was that it was to be a public

road, the other roads were mission roads. The other roads were commenced from Selembanga; this road I commenced at the beach on the side where the ships anchor.

To get up a steep hill over four hundred feet, was a great undertaking. The volunteers came forward to begin with, but having no idea of road making, they made so many mistakes that I had to thank them very much and let them go home. Then I engaged a gang of eight men, who gradually learned what to do. To begin with, we had to cross a blind creek, over which I made a bridge. Then we built a stone wall one hundred feet long and fifteen feet high, cut into rock, and hard broken rock, to reduce the grade. After many months of hard work we conquered the hill. When we reached Pele, a trader went there with a waggon and horses. Here was something new, to sell their produce at their own doors. Volunteers came forward freely after that. I had to provide nearly all the food until the Selembanga people came on. They took what I gave them, and brought their own, and worked happily. They saw what a road meant. It was a happy day to me when all these efforts at last reached their culmination, and a road on which a motor car could run stretched from one side of the island to the other. Now every village on the island has its bullocks or horses and carts which carry the produce that the women used to carry on their heads.

CHAPTER XV

SOUTH EAST OF EPI

WHEN I came to the islands there were four villages on the South East corner of Epi speaking the Tongoan language, and these looked to me as their future missionary. Indeed one of these villages actually built a boat house for me, for when I should be able to go and see them. In due time I took over the entire district with two different languages. The history of that district is a very sad one. That part of Epi, and no doubt most of that island, had been a successful hunting ground for the Queensland labour recruiters, until nearly all the strong men were weeded out.

There is a drawback to the working of the Sakau district of Epi from Tongoa. The distance between the two stations is about twelve miles. I have frequently had little difficulty in getting there, by watching my opportunity, when I had the tide with me and a trade wind behind. It is getting back again that is the difficulty. Many times it has taken me ten or twelve hours fighting a stiff trade wind. It has not been an uncommon thing for boats to give it up and return to Sakau.

In addition to that, the district is very unhealthy. After a visit of a week or two it was quite a common thing for me to be laid up with a remittent fever

for a month or two. Many a time I was so ill, that it seemed I must die. Once when all thought I was dying, a fine Christian woman came up in the morning to see me. She was smiling and bright. "Oh!" she said, "you are to live; I saw it in the night." Another time when I was so low I had hardly a thought of recovering, Joe Malesu, a most faithful and whole-hearted Christian said, "You are weak, and seem to be dying, but I see light in your eye." At another time I was in a similar condition and was lying in front of the open window for coolness, when Manambalea came in. He sat beside me and commenced to pray. Just as he commenced a little bird came and sat on the window-sill. As long as he prayed it remained there, and when he ended his prayer, the bird flew away. Manambalea nodded to me, implying that he believed the prayer had been heard. Once when I was alone, good Lizzie and Billie, my servants, watched over me from seven in the evening till four in the morning, as I was unconscious. When I was able to speak, I said, "Pray." "We have been praying for you all night," replied Billie. I got over all these attacks and would have been able to look back with joy and thankfulness, but there is a very sad side to the work on that island, the falling off of the population.

Billie, to whom I have referred, was with me for many years minding my goats and cattle. He afterwards became a teacher, and when other men came forward better fitted for the work, he was made an elder, and is still living. Lizzie was one of the finest Christian women we had on

the island. She was with me for many years when I was alone, and was as nearly like a white woman as any we had on the mission station. One day I asked her to call Leiwiakiki to make me some pancakes. She said, "If you would mix it for me, I would like to try to make them." I mixed it for her and she made them as well as the other girl, who had long experience under my first wife. At another time she came with a book in her hand, and asked me to translate it for her. It was a recipe for a pudding, which my daughter had made. The next day she placed on the table a pudding exactly like the one my daughter had made. In the matter of sweeping and cleaning and washing she did as well as any white woman, but it was mainly in time of sickness that she was such a great help to me.

Once, when ill with a serious remittent fever, I had my stretcher between two doors to keep cool, and she sat on the floor in a corner near the door. It was getting on towards eleven o'clock, "You had better go to bed," I said to her. "But who is to look after you?" she asked. "Oh! I shall look after myself." I had very little strength left, and the poor woman had been waiting on me since morning, and for days before. It was reluctantly that she went. At another time I felt so weak that I thought I could not recover. I said to her, "I want them to bury me under that tree on the hillside," and gave her other instructions. She burst into tears. It was Sunday morning, and a little after the station people were coming back from church. She called out through her tears,

that I thought I was dying. They came up and commenced to rub my arms and legs. When they thought they had revived me, which they had, they went to their own houses, but Lizzie stayed on.

Her father was anxious that she should return home. I knew quite well what was troubling him. He wanted her to get married so that he could get something for her. (I have always objected to their taking payment for their daughters, so when they do that they take care not to let me know.) At last I could not keep her any longer. She was married to a bad man. Years later she became ill, and my present wife drove over to her village with food and medicine. Her husband was quite angry with Mrs. Michelsen for looking after Lizzie. "If she wants to die, let her die," he said. Later we sent her to the hospital, but they could do nothing for her. We all loved her as a whole-hearted Christian. We were thankful when she fell asleep and was free from the man who evidently had set his mind on another woman. Lizzie was one of the excellent of the earth.

There are four islands South of Tongoa which with it form the Sheppard group. The nearest, Ewose, is simply one ridge. Until recently it had one village at the end nearest Tongoa. I had a talk with the chief, who readily agreed to take a teacher. As I had the man, with his wife, ready to go there I was not long in getting back, and the settlement seemed quite a happy one. Ti Tongoa of Mangarisu, who was at that time still heathen, had some influence and supposed authority

over that village. Having discovered that the teacher was accepted, he determined not to let that island village accept Christianity before he approved of it. I was scarcely back to Tongoa before Ti Tongoa arrived with a full canoe load of men and emphatically objected to the settlement without his permission. Jack, the teacher said, "The missionary took me here and so I cannot leave." The chief was in difficulty, he had agreed to take a teacher and Ti Tongoa, his superior, objected. Seeing the teacher was unwilling to leave, Ti Tongoa fell back on his authority. He said to his men, "Shoot this man." "Come here," said Jack to his wife, "let us die together."

Ti Tongoa was not aware of the change of public opinion that had come over Tongoa. The men refused to shoot. It was the coming of another authority. There was a stand still for some time. The chief was reluctant to let the teacher go, and Ti Tongoa was unwilling to let his authority go. At last the chief told Jack it would be better for him to leave. He knew it could not be for long. The village near Ti Tongoa's was waiting for a teacher, so I sent him there. As the two villages were near one another many of the Mangarisu people used to visit the teacher. As Tongoa was now getting a safe place to live in, the people of Ewose gradually shifted over to Tongoa. There are no people living there now. Sometimes they go over to make their copra.

Next to Ewose is Valea. The name means "cave." It is said that a cave in the coral rock

goes right through the island. There is no one living on it, but people from Tongariki go there at times to make up copra from the coconuts growing there. Close to each other are the islands of Tongariki and Buninga, forming a triangle with Ewose. It was not until 1890 that I was able to provide teachers for these islands. I had a number of the people from both islands on Tongoa for instruction, and several were church members before they returned to their own place. At last I was able to take steps to settle teachers there. Manamali was a red hot Evangelist, but not exactly "as wise as a serpent." My faithful helper, Manambalea was a man of tremendous force. These two were the men I took over with me. I built a small house for myself, and the two teachers found shelter with the natives.

They kept very quiet as long as I was with them, but as soon as I was away they made their presence felt. Manambalea had been with me in the road making in Tongoa, and he could see no reason why the Tongariki people should not have roads too. Indeed the principal chief on Tongariki, Sasamaki, had seen Manambalea at road making on Tongoa, and had been much interested. Most likely that had helped to welcome him on Tongariki. When I came over again I found roads connecting the four villages. Schools had been erected, and besides the two men I had some of the men who had been on Tongoa for instructions, to help take charge of the schools at the other villages. Manamali was old and failed very much, but he never lost his love and zeal. For years he took his turn with others to visit the villages, preaching

every Sunday. His only fault was that with all his zeal he was too apt to keep on speaking too long. When his congregation thought he had come to an end he would make a fresh start, and always had more to say!

Natives have never been in the habit of showing much consideration for the old people who were not able to work in their own gardens. They were often left to be short of food, and ultimately died of starvation. In the heathen days, the people in their own village would do away with them—usually by burying them alive. I once visited Nguna some years after I had been there. My old friends pointed out to me an old man, who looked quite lively, they said to me, "We heard of this man, that he was to be buried alive." The Christians asked to have him given to them, which was done. They told me that when he came to the station he walked leaning on his staff, now he had thrown it away and was learning to read. Poor Manamali. No doubt his sons would do something for him, but they did not feel the veneration and love for a poor old father that they should. Whenever he came up to the mission station he never went away empty, and when he was not able to come up to see us we sent food down to him. Especially on Sunday mornings our little girl took him food, and sugar and tea. On one such occasion she went as usual and I told her to say, "I bring you this for Jesus." He repeated with trembling voice the words, "She brings me this for Jesus, she brings me this for Jesus." The tears came to his eyes. He never ceased to grieve over the hardness of the hearts

of those who could not see the emptiness of the world, and who did not accept the salvation that is offered in Christ. He went home with the assurance of meeting his Saviour, whom he zealously served.

CHAPTER XVI

SOME INCIDENTS

MATAPUTI (he was Ti Mataso as chief), the old man who dreamed the dream of the ladder stretching from earth to Heaven, and who gave me such a hearty welcome on my first visit, was getting old, and as I was going to New Zealand for my holiday, I did not want to leave the island without seeing him. As long as I lived at Tonga Lapa I had included his village on my Sunday itinerary. I always had all the inhabitants at the meeting, except one man, who refused to attend. "Well," said Ti Mataso, "I cannot compel you to go to church, but I forbid you to go and work in your food garden on a Sunday." That same man developed ophthalmia, which could have been cured had he come to me, but I suppose he was too proud to do that. He expected, or hoped, to get better without treatment, but he did not; he became blind. No doubt he, and all the village, took that as a punishment for refusing to go to church. After that he came to church to seek a cure for his spiritual blindness.

When I moved to the other side of the island I could not visit his village regularly, but whenever I did there was a baked fowl with yam, taro or breadfruit for my dinner. In the years that followed

Mataputi always helped and encouraged the teachers who conducted the local school.

As it was uncertain whether, in the ordinary course of my duties, I should ever see him again when I returned from New Zealand, I paid him a special visit. I found him sitting in his hut, very frail, and almost blind. We had a long talk of the past and the future. As I was about to shake hands with him, I said, "Leitere (his loving Christian wife) has gone on before you. We do not know who is to be the next, it may be either of us." I held out my hand to him. He put forth his trembling hand and said, "You have saved us." His tears of gratitude and joy rolled down his cheeks. When I came back from New Zealand he had passed to his rest.

Manambalea continued to work for the kingdom of God to the end of his days. But that end came in a very unexpected way. It came too suddenly as we might feel, but God makes no mistakes.

It has sometimes been said among Europeans that marriages are formed in Heaven. Whatever truth there is in that, it certainly does not apply to the natives in our island; they are too often arranged by the parents or by the chiefs. That is a matter I have fought hard against all through my mission life. It is one of those practices that die hard. There was a case of an attempt to compel a woman—even Manambalea's own granddaughter—to marry a man whom she disliked. It happened several times during my experience that to escape a forced marriage a woman threw herself in the sea, professing, at least, that she

would drown herself. Then there would be great excitement, canoes and swimmers following to rescue her.

I believe that in many cases the women do not intend to die. Whether intending to die or not this woman threw herself into the sea. There was no canoe at hand, and she was caught by a strong current and carried away to sea. Manambelea, who was a strong swimmer, dived into the sea and swam to save the woman, had her safe out of the grip of the tide, and sent her before him towards the shore. The people on the rocks rejoiced to see the two coming near. The woman was just landing when Manambalea suddenly disappeared. Whether he was exhausted, cramped, or caught by a shark no one ever could tell. Many years afterwards his belt was found overgrown with coral.

We had the funeral service on the rocks near where he had disappeared. Nature seemed to add her share to the solemnity of it. The roaring sea dashing against the rocks reminded us of the irresistible power of Him whom he served, while the white foam brought to one's mind the picture of the white robe of purity which our departed fellow worker was even then wearing. Many a time had he guided my boat safely through these rocks, himself swimming or diving in the water. Here we now stood on those very rocks with the breakers dashing up in their white fury over the immovable foundation of rocks, as Manambalea often had stood against heathenism and the opposition of the devil. The C.E. members on Tongoa raised him a very fine memorial stone on

which the blessing he had been to Tongoa was fully inscribed, ending with the words, "He saved another, himself he could not save."

He was a great man. And yet what was it that made him great? A strong will, a strong body, a heart right with God, and a strong faith. At his death I felt that I had lost my right hand, although the days of his great work were the early days of the mission. He was a man of the spirit of Oliver Cromwell. There can be no doubt that he was a man raised up of God, and a prominent instrument in turning Tongoa from one of the worst cannibal islands in the Group to a professedly Christian one. All praise be to Him who prepared the man for the great work. He was drowned on October 4th, 1907.

Some time in the '90's I was sitting in my cottage on Tongariki chatting with Sasamaki, one of the chiefs of that island. He said to me, "Do you remember the first time you were here with 'Misis'?" "Yes," I said, "I remember that well and we slept in your house." "Do you remember the Lowaima people came down first?" "Yes." "Well, they wanted to kill and eat you, and I sent them home and looked after you myself." It was the first time I heard that side of the story.

Later I told the story to some young men who had just returned from the training institution on Santo. They said, "We can tell you something else you perhaps do not know. You went to Paama, when Mr. Smaill was away?" "Yes," I said, "I had the oversight of his station and I called at Paama, trying to get them to take a

missionary. Mr. Smaill living nearby had tried them before. A crowd were down on the beach; but I noticed messengers went up to the village and came back again several times." "Well," said these young men, "we learnt from the young fellows from Paama who were at the institution that they were thinking of killing you, and the Tongoans who went as your boat crew." That all dovetailed with our experience. Our Tongoan boatmen were very uneasy, asking me again and again to get away. One Paama man commenced to talk to my wife and walked with her along the beach, (evidently to have her away while they killed the rest of us). However the other side won, and they at last came and said, they would take a missionary if they could get me as their missionary.

I told the Paama men that I was quite willing to work their island as an outstation, but I could not do it without the approval of the other missionaries. When I laid the matter before the other missionaries they did not approve.

In 1898 having had several attacks of Epi (a remittent fever) and not seeming to pick up strength, I decided to take a voyage to Sydney. I also decided to visit Queensland where there were still many Tongoans, whose three years' service were more than overdue. I went by rail from Sydney, and was delighted to see such beautiful land, where I was looking for a dried-up country fit only for growing sugar cane. I was also pleased to see Brisbane which up to that time was to me only a name.

At one station some men entered—gold-diggers, I think. They evidently were of the kind who think they can make themselves happy by stupefying their faculties with strong drink. The railway cars were at that time of the old "cow stall" kind with divisions high enough to prevent cows from hopping over. Most of the party went into the next stall, but one of them came into my stall. He folded up his coat for a pillow and lay down to sleep. A Christian New Hebridian (a Tanna man) came in and sat down at this man's feet. The sleeper wakened up, and, when he noticed that the man at his feet was a *kanaka*, he commenced to kick him most vigorously. I jumped up and said, "That man has every right to sit there; he has paid his passage as well as you and I." "Eh!" he said, showing his teeth like a savage dog, "you are a black fellow, any how a black sausage," adding to his words a look that would hurt perhaps more than his words. The native sat quite cool and said, "Yes, me black outside, you black inside."

I continued my journey to Bundaberg the next day, where I met a good woman who regarded me as an old friend, having heard of me from the natives. She helped me to find many of my people.

They told me there was a private railway to a certain sugar plantation carrying cane up to a sugar mill. The train had one car for passengers who might want to go that way. As these ladies and I talked a little too long, I missed the train, and had to follow the line on foot. Half way to my destination I found there had been an

accident. As the train had been running down the hill, it had crashed into a horse. The train was thrown off the line, and the car in which I should have travelled, was smashed. Had I not missed the train I should not have been alive to-day to tell the story.

CHAPTER XVII

VISITORS TO TONGOA

PROFESSOR HENRY DRUMMOND visited the New Hebrides mission in 1891. He was present at our Synod and sailed with us from mission station to station. We enjoyed his delightful presence for days. He expressed a wish to see the volcano on Tanna. As we approached the shore we met a crowd of heathen, steel-faced Tanna men with their guns in their hands, and a look that said, "You may come ashore, if we allow you." Mr. Gray, one of the Tanna missionaries called out "missionary." At that their appearance changed like a landscape passing from under a dark cloud into bright sunshine.

The whole company of natives came with us up to the volcano. We all looked down into the lake of boiling lava. It was a gruesome sight. The missionaries tell of women who threw themselves into it to escape being married to men to whom they objected. While we were there, Professor Drummond sat down to rest on a large scoria block. Only a few seconds after he had left his seat another big scoria block fell, exactly where he had been sitting. Had he remained another half minute he would have been killed.

On the way to Tongoa I had the privilege of having long talks with him. He stayed with us

one night at Tongoa and in his journal he says, " Mr. Michelsen has been eleven years on Tongoa. All Christian. Three years ago the last cannibal feast. Going up hill was introduced to the man (this was Maraki) who had been at it, the feast being his own half-brother. At Tongoa in the moonlight, on the verandah, heard evening song going up from hut after hut, on this side and that. Less than four years ago the missionary has seen from this same verandah, the smoke ascending from the roasting of human flesh."

In 1891 we left Tongoa for our long home furlough. It was a painful necessity for us to part with our people, when they were in their first love of Christianity. My dear wife and faithful fellow worker, who had been with me to bear the burden and heat of the day in the conquest of the island for Christianity was not privileged to enjoy the peace and quiet, and the love that would have awaited her from the hundreds of hearts she had won. She died giving birth to a son, who is now a minister in the Lutheran Church of Norway.

The beginning of mission work among savages must of necessity include instruction in reading. It is common throughout our mission to have early morning school for about an hour. That school opens with the singing of a hymn and prayer, followed by reading lessons. In the early days, when there perhaps was only one village to deal with, and, as in my case, no native teacher, I did all the teaching myself, which I always preferred. Most natives can learn almost anything except *how to teach*. After the reading lesson,

came a short Bible lesson, then the meeting closed with a hymn and prayer. Care had to be taken not to make the school wearisome, as that would mean a lost battle.

The day will soon come, when the pupils have learned enough to thirst for more teaching than even the missionary and his wife can find time to give. When that time came in my case I begged of our committee in New Zealand to allow some help, but they never could see their way. Their last excuse was that they had not the money. Then I sent up to a friend in Sydney to find me a suitable person for the work, and we kept her at our own expense, and she did splendid work until she married. After that some time elapsed, when it was not convenient to have such help. I next built a school house that was ideal for the tropics. It was in the shape of a cross, with a vacant square in the centre, twenty feet by twenty feet, with projections the same size. The walls were about three feet six inches thick, and there were no walls between the classes: the central space was sufficient to ensure that one class did not disturb the other. Sitting in this central space I could keep my eye on all the four classes. Unfortunately and unavoidably the head station is at one end of the island, which is inconvenient for the young people of the villages at the other end. Manambalea took in hand to gather up all the young men from Selembanga, into a school camp about two miles from the school. He gathered them up on Monday morning each with his basket of yam and other native food, and sent them on to school, every morning. We gave

each a piece of bread as he left school. If we had given only to those from a distance, those from the near village would have felt that we made a difference, so we had to give to all. It was rather a drain on our resources, but we hoped it would prove to be the casting of the bread upon the waters (a practice of which I never have been afraid). Unfortunately the school house was blown down in the great hurricane.

The church, which also was blown down, was too small for our large communion, so we decided to use all the material with some additions to make a much enlarged church. I might have had smaller communions at different parts of the island, but I felt it would be wise that the different villages, who in former days were more or less enemies, should now unite in one communion. It is not easy to smooth down old hatreds.

When we returned in 1926 after my first retirement and we had our two youngest daughters with us, we started school work in the re-built and enlarged church. There was not another Manambalea to be found, and the school became simply the village school. Had I had years before me, my plan would have been clear. Before I left the Island Ti Tongoa gave me a piece of land in the very centre of the island. That is the ideal site for the school, therefore I should have struggled for another such school and the necessary help. Little more road making would be required, a cheap car would speed up the work, and such a school would give equal opportunity to all.

Up to 1890 were the years when the Gospel conquered the island for Christianity. After that, there has been, and still is the difficult task of winning those to Christ who, perhaps, think they are right because they have given up all outward heathenism, but whose hearts are still unchanged. Throughout those early years of the battle, many died in the Faith. I find that even now, those who have seen the days of heathenism, are by far the most solid followers of the Lord Jesus. Some of those show their veneration for Him by the respect they show me, who took my life in my hands for their sakes, and who gave them the word of life. There are men to-day, who, when they meet me on the road take off their hat and stand, hat in hand, until I have passed. There are also those who have never seen the days of darkness, who also feel they are living in better days.

A certain trader tried to put some young men against me. They listened to him for a while, then one of them said, "You should have been here before him, and they would have made roast beef of you."

The work was not ended when Christianity was accepted, and recognised as the religion of the island, and known as "the light," and heathenism as "the darkness." There was indeed light enough among them to strive for more light. Throughout the district schools were established at every village, and individuals were added to the church. I opened first weekly meetings for instruction every Friday, for people from every village. I took for my subject, the

"Life of Christ." It would have done the soul of any mission friend good to have seen that packed church of attentive hearers week after week. On following years that meeting developed into a class of candidates for membership. One year I added one hundred and twenty members to the roll, after weeding out many. There was a time when there was not a white person on the island outside the mission station, and certainly that was the happiest time, as influences not always for good have crept in.

No one can pass through life without wielding an influence for evil or for good—against, or for, Christ. When a native sees a person seemingly happy without Christ (showing no interest in Christianity) the thought naturally will come to him, "If this man can be happy without Christ, why should we need Him?" The native does not see the inward remorse that often comes upon the Christless soul. Whilst we have had influences which have been favourable to the cause and natives have seen a very questionable form of Christianity abroad, we have had neighbours on the island—real Christians, who have proved by "their lives and conversation" that there was no discord between their occupation and my work. They have been a great comfort to us and have become life friends. As for the work that was planted by myself and my devoted wife in the early days, it has gone on and has even been felt beyond our district.

At my invitation the annual mission synod was held at Tongoa in 1906. It was really past the time for the semi-jubilee of my mission work

here, but might be taken as such. Little did I hope then to be there nearly twenty-five years later.

At that time the interest in the work among the natives seemed to have reached the high-water mark. There were still a large number living, who had been helping in the early struggle for the Gospel.

As they gradually pass away, a second and third generation coming on take Christianity as a matter of course and lead the feeling regarding it very much down to the sad state of things as we see it in other "Christian countries." At the 1906 mission synod, when every village had its school-church and teacher with a feeling of the victory won, the younger generation readily fell in with the rejoicing of those who had gone through the battle. All the leading people on the island had a fresh recollection of the days of savage life and cannibalism, insecurity and cruelty, when no one felt safe even when visiting a "friendly" village, for even then the people would come in a large company as a precaution.

When I talked with the captain of the inter-island steamer, we managed to arrange that all our visitors had to stay a long time before they could get back to their own stations. We also succeeded in getting a good gathering of missionaries and mission families. Years before when we invited the synod to Tongoa the invitation was not accepted. This time, I think, all felt it was not only a place where they could do their ordinary mission synod work, but a place for a much needed change, coming as most of them

did, from low lying stations on the beaches, from which they could only get away by boat or through bush tracks. Here we had a new road hundreds of feet above sea level, and my new large two-horse waggonette. Driving through the fresh hill air, many would forget that they were still in the New Hebrides. Many of them remembered my account of my experiences in 1879 of the savage cannibals I had to deal with. Indeed the island was notorious. I was told of two captains of the Queensland recruiting ships, who met at Havannah Harbour. One said to the other, "Where are you going?" "To Tongoa." "See you keep your powder dry."

Now this mission party could feel they were perfectly safe among friends, who heartily welcomed them.

On former days the best house in a native village was the *farea*, and this was now changed to the native-built and thatched school-church which was then and is still being changed into a European church with iron roof. In, or in front of, the *farea* the men used to meet to drink their kava and discuss plans to destroy their neighbours. Nearby stood the heathen drums with carved and painted hideous faces, representing their departed dead, before whom they danced and sang. Yes, you would not only hear them, but you would literally *feel* the drumming. With painted savages yelling and singing amid blazing fires it was awe-inspiring. Yet there was rhythm and music in it, though they knew nothing of staff music or sol-fa,—savage though it was. Now you can hear them

sing, "All people that on Earth do dwell," as correctly as in very Scotland.

A native drum is a musical instrument as compared with a European drum, which after all is only a rattle. We ruthlessly do away with all these things because of the sin connected with their heathen feasts. It seems a pity that we could not segregate the evil from the other. I am sure there is a danger of setting up a dull monotonous life, which may be harmful both mentally and physically. At any rate the change has been brought about, and they are organizing from time to time, what they call concerts with singing and various games.

The mission party were able to enjoy the rest and freshness of life on Tongoa. The oldest among them were able to forget their years and join the younger generation in their games. I noticed one of them mounting a bicycle, I suppose for the first time in his life. Several of the missionaries' daughters were good musicians and were able to enliven the evenings; others of them slipped away for a moonlight ride.

Although I believe that young and old enjoyed a much needed holiday, yet all were busy with synod matters, so such a change as that would almost come under the head of a necessity.

Subsequently to the synod, Mr. F. J. Paton contributed the following notes to the *New Hebridean Magazine*:—"On Friday, 8th June, synod adjourned in the afternoon, that members might witness the installation by the natives of the new chief of the central village of Pele, Tongoa.

"Including the missionaries and settlers, there were many whites, who came by the beautiful road, which runs across the island. As the waggonette and spring cart drove under the broad banyan, and through groves of coconuts and other tropical trees, palms, and crotons, etc., glimpses now and then were obtained of the valleys, and the hills in a blue haze.

"The bullock team drew a tank to the village, and looked quite homelike to Australians, and a bicycle and several cameras lent a modern touch to the scene.

"The ceremony was held in the village square, which was decorated with palms and flowers. A great village lodge fronted one side, beside which a heap of stones acted as a platform. About five hundred natives were there from Emai, Nguna, Epi, and other islands. The morning had evidently been devoted to hospitality and feasting, great holes in the ground showing where the native puddings had been cooked.

"About three o'clock the clear call of the conch shells drew the people to the square, and all sat on the logs, or mats, some very fine mats near the lodge house being reserved for the chiefs. During the first hymn, well sung in unison, fourteen chiefs in single file, but each touching the hand of the chief in front, slowly marched round the square, and took their stand on the mats in a circle, with the aged chief and his young grandson in their midst, the latter's head having a garland of fern leaves.

"Mr. Michelsen, their missionary, gave an earnest address to the people, and the young

man then knelt before the aged chief. Some years ago this old man had delegated his authority to his son, who died, and it was touching to see him again instal another to do his work. He placed his hands on the head of the kneeling lad, and said, 'Be thou Marimariki,' thus conferring on him the hereditary name of all the chiefs of Pele in their succession. Young Marimariki then joined the other chiefs, and Mr. Michelsen prayed.

"Mr. Milne addressed young Marimariki on his duties, but the gathering was so representative that Mr. Milne felt it the occasion of a life-time, and, in a fiery and eloquent speech, kept the attention of all the natives rivetted on his words. The fact that he spoke their language was a great help in keeping their interest. Mr. Leggatt next addressed the people with a few stirring words from 'Love the brotherhood, fear God, honour the king.' The people of Pele, during the singing of a hymn, came forward in turn, about one hundred shaking hands as a mark of allegiance on the one hand, and a promise to act as a true chief on the other hand.

"After the benediction the gathering shook hands with the chief and all wended homewards, pleased with the simple ceremony."

CHAPTER XVIII

HURRICANES

It had been arranged that we should have the communion service on November 10th, 1918, at the Church at Selembanga, which was the largest on the island. I drove to that place on the Friday, a place of many happy memories from the early days of this mission. To me everything there seems to speak of peace and love. The kindness of the people, the memory of the loving wife of my youth, the darlings we loved and buried under the pine trees, which themselves whisper peace, brighten the thoughts of that home where our two little ones in their own loving ways helped to sweeten life. Looking North we see the mighty billows breaking over the rocks, dissolving into a white foam, where my dear and faithful helper, Manambalea, gave his life for another.

On this occasion I had our little girl with me for company, who, as we drove, completed her grasp of the multiplication table and laid the foundation for her future aptitude for arithmetic.

The next morning I went down to the church to make the necessary arrangements for the following day. On the Sunday morning I was there much before the time for the service. An unusually strong breeze was blowing. The venetian

blinds insisted on tearing themselves loose from their fastenings. No sooner was one made fast than another started to bang. The people from other villages commenced to gather in, nearly an hour before the time for the service. It was a showery morning. A few protected themselves with umbrellas, but most of the people had wild taro leaves or large banana leaves to shelter them.

In due time Mrs. Michelsen arrived in the gig with what was required for the communion. The crowd was fast gathering in. Suddenly I heard a terrible crash, quite different from the banging of the shutters, and the noise seemed to be overhead. There was shouting indicating something unusual. When I came out I found a large board twenty-four feet long, fourteen inches wide and one-and-a-half inches thick had been blown down. It was a wonder that it missed all the people gathered around the church. I soon had all the communicants and a few others comfortably seated. It is always my red-letter day to see hundreds of these seated in front of me, but all the noises spoiled the solemnity of it. I always, when I see these solemn gatherings, remind myself of what they would have been but for the Gospel, which I have had the privilege of giving them.

After such a service the people from the various villages usually remain outside the church for a chat with friends from other villages. At this time, because of the stormy and wet day, all seemed to hurry home as quickly as they could. This being more than a month before the usual

hurricane season no one dreamt of a hurricane. It was rough enough for us to hasten home without going up to the house. The wind kept increasing, and by the time we reached home it was quite plain we were in the midst of a hurricane. We now had to see what we could do to "lash down" everything. In the bedrooms I had gable windows for the sake of ventilation. I sent a native to tack up boards in front of one of these, but he came down without doing so. I thought I had more pluck, so I went up. I found the wall plate bending, and threatening to come in. So I decided to go outside to nail boards on there. The panes of the lower windows were fast blowing in, so we took sheets of iron blown off the verandah and nailed these over the windows.

After I came in we kept shifting from one room to another. At last we reached a lean-to behind the kitchen; but even there we soon felt the place unsafe. We looked through the back door, with the intention of running out with our girls and the native house-girls, to the waggon shed. Before we were down the steps we saw the latter sailing bodily down the paddock. Every part of the house was swaying; it was evidently unsafe to remain inside. The only place likely to be safe was the cellar. There were no glass windows, so we had the wind blowing in through all the openings. We closed it in as best we could, and made a fire in an old tub to dry ourselves, but there was not much comfort. By daylight the wind seemed to be on the wane, and we ventured up into the house.

Later on I commenced to take stock of the damage. The main building was still standing, but had been pushed a little out of plumb. Every sheet of iron was off the verandah; a small school house close to the main building had fared even worse, its verandah lay flat on the ground. The doors had blown in, half of the roof had been lifted up and was never seen again, so it must have blown into the sea; the other half for want of support fell in; the smithy, wood-house and the waggon house were all away or flat; fences, trees and branches were strewn all over the paddock. Our cattle and goats were all at large. One could hardly look upon such a scene of desolation without a sigh; but there was no time for sentiment. We tried to obtain all available help to put up fences round the garden to keep cattle and goats out. Windows had to be repaired, the verandah rebuilt and no end of other things had to be seen to.

Just as we were in the preliminary stage of restoring things, well on in the afternoon, a man came from the other side almost breathless, and said, "The church is down" (in which we held the communion). Later on our dear old servant Leinasu came over and said that the road was all strewn with trees and branches. She evidently was concerned about us.

When I came down to the beach I found that the house I had there for our stores as they were landed from the steamer was flat on the ground. That was how we celebrated Armistice Day on Tongoa. I had experienced many hurricanes during the forty years I had been on Tongoa, but had never experienced anything like this.

When I went over to Selembanga a few days later, a curious sight awaited me. It was most desirable to have a cart road past the church, and thence to our little house on the hill. The natives had taken it in hand to make this. Some started on top and some at the foot. When they came near to each other they found there was a drop of some ten feet! So it was left there. To the right of the road as we go down there were two large banyan trees, one had fallen to the right and the other to the left making the only suitable place for the road.

Then lay before me many months of hard work. The damage at the head station had to be seen to, and as soon as possible the church had to be rebuilt. Much of the material had been broken, and much of the roofing iron was either lost or so destroyed that it was useless, so I had to reduce the size from sixty feet by thirty-three feet, to forty-eight feet by twenty-four feet; even then the men had to cut down trees and square them to make up what was wanted.

Towards the end of January, 1922, we had very boisterous weather, and lived in fear of a hurricane. In the evening of February 2nd, there could be no doubt but that one was imminent. We had to do our best to make everything secure. For our comfort and safety, we shifted from room to room, but it soon became clear that we must go down into the cellar again, as we did four years before. We had not been long in this shelter, when I heard a door banging. I hurried up alone and without a light. The bolt at the foot of one of the double doors did not seem able

to hold the door, yet I had neither nails nor a hammer. I cannot say that I felt happy about making a long stay in the room. In my haste I piled one table on top of another, hoping that it might help the bolt to hold.

Not long after we heard a door had again blown open. I asked one of the native boys in the cellar to go up and see if he could fasten it. He came back at once, and said that he could not get in; the roof of the hall between the main building and the kitchen had fallen in. We could then do nothing, but wait developments. Not very long after, papers evidently from the study, commenced to blow down into the cellar. A window must have blown in. There was now no way of getting there, so we had to let the storm have its way. We did not have a comfortable time in the cellar but could only take as good care of ourselves as possible and "wish for the day."

Between two and three in the morning there was a tremendous crash overhead. There could be no doubt but that the whole house was down. With the wind, there was a continuous heavy rain, and of course, it commenced to come down on us. The dispensary was the room over the cellar, and bottles were blown down from the shelves, which were still standing. Various smells found their way down to us. After a while it became evident that a large bottle of carbolic acid had been smashed. With rain coming down on us, we could only get wet, but with any such admixture the idea of seeking an escape had to be seriously considered.

Indeed, we soon decided to make an escape

for the native village. We had two hurricane lanterns, and we hoped they would keep alight till we reached some native house. We pushed on safely for the first fifty yards or so, on the grass in front of the house, and might have got all the way, but when we came to the gate we found the small school lying across our path. In our efforts to clamber over it we did not take sufficient care of our lanterns, which were blown out. The night was pitch dark, and limbs of trees were blowing all around us. The only light we now had was from the lightning flashes every now and then, showing us the way. At each flash we ran to the next obstacle. After a time there was no more of this natural light. We then had to feel our way. I took a native for my pilot and held on to him, and my wife held on to me.

The first house we came to had been deserted, so was the next. We then came to a small hut with a number of people inside, and outside men were cutting down trees lest they should fall over the hut and crush it, and these they laid carefully on the hut to keep it from blowing away. When we had crawled in we had to be useful, helping to hold on to the hut to keep it from blowing over on us. When I came in to the light I found that after our scramble over all obstacles, only the handle of the lantern I started with was left in my hand. Not only had I to hold on to the house, but, having been wet to the skin several times, I kept stamping with my feet as though I were making a stand-still quick-march so as not to take a chill.

Some time after our arrival at that hut voices outside indicated other arrivals. Another white family had thought it prudent to leave their house and had heard that we were in this hut, so decided to take their chance with us. Our clothes were now fairly dry, and the hut was also secure, so we lay down for a little rest. As daylight came on, and the rain became less heavy, several natives went outside. They told me there was a strange sound up at the mission. Some said it was like a bell, others said it was different. They seemed not a little perturbed about it. It certainly sounded weird in the storm. I was glad to get in to the fresh air, and at once decided to go up to the station, but no native seemed disposed to go with me. I believe some of them thought that it was the song of victory of the prince of the power of the air. When I came up the hill I soon discovered what it was. One of the branches of the large banyan tree had split, and in the breaking, evidently a piece of wood had been left in the split forming the tongue between the two parts. It kept on sounding as long as the wind was high. A few days later we had a strong westerly wind in which this aeolian harp kept sounding again.

For thirty-eight years I had gradually built and added to that station, and with my own hands plastered every room, and had succeeded in making it a comfortable home, and now, with furniture, books, clothing—almost everything—it was wrecked in one night! Forty years collection of photographic negatives was to me a greater treasure than all the rest put together, and most of these were lost. Every post in the house was

down but one, the one on which the telephone was fixed. We had had a telephone connection with our friends on the shore, who had, however, left before this. I did not stay long at the wreck, but hurried back to the hut, for the wind was still so strong that I had to lean up against it to keep my equilibrium.

I sent a native up to the station to get us something to eat. He succeeded in bringing all we needed—bread, butter, sugar, a kettle, cups, and water—he did not tell us how he had managed it. On my next visit I soon learnt,—a plastered wall had fallen over the safe, thus protecting it. He had found an axe, and with it cut open the zinc of one side. We, the seven white people, had our meals that day in the little hut, and slept there the following night beside eight natives. A few sheets of iron were put up at the station, and we and our white neighbours, who were in the same plight as ourselves, took our meals under them for many days. (After they left their house it, as well as their storehouse, came down.)

Some of our Selembanga friends came over, and, with others of the nearer village people, volunteered to make some temporary shelters. Four posts were put in the ground on the lower terrace in front of the house. A large piece of roof was laid on top of these posts with the idea of turning it into a bedroom. The chief of the nearby village, with another man, took it upon themselves to re-erect our kitchen. As soon as we had that roof on the posts and one wall built, Mrs. Michelsen and our lady neighbour slept there. I took shelter under three sheets

of iron. After two or three nights, the chief fixed his house up for all the white people. He had actually managed to provide two spring beds for us two men, and made hard reed beds for the ladies and children! (Native etiquette dies hard!) Even in that house we had a considerable number of natives with us.

As an instance of the force of the wind I may mention that a piece of hardwood five feet by two feet had blown several yards up the hill, and our gig was hanging in an orange tree. Some sheets of iron that were caught on a tree were twisted round it like a sheet of paper. Before the hurricane the mission ground was like a park, with orange and breadfruit trees. Now a considerable part of it was bare, and the orange trees that were blown down were enough to keep the kitchen fires going for the next two years.

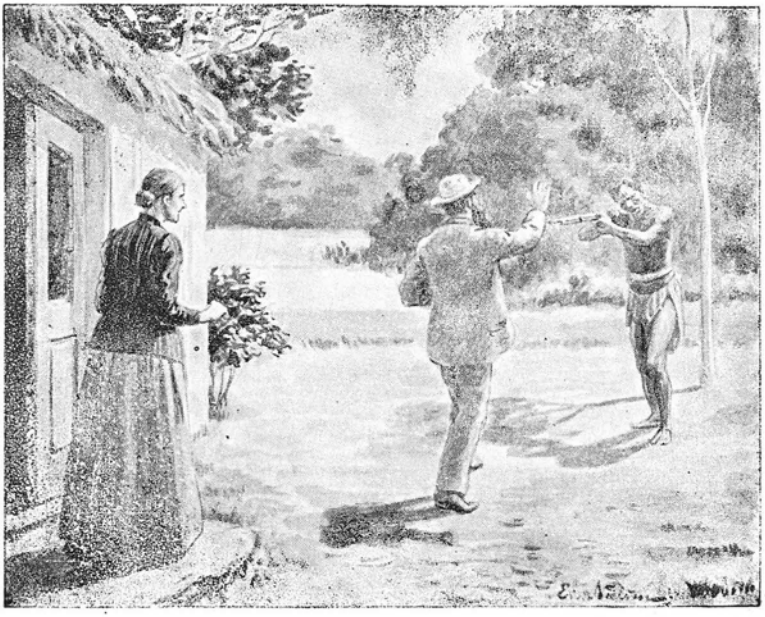
Our neat church, built twelve years before, fifty-eight feet by twenty-eight feet was also laid flat. The marble slabs of a pulpit, (the gift of the natives, which they had collected for a memorial to my first wife, whom they greatly loved), were flat on the floor, and the front slab, with the inscription, was smashed. (At my suggestion, the memorial had taken the form of a pulpit.) Nearly all the village churches were down, including two European churches built on Tongariki.

Perhaps more serious than all the destruction of churches and schools, and houses, was the destruction of the natives' food gardens. The main staff of life here is yam. When the yam vines are broken that is the end of the yams

growing, and at that early part of the year the yam is not far on. The natives hurriedly made some shelter for themselves, or crowded into the few huts that were still standing, and set to work planting sweet potatoes and Fiji taro, because from these they could get quick returns. As they were thus busy, working for their very existence, we could not readily get help for the re-building of houses and churches.

For some time the shortage of food was not so seriously felt. They still had some food, and there was some money among the people. The stock of native food did not last long, and their money was not of such amount as to suffice to keep them in rice, biscuits, and bread for any length of time. Then came the pinch. They, after some time, commenced to dig the sweet potatoes, and as they matured, the Fiji taro, but this did not prove royal fare. A cutter load of yams from the Nguna natives came as a gift, but what could that do among 1,200 people? Some yams came from the North, for sale, but they asked such exorbitant prices for them that these could only be bought for planting. There are many kinds of yam. There was one kind in particular that these yam vendors brought, which was not known on Tongoa, so the Tongoans had to have it at all cost. They call that yam Toomass (too much) to this day. For the next two years the natives and we had a great struggle. We, of course, did not feel the want of food ourselves, but had to be helpful to the people as much as we could. Our great struggle was with the re-building of the churches and houses; the natives' struggle

NATIVE HUT IN WHICH WE FOUND REFUGE DURING HURRICANE
(See page 204)



MARITARILIU, CHIEF OF PANITA, THREATENING TO SHOOT ME
(See page 147)

STATION AT LUMBUKUTI

THE STATION REBUILT

(See page 211)

THE WRECKED HEAD STATION

was for food. Sometimes we heard them say to each other, "Oh! these potatoes, potatoes, potatoes, we have eaten them till we loathe them."

The re-erection of the principal church was no small undertaking, and had to wait. We had to use the partly wrecked *farea* for a temporary church while, in the meantime, we were pushing on with the few workers I could obtain to build the mission station. I first worked to get the whole place cleared whilst we slept in the little humpy and took our meals under a few sheets of iron. Indeed for a long time it was a kind of gipsy life.

On Sunday morning before we had even one room set up on the main building a young man from our district on Epi came up and said, "Mother is very ill, and I have brought her over." I hurried down to the shore and found her almost unconscious. We took her up to the traders' house to rest, and to give her a cup of tea. Then we carried her up the hill (three-quarters of a mile) to the station, and I left the humpy, giving up my bed to our patient. Mrs. Michelsen remained for some time to look after her at night until, at last, she was so tired that the son had to take up the night watching. When she came the sick woman was so low she had no recollection of being carried up the hill. She remained with us for about three months, and left in fairly good health. Once before we had nursed her to life, when she was so low that we doubted if she would live a few hours. Her two sisters have also been my patients when there seemed little prospect of recovery.

I cannot withhold my admiration for the patient struggle and indomitable energy and enterprise of our European fellow sufferers in the hurricane. Their dwelling houses were down, and their stores and most of their stock were destroyed. Their business had not been particularly "booming" before the hurricane, and here they were, in the same trouble as ourselves, with three young children, and no Committee to back them up. Somehow their dwelling house and store were soon up again, and it seemed as if nothing had happened.

I, of course, had to erect a more permanent house. All the rooms at the station were rebuilt exactly to the old plan. The old house was plastered, and this time nearly all the rooms were done with reinforced concrete. All the gables were done away with and pavilions were put up instead, to make it more secure, but at the same time I spoiled the appearance of the house. I felt I had to make such a sacrifice, if, by so doing, I might help to avert another such calamity. On February 23rd, 1932, a hurricane nearly as severe visited the island and most of the building stood.

When at last I thought the village people would take it in hand to rebuild the church I spoke to the chief, who took up the leadership of the workers. It took many long months to get that work finished. We could not get a steady band of men to hold to the work. There were perhaps three or four who were seldom absent. The chief worked loyally all the time.

We had lost both school-house and church.

The church, which had been more than sufficient for the village, was too small for any large gatherings—especially communion services. The people were now reduced to a very low level of poverty, having used up their cash in buying food; their coconuts were reduced to nothing by the hurricane, and our New Zealand Committee, who were pushing their missions on in all directions, could hardly be expected to give us unlimited help. We then decided to gather up all the good material left of the church and school, appeal to the New Zealand Committee to help with the rest, and use the enlarged church as both school and church.

The building went on without any serious hitch. Perhaps the only one was in connection with the heavy iron cross-bars inside the church. I sent to Sydney and gave the size. They were too long. I then sent them to Vila, they came back shortened, but still too long. We then had to make a big wood fire and shorten them to the right size. I, of course, had to be there every day, and almost all day. Four of the smaller village churches were erected without my supervision, I only told them the measurements. The church, which was done throughout with reinforced concrete also stood through the hurricane of February 1932.

CHAPTER XIX

FAREWELL AND RETURN

AFTER nearly three years I had the head station more securely erected than it ever had been, the principal church erected, and much enlarged, and considerable work done at the villages. I was tired, and as I had completed my four score years, I thought a young man could do better, if he could be found. I had explained all that to the natives, who reluctantly submitted to the inevitable.

A day was fixed for the farewell meeting. The people began to gather in at an early hour. When the church was well filled and I was about to begin the meeting, the chief of the village whispered to me to give them time to say something also. When I told him that they could speak, he and some others ran out. During the interval I told the people of Meriu that they might give their song and thus fill in the time until the others should be back. They soon returned carrying a small table with a cloth covering something on it. When the cloth was removed a number of suitably inscribed silver presents were revealed. Then the natives commenced to walk round singing, and as they came to some touching point in the song most of the voices failed, only a few managed to keep singing. We both stood at

the door and shook hands as they left. In the afternoon, when we were sitting on the verandah, people from each village came up on the green sward and gave their farewell songs; the words, and in some cases, the tunes were of their own composition.

Tongariki had suffered fully as much by the great hurricane as Tongoa. I was there some time before my final visit and was very sorry to see how miserable they all looked. Very few of the women had proper dresses, and what they had were dirty and in rags. They seemed indifferent to their looks and seemed to have lost heart. They were terribly short of clothing, and most of them had sores breaking out. I asked them why it was they had so many sores. They said it was because they had no coconuts. I told our friends in New Zealand about their shortage of clothing. A considerable amount of material was sent for women's dresses, and we added to it. Mrs. Michelsen had a busy time making it all up into dresses. On my arrival I told the women what I had brought, and that I thought there would be enough for the married women. I had the distribution, and they greatly appreciated our effort to help them. I was only sorry we were not able to give to the single girls also.

The next morning a man brought me a nice "baby" yam—such as they keep for the young children. Knowing how short they were of food I was reluctant to take it, but he insisted, and walked away. Not long after a number of women came along, all were carrying yams, and put them in a heap, perhaps a hundred yards away from the house. Of course I understood it

was a present, and walked over to them to thank them for it. When I commenced to speak to them they did not wait to hear what I had to say, but formed themselves in a circle round me and the yams and began to sing a song of thanks and appreciation for what I had done for them and for what I was to them. When the song was ended they allowed me to thank them.

I then prepared to go down to the shore. A little further along the ridge the road turns to the left down the steep hill. At the turning stood another company of women. A man called out to them to "let the missionary go first." So I passed on, but as soon as I was well past, they moved on singing their farewell song. They kept that up till we reached the shore. We were not far on when the first singers, having taken up the yams, followed singing. When all the women were down they stopped singing, but there was a company of men standing near by; they said to me, "We have a song too." I then went up to them and heard their song of love and parting.

Evidently all the singing was now over, and the yams and luggage were canoed out to the boat, which was anchored outside. At last my turn came and all crowded round to shake hands. Then I took my seat in the canoe. Before me the high seas were breaking and made the heavy boulders roar as they rolled in, but knowing these men's skill in handling their canoe I knew they could slip me over those heavy breakers as though they were but little ripples on a pond; and so they did. When the boat commenced to move,

everything that was or could be used as handkerchief was taken out and was kept up till we were miles out at sea; then a huge fire was started and was kept up till we were quite out of sight. That was the farewell from the very shore on which a crowd of men had proposed to kill us on our first visit.

At length it was time to take farewell of our friends at Selembanga. Though all the people should disappear from that side of the island, the very dust of the place would be dear to me, reminding me, as it does, of all the love and happiness of the past.

When the bell rang for the service in the Church the people gathered in readily. Somehow all realised that this was no ordinary meeting. The singing seemed different, the stillness during prayer, and the attention during the address, was both remarkable and wonderful. I could never complain of the way those people listened, but on this occasion it seemed as if they were afraid lest a single word should be lost. For the closing hymn I gave out the translation of a Norwegian missionary hymn, which, in English would run something like this.

O think, when they shall gather in,
The saved from every land,
Of every tongue and ev'ry kin
At Jesus' own right hand.

O think when those who did proclaim
Salvation's loving word,
The millions they shall meet again,
In presence of their Lord.

O think of that eternal song!
A flood of joy and love,
And praise amidst that countless throng
In the bright home above.

O Lord, do grant that we each one
May join that mighty flood
Of praises at the Saviour's Throne—
To Him who shed His blood.

I said, "We will sing that again." It was sung again, but there were very few who could sing it without constant breaks. It was a solemn parting hour when many minds were led to think of that glorious day, the meeting of pure joy, without a tinge of sadness in it. As usual I shook hands with all as they left the church. Besides the hand-shake there was a sad smile and a look that spoke more than the words that refused to be uttered.

The natives all over the island had arranged with the people of the village at the mission station, to have word sent all over the island when the steamer arrived to take us away. When we had almost finished our packing we lay down for a little rest intending to do the final strapping-up after we knew of the approach of the steamer. At mid-night the unrelenting siren of the steamer was heard coming from far out at sea. We did not expect they would trouble us before the morning, but decided to get up to have everything ready at a moment's notice. At two o'clock in the night the mate appeared at the station, and ordered us to be off at once. There was no

time then to send word to the villages. When we came down to the village, we found the people —men, women, and children, all lined up on one side of the long broad main path of the village, ready to shake hands with us as we passed them. As soon as we had passed they moved on, some followed us, some kept near us and others ran on, many of them carrying torches or lanterns. Any one standing on the steamer seeing the moving crowd, down the three-quarters of a mile of winding road, from the four hundred feet high hill, would have witnessed a torchlight procession rarely seen in the islands, and not often seen elsewhere.

When we reached the beach there was a short stop, many giving us the last hand-shaking, and we were carried through the surf into the boat. There was a lull until all our luggage was with us. Then an extemporised choir of the crowd on the beach sang, in English, as the boat moved out towards the steamer, "God be with you till we meet again." With all the unsympathetic rush to get us on board, the steamer did not lift anchor till daylight.

To be back in New Zealand to children, grandchildren and friends, and to have a little rest was very pleasant and necessary. To address a few meetings was a great joy to me, but it soon became unsatisfying; and it became more and more so, as I felt health and fitness for service coming back. I was not altogether sorry that there was no immediate prospect of anyone offering to relieve me; besides, now we had our two daughters who could go back with us to teach in the schools.

So I said to the Committee, "Here am I, send me." It was not time to go yet, but it was at the time of the Dunedin Exhibition, and I was glad to represent our mission there, and until we left for the islands again I was able to gather up small companies of visitors from all parts, and with a packet of photos from the mission, do much to arouse interest.

The Melanesian Mission kindly took us back from Auckland on April 1st, 1926. They were exceedingly kind to us, showing us every consideration, and landed us safely on the Tongoa beach.

Needless to say that the people were delighted to see us, and we were glad to be back again, but it was also clear that the New Hebridean cannot be left long without receiving the attentions of those who do not seek their good. The temptation to sell strong drink to them is still too profitable a business for unprincipled men not to break the law, and the natives are too weak not to be carried away, so that it was possible that some of the young men, who never saw the day of heathenism, preferred to have more freedom than they have when a missionary is there. Indeed seven men had died or were dying from drinking.

Little did I anticipate, when I landed on Tongoa, that I should see the year of jubilee as a missionary. I was so low in health after many months of fever, that, when I stood on the deck of the *Dayspring* looking at that lovely island and the lively people on the beach I almost felt like asking for a miracle, when I prayed the Lord to allow me two years

life on that island. And it seemed as if the answer to my prayer had come in the shape of a miracle, when on my second Sunday on the island I was able to walk twelve miles and conduct five services. But as in the last twelve years of Christian service I had seen the fulfilment of the "Lo! I am with you," so I could only see the continuation of the same, when my strength had come so rapidly back to me.

Nor indeed did I feel after I had spent my eightieth birthday on Tongoa that I was justified in giving up the work on account of weakness, when I first retired in 1924 after all the work of re-building after the great hurricane. It was more because I thought it might be expected of me. It was with the greatest joy therefore that I returned to the mission until a younger and more energetic man could be found. I was prepared at any time to give up the work as soon as the successor could be found. He did not appear, and it seemed I was still to be there, when my jubilee came. I invited the mission to meet on Tongoa that year. We were almost well enough prepared to have entertained as large a company as we had in 1906, but there were very few missionaries in the islands at the time, and some there were who could not be present, so it was a very small gathering. Minutes were passed expressing congratulation upon all that I had accomplished on Tongoa. It was a jubilee in my own soul to have had the privilege to represent the Master so many years. Little did I then expect that I should continue nearly four years more. To Him alone be the Glory.

CHAPTER XX

SOME TONGOAN CHIEFS

NEW HEBRIDEANS, as a rule, have considerable veneration for their chiefs, particularly if they are of the true blood. When I was on my first visit to Tongoa, Malakaleo had just resigned (nominally) his position as chief to his nephew whose distinguishing name was Tinapua mata. When I came to settle on Tongoa as their missionary and met Malakaleo on the beach, he had a couple of white feathers in his hair and pounds and pounds' weight of white beads round his neck, a shark's tooth in his nose, and a broad belt plaited of pandanus leaves round his waist. The young man who was made chief a year before did not even come forward. Malakaleo paid me visits occasionally but showed me repeatedly that he had no sympathy with the Gospel.

It was only after about five years' work on the island that we managed to get a footing at Lumbukuti, the only village on the island really suitable for a mission station, and then it was through Tinapua mata, the junior chief. From the time we settled there he accepted us wholeheartedly. He soon developed into a wise, worthy, Christian chief. He made all his people go to school, which they did readily, and he also got them to go to church. It was not really

compulsory, but he used moral suasion. His people loved him and trusted him as their ruler and guide. He told them they must not steal, and spoke plainly to them about immorality. He also set up family worship in every house. It was simply delightful to note the tone of the life of his village. I have met few natives to compare with him, and no one has arisen as chief of that village who was so helpful to the work of the mission. During the three or four years he lived as Christian chief he made my work at that village a delight. Then he became ill and gradually sank in strength. The last time I saw him I said, "Are you quite sure you stand right with Jesus?" He answered, "Peace—peace."

Timataso, Tinapua mata's nephew, succeeded as chief. From the very beginning of my life on the island he used to come over to Panita to my school, although Lumbukuti was then a distinctly heathen and cannibal village. He also came with me on my preaching tours on Sundays. Later, to my disappointment, he went away to Queensland to work at the sugar plantations. I don't wonder he was anxious to get away from Malakaleo's savage rule, nor do I wonder that he, like myself, was prepared to leave home to see the world. Some months after, I was not a little surprised to get a letter from Queensland, not knowing anyone there except islanders. It was from an "overseer" on a sugar plantation. He said he noticed one Sunday, there seemed great life round a shed on the plantation, numbers of Kanakas going into the shed while few came out. So he went down to see what was going on.

To his surprise he saw one standing up preaching to the others, who were nearly all heathen. The preacher was Timataso, my pupil, who had run away from Malakaleo. Knowing him to be a good man and of the chief family, I had great hopes of him, but he did not make a good chief. He was too fussy, and could not get the people with him. He gave up the chieftainship and went away to the island of Beninga as teacher. After about a year he came back and died soon after.

When Timataso left, Malakaleo again took up the chieftainship. He was then a decided Christian man, but he could not come up to Tinapua mata as a Christian chief. I daresay the people could not forget his reign of terror only a few years before. He, too, had a very short time as a Christian chief.

There was yet another of the chieftain family, Maliu, a brother of Malakaleo. He seemed to have a peculiar mental twist, and yet, when I saw him take his own way, it was in the direction of goodness. Years before, when I made my first attempt to preach at Lumbukuti, and Malakaleo was reigning and seemed likely to "dispose" of me, Maliu stood up and with native eloquence defended me. He told them I had come there to do them good and they received me as an enemy. Many years afterwards, when the road was made across the island, it was agreed that the village nearest to the works should provide food for the volunteer workers. Maliu was the one to carry his basket for their dinner. It is my impression that in heathen days he made himself

"peculiar" by taking the way of right and goodness. Whatever was the cause, the people had no confidence in him, and they were inclined to scatter. He, too, had only a short "reign."

After this there was no man old enough of the chief's family to take up the chieftainship, but there was a daughter of Tinapua mata. In many ways she resembled her father, and I felt that she would recover what was lost since her father died. But she refused the honour. We told her about Queen Victoria and the Queen of Holland. "Yes," she said, "It is all right for white people but these are different." She well knew how the natives give the women a back seat. So a young man (not of chieftain blood) who had been in Queensland, where he had been in contact with the Kanaka mission, and had been named Korah, presumably because of his singing, was appointed chief. He was very much above the average intellectually, and gave the impression that he was a real Christian man. He married a wife and had a family of boys, and two daughters, fine strapping girls nearly six feet in height. He and I differed because he wanted to put his wife away—not that she had done anything wrong, indeed, she was a really good woman. Of course, I could not agree to have her put away. Then he wanted me to make him head chief of the island. That was outside my jurisdiction, but in any case I knew him enough by that time not to encourage anyone to help him on to that position. Then some white person had suggested to him and to three other chiefs that the New Hebrideans should rule themselves (he secretly expecting to be their

head), I warned him and his friends not to entertain such ideas. When the French chief of police was on Tongoa he unseated Korah as chief. For fully twenty years has he tried to undermine my work and position on the island, hoping to get rid of me and get a missionary who would not be able to see his huge Ego. He told me he once had a dream like Joseph, and he has tried to work it out himself! I often wonder what the result of his influence will be.

CHAPTER XXI

LANGUAGES AND TRANSLATIONS

I DOUBT if there is any one person who can say how many languages there are in the New Hebrides. Many of those languages are closely related, others are more distant. It seems to me that there must have been several original languages, which, on their way South, have passed through tribes speaking other languages, and they have picked up some of their words. In my district there are three different languages. I shall give a few samples showing their differences also of Maori, which is of the same family.

English.	*Tongoa.*	*Makura*	*Tasiko.*	*Maori.*
Sun :	Elo	Na-ale	Ndae	ke-ra
Moon :	Atelangi	Na-kimbatea	koperio	Marama
Star :	Masoe	Na-maho	Erue	whitu
Water :	Noai	Na-rana	we	wai
Male :	nanoai	Na-ataman	(y) erumena	tama
Female :	Nangoroi	Na-vavina	sira	wahina

Mr. Milne had been on Nguna eight years before my arrival in the islands, so he had a good start in the matter of translation, and even in the early days of my work I used some of his translations but I often translated for the needs of the moment. Ultimately, Mr. Milne completed the New Testament in Ngunese, which is now in use in both districts.

When we fled to Selembanga I commenced to study the Makura language, and prepared a "First Book" for school use, and wrote some hymns in that language, but I found that most of the people had sufficient knowledge of the other language for me to aim at using the one language for the whole island. This has since proved to be a correct judgment. Native preachers of either language now use the one language. For a long time I spoke and translated to the Tasiko people in their own language. I first made a small Old Testament Bible History and subsequently translated the Gospel of Matthew, which was printed by the British and Foreign Bible Society. Later I translated the Gospel of Luke, which I printed and bound myself on Tongoa. The Tasiko people, after they were brought under Christian influence, mixed so much with the Tongoa speaking people that they mastered the latter language and commenced to use their books, so there was no more need for further translation in their language.

Mr. Milne had translated many parts of the Old Testament into Ngunese and ultimately he, with two Missionaries of Efati, attempted to complete the Old Testament between them. That was an unfortunate mistake. The Efatese dialects are so far corrupted that the Nguna-Tongoa people have difficulty in understanding them, and still more difficulty in reading. The Efatese do not have much difficulty in understanding the Nguna-Tongoa part, because their dialects have degenerated therefrom, but to the Tongoans the Efatese part is almost as another language

to them. So I took in hand the whole of the Old Testament part of the "Child's Bible" in Tongoan. Being all Scripture translation I put the chapters and verses in the margin. Many of the natives have the English Bible, so that they can look up there and find what has been left out or vice versa.

I have perhaps done more permanent work in the matter of producing hymns than most of the missionaries of Efate—Nguna—Tongoa. Early I had quite a hymn book in the Tasiko language, which is a more rhythmic language for that purpose than the Nguna-Tongoa language, having as a rule, shorter words.

CHAPTER XXII

THE "DAYSPRING"

THIS volume may fall into the hands of friends, who in their childhood gave or collected for the *Dayspring*. They will probably ask, "What about the *Dayspring?*"

It was to the *Dayspring* nearly sixty years ago that I took my Sunday school, then at the wharf in Dunedin and then and there I decided to offer for the New Hebrides mission.

There was a previous *Dayspring* that I never saw. Then came the second, in which I have ploughed the seas many a time. On account of many discomforts and disadvantages I was one of the advocates for a steamer *Dayspring* which later was provided, but which had a very short career. She was run on a reef near New Caledonia. Those of us who had fought hard for the steamer did not say anything about a fourth *Dayspring*, because we saw that the work could be done more efficiently and more cheaply by an ordinary commercial steamer.

The dear old *Dayspring* had its advantages and disadvantages. On a hot evening all of a sudden, out would come a swarm of cockroaches. "Draw slippers" would be our cry, and there would be an excited "slap, slap," in all directions. Or else some evening after the steward retired some

of us would go into the pantry to prepare a supper, pull out the drawer where we knew there would be bread, butter, and cheese, and to our horror find these disgusting creatures in possession.

Still more annoying, we might be approaching a mission station some Saturday afternoon looking forward to spending Sunday with our friends ashore. At a change of weather the Captain would tell us we must wait till the next morning. Captain Braithwate was not the man to take any risk by spending the night near land. His plan was six hours out to sea and six hours back. We sometimes sailed the six hours out, but the wind failed to give us the help in and we had to be content, merely to look at the land, from far out at sea. Travelling under sail to the islands or among the islands, of course, we depended solely on the winds. Unexpectedly, we might hear the Captain's order, "Square the sails!" The wind then would be right behind and we were in for a most unmerciful roll, the light ship and the tall masts being the means of testing us searchingly as sailors.

On the other hand, those of us who experienced years of her advantages and disadvantages always want to say, "the dear old *Dayspring*," when we speak of those happy days of long ago. We call to mind many a delightful sail such as you never experience in a steamer. Then again, after not having heard from dear ones far away, you know there will be news—it may be bad, it may be good—but you know that white little speck on the sea will tell you all about it. You

cannot keep your eyes off her until she is well anchored at your beach, you watch the boat coming near—you see fresh healthy faces coming back after a change in New Zealand or Australia, a waving of hands, and a kindly smile. Then your friends are carried ashore, there is a shaking of hands, and loving messages are brought, perhaps from children or other relatives—all is joy, in which even the natives participate—the *Dayspring* has come! Or sailing in among the islands gathering up the mission families for the annual meeting, how many enjoyable days we have spent in one another's company on board or on shore at the mission stations. I could give further pictures of the happy side of the "dear old *Dayspring*," but I shall let Mrs. Paton speak. (*Mrs. Paton's Letters and Sketches*, page 297.)

"Mrs. Milne and I lay pillowed on deck, enjoying the moonlight till quite late, and having such a musical treat from Mr. Michelsen, who sings and accompanies himself on the guitar with such taste. He had been playing it on deck in the afternoon, and we begged him to bring it up again after tea. The moon was brilliantly reflected on the water, and the ship lying so still, when he began with exquisite guitar accompaniment to sing "Jesu Lover of my Soul"—the missionaries standing round and joining softly in parts, while we were quietly crying. I have heard oratorios in the Old Country rendered so that they almost took one out of the body, but never anything that went to my heart like this! You would need to take in the whole

circumstances to know how we felt it. The vessel, with her little band of missionaries so far from kindred and country, and about to separate for their lonely homes, and we knew not how much trial awaited them. Ours met us. . . ."

CHAPTER XXIII

PART OF A CHANGING WORLD

SOME four hundred years ago (reckoning, native fashion in generations) the people living in the centre of the New Hebrides were suddenly awakened from their daily humdrum life. The earth commenced to move in waves, and there was an uncanny sound underneath. After a couple of days two or three volcanoes broke out, various parts sank into the sea, cutting up the land into eight islands besides some small islets. Even to this day they show they have been part of a forest-clad land. It is the island of Epi which is by far the largest of these islands; they also comprise Laika and Tevala in the pass between Epi and Tongoa; Ewose, Valia, Buninga and Tongariki, south of Tongoa.

The natives say that all life was destroyed, except a small number of people on part of present Tongariki, and one solitary man who lived on the present Tongoa. He ran over the trembling and waving earth, and joined the few survivors who remained on the present Tongariki. From Tongariki he went to Makura, where he married and lived for several years, but he always had a longing for his old birthplace—or what there was left of it. One day he set out in his canoe to see what the land was like. When he came back

his friends jestingly said, "Could you find no nalalasi there" (nalalasi is a leaf the natives eat when they are short of food), "Oh, yes," he said, "there is plenty of it, and I am going back to eat it." Not that there was much food there, but he wanted to make their little sarcasm fall flat. Off he went with his wife and two sons, one of whom became Ti Tongoa of Mangarisu and the other Ti Tongoa of Bongabonga. As other settlers arrived he gave them a piece of land. I know of at least two other Ti Tongoas. They are very likely sons of the original one, generations back. Between two hundred and fifty and three hundred years ago, there was a great influx of people from Nguna, Efati and Makura, one of each tribe being appointed chief, and taking the name of the chief of his original tribe; and they can all be traced to this day.

Just before the volcano broke out in 1897, there was a subterranean roar, which lasted for hours, something like the working of the stampers of a quartz crushing machine, such as I had heard on the goldfields. Then there shot out of the sea a black column some hundreds of feet in the air . . . at first with quite sharp edges, then a bank of steam rolled out from both ends of the column, which gradually blew away and came down as scoria lumps and ashes in whatever direction the wind carried it. Gradually an island of ashes was formed, about two miles from the mission station. I thought it had come to stay and did not make haste with the camera, but when I saw there was a likelihood of its disappearing altogether, I took a photograph.

Some of the natives when they saw no more volcanic activity took a boat to plant a flag on it to add it to their territory. As they were walking about to inspect their freshly acquired territory, one man shouted, "here is fire!" All hurried back into the boat. The island of ashes was gradually washed away. It was possibly near Masiloa's Land of Koai.

We were just on our way back from our home holiday in 1908 and had reached Vila (some sixty miles from Tongoa) and were waiting for the steamer to take us home. As we lunched with friends at Vila, suddenly there was a fairly severe earthquake. I said, "There has been a big earthquake some fifty miles away; judging from the length of the waves."

The next day we anchored at Tongoa. Instead of seeing a great crowd of people on the beach to meet us there was only one man. He said in a half whisper, "There has been an earthquake here." Evidently the people had such a fright that they did not know what to expect. They had also had a hurricane during our absence. A hurricane is terrible enough, but the earthquake had so completely overwhelmed the people that we were back several days before anyone mentioned it.

When we came up to the mission station we first noticed two wide cracks in the ground about eight inches wide—one went right under the mission house, one end of which had been shifted a couple of inches. When we came inside there was a sight enough to take away our breath; the plastering was off nearly all the walls. It

took us pretty well all that day to clear the floors and it took me many months to replaster all the walls. I had natives to do the rough part, but I had to put on the finishing coat myself. When we came over to Selembanga station we found it down. Curiously enough that was the only mission building on the island I had not framed myself (it was framed in Melbourne).

We gradually heard reports of what had happened. Two women—mother and daughter —were gathering shellfish near the steep Itakama hill, when there was an earthslide and the two women were buried under it. The mother's son stood by and saw the two women disappear. At another village an old man lay in bed, the house came down on him and he was killed. There was also an earthslide from the hill where the mission house stands. Some friends of ours stood at Epi (about twelve miles away) and saw Tongoa disappear in a cloud of dust, they said, "Tongoa has gone down"! Slowly the cloud disappeared, but for months there were several places where earthslides were visible.

The natives say, "Tongoa is healthy because there is fire underneath!"

CHAPTER XXIV

MY LAST FAREWELL TO TONGOA

I TOOK a hurried run to New Zealand in 1930. The South Dunedin congregation were celebrating their Jubilee, and I was delighted to meet there some grey-haired friends who had been in my Sunday school in South Dunedin when I was there fifty-three years before, laying the foundation to the present church. I renewed friendship with many who had been at my evening services, which I had conducted in a borrowed hall—and many who had been at my cottage meetings. I was delighted to see them, and they seemed much interested to meet me. Everywhere I met with a sympathetic welcome.

At the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, which met in Dunedin that year I was cordially received, and even in the streets many stopped asking to shake hands with me.

But I found that my committee wished me to resign. They said that it was in case they should be able to find any applicant for the position as my successor and they wished that my presence there should not hinder anyone applying. Accordingly I resigned, and went back to Tongoa arranging to leave on September 30th of that year.

But when I returned to the island I found that during my absence seven men had died from drink,

and an eighth I was in time to save. It was clear to me that it was a wrong time to leave the people to the mercy of the grog-sellers. Besides, I could also see that there was danger of "wolves" coming in among my flock. So I stayed on voluntarily for fifteen months without salary. During that time I prepared one hundred new church members, after weeding out some that I did not think should be admitted. I kept up that preparatory class for fully nine months. Then, as I did not think I would be likely to live through another hot season in the tropics, and knowing that a new missionary was expected in April, I prepared to leave the Islands on the 1st of January 1932.

As far as possible I gave the several villages a last service. They again—at least most of them—serenaded us with English hymns sung in parts, some did very well too. The worst of it was that—native fashion—they were inclined to keep it up too far into the night. We did not mind that as we understood they meant it well.

On the last Sunday of 1931 I had a final communion service. It was to me at least, an hour of sadness mixed with joy and gratitude. It was sadness when I thought of the fact that I should never again see these people for whom I at one time had risked my life, for whom I had prayed and laboured for nearly fifty-four years. It was joy when I thought of the savages they had been when I came to them, and were now a congregation of communicants clothed, and in their right mind. Above all, it was the greatest cause for gratitude when I thought how God

had seen fit to use me to be the instrument in His hand to bring about the change.

When I came to Tongoa there was a population of about nine hundred and fifty savages, When I left there were 1,300 professedly Christian, of whom seven hundred were church members. The increase I consider entirely due to my incessant fight against their wicked practice of pre-natal destruction.

The days soon arrived, when we might look for the steamer. One day I hurried along the road and passed some women coming home from their gardens. Knowing my age, one of them remarked in a solemn tone, " Our God is bearing him up."

On the last night several of our nearest friends stayed with us. It was sad when it came to the last moment. Oh, that early morning I shall never forget, when I came to dear old Leinasu. When I took her hand she could not say a word. She would not let my hand go, her tears flowed freely. A heartbreak too, was my parting with our dear little adopted son, grandson of Manambalea, with his cry of, " I want to go abroad with Bala ! " I shall never forget the look of the dear little fellow's face, as he cried, open-mouthed, tears flowing and hands raised.

He is an unusually intelligent child and shows much of the spirit of the grandfather. It is my prayer that the Lord may have a place for this black boy at some future time in a great spiritual awakening in the Islands of the South Seas.