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JAMES CHALMERS.

JAMES CHALMERS

OF NEW GUINEA

BY

WILLIAM ROBSON

BRIGHT BIOGRAPHIES

PICKERING & INGLIS

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PREFACE

A LIFE more varied than that of James Chalmers cannot be found in the annals of Christian service. Many of its highest acts of heroism are unrecorded. He was one of the few men who have gone to foreign shores that answer to the popular conception of an ideal missionary. His journeys among the islands were those of a daring pioneer, his life among the savages that of an intrepid adventurer. But he was also a noble servant of God, a humble man of prayer and faith, a fearless saint in the face of danger, a wise counsellor in the midst of trouble, a contented man in the monotony of the humdrum.

The reference to his work in Rarotonga is necessarily brief. Numerous reforms were introduced into the Mission there. He was not the man to rest content with a round of duties which might be helpful only to those who voluntarily came to church, or lived near the Mission premises, but regarded every soul upon the island as put by God under his care, and having equal claim for spiritual help. Thus he interpreted his Lord's command, "Go ye...and preach the Gospel to every creature."

Those ten years in Rarotonga were a fitting prelude to the more difficult work performed in New Guinea. The perils attendant upon much of it we can but imperfectly realise.

His labours ended by his gaining the martyr's crown, but the result of his life's work was the mar-marvellous transformation which was wrought in the character and lives of the savage people among whom he had lived.

The life of a man such as James Chalmers can never fail to be a source of interest, inspiration, and noble resolve to every one. May he "being dead, yet speak" to those who would "serve the Lord Christ."

W. ROBSON.

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JAMES CHALMERS

OF NEW GUINEA

CHAPTER I

TO THE SOUTH SEAS

"In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with Thee."
—*Longfellow*

ON the 8th of January, 1867, in the absence of a suitable anchorage, a gallant ship was to be seen in the Pacific Ocean tacking up and down in front of Niué, or Savage Island, a wary eye being kept by her captain on the danger arising from the coral reef which surrounded the land.

A casual spectator would have been puzzled to tell the work in which the noble vessel was engaged. At first glance the smartness of her rigging, her trim sails, white deck, substantial build, and the fine workmanship everywhere visible, seemed to indicate an unarmoured cruiser or despatch ship, but the absence of guns dispelled that thought. She was so unlike the vessels

usually sailing in those waters that one would have asked involuntarily, "What can she be?"

A careful scrutiny of the flag at the masthead proclaims *The Messenger of Peace*, and the spectator knows that this must be the long-expected ship of the London Missionary Society; the second vessel bearing the honoured name of *John Williams*.

The nature of the goods which are being lowered into the boats at her side is then guessed. As they approach the reef it seems impossible that any one can land there. A narrow opening appears in the wall of rocks, filled with foam. Only on a very calm day can a boat go in there. But light canoes come off. The captain steps into one and is paddled to the edge of the breakers, when strong men lift him on their shoulders and carry him through the foam up the steep rocks. A heavy sea overtakes them, they stand firm, it passes and then recedes. Now another run and he is placed on firm ground some distance up the coral rock.

In the afternoon the captain returns, accompanied by his wife and the subject of our narrative, James Chalmers, with his wife. At the ship's side the boats are soon unladen of their cargoes of vegetables, the sails are set, and the ship stands out to sea for the night. About seven the breeze begins to lessen, and soon dies away. The sails only

flap against the mast, as the ship sways on the rolling waves. A placid calm prevails, and the declining sun makes all things glorious with its crimson beams. The passengers and crew watch the tranquil scene. Nellie, a fine Newfoundland dog, gazes steadily through the open port-hole and contemplates the water, then, giving her huge body a jerk, as if a twinge of conscience brought to her mind the fact that a family of twelve small puppies requires supper, she slowly trots along the deck to where that rowdy litter has a home. It would be hard to say who showed most pride and interest in that family—their mother or the sturdy sailors. But public attention is now fixed upon the water, where two currents are contending —one, caused by the departed wind, leading from the land; and the other, a heavy swell, which proves the stronger, and moves towards the island. They are a long way out to sea, and no thought of danger arises. The ship drifts astern, as it often did in a calm. It is wise, however, to take precautions early, so at a quarter to eight o'clock the whale-boat is lowered and takes the ship in tow; soon the pinnace is sent down, and then the gig follows suit. Still, with three boats at work and every sail trimmed, the ship goes astern. As the darkness deepens it is seen that she draws nearer and nearer that fatal reef. Every nerve is strained, the united and sustained efforts of relays

of strong arms are put forth, but in vain. The ship continues her steady course towards the reef. About nine o'clock Mr. and Mrs. Chalmers, Mr. and Mrs. Davies, and Mrs. Williams, the captain's wife, repair to the saloon for prayer. Strong and fervent are their supplications. Again and again they implore their Father in Heaven to save their beautiful ship—His own vessel—built by the exertions of thousands of earnest young hearts, and solemnly dedicated to His service. But their prayers of faith are not answered in the way they desire.

Now rapid footsteps are heard, and going on deck they find that rockets and blue lights are being fired to inform friends on shore of their danger, although it is well known that they can render no help. The lead line is thrown, but no bottom can be found. About ten o'clock it was evident that unless a breeze speedily came they would lose the ship, and Captain Williams advised all to get a change of clothing. In a few minutes the gig is brought alongside and the ladies dropped from the side of the vessel into it. No time for ceremony now, seventy-two souls have to be provided for in those boats, and already the back swell from the reef can be felt on board the ship. At 11.25 all have left; but stay, where is Nellie and her family? A sailor soon scales the ship's side, the mother is sent down in a noose, eight of the whining family

are kennelled in a bucket and lowered, then the sailor, carefully buttoning up the remaining four in the breast of his shirt, swings himself into the pinnace, as proud of saving the dogs as he had been helpful in delivering the alarmed passengers.

In a very few minutes they hear the ship strike with a frightful noise which sends pain to every heart, and plainly tells that there is no hope of her being saved. The night is pitch dark, and the boats are kept together by ropes, as they fear being driven out to sea and have no provisions or water. The Mission premises are some miles distant, and now rain comes down in thoroughly tropical style. All are speedily wet to the skin, and feel very cold. Mr. Chalmers, who was one of the last to leave the ship, is separated from his wife, and has begun early to show coolness and forethought in the midst of danger. He has prepared himself for swimming, and consequently has neither coat, vest, nor boots.

A succession of lights are kept burning by people ashore, which enable them at three o'clock to find the opening, and by 4.30 the natives have safely carried all over the surf-beaten rocks.

The coloured teachers and their families went with the people of Niué, and all the Europeans were received with deep sympathy at the Mission House by Mr. and Mrs. Lawes.

While the hero and heroine of our story

are detained upon Niué and collecting a few articles from the wreck of the *John Williams*, we will briefly refer to their previous history and training.

The father of James Chalmers came from Aberdeen. His mother was a handsome Highland lassie, whose dark expressive eyes, well cut features, quick energetic movements, and loving disposition, were all reproduced in her son.

James was born in 1841 at Ardrishaig, a small fishing village on Loch Fyne, Argyllshire, and when quite an infant his parents removed to Inveraray, twenty-three miles higher up the loch.

He was a lively boy, full of mirth and fun. This disposition was to prove of the greatest value, enabling him to acquire friends everywhere, and to attract the wildest savages by its fascinating influence.

His first education was obtained in Glenaray School under Mr. John M'Arthur, who testified to his pupil's attention to lessons. He was very successful as a prize-taker, and passed an examination for pupil-teacher. His school-master loved him as one of his own boys, and received much help from him in the croft at haymaking during the summer holidays. He was leader in all school sports, and had a natural ambition to excel in deeds of mischief and daring. So irrespressible was his love of fun that his mother was in constant fear when he was

out of her sight. Twice was he taken home to all appearance drowned. At the age of fourteen he formed a Robin Hood Band, and successfully led it to many queer exploits. When still a stripling he saved four lives from drowning.

James attended the Presbyterian Sunday School, and one Sunday, when he was fifteen years old, the pastor, Mr. Gilbert Meikle, gave the scholars an address on mission work in the Fiji Islands, and in closing said, "I wonder if there is any lad here who will yet become a missionary. Is there one who will go to the heathen and to savages and tell them of God and His love?" Chalmers inwardly said, "I will;" and on his way home he went behind a stone wall, and kneeling down, vowed to serve Christ. These impressions proved transient, and the vow of consecration to mission service was forgotten for several years, during which he was employed as clerk in a lawyer's office at Inveraray. He gave up the Sunday school, but continued to attend Sunday evening service in the church.

When sixteen years old Chalmers arranged with two other lads to run away to sea. The appointed night came, and his little bundle was ready for the boat they were to take in the early morning. He could not sleep; all night he lay awake thinking of his mother's broken heart. The others went, but James remained at home.

He now gave up regular attendance at church, and Mr. Meikle thought that he sought to avoid him, and also felt that he was losing his influence. Towards the end of 1859 two young men from the North of Ireland were labouring as evangelists in Inveraray, and the whole town was moved. Chalmers felt the prevailing influence, and the first token of this was his crossing the street to shake hands with his pastor. They had confidential intercourse, and Mr. Meikle was greatly interested in the convictions and struggles of that young heart; but the crisis was delayed for a time. When it came it was sudden and sharp. One Sunday evening after the service he was brought into a state of the greatest spiritual anxiety, and gave open expression to his feelings. That night, after long and earnest wrestling in prayer, he attained the peace with God that his heart longed for.

There was no hesitation with Chalmers as to how he should comport himself before the world. He was not the man to hedge himself around and live a defensive Christian life. His bold spirit now assailed the spiritual powers which had held him in bondage. Joining the United Presbyterian Church, he became a teacher in the Sunday school, and devoted himself to evangelistic work. After office hours he held meetings in houses throughout the town and neighbourhood, and he was the means of awaken-

ing many. With such ardour did he pursue this kind of work that his health was injured for a time. He then thought of becoming a city missionary, and made application to the Directors of the Glasgow City Mission, who, after an interview, elected him one of their agents in connection with the Greyfriars' United Presbyterian Church.

This new employ was prosecuted in the same earnest and energetic way, and his friends and the church at Inveraray were frequently appealed to for special help in necessitous cases. His work was greatly blessed; many received eternal good, his Bible class had 130 members, and all the services he held were well attended.

While thus engaged in Glasgow he was introduced to Dr. George Turner, of Samoa, who called his attention to the London Missionary Society and its work. His vow to serve Christ in the foreign field now came to his mind, the way seemed opened, and by Dr. Turner's advice he applied to the Directors of the London Missionary Society.

After due examination he was accepted and sent to Cheshunt College for training. While entertaining due gratitude to the Society for the training thus provided, it became to him an after-regret that he did not earn it by his own efforts, believing that an education thus worked for is much more conducive to manliness and self-reliance in after life.

There is a wonderful unanimity in the testimony respecting Mr. Chalmers given by his tutors and fellow students.

His active missionary career in Glasgow was not a favourable preparative for prolonged hours of study. Being eminently sociable he imbibed and quickly assimilated ideas from his fellow students, and still more from the tender and gracious influence of the principal, Dr. Reynolds. Here, too, he was one of the leaders in amusements. A favourite game of his was plying a raft on the river which runs through the college grounds. This often ended in his getting a good ducking.

There are records of at least four persons whom he pulled out of the River Lea during his college course. The last occasion was after he had removed to Highgate Institution. He had come to preach a missionary sermon at Hertford Heath, and in the afternoon accompanied some students to Broxbourne. As it was very warm several took to the water. Presently one got out of his depth, made a good deal of commotion, and cried for help. Chalmers jumped in with his best clothes on, and soon dragged him out. At the college one of his friends supplied a change of clothing which made up in length what they lacked in breadth, and off the brave fellow went to the service. He made light of the rescue, but it was a noble self-sacrificing act.

His sermons as a student were of a rough and ready sort, but always practical, and spoken with such sincerity and conviction that it was no wonder the people of the village stations heartily appreciated him. He was at home in some Hebrew story, and especially fond of the two texts, Daniel 3. 21 and 1 Samuel 18. 4: "Coats, hosen, and hats," and "Sword, bow, and girdle" —the one relating to perhaps the most courageous act in the Old Testament, the other to the most generous.

He took enthusiastically to all kinds of mission work, visiting diligently the poor and aged, and preaching in the open air. On one occasion he courageously addressed a crowd of gin-drinking holiday-makers at the famous Rye House.

But the best thing about him was his thorough goodness and kindness of heart; though a poor man, he would part with his last shilling to help another.

Dr. Reynolds writes respecting Mr. Chalmers: "He gave me the idea of lofty consecration to the Divine work of saving those for whom Christ died. His faith was simple, unswerving, and enthusiastic, and while he could throw a giant's strength into all kinds of work, he was gentle as a child and submissive as a soldier. He used to pray for help as if he were at his mother's knee, and to preach as though he were sure of the message he had then to deliver."

In the summer of 1864, ten missionary students were withdrawn from various colleges and sent for a year's special training under the care of Dr. Wardlaw, at the London Missionary Society's Institution, Highgate. One of these was James Chalmers. It was a year of wondrous happiness and expectancy to these young men, whose thoughts daily turned towards the life-work upon which they were so soon to enter.

A few days after they assembled, the house trembled, and Mrs. Wardlaw in dismay searched about for the cause of the unusual commotion. Upon entering a room around which the students were seated, she found that it was only the lively Chalmers rounding off an impromptu lecture on things Scottish with an exhibition of the Highland fling.

Early one Sunday morning all were startled from sleep by a loud report, which made every window jingle. As the students sat up and looked about, a lady's voice was heard from the staircase exclaiming, "I suppose it is Mr. Chalmers at one of his noisy games again." This time, however, it was not the vivacious student, but a terrible explosion at the Erith powder mills, fifteen miles distant.

During the first part of his stay at Highgate, Mr. Chalmers was intensely anxious to be sent to Africa. Dr. Livingstone was then in England speaking on behalf of

missions, and preparing for further travels, and his young countryman's heart went out towards the unexplored continent. But the Divine Arranger of events had planned explorations for him to do in another country.

When the Directors of the London Missionary Society appointed him to Rarotonga, he made no resistance, believing that the decision had been guided by God, and his heart was soon aglow with enthusiasm for work in the South Sea Islands. He and others, however, had to exercise patience, as the ship which was to carry them there was still building at Aberdeen.

The old missionary ship, *John Williams*, having been wrecked at Pukapuka, many thousands of young people were then busily collecting the funds for the new vessel.

While waiting her arrival, Mr. Chalmers and his fellow-student, Mr. Saville, resided at Woolwich, and studied the Rarotongan language under William Gill, who had been a missionary in the Hervey Group. They also pursued medical studies, and found time to practise photography.

At last the ship was ready, and the young missionaries were told to make the final arrangements for their contemplated marriages, and then for a speedy departure.

The young lady who had consented to be the help-mate of Mr. Chalmers in his mission work was possessed of considerable gifts and graces, and proved to be quite as brave

and devoted in her sphere of work. Miss Jane Hercus was the daughter of Mr. Peter Hercus, a wholesale merchant in Greenock, who in 1865 emigrated to New Zealand. She was descended on both sides from a succession of pious ancestors.

Her mother died when Jane was about five years old. She was the eldest of four children, and early developed staid and thoughtful ways, though naturally a bright and happy girl. Her maternal grandfather was George Robertson, who died in 1854, when she was about fourteen, and his widow removed to Kirkwall, in the Orkney Islands. Thither came Jane to watch over and tenderly care for her dear grandmother. For five years she remained in close attendance, seeking no amusement, or even the companionship of those of her own age, but devoting herself wholly to the discharge of her filial duties, without seeming to feel that any sacrifice was demanded of her. Doubtless this was the preparation time for that faithfulness to duty so conspicuous in her missionary life.

In 1858 Miss Hercus professed decision for Christ. This was by no means the beginning of her Christian life, but rather the expression of an experience gained at a much earlier date. From childhood she had been distinguished for a devoutness which indicated the working of a higher power. The pious ancestry and gracious

influences of a Christian home largely helped to form her singularly beautiful character, although the chief factor in this work was her deep, genuine love of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Of a retiring disposition, she shrank from publicity or display. Observers who remarked this gentle meekness, amounting almost to timidity, would never have anticipated that underneath that attractive grace lay a dauntless spirit capable of the noblest actions, and able to endure those manifold "perils of death" which she so bravely encountered in the mission field.

Miss Hercus was a devoted worker in various forms of Christian service. On the death of her grandmother in 1858, she returned to Greenock. When her parents removed to Glasgow in 1861, she pursued a course of study, and was afterwards engaged in tuition at Waterbeck.

After her family went to New Zealand in 1865, Miss Hercus stayed at Inveraray until her marriage on 8th November of that year, and secured the love and admiration of her friends there.

The missionaries embarked on board the *John Williams* on the 4th of January, 1866, accompanied by a large party of friends, and a special service was held on the quarter-deck.

They encountered bad weather in the Channel, but Mr. Chalmers was on deck in

all weathers, helping the sailors or listening to their yarns. He was always at home amongst these hardy sons of Neptune, and at once began missionary operations, teaching a Bible class and conducting a prayer meeting in the forecastle. By these means and earnest conversation, several of the roughest of the crew were brought into Christ's service.

His restless spirit ever led him into what Mrs. Chalmers viewed as places of danger, now climbing the rigging—again astride the bowsprit. Sometimes he would take his Rarotongan Bible and dictionary, and mounting to the cross-trees of the mainmast, study the language he was soon to speak. Although he returned safely, he brought smears of tar and grease upon his white clothing, causing much concern to his tidy wife.

The vessel was nearly lost in the Channel, and had to put into Weymouth for repairs. Twenty-one ships sank in the Channel during that gale. The other missionaries went ashore, but Mr. and Mrs. Chalmers refused to go. "No," he said, "I will stand by the ship, the captain, and crew." Mrs. Chalmers wrote: "Hope has not fled from our hearts, but we shall yet see the South Seas. We do not feel frightened to go on our way."

Mrs. Chalmers' father met them at Adelaide, and went on to Melbourne. To

her joy he proposed to take her to New Zealand, and send her to Sydney in time to sail with the *John Williams* from there. She was thus enabled to visit her united family once more, and spent three happy weeks at Dunedin.

While she was thus engaged, Mr. Chalmers went with the ship to Hobart Town and Sydney. At the latter place he was very active, preaching three times on Sunday, and speaking at meetings nearly every week-night. The good people were very kind to the missionaries. They were especially happy to meet some retired brethren who had laboured in Rarotonga, and to hear their kind and glowing account of the native Christians.

On the 5th of September the *John Williams* struck on a sunken reef as she was entering the harbour of Aneityum. The missionaries went ashore, but Mr. and Mrs. Chalmers stayed on board to comfort and help Captain and Mrs. Williams. They did not think at first that much damage was done, but in a few hours found that the ship was leaking very much. The pumps were kept going through a long dreary night. During the next three days and nights the Christian natives worked at the pumps, whilst the crew and missionaries lightened the vessel by discharging the cargo. Mr. Chalmers worked alternately with each. On the 8th of September a large number of sturdy

natives were gathered on the deck of the vessel by Mr. Chalmers and his colleague, Mr. Saville. Led by the two young missionaries, more active than weighty, the assembled crowd jumped and ran together with such good effect that the ship slid off the reef into deep water.

These native Christians would not accept any payment for the long course of pumping, and twenty-two of them readily consented to undertake the same duty during her perilous voyage to Sydney for repairs. Mr. and Mrs. Chalmers went, too, and the Presbyterian Mission ship, the *Dayspring*, accompanied them, in case it was found necessary to abandon the *John Williams*. Had she not been an exceptionally strong ship she would doubtless have gone down during that long voyage. On returning to Aneityum they took on the missionaries and called at Uvea, Lifu Maré, and Niué. Here the missionaries went ashore. After several days, the supplies for the island were landed, and Captain Williams arranged for them to go on board the next day to proceed to Samoa. Mr. and Mrs. Chalmers accompanied him as described in the commencement of this chapter. That night the *John Williams* was wrecked, and all were doomed to wait three weary months upon this lonely island until Captain Hayes, better known as Bully Hayes, arrived in his notorious brig, the *Rona*. He had seen

the wreck, and landed to inquire about the disaster. Soon arrangements were made for him to convey Mr. and Mrs. Chalmers to Rarotonga, and Mr. and Mrs. Saville to Huahine. They called at Samoa, Tahiti, Huahine, Mungaia, and Aitutaki, thus visiting all the principal islands in the South Seas on which the London Missionary Society had stations.

On the 20th of May, 1867, seventeen months after leaving London, they reached Rarotonga, and began their labours with as much courage and earnestness as if nothing had happened to hinder their journey or damp their ardour.

CHAPTER II

LIFE AND WORK IN RAROTONGA

RAROTONGA is a coral island, and the largest of the Hervey group. It is surrounded by a coral reef which approaches so near to the island in most parts, that a boat cannot well be navigated in the water between, except at one settlement where there is a lagoon. Even then, however, too many large blocks of coral rise up here and there over it to make boating safe. Around the beach of the island is a rough road nineteen and a quarter miles in length, by which communication is carried on between the villages.

This beautiful island was in a most distressful condition when Mr. Chalmers arrived. In March, 1866, and again in March, 1867, terrible hurricanes had swept over the land, destroying houses, trees, and plantations, the fruit of years of patient toil. It was never known that two hurricanes should come within twelve months. The previous one had occurred in 1846, twenty years before. The houses of the students of the Institution and those of the native pastors in the village were either

blown down or in a most deplorable condition; the school-room at Avarua (Mr. Chalmers' village), was in ruins. Nearly the whole of that season's crop of food was spoiled. Truly their state was pitiable. The difficulties of the situation were increased by the fact that everything necessary for repairing the damage was lost in the *John Williams*. Comparatively speaking, the missionary and his wife were no better off than the natives. Two outfits and two supplies of goods had been spoiled and lost in the ill-fated ship.

The mission house and chapel had escaped damage, and for two months Mr. and Mrs. Chalmers dwelt with Mr. Krause, who was about to retire from active service, and arrangements were made by Mr. Chalmers to purchase the furniture. The house was very pretty, as well as large and comfortable. They chiefly felt the loss of all their books, which their lonely position made more keen. For more than six months no letters arrived. In spite of these drawbacks, they were very happy. Mrs. Chalmers wrote: "Oh, how glad we feel to be at last in our home and at our work; the weariness, tedious delays, and accidents of the journey are all as a dream of the past in the home bliss."

They could not help comparing the beauty of Rarotonga with the wild scenery of the Highlands of their beloved Scotland. In that coral island everything grows so fast

that it looks like a vast overgrown mass of vegetable matter. The eye is satiated with such wild fertility. There are no native flowers—those around the Mission premises having been imported—but the island is rich in various species of ferns. Few native birds are to be seen, and they are poor in song. There are some lovely valleys, but no water. They seem to need the rivers, lochs, and burns, with the pretty farmsteads, cattle, and patches of cleared land, to make up to what British eyes are the essential elements of a beautiful country.

Mrs. Chalmers thought that the reason tourists were so moved by the beauty of these South Sea isles was that they were so long journeying there, with only the ocean and sky to look at, and when the isles rise suddenly out of the ocean, their bold outlines and gorgeous vegetation powerfully strike the imagination, long before it is possible to go ashore and make a closer inspection of the details of the beautiful scene.

There were five villages or settlements upon Rarotonga when Mr. Chalmers went, each with a church and native pastor. The missionary preached at each place in turn; leaving home on Sunday morning on horseback and returning at night. When at the nearer settlements he returned home to conduct an afternoon service at Avarua. The chief charge lay in the Institution, for

training native teachers and educating the men of influence and position in the various islands.

Until the incoming of Mr. Chalmers the students had been fed and clothed at the expense of the London Missionary Society. The Directors felt that as a similar institution at Samoa was self-supporting from its commencement, it was right that efforts should be made to put the one at Rarotonga upon the same footing. With this Mr. Chalmers heartily agreed, and told the students that he would only buy food for six months, and in the meantime, land must be cleared and planted. The late chief had some few years previously presented Mr. Krause with eighty acres of uncleared land, but he felt it unwise to accept such a gift, and told the chief so. He, however, said that it might at some time prove beneficial to the mission, so the chief transferred it as a gift to the Society. Mr. Krause meant to have the land cleared for the students, but his health failed so rapidly that he gave up the project.

So the work of clearance was begun, some members of two of the churches helping with the first three or four acres. The students broke up the remainder, piece by piece. Natives do not like working for nothing, so during the progress of the land clearing, their efforts were stimulated by a number of feasts. Some were provided by the Society, but Mr. Chalmers added from his

own stock four oxen and a number of pigs for that purpose. They had no classes on Wednesdays. That day was devoted to the land, while during the spring months they went three times weekly, Mr. Chalmers always going with them to see that the work was well done, and helping now and then to encourage them. In addition to this Institution land each student had a private garden near the mission premises, at which he worked for an hour daily. Such was the productiveness of this land that it required no further attention.

The men studied in classes with Mr. Chalmers from eight to ten in the morning, and their wives during the same time were taught by Mrs. Chalmers in a large room at the Mission House. Previously they had been taught in a class with their husbands.

The plan for self-support succeeded so far as food was concerned. The other alterations made were duly appreciated, and speedily both the Institution and mission generally were in a most prosperous condition.

Mr. Chalmers had other classes in connection with the church at his station, such as an inquirer's class and Bible class. He also visited the other settlements during the week, but there his efforts were directed towards making the pastors, deacons, and class leaders do their own work thoroughly, and to cultivate a spirit of self-reliance,

rather than one of dependence upon the missionary for doing the work if they failed.

There was a quarterly meeting of the teachers for prayer and inquiry into the state of the work of God. Even at that early date, he strove to impress upon them that the time was coming when the Society would have to withdraw its missionaries for service in heathen lands, and that they should use every effort to qualify themselves for governing the Church in their midst, and of sending some of their number with the European missionaries as pioneers of the Gospel elsewhere.

There were two stations at which Mr. and Mrs. Chalmers often stayed for a few days. At Ngatangiia two rooms were fitted up for them, and at Oroiangi the Society had a house and furniture in charge of a native teacher, Isaiah. They enjoyed these changes of scene and extended opportunities for work thus afforded.

The people were not so far advanced in civilisation, and in mature Christian life, as the young missionaries inferred from the books they had read, and the speeches they had heard respecting the early success of these missions. They felt the truth of the suggestion in the lines of George Eliot:

> "Maybe 'tis wiser not to fix a lens
> Too scrutinising on the glorious times."

There were several stone cottages, mostly unoccupied. They had been built to please

Mr. Buzacott, and then left, as the people preferred their reed houses, which were also much more suitable to the climate, as the air passed freely through them, yet without draught, and the women understood better how to keep them tidy. But the stone houses, with their closed windows and the dirty plastered walls, appeared out of place in that land, and the people looked far better in their native dwellings. The chief, too, had a fine stone house of five rooms, but dwelt in a reed cottage.

Some possessed a bedstead and one or two chairs, perhaps a sofa. Others a few plates and small basins, a spoon, and two or three knives and forks, but those things were treated as some people use their drawing-room furniture and ornaments. They clung to their old habits, and used leaves for plates, cocoa-nut shells for cups, and their fingers for conveying all food to the mouth. Common butcher's knives and sometimes large-bladed pocket-knives were used for dividing the food. In the Institution the arrangements were suited to the habits of the people. At its commencement they tried to get the students to take it in turn by couples to cook for all, but it was abandoned after a short trial. The grandees of the land felt insulted when it became their turn to cook for the commonality. Finally each cooked for himself, or joined two or three others, in so far as the supply and cooking

went. When the food was ready each took his portion home to his family. It is a matter of indifference to a native whether he eats his food hot or cold. They do not sit down together to a meal, but like to eat a little frequently, each as his appetite dictates.

The people had not received any supply of clothing for some years, in consequence of the loss of the first and second *John Williams*, but in 1869 the third ship of that name arrived with a quantity on board, and on gala days, and at meetings in the church, on their visits to the mission house, or when they expected a call from the missionary or his wife, they were well dressed. But in their homes, or when engaged about some work alone, their attire was of the oddest kind, and approached in various degrees their ancient state of nakedness.

When the missionaries approached the native houses they took care to move slowly along to give the people time to prepare for their coming. There were always some children about to give notice of the visitors' approach. The children preferred nature's garb, while up to that time the natives had only adopted European clothing upon public occasions to please the missionaries, and returned with greater avidity to their old dirty habits when the foreign eyes and influence were removed.

Sometimes their desire to be like "tangata

papaa"—white man—would lead them to put on a pair of boots. Their efforts to walk in them were most droll. They would catch hold of a chair or something to give themselves a start, and then roll about like a child tottering in its first efforts to walk. Of course, the boots hurt their feet, and often they would go with only one shoe on. A native youth said, when questioned about a pair of shoes he had bought—pointing to the one he had on, "You see, by and by he get bad—all break—me one good one in my box—me put him on my other foot!"

Mrs. Chalmers succeeded in persuading some native women to leave off the old heathen practices in reference to the rearing of infants. They were surprised to see that the children grew better and healthier under the new methods.

There was a good code of printed laws, but they were not carried out. The chiefs declared they were above the law, and the people endeavoured to follow their example. Their ideas of justice were most peculiar. Take one or two typical instances. A man who had killed another in a drunken spree, was sentenced to only seven years' imprisonment, and then a man, while under the influence of orange beer, attacked his wife with an axe, declaring he would kill her, and dealt several blows before others came to her help. She was much injured. A

few days afterwards, a lad went to his plantation followed by a dog. A pig rushed at the dog and bit its leg, and in return the dog bit the pig's ear. The two cases were tried, and the lad received the same punishment for the doings of his dog as the man who tried to kill his wife. The missionaries were at a loss to know what the lad was charged with. Neither the pig nor dog were much hurt, but the judges did not like the lad, so he was punished. This is a fair specimen of the native notions of law and justice.

The religious state was that usually seen among a people recently emerged from heathenism. They still cleaved to old sins and customs, and seem likely to do so for some generations to come.

Their spiritual life approached near to that which we are accustomed to see in children, with remnants of heathenism added. The best church members were found among the old men, who had been acquainted with heathenism in all its disgusting details. They "remembered the rock from whence they were hewn." The rising generation knew nothing of that, and could not so well appreciate the blessings of Christianity.

There was living then on Rarotonga good old Maretu, the finest specimen of a Christian and the best native teacher Rarotonga has yet produced.

He had been a warrior, and was one of

the firstfruits of C. Pitman's faithful labours soon after his arrival in 1827, and after being trained by that missionary, laboured with much success in various islands. He returned to Rarotonga in 1854, and took charge of the principal station. Apart from his position as a teacher he was a very influential man. When he spoke in matters of government all were silent, and none of the chiefs dared oppose. Yet to all appearance he was simply a happy old man who loved children and collected all sorts about him. Mrs. Chalmers was a great favourite with Maretu, and used to tease him by saying that he was too old to have children about, and only spoiled them. He would laugh, and scratch his head in a way peculiar to himself, a token of pleasure or trouble, as the case might be, and say, "Oh, Mrs. Chalmers, don't think that I am an old man! Maretu Vaine (his wife) is old, but I am young." And the old man indeed felt young. His wife had been with him in all his travels and labours, a true helpmate, but although no older than he, was much more frail.

Another notable Christian was Tapairu-ariki. She, with a number of native women, were stolen from Rarotonga by Captain Cood-enough, who discovered the island, and left at Aitutaki. John Williams had noticed this fair young woman when he visited that island, and she was taken on by him to

her native land. Captain Goodenough, afraid that his atrocious conduct might be revealed, had not announced his discovery of the island, so Mr. Williams spent many days in quest of it. About half an hour before the time which he had set for giving up the search, the crests of lofty mountains revealed its position, and Tapairu-ariki went on shore with the teachers to introduce them to her cousin Makea, the principal chief. She was ever the friend and helper of the teachers, and her rank made her word powerful. Being a woman of great energy and spotless character, she did much good, and was called "the Mother of the Word of God." She died in February, 1881, about the age of eighty-five, having lived to see her descendants of the fifth generation. Her teeth at that age were perfect. The backs of her hands were beautifully tattooed, so that strangers thought she wore mittens. In early life she had eaten human flesh, and her history was surely a strange one, when the darkness and cruelty of its dawn is contrasted with the light and peace of its close. She was longing to depart and be with Christ, when Mr. Gill said to her that he hoped her grey-headed sons from Aitutaki would be able to see her again. She replied, quietly, "It is well with them, for they are serving Christ. Do not detain me by your prayers and kind wishes. Let me go to the One I have loved so long."

When Mr. Chalmers landed he saw old men and women, children, and plenty of young women. He inquired, "Where are the young men?" "Oh," replied the old missionary, "there are none, they have gone away." The young missionary was of a very energetic temperament, and took long rambles up this hill, down that valley, and through others. As the island is covered with thick vegetation and bush it is difficult to find your way about. A few native paths exist, wide enough for one person to walk in. In his walks Mr. Chalmers came upon many young men who never went near the villages, but stayed in the bush. He talked kindly, made them feel he was their sincere friend, and that he took a great interest in them. They were charmed with the frank brotherliness of the new missionary, and welcomed his visits. Their chief amusement was the manufacture and consumption of intoxicating drinks. They preferred foreign rum when it could be obtained, but failing that, they made drinks from oranges, bananas, pine-apples, and other fruits.

This caused the missionary great anxiety, as he saw in it the speedy ruin of the people, and he determined to extend his researches. By leaving the paths, and forcing his way through the bush, he found in secluded parts, very difficult of access, fine spaces cleared of bush and plants, and shaded by trees.

DOBOS, OR TREE HOUSES FOR UNMARRIED WOMEN

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They had taken care that no paths should be made near these groves, which were held sacred to the god Bacchus. The rascals in a spirit of fun commenced their revels by singing hymns and by prayer. When drunk they would throw off their scanty clothing and fight like savages. None of the judges or policemen dared go near. The missionary, however, was determined to do his duty, so at night he would wander about in search of these meetings, and pushing through the dense bush come upon them suddenly.

Then would be seen fifty or sixty nearly naked fellows, engaged in a drunken orgie, around five or six barrels of orange rum. Often he arrived at the end of the revel, just in time to save the lives of some who were being smothered by their fighting comrades, and were too drunk to help themselves. None ever insulted or showed fight to the missionary. Sometimes he arrived as they were proceeding with the opening service, when he would walk up to the casks and pull out the corks, or more frequently inflict on the revellers the humiliation of making them pour all the liquor upon the ground. He would speak faithfully to them of their ways, and of Divine love and mercy, and then see all safely on their way home.

Although many of these waste-thrifts were lords of the soil, and most had land to work upon, they never attended to it or laboured in any way. With a girdle of leaves, old

cloth, or at best a dirty old shirt and trousers, hair long and uncombed, these devotees of drink would wander about. As the result of Mr. Chalmers' earnest conversations, one and then another would give up their evil ways and return to the settlements, attend church, and lead a better life.

Mr. and Mrs. Chalmers tried in every way to stem the drinking habits. Even little children used to meet in the bush, prepare intoxicating liquor from the delicious fruits, and drink it.

A Temperance Society was started by Mr. Chalmers, and largely attended meetings were held regularly. He stirred up the chiefs, and they enforced the laws. After some years of persistent efforts they had considerable success.

The lack of employment or amusement for the natives, especially the young men, was a cause of regret, and the missionary and his wife often wished they had some public games to interest them in leisure hours. They had plenty in heathen times, but the native teachers who first came to the island did away with them all. They did not see any distinction between that which was innocent and the obscenity which often accompanied these amusements.

Some of the natives went to Tahiti during Mr. Chalmers' residence, and saw the natives go through exercises in the form of a drill. When they returned they introduced it

among the people, while Mr. Chalmers was away for a fortnight superintending the mission work at another part of the island. Upon his return, he called the young men to perform in front of the mission house. While there was much childish nonsense in parts, he saw nothing to condemn, and encouraged them to continue, as he perceived that it brought all the wild fellows into the settlement, where they could be more readily influenced, and where little drink could be obtained. Good clothing was required for the drill, and large orders were given to the traders. Meanwhile the young men set to work to get money, and all were able to pay for their goods when they arrived. Mr. Chalmers called upon the volunteers to go through their performance again before the Mission House. When they were done, he said, "If you meet for drill you should also come to church," and presented a Bible to each with his name written in it. They came to service willingly, and he soon arrested attention by special addresses to them as a Volunteer Corps. Bible and other classes were formed from this band of young men, which the missionary took charge of gladly. Many were converted, and became Church members, while others became respectable men, sober, and regular attenders.

Did he use guile to catch them? If so, it was of a very simple and artless kind.

Yet some have found fault with his telling them they must attend church. Surely every Christian will rejoice that by such means God's work was helped forward.

The education given in the village schools was of a very elementary kind. The children had two school feasts, in December or January and in May. The annual feasts of the people were also in May, when the missionary meetings were held, and contributions varying from £200 to £250, given in aid of the London Missionary Society. Their attention was continually being directed and their sympathies drawn out towards those islands where the Word of God was unknown, and the students were eager to go to these dark places. In 1872, five students and their wives sailed in the *John Williams* for New Guinea, and after them other parties were regularly sent to fill up vacancies, caused by ill-health and deaths, and to enter upon new stations.

The spiritual state of the churches was changeful, and often caused the missionary and his wife much anxiety. In 1870 there was a very refreshing out-pouring of the Holy Spirit, and a revival of religion took place in many hearts. Numbers of careless and wicked ones were converted, and many who had been expelled from the churches for gross sins were brought to repentance and renewed in their faith. A few of the converted ones yielded again to temptation,

but the great majority held firmly on, and gave an impetus to the life of the Church.

Mr. Chalmers had to accompany the *John Williams* to visit the out-stations on various islands, and upon his wife devolved the task of superintending the work. It was a very anxious time, for in addition to the cares of the Institution, over fifty inquirers came to the Mission House at all hours of the day and night, seeking relief in their spiritual distress. She was very glad indeed at the end of six weeks to shift part of the burden to the proper shoulders.

These out-stations were visited annually by the missionaries of the group in turn. The people on the islands of Maniiki, Rakaanga, Pukapuka, and the Penrhyn Islands were very poor, and had only fish and cocoa-nuts to subsist upon. The islands of Aitu, Mauke, and Mitcaro are more fertile. Upon the poorer places Mr. Chalmers distributed much of the clothing and other things sent in cases by kind friends at Leeds, Hull, Greenock, and Sydney. The remainder was used as presents to the teachers of the other places; also little remembrances were made to the aged teachers and their wives, who, retired from active service, were passing their declining years at Rarotonga. The schools also came in for a share of these good things, and the women's classes had happy times in making the prints and other stuffs up into dresses. Mrs.

Chalmers found it best to let them use their ingenuity in cutting out and making up the dresses. She thought the tight dresses sent from Europe unsuited to the climate, and encouraged the women to continue making loose flowing robes. They added little im-improvements to the designs of these imported articles, and also incorporated several ideas they took from those which came from Tahiti.

The school materials and stationery sent were very useful in the schools and Institution. The full story of their struggle to make the Institution self-supporting cannot be told, but they passed through many straits, and often had the missionary, out of the stipend which barely sufficed for his own wants, to devote a portion towards the pressing needs of those under him.

Mrs. Chalmers left Rarotonga on a visit to her family at Dunedin, New Zealand, in October, 1875. She had previously suffered bereavement in the deaths of her brother and her only sister. It was a season of much happy intercourse; and she returned with greatly improved health in May, 1876.

During that year a fine new class-room was added to the Institution. The number of the teachers in training was thirty-six, and twelve were waiting at Aitutaki until suitable houses could be got ready for their accommodation.

Some years before, a boys' boarding-

school was formed to give a more advanced education to those who had been instructed in the village schools, and it had prospered so that in 1876 fifty-nine boys were being taught, and more were awaiting admission. Forty-nine boys lived on the Mission premises, so that the missionary and his wife, active though they were, had to labour very hard to keep pace with the work.

In June, 1876, Mr. Chalmers left, with Mr. G. A. Harris, for an extended deputation tour, and visited all the islands in the Hervey Islands Mission; and in September he visited some of the out-stations, also Huahine and Tahiti.

It may be interesting to give an account of the daily routine at the Mission. Mr. Chalmers attended the morning prayer meeting in the church at day-break—*i.e.*, from half-past five to six o'clock. Then breakfast between half-past six and seven, according to season. Immediately after, prayers were said in English, and then medicine was dispensed until eight o'clock. From eight to ten Mr. and Mrs. Chalmers had students and their wives in classes. Then Mrs. Chalmers was busy with household matters, and the missionary with his students, teaching them to build houses, and make furniture, or in his study, until twelve, when dinner was served. After that a rest or little recreation until two, when they bathed and put on clean clothes.

Mr. Chalmers went to superintend the printing office until four o'clock tea. Then they went out to visit the sick, look up church members and others, also to inspect the students' homes, and see to any outdoor matters. At six the lamps were lighted and there were prayers with servants in Rarotongan, after which prayer in English, then they would go to the study and prepare for further work until nine o'clock. By ten all had retired to rest.

They felt their isolation very much at first. For two years they only saw one white Christian, and great was their joy when the *John Williams* arrived. They were, however, too busy to be weary.

As time went on the number of classes increased, and their time both before and after dinner was still more filled up with tuition. The boys' school was an additional care. So time never hung upon their hands, although the monotony of the early spring months, when no vessel visited the land, and there were no crops or fruits, was very depressing.

In 1873, a newspaper was started by Mr. Chalmers, but it was given up after a brief existence. He had to write everything for it, and his wife to correct for the press. There were many eager readers, and it did some good, but it was too heavy an undertaking without helpers, so it was reluctantly discontinued.

Mr. Chalmers' ministry in Rarotonga was marked throughout by the great earnestness with which he laboured for the salvation of the people, and also to raise the believers to a higher spiritual level. Holiness of heart and uprightness of public and private life were his constant themes, and "waiting upon God" enforced as the way out of all difficulties, as well as the source of light and comfort.

For a long time their attention had been called to New Guinea, and as far back as 1869, Mr. Chalmers had offered to do pioneer work there. Dr. Mullens wrote asking him to go in 1872. The other missionaries, however, wished them to continue their very important work in the Hervey Islands.

The people were greatly distressed at the thought of losing their beloved missionary and his active wife, but when the repeated request of the Directors came, Mr. Chalmers could no longer delay. Their hearts were full at the thought of leaving the people they had worked for and prayed for so long. But a more urgent call had come. The great lone land lying in darkness needed missionaries, so in May, 1877, just ten years after their arrival, they left Rarotonga, *via* New Zealand and Sydney, for New Guinea.

In both colonies they had an enthusiastic welcome. Mr. Chalmers preached three or

four times every Sunday, and addressed large audiences of Sunday school teachers and children. Much sympathy and help for the new mission was the outcome of all this labour, and with light hearts they left Sydney for Somerset, Cape York.

CHAPTER III

THE NEW GUINEA MISSION

THE advent of an earnest and experienced missionary like Mr. Chalmers to the New Guinea Mission was a matter of deep interest to all concerned in the opening up of that wonderful country. One better equipped and more suitable for the work could not have been found. The eastern part of the mission, with stations in various parts of the south-east peninsula, was doing well under the care of Mr. Lawes. The islands in Torres Straits, and stations in the western part of the Papuan Gulf were under the capable care of Mr. Macfarlane. Fifteen Polynesian teachers assisted these missionaries, and ten more accompanied Mr. Chalmers on their journey eastward to found the long-projected mission at the extremity of the peninsula. Ever since the commencement of the Society's Mission, the Directors had been desirous of extension in this direction. The testimony of Captain Moresby to the numerous villages in healthy positions, and the considerable population to be found there, indicated its suitability for the residence of an English missionary with a

good staff of native teachers. Two years before Mr. Chalmers' arrival, Messrs. Macfarlane and Lawes had made a cruise as far as South Cape, and were well received by the people. The way was thus to some extent prepared.

The head-quarters of the New Guinea Mission was then at Somerset, in Queensland, but soon after it was removed to Murray Island.

Mr. and Mrs. Chalmers arrived at Somerset on 30th September, 1877, where they were met by the mission schooner, *Bertha*, with Mr. Macfarlane on board. It was Sunday, and the captain of their steamer invited them to remain on board until she was about to sail. But the bustle and confusion caused by a number of pearl shelling boats made it anything but a day of peace and rest. These vessels had been awaiting the arrival of the steamer, and their masters were soon on board receiving their goods. The mission party left in the *Bertha* at five o'clock on the Tuesday morning.

On Sunday, the 21st, they anchored on the coast, about five miles from Boera, then the most westerly station in New Guinea proper, and soon after a canoe with Mr. Lawes and the native teacher, Piri, came alongside. Mr. Lawes, although showing that he had suffered from the climate, appeared better than Mr. Chalmers anticipated, while Piri, who was a very strong,

hearty fellow, seemed to be very little the worse for his residence in such a malarious atmosphere.

They arrived at the famous harbour, Port Moresby, and Mr. Chalmers says he was not charmed with its burnt-up and barren appearance. It is surrounded by high hills and swamps abound in the ravines between them, and wherever a piece of low-lying land is found. A mangrove swamp lies close to the village of Hanuabada, and near the Mission House is a large place which is full of water in wet weather. As a matter of course, fever abounds.

The next day Mr. Chalmers landed and went to the school, where about forty children were learning to read. In the afternoon they saw many women in the village making pottery, in preparation for the men's annual visit to the Gulf of New Guinea, where it would be exchanged for sago.

As they had a few days to wait, Mr. Macfarlane and Mr. Chalmers took a trip inland. The latter was anxious to see if anything could be done for the natives living on the mountains.

They returned to Port Moresby about midday on Saturday, very tired and footsore, Mr. Chalmers groaning, "Oh, that shoemakers had only to wear the boots they send to missionaries."

The following day being the first Sunday

Mr. Chalmers passed on the mainland of New Guinea, he has given a record of the doings at Port Moresby.

A great many of the inhabitants went out early in the morning with spears, nets, and dogs, to hunt wallabies (kangaroos), and were accompanied by some inland strangers from villages near the Astrolabe Range. There was not much observance of the Lord's Day, but a friendly chief named Poi, detained some inland friends from hunting, and brought them to the services. Mr. Lawes preached at both morning and afternoon services to good congregations. The hunters returned from a successful hunt just before the afternoon worship. A canoe from Hula arrived, and her cargo of old cocoa-nuts was soon bartered for pottery.

An old sorceress died in the evening, and great wailing took place over her remains, which were buried the following morning opposite her house. The grave was two feet deep, and the corpse was placed on mats while her husband for a time lay in the grave upon the body talking to the departed spirit. Then he lay down by the graveside covered with a mat. At midday the grave was filled in, and friends sat over it weeping. The relatives had their bodies blackened and besmeared with ashes as a sign of mourning.

On the 31st of October the *Bertha* left for Kerepunu, but Mr. Chalmers remained to

accompany Mr. Lawes in the Mission schooner *Mayri*, being anxious to visit the intervening stations. They left the following day, and sailed inside the reef to Tupuselei.

As they went eastward, both the country and the people improved, and at Hula they were surprised at the beautiful country and interesting people.

The next day they reached Kerepunu, the most magnificent place then known in New Guinea, with very superior looking inhabitants. It is a large town of several districts, with well-arranged streets of fine houses; crotons and other flowering plants are placed in all directions, and cockatoos are to be seen in front of nearly every house. The population is divided into fishermen and planters. All are workers, except those who may be sick, and strictly adhere to the rule of working two days and resting the third. This is very sensible when we remember that theirs is a tropical climate.

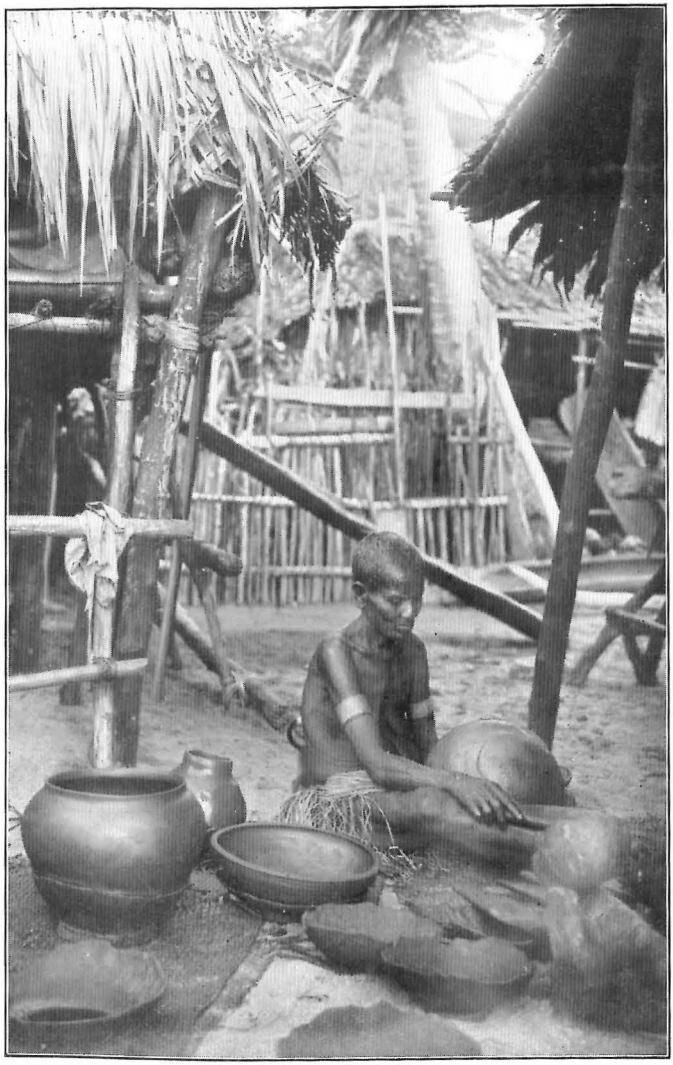
The *Bertha* had arrived here four days before, and on the Sunday Mrs. Chalmers attended the morning service, when the teacher, Anederea, preached to a large congregation from the platform of a house. Mr. Lawes remained to revise for the press a small book prepared by Anederea. The *Bertha* proceeded to Teste Island, which they reached in eight days, and Mr. Chalmers examined the place with a view

to making it the head-quarters of the Eastern Mission, but decided against it.

They found a suitable location for a teacher between Killerton Island and South Cape, and hired a house until one could be built. The natives helped to carry the teacher's goods to the house, and one, who kept near them all day, considered himself to be very well dressed, having a pair of trousers, minus a leg, fastened by the waist round his head, while the remaining leg dangled down his back.

A short service was held ashore on Sunday, and about six hundred natives attended. Mr. Macfarlane preached. The people were greatly amused with the singing. A ring of armed and painted warriors stood around the crowd.

Early the following morning the *Mayri* left, and after some beating about met the *Bertha* in the Fortescue Straits, but the *Ellangowan* was nowhere to be seen. They anchored near South-West Point on the Island of Suau (or Stacey Island). Just as Mr. Chalmers was about to go ashore, three large war canoes, with conch shells blowing, appeared from the mainland, and paddled across the Mayri Straits. Soon a large war canoe approached the vessel. The islanders wished to keep all the barter to themselves, and ordered off all the canoes which came from the mainland, and, at their departure raised a shout of triumph, after which they



By courtesy of Livingstone Press

A NATIVE WOMAN MAKING POTS

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quietly went on with their bartering. They had been fighting with the people of Tepauri, and the islanders seemed to have had the best of it, as they told with great exultation that they had lately killed and eaten ten of their enemies.

The excitement was very great, and the natives were much astonished at all they saw in the Beritani (British) canoes. The teacher Pi's baby Josepha, a plump little fellow seven months old, was an object of great interest. It seemed a white child beside this very black race.

Not being satisfied with the position as a site for a station, the missionaries sailed along the coast, and, rounding a headland, came to a pretty island village on a well-wooded point. It was a convenient locality, being only a gunshot from the mainland, with good anchorage. The natives were friendly, and led Mr. Chalmers to see the fresh water, of which there was a good supply. He was overjoyed, and wrote: "This is just the spot we have been in search of. We can go anywhere from here, and are surrounded with villages. God has led us."

They arranged for the teachers to have half of the largest house in the place. The partition was only two feet high, and the rooms were ornamented with skulls, shells, cocoa-nuts, and a choice collection of human bones. The skulls were those of enemies they had killed and eaten.

Mr. Chalmers to visit their village, saying if he went in their canoe they would return with him. He went, and was very kindly received.

The *Mayri* returned on the 21st of December and reported that the teachers at East Cape were sick, but the natives were still very kind.

Mr. Chalmers resolved to visit the settlement, with which the people of Suau were at feud. They tried very hard to dissuade him, and brought skulls, saying his would be like them, and adorn their enemy's war canoe or hang outside the chief's house. He felt sure it was because they feared the hoop-iron, axes, beads, and cloth would also be given at Tepauri, and upon his persisting they left him to his fate.

Mr. Chalmers was accompanied by the teacher whom he hoped to leave there. The people received them kindly, and showed them the place inland where water was obtained.

The Suau people were disappointed that no harm had befallen their missionary. He had been unwell for some days, and was worse the day after his return, so they felt comforted, and assured him it was because of his visit to Tepauri.

The people were very troublesome, and caused much discomfort by their thieving propensities. Among other things a camp oven was stolen. The missionaries felt

the loss much, and bore patiently these things, having anticipated them. But a greater trial came from a very unexpected source.

On the 29th of December, one of the crew of the *Mayri* warned Mr. Chalmers that the captain was brusque with the natives, and had threatened to cut the head off one of them with a sword.

Soon after, as he was paying some men for building a cook-house, a loud noise was heard, and he saw the natives who had been at work in the saw-pit running away, and heard firing in the direction of the vessel. He put his bag in the house and ran to the shore. Some natives were on board the *Mayri* and endeavouring to get her ashore. Two of the crew on shore, armed with muskets, were trying to get their boat afloat, but the natives would not let it go. Had Mr. Chalmers not been near, they certainly would have fired. Soon the natives on the *Mayri* jumped overboard, and the firing became brisker. He rushed along the beach, calling on the natives to take to the bush, and to the people on the vessel to cease firing. Peace was restored, and soon great wailing came from the chief's house. A man had been shot through the arm and leg, and another in the left arm and chest. He ran to the Mission House for some medicine, and applied it to both men.

The house was surrounded by armed

Mr. Chalmers selected a large sand-hill on the point as the site for his house. It had bread-fruit and other fruit trees upon it, and plenty of space which he hoped soon to get cleared and planted with ground crops for the benefit of the teachers. The land behind the house plot was well wooded.

The missionaries went ashore after breakfast, and found the teachers had been kindly treated. Then the natives were sent with axes to cut wood for the house, and two of the large posts were up before night. As the time for which the *Bertha* was chartered had expired, and the season for trade winds was closing, they had to use all efforts to build the house. Mr. Macfarlane, the senior missionary, worked well. Part of the crews of the *Bertha* and *Mayri* joined the four teachers, and in five days the framework was almost completed.

The missionaries now occupied the teachers' house, whilst the latter lived in a tent made out of an old sail. On Sunday they had services in Rarotongan, in addition to the daily morning and evening worship. The people always enjoyed the singing.

They had much trouble to procure enough plaited cocoa-nut leaves for the walls and roof of the house. On the 14th of December the walls and roof were finished, and the whole party moved into it. A curtain of unbleached calico hung between the teachers' end and that of the missionaries. Similar

curtains did duty for windows and doors, but as the fine weather was breaking, they were anxious to be housed, and were concerned about the teachers sleeping in the tent when it rained. The missionaries also were tired of sitting upon the uneven floor of a native house without any privacy day or night.

The next morning, when Mr. and Mrs. Chalmers were busy at the new house, they heard some people quarrelling, and saw a crowd with spears and clubs running towards the teachers' house, where one of the *Mayri's* crew was levelling a gun at a young native who was brandishing a spear. The aim was perfect, and Mr. Chalmers just arrived in time to prevent the gun being fired. Pushing the native aside, he ordered the gun to be put down, and turning to the crowd, shouted, "Besi! Besi!" (enough). Some put down their weapons, but others remained threatening. Mr. Chalmers caught the young native, and with some difficulty got his spear from him. Poor fellow, he cried with rage, but did no harm. Mr. Chalmers clapped him, and so induced him to go away. All day he sat under a tree and sulked. He had been accused of stealing a knife, and thinking that he was going to be tied with a line which the teacher had in his hand, he raised an alarm.

Many people from the mainland had become very friendly, and one party invited

natives, and Mrs. Chalmers was the only calm person there. They kept shouting, "Bocasi, Bocasi," the name of the man whom the captain had threatened in the morning, and Mr. Chalmers learnt at the chief's house that he was on board the vessel. He found a small canoe, covered with blood, and two natives paddled him off. The captain sat on deck looking white, and in reply to the question, "Is there still a man on board?" said, "Yes." "Is he shot?" "Yes." "Dead?" "Yes." He was lying below, and it was risky either to remain long on board or to land with the body; neither was it advisable for the body to be sent ashore first, as Mr. Chalmers might then be prevented from landing at all. So he got into the canoe where one man was sitting, and said to the other, who was getting up the body to place it in the canoe, "Not in this one, but a larger one." They paddled ashore, and he hastened to the house.

The captain said that the people attempted to take his life, and this big man, armed with a large sugar knife, came close up before he shot him dead. The captain's foot was dreadfully cut, there was a spear wound in his side, and several other wounds.

The chief people continued friendly, but when the body was landed great wailing prevailed, and spears, etc., went up and down frequently. Armed men in canoes

came from all parts, and some advised the missionaries to leave during the night, as they would surely be murdered. Mrs. Chalmers opposed this, and said the vessel was too small for such a party, and not provisioned, and to leave here would mean losing their foothold, and imperilling the other teachers settled near. They came there for Christ's work, and He would protect them. This sanctified common-sense prevailed.

The vessel left for Murray Island in the evening, after some medicine had been sent for the captain, and a present was prepared for the people.

Early next morning the people came and accepted the present. Some of the chiefs assured them that they could go on with their work and no one would injure them. But they deemed it well to be cautious, and not expose themselves for a time unnecessarily.

The people gathered from all parts in large war canoes, and were very impudent, jumping over the fence and taking no heed of what was said. The chief of the settlement to which the man Bocasi belonged came and was very friendly, so Mr. Chalmers gave him a present.

In the midst of this anxiety he received an invitation to attend a cannibal feast at a neighbouring village. Some said two men and a child were the chief attractions on

the *menu*, others asserted five adults and a child. The feast was held, and some of their friends appeared with pieces of human flesh hanging from their neck and arms. The child was saved for another occasion, being considered too small.

So the year ended amid darkening clouds, the little band exorting one another in patience to possess their souls, and feeling that God was truly a refuge unto them.

In February, 1878, Mr. Chalmers had to go to Cooktown for stores. He did not like to leave his wife, as the attitude of the people had been so unfriendly. She refused to go, saying, "We came here for Christ's sake, and He will protect us."

She was very ill when he left, but bore up bravely. The chief, Meau, and others brought her food daily, and she heard an old man, in conversation outside the house, say, "Tamaté has shown his confidence in us by leaving his wife in our care, and that he means to return as he said. Let us be kind, giving her plenty of food."

They were all pleased that she remained, and very considerately left her alone to do as she pleased. When any brought food they walked quickly away. In spite of her illness she managed to look after the teachers. Some of them had fever and wanted much care. Those who were recovering, yet felt the languidness resulting from it, she found work for, and thus assisted their recovery.

Each day she roused them, and with fresh efforts they tried to work again. Many little dainties were sent to tempt their failing appetites, and their medicine had to be given to them as if they were children. The baby, little Josepha, became very feverish and ill, but the teacher's wife who had adopted him would not use any of the remedies prescribed.

On the 19th of February there was fighting between three villages. Four men were killed, and a cannibal feast was held the next morning with great rejoicings.

Mrs. Chalmers now exerted herself to set the teachers portions of the Gospels to translate, and by way of stimulus and rivalry gave the women a hymn to translate for the services next Sabbath, and when that was done, gave them the third chapter of St. John's Gospel to translate. The husbands looked very black at this invasion of their domain of work, but it roused them up thoroughly, and they taught school and translated with much energy after that.

On the 25th, she was too ill to rise, but heard that another teacher was down with fever and had been bad all night. She made an effort and went to see him. After giving him medicine, she sent over, every two hours, nourishing food, such as sago, beef-tea, arrowroot, etc., and between them, suitable drinks. He seemed a little better the next day.

The weather had been very depressing, dull, sultry days, with much thunder, for three weeks, but without any rain; on the 26th of February heavy rain fell, and the improved atmosphere helped the invalids. The sick teacher was able to dress and sit for a little time in front of the Mission House.

A native house was carried past, complete, to be placed on another site. The affair had quite an American-like appearance.

On the 2nd of March, the same teacher was taken ill again in the night. Mrs. Chalmers believed he would have died had she not been called. Some of his comrades and their wives were dressing him in white shirt and trousers, and others sat by him in the middle of the floor crying. She soon set them to work, kicked away the white clothes, and made them get flannel ones, and lift him on to his mats and pillows; then put three blankets over him which were lying near, and sent for her heavy counterpane. Then some sweating medicine was given, as he had a deathly chill, but he did not get warm. She applied hot water to his feet, and gave him hot brandy. That had the desired effect, and after remaining until he perspired and felt sleepy, she sent all the rest to bed, except his wife.

All now anxiously looked for Mr. Chalmers' return, and a close watch was kept for the vessel. The teachers all improved, but little baby Josepha grew worse.

On the night of the 7th of March a vessel was sighted. No one had a thought of it being other than the *Ellangowan*, and every preparation was made, dry clothes ready, and expectation at the highest, when it was found to be Mr. Goldie's little yacht. The nights were now very stormy.

On March the 13th little Josepha went to Jesus at 11 p.m. The poor boy suffered much for several days before he died.

The following morning he was buried. The *Ellangowan* arrived just in time for Mr. Chalmers to conduct the service.

New life and energy seemed to be infused into the fever-worn band. All improved under his cheery care, and the Mission work was pushed on with greater zeal.

One day, soon after this, Mr. Chalmers was absent on the mainland. A great noise was heard from the village, and those at the Mission House learnt that a fight was going on. Away ran Mrs. Chalmers down the hill and along the village street into the midst of the combatants. Seizing the chiefs' spears she made them lower those weapons. Then turning to the people, she begged and entreated them to desist. Savages can appreciate courage as keenly as any one. Every spear dropped. But she would not leave them. The entreaties were renewed that peace should be made; and out of respect to this fearless woman those grim cannibals sat down and there and then made peace.

In April, 1878, Mr. Chalmers began that series of journeys in New Guinea which has added so much to our knowledge of the country. The object of these was to find what places were healthy, and where suitable groups of villages offered positions for native teachers. He also made many friends, and, by kindness and small presents, opened the way for future intercourse. This was very dangerous and difficult work, requiring much tact, self-possession, and fertility of resource. By the helping hand of God he was enabled successfully to carry out these objects, and finally build a chain of stations along the whole south coast of the peninsula, and many more inland at places easily accessible from the sea-shore.

He was accompanied in his first coast journey by Mrs. Chalmers. They went in the Mission steamer, *Ellangowan*, and visited one hundred and five villages, the inhabitants of ninety seeing a white man for the first time. From the commencement of these journeys he always travelled unarmed, trusting in God for protection. They visited the villages in Farm Bay. The people, on their leaving, could not understand how the steamer was able to move without sails, and one canoe, whose occupants would not leave the vessel's side, was pulled under the water. Both canoe and people reappeared some distance astern,

to the great merriment of their friends, and none the worse for their ducking.

At Meikle Bay, Mr. Chalmers walked inland with the chief and people. The mate of the steamer shot a parrot, upon which the whole party, with great shouting and hands to their ears, ran several miles to their homes. They found behind the hills, as Mr. Chalmers expected, a large sheet of water called Poroai, or "Piggish water," which was in every way characteristic of its name; they returned home after dark along the dry bed of a stream, accompanied only by the chief. As people there only travel at night when bent on fighting, the natives in the villages they passed were much alarmed, but not more so than the chief. With what nimbleness he ascended the ladder of his house. How his crying wives rejoiced. The natives had brought back a sad tale about the misdoings of the gun. Now the bird is produced by the chief, who declares *he* was not afraid. But he looked pale for a native, and readily said, "Good-bye, Tamaté" (Mr. Chalmers' native name).

In Ellangowan Bay the savages surrounded them, and they had much difficulty in leaving. At Orangerie Bay the Chinese cook pursued a man who had stolen his knife, and nearly involved them in a conflict with over a hundred canoes filled with armed warriors. They were intimidated by the steam whistle.

Mr. Chalmers had often heard of a Women's Land, inhabited only by Amazons, who were famous farmers, canoeists, and able to hold their own before all comers. After some search they found, at Mailiukolo, where he landed, hundreds of women standing under the houses, but no men. As he walked up the beach they gave one great scream, and he halted. Throwing some beads and cloth down, he walked away to the boat. After some attempts, a little girl, with much trepidation, ran on all fours like a cat, very lightly lest her approach should cause the white man to look round, picked up the cloth and beads, and flew back. They were eagerly snatched at and examined. After a few more temptings he was besieged by a noisy crowd, and was glad to escape to the boat. He went back with some more beads, but the old ladies ordered him off, as they were too frightened to come near him, and the young ladies kept all the beads they had secured. Long after he left, those old crabbed voices could be heard scolding the younger and more fortunate ladies. They found that the island did not produce food, and the men and boys went to the mainland to their plantations and to fight, being away many weeks, and leaving a guard of only a few men at home.

While resting in an inland hut, and tracing their course on a chart, some peculiar drops fell upon it from a parcel overhead. Mr.

Chalmers jumped up and discovered that they were grandmother's remains being dried. The owner was called, and walked away with the parcel. Unfortunately, the incident took away their appetite for the dinner which was being prepared.

When visiting Aroma they had a very narrow escape. They were ashore, and had to walk several miles before a suitable place could be found for the boat to take them off. They came upon a crowd of armed men and women about two miles from where the boat was to call for them. The people followed, and the teacher, who was with Mr. Chalmers, heard them talking about the best place to kill them. Tamaté was in front, walking between two men. He held a hand of each, and so prevented them using their clubs. The people tried to wrest the teacher's gun from him. They endeavoured to trip them up, and jostled them, but on they went. Two men with clubs who walked behind were disarmed by two women, who ran away. They prayed in silence with full hearts. A man came rushing up and seized the club of the man next Mr. Chalmers and threw it into the sea. Next, an old woman asked the warriors what they meant, and talked so as to distract their thoughts. An old chief now came, crying out, "Mine is the peace, what have the foreigners done that you want to kill them?" They now talked loudly—there was still time. When

near the village Mr. Chalmers caused a diversion by emptying his satchel, and a friendly native, called Kapumari, with the chiefs, forced a way through the crowd, down which they went into the water. The chiefs called, "Go quick, go quick," and right well they swam. They reached the boat; but the Chinese sailor was nervous, and nearly let her drift ashore. Mr. Chalmers got her sails round, then they pulled her head out to sea with the oars, and away they sailed to Kerepunu, thanking God for their deliverance.

Mr. Chalmers, a week afterwards, learnt from the friendly chief who held the crowd back that it was the practice of the people of Aroma to kill all strangers.

They explored the country behind Kerepunu, and went on to Port Moresby.

In May Mr. Chalmers and Mr. Macfarlane visited the stations in Torres Straits called Mabuiag Tauan and Saibai. These are islands upon which Mr. Macfarlane had placed teachers, and from which some candidates were expected for the Training Institution he then contemplated. They were very pleased with the condition of affairs, and several promising youths were found who were eager to study.

Mr. Chalmers reported then to the Secretary of the Society in London that his wife was very ill, and that, unless she improved, he would send her to Sydney. Mrs. Chalmers'

health did not improve. The fever made great ravages in her delicate frame, and early in October Mr. Chalmers took her over to Cooktown, and sent her by steamer to Sydney. He returned to Suau, arriving on the 17th of October, and there was true sorrow among the natives when it was found that Mrs. Chalmers was not with him. The teachers and their wives, however, were pleased at a prospect of having her back in January. They were now all well and happy.

The Sunday after Mr. Chalmers returned there was a comical scene in church. A boy came in, dressed in a shirt and looking very important. A large congregation assembled, and, as service was about to commence, one of the big lads of Ugativaro, the Rarotonga teacher, stalked in with a jacket in his hand. Espying the youth in the shirt, he ordered him to undress. The boy got up and was helped by several others out of the stolen shirt, which was handed over to its rightful owner, who immediately proceeded to dress, assisted by quite a large number of the congregation.

Mr. Chalmers now paid short visits to places on the mainland. At one place the teacher put him ashore, ill with fever, and got a house for him. By treatment he soon recovered. The natives thought they were highly honoured by the white man running into their village when sick.

At another place they could only get a

small house with a large fire in it. Eight of them had to sleep in a house not much larger than an ordinary bed. It blew hard and rained in torrents, so they were glad when morning came.

Mr. Chalmers felt his wife's absence much. He had several attacks of fever, and for three weeks was poorly. Then it returned at irregular intervals.

One evening he records that fish were so plentiful in the straits before the Mission House that Pusa caught five large ones with two throws of his spear. With his failing appetite, the result of fever, Tamaté was glad to have fish.

Pi Vaine looked after the house, and was very successful in making bread in English fashion.

For some time people had visited Suau from various parts of the mainland, but Mr. Chalmers could not tell where their villages were situated. Some came long distances, and he had promised to visit them. Being also desirous of crossing the eastern end of New Guinea, he left with a party on the 13th of August, 1878, and crossed to Varauru in Catamaran Bay.

They stayed for the night with the chief Quaiani in Varauru. At two a.m. the old chief awoke Mr. Chalmers to relate a dream. In crossing a river some had been washed away, others fogged on the mountains, and there was a dreadful thunderstorm. After

telling this, he said, "Will you really go? No, you must not go." "Nonsense!" said Tamaté, "we must go." All natives believe in dreams, and follow implicitly the impressions thus received. Their theory is that during sleep the spirit leaves the body and wanders. It gets information of coming events from friendly spirits, and is thus forewarned how to act.

They left soon after five o'clock, and were plentifully supplied, by the kindness of friends at Sydney, with hoop-iron, red cloth, fish-hooks, and other things to barter for food. The party consisted of twenty-eight persons, five of whom were women.

They travelled through swampy land, then ascended gradually, passing through thick bush, and descended by the side of a fine waterfall. Wading into the stream below, they followed its course for some distance. They then ascended a spur of Cloudy Mountain to level ground in a very fine valley, and along another stream until they reached a large river called the Gara. While resting on the banks it rained heavily, damping both their clothes and their spirits. The natives threatened to return, but Mr. Chalmers reassured them, and they pushed on. When the sun shone out brightly they crossed the river and went away cheerfully, the natives shouting with delight. After a time they came to where a woman had died. Here the chief took a branch and struck his

feet, so that their progress might not be retarded by her spirit. Then it began to drizzle, and it was amusing to see the chief leading and talking to the rain, chewing betel-nut, spitting it out, and waving his hand that the rain might go away. He was angry that it did not do so, and bid Mr. Chalmers use his powers. Mr. Chalmers laughed, but his companion, Mr. Chester, shouted, and soon it cleared up. So all the natives accredited him with great power.

After a weary tramp they waited for the stragglers to come up before attempting a steep ascent. In some parts it was dangerous; but all safely arrived on the top of Unuga, a ridge of Cloudy Mountain, 2700 feet high. Here they cooked their first good meal, and hoped to enjoy a rest; but the chief was afraid of mountain spirits, and insisted on Mr. Chalmers going on with him to the first village. Between seven and eight in the evening they reached the village of Diodio. Mr. Chalmers was soon asleep; but Quaiani had an interested and excited audience of all the village, as he related wonderful stories of the dimdims (foreign canoes), and of the great chief Mamoose (Mr. Chester), who was camping on the mountains. Throughout the night he held forth. Once when Mr. Chalmers awoke he was telling of the large war canoe (H.M.S. *Sappho*), which came to Suau. He described it as a floating island, with a large

population, all men, and immense guns, beyond description in size and number.

The district is called Lariva; with eighteen villages on fine rich land, and amidst splendid groves of cocoa-nut trees. Soon after Mr. Chester and his party came up in the morning, a presentation was made of two pigs and quantities of yams, taro, sugar cane, and bananas. Coming to the platform in front of the house, a native stepped forward and offered the present, with a short speech to the effect that they were glad Mr. Chalmers had come. They had heard from their friends, but doubted much of what had been told them, now they had seen the foreigners for themselves, and could only wonder. Soon a grand feast was prepared, under the catering of Quaiani. Whilst the cooking went on, an admiring crowd surrounded the white men, examining them. They were puzzled by their boots, and discussed whether they were really skin or not. There was a large congregation at the evening service, which Quaiani explained to them as far as he was able.

On the morning of the following day Mr. Chalmers and his party ascended the mountain while the chief and a few men stayed on an island in the river to perform a ceremony for the safety and success of the journey. They said it was all right, and the chief Bunera, of Vagavaga, would receive them kindly, and have all things

prepared for them. Pi, one of the teachers, became ill, and Mr. Chalmers remained behind and gave him some medicine. An old sorcerer also tried his hand at healing, by praying and squirting betel juice to the four cardinal points, and on Pi's stomach, and then breathing on him.

The chief was much troubled about his dream, and was rather disappointed that it did not come to pass, as Pi was better, and the party proceeded cheerily the next morning. They crossed the mountain and descended to Opepago, a village 2700 feet above the sea, where they feasted on pig, yams, and taro. They were urged to stay for further dainties, but pressed on for Vagavaga. However, the chief and his men were determined to do a little stroke for themselves, and make peace with Barogofigofi, by the prestige which would accrue to them as the guides and friends of the foreigners. Mr. Chalmers saw they were determined not to reach the sea that night, and that they had made up their minds to sleep at a particular village, but he did not know why. A halt was called on the banks of a stream, and incantations by Quaiani took place. A seed from some tree was beaten soft and squeezed into the eyes of Quaiani and his son-in-law Berige, who, with their followers, bathed and adorned themselves with leaves and flowers. They approached the village cautiously, ascending

a steep hill. All the way the chief plucked leaves, addressing them and throwing them away. The village was entered in silence, and they marched round a number of men sitting on a circle of stones in the centre, until a man whom they found to be chief, sprang up, followed by the others, seized their spears and clubs, and danced round. The party now sat on the stones, while the mimic performance of clubbing and spearing Quaiani went on. Mr. Chester thought it looked serious, and told Mr. Chalmers if they touched the old chief he would shoot. But Tamaté only laughed, knowing the pistols were safely packed in the swags.

Quaiani and his son made presents of tomahawks and hoop iron, which were accepted. An old woman came, threw her arms round him, and they cried together. Another woman and some men followed, and when done, the old man danced round, and said, "Here are great foreign chiefs come to see you, and here am I and my people; it is now peace." They were feasted, and made comfortable for the night. The village had a splendid outlook over Milne Bay. In the morning they went on to Vagavaga, but, after being introduced to the chief Bunera, he disappeared and was seen no more. They were unable to proceed to Orangerie Bay and Farm Bay, because of trouble between the tribes; so the steamer *Ellangowan* came to Discovery Bay and

took them on to South Cape. It was a most enjoyable trip, though somewhat damp and rough. The mountains which they crossed are quite distinct from the Owen Stanley range, and Mr. Chalmers named it the Lorne Range.

Mr. Chalmers now employed part of his time writing Scripture stories, and translating hymns. The weather was very broken. He writes: "We can reach the people sooner by singing the Gospel than by preaching it. The story will be the same, only the method improved."

A pig which was tearing round Mr. Chalmers' garden was killed by a teacher. The owner came in a great rage, the villagers with him, and tore down the fence. Mr. Chalmers paid a good price, and the pig was given up to him for food. The owner afterwards came and apologised for his anger, and said he did not really mean harm, but was so enraged he could not restrain himself.

On the 11th of November, 1878, the *John Williams* arrived at Suau with twenty teachers on board from the islands of Rarotonga, Raiatea, Niué, and the Loyalty Islands. There was also a large quantity of stores. The natives were even then so one in feeling with the Mission that they spoke of the *John Williams* as "our ship." Several steamers were then in port, and Mr. Chalmers thought they were rather

frightened at so many foreign dimdims (large war canoes) being there.

Mrs. Chalmers, on arriving at Sydney, went to stay with Mrs. Jones, of Burwood, and received every loving attention and care. Her constitution was greatly shattered by repeated attacks of fever, and she grew weaker and weaker until at length her enfeebled frame reached the utmost limit of attenuation, and she passed away from utter exhaustion. She would not allow Mr. Chalmers to be sent for, knowing that he was engaged in trying and important work, and could not bear the thought of his being called away. When they did send, it was too late. Her mind to the last was bright and vigorous, and she loved to talk about the prospects of the New Guinea Mission. Full of faith and hope, she died on the 20th of February, 1879. Her last words were, "More light!" That desire was speedily realised, and eternal light granted.

This exemplary Christian lady had many sincere mourners beyond the circle of her family and friends. The cannibals of south-east New Guinea shed tears in sincere sorrow. Far-off Rarotonga, and many a South Sea isle, where faithful labourers whom she had helped to train were labouring sent back sighs of grief. She "rests from her labours, and her works do follow," from many places far apart.

Mr. Chalmers was on his way to Sydney

when his wife died. On the journey there he took up a newspaper and saw a heading, "The death of a noble woman." It was the announcement of Mrs. Chalmers' death, which had happened several weeks previously.

To understand the nature of his loss one should know the very touching affection which existed between them. Their union was of the happiest and highest order. Mutually helpful, they laboured together with enthusiasm, knowing well that

> "Royal deeds may make long destinies
> for multitudes."

The sorrowing missionary arrived in Sydney on the 24th of March, and after a stay there of two months returned to New Guinea.

CHAPTER IV

EXPLORING FOR STATIONS

AFTER the death of his wife, Mr. Chalmers made Port Moresby his head-quarters. In July, 1879, he had a long tramp inland. In June, 1880, he was anxious to commence an inland mission, and determined to devote six weeks to searching the country behind the Owen Stanley Range for suitable localities. He would also endeavour to traverse the high country on the sides of the range, and follow the course of the Kemp Welch River into Hood Bay.

He had a good party, and all were desirous of performing a journey which was at that time unprecedented in New Guinea travel. Many shook their heads; some would-be travellers said it could not be done. Fortunately they met a party of Sogerians at Port Moresby, and sent on by them a large portion of their food and supplies for barter, keeping only enough for the western part of the trip, which would take about three weeks' hard walking.

They started after a short service on the 7th of June, and reached Moumiri, sixteen miles' journey. The next day it rained heavily. On the 9th they could obtain very

few carriers, so had to carry their own things and climb the hills under a burning sun. On the 11th, they met their old friend Oriope at Vakinumu. He was as jolly as ever, and ready to take them to Sogeri.

Travelling in a mountainous country with goods to carry is too much for Europeans. How Chalmers and his party envied travellers in Africa, with 200 or 300 bearers! The difficulty of carrying has prevented New Guinea being explored. After leaving Sogeri they travelled towards Moroka, and came upon the sources of the Kemp Welch, then they turned easterly until they reached Favere. As these two tribes had been at war, the Sogeri chiefs had to touch food before cooking as a sign of friendship and acceptance of hospitality. After staying a day at a large village called Maiari, where they saw a woman wearing a necklace made of the bones of her deceased child, as a mark of affection, they continued their course through a terribly rough country, often wading for hours in streams, and ascending or descending mountain torrents, until late one afternoon they reached Iovi. The ascent to it was long and steep, then across the top of a huge table rock, on which the houses were built surrounded by a high barricade. After some uncertainty and explanations, they were led along the rock and into the village with much shouting. Standing on a clear space in the centre of

the village, they could see along the Kemp Welch valley—one of the finest in the peninsula—down to Kalo, and also learnt that no small distance yet lay between them and Hood bay. Some wished to make direct for the coast; Mr. Chalmers wanted to go behind Quaipo and Anivrarupu, and raft it down the Clara River. They agreed to carry out the original route, and went on to Keremu. They camped on the side of a conical hill, and saw a party of armed men below, just as they were starting. Surrounding the cone, these shouted, and one raised a spear. As it was poised, Mr. Chalmers shouted, "Down spear," their eyes met, and the spear was dropped. With some of his party he went down the hill, and as he approached he ordered them all to lay aside their weapons, as the guns had been left on the top of the hill. On being told who the party were, the assailants became good friends, and smoked and chewed betel nut. They wanted to accompany the party, but as Mr. Chalmers felt suspicious, he told them to return, which they did. A river flowed at the foot of the hill, and here they made a raft with a platform in the centre. Placing their luggage upon it, they sailed down, but soon struck upon a snag. They went on for a few miles more, when they found it impossible to keep the raft clear of these obstacles. After some desperate efforts they got through, and sailed

down beautifully, hoping to be in Kalo the same day. Mr. Chalmers was standing aft on a log, enjoying the scenery and afternoon's sun, when lo! he was under water. On coming to the surface he saw the raft a little way down, dismantled, and its occupants still clinging to it. Those who could swim pushed it ashore. Although in a miserable plight, they could not help laughing at the ludicrous mishap. They made large fires, and by midnight were asleep on the river bank rolled in dry blankets. The next day they tramped along a splendid valley and met some Kalo canoes at a village on the left bank. Hiring one, they sailed down the remaining twenty miles, and were soon enjoying the comfort and cleanliness of a teacher's house. This was the longest tramp made till then by a white man in New Guinea, and probably has not been exceeded since. They travelled over 500 miles, and climbed more than 40,000 feet.

On the 23rd of November, Mr. Chalmers left for Maiva, having promised the chief Oa to visit him before the end of the year. On the way some Maiva men told them that Oa was ill. He was really dead, but they were afraid to say so. The boat's crew were disheartened, and had to be carefully managed. They slept on the beach near Cape Suckling, and in the morning met three Delena canoes with pottery, waiting for the inland people from Namoa to come with

smoked kangaroo for barter. They all landed and after luncheon were about to start for Namoa, when Mr. Chalmers said: "I fear it will rain before we can return."

A woman said: "It cannot rain until after we return home to Delena."

"Why not?"

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

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

"Kone, my friend, what about the rain?"

"It cannot rain, so do not be afraid."

"But I think it will rain this afternoon."

"You need not fear, so let us start."

As they were so pressing, the party set out for the three mile walk. Soon Mr. Chalmers said, "Now, Kone, it will rain."

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

"No use, Kone; rain will come."

They reached Namoa. The rain came, and they were prisoners. Kone only said: "Do you think I thought you were a man of no power? You are a Lohiabada (great chief), and so am I, but the rain has listened to you."

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

Kone laughed, and soon after when the rain abated and the stars peeped out he appeared greatly relieved

At Namoa, for the first time in New Guinea, Mr. Chalmers met a real chieftainess, and a perfect Amazon. Koloka ruled both her husband and people. She was about twenty-four years of age, and her husband appeared two years older, and rather good-looking. The women were all rather masculine. Two young girls were being introduced to society, and the customary feasting and dancing was arranged for that evening. The missionary held an evening service, which was attended by a great and orderly audience. The missionary party had to camp out, sleeping in damp clothes and without blankets. The next day Koloka and a large party accompanied them to the boats. The Delena people returned at the same time.

Mr. Chalmers arrived at Maiva on the 27th and walked to Oa's village. Oa's brother Paru led him into the chief's house, which was very dark. Oa was buried in the centre, and a mat was spread over the grave on which Tamaté was asked to sit until they had a weeping. It proved too much for Mr. Chalmers, who sent for the teacher Piri to take his place.

Oa spoke to all before his death of Mr. Chalmers as his special friend, and wondered why he did not come. He was a warrior from youth, a great sorcerer, and had wonderful influence. The temple, a large building 160 feet by 30, was given up to

Mr. Chalmers, but he only occupied Oa's place. All the posts were carved and named, and each chief had his own post. A large front post with a well-carved alligator, done by Oa shortly before his death, with a tomahawk Mr. Chalmers gave him, was called Tamaté.

The next day they held the first public Christian service in that district. Afterwards Rua, one of the chiefs, told Tamaté, their customs and beliefs respecting the dubu (temple). Rua had just visited Port Moresby and seen the new church. He said, "Tamaté, your dubu is bad."

"No, Rua, it is small, but light; and we invite men, women, and children to enter and hear of God's love through His Son, Jesus Christ. Your house is dark, and no women or children must ever enter."

"Ah! You see, this place is too sacred, and they must never enter."

"Not so sacred as ours; we never smoke or sleep in ours, as you do here. We worship the one Great Spirit by all meeting together, and praise Him in song, prayer, reading His Word, and hearing of Him."

To Rua this was all new. He and all Maiva would willingly have received teachers had the missionary any to send.

The next morning before daylight they left for Kevori, a district inland of Cape Possession. The party was led by Paru, and when sitting on a platform in the evening

there was a strong shock of earthquake. Mr. Chalmers had a sensation as of sea-sickness, and feared the platform was going to fall.

They all regretted that the party could only stay until the morning, and proposed that they should sit by the dubu fire all night talking and singing, but the tired missionary strongly objected.

They set out for Delena. Meauri tried to detain them, and his cry on parting was, "Do return soon."

With a fine wind Yule was soon passed, and at Delena they met four large canoes with Boera natives who had purposed going on to Maiva, but were told to return by the great Yule sorcerer, because he did not receive an arm shell large enough to satisfy him. He said they would all be killed. Mr. Chalmers met this sorcerer, who, he says, was "a small, mean, wicked-looking fellow." The natives were dreadfully afraid of him, and he was full of passion when told by Tamaté in the presence of the people that his trade was one of murder, robbery, and lying; that he had better relinquish it, and no longer deceive the people. He got the best pig, best food, best tomahawk, and best shells his dupes could supply. These men are the cause of much of the murdering, and they can poison well. They also set one tribe against another. The sorcerer left Mr. Chalmers, vowing vengeance.

As natives from Mekeo came in and reported the country to be in an unsettled state, Mr. Chalmers gave up his purpose of going there, and returned to Namoa Creek to pay the return visit promised to Queen Koloka. All the people were away in their plantations. Naime, the uncle of Koloka, met Mr. Chalmers, and with his wife No. 1, returned to the village, where she cooked dinner for the party. A lad was despatched to the chieftainess, who soon appeared with her husband, and after dinner all went to the plantations. A number of hammocks were slung between the trees. The men and women were hard at work turning over the earth with long poles. Koloka lay in a hammock, and gave her orders to a number of women, who passed them on to twelve more who were cooking in the shade close by. The people told Mr. Chalmers Koloka was always carried in a hammock by women when travelling. Her orders were promptly obeyed, and she seemed to have much power over the people. She would not hear of Tamaté's sleeping in the dubu, and was much interested in hearing of the marriage of his companion Maka to one of the teacher Ruatoka's daughters. All the presents were carefully enumerated, and Koloka was anxious for Maka to live at Namoa. Her husband told Mr. Chalmers in great confidence that he had to pay an enormous sum for Koloka—viz., ten arm

shells, three pearl shells, two strings of dogs' teeth, several hundreds of cocoa-nuts, a large quantity of yams, and two pigs.

The numerous mice prevented sleep, so at midnight Tamaté and party stole away to the dubu, but were observed and followed. Then Naime and wife No. 2 came and lighted a fire to keep off enemies, bodily and spiritual. Boe, Koloka's husband, waking up for his midnight smoke, found they had left, and he came, too; but Mr. Chalmers ordered them all away. They were much astonished at his carelessness in sleeping anywhere, without fire, guards to watch, or arms of any kind; and the strange wish to be *left alone* will be long remembered.

One of the results of this visit was the proposals made for peace between Boera and Namoa. There was an enmity of many years' standing, but some of Mr. Chalmers' Boeran boatmen were so well received that they arranged for their chiefs to go and conclude peace, Boera giving arm shells, and pearl shells, Namoa presenting pigs, food, and betel-nuts. So with light hearts the Mission party went along the coast, reaching Boera in safety.

CHAPTER V

PEACE, MERCY, AND JUSTICE

"Push off the boat, quit, quit the shore,
The stars will guide us back;
O gathering cloud, O wide, wide sea,
O waves that keep no track."
"THE SPANISH GIPSY"

THE year 1881 opened auspiciously. On January the 5th, the new church at Port Moresby was opened, and the first three New Guinea converts were baptised. So with an elated heart Mr. Chalmers was ready for fresh deeds of daring in Christ's name.

The natives of Kabadi had begged him the previous year to try and prevent the Elema people making another raid upon them. The Kabadians were then living away in the thick bush near the hills, and feared to return to their villages.

The last news from Maiva had said that Motumotu and Lese were making great preparations to visit Motu, kill Mr. Chalmers, and the teacher Ruatoka, and then attack the natives. Upon the occasion of their last raid, they said they would return and clear up all accounts by killing both foreigners and natives.

The people along the coast were in great fear of these wild men from the West, and it was a hindrance to the work at the Mission stations. Though Mr. Chalmers did not think they would touch him, he feared they might perpetrate many acts of savagery at Kabadi and elsewhere. It was a bad month for travelling, both rain and storms usually prevailing. The coast line was also long and dangerous, and the natives said it was too late to attempt such a journey.

In view, however, of the serious danger and the consequences of such an attack, he resolved to go to Motumotu and "beard the lion in his den." On the 10th of January, the flag flying on the boat told all that the missionary and his devoted natives were about to start. The night before the leader ran away to Kaili, but Huakonio, one of the baptised three, was willing to go. These men were looked upon by all as fools, rushing into the arms of death, and wives, children, and friends stood around weeping. The men replied, "Cannot you see that if Tamaté lives, we shall live; and if he is murdered, we shall be murdered. It is all right, we are going with *him*, and you will see us back with sago and betel-nuts!" Was ever more trust put in a missionary? Truly the charm of that presence which is attractive to English friends, has even greater power over these poor heathen, who showed their attachment by risking their lives.

Huakonio told Mr. Chalmers in the boat that every means but force had been used to prevent their going with him, but added: "We know it is all right; the Spirit that has watched over you in the past, will do so now, and if we return safe won't the people be ashamed!"

They called at Boera for Piri. He had a boat and crew, and Mr. Chalmers added two to his crew there. A strong north-west wind made them put into Manumanu. Here traders and crews tried to persuade Mr. Chalmers to give up going to Motumotu, and to visit Kabadi, to them the land of plenty. They said, "Bad weather has set in, winds and rains are here, we cannot go on." But Tamaté replied: "Think, my children, of the disgrace. We left for Motumotu, and at the first breath of wind put back! It must not be. Let us try a little longer, and if the wind increases we can put back, and not feel so ashamed."

"You are right," they rejoined; "we will go on with you."

As they were about to start at sunset, a man just returned from Kabadi thought to turn Mr. Chalmers aside, and said: "Tamaté, Kabadi look daily for you, and have a large present of feathers and sago."

"I am going to Motumotu, nor can all the feathers and sago in Kabadi turn me until I have made a fair trial, then if driven back I will visit Kabadi."

Along the coast people rejoiced at their expedition; some were in great want of pottery. The Motumotuans and also the tribes to the West of them were in similar straits for uros (pots), as their last raid had prevented the traders making their usual annual visit to the Gulf.

When near Maiva Mr. Chalmers met a Motumotu canoe. Its crew were at first afraid to come near, but after a little talk they exchanged presents, and were soon friends. He learnt that it was probable that the tribe would make peace if he would only visit them The whole party in the Mission boats had friends in Motumotu except the boatman, Bob Samoa, and with him the chief man in the canoe made friends by rubbing noses, and giving him his lime gourd, which would be a passport on his arrival, and ensure his being received and entertained by the father and relatives of his new friend. The canoe then went on to Lolo in quest of uros.

At many places they were begged by the people to land, but the sea ran too high. At Jokea they heard that the Motumotuans were in an uncertain state of mind, but having heard that Mr. Chalmers was on the way, they put off their decision, saying, "If he comes, it will be all right, and we shall have peace, but——" well, they did not know.

The first place they landed at was Lese.

Here an old and influential chief resided, named Semese. An excited crowd, the majority armed, came upon the beach, and Mr. Chalmers called out for Eeka. A very old man walked into the sea in response, and led him ashore by the hand. Piri, his wife, the boat's crew, and the chiefs from Port Moresby and Boera followed. Piri called Mr. Chalmers aside to look at some curious dubus in an enclosure, and when he came out his hand was seized by an elderly man, who in a towering passion drew him on. All Mr. Chalmers could make out was that somebody was a thief and a liar. The Boera chief ran up, and he asked him what was the matter. "Oh, this is your friend Semese, the chief you gave the present to when you were last here, and he is angry with Eeka for taking you away."

"Tell Piri to come up quickly."

"Piri, go with Eeka as your friend; give him a present as such. I go with Semese."

Wrath soon fled before the genial missionary had sat many minutes on the platform, and he had to be fed.

"But, Semese, I must press on to Motumotu, and see them. I fear the weather may be bad."

"Motumotu to-morrow, Lese to-day; you must have a pig."

"Leave the pig for another visit."

But it was of no avail. A fine pig was speared and laid at Tamaté's feet. Semese

and the people were in the best humour, and Eeka was delighted with Piri.

They gave their return presents, and suggested that the pig should be taken to the other side of the entrance to Macey Lagoon, which was agreed to, and the rest of the day passed in feasting and sleeping; but the night was utilised for work, and they anchored about two miles from Motumotu. Soon all were asleep, in spite of anxiety. They were astonished at the beautiful weather in spite of the season, and said they "felt it would be all right—the great and good Spirit who had led them so far in safety would not leave them on the morrow."

At each meal they asked a blessing, and an old Hula friend prayed with great feeling for the Motumotuans, and that the visit might be blessed to them. Mr. Chalmers was charmed with his simplicity, fervour, and expectancy.

They were aroused about two a.m. by shouting, and saw a large double fighting canoe beside Piri's boat. Those on the canoe bridge asked: "Who are you?"

"Tamaté and Piri going to Motumotu."

This answer gave satisfaction, and soon all were friends.

There were over thirty paddles in each canoe, and on the bridge between them was a large number of armed men, with a supply of sago and betel-nuts. They were going to Lese to purchase uros.

It is to be observed that the presence of Mr. Chalmers on the coast, if it did not restore peace, had the effect of an armistice, which even the aggressors used to their advantage.

After presents were exchanged, at an order from one on the bridge, the canoe moved swiftly on. It was a pretty sight in the moonlight, when nearly eighty paddles as one touched the water.

They reached Motumotu early, and a chief rushed into the water, saying, "Come, with peace from afar; come, friends, and you will meet us as friends."

Mr. Chalmers had, as a matter of diplomacy, brought Semese with him, as he was a relation of Rahe, a great man among the Motumotuans. He now held a conference with Semese and Rahe in the boat, and would let no one else come near until it was over. They told him, among other things, that they had heard he was murdered, and were very sorry; but now Tamaté was alive, and had come to see them, in a moon in which neither they nor their fathers had ever travelled, they must make peace. They promised never to go near Kabadi.

Then the party landed, and Bob's calabash brought him numerous friends. Piri went to his friends at one end of the village, while Mr. Chalmers resided in Rahe's dubu.

Another meeting was held with the leading men, and peace was effected.

In the evening there was a full dress parade of the men and women in the village; everybody was besmeared with red pigment, and decked out with leaves and feathers. All were armed.

Rahe came for some boat medicine, and was asked, "What do you mean, Rahe?"

"I want you to give me some of that medicine you use to make your boat sail."

"I use no medicine, only Motu strong arms."

"You could never have come along now without medicine."

"We use no medicine, and have come along well."

The weariness and anxiety of such a journey would be great, and when the tension was removed from the mind by peace being concluded, it is natural Mr. Chalmers should record that "he had a splendid night's rest."

They had service the next morning, but it was a roaring time. Everybody anxious for quiet must needs pacify his neighbour, and of course it was resented. The Port Moresby chief prayed in the Motu dialect, and the Boera chief translated the addresses of Mr. Chalmers and Piri. They were very anxious to know about the Resurrection, and where British spirits went to after death.

An afternoon service was held in the main street. Prayer dispersed them like a bomb-shell exploding in their midst, but another

hymn brought them back. Tamaté talked long on peace, and urged them to go to Moveave and make peace there, promising at a fit season to ascend the river with them for that purpose.

Mr. Chalmers visited the party who killed several of the Moveaveans in the previous week, and they promised not to attack them again.

In the evening there was a great gathering of chiefs and men, whom Semese addressed, exhorting all to peace, and saying that now Mr. Chalmers had visited them, they ought no more to go about exalting themselves, fighting with their neighbours, and speaking evil of their friends the Motuans. Nearly all night the aged chief pursued his theme, and from the esteem in which he was held as a warrior and orator, his words would help greatly to cement the peace then concluded.

They arrived at Port Moresby on the 20th of February, and on the 6th of March Mr. Chalmers baptised the first two women of New Guinea converted to Christianity. The joy of his heart on this glad occasion was outpoured in praise and thanksgiving to his Lord for His great mercies, while his yearning over these two "brands plucked from the burning" was expressed in his simple prayer: "May Kohu and Rahela be kept as true ministering women for Christ."

THE KALO MASSACRE

On the 11th of March, 1881, as Mr. Chalmers was about to leave Port Moresby, in the *Mayri*, for Hula, the sad news arrived that the natives of Kalo, in Hood Bay, had murdered their teacher, Anederea, with his wife and two children; also Materua, teacher of Kerepunu, his wife, and two children; Taria, teacher of Hula; Matatuhi, an inland teacher; and two Hula boys—in all, twelve persons.

This sad piece of savagery occurred on Monday, March the 7th, just as all the teachers were about to leave in the Mission boat for Hula.

Taria, on reaching Hula on the 4th, heard a rumour that the Kalo people intended to kill Anederea and his family, and on the following morning he, with Matatuhi, went over to Kalo and asked the teacher to leave at once. Anederea refused, and questioned the chief Quaibo, who pretended to be his friend. He was assured there was no truth in the rumour, so Taria returned to Hula alone.

On Monday, the 7th, Taria proceeded in his boat, manned by five Hula lads, to Kalo and Kerepunu. His object was to remove the teachers, as some members of their families had been ill. He put into Kalo, and told the teacher of his intention to call for him on his way back. At Kerepunu he took on board Materua and family, also

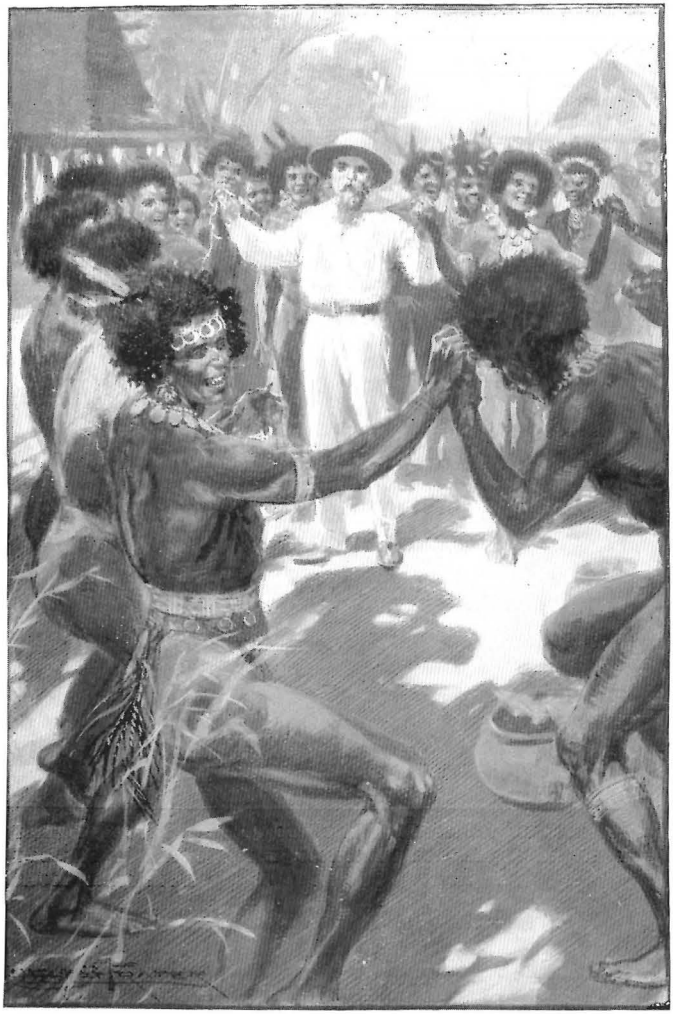
one native youth. While waiting at Kalo, the pretended friend, Quaibo, entered the boat for a talk, and on the arrival of Matatuhi and Anederea with his family, the chief stepped out of the boat.

This was the prearranged signal for attack, and immediately the crowds on the beach poured a shower of spears upon the hapless and unarmed Mission party, who were so cooped up in the boat that they could neither resist nor escape. Taria made some efforts, but a fourth spear put an end to his resistance. The others were soon despatched. A single spear slew both mother and babe in the case of each of the teachers' wives. The chief had told his followers not to touch the Hula and Kerepunu boys, but two of the former were killed. The rest escaped by swimming across the river. The only bodies recovered were those of the Kerepunu teacher's wife and babe, which were interred by the natives of Hula and Kerepunu. The rest became a prey to the alligators. Speedy compensation was made by the Kalo people to the relatives of the two Hula boys, and their people also recovered the whale-boat.

The Hood Bay natives attributed the massacre to the influence of the Aroma chief, Koapena, saying that he told the Kalo people that foreigners might be killed with impunity, and as an illustration referred to the massacre of Chinamen at Aroma

in July, 1880. But from Mr. Chalmers' statements respecting the character of the chiefs Quaibo and Koapena, and the widely different circumstances of the two events, this story is improbable. The action of the British commodore who investigated both affairs was the condemnation of Quaibo, and the immediate acquittal of Koapena, in reference to each event. Anederea had given no offence to Quaibo as the Chinamen did to Koapena and his people. The utmost that could be said against him was that he and his Mission boys laboured hard with their own hands to save the Society all possible expense in getting thatch for the houses and chapels along the coast, which was only procurable at Kalo, when they might have gained more influence over the people by paying them for doing the work.

Mr. Chalmers' visit to Hula was postponed, and with a large party he left at once for Aroma, their chief concern being for the safety of the two teachers there. They arrived after three days' sailing, and leaving the boats, Mr. Chalmers, accompanied by only one teacher, went ashore so as not to arouse the suspicion of the natives. They were thankful to learn that neither teachers nor people had heard of the massacre, and in less than an hour, thanks to the tact of Tamaté, the two teachers and their families were safe in their whale-boat. Only a small portion of their effects were removed, and



TAMATE TACTFULLY CHANGED THEIR HOSTILITY TO SCREAMS OF DELIGHT BY MAKING THE COMPANY JOIN HANDS AS HE SANG "AULD LANG SYNE"

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the chiefs and natives of Aroma were left in ignorance of the cause of such erratic movements.

Mr. Chalmers again turned his attention to the extension of the Mission to the westward of Port Moresby, and on the 24th of May left for Maiva. At Hall Sound he was informed by his old friends Kone and Lavao, that it was useless to go on to Maiva, as it was impossible to land there. So he landed at Delena to eat pigs, *i.e.*, to receive them as presents, and hand them over to his followers. He ascended a hill at the rear of the village, and was astonished to find a fine tract of land, affording a good position for a Mission House. Kone offered what land was needful, and after due consideration Mr. Chalmers decided to build. Tents were landed from the *Mayri*, and pitched on the rise above the village.

On Saturday he told the people that there would be no work for them on Sunday, and Kone said, "Oh, we know, and we, too, are going to be helaka (sacred) to-morrow." He had received this information from natives of Boera.

One Sunday they held a service in the village, but the wary missionary was not deceived by the propitious appearance of things. He says: "What nonsense one could write of the reception here; such as, 'Everybody at service listened attentively, comments were made on address, children all

come to school, are intelligent and anxious to learn; altogether prospects are bright.' At home they would say, 'These people are being converted; see the speedy triumph of kindness.' Alas! they are but savages, pure and simple, rejoicing in the prospect of us having brought them an unlimited supply of tobacco, beads, cloth, and tomahawks."

These words, written that day, are prophetic, viewed in the light of the Delena fray, which took place that week, when the good and peaceful resolutions of the people took flight under the excitement of an attack by the Loloans.

Before the first signs of trouble appeared, Mr. Chalmers was visited by Queen Koloka, of Namoa, and her husband, Boe.

Mr. Chalmers writes: "After formally receiving her I presented Mrs. Lawes' gift. Unloosing the parcel, I turned maid-of-honour in real waiting. Her majesty was chewing betel-nut, but that did not prevent my putting the dress on. The first attempt was all wrong, the front became the back. At length I succeeded, and after fastening the dress, tied a pretty kerchief round the royal neck. There was great excitement, in every mouth a thumb, a few moments of silence, and then every one shouted. It was amusing to see her husband, uncles, maids, old men and women, young men and maidens, gather round the royal presence, wonder and admire, and then shout, "Oh,

Misi Haine, O! (Mrs. Lawes).' Ah, Koloka, I wonder how you are going to get out of that dress to-night; will you understand buttons, hooks, and eyes?"

Three days after this incident Mr. Chalmers observed that the natives seemed troubled, and their earnestness in house-building abated. He found they expected that the Lolo tribe purposed making a raid upon them, but their hope was in the guns of the Mission party. He said they were men of peace, and had no wish to frighten any one.

That night there was much excitement, and the Mission people slept lightly. At five o'clock the Mission camp was crowded with women and children, with their goods, asking for protection. Men now ran about, planting arms in convenient places in the bush. Fighting began at daylight, and some Loloans pursued the Delena natives up the hill, but they were warned back. There was a loud shout for Mr. Chalmers and party to go and fight in the village. He went alone and unarmed. Rushing into the midst of the combatants he called out, "*Maino*! (peace)" and there was a hush in the terrible storm. He was allowed to walk through the village, and after disarming one or two, returned. Kone whispered to him, "There is Arua," and he recognised in him the great sorcerer, who, on a former visit, left him in a great rage, vowing

vengeance. Now was his time to pay out the missionary. But that coolness and tact which had served him in so many dangers prompted bold measures, so taking Arua's weapons from him, he linked his arm and walked him up the hill. Speaking kindly, he showed him the Mission flag; told him they were *maino* (peace), and said that no Loloans were to ascend the hill. All right, Arua would stop the fighting. Tamaté returned to his tent and sat down to write an account of the skirmish, when again they rushed up for him, saying Kone was to be killed. Rushing down to the village without his hat, he found that more canoes had arrived full of warriors. What a crowd of painted fiends! He was surrounded, spears and sword sticks rattled, and some one knocked him on the head, a piece of stick struck his hand. The old chief from Lavao took hold of him, and walked to the outskirt of the village. Arua and Lauma of Lolo assured him they would not ascend the hill, and he had better not interfere with them. Tamaté replied, "Right, friends; but you must stop, and on no account injure my friend, Kone." At last they promised to make peace, and he called a meeting of all in the village. The Loloans having promised to be quiet, they were informed that the missionaries could not stay if they were constantly threatening. In the afternoon the chiefs came up to the camp, and Mr.

Chalmers promised to visit all. He then wrote: "My head aches a little. Had I been killed, I alone should have been to blame, and not the natives. The Delena people say, 'Well, Tamaté, had you not been here, many of us would have been killed, and the remainder gone to Naara, never to return.'" He then modestly adds: "There is some pleasure in being of a little use, even to savages."

There was a good attendance at service and school on the following Sunday. Some would beat native cloth, which made Kone angry; and because they would not listen to him he threatened to pull up his recently buried child. Mr. Chalmers sent word that he must on no account do that, and also must say no more to the men beating cloth, as by and by they would become enlightened, and understand about the Sabbath. Poor Kone's idea was that they should at once understand and obey.

On the 6th of June, Mr. Chalmers left Delena to establish a station at Maiva. Landing at Miria's village, he asked his friend Rua if the people were going to fight, as they carried *karevas* (long fighting sticks). Upon his saying, "No, no, it is all right," Tamaté gave him a large axe for the chief Meauri to cut wood for a house. Soon Meauri and some followers appeared, much to Mr. Chalmers' surprise. He accompanied Meauri inland to his village and selected a

site, giving red cloth in payment for that and the wood they were to cut for another house.

When they were sitting together Rua asked, "Tamaté, who is your real Maiva friend?" Fancying there was trouble, he replied:

"Oa Maoni, who sleeps in that house in death, was my friend; Meauri, Rua, Pari, and Aua are now my friends."

Rua said, "I thought so; and Miria has no business to build a house for you. Before we saw the Mission boat we were down on the beach at Miria's village to begin a quarrel; we saw you coming and waited for you."

The fact of the villagers being armed, and the speedy appearance of Meauri and his warriors was now explained. Mr. Chalmers said, "But I want a house on the coast as well as inland; Miria's village is small, and too exposed, I must look for another place."

"That is all right, but build here first."

On the 14th of June Mr. Chalmers had a conference with Bontu, the Paītana chief, and followers, respecting the murder of Dr. James and Mr. Thorngren. They gave their version, and then made friends, Tamaté taking care to explain the peaceful nature of his mission. He then visited the village where the murderers lived, and they again explained that only a small party attacked the boat, and that the chiefs knew nothing of the matter.

Mr. Chalmers again said, "I am not a trader, but have come to teach about the only true God and His love to us all in the gift of His Son, Jesus Christ, and to proclaim peace between man and man, and tribe and tribe."

They were astonished at his being alone and unarmed, and soon his old friend the chief hurried him away to the boat.

Towards the close of the year 1881, on the news of the fight at Manumanu, between the Dourans and Kabadians against the Koitabuans and Manumanuans, reaching Port Moresby, Mr. Chalmers delayed his visit, hoping that matters might be put right between Manumanu and Kabadi, as he would not attempt to locate the teachers until they could hope for a permanent peace.

For some time Mr. Chalmers had no communication with Kabadi, but rumours came of great preparations for revenge. He was not the man to remain long inactive, and having set his heart upon placing teachers there, he resolved to go and see what prospect there was for peace. When it was suggested, there was much head shaking among the Motuans, and a boat's crew could not be found. When the matter was decided, and orders given to launch the boat, an old and valued friend, Heni, one of the Motu chiefs, consented to go with him, and after some trouble five rowers were found. On the 6th February, 1882, just as the sun was

setting, they left, Mr. Chalmers happy in having secured a crew, but they unhappy in leaving wives and children, who tried to keep them from going to what seemed sure death. He called for Heni, and took him from his veranda, where he was surrounded by weeping friends. Heni entered the boat, saying, "Do not weep for me; if he lives, I live; if he is killed, I, too, shall be killed; but it *will* be peace and sure friendship." The confidence and affection which these savage friends had in Tamaté was truly wonderful. In his company they were willing to face all dangers. It was arranged to call at Boera for Piri and a chief, Daro, both great friends of the Kabadians. Mr. Chalmers was an adept in diplomacy of this kind. The crew wanted to stay over night, but he said, "No, I wish to be at Manumanu by daylight, ascend the creek, meet the Kabadians, and return by night." They replied, "He thinks it's nothing; just hear what he says!" When Mr. Chalmers had landed for Piri and the chief, the crew beached the boat, hoping to persuade him to return to Port Moresby, or at least to remain. He had to sleep there, but did so dragoon fashion, and by four o'clock they were again in the boat, but had to put back in consequence of a high wind and heavy sea. They started again in the evening, and anchored about two miles from Manumanu to await daylight. The crew told horrible

tales respecting the treachery and cruelty of the Kabadis in times gone by, and said:

"Tamaté, do you hear and believe that?"

"No, I don't care; out oars and pull away."

More stories followed, a fish sprang across the boat from sea side to the coast, causing some to sigh deeply. Soon after another fish sprang into the boat, then several followed. Mr. Chalmers pretended to pay no attention; there was a peculiar silence, then old Heni spoke:

"What do these fish portend? I fear the Kabadi have to-night surrounded Manumanu and killed many."

"Father," said another, "no; 'tis our boat; it is not Manumanu, but we. Who of us will return?"

With a long sigh, they together replied, "Who?"

The natives at Manumanu did all they could to prevent them going to certain death. Again followed a discussion. An old woman waded out to the boat and whispered, "Go, Tamaté, the Kabadi will treat you kindly."

He laughed, and said, "Come, push off, or go ashore, just as you like."

"No, we will not forsake you, but die or live with you."

However, they borrowed weapons, and the boat looked quite an arsenal, what with testing of bows, refitting strings, and sharpening arrows. Heni laughed at their folly,

and they said, "You are a great chief, and perhaps do not know what fear is."

They had a very hearty reception. The Kabadis were in sore need of uros (pots) for cooking, and had a great quantity of food on their hands.

Mr. Chalmers' party was refreshed with young cocoa-nuts, and after a friendly talk he rose to go, but found only Piri followed. He went back, and one of the Kabadi chiefs said, "I shall be angry if you leave; stay and feast, and go to the boat."

"A friend's anger soon passes away. Long ago we made peace; why should I stay here when I do not know how my inland friends are? You know they would be angry if I went without seeing them." So saying, Mr. Chalmers, taking the arm of the younger chief, walked off, and all the rest soon followed.

The inland people were the real fighters, and had been the cause of all the trouble.

The chief Naimearua of Keveo was away in his plantation, and a messenger was despatched. Meanwhile, his son, who was one of the fighters, gave Mr. Chalmers an account of the matter. When he had finished his father came along and embraced the missionary, and also gave a hearty greeting to his party.

Naimearua assured Tamaté of his unbroken friendship, and said, although Manumanu had killed his youths, he did

not intend to fight. He begged the Motuans and Boerans to return and resume their accustomed trading. The war rumours he strongly denied, and said they had waited in fear to know what Urobada (the Motu tribe) would do; now Tamaté had come as a friend it was enough.

They had great feasting on returning to Kankana, and large presents of food were carried to the boat. The people begged them hard to stay, but after a long talk they at last launched out and pulled away. The Motuans were now bold as lions, and laughed at the fears of their friends at home. At Manumanu, Daera was delighted to hear that the Kabadis spoke of him as their only friend. They were warned by old Heni to be careful, and never again "cut asunder" the peace. "But for the missionaries," he said, "we should have taken everything from you long ago, and burned every house in your village."

These Manumanuans were very badly off for food, and Kabadi being closed to them they had no market, and lived chiefly on the seed of a species of mangrove.

They repented, and felt that the tattoo marks gained were not sufficient to make up for what they had lost.

By sailing all night the missionary party were able to reach Port Moresby next morning, to the great joy of all anxious friends.

In sight of home, Heni addressed Mr. Chalmers thus: "As the sun shines, so do you. Such a thing as you have now done has never before been done on this coast, and it is only by the Gospel of Peace that it could be done."

And all the crew joined in chorus, "True, true, very true."

This method of taking the bull by the horns, introduced by Mr. Chalmers, is quite at variance with all native ideas and methods of procedure, but they accept and act upon the peace it brings in all good faith.

On the 7th of August, 1882, Mr. Chalmers left to go through Doura, but was disappointed; not a village or a native could be found anywhere, since the defeat of Adu other raids had completely exterminated the tribe. When returning he heard that Kabadi was determined to have revenge on Manumanu; but he afterwards learnt that only one chief desired it, wishing to avenge his brother's death. The other chiefs had offered him valuable presents, but he declined them all, only wishing "that the man who had the bloody hand should be killed."

After four months' work around Port Moresby, Mr. Chalmers' attention was again turned to the wild people to the West, and on the 24th of October, 1881, he left in the Mission vessel *Mayri* for the Gulf of New Guinea. At Boera he took on board fifty earthenware pots to use in barter for sago. He purposed calling next at Delena to get

his boat for river work, and to take his friend Kone, who was well known and liked all along the coast, and would be useful in many ways.

Upon nearing Delena early the next morning, his party saw a boat approaching with the chief Lavao standing in the stern, and several men in it with native cloth on their heads for mourning. All looked sorrowful, and Lavao stepped on board the *Mayri*. Mr. Chalmers anxiously asked, "Where is Kone?"

After a time of silence he said, "Oh, Tamaté, Kone, your friend, is dead!"

"Dead, Lavao!" Mr. Chalmers' feelings so overcame him that he had to sit down.

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

"Did Kone die of sickness?"

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

Here is the Christian missionary's lament for his friend, written on the *Mayri* just after receiving the sad news:

"My poor Kone! The kindliest savage I have ever met; how I shall miss you here! I had hoped that you would yet become a great help in introducing the Gospel into the Gulf, and now had called to take you with me. How anxious you were to be taught and to know how to pray! I taught you to say, 'God of love, give me light; lead me to Christ.' Who will deny that my wind and rain-making friend has passed from this darkness into the light that he prayed for?"

After breakfast Mr Chalmers landed, and found the Mission House and premises just as he had left them. The things left in charge of Kone and other natives had been well cared for, and the boat was in excellent order.

The natives had built a large house upon the spot where Mr. Chalmers had pitched his tent during his first visit, and in this house Kone was buried. Tamaté entered, and found Kaia, the widow, enveloped in cloth. She wailed, and cut her head with a shell, the blood flowing freely, and would have done herself harm if he had not interfered. He writes: "I felt sorry; but what could I say to comfort her? I did not think it out of place to pray, sitting on that grave, whilst for a little while the loud wailing was hushed. After sitting for some time, I gave our presents for the dead and the living, placing those for Kone on the mat covering the grave."

In another house several dishes of bananas and fish were presented; and Aua, Kone's cousin, who succeeded to the chieftainship, was very friendly, and promised to accompany Mr. Chalmers to Elema.

They left at once in the *Mayri*, which was navigated by Bob Samoa, while Mr. Chalmers' fine Newtown boat was in charge of a native called Charlie Oak, assisted by six others.

It was late at night when they arrived at the mouth of the Annie River, but numbers of natives and many of Chalmers' people from Port Moresby were waiting to conduct them in the dark to a safe anchorage. As the rocking of the previous night had hindered sleep, they risked crossing the bar, and were met by many crowded canoes. Everybody shouted instructions as to their course, and as soon as the anchor was lowered, they were beset with questions as to how their fathers, mothers, wives, and children were. When all was safe, Mr. Chalmers went up in his boat to visit the Motu lakatoi, and on the way asked a Motu lad: "Well, have you services; and do you observe the Lord's Day?"

"Do you think, Tamaté, we forget? We have observed every such day; and every morning and evening we have services, and never omit to ask a blessing on our food."

"Who conducts your services?"

"Aruataera and Paeau."

Aruataera was the first native who was baptised in New Guinea, and Paeau was a blind boy who had long lived in the Mission House at Port Moresby.

Bara, the captain of the lakatoi, led Tamaté to his own mat. They had roofed-in the vessel, and all lived on board. Several fires burning brightly gave good light, and put a cheerful aspect upon things, especially on the nine new canoes, which lay alongside ready to be added to the lakatoi, so that on its return there would be thirteen canoes lashed together.

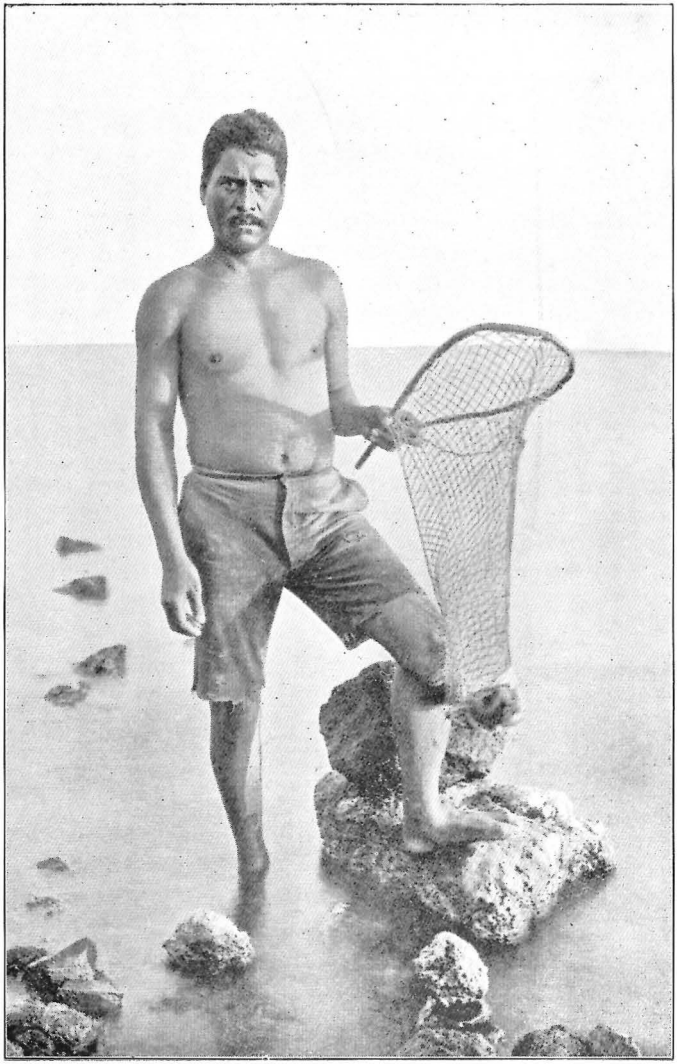
"Well, Bara, and what about the Word of God?"

"We remember it, as you will hear from Aruataera and Paeau."

Aruataera comes forward, silence is called, and from full hearts, led by the missionary, all give God thanks that they meet in health.

Arua tells of the services, and of an extra one on the Sunday. Paeau has a small bullock bell, and he keeps up his old practice, so long pursued at Port Moresby, of ringing round the village for each service. All are thus called together, and a number of Gulf natives join them in worship.

Mr. Chalmers gave Bara a present, and returned with Aruataera to the *Mayri*. He was astonished to find that he had counted correctly for the Sundays; and when asked how he knew, he replied that since leaving



A NATIVE FISHERMAN

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Port Moresby he had kept a string, and every morning tied a knot, and the seventh knot was *helaka*, the Lord's Day.

After visiting several places for the first time, he left Orokolo on 31st October, in charge of 300 armed men, while the boys led the boat just inside the surf. Near Auruana Point the boat swamped, and was pulled ashore, where they left her. The night was spent at Haru as promised, and Avea, the chief, regaled them with his recollections of Mr. and Mrs. Lawes' kindness when he was at Port Moresby. He especially spoke of the rice and biscuits—new food to him—and the kind words that were spoken.

He said: "Tamaté, tell Misi Lao and Misi Haine to come in a large ship, and I will fill it with sago for them."

Mr. Chalmers writes in his journal: "Avea cannot do enough to show kindness. Little did the friends at Port Moresby think, seven years ago, when giving the Gulf savage a taste of their strange food, that their old friend, Tamaté, would reap great benefit from it. 'One sows and another reaps.'"

At nine p.m. Avea took Mr. Chalmers into his house. A man kept guard outside. Taking down a bag made of sago palm, he asked in a whisper if Tamaté would like to see the maker of Heaven and earth, thunder and lightning, south-east and north-west winds.

"Yes, certainly," whispered the missionary. Out they came; small figures of a man and woman, coarsely carved. Another was brought out, like a carved shuttlecock.

He placed the man and woman side by side, and held up the shuttlecock if thunder was wanted, or if it had to cease. For wind, he placed the man and woman in the direction it was required from, and held the shuttlecock in a different way. He refused to sell them, and would rather part with all he possessed than these ancient heirlooms of his family.

Mr. Chalmers told him to be sure and keep them for him, as the time would come, if he lived, when he would think little of them. After loading with sago, they sailed for Port Moresby.

Before this year of varied service closed, Mr. Chalmers was called upon to assist in punishing the inhabitants of Kalo.

Many white men had been murdered in New Guinea, and the natives had always been more or less punished, but in no case to such advantage as at Kalo. Since then, no white men have been killed on that coast.

A man-of-war came to make inquiries after the event, and report to the Commodore of the station. Mr. Chalmers was opposed to any punishment of the Kalo people, and refused information.

Some months after, the flagship *Wolverine*,

with Commodore Wilson on board, came into the harbour. He visited the Mission House, and asked Mr. Chalmers to make his mission one of peace as well as justice, and that he would be sorry if one shot were fired. His purpose was to secure the chief who instigated the crime and hang him.

Some weeks before, Mr. Chalmers had received a message from the murderer, Quaibo, that he was watching everywhere, and would not be satisfied until he had laid his head upon his sacred place.

Tamaté returned another message, that he would visit Kalo, and leave with his head upon his shoulders, and not on the dubu! At the time when he sent this reply, he did not know how it was to be accomplished.

Mr. Chalmers consented to go with the Commodore. An overland party was sent ashore off Round head in order that the Hula natives should not know of their proceedings. Before leaving, the Commodore said, "Now, officers and men, I hope there will be no firing. Remember, there is neither honour nor glory attached to this business. You can shoot down these savages hundreds of yards away, and they must be close to you before they can do you any harm. Try and make the chief a prisoner and bring him off."

The *Wolverine* steamed round to Hood Bay to divert the attention of the natives, and prevent them thinking of a land attack.

The natives, finding themselves taken in

the rear, at once attacked the blue-jackets and marines. After three sailors had been severely wounded, the young lieutenant, seeing the natives were too near, ordered, "Fire!" and the first to fall, as they were afterwards informed, was Quaibo. Four natives were shot dead by the one volley, and several wounded. Two were taken prisoners. There was no looting, not a cocoa-nut was touched, not a pig shot, and not a woman or child molested.

After the firing not a native was to be seen. The bugle sounded, and the parties retired. The Commodore would not rely only upon the word of the Kerepunuans that the chief was dead. He wished that the body should be brought. The people finding the British had left, had buried the bodies, but Quaibo's was exhumed, and carried five miles by his people in order that it might be identified.

On the Monday a party landed, and with native help destroyed the chief's largest house. Anxious for peace, the people brought pigs and presents, and the Commodore gave presents in return. Everywhere along the coast the proceedings had a wonderful effect.

All the natives said that only a very powerful chief and people could ever act so: thus to mingle mercy with justice, and show so much mercy when all power was theirs.

CHAPTER VI

A VOYAGE IN A LAKATOI

THE annual visits to the Gulf of New Guinea by Motuans for trade are the longest journeys undertaken by any known natives of New Guinea. The distance is about 200 miles, the coast perilous, reefs and currents abound, and it requires considerable skill to manage their cumbersome craft, called lakatois. These are formed by placing canoes in a row at some distance apart, and making a strong platform of long poles across. Upon this a deck is made, and strong houses erected fore and aft. Lakatois vary very much, from two to twenty canoes being employed. Usually there are from four to ten on the outward journey, and before the return trading friends help them to get large trees from the forest and make new canoes. These are added to the lakatoi, which, thus enlarged, becomes very unwieldy, and in bad weather often has to be cut in two. Sometimes the crew have to take two or three canoes and save their lives, allowing all the remainder, with the cargo of sago, etc., to drift away. Many of these lakatois are never heard of, and should

the crew be castaway upon the shores of an unfriendly tribe, their speedy death is almost certain.

Mr. Chalmers visited the Gulf several times in Mission vessels, but had long felt a desire to take a trip in one of these strange craft, so, on October the 4th, 1883, he engaged a passage on board the *Kevaubada*, commanded by his old friends, Vaburi and Aruako.

For weeks before the village of Hanuabada (Port Moresby) had been the scene of the utmost activity, every one, from the old men to the young children, being engaged in preparing the vessels and cargoes for the voyage. Strong men, with native wooden hammers, were building the lakatois. Women were busy making pottery. All had many assistants, and the excitement was great. Ever since the last Gulf trip all the people had been gathering armlets, shell necklaces, frontlets, nose and ear ornaments, etc., and the cargo of each lakatoi was to contain samples of all the things which pass as valuable in New Guinea.

Long before daybreak on the 5th of October, the loud wailing in the village told all that the sago traders were really about to start. Many canoes followed the adventurous spirits as far as Kohu, two miles from Port Moresby. Wood and water were put on board, sails squared, and then began a terrible scene of weeping, howling, tearing of hair, scratching

of faces until the blood flowed, and clasping of the loved ones in long embraces; wives their husbands, children their parents, and young ladies their betrothed. It was enough to melt a heart of stone.

There were thirty-five persons on the *Kevaubada*, which consisted of four large canoes lashed together, with good bulwarks, two masts with stays made of rattan cane, sails made of mats and shaped like the large claw of a crab; a platform, two and a half feet wide, ran round outside the bulwarks. The canoes were full of pottery, and a large crate in the centre of the vessel was also full. Upon this were two planks, and here Mr. Chalmers sat, on either side being the two captains, who were covered with mats. They maintained a solemn demeanour, and seldom spoke during the first day. They said that, although there was a good breeze, the lakatoi could not sail well that day as there was too much feeling with the friends left behind, but to-morrow he should see what could be done.

The boys on board were kept busy bailing out the water, and sang themselves hoarse the first day. Two cooking places for the crew were on the platforms outside the bulwarks. The captains being *helaka* (sacred) had two special places inside, and each had a man to cook for him. The food is presented at each mast before cooking, and a prayer offered to the spirits of their ancestors.

When the dinner was ready for the crew, Aruako, the old robber chief who formerly was the leader in all evil-doing, said, "Tamaté, would you sit down a little until I ask God's blessing on this food, that my boys may eat?"

In front of the entrance to Hall Sound, the lakatoi was brought up, and the robber chief, taking his little nephew, gave him two wisps of cassowary feathers, and stood in front directing his hand as he shook them with a peculiar motion towards the foremast, then he came aft and went through the same actions towards the mainmast. It appears that some Loloans were slain here long ago, and their spirits have caused a good deal of trouble ever since, detaining the lakatois, hence the incantation to drive them away.

On the 9th of October they reached Vailala late at night. The river current was strong, so the lakatoi was taken through the breakers close to the shore, and dragged by friendly hands up the bank. The excitement was terrible. Several times the sea threatened to break up the vessel, but she righted, and the moment she grounded about 150 black forms boarded her, yelling and rubbing noses all round. Mr. Chalmers says his nose was flattened and drawn to an angle, while a mass of pigment covered his face.

His old friend, Avea, came on board, and was very demonstrative, and afterwards gave particular instructions that Mr. Chalmers

should not be molested on the roomy veranda of the dubu placed at his disposal.

So ended the trip. It was most enjoyable, and more comfortable than if performed in the whale-boat. All on board were very kind, and managed the cumbersome craft well.

The arrival was celebrated with great feasting, then old friends from all quarters came, entreating visits to their villages.

The next day the disposal of the cargoes commenced. All the pottery is arranged in a row on the beach. Two pieces of wood are put in each, and the purchaser takes out one piece and the owner the other. Both parties tie these carefully up, and put them safely away. When the time arrives for the lakatoi to return, the purchaser and his friends get the sago required—one bundle for each piece of wood. The Motuan goes to the sago-house with his tokens, counts them, and then counts the sago; if there is a bundle short a lively disturbance ensues. Bows and arrows are always kept ready for action in the event of such an occurrence.

Mr. Chalmers held his first adult school meeting on the dubu platform. When teaching "A," they were convulsed with laughter, but soon repeated well; one handsome old gentleman remembering so as to repeat several letters alone. A few years before Mr. Chalmers had prepared sheets of sentences, the Commandments, and Lord's

Prayer in their dialect, and now he began teaching.

He afterwards tried to translate two hymns, but the Motuans could not help, as he found they did not know the true Elema dialect, but had a trading patois. Neither party could tell how that came to be used. With the help of Avea, the chief, the hymns were finished and pronounced good. While thus engaged, a man sat before him busily carving a spoon out of a cocoa-nut shell. His only tools were a sea-shell and a piece of flint. Many tribes can perform wonders in the way of carving with only an iron nail or a sharp flint.

Three Maipua lads arrived, and promised to go back with Mr. Chalmers, but rain detained them. The Kaevakuku now commenced their proceedings. Two men in high masks came across the river, and on their approach all shouted, and women and children, with some men and all the lads, cleared away into the bush. These Kaevakuku hold their office in connection with a sacred festival, and have power of taboo over all food required for the coming feast. All the men thus engaged are sacred, not seeing wife or children for at least three moons, and do not live anywhere near their houses. The masks are from two to four feet high, and are always worn when outside the dubu. The general shape is like a fool's cap with an animal's face. The dress differs

in various tribes. At Vailala they have a cloak two and a half feet long, and a kilt about eighteen inches long, both made from the fibre of the yellow hibiscus. The Maiva Kaevakukus look like walking haystacks.

Mr. Chalmers packed up a few things in the dark, aided by his man Johnnie, and the rest of the goods were locked in a large iron box and left in charge of the chief. The following day they started after breakfast, accompanied by Avea and some of his people, and walked along the beach in a broiling sun.

Our friend longed for a cocoa-nut, but was told to wait. When half-way he espied a white shirt with red trappings, and knew that Apohe awaited him. He had an escort of fifty young men. The native "champaigne" (cocoa-nut water) was already in dozens, and soon serving men were flying about handing them to the thirsty travellers. When finished, more was asked for, and orders were given to ascend to the cellars. The latter supply was far cooler than the former.

With a body-guard now increased to one hundred, they were conducted to the most Westerly village of Orokolo to be nearer to Maipua.

The principal chief, Mama, received them in state at his new dubu. He had on a lady's short jacket, and for a cap a small coloured bag given him by Tamaté two years previously.

Here the curiosity at the first sight of a white man made all crowd around. They thought he had black feet. When he took off a boot, the shout, as of a mighty host, defied description. It was repeated at the removal of his sock. They were especially astonished at the softness of the soles of his feet. He felt safe among these people, but did not venture upon such an exhibition to the cannibals of Maipua.

Unfortunately, Johnnie had left the powder and beads at Vailala. The latter were much in demand. The houses were poor, all the strength of the people was thrown into building dubus, which serve both for temples and club-houses—men only being allowed to enter.

In the dubu they had a service after sunset, and taught about a dozen of these heathen to pray, "O Lord Jesus, give us light, save us." Quite enough; and will He not answer them?

During the night one old man got up and spoke. "Tamaté, we are glad you have come again, that all might see you, as we had heard so much. We thought you must be a spirit, but now we see you are a man like ourselves, only white."

When these people want a good light at night, they burn the shell of a young cocoa-nut. For a few minutes they have a bright blaze. These shells are all preserved, and hang in strings over the fire-places.

Aruataera, the deacon, and Aruako, the robber chief, told in all the dubus the story of God's love as expressed in the gift of Christ. Again and again they had to go over the "old, old story," the people being astonished and very attentive.

One of the messengers sent to Maipua returned. When he told the people Tamaté had arrived they said, "You deceive us;" but after the exhibition of two or three European trifles, they all believed. They kept one messenger as a hostage, there being war between the two tribes, so as to insure the return of the other man with Mr. Chalmers' party in the morning.

They had a large escort nearly to the river Alele, where the Maipuans were to meet them, but they returned at once on account of the state of war. A small, unsafe-looking canoe was brought over by one man, but Mr. Chalmers refused to enter it, the river being full of crocodiles, and asked if they had a larger canoe.

He then sent Aruako and another man over, and soon a large canoe, but with no outrigger, appeared. A man sprang out with open arms and gave the missionary a hearty squeeze. It was Ipaivaitani, the principal chief of Maipua. The canoe was navigated skilfully through a strong current. On the other side they took up the chief's escort, so that there were twenty-three persons in the canoe, and away they pulled,

through creeks lined with palms, mangroves, and other tropical plants, until they came to a very large river, which Mr. Chalmers declared to be superior to any he had yet seen. He called the main stream the "Wickham." Then came other creeks and stinking swamps; Maipua being reached at five o'clock. It was a large village, with splendid houses and fine temples, and a population of about two thousand. The astonishing thing was to find such a place in such a horrible position. There it lay, like a lily in the tropical swamp. No dry land could be seen; everything was elevated. The streets were all laid with large trees, from which ladders went up to the houses, and long platforms of wood sloped up gradually to the temples. Small creeks crossed by bridges intersected the village at various places. An interesting feature was the elevated flower gardens in front of the houses. A platform was made upon long poles, and a fence about two feet high enclosed the earth. A profusion of tropical flowers and also the tobacco plant were to be seen in all.

The temple in which Mr. Chalmers had his quarters was the finest he had seen. The front was 30 feet wide, and the depth 160 feet, the building tapering gradually back. The roof in front projected so as to form a large peaked shade, which was supported by two posts 80 feet high, and around hung a graceful fringe of young sago leaf. His

compartment was 10 feet wide and 20 high, and the rest of the space was divided into small courts, save a long wide central aisle which was carpeted with the outer skin of the sago palm carved with figures, and glazed by the blood of victims so frequently dragged over it, and by the constant walking upon it. At the end was the sacred place. Mr. Chalmers entered, but the chief was too frightened to venture in, and standing outside, would only speak in a whisper. Inside were six curious figures made of cane. They appeared like dugongs with mouths resembling frogs. The bodies were about nine feet long and seven broad, and a constant succession of small bats flew out of their mouths. There were fire-places in each court, and the men slept beside them.

Our traveller had his dinner and breakfast in one, but would have enjoyed it much better had there not been a heap of skulls close by, some tolerably new. They were being cleaned and repaired, and the whole temple showed the utmost taste and care in the cleanliness and arrangement of all its savage adornments. The divisions of the courts were made with cocoa-nut leaves, to about nine feet from the floor, while curtains of sago-palm fronds in their young state, gracefully hung from the roof to the tops of the partitions. In the courts were skulls of men, women, and children, crocodiles, wild boars, and many breasts of the cassowary. Some

were carved and coloured. The human skulls were of those whom they had killed and eaten. Man was their daintiest dish, and they were considered fools who refused to eat of it.

Mr. Chalmers learnt upon inquiry that the women first urged the men to kill human beings for food. They have a legend that once when returning from a successful hunt, with horns blowing and singing, the women came to meet them on the river bank and called out, "What success, husbands?" "Great success, plenty to eat." When the canoes came to land they saw large quantities of wallabies, boars, and cassowaries. They said, "Who is going to eat that dirty stuff? Is that your successful hunt?" The men questioned each other what their wives meant. One said, "I know: it is man." Throwing the trophies ashore, they started for a neighbouring village, and returned with ten bodies, but without the usual signs of rejoicing. When the wives saw what they had, they shouted, "Yes, yes, that is it; you have something worth dancing and singing for; that is what we want." The bodies were singed, cooked, and eaten, pronounced good, and have ever since been regarded as superior to any other flesh.

This man-killing led to the building of dubus, that the men might be sacred and apart, and also to provide a sacred place for Kanibu, to whom the slain are presented.

Mr. Chalmers slept outside on the platform, and says in his journal, Aruako fulfilled his promise given at Orokolo, and he with Aruataera spoke of Jesus and His love. It was a strangely weird scene. A large dark temple, lit only by flickering firelights; a crowd of savages, real cannibals, who pronounce man to be the best food, and whose wives relish it; skulls in abundance; in the sacred place six Kanibus, who hold life and death, fighting and peace, within themselves; and in the centre of the people, Aruako and Aruataera preaching Christ as the Revealer of God's love, and the Saviour of sinful men. It was the most attentive congregation of the kind Mr. Chalmers ever met. They listened well, asked questions, and expatiated freely. Soon after sunset it commenced, when he sought sleep it was going on, and when he awoke the sun was up, but there they were, still talking and listening. He went inside, and looking his friend in the face, said, "Arua, have you been at it all night?" He was quite hoarse, and replied, "Yes, and when I lay down, they kept asking questions, and I had to get up and explain. But enough; I am now at Jesus Christ, and must tell them all about Him." Mr. Chalmers adds: "Yes, my friend had reached Him to whom we all must come for light, and help, and peace." When Arua had finished there was but one response from all

their lips: *"No more fighting, Tamaté, no more man-eating, we have heard good news, and we shall strive for peace."*

Declarations like this are music to the missionary, for this he has left home and braved dangers, and they come as gleams of sunshine through the thick darkness to gladden his heart.

The Vailala friends were anxious to leave. They were terribly afraid of being eaten.

Mr. Chalmers had to sing to the people constantly. On the last day as two canoe loads of women went up the creek, they said, "Now, sing, so that when Tamaté's face is lost we may hear his voice, and weep that he so soon leaves Maipua."

On returning to Orokolo they were accompanied as far as the banks of the Alele.

The Maipuans were very sorry to part with their new friends, and promised to visit Vailala to secure a few of the Motuan uros (cooking pots), as they were very scarce, and some had only a piece of a pot in which to cook. Ipaivaitani knotted two strings with nine knots and gave one to Mr. Chalmers. It signified that after nine sleeps (nights) if the weather were fine, he would be at Vailala.

When young people of the Maipuans marry, no price is paid for the girl, only exchange feasts of sago are given, but a widow must be bought, the payment going to friends of the dead husband.

The majority of the men wear nothing at all, a few have a small string or vine. The women have a short petticoat; they are very modest, and think themselves well clothed. Indeed, the climate is such that the wearing of clothing as a protection to the body is almost unnecessary. Mr. Chalmers failed to see why savages should be regarded as immoral, as they compared very favourably with civilised countries. The question of wearing more or less clothing than that to which we are accustomed does not affect the morals.

Mr. Chalmers and his party left in a large canoe, with nine others attending them. These people were very sorry to part with their new friends. Like most tribes, they had refused to take them to people beyond their borders; now, they were ready to promise it for another visit—"Tamaté come back soon, very soon; do not disappoint us, and we will bring you everywhere upon the rivers."

Mr. Chalmers carried back a message of peace from Maipua to Orokolo. The next day he left for Vailala, where he found the things safe in the iron box. The chief had placed a taboo upon that division of the dubu. Goods are usually quite safe when a chief is trusted with entire charge of them.

All the Motuans and many Elemaites went up the river to cut large trees for canoes, and Mr. Chalmers employed the time in

building a house for school and services. The natives willingly assisted, and he opened it on the following Sunday. We echo his prayer: "God grant that light may enter the hearts of these poor natives, and that in this new house some may learn to know Christ as the Light, and their Saviour from sin and superstition, and all their consequences."

They had short rations for some days, as all food was being kept for the festival of Kaevakuku. Of course, Mr. Chalmers was invited to go, but preferred mixing with the crowd, as he could see the proceedings better. The platforms in front of the dubus were heaped up with food, it was also hung on poles. A man with a tall mask came from the bush; he was gaudily dressed, and danced about; an old man presented him with a large piece of pork, and he retired. A second man, dressed like the first, came and received a large pig, then five together, and in succession various groups, until the whole eighty such men had appeared. Some were displeased with the smallness of their present, and remained until they got more. Mr. Chalmers went into the bush and found all the men busy cooking some of the food. Near at hand was a large representation of the spirit Semese. It was a mask ten feet high and three broad, surrounded with feathers, and curiously painted down the middle. As all these masks are burnt at the close of the ceremonies each year, he

tried to secure some; they refused, but, assisted by a few friends, he secured seven, and had them hidden in the dubu, but neither love nor tomahawks could secure Semese. Soon fires were lighted, and masks, cloaks, and kilts were all ablaze. The *helaka* (sacred time), was now over, and these men returned to their homes, which they had not visited for several months.

When the new house was about to be opened, the Mission boat, *Rarotonga*, appeared a long way off at sea. The service was held, and Mr. Chalmers enjoyed it thoroughly, though most English nerves would have been sorely taxed, as the house was packed and a larger number pressed outside. He says, "The noise and confusion were truly awful. Everybody was trying to quiet everybody else, and nobody was to be silenced by any other body. The women were much worse than the men. We had quiet at times, and especially at the close. I like these first services; it is most interesting, years after, to visit the people and see the change."

They had a very high sea and strong wind on most days of the return journey, but arrived safely at Port Moresby on the 1st of November. When they reported all well on the lakatois, great was the rejoicing; and the feat accomplished in coming such a distance in an open boat has ever since been recounted as a wonder all along that coast.

CHAPTER VII

THE WORK CONSOLIDATED

IN our previous chapter is narrated a momentous voyage of Mr. Chalmers in a strange craft, the lakatoi, to the cannibal village of Maipua. But the year 1884 appears to have been marked by even greater activity on Mr. Chalmers' part in pioneer Mission work, such as visiting the various stations, removing, settling, and changing the locations of teachers as the circumstances of the Mission seemed to require.

It began well, for of all their pleasant gatherings and meetings in New Guinea the most thought of, longed for, and enjoyed, are at the New Year, when teachers from East and West, with their representative men from all the tribes, assemble at Port Moresby for a thorough good time of feasting and talking.

Perhaps the most interesting meeting of the series is the midnight service. Closing the old year with all its work for God, its dangers and deliverances, its failures and successes, its hopes and joys, its waiting and sorrow; and welcoming the new with hopes for unknown good predominant in each heart.

Mr. Chalmers thought that these midnight meetings would compare favourably with the best which are held in the Homeland, so far as concerns the fervour and heartiness of the congregation.

The service is generally a short one, but at Kerepunu this year it occupied four hours, certainly longer than any New Guinea native could keep awake without some great exciting cause.

On New Year's morning about 5.30 the bell rings, and a large congregation assembles for praise, prayer, and a short address. After that there begins a very serious business. All the teachers, with their strong young men, doff their Sunday clothes, and take to pig-sticking and cleaning; some dig an oven about nine feet in diameter, into which a large quantity of wood is placed and fired. On the top stones are heaped. The women meanwhile are washing yams, taro, potatoes, and bananas, and when the stones are at white heat the men with long sticks flatten the oven, on which the food is placed, and covered over with various layers of banana leaves. A large quantity of earth is placed on the leaves, so that not a jet of steam can escape. This is by far the best way of cooking native food and pork, and as clean as any other mode. When the oven is covered all have a bath and go home to dress. The bell is rung for the great meeting of the time. The chapel is always well packed,

and many are the dialects used by the speakers. Teachers and their talking followers give their utterances, and the modes of looking at things differ widely. To some the Gospel simply means peace between tribes. That is a great deal, if you know the strange unrest which accompanies savage life, and the horrors of its warfare. Others look upon the Gospel as the bringer of the good things of this life, and appraise its blessings as a plentiful supply of tomahawks, beads, and salt; but some can appreciate it as God's message of love to man, and the record of a life we are Divinely commanded and assisted to imitate. All the addresses are short, and not without point.

Mr. Chalmers declares that he has never met a tribe who desired to have teachers so that they might be taught the Gospel; all like the teachers because of the worldly gospel they bring. Soon they learn differently, and begin to appreciate the teachers for their teaching.

When the meeting is over there is a strong desire on the part of all to be free and enjoy the excitement which always accompanies a feast. The oven is soon uncovered, and all the food taken out and collected in one place. The division of the food is a long business. Fortunately, it is with New Guineans, as with all Polynesians, a matter of indifference whether their food

is warm or cold. Teachers, chiefs, attendants, church members, school children, and widows, all come in for a share. When the food is divided a blessing is asked; and as each name is called some one lifts the food and carries it away. Then thirty or forty groups of men, women, and children may be seen enjoying pork and vegetables, and leaving the larger portion of their share to be taken home. By the time the feast is over it is late in the afternoon, and no other meeting is held. The next morning the missionaries meet the teachers and their wives. After that the women retire to another room, and encourage each other in their work, while their husbands hand in their reports, state their grievances, and ask advice.

The Mission has now become so extended, and the stations so numerous, that all cannot come to Port Moresby, so three district meetings have been arranged to be held at Delena, Port Moresby, and Kerepunu.

In February, 1884, the Mission ship, *John Williams*, arrived with thirteen teachers and their wives, under the care of Mr. Gill. These were at once distributed amongst the old stations, to have the care of the acclimatised teachers until the south-east monsoon, when they would be placed at their own stations. Teachers are almost sure to have fever on their arrival in New Guinea, and it is better that they should be placed where they can receive attention.

In May Mr. Chalmers began to place these teachers at their own stations.

The first located was Sunia. His wife had died, and Tamaté could not leave him alone in a place. At Port Moresby was a young and energetic Christian widow from the Hervey group, who knew the Motu dialect, so he proposed, was accepted, and married in one day, and the next was sailing with the missionary to Tupuselei. The natives were delighted to have a teacher again. From thence Mr. Chalmers proceeded to Kapakapa. Here were two new teachers who were destined for the fine district of Saroa, behind Round Head. For a long time these had been expected, and the people were busy for months paying compensation for murders committed, and making peace. Houses also had been erected in two villages, in which the teachers were soon at home. Other places were visited, and everywhere entreaties were made for more teachers.

Mr. Chalmers returned to Port Moresby, and made preparation to sail in the *Ellangowan* for the West. There lies the largest population, who are the freest, wildest, and kindest of New Guineans. They had repeatedly asked for teachers, and Mr. Chalmers has always said, "Send our youngest, strongest, and bravest teachers to the West."

The *Ellangowan* first called at Motumotu, and Mr. Chalmers procured a canoe and

went up the river to Moveave, which he had long wished to visit. His friends the Motumotuans had been at enmity with the Moveaveans, and this visit had also the happy character of peace-making about it. They were at first met by a large armed party, which was soon changed into a demonstrative peace party. Semese, the Motumotu chief, proclaimed words of peace, which were repeated by all, and friendship was restored. The population was large, the houses well built, and there were many dubus.

Fires were started, and pots containing queer viands were placed upon them. Large presents of uncooked food were also made. Mr. Chalmers had a dish which he thought was made of sago and dried fish, but upon inquiry found he had been relishing stewed iguana!

The crowd called for hymns; so arranging his singing companions, they sang, and were again and again encored; but the sun was sinking quickly, and bidding them good-bye, he returned to Motumotu. Mr. Chalmers arrived there just in time to see one of the most interesting sights which he had yet witnessed in New Guinea. A thorough fancy-dress ball was being held, and in front about thirty young men were drumming, dancing, and singing. Behind them were younger ones arm in arm, and behind these children holding one another's

hands, all actively engaged. From the child of four to the young man and maiden of twenty, all were happy and earnest. Every head was curiously cropped in square, circle, or triangle, their faces were painted in colours, and variegated leaves hung from arms, waists, and legs. The ladies had beautiful petticoats of palm leaves dyed various colours, and all had plumes of young palm fronds fastened on their backs, and rising overhead like the Prince of Wales' escutcheon of feathers. Mothers stood admiringly around, giving suggestions and encouraging words, while the visitors and men of the place sat in the midst of the village.

At sunset all retired to their homes.

On Sunday they had two well-attended services for singing and preaching, but here, as in some other parts of New Guinea, prayer drives the congregation to their homes.

Securing Motumotu was a great gain to the Mission; not only for the gain of the large population in it, but also for the sake of other stations, which were kept in a state of fear by these marauders.

What a change the Gospel has made in Maiva! A few years since Mr. Chalmers slept on platforms, and in streets and dubus, wondering if his life was safe; now he is lodged in a comfortable teacher's house, near churches where every day Christ is

preached, and surrounded by friendly natives whose chief anxiety is to make him comfortable. Only the Gospel of Christ could have produced such results.

He had now been for three weeks hard at work by land and sea, but took his rest in working leisurely, by placing teachers at Kivori. What is tranquil work to Tamaté would be full stretch to a weaker man.

On Sunday he met five people at Maiva who were anxious for baptism. One was an old friend, who begged earnestly to be received into church fellowship.

The next day there was one of those soul-stirring gatherings, only to be seen in heathen lands, composed of crowds who have come from places near and far to see the first native converts baptised.

These five men had long been connected with the Mission, and had held short services in other villages. There was no doubt concerning their faith. It had been proved long since by their works.

If attendances at church and willingness to wear clothing were sufficient, then thousands should long ago have been baptised. But that would only lower the privilege of church membership, and no good would be gained. The enlightening goes on, and one after another is led from dense darkness, by an ever brightening dawn, to the full light of glorious freedom in Christ and His Cross.

The next place at which a teacher was placed was Namoa. Here Queen Koloka reigned, saying she was "all same as *Queen Victoria.*" On the way the Mission boat, heavily laden with eighteen persons and teachers' goods, was nearly swamped. They had a kind reception, and all were delighted that the teacher had at last arrived. Koloka said, "I did not think you intended keeping your word: it has been long to wait." Mr. Chalmers then returned to Port Moresby.

In July Mr. Chalmers made a tour of inspection to leave teachers' supplies, and located a teacher at Kalo. At Hula he distributed presents from the Government of Queensland to the natives who had rendered timely help at the wreck of a vessel.

Since the visit of H.M.S. *Wolverine* in 1881, when the natives were punished for the cruel massacre of the teachers, they had been desirous that another should be sent to them. One had been selected, but was prevented by fever from taking up the work. A good house was ready, and Mr. Chalmers called at Hula to take Tau and his wife with him. Some men had visited Hula the week before, determined to carry off their teacher, and said they feared the missionaries were only going to deceive them. Mr. Chalmers sent and informed them of his arrival, and on Sunday two of the chiefs and many people came over from Kalo to the services.

The next day he took Tau and his wife, with some of their goods, over, and had a most enthusiastic reception. After paying for the house, Mr. Chalmers gave presents to the four chiefs, and begged them to be kind to the teacher. The chief's son, one of the active murderers, told Mr. Chalmers that the piece of land belonging to the Society had not been touched, and he hoped, as the past had been forgiven, Tau would take it and commence planting. Kalu, a chief who had nothing to do with the massacre told the Hula teacher that they were all afraid and ashamed, but now felt more comfortable, and would help the teacher. In the afternoon the son of the chief Quaibo, who planned the attack, brought a pig and some food.

As everything bore such a pleasing aspect, Mr. Chalmers determined to remain. The Hula friends returned home. When all was quiet and dark, he doubted whether he had done right in remaining, lest he should be the means of leading his teachers and boat's crew into trouble. No European had slept there since the massacre. They were unarmed, and these natives had often said that nothing but Mr. Chalmers' head would satisfy them. If all went well, however, it would be a good augury for the future. The people were pleased that he showed such confidence in them, and his parting prayer has already been answered: "May

He who protected us soon become known unto them."

Mr. Chalmers now proceeded eastward to Aroma, calling at Kerepunu to take up the teacher and his wife, who were appointed to Belerupu, in Macfarlane Harbour. They had both had fever, but were better, and wearying to be at work. The settlement was happily effected, and Tamaté returned to Parimata, near Keppel Point, where his old friend Koapena lived. This chief exercises sway throughout Aroma in a fatherly way, and is looked up to by natives all along the coast. Whenever anything happens, the first question asked is, "What does Koapena say?" And he is worthy of this regard, being the finest physical specimen of a native known in the Western Pacific, and the natives' beau-ideal of a chief.

Mr. Chalmers spent a very pleasant evening with his friend. He spoke of the teacher, and asked Koapena when he was going to believe the Gospel. Turning to the teacher who was interpreting, he said, "Teach me more, only keep teaching me, and if you had done that, I might have been the first to understand and believe." Mr. Chalmers was pleased to hear his big strong-minded friend speak so earnestly.

By daylight next morning Tamaté was in his boat, speeding before a fine breeze, and arrived in Hula just in time to avoid some bad weather. There he received a letter

from Tau, of Kalo, saying they were treating him kindly. Tau also sent a few limes from a tree planted by the former teacher, and said that they would have oranges the following year.

Fearing a continuance of unsettled weather, Mr. Chalmers left Hula that night, and ran along before a strong wind at such a rate that they passed Barrier Reef and landed safe at Port Moresby by 4.30 a.m. His words penned then have seen their near fulfilment: "So East and West we keep extending, and, I trust, will continue to do so until New Guinea is occupied with earnest men and women preaching Christ, and leading thousands to Him."

PEACE-MAKING AT KABADI.

Mr. Chalmers again figured in his old character as a peace-maker in 1884. He received a message from Kabadi that they wished to see him about teachers' houses, and hoped to have teachers living there soon. Of course, this did not arise out of any desire to know the Gospel; their ideas went more towards the possession of temporal things, and they announced that tomahawks, knives, beads, tobacco, and cloth were what they wanted. They also saw that those tribes who had teachers lived in peace, and did not fear their neighbours.

It would be a long, sad story of savage life—its fighting, murdering of men, women,

and children, and one tribe assisting the other in revenge, until our minds could hardly follow the many turnings and phases —if we were to attempt to tell the exact relations between Kabadi and all its neighbours. The immediate danger seemed to come from the war rumours respecting the Motumotuans. Eighteen trading lakatois had left Motumotu, but the strong south-west wind had prevented them coming far east. Some, however, which had been reduced in size, reached Port Moresby. From their statement that they wanted teachers, and to be at peace all round, especially with Kabadi, Mr. Chalmers discredited the rumours. Lealea, for several generations, had also been at enmity with Kabadi, and upon a letter coming from the teacher Piri, that Kahorera, a Motumotu chief, was at Boera wishing to make peace with Kabadi, Tamaté resolved to attempt to reconcile these three people by one visit. He called at Lealea and Boera, and arranged for the Motumotuans to follow him, then went on, and took up the two old chiefs, Gaririu and Leaua.

Arriving at Totu in the evening, the boat got on the end of the bar and filled with water. Fortunately nothing was lost, but it meant a damp night on the beach, with the mosquitoes attacking in force. He was visited that night by Urevado, the leading chief, and owner of nearly all the land in

Kabadi. It was interesting to watch the meeting of this worthy and the Lealea chiefs. They threw their arms round one another, rubbed noses, and expressed great pleasure. Urevado said, "You have never been here before because of our fathers. Enough, let their enmity now die, and here is Kabadi before you to buy yams, bananas, and sugar cane, whenever you like to come." The others replied, "'Tis because of these, God's men, we are enabled thus to meet; and we shall certainly come here in future for food. Often we have seen the laden canoes of Boerans and Motuans pass our doors from Kabadi, and wished we, too, could only secure some; but now we shall be as they are."

Through the whole long night the two old men talked of the past, of their happiness at peace being made, and of their hopes for the future.

Mr. Chalmers sent a canoe in the early morning to look for the Motumotuans, but while away, the Boera chief and a woman from one of the Motumotu canoes came to the village, and said all were waiting to make peace and to get supplies of food. Mr. Chalmers objected to the latter on account of the long time he would be detained, and it would be too great a mark of subjection to the marauding Motumotuans to exact food from Kabadi immediately on peace being made. The meeting took place, not

on shore, but in the several canoes and boats. The Kabadians were staid and firm on meeting the wild men from the West, but showed them much kindness, first rubbing noses, then rubbing them all over. They exchanged betel-nut, and all sat down together chewing. Urevado approached in Piri's boat, and when a mile from the meeting place stood up in the bow, dressed in a white shirt, recognisable as being once the property of Mr. Lawes. Though trying to appear careless, he was evidently in great terror. Two of Mr. Chalmers' Gulf friends, Rahemaken and Tore, asked Mr. Chalmers to let them receive Urevado as their special friend, and as it was for the advantage of Kabadi he consented. They both stepped on board the boat, took him by the hand, and leading him to their canoe, rubbed noses again, and swore friendship, saying, "Kabadi must never be touched again." Mr. Chalmers had followed Urevado to the canoe, and kept close to him lest his fear should overcome him, and cause him to plunge into the river. The negotiators then made exchanges; the Motumotuans giving bows and arrows, the Kabadians their lime calabashes and small net bags. After spending more than an hour together, they returned to their own boats, and, with many farewells, pulled across the harbour, while the Motumotuans awaited a larger canoe.

Mr. Chalmers told the Motumotuans to

leave quickly, as they were a bad lot, and no village was safe while they were on the coast; also that he would bring them teachers soon, and hoped they would then be better. They laughed, and said, "Be quick and come; you know the house is ready, large, and well built." They were anxious to know if their teachers were big men, and were delighted when told that they were so. "It is a great mistake," says Mr. Chalmers, "to send out men of small stature to these savages. Pick the giants, and they make their mark at once; the wild, kind, nobly-built savage will respect them."

They returned to Lealea, where there was great delight at the result of the peace effected. The coast villages all felt their food for that year safe, now that the wild Motumotuans had gone home.

THE PROTECTORATE PROCLAIMED.

While engaged in the happy but anxious work of placing teachers among his wild favourites in the Gulf of New Guinea, Mr. Chalmers received a letter from Mr. Lawes in which he stated that Commissioner Romilly, instructed by the British Government, had hoisted the British flag and proclaimed a Protectorate over the unannexed part of New Guinea. He hastened back as Mr. Lawes suggested, and found two men-of-war already there awaiting the arrival of the Commodore in the *Nelson*, which arrived on

the 2nd of November, 1884, accompanied by the *Swinger, Espiegle,* and *Dart.*

The first essential to an important occasion in the eyes of a native is a feast, so on the 5th of November all the chiefs from a coast line of sixty miles assembled on the *Nelson* and after the needful feeding the Commodore read the address which was interpreted to the natives by Mr. Lawes, and all said that they understood what it meant. Then each chief received a suitable present from the Commodore, and were much astonished by the firing of several shots from two of the large guns. Then at night they viewed the electric light, blue light, and rockets, and thoroughly appreciated them; but when the climax of the day came in the weird, fiendish, and altogether unearthly noise of the siren (steam fog trumpet), man and beast became alarmed. Sometimes it sounded as if away back in the hills, then as if in the village, then from the reef, and finally from a long, long distance, only to shriek forth again uncannily close at hand. Dogs at first rushed madly about, but soon escaped into snug places where they thought themselves safe. Human beings asked one another what it meant, grew alarmed, fearful lest some fiends had been exorcised to this sphere, and they, too, sought their homes. Thus for one night at least perfect peace reigned in Port Moresby, though many strangers were in it.

November the 6th was the day for the official act on shore which was to supersede all the previous ones, and will ever be remembered by all who witnessed the doings of Her Majesty's officials.

Soon after breakfast, boats landed numbers of blue-jackets and marines, followed by Commodore Erskine and a large number of officers, accompanied by the band of the *Nelson*.

They marched, with the band playing, up to the Mission premises, where the great act was to take place. The men were arranged round the flagstaff; the Commodore, his officers, and the missionaries, stood under the veranda of the Mission House. Artists and photographers were also in good places, and when all was ready the Commodore read Her Majesty's proclamation, This was translated by Mr. Lawes, and all the natives acquiesced. After firing and cheering, the proceedings ended.

The fleet proceeded along the coast, and the ceremony of annexation was repeated at Hall Sound and at Motumotu, Freshwater Bay. At each place a stick, with a silver queen's head like a florin on the top, was given to the chief who was regarded as the principal one. At the latter place this was given to Semese, who was the very picture of what an old savage warrior should be.

Then the ships went to Hood Bay and Aroma, Toulon, Argyle Bay, Suau, Moresby

Island, Dinner Island, the Killerton Islands, Discovery Bay, and to Kabi, Milne Bay, and Teste Island, in the Louisiade Islands. Here the ceremony of proclaiming and explaining was ended. Mr. Chalmers accompanied the Commodore as interpreter and whipper-in of the natives, who in many places had good reason to fear Australian ships. H.M.S. *Raven* took Mr. Chalmers to South Cape, where he resumed his mission work in placing New Guinea natives, who had been trained in the Port Moresby Institution, as teachers amongst their own countrymen. He finished his work and returned to Port Moresby. But almost immediately the *Raven* appeared from Cooktown, with instructions from H.M. Government to take Mr. Chalmers and proceed to proclaim the Protectorate on the north-east coast of the peninsula, which was then the unknown portion of New Guinea annexed by England. They had some difficulty in starting from Port Moresby, as natives could not be at once found to coal the *Raven*. The terrible haste of the British to do things astonished the people, who had always been accustomed to move by *seasons*, and not press time.

They first called at South Cape, and found the faithful teacher Mataio had died from yellow fever. When they were there three weeks before he was hearty and full of work, and had done good service.

At Killerton they left a letter for the first

British man-of-war that called. The mission station there is a perfect model farm, splendidly laid out. The south-eastern part of New Guinea is surrounded for 200 miles with countless reefs, ugly pointed rocks, and islands. Cross currents abound, and navigation is most difficult, especially as the ship has to pick its way by daylight in these unsurveyed seas. At Porlock Bay the natives decamped, but the flag was hoisted and presents left.

They saw the other sides of the mountain ranges visible from the southern coast. The country appeared to be very mountainous and difficult to travel in. At Caution Point they were welcomed by the people, who were very excited, and enjoyed the proceedings and the presents, but decamped upon an attempt being made to secure their photographs.

They then steamed for Deaf Adder Bay along a wonderful coast. From the water's edge, up hills, along valleys and gullies, to the highest mountain tops only bush is to be seen. Here no natives appeared, and they set out on the return journey, and went through the proclamation ceremony in Rawden Bay. The natives ran away upon seeing so many sailors come ashore. Paulo, the interpreter, hung on to one old lady, and Mr. Chalmers pursued the chief and brought him back. During the cannonade he was terribly frightened. He shook with

fear, and threw himself upon the ground. The people now returned at the desire of their chief, and presents were exchanged. The old lady who witnessed the proceedings was regarded as a heroine, and envied all along the coast for her pluck and the wealth of presents made to her on the occasion by the captain. Normandy Island was next visited. Only one young native sat like a stoic throughout all the doings, and after the *fue-de-joie* stood up to receive his present as if nothing had happened.

Thus closed the proclaiming of the Protectorate on the coast between Huon Gulf and East Cape and the islands of the D'Entrecasteaux Group.

There remained Rook and Long Islands, with the unannexed part of the north-east coast yet to be done, and Mr. Chalmers accompanied H.M.S. *Dart* on this journey. Captain Bridges had a happy way of dealing with natives, and the trip was a most successful one. The most important incident was the discovery of a succession of reefs, which seemed to show that New Guinea possesses on the north-east coast a barrier reef similar to that on the corresponding part of Australia.

TOUR WITH THE COMMISSIONER.

The British Government followed up the proclamation of the Protectorate by the appointment of Major-General Sir Peter Scratchley as Special Commissioner. He

was to take charge of all affairs relating to New Guinea, visit the country, interview natives and foreigners, make inquiries, and report to the Colonial Office.

Mr. Chalmers was expected to return on furlough to Britain, after nearly twenty years' absence, but the Commissioner sent to inform him that he was anxious that he should accompany him all round the Protectorate.

The General arrived at Port Moresby with Mr. H. O. Forbes, the explorer, in August, 1885, and were friendly competitors for Mr. Chalmers' help. He decided to go with the Commissioner. They visited Kabadi, then went inland from Kaile as far as villages near the Astrolabe Range. Then they had a meeting of coast and inland chiefs at Kapakapa, and insisted upon their living peaceably. They visited Saroa, and by so much contact the General grew attached to the natives. There was a hearty reception at Kalo, and at Kerepunu, the chiefs vied in showing their appreciation of the General as their protector. At Aroma the chief Koapena and others compelled the natives to restore some property stolen from a white man on Constance Island. Then they went eastward to Dinner Island, Milne Bay, and Discovery Bay. Here the General fell into the water, and some attribute the fever of which he died to this accident, but Mr. Chalmers thinks that he altogether

overworked himself. At Dinner Island they were joined by H.M.S. *Raven* and *Dart*, and it was reported that Captain Miller of Cooktown had been murdered on Normandy Island, so they proceeded there.

On the way they met H.M.S. *Dart* with one of the murderers on board. He acknowledged his guilt, and had come, according to native custom, with presents to make peace, and could not understand why he should be made a prisoner.

Other places were visited, and a party led by Mr. Chalmers crossed the peninsula from Milne Bay to Bently Bay. On rejoining the steamer the General was unwell. Mr. Chalmers knew it was fever, and begged him to return at once to Cooktown, but he was anxious to complete his work. He continued to get worse, and sailed for Australia; but it was too late. On arriving at Port Moresby Mr. Chalmers received the news that General Scratchley was dead. All there felt that they had lost a true friend and protector.

In 1886 Mr. Chalmers reported great progress all along the coast. In many stations numbers of converts awaited baptism. The joy of the missionaries was great. New teachers arrived from Rarotonga and were located, and everything bore a most promising aspect when a terrible epidemic broke out, the symptoms resembling those of yellow fever. Its ravages

were terrible, and whole villages were depopulated At Port Moresby Mr. Chalmers spent from four to five hours daily visiting the sick.

In August he arrived in England, after an absence of over twenty years, and received everywhere the heartiest welcome, while crowded audiences throughout the kingdom hung upon his lips as with graphic simplicity he told the story of God's work among the heathen.

He had said in jest on leaving Inveraray that on his return he would dine at the Castle. This proved a true prediction. The Duke of Argyll took the deepest interest in his work, and showed him great kindness. He planted a fine Spanish chestnut tree in the Castle Park, close to the one planted by Dr. Livingstone. When home again in August, 1895, the Town Council of the Royal Burgh of Inveraray conferred upon him the freedom of the Burgh, in recognition of the eminent services rendered by him to Christianity and civilisation.

While in England in 1887 Mr. Chalmers prepared for publication by the Religious Tract Society a book of 338 pages, entitled, "Pioneering in New Guinea," containing sketches of travels and labours during the years 1878 to 1886.

CHAPTER VIII

The Fly River

MR. CHALMERS left England on his return to New Guinea on the 25th of June, 1887, and reached Port Moresby three months later. He received a warm welcome back, and was soon engaged in making peace with a disaffected tribe inland, by whom he was received with great enthusiasm. The people had been punished by the British Government for the murder of a teacher, but nothing had been done in the meantime to heal the sore.

In 1888, Mr. Chalmers married Mrs. Sarah Eliza Harrison, of Retford, Nottinghamshire. She had been one of the greatest friends of the lady who became Mr. Chalmers' first wife. In the following year they settled at Motumotu. Mrs. Chalmers sent home to her friends a lively account of some of her earlier experiences, and a description of the house occupied by her husband and herself. "The walls," she wrote, "are of very roughly sawn planks, which overlap each other, so that inside there are ledges innumerable from floor to thatch, every ledge being a nice accommodation for all kinds of insect

life. Tamaté thinks it a delightful place. I am not quite so much in love with it. At night it is too lively: rats, mice, and lizards run all over in armies. I do not object to the latter. They are very tame, and make a cheery chirp. Best of all, they hunt the spiders, tarantulas, cockroaches, crickets, beetles of all kinds, and others big and little. At night bats fly in between the walls and roof. Ants and mosquitoes also abound. If you look down on the mats and floors you perceive they are covered with life; even this paper is continually covered with tiny, moving things, which I blow off." Mrs. Chalmers adds: "There are about 3000 wild savages here, fine, handsome men, got up in truly savage style. I do believe I would rather face a crowd of them than the insects in the house."

Writing in 1889 to announce the death of the widow of the South Sea teacher, Piri, Mr. Chalmers testified to the worth of one who was a sample of the noble band of faithful South Sea islanders who have consecrated themselves to, and laid down their lives for, the work in New Guinea. Piri's widow was a native of the island of Mangaia. In New Guinea she was a splendid worker. Often when ill she held on to the work, and with her active, cheery ways helped others to do the same. Wherever she went she was soon at home; she could command the biggest, wildest-looking savages, and get

from them whatever she wished. She could take services, preach a sermon, teach in school, superintend work about the station, take charge of a boat and handle it well in the worst of weather. She was buried beside her husband at Boera (their station for nearly sixteen years).

At the beginning of 1890 Mr. Chalmers visited the Fly River region, at the request of the Directors of his Society. The Administrator (and Governor) of British New Guinea (Sir William Macgregor) invited Mr. Chalmers to accompany him in the Government yacht, *Merrie England.* With the help of a steam launch and boats they were able to get up the Fly, Mia Kassa, and Wasi Kassa rivers. Mr. Chalmers was absent from Motumotu for about two months, and during that time Mrs. Chalmers remained in charge of the station and kept the work going. During one of such absences of her husband, Mrs. Chalmers unfortunately became very ill. Lying helpless on her couch one day, she was surprised to see Lahari, the great warrior-chief of Motumotu, enter; he stroked her hair and forehead and uttered words of sympathy, and then broke into abuse of Tamaté, calling him a "bad husband" to leave his wife alone in her sickness with no one to cook her "Beritani" food for her. And when Chalmers came home Lahari got hold of him and told him in plain terms what he thought of his conduct. Tamaté

was very fond of this fine-looking chief who attended the services regularly and never let a day pass without a visit to the missionary.

Mr. Chalmers found that much of the work in the Fly River region had come to a standstill, and would have to be commenced afresh. At the same time he was enabled to bear encouraging testimony to the excellent impression produced by the native teachers, as evidenced by the friendliness of the natives. "But for that influence, travellers would not be able to go about in the same peace and safety they enjoy at present. In many places the word 'missionari' is equivalent to peace and friendship," wrote Mr. Chalmers.

Ten years had elapsed since he had visited the island of Saibai. "What a change! Then they were a wild, rough people, and only a few years before terrible skull-hunters, and the terror of the mainland tribes. Now they are nice, quiet, kindly intelligent folk; amongst them many church members, and all nominal Christians, attending services and holding services in their own houses, morning and evening. The teacher, Jakoba, a native of Lifu, has done noble work on the island. Altogether Saibai has advanced as well as any Mission station I know of."

When well up the Wasi Kassa river, the travellers came upon the much-dreaded

Tuger, or Tugeri men, of whom Mr. Chalmers wrote: "That they are skull-hunters, I do not doubt, but do not believe the terrible stories told of them as being cannibals, whose whole occupation is in seeking for human flesh. About one hundred of them were about us—a fine-looking lot of fellows. Better made men it would be difficult to find anywhere. A few of them had bad, evil-disposed faces, and it was well to keep a good look-out "

Later on in the same year (1890) Mr. Chalmers, accompanied by Mrs. Chalmers, made an extended tour among the South Sea islands to beat up recruits for his work, especially from Samoa, and from his former flock in the Hervey Group (Rarotonga and other islands). When the s.s. *Richmond* arrived at Rarotonga on the 12th of October, the news spread like wildfire through the settlement that Mr. and Mrs. Chalmers were on board. For many months past the people had been expecting the visit of their former missionary, and now he had come they gave him an enthusiastic welcome. Mr. Chalmers' own description is brief and reticent, but from the letters of his wife we can better imagine what scenes took place. The Consul boarded the steamer to welcome them; great crowds gathered on the beach; from every house people came out; many old people with tears running down their faces insisted on embracing Mr. Chalmers and his

wife. Tamaté's name was a household word; the people seemed to worship him; they spoke of him as if there never had been or could be anybody like him. And to their great delight Mr. Chalmers' memory was so wonderful that he remembered their names and could inquire after their families.

It was surprising to see how quickly he recognised old friends as they flocked around him; though fourteen years had elapsed since he left the island, yet there were very few of the older people whose names he could not recall. Next day (a Sunday) the village church was crowded, and he spoke Rarotongan with as much ease and fluency as any native of the island. Little wonder is it that an appeal from such a one should have resulted in a deepening of the enthusiasm of the Polynesian Church for the great enterprise in New Guinea. After his departure it was found very difficult to get the students in the Training Institution at Rarotonga to remain in their own group of islands; they all wanted to go to New Guinea, to remain at home being accounted the greater sacrifice. Mr. Chalmers had been looking forward to meeting Isaia, the young pastor of Avarua, whom he had taught as a boy years before, and whom he spoke of as his "young, loving Timothy." It was a great sorrow to him to learn on his arrival at Rarotonga that his friend had died only a day or two before, so that he found awaiting

him the sad duty of assisting at the funeral of his former pupil. In his infancy, Isaia was adopted by the Queen and her husband, and cared for by them as their own child. Mr. Chalmers went to the royal residence—a handsome, two-storey house, with veranda, furnished in European style, and with an avenue of trees in front. As the missionary approached, the Queen came out attended by her women, put her arms round Tamaté, and kissed him, then keeping her hand on his shoulder examined his face keenly and spoke a few words. Then she embraced Mrs. Chalmers, introduced her own husband, and led them indoors into a nice large drawing-room. Lamps were brought in, and Tamaté was put in an armchair with the Prince Consort beside him. The room filled quickly with people. One poor old lady turned eighty forced her way through, sobbing and crying, and threw herself at Tamaté's feet, clasping his legs. Tamaté's heart was too full for words.

At Aitutaki, another island in the same group, the people were much interested in all that Mr. Chalmers had to tell about the work in New Guinea. Their intense interest is explained by the fact that every one in the audiences he addressed had some connection, near or distant, with teachers in New Guinea, or with those who had laid down their lives there for God in the past. The Aitutakians agreed to provide Mr. Chalmers

with a boat for his Fly River work, and at a meeting on the morning following the launching of the scheme, half the amount required was collected.

While at Motumotu Mr. Chalmers obtained a sorcerer's kit. "Too great to live," was Mr. Chalmers' characteristic comment, "so one day he was clubbed to death." He and Mr. Chalmers were great friends. The sorcerer's son became a Christian, and was trained by Mr. Chalmers. The young man surrendered his father's stock-in-trade, and it is now to be seen in the Museum of the London Missionary Society.

During the summer of 1891, Mr. and Mrs. Chalmers were away on several expeditions to the other islands. Returning to Toaripi in July, they had a trying experience at the landing, which Mrs. Chalmers has described in her diary. There was a heavy sea on the voyage, the ship rolled, and the passengers had to hold on continually to prevent themselves being pitched overboard, and Mrs Chalmers was bruised and sore with the continual bumping. They came in sight of the Mission station about sunset, and it looked "anything but inviting" as a place of residence. They were very anxious to get ashore, however, but the seas were so tremendous that it was impossible. Nor could any boat reach them from the shore because of the surf. To avoid shipwreck they had to keep well out, and they cast

anchor in such poor anchorage as they could find. A terrible night of discomfort followed, the ship swung and rolled, the seas continually breaking over one side or other. Mrs. Chalmers was firmly lashed to a seat, which was bolted to the companion-way, and she rolled with every movement of the ship. "I never passed such a night," she records. And there, exactly opposite, she saw at every lurch of the boat, the lantern beaming on the mission flagstaff—that showed a place of refuge so near and yet so unattainable. Of course no one on board could sleep; and Mr. Chalmers and his missionary colleague, Mr. Savage, could neither stand on deck nor lie in their berths below. Next morning (Sunday) two boats left the river before daybreak, and with great difficulty managed to come out and alongside. The rise and fall of the ship with the waves rendered it very dangerous to attempt to get into a boat, but anxiety to land prevailed over fear of danger, and Mrs. Chalmers called out to the students in the boat to stand ready to catch her, and she would jump as the boat rose. She landed safely, though feeling dizzy and shaken; and they only shipped one sea crossing the bar. Sore with tossing about and sick with hunger, Mrs. Chalmers reached the shore and found it covered with a great crowd; teachers, and house boys, natives old and young, male and female, had all turned out to

welcome back the Mission lady whom many of them had despaired of ever seeing again.

No sooner was Mrs. Chalmers settled in her home than her husband was called away again. At Port Moresby he learned the sad news of the deaths of several of his newly-installed native teachers. From there he proceeded to Cooktown, and endured such bad weather all the way that some spars and sails were carried away, and the ship had to anchor near "Three Islands" to repair damages. The following night was wet and blowy, and the sea high, and Mr. Chalmers was just getting to sleep when there was a sudden, startling bump on the rocks, a horrible grating sound, and the ship stuck fast. Their position was both unsafe and uncomfortable, they threw ballast overboard, kept signals of distress flying, and fired rockets and burned blue lights, but were not seen. The pumps were kept going as long as possible, but by Sunday morning they were useless, the ship was leaning on its side, and the sea flowing in and out; masts and rigging were cut away to prevent the ship capsizing; and then, as all felt they were in a desperate condition, the whale-boat was provisioned and launched, and put under charge of the second mate, and passengers and crew transferred. They were just on the point of leaving when Mr. Chalmers saw a sailor emerge from the hold. "Hullo! What are you up to?" he cried.

"Looking for poor old Tom, the cat, sir," he yelled; "we must save him if we can;" and first the cat was rescued, and then the pet cockatoo. There were eleven souls on board the whale-boat, and it was really overweighted with provisions and other effects, and bailing had to be constantly resorted to. However, the mate did splendidly, and they landed safely on the lee side of "Three Islands," and took possession of a *bech-de-mer* station, and waited for some passing ship. Again they burned lights and fired rockets, but it was not till next morning that they were rescued by the *Governor Cairns*, which took them all on board, supplied them with food, and conveyed them to Cooktown. This was Mr. Chalmers' fourth experience of shipwreck.

Several newspapers reported that when the *Harrier* struck the rock Chalmers called all hands to prayer. Mr. Chalmers said this was untrue; he believed in prayer as much as any man—he had good reason to believe in it—but there was a time to pray and a time to work, and at that time everybody on board was engaged getting sail in or heaving on the hawser; and to hold a prayer meeting at such a time would have been an act of stupidity or fear.

After the wreck of the *Harrier*, he returned to Toaripi on board a Government schooner, where he found all well. The regular routine of Mission work at Toaripi was:

6 A.M. Bell rings for morning prayer.
6.30-8. Bible Class.
9-11 (or 12). Boys' Class.
3-5 P.M. Men and Boys for arithmetic and writing.
Women for reading and sewing.
5.30 Evening Prayers.
7. Evening Service in the house.

ON SUNDAYS

6 A.M. Morning Prayers.
6.30. Services in the villages.
9. Students and Boys assemble in class-room and after prayer march to church.
11. Service in class-room in Motuan (Quarter of an hour given to Catechism study).
3.30 P.M. Assemble in class-room and after prayer march to service in village.
5.30. Prayer Meeting.

Mr. J. E. Liddiard, who visited Mr. Chalmers at Toaripi in September, 1891, said that one night there was such a disturbance in the village that Mr. Chalmers got up and went out to see what was the matter, and he accompanied him. Many wild natives were encountered rushing past in the darkness carrying weapons and shouting defiance. Mr. Chalmers and his companion followed them to the large *dubu,* a club-house which had been recently erected, and found that the dispute had arisen between one

party who wished to have a great dance in the *dubu* and another party who objected on account of the recent death of a native. The formal opening of this *dubu* had been put off at Tamaté's request, for he did not wish to see it opened until he had obtained an assurance that no sacrifice of life would take place on the occasion. It had always been the custom to consecrate such places with human sacrifices and other horrible orgies. Mr. Chalmers happily on this occasion succeeded in making peace between the rival parties; then he and Liddiard climbed up the rough ladder to the platform in front of the *dubu*. The only lights in the interior of this great hall were fires which were burning on clay hearths, and it was a weird spectacle which was presented by the armed and decorated warriors as the flickering firelight fell upon their figures.

In 1892 Mr. Chalmers accomplished an adventurous journey in the Gulf of Papua. Ten years before, when little was known of the people west of Manumanu, in Redscar Bay, he had set before him, as likely to occupy a fair lifetime, the introduction of the Gospel into all the districts as far as Orokolo. Orokolo was reached by January, 1892, "and now," wrote Dr. Chalmers, "the desire has lengthened, and I hope yet to carry the Gospel to all the districts as far as the Fly River and to the westward." Mr. Chalmers has always adopted the plan

of visiting new places frequently, and getting thoroughly known by living with the people. Through interpreters he told the story of Divine love, and in that way prepared the way for teachers to live with them. He placed no teachers where he had not first lived himself, and where he would be unwilling to live frequently. From all accounts of unknown districts which he had ever heard from natives, none compared in real savagery with those relating to the Namau district, and his adventurous, bold spirit felt a charm in trying to be the first to visit it. He took with him a good interpreter named Vaaburi, an elderly, active, comical fellow, thoroughly reliable in such an expedition. He had been constantly with Mr. Chalmers in former years, and never liked Tamaté to take even a short trip without him. "He is a capital stroy-teller," wrote Mr. Chalmers at the time, "and wonderfully imaginative, so much so that he often forgets himself and overdoes it." All through the trip Mr. Chalmers was much pleased with him, and often enjoyed his earnest prayers.

The only weapon of defence taken by them was a stout hazel wand, presented to Mr. Chalmers by an old Inveraray friend. The stick played an important part in the journey.

"That hazel stick," said Mr. Chalmers, "must have some charm, for my folk won't let me land or squat anywhere without it, and it is now close beside me. Should I

leave one position for another and forget it, immediately it is brought to me." Once the outlook was very dark. It seemed to Tamaté's experienced eyes as if mischief was brewing, and that they might all be slaughtered, but when the crisis had passed all his followers became brave as lions, and would go anywhere with Tamaté and his hazel stick.

"Everything and every action," wrote Mr. Chalmers on this journey, "is of interest, but the most interesting are a match, my writing, and my foot. The latter is tenderly handled, and instructions are rigorously given on no account to press it, lest it should hurt." Inside the dubu at the village of Koropanairu, where there were charms and fetishes of all kinds, and skulls of human beings, crocodiles, pigs, and cassowaries, and where at the small end their were six hideous kanibus (gods), they sang a translation of the hymn, "Hark! the voice of love and mercy." None of them, said Mr. Chalmers, could boast of singing powers, but he thought he had never heard the hymn sound better. The dubu was pitch dark, and very hot and stuffy. After the service no one would go, so Tamaté lighted his candle, and that caused great excitement.

At another place he handed to some natives a picture of Mrs. Chalmers to study. They turned it all ways, but could not grasp the

meaning of it, even when explained by the interpreter. At last they gave up the puzzle, and returned it with a "Can't see any wife there."

The Fly River is one of the great rivers of the world. It has not yet been fully explored, but is known to be at least six hundred miles in length, and of magnificent volume. Its navigation, however, is difficult, and the banks are, as a rule, lined with dense forests seldom penetrated by white men except by a few scientists on the search after orchids, rare insects, and birds, or by some daring settler who sets up a bungalow, clears a space of ground, and grows rubber or some other paying produce, and takes the risk of living amid hostile natives against whose murderous instincts he has to keep perpetual vigilance. It was Mr. Chalmers' hope to navigate this river, visit the inland tribes, and establish new mission stations among them. As the central base of his mission work he fixed upon Saguane in Kiwai Island in the Fly River Delta. Unfortunately it was a low and swampy place, and had eventually to be abandoned owing to the encroachment of the water. Having resolved to place at Saguane a native teacher named Maru and his wife, Mr. Chalmers accompanied them to that place in March, 1892.

Mr. Chalmers looked upon his work in the Fly River District as the last and probably

the greatest of the tasks he had undertaken for his Master. He knew that it involved great danger, but he did not fear, and he wrote in his diary: "God knows there will be many Gethsemanes, and it may be Calvarys; but all for Christ; and it is well."

It was decided at a conference held at Port Moresby that the Fly River work should be proceeded with without delay, and that for the requirements of the district a steam launch to navigate the river should be got, and also that two new missionaries should be sent to take over the work at Motumotu and Delena. The field which Mr. Chalmers had to superintend at this time was of enormous extent, and necessitated almost constant travelling between the Straits and the Gulf, and attendance at the regular Committee meetings at Port Moresby. But it was work admirably suited to his temperament so long as he was in good health. He thoroughly enjoyed visiting new territory and opening up new avenues for the Gospel. "I dearly love," he said, "to be the first to preach Christ in a place, even though it has to be through an interpreter."

The launch Mr. Chalmers expected arrived in January, 1893, and was named the *Miro*. At first he found it of great help. When wet and dirty with travel, it was pleasant to step on board the anchored launch and

have a change and rest and a comfortable meal. The majority of the villages visited were well in from the river bank, and he had to wade through mud and water and cross creeks and saplings to get to them. Sometimes the boat became immovable in a mudbank. Once they were startled by a noise like an express train, and found that it was a boar rushing down the river. He thought at first it was a case of total destruction, for the boar caught them and swept the boat bodily, anchor and all, on to the bank and across it. The rudder post was bent and cracked, and the stern post carried away. Unfortunately, he was soon convinced that the launch was not suited for the navigation of such a difficult river, and that one with more powerful engines and greater protection for the propeller would be required.

Often when visiting these villages for the first time Mr. Chalmers found that the wives and children were all stowed away in the bush; but if he managed to get a present of a few beads conveyed to one woman all the rest would soon appear. Once when he was in difficulties the chief of Domori (Araua by name) came to him, bringing a very acceptable present of native food, and saying, "Tamaté, this is a *real* present, and I want no pay."

Occasionally he had trouble even with some of his teachers. He mentions specially one

who neglected his own work to make money by trading, and of course he had to go. "I may not be careful enough of Mr. Mammon," he writes, "but some of these men are certainly too careful and forget all else." Only once in his life, he often said, did he feel acutely the pinch of poverty; he had often been without money and yet happy without it; but on that one memorable occasion he was in want of a stamp for a love-letter and could not get it!

In 1892 and 1893 Mr. Chalmers visited the native teachers at their various outposts, cheering and counselling them in their noble work. Such visitation involves great physical strain and constant exposure, and only one possessed of Mr. Chalmers' strong constitution could have done as much of it as he has done. The penalty has often been a severe attack of malarial fever.

During these visitations Mr. Chalmers was often struck by the influence of music and singing over the uncivilised natives, and it has been a matter of regret to him that he did not acquire the power in his earlier years to use music to better advantage. He once wrote: "I have seen savage crowds swayed nearly as we liked by a hymn or a song. Even I have brought down the house of yelling, excited savages with a song of my boyhood days.

Being greatly in need of a change, after severe attacks of fever, the Directors invited

him to return to England in 1894, and to be prepared also to take part in the great Centenary celebrations of the Society in 1895. Mrs. Chalmers had come home in ill-health in 1892. While at home on this visit Mr. Chalmers, "that fire-brand of New Guinea," as Dr. Joseph Parker on many occasions called him, showed that he had lost none of his old power, but had rather increased it, to thrill an audience by his unstudied eloquence and fiery zeal, and by his earnest and pathetic appeals on behalf of his beloved work. In appearance, with his leonine head and mass of hair, he seemed almost a counterpart of the great preacher who thus spoke of him as of a man evidently after his own heart. The name of James Chalmers is one of the few privileged autographs to be found in Dr. Parker's renowned City Temple Pulpit Bible.

Mr. Chalmers left for New Guinea alone in November, 1895; Mrs. Chalmers not being able to follow him until June, 1897. For a time he had to curb his ardour for opening up new work on the Fly River, and to content himself with developing and consolidating the work at the stations already occupied. He also taught in the school at Saguane. This, one would imagine, must have imposed great restraints and limitations upon a man of his disposition, who had of late years spent so much of his time in travelling from place to place. Mr. Thomp-

son, who saw Mr. Chalmers engaged in this work of teaching at Saguane, writes thus: "It seemed incongruous, and almost ludicrous that Mr. Chalmers, the fearless and successful pioneer, whose name is known, and who is trusted and influential among many wild tribes, should be cooped up as a schoolmaster with a company of twenty-three children, teaching them the rudiments of English and Scripture. But he was putting as much heart and energy into this work as he would into the effort to conciliate a tribe of wild cannibals, and was succeeding. He uses the Gouin method in teaching English, and it seems to answer admirably."

One gratifying result of this more stay-at-home policy, and building up of the native church, was a tide of spiritual blessing which spread to other parts along the coast, and up the Fly River itself. Ten-minute services were held in the chapel at Saguane, morning and evening. Some of the native visitors from distant places became so interested in these services that upon their return to their homes they instituted similar services. Large deputations waited upon Mr. Chalmers, and he promised to do his best to get Samoan teachers for them. In addition to his invaluable work as explorer, missionary, and schoolmaster, he engaged himself in translation work, and rendered the Gospel story and hymns and lesson books into the native tongue, so that his work was

carried on where his tongue was not heard.

Mr. Chalmers' health suffered greatly during the year 1898, first from a serious fall, and subsequently from rheumatism, contracted during a rough journey in the Torres Straits, and although the Directors urged him to visit Rarotonga again to recruit his health, he felt that he ought to stick to his post until at all events, a colleague was sent to his aid. He had long desired to extend the work in the Torres Straits, and the special deputation (Messrs. Thompson and Crosfield), strongly supported his appeal. It is estimated that no fewer than thirty-nine different nationalities are to be found among the floating population in the Torres Straits. A helper was at last found in Mr. O. F. Tomkins, who reached Saguane in February, 1900, and who on his arrival testified from personal observation to the splendid work being carried on there by Mr. and Mrs. Chalmers and their native helpers. Mr. Tomkins quickly found it to be a privilege and pleasure to work with his respected colleague, of whom he wrote: "St. Paul himself could not have been more considerate to Timothy than Tamaté is to me."

One of the latest and most interesting developments of the work at Saguane was the sending forth by Mr. Chalmers of the native teacher, Hiro, and six members of the Church and their wives up the Fly River to

preach the Gospel. "They have no education," Mr. Chalmers says, "but they know the story of the Cross, and are in downright earnest." "It would have done your heart good," he wrote to Mr. Wardlaw Thompson, "to have seen with what enthusiasm they left. I got wearied waiting and praying, and it was heavily laid upon me to act and to do something for the heathen. We have been long praying for them up the River; never a church meeting but they were prayed for, as well as at many special meetings." When the Saguane Church members left the Fly River to return to their home, the people wept much, and begged of them to return as soon as possible. Mr. Chalmers at once decided to send forth eight more evangelists by twos. "I cannot hold back," he said. "What is a man to do when he is bound to the Spirit's wheels? We cannot give up prayer, and we dare not withhold making known the glad tidings. At twenty-six villages on the banks of the Fly River services were soon being held daily. The services were certainly very primitive, and were conducted by the people themselves. The words spoken were very few, and these in great ignorance.

The rapid encroachment of the sea at Saguane rendered continued residence there unsafe, and Mr. Chalmers decided to move to Daru, which is the seat of the magistracy for the western district of British New

Guinea. It is a very small, and not very attractive-looking place. The Government had granted the Mission 100 acres of the ridge to the west of their own site. It was reported to be a very fine site, and Mr. Chalmers believed it would be healthy. While the removal of the Mission was being accomplished, Mr. Chalmers suffered a terrible bereavement, in the death of his wife, on the 26th of October, 1900. In July she had become seriously ill, and for fourteen weeks she grew steadily worse. When the end seemed near she expressed a wish not to be left to die at Saguane and be buried in a swamp; and so on 24th October she was conveyed on board the *Niue* to Daru, and there two days later she died. The few whites and the natives were kind and sympathetic.

She was a gifted woman, and her missionary spirit grew deeper as the days went on. She was also a woman of strong character, and, best of all, she had a large heart, and made many friends among the constituents of the Society. Her end was peaceful, bright, and joyful, and she longed to be with Christ, who was very precious to her. One of her last utterances was, "Jesus is very near." It was a great comfort to her to know that her only son was preparing to join in missionary work.

The death naturally was a sore grief and blow to Mr Chalmers; he felt a great loneliness

and "a gnawing pain at the heart-strings." He and she had cherished dreams of rest and leisure in a little cottage somewhere near London before "crossing the flood;" but that and other dreams had to go unrealised. But his tireless spirit looked even "across the flood" for work; he thought God would have to find work for him in Heaven, for even there he would still want to be a missionary.

Taking up his quarters at Daru, he resumed his usual activities; and was greatly helped in his work by an excellent new whale-boat, built with a legacy specially left for the purpose by Mrs. Chalmers. It was the one in which Tamaté left the *Niue* on the fateful morning of April 8, 1901.

CHAPTER IX

A MARTYR'S CROWN

THE new year (1901) at Daru had commenced hopefully. About 1700 persons attended the New Year Services. Very many of these people had never witnessed a religious service before. Between 300 and 400 sat down to the Lord's Supper, making it a very impressive service.

A visit of the *John Williams* to Daru in March, 1901, cheered him and his companions and enabled them to hold some Committee meetings. On the 3rd of April he penned the following letter to Mrs. Edwards, probably the last letter he ever wrote:

"DARU, *April* 3, 1901.—Just a wee note to leave for any chance there may be to have it sent on to Thursday Island. We sail to-morrow for the East, as far as Cape Blackwood, and expect to be away more than a fortnight.

"Many years ago I used Law's *Serious Call to a Devout Life,* and am again at it. We are apt to get so formal and lukewarm and need occasional stimulus.

"Night before last Tamaté Vaine's pet collie was shot dead by a Government officer, for what, no one knows, and that has caused

us much sorrow. We buried him yesterday morning in the compound.

"The sun is shining, and a south-east wind has come up, and I feel cheered. For more than two months we have not had such a day. Ah me! how I long to have all the houses up and be done with the worry of them. Would we could communicate just now and I knew of your well-being."

The next day the *Niue* left Daru for the voyage which ended so disastrously at Goaribari Island.

The day after he left in the *Niue* for the east, intending to go as far as Cape Blackwood, and to return in a fortnight. On the 7th the schooner anchored off the east end of the island of Goaribari at the mouth of the Omati River, near the Aird Delta, and what happened then was only found out after Mr. Chalmers' death. This is the tragic story. Crowds of natives came from the shore and remained on the schooner till sunset, when Tamaté persuaded them to return to the village, and promised he would visit them next day. At five next morning the natives returned and so crowded the deck of the ship that there was no room to move; the canoes in which they came were full of arms. As it was impossible to get the natives to leave the ship, Tamaté decided to go ashore, thinking that this would induce them to leave. Mr. Tomkins, fearing danger, would not allow him to go alone,

and insisted on accompanying him in the whale-boat. About half the natives followed, and the rest remained on board. No further signs of the Mission party were seen, and the schooner, after waiting in vain for their return, left for Daru to report the matter. The natives who had remained on the schooner had looted it of everything they could carry away.

As soon as possible after this the Governor on board the *Merrie England,* went with a large force to the spot, accompanied by another steamer, the *Parua,* on which were some officers and men from the Garrison at Thursday Island. Mr. H. M. Dauncey, of the London Missionary Society, was also on board the *Parua,* and has given an account of what happened. The party landed at Dopima, and here captured a prisoner who, through an interpreter, explained that as soon as the arrival of the schooner was known, a plot was got up to loot it and massacre the missionaries, and that no fewer than ten villages were implicated. As soon as Mr. Chalmers and Mr. Tomkins went on shore they and their followers were enticed to enter the large *dubu* at Dopima on pretence of getting something to eat, and Mr. Chalmers and his colleague were treacherously knocked from behind on the head with stone clubs and rendered senseless. This was the signal for a general massacre; and Mr. Chalmers

was then stabbed in the right side with a cassowary dagger, and his head cut off with a bamboo knife.

The same treatment was given to Mr. Tomkins. In order to punish the criminals all the *dubus* of the ten villages were destroyed by fire. There were twenty *dubus* in all, and ten thousand human skulls were discovered in them. In process of carrying this out the landing party was attacked by the natives, but it only required a few rounds of rifle firing to disperse the crowd. The other houses in the villages were spared as the intention was to let the punishment fall only upon the fighting men. The splendid whale-boat which Mrs. Chalmers' legacy had provided had been smashed up by the murderers, and its broken pieces divided among the various villages. It is supposed that the real reason of the massacre was that human sacrifices were wanted to celebrate the opening of a new *dubu*, or else the natives were anxious to obtain possession of their skulls. Having in God's mercy escaped from many perils by land and by sea, having been instrumental in leading to the feet of Jesus many South Sea islanders and New Guinea cannibals whose friendship and confidence he had first won by the bold and dauntless, yet tender and tactful spirit which he possessed in so remarkable a degree, this faithful messenger of the Cross sealed with his blood the testimony which he

had borne through many years to the greater sacrifice of the Saviour of the world. A review, from the human standpoint, of the many perils and dangers through which he passed, inclines one to marvel that his period of service should have been so long as it was, considering the exceptional risks which he ran. God be praised for the completion of thirty-five years of missionary service, and for all that He accomplished through His servant. Even in death he and his companions were in their Heavenly Father's keeping, and they will share in the joy over the harvest of souls which is bound to follow from such a sacrifice, though the living relatives and friends found it hard to bear the sacrifice.

Notwithstanding his very heavy bereavement, Mr. Chalmers was still planning future conquests, fresh annexations for his Master. In one of his last letters he bravely said: "I want to live long enough to see both banks of the Fly River occupied for 100 miles up, and east to Namau Stations. We do not want to step out before God. We must be careful to mark time with Him, and not let Him get too far ahead of us. We must not lose His grip." In God's Providence the wish was not gratified; but the "last words" are very beautiful, and testify to the desire of the servant to be in all things led by the Master.

"I have," wrote Mr. Albert Dawson,

met and talked with statesmen, military heroes, men of letters, ministers of the Gospel—many of them good and great men—but not one of these thrilled me as did the Apostle to New Guinea, when he told me, in outline, the wonderful story of his missionary labours and adventures. In perils oft, thrice shipwrecked, several times captive, again and again doomed to death, he has indeed hazarded his life for the Lord Jesus; and though the world may be more dazzled by deeds of military daring, it would be hard to find a life fuller of acts of unheralded heroism. Mr. Chalmers, with his burly figure, massive head thrown well back, bushy iron-grey hair, long narrow beard, large brown eyes, and sun-tanned skin, impresses one as a firm, strong man, to whom the word 'impossible' is an unknown term, and who only recognises difficulties in order to remove them."

Mr. Saville, who shared Mr. Chalmers' first experiences of shipwreck, penned the following tribute to his comrade and life-long friend:

"Of my dear old friend Chalmers, it may truly be said, a great man has fallen. His physique was great, his voice stentorian, his eloquence was like the hurricane, and the magnetic force of his individuality was irresistible. In the drawing-room of the rich, in the forecastle of a ship, and in the huts of South Sea Islanders his presence

could never be ignored. People wished to speak to him and were glad to hear what he had to say; none wholly escaped from the fascinating influence of his personality. But Tamaté's true greatness had not its source in any of these personal qualities. He was great, as the Apostle to the Gentiles was great. 'For me to live is Christ' was the one motto and motive of his life. This was the source and secret of his power.

"During a friendship extending over thirty-six years the one striking aspect of his life has been whole-hearted consecration to Christ and His cause. From first to last there has been no waning, no fluctuations in his zeal, but ever increasing spiritual power and purpose. As a missionary student at Farquhar House, Highgate, he was an inspiration and a soul-winner wherever he ministered on the Sunday. His prayers at our weekly missionary prayer meetings were aglow with passionate entreating that the kingdoms of this world might speedily become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ.

"During a long and perilous voyage to the South Seas in which we were wrecked and lost all of our possessions, his hunger for souls never forsook him. We were fifteen months on the way; during the whole of that time he was instant, in season and out of season, in working for the spiritual good of the crew. He was never so happy as when

conducting a Bible class in the stuffy forecastle of the *John Williams* amongst these rough and at one time profane men. Before the voyage ended several of these became disciples of Christ.

"At Rarotonga his flaming zeal soon kindled holy fire in the hearts of the young people of that island. Many of these accompanied him to New Guinea, and stood shoulder to shoulder with him in his noble and heroic work on behalf of the savage cannibals.

"In his last letter to me, dated the 27th of December, 1900, he speaks of six evangelists who had returned from the dangerous mission on the Fly River with a good report. He says when they and their wives were coming away it was a time of weeping and calling, 'Return quickly and teach us more.' He then speaks of eight others who were to take their places early this year, and then closes his letter with these significant words, 'We cannot help ourselves, we are impelled by the Holy Spirit and led by Him.' Those words explain all that was great, noble, and beautiful in the life of dear old Tamaté."

Dr. Lawes, who arrived in England only a few days before the tidings of Mr. Chalmers' martyrdom reached London, spoke thus:

"The terrible news which has reached us has quite overwhelmed me. Mr. Chalmers, or, as he is known in New Guinea and in many other parts, 'Tamaté,' was my bosom friend and beloved brother. Many years

have we spent together in New Guinea in loving comradeship. Hand in hand, side by side, we have spent days of adversity and nights of anxiety. We have shared together the times of blessing and the seasons of joy, and now for him there is the victor's wreath and the martyr's crown. But, brethren, know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen in Israel?"

Mr. Chalmers may not have been the ideal missionary, but he cherished the loftiest ideal a man can conceive: he lived a noble and heroic life, and he crowned it by a martyr's death. His methods were not the stereotyped ones, and may not have commended themselves always to his superiors, or to those who sit in the arm-chairs of office and direct others. He not only preached but lived the Gospel, moving humbly yet courageously among the people even as the Man of Nazareth did, showing himself a brother to the most degraded, and striving with infinite patience and kindness to tell them of the Christ who died for them. In doing this he laboured and endured without stint and without flinching, and surely no one can doubt that when he gave in his account, he received the "Well done, faithful servant," from his Master, and that a life such as his was pleasing in His sight.