NAMU, GRACIOSA BAY, SANTA CRUZ

(See p. 143)

THE WAKE OF THE SOUTHERN CROSS

WORK AND ADVENTURES
IN THE SOUTH SEAS

By
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LONDON
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, W.

First Edition . . . 1932

PREFACE

It was during a period of sickness in 1927 that I read through seventeen of my diaries and gathered from them events and facts which I thought would most interest my children, and perhaps a few others. It is now many years since I went to Melanesia and began to keep these diaries, and for the last twenty I have been on the active list in Australia and out of touch with Melanesia; yet I can truly say, like the Israelite of old: "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning; if I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth."

The children of our State schools are always ready to hear stories of the islands, as are their teachers. They love to take part in imaginary visits to the tropics, standing under coco-nut trees watching dusky school boys and girls at their lessons and at their play; they have learnt how to clip fingers in approved native fashion instead of shaking hands to say "Good-bye." My diaries have helped me to correct the memories of seventeen years in the islands, and I think I can vouch for the truth of all I have written. But I am conscious of having left out much that might have been said, also of having risked dullness by giving certain details which may be of interest only to some who are closely connected with the Mission to-day.

I have made little or no mention of many men and women who, in my time, did yeoman service for it; such as John Palmer, one of Patteson's staff, whom I found in charge of St. Barnabas, Norfolk Island, when I went there; C. W. Browning of Florida, Eton's last representative in our Mission; W. C. O'Ferrall; Dr. Fox and H. J. Nind, who, having been in the Mission for thirty years, are, I am thankful to say, still there; Nelson Drummond, a valuable priest in any place in which he might be needed, whether in Norfolk Island, the New Hebrides, or the Reefs; J. M. Steward, missionary first in Guadalcanar and Florida, and then unanimously chosen as Bishop of Melanesia by the Staff; and many more. Some of these gave their lives: Welchman and Andrews in Bugotu, Godden in Opa, Bollen in Guadalcanar, Drew in San Cristoval, Sage in Malaita, and also Allen Buffett, a Norfolker, our faithful house-builder in the islands—lives so precious that I remember asking our men to try to save them and not lose them, as we had had more than enough martyrs in Melanesia. Neither have I mentioned Mrs. Colenso, Mrs. Comins, Mrs. O'Ferrall, Miss Julia Farr, Miss Hardacre, Miss Hurse, Miss Wilson, Miss Coombe, and many others, wives of clergy and unmarried ladies, who never spared themselves that they might give Christian wives to Christian teachers, and establish a high standard of Christian home-life in savage Melanesia.

In the spare time of a busy life it has been impossible to do well this that I have attempted. My

diaries might have been made to yield more, also many bundles of old letters upon which I have not drawn at all. I owe more than I can say to my wife for her advice and help. I have to thank the Ven. Henry Adams, Archdeacon of Bunbury, an old Selwyn man, for encouraging me to write this missing chapter of Melanesian history; I owe much also to my daughter, Mrs. Philip Clifton, and to Miss Shenston of Bunbury, who saved me the labour of typing and retyping.

The illustrations are from photographs taken by my wife and by Messrs. Beattie, of Hobart.

CECIL BUNBURY.

BISHOPSCOURT,
BUNBURY, WEST AUSTRALIA.

PUBLISHERS' NOTE

SINCE this Preface was written, we have been requested to express the sincere thanks of the Author for the care and trouble taken in the correction of the proofs by Miss Florence E. Coombe, whose knowledge of native words and place-names has been of special value; also to a friend who desires to remain anonymous, but who devoted much time and skill to the revision of the manuscript.

January, 1932.

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Emery Walker Ltd. sc.

MAP OF MELANESIA

I

INTRODUCTORY

On Christmas Eve, 1893, having been for two years Vicar of Moordown, near Bournemouth, I received a letter from Bishop John Selwyn asking me to succeed him as Bishop of Melanesia. The choice of a new bishop had been delegated by the Mission to him, together with the Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Benson) and Canon Jacob, Vicar of Portsea. With Canon Jacob I served as a curate for five years before being appointed to Moordown. There, my father having died, I made a home for my mother and sister in my vicarage. I had five thousand people in my parish, and two excellent curates; I was perfectly happy and had no wish for a change. But this letter, asking me to give up my home and practically everything I valued, to go to a diocese at the Antipodes as its bishop, I could not turn down lightly, because at Portsea, under Canon Jacob, I had come to realise the obligations of the Church to the whole world, and had discussed with Bishop Smythies of the Universities' Mission to Central Africa (in a long walk on the Surrey Downs) the pros and cons for my joining him. I had also been greatly attracted by Albert Maclaren, the founder of the New Guinea Mission, when he visited Portsea, and had considered offering myself to S.P.G. But

when my mother came to end her days with me, it seemed I was not called to go abroad, and I preached and spoke in support of missions without any further idea of being a missionary myself.

The letter from Bishop John, coming just when we were preparing for the Christmas festival, was most disconcerting. I had no wish to be a bishop, and could laugh at the idea of following men like the Selwyns and Patteson, the martyr Bishop of Melanesia; yet I would not refuse to go without the advice of others, who could judge better what I should do. My own Bishop, Dr. Thorold of Winchester, said I could not possibly leave my parish after so short a time in it. Canon Jacob's advice was that I should go if I could, and take no notice of my Bishop's counsel, which only showed that bishops can make mistakes as well as other people. Dr. Vaughan, Dean of Llandaff (with whom I had been for a year before ordination), wrote that "to decline would be right, but to accept would be more right." After that, I felt that the only permissible tie I had with England was my mother, and when I asked her she refused to keep me back from what she believed to be a much higher duty than care of herself. I then said I was ready to go, if the Archbishop of Canterbury accepted me. On January 5th, the Eve of the Epiphany, I went to Addington to see him. His mind was evidently much occupied with worries nearer home, but he confirmed the choice that had been made, and my fate was sealed. England had never to me seemed

so beautiful as it did on that day. It was a clear sunny winter's morning and the snow covered the hills and valleys in that lovely Surrey country. All this I had promised to leave. I had to go, because this Melanesian Mission had been for three years and a half without a bishop. Old Mrs. Selwyn, the widow of the first Bishop of New Zealand, said to me, " I cannot believe that it is God's will that this Mission which my husband founded, in which Bishop Patteson gave his life, and my son John his health, should be allowed to remain any longer without a leader."

On the next Sunday Bishop John Selwyn was announced to preach in my church. People wondered to what we owed the honour of his visit. For three years or more he had been a cripple, and he hopped up into the pulpit on his crutches. He spoke of Mission work in the islands as the very best thing a man could be called to do, and then he told my people I had been chosen to follow him as Bishop. After service one of the choirboys said he was so afraid for me that he would like to come too, which he did in after years, and became a priest, in the Banks Islands. Then came letters both of congratulation and sympathy. An old friend reminded me that it was " better to be a live dog than a dead lion." Another wrote to ask if it was " a lifer," and another said he would " rather be Mr. H. in Wormwood Scrubs Gaol " than myself. My old Headmaster at Tonbridge, T. B. Rowe, wrote that my real troubles would begin when it came home to me

that I could have done more good in an English parish than in all the South Pacific. "But," he added, "it is not so really, for there you have to lay foundations (and they mostly afterwards hidden) and begin history."

My Kent cricket friends gave me a farewell in Maidstone Town Hall. Though I had not been at Eton as my three predecessors had, they were quite sure that I should still be an "eaten missionary." I had played cricket for Kent for eight years (in 1884 I took part in the match when we beat the Australians at Canterbury, and were the only county that did so. It was absurd that we should win, for we had Murdoch, Giffen, Bonner, Spofforth, Palmer, Blackham and Boyle against us). My last county match was against Middlesex in 1890, and there I ended my cricket career most ingloriously by making "spectacles." I have kept up with my old cricketing friends ever since, and every year receive the match lists of the Band of Brothers and Free Foresters Cricket Clubs, with a request that I will let the Secretaries know in which matches I shall be able to play.

On the 20th April, 1894, I left England in the Orient Liner *Austral*, for Sydney, with rather a sore heart and in some bitterness of soul, but believing the hand of the Lord was upon me. The first place we called at in Australia was Albany, for ships from Home did not call at Fremantle. Here Captain Tuke fired a gun because he said everyone was always asleep. Albany, now in my present Diocese

of Bunbury, W.A., is a pretty little place, with a harbour roomy enough to hold a fleet—and they have let me tell them about that gun in their early days. Calling at Adelaide, Melbourne, and Sydney, I was met by many of the Australian Bishops, the Australian Church recognising the Melanesian Mission as one for which at a conference in 1850 it had accepted joint responsibility with the Church in New Zealand.

In those mid-nineteenth-century days of the pioneer missionaries in the Western Pacific, a Comity of Missions had been established which gave to each its own sphere in which to work.

The London Missionary Society and the Presbyterians were the first in the field in Melanesia, and the Wesleyans in Fiji. When George Augustus Selwyn was sent out in 1841 to be first Bishop of New Zealand, the Colonial Office in England inserted in his Letters Patent that his diocese was to stretch from the 50th degree of *south* latitude to the 34th degree *north*—of course meaning the 34th degree *south*; but the Bishop accepted the position so far as to consider as under his care the islands to the north of New Zealand where no other Christian Mission was as yet at work; and, so soon as he was able, he visited them in his own 22-ton schooner, the *Undine*. It was to St. John's College, Auckland, on October 1st, 1849, he brought the first five Melanesian boys, and Auckland was therefore the birthplace of the Melanesian Mission. Patteson, when he came out from Home in 1854, took charge of

the Melanesian work and moved his boys down to Kohimarama on the shore of the harbour. Later, however, finding the New Zealand winter too cold, and desiring a more retired situation for his headquarters, he bought land in Norfolk Island, and in 1867 there set up his new college of St. Barnabas.

In 1894 many people were still living in Auckland who had known and loved my great predecessors. They must have wondered what manner of man I was to follow them, but when I arrived on the 10th June they showed only great warmth of affection for the Mission and a wonderful kindness to the new young Bishop. I found the New Zealand Bishops assembled for my consecration on the following morning, St. Barnabas Day, the patronal festival of the Mission. Bishop Cowie of Auckland was Primate at the time, and so my consecration took place in the pro-cathedral of his city, the Bishops of Christchurch, Nelson, and Dunedin assisting. The Bishop of Christchurch (Dr. Julius) preached on the text, "Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you," and it struck me, I remember, that if all the sermons preached in New Zealand were on this level, preaching here was a good deal above that in England. Two of Bishop Patteson's old Melanesian "boys," both priests, George Sarawia and Henry Tagalad, were my chaplains. They were the only native clergy in the Mission at that time. The church was filled with people sitting or standing, for —as a newspaper said—the "installation of a Bishop who is to tread in the footsteps made glorious by a

Patteson and a Selwyn is surely an occasion to draw together, not merely those who regard it as the highest and noblest work of man to preach the Gospel, but also those who admire a life of sturdy self-sacrifice in any of life's callings."

In 1893 (the year before my consecration), Bishop Montgomery, of Tasmania, at the request of Bishop John Selwyn, who had retired, made a visitation of all the island stations held by the Melanesian Mission, and reported in *The Island Voyage* for that year that the Church had only eight schools in the Solomons apart from Florida (Gela), and that very many islands were still untouched by the only Mission working in them—namely, our own. The true policy of the Mission, he thought, was to get more clergy and to link up the Melanesian Mission with the Mission in New Guinea under one Bishop, taking advantage of the fact that we had a ship, as well as long years of experience. All that was wanted, he said, was "a young and vigorous Bishop," and he suggested that Anglicans living in Fiji might also be brought into the same diocese.

At that time our resources of men and money were far too small to make so big a scheme practicable; the total income of the Melanesian Mission that year was only £8,322 (of which Australia gave £1,525 and New Zealand £1,413). I myself was the "young and vigorous Bishop," but I did not see my way to take over the New Guinea Mission and Fiji in addition to our own islands, so many of which were as yet untouched.

Insurance agents chased me to insure my life until I joined up with one of their societies in order to ward off the attention of the others. To my surprise I found that, although I was certain to suffer, like everyone else, from fever and ague, and, as I judged from what I had heard, might be eaten in the near future, none of these insurance gentry asked me for anything extra on account of my risks; and the thought began to stir in my soul that Melanesia might not after all be quite so black as it had been painted.

At a farewell service before sailing for Norfolk Island I was presented by the boys of All Saints, Ponsonby, with a pastoral staff made of wood from the old *Southern Cross*, which I am still using.

The Maori clergy of New Zealand thus welcomed me: "Welcome, Spirit of our father Bishop Selwyn, who began the work on which you have now entered! Welcome, Spirit of Bishop Patteson, who gave his body to die, in his great earnestness to preach the Gospel to those who are sitting in darkness and the habitations of cruelty! Welcome, successor to our young brother Bishop John Selwyn, now in England, whose heart is yet agonising to return to the work which he had to leave through ill-health! Sir, we are the fruits of the missionaries who have recently passed away. Our fathers were like the black people of the islands to which you are going, and we here stand as some of the results of their labours, and of their fellow-labourers."

II

NORFOLK ISLAND

A FEW days after I was consecrated we steamed at full speed, which was only four miles an hour, out of Auckland Harbour in the Mission ship *Southern Cross*, a barquentine—that is, a three-master with square sails on the foremast, and fore and aft on the main and mizzen.

Built in England for Bishop John Selwyn, the *Southern Cross* was painted white and was beautiful to look at. At her stern she flew the blue ensign, for she was a yacht registered in the Royal Thames Yacht Club, London. She had a small auxiliary engine of 25 horse-power to take her in and out of anchorages or to drive her occasionally in a flat calm. As for comforts, she had none, and missionaries, I found, were not supposed to ask for any. Her small saloon lay amidships, with six bunks for missionaries behind the seats round the table. My cabin led out of the saloon forward, and there was a similar one for a guest the other side. In fine weather we passed our time on the upper deck, which was the top of the saloon. The smell of bilge-water came up from below through the companion-way into the saloon and was always terrible. There was, they said, no way of getting rid of it. The freshwater tanks were so placed that it was impossible

to drain away the mess under them. In rough weather the ship rolled heavily, and the drawers under the saloon seats would fly out, and tins of meat would roll from them and have to be chased.

There were large quarters for Melanesian boys on the lower deck, and terrible smelly ones for their wives in the after part of the ship. The crew slept on deck forward by the galley. The sanitary arrangements were primitive in the extreme. The ship had never been perfectly finished, and until we were able to find a thousand pounds to have her timbers properly bolted together, I believe that she might have opened out at any time in a storm. I did not know this at the time; all I knew was that her smell made me desperately sea-sick.

When we had been about four days under sail we sighted Norfolk Island, which lies six hundred miles to the north-west of Auckland and nine hundred to the eastward of Brisbane, and was to be my home, whenever I was not in the Islands, for the next seventeen years. It had been chosen by Bishop Patteson, and he had moved the headquarters of the Mission here from Auckland in 1867, because its climate was far better suited for his Melanesians; and because they would here be away from white people, and he could carry on his work undisturbed. He was killed at Nukapu in 1871, but Bishop John Selwyn, Dr. Codrington, John Palmer and others, had seen to it that his work and sacrifice should bear fruit, and had continued to bring native boys and girls to be trained at this new Mission station.

The island is very beautiful. A hill of 1,000 feet, Mount Pitt, rises to the north-west of it and on three sides falls down in ridges, with deep gullies between them, to the sea, terminating abruptly in red cliffs of 200 or 300 feet, or sloping gently to the edge of the black basalt rocks below. To the east and south-east the island is a plateau with frequent gullies. All the valleys, both of the hill and of the flatter land below, are wonderfully fertile, yielding coffee, bananas, oranges, lemons, guavas, arrowroot, and much else. Yet the island is only roughly five miles long by three to four broad, and is intersected in all directions by convict-made roads.

There was no place for a ship to come alongside a jetty, and so we were taken ashore in whale-boats by Norfolk Islanders.

These people are descendants of the mutineers of the *Bounty*, a ship-of-war whose crew mutinied under Captain Bligh when lying at Tahiti in 1789. The mutineers put him and nineteen others to sea in an open whale-boat, which ultimately found its way across four thousand miles of ocean to Timor, and they themselves reached the unoccupied rock of Pitcairn, where, having burned the *Bounty*, they settled with their Tahitian wives. Long afterwards (1820) a man-of-war found the sole survivor of the mutineers, John Adams, a benevolent patriarch among all their progeny, and the British Government pardoned him. On Pitcairn they remained until, their descendants having become too numerous for that little island, as many as consented to leave it

were in 1856 transferred by the British Government to Norfolk Island.

Before these half-breed Pitcairners, or Norfolkers, came to it, this island for fifty years, off and on, had been used as a penal settlement, and the ruins of the old prison were still standing by the landing-place. It is an island full of sad memories, and if the well-known Australian book, *For the Term of his Natural Life*, may be literally taken as a true history of those days, it had well deserved its name of the "Ocean Hell." When I landed in 1894 there were still standing large ruins of the old prisons and soldiers' barracks, also of officers' quarters in what was called "Quality Row," and of the old Government House. Beyond the Government House lay a large parade-ground with a cemetery, its gravestones recording the deaths of convicts who had been executed. A large mound was said to be the burial-place of thirteen convicts who were shot at one time of revolt. On one stone were the words, "Pray for the soul of Michael Murphy, late of Dublin, who died suddenly on the third of October, 1830. He was hanged."

The penal settlement came to an end in 1855, a year before the Norfolkers (or Pitcairners) were moved there. The last prison chaplain was Mr. Davenport, who later became an archdeacon in Tasmania. He told me he had never seen actual cruelty to the convicts while he was in Norfolk Island, but that the Commandant had acted rather like a cat with a mouse. He knew everything that

was going on. He knew that a boat had been built, for instance, at Bamboras, not far from the town landing-place. He took the chaplain, and showed it to him hidden under the branches of a tree, and told him he had been watching for some months the building of this boat. He said: "Now it is finished, and tomorrow I shall have out the men that built it, to burn it." The convicts, poor fellows, would get across at times to Philip Island, four miles away. Escape from there was impossible. Warders followed, and they were either captured or threw themselves over a cliff, 900 feet high, which goes by the name of "Convict's Leap."

A rusty pair of leg-irons, a relic of old times, was presented to me by one of the "Norfolkers" on my arrival.

The chaplain to the Norfolkers had lately been the Rev. George H. Nobbs, not by birth of Pitcairn, who found his way there as a young man, and then returned to England to be ordained by the Bishop of London for work among the islanders. He was chaplain on both Pitcairn and Norfolk Islands (in succession) for many years. His son Edwin and another Norfolker, Fisher Young, were killed with Bishop Patteson in 1871, and he himself died shortly before my arrival.

Our government in those days was primitive. The island was nominally under the Governor of New South Wales, but the Norfolkers were allowed to elect from among themselves a Chief Magistrate and twelve Elders. Unfortunately, they were not

always wise in their choice, and the man thought to be most lenient was too often elected to be Magistrate. The only taxes were paid in manual labour in the repairing of roads and ditches. All in the island were connected by marriage. There were a few names, such as "Nobbs," "Adams," "McCoy," "Quintall," "Christian," "Buffet," "Young," and not many others, to a population of 800 souls, and so, with but few new-comers from outside, they were all cousins or near relations. It is not pleasant to sit on a jury and help to find your own cousin guilty, and therefore no one ever was found guilty, or very rarely. There was no gaol in which to shut up a prisoner, although there were extensive ruins of old ones. The punishment for immorality was £10 for each of the guilty persons. If they married, the fine was remitted. I was told that the whole revenue of the island came from this source, and amounted to about £60 a year. For other offences a prisoner would be condemned to dig out drains by the sides of the roads. He could generally get his female relations and other friends to help him in this, and so the fine was soon paid. Yet it still was felt to be far better not to elect to the Magistracy a man who would be likely to condemn his own relations, even though it were for stealing one's cattle or other property.

It happened that an Englishman came and settled in the island and married one of the girls. He had children, and in a passion threw one of them down a well. The child recovered, but it was a difficult

case for the Magistrate. The stranger was by marriage related to everyone in the island, so he could not well be punished, and the jury acquitted him. The news leaked out to Sydney, and the Governor of New South Wales sent down a judge to try the man again. A Crown Prosecutor also came and a Counsel for the defence. It cost the Government nearly three hundred pounds, but still the jury was stubborn and would not find the man guilty. The judge therefore brought in a verdict of "unsound mind," and ordered him to be confined in prison during Her Majesty's pleasure. There being no prison in which to confine him, a stone hut of the old convict days within a court surrounded by a high stone wall was fitted up for the new convict. All the island sympathised with the prisoner, and showed it in a practical way. The Magistrate gave him a ladder by which to get over the wall, and also joined him at his Christmas dinner. Everyone sent food—turkeys and eggs and all that man could need. He was easily the luckiest and best-fed man in the island. Everyone else had to pay taxes in labour, but the prisoner paid none. All he did was to sit and look on whilst others worked. One would think he could have been satisfied, but after a time his quiet, easy life palled, and he wrote a letter to the Deputy Magistrate, Dr. Metcalfe: "Sir,—How long is this farce to continue? You know that I am no more of unsound mind than you are. Will you kindly let me have the key of the gaol that I may go in and out like a Christian and not have to get over the wall?"

News of this also having reached Sydney, the authorities decided that another form of government was needed, and sent a retired Colonel to be Magistrate. They also nominated ten of the twelve Elders, leaving the people to elect only two.

The Mission station—for which Bishop Patteson had bought a thousand acres—lay two miles up from the town landing at the end of a mile-long avenue of Norfolk Island pines, planted by convicts sixty years before. The climate was subtropical and the land marvellously fertile. Bananas, sweet potatoes, oranges, and guavas grew wild, or with very little cultivation. Cattle did well, and food was generally plentiful. Our own land was like a great park with its Norfolk Island pines, sometimes 25 feet in girth, adding to the beauty of the meadows. It was an ideal place for the Melanesian school in many ways, and Norfolkers and Melanesians got on well together.

We had in the school about a hundred and forty boys and forty girls brought by the *Southern Cross* from many different tropical islands to the north, islands in which the languages or dialects numbered perhaps a thousand. In Norfolk Island the scholars were all taught in one language, that of the island of Mota in the Banks Group. Melanesians were at first much alike to me—brown-skinned, with outstanding frizzy hair in which red hibiscus blossoms nestled, and dark brown eyes, short in stature but very strongly made. The boys wore cotton shirts and short trousers and had bare heads and feet; the girls had short cotton blouses and skirts to the

knees. They, too, were bare-headed and barefooted.

At the end of the avenue the road ran through the Mission station and then dipped into a valley. On the right-hand side was the *Vanua*, in which boys and white men missionaries lived. Its gate opened on to a green quadrangle, on the upper side of which was the very beautiful Patteson Memorial Chapel, and on the other three a dining-hall, a house for thirty boys (Codrington's), and the shops for printing, carpentering and blacksmithing. Bishop Patteson's old home lay outside the quadrangle beyond the hall. On the left-hand side of the road lay the quarters of the married missionaries, whose wives, each of them, and the unmarried ladies, had six or seven girls to look after as their own children. These girls were betrothed in every case to one of the boys on the other side of the road, and had been bought for them by the boys' maternal uncles. (By native custom children belong to the mother and to her people, not to the father, he being of " the other side of the house." The mother's brother is therefore the boy's nearest relative and in charge of all his matrimonial arrangements.) On the left-hand side of the road also lay the cow-yards and the milking-shed. A quarter of a mile beyond the married quarters, across the *Valis-we-poa*, " the Big Grass " (the meadow where cricket was played), were the cliffs, two to three hundred feet high, with basaltic rocks at the foot of them. On the slope of a hill was the cemetery, beautifully kept and studded

with crosses, erected mostly to Melanesian boys and girls who had died here in their time of training.

The Patteson Memorial Chapel is built of stone taken from the reef at " Town " (Kingston), and paved with Devonshire marble sent out by Patteson's old Devonshire friends. It has a beautiful marble font at the entrance; and in the rounded apse a raised altar of oak, with a frontal carved in deep relief showing two palm leaves five-times knotted, reminiscent of those laid on the martyr's breast at his death, and behind it a carved oak reredos having knotted palm-leaves throughout. The organ was given by Miss Charlotte Yonge, the writer, Patteson's cousin; the lectern is of sandalwood from Erromanga in the New Hebrides (scene of another missionary martyrdom, that of John Williams). The seats, set east and west, are carved and inlaid with Christian symbols in mother-o'-pearl, done in their spare time by missionaries and boys. Twice a day the bare-footed boys and girls would come in, kneel, and with scarcely a sound the chapel would be filled. A senior boy read the lessons, a native priest or deacon might read prayers, or preach on Sundays. At the Eucharist, and indeed at every service, the boys and girls behaved as if they felt that God was there. The house was very *tabu*. Only those who were *lolomaran*—" enlightened "—might enter it.

A small boy arriving from the islands for the first time must have found this new home of his full of surprises. First he would notice open spaces cleared of trees, which he had never seen before, then the

cows and horses; in his own land he had seen no animal larger than pigs and dogs. When he entered the *Vanua*, in front of him would stand the big stone chapel, as large almost as a Solomon Island canoe-house. This would be absolutely *tabu*, because his was a little dark heart and this was the House of God—the great Spirit of the white men, Who made them so clever that they could float iron ships and be safe from charms and magic; about Whom he was to learn here, and become one of His great family. He would then be taken to one of the four large houses, where a white man would have charge of him, and the next morning be picked for a " cook-set " and become one of twelve boy " cooks" under the white head-cook, having the run of the kitchen for a week at a time. The next week he would be washing the clothes of all the rest of the school, and the week after that be in the printing-office helping with the printing of translations of Gospels, prayers, and hymns into twenty-five different languages, or perhaps be one of six boys who counted it as a well-paid privilege for one shilling a week to look after the cows, or of another six who looked after the horses.

On every day at six o'clock in the morning the first bell of the day rang, " *Bell sugsug*," as it was called—" washing bell "—when all must go to the wells and draw buckets of water for the morning wash. At seven the bell rang for prayers, for the unbaptised in Bishop Patteson's house, and for others in the chapel. Before nine it rang again for

school, when all went to their classes for lessons in Divinity, reading, English, or arithmetic. After school the boys fell in, in their several cook-sets, for a short drill, and then went out with farm implements to grow the necessary food under the lead of some of the white priests or laymen. Some would clear more land, some weed potatoes, and others plant new ones. For a new white chum, unused to such work, it was a backachey business; he had to keep going all the time, for if he stopped to straighten his back the forty or fifty boys under him would stop working to straighten theirs, and have a little chaff and play. Before one o'clock the dinner-bell rang, calling all into the large hall, where the white people sat at a table in the middle, and the girls, and the boys in their cook-sets, round the hall. Ours was a very simple meal, and theirs consisted of large plates of sweet potatoes or rice, with a little meat on three days in the week. After dinner they retired to their humpies to eat in their own fashion, talk their own languages and smoke, whilst we went to our houses for a cup of tea and sociability, and for rest until the two o'clock bell called all into writing school for an hour. From three to six one might ride or drive or walk, or play games with the boys. Then came tea-bell and then Evensong at seven; afterwards more school till about 8.30; at half-past nine a silence bell for private prayers, and at ten o'clock the bell for bed. Saturday was fishing day, when every boy went down the cliffs to the rocks (where these were not entirely precipitous)

and caught and cooked as many fish as he wanted, whilst quiet reigned in the *Vanua*. It was a day of great peace for us all.

This routine went on all the year round, except for a week or so at Christmas and Easter, and a few other holidays. It was impossible to relax for long, because the Melanesians were always with us, and something had to be found for them to do. Although very many of these lads came from islands still savage, and many had themselves practised cannibalism, or shot people with poisonous arrows, or taken part in raids, fights, and murders, according to the ordinary heathen custom, yet here in Norfolk Island all that was forgotten. They had thrown aside fear, kept no watch against treachery, were forgetful of black magic, had made friends with natural enemies, very seldom quarrelled, and were generally easy to manage. But had we lost control over them, there might have been serious trouble, for they came from fifty or more different places in the islands, and some were probably hereditary enemies. Once there was an outbreak lasting a few hours, when the New Hebrides and Banks Islands boys took up their bows and arrows against the Solomon Islanders. It was soon quelled, as some of our staff had been working for years with Melanesians (one, John Palmer, under Bishop Patteson) and knew well how to handle them.

But for all that, it was not an easy life. One felt there might be an explosion at any time; if, for instance, a betrothed girl looked at a boy who was

not her intended husband. From time to time we had epidemics of illness, when the white staff of men and women nursed their boys and girls as if they were their own children. At times we white people might get on each other's nerves. This, perhaps, was the fault of the head cook, who may have been the last man out from England, and never in a kitchen before. Our priests and laymen were asked to be jacks-of-all-trades, farmers, printers, teachers, and cooks; but the last thing that a new chum should have been made was head cook.

When I joined the Mission in 1894 our staff consisted of only eight white men (seven of whom were priests), with a few ladies, resident at Norfolk Island, and with two native priests and about six hundred trained native teachers scattered about islands covering twelve hundred miles. In some places they looked like angels of light against their dark surroundings. It was wonderful how they stood it. Many, indeed, did not. Some came back to Norfolk Island after ten years for another course of instruction before being ordained deacon, and again before priesthood was conferred on them. Eight thousand Melanesians were attending our island schools. Our teaching at St. Barnabas, Norfolk Island, was very irregular, because most of the missionaries would spend six months in each year looking after their districts in the islands. Though they were the "white corks of the black net," none of them spent more than six months of the year with their own island people. I lived in the

Bishop's house with thirty boys from different islands who called me " *Mama*," which meant " father." Some of the little boys called me " Besope," and very raw youngsters, who could not pronounce " b," sometimes called me by a name which sounded like " fish-hook." Whatever languages they talked among themselves, to me they talked Mota, and they did all they could to teach me to speak it too. They were much too polite to laugh at any mistakes that I made; in fact, I should call most of the Melanesian race gentlemen by nature. I taught small boys for three hours a day, and gradually made progress until in six months I was able, after a fashion, to preach in chapel.

The younger boys whom I taught to read, and who in their turn taught me to speak Mota, seemed to me very intelligent and almost equal to most young white children. But as they grew their brains did not keep pace with their bodies. I once set this problem to the top class: " I had a hundred sheep; ninety-nine fell over the cliff; how many were left ?" With one consent they said, " One hundred and ninety-nine." I tried again: " I had thirty horses; I set two boys on each horse; how many were there ?" They said, " Thirty-two." " Figas," as they called arithmetic, was quite their weakest subject, and that is easy to understand, for their minds did not deal with things in the " abstract," but in the " concrete." If a native had to find out how many coco-nuts would be left if forty-nine were removed from fifty, he would take them away

one by one and so get the answer. To a boy going home to his island I once said, " Give my love to John." He looked down at my hand and asked, " Where is it ?" " Love," for him, meant a visible token of love. In the matter of arithmetic another difficulty existed in that there is nothing terse or snappy about their numbers. Here is " eleven " in Mota: *Sangavul tuwale o numei tuwale*; and when it came to tables, " eleven times eleven," *Sangavul tuwale o numei tuwale vaga sangavul tuwale o numei tuwale.* With numbers of such inordinate length it is easy to understand their not being good at " figas."

Yet they could memorise from the written page extraordinarily well. Their knowledge of the New Testament, or at any rate of the Gospels, was wonderful. Our Lord and His disciples were very real to them, so were the Pharisees and Sadducees. I once took twenty of the boys with me to New Zealand, and happening to arrive an hour too early for a service in a church at Wellington, I allowed them to roam the streets and see the town. After a time they came running back to tell me of a marvellous sight they had seen. " We saw men," they said, " standing at a corner of a street blowing trumpets and making long prayers. They had words written on their hats. Were they the Pharisees ?" They had not seen the Salvation Army before. Brought up to believe in an unseen world peopled by ghosts and spirits, they had no difficulty in conceiving of the new " unseen world " which

Christianity gave to them. The "Great Spirit" of their heathen days may have made men and women out of two buds of a sugar-cane, one on the right of it and the other on the left, one becoming a man and the other a woman. Or he had tossed pancakes of earth into the air; those he managed to catch as they fell became men, and those he missed became women. "Miracles," therefore, were no trouble to them. Once in Motalava I took a boy by the hand in a crowded school-house, and asked him to think that Jesus Christ was holding his hand. He was lying by a big fire shaking with ague and his friends thought he was dying. I asked him to think of Christ taking the hand of St. Peter's wife's mother, and how at once the fever left her. In a short time the boy sat up, the fever having left him. Those present said to one another, "He has worked a miracle"; but it was no surprise to them.

After his first two years at school, every boy went home for a holiday. When he came back after six months it was to be baptised and to become a Christian. It was then that he brought with him the little girl to whom he was betrothed. She came in order that he might have a Christian wife. After eight years he and she would choose the place where they would go and teach. His own island might call him, or that of one of his friends—the boy who had been his godfather, perhaps, when he was baptised—or the need of an island like Guadalcanar, which was just being opened up. He and his young

wife would go as missionaries, and have to take great risks.

A wedding day, when one or more of the boys were married to their girls, was a very festive occasion—the girl very shy and apparently reluctant, as likely as not having never spoken to her future husband, and having only seen him across the hall at meals or in chapel; the boy very smart, with tie and collar added to his raiment—worn now once and once only in his life—smiling and supported by a best man. After the wedding, gifts from all of us of saucepans, kettles, lamps and looking-glasses; a little house to live in on the other side of the road; a glorious feast under the trees; a cricket match all the afternoon for the boys; food, romps and laughter for the girls in their big sewing-room in the evening; and then, next day, we all settled down to work again, until the *Southern Cross* should come two or three weeks later to take us and the happy couples to their islands eight hundred to seventeen hundred miles north.

When their time at Norfolk Island was finished, they left us, the boys with joy and pride, the girls in tears, because they would probably never see these friends or that home again.

In the year 1899 I married, and my wife and I then had six little Melanesian girls in our house across the road—that is, outside the *Vanua*, instead of my twenty or thirty sons within it. But our home-life was very much broken. I used to leave in April by the *Southern Cross*, with other men going

to their districts, and with the boys and girls going for their holidays or setting out for their new work, and would spend seven or eight months in the islands, not returning till early in December. During these months we did not expect to get home letters more than three or four times; nor could our wives expect letters from us any more often. If the life was hard for us men, it was harder for them. But there was much to make up for it. None of us will ever forget the joy of the home-comings. Only those who have had such experience can possibly know what that joy can be.

Outside the members of our Mission staff, there were five white men on Norfolk Island who were practically institutions: Dr. Metcalfe, once a ship's surgeon, a well-beloved doctor indeed, who had resided in the island for many years, and married a granddaughter of the old chaplain, Mr. Nobbs; he visited the Mission every Friday. Then there was Kendall, the old carpenter, who could never get away again from the place because he suffered so terribly from sea-sickness; consequently he had lived there for forty years. There was " Nat," the dear old house-painter, who had arrived long ago in an American whaler. He preserved all our buildings by covering them with paint and sand. There was Menges the printer, a German, who walked every morning seven miles from the other end of the island and returned to his home at night; and there was Bailey, the musical blacksmith, who taught the boys to play piano and organ, and

did besides everything that could be done at a smithy.

The Norfolkers, a half-caste race, were a very simple-minded people. Old John Buffett used to say that they were a " peculiar people," and the older members of the community prided themselves on it.

One of their beliefs was that Queen Victoria had made them a present of the island, and occasionally they sent her a letter about things which interested them. When the Queen died they wrote to King Edward: " Your Majesty, the late Queen loved our people, and gave us this island. It is now our desire to erect a bronze statue to her memory. Could Your Majesty tell us how much it would cost ?"

We were on the happiest of terms with the Norfolkers. We took services for them in the old Commissariat building which they used as their church, and also gave them passages in our ship to Auckland, where some had relations engaged in gold-mining. They sheared our sheep, shingled our houses, and boated us and our stores ashore, for which, of course, we paid them. They were fine boatmen, and many got an uncertain living by whaling. We joined in their cricket and tennis, and later in their golf. We taught them to play chess, went sometimes to their picnics, and took part in everything else with them, except their politics. The majority were Churchmen, but some were Methodists and a few Adventists. Philip McCoy, a Methodist of great stature, came to the Mission soon after my arrival and tried to convert me to

Methodism. We talked for an hour, and afterwards he told his friends that the Bishop had said, if only he had known all he had now heard earlier in his life, he would never have become an Anglican clergyman! In one of his sermons, I heard that he threw doubt on the literal truth of the reputed size of Og, the King of Bashan. The Bible said that his bedstead was nine cubits long; but if that were true, Og must have been thirteen feet high. He thought it would be nearer the mark if they agreed that he was only twelve.

I came to love these people and had good reason for doing so. Once, for instance, an epidemic of measles raged through our Mission school. Nearly all the Melanesian boys were down with it, and those who were not were crawling about in such a weak condition that they could do no work in the fields. Disaster was impending, for our two hundred Melanesian boys and girls lived on sweet potatoes; weeds had completely overgrown the crop, and in another week or two it would be utterly ruined. We knew it and could do nothing. One morning a body of Norfolkers on horses appeared at our gates and said they had come to weed our potatoes; and this they did. But for their help we should have been obliged to buy hundreds of bags from them to feed our big family, and they would have been many pounds the richer. This is only one of the many kind things these people did for our Mission at great cost to themselves whilst we lived amongst them.

All the money in circulation, except the little earned by whaling, came to them through our purchase of their bananas and other food, and the employment we were able to give them.

In my early years on the island the steamer from Sydney (nine hundred miles off) brought mails only four times a year. Our own ship brought them three times from Auckland (six hundred miles), and so we had a mail on an average every two months. Whenever a ship came it almost invariably brought a cold with it, which went right through the island and was called after the ship that had imported it. Later we had a mail once a month, and generally an epidemic of influenza, or some other complaint then raging in the outside world, resulted from it. The greatest excitements in the life of the island were the shouts of "Sail Oh!" or "Boat-fast!" when a whale had been harpooned. After some years the Pacific cable was laid, with Norfolk Island as one of its stations, and a news-sheet was posted every day both on our dining-hall door and on one of the pines in the Avenue, giving us some news of the world.

III

NEW HEBRIDES

1.

THE Melanesian Mission works in five different groups of islands, the nearest of which are the New Hebrides, eight hundred miles north of Norfolk Island. Beyond them lie the Banks, the Torres, the Santa Cruz and Reef Islands, and to the far north the Solomons.

On my first voyage the *Southern Cross* travelled under sail on an average one hundred and twenty miles a day. Running up to the New Hebrides, we first passed Walpole Island, small and with precipitous cliffs some five hundred feet high, uninhabited by man, but a home for sea birds. The wind dropped and the ship rolled, as before shooting the drawers in the saloon from their places and spilling out tins of meat which banged to and fro across the deck during the night.

A whaler had told one of our party that once he went ashore at Walpole Island and found six skeletons of men, lying together; probably they were convicts who had tried to escape from their prison on Norfolk Island, and had died of thirst four hundred miles from their starting-point.

We ran along the coast of Lifu Island, near New Caledonia, the French penal settlement, until we

sighted Aneityum, the southernmost of the New Hebrides, and within the sphere of work of the Presbyterian Mission. We passed by Erromanga, where John Williams, the L.M.S. missionary, was killed in 1839, and also Efate (Sandwich Island) and its port Vila. At that time Vila was a small place with some fifty Frenchmen living in it, and a Presbyterian Mission; it is now the seat of the joint British and French Government called the "Condominium."

As we ran along in the night, islands lay on both sides of us, the coasts quite unlighted, and we seemed to be feeling our way through them. Most of their inhabitants were reputed to be cannibals. Our boys sang songs and hymns down below in the hold, while the wind blew fiercely and there were awkward turns to take in the dark, and reefs to run on if any mistake were made. One terrific tropical squall struck us. The wind roared through the rigging and the rain came down in sheets. Through it the ship drove along in pitch darkness at seven knots, although the engine was going hard astern; and then the weather cleared, and the stars came out, and shone as they only can in the tropics, where often the planet Venus looks like a little moon.

No islands in the New Hebrides are large. Raga (Pentecost), Aoba (Lepers' Island), and Maewo (Aurora), the three to the north in which our work lay, are each about thirty miles long and half as wide. There are others larger than these in which the Presbyterians, and not we, are at work. The sky-

line of these last is about 2,000 feet up from the sea, and a mass of trees covers the land from shore to hilltop. Here and there we could see the houses of traders and Scotch missionaries, or a fire made by natives as a signal that they wanted us to call in and trade, or to attract our attention to call in for recruits, in case we happened to be a Queensland Kanaka ship.

One of our greatest authorities on Melanesian languages, Dr. Codrington, told me there were probably one thousand different languages, or dialects, spoken in Melanesia. In the little island of Raga, which was only thirty miles long, we knew of nine different tongues, the language changing every six miles or so as we ran down the coast.

Outside the reef at the north end of Raga we dropped anchor, in water so calm and clear that we could see big fish fifty feet below. Two large turtles, with brown backs like inverted basins, put up their heads to take a look at us. We were on the 17th degree of latitude and well in the hurricane belt. The sun blazed down. Many natives came off to the ship with big heads of hair, brown skins, and practically no clothes. There had been a bad epidemic of dysentery in the island, and an important chief had died. There might have been much trouble, because to these people no one ever died without somebody's magic having caused the death. To find out who had practised his art against a man it still was usual to throw the ghost-stone, and wherever it pointed when it fell to the ground,

there the friends of the dead man would take their guns and kill the first man they met, or fire a volley into the nearest *gamal* (club-house). Retaliatory measures would follow, and fighting and murdering go on for two or three years. (A custom which, one might think, would soon have depopulated the island.) In this case it seemed that the influence of the new religion taught at the three schools then existing in the island had been just strong enough to make men talk about fighting, without doing it. Everyone was surprised. It was the first death of a chief without fighting afterwards which had taken place on the island.

Just before I landed, moreover, one man had shot another, and a cloud was over the people, everyone expecting that fighting would break out in retaliation. The reason for the murder had been that, his mother having died, the son suspected a man of having bewitched her, and therefore he shot him. Yet all the school villages held their hands and did nothing. The surrounding heathen could scarcely believe such a thing possible, and more good was done by that " forgiveness " than if I had stayed and preached there for a dozen years. The people in all the other villages asked me to give them schools that fighting might stop also with them.

Our work was, indeed, just beginning to show fruit among these people of the New Hebrides. They were slowly emerging out of cannibalism. They not only would eat their fellow-men, but they had no objection to rats and snakes. In other ways,

such as methods of cooking their food, their house- and canoe-building, they also ranked very low; in fact, I think among the lowest of the peoples of Melanesia. They were, however, perfectly friendly to us, and we could go ashore anywhere without risk. We carried no firearms, and it was no doubt partly due to this that we were so safe. If a savage thinks you are likely to shoot him, he will take care to shoot you first. When he sees you without weapons, he accepts you as more or less his friend.

Although we were only seventeen degrees from the Equator, it was never too hot at any time in the day to walk, because one never left the shade of the trees. The paths were rough with coral rock jutting out on them, and the roots of trees ran along the surface, and, especially when the paths were slippery after rain, made it impossible to take one's eyes off the ground. At times the way would be strewn for twenty or thirty yards with the crimson petals and stamens of the rose-apple tree, making a gorgeous carpet. At other times it broadened to the width of a road as it passed under a great banyan tree—monarch of the tropical forest, which allows no undergrowth beneath it; again, it would tunnel right through the roots of such a tree, if it had grown across the path, and all who passed along it lopped off the adventitious, pendulous roots with their knives as they went. Immense trees these, covering in some cases at least half an acre of ground. The path in the end would bring one to little gardens in the bush where yams, bananas, and sugar-cane were

tended by the villagers; or to a dancing-ground, about the size of two or three tennis-courts, surrounded by cycas palms, to which only pigs were now tied when feasts were made, but formerly men as well as pigs. Now and then we would meet a man or woman returning from work, who would stand aside, and, if she were a woman, face away from us, and ask us where we slept last night—the equivalent of our " How do you do ?"

Then we would approach a village, and our path would lie between the " peace stones "—large piles of stones, carefully built up to two or three feet above the ground; below them, half buried, lay axes and other weapons of war, for the peace-stones were the signal set by every path leading to the village that the people in it wished for peace, and that no weapons were to be brought in; this meant there had been much fighting in the past, and the gardens had gone to ruin, and now peace was a necessity.

Often as we walked we saw by the path-side the grave of a bygone chief—a raised hump of ground, in shape like a canoe, held up with a stone wall. In the side of the wall one or two stones had been left out that the dead man's ghost might pass from the grave whenever it desired. The body had been wrapped in all the mats that he had collected during his lifetime, an outer mat sixty feet long holding the whole bundle together, and thus a famous man would have been rolled through the village by his people to the grave. Heavy stones were then laid on him to prevent the skull being taken by an enemy. The

old chief having killed many in his time, it would be a sweet revenge to smash the head which they had failed to smash earlier.

At death the souls of the dead were supposed to go to either end of the island and jump into the sea. This is a common belief in many of the islands. The soul haunts the dead body of the man for four or five days and then departs of its own will; or it may have to be driven away by various means, such as beating the ground of the dead man's village with brooms.

At villages still heathen the people sometimes met me outside the compound, standing in a long line, first the children, then the women, and then the men, all with their hands extended at right angles to their bodies in readiness to shake hands. The babies on their mothers' backs also had their hands held out to give us greeting, and the same ritual occurred as we left. At one place, having been on view for some time, I asked the people to show me something they could do to amuse me. At once they began to play a sort of football with a large hard green orange. They were about fifty on each side. The old men were sent to the two ends to score any goals by breaking off fronds from a palm leaf. There would be about a hundred fronds to each leaf; and the rules were that anyone who got the orange should kick it, and whichever side kicked a hundred goals first won the match.

The dancing-grounds outside the villages were smooth, beautiful, shady, flat spaces between borders

of palms and gaudy brilliant crotons. Sometimes, as we passed, the people would be dancing and would stop for a while to shake hands with us. At one place, a man named " George," a splendid-looking creature, was taking a higher step in the *Sukwe* (the men's society common through Southern Melanesia), and we stopped awhile to watch. All the other members of the society were making him presents of pigs and pigs' heads with long tusks. Each donor, before making his present, ran about the ground, high stepping and pointing with his club at the pig which he intended to give. Then George ran about in the same way, but with arms stretched downwards rigidly, till he came to each pig and its giver. He ran twice round both, and then accepted the gift by laying his hands on the donor's back. He had a great number of these presents, the lowest in rank giving theirs first. The great men, the chiefs in the *Sukwe*, then approached with much blowing of conch-shells, and as they gave fine full-grown pigs instead of squeakers or pigs' heads, the tree-drums were beaten tremendously, and George had to run about the ground with increased vigour. After all had been given, the conches blew long and loud, and the drums described to all who understood drum language exactly how many pigs had been given, and how many, therefore, George must some day give in return; also concerning the size of the pigs, and whether their tusks were large or only rather large. It was a great business describing all this, but everyone seemed perfectly satisfied when

it was done. Then various female relations with faces painted blue and red, and noses a brilliant red, presented mats to George. These would come in handy later for his funeral. Food done up in green leaves was handed round whilst the pigs were being tied to the cycas-palm trees round the ground.

There then came dancing in a man painted black, red, and white, with white cock's feathers in his hair. He was a very great chief, and was going to give George a most valuable pig. The animal was held for him, as he walked up and down, and talked and fumed and gesticulated, describing the virtues of the pig—or of George—I was not sure which. At last, having said enough and become exhausted, he made over his pig by shooting it in the side with a blunt arrow. George then came zigzagging up, running with arms straight down, but spreading his hands out. He had a tremendous lot to say about the chief's rank—or his own—or the pig's. Having said it the chief gave the animal a parting kick, and it was George's.

It was now George's turn to put on paint, or rather to let his friends do it for him. He was clad in a wonderful garment with woven tails which floated in the air behind him as he ran. The women waved their arms, the drums beat, and George killed the famous pig, two of his friends holding it by the hind legs. It was then cut up and distributed, and in this way George took his new step in the *Sukwe*. Afterwards he came to me, and asked if there were any harm in what he had been doing. I said I

could see none (except for the pig)—I did not know much about it. Tom Ulgau, the old teacher, said to him: "You know if there is any harm in it, George; if there is, don't do it."

The ceremony ended by George taking a mat and running round the ground with it, challenging everyone to take it from him. Had anyone done so he would have parted with it quite willingly, for the man who took it would only have signified that he himself would do as George had done, take a *Sukwe* step and feast them all; but it was only the very great men who were rich enough to do so.

In many a glade flecked by sunshine, or by the light of torches by night, we saw these people thus enjoying themselves, the men stamping their feet, singing, and clapping their hands to the music of tree-drums, and the women on the outskirts clapping and singing; happy children of Nature in their natural surroundings. Of course we did nothing to stop their enjoyment. Their pleasure was innocent of evil, and was very largely due to the new peace which our own coming had brought them.

Neither did we interfere with such other native customs, which, so far as we knew, had nothing wrong in them. We taught them that the only way to stop fighting was to love and to forgive instead of taking revenge. Wherever we went we saw the "peace-stones," the only known way before we came of making and keeping peace. In the past everybody had known that if any should break the peace, or disturb the quiet of the place, after these

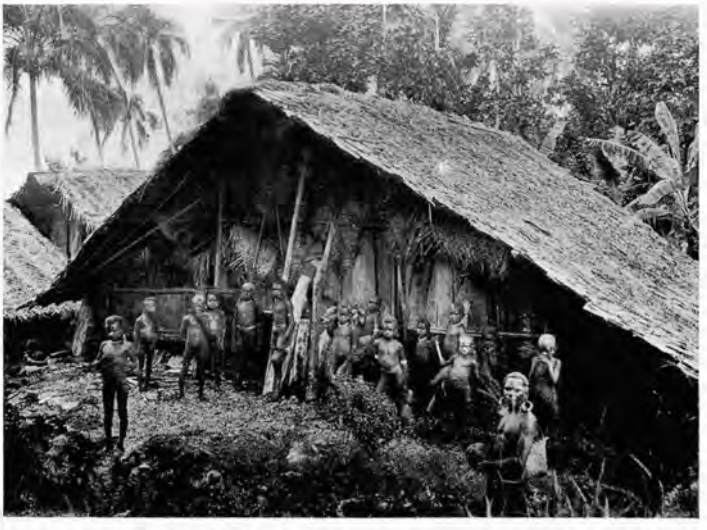
stones had been set up, his end was certain; go where he might, he would be found, handed over to the chiefs and eaten. It was their form of capital punishment. The rule was that the body should be cooked in the men's club-house by the men, but that everyone in the village should take part in eating it. Ordinarily, men only ate food cooked by men, and women food cooked by women, but when a criminal had to be disposed of, each one in the village had to do his share in disposing of him. Probably every one of the adult school people with whom I was so happily living had done his duty at these executions.

I questioned Tom Ulgau, head teacher on Raga, who was from Mota, as to the Raga people's notions of right and wrong. The worst sin seemed to be not to avenge a friend's death by killing his murderer. The ghost of the murdered man would haunt his nearest relation until the crime was avenged. I asked: "Don't they think it wrong to take a life?" Tom said: "Yes, a little." John Pantutun, his friend, added: "Some are proud of it; others hide in the bush for two or three days afterwards"—perhaps showing a consciousness of wrong, or merely fearing reprisals. When I asked, "Do they think it wrong to steal?" they said, "Yes, but they all do it." So also with lying. Tom told me that all heathen had some slight idea that these things were not right; but they doubted and wondered, and Christianity appealed to them because it laid down a definite law about all these things. I asked again

if the people thought it wrong to eat a man. No one thought so, and someone asked me what the white man does to a murderer. I said, "We hang him." They replied, "We eat him"; and one way of dealing with the offender evidently seemed to them much the same as the other.

Once when I was by myself on Raga, I sailed down the coast and by nightfall had reached no school village or place where I was known, but I had to go ashore to spend the night. It was a quiet little bay with a very small village in it called Vare Werev. As I got out of the boat a pleasant-looking old gentleman, with a bald head and white gleaming teeth, met me in a most friendly fashion, and in his own language, which I did not understand, made me welcome. He called to me and the five boys of my crew to follow him to his house, which we did, and I found that except for the pig tethered in the doorway, it seemed quite a desirable place in which to spend the night; the mud floor was dry and clean, and in the middle of the house was a fire with iron bars across it capable of holding our kettle. In the end I decided to have our supper there, but to sleep in the bush by the shore to avoid the company of the pig. A tin of meat was opened, and I offered half of it to my smiling old host, who sat on the opposite side of the fire. To my surprise he declined it. We spent the night outside and left next morning. My five Motalava crew-boys were chattering in the boat and laughing, and the next day they still chattered and laughed. As they talked in their

FISHING CRAFT, REEF ISLANDS



SCHOOL HOUSE AND CHILDREN, REEF ISLANDS

(See p. 139)

own language, which I did not understand, I asked them what their joke was. They said they would rather not tell me. When pressed to tell, they said they were laughing about the man who would not eat my meat. I asked why he would not eat my meat, and again they would rather not tell me. Then one said, " The chief would not eat it because he was ' holy.' " I asked why he was " holy," and again they would rather not tell me; finally the answer was, " He was holy because he had just eaten a man." When I revisited that district I found this was true. Molsul of the bald head and gleaming teeth had given notice that peace was to be preserved, and a man in spite of it had killed another with an arrow. Word having been sent round to all the chiefs, it was decided to kill and eat the peace-breaker. Molsul was about to take a step in the *Sukwe*, and was collecting a hundred pigs to pay for the step, and to eat at the feast connected with it. They tied the man (equivalent to three or four pigs) like a pig to one of the cycas-palms surrounding the dancing-ground, and in his turn he was killed and cooked in the house in which we ate our supper. Having just eaten a man, therefore Molsul was " holy."

The days of cannibalism were numbered because Christian villages were springing up under the influence of our Mission. In one little village where I stayed (Aquelhuqe) there were three old chiefs, Abraham, Moses and Luke, learning the Apostles' Creed from a young teacher. They had been

cannibals from their youth up and until lately. Other classes were busy learning to read. In some villages which had had native teachers for some time, I baptised practically the whole community. On my arrival at the village I would find a feast being prepared, the inside of the church decorated with palm leaves and flowers, and a font made of the stem of the tree-fern and crowned with a large clam-shell placed in a nest of coloured croton leaves. Around this, later, would stand perhaps a dozen men, their faces and bodies bearing the marks of old wounds, "renouncing the devil and all his works," the old life and all its horrors. These would be followed by the women and children. Then would come the feast, and afterwards the dance.

The old custom for a marriage ceremony consisted of the capture of the bride. The young bridegroom would go with his friends to the home of the bride, armed with long bamboos, and there pay to her father or her uncle from one to ten pigs and some pandanus mats. He would then seize his future wife by the wrist and make off with her. Her part was to scream, and that of her friends to rush to her rescue with their own long bamboos, and to beat the bridegroom's friends. In the free fight which ensued the bridegroom was allowed to go scathless, and in the *mêlée* to run off with his wife.

As in most of the Melanesian Islands, so on Raga, the old customs and the signs of the new enlightenment were to be seen side by side; the old often too strong to yield, yet gradually giving way—as when,

after we had visited a certain village, its chief chopped up his war club and sent bits of it to the other chiefs around as a token of peace. A common method of killing off an enemy by magic was also coming to an end; it had been easy to steal a bit of a man's food, his nail-paring, or something else intimately connected with him, and by the aid of a *Gismana* (witch doctor) bring about his death. For a price paid down the latter would hang the object over a slow fire, or put it above a blow-hole on the reef, with the proper incantations and sacrifices to ghosts; after which the man from whom it had been stolen would begin to waste away, and if he could not buy the object back at the *Gismana's* price, would die.

Fear of the unknown and the unseen was strong, but God, they had come to think, must be far stronger than the powers of evil, and could protect those who had faith in Him. So Molsu, a young chief with a black beard and a face that reminded me of a Babylonian king, asked for a school in his village, and Tom Ulgau selected a site for it on the top of a hill near-by. The people pointed out to the chief that there was a certain stone lying on that hill which had by its magic killed all the trees around it. The place was sacred, they said; to which Molsu replied: "The school shall be built there; if I die, I die." Later I visited this place, and with the people went under the dead trees and picked up the stone, a piece of white limestone wonderfully like a human skull. They stood around me breath-

less, wondering if I should fall down dead. With my axe I cracked it into two pieces, and said that, as the stone was now dead, they need have no more fears. They laughed and said, "Yes, the stone is dead." But when I called Michael, a boat's crew-boy who was carrying my trade-bag, to take up the stone, meaning to keep half of it as a trophy and also to relieve them of their dread of it, he bolted, bag and all. The stone so long feared might be "dead," but he did not care to have half of it on his back! And so I disposed of it by throwing it over the cliff, and no more was heard of it.

A village on the very top of the hill, this being the dry season, had no water within a mile or more. Here I saw a man washing himself in the juice he could squeeze out of a banana stalk. A cup full of water had to suffice us for our own ablutions. When I asked a very dirty-faced little boy how often he washed he said, "When I'm dirty." The heathen villagers were generally very dirty, but not the school people, and the teachers had learnt at Norfolk Island to clean up their villages every Saturday.

In 1897 I stayed for some weeks in one of the Christian villages, halfway up a hill, and enjoyed there an inside view of native life. My house was very small, but dry, with a rough, hard bed put up for me by a native teacher. Every morning when I awoke I wondered where all the troubles of life had gone. I had no newspaper, but the drums of all the villages around were beating out what news there was. Each of them was telling by drumbeats

how many days remained before its feast and dance would take place, and how many pigs would be killed for it. A large bread-fruit tree spread its shade over my house, and once dropped a big green fruit through my roof on the bed. Happily I was out of it. There were coco-nut trees and other nut-bearing trees in plenty in and around the village. Gardens full of yams lay a mile or more away in the bush. The natives were clean, school-going folk, and came every morning to short prayers and lessons in the little school-house. Every day people from other villages came in to see what sort I was, and whether my disposition was good towards brown people, and how I ate my food, and how I did other things, because, now that they had accepted our ways and our teaching, they would like to do everything in the right and Christian way. My boys and I were therefore objects of great curiosity wherever we went. At one village, when I had my midday meal in a house, the men sat on the ground smoking their pipes and watching me handle my knife and fork and spoon, while their women with equal curiosity stood round the walls outside and peered through the cracks. When I at last suggested to those inside that they had seen enough of me, the men went out at once, but all the women then came in and sat down and watched.

2.

About seventeen miles from Raga lies Aoba or Opa, on the charts marked " Lepers' Island." It is

long and narrow, with hills of about the same height as those in Raga; it is called by the natives " Tagaro's Canoe."

The great Spirit that created the sea, and the land, and men and all other things, was Tagaro, who had wished everything to be good, but his companion Sukwe had wished that everything should be bad. All food that Tagaro had tossed into the air and caught was good; all that he had tossed and missed was bad. The level places on the islands were flat because he had trodden them down; the mountains were high and rugged because he had passed them by. He had lived for a time in Maewo, an island eight miles to the north-east, but someone had stolen one of his pigs, and therefore he retired to the sky where he now was, and consequently he no longer counted at all, for good or evil, in the lives of men.

The religion of the island peoples is animistic everywhere, the great Spirit who made everything being completely ignored. It was the souls of the dead who counted most, and these were their real gods, to whom they sacrificed and of whom they lived in mortal terror. In this island of Opa men believed that after death the soul goes to a cave in the hills, where he is asked by an immense Ghost-Pig what feasts he had made, and what pandanus trees for making mats he had planted in his lifetime. All the pigs he had killed in his life accompany him to this cave to bear witness to his past hospitality and liberality. If a man passes a good examination on these points, he is admitted, and lies upon mats in

comfort. Should he fail, he is torn to pieces, and that is the end of him. A woman can never pass into the cave, because women do not make feasts nor kill pigs. Her end, it seems, is to hang upon the creepers in the trees and to wave to and fro in the air, and have no rest.

Things were very disturbed at Opa when I first stayed there. A chief named Taribibi had just been shot and killed with an arrow. He had been a bad old cannibal, stealing children and slaying anyone he could get hold of for food, yet to avenge his death seven men already had been killed. Sese, another chief of the same type, had also lately despatched a brother chief, and with all this trouble in the air I found it very hard to persuade anyone to go about with me. Sese and Quatu, yet another big man, had been killing a liberal allowance of one another's men and women, but they had made friends themselves by giving pigs to each other. Now Sese had forced another quarrel on Quatu by killing sixty of his pigs. Godden, our young Australian missionary in this island, persuaded some of his boys to go with us on a visit to Sese, a few miles away in the hills. We found him quite an amiable and pleasant-looking man, bearded and white-haired; but when he heard we had come on behalf of Quatu, to ask him to pay for the damage he had done in order that there might be peace, he became very angry and stormed at us. He said he would do nothing of the sort. We, having no power of compulsion, left him. He and his men

followed us some way shouting that we had nothing to do with the killing of pigs. If he killed men we might speak, but not otherwise. He said he would do this for us—he would kill any man who killed our teachers. At the same time, he was so angry that I should not have been surprised if he had let off a few of his guns at us; but he did not, and I saw no more of the old man.

A trader named Nordje lived on the shore near a village in which at one time I stayed—a quiet man who had been there for years, and bought the copra of the natives. He was a Norwegian, and in the evenings we sometimes spent together he would tell me stories of his friends and companions on the " beach "—" beach-combers "—who had all been killed at various times. I noticed that he always referred to them quite simply, not as having been killed, but as having been eaten. I cannot say why he himself had escaped.

Another trader told me that, twenty years before, the captain of a steamer had put him ashore on a beach down the coast thronged with natives, who in a few minutes took everything that he had brought. He expected them to come for himself next, and they did. They took him into a *gamal* and gave him food. He was waiting to be killed, but thought he might as well die with a full stomach, and so ate what they offered him. They pointed to a place where he might sleep. Early next morning they gave him more of their food and he asked them to let him have some of his own. They escorted him outside,

and he thought then his last hour had come; but they took him to a place where was a new house standing, and inside he found all his goods and not a thing missing. It so pleased him that he gave them a box of tobacco straight away. He had never seen, he said, such people as these for school; they were always reading their books, and would come to him to know how to read the long words.

They were a wonderfully good-looking lot of people, these Opa folk, light-coloured and tall near the seashore, but short and sturdily built where they belonged to the hills.

During my years in Melanesia we lost many missionaries and Norfolker manual helpers in the islands through fever and other illnesses; but the only one actually killed by the natives was Charles Godden, our missionary in Opa. He was a farmer's son from Victoria whom I ordained at Norfolk Island. Endowed with a marvellous memory, he would quote whole pages of Browning, if started, and he was no small " poet " himself. He knew the language of the people and really loved them, and they loved him and would follow him anywhere. He sometimes passed his hand over the faces of his boys and put them to sleep. They would come to him and ask him to do it, and I remember being greatly afraid once that he might not be able to wake one of them up again, in which case we should have had an irate father to face, and some danger. However, the boys always did wake up when he called them by name. With him I visited villages in the

hills where many of the people had a sort of gnome-like appearance, with big heads and short legs, quite different from the long-shanked men on the seashore, who are accustomed to crouch all day long round a fire in a *gamal*.

Godden carried on his work in Opa for a few years by himself, and then married and brought his young wife from Sydney to his new home at Lolowai Bay. A few months later one evening he received a message asking him to row a few miles down the coast to visit a place in the bush called Lobaha for a baptism and to open a new school. He went, and a crowd of his people went with him. At a turn in the path he stopped to take a stone out of his shoe, and then a man just returned from Queensland, skulking in the bush, shot him down with his gun and as, startled, his people fled, tomahawked him; this was to avenge an injury over which the man had brooded, dating from certain days in prison in the white man's country. As Godden's boys were carrying him down to the shore he died, and his body was taken in the boat to Lolowai. They laid him down and sent her native girls to tell his wife that her husband had come back and was on the beach. There she found him, covered over with a boat sail. Except for four traders and two or three French priests, she was the only white person on the island. A trader washed his body, and a priest offered it the protection of his house. A week later a trader came and picked up both her and her husband's murderer, and took them over to Lama-

langa, at the north end of Raga. Here we had put our first Women's Mission station, and here the ladies gave Mrs. Godden shelter until a steamer came out of its way to anchor off Lamalanga and take her away to Sydney.

Her husband's grave is in Opa, where he gave his life in Christ's service. In one of his reports he had told the tale of a woman crying by her husband's grave. " Suddenly," he wrote, " the chief pushed her into the grave, and clubbed a dog and threw that in too. Then he shovelled the earth over all." It was in the midst of a life spent in trying to stop this kind of thing that the young missionary died, and his young wife, after only six months of married life, went home alone.

3.

Maewo, or Aurora, is the northernmost island of the New Hebrides, separated from Raga by a channel about four miles wide. It is thirty miles or so in length and rises about 2,000 feet above the sea, as do Raga and Opa, its hills being covered with dense, matted forest from top to bottom. But it is different in that it has an abundant supply of water and, towards its northern end, a magnificent waterfall with wonderful rock pools—nature's baths—of which we used to take full advantage on our voyages.

Four miles from the northern end is Tanrig, where Tagaro, the Great Spirit, once had lived until someone stole his precious tusked pig. I, too, lived in Tanrig for a time. It lies three miles back from the sea,

and was then a fairly large village. My house was a flimsy one with both walls and floor of bamboo. The mosquitoes were unpleasant owing to the abundant water all round. On my first night I was wakened by what seemed to be an earthquake. The house shook, and I gave myself up to enjoy the pleasant oscillations. When well-awake I made the discovery that it was not, after all, an earth-tremor which had shaken the house, but a large pig rubbing its back against one of the walls.

These pigs roamed at large in the village, some large and some small, but all inbred, razor-backed, and hideous to look upon. Many had long lower tusks, owing to the natives' custom of knocking out the grinders in the upper jaw; the lower tusks then lengthened and curved round until they re-entered the jaw, forcing their way right through it, frequently starving the pig, but resulting in two tusks which made good bracelets. Often, where pigs' tusks were only of moderate length and like hooks, two animals of a friendly disposition would nose one another, get their hooks caught and their noses fixed together, and only after terrific squeals manage to effect their mutual release.

Not enough people dwelt on Maewo to provide much fighting; there was little murder, and I believe no cannibalism. The only thing they had to talk about before they had a school was just pigs, which provided every excitement, and to the killing of which for his *Sukwe* feasts a chief, as elsewhere, owed his rank. One chief would rise above another

by adding a few more to his victims. When two were equal in rank, the question was, which to obey; then one would make a feast and go ahead of the other and dominate the village. Pigs in the bush provided hunting, which everyone enjoyed; even the killing of a pig was a diversion which never failed to attract a small crowd. Such was village life before the schools came. Then came new ideas, and all wanted to learn to read and write. The daily services in the little school-house brought peace to their souls. All the Christians and school-people, even from a distance, attended every morning and evening. The heathen folk might say the Christians wasted their time in too much praying, but these could answer that their gardens did not show it, having more in them than most.

They were remarkably honest, and I found that I could leave my house open, with all my stores of tobacco, biscuits, and meat, for days at a time, and no one would take anything. One morning I dropped a stick of tobacco from my trade-bag on a beach; in the evening I found it tied to a twig of a tree overhanging the spot where I had stood. There was no honesty, however, about the dogs. Every night, if one forgot to close the shutter over the upper part of the door-opening, they paid a visit, looking for meat or an open milk tin.

On Maewo, Harry Aregi, the teacher, and his father showed me with much pride their very peculiar " money." There is none like it, I think, in any other island. It was kept in a tiny house in

which a fire was always burning; no other light was in the house, and when they opened the little door I saw something hanging in folds from the beam, with shining stalactites of grime and tar attached, which, when brought out to the light, proved to be a mat about fifty yards long, caked solid with smoke, and greatly increased thereby in value. Ten of these were in the house, and each was somehow connected with steps in the *Sukwe*.

In every village in Maewo was a little house like this one, in which the fire was never allowed to go out and where the money was kept. Such clumsy money must induce honesty, for a thief could not easily escape with his spoil if he broke through and stole it. One block of the grimy stuff seemed to be very much like another, but probably, as they are so valuable, each one is severally known.

The Mission schools bring out the intelligence of the people, and, compared with the heathen or non-school folk, the Christians may really be said to be *lolomaran*, " enlightened "—literally " light inside." The heathen are *loloqong*—" night inside." Christianity makes so wonderful a difference in the faces of the people as well as in their lives that one can see at a glance to which category a man belongs.

A queer thing happened at Tasmauri on the northern end of Maewo, where was a blind man named Aruligo, reported to have been so from birth. He was known as " Blind Jack," and being of an inquisitive disposition, he used to come and sit with me and the villagers when we sat and talked together.

The teacher prepared him for baptism, and later, when he was baptised, he saw for the first time. If you had asked Jack to explain this, or had asked one of his friends, they would have said that it was natural that God should give light to the body too, when a man passed out of heathenism into the Church, because he was no longer *loloqong*, but *lolomaran*. In his simple way he believed that nothing was impossible with God, and that God must intend him to be enlightened in every way. When on my next arrival I asked for Blind Jack the people laughed and said: "He is not blind! When he was baptised he saw, and he has gone away to see the world in a French labour ship."

4.

I suppose no place in the world is so badly governed in the interest of the natives as the New Hebrides. Just as trouble is caused amongst them through their not knowing who is chief and whom they should obey, so there is trouble on a far larger scale owing to these islands being under no single protectorate, but in the joint control of Britain and France.

Vila, in the island of Sandwich, is the centre of government, and both nations have for many years had a Commissioner in residence there, but there have always been different regulations for the British and French traders. In my time the French were allowed to sell spirits and firearms to the people, and to recruit women for the plantations; but the British

were not. Thus our traders were always at a disadvantage; it paid better to sail under the French flag than under the British, and with the greater prosperity of the French their numbers in the group naturally increased and came to outnumber the British.

The Scotch Presbyterian Mission in the southern islands, which were suffering most from the existing anarchy, petitioned the British Government for annexation to the Crown, chiefly with a view to putting down the sale of spirits, which was fast destroying the native population. French interests, however, defeated this. At that time the Australian Government had a scheme for buying the New Hebrides outright, but in 1902 the two Commissioners at Vila, Captain Rason and Monsieur Pichanon, asked instead for an Anglo-French Convention so drafted as to be satisfactory to both parties; with this the Australian Government would have nothing to do.

In 1906 the Colonial Office arranged for the Convention, without informing Australia, and so the " Condominium " came into being. This mode of government left things as bad as they were before, in that there are still two chiefs and no one knows which to obey. It is extremely expensive and confusing, for there is a French Commissioner and a British; a French Judge and Court, in which only French is spoken, and a British Judge and Court. Each office all the way down is duplicated, and above all reigns a Spanish Arbitrator, who in my time certainly could not speak English, and his French

was doubtful. As an example of the futility of such government, I give one instance. A trader under the French flag, though of British origin, sold gin to some of our people in the Torres Group, and I found many of them drunk. I reported him, and was told that I must bring up my witnesses two hundred miles to Vila. But as he was under the French flag, I should have had to plead in the French Court, and there were sixty cases to be heard before mine, so, for lack of time to waste, and money, to follow it up was impossible. There were neither police stations nor police in any of the islands. The laws differed under the two authorities, and to try to protect the natives against their exploiters was almost useless. At one time there were together a Spanish president, a French and an English judge, a Spanish public prosecutor, a Dutch native advocate, native witnesses who spoke pidgin-English; and the accused were mostly French traders. In 1907, owing to the greater prosperity of the French, their numbers in Vila had increased to a hundred and twenty and the Britons were only thirty-five; in other islands numbers were about equal.

I was told by Dr. Bowie, the Scotch missionary at Ambrym, that a hundred and sixty cases of gin were landed in one day at a trader's store on that island, followed by two hundred more at the same place just afterwards; that the natives in that part were living on gin, and that stills had been landed on Opa. In his own hospital (of fifty beds) he had cases of delirium tremens and paralysis from alcohol

drinking, and of gun wounds caused by drunken men. I myself saw in a trader's store on Opa fourteen cases of absinthe.

When I read the charge so often made against missionaries, that to them is due the depopulation of the islands, I find it difficult to correlate the statement with the facts. At Aneityum, when I landed in 1903, there were four hundred people, instead of some thousands as there had been sixty years before. Close to the landing-place were the ruins of a stone church large enough to hold a thousand people, as well as many other buildings. The reason for it, as told by Dr. Gunn of the Presbyterian Mission, was this: An epidemic of measles, brought through a trader landing one of his sick boys there, carried off from four to five thousand of the people. Those who caught it sat in the sea to cool themselves, and died on the beach which, he said, was black with their dead bodies.

One has often heard it said that Christianity robs these native races of their simple pleasures, and, by stopping fighting, saps their virility, and to this is ascribed their decrease of numbers. My observation convinces me that exactly the opposite is the truth. Christianity gives peace, and so saves lives. In peace more food is grown, and so the people are better fed. A Christian Mission invariably provides hospitals or medicines, and it stamps out infanticide. Further, to some extent it shields the weaker races from the exploiters who trade in firearms and strong liquor, and introduce diseases.

IV

BANKS AND TORRES ISLANDS

1. *Banks Islands*

THIRTY miles to the north of the New Hebrides are the Banks Islands, named after the naturalist who voyaged with Captain Cook. There are eight of them altogether, the southernmost being Merelava, or Star Peak, an extinct volcano rising three thousand feet above the sea. Natives of other islands chaff its inhabitants, saying that to live in Merelava you must have one leg longer than the other, because the land everywhere is slanting at an acute angle to the sea. The people of this island are very tough and hardy, partly because the Anopheles mosquito has not contrived to reach them and so there is no malaria, partly because they have given up *Sukwe* and other heathen ways, and live a quiet, clean, and industrious life. When the ship called we were always able to buy a few boat-loads of yams from them. The houses, built on the slopes of this great cone, are of rough-hewn boards, pierced at the edges and sewn together with vegetable fibre. The volcanic soil is extremely fertile and yams grow in abundance.

Under the rocks at Merelava I became acquainted for the first time with the Queensland Kanaka trade. The two red boats of a " labour ship " lay off the shore whilst the recruiter and the Government agent

did their business with the people, the one trying to persuade men to go with them, the other seeing that they were not kidnapped. By law it had to be made quite plain that the ship was a labour ship, and that if anyone went on board he was going away for three years. To signify this, a black ball was carried at the ship's masthead and her boats were painted red. In the course of one voyage I could see how injurious this trade was to the natives. Husbands were taken from their wives, boys from their sweethearts, and scholars from their schools. It was terribly discouraging to have the greater part of a class of boys of a school leave their village and go off in a body to Queensland, to return some day in black clothes, hats, and boots, with pidgin-English and the vices and diseases that had contaminated them during their stay in the white man's country. Some few of them found a school to go to when away on the sugar plantation, notably Mrs. Robinson's school, Mr. Pritt's, and Miss Young's at Fairymead, Bundaberg, but the majority came back far worse than when they went away. Possibly there was no actual kidnapping, but certain chiefs received gramophones and other valuables in return for the boys they supplied to these ships, and it is hard to say how much veiled slavery there was in the trade, at any rate in the Solomons. Bullets were sold there at enormous prices to men who would use them in taking the lives of those upon whose heads a price had been set by their neighbours. It cannot be denied that the labour traffic so long as it lasted was

a decivilising and demoralising influence. Our natives called these ships the " steal-steal ships." No one disputes that Bishop Patteson was killed to avenge an act of " black-birding," as it was called, although I think the vessel which was responsible for the black-birding, and so for his death, came from Fiji and not from Queensland.

Seventeen miles to the north-west of Merelava is Merig, the supposed cap of Merelava. One may walk round this island in twenty minutes; in former days the four small villages on it were often at war with one another.

Forty miles to the north-west is Mota, or Hat Island, so called because it has a small mountain in the middle, and a low tableland covered with trees and gardens round it, quite symmetrical like the brim of a hat, the brim being twelve or fifteen miles round. As one followed a native at quick pace along one of the rooty narrow paths of this lovely little island, calling in at the villages on the way, one would see other tracks breaking off in all directions, leading to hundreds of small gardens. These would be full of yams with their vines carefully trained upon canes placed horizontally, and about two feet above the ground—in such a way that the owners and their families could crawl under them to do the weeding. Somewhere near a garden there would generally be a village with about twenty houses and a long *gamal*. The people, knowing we were coming, would stay away from their work to meet us and to be examined in their school.

Ten miles further north is Motalava (Big Mota), where the most intelligent of all the Southern islanders live. More Christian teachers have gone out from here than from any other island in Melanesia. Vanua Lava (Big Island) lies beyond; and Rowa, a very small low-lying islet enclosed by a great reef, where the shell-money of the Banks is made. At no great distance is Santa Maria, which is called Gaua on one side and Lakona on the other; and rather further north, Ureparapara or Bligh Island, an old high volcano with one side of it blown out; through this a ship steams into the crater and finds snug anchorage.

These eight islands were all more or less Christian when I first saw them, and yet quite recently a man-of-war had lost a man and buried his body at sea, not knowing that there were churches, native clergy, and a quiet, friendly people all around them. The only form of government in those days, and for a few years after I came, was that of the captain of a warship, who administered it by carrying off wrong-doers.

The Banks Island people all know one another, and most of them talk Mota. With the exception of Merelava, they all belong to one or other of the two groups, or *veve*, into which society here is divided. The word *veve* means mother, and every child born belongs to the mother's *veve* and not to the father's. Were a man to marry any woman of his own *veve* it would be like marrying his sister. The two *veves* are compared to two sides of a house,

and one marries into " the other side of the house." In going from one island to another every boy knew quite well from which girls he might choose his wife. If he were to flirt with a girl of his own " side of the house " everyone knew that nothing was meant by it, because they were not marriageable. In this group all have the same customs. Brothers-in-law may not call one another by name. At one time I had five boys in my crew who were all connected by marriage, and because of that none, in speaking to another, could name him, but had to call him *wulus*.

These islands for the most part lie around a great basin, and wives who have married men from islands in the group other than their own have frequently swum back to their relations after a connubial quarrel. One morning, when in Mota, I noticed a girl with a sad face amongst the women, and I saw her again in the afternoon in a village when I was talking to the people on the other side of the island. She left us then, and soon afterwards a boy came and said, " Enlele has jumped." The people said that her husband, Reuben, had thrashed her that morning, and she had no doubt jumped into the sea to swim away from him. Her old home was at Motalava, about ten miles down-wind. It was blowing a strong south-easter, and in the rough water we could not see her from the top of the cliff. She told me later in her own island of Motalava that she had seen us, but could not wave her hand because her husband was out in his canoe searching for her.

She arrived safely, having taken, I think, about six hours on the journey.

Two women told me that they once swam away from their husbands, but, starting at night, they unfortunately lost their bearings, and instead of getting across to their old home, only swam round their husbands' island and arrived back at the place whence they started, and were thrashed again.

But swims like these were nothing to that of a man named Lel, who was one of a party of three men and six women who left Gaua to spend Christmas at Merelava. They travelled in a large canoe made of a hollowed-out tree with an outrigger lashed to it. The distance was twenty-seven miles. Half-way across the rough sea had so loosened the sinnet lashings that the outrigger fell off and the canoe rolled over. The nine swam till the women were tired. The three men were leaving them, but they came back and held a little conference. It was decided that Lel should swim on and tell the tale, and the other two men should die with the women. One gave his knife to Lel as a keepsake. "You will see my face in it," he said. So there, far away from land, they died, and Lel swam on until, after thirty-six hours, he came ashore at little Merig, his skin looking as if he had been scalded. He said a large shark had come up under him and played with him, sometimes leading and sometimes following him. He had, so he said, even rested on the shark!

In these Banks Islands the people do not concentrate their minds on pigs so much as in the

New Hebrides, but rather upon what they call *Qarangis*—that is, the cooking of yams. Village life focuses in a long, low building called the *gamal*. Outside this building sit old men, bald-headed, with big paunches, and faces and bodies grimy with smoke. Thus they rest after the labours of cooking. They are all masters of the art. If we had seen them two hours earlier they would have been skinning with knives a few yams—tubers a foot or more long, something like potatoes—then slicing them and grating them with a perforated tin or a piece of shark's skin on to some large green leaves; these they would have turned in upon the pudding and then laid it upon white-hot stones in the oven in the middle of the floor. More white-hot stones would be taken with bamboo tongs and laid over it and over all a covering of large green leaves. The cooks would now wait for the moment when it should be "done." Being most hospitable always, they invite us into the *gamal* to share their meal. The floor is bare earth, and we are asked to sit still by the wall and not to move our feet, because any dust would spoil the pudding. All therefore sit as far away from the oven as possible. We may talk and laugh, but must not move while two men remove the leaves and upper stones, and lift the pudding from its bed in the oven. They strip back the leaves and show a beautiful white mess, something like blancmange, but a foot or two wide and three inches thick. Then the flesh of coco-nut is scraped out into a heap upon leaves; water is brought in a bamboo

pole and carefully poured into the hands of the two cooks to cleanse them; the pile of grated coco-nut is sprinkled with water, and the cooks take it in handfuls and squeeze the cream from it into half-coco-nut shells. These, perhaps twenty of them, are put on the hot stones until the cream boils, when it is poured over the pudding; then with a sharp wooden knife the pudding is cut into squares of four or five inches each. One is not surprised after that at the paunches of the men who live upon it. But how about the bald heads?

As we sit round waiting, but not moving, one of the old men tells us old stories about the Great Spirit who made everything. His name was Qat. He took many shapes and often appeared as a little man. He had twelve brothers, and one night a giant named Qasavara invited him and his brothers to sleep in his house, intending to kill them. When the giant was asleep Qat tapped one of the side-posts and said, "Open, my side-post." It opened, and they all got into the crack and slept there. Qasavara in the night searched for them, but could not find them. "Where did you sleep?" he asked amiably in the morning. "In that post," said Qat. That night he opened another side-post, and the next night the ridge-pole, and so the giant could never find them. Qat knew he would try to kill them with his club, so one morning he sent his brothers outside before their meal, telling them to climb the big casuarina tree. When the giant saw that only one sat down to breakfast he knew he was being fooled and struck

a blow at Qat, who jumped aside. The giant chased him round the fire, striking out at him, but always missing. Then Qat ran out of the house and began himself to climb the tree, with his brothers above him and the giant climbing behind. As Qasavara came nearer, Qat called out, "Lengthen, my casuarina!" and it lengthened. This happened several times until the top of the tree with the weight of the brothers was bent over and touched the island of Vanua Lava, ten miles away. Then Qat and his brothers landed and let go. Qasavara was at the very top of the bend, and the tree sprang back and threw him up to the sky. As all the people watched the giant fall, the men spread their hands over their heads, and that is why so many old men are bald now. The women closed their fists upon their chests, and that is why the breasts of women protrude.

There is a great variety of food and no lack of it in these Banks Islands, and it is no wonder that the old men become gluttons and that cannibalism has never been practised here. One of these old fellows could name a hundred different kinds of yams. Some are great shapeless masses weighing perhaps half a hundredweight, others are six feet long and thin; the best of all, a yam about a foot long, called the *Urai*, with a smooth skin, is considered to be the food for chiefs only.

In addition to these they have *tomago*, *queta* (calladiums), sweet potato, sugar-cane, oranges, pine-apples, bananas, and many kinds of very delicious

nuts. There are great fat pigeons in the trees, which can easily be shot, and fish abound all around them in the sea. The great land-crab which climbs the trees after the coco-nuts is a great delicacy. They call him " Until-the-sun-sets," because if he should grab a man's hand with his claw he will not let go until the sun goes down. He nips a coco-nut from the tree and then descends to the ground to eat it by inserting a long claw through one of the " eyes." But as he comes down backwards he is puzzled by the grass band that someone has tied round the stem of the tree; touching it, he thinks he has reached the ground and unclaws the tree, falls, and is pounced upon and captured.

One of their greatest luxuries is a sea-worm which they call the *Un*—its scientific name is *Annelid palolo viridis*! I happened to be in Mota one year in November, which is one of the two months in the year when the *Un* comes. At two o'clock in the morning " Tammes " awoke me, saying that it was nearly time for the *Un* to arrive. We walked down to the shore, where many dark forms were lying on the reef asleep under their mats. Here and there a lighted torch shone on the water as some watcher looked for the approach of the prey. There was still some time, so we too lay down and slept for an hour. Soon after three o'clock, when the moon had reached a certain position and the tide had begun to ebb, the *Un* was announced, and everyone went down to the water to meet it. Torches were held close down to the smooth sea, and millions

of little wriggling worms clustered to the light. With hands and with nets the people scooped them up as fast as they could. It was a weird scene—the women, with flashing torches, standing on the reef and singing " *Garu, garu, ma !*" (" Swim, swim here !") and scooping up the little greeny-red creatures with a regular rhythmic motion. I had *Un* for my breakfast, but I could not enjoy it.

October and November are the only months when the *Un* comes, and then only at a certain phase of the moon. " Tammes " told me that the previous day " the head " of this great family of worms had come, and in the evening " the body " of it; but now these were " the children," and I think it is only these that they eat.

The natives are extraordinarily wily in their methods of catching fish. The usual way is to stand in the shallow water and shoot them with a wire-headed or barbed arrow. In some islands men go out in canoes, with a kite having a long line tied to the tail of it, and a very tough cobweb for bait. They paddle up against the wind, and the kite rises, leaving the cobweb dancing on the water fifty yards behind the canoe. A particular kind of fish with curved-back teeth rushes the cobweb, its teeth are entangled in it, the kite falls, and the fish is pulled in as quickly as possible lest the sharks should rob them of it. I have seen boys at Merelava swimming for hours off the rocks holding very short fishing-rods over their heads with a long line. Whenever

they hooked a fish they bit its head and dropped it into a canoe which was attending them. Flying fish are caught at night by holding a torch in front of a net. I have also seen a fish used as a decoy, sunk beneath a canoe in which a man sits waiting, with his net at the end of a rod ready to catch the fish of the same kind which pursue it. Water is deep all round Merelava, and the people with their little outrigger canoes are extremely clever seamen. One of the best examples of canoe-craft I ever saw was shown here. There had been a north-westerly gale in November, a month before the season for gales from that quarter was due, and all the canoes but one had been washed away during the night. We arrived in the *Southern Cross* early in the morning, bringing a new native teacher to be put ashore, with his boxes, a table, a blackboard and, greatest prize of all, a large grindstone. There was no lee shore where a landing could be made safely, and the waves were running high up the rocks. It seemed impossible that we could land anything at all under such conditions. However, as we watched, we saw that something was going on ashore. Then, on the back of a receding wave, a canoe shot out with one man paddling furiously; he came alongside, and we found him to be William Vaget, the native deacon. He said he was quite certain he could get the teacher and all his belongings to the land, and he did. Time after time they ran up on a big wave to their friends on the rocks, rushed something into their hands and fell back again on

the same wave. Even the grindstone was successfully dumped ashore in that way.

The traders have a saying that " God takes care of fools and missionaries." The wind blows stronger and the seas are rougher in the Banks Islands than in any other part of Melanesia. We all sailed our own boats when we were living in any group of islands—whale-boats pointed at both ends, with a large steer-oar when the crew was rowing, to keep the boat head-on to the seas; and with a rudder and a tiller when we were sailing. Like everyone else, in my early days I knew next to nothing about sailing a boat. One year I had a crew of five boys from the Banks Islands during my stay in the New Hebrides, which lie to windward of the Banks. They happened to be a disagreeable lot, and became homesick and discontented. They disliked the people I was working amongst, and held them, and more still their rough, badly cooked food, in contempt. At last I tired of their sulks, and decided to take them back to their homes and get a better crew. We ran across the passage from Raga to Maewo and down the coast of that island to the south end, where we waited for a fine day before attempting to make the passage of thirty-three miles to Merelava. The crew became in that time unbearable, and so, early one morning, I gave the word for a start. I had with me boxes of stores for five months, and the whale-boat, if rather full, was at any rate well ballasted; there was just enough clear space to bale her out if we shipped water. When we got away from the south end of the island

the crew began to wish we had not started. The wind was blowing outside as strong as ever. We double-reefed the sail and still flew before it. Our mast bent under the strain, and Robert, the leading mutineer, stood up by it all the way across, hoping somehow to prevent it from snapping in two. There was not much conversation on board during those five hours. Hedley Adams, one of our staff, held a little compass in his hand and tried to keep it dry, because the spray stuck the needle to the glass, and until we were within ten miles of the island we could see no land ahead, although Merelava is 3,000 feet high. The waves broke behind and roared round us. If the rudder had split, as sometimes rudders of small boats do, or the mast had gone, of course we should have broached to, and one of the big following waves would have been all over us. A boy was baling hard for the whole five hours. We sailed outside the tide-rip at the corner of Merelava, and brought up at the landing on the lee side. It was my first trip of any length as skipper of a twenty-four foot rowing-boat, and afterwards—in the many gales encountered in later years—I had confidence enough for anything. No one had expected us in such weather, and my mutinous crew and I had to spend a week waiting for it to moderate.

When the wind had blown itself out, starting in a calm, we rowed towards Merig, seventeen miles away, but knowing that the landing would be very bad, we passed it by and made sail for Mota, forty miles to the north. Once there, I knew the crew-

boys would feel themselves at home, and be happy. We met with squalls of rain and were wet through before we arrived. One boy went down with fever, and I was so stiff myself that I could with difficulty get out of the boat. We carried our gear up to the village, and there I found the wind had blown the roof off my house. The floor was wet with rain and filthy, and to make it worse the fever-stricken boy began to spit blood upon it. He spent the night warmly in the *gamal*, and was soon all right again. There was no place for me to sleep in but the church, a large building with stone walls, cement floors, and a good iron roof. It had two good solid doors, and one of these we took off its hinges and laid on the top of the pews, and I slept on it. A native can sleep on anything, and the beds they usually prepared for us were quite as hard as these doors. Sometimes I dreamt of a soft bed, but when at last I had one I could never sleep.

2. " *Sukwe* "

The late Dr. Rivers bestowed some praise on our Mission because we had interfered so little with native customs. In his book, *The History of Melanesian Society*, he writes at great length on *Sukwe* and kindred customs from a scientific point of view. My views about the same things can be only those of a missionary.

It is more easy to describe cannibalism and head-hunting, and it was far easier for us to deal with such obstacles as those, which the people themselves

could see to be horrible, than with *Sukwe*. The former, when once given up, were never returned to. There is no cannibalism in the Banks Islands; but *Sukwe* was the great trouble to us in this group, for it had an immense hold upon the people. It was a kind of native freemasonry, and some of our staff who were freemasons were almost afraid to discourage it, feeling that it had so much in it that was akin to masonic rites. It occupied both minds and bodies of the natives for many days and months of the year, providing feasts, dances, and the circulation of money and rank and power in the villages. On the other hand, it was entirely tied up to their old religion, animism and ghost worship, which we were trying to displace, and its strongest haunt, the little island of Mota, was a nominally Christian island with schools and teachers and one or two native clergymen. Mota had, indeed, been Christian for many years; Bishop Patteson had often stayed there, and had chosen its dialect as the one out of a thousand others which all his missionaries and teachers should learn, that into which Christian books should first be printed—the *lingua franca* of the Norfolk Island school. Yet every time I stayed there I felt the island was to all intents and purposes heathen and the Mission's work a ghastly failure, and I had no doubt whatever that the cause of the failure was the *Sukwe*.

The Mission custom in Bishop John Selwyn's time had been to withdraw all its workers to Norfolk Island during the hurricane season, from December

till April each year, and it was owing to this absence of all the white men for five months every year that the true character of *Sukwe* had not been discovered. Towards the end of my time in Melanesia we changed our methods; our white men and women lived all the year round in the islands, and then what had been so carefully hushed up came out. *Sukwe* was being vigorously practised, with all the old heathen prayers and rites and incantations, while the white man was away. This little island of Mota was, in fact, for one half of the year nominally Christian and for the other half heathen, and all because of this native freemasonry—truly described by some of our most trusted native teachers as " partly good and partly bad."

At one place in Mota, Cullwick, the Priest-in-charge, and I found a *Sukwe* function going on in a glade. A high wall of bushes, decorated with red flowers, had been erected around a *gamal*-house; passing through a very narrow entrance in it, we found about fifty men practising dance steps.* Inside the *gamal*-house was a boy going through a stage of his initiation into the *Sukwe*. The dance was to take place in about three weeks, when sufficient food would have been collected by the boy and his friends to feed all the *Sukwe*; meanwhile he, poor

* The dances themselves are tame affairs and harmless, being little more than a few shuffles of the feet to a dreary song. In Gaua in old heathen days a false step in the *Sukwe* feast was punished by a shower of poisoned arrows discharged by the onlookers into the delinquent's body. In Mota they were never quite so particular as that.

boy, had to stay inside the *gamal*, unwashed, and as black all over as soot and ashes could make him. In old times this part of the initiation took a hundred days in some islands, and here in Mota it took a long time according to heathen rules, but by an agreement between the head-men and our teachers it was supposed now only to last three days. However, a white man was seldom here, and there was always a tendency to prolong the time of imprisonment. This boy had been in the *gamal* for ten days already, so we sat down and spent two hours in persuading the men to let him come out. At last all agreed, and he was fetched out. He was a filthy spectacle, and the glare of the sun after so many days in the dark rather dazed him. He took part, however, in the dance which signalised his release. Then the men set up a song, which carried a long way, the burden of which was that the boy had been released, and the sooner food was brought in for the feast the better for all parties.

Every male was expected to be a member of the Society, if not, he was counted as what a unionist today would call a " scab "; but the name they used for him was " flying fox." By his joining the Society the other members became a little richer, for he had an entrance fee to pay. Others had joined and paid it, and they took care that no one should escape paying this toll.

In every village in the Banks there is a *gamal* with some fifteen ovens in it; and no one may eat at an oven above the rank of his own. At the far end of

the *gamal* sit the men who have attained the highest rank, the Worshipful Masters, or, as they were called, " the men in the sky." These have spent vast sums of money to reach their position, and they are in debt to everyone in consequence, and are always hoping that steps in rank will be taken lower down, in order that they may be able to pay. They are dignified with the title " *Tavus mele*," and are very great men indeed. Their word is law amongst the young men, because no one can rise a step without their help. If they themselves are able to find money to take a yet higher step, so as to live a little bit higher up " in the sky," the *gamal* will be lengthened by adding one more room, in which they will be able to sit by themselves and talk with their friends across the log which divides them, but no one can eat with them; in proportion, therefore, as men rise in social rank the *gamal* becomes longer and longer, and the debts which encumber them greater and greater. There is always movement where there is *Sukwe*, and money, pigs, and sacrifices to enable men to buy new steps in the Society are of paramount importance, and, in fact, are almost the only things about which any man thinks day and night.

There are Societies besides *Sukwe* which are apparently not quite so essential to life and happiness. Such are the *Tamate* (Ghost) Societies. These are social clubs, each having its own *salagoro*, or club-house, somewhere near the village, where its members are initiated, and which is private to them.

Approach is *tabu* to all others who do not belong to that Society, a flower or some leaves fixed to a stick by the path signifying that trespassers will be prosecuted. We white men were always considered by the natives to be free of *tabu* and beyond the reach of magic of every kind. Nothing could harm us, however deadly it might be to brown people, and we might go anywhere.

These two Societies, *Sukwe* and *Tamate*, are not only extraordinarily interesting organisations, but they have in the past served a purpose in producing law-abiding Melanesian citizens according to their lights. Dr. Rivers has shown that they are indeed really important institutions of island life in that they circulate money and promote respect for authority and good order, giving rank as well as authority.

But, on the other hand, between the two, *Sukwe* and *Tamate*, every man in Mota was in debt. To join either he had to borrow shell-money and give about two yards of it to every member. Higher steps required payment of from thirty to a hundred fathoms of this shell-money to all members who had attained the rank to which he himself was now aspiring, and not only in a man's own village, but to his co-rankers in all other villages. Such immense sums could never be raised without borrowing, and could never be recovered unless new members were constantly paying in fees for their steps in the Society. In no other way could a man recover his money, and the available shell currency was insufficient to meet it. So everyone was in debt.

To get money to buy steps and pay debts, sacrifices must be offered to the spirits and ghosts to whom their heathen forefathers had offered them. Money was therefore again being laid before the old ghost-stones, to attract more money and procure good crops. The ground about them must be swept, and the paths which led to them. With these stones men could " bind " the sun from shining, and make rain, and might convict one another of causing sickness and death. The schools and churches were closed, because everyone had become too busy preparing feasts for initiation and installations and other functions to think of going to prayers; men and women went wrong, and for a time lived more or less promiscuously. As Dr. Rivers has said, *Sukwe* and *Tamate* " suggest occasions for the general relaxation of the laws which are so often found among rude peoples," and " at certain festivals the most fundamental laws regulating the relation of the sexes are not merely broken, but an excessive degree of relaxation is allowed or enjoined."

The dying testimony of Robert Pantutun, one of our Mota clergy, upon these Societies was: " We black people saw all along that these things must make the teachers worthless. Our white fathers made a mistake in allowing them to continue."

Our Mission had tried hard to take everything objectionable out of all native customs and to adapt them to the new religion which we had brought, so that the people might have their fun and pay their debts like honest men without relapsing into heathen-

ism. Bishop Patteson, seeing the people practising *Sukwe*, had confessed that he did not understand it. He had allowed it to continue on the understanding that, if it were harmful, the people would give it up of their own accord when they became Christians. Bishop John Selwyn before me, and I during my years in the islands, did our very best to Christianise it because the people got so much pleasure out of it; there seemed no reason why it should not be put upon a Christian basis. Bishop Selwyn had tried to regulate it by restricting the performance of its rites to three days at a time. I tried my best to persuade the men to carry out *Sukwe* rites without the sacrificing, and to get it all done in the one day instead of spending perhaps a hundred in solemn preparations. We had large gatherings in different islands to consider this " one-day plan." If the young men could have had their way they would have carried it. One of them indeed, believing that the day was won, stripped himself of his *Sukwe* ornaments and gave them to Freeth, who was with me at the time. But I found that, however much the majority might like any kind of reform, the old *Tavus mele* men were the only people who had any real say in the matter. They objected to anything which would reduce their importance, and what they said was law to the young, for no one could rise in *Sukwe* without their consent.

All this time the people remained quite friendly. They all saw that the thing was a curse, but they could see no way of paying their debts if it were stopped. We ended with a great palaver, to which

all the men in the island came. Under the trees we debated the question. One said that if *Sukwe* were given up they could only settle their affairs by fighting, and this others denied. One stood up and said he himself was resolved to give up *Sukwe*; others declared it to be impossible. That *Sukwe* was incompatible with Christianity was the conclusion to which, much against my will, I had come. I told them of Pantutun's dying testimony, and I said they must choose between *Sukwe* and Christianity.

It was untruly reported in the neighbouring islands that Mota had given up *Sukwe*, and there was great gladness. In Lakona a potful of stones which for years had been used for magic was brought to me that I might do what I would with them. I took them out to sea and dropped them in deep water. In Motalava the pigs which played so important a part in *Sukwe* were no longer allowed to roam the villages, but were put into their proper place—in sties. *Sukwe* did not actually die at that time, but it was greatly weakened.

3. *Motalava.*

Superstition is ingrained in Melanesians, and it is not quite dead, I suppose, amongst ourselves. It was stronger in Mota than elsewhere in the islands because of *Sukwe*, and of no less than seventy *Tamate* Societies, existing there.

In the neighbouring island of Motalava superstition had become comparatively weak, and therefore Christianity was strong. I used to think that these

native Christians of Motalava were perhaps the happiest people I had ever seen. Their new faith in God had greatly lessened their fear of ghosts and magic, though an undercurrent of superstition remained. They were in the second generation of Christianity and their first enthusiasm had gone, but yet they built good stone churches and filled them on Sundays. They attended their schools, and it was a pleasure to examine them. They read well, and could sing and do sums. They really did believe that God was stronger than all charms and stones, of whatever shape; that no man could make the rain fall or the sun shine; that no bamboo with a charmed leaf in it could shoot out magic and kill the person to whom it pointed. From all this, and much more, they had been delivered by the " teaching of Christ," as they called Christianity.

They are a very good-looking race. Many of the young boys and girls are beautiful; their skins light brown, their hair often tawny, their teeth white and perfect. They are full of jokes, and make merry over very small things.

It was pretty to watch them working in their gardens, fifty or sixty of them together, first in one man's garden and then in another's. Young men in pairs tore up the ground at intervals of a few feet with pointed poles. When the point was well in they set their feet on the pole for leverage and dragged it down, tearing up the earth. Women followed, scooping out the loose earth from the holes with their hands, and cutting away roots. The older men

would sit by and bore the meat out of the yam, leaving the rind to plant as seed. Women with babies looked on, or helped as they could. An idle man in such a community, where all work for each other in turn and everyone has seven or eight gardens of his own, is not known. No doubt because of this, in this happy island there were always hundreds of children. I saw one day a pretty ceremony outside the house of a woman who had lately given birth to her first child. Fifteen women and girls sat on mats on the ground, and small sums of shell-money were distributed to them in return for their having slept in the house and cared for her. She came out with her baby and walked around them three times, showing her child, and then put him into their hands, and they passed him from one to the other, each looking at him with interest and admiration.

It is not easy for people whose forebears have believed that two little sticks tied together with a string (which had been bound round a dead man's skull) formed a deadly trap on their path to get rid all at once of their dread of magic and ghosts. Once when I visited this island I was told that a native lately returned from Queensland had given out he was a man of importance in the Church, and that on my arrival I should ordain him a deacon. He spread it abroad that he had what he called " the holy garment " all ready, and papers to show me which would prove his worthiness. It was some time before he would show me the papers and garment, and when he did, the papers proved to be a Queensland

tax receipt—or something of the kind—and a note from an immigration agent telling him where his brother might be found. The "holy garment" upon which he had forbidden anyone to sit was a mackintosh. He being such a fraud, I declined his offer to serve as one of the boat's crew on my next voyage. Just as we were leaving he seems to have cursed us, and to have warned those who went with me that we should perish at sea far from the land, which I only heard when we were sailing back to Motalava a week later. We started back in fine weather, but halfway across a black squall came upon us and blew us down toward the Rowa reef. We had a bad half-hour. The boys then told me of the curse, and I said to them, "We will thank God when we arrive." The wind hauled round a little and we fetched within a couple of miles of Motalava, and then got out oars and rowed in. Being wet through, I went at once to my little house to change my clothes. Soon I became aware that my dripping boys were standing outside. I called out to them to go and change at once. Their answer was, "Aren't you coming to thank God, Father?"

I came upon a strange thing in this island which still is a mystery to me. The people believe there are spirits named *Nopitu* which in some strange way provide certain men and women—also called *Nopitu* —with the shell-money which is the currency of these islands. A married couple lived in Motalava named Simon and Lucy, and Lucy was a *Nopitu*. I was told that if Lucy scratched her head, unthreaded

shell-money fell out of it. If she drank the water of a coco-nut, money was afterwards found in the shell. If she ate a red yam, her teeth gritted against money. I had heard before of the belief in *Nopitu* from a teacher named Johnson Telegsem, who said his father Stephen had become rich through his wife being one. When asked why other men with *Nopitu* wives were not immensely rich, he replied that if the wife became annoyed with her husband the money disappeared.

Another man, Denmet, had a son, David, about seven years old, and money was sometimes found in his hands when he awoke in the morning. When I discussed the matter with the teachers I was told it was all very bad, because the cause of the coming of the money was a " spirit " which possessed them. I suggested that it might be jugglery or deceit, but no one was convinced. They had seen " conjuring " by Archdeacon Comins at Norfolk Island during the Christmas festivities, but this was different.

One afternoon, passing through a village with some of my boys, they told me that Lucy lived there. She had returned from her work in the garden, and hearing I wanted her she came. She was oldish, with a queer vacant look, more foolish than guileful. She seemed distracted, and scarcely aware of me. All she wore was a loin-cloth, and over one shoulder was a bag which she had brought from her garden. She stood in front of her house with a few small leaves in her hand. Then she began to sing and dance. After a few steps she rubbed her hands together,

and unthreaded shell-money fell from them to the ground. She did this twice, and I asked to see her hands and the leaves. A few pieces of money were sticking to them, for they were very hot. I thought I could see the trick. However, when Simon, the chief who was her husband, came up, he sang her special song, and she danced again to it and again rubbed her hands, and a long string of money gradually dropped to the ground—a fathom long, white and moderately old. She seemed as though in a trance, and asked for a biscuit. She told me that a woman-spirit with four children lived on the next point of the island, in a stone house. Being spirits, they were visible only to herself. When one of them came into her, then the money came. She had seen one of the children coming, she said, before she sent for Simon to sing the song, but not during the song, and it was this child who had asked for the biscuit, and not she. How it was done I do not know. Those who read may perhaps explain it by saying I was hypnotised. The woman had quite bare arms and did not touch her bag; her husband sat a few yards from her on the ground and beat a drum whilst he sang. There was no collusion of any sort between the two.

A short time after this I saw Lucy quite happily taking part in a service in a church, and she looked a quiet old soul and incapable of deceit.

Three years after, being again in Motalava, Simon and Lucy came to me to ask for Confirmation, and I confirmed them. The next day I was told that

Simon had recently performed the ceremony of *Kolekole* over his new house. This is a custom connected with *Sukwe* which a man performs in order to gain prestige. It had required a great deal of money for presents to the people all round, and Lucy had got it for him through her *Nopitu*. The people now told me that Lucy at times was possessed by certain spirits which had come from Maewo and were friendly to her. They all had names, and they spoke through Lucy's mouth, and had done so all along. In return for the food they liked (red yams), they gave her money. But after my visit three years before Simon had told them through Lucy he wished to have no more to do with them, though they asked "Why? We are kind to you and give you money for the church. And we want to be baptised." During these three years no money came. The day before the *Kolekole* feast the spirits said, through Lucy, that they were hungry, and when they persisted he gave them their favourite food. Next morning a pile of shell-money was found outside the back door of the house by Lucy. She danced at the *Kole* feast, it was said, as only a *Nopitu* can dance. I sent for Simon. He said he was greatly troubled about these visitations, and felt that he had fallen into great sin in having dealt with the "spirits" again. I spoke to him about the Holy Spirit Whom he and Lucy had just received, and told him they need have no fear of any other. Whether or not he and Lucy since then have kept themselves free of *Nopitu*, I am not able to say.

It is scarcely a hundred and fifty years since witches were burnt in Europe, and in Britain too. Lucy's money-making would certainly have brought her to an uncomfortable end in those days. Here in the islands people are " kinder." I leave the performance open for some psychologist to explain.

No one who has lived amongst these primitive people will blame or despise them because of their superstitions. They see things happen which they cannot in any way explain. They know nothing of the power of mind over matter, and they see a man sicken and die after he is " bewitched." With Christianity the new idea comes to them that there is a great spirit, God, Who can protect them, and this new faith plants a new joy into their lives. The people of Motalava love their beautiful island. They enjoy its abundant food and its peace, and they love each other. They find partings very hard; yet there is scarcely an island in Melanesia to which they have not gone to teach the " way of Christ." Surely a tree is known by its fruit.

4. *Santa Maria.*

The Trade Wind, east to south-east, blows from April to December. Thus in the island of Santa Maria, Lakona, on the north side, is sheltered during this season, and Gaua, on the south, is rough and not easy to approach. This is one of the islands which accepts its best teachers, men and women, from Motalava.

The heathen people of Lakona—and there were

few at that time who were not heathen—were the most horrible in their customs of all our Melanesians. One could see how low they had sunk even by their faces; and their nature was so weak that we had to draw our teachers for them from elsewhere. Disgusting is the only word which will describe their heathen customs. For instance, a woman was expected to show her respect for her dead husband by staying in a room with his body until it was completely decomposed. Men and women changed wives and husbands whenever they pleased. If anyone objected, the men would fight. Two little boys showed me arrow wounds in their backs made when, as tiny children, they ran with their mothers from men who were " fighting " them. It struck me when I stayed with these people that the Motalava teachers, spending their lives amongst such degraded creatures, were the best results of our Mission work. Such bright lads those were to live with such a race as this in the bush of Lakona. These people are akin socially to the rest of the Banks Islanders, and yet so greatly inferior; it is difficult to say why, and it is the same on both sides of the island.

5. *Rowa.*

Rowa lies down-wind from Motalava about six miles. A great reef stands out to meet the force of the south-easterly gales and protects the very little, low-lying island from being overwhelmed by the sea. The down-wind side of the island is rather higher than the weather side, and it is there that the

real Rowa is. But when Patteson first came and made friends with the people, they liked him so well that they moved their village to the landing-place, to save him the trouble of walking across to them. One year a tidal wave swept across the part now occupied by the people, and they had to find safety in the trees.

This little island is of importance only because most of the shell-money in use in this Group is minted by the women there. Small discs of broken shell are ground down to about an eighth of an inch by rubbing on stones. Each bit is pierced with a native drill, a contrivance of two sticks and a string, and threaded on fibre. The women said they could make about two yards of it in a day. This would buy food equivalent to what we might buy for a shilling; it might be broken up into smaller pieces, or joined on to other strings for purposes of *Sukwe*.

William Qasvar, a deacon, was the old patriarch whose word was law here. There were not more than forty souls altogether, and they lived at peace with one another and the world, getting their living by minting money and fishing. Qasvar was, when young, one of Patteson's best crew-boys, and loved to talk about him. He was " very quiet," William said—not like Bishop John Selwyn, who was " quick." Patteson " understood the Rowa language, but did not speak it much. He understood all their languages, and knew what the people said in every place they visited. When they went to Erromango in the New Hebrides men crowded round their boat,

and chattered like birds. One of the Bishop's party asked, 'Who can speak to them?' He was sitting very quietly listening, but now he stood up and talked to the people in their own language." Old William showed me one day the ruins of the village on the higher ground which the Rowa people had left, and the two great round stones which the " giants " of old had caught as they fell from the sky and used as peg-tops, thrashing them with coco-nut leaves; there also was the enormous slab of stone which Urumal, the giant chief, brought in his canoe from Ureparapara and used as his bed. It weighed, I should think, about three tons.

William's church in the new Rowa was on the same scale as the " great men " of old. It measured 51 feet by 39, with north and south walls of white stone, and the east and west ends of some kind of reed interlacing. The floor, where not of cement, was of pumice-stone, and covered with mats. There were twelve long white stone seats set east and west, having nautilus and other shell decorations let into them. Half the church was chancel. Three steps led up to the altar, behind which was an ambulatory. There were thirty-five of us dotted about this large church. All the thatch for its roof had been carried by boat or canoe from Vanualava or Motalava. I used to feel that as much work had been put into it, in proportion to their numbers, as men gave to build our cathedrals in old days.

The sea-breeze blows constantly across the island during the south-east season. If one took shelter

from it, the mosquitoes at once made life a burden. William said they were not the plague that they used to be, but as he said so he fanned his face vigorously to drive them away. What mosquitoes were above ground the ants were upon it, and the barefooted natives continually brushed one foot against the other as they stood and talked. They were happier in the lagoon shooting fish with their bows and wire-pointed arrows than on land. Sharks of many kinds abounded, some hammer-headed, and sword-fish, but only the black shark was at all dangerous. This, the natives said, was always guided by its pilot fish, which, having bitten a man if he could, and drawn blood, would go back and tell his big friend lurking somewhere behind him. You catch the pilot, they said, and then the shark does not find you. When up only to their knees in the water they are not afraid to shoot an arrow into a shark; but if up to their middles they throw a fish, if they have one, beyond it, to encourage it to go, and then stand perfectly still, so as to be mistaken for a tree in the water.

Five of these Rowa boys were my boat's crew one year, and I could have wished for no better. They never grumbled, and could manage a boat as well as most white men. Sogotle was their leader, a big, strong, good-tempered fellow, whom I made my cook. To get a turtle for supper he one day dived from the boat, and caught one by the shoulders as it passed on its way to the open sea; disappearing for a time from view, he came up with the turtle, and,

turning it over on its back, fixed a line to one of its legs. So we had turtle chops and turtle eggs for supper.

6. *Torres Islands.*

Four inhabited islands fifty miles north of the Banks Group are called the Torres Group, and they are the loneliest place for a white man in all Melanesia. You can easily run down to them with the wind from the Banks, but there is no getting away from them once you are there if you have only a sailing ship, for Santa Cruz, which lies down-wind to the north, is a hundred and seventy miles distant. Ships therefore scarcely ever came there. A white man in the Torres Group was practically a prisoner until some steamship called.

When I first went there in 1894, the people had only recently given up the custom of exposing their dead on platforms in the middle of the village until they had completely rotted away, when the leg bones would be taken and turned into points for arrows. These arrows were beautifully made in three pieces: the shaft of a light reed, the point of a piece of bone about nine inches long, and between shaft and point, to give weight to it, a short length of heavy wood. An arrow thus made was a most deadly weapon, as the bone crumbled in the wound and almost invariably set up lockjaw. The men had the cartilage of their noses pierced, and carried in them short pieces of bamboo to prevent the closing of the hole. When a body was decaying in a village, sweet-smelling

herbs were put through their noses to deaden the stench. On two out of four of these islands the natives had recently decided to have schools and to accept Christianity; consequently fighting had ceased, and all the beautiful ironwood clubs and arrows were up for sale.

These islands held firmly to the *Sukwe* custom. No man might eat with a man of lower rank than himself, nor with any woman, because in *Sukwe* she had no rank at all. Thus there was no family life, and while they continued in *Sukwe* there could be none. For the same reason they could not, if they became Christian, become communicants. They were told by Mr. Robin, their white Priest, that in these circumstances it was useless to baptise them. In the *gamal* house with its many rooms and ovens there was much searching of heart. The men had " eaten up " to more or less high rank, from room to room, paying money and giving feasts at each step, uutil now Abraham and Simon sat in the highest room, adorned each one with a pig's tail in his ear, the rest sitting in the rooms which belonged to their rank. After two or three days the two chiefs began to " eat down," each eating food in a lower room every night. All the others followed their example, until all had passed back through the steps which they had paid so much to climb, and together they passed out, free from *Sukwe*, and then held a feast of rejoicing all together outside.

V

TIKOPIA

AWAY to the north-east, in latitude 13° south, and one hundred and forty miles from the Banks Islands —that is, to windward for sailing vessels—lie two small islands named Tikopia and Anudha. No trading ship visits them because they are small and difficult to reach. For that reason our own ship with its square sails had always passed them by. The race of men living on them was practically unknown. In 1901 we determined to break fresh ground and go to see what these islanders were like.

We started one evening from Mota at five o'clock, and at ten o'clock the next morning we sailed up to the island of Tikopia with a school of sharks alongside us. The water was too deep to anchor and a few canoes came off, but the men in them were timid. Most of the island was low-lying, but on the further side of it rose a mountain of considerable height; here on the lee side the water was calm, and we soon had a boat down and some of us went ashore. There we met two men who some years before had been to Mota, and these half-carried me across the reef and introduced us to the people.

At first sight they seemed a race of giants. Instead of being small brown people with frizzy hair, like our Melanesians, these Polynesians were tall with

long tawny hair falling down on their shoulders. They had great square jaws and their hands seemed enormous. One man appeared to be about six feet five and many were six feet. They had big frames, but from want of food, which a hurricane had destroyed, they were rather thin. The women had short hair and their large size did not strike one so much. They were more to the fore than Melanesian women are, and joined in the welcome given. Evidently they were allowed some say as to whether we should be kindly received or otherwise. The men carried no weapons, and told us it was not their custom to fight. We heard there were four " kings " in the island, but none of them came to see us.

I sent word to them that I wanted to leave two Motalava teachers with them; no definite answer came back, but the people were so friendly it was decided to leave them. These two Melanesians, Denmet and Zacchæus, looked absurdly small among the Tikopeans; they were rather nervous, but said they were not afraid. We gave them food, and saw the village where they would live. The houses were as small as the men were big, and we had to crawl into them on hands and knees. When we had done all we could to hearten up the two men we were leaving, we found a crowd on the beach, the women with circlets of frangipani flowers on their heads and round their necks, all singing in our honour. Our boat lying by the reef was full of these Brobdingnagian men, and almost sinking with the weight of them. Those not in the boat begged insatiably for pipes,

TIKOPIANS

TIKOPIAN CHILDREN

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and constantly we found their great hands in the trade-bags on our backs, or else in our pockets. They stole everything they could reach. With our boat full of them and down to the gunwale, we could not get away, until a very tall man with a black beard, who, we were told, was the son of one of the kings, came with a club and drove the men out of the boat, or pulled them out by the hair. That was our first experience of Tikopia. We stayed from half-past ten to half-past four. The noise was terrific all the time, with their shouting, singing, and laughing. We were the first white men that most of them had seen. Many followed us off to the ship in canoes which looked far too small for the men in them. They wished to see the last of us, and were timid no longer.

Three months later we picked up our teachers, and found they had been very kindly treated, but that food was so scarce the people were eating only every other day, and seventeen had died of hunger since our visit. We took away with them John, a big Ellice Islander, whom some chance ship had taken to Tikopia, and whom, being a stranger, the people would not feed. Their Motalava friends gave Denmet and Zacchæus a great welcome home, and made no difficulty about their returning to Tikopia the following year.

But it was two years before we could go to that island again, and this time we had a tremendous reception. Canoes full of men came off to greet us. We could hear the people ashore singing a song of

welcome. We rowed in, and landing I felt myself a poor weak white man in their hands. Many came up and asked for me—" Bisope ?" " Bisope ?" They begged me to show them my gold tooth, of which, I suppose, some of them had spoken. The men were dancing, and throwing their tawny manes first over one shoulder and then the other. A king, an old man of good size, was leading them. When they had finished, I introduced myself to him and sat down by his side. Through John, the Ellice Islander, I could talk to him in Mota. He begged me not to let the " missionaries " leave them again. After him, I came upon a lesser " king " sitting on a log, and I sat down on the ground beside him; but a man brought me another log to sit on. It was noticeable that these kings were treated with great respect, and no one was allowed to sit in front of them. The boys from the ship were driven away if they came too close, and their own people approached them on hands and knees. The beginning of a small school had been made, and I tried to persuade the kings to let me take two of the boys to Norfolk Island. They were not quite prepared for this, and needed time to think it over.

On leaving we had the same trouble as before in getting away. The boat was full of these giants, and there was again the need of a king's son to throw them out. We found the ship also full of men, fifty of them dancing with great vigour on the deck. Others had been putting their hands through port-holes and abstracting razors, and anything else their

fingers could reach, from the cabins. They filled the boat almost to sinking when we sent the two Motalava boys ashore again, but many still remained on board the ship. Happily the same king's son who had come to help us before, being as determined as we that we should not carry off a cargo of his people, with a face full of assumed or real rage, rushed at the mob of would-be passengers and threw them overboard into the sea. The swim of a mile or two was nothing to them, and the thought of sharks apparently worried them not. Brown heads with long hair dotted the open sea until they were picked up by the canoes. But still we could not get away, for there were men hiding in the boats and down below. These all had to be hunted out by our big friend, because one stowaway would have meant for us a return journey against the wind to put him back in his home. None of them minded being hunted and thrown overboard; in fact, they took it all as a great joke. Our skipper, however, did not see it in the same light, because he wanted to clear the land before dark. To the Tikopeans it was a splendid game, and the one who stayed longest on board the ship laughed louder than all as he dived into the sea, because he was the winner.

The next year, 1905, was a bad one. The two teachers fell ill, and the Tikopeans were not so sure as they had been that the school was in favour with the spirits. Accordingly, after we had removed the teachers, closed the school, and gone away, they put our friend John, the Ellice Islander, in a canoe with

two coco-nuts only for food, and set him adrift. This is their only way of dealing with anyone who has offended them; no violence is used, beyond what is needed to make him go. So John went to what seemed certain death; but he drifted down-wind to Vanikolo, about a hundred and fifty miles distant, and there, two years later, in 1907, we found him, and picked him up and brought him back with us to Tikopia.

This time they received us as long-lost friends. They soon recognised John on board, and were wild with delight. They rubbed noses and cheeks with him, and tore their faces with their nails till the blood ran down, to show their love for him. Whilst I talked to the four kings ashore, John came up and approached them on his hands and knees. Each blessed him with a hand on the back of his neck, and then raised his chin and kissed him. The prodigal had returned. The gods had not let him die. The school could not be so bad after all for the people. There was great noise, everyone chattering, singing, or dancing. They were all so glad to see the big ship again after two years. Nine men had been out to look for us. Four of them we had found at Vanikolo in a starving condition and almost demented, and as we were not going then to their island, we had carried them on with us to the Solomons, where they died. But of the other five nothing had again been heard. We promised that we would not leave them again, if they would agree to look after our teachers. It needed plenty of grit

in those young teachers to stay, and it was two other boys of Motalava, Edgar and Ellison, whom we left there this time. There was great singing at our departure. Frangipani wreaths were again the order of the day. We had promised that in future we would not pass the island by, and we had more than usual trouble in getting away, because so many of them wanted to come with us.

We felt we knew these people well by this time. Once my wife travelled round the islands with me and I took her ashore at Tikopia. She was, of course, the first white woman they had seen, and as soon as we came to the wide reef the women seized her and carried her across it to the land, some holding her head and shoulders and others her feet. They measured her long hair, and wanted to know if her body was the same colour as her stockings. The noise was stunning. "Father, give me pipe!" "No, is it no? All right!" They seized my hand, and shook it, and said "Good-bye!" and "Good-night!" Women and children swam round the boat. There was an abundance of food and everyone was well. It was an island where no white man's sickness had as yet come. They had beautiful little models of canoes to sell to us, at a cost of two hooks each, or of a string of beads, or of two sticks of tobacco.

By 1909 there were two good schools, and many could read and had learned to talk Mota. About two hundred people attended these schools. We found ten men from the neighbouring island of

Anudha (Cherry Island) waiting for us, that they might ask us to go and make schools in their island also. This was the result of a visit we had paid to them six months previously (when Captain Sinker had measured a man and found him forty-six inches round the chest and fifty round the stomach). Plenty of boys now were ready to go with us, and still more grown men. They were much less wild than before, and did not ask so unceasingly for pipes and tobacco. I met the four old "kings," who were sitting on low stools, each at his corner of a square; they were very friendly, and when I gave them presents they, for the first time, gave me food. Magnificent old men they were, with great strong faces and long hair resting on their shoulders. They were at last quite willing that two of their boys should go to Norfolk Island.

In 1910 we brought back these two boys, Bakiraki and Arikamua, safe and sound. Our idea now was that since the Tikopeans were Polynesian, not Melanesian, we ought to bring Maori teachers from New Zealand to carry on, both here and at Anudha, the schools which the Motalava boys had started. We therefore tentatively brought Kaini Puata, a Maori, and put him ashore with Mr. Durrad. The latter was the first white man ever to stay on Tikopia, and the people were rather afraid of him. I saw Taumako, the biggest king, and explained what I wished to do. I hoped, having his own boys back, he would care for the white man and the Maori. The old man was not enthusiastic, but agreed. Our Motalava

teachers were preparing a number of their hearers for baptism, and they told us that their goods were now safe.

Stealing, however, was one of the customs of the island—one man planted food, and as soon as it was ready to eat another would steal it. It was also the custom for a man who wanted to marry to have the girl of his choice brought to his sister's house (whether she might refuse to come, I am not sure). She would stay for one or two nights, and he would offer her food and betel-nut. If she accepted the food, then she also accepted him as her husband. If, on the other hand, she declined it, she also declined him, but must then drown, or lose herself in the mountain. A girl might ask a man to marry her, but if he refused to do so, again she should either hang or drown herself.

Two months later, in June, we came back to the island. This time no canoes came off to meet us. We went ashore, without any demonstrations of joy, and found the people frightened of us. A sailor on our ship had had a heavy cold when we put down Durrad and the Maori, and the germs carried ashore with them had attacked everyone in the island, and forty natives had died. The people therefore stood aloof from us until we assured them that we had now no sickness on board the ship. After that they were as friendly as ever, but much quieter. They sat around their old "kings," and I told them how grieved we were at having brought a white man's sickness which had never come to them before and

which caused so much trouble. I said that, in future, if we had any illness of any kind on board, we would pass them by without calling. The teachers and their wives saw plainly what this would mean for them—isolation from their friends for a year or two at a time; but they agreed to stay on. I noticed that all the Tikopean men's hair was now short, as a sign of mourning.

In November of this same year, 1910, we had a clean bill of health, and, remembering our promise to them, as large a crowd of natives as ever boarded the ship on our arrival. They danced on the deck to show their pleasure at our return. They flung their growing hair from side to side, and stamped their feet in time, making the ship shake. The sickness had passed away with our departure in June, and now there was great doubt in the island if it was really the ship that had brought it. The spirits might have caused it, but most thought that it was the whistle of the ship which had done it. We were asked not to whistle in future when we came. We got the teachers from the shore and rowed off in a boat, deep in the water as usual through the weight of natives in her. When we reached the ship all those on the starboard side of the boat tried to climb up the ship's ladder at the same time, and the boat capsized through the weight of those on the port-side. We were all in the water, but happily we had no baggage or goods with us. When shortly afterwards we went ashore again, we took the same king's son with us to pull passengers

out by their hair. Being a very important person, none of his people ever resented this rough treatment.

The following year, 1911, more canoes came off to us than ever. The ship was crowded as soon as the anchor was down. Every door was kept shut to prevent stealing, but one man was caught making off with the second engineer's overalls. On going ashore we heard the startling news that Ellison, one of the Motalava teachers, had married a Tikopean girl. We had not expected this, neither had he. His story was that a married woman had come to him and proposed marriage, and when he declined her, because she was already married, an unmarried girl had presented herself for the same purpose. If he had refused this one she must, according to custom, have drowned herself. Rather than that, he had asked the advice of the other teacher, Edgar, and of her chief. Edgar's story was that the girl asked Ellison many times to marry her, and said she would kill herself if he did not. Her sister came and scolded her, on which the girl threw her arms round Ellison's neck and would not let go. Her sister then gave her a slap on the back, and said, "Very well, then, now you are married!" and that, according to Edgar, married them in the eyes of the people. Edgar therefore himself married them—the big chief, Taumako, having given his consent—and so the brown Melanesian was married to a fair Polynesian of about twice his size. I gave him goods to pay for her, and more to buy some land with.

As a bachelor he had been fed, but as a married man he must grow his own food. The girl now affected great shyness. She had risked her life for the man of her choice and had won; but the custom of the island, which permitted this, forbade her to leave her father for a year. Apparently, even in Tikopia, there is a feeling that overtures of marriage from the woman to the man are not altogether desirable.

VI

SANTA CRUZ AND THE REEF ISLANDS

1. *Santa Cruz.*

ABOUT a hundred and fifty miles to the north of the Torres Islands lie Vanikolo, the island on which La Perouse, the French explorer, was wrecked and lost with all his crew in 1788, and Utupua.

These are islands of considerable height, but not very large. Reefs lie out from them two miles from the land. On one occasion after running down to them on a stormy night we found ourselves in shoal water, although still four miles or more from the reef. Our first thought of danger was when we saw a wave break ahead of us. Captain Sinker, who was standing under the bridge, rushed up to the wheel, and put it hard over, but for a moment a big wave seemed to have us at its mercy; we could see the bottom plainly, and had we touched, the wave would certainly have rolled us over. Fortunately there was just enough water for the ship, and the wave did not break. At right angles to our course we steamed slowly across the discoloured water, and reached the blue again. Quite possibly it was through this same shoal that La Perouse met his fate.

In my early days in the islands we passed these people by because we had no teachers to give them at that time; partly, too, because they lay to wind-

ward and were not easy to reach. They had a bad reputation, which they probably deserved. At any rate, they had murdered the three traders who had lived with them. Our system was always to make friends with the people, but not to put teachers ashore anywhere until they asked for them. When in 1903 we got our full-powered ten-knot steamer, we were able to visit these islands regularly, to thread our way through the channels off their reefs, and to make schools for them, giving them teachers from the Reef Islands who could talk their language. Once or twice I was given relics of La Perouse, such as coins, but all memory of that shipwreck of a hundred years before is lost.

Santa Cruz lies a hundred miles further to the north.

Spaniards formed a colony there four hundred years ago and tried to popularise it in Europe by giving it the name of Santa Cruz, and by saying that King Solomon found his gold there. The Spanish adventure came to nothing. The natives proved to be very strong in numbers, hostile and treacherous, and the colonists either perished by poisoned arrows or escaped in their ships two months after their arrival in 1606. All they left behind them were the names of Santa Cruz for the island and Graciosa for the Bay in which their expedition had ended its long voyage.

The Cruzians seem to be now exactly what they were then, except that their number is far smaller. It had not been hitherto a healthy place for the

white man. Patteson was attacked at one village, Otivi, when trying to become friends with the people, and two of his fellow-workers, Norfolkers—Fisher Young and Edwin Nobbs—were shot with arrows and died of tetanus. Commodore Goodenough, of H.M.S. *Pearl*, made a similar attempt in 1875, and he too was killed. It can scarcely have been a happy place for the people themselves; fighting and killing went on all the year round, and men poured their long arrows into each other's unprotected bodies, or into the women and children, with the natural result that now not many natives are left in Santa Cruz.

It was Bishop John Selwyn who won for us the people's goodwill by bringing back from Port Adam in the Solomons two Cruzians who had been blown away there, and who were on the point of being eaten when he rescued them. After that our men could go safely ashore anywhere, and on my first visit I was made much of by one of the great chiefs.

At least a hundred canoes would come off from the island to trade with us. The ship would lie half a mile off shore, surrounded by these canoes, which were wonderfully built out of hollowed-out logs painted white with lime. They had outriggers, on the platforms of which they carried small fowls, like bantams, for sale at two sticks of tobacco each, bundles of bows and arrows, bangles, and other things. The men would swarm up the ship's side. Like the Tikopeans, they are great thieves; we caught one of them trying with his teeth to screw an iron

bolt off the side of the ship. The din was always terrific, and none of us could understand a word they said.

Each man had over his shoulder a small net-bag, in which he carried his betel-nut, lime-pot and pepper leaf, and at all times their mouths were full of this mixture. The nose-ring falling across their mouths, and the betel-nut mess inside, has probably so influenced their language that perhaps it cannot be spoken with an empty mouth and undecorated nose. For other ornaments a man has a necklace of very small blue beads, a round flat shell breastplate, from ten to twenty turtle earrings in each ear, half a dozen shell armlets on each arm, a shell girdle, and a tight-fitting waistband of fibre. This last holds up his home-made loin-cloth, which hangs like an apron in front of him and like the tails of a coat behind, leaving the hips bare. Almost all have their left wrist bandaged to protect it from the string of the bow when they shoot, and no one goes anywhere without his bow and bundle of long red arrows tipped with human bone—as poisonous as native science and magic can make them.

The villages in Santa Cruz are quite unlike any others. Thick, low stone walls divide up each village in order to give defence against arrows. The houses are round and have conical roofs, surmounted with a slab of coral. In the middle of the village is the dancing-ground, a level circular space walled in with coral, about eighteen yards in diameter, smooth and beaten flat by the feet of the dancers.

A man who inherits a dancing-ground is not to be envied, for his friends and acquaintances may come at any time and from any distance and ask for a dance, and it is incumbent on the owner on all occasions to provide a feast for all who come. One of our people was kept in a state of poverty owing to his father having aspired to the ownership of a dancing-ground. The *gamal*-houses (called here *mandai*), three or four in each village, are fairly large square buildings with low openings, through which an enemy can see but little of the men inside. In some villages there was a large ghost-house into which we would be invited. It was slightly higher than the rest, but of the same square build as the *mandai*. One crawled in through a hole hidden with banana leaves, and saw inside a heavy square structure on which gifts and sacrifices were placed, and in front of it a number of coloured and pointed white wooden stocks tied in a row to a rail; each stock representing a father, grandfather, or near relation of one who still cherished his memory and offered gifts to his ghost. On the matted floor were different parts of canoes, brought here to receive a ghostly blessing before a voyage. A few conch-shells were the only other things to be seen. The walls were painted with rough designs of canoes, pigs, and food, intimating requests for safe voyages and for plenty. Before a fleet of canoes started on an expedition the men lived in the ghost-house for some days to acquire power; but there was no sense of awe or peculiar reverence for it, and the men who

took us into it chatted, laughed and smoked their pipes, as though it were a common *mandai*.

Old Natei, a great chief, at the time of my first visit to Santa Cruz lived near Nelua, some miles up the coast. This village then had a school, and it was very important that I should make friends with the old chief. Until recently he had lived in another village, and it had been his custom to hire men from a neighbouring place to come to shoot arrows into the houses of the school-people at Nelua. Taape, however, the village whence he had hired his men, had itself lately accepted a school, and now Natei was behaving better. He built a tiny village close to Nelua, and it remained very small indeed because so few men could live with him; he fined them too readily and too exhaustively. I was told that when his brother died he had asked one of the Christians if it were true that men live again after death. When he heard it was so, he said it was good news; nevertheless, he fined the whole school village heavily as a more immediate and tangible consolation for himself.

The old man was sitting outside the opening to his *mandai* waiting to receive me in state. There was an unmistakable air of dignity about him, as, indeed, there is about all these Santa Cruz chiefs. He was tall with grey hair, was perfectly dressed in Cruzian fashion and plainly accustomed to command. He sat and gave us welcome, and then asked us to follow him into the *mandai*, where he gave each of us a head-rest and a fan, and made us lie down. It is not the

fashion to talk to your host on such occasions, and we talked amongst ourselves, I and my boys, and the Cruzians amongst themselves. We discussed the fittings of the house, the great net for catching pigs, the shark-ropes, the heavy structure erected over the fire in the middle of the house on which were stored bags of nuts, the massive beams of the roof and other things; whilst Natei discussed my clothes and my appearance generally. Then he beckoned us to come and see his own private house. Here we found his eight wives, all very curious about us. On the platform over the fire were many bags containing red feather-money. There was so much of it that, when the village was burnt down, the people left their own dwellings to burn whilst they protected this wonderful treasure store. Again we sat on the matted floor and talked to one another, whilst Natei did the same with his wives. Then he began to throw presents to me of bags, mats, and food. I had been told that I must not look too closely at them or appear too pleased, as undue elation would mean, in Natei's eyes, that I was not a man of standing or accustomed to being treated in this way. Old Natei received my presents in exactly the same way. Then his wives began to throw me things, but they had no dignity to keep up and showed great anxiety to get something nice in return. When they had received some little gifts they all tried to say "Thank you," and giggled much over their efforts. This ended my interview with the old heathen chief; we had become friends, and that was all. I do not

think I ever saw him again, for he died soon afterwards.

It was very striking here in Santa Cruz, where there was so much fighting and bloodshed; where no trader yet (in 1894) had dared or cared to set up his store; where the leaders of the people were " sharks " of the type of old Natei; to see in the three places where we had schools (Nelua, Taape and Te Motu) great strapping men in their native dress humbly kneeling to say their prayers. On Sundays the little churches were filled, the men, of course, greatly outnumbering the women, because there was a feeling that it was not quite proper for men and women to go to one school; and if not to one school, then not to one church. There was no slackness on the women's part. Many of them swam the river in the morning on the way to their school, and when the river was in flood they swam out to sea, and reached the village in a roundabout way. I baptised five of their babies, who screamed with terror, no doubt at my white face, although at the time I supposed that it was from the discomfort of having large rings in their noses covering their mouths, and eight or nine turtle-shell earrings hanging like bunches of grapes from their ears. The people were all extremely friendly; every man gave me a present of some kind, and I, of course, did the same to them, and more than forty women came into my house for the same purpose. When all was finished the men said " Thank you," one after the other, rather as soldiers fire a *feu de joie*; but the women said it all together, like a volley.

They are the cleanest natives in Melanesia and have no love for our clothes, and yet they are subject to pulmonary diseases, and if taken from their own island and ways of living generally die. In Norfolk Island they were delicate, and it was forbidden by law to take any Santa Cruzian or Reef Islander to Queensland.

I found more chest trouble in Santa Cruz than in any other island, and made mustard poultices until my stock of mustard ran out. After that I had to keep my patients alive by faith. I visited one splendid specimen of Cruzian manhood for a fortnight. He was now very ill, and women were trying to relieve his bed-sores. I know that it was only his faith in me which kept him alive. The time came when I had to leave him, and then he seemed to die. He was painted red, and all his coils of red money were unwound and hung up around him, to be distributed later as legacies. He was carried on the women's heads to his grave, but on the way he coughed, and so was borne back to his house. There I saw him on my return a week later, lying with rings in nose and ears, his body still red with turmeric and unwashed, because the paint was too valuable to be lost. Thus miserably uncomfortable he remained for a few days, and then died.

In most of these islands the death-rate amongst the children was very high, and the reason seemed to be that the mothers cram their babies' mouths with yam and similar foods—sometimes, indeed,

first chewed by themselves, but often without even that preparation.

The Santa Cruz men are sometimes met miles out at sea fishing for sharks from their small canoes. The shark-ropes, which one saw in every *mandai*, are made of a tough fibre. Two men will paddle out to sea, and having lashed one end of the rope to the canoe and made a noose at the other, rattle a ring of dry coco-nut shells in the water to attract a shark. If successful, a bait of pig's flesh is lowered into the water to lead it into the noose; there, with luck, it is made fast. The canoe is probably upset in the struggle, and the men swim after it as it is drawn away from them; then, when the shark tires, the water is shaken out of the canoe by a backward and forward thrust, the men climb in and pull in their catch. Shark is considered a prime delicacy in Santa Cruz. When I asked some fishermen if sharks never ate them, they laughed at the idea, and said, " No, we eat the sharks !"

At the time of my first visit we had a lay missionary on the island, the only white man who could ever talk the language. When he left, a young New Zealand doctor, Jack Williams, took charge, living at Te Motu, on the northern head of Graciosa Bay. In 1896 we arrived one night from the Solomons after a long, rough passage, and the doctor came off in his boat to meet us. He said: " I am so glad you've come; there is going to be an awful row in the morning." A heathen of Te Motu had done something wrong, and if he did not pay for it that night

another village was coming at daybreak to fight them. Our ship had come just in the nick of time, when the young doctor was feeling rather uncomfortable; they would not fight, probably, whilst we were there. I went ashore with him, and by two in the morning the money had been paid by the offender and we were all able to lie down and sleep. All was peace afterwards. I dedicated the new church for the Christians and baptised eighteen of them. I had been much troubled with fever and sleeplessness before our arrival; the excitement cleared these away too.

Nelua and Te Motu villages lay outside Graciosa Bay, and the people of both were enemies of all the people within it. In 1906 I went ashore from the *Southern Cross* inside the Bay, wishing to get at the crowd of people who lived there. I could get no one to come with me from Te Motu; had I picked up a boat's crew there the Bay people would probably have shot them. I landed, therefore, from the *Southern Cross* just inside the head, on the southern side, at a village called Neundang. My five crew-boys came from Rowa in the Banks Islands and, being neutrals, were safe. At first the people were friendly, believing that I was a trader, and that tobacco would be plentiful.

The following morning, however, one of the chiefs, Maplo, came with a few of his men to ask me if I were "going to walk about a-long coco-nut" or "a-long school." Much to their disappointment, for they would certainly get less tobacco than they

had hoped for, and, worse, their women would want to go to school—which would be very bad for everyone—I answered, "Along school." They therefore did not mince matters, but told me plainly I must go away. I left some gifts behind me, and retired across the Bay to Te Motu. There I was received with great joy and many reminders that they had "told me so"; their enemies had shown me how bad they were; besides which, and much more important, I must now stay with them, and my tobacco would gradually fall to them and to their villages instead of to their enemies. These motives for friendship were inevitable at first, no doubt. Yet I had some happy days with them and saw a good deal of their ways and customs.

The school village at Te Motu was one amongst many heathen villages, and whilst I was there the school-people came regularly to church, which I scarcely think was their usual custom under our Cruzian teachers. I counted eighteen women on one side of the church, each with a yellow shawl over her head—"out of respect for the men," I was told. A number of small boys with rings in their noses were in the middle aisle, and about thirty stalwart men, in native dress, by themselves. The teacher hoped that someone else would start the hymns, for it was many years since he was at Norfolk Island, and he had forgotten the tunes. As no one else did, he tried to do so himself, but I could detect only a far-off resemblance to tunes I had heard, and no more.

Every day I stayed at Te Motu I went about seeing people in other villages. It was a time of peace for all. They were busy in their gardens or on the reef, and were glad to see me, although I could not talk to them. Te Motu is really part of an islet off Santa Cruz—Trevannion Island, which forms the northern side of Graciosa Bay. There was little Christianity on it so far, but everyone seemed to keep " Sunday " as a day of rest whenever it suited his purpose. Many, indeed, kept two " Sundays " each week, and explained that they were doing no work, nor anything in particular, because it was " Sunday." A few days after my arrival in Te Motu a man was killed a mile from the village. He had been a bad character from boyhood, and, being utterly lawless, had made himself a general nuisance; he refused to pay any fines for his misdeeds, and had lately killed someone's pigs, and the only satisfaction he could offer for this was to fight the owner. In the heathen parts of the New Hebrides he would have been killed and eaten, but here in the Santa Cruz group the people were not cannibals, and they had borne patiently with him, therefore, until now. The whole people were demanding his death, so some of them hunted him into the bush, put four arrows into him, then chased him down to the sea, where they finished him off.

A few days later I had a message from the people inside the Bay at Neundang, inviting me back, so I packed up my goods to try my luck again. Three Te Motu men started with us, but jumped out of

the boat after thinking it over, and swam back, preferring safety in their own village to the risk of being killed. This time the Neundang people wished me to remain and offered to sell me some land at a place called Namu close by. I paid sixty pounds of tobacco for an acre or two with a stream running behind it, and thirty more for all the fruit trees on it—which was at the rate of about four shillings for each coco-nut or fruit tree. The cost to me of this transaction was about £4 10s., a very good price for land that no one except myself wanted. I arranged for a leaf-house to be built and for the land to be cleared.

I visited a few villages along the coast outside the Bay, at one of which Commodore Goodenough had been killed, and at another Edwin Nobbs and Fisher Young.

At Nelua, now only a ruin, I had news that one of the teachers at Te Motu was dying, so I returned at once to look after him. He died that night, and the next day was spent by the people in mourning and preparing for his burial. I went to see him and found his body being prepared. His head lay on a wooden rest; his armlets had sweet-smelling herbs stuffed under them, and women sprinkled his body with red turmeric. He was red all over, whilst his friends had made themselves black with charcoal. Before the funeral everyone, or at any rate all the school-people, washed themselves, and the procession moved off to the grave, headed by a woman. Behind came the body wrapped in a

native cloth and lying on a bit of an old canoe carried on the heads of the women. After the service everyone threw leaves on the body. A small boy was frightened and tried to escape, but his father carried him to the grave and made him throw in a leaf. Then the heathen, many of whom had stayed beyond the graveyard wall, came over it and tore leaves from the trees and threw them in.

On my walk round Trevannion Island (Te Motu) all the people were glad to welcome me and my Banks Islands boys. Everywhere they invited us into their club-houses, and gave us mats to sit on and wooden head-rests, in case we wished to recline whilst they talked about us. In each village the chief, or chiefs—for there were generally at least two of them—sat before me smiling amiably as they chewed their betel-nut, wonderfully dignified in their carriage and all their movements. With their hair whitened by lime, their nose-rings and bunches of earrings, their chest and arm ornaments, and their very gracious manners, they were far from being savages. They had risen to their high rank, however, not by bravery in war, but by the accumulation of wealth. In fact, few warriors can ever attain to chieftainship because, either they are soon killed in fighting, or their own people kill them for thinking too much of themselves. The chiefs were in a class alone, and when speaking, or entertaining me in their *mandai*, all their men would keep silence. When royalty retired these would come round like a swarm

of bees, showing spoons made out of nautilus shell, which they wished me to buy with tobacco.

As I spent my nights in these houses, in which all the men and boys slept, there was no getting away from them. Forty or fifty pairs of eyes watched every movement. If we fried sausages there was a rush to see the operation. The way we ate them with knife and fork interested them just as much. Pouring out coffee or getting milk out of a tin made a sensation; when sugar was added and butter spread on a biscuit, all eyes gazed. A tin of peaches was opened, and I offered some to them. Very wry faces were made at the idea of eating such stuff. Some, however, tasted and liked it. Presently my boys and I would read our Evensong by the light of two hurricane lamps, the bright eyes and white limed heads still all round us. In the morning when I washed they sat up to see yet another interesting performance. I asked them if they would retire outside, and they at once went, but took up positions whence they could watch my doings through the cracks of the walls. I was generally tired enough to sleep well, but at any time in the night a man might suddenly start singing, and in one *mandai* a large pig came and lay down by my side. Sometimes the young men left the house, having seen all the "sights," and danced on the round dancing-ground just outside, singing, stamping and grunting until the early hours of the morning. The only really quiet period of the night was just before dawn.

The villages were all so close together that I could visit half a dozen of them in one day. I watched the men weaving their mats with rough looms—very slow work indeed. Patterns were made by threading black banana leaf through white pandanus, with admirable effect. I saw other men making their beautiful feather-money. Pigeon feathers are glued together on a flat piece of wood three inches square. Each layer of these dark feathers is then tipped with the red feathers from the breast of a small bird of the Honey-eater family. The layers are bound together with string passed round them, so that only the red shows on the surface. A length of about fifteen feet is coiled up and preserved in a bag over the fire, to constitute a part of the wealth of a chief, or a less important member of the community. Some of it would be used as a part of the price of a wife—two red coils, and perhaps a hundred more, with the red more or less perished, being the average price of a girl. At a man's death it would be hung round the body to show his wealth. Again, I would watch men making string for their nets and fishing lines, rolling the fibre on their bare thighs; boys, with their delicate hands and fingers, forming marvellous cat's cradles with this string—schooners, houses, volcanoes, nuts, and all kinds of shapes; because I provided a market for them, men were spending hours on the reefs grinding nautilus-shell spoons. Whip-cracking, with tremendous reports, I found a nuisance in some places, but the greatest of all was the incessant craving to trade—that is, to buy my

tobacco with mats. It was considered very good business if they could palm off on me some rubbishy old thing, and get precious tobacco for it. Of course, I could actually say very little to them. I had an interpreter, but he was a bad one. When I began a short speech in a *mandai* with the words, " I don't want to deceive you," he translated it as, " Don't tell lies to me." Yet we made friends wherever we went, and time after time the people asked me to find teachers for them. It was impossible to teach them anything, but they watched us when we prayed. The village ghost-house was always just outside the *mandai*. The idea did not occur to them that their ghosts might object to us and make them sick as a punishment for sheltering the teachers of a rival religion.

Two villages at which we stayed were at war with each other. The people of Venga were keeping back a piece of money belonging to the village of Nemba. A Nemba man with his wife and another woman then went to Venga to recover the money, and the Vengans stole the other woman, whereupon he shot a Venga man (who recovered). The Venga people then shot a Nemba woman—which should have made things square; but she happened to be with child, and so there were two deaths to be paid for by Venga. The custom here was that, in order to make peace after fighting, the side which had killed the larger number must hand over to the other side sufficient babies or children to be shot to make the tally equal. I had to persuade the Nemba people to make peace without

killing Venga babies. They said they wanted a life, but, as they wished to follow the new way that I was teaching, they would make peace if Venga paid for the woman they had stolen. This was agreed to, and so we came away in good spirits.

There was a very large number of boys in all the villages, but few old men. Probably most of the men die by arrow before they attain to any great age. I saw little of the women or girls; they seemed to be dirty and untidy generally—a contrast to the men.

Two other white men were now in Santa Cruz, both traders, one working for the other, and the people asked me sometimes if they might kill them. Had I not very emphatically forbidden it, they would have done so, and said that I had ordered it. Once a chief, friendly to me, prevented one of the traders from being hacked down on the deck of his ship when the knife was already raised to strike. Passing down the Bay one day, my boat was surrounded by men in canoes, who said they were fighting the white men. I went ashore and found the white men's house in a state of defence, and themselves on guard with Winchester rifles and their ship's crew and about forty friendly natives. Two tables lay on their sides for defence, and a hole had been cut in a wall to fire through. All eyes were on the bush behind the house. The canoes had gathered in front, at some distance away. The traders asked me to stay, and I did so, until the canoes eventually paddled off, possibly because I was there, and all likelihood of attack was over. While at breakfast a native came

in to say a woman outside wanted to see one of them; thinking it to be a ruse, they rushed out with rifles, and the woman, alarmed, fled into the bush. This was the end of the "siege." Without doubt it cleaned up things and in some ways did good, for I heard no more complaints by Cruzians against the white men. Shortly afterwards the trader in charge went away and married. The other, a Russian, was, I believe, dismissed.

3. *Reef Islands.*

I went to Namu (where I had bought land), inside Graciosa Bay, to see how the men were getting on with my house, and found they had prepared all the posts and thatch, and had cut the bananas which they would eat while building. When these were ripe they would begin work.

As it would be quite a month before they finished my square, one-roomed *mandai*, I rowed up the coast eastwards to get as far in that direction as possible before hoisting sail to make for the Reef Islands, which lie forty miles to the north of Santa Cruz. The day was fine, but the waves fairly large. We ran up them and bumped down on the other side, throwing up fine clouds of spray. Steering by compass, we sailed out into the open sea. After travelling thirty miles, it seemed into nowhere, we sighted the tops of trees about ten miles away, showing we had made leeway and were well on our course. An hour and a half later we were ashore at Matema, a low-lying coral island, after a five and a half hours'

journey. For some reason Andrew Veleio had expected us, and the day before he gave his pupils as a writing lesson to copy from the blackboard these words: "*Tamanina te ninga qarig*" ("Our father will arrive to-day"). How he knew I was coming I have no idea.

All the Reef Islands, the tops of sunken mountains covered with coral, are small and low-lying in a cluster in the open sea. There are no anchorages, the sea being very deep on all sides of them, even between those which lie quite close to one another. The people are light-brown Polynesians, or have a strong strain of Polynesian blood in them. From time to time the traders at Santa Cruz would visit them; otherwise they had no dealings with any ship or white man except the *Southern Cross* and ourselves.

Of these Reef Islands, Nukapu, the one in which Bishop Patteson was killed in 1871, is to us the most interesting. It is very small, and I found one easily walked around it on the beach in twenty-five minutes. Scarcely twenty natives were left on it, but there were the remains of at least three villages. It has great and beautiful trees with large leaves, under which one could sit in the heat of the day. To the north is a wide lagoon enclosed in a reef which stretches some distance out to sea. Across this reef Patteson had found his way alone, and paddled himself to the shore, on the day of his murder. A small *mandai* stands just above the beach, having taken the place of the large one in which Teanduli killed him with his club.

Outside it is the iron cross which Bishop John Selwyn erected to his memory some years afterwards. Upon it are the words: " In memory of John Coleridge Patteson, Missionary Bishop, whose life was here taken by men for whom he would gladly have given it. September 20, 1871."

The story, as I heard it on the spot, was that the Bishop came a few days after a kidnapping ship had been there, in the hold of which there had been a desperate struggle when the hatches were put on to keep the natives down. One man, Teanduli, held by the leg, escaped after receiving a severe blow on the head. Five, however, were carried away, wounded, after they had tried to cut a hole in the side of the ship. When the Bishop came to Nukapu, Teanduli's relations had already planned to kill him if he should land by himself. He did so, because the unfriendly conduct of the men in canoes outside the reef convinced him that something was wrong ashore. In the *mandai* he stretched himself out, with his head towards the door on a wooden rest. Teanduli came in. No one in the house noticed that the hand behind his back held a short club. They remarked that each time he moved he came closer to the Bishop. Suddenly he struck him a blow on the forehead. Everyone, surprised, rushed out of the house. The chief came in with bow and arrows to kill the murderer, but he had escaped to the bush. Teanduli's relations had also arranged to attack the boat which was waiting for the Bishop beyond the reef, and this they did from their canoes, wounding

with their arrows three of the crew, including Joseph Atkin, a young New Zealander; all died of tetanus within ten days. Probably it was also Teanduli's friends who wounded the Bishop's dead body with arrows. They carried it outside the *mandai*, and the women prepared it for burial, whilst men dug a grave for it near a point of the island. Covered with coco-nut leaves, one of which had five knots tied in its fronds for the five men who had been stolen, it was placed by the women in a canoe to be conveyed to the grave. Then the ship's boat was seen coming across the reef—for the tide having now risen, the boat could float over it into the lagoon—and the people fled into the bush. The Captain took the Bishop's body and buried it at sea.

The chief was furious with the murderer for killing the one man who might have got back for them those who had been stolen. The quarrel between these two ended, however, by Teanduli paying four pieces of feather-money as a fine. A month or two later a warship came. A man who thought himself a brave stood on the south-west point shaking his bow and arrows at the ship. The people say there was a puff of smoke on the ship's side and a shot carried off the man's head. Then six boats came in and "sowed" the island with bullets. The coco-nut trees still show the marks of them. Every canoe and house and all the money in them were destroyed. Cannon shots passed right through the island and fell into the sea beyond. Teanduli later went to Santa Cruz, and was shot there by a native of Matema

in a fight. Of the five who had been kidnapped only three returned, and they brought with them dysentery, from which almost everyone in the island died.

The first of the Reef Islands on which I stayed, Matema, one could walk round in ten minutes. Except for hollowing out trees for canoes and fishing, the people of the island have little to do; and whilst I was with them they did nothing at all, except lie on their backs in the school-house, where I was, and sing hymns or converse. After a time their chatter and laughter, the spitting out of red betel-nut juice, the smoke of their vile tobacco, and the smell of the fish they had either been eating or had brought in to eat, would get on my nerves, and I would ask them to go out for a time. Poor souls, they were greatly surprised; they had been treating me with special courtesy according to their ideas, by never leaving me alone! I would escape three or four times a day and take refuge under the trees. The heat even there was great, and I had a touch of fever consequent upon their polite treatment.

In the next island, Pileni, again there was no getting away from the people: they sat and watched me all day. Every village has its *mandai*, one of which serves as a ghost-house, always with memorial white-painted stocks (here called *Duka*), fastened to a rail, some having little stocks attached to them in memory of children who had died. A sailing canoe dips its sail as it passes one of these, that its ghosts may give the passengers good weather. The people of Pileni are more Polynesian than Melanesian, and

INTERIOR GHOST HOUSE, MATEMA, REEF ISLANDS

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on starting their school afresh I found them very intelligent. The school had collapsed some time before because of a murder committed by two of these Pileni men in Nukapu. Kulingi, the victim, was a braggart and claimed to be braver and stronger than anyone else. Nothing annoys these people more, so the school-going people punished him by expulsion. He then threatened to break their bell, and it was decided to kill him. He quarrelled with his wife, who had taunted him with fearing the men who were seeking his life. He would show her that he was not afraid to die. " Very well," he said, " it shall be to-day." He went to the *mandai* and called out, " Let us go, brothers !" Domo, a Pileni man, cried out from inside, " It is his day !" Two other Pileni men went and joined Domo on the reef where Kulingi stood, and each fired an arrow into him. He said, " It is finished now, my brothers; I am dying. Let me go and see my children." But they thrust him through the chest with a fishing spear.

This was the kind of brutal murder which, with dysentery added, has reduced the Reef Islands, once well peopled, to a mere remnant.

The little island of Nifololi was in trouble when I called, for a boy of another small island, called Banga, had died during his stay at Norfolk Island, and Banga people were therefore fleecing Nifololi, which, being a school-island, might be considered responsible for his death. Others were helping Banga, and poor little Nifololi was having a bad time and expecting an attack.

In one of the villages of a long island called Fenualoa, to which I next came, there had been a wanton murder, and the man who did it, a fine-looking young fellow, sat beside me in the *mandai*. A sailing canoe from here had been lost at sea, so someone had to suffer for it. A party of men from Matema happened to call in; they soon knew they were in danger (although they had nothing to do with the canoe) because no food was given to them. Presently one was seized from behind and killed.

In one of these islands I met the father of a boy named Kesi. He had nearly shot two of our teachers when the news of the death of his son at Norfolk Island reached him, and when I myself arrived on the *Southern Cross* and tried to comfort him, he foamed at the mouth, fingering his bow and arrows, and I thought he would shoot me. He now, a year or two later, took me to his house, and gave me and my boys a good feed. I said to him, " The last time we met I thought you were going to shoot me." He laughed and answered, " And so did I !"

They are just like children in some ways, tremendously angry and foaming at the mouth at one moment, and laughing the next. I made friends with one old fellow who had a long beard consisting of only about twelve hairs growing from the point of his chin and reaching down to his waist, with a large blue bead in the middle of it and another at the end. It was a common thing to see men shave themselves by pulling out the hairs with two shells in each hand.

No food is grown in most of these islands, because in the coral soil nothing can be persuaded to grow. The people fish, and make nets and sailing canoes which they sell to the natives of the Duff Group, fifty miles off, or, when the wind is fair, they go in their big sailing canoes to Santa Cruz. They can only go before the wind, and if they meet a land breeze, even though only a short distance from their destination, they are obliged to turn round and go home, however hungry they may be. They have shallow wells of good water which fill up as the tide comes in, but are empty when it is low. The women come with their babies and coco-nut shells and sit round as the water gradually rises. Many of the trees bear fruit, which prevents actual starvation, although at times the whole population is hungry. Rats abound, but are not eaten. One sees them everywhere, and on three successive nights the poultices that I put on my patients were eaten off them by the rats. Frequently I would hear the note of a bird which the people called a *koko*, no doubt some kind of cuckoo. Large pigeons settled in the branches of the high trees could be brought down with a gun by my boys, whose sharp eyes could see them when I could not.

There are two little islands called Banga Netepa and Banga Nendi. The first is a lovely little place raised possibly eighty feet above the sea. It is entirely of coral formation, and the road to its village leads through a limestone tunnel with stalactites hanging from the roof. The only water

in the island is to be found in the holes which the natives scoop out of the stems of the coco-nut trees. The rain runs down the stem from the leaves, and is caught in these reservoirs, which sometimes hold two or three gallons. Yams, bananas and *tomago* all grow here, besides the fruit-bearing trees which are common in the larger islands. A walk of a mile took us to the other side of the island, where from the top of the cliff we looked down on a tremendous swell rolling in, the result of a few days' strong wind. Terrific seas were breaking on the rocks below us, yet the sea beyond was a deep blue and without a ripple. We could see a large shoal of fish a little way from the shore—light blue, in the deep blue of the ocean—and a large shark with a little one, lying in the very midst of the shoal, occasionally perhaps snapping up an unwary fish when it came within reach, though unable to catch a single one in a fair chase. Then came a big fat turtle, to lie sprawling on the top of the sea above them all.

In a fenced-in graveyard on the shore near the little village in which I passed the night was a large platform above a grave, on which old pieces of feather-money were rotting. The custom is to place a roll of money over the grave of each rich man, and food over that of every other man, immediately after death, in case his soul should be hungry. Afterwards they protect the graves, but do not offer sacrifies to the ghosts. There are a great many spirits to whom sacrifices are offered, each man having a special one. But sacrifices to

the ghosts of the dead so commonly offered throughout these islands, are, I was told, not made here.

I spent my time in the Reefs in making new schools and reviving old ones. In all of them it was now held that if they had schools, that would stop the fighting and perhaps lessen the sickness; in practically every village, therefore, my crew-boys were asked to stay and teach. There was a longing for schools everywhere, though in some places probably the chiefs wished things might remain as they were. The chief was in all cases the richest man in the village, and so had great influence; if his son were rich he would succeed him, but, if not, someone else would who was richer. As their wealth came very largely from immoral sources, which the acceptance of Christianity would remove, it was natural that the chiefs should prefer things to remain unaltered. But the young men were all for change. When we visited the Duff Group, these surrounded one of the chiefs, who was refusing my offer of a teacher and a school, and in great excitement asked him why he refused "this thing which will be our life."

During my stay in the Reefs I went, at each village, into the *mandai*, and sat down for a friendly talk. Betel-nuts were thrown to my crew-boys, and they made a small present in return. I gave three or four sticks of tobacco to the chief, and ten or more to his men; out they went then, and returned with kits of dried bread fruit or *tomago*. A big dish containing balls of *tomago* swimming in coco-

nut oil was nearly always ready, and was excellent in its way. Then the chief would call me out of the *mandai* that I might see the women in his house. They gave me more pudding and more kits of food, and I gave them sticks of tobacco and received small mats in return.

Where there was no school-house, as in Fenualoa, I slept in the *mandai*. One night as I lay on the floor a dog and its puppy came and lay beside me, and a pig ate up a bag of my cooked food. I was quite ready to start early the next morning.

I asked a native teacher, Andrew, to tell me something of the "religion" of the Reef Islanders generally. He said they offer sacrifices to spirits, but they have no altars. A pig is killed anywhere and distributed near the *duka*, the desire of everyone, men, women and children, being to have communion with the spirits of the village as a means of protection. They have no fixed seasons for these sacrificial feasts. If a man wishes to give a dance he gives it, and sacrifices afterwards. There are no prayers, sacrifices, or thanksgivings in connection with the fruits or seasons. The heathen mother of Andrew, the Reef Island teacher, when there was a lack of food, asked her son as a Christian to pray to God, which she could not do, that the fruit-trees might bear. Nor are there offerings before meals. But a sacrifice is offered when a new dancing-ground is opened; the *duka* are then placed in the middle of the dancing-ground, and a pig is tied up in front of them and killed Their

belief is that the spirit sees the sacrifice and is pleased, and will help the offerer. Propitiatory sacrifices are offered before starting on canoe voyages, to ward off calamities by sea and by land. A *duka* is carried in the " cabin " of a sailing canoe, and a piece of food is thrown on the roof of the cabin before starting. During the voyage the men talk to the spirit, as they would speak to a man, asking for a fair wind. It is not customary to offer sacrifices for rain or drought, but to pay money for them to a rain-maker.

There are no sacrifices to the spirits on account of sin; in fact, there is no conception of sin except as an offence against man which brings retaliation. Theft, for instance, is a sin against the man whose goods are stolen, and dangerous to the thief, because the injured man will invoke his spirit's aid, who may punish him. Murder, again, is a sin, because the dead man's ghost may avenge it. To avoid this danger a murderer goes to a rain-maker and buys medicine which makes him invisible to the ghost. The *duka* in the ghost-house may injure anyone who fails in respect to them, for each represents a dead man, woman or child, and their ghosts resent any careless handling of their effigies, or any undipped sail as a canoe goes by. It is not safe to go for too long without offering a sacrifice. The spirit will then enter into someone, who speaks thus: " I have heard that the spirit is angry, and will kill you." The man asks why he is angry. " Because you have offered no sacrifice to him." Then he offers, and

the anger passes away. When Patteson was killed, the murderer gave four pieces of money to his chief because he had killed the man who might have got justice done for the stealing of the Nukapu men. The sin here was against the chief, and not against any abstract sense of good.

Every village has its own spirits, one for each walled-in group of houses, of which there may be two or three in a village. But it is only the men who pay any regard to them; the reason for this is that the women and girls will marry men outside the wall within which they have been brought up, and therefore will live beyond reach of the spirit of their own native village. The spirit of their adopted home also will be nothing to them because they had not belonged to it. Thus women have none whom they can propitiate. But they have souls, just as men have. If ill, they do not themselves call on a spirit to help them, but on a rain-maker, who invokes the woman's dead relations, asking them, because they are strong, to help the woman, who is weak.

Souls of both men and women live again after death. The body is buried, but the soul is driven by spirits into the sea. A large fish bites it, and the blood bubbles up. All the dead relatives of the deceased catch the drops of blood, and with these make new ghosts. Each puts the drop of blood he has caught in a bowl, and covers it over with leaves. After five days they lift up the leaves, and they see that a change has taken place. Five days later they lift the leaves again, and find a human ghost, but

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weak. In five days more it is strong, and five days later it is able to go about by itself.

We had a glorious day for our return from the Reefs to Santa Cruz, with a fair wind and smooth sea. I had an easy landing, too, at Te Motu, and sixty men carried my goods to my house at half a stick of tobacco each.

This good landing remains in my memory because of the many bad ones that I had there. The jagged reef ends in an abrupt fall into deep water, and there is therefore no means of running the boat ashore. I would take the long steer-oar while the boat's crew sat ready with the oars, and a crowd of men stood on the reef showing the exact place where to land. Then we waited until a succession of large waves had dashed themselves on the reef and a short calm succeeded. "Row!" I cried, and the crew pulled with all their might. On the swirling waters we would rush over the edge of the reef, and the boat be caught by fifty pairs of hands, carried beyond the reach of the waves, and, as the water receded, be lowered on to the sharp coral. The same process, but reversed, was the rule when we embarked on a rough day. The Cruzians would hold the boat—a whale-boat, pointed at both ends—until there was a lull, her stern outwards towards the sea, and then the crew, sitting with faces towards the shore, pulled as hard as they could to get away from the reef before the big waves rolled in, whilst I with the steer-oar kept her stern to the seas. Had she been allowed to turn sideways on to them, we must have

been rolled over and dashed on the reef; it is not wonderful, then, that one remembers a smooth landing.

We had been away for seven weeks, and it was like coming home to return to Te Motu, where, to some extent at any rate, Christianity had a hold on the people. There were a great many sore legs for me to doctor, and I rested and visited the villages on this side of the Bay. People came from all sides to beg for medicine and tobacco. I read and wrote letters, bought numbers of shell spoons, and found plenty to do. Then two men arrived from Namu to say that the roof was on my new house, and that the walls would be finished in a day or two. Many of the school-people at Te Motu came to me with presents, because I had stayed with them. I baptised half a dozen babies, and had seventy people present at our last service together, as many women as men, which was unusual. Then I tried to get off, with my load of boxes heavy with shell spoons and my supplies of food, but the surf at the landing-place was so big that the boat had to be unpacked again and the start postponed until the next day. Next morning we attempted an early start before the surf got up, and my goods were carried down to the reef and the boat dragged towards the reef edge. Then came a tropical deluge of rain, and all hands left the boat on the reef and took shelter. By the time it had finished the tide had gone down, and the landing become too bad for us to make a start. Again everything had to be carried back to

the *mandai*. In the afternoon the sea was calm and the weather fine, and we got off without a wetting, but for myself a scraped ankle, which—like all scrapes and sores in this climate—might become a festering wound if not attended to.

We rowed across the Bay, possibly three miles, and took possession of my new home at Namu. The place looked a little rough, having just been cleared, and of course there were no paths. The house was a good-sized one, square, with two doors to windward and one to the west, but with no verandah. We got everything ashore and had a glorious bathe in my own stream. Soon many men came from the village in a friendly way, and I felt a great happiness in having won at last a foothold in Graciosa Bay.

My dreams that night should have been sweet, but the mosquitoes were terrible. As soon as the light went out they came in their millions. My four boys lay on the floor, buried under the sail of the boat and trying to ward them off. Under my mosquito-net I was fairly safe, but the boys kept me awake by slapping themselves continually under the sail, and next morning their arms were enormously swollen. Except for this it was a beautiful spot, with the smooth waters of the Bay in front and the bush with its little stream running through it behind. Maplo, the chief who had driven me out when I first landed, brought a present of arrows, and all the other chiefs in the neighbourhood came to see me with gifts. I opened a very small school, and men and boys came

to it and sat around, but did more chewing of betel-nut and smoking than anything else. I got out my boat and went visiting the villages in the Bay. All the people professed to want schools—except one which had a fight on, and they were certain they did not. They were all waiting in their villages for my coming; everywhere I was made welcome, and my boys had enough pudding and fowls given them every day to fill the bows of the boat. I gave the men tobacco and the boys fish-hooks, and on leaving would throw a handful of tobacco sticks into the sea, and watch the whole village with shouts and screams rush down the beach into the water to dive and scramble for it. We lived sumptuously every day, with gar-fish for breakfast, and teal, pigeons, and pine-apple for supper. These people, who were almost unknown to us, were most friendly, and I got to know their boys quite well.

While we were at Namu there was a fight on Sunday at Neundang, the village close by, but it went off so quietly—there being no weapons other than arrows in the island—that I knew nothing about it. One day a chief brought a pig as a present, and my boys spent the whole day killing, cooking, and eating it. On another day I had to arbitrate at Neundang between two parties that had fallen out, and to decide what the fine should be and settle up their differences. Morning and evening the women passed by Namu, carrying their babies and all that they needed for gardening, and returning in the evening heavily burdened with food, the men having

spent the whole day doing nothing at all but talk and smoke in my house. It was evident that the women did almost all the work here, and the men's part was to fight and fish.

One night two boys came across from Te Motu to invite us to a great feast which was being prepared. We crossed the Bay in a calm, the chief of Neundang and five of his men coming with us. Hitherto Namu and Neundang had been outside the circle of Te Motu's friends, and they were now the only villagers in the Bay invited. Fifty-four villages outside it received invitations, but the Bay had no dealings with people in other parts of Santa Cruz. On our arrival we found great preparations going on. Some weeks before a large circular pig fence had been erected, and a hundred and thirty pigs were now in it. The occasion for the feast was that six boys were to assume the loin-cloth and no longer to go stark-naked. Eleven poor little wretches were to have their noses and ears bored. When we landed the men had just begun to kill the pigs by drowning them, and to cut them up. Large ovens, each to hold five, had been dug in the ground. Later, the pigs, cut up and wrapped in leaves, were to be placed in these—the liver and lights being cooked on hot stones separately, to be eaten at once. The six boys who were to put on loin-cloths were particularly busy. All the villages round Te Motu were helping to cook the pigs, and everyone was smiling and jolly. The next day large numbers of people came in from these neighbouring villages, and many honoured me with

a visit, remembering mine to them, and hoping that I might have some pipes and " tambacker " for them. They were all very friendly as usual, and one or two pressed me to give them schools.

At about noon the ovens were opened, and men filled the dancing-ground and allotted pig and yam in parcels to fifty-five different *mandai*. Stretched across the dancing-ground overhead were two long cords, each covered with bands of banana-leaf, representing the coils of money which had been spent in buying all the pigs. Suspended to these lines were also toy canoes, signifying the persons who had made voyages in canoes to get the pigs; also shark-ropes, indicating the sharks caught and sold for money to buy the pigs; twisted leaves, showing the turtles that had been taken for the same purpose; toy bundles of faggots, toy fish, nets and other things. When the food had been allotted, bundles for the various villages at a distance were despatched by carriers on foot or in canoes. Soon after sunset the dance began—nothing beautiful in it nor anything bad, some eighty men and boys and forty women and girls walking round the ground, singing and stamping their feet. The men wore their native finery, carried bows and arrows, and had their heads beautifully dressed and their hair whitened. The boys had made their heads red, and the women covered theirs with shawls. The dance went on for most of the night.

On the following day I went to the dancing-ground at about ten o'clock in the morning, and saw red

mats and money laid out on the ground. Babies lay in their fathers' arms, and the operation of boring noses and ears was just beginning. Every candidate, babies and boys alike, was painted red. One man held the baby's ear, and another clipped on it a turtle-shell ring, the sharpened points of which met through the lobe of the ear, piercing it from both sides; the children cried a little, but not very much. Then the small boys came and knelt down while their nostrils were bored in the same way. They too cried a little, but knowing that now they could wear a string of small blue beads in each nostril, they lightly brushed their tears aside. Some children had the nose bored to hold the accustomed ring. Each operation is a separate one, and is performed at a certain time of the child's life. The fathers pay three or four pigs in advance in each case, and the little red children for the next few days keep the clips on their noses and ears to ensure that the holes shall be permanent. The ceremonies were very solemnly performed, and as kindly as possible. The last step in a boy's progress is to put on a loin-cloth, and for this also he is painted red, and is henceforth regarded as a man.

The Namu men who had come with me had, previously to this, sat and watched us at our prayers each day. Here at Te Motu for the first time they knelt down and took part. We returned to our home across the Bay after the feast, and found that the people had given me a verandah and made improvements to the house. I paid a call on the trader and

his young wife about three miles down, visited some more villages along the shore at the bottom of the Bay, received visits from chiefs who brought me presents, and went on with our school. We rigged up a mast and made a flag of turkey-twill with a white cross on it, that the captain of the *Southern Cross* might be able to find us when he came.

My plans for making a good show, however, were all frustrated, for when we heard the whistle of the ship early one very wet morning, my flag was sticking to the mast, the clearing at Namu could not be seen from the sea, and so the ship slipped past us. A hundred canoes soon surrounded her, and she was brought back to our new station as though she now belonged to its people.

VII

SOLOMON ISLANDS: SAN CRISTOVAL

Two hundred and fifty miles west of Santa Cruz lies San Cristoval, eleven degrees south of the equator, and the southernmost of the Solomon Group. A Spanish expedition from Callao in Peru, at the command of Philip II., and under the command of his nephew Mendana, discovered this island and the whole of the Solomons in the year 1566, and declared, as later they declared of Santa Cruz, that King Solomon had found his gold there. Exactly forty years later the Spaniards tried to find San Cristoval again, with the intention of founding a colony there, but they missed it and discovered Santa Cruz instead, which lies on the same degree of latitude away to the east.

On my first voyage in 1894 the trade wind died down, and we had to take to steam, doing not more than one and a half knots all night. The spanker flapped and shook the ship, giving one bad dreams of rocks and reefs. The Solomons stretch far away to the north, and are the most populous islands of Melanesia. They are far the largest in size too, averaging a hundred and thirty miles in length, and the most lofty, Guadalcanar, having mountains 8,000 feet high, on which the rainfall is said to be 500 inches.

We were the only Mission in the Solomons, for Roman Catholics and others came much later. Christianity had taken a firm hold on Florida (Gela), where we had twenty-eight schools and about three thousand Christian natives out of five thousand all told; but outside that island in all the Solomons we had only twenty-two schools and about fifteen hundred baptised Christians. Altogether about six thousand people attended fifty schools in the Solomons.

At Ugi Island, which lies near-by San Cristoval, I met the Governor of Fiji, Sir John Thurston, on board H.M.S. *Penguin*. He was also High Commissioner of the Western Pacific, a little bearded man with a keen eye who knew more about these islands than anyone. He began very kindly by putting himself " unreservedly " at my disposal, because I had entered upon " a most difficult post." He had wished we would take Fiji into the Diocese, and spread the Fiji language throughout all the islands. Patteson, whom he had seen ten days before he was killed, had been willing, he said, to do so; but John Selwyn had objected, on the ground that it would complicate matters with the Wesleyans, in whose sphere, under the existing comity of Missions, Fiji lay. We had no school at that time on Ugi, and Fred Howard, the late trader, had been killed shortly before by a band of men from Malaita. A new trader had come, who was telling the natives that if they had a school it would make them all sick.

The island of San Cristoval is about a hundred

miles long, and rises to 4,000 feet above the sea; it is, like all the islands, covered with trees and tropical undergrowth. Bishop Patteson had established the Mission at a place on the northern end of it. At the time of my first visit we had three schools on the island, and these were not very bright spots, unless you looked at them against the darkness of the all-prevailing heathenism which formed their background. At one of them, Taki, a friend of the Christian chief of Wango, told me how many men he had killed as a heathen, and how many he had saved since he had joined the school. He was a friendly old fellow, and expressed it by saying, "You all same along me because Taki very good man." He was a great friend of any naval captains who called, and would give them information and help in various ways for the capture of wrongdoers. After the Protectorate of the Solomons was proclaimed in 1894 by what was commonly called the "Queen's letter," he used to wrap himself up in a Union Jack whenever a ship was sighted.

During my years in Melanesia we formed a strong station on the lee side—the west—at Pamua, and had a line of school villages to the north and south of it.

Custom and fashion are hard masters in San Cristoval. One sees very few children in the heathen villages along the shore, because the women kill them by pressure before birth, or give them to the old women to fill their mouths with mud and choke them, directly after birth. They do this

because it is the women who are made to do all the garden work, and they will not add to their labours the carrying of children to and fro. I was told that there was another reason—that the women wished to preserve their figures. The only children on the island were either stolen from the bush people or bought from them. Mr. Comins, who had been priest on the island before my time, saved the life of one new-born baby from three old women who were going to stuff its mouth with mud, and who were much amused when he asked them for it; they gave the child to him at once, glad to be saved the trouble of killing it. That baby became one of our best teachers in San Cristoval.

The chiefs of these San Cristoval villages arrayed themselves in mariners' cast-off coats and bowler hats, but had no covering for their legs. Old Dodomani—who had opposed the opening of the school in a village and set off to burn it, but had fainted by the way and taken his sudden collapse as a judgment—would appear in a white wide-awake hat and a red-and-white check coat. The school-people wore a cloth about their loins, but the visitors from the bush had nothing on at all. One woman who joined the school was given a piece of cloth, and she came to church with it under her arm, because she said she was too shy to wear it.

Nearly all the boys are tattooed at an early age. A sharpened bone from the wing of a bat is the instrument used. The child is firmly held, and the point drawn with some pressure over the skin. The

pain, of course, is great. When one side of the face is finished, drums are beaten to announce the fact to all around. Then over the nose a bird's wings are pricked out, and the drums are again beaten. Lines to represent a red sky are made over his eyes, and the fruit of the *salite* tree between the eye and the ears; the cheeks are then covered with three rows of birds' wings, with supposed clouds between the rows. When the work on the other side of the face begins the drums are again beaten, and the women come and give money and presents to the boy's father and to the artist. When the operation, which takes a whole day, is finished, the face is mopped, but most of the blood is allowed to dry on it. On the next day it is terribly swollen, but two or three days afterwards the boy is out of pain. There is no colouring matter rubbed into the wounds.

Dogs also are much to be pitied. They are bred for their teeth, two of which in every dog are worth sixpence. They are used, too, for hunting pigs. The poor creatures are so thin that their ribs stand out, and one I remember seeing so emaciated that light was visible through the lower part of its belly. They used to come into my house at night and steal any food that I had not put away. Their coats were mangy and their ears long. At times all the dogs in the village howl together, perhaps as a protest against the way they are treated. If one by some accident grows fat it is promptly killed and eaten, but that seldom happens. In heathen villages, when their teeth are wanted for money, they are

buried up to the neck in sand, and a hot fruit put into their mouths to make them draw back their lips; at that moment the two teeth are knocked out. In school villages the men are more merciful and allow the dogs to die first.

The only way by which one can come to know people is by living amongst them. After visiting England for the Lambeth Conference in 1908, I decided to spend some time in San Cristoval, and, as is often the case after a change in a cool climate, I was suffering from a bad attack of malaria on the *Southern Cross* at the moment that we reached the place where I was to go ashore. Simon Qalges, a native deacon, whose home was in the Banks Islands, but who was breaking fresh ground for us here, was alongside the ship in his very leaky boat. I could not disappoint him, however ill I felt, and so I bundled my goods for a month's stay into a boat and went ashore.

The village consisted of only a house or two, because the people still lived in the bush. A small hut for canoes was near the shore, and in it I was to sleep. Unfortunately it was in a swamp, and after tea there James Faiato, the teacher, told me that the stones on the floor marked the grave of a great chief who had died two years before. James's trouble now was that the present chief, who was a sick man, had asked him to come and make a school, but that his sickness was continuing in spite of the school; and, further, the chief must, to conform with native customs, make a feast within the next two

years in honour of his predecessor, and offer a sacrifice. He would not offer it, he promised, in the village, but in the bush; and not he, but his young men, would make the feast, though if they came and took his pigs and nuts for it, he would let them. I advised James to have patience, and possibly before the end of the two years the chief might believe in God so truly as not to want to sacrifice to the snake-god. James thought the chief should give up his heathenism at once in return for himself having come and made the school; the chief considered that if James stayed there he might possibly do that, but was not sure.

The next paragraph I hesitate to write, because possibly I ought to keep it to myself; yet it is a memory, and as I am writing my memories I perhaps should put it down. It was late when the two men left me alone in my house, on the mud floor in the swamp. The place was cold, and a miasma pervaded it. Soon I began to shake, and the ague made my teeth chatter. I had never had such an attack before. As I lay on my bed and shivered, the thought of St. Peter's wife's mother lying sick of a fever, and the Lord taking her by the hand, and how the fever left her, came into my mind. I prayed that He would heal me so, and I put myself consciously into His hands. The ague died away at once; my teeth ceased to chatter. Then I thought, not of Him, but of the narrative, and I began to shake again. Then I tried to realise Himself again, and imagined His hand in mine. Again the fever

died away. Then I began to consider how a serious illness would prevent me from doing my work in this island, and what a pity it would be: the fever came back again. It passed away completely when I resigned myself into His hands, and it did not return. I slept, and on the following morning, instead of being very weak, as one generally is after a bout of malaria, I was strong and perfectly well, and was able to walk on to the next village without any difficulty. This village, Rumatari, was a very pleasant little place, but a gale blew, and I was wind-bound for eight days there. I had quite a good little school-house to live in, and the men were glad to come into it in the evening and tell me some of their beliefs and customs.

One day the chief at Rumatari asked me to his house, and explained how news was spread by signalling. He had a hollow log for a drum, and two sticks were the rest of his signalling apparatus. In every village there are two or three men who know the code and can make signals and read them. Thus the latest news is telegraphed throughout the district, or possibly throughout the whole island. When a new canoe-house is to be opened and a feast made, the drum of that village thuds out to all and sundry something like this: "Tomorrow the feast will take place; come to it, but behave well—no quarrelling." Then the names of all the villages invited are hammered out, and they are told that there will be yams, taro, pigs and other food dealt out to all who come. Or, the approach of an enemy

is announced, and all round are told not to imagine that all is well; the enemy is at hand; bring spears and shields, and help to drive them off. Or, the village has been attacked; the drum then tells it out in tragic beats.

James Faiato, of course, knew all about death-feasts. Four were made for a chief; the first, when the body was washed a few days after death. For this a man's life had to be taken, and no one washed until that had been done. At this feast unscraped yams and other unpalatable food was eaten. The second feast celebrated the taking of the dead man's head and jaw out of the grave, and setting it up in the canoe-house over the grave, just under the roof. A long fast would follow, lasting for months, during which the people totally abstained, some from yams, others from *tomago* and various kinds of food. To the third feast men of other villages, who had also been fasting, were invited to come. Possibly four years or so later they would carve an image on a post of the canoe-house and call it after the dead man. A little house was then made for the skull, and the most important people offered their sacrifice before it. The fourth feast followed. James said that after killing the man and washing the chief's body, sorrow was altogether put away, and people began to laugh again, but they did not dance until the fourth feast. When the head was taken up people were sad and talked of him, and of how he used to feed them. At the last feast a large bowl of pudding, with a pig set on the top of it, was placed

at the foot of his carved post for those men to eat who had borne his body to the grave.

Sometimes there is a desire to remember all the great men who have died, and a new canoe-house is put up to their memory. Then all the posts are carved with their different faces, and called after them. The house in the swamp in which I had slept was like that. The ghosts of the dead great ones are supposed to protect those still living, and sacrifices are offered to them. When yams are ripening, one is tied to a shelf overhead, upon which the head of some great man lies, and he is supposed to look after the whole crop. At the northern end of the island the bodies of ordinary men, and probably of all women, are thrown at death into the sea. At the southern end the chiefs are buried, but their heads are exposed in carved wooden sharks; whilst the bodies of common men are thrown into the sea or exposed on rocks and up trees.

The souls of the dead are thought to go to the little islands which they call Malau (The Three Sisters Islands). People visiting these say they see foot-prints on the sand. If they are near the sea it is a sign that someone by the sea will die in San Cristoval; if seen near the trees, that someone in the bush will die. At times they actually see the soul of a man who they know is still alive. When they next meet him they tell him what they saw on Malau, and soon afterwards he dies. It is not supposed that the souls of the dead live on for ever; after a while they go into a small cave and disappear, and that is their end.

The great spirit in whom probably everyone in San Cristoval believes has the form of a snake. I heard three different names for him—Kaaraha, Kahuahuarii, and Kahasubwari, names which remind one of the great Kaa in Kipling's *Jungle Book*. Serpent worship is a very old form of primitive religion, and very widespread. Moses' brazen serpent was broken up because the Israelites were worshipping it; amongst the Greeks and Romans there were traces of it; Zulus and Red Indians are still addicted to it; and here in this island the worship of the snake was in full force. At Ngorangora village the old chief told me the common belief was that the first male came from a coco-nut, the two blind " eyes " becoming the man's eyes, and the eye that one pierces, his mouth. A man who had become a snake gave birth to the first woman. The snake coiled itself round the child to which he had given birth, and the first man, seeing the child in danger, chopped the snake to pieces. The pieces kept on joining up again, but the snake, tiring of the treatment, left the island and settled in Gela or Malaita. Finding that San Cristoval could still be seen from there, it retired to the high mountains of Guadalcanar, where San Cristoval was out of sight. However, everyone says it really lives at Haununu, a village on the other side of San Cristoval. Every year when the nuts ripen word is sent from Haununu that sacrifices to Kaaraha are to be offered. Earth brought from Haununu is kept in every canoe-house on a shelf under the roof, and a piece of pudding is burnt under it by one who knows

the right words to use. On the succeeding days the rest of the pudding is eaten by the people, the men eating it on the second day, and the women what remains on the third. The canoe-house is decorated for the occasion, the decorations being afterwards thrown into the sea at some spot which thereby becomes sacred, and the shore near-by is planted with crotons and flowering plants.

Belief in the snake was gradually waning, but, in addition, everyone had various ghosts to whom they sacrificed, some supposed to have more power than others. Two years before I stayed in the island a report went abroad that Kaaraha had left Haununu and gone to the big bay near Rumatari. The people of Haununu tried to persuade it to return, but it had completely disappeared. At the time the school was opened at Ngorangora there was a large stone in the village sacred to it. Hugo Silter, the teacher (a Banks Islander), began his work by throwing the stone into the sea, and as nothing happened the new religion took the place of the old.

I only once visited Haununu, and that was with a trader named Captain Svensen, who took me there on one of his trading excursions. His reputation amongst the natives was so high that it helped me immensely to go there in his company, and the people were much impressed when he advised them to build a school and have a teacher. But all my time in Melanesia this village remained the sacred village of the snake worshippers.

Captain Svensen was known to all the natives in

the Solomons under the name of "Captain Marau," because his head station was at Marau Sound in Guadalcanar. He was a great friend to us, and because he treated the natives fairly they all liked him and would sell him their copra, or land for plantation purposes, wherever he wished to buy it. After nineteen years in the Solomons he left with a fortune, and built a home for himself in Brisbane, overlooking the spot where once he used to run a ferry-boat across the river. There was a story told of him that whilst he was away from Marau Sound another trader, known as "Jack," settled there and persuaded the people to sell their copra only to him. Svensen, returning after a long absence, heard from the natives he was to have none of their trade; they had promised to sell it only to Jack. Svensen said to them: "What for? Jack he no good." They replied: "No, Jack he good fellow." "Very good," said Svensen, taking ten sovereigns out of his pocket and showing them to the men. "You look him, you look him," and he threw them into the sea. "Now you talk along Jack. You tell him to throw money all same along sea." They did talk to Jack, and he declined to do the same. Svensen thereupon got all the trade back, and Jack had to go away.

In San Cristoval, if a man is accused of stealing pigs or other crime, he offers to be tried by ordeal to clear himself from suspicion. The ordeals are very severe, but if the alternative is death he prefers to go through one. First, the man's protecting ghost is invoked. Then a stone is heated red-hot. He

lifts it in his two hands over his head, drops it and catches it, and lifts it again. Yet once again he does it, and if then his hands are not burnt he is considered innocent. Or, a hot stone is put on a wide leaf, and leaf litter thrown on it; if the litter burns he is guilty. Or, he eats a burning gum-torch; if his mouth is burnt he is guilty. Or, a pile of dry coco-nut leaves some feet high is made, with a pole passed through it a little above the ground for him to walk on, and another pole above for his hands to hold. The leaves are lighted, and the man passes through the fire. If his legs are burnt he is guilty. Or, he may elect to swim through water full of sharks or crocodiles; if they divide out and let him go through, he is innocent. There are other ordeals, such as eating lime without leaves to cool it. It is hard to conceive of any man ever coming through and establishing his innocence.

Coasting along in my boat, I visited school villages one after another both in Ugi and in San Cristoval. The best of them in the latter island was Heuru, where there were about seventy children in the school. Had it been a heathen village there would have been but two or three, and those not born in the village, but bought from the bushmen, for, as I have said, the custom of the island was to kill their babies. An abundance of children is always the mark of Christianity in this island. Most attractive they are, too, with their hair shaved off except for four or five tufts, reminding one of a French poodle-dog. Old David Bo, chief of Heuru, had replaced

the pigs, which generally roam every village and sleep with the people at night, by real live children. Also, the pigs having been got rid of, the gardens, instead of being three or four miles away, had been brought close to the village. Notwithstanding the well-being of Heuru, however, there was trouble. When I arrived one evening from Ugi soon after dark, not a light was to be seen. We could not find our way to the landing, and so lay out in the Bay and hallooed, and when that failed, lit the lantern. No cry answered us and no light appeared; the village seemed dead. We felt our way in and landed. Almost at once we met the teacher, Sam Gede, who had come down to the beach to reconnoitre. He said they were expecting a raid from Malaita, and had thought us to be the enemy. No time then was lost in getting our boat and belongings ashore, and we heard what the trouble was about. Probably our landing, although, of course, we were unarmed, gave a sense of security to our people and would deter the aggressors, for I heard no more of it during the days that I spent at Heuru. Yet their anxiety was justified.

Thirty or more years before, Lilimae of Bululaha, ten miles or so up the coast of Malaita, had taken a large party of men to the north end of San Cristoval to get heads. There they fell into an ambush and lost forty men, including Lilimae himself. His son stored up money for revenge, and now a younger Lilimae had it, and would give it to anyone who would take heads in this island, or in Ugi, or in

Ulawa. Thus all three places were living in expectation of a raid. The previous year a party from Atta Bay, at the further end of Malaita, tried for the prize, but lost men and killed none. They therefore added money to what Lilimae was holding. At the moment, in a small island near-by one party of Malaita head-hunters was lurking, and there was a second at Santa Anna, another small island to the south. The Government seemed to be incapable of stopping this kind of thing at the time.

We used to pay occasional visits to Santa Anna and to Santa Catalina, yet another small island to the south, and to Bellona and Rennell, a hundred miles to the south-west, but on these two latter islands we never did more than set foot. One who was with us on the ship in 1904, but was not allowed to go ashore, remembers how men emerged from the bush-covered hills in parties; how they ran forward over the beach and then hesitated; came on again when they saw that we were without weapons, and surrounded us. Whilst we communicated with them—without language, for none of them knew " English " —they remained on the alert and watchful; fine lean, tall men, innocent of clothing. We could get no boys there, and the women remained far back in the bush. We saw no weapons of war except short round-headed clubs. No other vessel but ours ever called, and the knowledge of tobacco had not reached them; we could not speak to them, and their only desire was to have knives from us. At Santa

Anna and Santa Catalina we had to some extent made friends, but had gone no further.

At Wango, in San Cristoval, where old John Taki was now chief—he whose killings in days gone by had been innumerable, and who was said to have purveyed human flesh along the shore in one of the Mission boats, which he had borrowed—I found a new church to consecrate. It always seemed queer to me to be living amongst people who so short a time before had been cannibals, and whose friends in the bush were so still. The teacher here was James Oha, once the baby whose mouth Comins had prevented from being filled with mud. The church was entirely native built, small but good, the outside of its west end painted red, white, and black, in a dog-tooth pattern. There were two doors, the one for men and the other for women, each with a large wooden cross on it. Inside the floor was carpeted with soft bark; there was an elaborately decorated font, very good book desks, all in native work, and cement altar steps.* A great feast was prepared on the Saturday, and on the Sunday morning I consecrated the church, a hundred and forty people marching round it with me in procession. Unfortunately a large tree had been cut down and left lying across our path, and this the procession had to climb over, jumping down on the other side. No one smiled, but an outsider would have seen

* At Fagani, a neighbouring village, the people set in the altar steps the red stone before which their sacrifices had been offered in bygone days, to signify the triumph of the Cross over heathenism.

something a little ludicrous in our springing one after another with white surplices or flying robes from a height to join again the surpliced choir; but Melanesians are in deadly earnest over all church services, and the strangest accidents may happen without provoking mirth. I have, for instance, taken my seat at a Confirmation on a kerosene box turned upside down and covered with red cloth, and found it so rotten that I went right through it, but no one looked surprised. I remember, too, how one of our white clergy, when preaching on the power of God at all times to protect us, felt the shock of an earthquake, and saw lime spring from the walls and fill the church with white dust, and next moment realised he was outside the church. Recovering his courage, he re-entered, and found his congregation intact and waiting for him.

These simple people have a wonderful faith, and they are well worth working for. There have been some excellent priests on San Cristoval: R. P. Wilson, who was here for many years, to whom the Mission owes the head station of Pamua; H. J. Nind, who is still in the Mission; Harry Drew, who died of dysentery; and Dr. Fox, now living in Ugi, who for many years has been turning cannibals into Christians, and on his long tramps through the bush in native dress, living on native food, has learnt a variety of dialects for which the learned men in Europe already thank him.

VIII

SOLOMON ISLANDS: GELA (FLORIDA)

IN the very centre of the Eastern Solomons lies Florida, as the Spaniards named it, or Gela, as the people themselves call it. It was a strange thing to have a Christian island in the midst of others which were virulently heathen. I pictured it sending out its missionaries to the darker lands as Britain and Ireland used to send their Aidans and Columbas and Bonifaces to Picts and Scots and English and Germans in old days.

Like ourselves, the people of this island were great traders, and canoes came often to its shores from Guadalcanar and Malaita to buy pigs and food with their red shell-money. It is comparatively small, some thirty miles long, and divided into three by two channels, the Sandfly Passage and the Ututha, each about thirteen miles long.

Probably the natives had never been quite so bloodthirsty as some others of the Solomons, but they had been head-hunters like the rest. They had " cut out " many trading vessels and murdered the crews, and they had had the temerity to attack the sailors of H.M.S. *Sandfly* in 1880, the only case of an attack on a man-o'-war that I ever heard of in these islands. One of our best teachers was a man named William Kenda, and he helped in his

young days to "cut out" the trading schooner *Dancing Wave*, when she was lying at anchor at Olevuga, on the north end of the island.

Between the New Hebrides natives and these there is a very wide interval. The New Hebridean makes his canoes out of a hollowed log; these cut planks out of a tree, warp them in the sun, chop them with an adze into shape, and then sew the planks together with fibre, stuffing the seams with native glue. A high prow and stern are added and beautifully inlaid with mother-of-pearl. As no outrigger is needed, a canoe, driven along by from two to forty men, can travel at great speed in smooth water, although after the steadiness of a boat it might feel to us a little cranky. The houses are equally well built, the walls of bamboo, the roofs thickly thatched with sago palm. Their canoe-houses are big enough to contain ten or more large canoes.

Christianity took hold on these people nearly twenty years before I first met them, having begun with only a foothold in Boli, under the protection of Takua, the chief. Charles Sapibuana, a Gela man who had been trained at Norfolk Island, carried the "teaching of peace" across the island to the district of Gaeta, where another chief reigned. There were six great chiefs on Gela, who had far more authority over the people than was usual in the islands. Everywhere Sapibuana spoke strongly against the worship of the *tindalos*—the spirits of bygone chiefs—whose emblems, clubs, axes, and ornaments were zealously preserved by the living

chiefs. He went into all the sacred places and haunts forbidden to the people and dared the *tindalos* to do their worst. He set up schools, and taught the people to put their trust in God. Thus he and Alfred Penny, the white missionary who was with him from the beginning, saw a very wonderful conversion of the people gradually take place.

Then came a set-back; old Kalekona, the chief of Gaeta, lost some of his red shell-money, and left his people. He set as the price of his return either the restitution of the money or someone's head. The Mission influence was already strong and none of his people wished to take a life. Unhappily, just at this time (1880), H.M.S. *Sandfly* was surveying the coast of Gela, and a boat from her was seen to go ashore on Mandoliana Island, a mile from the coast. Six young natives put off in a canoe, crept through the bush, and attacked and killed the bluejackets whom they found bathing in the stream; they then tracked Lieutenant Bower in the bush and murdered him. The murderers were caught and punished, and my predecessor, Bishop John Selwyn, was thanked by Parliament for the help which he had given in the matter. But Kalekona was pardoned, and soon afterwards he brought all his *tindalos* to Penny. War was then made against tindaloism in all parts of the island. When I arrived, life along the coast had become safe, and the people had moved their villages from the bush down to the shores, where life was more comfortable; where they could get their salt water for cooking, and fish, and move about and

see their friends. Fighting thus came to an end, the big chiefs could no longer do as they pleased, and the tribes of the island became united.

I first stayed in Gela in 1896, and during my years in the Mission saw a great deal of these people, and really came to love them. When I lived in the *Vanua* at Norfolk Island in early days I had a good many Gela boys with me, and think I may say that if at first the brown-skinned youths were not so congenial to me as they were to my colleagues, the feeling was broken down by the Gela boys in my house.

Gela is an island of small hills, some of them conical, and covered with a tall rank grass. White cockatoos, flying foxes, and pigeons abound, and food is plentiful, but the people do not excel at the cooking of it as they do in the Banks, nor do they grow such a variety of yams. One is never afraid, however, to eat what is given; in fact, the more native food eaten in the tropics by the white man and the less tinned meat and biscuits, the better in health he will be. Every Sunday *loco—i.e.*, pudding of pounded yams —is made, and given to you wherever you may be, and this, covered with cream from coco-nut, is delicious.

When I lived in Gela I found that the whole island spoke only the one language, and so was different from all the others, in which forty or more dialects might be used; but it was divided into five *kema* or tribes. Some men were Gaumbata, some Kakau, some Hongokama, some Hongokiki, and some Lahi. Each *kema* had its forbidden food, and no oath was so

binding as one by the food which that tribe could not eat. For the Gaumbata it was the clam-fish. The Kakau could not eat the sea-slug (*bêche-de-mer*); to the Hongokama was forbidden the pigeon, and to the Laki a white pig, because their ancestors once killed a pig and singed it white, after which it got up and walked away. The Hongokiki could never eat a certain fish with a big mouth, for such a one had swallowed their ancestor Rangangela. In this manner he was carried away to the horizon, the edge of the world, where he followed the sun until it was overhead. There he saw a stone which Koevasi, the Creator, told him not to touch. When, however, Koevasi was not looking he pulled it up, and found that it covered a hole down which he could see the village of Ravu, where he had been born. A little house has been built for him by Koevasi, and this he slung on a rope and lowered with himself to the ground, and so came home.

The *kema* are like large families, and it would be equivalent to incest for a man and a woman of the same *kema* to marry. I came in for a wedding at a little place called Haleta. Two girls had been bought according to native custom, belonging to another *kema*. The price was a good round sum of money and a small amount of food. The girls' friends would have to give food and pigs equal in value to the money that was being paid for them. Apart from any religious service if they were Christians, the knot which tied a young couple was merely the exchange of food and money, which their friends,

who had arranged the marriage, provided. The man might perhaps have seen the girl in her village, but never dreamt of marrying her. If she did not satisfy his ideas of what he would like his wife to be (*i.e.*, fairly well-liking, a good cook, and a good worker) he need not take her, and she could also refuse to take him. Should that happen, the money was returned; they would not be married, and no harm was done. The wedding party arrived in full dress, the man very smart in the very simple dress of the island—a scanty loin-cloth—but with eyebrows and moustache white with lime; the bride in the usual extraordinary " ballet skirt " of coco-nut fibre reaching to the knees, and swinging from side to side as she walked.

There are bays and snug anchorages in all parts of the island. These, coupled with the fact that the natives had ceased to be dangerous, made Gela a happy hunting-ground for the Queensland ships which came every year to induce men to go to the sugar plantations in Australia. In 1896, when I was there, one of the ships carried off seven of our school-boys from Hongo, and amongst them one of our Norfolk Island boys, Koete, who was home for his holidays. He was a very promising lad, and could ill be spared. The Mission had spent money on him; but he was sixteen years old, and so could legally be recruited. His friends had accepted £1 as a *douceur*, which clinched the bargain between recruiter and natives; there was no kidnapping about it. But the father of the boy repented and strongly

objected to his son's going, and brought his share of payment to me with the request that I would get him back. We followed up the ship and found her at anchor on the other side of the island. The young skipper, a Greek, was very civil to us. He had already a hundred boys from the large island Guadalcanar and from Gela on board, and as Koete was a trainee of ours, and as we and his father wished to keep him, he would let him go. In this case we were able to recover one of our school-boys because we happened to be on the spot, but the remaining six boys from our school were taken away to Queensland.

The Kanaka traffic was at that time in full swing, and was doing an infinite amount of harm to the islands. From this particular island, of which the total population was about five thousand, five hundred men were away in Queensland, all having signed on for three years, and many of them, because there was no vessel to take them home when their time was finished, had signed on for three or six years more. Meanwhile their wives and sweethearts would wait for them, and might remain faithful to them, or might not. The population did not grow. And at last, when they did come back, they were no joy to look at, and their pidgin-English and extraordinary swear-words were not a joy to hear. As very cheap labour they may have helped to build up industry in Queensland, but when at last the traffic in souls was ruled out for the good of the new Commonwealth of Australia, every white man living

in the islands agreed that it was also for the good of the islanders.

It was always a great event to me when a man-o'-war paid us a visit. H.M.S. *Pylades* came from Rubiana in the Western Solomons, and anchored at Gavutu, in July, 1896, and I was asked to spend a few days on board her by Captain Adams. It was just like being in England again. Many of the blue-jackets were Portsmouth men, and one had sung in the choir of St. Mary's, Portsea, my old church. They were a wonderfully fine lot, and I enjoyed my service with them and their hearty singing immensely. Until four in the afternoon a dead quiet reigned on the ship. Then the men went ashore at the trading station and walked about under the cocoanut trees. From eight to ten they sang on the foc'sle, and I joined them, with one of my boys. A petty officer asked me to give them a " homily." I declined, as I had already preached once to them, but I said I would give them a cricket match on the following Thursday. They jumped at this, and I left them to get my team together. They were all dead sick of what they had lately been doing further west—there having been a raid, the ship had been trying to get the heads of those who were killed in it. The captain told me how, sitting at dinner one night, it was reported to him that a trader, called French Peter, was on board and wished to see him. Peter was shown in, carrying under his arm something wrapped in newspaper; he proceeded to unwrap it, and presented to the captain on the dining-table

one of the heads. The latter complained he had had no appetite since.

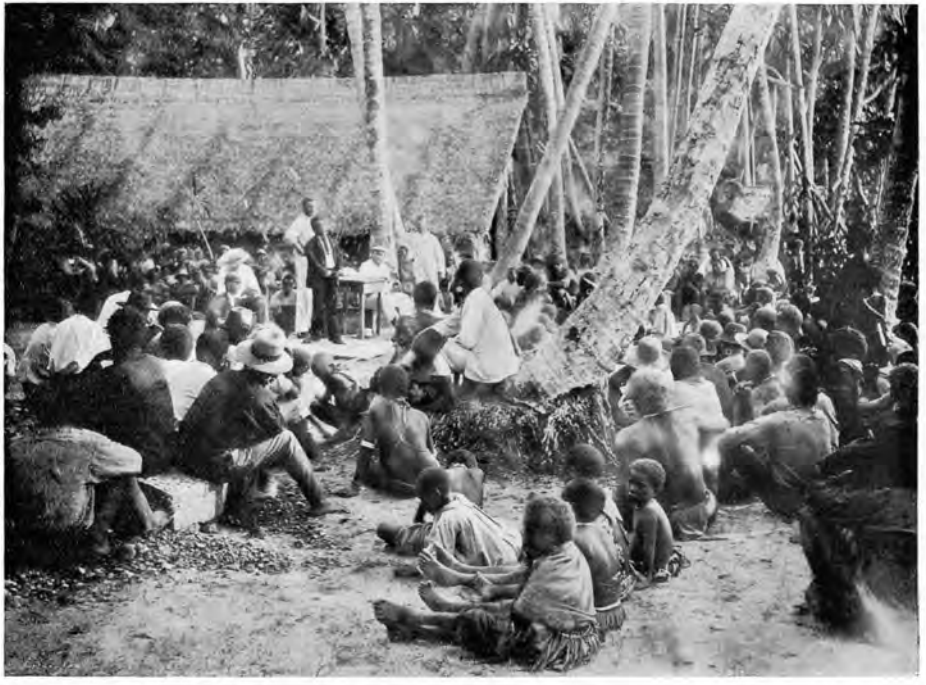
I brought my team, many of them teachers who had learnt cricket at Norfolk Island. Stumps were pitched on the narrow path which ran across the coco-nut plantation. The trees, planted thirty-three feet apart in rows, made a perfect shade overhead. A ball hit high would go through the canopy above and be lost to sight until it came down through the branches again. One hit low would strike a tree and ricochet in any direction. The ship had first innings and scored 55. With nine wickets down we had made 50; then a lucky skier fell in the crown of a coco-nut palm. A lieutenant tried to climb it whilst we ran; natives would have walked up the tree, but a sailor with his boots on made poor progress. The onlookers yelled and war-whooped. It was given " six for lost ball," and we had won by one run.

The sins of the Gela folk were evident to all men. They were much too fond of money, unwilling to help unless well paid, and wanting in civility sometimes. I would call at a village in my boat, and the men might sit high up on the beach and let us pull up our boat by ourselves. There was a reason for this, however. It had been quite usual in heathen days for a visiting party to attack them when they were off their guard, or even while helping them to make their landing; thus they learnt to hold aloof from strangers, and they kept up the custom now.

Their love of money is shown in the price of wives.

In former days, when a chief married, he paid as much as a hundred and sixty strings of shell-money and a thousand porpoise teeth—worth five to the shilling—for the girl he wished to marry. In 1901 I found that this had become the common price for any wife, and the result was that a great many young men, having poor relations, could not marry at all. This was the only island where it was possible to have annually an assembly of the whole people—a *Vaukolu*. That year the burning question concerned the price of wives. Between four and five hundred men were present, and at Holy Communion that morning there were a hundred and twenty-five communicants. Lipa, the heathen chief of Olevuga, and Solomon, the Christian chief, came in their canoes to the *Vaukolu*, and about a hundred teachers. We sat under the coco-nut trees by the seashore, and laws for the Church were made. As to the high price for wives, it was urged that a low one would bring them down to the level of pigs. The girls themselves said, "Am I a pig that I should be bought for a few strings of money?" However, everyone knew that the real reason for their price was the greed of the men. It was lowered to forty strings and four pigs and no more, and except the fathers or uncles of marriageable girls, everyone was delighted. But when the meeting was finished the girls would not speak to us.

At the parliament in 1903 the price was further reduced to thirty strings and three hundred porpoise teeth, and I found in subsequent years that this



CHURCH PARLIAMENT IN GELA

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law was being kept. There was always plenty of business each year. If the people were reverting to their fear of *tindalos*, or if they were marrying without Christian rites, or if villages were not kept clean, or paths were not being kept open, these things could be talked over. Besides, it was the one occasion when the villages from all parts of the island met and feasted together on the food provided by the district in which the *Vaukolu* was held. The people would make an offering of baskets and other things to be sold for the good of the Church. By 1903 Gela had missionaries in Guadalcanar, Malaita, Savo, and even Pentecost in the New Hebrides, and all these were remembered. This parliament of the people was certainly a most useful institution, and a very remarkable one for an island in the centre of the heathen Solomons.

Near Tulagi, the Government island, and Gavutu, the trading island, was another small island called Bungana, lying about a quarter of a mile from the mainland. The Mission had tried for twenty years to buy it as a station on the opposite side of Gela from Siota, but had not been able to do so. I offered £20 for it one year, a good price for land at that time, and it was refused. Another year I heard that possibly £100 might buy it, but that was absurd, and we did not consider it. In 1905 I was begged by the owner to take it, and I gave him the £20 for it, but could have had it for less. It came about in rather a strange way. Oliver Vuria, the teacher at Vuturua, entered my house one evening

whilst I was writing after a busy Sunday and said: "There are many people in the village who have made a *papari* (a vow) never to speak to one another or eat one another's food; can you make them friends again?" He explained that this *papari* was an old custom in Gela; that if one vowed, even in thought alone, not to have dealings of one sort or another with anyone, it was a *papari*, and binding. In old heathen days it could be undone by taking a gift of food or money to a man who knew the *tindalo*; but since belief in *tindalos* had ceased no one knew how to get rid of their vows, and some had been bound for fifteen years. They met as friends in church, but they could not speak to one another outside.

I said to Oliver that if the old-time rain-maker could release people from their oaths, I, as a priest of God, could certainly do so. He went out, and soon voices were heard all round the house. Two young men came in first; they said that three years ago they had vowed not to speak to one another. I asked, "Do you wish to be released from that vow?" They said they did, and I told them to join hands, and laid my hand on theirs and said, "I release you from your vow." They went away immensely happy. Then came an old woman with her tall son. She said that many years ago she had been angry with her son, and had "vowed" never to eat any food which he gave her. She was old now, and could not provide for herself—would I release her from her vow? I went through the

same form of release, and they too went away happy. Oliver then " made friends with " his stepmother, and Boroko, an old chief once with Patteson in New Zealand, with his brother and his granddaughter; another of Patteson's boys with his sister. Altogether that night twenty couples came and were released.

Next morning, on my round washing sore eyes and giving medicine, I came to a man with a sore leg. Having advised him before to foment it, I asked him if he had done so. He said, " No, for I want first to make friends with my father, Lavisi, who will not eat my food, nor live in the house I have built for him." Lavisi was called, and they made friends by my releasing them of the vow. The man said, " Now make him friends with his wife." More followed, and in the afternoon men began to arrive from other villages, asking me to come quickly, for they had all " made vows." I spent seven weeks in visiting the thirty-six villages of Gela to release them. The people sat at the lower end of the church, and came up to me in turn, and I said to each of them, " In the Name of God, I release you from your vow." I was feeling ill one day, and meant to pass one village by, but the teacher stopped me and begged me to stay. I released twenty-eight in that small village. The greatest number of people set free in any one village was seventy-nine, at Vunuha, but very few of them had only one *papari*; in many cases they had four which they asked me to break. In the end, over nine hundred people were freed from about three

thousand vows. It may be interesting if I mention a few more vows.

A man had vowed that he would not eat his granddaughter's food, nor his niece's; his daughter, not to enter her parents' house; a woman, not to sit in her husband's canoe, nor in the house he had built for her; a man, not to eat the food that his wife cooked; a man, that he would not sleep in his own house; an old man, that his wife should not come into his. Two girls, that they would not call their step-father "Father"; a woman, that she would take no money for her daughter when she married; a woman, not to eat fish caught by her husband or brother. One woman had forbidden her children to take food to their grandmother. A man had vowed not to live at Toa, and his wife that she would live there, so they separated; a girl, not to marry Sopi, and now she wanted to; Louisa, a scold, now promised not to scold her husband again, and he promised not to hear her if she forgot. Two men had not spoken to each other for six years; two women, for seven. They all went away excellent friends, laughing. A woman whose dead husband had vowed she should not cry for him, wished to cry; a woman had forbidden her elder daughter to whip the younger one, and wanted the order cancelled; a man vowed never to eat cabbage because once he had stomach-ache after eating some; two women, never to marry; six men, not to enter a certain canoe-house; and so on.

Amongst the seventy-nine that came up to me in

the church at Vunuha was an old man named Thomas, who said: " Many years ago I vowed never to sell my island Bungana to a white man. Now I wish to sell it to you, because the Government does not understand us and fines us sometimes when we have done no wrong, but we cannot make them understand. We want you to protect us." I said, " Do you wish to be released from your vow ?" He said he did, and so I released him. Within a week the deeds were signed, £20 paid to Thomas, and the Government registered our purchase of Bungana.

As I look over these vows in my diary they make sad reading. Half the people had said the fatal " I will not," and so had bound themselves. None of us knew of the *papari* custom until my chance discovery of it, and we all felt that a load was thereby lifted off the island.

One day Oliver told me how he began his work, many years before, in Vuturua. " Charles Sapibuana and Penny were over in this district of Gaeta," he said, " and they told me to come here and make a school. I came, and five children wished to come, but the people threw stones at me, and I had to dodge the stones. I sent a message to Sapibuana to take me away, but he wrote: ' If you stood before a wild beast, would he not try to bite you ? If you met with a hornet, would he not try to hurt you ?' And so I stayed, and I stayed, and I stayed. Then one night the men went over to Malaita, and in the morning attacked the village of Qarea and took twenty heads. They came back and put them on a

stage at the landing-place for the women to see, and rejoiced over them, and made *tabu* the axes which had slain them; but I stayed in the village on the hill, and would not come down to the shore. Then the stone which was the chief's *tindalo* and stood with the axes on the sand toppled over, and he said it was our doing through the school, and he came up the hill. As I came out of my house he threw a great stone at me, which I dodged, and it broke three bamboos in my house. He threw another, and it broke more bamboos, and I said, 'What are you doing?' You may kill me if you like. I do not mind.' But he went away, and in a few days he died, for which I was very glad, because as long as he lived I and my school-children had to keep close together, for if we separated he chased us. Then another chief came, and he told me to build a house of prayer in his village, and I went, and soon forty people were coming to the school. In those days people used to say that the big rock on that point would split before the people of Vuturua accepted this teaching. But now there are only three who have not accepted it, and when last Christmas, Lavisi, the chief, and his brother Tuaria accepted it, that big rock split, and half of it fell into the sea."

Lavisi and Tuaria were two men whom I had released of vows. They too told me how they had "come in" to prayers the previous Christmas, and on that day the rock on the near headland broke in two. I saw the rock, which showed every appear-

ance of a recent fracture. These two old men were evidently pleased that their split from heathenism had split the rock; all they wished for now was to be instructed in the new faith.

In 1903, on coming through the Ututha, I saw for the first time the new steamer which our friends in England and Australasia had given us. Three tall masts appeared over the mangrove trees, and then the little steel ship of 590 tons. This new *Southern Cross* was a wonderful gift to us. She cost £22,000, which had been collected in four years. She could steam ten knots an hour, and we did two days' work in one day in her. But she had masts, and sails, and a full crew of sailors, in addition to her engineers and firemen, and my hair began to go grey when I heard from Auckland that she would cost £8,000 a year to run, for our income was only £11,000. A cynical friend at Gavutu said, as we came alongside to coal her, " I suppose this is the last time we shall see this ship in the Solomon Islands." To save expense we set to and coaled her ourselves, getting eighty tons into her in one day. Some of us filled the baskets, some shoved them to the ship, and others trimmed in the bunkers; not our best friends would have known us when we had done. But the wonderful thing which came to light afterwards was that the effort made in raising money for the ship had increased the income of the Mission by £4,000 a year; it had jumped to £15,000, and that was enough to pay for the ship's working, besides all the new work which we wished to do. From that time we were

able to visit islands which we had not touched at all before, because they lay up to windward or were too far away. We had a beautiful little chapel on board. We had proper quarters for white women, and were able to open up women's work in the islands for the first time; very soon we brought down four ladies to work, two together, in Gela and in the New Hebrides. We could also fetch timber for houses and carry comfortably a hundred and forty boys and girls to Norfolk Island. This ship has served the Mission for twenty-eight years. Very soon it was found to be too costly to carry sailors as well as engineers and firemen, so the masts and the sails had to go, and she became a full-powered steamer with a native crew. She costs a great deal to run and keep in repair, but it is not easy to see how a Mission like this can do without her.

Those who quite honestly believe, and they are many, that Christian civilisation and the interference with native customs by the missionary depopulate the islands, might be sorry rather than glad that this new ship should be given to us. There had been three active influences which without doubt were making for depopulation—the Kanaka traffic, which had constantly deprived Gela of its young men; the native custom of "vows," which destroyed the friendliness and unity of the people; and the greed which had insisted on a high price for wives. I might add, illnesses which steamers from Sydney often brought with them; but these people were hardy and did not seem to be much affected by them. In

spite of these influences and illnesses, I do not think that at the end of my seventeen years there had been any great decrease in the population. Every village was full of children—a striking contrast to the non-Christian islands around it. Our Mission, with its doctors, its medicines, its high standard of family life as seen by the boys at Norfolk Island, and its opposition to harmful customs, could only help to stabilise the people, neutralise adverse influences, and prevent the depopulation which so-called civilisation, with its shoddy clothes, alcohol, firearms, and diseases, almost invariably brings to child races.

Passing through the beautiful Ututha passage with the white cockatoos screaming overhead, one comes out into Boli Harbour, a quiet lake of water with Siota on the southern shore. This has been the headquarters of the Melanesian Mission since Norfolk Island was abandoned in 1919. It came to us first because it was a Naboth's vineyard for the villages that lay on either side of the harbour, and rather than quarrel about it for ever the natives sold it to the Mission for £10.

We had a school there, to prepare small boys for Norfolk Island, but the large swamp behind it made it so unhealthy that our two doctors, Welchman and Williams, advised the discontinuance of this effort. In the four years that the school existed we had twenty deaths, including that of Mrs. Welchman, the only white woman then in the islands. Welchman's verdict was, " Siota kills our children "; and as they were mostly his own Bugotu people who were the

victims, he withdrew and made a new school at Mara-na-tabu in his own island. However, by that time he and Comins had cleared much of the swamp, and drained it, and since then a great deal more has been done; the Mission has occupied it again, and the Bishop now has his home there.

Not far from the western end of the Ututha lies Tulagi (the headquarters of the British Protectorate), and Gavutu (Burns Philp's trading centre). Thus Gela, the first island in the Solomons to be won to Christianity, has become by far the most important in the whole group.

IX

SOLOMON ISLANDS: MALAITA (MALA)

By far the wildest island in the Solomons was Malaita. The natives call it Mala—a very good name for it. A brave man, John Still, an old Etonian, opened up the way into it; another brave man, also an old Etonian and Still's great friend, Bishop John Selwyn, helped to make the opening. Selwyn found at a place called Port Adam, near the south-west corner of the island, two castaways from Santa Cruz, who were being held as prisoners and would doubtless have been eaten. One of these he was able to buy, and by this means got on a friendly footing again with Santa Cruz and the Reef Islands, where, as has been said, it had been dangerous to land since Patteson was killed in 1871 and the bombardment by a warship which followed. The other castaway escaped from his captors by night and took refuge on the *Southern Cross* on her next visit to Port Adam. The Bishop refused to give him up to the natives, who launched canoes and rafts with the intention of cutting out the ship. Happily she had a little steam-power, and was able to get safely away.

1.

It was fifteen years after this, in 1894, that I first saw Malaita. There were at that time half a dozen

or more boys there who had been to Norfolk Island, and who were holding the fort, Blundell Comins coming across from Ulawa or San Cristoval each year for a short time to encourage them. There was one small school at Saa, a little way down the east coast from Port Adam, but it was in a state of siege. A price was on the head of anyone who wore clothing of any kind, however little, as that was the badge of a Christian or school-man. There had been a school at Port Adam, but it had been attacked and dispersed. For a hundred miles this island stretched, just black heathendom, without a gleam of light anywhere to alleviate it, except at that corner where the Christian village of Saa lay. Men returning from Fiji and Queensland, who had become Christians there, threw away books and clothes and became heathen again because there was nothing to help them. " It is finished," they said, and reverted to their old habits. But this was only for a time.

Murder was nearly an everyday occurrence. When I first met young Fakaia, chief of Port Adam, in 1894, he had just killed a man, and when I saw him six years later he had just killed three. When we came to know other parts of Malaita we got quite used to hearing of murders. If a chief died, someone's life had to be taken. Fakaia in a kind of way had protected the small school at Port Adam, but no one's life was safe there, because of Fakaia's own killings. He came on board our ship, and when I spoke of it said, " This is meat which we do not often eat,"

meaning that killing was not a common thing with him now. He had a very large shell ring in his nose, and a comb with a long tail to it stuck in his hair. His bodyguard, who was also his executioner, an enormous fellow, paddled his canoe round the ship whilst his chief was on board.

When I first landed at Saa the heathen were besieging it, for the reason that the Christian chief had died and no life had been taken for his death by the Christians. On the beach were a number of men, armed with rifles and spears; but no school-people—these were at their morning service. We made friends with the besiegers, and presently the others came down to see us. The contrast between the two was extraordinary: the enemy naked, dirty, and fully armed; the school-people in their white loin-cloths, clean, and with quiet, good faces. I had never seen such degraded faces as those of the Malaita people in their native condition, so stern and coarse, with discs of mother-o'-pearl let into their nostrils, pencils of shell nine inches long through their noses, and delicate pearl ornaments stuck in the tips of them. The women in the canoes, when they came alongside the ship, were also naked, and as noisy and coarse-looking as the men. Marauding parties would creep along the coast and come ashore as friends, but no one dared to sleep so long as they remained. Both parties might sit together on the beach all night, but they would keep themselves awake by singing. Money was out for heads; a curse could be removed only by taking a life, and by

treachery and murder men could become chiefs. Our teachers had a price on their heads, and yet they were ready to come back from Norfolk Island to live here and try to make their degraded friends Christians.

Fred Howard, the trader in Ugi, was killed by a party of these men because one of them, in Howard's employ, had blown himself up with a dynamite charge. Later, old Amasia, who had been away in Fiji and come back a Christian, was killed for a murder which he had already committed when he left the island fifty years before. James Ivo, one of our Gela teachers, was stabbed to death because a man had been cursed by his own wife, and the only way to remove the curse was to kill someone. Joe, one of our firemen on board the *Southern Cross*, was shot on the Mission-house verandah at Gnore Fou for some reason unknown. Because the chief's father at Ferisubua was killed, a price was put on Hopkins' head, and on all his people's, at Gnore Fou, near-by. Two white men belonging to a Queensland Kanaka ship were shot at Atta Bay. One of our sick teachers, John Oiu, and his wife were forced by his people to leave their village, because, had he died, some school-people would have been killed for not having taken a life in revenge for his. If a woman from one of the artificial islands should be touched by any friendly hand during the thirty days after her confinement, or buried if she died at that time, those doing the kind act would themselves be killed. A very much longer list of murders could be made, but

these show how cheaply life was held in Malaita. If one were to state that it were better to be a pig than a man in that island, it would be no great exaggeration, but yet it was dangerous to be either one or the other.

The appalling conditions of life for this debased humanity naturally showed in the faces of both men and women. I have never seen such faces anywhere else. Yet for strength, virility, courage, and hard work these people were the best of all the islanders. As Kanakas they were the most valued in Queensland, and they were also the most dangerous. When I was there in 1896, on a visit to the sugar plantations where some nine thousand of our Melanesian islanders were at work, six Malaita men had been condemned to death for killing an old swag man. I pleaded for them on the ground that they knew no better, and five were reprieved.

Cannibalism is an unpleasant subject, but as it was a custom more practised here than elsewhere, it may be well to say something more of it—as it was told me by a man with a face like Bill Sikes, Harper Houedi. When I first saw him in 1903 he had just run ten miles to his Confirmation at Roas because he had missed being confirmed at Saa. Two years later, when I was at Saa, he came into my house for a talk. He said that he and his friends, living along the Maramasike Channel which divides the southern end of Malaita from the mainland, had not themselves been cannibals because they believed that the spirit of the eaten man would haunt and kill

them; but that they had often cut a man up for others to eat. This may have been true or not, because it is a common thing for islanders to profess that they themselves never sank so low as to eat human flesh. The best parts, Houedi said, were the back of the neck and the breast. Generally a man was not killed for food, but because of some offence, such as quarrelling, cheating, stealing, or adultery; or the offence might be much more trifling, and anyone was liable to be killed and eaten by his relations. A woman who cried out when her husband was beating her would quite likely be eaten because her husband was tired of her. Man-eating had no religious significance, however, so no man was ever offered as a sacrifice. For this pigs were used. Nor was there the belief that by eating human flesh the man's power was acquired. The victim's legs would be sliced above the knee and roasted; and his blood drained off into small bamboos, which men carried about in their net-bags. Human flesh was considered better than pig.

It surprised me to hear that cannibalism had become a custom in this island only within the memory of men now living. It seems that on their raids in San Cristoval the Malaita men saw flesh being eaten by their enemies, or at any rate heard that it was eaten. When they returned to Saa and related this their story was disbelieved. On the next raid—a kind of voyage of discovery to see if their enemies did really eat men—the fact was proved, and on their return some of them began the horrible

practice, which soon became that of the whole people. This may be true or not, but it was believed to be so by the older men.

The Malaita people had their ghosts, and their priests who knew how to approach them. On one of the little off-lying islets I was once on the point of sitting down on a heap of dirty stones, but was told in time that this was the altar, and the dirty old man standing in the doorway close by was the priest. Whilst we were holding a school at Port Adam, one of these priests was declaiming to a number of men close by about ghosts. After a death in the village, or a murder by someone unknown, a priest would accompany a party of men to the villages around, and sit watching for a ghostly light to appear above one of the houses, a sign that the man they looked for dwelt there. A terrible suspense would weigh on the villagers, men, women and children, till the party went off and they could breathe freely again.

When we called for the first time in 1894 at Roas Bay, where a British sailor had lately been killed, the people were expecting the visit of a man-of-war, and seeing our vessel, which they knew, they asked us to give them a teacher, and to take two of their boys to school at Norfolk Island—a gesture of good behaviour by which they hoped to ward off punishment. We made friends with this crowd on the beach, and took their boys, and gave them a Motalava teacher, Johnson Telegsem, who went ashore with all his belongings to make a school. Many books

ridiculing Christian missions are written by people who have never seen them. Here I saw them as they are, and not as these books describe them. This place Roas, with Port Adam and Saa, were at that time the only places in Malaita which Christianity had touched, and even here it had won just a foothold, and no more. It was a dangerous island for anyone to live in, or for any white man's ship to call at. The Queensland Kanaka agents, calling for recruits, did not go ashore, although fully armed.

2.

Six years afterwards, on one of my visits to Roas, I was struck by the wonderful change that had come over the people since I first knew them, and I asked if any had been baptised and become Christians. They said some had, and I asked these to cross with me a little stream that runs out into the bay and to sit upon the rocks. About forty of them waded across the stream. All the savagery seemed to have gone out of their faces, as though the grace of God were truly with them. The unbaptised school-people sat in two groups on the other side of the water—about a hundred and fifty of them—and beyond were a dozen or so naked heathen with spears and guns, standing aloof. I spoke to them all about the old days and the new life, and the water of baptism which divided the old from the new, and of Christ, their King and ours. They sat and listened, many of them the same people that we had seen in all their wildness and dirtiness a few years before; and

as a group of heathen men walked off, I reminded these that such they had themselves been a short time before. Patteson used to object to his Melanesians being called " savages "—they were just his beloved " brown people," because it was wonderful to see how quickly the savage nature could die out of them when they became school-people. As they shook off the chains of the old life and superstitions their faces also changed, and many became really beautiful. I have seen some that brought to my mind early Christians going to the stake for their faith. There stands out in my memory specially the teacher, John Oiu, one of the first to become a Christian in Malaita; he was always in danger, and had, I used to think, the face of a St. Stephen.

Year by year the number of our schools increased at the southern end of the island, where Saa and Port Adam lay. In 1899 we tried to get an opening at the northern end, at a place called Atta Bay, where we heard that a great chief named Qaisulia supplied the Queensland Kanaka ships with boys, in return for gramophones or other things which appealed to him. We found there off the coast a number of small artificial islets built by the " salt-water men " for safety from the " bushmen," with logs and stones and enough soil to grow one or two trees. These islets were built out on the reefs, breaks in which, with deep water in them, provided a kind of moat for the little fortresses. Qaisulia lived in one of them. When we arrived a noisy crowd of men boarded us, nearly all speaking pidgin-

English. Two boys who had been baptised in Queensland took us to a small island with only one house on it. Here an old man climbed down the wall into the sea, but as he saw us approaching in a boat he climbed up again and waited. He was alone; either his island was in the course of formation, and had not had time to grow, or a death had occurred there, and therefore it had been deserted. One of the largest of these artificial islets, which perhaps held three to four hundred people and was covered with small houses, showed no signs of life till we were close up to it. Then some boys sprang up and yelled, and, plunging into the sea, swam towards us. The old chief here was blear-eyed and hare-lipped. He asked me for ointment for his eyes. His home, he said, had been washed away last Christmas by a tidal wave, but the people had all got safely to the mainland, and now they had all returned. The next islet was about an acre in size, and had perhaps two hundred and fifty or three hundred people on it. It had one or two trees, and so many small huts that some were built out from the wall ten or twelve feet over the sea. We landed under the roof of a canoe-house, were welcomed with what sounded like a disdainful snarl from a crowd of women, and passed up the little street, black with dirt and so narrow that we had to creep under the eaves of houses now and again. A crowd followed us, and pigs in our path grunted as we stepped over them. A stone wall divided the island into two parts. On the near side of the wall lived all the

women and the married men; beyond were the homes of the boys and single men. There also were the canoes, and the ghost-house with a rough stone altar in front of it, and a great fishing-net suspended on stakes to dry. No woman was allowed to approach this; she would be killed if found anywhere near it, for it was supposed that women would bring bad luck to the nets and the fishing, on which the lives of all on the island depend.

There being no gardens, a market would often be held at some place along the shore of the mainland, and here the women rapidly exchanged fish for yams, whilst the men stood around with spears and guns. There was always a truce from fighting on market-days, but the business was got through quickly and the fishing folk returned to their little island, where only they could live safely without fear of treachery or aggression. I was introduced to the big chief, also to his chief "fighter," a big-chested, tall, powerful ruffian. Their faces lighted up with pleasure when I gave them presents of tobacco and hooks, and very soon nothing was left in my bag, because every man in the place had been introduced to me as either a big chief or a little one. No one had any more clothing on them than their pigs had, but none seemed at all ashamed of that, and all lived together as though there were not much difference between the one animal and the other. The network of stone walls across the island would have made it a hard place for an enemy to get out of, had he succeeded in getting in. Again we ran the gauntlet

of the women, and they clamoured fiercely for tobacco.

Leaving the islets, we went ashore on the mainland and talked to a chief, Rampola, who wished to have a school, but was afraid. He asked us, " Would we be strong with him if he were strong with us ?" " Would we help him if he were attacked because of his school ?" I promised that we would come every year and see him, and he seemed satisfied and called us brothers.

Off the island of Qaisulia, the powerful chief whom I have described as supplying boys to Kanaka ships, we met a canoe with over twenty men in it. We bought shells from them, but did not let them come aboard. On the following day we anchored in Coleridge Bay, and here Qaisulia himself, in a canoe with eighteen men, came alongside. Without hesitation he came on board, evidently a powerful personage, tall, strongly built, square-jawed and shrewd. His dress was a peaked cap, three thousand opossum teeth on a necklet, and a towel. He travelled in state and at ease, on a raised seat in the bow of his canoe, and told me he was " big fellow governor " over all this end of Malaita, just as the British Commissioner was " big fellow governor long Gela." He said he would protect all the schools we made, but laughed at the idea of having one himself unless a white man came and stayed with him. He and his men were quite friendly to us; we gave them a few presents, and now felt sure of an opening at this end of the island—a dream

that was shortly afterwards realised when Hopkins settled at Gnore Fou.

When we came to Atta Bay the following year (1900), our decks were black with these most uncouth, loud-voiced men, and canoes full of women and girls lay alongside. The same old blear-eyed chief met us near his islet in his canoe and said: "This ship good fellow; he no want to fight all same man-o'-war—all big fellow chiefs say same." A fair number of bad words were mixed up as usual in this pidgin-English sentence, but for all that it was good news, and we were given three boys to take away and teach.

Halfway down the west coast we found a place called Fiu, where twenty men, returned from Fiji, had made a school in Ako's village. It was a danger spot for them, and remained so for many years, because the bushmen knew that a school village allowed its people to be killed without avenging their death, and therefore they prowled around looking for an easy "life." Then we looked into Royalist Harbour, and made friends with a chief named Billy. He said it was no good asking his people to have schools before the bushmen had them; but he and his men could see the point when asked by which way they went into a house, the back or the front. When finally we returned to the southern end, we found a school had been made among the bushmen there who had raided Port Adam, and that the wildest man in that part of Malaita, old Qaihaiodo Wala—

which means " make the word straight "—had attached himself to it.

Much depended at this time on whether the school-people at Port Adam would now be able to catch porpoises as well as they did before they joined the school, for it was a custom to offer sacrifices and to fast and make their canoes *tabu*; then, with their " sacred " men in them, and with powerful incantations, to go out to sea and drive the porpoises into the harbour. If the fish broke through the canoes, the " sacred " men, all the time muttering prayers to keep them straight ahead, would call them back by their incantations. Once inside the harbour, crowds of men in canoes chased the porpoises into the shallows and drove them up on to the shore. Porpoise teeth are used as money, and so a good catch was valuable. It was said that the Christians caught more fish of other kinds than the heathen did. The question was, Would God be as strong with porpoises as the many gods of the heathen were ? It was a trial of strength between the old religion and the new. The Christians prayed and fasted, and I blessed their canoes. They had a marvellous catch, and that pretty well settled everything in favour of schools.

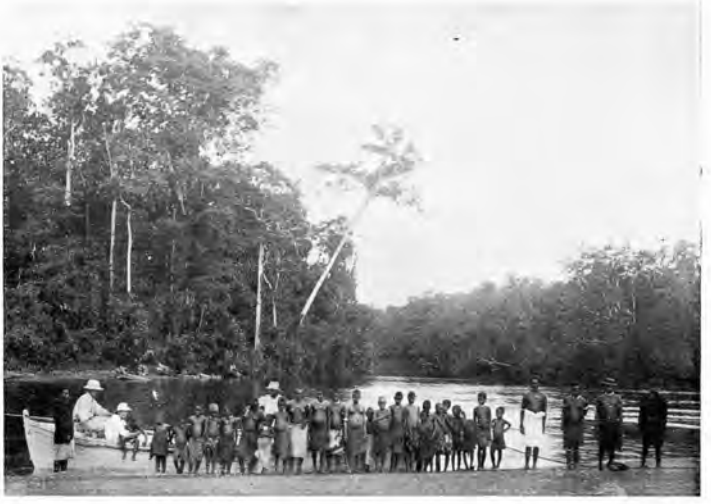
By 1904 all the Port Adam people were either Christians or on the way to becoming so. Forty miles up the coast, at a place with a bad reputation for murders, the young chief and his men sat on the beach and watched us land and come up to him. Without speaking a word to us, he unloaded his

rifle, and bade his men unload theirs, telling them quietly that these bullets were not for us. When one of his men stole my tobacco-bag, he ordered him to bring it back to me.

In 1901 a man who had much to do with the christianisation of Malaita, Arthur Innes Hopkins, had joined us. When offered as his field of work the northern part, where Atta Bay lay, he accepted the dangerous post with such pleasure that it was impossible to think of putting him in any more peaceful place. On a promontory of the mainland, known as Gnore Fou, directly looking out on to a wide reef studded with artificial islands, he settled himself down among some men who had become Christians in Fiji. These built a small loft for him, and they slept underneath him with their guns. The British Commissioner sent a message strongly advising him to go away because the place was too dangerous for a white man to live in, and offered him a passage in the Government ship. Hopkins thanked him, but said he would stay. There were now three white men working on Malaita, all missionaries, two of them of our Mission at opposite ends of the islands—Ivens strong in the south, Hopkins in the north—and one from a Queensland undenominational Mission, a Mr. Pillans, halfway down the west side. No other white men had yet appeared upon the scene. Soon after, the bushmen behind Gnore Fou killed a man of Ferisubua, one of the small islets on the reef. Hopkins' little school was thereby scattered, and when we next went there we

found only four men and as many women. A strong stockade had been built round the village, and men kept watch at the narrow entry day and night. Away down the coast at Fiu, Ako, the Christian chief, was surrounded by bushmen and shot. His companion escaped—one bullet passing under his arm, another past his ear, and a third just missing his body; deafened and dazed, he dived into the river and got away.

Three days later Hopkins and I arrived at Fiu, and in the beautiful little church just lately built, and curiously decorated with white, red, and black devices, we gave Holy Communion to twenty people and I confirmed five others, whilst an armed man paced up and down outside. Later prayers were said, and fifty or more joined us. Their attitude was that of people who knew they might be called on to die for their faith at any time. I never saw anything more solemn, or faces more reverent and peaceful than these. As the school grew stronger the heathen became more antagonistic. They constantly demanded "fines," and threatened to fight the school-folk if they were not paid. Seven times they had paid these unjust fines, and were now impoverished by them. The Government did nothing to protect them, nor would it allow them firearms, which, even though not used, would have scared their enemies away. The man who walked up and down outside the church during our services had a rifle, but no cartridges—a fact unknown to the aggressors. Notwithstanding all this, after



RIVER AT FIU, MALAITA

CHURCH AT FIU, MALAITA

To face p. 202

Evensong that day the whole village went in procession from the church to the river (where Ako had been killed during the week), and in it we baptised twenty-five more.

The next year Hopkins and I sailed or rowed in our two whale-boats along the western coast from the south end to the north, calling in at all the villages we saw by the way. On one of them, Foiai, the people were deserting the old dirty heathen place where they had lived in their unregenerate days and, passing over a stream, were building for themselves new homes and a Christian village. At Fiu we found the bush-people still annoying those who attended the school. Two armed men followed us to the river to protect us when we went to bathe. Next day we came to a small village where a man was trying to make a school, but as yet he had only one scholar. We rowed past fifteen artificial islets, from each of which a canoe came out with a request for tobacco, or to give us the news. One said that a bush party was out against Gnore Fou, and wanted the life of Alec, one of our crew-men. The news did not affect his cheerfulness in any way, probably because every man in these parts is well used to such tales. These little islets off the coast, in some cases only a stone's throw from each other, were often at war amongst themselves. When peace was made, as at Santa Cruz, that island which had killed the most handed over to the other as many " lives "—generally of children who had been captured elsewhere—as were necessary to make things equal.

Each poor little " life " would be taken by other children with arrows. One island was in ruins because its chief had been enticed ashore and killed by four bushmen, and so, according to custom, the island was deserted. Another was quite old and had a few trees growing upon it. The people constantly repair or enlarge or build them, so that they may feel safe from bushmen who have no canoes and cannot swim.

On one, everybody was busy boring holes in porpoise teeth. A week or two before they had caught thirty porpoises. As there are two hundred teeth in each, six thousand teeth, at the current price of a shilling for ten, would bring in about £30. We talked as they toiled. I asked who had built the island. No one answered. Then one said, " We don't like to say his name—he is debel " (devil). " Do you pray to him ?" I asked. They said they did. " Why do you pray to the man who made the island, and not to the great Spirit God ?" No one answered, but some laughed.

As years went by, more peaceful conditions began to reign in Gnore Fou, and the stockade was taken down as the villages spread out beyond it. One could walk safely a short way into the bush, where the villages were absurdly small, some having only two or three houses in them. When these bush-people make a raid two or three hundred men combine, the fighting men taking positions round the place which they are attacking, and the rest supporting them. Once a man is recognised as a fighting man

he is personally safe from attack, and probably many of the murders were due to men hoping to establish a reputation for themselves as fighting men. But without doubt the chiefs also maintained assassins, who made their living by killing any man for their chief at a price. When Queensland Kanaka ships came along the coast to pick up boys for the sugar plantations, high prices were paid for bullets; for if an assassin could earn three pounds by taking a life for his chief, five shillings for one bullet was not so dear.

Amongst the many bays into which Captain Sinker pushed the nose of the *Southern Cross* was one towards the north end, called Suu Aba. At the bottom of this bay were some artificial islets, and on one was a big strong fellow, Singalia, the chief. We would go ashore and make friends with his people, and he come and sit on the deck of the ship. On one of these occasions he enumerated to me all the schools he knew on Malaita, and he was very much in favour of them. On the opposite side of the bay were two native men, returned from Fiji, who were building a school under his patronage. He said these two were as good as white men, and that all the bushmen were quiet and friendly. His faith in the white man later received a rude shock.

One day there arrived a vessel called the *Wheat-sheaf* with six white men on board who said they were in search of treasure which they knew to be buried somewhere on the shores of the bay. The captain, wearing a cocked hat and sword, asked

Singalia's permission for the other five to go ashore and look for the treasure. Four left the vessel, the fifth, unknown to the captain, being down below with fever. This man, when his four friends had gone, heard the captain offer Singalia all the "trade" in the ship, tobacco, arms and everything, to the value (he said) of £1,500, if Singalia would kill his passengers. Singalia declined. When the treasure-seekers returned from their useless quest, the sick man told them of the captain's little scheme. They seized him, sailed away, and carried him off to the British Commissioner at Gela. I never heard what became of him. Apparently, coming from Fiji, he had promoted a syndicate to find treasure in the Solomons. He carried the members of his syndicate with him in the ship, hoping they might be disposed of at a price, in which case he, as the sole survivor of the company, would be able to claim the schooner. On the way back to Fiji one man threw himself overboard; they all lost their money, and but for the happy chance that Singalia had abandoned the customs of his fathers, might also have lost their heads.

On the west coast of Malaita a very small school had been formed at Qarea by some returned men from Fiji. To make themselves safe, Konae, the chief, built a little fortress on the edge of the cliff with a good strong coral wall on the landward side. One night a hundred bushmen attacked this village by placing a rough ladder against the cliff. They offered peace to the people inside the fortress if

they would drive away the school. When this was refused, the bushmen fired, but it so happened that a bush-chief named Qaqae had come to live in the fort, unknown to them, and he fired back, and killed three of the enemy. Not having expected retaliation of this kind from a school village, they fled, promising to come back shortly. Konae then begged us to give them a white man to live with them; as this was not possible, we called for volunteers at the neighbouring village of Fiu, and three native men declared themselves not afraid to go. When I last saw Qarea in the year 1911, the fort was a mere relic, for the village had spread out inland, owing to the general desire among the people for peace and safety, and had become so large that none of their neighbours dared attack it. Konae with thirty of his men, dressed in white, came down the hill to the river to be baptised, the first Christians in that part of Malaita.

As I have already said, the men who returned from Queensland and Fiji did not help us when we first began work on Malaita. Yet in the end it was to their simple faith and their native courage that the planting of Christianity was very largely due. Spontaneously their schools broke out after a while, and lit up like beacons all along the shores where they settled. Without them such progress as our Mission made in this dark island would have been impossible.

X

SOLOMON ISLANDS: GUADALCANAR AND SAVO

1. *Guadalcanar.*

GUADALCANAR ISLAND is one of the finest in the South-Eastern Solomons. It is about a hundred miles long and forty broad, with mountains rising to 8,000 feet, and a rainfall, it is said, at their summit, of 500 inches. It lies pretty nearly east and west, and nearly parallel to Malaita.

When I first knew Guadalcanar it was entirely heathen, without a school of any kind upon it, although only a few miles north was Gela, with its three hundred or more Christians, at peace, and almost entirely under missionary influence. There was scarcely any trade between these two islands, and not much communication, although they were practically one and the same people. Here there were thirteen *kema*, five of them the same as those in Gela, and all having the same forbidden foods. They also had sacrificed to the same great spirit, *Koevasi*, but Gela now had become Christian, and Guadalcanar remained untouched.

In 1894, on my first voyage, at a place fifty miles to the north, named Perihandi, on the southern end of Ysabel Island, which is called Bugotu, we picked up a Guadalcanar native named George Basilei, with his young Bugotu wife. George had been cap-

tured at Vaturanga in Guadalcanar as a little boy in a raid of New Georgia head-hunters, together with his brother Hugo Gorovaka, and taken to the small island of Savo near-by; there they were sold to a Bugotu man, who carried them off to his home on Ysabel. George and Hugo became Christians, and the latter head teacher in one of the Bugotu schools. George, as far as we knew, was the only other Christian belonging to Guadalcanar. We determined to drop this seed into the place where he was born and from which he had been stolen. Thus, from being a slave, he became the apostle to this large island, for it was he who opened our way into it.

When we arrived at Vaturanga, towards the west end of Guadalcanar, we put him down with his Bugotu wife, in the charge of Kukuru, a chief, who said he would take care of them and their belongings, and we left them at a place called Savulei on the north-west corner of the island. The chief did take care of all the belongings of his new teachers, but he allowed no teaching. He said that as words came out of books, there must be ghosts in books. The books must therefore be thrown into the sea, and they were. For two years George, with his wife, lived amongst these people without attempting to teach except by his life. Not only his books, but his clothes were gone, and for these two years, living far up in the bush, he looked the same as all the others; yet it puzzled the people to see that he neither practised magic nor stole things, nor took part in killing men. They asked why he was different

from them, and he spoke of a spirit he had in him which caused the difference. He said, if they would build him a house on the seashore he would tell them there all he knew about this spirit, and he promised that the Bishop—who knew more about him than he did—would sometimes come in his ship and tell them more. They had all become extremely anxious to know about this spirit which made his life so strange to them, so a few moved down to the shore with him and built a house on the spot where Maravovo, the mission station, now is.

The land on the northern side of Guadalcanar, facing Gela, in a district called Tasimboko, is a plain for thirty or forty miles back. In the year 1896, before we had broken ground in the island, we had visited Tasimboko, and off a small village called Tetere found lying at anchor an Austrian man-of-war, the *Albatross*. Captain Mueller was in command, and he had brought with him a party of scientists under the leadership of a certain Austrian Baron, who were at the time trying to make their way through the bush to the mountains. I went on board, and the captain having letters with him for Percy Williams, asked me to deliver them. We had tea together, and I gave him some Santa Cruz arrows and bags, which he seemed pleased to have. He told me he should put them into the Vienna Museum, and that he might label them as given by me, he asked how we denominated Bishops in our Church, for in his own they were spoken of as "His Eminence." I told him that "The Right Reverend" would do.

On my leaving he thus addressed me: "Right Reverend Your Eminence Sir Williams, I have the honour." Soon afterwards we heard that the Baron and his scientific party had been attacked by bushmen in the mountains, and some, if not all, killed.

In 1897 Hugo, the brother of George Basilei, left Bugotu and joined George at Vaturanga. But disaster came upon them from the islands of New Georgia, two hundred miles to the West. Here a new canoe had been launched, at Narovo, and Bera, the chief, and his people wanted heads with which to mark the event and to blood the canoe. Five canoes therefore left Narovo on this quest, and arrived first of all at Russell Island, where Naule, the chief, told them he would guide them to where they could get what they wanted. He took them on, fifty miles or so, to the new little settlement at Vaturanga, and here, during a friendly talk, the visitors killed Biru, the head-man, and his wife, and took their little son Bololo away with them as a slave. The rest, with George, Hugo, and Isabel his wife, escaped. After that the people kept their school going far up in the bush, and were free from annoyance both from the coast natives and those of Savo. They had by this time got over their fear of books, and George and Hugo had translated some prayers and lessons into their language. When we came in the ship that year (1897), for the first time a number of natives of the island came on board. They were regular bushmen, and their bodies were covered with Tokalau ringworm. One of them, an old man,

gave us his son, Baringala, to take to Norfolk Island, our first recruit from Guadalcanar. In 1899, calling at Vaturanga, we found George very ill, still up in the bush, and we took him away for a rest.

The following year we did what I think the Mission had never done before, nor since. We forced our way in without being invited by any chief to come, and, indeed, very much against the wish of Sulukavu, the biggest man of that part. Percy Williams, a New Zealander, brother of the young doctor on Santa Cruz, and an old Cambridge football blue, offered to take a dozen Gela boys, if they would volunteer, and make a settlement at a place since called Maravovo, on the coast near to Basilei's village. Plenty volunteered who were then at school in Norfolk Island, and they all went and settled down. Old Sulukavu invoked all his deities to turn them out, but they held on in spite of his threats, charms, and murders. The old man relied most of all on the charm of the *vele*, which amongst his own people had never been known to fail.

Vele was a native of Russell Island, who years before had made a great name for himself as full of *mana*, or ghostly power. When he died the natives packed his relics in small wicker bags, each about three inches long, and sold them to the natives of Savo and Guadalcanar as a sure thing in the way of deadly magic. Probably more had since died from this charm than from all the spears, arrows, and guns in the island. With the bag on the little finger of the left hand, the *vele*-man leaps out from his

hiding-place upon the victim, who hears a hiss, and sees a figure with an outstretched arm before him. His head swims and he falls to the ground, and is pounded about his body with the bag, and told to die on the morrow—which he always does.

Sulukavu tried this magic on our little party, but he gave it up as hopeless, owing to the invaders' *mana* being too great for his. He tried stones over which magical songs had been sung, but these too had no effect, and sometimes the stones were hurled back at his men, and if hit by them they died. What was to be done? They killed a man in the next village, just to show the school-people what they meant to do. By this time a palisade had been put up all round the school at Maravovo, and a good house built in it. Then a certain number of women and children came and lived in the little growing village. The Government, for their protection, lent Williams six rifles. Meanwhile Sulukavu had spies watching day by day, and many of the bushmen had accepted his money for taking lives. Williams, one night, had a bag of *vele* bones shaken at him at close quarters—it was believed that the poor man who shook the bag died shortly afterwards from the shock of the white man's boot. The chiefs around repeatedly sent word that Sulukavu meant mischief, and had eaten a feast preparatory to wiping the school out of existence. Nothing happened, however, and the other chiefs, seeing their old powerful rival defeated, became friendly, and asked the Gela teachers to make schools in their villages too. Sulu-

kavu then threw up the sponge and himself came into Maravovo, where he was treated kindly and given presents, and so gradually he became our friend.

In 1907 he came off for the first time to the *Southern Cross*. I did not know him, but when I put my hand on the old man's shoulder, and asked him who he was, he told me he was Sulukavu and that he had come on board to see me—an ugly old fellow, with prominent underlip and a white beard. I made him a present of a shirt and some tobacco. The battle was finished, and our old enemy had become our friend. On the beach stands a great white cross put up in memory of George Basilei, who opened to us the door into Guadalcanar.

When I stayed for a time on Guadalcanar in 1909, schools had spread from Maravovo down and up the coast for sixty miles on either side, and the Gela Christians were passing on the faith to these people as fast and as well as they could do it. I landed from the little Government steamer, the *Belama*, at Tasimboko, and passed round, finishing at Cape Suhu on the southern coast, having visited a chain of schools and found peace reigning everywhere. All the bushmen and a great many of the coast people were still heathen, but they were all our friends. A little way up a river I saw a small ghost-house, in which the object of worship was the " Adam's apple " of a great man of the past. The *vele* charm was still an object of dread to the heathen, but was by now recognised as quite harmless to the school-people. For was not God stronger than any

heathen magic? Yes, and those who had tried it on others and failed generally died themselves.

Much of the plain at Tasimboko is now taken up by white men for coco-nut plantations. At one place there was a large sandy patch kept as a reserve for megapods, or bush turkeys, a small bird with large feet which lays an egg twice as large as a duck's. This bit of land, about a quarter of a mile in length and a furlong in width, was divided into plots by the natives, who gathered all the eggs found in their own plots. The birds, which can scarcely fly, run about fighting and digging their burrows in the ground to bury their eggs. The natives say that they lay three times a day. Large hawks and fish-eagles, perching on the trees around, wait for a pounce on some unlucky young one.

Civilisation came gradually as the Gela teachers cleaned up the villages and made good schools in them. But there was much still (1909) to be done. We found a chief near Cape Hunter on the southern shore who had made a great feast in his village; but a neighbouring big man, troubled at not being able to do things on the same scale and fearing that he would thereby lose importance, hired a band of ruffians to attack him. The chief himself, with his little son in his arms, escaped, but his brother and others were killed, and his wife and little girl captured. In this village there had once been a very large population, but *vele* and wars had killed off most of the people.

One of the barbarous customs of this district was

to shut up young girls in diminutive basket-houses, with a *tabu* that no one but their owners should ever see them. They were not allowed to wash, nor to go beyond the length of a short path outside their cages. I saw one chief with some of his fourteen wives round him, but his *jefas*—his girls in baskets—of course I did not see.

Human sacrifices were still offered occasionally, but the schools had spread a very strong public opinion against them. Torolala, a big chief in Savo (an island a few miles away), on account of some trouble, said that nothing would satisfy him but a man's head. His people tried to dissuade him; they told him such things were not done now, and offered to get him a fish instead, but that would not do for the chief. They would get him a pig, they said. No, it must be a man. He would not wash himself, nor cut his nails or his hair, until a human sacrifice had been offered. Accordingly three of his men came across to the coast of Guadalcanar, and finding a boy on a reef persuaded him to go aboard their canoe; the man behind then struck him with his paddle, and they cut his throat. So Torolala was satisfied. (For this crime the Government carried him off to gaol.)

Against this background the school villages shone out like beacons of light, and the natives, for the most part, were agreed that schools were a necessity if they were to have peace and happiness. We had bought a fair-sized piece of land at Maravovo, and during my stay there one year I cut down the first

tree to make room for a coco-nut plantation for the support of our schools. Soon afterwards a hospital and a printing press were established beyond the plantation, and now all the Mission's printing is done there—close to the very spot where George Basilei's school was broken up by the Narovo head-hunters. Ben Bololo, the little boy then stolen, is now one of the Christian teachers.

2. *Savo.*

The island of Savo lies thirteen miles or less from the north-west corner of Guadalcanar, and it is a strange thing that while Savo is famous for its sharks, one can venture with impunity into the water at Maravovo in Guadalcanar. One cannot go into the sea up to one's knees in Savo without danger of being taken. The big sharks lurk close to the shore waiting for their prey, because the custom of the island was to take dead bodies out in canoes a short distance and lower them with ropes towards the bottom; long before they reached it they would be torn to pieces. One of our little Norfolk Island boys was carried off while playing with another small boy close in to the shore. The natives would throw pebbles into the sea to frighten the sharks away before they bathed, and then dip quickly and hurry out. One of my crew-boys was inclined to disbelieve what the people told him, so, taking a handful of pebbles, he walked out to a depth of water just above his knees. Immediately he saw a large black shark facing him about four yards away,

and trying to get behind him; he saved himself by throwing his pebbles in front of it while he moved slowly backwards until out of the water.

They worshipped the sharks on Savo, believing that it was these that had created the island. Koevasi, the great spirit there—as on Gela and Guadalcanar—had made everything else, but it was two sharks that had made Savo. Once upon a time Sinobo, a chief of Vatilau, was bringing his sister to Guadalcanar in his canoe. The sun was hot, and he complained. They took a coco-nut and broke it, and each put a half shell on their heads. But the sister's fell into the sea and sank. She dived for it, and went down ever so far before she got it. By that time the canoe had passed away and she was left behind. Then Savokiki the shark came and saved her, bidding her put her hand on his neck, but not to lie on his back. Another shark came along and wanted to eat her, but Savokiki defended her, and she gave to the other shark her dog's tooth necklace, which pleased it. Then while she sat on a tree the two sharks tore up rocks and sand with their tails and built Savo. Many of the rocks came from Rua Vatu in Guadalcanar, and that is why there are no rocks at Rua Vatu now.

Sacrifices were offered to Koevasi, to Savokiki, and to the skulls of chiefs, these latter being preserved in baskets and carried to a place sacred to sharks when any sacrifice was to be made. Canoes were named after sharks, to give them power for voyages and fishing, and when old and done with

they were taken to Sogilovoga, the sharks' sacred place, there to rot away.

A chief named Gura used at certain times, with four or five of his men, to swim out to a black rock with a pig's heart tied to his neck, as a sacrifice to his shark. Standing with his men on the rock, he called for " Lambu." When " Lambu," the shark, came, he made his offering, and then he and his men swam back again to the shore. No one was ever known to be seized by a shark on this expedition. The British Commissioner, Mr. Woodford, somewhat of a cynic, asked me if our Christians would have the courage to do the same in the cause of their religion. The sharks belonged to those who sacrificed to them, and when a man happened to be taken by one, his enemy at once claimed that it was *his* particular shark that killed him. Probably they believed that the souls of the dead lived on in the shark, although they would say that the dead went to a high point on Guadalcanar (where our hospital now is), or to the Three Sisters Islands, to which place also the San Cristoval natives go when they die.

Human sacrifices were not offered to sharks, but parts of a man killed in battle might be, with the idea that the spirit of a man in the shark was glad to have him slain. Witchcraft was practised by throwing some object intimately connected with a man into the sea, and this would cause a shark to take him, or bring about his death in some other way.

Our Mission tried for thirty years to establish schools on Savo. Williams' Mission in Guadalcanar had put two teachers there in 1900, but the whole island was dead against them, and it was these people who terrorised many of the Guadalcanar natives into refusing to have anything to do with schools.

A few years afterwards, a Mission boat with Dr. Welchman on board was weatherbound here for a few days, and Peraviko, the chief of Pagopago, took a liking to William Kenda, a Gela teacher, and asked him to make a school in his village.

At William Kenda's village in 1909 I found twenty-five people, the cream of the place, whom Kenda had been preparing for baptism since he landed, five years before, on his chance visit. These I baptised, and then confirmed three of the teachers. Next day I determined to walk round the island, and to visit all its eighteen villages. Fourteen of the men whom I had baptised, and also Kenda, said that they would come with me, and as we must take bedding and food, I was glad to have their help. At the very first village we came to, I was asked for a school. At the next we met Kosi, a very important man in Savo, big, fat and middle-aged, possessed with some authority from the Government, and calling himself a "policeman." He was dressed in a lady's vermilion blouse and a child's French red sailor-hat with a ribbon inscribed H.M.S. *Kent*, but he had no trousers. He had about twenty men with him, and was a great personage with an iron house and four

boats of his own. He gave us breakfast, and while having it, told me that he could not be content with only one wife, seeing that he had paid so much for his second one. After breakfast a widow came, and, with her, two chiefs who were quarrelling about her. Kosi took me aside, and offered me a pound if I would send her away, which I declined, and then and there held a small court of my own, that I might hear both sides. The woman belonged to Guadalcanar, and a canoe having arrived from there with money from a former husband to get her back, I told the two chiefs to divide this money and restore all they had taken from her and let her go. They agreed to this at once, and produced the husband's money and divided it between them; and, her own money also being found, she was soon returned to Guadalcanar. After that a man who had also acted as a Government policeman was accused of a crime, for which I made him pay a good stiff fine, and promised that the Government should hear of it, forbidding him to act any longer as a policeman. Another of Kosi's men was accused of having stolen five pounds from one they called "Missionary" Soro who was one of my fourteen companions. This man ran off at once when told to do so, got the money, and paid it back.

News travels apace in the islands, and when we reached the next village half the people in it were gathered together. My vermilion-coated friend Kosi and I sat down together in their midst. The first charge was against Kosi himself. It was said that

after a recent visit to Guadalcanar as a policeman to make an arrest, he had returned with a letter which he said had been written by me and by Hugo the deacon, bidding him to take in charge a man named Pongo, fine him heavily and receive the money to give to me. I turned to Kosi by my side, and asked him if this were true. He confessed it was, and he was made to fetch the money and give it back to Pongo. After that I assured the people that the " Governor " (as they called the British Commissioner) would take away Kosi's handcuffs so that he should no longer be a policeman. I then heard that Kosi had proclaimed that I had put him in charge of all the schools in Savo, and required him to fine anyone who committed any offence four strings of money. Kosi carefully explained that this was not strictly true, the truth being that Sulukavu, the old heathen chief in Guadalcanar who had been such a trouble to us over there, not I, had put him in charge of all the schools in Guadalcanar.

We passed three places of interest that day: one where an old chief, who had refused to have a school until he had taken one more life, had lost his own in the course of his raid; another where legend told that Peraviko with eighty men defeated Sulukavu with four hundred; and the third, where the tree was on which the woman sat when the shark Savokiki was building Savo. We saw also the vent of a fumarole with a fair amount of steam and boiling water coming from it.

At the next village the people were again waiting for us, and a chair was put for me under a tree, around which they gathered. First there was a dispute between Kosi and Simon about some land, and they agreed to divide it. Then came some men from Maravovo, who had come across to try to get back two *jefas* (slave-girls) stolen in old days, one of whom had married a Savo school-man. It was decided that she should remain with her husband, and the other go back. A man asked me to restore to him his daughter whom a chief had stolen, and I ordered her release. Kosi had now become quite friendly and cheerful again, and told me that he should retire into private life and have a school. At this moment a boat arrived with two men who had both been arrested on Kosi's order because one was practising the *vele* charm on the other. The man who had been charmed belonged to a school. He said that when he saw the *vele* pointed at him his head had spun round, and he thought he would fall to the ground and be touched with the charm and die. I asked, " But did you not remember that God is stronger than the *vele*?" He answered " If I had not remembered that, I should have died." I told them Kosi had no power to arrest either, and further they complained that he had taken four pounds from each of them, also their boxes. I then promised the letter should at once go to the " Governor." That night a canoe left with it for Tulagi. Everyone was delighted, except Kosi. This seemed a day of triumph, for besides all these

cases which I had heard, William Kenda had argued well and wisely with many in the villages, urging that there should be only one way of living in Savo, and that the Christian way. My fourteen followers had sat round, and when men said that they must take one more life, or do something else, before they could join us, these urged with their deep voices, "*Bale!*" and then again, "*Bale!*" ("Come in! come in!")

On the next day the messengers returned from Tulagi with a letter from the Commissioner confirming all that I had done. There was great rejoicing, and at Evensong that night two old chiefs "came in," and another promised to do so next Sunday.

There was much to be done in every village we passed through, and when, at the end of the week, we came back to the place from which we had set out, we found a feast prepared for us under a big tree on the beach. It had been one of the happiest and apparently one of the most successful weeks in my life. We had rid the island of its tyrant, Kosi, and also the other so-called policeman; had restored stolen property to its owners; set two slave-girls free, rescued two women from bad lives, persuaded nearly all the heathen to "come in," and four villages had asked us for schools. There were still some, however, who held back. One had two sharks, which he fed with the food remains of anyone whom he wished to kill, and he could not give up his power over his enemies. Another wanted

to tattoo his grandchild's face first; after that he would " come in." I sat under the big tree on the beach every day to hear and dispose of the cases that we had missed on our way round the island. On the first day several cases of robbery of money were brought, and one of a boat. In each case I told the complainant to go to the thief and get back what he had stolen, which he did. William Kenda said he had no idea that such a " clean up " was going to take place. " Now," he said, " you go to the two white men, the traders, and tell them to ' come in.' " I did go to them, and I told them that the whole people had made up their minds to live better; and these two young white fellows, without any more persuasion, promised they would do the same.

When the *Southern Cross* called for boys to go to Norfolk Island, the people gave us eight, and when we came back in the following year I found they had already given up their custom of throwing the dead into the sea. Old Torolala, for whom I had pleaded to the Commissioner, had returned home and given up demanding lives as sacrifices when he was in trouble; he had himself " come in."

One wonders what became of all the man-eating sharks of Savo when the people ceased to feed them with their dead. Did they disperse and become a danger elsewhere? Next year two men were caught by sharks off the coast of Guadalcanar, where sharks had hitherto not been dangerous. The last I saw of sharks was when, on my last day in the island, I watched four men in a canoe fishing with a

cobweb for a bait tied to a long string attached to the tail of a kite. The kite rose as the men paddled against the wind. The bait danced along on the water far behind them. The big gar-fish with curved teeth rushed at it, took it, and could not get free. Down came the kite, and the men pulled it in as fast as they could to save it from the onrush of a shark, which almost threw itself into the canoe to get it. Time after time I thought the canoe had sunk, but it always appeared again with the men in it baling for their lives.

There were sharks in plenty in the sea round Savo, but there were more sharks ashore than in the sea.

XI

SOLOMON ISLANDS: YSABEL, CHOISEUL, AND NEW GEORGIA ISLANDS

1.

On the 19th of November, 1566, St. Isabel's Day, two Spanish ships left Callao in Peru, under the navigator Gallego. In his journal, which he long kept secret lest Drake should rob him of the new lands that he had discovered, Gallego wrote that the object of his voyage was to propagate the Christian faith and to open the way to Christian missionaries.

On February 7th, the eightieth day after they left port, they sighted a heavy mass of land, but when they tried to reach it they found themselves cut off by shoals. The two ships were in great danger, because they had drifted into broken water and were likely to strike at any moment. Gallego wrote: "Committing ourselves to God, I sent a man aloft to the foretop, and placed another on the bowsprit." The ship was then safely steered between the shoals into deeper water. Again he wrote: "Although it was midday, a star appeared to us over the entrance to the reef." They took this as a guide and good omen, and were cheered in spirit and became more hopeful. The water deepened; they entered the harbour with the star over the bow of the ship, and anchored. "The Indians called

the island 'Camba,'" Gallego wrote, "and their cacique or chief, 'Bellebanara.'" The Spaniards gave it the name of "Santa Isabel del Estrella," and the harbour into which they had with difficulty found their way is now known on the British chart as "Thousand Ships Bay."

The shoals that troubled the Spaniards were on one occasion encountered by the *Southern Cross* and we grounded on one of them. It was 6 o'clock in the evening, and Captain Bongard tried to pull her off, with a kedge and our engine. He was in great trouble because he believed it was high tide at the time, and that as the tide went down we should be left high and dry. Two of the Gela boys on board told me, however, that at this time last night it was low tide on their island, fifty miles south, and that therefore it was about low tide now off Ysabel Island. The captain said that by all the rules of the sea, the moon being full, it must be high tide at 6 o'clock and low at midnight, but he had enough faith in the boys' knowledge of the variations and vagaries of the tides around their own islands to give the order at 8 p.m. to stop working, and at 11 p.m. the ship floated off the reef with no damage done. In these waters, only 7 degrees south of the equator, the reefs grow at a prodigious pace, and at this time they were mostly uncharted. To the master of a vessel of any size they must be a nightmare.

The southern end of Ysabel, where Thousand Ships Bay lies, is, as has been said, called Bugotu, and a very remarkable man named Soga was recog-

nised throughout as paramount chief; in fact, I never heard of any other man in it claiming to be a chief at all. The people, who were blacker than the Gela folk, came off in good numbers to the ship, most of them with hair whitened, or tawny, with lime. Many of the men had streaks of white lime on their faces. Amongst them, in a large canoe, was Soga. It was my first visit to his land, and he came out to welcome me. He wanted also to ask my advice; was it absolutely necessary that he should punish a man with death because he had committed a serious crime? He said he himself had killed so many people in his time that he did not want, now that he had become a Christian, to kill any more. Soga was a man with the face and bearing of one greater than all his neighbours, and whose family seemed in a class by themselves. As a head-hunter his word had been law, and now as a Christian it was still so. I marvelled that a man who had been a savage, and had seen and done the things he had, could have so fine a face. The wiping out of the people on St. George's Island in this bay had been his doing; and it was only two years since he ordered one of his own people to be put to death to buy off certain head-hunters, his excuse being that one man must die for all. Now he was a Christian and still a great chief, and exercising his great authority to promote peace in the whole island.

A native living forty miles or more up the coast, accused of theft, was summoned by Soga to come to him. This man said to his friends, "Soga is

Christian now, and kills no one; I will not go, and still he will not punish me." Soga then sent off a canoe with forty men to cut down his fruit trees, eat up his food, burn his house, and bring him back. "Now," said the man, "he will kill me after all." But Soga decided that justice had been done, and let him go. I heard another story about him. Some sixty men came from Rubiana to get heads, and Soga sent a hundred to Perihandi Bay, some way up the coast, to cut off their retreat by sea; eighty others he put in the bush behind Perihandi, and so cut them off by land. Then he bade them lay down their axes and spears, and fire off their rifles. "Now," said he, "if I were what I once was, not one of you would go away alive. Why do you come here to harry our coasts? This time I give you food, and I let you go. If you come again I kill you." The raiders then gave him a present, and were shamed by receiving nothing in return. They went, and told the people of Russell Island on their way home: "We were all dead men before Soga."

Soga's trouble now, on my first meeting him, was that one of his own men had committed a murder and ought himself to be killed. "What should I do?" Soga asked me. He had already made the man work for him. I said, "Banish him for five years." He took my advice, and that evening I saw the fellow being taken in a canoe to Russell Island.

One was often struck by Soga's intelligence and good manners. He had set his heart upon having

the Gospels in his own language, and was not only, with unflagging zeal, helping Dr. Welchman to translate them, but he also taught his people in the school, and was able himself to accept discipline when it fell upon him. For, a year or two later, after the death of one of his children, it happened that he practised some old heathen custom, and I refused to confirm him. He saw the reason for it and was satisfied. When a son of his disgraced himself and he fined him, he saw that he must not himself touch the money, so gave it to the Church to buy a canoe for the school's use.

He died in 1898, and on the cross over his grave they carved the words *Ke vonungia na dotho* (" He was filled with love ").

Soga's village, Sepi, lay on the flat by the shore at the foot of high hills. Along the beach was an avenue of palms, and behind the village a public garden, its walks fenced with white coral slabs and fringed with pineapple plants. All the houses were well built and clean. The church in the middle of the village was small, and had, as usual, two openings, one for men and the other for women, who sat on either side of a middle aisle. A teacher would start the singing, and the people take it up, the women singing the melody, the men the parts. Part-singing comes naturally to Melanesians and, after a little practice, they keep wonderful time and tune. Between the two doors was Soga's seat, a little raised above the others. The chancel was of split bamboo, and elevated well above the floor of the nave. The

altar, approached by two steps, had behind it a reredos formed of black-and-white-bamboo, split and interwoven, showing a cross worked in the centre. Here the people came to say their private prayers at sunrise, and for Mattins, and again later for Evensong. All knelt, and their reverence was wonderful.

A stream ran through the village, in which everyone must bathe every morning. Everywhere in Bugotu the people besieged me on my arrival to shake hands, and when I left, men, women and children rushed into the sea for the same purpose, even the babies on their mothers' backs being made to shake hands —very much as on Raga. The Gela people, on the other hand, regard hand-shaking as an absurd custom. Here in Bugotu they are more demonstrative towards their friends, and had they had sleeves, would have worn their hearts on them.

The Bugotu people had suffered severely from the raids of the head-hunters of Rubiana two hundred miles further west. They had, of course, been head-hunters themselves, and Soga one of the worst of them, but latterly they had been at a disadvantage at this game, because in Rubiana the traders were selling rifles to the head-hunters, whereas in Bugotu none could be had. Rubiana was within the British Protectorate, and the law forbidding the sale of firearms and ammunition was not strictly enforced; Ysabel and Bugotu were under the Germans, whose officials saw to it that the law was obeyed. So it was that these Bugotu natives were at the mercy of

their enemies. In old days, on the approach of an enemy, they would retire to houses built in the tops of the trees, where they had stores of stones to throw down on their invaders, and with a good food supply they could sometimes outlast the enemy's patience. But since the Rubiana head-hunters had been armed with Winchesters, the floors of the tree houses, made only of flimsy split bamboo, could be riddled with bullets. No longer was there safety in the trees. Choiseul, a large island beyond Bugotu, was in the same defenceless condition. The Rubiana men, having mostly destroyed one another and the people of Choiseul, were now reaching out two hundred miles to Bugotu, to take heads where there still was a large population.

Captain Davies of H.M.S. *Royalist*, when he punished the raiders of Rubiana, burnt over three thousand skulls which they had taken as trophies. On a small scale raids on Bugotu were still being made in 1894, and in times of danger the people would now scatter into the bush, leaving their homes at the mercy of the foe.

The last raid we know of in Bugotu took place on August 6th, 1899. It was a Sunday, and the people of the village of Perihandi, coming out of church, saw three strange canoes flying signals of friendship just outside the bay; so Julian, the second teacher, and five others put off to see who these friends were. Time passed and they did not return, but the canoes were seen going away. A search-party went to Cockatoo Island near-by, and there

they found the six headless bodies lying on the beach. After this the Government took the matter up, and by degrees brought to an end this particular kind of savagery. The High Commissioner of Fiji (Sir John Thurston), on my first visit to the Solomons, had just returned from Rubiana, where he had spent a week and greatly impressed the natives. The biggest chief had removed the *tindalo* from the head of his war canoe, and given it to him with two of his spears, and had promised that head-hunting should be no more.

In 1901, when the Germans handed over their islands to Britain, French Peter was deported by Mr. Woodford, the British Commissioner, for selling firearms to natives. But it took many years for the Government, and the Mission, to stamp out the custom.

Where these and other islands had become Christian, I often thought how happy the life of these simple people must be—far happier than are those of many in civilised countries. The conditions were not communistic, as some suppose, for everyone had his own private property, his gardens and his fruit trees, his house and canoe and other things. Some might be rich, like Soga, but none was poor. When once peace had come (and it was the desire for peace which induced the people to welcome the schools and teachers)—when belief in witchcraft had been overcome, the South Sea Island " Indian " arrived at a state of contentment which many millions in Europe might envy. I once had a message from a

man far up in the bush, asking, " What will it cost us to buy this new teaching which gives peace, for we are tired of fighting ?"

It was a drawback to native life that sometimes food ran short before the new crop was grown, and you might ask for it, and be told, " We have none; we are hungry." At such times canoes travelled long distances to get enough for the people to keep themselves alive. Another drawback, since Christianity came, was that life tended to become dull to the more adventurous spirits. I felt that we ought to introduce to them some of our British games, but it was hard to do so in many of these places because of the rough corally ground and the mangrove swamps and the hills. Something is needed to take the place of fighting; yet the drawbacks to becoming peaceful, enlightened, and civilised are as nothing compared to those of remaining heathen. It is better that life should be uneventful than to be for ever in danger, chased and jagged with barbed spears, constantly on the watch against surprises, or subjected to merciless fleecing by one's local tyrant. The lives of these Bugotu people seemed to me not really dull, for to get their food they had to work hard in their gardens—generally three or four miles from their homes; they still built very fine canoes, large and small, decorating them with mother-of-pearl, and they had the constant occupation of fishing. Being at peace with their neighbours, they could travel where they would, visit their friends and trade. They were a merry, friendly lot; it was hard to believe

that they came of a race the greater part of which had destroyed itself by head-hunting.

In the year 1900 we followed the lee shore of Ysabel down, travelling north-west, in order to visit new schools which had lately sprung up; but the last seventy miles of the coast were bare of inhabitants —all had been wiped out by enemies or by each other. Natives said they remembered this coast once swarming with people like ants on an ant-hill. It was not Christianity, robbing the natives of employment and taking the interest out of their lives, that had done this. No villages remained, but probably many people lived in the bush. Near the northern end of the island was a channel called Port Praslin, having shoals everywhere in it, and reefs and islets, and deep water between them. A village called Kia was perched on the top of a hill, from which all trees had been cleared to prevent the village from being attacked by an enemy hiding in them. Although in the " German " Solomons, these men had rifles, and probably could not have existed without them. Some of them had taken part in the raid on Perihandi and, like the rest, were both head-hunters and head-hunted.

Two pearling vessels from Sydney lay in the Port, and their captains, Hamilton and Griffiths, came on board the *Southern Cross* to dine with us. The latter was an old Harrow boy, and his stories were enlivening. He told us how Captain A—— had been killed on the Narovo lagoon by his Malaita boys, and cooked in his own saucepans, and how,

when his accounts were later looked into, his debts to other traders were found struck off, with the words, added by himself, " Cooked, eaten, and so settled "; which showed his own fate was not uncommon. Griffiths told how he held at bay fifteen of his Malaita men with his Winchester until the others of his crew, Bougainville men, came to his help; and how he had then tied up and flogged the ringleaders. Also how two of his white companions were given green coco-nuts to drink, and as they drank were tomahawked; how another was such a fool as to sell an axe with a handle to it, and was at once cut down by the man who bought it. These two pearlers said they had been waiting ever so long for the Mission to come along, and they advised where we should begin our work.

Next morning early we left the *Southern Cross* and rowed up a passage through the mangroves to Kia. It stood on a double hill, perhaps 500 feet high, on either side of its deep saddle. This also was for safety, one-half of the village probably being secure and able to rush to the succour, if necessary, of the other half. On our way up the swamp we came to a village whose two chiefs were Bugotu men, carried away as boys for slaves. At another, we found the " big " chief of this part, a one-eyed man named Rona, who for many years had sent out head-hunting expeditions. We sat down and held a long palaver—ourselves and Rona, the two young Bugotu chiefs and others, the chiefs all wearing their native hats; whilst Rona's men and our boys stood round

intently listening to the arguments put for and against having schools and giving up the old ways. In the end Rona gave us his son. The pearlers had told us that we had " converts " already at this end of Ysabel of whom we had no knowledge. On our return to the ship five canoes followed us, which proved this, for on them the names had been painted by school-boys captured from Bugotu. These names, taken from newspapers, were: " Fry's Malted Cocoa," " Pears' Soap," " Eno's Fruit Salts," " Beecham's Pills," and " Monkey Brand."

Captain Hamilton asked me to take two of his Choiseul boys back to their homes. They were black as Nubians, as all these Western Solomon Islanders are. I was told that these very black people dislike the lighter-skinned ones (" dirty skins," as they call them), and regard it as their mission to destroy them. As we passed up the coast of Choiseul the two boys would point from time to time and say, " No more stop there; all finish," with an expressive chop at their necks with their hands. For eighty miles the coast seemed to have been quite cleared of inhabitants. Seventy miles away on our port side lay the New Georgia Group, of which Rubiana was one. From here latterly most of the mischief had been done, and many of their own New Georgian islands were without inhabitants owing to their head-hunting. All these islands were beautiful to look at, but the population was very small. We came at last to a place called Bambatana, just before night fell, and dropped anchor for the first time off Choiseul.

The next day we spent at anchor; went ashore and found a few people, but they were very shy. Eight or nine men paddled singly round the ship in very narrow but well-built canoes, each with one leg dangling over the side in the water. One of these canoes I was able to buy for five axes, and later it was presented to the Duke of Cornwall and York—King George—who was then visiting Australia. It is now in the Victoria and Albert Museum. We put the two pearling boys ashore, and they reported well of us to their people, who thereupon became friendly. I had learnt a few words of their language from one, and he made me show his friends how well I could talk. They were delighted, and shouted like children at every word. The two boys showed us real affection and gratitude. Then two men went off with a message to the chief to come down to us from his hiding-place up in the hills. We waited about three hours, and then Bosi, the chief, arrived. We had to use two interpreters to change our Mota into Bugotu, and then again from Bugotu into Choiseul. We explained ourselves, who we were and why we had come. The chief enquired if the ship were a man-of-war, and when we said it was not, but a school ship, he asked, " What is a school ?" We said, " It teaches, and we have a teaching which gives peace." It took a little time for Bosi to understand; then he said: " Why did you not come before ? Two months ago the men of Bilhua over there (in New Georgia) came, and they killed thirty of my people and my three sons, and they took my wife and

children, and further up the coast they killed thirty more. Why did you not come before with this teaching of peace ?"

They gave us two boys to take back to Siota, and we then went on to the Shortlands Group, where two traders welcomed us, and encouraged us to come and open up mission work. With their help I bought a small island called Lofankiki, which unfortunately I have never seen again.

Then we paid a visit to Treasury Island where again two boys were given to us. Here the little houses were perched on the side of a hill for security. We climbed about 800 feet, and visited some small villages and a larger one called Simbo, whose chief was Belangona. His men had, a year before, lain in wait on a small island until eleven women in a canoe came paddling by, singing as they returned home from their work. Going ashore on the island to bathe, they were surrounded by men, who cut all but two to pieces, and took their heads, the two survivors being kept as slaves. For this the chief was at the present time in gaol in Gela.

In every village was a little shrine in which skulls of the great men were kept, with all their charms hung up before them. At one place, near our anchorage, was an islet upon which stood a long black box on four legs, with birds engraved on its sides; through a carved piece of wood at one end of it could be seen many white skulls inside. In front of it were the remains of pineapple and other fruits which had been offered as sacrifices to the spirits of the dead men.

These people kept the skulls of their great men as objects of worship, but they went head-hunting in order to decorate their canoe-houses with hundreds of others, thereby hoping to establish such a reputation for bravery as might frighten off their enemies. In all this part of the Solomons it was a dangerous thing for a village to lose its population and dwindle, since every small village was marked out for destruction sooner or later. A raiding-party of a hundred men would land at some distance from it and hide for a week or more, until, one morning at dawn, the villagers would find themselves surrounded by their yelling enemies, and be shot down and their heads taken. Some might be kept alive as prisoners and be carried on poles, as the natives carry live pigs. Some, who were to provide a meal on the journey, would have their arms and legs broken to prevent escape. No new canoe was launched without bloodshed, nor allowed to return ashore unless it had at least one fresh head in it. No canoe-house was put up without the sacrifice of some slaves. For this poor wretches spared at a village massacre would some day be suddenly clubbed when a big canoe was launched, or thrown alive into the holes in which the great posts of the new canoe-house were to be planted.

We next found our way to New Georgia, a group of beautiful islands, with no history but of bloodshed. One island, Kolumbangara, had wiped out the population of another called Gizo, and become a terror to all its neighbours. These then combined against

it and so devastated it that there were now not a hundred people left, and they scattered; having no longer villages to raid, head-hunters now passed this island by in disdain. A few years before our visit every village in the Narovo lagoon in Rubiana could have fitted out two great war canoes, and twenty of them at a time would coast out from these shores on their expeditions to take heads. We left our ship in Haythorn Sound and rowed fourteen miles down to a channel which opens out on to Rubiana lagoon, a beautiful stretch of water ten miles or more in length. We called in upon Hingava, the most important chief on the lagoon; but seeing Mr. Mahaffy, the Deputy Commissioner of the Solomon Islands, with us, Hingava and his people became frightened and sullen. The Government was determined to stop head-hunting, and the old man was thinking of his consequent late losses in men and canoes. The Perihandi raid (in which our teacher Julian was killed), had been his affair, and it had resulted in reprisals by the Government; three of Hingava's men had been killed and many canoes and houses gone up in smoke. We found three traders in the lagoon, one of them an enthusiastic Wesleyan. They told us this was the only safe place in the Western Solomons to live in, because the people here never fought one another; they were merely allied to fight everyone else. Every man and boy had as a charm round his neck a piece of string attached to a small bone or tooth, generally one of his own grandfather's. There was no mission

of any sort in New Georgia, Shortlands, or Choiseul, and we made it quite plain that we should return and begin work in the following year.

The next year, 1901, we took our Bambatana (Choiseul) boys back from Siota to Choiseul, and were able to use them as interpreters. Thus the Melanesian Mission had now started at the extreme end of its sphere of work, and was beginning to pay the debt we felt we owed to these people. However, it was not to be, for the Wesleyans in Melbourne had chosen this as a new field of work for themselves, and very soon we found our Bugotu teachers clashing with their Fijians. We thought it to be wisest and best on the whole to give to them the child and not to divide it; and so in 1907 we abandoned the Western Solomons, to concentrate on Ysabel and the islands further east.

Kia, at the extreme northern end of Ysabel, soon became settled, and its men sold their rifles to the bushmen, one of the three chiefs becoming a teacher in the school, just as he had led his people in head-hunting. Numbers of bushmen came down from the hills to a place along the denuded coast, called Kaipito. These were men of small stature, and brought with them hundreds of small black wicker bags, " charmed " in a deadly manner like the *vele* in Guadalcanar, which they gave us to take away. Their villages were far back in the hills, but when they sent us two boys for Norfolk Island they also built a church, or school, down by the sea. I remember going ashore there for a service one morning long before

the sun rose, and seeing their lights—lanterns and torches—moving down the hills from all directions; when the service began the church was full of dark forms, but full of light from their lanterns. One of these two boys, Benjamin Hageria, has been a Christian priest for many years now among his own people.

In 1905 we opened a new Mission station on Bugotu for Dr. Welchman at Maranatabu, the south-east end of the island. The people came in rapidly, and nearly the whole island was Christian when, in 1909, Welchman, who had done so much for Bugotu, died at Kaipito.

In 1911, on my last visit to Bugotu, I bought an island called Kumaigola, on the north side. A trader living close to it came on board. He told how his Malaita boys had not long before tied his hands and covered his head with a sheet, and lashed him to his bed whilst they rifled the store. Each time one of them came in he expected to be killed. When they had taken his boat and decamped, he gnawed through the ropes that bound him, and soon after school-boys from Bulla arrived, and were delighted to find him alive. He gave us his opinion of our Church boys, as contrasted with his late Malaita friends. " They are as honest as the day," he said, " and the only thing I have against them is that they want to shake hands so often."

One never heard stories of sharks from the Bugotu natives, for they seemed not to count, not being supposed to " bite " here—so our white men used

BUGOTU NATIVES, MARANATAMBU

MARANATAMBU, WITH "SOUTHERN CROSS" AT ANCHOR

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to dive in and swim round the ship. Crocodiles were, however, a menace. Bugotu streams were said to swarm with them, and it was dangerous to set a foot in the water; yet I heard of a man caught by the foot who escaped. He had shot a bird which fell into a stream, and while trying to pick it out with his toe his foot was seized; he pressed down as hard as he could with it on the brute's under-jaw, which opened its mouth wide, and so he escaped. "That is just what would happen," said one of the elders of Bugotu. R. B. Comins told of a man he knew who was grabbed in the water by a crocodile and carried off, with its teeth perforating his lung and one of his arms down its throat; but with that hand he got hold of the beast's tongue, and screwed it round till the mouth opened and he got away.

Crocodiles were reported to swim round the bays all night, listening for dogs and pigs, barking like a dog and grunting like a pig to attract them, or, it was said, they lay on a bank with their mouths open to draw their prey to them by the stench they emitted. If a dog should come near enough, a crocodile would sweep him off his feet with its tail, and catch him in its mouth. In Guadalcanar crocodile flesh is considered a great delicacy. I was offered it sometimes at feasts, but never tasted it.

The natives say that crocodiles are very knowing, and will lie under water all day while the men are about, but when these go off and only women and children are left, they come up and take possession of the village. A man with a gun will never see one;

they know all about guns. They are said only to be strong when they can grip the ground, or support their tails on something solid; weak when swimming in deep water. I heard of six boys somewhere in the Western Solomons who, seeing one asleep on the bottom of the sea, dived in, raised it by their hands from the ground, brought it to the surface, tied it to a pole, and swam with it to shore. The same people used to catch the giant clam-fish by spreading a pole across its gaping jaws, which closed upon it; unable to raise it swimming, they would walk with it out of deep water to the shore. When first I knew Bugotu I was told it was quite common for a man to dive alone into a pool in which a crocodile was known to be. He would fix a long piece of rattan to its neck, and others haul it out. I was able to ask men about it who had themselves taken part in such a hunt. It needs the man who has the right *mana* to catch crocodiles; he puts on all his charms, and dives in and adjusts the rattan. The villagers then tug and haul the beast out. "And why does the crocodile not bite him?" I asked. "He has on his charms," they said.

2.

Bishop George Augustus Selwyn in 1849 had taken as the field of work of the Church of England in the Western Pacific all the islands from the Northern New Hebrides to the end of the Solomons in which no other Christian Mission had made any beginning. This arrangement worked very happily for half a

century until, far away in the Eastern Pacific, Bishop Willis, on the annexation of his diocese in Honolulu by the United States, opened up a Mission in Tonga, which was under Wesleyan influence; and the Wesleyans thereupon thought themselves justified in opening up a Mission in what we considered " Anglican territory " in the Western Solomons. We were notified by them that this Mission would be sent to the further end of Bugotu (Ysabel Island), or to Choiseul, or New Georgia. When it came to the two latter we, as I have said, in 1909, withdrew our Bugotu teachers.

It seemed a pity to disturb our fraternal relations after so many years, and more particularly when we had just bought our new ship, partly for the purpose of reaching out to the further end of our diocese. There has, however, been no bitterness between us and the Wesleyans on account of this. We withdrew for the time being from the Western Solomons and concentrated our forces in Bugotu, Guadalcanar, and Malaita; but when the opportunity came, our Mission leapt across the disputed territory and opened up work in New Britain and New Ireland, with the entire approval of the strong Wesleyan and other Missionary Societies already working in some parts of those large islands.

In my time, the Bishop's duties kept him ordinarily for four months of the year at Norfolk Island, helping to train the future native clergy and teachers; during the other eight months he was in the islands, making two long voyages in the *Southern Cross*, in which he

visited a hundred and fifty schools; and spending some months alone in one of the groups, or on one of the larger islands, such as Florida or Santa Cruz. But, of course, it was necessary sometimes to visit New Zealand, Australia, or England to keep up our lines of communication and find more men and money for our growing needs. My experience on arrival at Home as a Missionary Bishop after five years or more of absence was to receive a list of some seventy engagements already made for me, and there would be very many more that I should have to make for myself. Parishes which had been supporting scholars or " islands " for years would write to me to say that only by a personal visit could their interest in us be any longer kept alive. It meant a great loss of money and interest if one did not go, and a great deal of fatigue if one did. There was little spare time for one's family and old friends, and how many of the delights of England in summer-time after years away were missed, it would be unwise to count up. Probably all missionary bishops find that the most exhausting work they ever do is done when they go Home for a holiday. But it is absolutely necessary, as things now are, and I am sure that they make the sacrifice with a glad heart.

Towards the end of my time in the Mission we had unfortunately become involved in some of the disputes which constantly divided the Norfolkers, and Norfolk Island was a less desirable home for the Mission than hitherto. Besides which, it was eight hundred miles away from the nearest part of the rest

of my Diocese, and twice as far from the furthest part of it. I had come to think that the Bishop ought now to live altogether in the most populous part of our field of work, the Solomon Islands, and that our headquarters—the chief centre for training future teachers—should no longer be so far away. By this time we had eighteen missionaries working in the islands the whole year round, and six living permanently at Norfolk Island. The men in the islands were of the same mind as myself, but those in Norfolk Island were opposed to any change. Yet it seemed to be so much needed that I decided to give up my work in order that an unmarried bishop might come in my place and plant his headquarters, if he thought fit, in the Solomons. In 1911, therefore, I resigned with a very heavy heart. A few years later the Mission moved with many of its buildings to Siota, on the southern shore of Boli Harbour, in the island of Gela and in the centre of the Solomons, and there the Bishop now has his home.

The income of the Melanesian Mission has risen from £8,000 to £28,000 a year,* and the staff of clergy from eight white priests and two natives to twenty-three white and twenty-six native; and the growth of the other Anglican Missions has been at a similar rate.

In 1900 a Bishop had been consecrated for New Guinea; in 1923 another for Polynesia with Fiji in

* The Australian Church is now spending over £70,000 a year on missionary work, and New Zealand a very large sum also.

it; and in 1928 a third for the Mandated Territory of New Britain and New Ireland.

The most vivid impression left on my mind by my years in Melanesia is of a battle royal going on between two fiercely opposing forces or kingdoms. One seems to be almost entirely evil, and it has had a stranglehold upon a child-race as capable of happiness, and as lovable, as any in the world. The peoples of Melanesia have been dying out because the rain-makers told them to die; and because they fought and murdered one another without ceasing; and because, while men fought, women had the hard work to do, and if they bore children stifled them rather than add babies to the burdens they must carry to and from their gardens each day. Fear of the unseen more than of the seen robbed life of almost all its joy. Upon this stage came the advance-guard of another kingdom, which brought them faith in God, and this faith was casting out fear. A new spirit abroad made men do good instead of evil; a new Teaching was inducing them to forgive instead of taking revenge; at last mercy and peace looked in on a world stained with immemorial bloodshed. People could now travel about in safety, and make their homes by the sea instead of in tree-tops and on high hills and islets. In villages where a child had been rare there might now be as many as sixty. As I look back I know that I saw the stranglehold being released and a vision of the incoming of Life, in Christ.

If any think that Christianity has had its best days

and outlived its usefulness, I could wish him nothing better than to go down to the islands on our Mission ship and see what it is doing there; and, for ourselves, if we suffered the loss of many things by becoming missionaries, we gained more by witnessing the true meaning and power of Christianity as many of us might not have done had we stayed in our own country.

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PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY
BILLING AND SONS LTD., GUILDFORD