

We should have a great record, if only the houses could tell of their occupants. These lived among filthy swamps and fell to malaria all the more readily because it was unknown in their islands. They tried to teach little savages, themselves only a few lessons ahead. Husbands saw wives, or wives saw husbands, pine and die, and sometimes it was the little children. They lived in face of constant insults from the fighting bullies of the village. They stood up to the white men and rebuked them for their sins, and then, when those same white men collapsed on the gold trail and lay helpless by the roadside, Ruatoka and the men of his breed went out and brought them in on their backs. Half our present English missionaries could tell how they have been coaxed back to convalescence by the nursing and care of the teachers and the teachers' wives, and there is no counting the times when the brown missionary has stood by the white missionary in situations from which the chance of escape seemed very small.

The afternoon we were at Kerepunu, I noticed a stir in the meeting, and, as soon as it broke up, Beharell hurried us away. The news had come that a teacher's wife at Maopa in Aroma was dangerously ill. The *Tamate* had gone ahead of us, and as we came in to Maopa in the glowing peace of sundown we saw the *Tamate's* flag at half-mast; we were too late to do anything, for the teacher's wife had gone. Next morning, at ten o'clock, after all the delays that accompany a native funeral, we walked along the shore in the burning sun, and turned inland for 100 yards among the dunes. In one hollow a great hole was prepared. It had begun as a grave, but sand fell in so constantly that they had enlarged it to a shapeless pit. The coffin was bits of packing-case knocked together. The mourners standing by the husband were two or three South Sea teachers who