

fishers. These latter found that the influence of the missionaries was hindering them in their immoral practices, and so they tried to induce the natives to move their camps beyond the sphere of the missionaries' influence. But Ward followed them and literally spent whole nights in their camps, by his personal presence thus preventing evil, tho surrounded by enemies, black and white.

The results of less than four years' labor have been wonderful. No converts have been baptized as yet, but the regenerating influence of the mission has been felt for miles around. Four years ago no unarmed vessel dared to put into Port Musgrave, owing to the reputation of the Batavia River blacks for savagery and cannibalism. Now they come there to make repairs. About two years ago a party of shipwrecked sailors were rescued from cannibal blacks, fed and cared for and led through miles of jungle to Mapoon by the mission Papuans without the knowledge of the missionaries until they arrived there. The blacks protect themselves from outrages by claiming that they belong to the missionaries, and have rescued some of their women from the pearl-fishers by the threat, "Missionary catch you." The blacks have been taught hymns, and now even on the pearl-fishers' sloops the name of Jesus is sometimes heard in the hymns the black fellows sing while at work.

On the other hand, the missionaries have stopped the high-handed proceedings against the natives *en masse* when they have committed crimes, and have insisted upon punishment being restricted to the guilty parties. All this has been accomplished with no other white men settled nearer than Governor Douglas on Thursday Island, one hundred and fifty miles away, and reachable only by ship. Even in the interior, when the missionaries approach the wild blacks, and they hear the words "Mapoon," "missionary," they leave their spears behind them and come out of the bush to the missionaries for a friendly palaver. Witness the power of love!

As said, no converts have been baptized, but these preliminary advantages testify anew to the power of the Gospel of Jesus Christ through devoted men to reach and influence the lowest and the vilest.

This paper cannot be closed without adding a record of deepest pathos. In December, 1894, Missionary Ward seemed to redouble his efforts for the Papuans. He, as well as Hey, made extended missionary tours into the interior; he labored incessantly in the native camps in the immediate vicinity of the station, risked his life in stopping debaucheries, taught school, preached the Gospel—in fact, labored beyond his strength, and fell a victim to the insidious tropical fever. Delirium soon set in. The nearest doctor, one hundred and fifty miles away, unreachable for the lack of a ship, reveals a situation which makes us in the midst of our civilization shudder. Finally one day the delirium broke. Ward insisted upon seeing all the blacks that could be gathered together. First all the men were admitted to his room, then all the women. His fellow-missionaries begged him to desist, but with superhuman strength he bore his dying