

disentangle the words as they fall from the lips of the unlettered natives, spread over nearly half the circumference of the earth, to assort them, to correlate them, to trace the kinship, to write the history or story of each word, how it has fought its battle to live, such is part of the task of the philologist, to say nothing of the legends and myths that often help to show or trace the wanderings of a people through other lands, by identifying similar legends, without necessarily establishing a relationship with the inhabitants of such lands. It is interesting and fascinating work.

There is another line of attack on the problem of the whence of a people. It is the one espoused by the ethnologist, whose field borders on or is included in the wider one of the general science of anthropology.

When the ethnologist takes the Polynesian in hand he studies his physical characteristics, his color, his eyes, his nose, his head, his build and compares them with those of other races. From the similarity or dissimilarity he draws his inferences of relationship or divergence. The ethnologist believes in the persistence of type rather than in the persistence of speech or language for establishing the oneness of widely separated peoples. However, the ends aimed at by both the philologist and ethnologist are in many cases the same, and from their joint testimony we hope to arrive at the truth, although the testimony is at times not only divergent but of an opposite nature.

With the scanty vocabularies that I was able to pick up of the various Polynesian languages, besides Fijian and Malay, I was struck by the identity in all of them of particularly one word, —wai—the word for water. It is that element in nature above all others that is necessarily common to all, and in more ways than one is essential for their very existence. Their simple food directly supplied by nature may differ, but water is the same for all, not only for drinking but also as the element surrounding their island homes and on and in which so much of their lives is spent. Philologists claim relationship of this word with the names of our own English Rivers, Wye and Medway.

There is another word which struck me on account of its similarity in so many different languages although it did not preserve the perfect identity of wai,—the word is lima or rima, the l