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A Thrilling Missionary Story.

By means of an illustrated lecture, Mr. Worrall recently told in a most graphic manner the history of Fijian missions.

After a short preface telling of the introduction of Christianity into Fiji by our early missionaries, Mr. Worrall took, as an illustration of the difficulties they met with and the methods they employed, the tragic story of the last journey into the Navitilevu hill-country of that devoted missionary, the Rev. Thomas Baker, who was killed and eaten by the mountaineers of Navosa in 1887, together with one of our best native missionaries, and seven of the nine young men who followed him on that fatal journey.

The first of the lantern slides illustrating the narrative was a picture of the mission house at Rewa, the head station of the great circuit which extends for a hundred miles down the coast of Navitilevu, including a great part of the hill country also, as well as a number of outlying islands. A few miles up the noble river, on one of whose deltas the Rewa mission house stands, was the station at Davuilevu (the Great Trumpet), where Mr. Baker lived, and whence he started with the intention of crossing the island, and returning by boat from the coast on the other side. Up to that time no missionary had been able to penetrate far into the hill country, and those who had made the attempt had been compelled to flee for their lives. Mr. Baker, however, was sanguine of success, and started in good spirits after kneeling before God in prayer with his wife and their little ones. In connection with his boat journey up the river, Mr. Worrall showed two exquisite lantern-slides, one a moonlight scene on the river, and the other a number of passing canoes.

WARNINGS.

At their first stopping place, Viria, the chief town of a powerful tribe, one of Mr. Baker's young men had a remarkable dream. In his sleep he heard a noise of war, and a confused struggling crowd appeared before him. One of them broke away, and came running towards him carrying a human arm cut off at the shoulder. 'I looked at it,' said the young fellow, as he told his dream to the missionary in the morning—'I looked at it, and it was the arm of a 'mbokola' (a body cooked for eating)—and, sir, "it was white." Lest it should be your arm, sir! oh, sir, let us go back!' This vision of the night was doubtless suggested by the young man's fears; not mere coward fears for himself, but well-founded anxieties on behalf of the missionary whom he was following to his death. But Mr. Baker was not a man of the going-back sort, and he kept his face to the front.

Mr. Worrall's pictures show mountain scenes of great beauty, with gorges rising 1,000 feet sheer from the river-side, through which the mission party took their way. From the top of one of these heights Mr. Baker looked with a powerful pocket telescope down the windings of the river below. The sun was shining brightly on the scene, which is one of entrancing beauty, but the shadow of the mountains rested on the country behind him.

'Setareke,' he said to the devoted native



SIR EDWIN LANDSEER AND HIS DOGS.

minister who was with him, 'the land down there is full of light, but yonder all is dark.'

There was a double meaning in this saying, and Setareke caught it at once. 'True, sir,' he replied. 'And would it not be well for us to turn our faces to the light, and go back?' 'Not so,' the missionary replied. 'It is our business to go on, and take the light with us into the dark.' And they went on to their death.

CANNIBALISM.

After they crossed the mountain stream at a ford shown in one of the slides, they met two mountaineers with the enormous heads of hair that used to be worn in the heathen days. These were specimens of the hillfolk, and in connection with their former cannibal practices Mr. Worrall exhibited a picture that has a dreadful story attached to it. It is the site of an old heathen temple at Namosi called Rukunitambua, and round about it are hundreds of stones, each of which tells a fearful tale. A subject tribe, whose town was some little distance from Namosi, had committed an unpardonable offence, and were condemned to a frightful doom. The earth-mound on which their temple had stood was planted with the mountain 'ndalo' (arum), and when the crop was ripe, the poor wretches had to carry it down to Namosi, and give at least one of their number

to be killed and eaten by the chief. He used to take advantage of these occasions to have his hair cut, for the human sacrifice was supposed to avert all danger of witchcraft if any ill-wisher got hold of the cuttings of his hair, human hair being the most dangerous channel for the deadliest spells of the sorcerers. The stones round Rukunitambua represented these and other victims who had been killed and eaten in Namosi. Each stone was the record of a murder succeeded by a cannibal feast.

THE MESSENGER OF DEATH.

Mr. Baker and the mission party reached a town called Nandavarau, where they remained for three days, preaching to the people, and talking to them about the blessings of Christianity. It was from this place that the missionary wrote his last letter to his wife, in which he said, 'Kiss the children for their father, and tell them to pray for me.' The chief of the tribe was very friendly to the missionary, and tried to dissuade him from going on. His private oracle, he said, had given him a warning. Mr. Baker's own men also entreated him to return, but without avail. The chief had better reason for his dissuasion than his 'oracle' could give him. Following the mission party there came from the chiefs of Waikalou a mes-