

the wonderful adaptation of the Gospel to the great spiritual wants of humanity.

Thirty-six years ago I went to the island of Lifu, near New Caledonia, and with my wife settled among the savages. The work was not so difficult or dangerous as in New Guinea, native evangelists having gone before and somewhat prepared the way. Some of the people, however, were still practising cannibalism. Tribal wars, heathen feasts, and the night dance were continued long after my arrival. And yet when we left Lifu, in 1871, to commence the New Guinea mission, the natives had all embraced Christianity. Churches were built throughout the island, to which day-schools were attached. The language was reduced to writing, and the entire New Testament and Psalms, with hymn-book, school-book, and catechism, translated into it. A seminary for the training of teachers for schools, pastors for the churches, and pioneer evangelists for the heathen beyond, was in full working order. European stores had been established in different parts of the island. Education and trade were growing side by side. The native churches were liberally supplying men and money for the extension of the Gospel to the heathen, and it was eight of these converts that we selected from numerous volunteers, to be pioneers of Christianity and civilization in New Guinea.

The same revolution which has thus changed three hundred islands in Polynesia is now going on in New Guinea with the most encouraging results. The civilizing and elevating power of Christianity among these tribes is most remarkable. The contrast between a village of savage cannibal warriors in heathen times, and the same village fifteen or twenty years after they have embraced the Gospel, is almost incredible. Before I left New Guinea, the Governor accompanied me on a visit to some of our mission stations. We first of all visited some of the wild tribes up the Fly River, then places where we had had a mission for a few years, and finally spent the Sunday at the village where we commenced the New Guinea Mission.

When I first landed among these people they were at constant war with the surrounding tribes. The village was guarded night and day. The houses were decorated with human skulls—the trophies of war. Before a young man could get a wife he had to show, by the skulls of his enemies hanging before the door, that he had proved himself a warrior. They had murdered the crews of several vessels which had been wrecked in Torres Straits, and were a terror to captains who had to take their vessels through those dangerous waters. Their work was war, and their recreation the war-dance. The Governor now found them neatly clothed, attending church and school, and developing the resources of their country. He expressed himself as amazed at the change in so short a time; and yet for eight years the people of that village declared that they would not embrace our religion of peace. Three times they drove the Lifu evangelist from the place, and twice tried to poison him. Over and over again