

were near enough to come, and the four Englishmen of our party. The Papuans from the big grey village stood in knots on the hillocks to see what these Christians would do with their dead. The barren sand and scorching heat seemed to correspond with the dull ache of tearless sorrow.

Husband and wife were from Pukapuka in the northern Cook Islands, with its one little village and at most the calling of two or three ships from year's end to year's end to stimulate its very simple life. In Rarotonga we had deplored the tendency to recruit the seminary from this very island and other islands equally primitive rather than from the educated young men of Rarotonga. The Cook Islands as a rule fall below Samoa in spiritual instinct, and these were from among the crudest material of the Cook Islands. I suspect that, if you had known their work, you would have been tempted at times to wonder what sort of Christianity they taught, and indeed what good they were doing there at all. But when later the congregation gathered under the big tree by the teacher's house, there was only one thing given me to say to them, 'She out of her want cast in everything she had, all her life.' In the simplicity of their very elementary training there came to these two, probably among the simplest and least educated in the institution, the call to go to Papua, 3,000 miles across the sea. In those wild villages of which they heard, the Master had other sheep whom He must bring. So much they understood and so they went. For her this was the end of their going.

Therein is the summary of the work of the South Sea teachers in Papua, 'out of their want they cast in everything they had.' Whatever their lives were worth, they gave them; what more could they give? On the hill-side at Vatorata there is a little memorial chapel for the Papuan